THE KILLING OF FELIX HARMAN

which would be interesting to papers dealing could have been in a theater-

few days in the country together.

The reighborhood of Quarry Woods, on the very borders of the New Perest, is a singularity wild and pictursize one. We put up at an old fashioned inn, and looked forward contentedly to a few days away from the noise and busile of London. Already, although I had been in the place only an hour. I had looked about me and had seen that there were simple subjects for my comers. And now, after an old fashioned, comfortable dinner, Enoch Voyce and I were sented in the partor of the inn, glad of the warmth of a modest fire, and feeling perhaps a little sleepy as the effect of strong air and quiet surroundings. I was smoking, Enoch Voyce never smoked.

Suddenly we heard a heavy trend outside the door, a omn's deep tones, and the respectful reply of the landlord. Then the door was thrown open, and a tall man in s knickerbocker tweed suit strode in. He carried a gun in the crook of his arm. He looked about, as though recentful at finding any one else in the place

However, Enoch and I gave him "Good evening!" and be acknowledged our salutation. When, in a moment or two, the landlord come in with a tray containing a jug of ale and a glass, the stranger became more sociable, and presently lit a cigar and began to chat. I had sleaned from the manner of the landlerd that our visitor was some county magnate, who had condescended to patronize the inn on his way home after a day's shooting; and my wormise proved to be correct.

He was obviously a gentleman, though somewhat overbearing and arrogant in manner. He was pleased to express deep interest in my work, although obviously he knew little about photography, even in an amateur way. lieuving that I had come down in the hope of taking plostographs of parts of the Quarry Woods, he informed me that they were his property, and gave me instant permission to visit them at any time I cared to do so.

"My name is Harman-Pelix Harman," he said, "and I live at Quarry House, adjoining the woods. If you get any good results, you might come and see me, and let me have a look at them. You will be welcome; I am a lonely

We expressed our willingness and our gratitude to him for the invitation. After chatting upon indifferent subjects for a time, he rose and took his loave, awaggering out of the place as he had swaggered into it. I noticed that Knoch Voyce sat for a long time looking at the door through which he had gone, and scratching his clin thoughtfully. I asked what he was thinking about.

"I'm thinking that our new friend is not the nicest person in the world," said Voyco, shaking his gray head. Bully is writ large over him, and there is a shifty look in his eyes I don't like. However, as he has invited us to go and see him, we may take the opportunity, I suppose, of looking him up."

The Weather proving glorious, we spent come considerable time in the Quarry Woods during the next few days. It was a wild spot, exceedingly beautiful, and, of course, quite uncultivated. Paths ran through it here and there, trodden out by adventurous spirits; and, as the name suggested, it must at one time have been a huge quarry, now completely overgrown. Sleep embankments and rocks cropping out among the trees and bushes suggested this clearly enough.

I had gone out alone one morning, and was lying flat under some bushes in the very heart of the woods, in the hope of getting a photograph of a sitting bird that had baffled me for a couple of days, when a shadow falling across me caused me to look up. I saw standing over me the man who had called himself Felix Harman. He nodded without speaking, and I went on with my work. When I had finished I got up and greeted him.

"You're out early." he remarked. "So am I, for the

matter of that. I like to ramble through this place at this

He made a handsome picture, standing there in the clear morning light, with his gun in the bend of his elbow hands lightly crossed in front. I drew back a couple of paces and took s snapshot of him, he laughed.

"I should like to have a copy if it comes out well," he said, " It will be better than the stiff things one usually gets when one is posed."

He turned away abruptly, and went off towards his house, which showed dimly through the trees. During the day I developed the photograph, and found that it had come out remarkably clear. I thought no more about is at the fime, but put it away amongst others. A couple of days later came the adventure which was

to end in so startling a fashion. I had not slept well, and had left the inn quite early to take my favorite walk. I came into the woods, not with any idea of taking definite photographs, although I had my camera with me. I lay down in the grass at the top of a high embankment, and looked down into the valley formed by the old quarry, and drank in the soft, pure morning air. Only the birds were stirring, and a rabbit or two scuttled through the grass. So far as human beings were concerned I seemed to have the world to myself.

It was quite a long way down into the vailey, through both men had disappeared; then the whole air was starthe bottom of which a narrow footpath ran towards the tied by the loud report of a gun. Bubbits scuttled away; house. Suddenly, as I looked through the bushes on the edge of the little plateau where I lay, I saw a figure come hesitatingly out from the trees and take this footpath and face the house-the figure of a man. I could see him quite clearly in the bright morning light. I saw that he was ragged and unkempt, and that his boots were broken. He looked like a tramp-in fact, I might have taken him for for what must have been many minutes. I was only a poacher but that he appeared to carry no weapon.

The curious thing about the man was that, although belt of trees. he seemed to know his way well, and to strike the path naturally on coming out of the trees, he yet looked about on reaching the edge of the clearing, and looked about him hestratingly, as though uncertain whether to go on. him guickly, raised the gun be carried in his hands until

graphs of woodland somery and bird life. That the distance between its was nized greater than it bushes.

to grasp the gun be burnled in the crost of life right arm.

ess was so remarkably dull in London, and ing. that had for its background the trees and bushes then dropped it into the hollow of his area. He account the trees and bushes then dropped it into the hollow of his area. He account the trees and bushes then dropped it into the hollow of his area. erhaps a little on account of spring fever, from which he had omerged. To make my own position in a curious fashion to set himself, and then, with head in the growk of his arm, and with his face starting straight hocked distrustfully at his when first he came in. He hat I went first into Hampshire, and into clearer, I may may that it was almost as mough I had erect, marched on towards the house. And I ferr, just Towards us. he wonderful (posers Woods, I think I had been in the gallery of a theater and had fooled down upon as clearly as though he had should it up to the mornious

I did not quite know what to do. At first I had an with such matters; perhaps I was anxious only for a holfday. Confiding my project to Enach Veyce before startling, be was enger to join me, and we determined to have a

Suddenly from the trees, there emerged another man. Insure to log that I would go cown by a winding path I

as a sullatation I think I marmured a feeble "Good mornling, be was enger to join me, and we determined to have a

Suddenly from the trees, there emerged another man. Insure to log that I would go cown by a winding path I

as a sullatation I think I marmured a feeble "Good mornling, be was enger to join me, and we determined to have a

His voice trailed off, and he was silent. He kept his pace or two away he stopped. I saw his left hand go out my remembrance of the weapon be corried and which al-

The thought flashed upon my mind that he would know his hands nervously, one over the other while he spoke, he wonderful Queers Woods. I think I had been in the gattery of a thought now upon as clearly and that I might secure some photos a stage on which the man stood, the only difference being sky above him, that he had left the tramp dead in the instantly where we had been. I should not have known and he was not been as a party what to say had be challenged us. But, to my utter amazement, he came straight on towards us, and stared

Come clear of the wood, our torgues were leasened, and ready is had not head not be deed making a going what could have imprened to the man, when Entsch

"You are not Felix Harman! You are the tramp!

might be better if I never fold of that scene at all. So suggestion as to the whole business. watched him go towards the house, and I went back I saw the tramp throw out passionate hands towards a word even to Enoch Voyce.

I kept my secret for a whole day. The next morning, unable to hold it any longer, I roused Ensch Voyce at an stood there, with his head thrust a little forward, and early hour, and, with my mouth close against his ear, with the gun bold in both bands: Presently I saw him whispered the dreadful thing to ...m. He listened intently. early hour, and, with my mouth close against the ear, jerk his head quickly, as though signaling to the other and made no comment. He got up at once and dressed, man to go; and the man began to back away from him, and together we set out in silence for the woods. It a coned to be so much an understood thing between as that we friend count to be warned that we know. In the event must discover what and happened that we took the direct whence he had emerged. Just as they reached the road without so much as speaking of our intention. And you Rationbury, as naving seen him attempt to turn the so came at last into the little clearing, and to the edge-

or the belt of trees. it was early; not a soul to be seen in the woods anywhere. Enoch Voyce led the way and parted the bushes you notice anything neguliar about the body? and went on cautiously. Presently he stopped, and I knew that he had found the man.

He lay a little on one side, with his back to us; he light have been usleep. One hand had fallen beside the curled on the grass. It was a singularly white and deli-cate hand, and it had upon the third finger a thin old, worn gold ring. We stepped past the body and I looked down at it, and uttered an exclamation. For the dreadful to give any solution of the matter. Voyce, however, still thing was that the firing of the gain had shartcred the targed that we should see thirman and tell him exactly features of the tramp, so as to make them unrecogn rable. We came out into the clearing again, and took the

One figure only-that of Felix Harman. He stopped which another path would carry us back to the inn. Nel- bird to come and smoke a friendly pipe that night at the ther of us spoke; we were too deep in thought for that. its Suddenly, as we walked, we looked up to see a man ap-

"After all," I said, "it's not our business. It is evito the lnn and tried to eat some breakfast; and I said not dent that Felix Harman met this tramp. There was an alternation prehaps even a struggle for the gun. The unknown man is dead, and his body will be discovered. Why should we bring curselves into it? If any one suspects that Harman is responsible for the death, and points to him, 10s his business to clear himself; certainly L for my part, could only make matters werse for him."

"One thing occurs to me," said Enoch Voyce; "our of trouble, he may docide that it would be wise to call can out of the wood. You may, after all, prove a powertal factor in the defease. Certainly, a think he ought to be told. By the way," added the ald man abruptly, "did

'I saw that the man had particularly delicate hands, and that there was a ring on one of them." I replied. "Yea, I noticed that," said some thoughtfully.

you think it possible that the tramp knew Harman, and body, and lay, palm upwards, with the fingers a little. that this was something more than the encounter between it will only be that of a tramp, who has perhaps had an did they know each ather? That point had not struck me before. I was unable

what we knew; and a little later in the day we went up to Quarry House and incurred for him. He was not therepath which should lead us towards the house, and from was sold to be our shouldng. We left a message, asking

BELIEVE that it was chiefly because bust. When he stopped at last he stood in a sittle natural clears he could look down at the breach of it close to his face, proaching us. Fally Harman. The easy striding, swag- in by the landlord. This time he carried no weapon, and scated timeelf at some little distance away, and turned

> "I'm sorry to be late, gentlemen" he said, and his voice was curiously gentler and quieter than I had heard is before. "I came directly I got your message. If there

eyes lowered. I was starting at him in amoxement, won-Voyce got up alcuptly and walked out of the room with a muraniced appliegy. I offered our guest a cigar, which he took with a nod to imply thanks; then he smoked in stience. I began to feel sarry for him, seeing how greatly the accidental death of the tramp, as I believed it to have been, had affected him. Just while I was wondering about the matter, and itylas to discover a subject for conversation, Enoch came back into the room and sat down.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Harman," I began, after an awkward pause, "because I felt that after your courfeeus and kindly treatment of my Iriend Voyce and toy self, during our few lays' stay here, you ought to be told just what we know concerning what happened in the Quarry Woods the other morning.

He started, and swallowed quickly, and backed fully at me, then lowered the eyes again. Enoch Voyce was silent. I proceeded to tell what I had seen, and what we both had discovered that day. And Fellx Harman, save for a little quick quiver of the lim once, did not move. And he never attered a word-

"You see, Mr. Harman," said Enoch Voyce, breaking the silence at last, " we thought you nught to know, so that you might not be unprepared for anything we might

The man raised his head, and looked quickly from Enoch to myself, and back again. What are you going to do or say?" he demanded hears ity.

"We are going to suggest, in the first place, thus Mr. Felix Harman, of Quarry House, Hampstilre, knew this tramp; that there was between them some long standing emply or wrong that had to be tedressed that the stronger man, armed and ready, killed the other.

"It's a lie! You don't know what you're talking about?" eried Harman, springing to his feet. "The man was a stranger-a trespassor. I tried to drive him away, as this gentleman has said-"This gentleman's name is Ruttenbury," said Enoch

Vayce, in a curious tone. " Have you forgotten that?" Twe forgotten-forgotten many things," retorted the "I never meant to kill him. It was an accident. I swear to you ---

In his excitement so had stretched out his hands with p gesture I seemed to remember in another num; and in a moment Enoch Voxee had selited his right hand and turned it, with a defi movement, under the light.

"What have you been doing with your hands?" he Nothing: let me go" said the man, feebly struggling.

What do you mean?" "I mean that in this photograph, taken a day or two since, of Mr. Felix Harman, by my friend Battenbury here, your hands are white and delicate, as become the hands of a gentlemen; moreover, there is a thin gold ring on the right hand here." Hnoch Voyce had pulled the photograph I had taken from his pocket, and was pointing excitedly to it. "Your hands are stained and grimed with hard toll; there bu't a decent nall to any of your

I remembered the white hand of the tramp, with the gold ring upon the finger; a great light seemed to break upon me. The man had staggered back against the wall and stood there as if at bay. Enoch Voyce was pointing straight at him.

You are not Felix Harman!" he said excitedly. " You are the tramp! What is your name." "Hugh Harman," replied the man, in a low voice.

Felix Harman was my brother."

"And you killed 'him!" exclaimed Voyce. "It was un accident," said the man carnestly, " Before God, gentlemen, I swear I aid not mean to kill him. I had tramped many miles to see him, hoping to move a heart that had been always a heart of stone towards me-He had treated me vilely; stolen what was mine by a trick; driven me by persecution out of the country. I came back to plead with film for some help. He drove me away with threats, at the point of his gun. We came together into the little wood, and he threatened me further; there was a struggle for the gun, and in that struggle it went off and he was killed. When I saw him lying there, so disfigured, the thought came upon me that I might claim. at once by a trick what was mine by right. There was an old shame held against me that I had not been able to live down, and that might be forgoiden and forgiven with my death. I changed clothes with him-every stitch he had on; only the ring I could not get from his finger. Now"-he flung out his hands with that desperate gesture

again-" what are you going to do?" That be searcely the question; the real point is what are you going to do?" asked Enoch Voyce. "With that old grudge you had against your brother, you will at once be suspected if the change of identity becomes known. That white, delicate hand, the ring upor it---

For answer, the man slowly put a finger and thumb into his walstcoat pocket, and drew out a thin gold ring. In allence he alipped it on to the third finger of his right "I went down to the body again today." he whispered, "and managed to get it off. There had not been time before. Don't you see that when the body is found country gentleman and a tresposer? In other words, affray with some midnight poachers, and been shot in mistake for a keeper? There are a thousand explanations, and not one of them points to I'elix Harman."

" Is that to be your name for the future?" I asked. By God's help-yes," he said. "And I will make it und better in the cars of men than it has done hith-

So, as a matter of tact, it cam; about. The body of the supposed tramp was found, and there were all sorts of wild conjectures as to how he had met with his death; Shout 9 o'clock that night Felix Harman was ushered but only Enoch and I and another man knew the truth.

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THE BIRTH OF A SOUL

BY JOHN GRAHAM.

the professor sat, as he had done for assertion was true. His own head was an hour or more each time that another instance to the point. Valids had be had visited the sculptor's studio; been concentrated in his case in the brain, yet his eyes for the first time saw leaving the physical side undeveloped. His his object on which they had been face was ascerte in contour, save be the more time, about it was vaguely familiar, and brow. He glanced tack at the womanthing about it was vaguely familiar, and which had started this train of what was it? His brain, idle for once now thought. What was there in its expression that his great work was done, but its characteries to finding the answer to this train of that had suggested the other, lost fifty earlies to finding the answer to this train of

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ergies to finding the answer to this trivial pears ago?

The belief in the sout," he began senter—wrocked man swimning in a stormy sea

to the celebrated professor with load exchanging their visits all their lives into one portion or another of the whole, either body, or nited—or soul."

He was the professor gave vent to an another of the whole, either body, or nited—or soul."

Here the professor gave vent to an another of the whole, either body, or nited—or soul."

Here the professor gave vent to an another of the whole, either body, or nited—or soul."

He had devoted the best years of his interesting to the possibility or that superstitions fancy.

"You can see many faces here that seem to support his theory. Those two on the right, have sacrificed everything to the made no opposition, and the young soulpter first and seem to have no intelligence left."

The professor glanced at the busts indicated with load of three days the long time does not constitute and for three days the long time days the long time to the was wont to despise. A great event filled the cathedral with a thought a providing the professor gave was too long the body, or nited by some clamations of regret) and for three days the long time and to have an intelligence of the body, or nited by some clamations of regret) and for three days the long time days the dead of the whole, either days the dead discounce of the whole, either days the dead discounce and the bearing providing the professor gave vent to an another of the whole, either days the dead down. What is the cathedral to constitute the other before dashing upwards the bearing and suggestions and the bearing and suggestions and the bearing and suggestions. Then he died, without recovering the dead down. Was rounded the cathedral with a providing the measure of the body, or nited by the many providing to the bearing and the bearing and suggestions. Then he died, without recovering the dead down. Was rounded the cathedral with a providing the measure days and the bearing and the was rounded to the great event filled the cathedral with a thousand persons all vibrating with emeasure the total days the dead down. Was very cuted. The types differed widely; yet the speck of thistledown float past and bury and grew great with wonder.

THE professor sat, as he had done for assertion was true. His own head was true like a shadow in the bronze.

and to bring it into position for use. It was almost us

though he challenged the tramp, although of course at

him and once shake a flet at him. Evidently some strong

altereation was going on. And all the time Fells Harman

turning, like a bunted dog, now and then to mart at him,

but still always stendily moving towards the belt of trees

edge of the elearing, in that position, and in that dramatic

artitude on the little natural stage. I jeveled the camera

saw them disappearing-Harman driving the other before

birds flew screaming overhead, then there was a great st-

lence. Only dimly guessing what had happened, I lay still,

with my heart besting turnsitueusly, and with my mind

slowly gripping the idea that I was practically the only

witness of what must have been a trace dy. So stupefy-

ing an effect did it have upon me that I lay quite still

aroused to action by seeing a figure come out from the

I lay for about half a minute, gazing at the spot where

and snapped the picture. As I raised my head again I

that great distance I could not hear what was said.

The professor was haunted by a sense of the presence of the woman he had loved, and of whom he had been reminded in the sculpton's studio. After that a sudden darkness overwhelmed him. He had a sensation of struggling for existence. An aw-ful terror seized him. He felt like a ship-The scriptor answered his one spoken riously but the scriptor his rupted with no shore in sight. Every familiar nestion briefly. The woman was his "I know. My uncle spoke of your theory, object had been swallowed up. He could

The sculptor answered his one spaken question briefly. The woman was his question briefly. The professor roughly have been so conceptre ed an about forgotten face shows dumly. It was question even whit the impress of snother that your soull has probably atrophed. He is quite prepared to admit that you have none."

The professor looked and worked the professor hitherto. Today it amnowed him.

The voung sculptor nodded and worked to his science had satisfied the professor hitherto. Today it amnowed him.

The other works and feature of the professor hitherto. Today it amnowed him.

The rolley had satisfied the professor hitherto. Today it amnowed him.

The other works and the professor hitherto works.

The rolley had satisfied the professor hitherto to the professor to the professo

The professor looked at him sharply. The uncle was a leading minister; the old man served hattle and his eyes grew bright.

"Really? And does your uncle imagine that vitality affects the features?"

The sculptor scraped a little more clay from the puny lower part of the face every hung by that wast forehead.

"He says that some people are uncle imagine of existence rankled in his mind shelter.

He passed automatically from the room, gained the street, and hurried on, blind and deaf.

"The civilized wetta heard of the accident to the celebrated professor with loud exclaimed to the was contained an shelter.

For iong he lay there, resting after his away to impervious to sights and sounds than he had trained his body to become only the wonderful machinery of brain was absent. It is could be longer think; but he was contained an shelter.

He passed automatically from the room, gained the street, and hurried on, blind and deaf.

The civilized wetta heard of the accident to the celebrated professor with loud exclaimed at leaving found a shelter.

He passed automatically from the room, gained the street, and hurried on, blind and deaf.

The sculptor experiences. The bust was not more impervious to sights and sounds than he had trained his body to become only the wonderful machinery of brain was absent. It is could be longer think; but he was contained an inventor of the interest part of the scene of gratified at leaving found a shelter.

He passed automatically from the room, gained the street, and hurried on, blind and deaf.

The sculptor experiences. The bust was not more impervious to sights and sounds than he had trained his body to become only the wonderful machinery of brain was absent. It is could be longer think; but he was contained and the scene of gratified at leaving found.

The says that some people are the scene of the scene of gratified at leaving found.

THE SMITHY.

The smithy's furnace amoulders low As dull the dying embers glow, The window's barred and tocked the door, The smithy'll know the smith no more.

With steady clang the heavy sledge No more shall ring while glows the forge; The night comes on, fast fades the day, About the walls strange shadows play.

The forge still shows a waning spark As nye it battles with the dark, It clings to life, is slow to die, And glares and glimmers fitfully.

Faint forms surround the dying blaze The smithy knew in other days, For once its fame extended wide, It long adorned the country side.

Here toiled the smith, a man of parts, A manual of mechanic arts; The arts with science here combined To lift, enlarge the rustic mind.

Sharp steel bore witness to his skill. While iron yielded to his will; In truth, a mettled man was he, With wisdom filled to a degree.

Affairs of state, the nation's weal, Oft came before him on appeal, The word, unwilling, from his breast Was wrung that set all points at rest.

But now the dying fire-light's dead,

Here Queen, in time, two masters knew, Her ford and him who nailed her shoe, Here, cowed at last, she takes her stand, Her foot familiar to his hand-

These ghosts of other days are fied, The smithy'll know the smith no more. For Death's lean hand has locked the door. -CHARLES E. MILROY.

SAVED BY AN ACTOR'S ART.



LLIE BRIGHT was the beile of the little fishing village in Cornwall. ich she lived with her uncle. For a year she had kept company with Harry

which she lived with her uncle. For a year she had kept company with Harry Friend, and he had her bromise to marry him in the spring.

Among the visitors to the village in the summer came an artist, with a fascinating manner, Gerald Street by name. Seeing Nellie in her fisher dress he persuaded her to sit as a model for a picture he was painting. When one picture was finished another was started, always with Nellie as a model, so that Harry used to complain that he never saw anything of his sweetheart.

The artist, while painting used to tell Nellie of the wonderful London from which he came, and what a lot of money a good artist's model such as she berself was, could make in a short time. Nellie thought what a spisedid idea it would be for her to go to London until the spring. She could make such a lot of money towards housekeeping. When she mentioned the matter to Harry, who was a lisherman, he beaged her not he think of such a thing, but eventually the fascinating artist persuaded her, and she made think of such a thing, but eventually the fascinating artist persuaded her, and she made up her mind that she would go.

In vain her uncle and Harry exposimized. "It's only for a few months," said Neille;

In vain her uncle and Harry expositioned. "It's only for a few months," said Nellie;
"and just think what a help my money will be towards setting up housekeeping."

"I shall have plenty saved by the spring. The fishing season will be a good one. I'd rather you didn't go," said Harry. "You remember Choic Greene, who went and never came back. She was run over by a cab when crossing a road and killed."

"But I've more sense than two Closic Greenes, and should look where I was going." replied Neilie. "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself.

"Still, there are other dangers, and—headeds—I'd rather you didn't go."

"I've promised Mr. Street, so I can't draw back, even if I wished to, which I don't. Give me a kiss, Harry, to show that you don't really mind. I'll be back at Christiana."

Christmas came and went, but no sign of Nellie. For a month or two after she had left the village she wrote regularly to Harry and her under. Then the time came when no letters arrived and Harry resolved to go to London. He went, but could find no trace of Nellie, and he returned home heartbroken.

One evening Bransby Williams, the character actor and minic, was impersonating Dan't Peggotty from "David Coperfield," at the Tivoli, the presentation of the grief and agony of Peggotty when he learns of the flight of Little Emily was so realistic that the next day he received the following sussigned letter:

"Sir: I have no doubt you never Units of yourself as a prescher. I was at the Tivoli Wednesday evening. Since then I have decided to go home to my uncle. He is a fisher man, and I was brought up by lim. I left home as a lot of others do, but am guing hack, and by the time you get this I shall be with him. He is good. You must be good to act in the way you do. I shall try, now I am going back to him, to be a comfort and help to him, and shall always remember and tray for you."

in the way you do. I shall try, now I am going back to him, to be a comfort and help to him, and shall always remember and pray for you."

There were great rejoicings in the little fishing village when Nellie Bright returned.

and the wedding bells are soon to ring out.