The Mystery of the Locked Room. By Tom Gallon.

me of my services as a photographer, proachable. Photography plays in them latter days an

adventure which had for its center a certain aristocratic nervous hands making feeble gestures. establishment known as Highbridge Spa, in a certain county in the midlands. And it began in mystery, and, world! I had worn it every night at dinner, and it had so far us the general public was concerned. It ended in the been greatly solutined," she said. same feeding, for only to Enoch Voyes and myself were the extraordinary circumstances over really known,

To put the prescrible briefly, I may say that Enoch you hadn't worn it so publicly my love." Voyee came into my studio one morning, ushering in with of Scutland Yard.

the taldlands, with knoch Voyce and the impector for Peatley acknowledged having left the necklass. company. Having a compariment to curselves in the Questioned upon that point she said she never troubled

stances, so far as they were known to him. It concerned a diamond necklace-a thing of consider- ing it into one large safe for all her possessions. At the

the police. Not, let me basten to add, in the necklace to have been taken, the veranda had been may criminal capacity, but simply for the crowded with guests, and the window, therefore, unap-

Mrs. Featley was a massive woman, with a round, inoperant part is criminal investigation; and nocent, balanch face. She put the matter clearly before It was to my skill that I owed that curious the inspector, with her eyebrows much elevated, and

'It was most valuable-and I wouldn't lose it for the

"Not another like it anywhere?" correborated Mr. Featley, a little bean with a bald head. "Only I wish

We proceeded to examine the room. It was a well 36 air of importance a tall dark man, who, even as he appointed bedroom exceedingly well furnished, but with bowed to me, seemed to take in every corner of the nothing remarkable about it. There was but one door in room and the furniture and me is one sweeping glance. It—that door which must certainly had been locked—and I fimped a little at hearing his name-inspector Clair one large window follow the sill of which was the iron coof of the verands. It was utterly impossible that, as The inspector, was affaste, and quite willing to explain the robbery took place to broad daylight, any one could business. He had been known to Enoch Voyce for have crawled along that veranda roof unseen or un-Several years, and Enoch had recommended me to his at heard. The thing was clearly out of the question. The tention. A photoarceptor was required for some delicate only possibility was that the woman had made some miswork in connection with a rubbery. Did I care to under- take as to the time at which she missed the necklace, and take it? It was a simple matter, and it might prove in- that, after the guests had left the veranda, some one had teresting. The mape for understood that he could rely really approached the window by its roof. In which case upon my discretion. Of course, I accepted and that was it would have been an easy matter to reach in a handthe beginning of a look as which took me that day into and spatch the thing from the dressing table, where Mrs.

train, the inspector proceeded to explain the circum- much about putting things away, because she had made a practice always of locking her room, and so transform-

was lying on the floor-that was all. But in this latter

A cardboard box that had contained chocolates had

"A curious burglar, to cat chocolates!" exciaimed the

He did not finish his sentence. To teil the truth, he

ing about curiously, like a wise old bird, with his gray head

on one side; but he did not seem to be able to make any-

We all came together out of the room, and the in-

-as delicately as possible-as to their movements on the

cately. But everything seemed clear and straightforward.

There was no duplicate key anywhere, nor any key that

fitted the room, and the guests seemed to be frankness

that room save by the door or the window; and the window

during the time suggested would have been impracticable.

inspector, turning to me. " Now, if it had been a child-

connection we gleaned a curious plece of information

photographs I had taken. Business called Inspector Clair when Enoch Voyce drew me aside and suggested that we

"Two made a discovery," he whispered hurriedly, I knew enough of the old man by that time to trust that we should have a couple of rooms that night at the hotel, and promised the inspector to send on the photographs as soon as they were ready. I could not get from Enoch Voyce any answers to my eager questioning. He enlargement of the small bairs in each of these packets," simply shook his head and told me to walt. I found that We were objects of interest to the guests in the hotel, as being connected with the police, and I was able to turn my visit to advantage by taking several photographs. Asthe day were on, Enoch Voyce contrived to make himself agreeable to the guests. He had a fund of anecdores, and I was not surprised to find him, about 10 o'clock at night group shuken by gusts of laughter. When presently people b gan to repair to bed. Enoch Veyce still lingered, until he and I and a couple of other men were the only ones left. And the other men were Mr. Featley, the bushend of the targe woman who had tost the necktace, and a young, bright looking fellow-a mere bay-named Walesby. I understood that the young man's family-mother and father and pisters-were staying in the hotel also.

Naturally, with Featley there, the conversation rushed again to the robbery. I think Featley was a little sick of it, and would have been glad to forget the subject, for that night at least; but young Walesby would not let it alone. He returned to it again and a new lead all series of subtle theories to suggest to account for the disappearance of the neckines, thought it might be possible that some one had taken an impression of the key and had had a duplicate made; even that some one might box that was not as a locked had not been disturbed; me back, and pointed with an excited forefinger. Philip have been secreted in the room during the time it was only the bright thing I congexposed on the dressing table. locked. After a little time I discovered that Enoch Voyce was gently leading the boy on, and encouraging him to.

Even we broke up at last, and Mr. Peatley went off. to bed. Voyce and I started for our rooms, but even then young Phillip Walcaby accrned both to part with us. He ching to Voye s arm still propounding theories, and still saying who a "brustly shame" it was that a guest couldn't have jewelry looked in her room in a respectable hotel without linving it stolen. Altogether seminations and kindly and nice, this young Phillip Walcaby,

We reached the head of the stairs, the three of us and I stopped with the purpose of saying good shall to the boy. But even then he did not seem to care to part with us. He indicated the door of his room, and begged that we would come in, if only for the minutes, I was thred and sleepy, but Voyce accepted at once, and i felt obliged to follow. We went in, and the lad shot the door, and sented nimself on the side of his bed, and begun

"If I'd been upstairs, I dare say I should have heard something," said the boy, "because, you see, the door of this room is right opposite the door of the Featleys' room," "Yes, so I noticed," said Enoch Voyce, with a nod.

It was at that moment that I became aware of a curious, scratching, shuffling sound in the room. Glancing at Enoch Voyce, I saw that he had observed it, too, because he was looking curlously at me. The boy appeared unconscious of it. After a moment or two, however, Walesby looked up and gave a short, sharp whistle. The scratching ceased, and then, from the top of a wardrobe there sprang down on to the bed beside the young man a small animal. I suppose I started in some surprise, for the boy laughed, and picked up the animal and began to

"You needn't be afraid." he said. "It's only Pompey. Then I saw that the animal he held was a small monkey, with a bright, eager, intelligent face. It had clambered to its master's shoulder, and sat there now with one small hand lightly grasping the man's bair, and peering at us with its bright eyes.

Enoch Voyce, who was scated on a chair opposite, began to show the liveliest interest in the little creature, and asked many questions concerning it as to its age, in telligence, and so on. The boy answered willingly enough: and when, presently, Enoch Voyce moved across to the bed, the monkey allowed him to take II up in his arms, able value, which belonged to a woman staying at High- inspector's suggestion I took photographs of various parts and to fondle it on his own account. He seemed, indeed, bridge Spa. Highbridge Spa was a particulary select of the woodwork of the window sill, and of the room gen. to give it up at last with reluctance to its owner,

They make a special concession on my account here. and allowed my to have it in my room. I wouldn't part with it for the world!"

When finally we shook ourselves free of the young man and went off to our own apartments. Enoch Voyce came for a moment into my room. He stood there, with his head on one side, and did not foolest me. stortly asserted that the room had been locked from the lates scattered about the floor. The box had been intact

"Well," I said, "have you made any discoveries?" Yes," he said, quickly; "Twe found the thief,"

Who is it" I asked, looking at him incredulously. Till tell you tomorrow." he said: and chuckled, and went off to like room-

I awoke the next morning to find Enoch Voyce seated on the side of my bed. From the gray light which filtered through my window, I know that it must be quite early. I was a little surprised, and; to tell the truth, a little annoyed at being discarbed. A moment's reflection, however, convinced my that the old man had a strong reason for waking me at such an hour.

What's the matter?" I saked, starting up in bed. I told you last night that I had made a discovery." said Voyce, rubbing the side of his nose with one finger. and looking at me with something of a troubled air. " I want your help, however, before I decide whether or not I am right in certain conjectures I have made. I suppose on have with you that instrument you once showed me for photographing microscopic enurgements?"

Yes, I have, I replied.

I dressed hastily, and joined him in his room. The back to London, and I was stellding to accompany him, light was good now, and I was prepared for anything he mucht suggest. To my astonishment; he drew from his pocket a tiny leather case, and from that a little folded piece of oiled paper. Waving me aside with his hand, he carefully opened the paper and deposited it on youlf absolutely to his guidance. A therefore arranged the table, drew another similarly folded piece from the little case, and opened that healds the first

"Don't breaths too hard or you'll blow 'em away." he said. "I want you to take a ghotograph of a microscopic Hairs?" I sicked, in amazement,

I set to work with that delicate operation. Later on in the day I was able to go to him with the two photographs of the course looking spiked things photographs the center of a little group in the smoking room-a tirds of the coormously magnified hairs. I confess I was possibed as to what he wanted them for. I was more puzzled still thet your things together; there's not a moment to be lost." that he should have wished me to keep the two packets were Identical.

Enoch Voyce viewed the results with extreme satisfaction. After surveying the photographs for some time he - the shoulder of one of young Waleshy a pretty sisters, sat suddenly put them in his pocket, and requested me to go the mankey! for a walk with him. We left the botel and walked away into the neelusion of the grounds, found a seat, and

"Now, in the first place my dear Battenbury," he that had been occupied by Mrs. Firstley yesterday I was: had been taken-that be to say; beyond the chocolates.

the first that the monkey would seize the sparkling thing If once it caught his eye. The whitele, to which it was so ob dient last night, would immediately bring him back through the ventilator with his prize. The chocolates woold tempt the surfrest, and at the sound of the whistle he would knock them over and scatter the things on the dressing table has as we saw for puradva. My dear Rattenbury, the thief is Philip Walesby, and I'm going to have an interview with that young man

Without another word we walked back to the hotel. The guests were lounging on the varanda, and we looked sharply about its awsit of the young man. He was nawhere to be seen. I saw his mother seated there. Knowing what I know, I felt sorry for her. In a moment or two Verve 'Yes, and be particular to photograph each packet came back to me, and whispered a startling piece of in-

> "He's gone," he said. "The elder Walcoly says that the son has been called suddenly to Landon on business. and we know he carries that necklare with him. There are not many trains; we may manage to find him yet,

We paid our reckoning and departed. The last thing I separate, seeing that the photographic results of each femember hearing was Mrs. Peatley bewaling to a group of friends her loss, declaring that she was never likely to see the necklace again. And there, grinning at her from

The train had reached the platform as we got to the wration. We had a run for it. On the journey up we discassed the sactive from various points of view, and I would see that Enoug Voyce was purgled as to what his began, "I have found the view who has the necklace, and next move should be. He had secured Walcoby's address I have also found the view. When I examined the room. Orom the visitors' book at the hotel, but he evidently had. no hope of finding the bay at his father's house. Portune struck by the fact the those chocolates were the only favored us however, for at the Landon terminus, as we thing beside the making that had been taken. A jewel, rose to leave the carriage, Enoch Voyce suddenly pulled Walesby was walking onicidy past the window on his way to the barrier. We had actually traveled in the



Clearly, then, the thief had been a child, or some animal same train. to whom the sweets proved presistible. The idea of the

vents of the previous night, I "I found on the dressing table a few short, graylith hairs. I managed to pick up three or four of them," went on Enoch Voyce. "I was puzzled about them, because cat from the notel might have got into the room and Walesby concerning the rubbery and the moment I saw would ever suspect about Pompey. the monkey. I had the clow-

Then the two little pack is of hair-"

"The one contained the bairs picked up on the dress-Ing table, the other certain hours picked from my sleeve upon. If they knew of this as they ought to knowafter I had nursed the monkey. As you saw by the photo- what would happen, do you think-" graphs, they are exactly the same; more than that the rounded point of each shows thry came from an animal and. But he did not speak. not from a human being. They have never been cut. Obbeen in that room, and I think I know in what way."

What is your theory? I asked. Above the door of the room is a little swing ventle lator," said Enoch Voyce, laying a hand on my knee, and looking at me carnestly. "It would be an easy thing Bleve, he kept it. And Mrs. Featley-to her astonishment. for young Waleshy to put the monkey through that, There's a portière over the door inside, down and up which day containing the necklace.

The lad was on the point of hailing a hansom, when we child was negatived at once; it could not have got into the took hold of him by an arm apiece. I do not think I have ever seen any one more astonished in my life. He pretended that he was glad to see us; but his face was as gasped, and looked at him wonderingly; but I said nothing - white as death. In a low voice Enoch while pired what our errand was, and what we knew, and from the look in

Epoch's face the boy saw that the game was up. "I wanted it for a woman," he spluttered afterward, they were not long enough to be the hairs from a woman's when we were scated with him in the corner of a restauhead, or even from a man's. I kept my discovery to mys runt, and he was pretending to eat some buich. "People welf, not thinking much of it-feeling, indeed, that a stray say hard things about her, and call her an adventuress She's older than I am. She's married most unhappily performed her toilet on the dressing table. Last night, married-but I love her, I saw that woman Featley wentlowever, I was struck by the deep anxi-ty shown by young ing the thing, and I was tempted. I didn't think any one

"My boy," said Enoch Voyes, almost tenderly, "you've got a long life before you with luck; and you've got a mother and staters who worship the ground you tread

The loop bit his lip. I saw the tears start to his eyes

"You're a gentleman, and so I put you on your honor," viously, therefore, the monkey has at some time or other went on Enoch Voyon. "I'm compounding a felony, but I'm doing that for the sake of your people. Swear to me that you will never see this woman again, and I and my friend here are silent, and no one will ever know!" Eagerly enough the leay made the promise, and, I be

I should imagine-received a registered packet the next

The window stood above a broad, shaded verands, the while the door was locked. As there was a dark room in 202222222222222222222222

began to find himself baffled.

and Inspector Clair had been sent for. I was informed

that it might mean a question of finger prints and such like

article gone; so that, in all probability, it looked like

"I should say myself that R is the work probably of

It was to take longer than the inspector imagined.

the manager, were at last confronted with the woman who

been locked, and was backed up in it by her husband.

As a matter of fact, the poor man had wanted to enter

the room during the late afternoon, and had been unable

on the first floor, the inspector turned his attention to

the outside and there he mat with repulse number two.

When we arrived at the place, and, after an interview with thing of it.

tean's hunglary by some one outside the place.

lay hands on him."

From the Jaws of Death.

Cloister hotel, and from a roun in it the necklace had and the local police had left it undisturbed. A couple of

disappeared. The local police had been, of course, baffled, scent bottles had been knocked over, and a hair brush

So far as the inspector had been informed, the woman been half emptied of its contents, and some of the choro-

time in which the necklace had been placed in it until the when Mrs. Peatley had left the room and locked the door,

some expect London man, already known to us," said the looked more puzzled than ever. During the time he had

inspector coolly; "and, in that case, it won't take long to been examining the room, I had seen Enoch Voyce peer

had lost the neckines, and with her husband, the inspector spector proceeded with the work of questioning the guests

to do so, owing to his wife's precaution. The room being itself. So far as we could judge, there was no way into

Mrs. Featley stuck to her assertion that the door had afternoon in question, and the servants not quite so deli-

moment when, unlocking it again, she had discovered the yet that was what she found on reducting it.

THRILLISMG STORY OF RACE WITH TRAIN WITH CHILD'S LIFE AS STAKE.



WAS Tuesday, the busiest day in the week in

many cottage homes. Mrs. Thomas was bending over the washtub. hard at work Playing with her doll in the kitchen was Rosie,

the little 3 year old daughter of the house. Mayver," she lisped, "me wants 'oo to p'ay horses." Mother's busy, darling," was the reply. "Play with dolly a little longer."

Rosle took Mrs. Thomas' advice, and continued to play with her doll for a time; then, when mother's tack was turned, she toddled out to the garden behind the house Along the foot of the garden ran a branch line of the London and Northwestern railway, the two being separated by

only a poor hedge full of gaps. With her dollie under her arm. Rosie wended her way down the garden path until she came to the hodge. Looking through this, she espied a kitten basking in the

sun on the rallway bank. Kitty," called Rosie; "Kitty, turn here." Kitty took no notice, so Rosie toddled through a hole in the bedge, dropping her doll in the process, and was just going to stroke the kitten when it woke up and strolled off. Rosie followed it along the bank. Then the kitten wan-

Still Rosic followed, all unconscious of danger. Mrs. Thomas had now looked up from her work and missed

her little one. Rosie! Rosie!" she called. But there was no answer. Remembering the railway, she rushed out into the garden. and there by the hedge she saw the doll. Reals must have strayed on to the track; and she could

hear a truin coming. She wasted no time in crawling through the hedge; and then, to her horror, saw Rosie some distance ahead, walking almy towards the approaching train.

In anguish the mother started at a run waving her apron the while in order to attract the attaction of the engine driver. Hut was it possible to stop the train in time? Neaver and neaver came the snorting monster, but still Rusie pursued the kitten

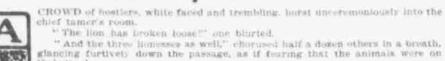
The mother, her steps hastened by terror, sped on down the track, flying before the engine. The rush of wind from the iron monster brushed her aside into the ditch. She shut her yes to close out the horror, her breath seeming to stop.

At last the terror stricken mother heard the brake applied, and the train began to move more slowly. Roste had been seen, but she was not out of danger yet. Then from the footplate there leaped the fireman.

At top speed he ran, and, racing the engine, snatched the little one from the line just in time. A moment later the train passed over the spot and came to a standstill, crushing the kitten beneath its ponderous wheels. Rosic was restored to her mother unburt.



Gallant Act by Russian Hero. CROWD of hostlers, white faced and trembling, barst unceremoniously into the



In disjointed and startled sentences they poured their story into the bewildered tamer's ears. They had been working in the stables when the lion burst suddenly into their midst, followed closely by three hopesses. Terrified at the sight, they had all fled to the far end of the stable, and there had seen the ion attack Roberto

Roberto! The tamer paied as he heard the name, for it belonged to the most valuable and accomplished house that the Devigne circus of Odessa possessed. More he did not wait to hear. Seizing his heavy thoughd whip, he righed from the room. A few yards down the passage he met the manager of the circus, who, having heard of the animal's escape, had armed himself with a double barreled gun and a pocket-

Together the two men hastened to the stable. There a terrible sight met their eyes The flores and hungry animals had borne Roberto to the ground. The gir was filled with the acreams of half a hundred terrified horses, who seemed conscious of the danger near

cowered, then with a howl, fled from the stable, followed by the other two-Only the Son remained.

Again the manager fired. A roar of rage shock the stable, and the infuriated animal forsaking the horse, sprang towards him. But the manager was ready, and firing both barrels, he checked the threatened rush. By this time the assistant tamer had arrived, and, together with the chief tamer, stood

awaiting the moment when the lion should be sufficiently cowed for them to drive him to The manager council firing. The lies crouched instantly. As long as firing had continued it had stood motionless, but for the great tail that lashed ominously up and down. Bang. Bang! Both harrels spoke as one, and the lies leaped backwards with another

The manager clubbed his rifle. A thrill of horror passed over both tamers.

What is wrong? they sried.

'I have fired my last curtridge?"

As if knowing that victory was within its grasp, the lim advanced. Step by step, as a cat stealing upon a bird, it drew within five parsts, then crouchced, its long, shaggy more briefling with fury. Pale, but determined to fight hard for his life, the manager awalled Suddenly the assistant tamer (exped forward. As he did so the ilon sprang. But the

tamer already had seized the thick mane. And the lion fell heavily to the ground. Each, half dragging, half lifting, the namer draw the struggling animal. Then followed a account hat in circus life has noter had its equal. The man bent down and nicked the lion up as if it had been a lamb. In vain the source creature smarled and struck furiously with its paws. The tamer held it in a viselike grip. Right across the courtyard into the arena he here the lion, and then, gathering his muscles together he nurled the animal through the door back into the cage.

On Treacherous Ground.

FEARFUL EXPERIENCE OF HUS/TER TRAPPED IN QUICKSAND AND SAVED.



It must be careful of your ground," my host arned, as, gos in hand, I was about to set out r a few hours' shooting. I laughed: With a giorious afternoon before me 1 felt my pittle rise. There was a crispness in the all that

oled well for sport. Beneath my feet the ground aved and squirmed as when one freads upon a sponge But I cared not, for where the grass grew short and thickest there I knew the ground would hear. Presently a storp screech sent an exultant thrill through me, and twenty yords shead two snipe rose, darting off in

zig-zag flight at a tremendous pace. Having vainly expended two cartrides upon them. I decided to make a long circuit which according to my calculations, would bring me home Tired, but satisfied with my sport, I had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the bog's edge, when from a clump of

ing. I approached stealthliv. Whether the birds saw me or not I cannot say, but of a sudden they rose. Thinking to get a better view of them, I moved some yards to right, and gave them the contents of both barrels. As I did so my right foot sank into the ground, In a flash it passed through my mind What had occurred. wrenched it free. The musi gurgled, and the effort sunk my left by to the knee. Again I struggled. This time I found it

rushes a loud quacking told me that ducks were near. By

their splanning I judged that there were several, so, crouch-

impossible to raise either leg above the ground. In the first horror of my plight I had not noticed that the cold was slowly drawing me down. Now I was submerged

This bog was going to be my grave' The good soon reached my elbows. I tried to collect my houghts. My eyes fell on my gun. Better far to end my sufferings quickly than to feel the cold mud ooxing about my neck, then creeping up, ley as a serpent, towards my mouth

I loaded my gun-Across the bog the lights from my friend's house gleamed. I recalled his promise to meet me. Perhaps even now he was

The horrible sensation of sinking had ceased. Under my feet it seemed to be solid ground.

By this time the sun had set. My limbs ached with cold. and my hervelous fingers could scarce retain their hold upon

Was it a about that I heard, or was it some wild freak of funcy? It came from beltind me. With an effort I looked over my shoulder. I saw a light-a bright yellow light. I fired my gun. A score of startled docks rose and was-

shed noistly into the sharkness. The digit drew nower and a few minutes later, to my loy, I heard my friend's cheers voice. With the help of ropes and planks I was soon rescued from my perilous position, buil frazen with cold-

