

THE SEVEN SECRETS

by WM. L. QUELLE

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CHAPTER XXI.

Woman's Wiles.

"Look sharp," cried the black-bearded ruffian who had feigned illness. "Give 'im a settler, 'Arry. He wants his nerves calm'd a bit."

The fellow had seized my wrists, and I saw that one of the men who had sprung from his place of concealment was pouring some liquid from a bottle upon a sponge. I caught a whiff of its odor—an odor familiar enough to me—the sickly smell of chloroform.

Fortunately I am pretty athletic, and

upon their lips, but with lightning speed I sprang toward the door and placed my back against it. So long as I could face them I intended to fight for life. Then, as I saw that they were attacking me from behind, as they had already done, I had surely had a narrow escape from their bullets, for they had fired at close range.

At Guy's many stories have been told of similar cases where doctors, known to wear valuable watches, diamond rings or scarf pins, have been called at night by daring thieves and robbed; therefore I always, as precaution, placed my revolver in my pocket when I received a call

what disconcerting. A deliberate and dastardly attempt had been made upon my life, but with what motive? The young woman, whose face was familiar, had I recollected, asked most distinctly whether I was Doctor Boyd—a fact which showed that the trap had been prepared. I saw now the reason why she was unable to describe the man's sham illness, and during the morning, while at work in the hospital wards, my suspicions became aroused that there had been some deeper motive in it all than the robbery of my watch or scarf-pin. Human life had been taken for far less value than that of my jewelry, I knew; nevertheless, the deliberate shooting at me while I for the patient's pulse showed a determination to assassinate. By good fortune, however, I had escaped, and resolved to be more careful in the future, answering night calls to unknown houses.

Sir Bernard did not come to town that day; therefore, I was compelled to spend the afternoon in the severe consulting-room at Harley street, being kept busy the whole time. Shortly before 6 o'clock utterly worn out, I strolled down to my rooms to change my coat before going down to the Savage Club to dine with my friends—for it was Saturday night, and I

grief there is the mystery of it all—a mystery that grows each day more and more inscrutable. I glanced at her sharply in surprise. Was she trying to mislead me, or were her words spoken in earnest? I could not determine.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

ONE MINNESOTAN DEAD

Olson of the Three Overcome by Gas at Winnipeg Has a Chance of Recovery.

Special to The Journal.

Winnipeg, Man., March 2.—A. J. Wilson, one of the three Minnesotans asphyxiated by gas at the Imperial hotel, died on Saturday night at 7 o'clock. W. Olson and J. M. Peterson, the other victims are still alive, but their condition is considered very serious.

Olson shows slight signs of improvement. His pulse is somewhat stronger and his respiration is fuller, though both he and Peterson are still in a comatose condition. Peterson shows no alteration for the better, and the worst is feared. Both are men of wonderful vitality, and Olson in particular, though not a large man physically, is strong and wiry, and is making a wonderful fight for life. The physicians in attendance are surprised at the powers of resistance shown.

H. W. Olson, brother of W. Olson, arrived yesterday from Elbow Lake, Minn., accompanied by N. P. Thune, of Barrett, Minn., a friend of the victims. They at once took charge of the body and made arrangements for its disposal.

Olson said that they had not as yet decided whether the relatives would ask for an inquest. The dead man was a bachelor and 40 years of age, and came to Canada to look for land. The remains will be sent to Thorsberg, Minn., for burial. James Walsh, the night clerk who first discovered the men lying in their room, said last night he could not account for the accident. He and the bell boy had been up and down to and from the room frequently during the night and had rapped on the door about 6:30 in the morning, but had noticed no odor of gas at that hour. Other members of the party came down stairs about 7 o'clock and had gone up stairs again to hunt them up. Receiving no response, one of the men pounded on the door and shook it, and then the odor was first noticed.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

THE GRIP IS CONTAGIOUS

Dr. Edson of New York Tells You What to Do When It Gets You.

New York, March 2.—Dr. Cyrus Edson, in discussing the present epidemic of grip in this city, is quoted to-day as saying: "Grip is contagious and if the public were fully aware of that fact many unnecessary infections would be avoided. The grip germ, a spirillum, or bacillus, locates itself principally in the mucous membranes of the respiratory tract, and as it is an air-borne disease, one acquires it by breathing in the germs. Ample evidence of its contagiousness is found by its passage through a family, a city or a section of the country, traveling along the ordinary lines of travel. It is in this way that it was brought to this country some thirteen years ago, coming in steamers from Europe."

"A great mistake is made by the man who returns to his work too soon after an attack of grip."

"To avoid catching the grip, keep out of the way of people who have it, keep warm and keep your feet dry. If your baby has the grip, don't kiss it. If your stenographer has the grip send her home until she gets well. If your friend has the grip send him flowers and regrets, but don't call on him until he is well. Don't get tired, and above all keep warm and dry. When you do get the grip, take a dose of physic, go to bed and send for a doctor."

GARRIE SMASHED A BOTTLE.

San Francisco, March 2.—Garrie Nation has been arrested at the Grand Hotel on a charge of malicious mischief, preferred by a Montgomery street saloon-keeper, in whose place she broke a bottle of whiskey last evening. At an early hour this morning she was released on bail furnished by her manager.

The Wonders of India's Durbar.

Never before in the history of the world, in all probability, has such a unique gathering assembled as that which recently convened at Delhi, India's most famous city. Think of a small provincial town being swelled by 300,000 visitors. Imagine a parade in such a town led by the Viceroy of India, who governs more than a fifth of the world's inhabitants. The procession was one of the most gorgeous sights ever witnessed. In all this show of wealth, there was no golden grain belt, which means more in terms of health and happiness than any money or precious jewels. If you would want to be healthy and strong use this beer regularly with your meals.

The Shamelessness of St. Louis

By LINCOLN STEFFENS, author of "The Shame of Minneapolis"

An authoritative Article on the Municipal Situation in St. Louis—A Situation more extraordinary than in Minneapolis—With authentic Incidents and Documents Relating to the Great Fight going on between Organized Boodlers and the Good Citizens.

HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

The Price of Trust Building

By IDA M. TARBELL, author of "The Life of Lincoln."

"The American Beauty Rose can be produced in its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it."—J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., in an address on Trusts to the students of Brown University.

Here are the stories of men whose businesses were sacrificed in the formation of the great trust told in dramatic detail.

These articles are more interesting as mere stories than any fiction can be. Yet it is impossible to exaggerate their importance as fact.

McClure's for March

10 CENTS ON ALL NEWS STANDS.

Don't use Sticky Plasters

SLOAN'S Liniment

Clean Efficient Reliable 25¢ a Bottle

Minneapolis Dry Goods Co

Our Annual Sale of Silks

The most imposing and important retail event of the year will have its beginning Tuesday. We have sometimes called it the Sale of Wash Silks, and we have never given up more than one day to it. This time it will be bigger. Wash Silks will still be the most brilliant feature, but there will be splendid offerings in other silks. And the sale will last three days—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Months ago, when we began buying for this sale, we bought certain silks which we could not duplicate today without paying more than we shall ask for them in this sale. This is an example of the fact that this sale will include the best values as well as the best display of the year. Read each item carefully.

Corded Wash Silks —The best quality made, retailing at 49¢ a yard the country over; in white, black, and a hundred different color combinations. This three days' sale, yard..... 36c	Crepe de Meteore —An elegant heavy crepe, with a luster like that of liberty satin, soft and clinging, regular price is \$1.50 a yard. For this sale..... 1.23	54-in. Warranted Black Taffeta , \$2.25 kind. This sale, at..... 1.69
Plain Colored Taffeta —The best produced in America is the only kind we handle. We show more than two hundred different shades, including lots of white and cream. The every-day price of this taffeta is 85¢ a yard. For the three days' sale..... 65c	BLACK SILKS 27-in. Black Taffeta, beautiful and highly lustrous, the regular 89¢ grade. About 500 yards in this sale, at..... 65c 36-in. Black Taffeta, a handsome cloth that we can recommend, the \$1 quality. This sale, at..... 80c 36-in. Warranted Black Taffeta, \$1.00 feta, usually \$1.25. This sale .. 1.00 46-inch Warranted Black Taffeta, \$1.60 grade. This sale, at..... 1.35	36-in. Black Peau de Soie, fully warranted, a handsome, pure silk cloth, never sold at less than \$1.25. About 300 yards in this sale, at..... 1.00 23-in. Black Peau de Soie, very heavy, warranted, our \$1.25 kind. For this sale..... 1.00 27-in. Natural Color Pongee, 85¢ quality. This sale..... 69c 36-in. Black China Silk, \$1.00 grade. This sale..... 71c
Colored Crepe de Chine —The most desirable silk fabric at present, or at least the most desired. The 24-inch cloth, regular \$1.00 grade. For this sale..... 79c		Mail orders filled. In telephoning, please ask for the Mail Order Department and give your order there.

March Sale of Lace Curtains

Another huge affair is clamoring for prominent notice. In other words, thirty-seven cases of Lace Curtains—what monstrous things they are—have emptied their contents in our stock with a loud demand for prompt distribution. This is probably the largest purchase ever made by any retail house in Minneapolis. It has taken us two weeks to get the goods ready—and we're not lazy. This big lot comprises all kinds of lace curtains, Scotch Net, Corded Arabe, Irish Point, Real Brussels, Cluny, Arabian, Marie Antoinette, Cable Net, etc. For their opening sale, which must be the biggest yet, we shall divide this whole purchase into eight lots. See how far apart the values and the prices are.

\$2.00 VALUES, PAIR..... 1.29	\$2.50 VALUES, PAIR..... 1.79	\$3.00 VALUES, PAIR..... 2.29	\$4.00 VALUES, PAIR..... 2.98
\$5.50 VALUES, PAIR..... 3.98	\$6.50 VALUES, PAIR..... 4.98	\$7.50 VALUES, PAIR..... 5.98	\$8.50 VALUES, PAIR..... 6.98

26-inch Standard C. T. N. Swiss, 12½¢ quality, per yard..... 8c	Brass Extension Rods, 30 to 54-in., for the above curtain..... 5c	Fringed Tapestry Draperies, hundreds at your choice, \$39 down to..... \$1.19	Window Shades—Best hand-made oil opaque, terra cotta color..... 10c
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Wash Goods Three big lots combined in one, including Flemish Striped Tissues, Corded English Madras and Anderson's Scotch Zephyr Gingham, cloths worth up to 35¢ a yard. Now on sale at..... 16c German Linens, the best made, in woven stripes, fancy stripes and solid colors, 28 and 36 inches wide, worth to 50¢ a yard. Sale..... 35c Linen Batiste and Grenadines, fancy striped, Silk Mulls in plain colors, embroidered dots and fancy stripes, worth to 80¢ a yd. 29c Sale..... 29c Basement Bargain Tables—Two of them will be covered Tuesday with short lengths of Wash Goods in all classes—Prints, Gingham, Silkoines, Cretonnes, Percalés, Satenes, Flannel-lined Goods, etc. There are bargains here for goods that sell at 15¢ and 15c will be at..... 4c The new Galateas are now ready to make their bow and be looked at. Fancy stripes, plains, dots and figures, yard..... 15c	Sale of Pillow Tops. You'll be tempted to say "Impossible" when you read about these Pillow Tops, but the story is true. Two lots of hand-tinted and stamped Pillow Tops, with backs, will be offered at less than one-third and one-half the regular retail values. They are exclusive designs from the house of Chas. E. Bentley & Co.—a guaranty in itself. The art design used is of the highest grade manufactured. To tell how we came to get them would be a long story. The ending of the story is that we have the greatest bargains in pillow tops ever seen in this city. Look for them around the main stairway. Lot 1 contains 840 stamped and hand tinted Pillow Tops with backs and 4½ yards of ruffle, \$1 kind. This sale..... 15c Lot 2 contains 432 stamped and hand tinted Pillow Tops with backs and 4½ yards of ruffle, \$1 kind. This sale..... 49c	Towels, Damask Go to the basement for this snap: Heavy Bleached Towels, in honey-comb huck, 23x45. This little lot of a hundred dozen was bought very cheap. They are first rate 15¢ values, at..... 10c In the Basement, Unbleached Turkish Towels, heavy double thread, 24x50, cheap at 20c, on sale with a one-dozen limit, at..... 12½c Crash, 18-inch, always 15¢ a yard. This sale..... 12c John S. Brown & Son's Fine Satin Damask, 68 inches wide, in beautiful designs, worth \$1.35 a yard. On sale at..... 98c	Cotton Counter 36-inch Unbleached Sheet-ing, yard..... 5c 36-inch Fine Unbleached Sheet-ing, 25-yard pieces—special, yard..... 7c 9-4 Unbleached Sheet-ing, yard..... 15c 9-4 Bleached Sheet-ing, yard..... 16c
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with a sudden wrench I freed my wrists from the ruffian's grip, and hitting him one from the shoulder, sent him spinning back against the chest of drawers. To act swiftly was my only chance. If once they succeeded in pressing that sponge to my nostrils and holding it there, then all would be over; for by their appearance I saw they were dangerous criminals and not men to stick at trifles. They meant to murder me.

As I sent down the man who had shamed illness his two companions dashed toward me with imprecations

INSURANCE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Frederick Hammann Accepted by a Life Insurance Company.

HIGHEST FORM POLICY PRO-CURABLE

First American Patient Cured by Professor Hoff's Famous Treatment Pronounced in Perfect Health—Literature Free on the Treatment to Those Who Will Apply to American Bureau.

A news dispatch from New York gives the following interesting information: All doubt as to the complete cure of consumption being accomplished by the prescription of Professor Adolf Hoff, the Vienna scientist, has been removed by the issuance of an insurance policy on the life of Frederick Hammann.

The policy was issued by the New York Life Insurance company, and is the highest form of policy issued by that company.

Hammann was the first American patient submitted to the treatment of Professor Hoff immediately after the European papers announced the discovery. Under the auspices and at the expense of the New York Journal he was selected, by five physicians of the Vanderbilt Clinic and a number of scientists, from the lists of consumptives in New York and sent to Vienna.

He has been given up as incurable in New York, and the prophecy was made that he would not survive the sea voyage. He sailed from New York late in 1899. In four months he returned and was pronounced by Professor Hoff as cured. Since then he has been connected with the American Bureau of the Professor Hoff Cure.

This Bureau is sending Professor Hoff's literature on the treatment and cure of consumption gratis, to all who apply by addressing the American Bureau of Professor Hoff's Cure for Consumption, Third Avenue and Tenth street, New York city. Several inaccurate and injurious imitations of the medicine have been put out, which has caused the American Bureau to issue a statement saying that sufferers must exercise extreme care to see that the Bureau's trade mark is present. Hammann was married, with Professor Hoff's sanction, on Easter day. While many examinations have proved that the tuberculosis, which was at one time well developed, has completely disappeared, the acceptance of his life as a good risk by one of the most careful insurance companies in the world, has been a welcome surprise to the scientists interested in the warfare on consumption. It is a signal victory for them.

at night to a case with which I was not acquainted. I had not disregarded my usual habit when I had placed my thermometer and stethoscope in my pocket previous to accompanying the girl; therefore it reposed there fully loaded, a fact of which my assailants were unaware.

In much quicker time than it takes to narrate the incident I was again pounced upon by all three, the man with the sponge in readiness to dash it to my mouth and nostrils.

But as they sprang forward to seize me, I raised my hand swiftly, took aim and fired straight at the holder of the sponge, the bullet passing through his shoulder and causing him to drop the anaesthetic as though it were a live coal and to spring several feet from the ground.

"God! I'm shot!" he cried.

But ere the words had left his mouth I fired a second chamber, inflicting a nasty wound in the neck of the fellow with the black beard.

"Shoot! Shoot!" he cried to the third man, but it was evident that in the first struggle, when I had been seized, the fellow's revolver had dropped on the carpet, and in the semidarkness he could not recover it.

Recognizing this, I fired a pot shot in the man's direction; then opening the door swiftly, sprang down the stairs into the hall. One of them followed, but the other two, wounded as they were, did not care to face my weapon again. They saw that I knew how to shoot, and probably feared that I might inflict a fatal hurt.

As I approached the front door, and was fumbling with the lock, the third man flung himself upon me, determined that I should not escape. With great good fortune, however, I managed to unbolt the door, and after a desperate struggle, in which he endeavored to wrest the weapon from my hand, I succeeded at last in gripping him by the throat, and after nearly strangling him, flung him to the ground and escaped into the street just as his associate, hearing his cries of distress, dashed down the stairs to his assistance.

Without doubt it was the narrowest escape of my life that I have ever had and the hands of malefactors, and so excited was I that I dashed down the street hatless—for I had left it in the house—until I emerged into Lisson Grove. Then, and only then, it occurred to me that, having taken no note of the house, I should be unable to recognize it and denounce it to the police. But when one is in peril of one's life all other thoughts or instincts are submerged in the one frantic effort of self-preservation. Still it was annoying to think that such scoundrels should be allowed to go scot-free.

Breathless, excited, and with nerves unstrung, I opened my door with my latch-key and returned to my room, where the reading lamp had burned down, for I had been a stiff brandy and soda, tossed it off, and then turned to look at myself in the glass.

The picture I presented was disreputable and unkempt. My hair was ruffled, my collar torn open from its stud and one sleeve of my coat had been torn out, so that the light showed through. I had been scratched across the neck, too, inflicted by the fingernails of one of the blackguards, and from the abrasion blood had flowed and made a mess of my collar. Altogether I presented a very brilliant and entertaining spectacle. But my watch, ring and scarf-pin were in their places. If robbery had been, then they had profited nothing, and two of them had been winged into the bargain. The only mode by which their identity could be traced was discovered was in the event of those wounds being troublesome. In that case they would consult a medical man; but as they would, in all probability, go to a doctor in a distant quarter of London, and further, as it would be impossible for the police to warn every medico in London the hope of tracing them by such means was but a slender one.

Feeling a trifle faint I sat in my chair, resting for a quarter of an hour or so; then becoming more composed I put out the study lights, and after a refreshing wash, went to bed.

The morning's reflections were somewhat disconcerting. A deliberate and dastardly attempt had been made upon my life, but with what motive? The young woman, whose face was familiar, had I recollected, asked most distinctly whether I was Doctor Boyd—a fact which showed that the trap had been prepared. I saw now the reason why she was unable to describe the man's sham illness, and during the morning, while at work in the hospital wards, my suspicions became aroused that there had been some deeper motive in it all than the robbery of my watch or scarf-pin. Human life had been taken for far less value than that of my jewelry, I knew; nevertheless, the deliberate shooting at me while I for the patient's pulse showed a determination to assassinate. By good fortune, however, I had escaped, and resolved to be more careful in the future, answering night calls to unknown houses.

seldom missed the genial house-dinner of that most Bohemian of institutions. Without ceremony I threw open the door of my sitting-room, and entered, but next instant stood still, for seated in my chair patiently awaiting me was the slim, well-dressed figure of Mary Courtenay. Her widow's weeds became her well, and as she rose with a rustle of silk, a bright laugh rippled from her lips, and she said:

"I know I'm an unexpected visitor, doctor, but you'll forgive my calling in this manner, won't you?"

"Forgive you? Of course," I answered; and with politeness, which I confess was feigned, I invited her to be seated. True to the promise made to her husband, she had lost no time in coming to see me, and I was fortunately well aware of the purpose of her errand.

"I had no idea you were in London," I said, by way of allowing her to explain the object of her visit, for in the light of knowledge I had gained on the New bank two nights previously her call was of considerable interest.

"I'm only up for a couple of days," she answered, "and I'm not at all the charming person that it used to be, and she sighed heavily, as though her mind were crowded by bitter memories. Then raising her veil, and revealing her face, I saw some face, she said bluntly: "The reason of my call is to talk to you about Ethelwyn."

"Well, what of her?" I asked, looking straight into her face and noting for the first time a curious, shifty look in her eyes, such as I had never before noticed in her. She tried to remain calm, but by the nervous twitching of her fingers and of her lower lip I knew that within her was concealed a tempest of conflicting emotions.

"To speak very frankly, Ralph," she said in a calm, serious voice, "I don't think you are treating her honorably, poor girl. You seem to have forsaken her altogether, and the neglect has broken her heart."

"No, Mrs. Courtenay; you misunderstand the situation," I protested. "That I have neglected her slightly I admit; nevertheless, the neglect was not wilful, but owing to my constant occupation in my practice."

"She's desperate. Besides, it's common talk that you've broken off the engagement," I observed.

"Gossip does not affect me, therefore why should she take any heed of it?"

"Well, she loves you. That you know quite well. You surely could not have heard her say so, and she should thus devote her devotion to you was absolute and complete." She was pleading her sister's cause, just as Courtenay had directed her. I felt annoyed that she should thus endeavor to impose upon me, yet saw the folly of betraying the fact that I knew her secret. My intention was to wait and watch.

"I called at the Hemmiker's a couple of days ago, but Ethelwyn was no longer there. She's gone into the country it seems," I remarked.

"Where?" she asked quickly.

"She's visiting someone near Hereford."

"Oh!" she exclaimed as though a sudden light dawned upon her. "I know, then. Why, I wonder, did she not tell me. I intended to call on her this evening, but it is useless. I'm glad to know, for I don't care much for Mrs. Hemmiker. She's such a very shallow woman."

"Ethelwyn seems to have wandered about a good deal since the sad affair at Kew," I observed.

"Yes, and so have I," she responded. "As you are well aware, the blow was such a terrible one to me that—somehow I feel I shall never get over it—never!" I saw tears genuine tears, welling in her eyes. If she could betray emotion in that manner she was surely a wonderful actress.

"Time will efface your sorrow," I said, in a voice meant to be sympathetic. "In a year or two your grief will not be so poignant, and the past will gradually fade from your memory. It is always so."

She shook her head mournfully.

"No," she said, "for an addition to my