A MARIRATOVE OF METROPOLOTAN LOFE CHARLES KLEIN

ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XVIII.

As Annie entered the room and eaught sight of Mr. Jeffries, she instinctively drew back. Just at that trusts to your honor, judge." moment the banker was, perhaps, the one man in the world whom she was most anxious to avoid. Capt Clinton this matter. There's no use talking. no longer had any terror for her. Now I shall place her under arrest." that the missing witness had been found and the precious "suicide let- ful proceeding!" cried the lawyer. ter" was as good as in their possession there was nothing more to fear. It was only a question of time when it was not in this girl's nature concerned only with herself. If she possessed a single womanly virture, it was supreme unselfishwoman who wished to do what was ments, had gone down on her knees the consequences of her own folly. Her husband must not know. Annie way possible the knowledge of that clandestine midnight visit to Underwood's rooms should be kept from him. Yet there stood the banker! She was afraid that if they began questioning her in his presence she might be betrayed into saying something that would instantly arouse his suspicions.

Judge Brewster went quickly forward as she came in and led her to a chair. Capt. Clinton and Mr. Jeffries eyed her in stolid silence. Looking around in a nervous kind of way, Annie said quietly to the judge:

"May I speak to you alone, judge?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer. He was about to draw her aside when Capt. Clinton interfered.

"One moment!" he said gruffly; ,"if this is all open and above board. as you say it is, judge-I'd like to ask the young lady a few questions.

"Certainly, by all means," said the judge quickly.

The captain turned and confronted Annie. Addressing her in his customary aggressive manner, he said:

"You promised Judge Brewster that you'd produce the woman who called at Underwood's apartment the night of the shooting?" Annie made no reply, but looked at the lawyer. The captain grinned as he added: "The

You can be perfectly frank, Mrs. We have no desire to conceal anything from Capt. Clinton." Annie bowed.

'Yes," she said slowly; "I promised Judge Brewster that she would come here to-night."

"Did she promise to come?" growled the captain.

"Yes." "Well, where is she?" he demanded. 'She hasn't come yet," she replied.

"but she will, I'm sure-I know she "How did you come to find her?" demanded the captain suspiciously.

Annie hesitated a moment and glanced at Mr. Jeffries. Then she said hesitatingly:

"That I-I cannot say-now." Capt. Clinton's massive bulldog jaw closed with an ominous click. "Decline to answer, eh? What's her

She remained silent. "What's her name?" he repeated

impatiently. I cannot tell you," she said firmly,

"Do you know it?" he bellowed. "Yes," she answered quietly. "Know it, but can't say, eh? Hum!"

He folded his arms and glared at her. Mr. Jeffries now interfered. Addressing Annie angrily, he said: But you must speak! Do you real-

ise that my son's life is at stake?" 'Yes, I do," she replied quickly. "I'm glad to see that you are beginning to realize it, too. But I can't

tell you yet-" The judge turned to the police captain.

"I may tell you, captain, that even I myself have not succeeded in learning the name of this mysterious personage." Addressing Annie, he said: "I think you had better tell us. I see no advantage in concealing it any fur-

Annie shook her head.

"Not yet," she murmured; "she will tell you herself when she comes." 'Hn! I thought as much!" exclaimed the banker increduously.

The captain rose and drew himself up to his full height, a favorite trick of his, when about to assert his authority.

'Well, when she does come!" he exclaimed, "I think you may as well understand she will be taken to headquarters and held as a witness." "You'll arrest her!" cried the law-

"That's what I said, judge. She's a material witness—the most important

one the State has. I don't intend that she shall got away-"Arrest her! Oh, judge, don't let him do that!" exclaimed Annie in dis-

grew red in the

"She is coming to my house of her wn free will. She has trusted to my

"Yes-yes!" cried Annie. "She Capt. Clinton ar.nned.

"Honor cuts mighty Tittle ice in

"I will not permit such a disgrace-

"With all due respect, judge," retorted the policeman impudently, "you Howard would be set free. But clared yourself counsel for the man who has been indicted for murder-I didn't ask you to take me into your confidence-you invited me here, treated me to a lecture on psychology, ness. There was some one beside her- for which I thank you very much, but self to take into consideration-a I don't feel that I need any further poor, vacillating, weak, miserable instruction. If this woman ever does get here, the moment she leaves the right and had agreed to do so, but house Maloney has instructions to who, in the privacy of her own apart arrest her, but I guess we needn't worry. She has probably forgotten and begged Annie to protect her from her appointment. Some people are very careless in that respect." Moving toward the door, he added: "Well, if had promised that if there was any it's all the same to you, I'll wait downstairs. Good-night."

He went out, his hat impudently tilted back on his head, a sneer on his lips. The banker turned to the judge. "I told you how it would be," he

said scornfully. "A flash in the pan!" The lawyer looked askance at An-

"You are sure she will come?" he

"Yes, I am sure!" With concern she added: "But the disgrace of arrest! It will kill her! Oh, judge, don't let them arrest her!

"Tell me who she is!" commanded the lawyer sternly.

It was the first time he had spoken to her harshly and Annie, to her dismay, thought she detected a note of doubt in his voice. Looking toward the banker, she replied:

"I can't tell you just now-she'll be here soon-"Tell me now-I insist," said the

lawyer with growing impatience.

'Please-please don't ask me!" she

Mr. Jeffries made an angry gesture. "As I told you, Brewster, her whole story is a fabrication trumped up for some purpose-God knows what object she has in deceiving us! I only know that I warned you what you always may expect from people of her

The judge said nothing for a mo-Jeffries," said the lawyer reassuringly. ment. Then quietly he whispered to the banker:

> "Go into my study for a few moments, will you, Jeffries?"

The banker made a gesture, as if utterly disgusted with the whole busi-

"I am going home," he said testily. T've had a most painful eveningmost painful. Let me know the result of your investigation as soon as possible. Good night. Don't disturb me to-night, Brewster. To-morrow will

He left the room in high dudgeon, banging the door behind him. Annie burst into a laugh.

"Don't disturb him!" she mimicked. He's going to get all that's coming to him.'

Shocked at her levity, the lawyer turned on her severely.

"Do you want me to lose all faith in you?" he asked sternly, "No, indeed," she answered con-

"Then tell me," he demanded, "why do you conceal this woman's name

"Recause I don't want to be the one to expose her. She shall tell you her-

"That's all very well," he replied, but meantime you are directing sus-



picion against yourself. Your fatherin-law believes you are the woman; so does Capt, Clinton."

"The captain suspects everybody," she laughed. "It's his business to suspect. As long as you don't believe that I visited Underwood that night-" The judge shook his head as if puz-

"Candidly, I don't know what to think," Seriously, he added: "I want vou."

ame the very best of you, Annie, ut you won't let me."

She hesitated a moment and then mickly, she said: "I suppose I'd better tell you and have done with it-but I don't like

At that moment a servant entered nd handed the lawyer a card. "The lady wants to see you at once,

"To see me," asked the lawyer in surprise: "are you sure she hasn't ome for Mr. Jeffries?" 'No, sir; she asked for you.'

Annie sprang forward. 'Is it Mrs. Jeffries?" she asked, 'Yes," he replied. "Let me see her, judge," she ex-

claimed eagerly; "I'll tell her who it is and she can tell you-she's a woman and I'd rather. Let me speak to her,

Addressing the servant, the lawyer

"Ask Mrs. Jeffries to come up."

furning to his client, he went on: "I see no objection to your speaking o Mrs. Jeffries. After all, she is your ausband's stepmother. But I am free o confess that I don't understand you. am more than disappointed in your allure to keep your word. You promsed definitely that you would bring the witness here to-night. On the strength of that promise I made statements to Capt. Clinton which I have not been able to substantiate. The whole story looks like an invention on your part."

She held out her hands entreat-

not an invention! Really, judge! Just a little while longer! You've been so kind, so patient!' There was a trace of anger in the lawyer's voice as he went on:

"I believed you implicitly. You were so positive this woman would come

"She will-she will. Give me only few minutes more!" she cried. The lawyer looked at her as if puz-

"A few minutes?" he said. Again he looked at her and then shook his head resignedly. "Well, it's certainly infectious!" he exclaimed. "I believe you again."

The door opened and Alicia appeared. The lawyer advanced politely to greet

"Good evening, Mrs. Jeffries." Alicia shook hands with him, at the same time looking inquiringly at Annie, who, by a quick gesture, told her that the judge knew nothing of her

secret. The lawyer went on: "Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., wishes to speak to you. I said I thought there'd be no objection; you don't mind. May

"Yes," murmured Alicia. "Your husband was here," said the

ludge "My husband!" she cried, startled Again she glanced inquiringly at Annie and tried to force a smile.

"Yes," said the lawyer; "he'll be glad to know you're here. I'll tell him." Turning to Annie, he said: "When you're ready, please send

"Very well, judge." The lawyer went out and Alicia turned round breathlessly.

"My husband was here?" she exclaimed. "Yes."

"You've told Mr. Brewster nothing?" Annie shook her head. "I couldn't!" she said. "I tried to,

but I couldn't. It seems so hard, doesn't it?" Alicia laughed bitterly and Annie went on; "I was afraid you weren't coming!" "The train was late!" exclaimed Al-

icia evasively, "I went up to Stamford to say good-by to my mother." "To say good-by?" echoed her companion in surprise.

"Yes." said the other tearfully. " have said good-by to her-I have said good-by to everybody-to everythingto myself-I must give them all up-I must give myself up."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that, surely?"

Alicia shook her head sadly. "Yes," she said; "I've reckoned it all up. It's a total loss. Nothing will be saved-husband, home, position, good name-all will go. You'll see. I shall be torn into little bits of shreds. They won't leave anything unsaid. But it's not that I care for so much. It's the injustice of it all. The injustice of the power of evil. This man Underwood never did a good action in all his life. And now even after he is dead he has the power to go on de-

stroying-destroying-destroying!" "That's true," said Annie; "he was no good." The banker's wife drew from her bosom the letter Underwood wrote

her before he killed himself. "When he sent me this letter," she went on, "I tried to think myself into his condition of mind, so that I could decide whether he intended to keep his word and kill himself or not. tried to reason out just how he felt and how he thought. Now I know. It's hopeless, dull, sodden desperation. I haven't even the ambition to

defend myself from Mr. Jeffries." Annie shrugged her shoulders. "I wouldn't lose any sleep on his account," she said with a laugh. More seriously she added: "Surely he won't

believe-" "He may not believe anything himself," said Alicia, "It's what other people are thinking that will make him suffer. If the circumstances were only a little less disgraceful-a sulcide's last letter to the woman he loved They'll say I drove him to it. They won't think of his miserable, dishonest career. They'll only think of my

share in his death-" Annie shook her head sympathetic-

"Yes," she said; "it's tough! The worst of it is they are going to arrest

Alicia turned ashen pale

'Arrest me!" she cried. "That's what Capt. Clinton says," replied the other gravely. "He was here-he is here now-with two men, waiting for you." Apologetically she went on: "It wasn't my fault, Mrs. Jeffries-I didn't mean to. What could I do? When I told Judge Brewster he sent for Capt. Clinton. The police are afraid you'll run away or something-"

"And my husband!" gasped Alicia;

'he doesn't know, does he? "No, I didn't tell them. I said you'd tell them yourself, but they won't trust you when they know who you are. Let's tell the judge-he may think of a plan. Suppose you go away until-" Puzzled berself to find a way out of the dliemma, Annie paced the floor nervously. "Oh, this is awful!" she exclaimed. "What are we to do?" She looked toward Allcia, as if ex-

pecting some suggestion from her, but ter companion was 100 middle over whelmed to take any initiative. "It does stun one, doesn't it?" went on Annie. "You can't think when it

comes all of a sudden like this. It's just the way I felt the morning they showed me Howard's confession. "Prison! Prison!" wailed Alicia.

Annie tried to console her "Not for long," she said soothingly; you can get bail. It's only a matter of favor-Judge Brewster would get you out right away."

"Get me out!" cried Alicia distractedly. "My God! I can't go to prison! can't! That's too much. I've done nothing! Look-read this!" Handing over Underwood's letter, she went on: You can see for yourself. The wretch frightened me into such a state of mind that I hardly knew what I was doing-I went to his rooms to save bim. That's the truth, I swear to God! But do you suppose anybody will believe me on oath? They'llthey'll-

Almost hysterical, she no longer knew what she was saying or doing. She collapsed utterly, and sinking down in a chair, gave way to a passionate fit of sobbing. Annie tried to

"Hush!" she said gently, "don't go on like that. Be brave. Perhaps it won't be as bad as you think." She unfolded the letter Alicia had given her and carefully read it through. When she had finished her face lit up with joy. Enthusiastically she cried:

"This is great for Howard! What a blessing you didn't destroy it! What a wretch, what a hound to write you like that! Poor soul, of course, you went and begged him. not to do it! I'd have gone myself, but I think I'd have broken an umbrella over his head or something- Gee! these kind of fellows breed trouble, don't they? Alive or dead, they breed trouble! What can we do?"

Alicia rose. Her tears had disappeared. There was a look of fixed resolve in her eyes.

"Howard must be cleared," she said, and I must face it-alone!" "You'll be alone all right," said An-

nie thoughtfully. "Mr. Jeffries will do | the judge I was going." Noticing that her companion seemed

hurt by her frankness, she changed the topic. I'll do anything to save you from this

The banker's wife wearily nodded

"Yes, I realize that," she said, "but the disgrace of arrest-I can't stand it, Annie! I can't go to prison even if it's only for a minute." Holding out a trembling hand, she went on: "Give me back the letter. I'll leave New York to-night-I'll go to Europe-I'll send it to Judge Brewster from Paris." Looking anxiously into her companion's face, she pleaded: "You'll trust me to do that, won't you? Give it to me, please-you can trust me.'

Her hand was still extended, but Annie ignored it.

"No-no," she said, shaking her head, "I can't give it to you-how can I? Do you understand what the letter means to me?"

"Have pity!" cried the banker's wife, almost beside herself. "You can tell them when I'm out of the country. Don't ask me to make this sacrifice now-don't ask me-don't!" Annie was beginning to lose pa-

tience. The woman's selfishness angered her. With irritation, she said: "You've lost your nerve, and you don't know what you're saying. Howard's life comes before you-me-or anybody. You know that!"

"Yes-yes," cried Alicla desperately, "I know that. I'm only asking you to wait. I-I ought to have left this morning-that's what I should have done-gone at once. Now it's too late, unless you help me-"

"I'll help you all I can," replied the other doggedly, "but I've promised Judge Brewster to clear up this matter to night."

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. Capt. Clinton entered, followed by Detective Sergeant Maloney. Alicia shrank back in alarm.

"I thought Judge Brewster was here," said the captain, glancing suspiciously round the room. "I'll send for him," said Annie,

touching a bell. "Well, where's your mysterious witness?" demanded the captain sarcas-

He looked curiously at Alicia. "This is Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr.," said Annie, "my husband's step-

mother." The captain made a deferential salute. Bully as he was, he knew how



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purpose. He had heard enough of the wealthy banker's aristocratic wife to treat her with respect. "Beg pardon, m'm; I wanted to tell

The servant entered. Tell Judge Brewster that Capt.

Clinton is going," said Annie. Alicia, meantime, was once more on the verge of collapse. The long "Honest to God!" she exclaimed threatened expose was now at hand. good-naturedly, "I'm broken-hearted- In another moment the judge and perhaps her husband would come in, and this public disgrace. I know what it Annie would hand them the letter means-I've had my dose of it. But which exculpated her husband. There was a moment of terrible suspense. this thing has got to come out, hasn't Annie stood aloof, her eyes fixed on the floor. Suddenly, without uttering a word, she drew Underwood's letter from her bosom, and quickly approaching Alicia, placed it unnoticed in her hand. The banker's wife flushed and then turned pale. She understood. Annie would spare her. Her lips parted to protest. Even she was taken back by such an exhibition of unself

> ishness as this. She began to stammer thanks. "No, no," whispered Annie quickly,

"don't thank me; keep it." Capt. Clinton turned round with a jeer. Insolently, he said to Annie: "You might as well own up-you've

played a trick on us all." "No, Capt. Clinton," she replied with quiet dignity; "I told you the simple truth. Naturally you don't believe It."

"The simple truth may do for Judge Brewster," grinned the policeman, "but it won't do for me. I never expected this mysterious witness, who was going to prove that Underwood committed suicide, to make an appearance, did I, Maloney. Why not? Because, begging your pardon for doubting your word, there's no such

person. "Begging your pardon for disputing your word, captain," she retorted, mimicking him, "there is such a per-

"Then where is she?" he demanded

looked for advice to Judge Brewster, who at that instant entered the room. The captain glared at her viciously, and unable to longer contain his

wrath, he bellowed! "T'll tell you where she is! She's right here in this room!" Pointing short and frowned. "What's this? his finger at Annie in theatrical fashion, he went on furiously: "Annie Jeffries, you're the woman who visited Underwood the night of his death! I over it quickly, said: don't hesitate to say so. I've said so all along, haven't I, Maloney?"

"Yes, you told the newspapers so," retorted Annie dryly. Taking no notice of her remark, the captain blustered:

"I've got your record, young woman! I know all about you and your folks... You knew the two men when they were at college. You knew Unto be courteous when it suited his derwood before you made the acquaintance of young Jeffries. It was

Underwood who introduced you to your husband. It was Underwood who aroused your husband's jealousy. You went to his rooms that night Your husband followed you there, and the shooting took place!" Turning to Judge Brewster, he added, with a sercastle grin: "False confession, ch? Hypnotism, eh? I guess it's internetional and constitutional law for yours after this."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Annie, irritated at the man's intolerable

Judge Brewster held up a restraining hand. "Please say nothing," he said with

dignity. "No, I guess I'll let him talk. Go on, captain," she said with a smile, as if thoroughly enjoying the situa-

Alicia came forward, her face pale, but on it a look of determination. as if she had quite made up her mind as to what course to pursue. In her hand was Underwood's letter. Addressing Annie, she said, with emo-

"The truth must come out sooner or

Seeing what she was about to do. Annie quickly put out her hand to stop her. She expected the banker's wife to do her duty, she had insisted that she must, but now she was ready to do it, she realized what it was coating her. Her position, her future happiness were at stake. It was too great a sacrifice. Perhaps there was some

other way. "No, no, not yet," she whispered. But Alicia brushed her aside and, thrusting the letter into the hand of the astonished police captain, she

"Yes, now! Read that, captain!" -Capt. Clinton slowly unfolded the letter. Alicia collapsed in a chair. Annie stood by helpless, but trying to collect her wits. The judge watched the scene with amazement, not understanding. The captain read from the

"'Dear Mrs. Jeffries." He stopped. angrily. Annie made no answer, but and glancing at the signature, exclaimed, "Robert Underwood!" Look ing significantly at Annie, he exclaimed: "'Dear Mrs. Jeffries!' Is that comclusive enough? What did I tell you?" Continuing to peruse the letter, he read on: "Shall be found dead tomorrow - suicide - " He stopped Why, this is a barefaced forgery!" Judge Brewster quickly snatched the letter from his hand and, glancing

> "Permit me. This belongs to my client."

(Continued Next Issue.) Have you tried a sack of that Wahoo Mills flour Ask the man about it the next time you need flour. You will find it to be the best on the market

Mrs. Robert Sherwood, sr., was an Omaha visitor today, going on the early train.

