

one night when the poacher quitted the tap-room of the inn. But, alas! it is one thing to shadow a man through the streets of a great city, and another to follow on the steps of a trained woodsman, whose ear is alert for every crackling twig, and whose eye does not miss so much as a moving leaf. Ere they had covered a quarter of a mile the detective discovered that by some mysterious process his quarry was behind, instead of in front of him.

"Lord love you, maister!" said Leigh with genial irony, as he reached Brading, "you ought to keep your eyes open when you are about at this time of night. Just s'pose now if there was anybody took a grudge against you—thought p'raps you was a spyin' on him—why, he might come on you, just like I did, and give you a crack on the head without a livin' soul bein' the wiser."

"You are quite right," agreed the detective, with an appreciation that was hearty without being enthusiastic. "But I am not likely to spy on anybody—I was just trying to find a short cut to the railway station."

"Lies right behind you, sir." Still that galling note of irony.

"How stupid of me! That way, you say? Thanks, good-night!"

Brading turned and walked away with as much dignity as he could command, not sure that even now he was entirely safe from that "crack on the head." That indeed might be met, for he was not the man to shirk a tussle, but the insolent chuckle which the poacher sent after him was gall and wormwood. He, one of the smartest of all the smart men at "The Yard," to be outwitted and jeered at by a mere yokel! However, it was clear that on his own ground the yokel was more than a match for the Londoner, and the Londoner was sufficiently candid to acknowledge it.

Of Lester, on the other hand, the poacher had no mistrust. He had been drawn to the young doctor from their first meeting in the bar of the "Fisherman's Rest," when he told Lester of that giant trout which came to so untimely an end. A man who dealt with the ever-burning question of beer in so liberal a spirit could not but inspire friendship, and Lester had shown too an acquaintance with the coy secrets of the woods and streams that commanded Leigh's respect.

As a matter of fact, Lester rather liked the old ruffian, but Brading so pressed upon him the importance of ascertaining how a man in Leigh's position could be continually changing sovereigns, that for Edith's sake he undertook to find out, if possible, whether Leigh was in anyway concerned in the recent happenings at Arncliffe Hall.

For a day or two the poacher had been rather less sedulous in his attentions to the home-brewed of Landlord Jones, and the reason was apparent when one afternoon he accosted Lester, who was taking a solitary ramble.

"All the folks around here say that you're a great doctor, sir, a much better man than Dr. Smalley," he said in uneasy compliment. "I've been wondering if you would come and have a look at my old mother. I'd be mortal glad, sir, and I'd pay anything you like to ask."

"My good fellow," replied Lester, "I am a specialist, and in most cases you would do far better to consult Dr. Smalley. Still, I will see your mother with pleasure, and as for payment, I am on a holiday and refuse to work, save in a friendly way, for anybody."

"Thankee, sir." For the first time Lester saw something approaching emotion in the rugged, sinister face of the poacher.

"What is the matter with your mother?"

"Well, sir, she's took to her bed a bit earlier than usual of late, and this morning she was very quiet—lay still and followed me about with her eyes without saying a word. Nor she don't care for her cup o' tea or her pipe o' 'bacca as she used to."

"Is she very old?"

"Why, doctor, she might be ninety, or

# Dangerous Hair Dyes!

## How to Test "Hair Dyes" Containing Sugar of Lead (Poison) and Sulphur.

**I** FEEL it is my solemn duty, as an analytical chemist, to sound a note of warning to users of hair dyes. The market is flooded with dyes that are not only injurious to the hair, but endanger the health of every person who uses them.

These preparations are in the majority of cases solutions containing nothing more nor less than Sugar of Lead and Sulphur.

And, Reader, Sugar of Lead is—POISON.

In justice to the public, every bottle of hair dye containing these substances should bear the **poison label** and the **poison emblem—the skull and cross bones!**

Thousands of people, who have no idea that they are **playing with fire**, are using these preparations, and not knowing of anything better, are **slaves** to them!

Now I am going to tell you how **you can detect** the presence of Lead and Sulphur without going to the expense of a chemical analysis.

The manufacturer of every Sulphur and Lead preparation gives emphasis to the directions "**SHAKE BOTTLE BEFORE USING!**"

Why? Simply because the Sulphur and the Lead settle to the bottom of the bottle, forming a **thick sediment**, and you **must** shake the bottle and **stir up** this sediment, for **it's the sediment that does the work!** Here is the test: **Don't** shake the bottle!

Just **try to dye** the hair with the **clear liquid** at the top and the stuff will **fail absolutely to color the hair.**

Lead and sulphur make the hair sticky and greasy, and the stuff rubs off on everything.

There's another "old-timer"—the "two-bottle" dye. No one but an expert can use this properly. Then, in a very short time, the gray hairs at the roots must be **retouched** (by the expert) and another fee paid.

The hair then takes on two and sometimes more colors, and the effect is startling. Then the victim awakens to the shame of the situation.

Many people had a good head of hair when beginning the use of these dangerous hair dyes, but after two or three years, thin, short hair was their reward. In some cases the eyes and head are affected by the Sugar of Lead, and the victim presents a truly pitiful appearance. These harmful nostrums are commended to the confidence of the public by the liberal use of so-called "testimonials." No disinterested person would permit the use of his or her name in an advertisement for hair dye. The people use hair dyes to **conceal** the presence of gray hair. But even if "testimonials" could be obtained honestly, do you suppose a "testimonial" writer would be willing to answer a hundred letters a day just for the **fun of it?** Would **you, Reader**, do it for nothing?

## Don't Dye Your Hair—Restore Its Color Naturally

If your hair is starting to turn or is already gray and faded, don't make **matters worse by dyeing it!**

There's only one way that you can **restore** gray or faded hair, and that is to **assist nature** by giving **new life to the hair roots** and increasing the secretions of the **pigmentary glands.**

For **Nature**, in these minute laboratories, forms the coloring or pigment **which alone** can give you a handsome head of hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer is the true scalp stimulant and hair food. It is as clean and pure as water and contains no thick heavy Lead and Sulphur that must be shaken up.

It does not give the hair a "died" appearance. It makes the natural color **come back** in from **seven to ten days!**

Now listen! Allow me to send you **free** a full size \$1.00 bottle of my Restorer to **prove** every claim I make.

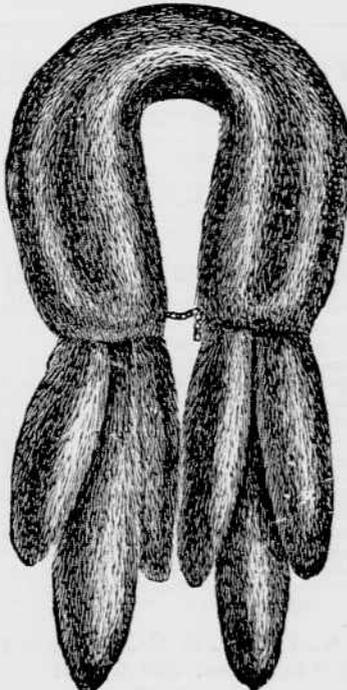
If the hair is not restored to its **original color** in from six to fourteen days, it will be the first time in **many thousands** of similar tests that my remedy has failed. But it **will not** fail!

It is **absolutely** harmless. My Gray Hair Restorer is sold by druggists everywhere.

There are many thousands of men and women using our preparation. This offer is only for those who have not used Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer. Every bottle is sent by express, prepaid, as the bottle is too large to mail. The following **must** be filled out **in full** or no attention can be paid to letter:

Mary T. Goldman, 785 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.; Send me full-sized \$1.00 bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer. I enclose 25c. in stamps or coin to cover express charges. I **solemnly swear** that I desire the Restorer for my own use, that I will not sell or give it away, and that I have never used or purchased Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer.

Sign Full Name.....  
Nearest Express Office.....  
The original color of my hair before it started to fade or turn gray was.....  
(Enclose sample if convenient.)



# FREE!

## Handsome Fur Scarf

Send your name and address and we will send you at once 24 pieces of our new swell Art Jewelry, consisting of Real Gold-Plated Articles worn by the very best people. Every one will gladly buy one or more of these at 10 cents apiece. Return us the \$2.40 collected and we will immediately send you this

### BEAUTIFUL FUR SCARF.

It is nearly one and one-half yards long, made from dark Baltic Seal, has six heavy Tabs, is warm and dressy, and is the very popular style which the illustration shows, and we know you will be more than pleased with it. It is an elegant fur and thoroughly good, and it will give years of satisfactory wear. The only reason that we can offer them is that we had these furs made up for us by a leading manufacturer during the dull summer months, when he could afford to quote us a very low price. This is the only reason that we are able to give you such an expensive premium. We hope that you will take advantage of our offer without delay. This is an extraordinary offer and cannot be duplicated by any other reliable concern. Your credit is good with us, and we trust you with the gold plated jewelry novelties until you sell them. Write at once. Address

**Friend Supply Co.,**  
DEPARTMENT 367  
1 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

she might be a little more, but she's allus been strong."

"You see," said Lester gently, "when people reach ninety years of age you must expect all sorts of ailments, and you must be prepared for anything. At the same time, it is possible that with a little care she will be all right again for sometime to come. You may be sure I will do my best for her. Would you like me to see her now?"

"If you would be so kind, sir."

They strolled on to that little hovel on the outskirts, where Warren, half mad with fear, had removed the stain of his attack on the solicitor. Lester, on entering, recoiled with disgust from the horrible atmosphere—an atmosphere which brought vivid recollections of African kraals.

"Good Heavens, man!" he exclaimed, "no wonder your mother is ill! Why, this air is enough to poison her!"

"Oh, it's the way she's lived all her life. You mustn't judge us folk the same as you would the gentry."

"I know; but—here, won't this window open? Then keep the door wide, for goodness' sake, or I shall be stifled."

The atmosphere cleared a little, and Lester turned his attention to the old woman lying on the heap of foul rags that served for a bed. He saw at once that she was verging on delirium. There was a vacant uneasiness in her eyes, and she moved her skinny hands about restlessly. She was going to die presently.

"Is that Maister Harry Warren?" she asked, peering through the gloom at Lester. "I've got the books safe enough, Maister Warren, I've got them safe enough."

"Shut up, mother!" growled the son savagely. "This is the doctor come to see you. I'm afraid, sir," apologetically to Lester, "she's a bit off her head."

"Oh, no, it isn't the doctor. I may be old, Bob, but I'm not blind yet. It's Harry Warren—Warren that got you six months, Warren that tried to murder the old lawyer, Warren that we're minding the books for, Warren—why," screamed the aged crone, sitting up and tossing away the white locks from her eyes, "there he is now looking over your shoulder!"

Lester and Leigh turned involuntarily toward the door as she made her vehement assertion, and both started with astonishment. For there stood Harry Warren, in very truth, his lips white with fear and his red face haggard.

To be continued next Sunday

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

**DR. GEORGE LESTER**, an eminent young English toxicologist, was trespassing on the fishing preserves of a British peer, when he rendered a slight service to Miss Edith Holt, secretary to the Earl of Arncliffe, owner of the estate. He also encountered Harry Warren, who was Arncliffe's agent.

Lester was subsequently called to the castle, the regular physician being absent, and found Arncliffe dead. He announced that the Earl had been poisoned with arsenic.

Angier, Arncliffe's solicitor, arrived at the Hall, and announced that the Earl had feared he was being poisoned and left ten thousand pounds to go to the person chiefly responsible for the conviction of his murderer. Arncliffe's will left the bulk of his property to Edith.

Lester was impudently confronted by Warren and promptly knocked the latter down.

The Coroner's inquest to inquire into the cause of Arncliffe's death opened at the Hall. Much interest was manifested in the testimony that Edith had secured three hundred pounds from the Earl shortly before his death.

The three hundred pounds that Edith had been given were for her brother, but as the latter was a scapegrace she feared that if the purpose of the gift was known it would ruin his future.

Edith insisted that she would give the Arncliffe fortune to Bradshaw, the Earl's American nephew, who had arrived unexpectedly.

Warren had been embezzling thousands of pounds from Lord Arncliffe, and in getting possession of the telltale books struck Angier a murderous blow on the head, without the lawyer seeing him. The latter was not killed. In rushing from the scene Warren fell and became unconscious. Leigh, a poacher, Warren's enemy, had seen the deed and secured possession of the books.

Lester caught the detective stealing Edith's letters from a post-box and made him return one, thinking it was all he had. However, the detective had taken two and kept one, which was to Miss Holt's brother in reference to the three hundred pounds. This tended to allay the detective's suspicions against the young woman.

Lester and Edith became betrothed. Bradshaw noticed that Leigh was spending considerable money at Jones's, and the detective decided to watch him. The American also advised that Warren be watched.

Lester was assigned to watch Leigh the poacher. Bradshaw climbed a tree overlooking Mrs. Warren's room to learn why it was lighted late at night, when the housekeeper fired point-blank at him, and he fell to the ground. He was not recognized and fixed up a story that he had encountered a man he saw running away from the Hall.