### THE GLOVED HAN

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON Author of "The Holladay Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

CHAPTER II-(Continued.)

"It is absurd," I assented, "and yet ft isn't much more absurd than to sup-pose that two men would go out on the roof every night to watch a Roman

roof every night to watch a Roman candle, as you call it, come down. Unless, of course, they're lunatics."

"No," said Godfrey, "I don't believe they're lunatics—at least, not both of them. I have a sort of theory about it; but it's a pretty thin one, and I want you to do a little investigating on your own account before I tell you what it is. It's time we went to bed. Don't get up in the morning till you're ready to. Probably I'll not see you till hight; I have some work to do that hight; I have some work to do that will take me off early. But Mrs. Har-gis will make you comfortable, and I'll be back in time to join you in another look at the Roman candle!"

He uttered the last words jestingly, but I could see that the jest was a sur-face one, and that, at heart, he was deeply serious. Evidently, the strange star had impressed him even more than It had me-though, perhaps, in a dif-

I found that it had impressed me deeply enough, for I dreamed about it that night—dreamed and awoke, only to fail asleep and dream and wake again. I do not remember that I saw any more I do not remember that I saw any more in the dream than I had seen with my waking eyes, but each time I awoke trembling with apprehension and bathed in perspiration. As I lay there the second time, staring up into the darkness and telling myself I was a fool, there came a sudden rush of wind among the trees outside; then twivid flash of lightning and an instant rending crash of thunder, and then a steady downpour of rain. I could guess how the gasping city could guess how the gasping city welcomed it, and I lay for a long time listening to it, as it dripped from the listening to it, as it dripped from the leaves and beat against the house. A delightful coolness filled the coom, an odor fresh and clean; and when, at last, with nerves quieted, I fell asleep again, it was not to awaken this the sun was bright against my irrains.

CHAPTER III.

THE DRAMA IN THE GARDEN.

I glanced at my watch, as soon as I was out of bed, and saw that it was after 10 o'clock. All the sleep I had lost during the hot nights of the previous week had been crowded into the last nine hours: I felt like a new man, and when, half an hour later, I ran fownstairs, it was with such an appetite for breakfast as I had not known for a 'ong time.

There was no one in the hall, and I There was no one in the hall, and I stepped out through the open door to the porch beyond, and stood looking about me. The house was built in the taidst of a grove of beautiful old trees, some distance back from the road, of which I could catch only a glimpse. It was a small house, a story and a half in height, evidently designed only as a summer residence.

"Good morning, sir." said a voice behind me, and I turned to find a pleasent faced gray haired woman standing in the doorway.

in the doorway.

"Good morning," I responded. "I tuppose you are Mrs. Hargis?"

"Yes, sir; and your breakfast's

"Has Mr. Godfrey gone?"
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"Has Mr. Godfrey gone?"

"Yes, sir; he left about an hour ago. He was afraid his machine would waken vou."

"It didn't," I said, as I followed her back along the hall. "Nothing short of an earthquake would have wakened me. Ah, this is fine!"

She had shown me into a pleasant toom, where a little table was set near in open window. It made quite a picture, with its white cloth and shining dishes and plate of yellow butter, and bowl of crimson berries, and—but I didn't linger to admire it. I don't know when I have enjoyed breakfast so much. Mrs. Hargis, after bringing in the eggs and bacon and setting a little pot of steaming coffee at my elbow, sensibly left me alone to the enjoyment of it. Ever since that morning, I have realized that, to start the day exactly right, a man should breakfast by himself, amid just such surroundings, leisurely and without distraction. A copy of the morning's Record was lying on the table, but I did mot even open it. I did not care what had happened in the world the day before!

At last, ineffably content, I stepped

hair of the feebler man was white, while that of his companion was jet black. The younger man's face appeared so dark that I suspected he wore a beard, and his figure was erect and vigorous, in the prime of life, virile and full of power.

vigorous, in the prime of life, virile and full of power.

He certainly dominated the older man. I watched them attentively, as they paced back and forth, and the dependence of the one upon the other was very manifest. Both heads were bent as though in earnest talk and, for perhaps half an hour, they walked slowly up and down. Then, at a sign of fatigue from the older figure, the other led him to a garden bench, where both sat down.

sat down.

The elder man, I told myself, was no doubt Worthington Vaughan. Small wonder he was considered queer if he dressed habitually in a white robe and worshiped the stars at midnight! There was something monkish about the hab-its which he and his companion wore, and the thought flashed into my mind that perhaps they were members of some religious order, or some Oriental cult or priesthood. And both of them, I added to myself, must be a little

As I watched, the discussion gradually grew more animated, and the younger man, springing to his feet, paced excitedly up and down, touching his forehead with his fingers from time to time, and raising his hands to heaven, as though calling it as a witness to his words. At last the other made a sign of assent, got to his feet, bent his head reverently as to a spiritual superior and walked slowly away toward the house. The younger man stood gazing after him until he passed from sight, then resumed his rapid pacing up and down, evidently deeply moved. At last, from the direction of the house, came the flutter of a white robe. For a moment, I thought it was the old. to time, and raising his hands to heav

For a moment, I thought it was the old man returning; then, as it emerged fully from the trees, I saw that it was a woman—a young woman, I guessed, from her slimness, and from the mass of dark hair which framed her face. And then I remembered that Godfrey had told me that Worthington Vaughan

had told me that Worthington Vaughan had a daughter.

The man was at her side in an instant, held out his hand, and said something, which caused her to shrink away. She half turned, as though to flee, but the other laid his hand upon her arm, speaking carnestly, and, after a moment, she permitted him to lead her to a seat. He remained standing before her, sometimes raising his hands to heaven, sometimes pointing toward the house, sometimes bending close above her, and from time to time, making that peculiar gesture of touching his fingers to his forehead, whose meaning I could not guess. But I could guess at the torrent of passionate words which poured from his lips, and at the eager light which was in his eyes!

The woman sat quite still, with howed herd literates the teager his teach.

eager light which was in his eyes!

The woman sat quite still, with bowed head, listening, but making no sign either of consent or refusal. Gradually, the man grew more confident, and at last stooped to take her hand, but she drew it quickly away, and, raising her head, said something slowly and with emphasis. He shook his head savagely, then, after a rapid turn up and down, seemed to agree, bowed low to her, and went rapidly away toward the house. The woman sat for some time where he had left her, her face in her hands: then, with a gesture of wearlness and discouragement, crossed the lawn and disappeared among the trees.

And what had been the answer, wrung from her finally by his insistence—the answer to which he had at first violently dissented, and then re-

her gaze searching and intent, as though she would read my soul; then her face hardened with sudden resolution. Again she put her hand to her bosom, turned hastily toward the wail, and disappeared behind it.

The next instant, something white came flying over it, and fell on the grass beneath my tree. Staring down at it, I saw it was a letter.

CHAPTER IV.

ENTER FREDDIE SWAIN.

I fell, rather than climbed, down the ladder, snatched the white missile from the grass, and saw that it was, indeed a sealed and addressed envelope. I had somehow expected that address to in-clude either Godfrey's name or mine; but it did neither. The envelope bore these words:
MR. FREDERIC SWAIN,
1010 Fifth Avenue,
New York

New York City If not at this address, please try the Calumet club.

I sat down on the lowest rung of the ladder, whistling softly to myself. For Freddie Swain's address was no longer 1010 Fifth avenue, nor was he to be found in the luxurious rooms of the Calumet club. In fact, it was nearly a year since he had entered either place. For some eight hours of every week day, he labored in the law ofweek day, he labored in the law of-fices of Royce & Lester; he slept in a little room on the top floor of the Marathon; three hours of every eve-ning, Saturday, Sundays and holidays excepted, were spent at the law school of the University of New York; and the remaining hours of the 24 in haunts much less conspicuous and expensive much less conspicuous and expensive than the Calumet club. For Freddie Swain had taken one of

For Freddie Swain had taken one of these toboggan slides down the hill of fortune which sometimes happen to the most deserving. His father, old Gen. Orlando Swain, had, all his life, Gen. Orlando Swain, had, all his life, put up a pompous front and was supposed to have inherited a fortune from somewhere; but, when he died, this edifice was found to be all facade and no foundation, and Freddie inherited nothing but debts. He had been expensively educated for a career as an ornament of society, but he found that career cut short, for society suddenly ceased to find him ornamental. I suppose there were too many marriageable

pose there were too many marriageable daughters about!

I am bound to say that he took the blow well. Instead of attempting to cling to the skirts of society as a vendance of the skirts of sciety of sciety as a vendance of the skirts of sciety of der of champagne or an organizer of

der of champagne or an organizer of fetes champetres, he—to use his own words—decided to cut the whole show. Our firm had been named as the administrators of the Swain estate, and when the storm was over and we were sitting among the ruins, Freddie expressed the intention of going to work. "What will you do?" Mr. Royce inquired. "Ever had any training in making money?"

"No, only in spending it," retorted Freddie, easily. "But I can learn. I was thinking of studying law. That's a good trade, isn't it?"

"Splendid!" assented Mr. Royce, warmly. "And there are always so many openings. You see, nobody studies law—lawyers are as scarce as hen's teeth."

"Just the same I think ""

teeth."

"Just the same, I think I'll have a try at it," said Freddie, sturdily. "There's always room at the top, you know," he added, with a grin. "I can go to the night school at the university, and I ought to be able to earn enough to live on, as a clerk or something. I know how to read and write."

"That will help, of course," agreed Mr. Royce. "But I'm afraid that, right at first, anyway, you can scarcely hope

at first, anyway, you can scarcely hope to live in the style to which you have been accustomed."

Freddie turned on him with fire in

"Look here," he said, "suppose you give me a job. I'll do my work and earn my wages—try me and see."

There was something in his face that

and at last stooped to take her hand, but she drew it quickly away, and, raising her head, said something slowly and with emphasis. He shook his head savagely, then, after a rapid turn up and down, seemed to acree, bowed low to her, and went rapidly away toward the house. The woman sat for some time where he had left her, her face in her hands; then, with a gesture of wearlness and discouragement, crossed the lawn and disappeared among the trees.

For a long time I sat there motionless, my eyes on the spot where she had disappeared, trying to understand. What was the meaning of the scene? What was it the younger man had urged so passionately upon her, but at which she had rebelled? What was it the younger man had urged so passionately upon her, but at which she had rebelled? What was if for which he had pled so earnest!? The obvious answer was that he pled for her love, that he had urged her to become his wife; but the answer did not satisfy me. His attitude had been passionate enough, but it had scarcely been lover like. It had more of admonition, of warning, even of threat, than of entreaty in it. It was not the attitude of a lover to his mistress, but of a master to his pupil.

And what had been the answer, was grown her finally by his insist.

other dream had been.

The first thing was to get the letter into his hands, for I was certain that it was a cry for help. I glanced at my watch and saw that it was nearly half past 12. Swain, I knew, would be at lunch, and was not due at the office until 1 o'clock. Slipping the letter into my pocket, I turned back to the house, and found Mrs. Hargis standing on the front porch.

And what had been the answer, roundings, lealurely and without dispraction. A copy of the morning's Recovered points of the control of the provided of the provided of the control of the provided of the prov

Child's Misconstruction that Must Have Been in a Slight Degree Disconcerting.

The kindly old squire was giving a little treat to the village school children. After supper he stepped on to be written by masters of style. Take, beaming smile:

"Now, I am going to perform certain actions, and you must guess what proverb they represent. The boy or at the time of depositing fares in girl who succeeds first will receive box. quarter."

That did it. Instantly every eye was fixed on him,

First of all the old gentleman lay down on the platform. Then one man came forward and tried in vain to lift him. Two others came to his aid, and between them they raised the squire, who was rather portly.

The actions were meant to repre sent the motto, "Union is strength." When they had finished, the squire stepped forward and asked if any child had solved the puzzle. At once a grubby hand shot up and

an eager voice squeaked: "Let sleeping dogs lie."

Some merchants need larger quarters and some need more quarters.

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Phicago for illustrated Book of the Eye Free.

Some women are happy because they know how to think they are.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

How He Saw the Louvre.

A French literary man fell in with one of the new order of American commercial men the other night and asked him if he had seen the sights of Paris.

"Yes," he said, "but I find that the police have closed most of the sights." "Oh, no," said his literary friend, the real sights of Paris, the monuments, are always open-the Pantheon, Notre Dame, the Invalides, the Madeleine and the Louvre.'

"Ah, yes. I have seen the Louvre thoroughly.'

"Thoroughly?" said the French homme de lettres in surprise, recalling the labyrinthian vastness of the Louvre collection, "and how long did it take you?"

"Fully an hour," was the reply which has left the Frenchman puzzled ever since.

Only Once. "Do you see the man?"

'Yes. I see the man.' "What is he doing?"

"He is blowing his fingers, jumping up and down and acting in such a way that his wife looks at him in astonishment and fear. There, he has kicked over two chairs, torn down

the lace curtains and made a rush for the kitchen." "But has the man gone crazy all of a sudden?"

"Oh, no; he was hunting for a collar button and picked up his wife's red-hot curling tongs in an absent way. Lots of husbands do that once. He won't speak to her for the next three days, but he will not die of his injuries, and the experience may do him good.

Scheme Didn't Work.

"I tipped every waiter in the dining said the man at the summer "And thereby secured the best of

attention?'

'No. The head waiter asserted his authority and called a boycott. He was indignant because I didn't hold out on the other boys and give all the money to him."

#### ONE ON THE OLD SQUIRE DEMAND FOR PURE ENGLISH

New York Publication Criticizes the Style in Which Street Car Notices Are Worded.

"Public notices ought to be examples of the best writing. They should the platform and announced, with a for example, the notice in the street cars:

> "Passengers requiring transfers must request same from conductors

Of course, that is understandable It is about as good English as one would expect in a judge's opinion. But it is not good enough for a notice that hundreds of thousands of people are to read every day. Here is New York spending forty millions a year for literary and other instruction for children who, when they ride in the street cars, are exposed to managers' English and taught, as to transfers, to "request same from conductors."

Shocking! Of course the notice ought to read:

"Passengers who want transfers must ask for them when they put their fares in the box."-Life.

#### RECOGNIZED DEBT TO MICE

Mr. Growcher Grateful That He Didn't Have to Partake of the Welch Rabbit.

"Yep," said Mr. Growcher, "nothing was made in vain. Everything that earth produces may serve some useful purpose, if you can only find out what it is. There is a whole lot to think about in that story of the mouse who gnawed the net for the captured

"Mebbe there is," replied his wife. But I'm willing to bet that was the only kind and considerate mouse known to the animal kingdom."

"You are wrong. Have you forgotten that Welsh rabbit party we attended last night?"

"Yes. But there wasn't any Welsh

"And as a result we are all comfortable and happy today instead of being miserable and dyspeptic. And we owe it all to the fact that a few kindhearted mice sneaked around during the afternoon and ate up the cheese."

Appropriate Prescription. The following is from New Zealand,

where, apparently, "accidents happen in the best regulated" military camps. An officer attached to one of the reenforcement drafts was making his rounds, and "asked if there were any complaints. An Aucklander stepped forward and declared that he had been supplied with a ginger-ale bottle that contained not gingerale but benzine, and that he had drunk half the benzine unwittingly.

'All right," replied the officer, "you had better not smoke for a few days."

Sad Pleasure.

A minister who had resigned from his church was making his farewell calls. He called at the home of one of his parishioners who sent her little girl down to the parlor to entertain the minister for a few minutes, the mother not being dressed to receive him. After a few of the customary remarks about the weather the little girl said to the minister:

"I hear that we are to have the sad pleasure of losing you.'

Not Particular.

at any price.'

"Jones says he's for peace at any "Oh, Jones would be for auything

There's nothing like being ready when opportunity knocks.

# HAVE YOU TO IS

Many women long for children, but because o some curable physical derangement are deprived of this greatest of all happiness.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it. "I took your Com-



JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y. "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers."-

Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo. "I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me."-Mrs. E. M. DOERR, R. R. 1, Con-

shohocken, Pa. "I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world." - Mrs. Mose BLAKELEY, Coalport, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born." - Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it."—Mrs. WINNIE TILLIS, Winter Haven Mrs. Winnie Tillis Florida.

Insulted the "Copper."

Through the busy streets a stalwart policeman led a little child by A motherly looking woman paused

before them for a moment. Then, in a sudden burst of sympathy, she bent over the child and kissed her. "Poor lamb!" she breathed sadly. "She looks so cold and starvedlike,

week. Some folks cannot be trusted with children, wicked, cruel things they are. Where did you find the child, policeman?" "Find the child, woman?" snarled

and she hasn't been washed for a

the policeman angrily. "I didn't find her at all. She's my own kid!'

His Lavish Linguipotence.

Those sonorous sentences that the Hon. Bray Louder rolls forth with such an impressive wealth of mastodontic pomposity and overpowering orotundity-'

"Yeah! Sounds like the water coming down at Lodore in McGeffey's old Third header, doesn't it? The honorable keeps a large collection of portly platitudes preserved in glass jara for the obfuscation of the unthinking."-Kansas City Star.

It Surely Is.

"Pa, what is affectation?" 'Affectation, my son, is carrying three extra tires on an automobile that never gets more than four blocks away from a garage."-Detroit Free

The Exception.

"All the world loves a lover." "Except the boss who is expected to raise his salary on the wedding

### The Breakfast Shapes the Day

Load the stomach up with a breakfast of rich, greasy food, and you clog both digestion and mind.

For real work-real efficiency-try a breakfast of

## Grape-Nuts

Some fruit, an egg, toast, and a cup of hot Postum.

Then tackle the work ahead with vigor and a keen mind. There's joy in it.

"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts is a food for winners.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

