

The young fellow ducked and left

the room. When he returned, it was

Mr. Gryce motioned Sweetwater

Mr. Gryce, not unmindful himself of

down again, with an air of seeming

The father's attention was caught.

ing a step and bestowing more than

'What is that?" he cried, advance

"It is unknown property, Mr. Chal-

"I have seen it, or one like it, often

in her hand." Here his eyes suddenly

such relief as was consistent with

"It was picked up-last night-from

the lobby floor. There is seemingly

nothing to connect it with her death.

The pause was eloquent. Mr. Chal-

loner gave the detective an agonized

look and turned white to the lips.

Then gradually, as the silence contin-

ued, his head fell forward, and he mut-

of some heartless stranger. I do now;

but-but I cannot mislead the police.

At any cost I must retract a state

supposed. Among her effects I have

just come upon a batch of letters-

love letters I am forced to acknowl-

edge-signed by initials totally strange

to me. The letters are manly in tone

"Shows that the writer was dis-

pleased. It may mean nothing, but I

here-if those letters can remain sa-

cred, it would save me the additional

pang of seeing her inmost concerns-

lic. For, from the tenor of most of

Mr. Gryce moved a little restlessly

in his chair and stared hard at the cut-

ter so conveniently placed under his

"We will do what we can. But you

must understand that the matter is

contains mysteries which demand po-

lice investigation. We do not dare

to trifle with any of the facts. The

inspector, and, if not he, the coroner,

will have to be told about these let-

ters and will probably ask to see

"With the one exception."

"They are the letters of a gentle-

"Yes, that is understood." Then in

a sudden heat and with an almost

sublime trust in his daughter notwith-

standing the duplicity he had just dis

covered, he declared: "The deed

Mr. Gryce had respect for this out

burst. Making no attempt to answer

it, he suggested, with some hesitation,

writing a letter previous to taking

awful tragedy which followed, as he

"It was a cheerful letter. Such a

moment! Impossible!! That letter

-most of them-but one-"

"What about the one?"

to the writer."

he remarked:

them."

man."

ems that I did not know her

tered almost unintelligibly

loner. But we have some reason to

think it belonged to your daughter."

to the very earth by sorrow!"

with a downcast air.

known old man.

abstraction.

the situation:

full view on the table.

"Nothing doing," said he,

And then there was silence.

SYNOPSIS.

George Anderson and wife see a remarkable looking man come out of the Chermont horel, look around furtively, wash his hands in the snow and pass on Commotion attracts them to the Clermont, where it is found that the beautiful Miss Edith Challener has fallen dead. Anderson describes the man he saw wash his hands in the snow. The hotel manager declares him to be Orlando Brotherson. Physicians find that Miss Challener was stabled and not shot, which seems to clear Brotherson of suspicion. Gryce, an aged detective, and Sweetwater, his assistant take up the case. They believe Miss Challener stabbed herself. A paper critter found near the scene of tragedy is believed to be the weapon used.

CHAPTER V .- Continued. "Does that frighten you? Are you

to affected by the thought of blood?" 'Don't ask me. And I put the thing under my pitlow! I thought it was so -so prefty.

'Mrs. Watkins," Mr. Gryce from that moment ignored the daughter, "did you see it there?"

'Yes; but I didn't know where it came from. I had not seen my daughter stoop. I didn't know where she got it till I read that bulletin."

"Never mind that. The question agitating me is whether any stain was teft under that pillow."

"I didn't see any stain, but you can took for yourself. The bed has been made up, but there was no change of linen. We expected to remain here; I see no good to be gained by hiding any of the facts now."

"None whatever, madam." "Come, then. Caroline, sit down

and stop crying. Mr. Gryce believes that your only fault was in not taking this object at once to the desk."

"Yes, that's all," acquiesced the detective after a short study of the shaking figure and distorted features of the truth. the girl. "You had no idea, I'm sure, where this weapon came from or for what it had been used. That's evi-

Her shudder, as she seated herself. was very convincing. She was too young to simulate so successfully emotions of this character.

"I'm glad of that," she responded, half frotfully, half gratefully, as Mr. Gryce followed her mother into the adjoining room. "I've had a bad enough time of it without being blamed for what I didn't know and didn't do."

Mr. Gryce laid little stress upon these words, but much upon the lack that I knew all of the gentlemen who of curiosity she showed in the minmade of her room. There was no stain on the pillow-cover and none on the bureau-spread where she might very naturally have laid the cutter down on first coming into her room. The blade was so polished that it must have been rubbed off somewhere, either purposely or by acci-

They returned to where the girl still sat, wrapped in her cloak, sobbing still, but not so violently.

"Will-will be tell?" she whispered. The answer came quickly, but not in the mother's tones. Mr. Gryce's ears had lost none of their ancient acuteness.

"I do not see that I should gain much by doing so. 'The one discovary which would link this find of yours indissolubly with Miss Challoner's death, I have failed to make. Do you remember the exact spot where you stooped, Miss Watkins?"

"No, no. Somewhere near those big chairs; I didn't have to step out of my way; I really didn't."

Mr. Gryce's answering smile was a study. It seemed to convey a two-fold not a simple one. That, in fact, it message, one for the mother and one for the child, and both were comforting. But he went away, disappointed. The clue which promised so much was, to all appearance, a false one. He could soon tell.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Gryce's fears were only too well lounded. Though Mr. McEiroy was kind enough to point out the exact epot where he saw Miss Watkins shop, no trace of blood was found upon the rug which had lain there, nor had anything of the kind been washed an accident." up by the very careful man who scrubbed the lobby floor in the early morning. This was disappointing, as its presence would have settled the that Miss Challener had been seen whole question. When, these efforts all exhausted, the two detectives faced those fatal steps from the desk which each other again in the small room ended so tragically. Was this letter given up to their use, Mr. Gryce showed his discouragement. Sweet and was it as far from suggesting the water watched him in some concern, then with the persistence which was had been told? one of his strong points, ventured deally to remark

"I have but one idea left on the sub-

'And what is that?" "The girl wore a red cloak. If I mistake not, the lining was also red. A she was to me. It expressed an af- know. And Miss Challener evidently spot on it might not show to the casual observer. Yet it would mean much to us."

"Sweetwatert" A faint blush rose to the old man's

should exonerate her if nothing else "Shull I request the privilege of moking that garment over?

INITIALS

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE" THE FILIGREE BALL"THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES" CHARLES W. ROSSER

his own thoughts still centered, by a clod-hopper, and I think that even a certain strong look in his face. I in great luck, sir. But before I pull it ence discovered between his daughter and her unknown admirer.

summer, some this fall. The one you A knock at the door was followed are most anxious to hear about only a essary delay," by the immediate entrance of Mr. Chalmonth back," he added, with unconloner, who had come in search of the querable devotion to what he considinspector, and showed some surprise ered his duty. to find his place occupied by an un-

Mr. Gryce would like to have carried his inquiries further, but desisted. But when he was gone, and Sweetfrom the room. With a woeful look water had returned, Mr. Gryce made the young detective withdrew, his last glance cast at the cutter still lying in superiors the hitherto unsuspected loner's seemingly calm and wellthis object, took it up, then laid it guarded life.

CHAPTER VII.

The Letters.

Before a table strewn with papers, an ordinary glance at the object thus in the room we have already menbrought casually, as it were, to his tioned as given over to the use of the police, sat Doctor Heath in a Mr. Gryce, observing the other's mood too thoughtful to notice the enemotion, motioned him to a chair. As trance of Mr. Gryce and Sweetwater his visitor sank into it, he remarked, from the dining-room where they had with all the consideration exacted by been having dinner.

However, as the former's tread was somewhat lumbering, the coroner's attention was caught before they had quite crossed the room, and Sweetwater, with his quick eye, noted how his arm and hand immediately fell so dilated and the hand stretched forth as to cover up a portion of the pato grasp it quickly drew back, "Where pers lying nearest to him.

-where was it found?" he hoarsely "Well Gryce, this is a dark case," demanded. "O God! am I to be crushed he observed, as at his bidding the two detectives took their seats. Mr. Gryce hastened to give him

Mr. Gryce nodded; so did Sweetwa

"She was not shot. She was not struck by any other hand; yet she lies dead from a mortal wound in the ion." breast. Though there is no tangible proof of her having inflicted this wound upon herself, the jury will have no alternative, I fear, than to pronounce the case one of suicide."

"I'm sorry that I've been able to do so little," remarked Mr. Gryce. The coroner darted him a quick "I honestly believe her the victim

> "You are not satisfied? You have some different idea?" he asked. The detective frowned at his hands

ment I made under false impressions crossed over the top of his cane, then and with no desire to deceive. I said shaking his head, replied: admired her and aspired to her hand. "The verdict you mention is the v natural one o secret heart as thoroughly as I had

you have been talking with Miss Challoner's former maid?"

"Yes, and she has settled an important point for us. There was a possibility, of course, that the papercutter which you brought to my hotice had never gone with her into the mezzanine. That she, or some other person, had dropped it in passing through the lobby. But this girl ascould not let the matter go without sures me that her mistress did not ensetting myself right with the authoriter the lobby that night. That she ties. If it might be allowed to rest accompanied her down in the elevator. and saw her step off at the mezzanine. She can also swear that the cutter was in a book she carried-the book the secret and holiest recesses of a we found lying on the desk. The girl woman's heart, laid open to the pubremembers distinctly seeing its pe-



Some Clock in the Neighborhood Struck Ten.

culiarly chased handle projecting from its pages. Could anything be more satisfactory if-I was going to say, if the young lady had been of the impulsive type and the provocation to one of her lady friends, as reported. greater. But Miss Challoner's nature was calm, and were it not for these letters-" here his arm shifted a little

"I should not be so sure of my jury's future verdict. Love-" he went on. one as she often wrote to her little after a moment of silent consideration protegees here and there. I judge of a letter he had chosen from those that this was written to some girl like before him, "disturbs the most equathat, for the person addressed was ble natures. When it enters as a facnot known to her maid, any more than tor, we can expect anything-as you fectionate interest, and it breathed was much attached to her corresponencouragement-encouragement! and dent, and naturally left the reproach she meditating her own death at the conveyed in these lines." And Doctor Heath read:

'Dear Miss Challoner: Only a man of small spirit could endure what I When Mr. Challoner rose to leave endured from you the other day. Love the room, Mr. Gryce showed where such as mine would be respectable in

asking him the date of the correspond- you will acknowledge that I stand somewhat higher than that. Though I was silent under your disapprobation, "Some of the letters were dated last you shall yet have your answer. It will not lack point because of its nec-

"A threat!" The words sprang from Sweetwater, and were evidently involuntary.

"It is the only letter of them all which conveys anything like a reproach," proceeded the coroner. "Her surprise must consequently have been it his first duty to communicate to his great at receiving these lines, and her resentment equally so. If the two met fact of a secret romance in Miss Chal. afterwards- But I have not shown you the signature. To the poor father it conveyed nothing-some facts have been kept from him-but to us-" here he whirled the letter about so that Sweetwater, at least, could see Don't be astonished at anything you the name, "it conveys a hope that we may yet understand Miss Challoner." all.'

"Brotherson!" exclaimed the young detective in loud surprise. "Brotherson! The man who-"

"The man who left this building just before or simultaneously with the alarm caused by Miss Challoner's fall. It clears away some of the clouds befogging us. She probably caught sight of him in the lobby, and in the passion of the moment forgot her usual instincts and drove the sharppointed weapon into her heart."

"Brotherson!" The word came softly now, and with a thoughtful intonation. "He saw her die."

"Why do you say that?" "Would be have washed his hands in the snow if he had been in ignorance of the occurrence? He was the real, if not the active, cause of her death and he knew it. Either he-excuse me, Doctor Heath and Mr. Gryce, it is not for me to obtrude my opin-

"Have you settled it beyond dispute that Brotherson is really the man who was seen doing this?"

"No, sir. I have not had a minute for that job, but I'm ready for the business any time you see fit to spare

"Let it be tomorrow, or, if you can manage it, tonight. We want the man even if he is not the hero of that romantic episode. He wrote these letters, and he must explain the last one. was brave enough or arrogant enough to sigh the questionable one with his person. These appeared to be of a full name. This may speak well for him, and it may not. It is for you to last, for it was flot long before the dedecide that. Where will you look for him, Sweetwater? No one here knows his address."

"Not Miss Challoner's maid?"

"No; the name is a new one to her. But she made it very evident that she was not surprised to hear that her mistress was in secret correspondence with a member of the male sex. Much can be hidden from servants, but not

"I'll find the man; I have a double reason for doing that now; he shall not escape me."

Doctor Heath expressed his satisfaction, and gave some orders. Meanwhile, Mr. Gryce had not uttered a

CHAPTER VIII.

Strange Doings for George. That evening George sat so long over the newspapers that in spite of my absorbing interest in the topic engrossing me, I fell asleep in my cozy little rocking chair. I was awakened by what seemed like a kiss falling very softly on my forehead, though, to he sure, it may have been only the ready detective, George could quite flap of George's' coat sleeve as he stooped over me. "Wake up, little woman," I heard,

"and trot away to bed. I'm going out and may not be in till daybreak." "You! going out! at ten o'clock

at night, tired as you are-as we both are! What has happened-Ah!" This broken exclamation escaped me as I perceived in the dim background by the sitting-room door, the

figure of a man who called up recent, but very thrilling experiences "Mr. Sweetwater," explained George. We are going out together. It is necessary, or you may be sure . I

should not leave you." He gave me a little good advice as to how I had better employ my time in his absence, and was off before I

could find words to answer. As soon as the two were in the street, the detective turned towards George and said:

"Mr. Anderson, I have a great deal to ask of you. Mr. Brotherson has vanished; that is, in his own proper person, but I have an idea that I am on the track of one who will lead us very directly to him if we manage the affair carefully. What I want of you, of course, is mere identification You saw the face of the man who washed his hands in the snow, and would know it again, you say. Do you think you could be quite sure of yourself, if the man were differently

dressed and differently occupied?" "I think so. There's his height and



cannot describe it."

all right. You don't mind making a night of it?"

"Not if it is necessary." "That we can't tell yet." And with

characteristic shrug and smile, the detective led the way to a taxicab which stood in waiting at the corner. riding brought them into-a tangle of streets on the East side.

When they stopped, which was in a few minutes, Sweetwater said to George:

"We shall have to walk now for a block or two. If you can manage to place and just leave all the talking to

They alighted, and he dismissed the taxicab. Some clock in the neighborhood struck the hour of ten.

"Good! we shall be in time," muttered the detective, and led the way down the street and round a corner or so, till they came to a block darker than the rest, and much less noisy

"There's a meeting on tonight, of the Associated Brotherhood of the Awl, the Plane and the Trowel (whatever that means), and it is the speak- high in the center with snow-heaps or er we want to see; the man who is to address them promptly at ten o'clock. Do you object to meetings?"

"Is this a secret one?"

"It wasn't advertised." "Are we carpenters or masons that e can count on admittance?"

"Hush! I must speak to this man. George stood back, and a few words passed between Sweetwater and a could hear from time to time some shadowy figure which seemed to have sprung up out of the sidewalk.

"Balked at the outset," were the encouraging words with which the detective rejoined George. "It seems that a pass-word is necessary, and my friend has been unable to get it. Will the speaker pass out this way?" he inquired of the shadowy figure still lingering in their rear.

"He didn't go in by it; yet I believe he's safe enough inside," was the

muttered answer. Sweetwater had no relish for disapthe bottom of all these sheets. He up and allowed himself to exchange a few more words with this mysterious

more encouraging nature than the tective returned with renewed alac-

rity to George, and, wheeling him about, began to retrace his steps to he corner. Where they went under this officer's

guidance, he cannot tell. The tortuous tangle of alleys through which he now, felt himself led was dark as the nether regions to his unaccustomed eyes. There was snow under his feet and now and then he brushed against some obtruding object, or stumbled against a low fence; but beyond these slight miscalculations on his own part, he was a mere automaton in the hands of his eager guide, and only became his own man again when they suddenly stepped into an open yard and he could discern plainly before him the dark walls of a building pointed out by Sweetwater as their probable destination. Yet even here they encountered some impediment which prohibited a close approach. A wall or shed cut off their view of the building's lower story; and though somewhat startled at being left unceremoniously alone after just a whispered word of encouragement from the ever understand the necessity which that person must feel for a quiet reconnoitering of the surroundings before the two of them ventured further for ward in their possibly hazardous un dertaking. Yet the experience was none too pleasing to George, and he was very glad to hear Sweetwater's whisper again in his ear, and to feel himself rescued from the pool of shish in which he had been left to stand.

"The approach is not all that can be desired," remarked the detective as they entered what appeared to be a low shed. "The broken board has been put back and securely nailed in place, and if I am not very much mistaken there is a fellow stationed in the yard who will want the pass-word too. Looks shady to me. I'll have something to tell the chief when I get back."

"But we! What are we going to do if we cannot get in front or rear?" "We're going to wait right here in the hopes of catching a glimpse of our man as he comes out," returned the detective, drawing George towards a low window overlooking the yard he had described as sentinelled. "He will have to pass directly under this window on his way to the alley," Sweetwater went on to explain, "and if I can only raise it-but the noise would give us away. I can't do that."

"Perhaps it swings on hinges," suggested George. "It looks like that sort of a window."

open, remember that from the mo-"You don't need to. Comet we're ment I unlatch it, everything said or done here can be heard in the adjoining yard. So no whispers and no unnecessary movements. When you hear him coming, as sooner or later you certainly will, fall carefully to your knees and lean out just far enough to catch a glimpse of him be-A quarter of an hour of rather fast fore he steps down from the porch. If he stops to light his eigar or to pass a few words with some of the men he will leave behind, you may get a plain enough view of his face or figure to identiff him. The light is burning low in that rear hall, but it will do. If it does not-if you can't see him or if act as if you were accustomed to the you do, don't hang out of the window more than a second. Duck after your me, we ought to get along first-rate. first look. I don't want to be caught at this job with no better opportunity see, and trust me for the rest; that's for escape than we have here. Can you remember all that?"

George pinched his arm encouragingly, and Sweetwater, with an amused grunt, softly unlatched the window and pulled it wide open.

A fine sleet flew in, imperceptible save for the sensation of damp it gave, and the slight haze it diffused through the air. Enlarged by this haze, the building they were set to watch rose in magnified proportions at their left. The yard between, piled other heaps covered with snow, could, not have been more than forty feet square. The window from which they peered, was half-way down this yard, so that a comparatively short distance separated them from the porch where George had been told to look for the man he was expecting to identify. Allwas dark there at present, but he sounds of restless movement, as the guard posted inside shifted in his narrow quarters, or struck his benumbed feet softly together.

But what came to them from above was more interesting than anything to be heard or seen below. A man's voice, raised to a wonderful pitch by the passion of oratory, had burst the barriers of the closed hall in that towering third story and was carrying its tale to other ears than those within.

Sweetwater, in whom satisfaction His initials, as you see, are not ordiwas fast taking the place of impanary ones, and you will find them at was not long before he straightened to before asking George this question: "Did you hear the whose action attracted your attention outside the Clermont?"

"No." "Did you note just now the large shadow dancing on the ceiling over the speaker's head?"

"Yes, but I could judge nothing from that."

"Well, he's a rum one. I shan't open this window again till he gives signs of reaching the end of his speech. It's too cold."

But almost immediately he gave a start and, pressing George's arm, appeared to listen, not to the speech which was no longer audible, but to something much nearer-a step or movement in the adjoining yard. At least, so George interpreted the quick turn which this impetuous detective made, and the pains he took to direct George's attention to the walk running under the window beneath which they crouched. Some one was stealing down upon the house at their left, from the alley beyond. A big man, whose shoulder brushed the window as he went by. George felt his hand seized again and pressed as this happened, and before he had recovered from this excitement, experienced another quick pressure and still another as one, two, three additional figures went slipping by. Then his hand was suddenly dropped, for a cry had shot up from the door where the sentinel stood guard, followed by a sudden loud slam, and the noise of a shooting bolt, which, proclaiming as it did that the invaders were not friends but enemies to the cause which was being vaunted above, so excited Sweetwater that he pulled the window wide open and took a bold look out. George followed his example and this was what they saw:

Three men were standing flat against the fence leading from the shed directly to the porch. The fourth was crouching within the latter, and in another moment they heard his fist descend upon the door inside in a way to rouse the echoes. Meantime, the voice in the audience hall above had ceased, and there could be heard instead the scramble of hurrying feet and the noise of overturning benches. Then a window flew up and a voice called down:

"Who's that? What do you want down there?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Innocent.

"I try to think," said Benham, "that woman is the equal of man and as well qualified to take part in the political life; but it sort of jars that belief to get the reply I did this morning from my wife, when I remarked, on reading the returns, that Hingham ran allead of his ticket, and she innocently in "If it should-well! it does. We're quired, "What was his hurry?"-Judge