

# THE MARK OF CAIN

Copyright, 1917, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"I've read about him a heap o' times. I've read up most every case he's ever had, if it was in the papers. Why," and Fibsby pulled a newspaper from his pocket, "here's a account of a case he's jest finished—"

"And here's the waiter with our steak. Suppose we let Mr. Stone wait."

"Will we!" and Fibsby's eyes shone as he saw the platter that was offered for the judge's inspection. "Gee! I've dreamed of a steak like that, but I never 'spected to have one soived up to me!"

"And now," the judge resumed after the steak had been cut and "soived," "let us discuss your next position of trust and responsibility. You want to be in New York? But suppose we arrange for your aunt to live in Philadelphia, and then you can keep your place with Mr. Steison."

"Mighty nice plan," Fibsby's fork paused in mid-air while he thought, "but—oh, hang it all, judge, I jest love New York! Why, its old torn up, dirty streets are more 'tractive to us than Philly's clean, every day sloshed up white marble steps."

"Ah, a true Gothamite," and the judge smiled. "Well, we must try for a place in this metropolis, then."

"Yes, sir, please. And, too, Judge Hoyt, I gott'er be here to keep me eye on that 'ere trial of Mr. Landon."

"You have that in charge, eh?"

"Now, don't you make fun o' me, please. But I got a hunch, that I can put in an oar, when the time comes, that'll help Mr. Landon along some—"

"What do you mean, Terence? If you know anything of importance bearing on the case, it's your duty to tell it at once."

"I know that, sir, but it ain't of importance 'cept to some-buddy who can 'tach importance to it. Now, I told you, Judge Hoyt, that I had some—some clues—an', sir, you jest laughed at me."

"Oh, I remember. Some buttons and some mud, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir, that's what they was."

"Well, I confess the mud does not seem of great importance, and as for the button—was it a coat button, did you say?"

"No, sir, I said a—suspender button."

"Oh, yes. Well, the detectives have examined all possible clothing for a missing button of that sort, but without success. It is, of course, a button from some other garment than any of interest to this case."

"Yes, sir, I s'pose so."

"You see, Terence, all clues have been traced to their last possible degree of usefulness in our investigations."

"Yes, sir, of course, sir. Say, Judge Hoyt, I'm kinder sorry you wasn't in town that day. If you had 'a' been you might 'a' kep' Mr. Trowbridge from goin' to the woods at all."

"Maybe so, Terence. We can't know about those things. Some people hold there's no such thing as chance; if so, it was ordained that I should be out of town."

"Yes, sir, funny, ain't it? An' sorter pathetic that Mr. Trowbridge should have your telegram what you sent from Philly in his pocket."

"Well, that was only natural, as he must have received it shortly before he went away from his office."

"An' he thought a heap of you, sir. Why, jest takin' that telegram shows that Mr. Trowbridge wouldn't 'a' taken a plain business telegram."

"Probably not. Yes, if I had been here I should doubtless have been at his office most of the day. But even then if he had expressed a desire to go to the woods to look for his specimens I should not have detained him. By the way, Terence, here is a rather interesting photograph. That day in Philadelphia there was a camera man in the station taking picture postcards of the place. And, purposely, I got in his focus. See the result."

From his pocketbook Judge Hoyt took a picture postcard and handed it to the boy. The great station showed up well, and in the foreground was easily distinguishable the figure of Judge Hoyt, standing in his

characteristic attitude, with both hands behind him.

"Say, Judge, that's fine! My, I'd know you in a-minute. Kin I keep this?"

"Wish I could give it to you, but it's the only copy I have left. I'll send for some more if you really care to have one."

"Sure I do—I mean, soitenly I do."

"Well, do all you can to improve that execrable diction of yours, and I'll get you a card like this one."

Seeing Fibsby look a little disappointed at the two demitasses that appeared as a final course, Judge Hoyt asked the waiter to bring a cup of breakfast coffee for the lad.

"Oh, thank you," said the guest, "I sure do like a cup o' coffee worth botherin' with. Is that little mite of a cup all you want?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. I never think about it. It is my habit to take a small cup after luncheon. Some day, Terence, if you're ambitious, you must brush up on these minor matters of correct custom. However, here's your large cup now. Drink it and enjoy it. Cream and sugar, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Fibsby, and he watched the elegance of Judge Hoyt's movements as he poured cream and dropped a lump of sugar in the good sized cup of steaming coffee. "Another?" the judge asked, pouring the second lump just above the brim.

"Yes, sir, please, sir. You're awful good to me, Judge Hoyt, sir."

"Well, to be honest, Terence, I want to give you a few hints as to your table manners, for you have the instincts of a gentleman, and I'm going to help you to become one if I can."

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir." Fibsby looked earnestly at the kindly face that smiled at him and then said, in a burst of determination to do the right thing: "Say, Judge Hoyt, I want to learn to be a gentleman as soon as I can. An' I'm goin' to begin right now by drinkin' this here little cup o' coffee—an' I'm goin' to drink it like you did yours, without no sugar or cream!"

Pushing to one side the larger cup, Fibsby took the demi-tasse, which had been left on the table, and with a visible effort swallowed its contents.

"Whew! some bitter!" he exclaimed, making a wry face.

"Good for you, old chap!" and the judge laughed outright at this act of real heroism. "Now that you've proved you can do it, follow it up with the other cup, that you'll enjoy."

"No sir—ee! I've begun to do the c'rect thing, an' I'm goin' to stick to it!"

"Oh, pshaw, don't deprive yourself of a little pleasure. That good cup of coffee, fixed just to your taste, will be wasted if you don't drink it."

"No, sir, I'm in fer the manners today. Maybe I won't keep it up, but this is me day fer bein' a gentleman, let it rain ebber so hard!" With a merry smile in his blue eyes, Fibsby stood his ground, and then in another moment looked crestfallen and sheepish as finger bowls were brought.

"That gets my got!" he confided to his host. "Say, Judge, put me wise."

"Very well, Terence; simply do as I do."

Fibsby watched carefully, although unostentatiously, and when the judge had finished the boy gave a perfect imitation of the man's correct and graceful motions.

Before the finger bowls came the waiter had taken up Fibsby's large cup of coffee to remove it. But, with a longing glance, the boy had said: "Say, can't I keep that after all, Judge?"

"Certainly," Judge Hoyt had replied. But now, after the new glory of cleansed finger tips, Fibsby again renounced the temptation, and said: "Nope, if I'm goin' to learn to be a swell I gott'er learn to say no." And without even a backward glance at the coffee he followed the judge from the dining room.

They reached the street, when Fibsby cried out: "Good gracious, I left me paper!" and he darted back into the restaurant, returning after a moment's delay with the newspaper under

his arm. "Now we are off," he said, and with Judge Hoyt he walked briskly back to the lawyer's office.

## CHAPTER XX.

### FLEMING STONE.

That same evening Judge Hoyt went to see Avice, and he acknowledged that he was about at the end of his resources.

"Then you have failed?" said the girl.

"Not yet. But I shall, undoubtedly, unless—"

"Unless you resort to dishonest means?"

"Yes; exactly that. I don't want to, and yet—for you I would perjure my soul!"

"What would it be, this dishonest procedure?"

"I'd rather not tell you. It would be better all around that you shouldn't know."

"But I must know. Tell me."

"I've not thought it all out." Hoyt passed a weary hand over his brow. "For one thing, the worst point against Landon is that person who telephoned and called Mr. Trowbridge 'uncle.' If I could get some one to swear that he did that, it would go a long way in Landon's favor."

"Some one who didn't really do it, you mean?"

"Yes, of course. It would be perjury, and it would have to be handsomely paid for."

"How wicked!"

"Don't think for a moment that I don't realize the wickedness of it! Even you can have no idea what such an act means to a man, and a lawyer. A hiterto honorable lawyer! Oh, Avice, what a man will do for a woman!"

"I'm not sure I want you to."

"You want Kane freed?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"By fraud, if necessary?"

"Y—yes."

"Avice, you are as bad as I am! For one we love we stop at nothing! You would perjure your soul for Landon; I, for you! Where's the difference?"

"I won't, Leslie. I can't! Don't do that awful thing!"

"And let Landon be convicted?"

"Oh, no, no! Not that! But wait, Leslie, I have a new plan."

"Oh, yes, I forgot; you were going to save Landon by your own exertions!"

"And I am. Have you ever heard of Fleming Stone?"

"Of course I have. Why?"

"I'm going to get him to find the murderer."

"Slowly. But I am holding them back on purpose. I have a new plan that may help us out a lot."

But Hoyt wouldn't divulge his new plan, and when he left Avice was heavy hearted. She was more than willing to do anything for Kane that was right, but she recoiled at perjury and deceit. And yet the thought of Kane's conviction brought her to the pitch of any awful deed.

So when, the morning after she lost her hope of seeing Fleming Stone, Fibsby came to see her she welcomed the boy as a drowning man a straw.

"What about that Stone guy, Miss Avice?" he inquired, abruptly.

"We can't get him, Fibsby; he's out of town."

"Yes, he isn't! I seen him only yesterday walkin' up the av'noo."

"You did! He must have come home unexpectedly. I'm going to telephone him!"

"Do it now," said Fibsby in a preoccupied tone.

"Avice found the number and called up the detective."

"Why, Miss Trowbridge," he said after he learned who she was, "I had a telegram from you asking me to cancel the appointment."

"A telegram! I didn't send any!"

"It was signed with your name."

"There's a mistake somewhere."

"Tain't no mistake!" said Fibsby eagerly as he listened close to the receiver that Avice held.

"Tell him to come here now, Miss Avice."

"Oh, I don't know about that. I must ask Judge Hoyt."

"Here, gimme it!" and the audacious boy took the receiver from Avice, and, speaking directly into the transmitter, said: "Twasn't a mistake, Mr. Stone. 'Twas deviltry. Can't you come right up to Trowbridge's now and get into this thing while the gettin's good?"

"Who is speaking ow?"

"Miss Trowbridge's secretary. She's kinder puzzled. But she wants you to come, awful."

"Let her tell me so, herself, then."

"Here, Miss Avice," and Fibsby thrust the receiver into her hand, "tell him to come! It's your only chance to save Mr. Landon! Take it from me!"

Spurred by the reference to Landon, Avice said, clearly: "Yes, please come at once, Mr. Stone, if you possibly can."

"Be there in half an hour," was the quick reply, and a click ended the conversation.

"What kind of a boy are you?" said Avice looking at Fibsby half angry, half admiring.

"Now, Miss Avice, don't you make no mistake. I ain't buttin' in here out o' freshness or impudence. There's the devil's own don't goin' on, an' nobody knows it but me. It's too big for me to handle, an' it's too big for that Duane donkey to tackle. An' they ain't no one as can 'tend to it but F. Stone. An' gee! you come mighty near losin' him! Why, Miss Avice, when you heard somebody wired him in your name not to come here, don't that tell you nothin'?"

"Yes, Fibsby, it shows me some one is working against Mr. Landon's interests. And that is what Judge Hoyt has been afraid of all along. I wish he were here."

"Who? Judge Hoyt?"

"Yes, I promised to have him here when Mr. Stone came. There ought to be a legal mind present."

### "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

The Feeling Tribute of a Woman to


# PE-RU-NA

READ HER LETTER—IT WILL DO YOU GOOD

"Pe-ru-na has been a Godsend to me. I feel safe in saying that it saved my life. I was all run down and miserable when I commenced taking Pe-ru-na, but am on the road to recovery now. I cannot thank you too much."

Mrs. CHARLES ANSPAWGH,  
R. F. D. No. 7, Lagrange, Ind.,  
E. F. D. No. 7, Lagrange, Ind.,  
E. F. D. No. 7, Lagrange, Ind.,

A letter like this brings hope and the promise of health to every sick and suffering woman. Perhaps you know what it means to have your daily duties a misery, every movement an effort, stomach deranged, pains in the head, back and loins most of the time, nerves raw and quivering—not a moment day or night free from suffering. Do as Mrs. Anspawgh did. Take Pe-ru-na. Don't wait but start right away.



TABLETS OR LIQUID SOLD EVERYWHERE

New Source of Paper.  
From a mixture of sugar cane refuse and bamboo fiber a Trinidad planter has succeeded in making a paper equal in quality to the best wood pulp product.

### RUB RHEUMATIC PAIN FROM ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never reverts and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and neuralgia.

Linger up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.—Adv.

Positive.  
"Would you love me as much if father lost his money?"  
"But he hasn't lost it, has he?"  
"No."  
"Of course I would, you silly boy!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### WOMEN! USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies—Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.—Adv.

Between Sisters.  
Mabel—"I've got to ask father for some money." Ethel—"So have I. I'll watch you for first chance at him."—Life.

### CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Relief comes so quickly.—Adv.


If you are in doubt as to whether a thing is right, don't do it.—Uncle Henry's Sayings.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.  
Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

Ducks don't wear tight skirts—but they walk that way, anyway.

Hope is the mainspring that makes a man's wheels go round.

### Kill That Cold With



# CASCARA QUININE


FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous

Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze. Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache

Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

### ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT



# Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## PETROLEUM JELLY

For sores, broken blisters, burns, cuts and all skin irritations. Also innumerable toilet uses.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESBROUGH MFG. CO. State Street New York

## DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in


## GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Very Seldom.  
Elder McTavish "Weel, Donald, an' hoo's the world treatin' you?" Donald—"Verra seldom, Mr. McTavish."

## The Young Mother

Youth, with its vitality, makes for the young mother's health and happiness. But later, maternal experiences bring a different result. The care of a family, multiplied household duties, and very often the weakness caused by womanly disease, tend to prolong the suffering and to make convalescence a slow and weary process. Many women—perhaps your own neighbors—have had beneficial experience with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which prepares the prospective mother. It promotes the appetite, ends nervousness and sleeplessness, and gives a consciousness of buoyant health. It is unexcelled as a strength-giving tonic for mothers during the period of convalescence. This Favorite Prescription was prescribed by Dr. Pierce with great success over 50 years ago. It's still good today. Ask your neighbor!



Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package.