

fect type of straightforward, honest, plucky soldier, it would be impossible to meet with. After some discussion he and I arrived at the conclusion that the bedroom key which I had so carefully put in my pocket had evidently a duplicate which was in the possession of poor Mrs Criddle's dastardly and secret enemy. In my heart of hearts, I at once fastened my suspicions on the figure in the yellow drapery. Mrs Criddle's Indian maid, whom she trusted, and whom I had only dimly seen gliding with stealthy footsteps along the corridors. A desire seized me to see her now, at once, and make up my mind, by the study of her dusky face, exactly how far I need suspect her.

"The General undertook to have her found, and to send her up to her mistress's room on some errand or other, so that I might gratify my curiosity.

"Three minutes later she came in, quiet, silent, very respectful: swathed from head to foot in her yellow draperies. She was very dark complexioned indeed, rather taller than the average Hindoo, with ugly bony hands, and long thin feet thrust into felt slippers, and of the usual sharp, thin featured type we are all familiar with. But my scrutiny of her revealed nothing new. I suspected her vaguely, just as much as ever, and I found myself wondering how in the world she could have managed to buy the virulent poison in sufficient quantity to do the horrible damage she had already done.

"Unceasing watchfulness was, of course, just as much a part of my duty as the medical treatment which I had mapped out for my patient: another dose or two, such as she had had that morning, and she would be beyond the reach of human skill. It was therefore agreed between the General and myself that until the arrival of the nurse one of us at least would always be in the room.

"I had had a reply the same afternoon from the nurse, who, however, could not be at 'The Priory' until Christmas morning, which meant two nights and one day of unceasing, unremitting watchfulness.

"The General was an able and faithful ally, and the first night and the next day passed quietly enough. During that day the reply had come from Bombay.

Mr. Criddle had telegraphed, 'Very anxious, sail home by first possible steamer.'

"My patient on the second evening seemed perhaps a trifle easier and even inclined to sleep.

"That second night was bitterly cold—regular Christmas weather some jovial people would have called it—but there was nothing festive in our hearts, as you may well imagine; however, a cheerful blaze brought a thought of coziness to the place. The General had had his nap, and a couple of hours on the sofa had made a new man of him. I had spent those two hours cogitating on this strange mystery which surrounded me, trying to find some plausible solution to the tragedy which was threatening that poor young woman, who looked so frail and so helpless in the great four-poster. But I was tired out; the night before I had not closed my eyes, and when the General took possession of the big armchair by the fire, and vacated the sofa, I was glad enough to stretch myself upon it. I remember the last glimpse I had of the room just before I dropped off to sleep. My patient was dozing fairly quietly, with only an occasional, faint moan from her feverish lips, the bed and she herself were in complete darkness. In front of the fire the General sat in the big Queen Anne chair, with the "Times" spread out before him, and a shaded reading lamp lighting up his pleasant, rather pompous face and the white newspaper. Then all was oblivion.

Suddenly I awoke. Something had aroused me—something—I could not tell what had happened in that room, a second ago, and had caused me to wake, not because I had had enough sleep, but because I was roused quite suddenly.

"I looked about me, the General was still reading his paper—he, evidently, had heard nothing. Then I looked at my patient. She was awake. I could just see her in the distant gloom of the great room, as she raised herself on her elbow, and reached out her hand for the glass of barley water I myself had prepared for her.

"That certain something which had

roused me from my sleep, had done it most effectually and had cleared my faculties as suddenly as it had chased away my sleep. It was one of those faculties, terribly on the alert, which in spite of the apparently unaltered condition of the room caused me to spring almost at a bound to my patient's bedside and to snatch the glass from her hand, at the very moment that she already conveyed it to her lips. She uttered a faint scream of fright. In her weakened condition my sudden action had terrified her, her cheeks became even more livid than formerly, and she sank unconscious on her pillow.

"Care for her took up some little time, then only could I reply to the General's anxious query:

"Some one has been in this room while I was asleep," I said.

"Impossible. I sat facing the door, and was fully awake the whole time."

"And yet there is arsenic in this barley water, which I myself mixed, tasted, and placed on this table, just before I lay down on that sofa."

"The General said nothing for a moment, but I saw that look creep into his eyes, which sometimes comes in the eyes of brave men, when the fear of the supernatural first takes hold of their nerves. Even I could not repress a shudder. I took up the glass again. There certainly was nothing supernatural in the virulent poison which lay within it. It was there, tangible enough both to smell and taste, and strong enough this time to have ended with one stroke the feeble life that still flickered—but oh! so feebly.

"Impatient at the slowness of the results, or afraid of our watchfulness the next day, when the nurse would arrive, the murderer had wished to end it all now, to-night, at once. Again I shuddered—then I went to the door, and peered out into the passage; it was dark and solitary. I knew now which was the Hindoo woman's room. Leaving the General in charge, I went to her door, very quietly, and listened; it seemed to me that I heard the sound of regular breathing—then I tried the handle

—the door was locked, but a voice from within whispered very softly in Hindoostanee:

"Who goes there?"

"And thus ended our Christmas eve," added the Doctor grimly.

"I don't think that any human being ever welcomed another quite so effusively as I welcomed the nurse when she came on that memorable Christmas morning.

"Big, chubby, fresh and rather loud, Nurse Dawson brought an air of Christmas festivity with her. Though not an ideal nurse in an ordinary sick room, she was just the right sort of person to dispel the atmosphere of weird superstition which had begun to envelop us both.

"As briefly as possible I put Nurse Lawson au fait of all the events which had happened since first I had charge of the case, and she entered into my plans, which I had formulated during the small hours of the morning, with energy and enthusiasm.

"By now, my mind was made up. It was the Hindoo woman, I felt sure, acting for some motive I could not now fathom, who was slowly poisoning her mistress. It was she who last night had daringly outwitted us and—who knows?—had perhaps with her cat-like step actually dared to enter and cross the room unperceived by the General.

"There was a certain hour in the evening, about nine o'clock, when I had, both evenings previously, noticed the Hindoo woman taking a stroll in the garden. On this I had based my plan. Chance favoured me, she made no exception on this Christmas night. There was moonlight, and soon after nine I saw her in her yellow draperies walking slowly along the paths.

"The two men were at that hour busy in the kitchen; the General having insisted on some semblance of Christmas cheer we three faithful attendants had a clear field in the house. Quickly and dexterously Nurse Dawson wrapped the patient in a blanket, then, aided by the General, together they carried her to Nurse's room.

"Dawson remained to watch beside her, whilst the General and I returned to the big bedroom. In two minutes I had un-

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Famous Remedy for

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA & CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Its healing power is marvellous. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.

From Brisbane Wholesale Chemists

We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us today that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured in three doses.—We are, faithfully yours,
THOMASON, CHATER, and Co.,
69 Queen-street, Brisbane.

BRONCHITIS.

A Sydney gentleman is so satisfied with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure that he sends a supply to London.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir.—I am in receipt of your favour of the 27th inst., in which you acknowledge my order for Bronchitis Cure to be sent to my parents in London from your Liverpool Depot. I am sure their Annual Bronchial attacks will be greatly relieved, if not cured or pre-

vented, by your valuable preparation. My own experience, and that in connection with my two-year-old son, has been preciously satisfactory, and I shall continue to highly recommend it for both old and young, and I offer you the use of this letter should you deem it worth the using.—Yours truly,
HERBERT E. WHITE,
"Holmsdale," Bowral-street,
Kensington, Sydney, N.S.W.

ASTHMA.

Two Obstinate Cases Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

After other treatment had failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir.—It is with much thankfulness I write to let you know that I have taken three bottles of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I had previously suffered terribly from asthma for about three years, and had tried everything, and had advice, but without avail. I had

been for a fortnight at a time without moving day or night out of my chair. If I went to bed I was not able to lie down. We came to New Zealand about three years ago from Tasmania. One of my uncles there suffered with asthma for a number of years till he took your cure about five years ago, and has never had the asthma since. I knew this, but it had passed out of my mind until reading your advertisement in some Tasmanian paper brought it to my memory. I told my husband, and he got your cure for me, which I have taken with completely satisfactory result.—Yours respectively,
W. McCOMBE,
Mosgiel, New Zealand.

A Child Seven Months Old—A Sufferer from Birth.

Cured by a Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir.—Kindly forward me a small bottle of your Brou-

chitis Cure as soon as possible, as I cannot speak above a whisper, owing to a cold. I had a bottle from you before for my little girl when she was seven months old. She had been suffering from bronchitis from her birth, and now she is three years old, and has not had a return of it since. It is a splendid medicine for bronchitis or colds of any sort.—I remain, yours truly,
MRS. H. RAMAGE,
Violet Town, Victoria.

ACUTE BRONCHITIS.

Life Saved by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir.—I have much pleasure in stating that I have derived great benefit from taking Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. Can confidently say it has saved my life. I was a martyr to Acute Bronchitis before taking it. I trust this letter will induce others to try it.—Yours truly,
E. F. BROTHERTON,
228 Chapel-street, Prahran, Victoria.

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S and to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE.—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1a does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.