

I have to see the judge, too, in order to report Sonnenberg's arrest."

"What? He, too?" cried Heppner, astonished, hastening after the detective, who had already left the room.

Again a carriage stopped before the house. Could it be Dornberg?

The door was opened hurriedly, Fannie and Doctor Kerner entered the room.

"Have you heard?" cried Fannie, jubilantly, as Dora, with a cry of joy, hastened to meet her, and then the two clasped each other in a long embrace.

At length Fannie disengaged herself from Dora's arms.

"Wish us joy, Dora; we are betrothed," she said, in a tone full of happiness.

"You will not be surprised my dear madam," added Kerner; "for you guessed my heart's secret long ago. I am sure I need not tell you that I, too, am unspeakably happy."

"No, indeed," cried Dora, extending a hand to each and then again embracing Fannie. "May heaven's richest blessing rest upon your union!"

"And now for the real object of our coming here," said the doctor at last. "I have already applied for Gustav's discharge, and think my request will be complied with to-day. Fannie thought that we ought not to rob you of the pleasure of bringing the prisoner the good news yourself. If agreeable to you—"

"How can you doubt it?" cried Dora, excitedly.

"Well, then, the carriage which brought us here is waiting. We can start at once."

"You are always thinking how you can give others pleasure, Fannie, dear—good soul that you are. I thank you with all my heart," said Dora, with emotion.

They all three then drove straight to the prison and obtained the director's permission to see Gustav.

Dora trembled with excitement. She was the first to enter the cell.

Gustav had risen from his seat in surprise. He needed but one look into Dora's radiant eyes to guess everything.

"Free!" she cried. "Free and exonerated from blame. Can you forgive me for having doubted you, my beloved?"

Her arms were round his neck. He pressed her to his heart and covered her blushing face with passionate kisses.

"Is this happiness real?" he asked, in a trembling voice. "You are mine once more, my all, my life."

"And nothing shall ever part us again, dearest; no shadow shall ever again fall on our happiness or disturb our love."

"I can hardly believe it yet," said he, and his eyes dim with tears, turned with a questioning glance to Fannie and the doctor, who were just entering the cell.

"You may be as happy as you like," replied Kerner, grasping his hand, while Fannie, too, embraced her brother heartily.

Gustav's discharge was followed by days of unalloyed happiness for the two pairs of lovers.

All the councillor's efforts to procure the release of his father-in-law had proved vain. The offer to give bail was rejected most decidedly by the court, as it was to be foreseen that the family would sacrifice the bail in order to protect the guilty man from a degrading punishment.

Frau Roland had started for London the second day after her husband's arrest, evidently in haste to escape the suspicion of having been accessory to her husband's crime, although, as Roland himself denied this, nothing could be proved against her.

And even though the demands of the creditors were, for the most part, satisfied, and Baron Busse recovered the whole amount which he had lost, the indignation against Roland was still so great that the jury would not admit of any extenuating circumstances in his case.

Oscar Roland was sentenced to a term of several years in the penitentiary.

Gustav Dornberg, on the other hand, was honourably acquitted of all guilt.

Some time after this Dora and Fannie were married at the same time, at the house of the former, and this joyful event was followed in a few weeks by a wedding at Elm Court. Peter Martin was specially invited on all these occasions, and the jovial old gentleman always remained a faithful, welcome guest in every branch of the family circle.

Unfortunately, however, the hopes which he had set on Sonnenberg's arrest were destined not to be fulfilled.

At first the latter had denied everything, but at the second examination he admitted everything but the murder.

He acknowledged that Mary Brighton had been his wife, that he had deserted her, and that she had sought him out. He admitted that he had taken her to his rooms on the evening before her death in order to confer with her about a divorce.

He also stated that he had started to accompany her on her return to the hotel, but that, on the way, after a passionate ebullition of anger, she had left him, while he, furious at her obstinacy and her insulting invectives, had gone home.

What had happened to her after that he did not know. On the next day he had heard of her death, and naturally had not felt called upon to publish his relations to her.

This declaration he adhered to. The most skillful cross-questioning on the part of the examining magistrate could not entangle him in any contradictions.

As it was no longer possible to verify the murder, the authorities were finally obliged to dismiss the charge. The dark mystery seemed doomed to remain unsolved.

Ernestine had been discharged from arrest some time before. There was no charge against her except the agreement with her brother to rob Frau Winkler of her property.

That robbery, however, had never been executed, and Dora would not enter a complaint against her.

The noble pair disappeared from the city; Ernestine accompanied her brother to New York. They had been quite forgotten, when Peter Martin, one day, was requested to draw up a report concerning Sonnenberg.

The authorities of some city in the United States had asked for this report. Sonnenberg was in prison there, accused of blackmail; and there seemed to have been other charges against him, for, not long after Martin's communication was sent, the same authorities reported in return that he had ended his life in a penitentiary.

The report added that, on his deathbed, the deceased had boasted of various crimes for which he had escaped punishment through his shrewdness; among others, the murder of his wife, Mary Brighton, by drowning.

This was a great satisfaction for Peter Martin. He could now, at last, convince the head writer of the Black Eagle, who was still somewhat sceptical, that, on the

occasion of Sonnenberg's arrest, his shrewdness had, after all, found and pursued the right track.

THE END.

THE DOG, THE MAN, AND THE MEAT.

A FRIEND of mine and I were walking together the other day; a dog dashed past us after something he saw on the pavement. It was a big piece of meat. He pounced on it and swallowed it in two seconds. My companion looked at the dog with envious admiration. "My humble friend," he said, "I'll give you \$5,000 for your appetite and your digestion. You are not afraid to eat; I am." But the dog knew what happiness is made of. He declined the offer and trotted away.

It is astonishing how many different people use this expression. "I am" or "I was" afraid to eat. As the writer pens these lines five letters lie on the table before him, everyone of them containing it. Yet the persons who wrote the letters are not known to one another. There was, therefore, no agreement among them. Why should there be, even if they were acquainted?

No, there is nothing in it to wonder at. They went through the same experience, and express it in the most natural way, that's all.

But what does it mean? Are people suspicious of poisoned food? No, no; that is not so. The food is not poisoned before it is eaten, but afterwards. An example will show what really occurs, and why so many are afraid to eat.

We quote from one of the letters: "One night, early in 1892," says the writer, "I was seized with dreadful pains in the pit of the stomach, and a choking sensation in the throat. I feared I was going to die. My wife called in a neighbour. They applied hot fannels and turpentine, but I got no relief. Then a doctor came and gave me medicine. He said he never saw anyone's tongue in such a condition. It was of a yellow colour, and covered with a slimy phlegm, so thick I could have scraped it with a knife. I had a foul, bitter taste in the month, and my eyes were so dull I could scarcely see. I had a heavy pain in the side, and felt so dejected and miserable I didn't know what to do with myself. What little food I took gave me so much pain I was afraid to eat. The doctor put me on starvation diet, and injected morphine to ease the pain.

"Getting no real benefit from the first doctor I saw another, who said I had enlargement of the liver. He gave me medicine, but I got no better. In August I went to Emsworth to see what my native air would do for me, but came back worse than ever. I had lost over three stone in weight, and being too weak to move about I never to lie on the couch most of the time. I used to expect to get well, and didn't care much what became of me.

"One day in October my wife said, "It appears the doctors can do nothing for you, so I am going to doctor you myself." She went to the Southern Drug Stores, in Camberwell Road, and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few days the pain in my stomach left me, my appetite improved, and I gained some strength. Soon afterwards I was back at my work. The people in the office, seeing how well I looked, asked what had cured me, and I answered Mother Seigel's Syrup. I shall be glad to reply to any inquiries about my case. (Signed) Charles Harris, 74, Beresford-street, Camberwell, London, December 1st, 1892."

Mr Harris' statement goes straight to the point. Why was he afraid to eat? Because his food gave him pain without giving him strength. This was dead wrong. It was exactly the reverse of what it should have been. When a man is in the proper form he gets vigour and power from his meals, and eats them with enjoyment and relish. If he doesn't there is something the matter with him. What is it?

Now let your thoughts expand a bit, so as to take in a broad principle. One man's meat is another man's poison, they say. That's so, but it's only half the truth. Any man's meat is any man's poison, under certain conditions. If grain never got any further than the mill hopper we should never have bread, and if bread (or other food) never got further than the stomach we should never have strength. See? Well, when the stomach is torpid, inflamed and "ON STRIKE," what happens? Why, your food lies in it and rots. The fermentations produce poison which gets into the blood and kicks up the worst sort of mischief all over the body. This in indigestion and dyspepsia, though the doctors call each and every trick of it by a separate name. Yet they don't cure it, which is the worst thing after all.

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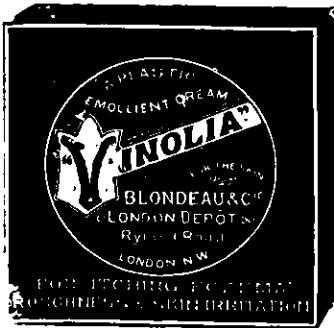
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