



[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII. After all, it is true that the unexpected always happens. In my unraveling of the Fen inn mystery I never for a moment expected to find that Francis was alive. I was even ignorant that Felix had been to the inn on that night. He had ridden round the back way of the house, and as my room was over the front door I had not heard his arrival. Under these circumstances it was easy for me to make the mistake and think the dead man was Francis, particularly as I was misled by the marvelous resemblance between the brothers, and, moreover, saw the pearl ring on the finger of the corpse. My mistake was a perfectly excusable one, and I had been confirmed in such erreconous belief by the adroit fashion in which Francis, for his own safety, kept up the deception.

Now I knew the truth—that Francis was alive and Felix dead—yet as regards the name of the man who had committed the crime I was still quite in the dark, Rose Gernon knew, but it was questionable whether she would confess, even to save her own skin. Either she or Strent was the guilty person, as none other was in the inn at that time. Strent had vanished, but no doubt she knew his whereabouts. The question was whether she would tell.

"Oh, she'll tell where he is, right enough," said Merrick, to whom I put this view of the matter, "especially if she is guilty herself."

"You don't think she is the criminal, Merrick?"

'There is no reason why she should not be," he replied argumentatively.
"She had every reason to hate Felix
Briarfield. He had promised to marry
her and was engaged to Olivia. Quite enough reason there for a jealous woman such as she seems to be."

"But she wanted Felix to kill his brother, so that she might force him to

marry her." "Yes, but that little arrangement did not come off. My idea is that she saw Felix when he arrived at the inn and asked him straight out if he had arranged to marry Olivia. She would hear of the engagement while passing through Marshminster on her way to the lone inn. No doubt Felix lied about the matter, and she lost her temper. It may be that she did not intend to kill him, but having the poisoned arrowhead in her hand had forgot how dangerous it was and threw herself on him. He put out his hand to keep her off, and so was wounded. Then he died, and, ter-

be, she and Strept left the inn. "But what about her blackmailing

Francis?" "She guessed what Francis had done and saw a chance of securing her aims by putting the murder on to him. He had so compromised himself by his foolish actions that of course he was afraid to denounce her.'

"Still, why did she want to marry him? She loved Felix, not Francis." 'It's my opinion she loved neither of

them, 'said Merrick dryly, 'and simply wanted to marry for respectability." "Do you think she will denounce Strent?"

"She'll denounce any one to save her-

"Won't you come and hear her confession, Merrick?"

"Not I. A respectable practitioner like myself has no business to be mixed up in such criminality. Hitherto I have been the sleeping partner in this affair, and you have carried through my ideas excellently well. Continue to do so and then come and tell me all about it." "Very pleasant for you," I grum-

bled, "but I have all the hard work." Merrick laughed and pushed me out of the door. He had a dozen patients waiting and could spare no more time. He said one last word before I left.

"Oh, by the way, Denham," said he, lifting a warning forefinger, "don't you trust that Rose Gernon in the least. I've been making inquiries about her, and she has a black record-about the worst in London, I should say."

On my way to Jermyn street I wondered how he had gained this information. A specialist of Merrick's standing does not go round making inquiries about loose characters. Yet I knew he spoke the truth. His faculty for learning things was marvelous. Decidedly, Merrick should have been a detective. His opinion about Rose Gernon coincided with mine. One had only to look in her face to see what she was.

At Jermyn street I found Francis eagerly waiting my arrival.

'I've sent down to the Marshminster police," said he quickly, "and instructed them to drag the pool near the Fen inn."

"I am afraid you'll get into trouble over that, Briarfield.

"I don't care," said Francis dogged-"I have been a coward too long. Had I trusted you and told all there would not have been this trouble. If the police arrest me, they can just do so, and I'll leave it to you to see me through."

"I hope we'll learn the truth from Rose today."

"It's possible, but not probable. She'll lie like the devil, whose daughter she

"I'm not too sure of that. If she is guiltless, she'll be only too anxious too save her own neck. Why should she risk her liberty for the sake of this man Strent? Who it he?"

"I haven't the least idea." "Then we'll make Rose tell today or

have her arrested " There is not sufficient evidence against her," objected Francis.

room she has to confess the truth. It's so I put on my hat and cloak and fled your only chance of safety." "But you don't believe I killed Fe-

lix?" "I don't, but the police may. You forget how highly suspicions all your tions have been. Rose knows you

have been passing as your brother and will be sure to make capital out of it." "You'll see me through, Denham?" he said, taking my hand "You can be sure of that," I answer- on him since."

ed, shaking it heartily. "I won't rest till you are safe and the murderer of your brother is in jail." "Who killed him, do you think?"

"I don't know, but Rose does, and we'll make her tell."

We discussed the matter extensively. but neither of us could come to any conclusion. When the clock struck noon, Rose Gernon, true to her appointment, walked into the room. Without waiting for an invitation she sat down inn and wished to ask you what had bein a chair and scowled at me.

"That man of yours is outside," she said savagely. "He's been following me about everywhere and watching my house all night. Perhaps you'll ask him to go away."

"That depends on the result of this conversation. You're not out of danger yet, Miss. Gernon."

"I am not aware that I was ever in danger, Mr. Denham. Are you going to accuse me of killing Felix?" "I might even do that unless you tell

the truth."

"Oh!" said she with a sneer, "is that your game, sir? Then suppose I do tell the truth and say you killed Felix?" "You're quite capable of doing so, but no one would believe so wild a tale.

"Then what motive had I for so do-

"That's best known to yourself," I answered tartly, weary of all this fenc-

this," interrupted Francis. "You must afterward Francis acted the part of Febe aware, Miss Gernon, that you stand lix." in a very dangerous position."

"Not more so than you do yourself," she replied, with superb insolence.
"Pardon me, I think otherwise. By

your own confession you went down to the Fen inn to assist my brother in getting me out of the way. You said that did not fall into the trap. And now," last night before two witnesses—Miss she added, standing up, "I have told Bellin and Mr. Denham."

"I talked at random," she muttered. 'I did not intend that any crime should be committed."

"Perhaps not. Nevertheless my brother is dead, and you know how he died." "I know the cause of his death, but

I do not know who killed him." "If you know one thing, you must

know the other." "I do not. When Felix arrived, he showed Strent and I an arrowhead which he said was poisoned.'

"Is this the arrowhead?" I asked, producing it out of a thick piece of parified at what the consequences might per.

"Yes. Where did you get it?" "I found it in the ashes of the fireplace, where you threw it."

"That is not true," said Miss Gernon angrily. "I did not throw it into the fireplace. I never even had it in my hand. The idea that it was poisoned frightened me."

"Pray go on with your story, Miss

Gernon. "I see you don't believe me," she was going to kill his brother with the poisoned arrowhead. I told him I would have none of that sort of thing; that I only consented to play the part of a waiting maid in order to deceive his brother into a meeting. I said Francis to marry me.

"And after that?"

"He jeered and said he intended to marry Miss Bellin. Then I grew angry belief. and struck him " She was in real earnest, for her mouth was set, and her hands were clinched, not a pretty sight by any means. I remembered Merrick's idea and conceived that it might be possible the woman before me had killed the man who flout-

of blind rage. "You struck him with the arrowhead?" I hinted.

"No, I didn't. He had laid that down on the table. I struck him with open palm and said if he killed his brother I would denounce him to the authorities as a murderer. Then he would go to the scaffold instead of the and before going saw Olivia and Dr. altar with Miss Bellin."

"What did he say?" pass between him and Strent, and they seemed to understand one another. Felix said he would return to Marshminster and let his brother marry Miss Bellin. I did not then know he had slightest suspicion. At first she had obbeen passing himself off as you," she added, turning to Francis. "If I had, I would have guessed that he was lying. As it was, I thought he spoke the truth and kissed him. Then I went to bed."

"And afterward?" said Francis, see ing she paused.

"Well, I never saw Felix again till he was dead."

"In the morning?"

"No. An hour after I left him. Strent knocked at my bedroom door der. The actions of Francis had been and asked me to come down. I guessed by his voice he was afraid, so dressed hurriedly and came down think the young man guilty. At the stairs. Felix was lying dead by the same time it was impossible to keep table. I could not see Strent and went to look for him. He was out at body of his brother into the pool and the back door mounting Francis' horse. I asked him where he was going, and he said Felix was dead, and he did not want to stay in order to be accused of the crime."

"Did he say he had killed him?" "No, nor had I time to ask him. He destination of the fugitive. went off at a gallop and left me alone with the body. I was horribly afraid, as I thought you or Francis would we've up and accuse me of the crime minster I would have gone to Bellin

"Yes there is. I'll take the risk of all Besides I could not account for my presthat. Before Rose Gernon leaves this ence in that house without suspicion, to Marshminster."

"How did you fly?"

'There were a trap and horse in which Strent and I had brought provisions to the inn. I harnessed the horse and drove back to Marshminster. There I returned it to the owners and went back to London by the early train."

"What became of Strent?" "I don't know. I have never set eyes

"Do you think he killed Felix?" "Yes. I believe they had a row, and

Francis and I looked at one another. The whole business was so queer as to movements."

be hardly believable. Nevertheless we saw Rose Gernon had told the truth. "What made you come to me?" asked

"I thought you had escaped from the



Felix was lying dead by the table. come of your brother's body. Then I I had no reason to kill Felix Briar- saw you wore the clothes of Felix and

guessed the whole game."
"Particularly as you listened to my

theory at the Fen inn," said I.
"Yes," she answered quickly. was your conversation which put the idea into my head. I saw that Felix "It is waste of time talking like had passed himself off as Francis, and

"You wished to marry me?" said

Francis, whereat Rose laughed.
"No. I tried that game on to get the whole truth out of you. I wished you to admit you were Felix, for he had promised to marry me. However, you you all. May I go?"

I consulted Francis with a look. He consented mutely.
"Yes," I said, also rising, "you

may go, but my detective will still watch you."

"For how long?" "Till Strent is found."

"You think I know," she said, toss-ing her head. "You are wrong. Till I met Strent at Marshminster I never saw him before, nor do I know where he now is. Take off your bloodhound." "When Strent is found," I persisted,

"not till then." shed out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

We were no nearer the truth than before. Rose Gernon had told us nothing new, comparatively speaking. Certainly she declared herself to be innocent of the crime and accused Strent, but if we found Strent he might declare himself innocent and accuse her. One or the other of them must necessarily flashed out defiantly, "but I am telling be guilty, as they alone had seen Felix exactly what took place. Felix said he on that fatal night. Rose was being closely watched by a detective, so that we could obtain her evidence at any moment. It now remained for us to find Strent and hear his story. Francis believed Strent had killed his brother. I had my doubts, as I could see no motive could marry Miss Bellin, and he was for his committing the crime, whereas Rose, in a fit of blind anger, might have done so. Merrick's theory as to her guilt was more in accordance with my

Hitherto we kept the case from being meddled with by the police, but now they began to handle the matter. Informed by Francis as to the whereabouts of the body, they dragged the pool near the Fen inn and recovered the corpse of the unhappy young man. ed her-not intentionally, but in a fit Then the inspector wrote a peremptory letter to Francis, requesting him to come down and attend the inquest. There was a note of suspicion in the letter, and Francis could not very well help obeying the summons.

He requested me to come with him, which I had every intention of doing. We settled the time of our departure Merrick. Mrs. Bellin had not been informed of the death of Felix, nor did "Nothing at first. Then I saw a look she suspect that anything wrong was going on under her very nose. Thanks to the wonderful resemblance between the twins, she accepted Felix as Francis and Francis as himself without the jected to the engagement, but afterward, learning that Brairfield possessed a good income, consented. To be sure, she would have been better pleased had Olivia married a title, but as her daughter declared she would marry no one but I solved so much of the mystery, you Francis Mrs. Bellin gave way with a good grace.

As to Olivia, she was terribly dismayed when she heard Francis was going to Marshminster, and she dreaded lest he should be accused of his brother's murso very peculiar that I was afraid to tell them to the inspector lest he should them secret, as Francis had thrown the would have to explain to the inspector how it got there. Our only chance of proving him to be innocent lay in finding Strent, and where he was to be discovered none of us knew. Merrick's clever brain discovered a clew to the

"Did you ride to the Fen inn from Marshminster?" he asked Francis. "No. Had I come by train to Marsh-

man, where my brother was staying, and seen bira before Olivia."

"It's a pity you did not go there," and Merrick thoughtfully. "All this trouble might have then been avoided. Well, how did you get to the Fen inn?' "I took the train from London to Starby, hired a horse there and rode to the Fen inn."

"How far is it from Starby to the Fen inn?" "About 12 miles."

"And from the Fen inn to Marshmin-

"Ten miles."

"Much about a muchness," said Merhe killed him. But he did not admit rick. "Did you tell Strent you had ridden from Starby?"

"Yes. I had no reason to conceal my "Quite so. Well, according to Rose

Gernon, it was your horse Strent took "It was. I wonder he did not take

the horse of Felix." "For a very simple reason. He knew

when the alarm was given that you and Denham would go to Marshmin-ster. Therefore, to hide his trail the better, he went back with your horse to Starby."

"Do you think so?" "I am sure of it. Go to the livery stable at Starby where you hired your horse, and I am certain you will find it there, restored by Strent."
"Well," said I, in nowise satisfied,

'suppose we trace him to Starby. That will be of no use. No doubt he took the train there for London."

"Very probably," said Merrick coolly, "and waited there for Rose Ger-"But she has not seen him since he

fled from the inn." "So she says, but it is not true, for all that. When he killed Felix, and the evidence seems to point to him as the murderer, he told Rose to take the gig and go to Marshminster. Then he rode off to Starby and rejoined her in London."

"But why should she conceal his movements?"

"Because he knows too much about the crime." said Merrick decisively. "Either she did it herself and is afraid of his speaking, or he did it, and she wishes to screen him."

"Why should she wish to screen a

man who killed her lover?" "I can't answer all questions," said Merrick irritably, finding himself at a loss. "All this is pure theory, but I think it is so. I am certain there is an understanding between Rose and Strent. If that detective watching Rose only knew Strent, I am certain he would catch him paying her a visit."

"Why not give the detective a picture of the man?" suggested Francis.
"Why not indeed?" I retorted derisively. "Because we haven't got a pic-

ture. "I have one at my rooms," said Fran-

"Where did you get it?"
"I drew it while waiting for Felix at "I drew it while waiting for Felix at the Fen inn. You know, Denham, I hesitation, "you have to face the coro-She looked wrathfully at me and have some skill in catching expressions ner tomorrow. He may not believe you me as such a smug scoundrel that I penciled a caricature of him while he moved about the dining room. It is not

a photograph certainly. Still I think it

is sufficiently like him." "Capital," said the doctor, rubbing his hands. "It's a good thing you employed your leisure in that way, Mr. Briarfield. It may do you a great serv-

"You think I am in danger?" "I think you stand in a perilous position," replied the doctor gravely. "Your very efforts to preserve your secret and baffle Denham will score against you' with the police. And you must tell them all, seeing you know where the

body was to be found." "I'll tell them all and do the best I can," said Francis, turning pale, "but Rose can prove I was never out of

my room." "No, she can't. Rose went to bed, and for aught she knows you might have come down and quarreled with your brother afterward. Your only chance, Mr. Briarfield, of proving your innocence is to find Strent. If you give that portrait to the detective watching Rose Gernon, I believe you'll lay hands on him, but it's a mere chance.

"There is another means of identification," said I. "Strent is lame, so if a lame man calls on Miss Gernon my detective, aided by the picture, will know it is Strent."

"Well, go and try my plan," said Merrick, shaking Francis by the hand. "I hope for your sake, Mr. Briarfield,

it will be successful." When we left the doctor, Francis looked pale and upset. He was just beginning to realize the predicament in which he stood. I was afraid myself that when all was known he would be arrested. His own actions looked black, though I knew they were done out of pure foolishness. Had he only trusted me at the time, all the trouble would have been averted. As it was, I determined to stand by him to the end.

"Cheer up, Briarfield," said I, clapping him on his back. "If Merrick and may be sure we'll find out the rest.

"It's the newpapers I'm thinking of," he said ruefully. "If all this foolishness gets into the press, Mrs. Bellin will never let me marry Olivia."

"I don't think Mrs. Bellin will have much say in the matter," I answered dryly. "Olivia is not the kind of woman to give up her lover so easily, particularly when she knows the truth. She'll stick to you, as I intend to do. As to the press, you forget that the inquest is at Marshminster, which only possesses a weekly paper. I know the editor and can keep all details out of it. Cheer up." "Thank you, Denham," said the poor fellow gratefully. "You are the

best friend I have." "Faith, you didn't think so at Paris, Briarfield. I've no doubt that there you cursed me by all your gods for a med-

dlesome fool. At this he laughed and began to pick

up his spirits. We saw the detective who was watching Rose Gernon and gave him the picture drawn by Francis, with a full description of the man he wanted. Especially did we lay stress on the lameness, and in the end our detective promised that he would hail any man answering to our description. I gave him my address at Marsh minster and told him to wire when he found out the whereabouts of Strent. I

theory would prove correct. Next day we went down to Marshminster. By permission Francis staid with me at Aunt Jane's house, and learning that he was in trouble the two old ladies made much of him. We saw the inspector of police, who was a friend of mine, and learned that the body of Felix Briarfield was at the

the doctor was auxious to know if his



We saw the detective and gave him the picture drawn by Francis.

was to be held next morning, and all arrangements had been made. When the inspector had supplied us with this information, we sat down and told him the whole story as has been here set forth. He listened with much astonish-

ment and expressed himself to that end.
"I never read a novel to touch this," he said, staring at Francia. "Truth is stranges than fiction, after all. You greatly resemble your unhappy brother, Mr. Briarfield."

"Is the body much decomposed?" asked I, seeing that Francis remained si-"It's recognizable only," replied the inspector. "You acted very foolishly in

this matter, both of you. Why did you not come and tell me about it all at "I was afraid of being accused of killing my brother," said Francis

faintly. "You've made it ten times worse now," said the inspector dryly. "Had you wished to damn yourself, you could not have gone to work in a more pigheaded fashion."

"Are you going to arrest me?"
"No. There is not sufficient evidence against you. Besides I quite believe

easily as L." "What do you think is best to be done?" I asked dismally.

"Well, judging from what you have told me, I should think the best thing would be to find Strent," said the inspector. "He is the only man to solve the mystery. Failing him, you'd better get Rose Gernon down. Her evidence may go to prove that Mr. Briarfield was in bed at the time Felix was in the house.

"I'll wire for her to come down at

once," I said, jumping up. "It will be as well. I'll send a man over to Starby and find out if Strent delivered the horse to the livery stable keeper. I wish to heaven, Denham," said the inspector, raging at me, "that you had told me all about this at first."

"I acted for the best." "I've no doubt you did," he replied ill temperedly, "but I hate your amateur detectives. They simply muddle things. I'd have straightened out this coil long ago had I taken it in hand."

"I have my doubts of that," said I dryly and went off to the telegraph office. There I sent a telegram to Rose Gernon asking her to come down by the early train next morning and also informed the detective that I wished her to come. I knew quite well she would not dare to refuse, and, moreover, that my detective would send a man to watch her, while he waited round her house for the possible appearance of Strent.

When I got back to the inspector's room, I found that his ill temper had vanished, and he was doing his best to console Francis.

"I've seen a man in a worse plight than is yours, Mr. Briarfield," he was saying when I entered, "and yet he came out all right in the end. The cause of his predicament was similar." "What's that?" said Francis, looking

"Lack of moral courage. Had you told Denham at the time and then both of you had told me, we might have laid our hands on Rose Gernon and Strent. As it was, you gave them time to make up their plans and get away.'

"Rose hasn't got away," said I grimly. "She's safe enough and will be here tomorrow." "I wish we could say the same about

Strent," said the inspector. "Do you think he is guilty?" asked Francis.

"Upon my word, sir, after all my experience of the law, I am afraid to say who is guilty and who isn't. That the ory of Dr. Merrick's regarding Rose Gernon is feasible enough. She certainly seems to have had more motive for killing your brother than had Strent." "It's my opinion," said I, "that there

Rose. In such relationship lies the secret of the crime and her silence." "Humph! There's something in that," said the inspector. "They might be man and wife."

is a relationship between Strent and

"Or brother and sister," suggested Francis.

my head. "Jealousy on the part or Strent might have spurred him on to killing Felix."

These, however, were all theories. and we parted for the night without coming to any decision as to who was the guilty party. In the morning I re-ceived a telegram from Merrick and went off with it at once to the inspect-

or. It ran thus: "Have secured Strent. Am bringing also told him to wire to Merrick, as him down with Rose. Arrive at noon.

Hold over inquest if possible." "By Jove, sir," said the inspector, "that man is lost as a doctor. He ought to be a detective."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lesson from the Modern Practical Dictionary.

Question. What is politics?

Question. What is politics?

Answer. A dirty scramble for office.

A. What is statesmanship?

Q. Selling interest-bearing bonds for gold to be piled up, not to be used.

Q. What is office?

A. A position with little work and large salary.

Q. What is political economy?

A. Tradition handed down by men who believed that the world was flat and that the sun, more and stars revolved.

that the sun, moon and stars revolved

Q. What is a political campaign?
A. A wild rush for the hog trough to see who will get the most swill.
Q. What is money?

Q. What is money?
A. A tool of oppression.
Q. What is law?
A. An equal distribution of justice.
Q. What is a trust?
A. A legalized band of robbers.
Q. What is a corporation?
A. A legalized institution that makes you pay the freight—that tickles your little finger and squeezes your whole body—a manufacturer of millionaires.
Q. What is a railroad?
A. A corporation that serves you one day and charges you for ten days.
Q. What is a bank?
A. Corporation that lives on the interest of what it owes.
Q. What is a millionaire?
A. A man who has the world by the

A. A man who has the world by the tail and a down hill pull.

Q. What is a poor man?

A. A servant of the rich man's dog. Q. What is poverty? Hell on earth.
What is riches?
Accumulated plunder.

What is society? Good clothes and plenty of money. Q. What is anarchy?
A. Good laws for the rich and bad ones

for the poor.

Q. What is civilization?

A. An agreement among the rich and strong to rob the poor and weak by legislation, instead of physical force.

Q. What is a crank?

A. One with a new idea.
Q. What is a plutocrat?
A. A wealthy thief.
Q. What is a politician?
A. A man who has the office itch.

What is government? A. A lemon squeezer—squeezes the poor for the benefit of the rich. Q. What is "the people?"
A. A fellow who consents to be robbed.

What is a fool? The fellow who votes to be robbed. What is a financier? One who can steal without getting

the penitentiary. Q. What is a thief? A. A person who steals bread for his starving children.
Q. What is an honorable man?
A. The fellow who steals a million.

Q. What is a pauper?
A. One who has to be supported by Q. How many kinds of paupers are

A. Two. Rich and poor.

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Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly mar-

MRS. HARRY E. STARR, Pottsville, Pa. Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1, 6 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co, Elkhart, Ind. "Or even lovers," I said, nodding