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Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Great guns!" mutters Philander, "it's a great piece of luck there's no graveyard near."

"How's that?" demands his companion.

"Well, that clang would arouse the dead," is the amazing reply.

Further conversation is cut short by the sound of footsteps within—a bolt is withdrawn, proving that the inmates of the house on the Strada Mezzola do not have the Maltese sense of honor that makes the presence of locks and bars unnecessary.

Then the door is opened. The red lantern gives a light that shows them the interior of this Valetta house, and in the brilliant illumination stands a man, a native Maltese servant.

John has arranged his plan of action in such an event. He hopes the man who opens the door may talk English.

"Good evening," he says, courteously. "I would see the gentleman of the house on business of importance."

"Are you Doctor Craig?"

"That is my name."

"John Alexander Craig?"

"The same."

"Of Chicago?"

"You hit it, my friend of Malta."

"Ah! you are expected—enter," is the surprising reply, and the professor calls his attention to it by a sly dig in the ribs.

They start to enter, when the faithful servant of the house bars the way of the professor.

"Pardon! I said Doctor Craig."

"Well?" demands Philander, bristling up.

"You can wait for him outside. I will give you a chair, a cigar."

The professor laughs in good humor.

"Bless you, I'm Doctor Craig's shadow; he can't go anywhere but with me. Fetch two chairs. We will interview your master outside."

The citizen of Malta appears perplexed. John comes to the rescue.

"It will be all right; this gentleman is my companion, my interpreter. It is necessary that he accompany me. Enter, professor."

His assurance carries the day. The man backs down and allows Philander a passage.

Their first point is gained.

The servant, having closed and barred the door and asked them to follow, goes on ahead. The professor takes advantage of the opportunity presented, and plucks John's sleeve, and as that worthy bends down, he whispers:



Mrs. WRIGHT, of NORVAL, ONT., EXPERIENCES INTENSE SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA IN HER FEET.

Raw From Her Toes to Her Knees

Dr. Chase Makes a Wonderful Cure.

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover place, Toronto, makes the following statement:—

My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P. O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden, and County Councillor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 28th, 1897, says:—"I had itching piles for thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have recommended it to others with the same result."

"Have you noticed it?"

"What?" asks the young doctor.

"His style of address, my boy; same words exactly that were used at the hotel by the man who brought you the news."

"Jove! you are right, professor. I imagine that must be the formal style in this country."

Philander chuckles.

"You'll have to guess closer to the mark than that, my boy, when you want to strike the truth."

"What can you mean, sir?"

"Bless you, it's the same man. Notice his walk; doesn't he hold himself just so?"

"Professor, you're wide awake. I admit all you say. There is a wonderful resemblance. Yes, I believe it is the same man. Ready, this affair grows more and more interesting. Talk about your comedies, they're not in it."

Further conversation is cut off by the fact of their guide ushering them into a room that is lighted with an antique lamp.

"Wait here," he says and disappears.

John Craig manages to retain his self-possession, though it gives him a thrill to think that he may be looking upon a scene which was only recently graced by the presence of the being whom he seeks far and wide—his mother.

Now some one comes; they hear the rustle of skirts, and know it is no man who advances.

"Steady, boy," warns Philander, knowing the sensation produced in John's quivering, expectant heart; "Steady it is now, and keep your wits bright."

"Steady it is," replies John, who knows it is only right he should brace up.

Then the party advancing enters the apartment, and looking up the two men behold one who is garbed in a peculiar habit, the insignia of an order; a heavy black gown corded at the waist, with a white flowing collar, and a strange bonnet, both black and white, the size of which is astonishing.

Her face they do not see, as a gauze veil hides it from mortal view.

In this city of orders, where the nations of the world seem to vie with each other in creating strange commanderies, it is nothing to meet with such a garb.

John Craig is a gentleman; he rises from his chair and bows; ditto Philander, who keeps a little in his rear, as becomes a sensible, well-behaved "shadow."

The dress of the woman gives John an idea she is at the head of some charitable organization which has set rules for dress and duty, although his knowledge of such matters is not most profound.

"Madame, pardon this intrusion," he says, at the same time wondering whether she is English, French or a native of Malta.

Her reply comes in a low voice, and tells him she is as familiar with the English language as himself, no matter what her nationality.

"It is no intrusion, Doctor Craig. I have been expecting you."

"Indeed, you surprise me, madame, since I sent no word of my coming."

"Ah! a little bird sent me the news."

"Do you know why I enter your abode without an invitation, madame?"

"You seek news, Doctor Craig?"

"That is true."

"News of one who has long been lost; news concerning a member of our holy order; the dear sister who has consecrated her life to charity, and who, under my fostering care, has long since redeemed her past—Sister Magdalen."

The words almost unnerve John; he has a feeling that perhaps Heaven means to be kind and allow him the bliss he craves.

"Ah, madame, you know my secret. It is true. I would find her, would hear from her own lips the story of the past. I believe you can help me. She has occupied this house."

"That very chair upon which you are seated sustained her fainting form one afternoon when she came in. I thought she was dying. In her hand she carried a paper, an American daily. I glanced at it to see if I could learn the truth, and saw it there as plain as day. She had read a notice of a fire in Chicago where a young man named John Craig, said to be a medical student, perished."

"Did she see that account? It was cruel. The next day's paper refuted the lie, and explained how he escaped," says John, warmly.

"Yes, I saw it. She would give us no rest until we procured a later copy of the same paper, and there she read the truth. Sister Magdalen was all smiles from that hour; she said that Heaven had indeed answered her prayer."

"Tell me, is she here now?" holding his breath with suspense.

"Oh! no, she went away several weeks ago. We shall not see her again unless she chances to be one of three lay delegates now on their way here from a sister sanctuary."

"Then you can give no hope; let me know where I may find her?"

"If I see my duty in that way, Doc-

tor Craig," is the astonishing reply he receives.

He conceives the idea what this may mean.

"Madame, I am ready to do what I can for the good of your order, if you will bring about this long anticipated meeting."

"Your word shall be your bond. We need five hundred dollars to endow another bed in the hospital at Rome."

"It shall be yours; I swear it."

"Hush, impious man! Your word is enough. On my part I promise that ere an hour goes by you shall be in a fair way to look upon the face of one who loves you more dearly than if you had never been lost to her."

John hears and believes; he is not suspicious enough to put a double meaning upon the words.

"An hour—so soon? What am I to do in order to gain this consummation of my hopes?" he asks, in deep surprise.

"Nothing, only be content to remain here as my guests."

John looks at Philander, and the latter nods, for it all seems clear and above board.

"We agree, madame," says the young doctor.

The Mother Superior, as they take her to be, bows her head, solemnly.

"It is well," she says, and touches a bell.

(To be Continued.)



THE WHEELS OF HEALTH.

There is no better exercise for a young woman in thoroughly good health than bicycling. On the contrary, if she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organs, if she rides, at all, such exercise should be very sparingly indulged in. Women are peculiarly constituted and their general health is peculiarly dependent upon the health of the specially feminine organism.

It is the health of these delicate and important parts that "makes the wheels of general health go round." Their strength and vigor are as important to a woman as a mainspring to a watch, or a sprocket and chain to a bicycle. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for delicate women. It makes them strong where they most need strength. Taken during the "interesting interval," it banishes the usual squeamishness and makes baby's admission to the world easy and almost painless. It fits a woman for in-door work and out-door sports. Honest druggists don't advise substitutes.

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