

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

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T. Fitzgerald Malloy

Author of "The Dis-
trict," "An Ex-
cellent Knave," Etc.

"I will see your friend. What's his name?"

"Lorenzo Bartolini."

"Where is he to be found?"

"He makes statues in a shop in King's Cross road; I don't know the number, but you will easily find it, signor."

Mackworth made further notes.

"As for me, I must go now, for at midday I have to be at Kensington in the studio of one of your great artists. I pose as St. Michael, a spear in one hand, armor on my breast, and I will be a picture, every one will talk of in the next year when I am seen at your academy," said Pietro as he rose, his face lighted by the pleasure he felt in the contemplation of his physical gifts.

"I will keep you no longer," replied Mackworth, who was eager to begin his investigations.

"And you believe, signor, I had nothing to do with Mezza?" the model persisted, his fine figure raised to its full height, one arm extended in his favorite attitude, his sunny eyes full of inquiry.

"Yes, yes," answered the inspector hurriedly.

"He lays too much stress upon that point," thought Mackworth when the Italian had taken his departure.

"Then I go away without the anger I felt since the day you first spoke to me," Pietro said while winding the muffer round his throat. "I knew I would prove to you I am an honest man."

A quarter of an hour later and Mackworth had found the shop in the King's Cross road, where terra cotta Venuses and plaster heads of Mercury and casts of hands, and statues of flower girls were exposed for sale, entering which he asked for Lorenzo Bartolini, when a low-sized, thick-set man in his shirt sleeves and with his face, hands and head all covered with white powder, named him the workshop at the back to see him.

Lorenzo, whose black, round eyes assumed a startled expression when his visitor's calling was made known to him, appeared willing to give whatever information he could, but that was little in itself and conveyed nothing more than what Pietro had already stated. This man had never known Mezza intimately, but had seen him a few times when he had stayed with Pietro in Hammersmith, and had fallen into the hands of an interview which foreigners in a strange town quickly form. He had, therefore, been surprised when Marco would have passed him without speaking, and thinking it was accidental, Lorenzo had stopped him.

But that Mezza had wished to hold no conversation with his acquaintance soon became plain to the latter, who accordingly went his way without learning much of the man he had encountered. The chief impression Lorenzo carried away from this meeting was that Marco was drunk.

"You are sure of that?" said Mackworth.

"Well, he couldn't speak plain enough; it was not that, but his manner; it was confused."

"Could that be because he had met a countryman whom he wished to avoid?"

"But he had never quarrelled."

"He may not wish to have been seen by you."

"That may be true."

"Did he mention Pietro's name?"

"No. Pietro did not know he was in London till I told him last night."

"They were good friends, then?"

"Lorenzo said nothing, but contented himself with nodding his head by way of assent; and Mackworth, thinking there was no further information to be obtained from him hastened away in search of the Summers street lodging house."

"Maria Roselli is certain to know something of Mezza's movements," the inspector thought. "Taking her lodging house as a starting point I am certain to be able to trace him."

CHAPTER XX.

On reaching Maria Roselli's house, the number of which had been given him by Lorenzo, the inspector knocked loudly, and then impatiently waited for an answer. None came, nor did any sound of voice or movements within the dwelling indicate that it was tenanted. He rapped again with like result and then stepped into the street to view the dwelling. As he did so the big, narrow door from which the paint had long since faded opened and a woman's figure stood framed in its portal.

Mackworth eagerly observing her, saw she was tall and thin, her years about 60, her regular features wearing a hard expression, the dark eyes cold and speculative, the face lined and wrinkled. A bright colored cotton handkerchief partly covered her iron gray hair and was knotted under the prominent chin; a woolen shawl was crossed upon her breast above the short, gray skirts; while her thin brown arms were bare to the elbows, showing swelled veins of a bluish-gray color.

"Are you Maria Roselli?" he asked, advancing toward the face lined and wrinkled.

"Yes," she replied, returning the stare.

"Then I want to speak to you."

"You can talk here," she said in excellent English.

"It is something I don't wish to say in the street."

She hesitated a moment, then drew aside to let him pass into the hall, closed the door and ushered him into a barely furnished, uncarpeted room, with a curtained bed, a central table and a few rush-bottomed chairs, all scrupulously clean.

She did not ask him to sit down, nor did she sit, but stood within the threshold facing him and waiting for him to begin, a look of inquiry in her eyes.

"Is Marco Mezza in the house?" Mackworth began.

"Marco Mezza?" she repeated, with a surprised and noticeable in voice or face. "No."

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know," she replied frigidly.

"But he has been here?"

"Oh, yes."

"Sometime in September. I don't remember the date."

"I want you to tell me all you know about him."

"Why?" she asked, staring hard at Mackworth.

"I am a police officer. He may be concerned in a very serious business; you will see why I ask about him."

Mackworth saw she expressed neither astonishment, interest, or anxiety. His words left her perfectly indifferent to their inference.

"I know very little of Mezza. He came here some weeks ago, as I have said."

"He was a friend of yours?"

"I had never seen him before. A

Neapolitan living in Paris gave him my address," she answered.

"How long did he stay with you?"

"Three days. I would keep him no longer."

"Why?" asked the inspector anxiously.

"Well, he was nearly always drunk, and then he was ill; his coughing kept my other lodgers awake at night. My house was no place for him."

"And so you got rid of him?"

"I told him he should go to the hospital."

"And he went?"

"He left here for the hospital but I don't know if he ever went there," she answered, the same calm indifference noticeable in her manner.

"What hospital?"

"The Italian; he spoke little English."

"And afterwards, did he return to you?"

"No, he knew I would not talk him."

"Have you made no inquiries for him?"

"No; why should I?" Maria Roselli asked in her hard voice. "I have to mind my own business if I would live, and I have had trouble enough in my own life without going in search of it among strangers."

"Trouble?" said Mackworth interrogatively.

"Aye, my man died when he was thirty, leaving me three boys. When they grew to be men and able to help me, one married and went to America, one died of fever and the youngest was killed in a fight. Is not that enough trouble for one woman?" she asked, a fierce, hard light shining in her eyes.

The portly, prosperous little man standing before her was touched by the pitiful and tragic story contained in a couple of sentences. "Terrible, terrible!" he muttered, beginning now to understand the pain and loneliness that had gradually frozen this woman's nature.

"But have you heard no more of Mezza?" he inquired presently.

"No more."

"And you did not see him again?"

"No; I know nothing more about him."

"Had he any friends to see him while he was here?"

"Not one. He slept all day because he was awake coughing at night. When he went out in the evening it was to the public house."

"Which public house?"

"That I don't know."

"And he returned alone?"

"Always."

After this the woman moved toward the door, as if to indicate the interview must end. She had neither the curiosity nor sympathy to inquire what it was Mezza had done to put the police on his track. The melancholy memories of her own troubles filled her mind to the exclusion of all interests and sorrows the outside world might hold.

Mackworth, seeing she could give no more information, became impatient to reach the Italian hospital, which was known to be situated in Queen's Square. There, no doubt, he would be able to learn where Mezza had gone on being discharged and perhaps to trace directly to him the mad deed which, no doubt, his illness and want of opportunity had prevented him from committing during the first days of his return to England.

A high wind was blowing the dead leaves from the trees standing in the enclosed square, which, with its church and clock tower and spire, its old fashioned houses and its gray stone pump in the center, has something foreign in its aspect.

As Mackworth ascended the steps leading to the hospital and stood upon the black and white marble pavement waiting for the door to open, the sound of young, high pitched voices came from a neighboring school. The clock struck midday, and immediately afterward a crowd of children scurried out with wild shouts into the square to enjoy their brief liberty.

Mackworth could scarcely hear his voice as he inquired of the maid servant who opened the door if he could see the house surgeon.

"The doctor comes here only in the morning; it is the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul who superintend the hospital," the girl answered.

"Then who can I see who will give me some information about one of the patients?"

"The superioress."

"Will you please ask her if she will see me?"

Passing through the wide hall of the hospital which had been the dwelling of people when Queen Anne reigned, Mackworth was shown into a reception room, which, with its oilcloth floor covering, leather seated chairs, center table on which were account books and dictionaries, great bookcase containing letter bound volumes, pamphlets, medical instruments and its copying press in one corner, had a businesslike appearance which he did not expect to find in an institution superintended by nuns.

As Mackworth walked to the end of the room and looked out on the square through one of the long, narrow windows, some thought came to him that he was on the point of making a discovery regarding the man he sought. Before he could analyze this idea the door opened, and the superioress,

CHAPTER XXI.

On a cold and cheerless afternoon in October, with a gray and lowering sky above and a drenched and sombre world around, George Bostock took his way to see Olive Dumbarton. A fierce storm had raged all night, carrying death and destruction over land and sea, and though the wind had somewhat fallen at dawn, the rain had continued in a steady downpour.

Nothing could be more depressing than this dreary day, and from its cheerless beginning the publisher had felt more than usual weighed down by dark stars and his regrets, which he found impossible to combat and conquer. And this feeling increased with the hours that passed, he resolved to call upon Olive Dumbarton, anxious to see her once more, and confident that the relief and joy she felt in the speedy establishment of her innocence would assuredly help him from the slough of despond in which he was plunged, from the mental gloom that overwhelmed him.

Everything, his way conspired to detect him; the notorious pour of rain on the glass of the cab, the dripping people hurrying through a haze of dampness, the mud-splashed, miserable urchins, crying the contents of evening papers. Moreover, the moment that most melancholy day, when the last weird gleam of light is just visible above the darkness of coming night.

Getting out of his cab, whose driver, shining in his wet clothes, received his fare in severe silence, George Bostock rang at the garden gate and then listened to the slow dying sound of the distant bell and to the heavy drops falling from the tree beneath which he stood with open umbrella.

As he approached Olive Dumbarton's home the black and saturated clay of the flower beds, with their down-trodden plants, the dead and sodden leaves, thick upon the pathway, the black bare boughs of the trees beneath which he walked, and above all the house whose front bore damp discolored patches, and whose windows were unlighted, added to his heavy sense of depression. He was yet, however, to witness that which would delect him more than all else he had seen that day; soon to hear that which would stir his soul to its depths.

Walking along the broad, softly-carpeted corridor leading to the drawing room, he glanced toward the Bostock had taken place; the study with its floor still smeared and stained with blood, its windows closed and shuttered, its furniture dust covered, its door locked. Never had he passed a door that night which ended David Dumbarton's life without feeling a sickness of heart and physical repulsion, but now his aversion and dread were heightened, and he hurried by as if he feared something horrible might issue from its walls and bar his way to the presence of the woman he loved.

HAVE ANIMALS A CONSCIENCE?

A Seeming Sense of Shame and Justice Often Noticeable in Domesticated Species.

CAPABLE OF DEVOTION

Mules on Trains Have Even Been Known to Rebel Against Making More Than Customary Number of Daily Trips.

Slide Upon Which Almost a Mile a Minute Has Been Made.

ALPINE TOBoggANING.

Electrical Review: St. Moritz is one of the highest villages in the Engadine, having an altitude of about 6,000 feet, and is a great center of winter sports; it is consequently much frequented by English and other nationalities who enjoy the sports of skating, curling, tobogganing, skiing and bandy, which can here be obtained under the best conditions. Good tobogganing may be had in other places, but at St. Moritz it is carried to a fine art, and only one expert can expect to compete successfully on the renowned "Cresta" toboggan run, with its wonderful curves and banks. The name Cresta is derived from a small village of that name near the finish of the course.

The course is a little over three-quarters of a mile in length, with a difference of elevation, from start to finish, of about 600 feet; the gradient varies at different points, being most steep at the church leap.

An only one toboggan can occupy the track at a time, the races are all decided by the time taken to complete the course. The record time from the start to the finish is at present 61.810 seconds, this entailing a speed of sixty miles an hour or more on the fastest parts. The curves of the frozen snow are built up with high banks, accurately shaped, to allow the tobogganer to go around them at the greatest speed, the highest bank being about twenty-five feet in height. These different banks have well known names, such as the Battledore and Shuttlecock, Scylla and Charybdis and Euplet's Corner. The whole track is practically of ice, and after passing the finish it has for a short distance a steep upward gradient, the great momentum obtained carrying the tobogganer uphill.

The toboggans used are of the "skeleton" pattern, with steel runners, the tobogganer lying in a prone position and steering with his feet, by means of spikes attached to the toes of his boots. The principal race run on the Cresta is the Grand National, which takes place at the end of February or beginning of March, and might be called the derby of tobogganing, competitors coming from Davos and other places to take part in this contest.

To wrong one, to render unto each his own, to receive according to one's deserts, is one of the negative of the moral code. Above the duties of justice are those of charity, the formula of which is this: "Do unto others as you would that do unto you." Whether animals attain to this stage may be partially judged by a scene the theater of which was a large Parisian menagerie. A little black-and-white dog was thrown into the cage of a lioness named Constantine. Terrified and trembling in all his limbs, the dog tried to hide in a corner. The lioness slowly rose and approached the poor beast, which uttered a plaintive cry, regarding her with an appealing look. The lioness tranquilly returned to her repose without injuring the little dog.

At meal time the lioness' ration of meat was tossed into the cage. She left a part for her little companion. Some days later the dog ate his meals with her, and a week later he flung himself on the dinner. When autumn arrived the dog thought it seemly to pass the nights between the lioness' paws, the climax in a beautiful example of clemency and hospitality. The hero animal can even vanquish his instinctive pride, pardon his injuries and voluntarily offer reconciliation.

GOING WRONG.

When Trained Animals of the Cat Tribe Become Murderous.

McClure's: No man living knows all about animals, or more than very little they know that. That is the reason they are dead. Only those who realize their ignorance and supplement it with untiring watchfulness last long at this queer business.

Soon or later most animals of the cat tribe become utterly intractable and remain so. "Going bad" is the professional term for this. Rarely do they return to their old amenable ways. Henceforth they are of no use as performers, or more than very little as exhibition cages, for any man entering the cage of a lion or tiger that has gone bad is instantly attacked. This is one of the terrors of the trade. Symptoms of the change of heart are apparent enough sometimes, particularly in animals who are growing old. Occasionally, however, some young beast, formerly as obedient as you could wish, will turn murderous without cause or warning. If her trainer is out alive he is lucky. If he ever enters the cage again he's a dead man.

MANY USES FOR SHEEPSKIN.

Extent to Which It is Employed for the Necessities of Life.

Shoe Retailer: "Many people use sheepskin without knowing it," remarked a Salem manufacturer. "The warm, soft, furry rug in which baby is wrapped as winter approaches is of sheepskin, and so are the little pink shoes that are fastened on baby's feet. Very likely the little one's carriage is upholstered with the same stock, too. The hold-up sometimes particularly trousters with sheepskin tipped suspenders, and the snakeskin or fancy leather belt that encircles the waist of the girl is only humble sheep in disguise."

The woman who admires a purse from the skin of 'dear little African monk' is only paying a tribute to the same old sheep, and the man who fancies that his cigar case is from the skin of the arctic seal has only a small section of a Chicago slaughtered sheep in his hand.

The society bell who slips her tired feet into a pair of boudoir slippers, or even Bangor moccasins, doesn't get away from the sheep, and the young dude who selects a moleskin vest for winter wear is only giving an order for more sheepskin.

The college man enters the world with his sheepskin diploma in his hand. The judge passes down weighty decisions as he sits on sheepskin upholstered chairs, and the lawyer reads opinions from sheepskin volumes. The traveling hunter about with an "illegato" traveling bag, under the fond delusion that he is carrying a bit of

HIS PECULIARITY.

The following amusing conversation is given in the Watchword:

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs."

"Oh, no; no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-yours?"

"Well, really I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is your p-peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."

Temptation of Police Captains.

New York Press: "The temptation of a police captain," says Commissioner McAdoo, "is a thousand times greater than that of any bank cashier in the world. Temptation waits for him at every corner. If you knew what assaults on their characters they have to face you would take off your hats to them." Rot! By his very office the police captain should be further removed from temptation than nearly any class of public officials. Surely no other kind of officer should have had more numerous or intimate examples of the lesson that "the wages of sin is death." (Practically the principal temptation he has is the knowledge that he has a better opportunity than any other class of crook of escaping the consequence of his crime.)

Fresh From the Tree.

Baltimore American: Mrs. Young-lookie—I don't want such pale, sickly looking celery. Haven't you some with a good healthy color to it?"

Mr. Marketman—Sure, miss. Here's some with a bright, fresh green tint that is right fresh from the tree. Sorry you saw the white stuff; didn't intend it offer to nobody.

Mrs. Young-lookie—That is better. I'll take a quart of it.

CAUSE AND CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

Shown by Numerous Cures Made by Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Cure the Kidneys and the Rheumatism Cures Itself—Remarkable Case of Magr E. Decker.

Eagle River, Wis., Jan. 10th.—(Special.)—That rheumatism is caused by disordered kidneys is proved by the cures Dodd's Kidney Pills are making in every state in the Union. They cure the Kidneys and the Rheumatism cures itself. A cure that has caused deep interest in this neighborhood is that of Maggie E. Decker. In speaking of it she says:

"I had kidney trouble and rheumatism and was so lame I could not walk. I could not sleep, for I ached all over. I was in a terrible state and firmly believe that if I had not used Dodd's Kidney Pills I would be dead. I took nine boxes of them and they have done me more good than all the other medicines I ever took. Now my aches are all gone, I can eat and sleep and I am feeling good. I want all the world to know that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Frost Bite.

There are other ways of getting frost-bitten aside from going boldly out and letting Jack Frost nip your fingers and toes. A very common method is to come home with cold, wet feet from a long drive, or from outdoor work, and place the feet or hands in warm water or before the fire. The one who does this, and not many escape it during the cold months, is frost-bitten to all intents and purposes, says D. H. Stovall of Grant's Pass, Ore., in the Epitome. The best way to treat frost-bite is the old method of rubbing the affected parts with snow. This coaxes back the lost vitality. After the coldness and numbness subsides, put the hands or feet in moderately cold water and continue the rubbing process. No warmth should be applied for some time. Eured poison from frost-bite is too frequently the result of coming in and rashly thrusting the numb hands or feet into a basin of warm or hot water. On the American farm children are usually about the extent of frost-bite, though not infrequently we read of mountain ranchers and even farmers of the more densely inhabited localities freezing to death. As before hinted it is not always the extreme lowness of temperature to which one's feet or hands are subjected that causes the deadly blood poisoning, but is the sudden change, either from cold to heat, or from heat to cold. This moist cold is much more dangerous a foe with which to withstand than dry; and that explains why the easterner, accustomed to a temperature of 12, 16 or even 30 below zero in the eastern states, nearly dies from cold if he enters the warmth of the Pacific coast when the temperature is several degrees above zero.

The experience gained in the use of pressed meat as locomotive fuel in Bavaria, Austria, Sweden and Russia is stated to be very satisfactory.

MIGHT HAVE SAVED IT.

A Lot of Trouble from Too Much Starchy Food.

A little boy of eight years whose parents did not feed him on the right kind of food, was always nervous and suffered from a weak condition of the stomach and bowels. Finally he was taken down with appendicitis and after the operation the doctor, knowing that his intestinal digestion was very weak, put him on Grape-Nuts twice a day.

He rapidly recovered and about two months thereafter, his father states, "He has grown to be strong, muscular, and sleeps soundly, weighs 62 pounds, and his whole system is in a fine condition of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is plain that if he had been put on Grape-Nuts at an earlier period in his life, and kept from the use of foods that he could not digest, he never would have had appendicitis. That disease is caused by undigested food decaying in the stomach and bowels, causing irritation and making for the growth of all kinds of microbes, setting up a diseased condition which is the active cause of appendicitis, and this is more marked with people who do not properly digest white bread.

Grape-Nuts is made of the selected parts of wheat and barley and by the peculiar processes of the cooking at the factory, all of the starch is turned into sugar ready for immediate digestion and the more perfect nourishment of all parts of the body, particularly the brain and nerve centers.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.

HE'D BEEN PLAYING POKER.

Carrye—You said you wouldn't be gone long, and it's been two hours.

Cholly—I came back short, anyhow.

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