

would have a deep interest in that kind of thing. "Well, I am not." For the next two hours not a word passed. Mr. Mitchell sat in a large armchair and simply watched the girl with an aggravating smile upon his face. In fact, the smile was so aggravating that after encountering it a few minutes Lucette did not look at him again, but riveted her gaze upon the opposite side of the street. At last the clock chimed 12. Instantly the girl arose. "May I go now?" "Yes, Lucette, you may go now—and do your little errand—that is, if it is not too late. And by the way, Lucette, Miss Remsen asked me to say to you that she will not need your services after today."

"Do you mean that I am discharged?" "Not exactly that. I said you would not be needed. You see, Miss Remsen thinks that you come into and go out of rooms with too little noise. She is very nervous, and it startles her to find you in her presence without having heard you enter."

"You are a devil!" replied Lucette in a passion as she darted through the door, which Mr. Mitchell had unlocked, and ran down stairs and out of the house. "I was right," thought Mr. Mitchell as he sat down once more. Lucette hurried across to Broadway and went into the district telegraph office at the corner. Hastily scribbling a few lines on a blank, she asked for a boy, and gave him a coin with the instruction to "hurry." She then went down to Madison square and waited there—I was about to write, patiently but really the word would not apply. She sat on a bench, jumped up in less than five minutes, walked about for awhile, and then sat down again, repeating this over and over, till it was plain that she was in a bad humor—a very bad humor. At last she saw a man approaching her, and hurried to meet him. It was Mr. Barnes. He, too, looked excited. "Well, what is it? Why are you here?" he asked. "I am discharged!" "Discharged? Why?" "I don't know why, but that devil Mitchell is at the bottom of it. He looked me up for two hours this morning, and then told me Miss Remsen would not need me any further. I felt like scratching his eyes out." She then told the story to the detective, winding up with: "From what I did catch of their conversation last night I think he has made a confidant of his sweetheart. He asked her to help him, and just as he was about to tell her what to do somehow he saw me and closed up like a clam. I think now it had something to do with the child."

"By heaven, you are right. I see it all. I had just returned from that house when I got your note and came up here. I went to the school this morning pretending that I wished to place a child there. Then, after awhile, I asked if my friend Mr. Mitchell's daughter Rose was not at the school. 'Yes,' replied the woman in charge, 'but she has just left us.' 'Left you, said I; when?' 'About ten minutes ago. Her mother called for her in a carriage and took her away.' 'Don't you see, while you were locked in that room, Miss Remsen went down and removed the child.' "But Miss Remsen is not her mother." "No, stupid. Haven't you any sense left at all? Are you going to be a bungler all your life? This comes of your disobedience. You let Mitchell see you in the elevated train, and now you find out how smart you were."

"Nonsense; he never recognized me." "He did. I was a fool to trust such an important matter to a woman." "Oh, were you? Well, that woman is not such a fool as you think. I have that button back." "Ah! Good! How did you manage it?" "They all went to the theater last night, and I just hunted through Miss Remsen's things till I found it, in one of her jewel cases. Here it is." Saying which she handed to the detective the cameo button which he had found in the room where the murder had been committed. He saw that it was the same, and was somewhat comforted to have it back. "Has Mr. Mitchell made Miss Remsen any present lately?" he asked. "Yes, he gave her a magnificent ruby last night. Miss Remsen told me that it is worth a fortune, and it looks it." "How was it set?" "It's made into a pin to be worn in the hair."

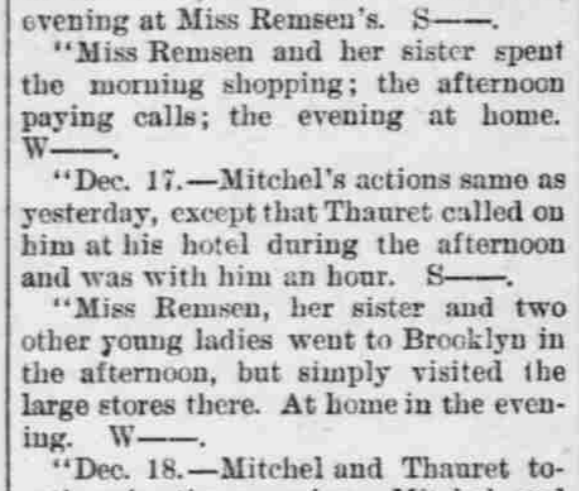
"Well, I have no further use for you at present. Go home, and be sure you keep a still tongue in your head. You have done enough mischief already."

"Haven't I done any good? I think you will find that in this world one failure counts against three successes. Remember that."

CHAPTER IX. THE DIARY OF A DETECTIVE.

It was the morning of the New Year. Mr. Barnes was seated in an armchair by his own fireside at his cozy home on Staten Island. In his hand he held a diary, whose pages he was studying intently. Before peeping over his shoulder to read with him it will be best to give a slight insight into the state of mind which led him to take up the book on this particular day. After the clever manner in which he had discovered that a young girl existed whose name was Rose Mitchell, and who was supposed to be the daughter of Mr. Robert Leroy Mitchell, and after the equally clever trick by which the girl was removed beyond his ken, Mr. Barnes had come to one conclusion. This was that it was necessary to keep such a strict watch upon Mr. Mitchell that if he had not already committed the crime about which he had wagged he should not be able to do so and avoid detection, for Mr. Barnes began to have some feeling in the matter beyond the mere fulfillment of duty. He was being thwarted by this man at every turn and this made him doubly determined not to allow him to win that bet. Therefore he had removed Wilson from the post of watching Mr. Mitchell, and had replaced him by two men who were thoroughly skilful, Wilson and another he set to spy upon the movements of Miss Remsen, for he hoped to find the child through her.

Being the 1st of January, and therefore the last day upon which Mr. Mitchell could commit his crime without the conditions imposed, always supposing



He gave Thaurat a roll of money.

Thaurat for his share. Randolph was in the game. There is a growing coolness between Randolph and Mitchell. They barely speak when they meet. It is evident that no love is lost between Randolph and Thaurat. In the evening the three men were in the Remsens' box at the opera. Miss Remsen accompanied Mitchell. Mrs. Van Rawlston's in the morning and left him when they came out. She made several calls mainly upon well known fashionable society leaders. Something is evidently on the tapis. It occurred to me that the missing child might have been placed in the care of the Rawlsons. Therefore in the afternoon I allowed R— to follow the young ladies on a shopping expedition, while I interviewed the policeman on the beat. He is acquainted with Van Rawlston's maid and will send a report to you tonight. The ladies went to the opera in the evening. Mr. Rawlston has three children, all younger than 14, and only one girl, the youngest. The Miss Remsen who called was a Miss Emily Remsen. She was accompanied by a Mr. Robert Mitchell. They came to beg Mrs. Van Rawlston to allow a society to which the young lady belongs to give an entertainment in her house. The entertainment is to be New Year's night. Policeman 1666.

"Dec. 23.—Mitchel and Thaurat went to a costume's on Union square. When they had left, I called there and said that I was a friend of Mr. Mitchell's and wished a costume made for the same entertainment. The plan worked, and by adroit questioning I discovered that there is to be an Arabian Night festival on the night of the New Year. It is to be a costume masquerade, and Mitchell has promised to send all of the men to his costume for their dresses. He ordered an Ali Baba dress. Thaurat left no order, saying he would not attend. I ordered an Aladdin costume. If you do not decide to attend, I can countermand the order, but I thought you might find it advantageous to be present. With Aladdin's wonderful lamp you might shed some light upon the mystery. Pardon the joke. The afternoon and evening were spent by Mitchell and Thaurat at their club. Again they played whist and again they lost. S—

"The young ladies spent the morning at a fashionable dressmaker's on Madison avenue. I have picked up an acquaintance with a servant girl who lives in one of the flats in Thirtieth street house, and from her I learn that Miss Remsen's new maid tells her that the affair at the Van Rawlston house will be a costume masquerade, all parties assuming characters from the 'Arabian Nights.' Miss Emily Remsen will appear as Scheherazade. W—

Mr. Barnes turned two pages at this point, evidently considering that nothing of special moment was contained in the reports covering the next few days. He began again: "Dec. 30.—Mr. Mitchell came out of his hotel at 10 o'clock and crossed over to Jersey City, taking an express for Philadelphia. I of course took same train. S—

"The Miss Remsens were at home all day. They are busy on their costumes for the coming entertainment. W—

"Dec. 31.—Telegram from Philadelphia: 'Mitchel at Lafayette hotel. Is sick in bed. Doctor in attendance. Sent a telegram to Miss Remsen telling her that he cannot be on hand tomorrow night.' S—

"Thaurat went to Union square costume yesterday and obtained the Ali Baba costume ordered for Mitchell. He gave the costume a letter which he had received from Mitchell, dated at Philadelphia yesterday. It reads: 'Friend Thaurat, I am suddenly taken ill. Don't let the Remsens know that it is anything serious. Oblige me, if possible, by attending the 'Arabian Nights' festival. I enclose my invitation and a note to Mr. Van Rawlston, which will introduce you. You may wear my costume, and the costume will give it to you if you present this. You were to have gone out of town, I know, but if you wish to do me a favor I hope you will change your plans and take my place. I do not wish Miss Remsen to be entirely unattended. Therefore be with her as much as you can. She will be dressed as Scheherazade. (Signed) Mitchell.' 'I obtained this from the costumer by saying I am a detective shadowing a criminal. Q—'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Of unusual interest to every reader of this paper, is the announcement made elsewhere in this issue, by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, unquestionably the greatest of American newspapers. The mail subscription price of the daily and Sunday Globe-Democrat is reduced at one blow, from Twelve to Six Dollars a year, placing it within the reach of all who desire to read any daily paper during the coming great national campaign. The Weekly Globe-Democrat remains at one dollar a year, but is issued in Semi-Weekly Sections of eight pages each, making it practically a large semi-weekly paper. This issue is just the thing for the farmer, merchant or professional man who has not the time to read a daily paper but wishes to keep promptly and thoroughly posted. It is made up with especial reference to the wants of every member of the family, not only giving all the news, but also a great variety of interesting and instructive reading, matter of all kinds. Write for free sample copies to Globe Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., December 31, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on January 10th, 1896, viz: HENRY P. BONNEBERG, who made Homestead Entry No. 11,580 for the southwest quarter of Section 14, Township 14 N., Range 28 West. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William A. Greag, Aaron S. Greag, Henry M. Bowman, and George E. Hardin, all of Willard, Neb.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., December 31, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on February 11th, 1896, viz: JOHN L. MCGREW, who made Homestead Entry No. 16,611, for the east half of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter section 30, township 16 north, range 28 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Lewis C. Elliott and Enoch Cummings, all of North Platte, Neb.; Robert J. Mizze, of Willard, Neb.; and William T. Macrauder, of North Platte, Neb.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT NORTH PLATTE, NEB., January 4th, 1896. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on February 11th, 1896, viz: JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.



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