

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: MAY 22, 1910.

BILL NYE ON ASTRONOMY

LUCKY TO GET

HUH' WHEO'BUT

WE ARE GOING

THIS LOWER!

Remarks of Old Humorist Apply to Halley's Comet. STAR GAZING THANKLESS JOB Nye Could Not See Wisdom in Sitting Up Nights to Study "New Comets. Red Hot from the Comet Factory." There is much in the great field of astronomy that is discouraging to the savant who hasn't the time nor means to rummage around through the heavens. At times I ani almost hopeless and feel like saying to the great yearning, hungry world: "Grope on forever.. Do not ask me for another scientific fact. Find it cut for yourself. Hunt up your own new laid planets, and let me have a rest. Never ask me again to sit up at night and take care of a new-born world, while you lie in bed and reck not." I get no salary for examining the trackless void night after hight when I ought to be in bod. I sacrifice my health in order that the public may know at once of the presence of a red hot comet, fresh from the factory. And yet, what thanks

TIRS. MALISSA SPAULDING

MRS.CORA GULLEY AND BABY

are llving.

seven now living.

Six Generations Are Alive Simultaneously

star, which you learn from Prof. Simon Newcomb is such a distance that it takes fifty thousand years for its light to reach Boston. Now we will suppose that after looking over the large stock of new and second-hand stars, and after examining the spring catalogue and pricelist, I decide that one of the smaller size will do me, and buy it. How do I know that it was there when I bought it? Its cold and silent rays nay have ceased 49,000 years before I was in 1814, and is now in her ninety-seventh another astronomer comes to me and says:167 year. She was married at the age of 18 "Professor, I have discovered another new And it is equally interesting to start at years. Ten children were born to bless the star and intend to file on it. Found it last It is the only instance on record the other end with Baby Gulley and ascer- union. The five sons were all soldiers in night about a mile and a half south of of a family of six generations all living at tain the number of grandmas who live to the civil war. Her husband was a soldier zenith, running loose. Haven't heard of anybody who has lost a star of the fifth ture that all are females. Their home is at of attributing the responsibility of spolling At the head of the second generation is magnitude, about thirteen hands high, with Wyalusing, Wis., and for the last sixty- the child to the grandparents, if they are Margaret Ault Elder. She was married at light mane and tall, have you? Now how five years the descendants have mostly in. fortunate enough to have such. In this list the age of 15 years to John Elder and is do I know that he has discovered a brand the mother of ten children, seven of whom new star? How can 1 discover whether he is playing an old threadbare star on me

Then, again, you take a certain style of

do 1 get?

sharply

In the third generation Rachel Elder, at for a new one? the age of 17 years, was married to Warren. We are told that there has been no per-Goff. She is the mother of twelve children, ceptible growth or decay in the star business since man began to roam around

Cora Spaulding Gulley is at the head of the starry heavens since I began to observe wear as long as we need them, and wink an old faded star of the ninth magnitude, discouraging toil. I have long contem-

"I wanted to talk to him before he was

friend the Patch on the Seat of Govern-

in a gesture of superb eloquence.

"Behold-your man!" he declaimed.

Through the open doorway came a tall,

library table in silent convulsions of mirth,

and I was almost as bad. Little Hotchkiss

changing to one of chagrin, while the blond

McKnight sat up and wiped his eyes.

"Stuart," he said sternly, "there are two

very serious things we have learned about

night shirts, instead of pyjamas. Worse

McKnight to me, and then at the crest-

"I haven't any idea what it's all about."

Poor Hotchkiss tried bravely to justify

Mr. Andrew Bronson followed you to your

rooms last Monday evening.

But McKnight interfered.

Stuart looked at us and flushed.

"You can not deny," he contended, "that

"No, I don't deny it," he said, "but there

was nothing criminal about it, on my part,

at least. Mr. Bronson has been trying to

induce me to secure the forged notes for

him. But I did not even know where they

"And you were not on the wrecked

"There is no use trying to put the other

man's identity on Stuart, Mr. Hotchkiss,"

he protested. "He has been our confiden-

tial clerk for slx years, and has not been

away from the office a day for a year. I

pieced out of all these scraps is going to

be a crazy quilt." His tone was facatious,

but I could detect the undercurrent of real

Washington Flier?" persisted Hotchkiss.

rigorous climate. Not a star has ripened generally conceded by astronomers that any as a star of the third magnitude, and chores.

"Did you notify the police?" I asked as only a lonely man can crave it. I Hotchkiss-"that the police were here while Knight's advice we have arranged a little wanted the comfort of her, the peace that we were at Cresson, and they found the interview here tonight. If all has gone as "Police!" she sniffed. "Police! It was key in her presence. And so, with every bag that I brought from the wreck?" I planned, Mr. Henry Pinckney Sullivan is "Things are coming to a head," he said by this time under arrest. Within a very the police that did it-two detectives with step outside the door a threat. I telephoned a search warrant. 1-1 wouldn't dare tell to her. thoughtfully, "unless a little plan that I few minutes-he will be here." you over the telephone what one of them She was gone! The disappointment was have in mind-" he hesitated. "I hope so; I am pretty nearly desper- locked up." Richey explained. "He's clover

said when he found the whisky and rock great, for my need was great. In a fury of revolt against the scheme of things, I ate," I said doggedly. "I've got a mental enough to be worth knowing, and, bezides, candy for my cough." "Did they take anything?" I demanded, heard that she had started home to Rich- toothache, and the sooner it's pulled the I'm not so cock-sure of his guilt as our mond-but that she might still be caught better." every nerve on edge. "They took the cough medicine," she re- at the station,

To see her had by that time become an disgrace to the firm if its senior member needs six different motives for the same turned indignantly, "and they said-" "Confound the cough medicine!" I was obsession. I picked up my hat, threw open goes up for life, or-" he twisted his hand- orime, beginning with robbery, and ending francie. "Did they take anything else? the door, and, oblivious of the shock to kerchief into a noose, and went through an with an unpleasant father-in-law." Were they in my dressing room?"

the office force of my presence, I dashed elaborate pantomime.

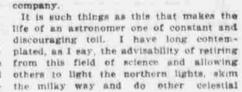
We were all silent for a while. Me

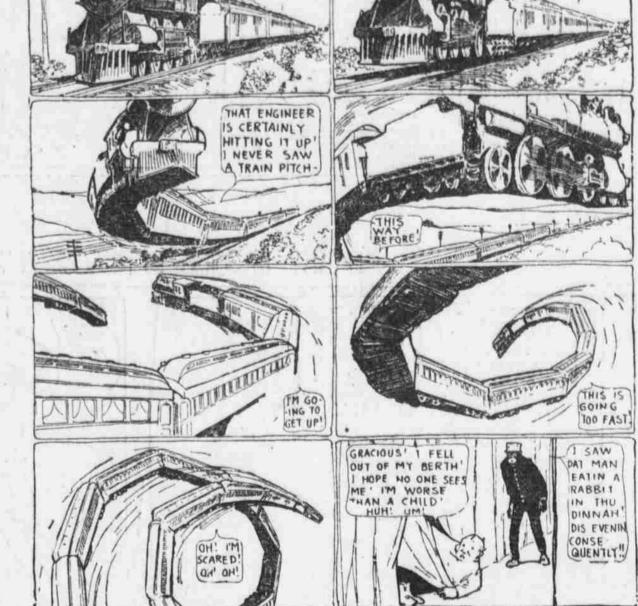
"Tut, tut," said McKnight, "think of the ment. No murderer worthy of the name

"There is only one discrepancy," he ad- man ceased to look angry, and became

wore gaudy pyjamas, while I found here the last half dozen years.

COPYTOGHT 1910. BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO.) Malissa Goff is at the head of the fourth through space, in his mind, and make prematurely or fallen off the trees. The this was a brand new star that had never walked home with an Uncle Tom's Cabin showing the celestial time table. close and critical examination to be in star catalogue and price list it was found. It is such things as this that makes the No serious accidents have occurred in spiendid condition. They will no doubt that this was not a new star at all, but life of an astronomer one of constant and





REAM SE RAREBIT FIEND

I LIKE THIS ROAD.

IT RIDES SMOOTH

OOD' I WAS

AND I CAN SLEEP



TIRS. MARGARET ELDER.

MRS.RACHEL GOFF

Baby Gulley's parents' parents.

dran, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, in their proper order commencing with She has three children, all living.

Tolal mount

once, with an additional remarkable fea- spoll the child, for it is usually the custom in the war of 1512.

Sixth generation ...

MRS.LYDIA SHRAKE

day most all there is of the town.

years, but not so with this. Ninety-six

Shrake to Baby Gulley. In this history

parents, constitute the beginning

and the end of one of the most

remarkable families that ever

When you speak of a six-generation Their parents family it usually would represent about 309 Their parents

habited this town and they constitute to- all but two are living:

years is all that is embraced from Grandma Less deceased ones....

great-great-grandchildren and great-great- Grandma Shrake:

G

Children



(Copyright, 1910, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.) She glanced at my arm. the train?"

CHAPTER XXIV-Continued.

"You don't?" "No," with conviction.

"Why?" She wheeled on me with quick suspleion, "Are you a detective?" she demanded. "No.'

"You told him to say you represented the law."

"I am a lawyer. Some of them misrepresent the law, but I-"

She broke in impatiently. "A sheriff's officer?"

"No. Look here, Jennie; I am all that I should be. You'll have to believe that. And I'm in a bad position through no fault of my own. I want you to answer and acted on it at once. some questions. If you will help me, I

do what I can for you. Do you live near here?" Her child quivered. It was the first sign

of weakness she had shown. home is in Pittsburg," she said, "My "and I haven't enough money to get there.

They hadn't paid any wages for two months. They didn't pay anybody." "Very well," I returned. "I'll send you

back to Pittsburg. Pullman included, If any time, be arrested." you will tell me some things I want to know."

She agreed cagerly. Outside the window Hotchkiss was bending over, examining up and gasped; foot prints in the drive.

"Now." I began, "there has been a Miss crime himself?" West staying here?"

"Yes." "Mr. Sullivan was attentive to her?"

been in his family for twenty years. Mrs. scarcely form her words. Curtis wanted her brother to marry Miss

West."

voice.

"No. There were reasons"-she stopped abruptly.

"Do you know anything of the family? the word." Are they-were they New Yorkers?" south. I have heard Mrs. Curtis say her finally determined to say it. mother was a Cuban. I don't know much

temper, though he didn't look it. Folks family. Mr. Harrington was Mr. Suillvan's the receiver. say big. light-haired people are easy going, wife's father!" but I don't believe it, sir."

"How long was Misa West here?" Two weeks."

AT THE STATION. hesitated about further questioning. So it had been the tiger, not the lady! refuse to acknowledge them." been, she was safely away from them man, and show a motive for the crime. I through long habit, I have learned how stood among ruins. again. But something of the situation in was triumphant when Hotchkiss came in, quickest to bring her to the point, the car Ontario was forming itself in my When the girl had produced a photograph Was the murderer Sullivan or Mrs. Con- the ephemeral nature of most human con- What is it now? Somebody poison the loves the woman, he wanisher to kiss the They came into the library, and Hotchway? The lady or the tiger again. tentments.

Jennie was speaking. "I hope Miss West was not hurt?" she or feared she had said too much. She "We liked her, all of us. Sho asked.

was not like Mrs. Curtis."

some bruises," I said.

"Yes." coming, sho went to the door. Then she told me a little, not much. closed it softly and came back.

it ?" she asked. body was not recovered. But I have rea- bad way, sir."

sons her husband?" living.

ing at cross purposes.

same car with Mrs. Curtis, Miss West and less thing, spying on people." Mr. Sullivan. During the night there was

moment. Then, as if the meaning of my est office force some time after 9. I looked the girl.

"I think he did."

What was it?"

"It was murder," I said deliberately.

CHAPTER XXV.

of Pittsburg."

"Do you think he did marry her?" I Her effort to retain her self-control was could not keep the excitement out of my pitiful. Then she broke down and cried, of depression throughout the house, as troubles to find any joy in opening the pously, one foot in the hall, "that you were way dropped in the office yesterday, while her head on the back of a tail chair.

"my fault. I should not have sent them in imagination, on Mrs. Klopton's meager the uncertain voice inquire when "Blake" mitted a crime. fare.

After a few minutes she grow quiet. She "You will understand better, sir, when with indignation. Always shrill, her eld- patient of his delay, I telephoned, I found She stared at me in speechless indigna-

"It is that," I agreed soberly.

60g ?" Jennie either had nothing more to say. She cleared her throat.

was evidently uneasy before Hotchkiss. I Lawrence," she said. "I have lived in the lng. It might be that I would not see her do you think of that for luck! You always Hotchkiss, who had been silent, here wanted to say that she was not like in a Baltimore hospital, but she already and seen what I saw yesterday-every one thing, and that, urder the cloud that told her that Mrs. Sullivan was recovering best families, and never have I stood by again. I had nothing to say to her save were a fortunate devil, Lawrence." in the world. Instead-"She en- knew it, from some source, and merely bureau drawer opened, and my-my most hung over me, I did not dare to say. But "I hardly know how to contain myself for and coughed. nodded. She made a few preparations for sacred belongings-" she choked.

"Yes. I threatened to sue them, and I out to the elevator. As I went down in one "Although jail isn't so bad, anyhow," he Knight stationed himself at a window, and told them what you would do when you cage I caught a glimpse of Johnson and finished, "there are fellows that get the Hotchkiss paced the floor expectantly. "It's came back. But they wouldn't listen. They two other men going up in the next. I habit and keep going back and going back." a great day for modern detective methods." took away that black sealskin bag you hardly gave them a thought. There was He looked at his watch, and I fancied his he chirruped. "While the police have been brought home from Pittsburg with you!" I knew then that my hours of freedom passing car. Let come what might, ar- nervously fumbling in my book.

were numbered. To have found Sullivan rest, prison, disgrace, I was going to see "Did you ever read The Purloined Let- and choke them, we have pieced together, and then, in support of my case against Alison. him, to have produced the bag, minus the I saw her. I flung into the station, saw bit of chain, had been my intention. But that it was empty-empty, for she was not isn't it?"

the police had the bag, and, beyond know- there. Then I hurried back to the gates. "You were on leaving, while Hotchkiss and I compared ing something of Sullivan's history, I was She was there, a familiar figure in blue, is a masterpiece," he said, with enthus- kiss, raised on his toes, flung out his arm notes, and then, with the cat in her arms, practically no nearer his discovery than the very gown in which I always thought lasm. "I re-read it today." she climbed into the trap from the town, before. Hotchkiss hoped he had his man of her, the one she had worn when, heaven

She waited for more questions, but none I sat with her, and on the way down she in the house off Washington Circle, but heip me-I had kissed her at the Carter on the very night he had seen him Jennie farm. And she was not alone. Bending off Washington Circle. I-I made some dis- blond fellow, clad in light gray, wearing

"If you see Mrs. Sullivan," she advised, claimed that Sullivan had tried to enter over her, talking earnestly, with all his "Mrs. Curtis is dead? You are sure of "and she is conscious, she probably thinks the Laurels. Then-suppose we found Sul- boyish heart in his face, was Richey. that both her husband and her father livan and proved the satchel and its con- They did not see me, and I was glad of around for our approval. "There was a "I brought him here as you suggested, "She was killed instantly, I believe. The were killed in the wreck. She will be in a tents were his? Since the police had the it. After all, it had been McKnight's game small cushion on the drosser, and the scarf Mr. McKnight." said the constable.

bit of chain it might mean involving Alison first. I turned on my heel and made my pins in it had been stuck in with the left But McKnight was doubled over the for believing that Mr. Sullivan is "You mean that she-still cares about in the story. I sat down and buried my way blindly out of the station. Before I face in my hands. There was no escape, lost them I turned once and looked toward

"I know it," she said. "I-I think he The cat craweled over on to my knee, I figured it out despondingly. was here the night before last. That is and rubbed its head against my hand in- Against me was the evidence of the sur- sorbed in each other. They were the only desisted. why I went to the tower room. I believe vitingly. Jennie stared at the undulating vivors of the Ontario that I had been ac- two people on earth that I cared about, he would kill me if he could." As nearly line of the mountain crests, a colossal surf cused of the murder at the time. There and 1 left them there together. Then I as her round and comely face could ex- against a blue ocean of sky. "Yes, she had been blood stains on my pillow and went back miserably to the office and Mrs. Carter, at the farm house, our man It was Stuart, our confidential clerk for press it, Jennie's expression was tragic at cares," she said softly. "Women are made a hidden dagger. Into the bargain, in my awaited arrest.

that moment. I made a quick resolution, like that. They say they are cats, but possession had been found a traveling bag Peter there on your lap wouldn't come containing the dead man's pocketbook. "You are not entirely frank with me, back and lick your hand if you kicked In my own favor was McKnight's theory

ing.

hurt.

Jennie, 1 protested. "And I am going to him. If-if you have to tell her the truth, against Mrs. Conway. She had motive for Strangely enough, I was not disturbed tell you more than I have. We were talk- be as gentle as you can, sir. She has wishing to secure the notes, she believed that day. Mcknight did not appear at all. been good to me-that's why I have played I was in lower ten, and she had collapsed I sat at my desk and transacted routine "I was on the wrecked train. in the the spy here all summer. It's a thank- at the discovery of the crime in the morn- business all afternoon, working with fever-

ish energy. Like a man on the verge of a Against both of these theories, I accuse critical illness or a hazardous journey, I

a crime committed in that car and Mr. Hotchigiss and I arrived in Washington a purely chimerical person named Sullivan, cleared up my correspondence, paid bilis Sullivan disappeared. But he left behind late that evening, and, rather than arouse who was not seen by any of the survivors until I had the writer's cramp from signhim a chain of circumstantial evidence that the household, I went to the club. I was -save one, Alison, whom I could not bring ing checks, read over my will, and paid involved me completely, so that I may, at at the office early the next morning and into the case. I could find a motive for up my life insurance, made to the benefit any time, be arrested." admitted myself. McKnight rarely ap- his murdering his father-in-law, whom he of an elderly sister of my mother's.

Apparently she did not comprehend for a peared before half after ten, and our mod. hated, but again-I would have to drag in I no longer dreaded arrest. After that morning in the station, I felt that anywords had just dawned on her, she looked over my previous day's mail and waited. And not one of the theories explained thing would be a relief from the tension. with such patience as I possessed, for the telegram and the broken necklace. I went home with perfect openness, court-"You mean-Mr. Sullivan committed the McKnight. In the interval I called up Outside the office force was arriving, ing the warrant that I knew was waiting, Mrs. Klopton and announced that I would They were comfortably ignorant of my but I was not molested. The delay puzzled dine at home that night. What my house- presence, and over the transom floated me. The early part of the evening was

hold subsists on during my numerous ab. scraps of dialogue and the stenographer's uneventful. I read until late, with ocsences I have never discovered. Ten, prob- gurgling laugh. McKnight had a relative, casional lapses, when my book lay at my "Yes. She was the granddaughter of a Her hands clenched involuntarily, and ably,, and crackers. Diligent search when who was reading law with him, in the elbow, and I smoked and thought. Mrs. wealthy man in Pittsburg. My aunt has she shrank back. "A woman" She could I have made a midnight arrival, never re- intervals between calling up the young Klopton closed the house with ostentatious veals anything more substantial. Possi- women of his acquaintance. He came in caution, about 11, and hung around waiting "No, a man; a Mr. Simon Harrington, bly I imagine it, but the announcement singing, and the office boy joined in with to enlarge on the outragcousness of the that I am about to make a journey al. the uncertainty of voice of 15. I smiled police search. I did not encourage her. ways seems to creat a general atmosphere srimly. I was too busy with my own "One would think," she concluded pom- it doesn't matter. By the way, Mrs. Con-

> though Euphemia and Eliza, and Thomas, door and startling them into slience. I something you oughtn't to be, Mr. Law- you were away." "It was my fault," she said wretchedly, the stableman, were already subsisting, even heard, without resentment. Blobs of rence. They acted as though you had com-

would be back. "I'm not sure that I didn't, Mrs. Klop-So I called her up and announced my I hoped McKnight would arrive before ton," I said wearily. "Somebody did, and case against the railroad." "They came from somewhere in the seemed to hesitate over something, and arrival. There was something unusual in the arrest occurred. There were many the general verdict seems to point my her tone, as though her throat was tense things to arrange. But when at last, im- way."

about them, but Mr. Sullivan had a wicked I say that I was raised in the Harrington erly voice rasped my car painfully through he had been gone for more than an hour. tion. Then she flounced out. She came Clearly he was not coming directly to the back once to say that the paper predicted "I have changed the butcher. Mr. Law- office, and with such resignation as I cooler weather, and that she had put a

rence," she announced portentously. "The could muster I paced the floor and waited, blanket on my bed, but, to her disappointlast roast was a pound short, and his mut- I felt more alone than I have ever felt ment, I refused to reopen the subject. ton chops-any self-respecting sheep would in my life. "Born an orphan," as Richey At 11:30 McKnight and Hotchkiss came said, I had made my own way, carved out in. Richey has a habit of stopping his

Critical as my position was, I could not Well, I had held to that theory all through. As I said before, I can always tell from myself such success as had been mine. I car in front of the house and honking pry deeper into Alison West's affairs. If Jernie suddenly became a valuable person; the voice in which Mrs. Klopton conveys had built up my house of life on the props until some one comes out. He has a code is had got into the hands of adventurers, if necessary she could prove the connec- the most indifferent matters, if some unknown of signals with the horn, which I never re- cur. I was just as guilty as if I could have hands with McKnight and myself mag-Sullivan and his sister appeared to have tion between Sullivan and the murdered of real significance has occurred. Also, hand had withdrawn the supports, and I member. Two long and a short blast mean, I believe, "Send out a box of cigarettes,"

I suppose it is the maternal in a woman and six short blasts, which sound like a motives." "You are pessimistic this morning," I that makes a man turn to her when every- polloe call, mean "Can you lend me some mind: the incident at the farm house of Mrs. Sullivan, and I had recognized returned. "What's the matter, Mrs. Klop- thing else fails. The eternal boy in him money?" Tonight I know something was Hotchkiss had gone to the window. lacked only motive to be complete. Was the branse-haired girl of the train, we were ton? You haven't used that tone since goes to have his wounded pride bandaged, up, for he got out and range the door bell was excited. There are no 'reasons,' what-Sullivan, after all, a rascal or a criminal? both well satisfied-which goes to prove Euphemia baked a ple for the iceman, his tattered self-respect repaired. If he like a Christian,

The longing to see Allson, always with Knight was aggressively cheerful.

I wanted to see her, to touch her hand- joy sometimes. I suppose you know"-to "Mr. Blakeley," he began, "by Mr. Mc-

no hansom in sight, and I jumped on a cheerfulness was strained. Hotchkiss was guarding houses and standing with their

mouths open waiting for clues to fall in blt by bit, a fabric-" ter.' Mr. Blakeley ?" he inquired.

"Poe The door bell rang, followed immediately "Probably, years ago," I said. by sounds of footsteps in the hall. Mc-

mitted, "but it troubles me. According to sheepish.

only the most severely plain night shirts."

"Any buttons off?" McKnight inquired,

- He was choked at my indifference. "It Knight threw the door open, and Hotch-

"And what happened?"

"Then I inspected the rooms in the house

coveries, Mr. Blakeley. For one thing, our tan shoes, and followed closely by an ofman there is left-handed." He looked floer.

hand." "Somebody may have twisted the cush-

them, standing apart from the crowd, ab- jon," I objected, but he looked hurt, and I stood up, his important attitude finally

CHAPTER XXVI. ON TO RICHMOND.

looking again at his watch. "The buttons were there," the amateur you. First, you jab your scarf pin into detective answered gravely, "but the but. your cushion with your left hand, which is

tonhole next the top one was torn through." most reprehensible; second, you wear-er-McKnight winked at me furtively. "I am convinced of one thing." Hotch- than that, perhaps, we find that one of kiss went on, clearing his throat, "the them has a buttonhole torn cut at the

papers are not in that room. Either he neck." carries them with him, or he has sold Stuart was bewildered. He looked from them.

A sound on the street made both my fallen Hotchkiss. visitors listen sharply. Whatever it was it passed on, however. I was growing curious he said. "I was arrested as I reached my and the restraint was telling on McKnight, boarding house tonight, after the theater, He has no talent for secrecy. In the in- and brought directly here. I told the offiterval we discussed the strange occurrence cer it was a mistake." at Cresson, which lost nothing by Hotch-

kiss' dry narration. "And so," he concluded, "the woman in the Baltimore hospital is the wife of Henry Sullivan and the daughter of the man he murdered. No wonder he collapsed when he heard of the wreck."

"Joy, probably," McKnight put in. "Is that clock right, Lawrence? Never mind,

"What!" I sprang from my chair. "Sure thing. Said she had heard great things of us, and wanted us to handle her

"I would like to know what she is driving

at," I reflected. "Is she trying to reach me through you?" deeper feeling. He dropped it now. "Yes." am afraid that the beautiful fabric we have Richey's flippancy is often a cloak for

he said, "she's after the notes, of course. And I'll tell you I felt like a poltroonwhatever that may be-when I turned her down. She stood by the door with her face white, and told me contemptuously that I

I paid the constable for his trouble, and he departed. Stuart, still indignant, left could save you from a murder charge and wouldn't do it. She made me feel like a to go back to Washington Circle. He shook obliged her. She hinted that there were nanimously, but he hurled a look of utter reasons and she laid my attitude to beastly hatred at Hotchkiss, sunk crestfallen in his chair.

"As far as I can see," said McKnight "Nonsense," I said, as easily as I could. "She dryly, "we're exactly as far along as we were the day we met at the Carter place. We're not a steap nearer to finding our ever she means.'

disappointment.

the fiasco.

were.

man.' Richey put his hand on my shoulder.

"We have one thing that may kiss wiped his collar until it gleamed. Mo- "We've been together too long to let any value," I suggested. "He is the husband of 'reasons' or 'unreasons' come between us, "The house has been broken into, Mr. me, was stronger than I was that morn- "Not pinched yet!" he exclaimed. "What old man," he said, not very steadily. a bronze-haired woman at Van Kirk's hospital, and it is just possible we may trace him through her. I hope we are not going came forward in his most impressive man-"Yes," I assented, with some bitterness, ner. He put his hands under his coat tails to lose your valuable co-operation, Mr. Hotchkiss?" I asked.

(To Be Continued.)