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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Just after a ball at the Sutherland man

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Just after a ball at the Sutherland man-ron Agatha Webb and hor servant after found dead, and Philemon Webb Agatha's husband, who for years has been growing domented, is discovered usies at the dim-ner table. A trace of blood on his sleve points to him as the murderer, Mr. Suth-erland and the local marshall. Fenton, in-westgente. Agatha Wobb is known to but few as a rich woman. The key to her money drawer is found cutched in her hands housekeeper, persists in remaining about the Webb premises and discovers blood on the grass. The money drawer is found to be empty and robbery is added to the mystery. Frederick Sutherland, a wayward youth, calls his father to witness his determination to be a better man and promises not to marry Miss Pare, by whom he has been fascinated. Miss Pare tells frederick that she followed him the night of the murder and knew where he had see creted a thousand dollars. She gives him a week to decide whether to marry her of the murder and every one tells of the pools murder and every one tells of the pool the state of a small store pro-bilis and the keeper of a small store pro-bilis house of the mordere to the zabel b The Hoston detective determined solved, but young Sweetwater astanishes the company by a new chain of evidence pointing to another perpetrator of the terthe company rible crime

CHAPTER XVI.

The lantern gone, the room resumed its former appearance. Abel, who had been much struck by

Sweetwater's mysterious maneuvers, drew near Dr. Talbot and whispered in his car: "We might have done without that fellow from Boston." To which the coroner replied:

"Perhaps co and perhaps not. Sweetwater has not yet proved his case; let us wait till he explains himself." Then turning to the constable he showed him an old-fastioned miniature which he had found lying on James' breast when he made his first examination. It was set with pearls and backed with gold and was worth many meals, for the lack of which its devoted owner had perished. "Agatha Webb's portrait," explained Tal-

bot, "or, rather, Agatha Gilchrist's, for presume this was painted when she and James were lovers." "She was certainly a beauty," commented

Fenton, as he bent over the miniature in the mocalight. "I do not wonder she queened it over the whole county."

'He must have worn it where I found it for the last forty years," mused the doctor. "And yet men say that love is a fleeting Well, after coming upon this proof of devotion I find it impossible to believe James Zabel accountable for her death. Sweetwater's instinct was truer than Knapp's."

"Or ours," muttered Fenton. Gentlemen, interposed Abel, I

But Sweetwater quickly undeceived him. "No," said he, "only into the woods opposite his house.

But at this Mr. Fenton drew him back. 'Are you sure of yourself," he said. "Have you really seen this money and is it concealed in this forest ?"

"I have seen the money," Sweetwater solemnly declared, "and it is hidden in these woods.

Mr. Fenton dropped his arm and they moved on till their way was blocked by the huge trunk of a fallen tree.

"It is here we are to look," cried Sweetwater, pausing and motioning Knapp to turn his jantern on the spot where the shadows lay thickest. "Now, what do you see?" he asked.

"The upturned roots of a great tree," said Mr. Fenton.,

"And under them?"

"A hole, or, rather, the entrance to one." "Very good; the money is in that hole. Pull it out, Mr. Featon."

The assurance with which Sweetwater spoke was such that Mr. Fenton at once stooped and plunged his hand into the hole. But when, after a hurried search, he drew it out again, there was nothing in it; his hand was empty. Sweetwater stared at that hand amazed.

"Don't you find anything?" he asked. 'Isn't there a roll of bills in that hole?" "No," was the gloomy answer, after a renewed attempt and a second disappointment. "There is nothing to be found here. You are laboring under some misapprehension. Sweetwater."

"But I can't be. 1 saw the money; saw t in the hand of the person who hid it here. Let me, look for it, constable. I

will not give up the search till I have urned the place topsy-turvy." Kneeling down in Mr. Fenton's place he

thrust his hand into the hole. On either side of him peered the faces of Mr. Fenton and Knapp. (Abel had slipped away at a whisper from Sweetwater.) They were lit with a similar expression of anxious in-terest and growing doubt. His own

ountenance was a study of conflicting and by no means cheerful emotions. Suddenly Sweetwater went on, in full enjoyment of is aspect changed. With a quick twist of his lithe, if awkward body, he threw himself lengthwise on the ground and began earing at the earth inside the hole, like burrowing animat. "I cannot be mistaken. Nothing will make tragedy, I met this young woman lesuing he believe it is not here. It has simply on buried deeper than I thought. Ah! What did I tell you? See here! And see

Bringing his hands into the full blaze who was there, will remember how she looked on that occasion: but I doubt if he noticed how Abel here looked, or so much in or near the Webb cottage during the as remarked the faded flower the silly boy had stuck in his button hole."

uncarthed them." Meantime Mr. Fenton was rapidly counting

was an aggregate sum of \$980, just the skirts, and as soon as I saw it in his coat amount Sweetwater had promised to show I bade him take it out and keep it, for, "A good stroke of business," cried Mr.

Fenton. "And now, Sweetwater, whose the hand that buried this treasure? Nothing is to be gained by preserving si-

lence on this point any longer." flower about you, Abel?"

Frederick again. They were dancing, but an effort to throw the blame of her own gateway he saw in his hand something that misdoing on one or both of these unfortu- glistened? Now, what was that if not this not with the same spirit as before, and nate old men. She is sufficiently cold- dagger?" even while I watched them they separated.

Now, where was Miss Page during those blooded and calculating to do so; and circumstances certainly favored her. Shall I two long hours? I think I know, and it is show how? time I unburdened myself to the police. "Hut first I must inform you of a small

discovery I made while the dance was still in progress. Miss Page had come down would prove his case. stairs, as I have said, from what I now know to have been her own room. Her dress was, in all respects, the same as before, with one exception-her white slippers had been exchanged for blue ones. This seemed to show that they had been rendered unserviceable, or at least unsightly, by the walk she had taken. This in itself was not remarkable, nor would her peculiar escapade have made more than a temporary impression upon my curiosity if she had not afterward he perhaps had not the courage to ask for shown in my presence such an unaccountcottage before him, which awful circumable and extraordinary interest in the murder which had taken place in the town below stance, acting on his already weakened nerves, drove him half insane from the during the very hours of her absence from Mr. Sutherland's ball. This, in consideration of her sex, and her being a stranger the streets for a good half hour before he to the person attacked, was remarkable, and, room.

intrusion, which, I am quite ready to old Widow Walker. Fortunately he does, enough, even if his lifelong love to acknowledge, was a triffe presumptuous, I for the trip, trip, trip in it struck his not been sufficient to prevent him." should have held my peace in regard to it; fancy, and he has found himself humming it but as I did make a discovery there which over more than once since. Well, that waltz

left burning, I had no difficulty in finding rately. But, as you will soon see, it was Page." her apartment. I knew it by the folderols 12:50 before James Zabel knocked at Loton's scattered about. But I did not stop to door. How do I know this? By the same look at them. I was on a search for her method of reasoning by which I slippers, and presently I came upon them, determined the time of Mr. Crane's hrust behind an old picture in the dimmest

orner of the room. Taking them down, I pleased with the music played that night. examined them closely. They were not only and had all her windows open in order to oiled, gentlemen, but dreadfully cut and hear it, and she says we were playing rubbed. In short, they were ruined; and, 'Money Musk' when that knocking came to thinking that the young woman herself disturb her. Now, gentlemen, we played would be glad to be rid of them, I quietly 'Money Musk' just before we were called put them into my pocket, and carried them out to supper, and as we went to supper o my own home. Abel has just been for hem, so you can see them for yourselves, and, if your judgment coincides with mine

you will discover something more on them than mud." Dr. Talbot, though he stared a little at the young man's confessed theft, took the slippers Abel was holding out and carefully turned them over. They were, as Sweetwater had said, grievously torn and soiled,

and showed, besides several deep earth stains, a mark or two of a bright red color quite unmistakable in character. "Blood," declared the coroner. "There is

o doubt about it. Miss Page was where blood was spilled last night." "I have another proof against her,

his prominence amongst these men who, up till now, had barely recognized his existence. "When, full of the suspicion that Miss Page had had a hand in the murder of Mrs. Wobb, I hastened down to the scene of th

from the front gate. She had just been making herself conspicuous by pointing out a rail of blood on the grass plot. Dr. Talbot,

of the light, he showed two rolls of new, risp bills "They were lying under half a foot of

earth," said he, "but if they had been buried is deep as Grannie Fuller's well, I'd have

bearing on this case. He had found it, as ne roll and Knapp the other. The result he will tell you, on the floor near Batsy's gentlemen, it was a very uncommon flower. the like of which can only be found in this with which she had just slain Agatha Webb.

town in Mr. Sutherland's conservatory. I Then she stole out again and in twenty remember seeing such a one in Miss Page's minutes more was leading the dance again halr, early in the evening. Have you that in Mr. Sutherland's parlor."

Instantly the young man became very Abel had, and, being filled with impor-

CONSUMPTION Sweetwater was more disturbed than he

cared to acknowledge. "That just shown my lack of experience

Mr. Fenton consulted Enapp, who nodded he grumbled. "I thought I had turned this his head. The Boston detective was not subject so thoroughly over in my mind that without curiosity as to how Sweetwater no one could bring an objection against it. Knapp shook his head and smiled "Young enthusiasts like yourself are grea "Old James Zabel had seen his brother sinking rapidly from inanition; this their at forming theories, which well seasoned condition amply shows. He was weak him- men like myself must regard as fantastical. self, but John was weaker, and in a moment However," he went on, "there is no doubt of desperation he rushed out to ask a crumb that Miss Page was a witness to, even if she has not profited by, the murder we have for I have heard some whispers of an old been considering. But, with this palpable custom of theirs-to join Philemon at his proof of the Zabels' direct connection with of bread from Agatha Webb or possiblyyearly merry-making and so obtain in a the affair, I would not recommend her arnatural way the bite for himself and brother | rest as yet."

"She shouls be under surveillance outright. But death had been in the Webb though," intimated the coroner. "Most certainly," acquiesced Knapp

As for Sweetwater, he remained silent till the opportunity came for him to whisper house and sent him wandering blindly about apart to Dr. Talbot, when he said:

"For all the palpable proof of which Mr reappeared in his own house. How do I Knapp speaks-the J. Z. on the dagger and though perhaps I had no business to do know this? From a very simple fact. Abel the possibility of this being the object he what I did, I no sooner saw the house here has been to inquire among other was seen carrying out of Philemon Webb's emptied of master and servants than I stole | things if Mr. Crane remembered the tune | gate-I maintain that this old man in his softly back and climbed the stairs to her we were playing at the great house when moribund condition never struck the blow Had no good followed this he came down the main street from visiting that killed Agatha Webb. He hadn't strength enough, even if his lifelong love for her had

> The coroner looked thoughtful. "You are right," said he; 'he hadn't

has, as I believe, an important bearing was played by us at a quarter after mid- strength enough. But don't expend too on this affair, I have torced myself to men- night, which fixes the time of the encoun- much energy in talk. Wait and see what a tion it. The lights in the house having been ter at Mrs. Webb's gateway pretty accu- few direct questions will elicit from Miss

RELIGIOUS.

Sixty new Salvation Army corps were encounter. Mrs. Loton was greatly opened in Great Britain last year, and operations commenced in 136 new villages.

Christian Endeavor and Epworth league meetings have already been held in Havana and they have been attended by crowds of people

The last Year Book of the Anglican church gives the voluntary offerings of the church as £7,051,778. The new Year Book shows a promptly at 1:45 you can see just how my large increase, making a total of -£7,506,354 calculation was made. Thirty-five minutes The American Sunday School union is prehen passed between the moment James paring to celebrate its diamond anniversary Zabel was seen rushing from Mrs. Webb's in Philadelphia in May. Over 100,000 Sun-day schools have been organized by the union, and it is still doing a good work. cateway and that in which he appeared at Loton's bakery, demanding a loaf of bread

The new theater now in process of conand offering in exchange one of the bills struction at Oberammergau for the Fassion Play is to be completed by 1900 and will acwhich had been stolen from the murdered woman's drawer Thirty-five minutes! And commodate a very large number. It is stated that more than 100,000 listen to the old story ne and his brother were starving. Does it look, then, as if that money was in his of the cross when it is given.

possession when he left Mrs. Webb's house It is stated in a recent address by Rev. Dr Would any man who felt the pangs of hunger Wood of Boston that the First Baptist church of Boston-two and a half centuries as he did, or who saw a brother perishing old-made the first persistent and victorious stand for religious liberty in the colony of or food before his eyes, allow thirty-five ninutes to elapse before he made use of the Massachusetts Bay, and that in her the first noney that rightfully or wrongfully had missionary society in America was formed. ome into his hand? No; and so I say that and that the first primary Sunday school in the world was established. he did not have it when Mr. Crane met him.

At 90 years old, and with a pontificate of twenty-one years, Leo XIII comes near to breaking the papal record. The average tain it, he found it in his own home, lying on his own table, when, after his frenzied reign of popes has been only about five years absence, he returned to tell his dreadful and of the 263 who have worn the triple by the eminent American medical expertnews to the brother he had left behind him. crown only four have done so longer than Leo XIII. to wit: Hadrian I, twenty-three specialist-Dr. T. A. Slocum. But how did it come here? you ask. Gentle-The Slocum System is a thorough, commen, remember the fotoprints under the years; Pius VI, twenty-four years; Pius VII, twenty-three years, and Plus IX, thirty-two plete and comprehensive System of Treatwindow. Amabel Page brought it. Having seen or perhaps met this old man roaming

years. It is quite within the limit of possiment consisting of four distinct preparability that Leo XIII will surpass the record of all except his immediate predecessor. tions. Combined, they represent the actual The Rev. Dr. Willis P. Odell, pastor of the largest Methodist church in New York, sugasthma, bronchitis, catarrh, weakened and

crime she had herself committed, and with gested about a month ago that women of his run-down systems, anemic conditions, larynslyness to be expected from her stole up ongregation should be required to remove gitis, grippe and its serious after-effects. heir hats while in church and the board of to his home, made a hole in the shade hangtrustees liking the idea posted this notice last Sunday: "All persons worshiping in ing over an open window, looked into the drives out of the human system every deathroom where John sat, saw that he was this church are requested to remove their head coverings." Only nine out of reveral hundred women complied with this request dealing germ, thereby rendering it susceptthere alone and asleep, laid on the table ible to responsive treatment. beside him the \$20 bill and the bloody dagger and this number will probably be further in-creased. One woman, who refuses, quetes restores the disease-wasted tissues and St. Paul's injunction, in First Corinthians "But every woman that prayeth or prophe-sieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth healthy use.

her head; for that is even all one as if she

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bright spot that just then made its appearance in the dark outline of the shade before alluded to, "do you see that hole?" It was the sight of that break in the shade which sent Sweetwater outside looking for foot-See! Now his eye is to it," (an the bright spot became suddenly eclipsed) "We are under examination, sirs, and the next thing we will hear is that he's not the only person who's been peering into this room through that hele."

He was so far right that the first words of Sweetwater on his re-entrance were: "It's all O. K., sirs. I have found my missing clew. James Zabel was not the only person who came up here from the Webb cottage last night." And turning to Knapp, who was losing some of his supercilicus manner, he asked, with significant emphasis: "If, of the full amount stolen from Agatha Webb, you found \$20 in the possession of one man and \$980 in the possession of another, upon which of the two would you fix as the probable murderer of this good woman?"

"Upon him who held the lion's share, of course.

"Very good; then it is not in this cottage you will find the person most wanted. You hallway. From the place where I sat I could must look- But there, first let me give you here ready to accompany me in search of it? down to the garden door. As the dancing I shall have to take him a quarter of a mile further up hill."

"You have seen the money? You know where it is?" asked Dr. Talbot and Mr. Fenton in one breath. "Gentlemen, I can put my hand on it in

ten minutes." At this unexpected and somewhat startling statement Knapp looked at Dr. Talbot and Dr. Taibot looked at the constable, but only

the latter spoke. "That is saying a good deal. But no matter. I am willing to credit the assertion. Lead on, Sweetwater; I'll go with you."

Sweetwater seemed to grow an inch at least, "And Dr. Talbot," he suggested.

But the coroner's duty held him to this house of death and he decided not to accompany them. Knapp and Abel, however, yielded to the curiosity which had been aroused by these extraordinary promises and soon these four started on their small expedition up the hill

admonished allence and his wish in this regard was so well carried out that they looked more like a group of specters moving up the moon-lighted road than a party I was sure the young miss was up to some of eager and impatient men. Not till they turned into the main thoroughfare did any ing and waiting, but no longer confining my one speak. Then Abel could no longer restrain himself and he cried out: 'We are going to Mr. Sutherland's."

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grave. forest rather than the eager faces bending hue, but it was unmistakably an orchid of oward him, he lowered his voice and quietly the rarest description. "The hand that buried this money under the roots of this old tree is the same which you saw pointing downward at the spot of

blood in Agatha Webb's front yard, "You do not mean Amabel Page," cried M. Fenton, with natural surprise. "Yes, I do. I am glad it is you who have named her."

CHAPTER XVII.

ltchen.

A half hour later these men were all oseted with Dr. Talbot in the Zabel it had been decided that she should not be Abel had rejoined them and allowed to leave town till after the inquest, Sweetwater was telling his story with great and so my task became easy. This whole agerness and no little show of pride. 'Gentlemen, when I charge a young oman of respectable appearance and connections with such a revolting crime as murder, I do so with good reason, as I hope presently to make plain to you all."

"Gentlemen, on the night and at the hour Agatha Webb was killed I was playing with Halliday disappear up the road together four other musicians in Mr. Sutherland's she probably felt free to do as she liked, for see what went on in the parlor and also have just come from, and, kneeling down a glimpse of the money. Is there any one have a clear view of the passageway leading beside it, pulled from the hole underneath was going on in the parlor I naturally with that peculiar sound we associate looked that way most, and this is how I

came to note the eagerness with which during the first part of the evening, Frederick Sutherland and Amabel Page came together in the quadrilles and country dances Sometimes she spoke as she passed him and sometimes he answered, but not always, although he never failed to show he was pleased with her or would have been if omething-perhaps it was his lack of confidence in her, sirs-had not stood in the way of a perfect understanding. She seemed o notice he did not always respond, and

after a while showed less inclination to speak herself, though she did not fail to watch him and that intently. But she didn't watch him any more closely than I did her. though I little thought at the time what would come of my espionage. She wore a white dress and white shoes and was as coquettish and seductive as the evil one makes them. Suddenly I missed her. She was in the middle of the dance one minute and en-Sweetwater headed the procession. He had tirely out of it the next. Naturally I expected that she had slipped aside with Frederick Sutherland, but no, he was still in light, but looking so pale and so abstracted sort of mischief. But what mischief? Watchattention to the parlor, I presently espied her stealing along the passageway. I have mentioned carrying a long cloak which she olled up and hid behind the open door. Then she came back, humming a gay little song which didn't deceive me for a monent. 'Good!' thought I, 'she and that cloak will soon join company.' And they did. As we were playing the Harebell mazurka I again caught sight of her stealthy white figre in that distant doorway. Seizing the

loak, she wrapped it round her, and with ust one furtive look backwards, seen, I warrant, by no one but myself, she vanished n the outside dark. 'Now to note who follows her!' thought I. But nobody followed her. This struck me as strange, and, having a natural love for detective work, in spite of my devotion to the arts. I consulted the clock at the foot of the stairs, and, noting hat it was 11:30, scribbled the hour on the nargin of my music, with the intention of eing how long my lady would linger outbefore I saw her face again. How she got erous enough to give him that money?" back into the house I do not know. It was left it; yet at or near 1:30 I heard her voice nection between these two great trageon the stair above me and saw her descend dies?" and melt into the crowd as if she had not

With a quick glance around, which tance, too, showed it to the doctor and to Fenton and Dr. Talbot looked almost conemed to embrace the secret recesses of the Mr. Fenton. It was withered and faded in vinced, they said nothing, while Knapp, of course, was quiet as an oyster. Sweetwater, with a quiet smile calculated

"Well reasoned!" murmured Abel, expect-

ing the others to echo him. But, though Mr. were shaven.

That, instead of committing crime to ob-

time she was there herself, she conceived the

plan of throwing upon him the onus of the

"It was lying near Batsy," explained Abel. "I drew Mr. Fenton's attention to it at the perfectly satisfied. time, but he scarcely noticed it." "I will make up for my indifference now,

said that gentleman. "I should have been shown that flower,' put in Knapp.

"---- me, if I did!" ejaculated the coroner

"Yet that flower has a very important

"So you should," acknowledged Sweetwater, "but when the detective instinct is his rivals; besides, I was otherwise occupied.

I had Miss Page to watch. Happily for me day I have spent in sight of Mr. Sutherland's house and at nightfall I was re warded by detecting her end a prolonged

walk in the garden by a hurried dash into the woods opposite. I followed her and noted carefully all that she did. As she had just seen Frederick Sutherland and Miss there?

she walked very directly to the old tree we something which rattled in her hand with fresh banknotes. I had approached her as near as I dared and was peering around a tree trunk, when she stooped down again and plunged both hands bless-". That is all." into the hole. She remained in this position so long that I did not know what to person. She held her hands out before her we should find the money still in the hole. had discovered the murderer of Agatha diction of these various suppositions?" now I hope you realize, as I do, that he could never have had an active hand in her said, with pardonable dryness: death, notwithstanding the fact that one of the stolen bills has been found to have been in that wretched man's possession. is not wanting that Miss Page visited this so often spoken, Mr. Sweetwater?"

house as well as Mrs. Webb's during her famous escapade; or at least stood under had blood on its edge, and was of the shape the window beneath which I have just been and size necessary to inflict the wound from searching. A footprint can be seen there, which Mrs. Webb died." sirs, a very plain footprint, and if Dr. Talbot will take the trouble to compare it with the slipper he holds in his hand, he Abel.' will find it to have been made by the foot that wore that slipper."

The coroner, with a guick glance from the face, showed a decided disposition to make the experiment thus suggested. But Mr. shook his head. Fenton, whose mind was full of the Zabel ragedy, interrupted them with the question: "But how do you explain by this hypothe-sis the fact of James Zabel trying to pass

"You ask me that, Mr. Fenton. Do you not by the garden door, for my eye seldom wish to know what I think of the con-

been absent from it for more than five matter; speak Sweetwater."

Bucklin's Arnica 5alse. to hide his disappointment, went on as if

"Meanwhile John awakes, sees the dagger and thinks to end his misery with it, but efunded. finds himself too feeble. The cut in his vest, y Kuhn & Co. the dent in the floor, prove this, but if you call for further proof a little fact, which some, if not all of you, seem to have overlooked, will amply satisfy you that this one aroused it is hard for a man to be just to at least of my conclusions is correct. Open the bible, Abel; open it, not to shake it for what will never fall out from between its leaves, but to find in the bible itself the lines I have declared to you he wrote as a legacy with that tightly clutched dying encil. Have you found them?

"No," was Abel's perplexed retort; "I cannot see any sign of writing on flyleaf or margin.'

"Are those the only blank places in the sacred book? Search the leaves devoted to the family record. Now! What do you find

Knapp, who was losing some of his indifference, drew nearer and read for himself the scrawl which now appeared to every eye on the discolored page which Abel here turned uppermost.

"Almost illegible," he said; "one can just make out these words: Forgiva me, James tried to use dagger-found lying-but hand wouldn't-dying without-don't grieve-true men-haven't disgraced ourselves-God

"The effort must have overcome him," resumed Sweetwater, in a voice from which make of it. But she rose at last and turned he carefully excluded all signs of secret tritoward home, laughing to herself in a wicked umph, "and when James returned, as he did but pleased way that did not tend to make a few minutes later, he was evidently unable me think any more of her. The moon was to answer questions, even if John was in a shining very brightly by this time and 1 condition to ask them. But the fallen dagcould readily perceive every detail of her ger told its own story, for James picked it up and put it back on the table, and it was and shook them more than once as she trod at this minute he saw, what John had not, by me, so I was sure there was nothing in the \$20 bill lying there with its promise of them, and this is why I was so confident life and comfort. Hope revives; he catches up this bill, flies down to Loton's, procures "When I saw her enter the house I set a loaf of bread and comes frantically back, out to find you, but the court house room gnawing it as he runs, for his own hunger was empty, and it was a long time before is more than he can endure. Re-entering I learned where to look for you. But at his brother's presence, he cushes forward last a fellow at Brighton's corner said he with the breat. But the relief has come saw four men go by on their way to Zabel's too late; John has died in his absence. cottage, and on the chance of finding you and James, dizzy with the shock, reels back amongst them I turned down here. The and succumbs to his own misery. Gentleshock you gave me in announcing that you men, have you anything to say in contra-

Webb knocked me over for the moment, but | For a moment Dr. Talbot, Mr. Fenton and even Knapp stood silent; then the latter

"All this is ingenious, but, unfortunately, it is upset by a little fact which you yourself have overlooked. Have you examined For, and here is my great point, the proof attentively the dagger of which you have "Not as I would like to, but I noticed it

> "Very good, but there is something else of interest to be observed on it. Fetch it,

Abel, hurrying from the room, soon brought back the weapon in question. Sweetwater, with a vague sense of disaplipper in his hand up to Sweetwater's eager pointment disturbing him, took it eagerly and studied it very closely. But he only

> "Bring it nearer to the light," suggested Knapp, "and examine the little scroll near the top of the handle."

Sweetwater did so, and at once changed one of the \$20 bills stolen from Mrs. Webb's color. In the midst of the scroll were two ide alone. Gentlemen, it was two hours cupboard? Do you consider Miss Page gen- very small but yet perfectly distinct letters; they were J. Z

"How did Amabel Page come by a dagger marked with the Zabel initials?" questioned "Do you think her foresight went Knapp. so far as to provide herself with a dagger

"Yes; you have carned a voice in this estensibly belonging to one of these brothers? And then, have you forgotten that when Mr. minutes. A half hour later I saw her with "Well, then, I think Miss Page has made Crane met the old man at Mrs. Webb's



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