

The Exploits

of a

Physician Detective

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THE HAUTOVER CASE

At 8 o'clock on an evening in late September a group of five physicians and surgeons, gathered at the home of a colleague for the purpose of comparing professional notes, sat down to dinner. Though the conversation, originally intended to be strictly confined to medicine, soon became diverted by a chance remark of the host into the channels of criminology and medicine combined, one of their number, who for some years had acted as resident physician in the state penitentiary, and whose name was famous in penology, ate in silence without apparent interest in the subjects under discussion. He had uttered scarcely a word after entering the dining-room. This taciturnity on his part was not unusual, for he was known by his colleagues to be of a thinking rather than garrulous nature, given to few remarks even on festive occasions. However, the host, Dr. Roe, in order to draw him into the conversation, finally turned to him and said:

"Did you hear that, Furnivall? Gerrish says all criminals are insane."

Dr. Furnivall raised his head slowly and looked across the table at Dr. Gerrish.

"When did you find that out," he asked.

"What?" came in a chorus from all sides. And Dr. Roe continued: "You don't mean to say you subscribe to that?"

Furnivall raised his eyebrows and waved his hand in mock deprecation. In appearance he was an ordinary man, rather good looking, of middle age. He wore a beard, which was streaked with gray, and the only thing about him that seemed noticeable was his eyes. These in repose were ordinary enough, too, at first glance. But a closer acquaintance with them disclosed a singular quality, which one would begin to describe as color and end by declaring to be a fascination of depth. Looking steadily into them was like standing on a precipice and gazing over till the impulse comes to plunge down. Blue, of a very dark limpid tone, one would say they were on a casual view, but a blue that flickered and waved under observation between blue and dark gray, suddenly flaming to a fixed and powerful black, which seemed to bore into one's very soul, and yet at the same time resemble a bottomless well into which it would be the most pleasing and natural thing in the world for one to jump and carelessly sink. Despite the fact that they lacked any suggestion of wildness, and that the whites were no more than normally in evidence, a true psychologist would recognize these singular eyes as most peculiarly adapted to the use of hypnotism. They had, however, never been put to these uses, as far as the doctor's friends were aware.

With the lifting of his brows and the waving of his hand, Dr. Furnivall said:

"Gentlemen, the question is one largely of terminology. What is insanity? And I sup-

pose Gerrish means that every criminal is insane, for the moment, at least, or he would never commit the crime. Probably we would say that insanity is a state of mind which impels a person to do what no sane person would do; but that doesn't seem to help us much. It resolves itself, on one side, into a matter of observance or nonobservance of custom. "He who does a little different from the majority is called a crank, or eccentric; if he acts greatly different he is foolish, or demented, or odd, or crazed, or insane, and so forth. Now the ordinary man does not, for example, default and run away with the funds of a bank, even when he has a chance to do so. He who does so is therefore not ordinary. Maybe he is only a fool, without sense enough to know how small are his chances for escape. Maybe he is insane. But call him what you will, his is not the normal mind."

At this another chorus went up:

"But circumstances! How are you going to leave them out? Wouldn't circumstances force, sometimes, even a normal person——"

Furnivall again waved his hand as if the question were trivial.

"A man's circumstances are the man himself; are part of him. Circumstances do not force him; he forces them. He makes them. An absolutely honest man could not be made to steal, even by the thumb screws of the inquisition, any more than he could, on the physical side, be made to lift a ton with his hands. Temptation, like muscular strength, does not lie

without; it lies within. What a man is is what puts him in his circumstances. I will even venture to assert that a thoroughly wise person could, if it were possible for him to know all the circumstances surrounding any man, work back to the discovery of that man's very mind and soul, and from that basis work forward and predict every thought and act of his future life."

At this the table burst into a roar of derisive, good humored laughter, and Gerrish said:

"You ought to have been a detective, old man. As nothing but a physician and penologist with a few letters after his name, you waste and most recklessly squander a talent that should be put to some real use in the world."

"Oh," answered Furnivall, in the midst of the laughter over this brilliant sarcasm, "you forget that I am not a wise man. It is only the wise who could work this miracle. And, further, was there ever a man whose circumstances could be all known, however simple they might seem, by any other man? I think not. Still, there are undoubtedly many cases in which one could learn a sufficient number of facts to indicate with certainty——"

At this instant the door was thrown violently open and a man came whirling in, locked in a fierce mutual embrace with the butler.

"Help, help, sir—he's crazy! He's choking me!" gasped the servant.

"Let me in, then! Curse you, I tell you it's life or death with me!"

With a last spasmodic heave he threw the butler against the wall and rushed up to Dr. Furnivall.

"Jack!" exclaimed the doctor. "What the dev——"

"For God's sake, hide me, doctor, hide me!" cried the intruder, who was a sallow youth of 22 or 23. "They're after me. Tads is dead—killed—murdered—God! And they say I did it. Hide me somewhere!"

He bounded around the room frantically as if searching with blind eyes for a way of escape or concealment.

"Sit down," commanded the doctor calmly. "You act as if something were the matter. There's nothing in the world important enough to make a sane man raise such a row."

At the word "sane" the doctors, all with the same thought, looked at each other and the stranger. The coincidence of this affair with their late subject of discussion struck them speechless. Moreover, the young man was, to their experienced eyes far from sane at that moment. That such a person should develop a homicidal tendency was within the possibilities. There was commiseration in their hearts for their colleague, for if he were interested in this youth here was an opportunity to apply his theories, and these, as he had himself hinted them, pointed inevitably to the guilt of his friend. What would he do?

The stranger threw himself upon the lounge and buried his face in his hands at the doctor's words.

"Do you want me to give myself up?" he cried hysterically.

"Dr. Roe," said Furnivall, "and my friends, this is Mr. John Harwich. Jack, pull yourself together and sit up. Don't act so childishly. You're not going to be hurt. Come, gentlemen, let's finish our dinner. In the meantime our young friend will tell us his story. Roe, please order the servants to admit anybody who calls. Now, Jack."

The youth sat erect with a jerk. His face was haggard, his eyelids quivered, his hands twitched, the thumbs inside his fingers, and his whole body trembled violently. When he spoke his voice, though not loud, gave the effect of screaming.

"Tads was found dead on his bed this afternoon; that's all," he ejaculated. "And, oh—horrible!—because I am the next heir, they say I did it."

He started up, his eyes rolling in his head, and then sank back again on the couch, lolting exhausted against the wall.

"Were you in the vicinity at the time he was found?" asked the doctor. His eyes were veiled in a downward look at the tablecloth, his fingers crumbling the bread at his plate. The observant doctors waited breathlessly for the answer.

"That is the fate of it," he burst forth. "You know I hadn't been there for months, but this morning—think of it! This day of all others—I took a spin out there in the motor, and—and——"

He groaned and threw out his hands despairingly.

The doctor, his fingers still busy with the crumbs, sat a moment in silence, while the company watched him, tense, with an emotion in which sympathy bore a large part. His face, however, never changed under their gaze from an expression indicative of calm consideration of the facts.

"Were you there long? Had you any opportunity to do it?"

"Great heavens—you don't, you can't—for God's sake say you don't believe——"

"Jack," interrupted Furnivall, looking him steadily in the eye for the first time, "sit up straight and tell your story from the beginning."

"I won't," he returned doggedly, "if you are going to think I had anything to do with it. I thought that you, above everybody, would have faith in me. I know it looks bad for me. I didn't like Tads; everybody knows that. I've been there all day, but I scarcely saw him. I was alone a good deal, too, and so was he, they say. But I didn't touch him. I didn't say three words to him. He was found on his bed at 6 o'clock, stabbed in the heart, naked, and all covered with oil. I believe whoever did it meant to burn him and the house too. They say a tramp was around there in the afternoon and got something to eat from the cook. Why don't they lay it to him? I wouldn't do such a thing as that; it isn't in me."

There was a remarkable change in the narrator's manner as he went on, the doctor's eyes

holding him. Between the stubborn tone in which he began and the docile conclusion there was all the difference that lies between an ugly and an amiable child.

The skilled group, watching intently, remained silent, but they sought each other with their eyes. They had recognized an instance of true hypnotism, with no hocus-pocus about it; indeed, with no chance for anything of the kind, which is a rare thing. And they were interested to the point of enthusiasm. Not a man of them now believed the youth guilty, for had he been he would have told it as unconcernedly under the influence of that compelling gaze as he had just asserted his innocence. A less self-controlled company would have shouted applause at this unostentatious yet wonderful display of pure science.

"Is your motor outside, Jack?" asked the doctor, pushing his chair back from the table.

"Yes; at the door. I came as fast as I could to your house first, and they told me you were here." He suddenly stopped and looked around "Where's that butler? I'm sorry. I should have spoken to him, but I was excited and ran by him. He must have thought——"

The doctor, who had been scribbling a prescription, interrupted by handing it to him saying:

"Take this to a drug store, get it filled, and dose yourself. Go home. Walk. I shall want your motor for the remainder of the night. Go now, for I must be off in a hurry."

He thrust the young man from the room and turned to the company.

"He isn't guilty!" they cried, as with one voice.

"I don't know. You saw his symptoms and know what he would be capable of under sufficient stimulus. I am going down to Hautover's to find out."

"Hautover!" they exclaimed. He was the richest man in the city.

"Yes. The dead boy was his only child, and Jack is his only nephew—his sister's son. His father was my dearest friend and I was the boy's guardian till his majority."

"But," objected Dr. Gerrish, "the hypnosis, the suggestion—wouldn't that have brought out his guilt if he were guilty? That young fellow spoke the truth if ever a man did. His whole manner showed that he couldn't lie. He was a perfect automaton."

Furnivall smiled and motioned for his hat and coat.

"An epileptic, you know, forgets," he said. "If my theories are correct it would be perfectly possible for Jack, who ordinarily has a good memory, to commit a crime in a flurry of hysteria and forget all about it two hours afterward, so that he would be unable to tell of it if he would. However," he continued, "I'm going to look into the case for his sake. He's a good fellow, and shan't suffer if I can help it. Should you like to go along, Gerrish?"

Dr. Gerrish eagerly signified his assent. They entered the automobile together, and in

half an hour of rapid driving, during which time scarcely a word passed between them, they arrived at the country house of Jonas Hautover.

Dr. Furnivall was well known by this gentleman, and when he stated his errand to him he willingly rehearsed the facts of the tragedy, which were substantially as Harwich had stated them. He added, however, that it was the police who accused his nephew.

"For ourselves," he concluded, "we don't know what to think. It doesn't seem possible that Jack could do such a thing. And we are all too deeply distracted to reason about the terrible affair."

"May I see the body?"

The bereaved father led the way to a chamber at the door of which a woman watcher sat, motioned them to go in, and left them alone with the dead.

The body was that of a boy of five years, fair and well formed, lying on a bed with a sheet over it. They immediately saw that in addition to the stab wound in the heart there was an abrasion of the skin of the forehead, and this Dr. Furnivall examined curiously. He beckoned to the woman at the door.

"Were you his nurse?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"When did you last see him alive—what time?"

The woman looked frightened. She evidently was one of more than the usual intelligence, but the situation was too large and dread-

ful for her. She began to weep, but managed to stammer.

"I couldn't say just exactly, sir, but I think it was around 5 o'clock."

"Where was he then?"

"He was running down the back stairs, sir, laughing, for I was after him to wash him up for dinner. And he went out the door into the grounds, at the back of the house, and nobody saw him afterward."

"Then you were the last person to see him alive?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so, sir."

"But, as I understand it, he was struck down in his room. He must have come back again. How could he do that without being seen—with the house full of people, besides the servants?"

"I don't know, oh, I don't know, sir," she sobbed, wringing her hands. "How could the murderer himself get in and nobody see him?"

Dr. Furnivall turned again to the body.

"Notice the shape of that mark on the forehead, Gerrish," he whispered, "and remember it. They poured oil over him and were going to burn him, were they?" he continued in so strange a tone that his colleague threw him a quick glance.

Never had he seen the calm and assured Dr. Furnivall show such vivacity. The blue of his eyes had become gray, his face was alight with animation, and his movements, ordinarily slow, restrained, almost apathetic, were now lightning-like in their celerity. As Dr. Gerrish

gazed a strange thought came to him, and the next instant he was dumfounded to hear his companion express that very thought in words.

"Do you know, Gerrish," he said, speaking so fast that his hearer could hardly realize the utterance as that of the deliberate man he had known for so many years, "when you said at dinner that I should be a detective, I believe you hit it. It was what I was thinking about that very moment. You were joking then, but I'm not now. Why, I never felt such interest in anything, so much life fluid sparkling and boiling in me; in my life as I do this instant. I'm a new man. I feel the pure, unmixed power of the cosmos itself moving me about as a champion moves chessmen on a board. If that doesn't mean to a man that he has found his vocation, what does? It's what is called genius. I know now that I've got it, along this line, at any rate, and I'm devilish sure I never had it in medicine, as well as I succeeded. That was all work, hard, hard work, and no play. But this! Why, it's joy, it's exhilaration, intoxication! Come!"

He hurried from the room and presently stood with his friend outside gazing eagerly up at the boy's window.

"Um'm!" he muttered, darting here and there, examining the wall, the ground, and the near by summer house. "One story—no vines, no ladder, summer house too far off, and too low; went in that window—but how, how?—ah!"

The jerky muttering suddenly ceased, and the speaker stood with mouth open in amaze,

staring at his companion. The grounds were well lighted by electricity, and though there were shadows dense and large scattered all around, the two doctors could see each other but little less plainly than they could by daylight itself.

"What is it?" Dr. Gerrish was startled at Furnivall's look.

For answer he took him by the wrist, and bringing his hand down to the grass directly under the window, rubbed it back and forth. Then he asked:

"What have you on your hand?"

"Sweet oil," answered Dr. Gerrish promptly.

"Well?" He eyed him expectantly. It was fully ten seconds before Dr. Gerrish grasped the meaning of the interrogation. When he did his own face reflected the astonishment of Furnivall's.

"Jovel!" he exclaimed, and began hurriedly examining the ground. "Yes," he continued excitedly, "the grass is broken down here, and there's oil all around. They must have spilt
——"

Furnivall regarded him disgustedly.

"He was *laid* here, after the oil was poured over him," he corrected.

"Ah! And therefore you mean——"

"Certainly. In short, the boy was killed and covered with oil, and then brought into his room through that window. The crime was not committed in the house."

"It's the strangest thing I ever heard of," said Dr. Gerrish, in a low tone. "I don't un-

derstand it in the least. Such a little boy, and—it's horrible! What did they cover him with oil for? And why was he laid down here?"

"Because those things were logical results of the murderer's bent of mind."

"Yes, but how much does that explain?"

"Everything—to one who knows the murderer's motive. Now," continued Furnivall, speaking with lightning speed, "I must see everybody in that house. I know the crime, I know the motive, and the only thing necessary now is to find the person who could have that motive sufficiently strong to result in the crime. "It was somebody who passes freely about the house and grounds, for he must have been seen going in and out, and his presence was taken for granted. That disposes of the tramp theory. It was either a guest or a servant. There was only one concerned, for the body was laid here while he went to the child's room and lowered a rope from the window. It was also a woman, and that lets Jack out, for the part of the house in which the room is located is given over to the women, and a man would not only attract notice, but cause consternation there."

Dr. Furnivall paused, and gazing straight into the eyes of his friend, added, with an abrupt change of manner to slow solemnity:

"Has it occurred to you why the body was naked?"

Dr. Gerrish shuddered and shook his head, making an awed, deprecating motion with his hands.

"I give it all up," he said. "The whole thing from beginning to end is beyond me. I thought at first that I should be interested, but I fear it's too grewsome for my stomach. I never dreamed of anything like this, and shall attend strictly to medicine hereafter. To my mind work of this sort is assigned by nature to the police."

"The police! Yes, but there are moments for every man when he himself is a policeman. Where would Jack be if left to the police? Every fact in this case points to him as the guilty one—I mean every fact as far as the police can see into it. Do you realize how many different branches of science I have used already in this search, branches which the police know only by name, and some of them not even that much? Ten! Telepathy, botany, criminology, medicine, surgery, history, religion, mathematics, psychiatry, and logic. You do not see all these in it now, but you will when the thing is over. And every one of them is a necessary constituent of the solution. Without them the truth of this unique crime would look like falsehood, and infallibly the wrong person would be made to suffer."

"I have often thought a little education would do no harm to the police," said Dr. Gerrish somewhat dryly.

"It is not the job, but the man, that counts," returned Furnivall, quickly. "And we're all of us children of nature looking for truth, each according to his ability. Now, we haven't a second to lose. I wish you would—but wait."

He slipped out of his light overcoat with a quick movement, rolled it into a bundle, and placed it carefully beneath the window.

"Now," he continued, hurriedly, "you move to the left and I'll take the right. I wish to find how far away, in the present light, that bundle can be seen. We'll make a circle and meet half way."

The result was easily found to be that outside of a small area the object could not be discerned at all owing to the shrubbery and the summer-house, except in one direction. This was along a walk between a row of maples, down which it was visible for some distance.

The doctor uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"The body," he said, "covered with a cloth saturated with oil, was laid here at about 6 o'clock. It was not dark enough at that hour for the lights to be turned on in the park, yet it was not full daylight, and the guests and servants were all busy preparing for dinner. It could have been done at no other time. Still the criminal took terrible chances for detection, with so many persons likely to be around. She is either a fool or a dare-devil. We must take that into account in our search for her. The servants we can examine at any time, but the guests will be leaving now—Gerish, you must think up some plan of gathering all the visitors, male and female, into one room, so that we may see them. Tell Hautover. He'll fix it. Have them rounded up as soon as possible. I'll be back in five minutes."

He started away down the maple walk as he spoke, and Dr. Gerrish, sadly reluctant, but feeling that it must be done, sought the child's sorrowing father.

Within the stipulated time Dr. Furnivall hurriedly entered the house and found that the guests were assembling in one of the drawing-rooms, where they had been asked to meet their host, as he had something to say to them regarding his affliction.

"There are eleven of them," whispered Dr. Gerrish; "seven women and four men. Three men and four women are already gone?"

"Before their time," asked Furnivall, quickly.

"Yes, on account of this——"

"Were the women married?"

"All but one, a girl of 19 or so."

"No matter, then. The indications point to a middle aged spinster. Or she might be elderly. It is barely possible that she is married, but if so, unhappily. Fanaticism, Gerrish; look for that. Watch their eyes for fanaticism. Do you begin to see?"

He peered half curiously, half banteringly, at his colleague, who only shook his head.

"Well, then," Furnivall hurried on, "don't you remember the abrasion of the forehead; the nakedness, and the oil?"

Gerrish shuddered.

"Only too well," he said.

"And they tell you nothing?"

"Yes," he returned, "they do. They tell me that somewhere in the world there is a fiend beneath the conception of the human mind."

"Well, well," said Furnivall brusquely, "it doesn't strike me as it does you. When you've seen the 'fiend' you'll open your eyes. And I think you'll see her presently. But what's all this?"

From the drawing-room came sounds of commotion, and entering in haste, they found that the task Mr. Hautover had set for himself had been too much for his state of mind and he had collapsed on the sofa.

"You look after him Gerrish," said Furnivall. "This is just my chance. I'll speak to them myself."

While the servants carried their master from the room, followed by Dr. Gerrish, Dr. Furnivall briefly addressed the guests. He said that their host had only meant to express his regret that their stay had been so calamitously shortened, and announced that the house would be closed on the morrow. He requested that reticence be maintained regarding the day's occurrence until the guilty person should be apprehended. Suspicion had been directed toward a mendicant who had entered the kitchen for food, but very little was known as yet.

One minute later, in Hautover's chamber, he shook his head at Dr. Gerrish's look of inquiry.

"No," he said, "there isn't a person among the guests now in the house who could by any possibility be fitted into the circumstances. Though the women were, without exception, in one stage or another of hysteria, and might easily do some foolish thing in a moment of

excitement, not one of them was capable of the sustained cunning and method of this crime, to say nothing of the motive of it. We must look among the servants. Hautover, how do you feel? Could you answer a few questions?"

"Yes, I think so," answered the sick man, wearily. He was lying on a couch. "It's terribly harrowing," he said, in a feeble voice "and I beg——"

"Well, then, I need only ask you to order all the female servants to assemble in the hall at once."

"Very well." He touched a button and gave his instructions.

In twenty minutes Dr. Gerrish saw Furnivall beckoning him from the doorway. He excused himself to his patient and went into the hall. Furnivall's face was alight with triumph.

"I've seen them all," he whispered eagerly, "and think I'm on the track. I am going after somebody, and, if nothing breaks, I'll give you the greatest surprise of your life inside of ten minutes. Now, I want you to fix it so that you and Hautover can hear all that is said in the boy's room, without being seen. Get him up, give him a stimulant—he can stand it—and have him there in ten minutes."

With that he left Gerrish, who stood with a look of fervent profanity in his face, staring after him, and almost ran down the maple walk, along which he had searched once before on that evening.

At the end of the walk the iron trelliswork of a gate in the wall barred his way, but he had

already found that it was unlocked, and presently he was ringing at the door of a well kept cottage across the road.

"I wish to see Miss Prentiss," he said to the maid who answered his summons. "I can't come in; I am a doctor from the Hautover place. Please ask her to step to the door. I have only a word to say to her."

"I am Miss Prentiss," said a timid voice, and a woman took the maid's place as she stepped back.

"Good evening, Miss Prentiss. I am Dr. Furnivall. I have just come from Hautover's to see if you or your sister wouldn't sit up with the child tonight. They're in such a state there, and it's a matter of trust——"

"Why, most gladly, doctor," sounded a new voice from the hall. "We will both go. Please come in and wait a moment, and we'll go right back with you. Poor dear little Tads!"

The doctor stepped forward and took the hand that was offered him by this second speaker.

"You are Miss Helen, I'm sure," he said. "They told me of your love for the little boy. His loss must be a great blow to you. Yet, as for him, if we are to believe in the rewards of the pure spirit hereafter——"

"Ah, I am so glad you look at it that way."

She gave his hand an additional pressure, looking up at him brightly through tears. She was a woman in the thirties, with light eyes and hair turning gray, with a placid, genteel expression of the face, which showed strength

of character, but as a latent rather than active quality. Mildness and sweetness predominated there, though she was plainly the ruler of the household. The sister, whose features resembled hers so strongly that their relationship to each other could not be mistaken, seemed some years older, but was very evidently the silent partner. She only stood back and meekly smiled at their visitor.

The ladies, moving quickly and methodically, were soon ready, and the three set off together, the doctor walking between them. It was dark under the maples, and by comparing the walk to the dim aisle of a church he turned the conversation easily upon the subject of religion. And after some talk he said:

"I trust that the clergyman who officiates at the burial services will dwell more upon the joys of immortality than upon the sorrow the dead leaves behind with the living."

Miss Helen bent her head in the direction of her sister.

"Why, Hannah, he thinks just as we do, doesn't he?"

"Yes," she answered in her thin, colorless voice, adding, a little more strongly, "I should think everybody would."

"Of course, it's very hard to lose our friends," continued Helen, "but then it must come to that sooner or later with all of us, and it's better to escape the world's iniquities and have it all over while one is young——"

She paused and peered up at the doctor inquiringly. They had come into the glare of

the electric lights now, and he smiled down at her. The smile might have meant anything, but she took it for assent, and was continuing earnestly when he cautioned her that they were approaching the house and had better finish the conversation inside.

"Now," said the doctor, as they entered the room where the body, still covered with a sheet, lay in the shade cast by a screen before the electric globes, "we can continue our interesting talk. Let me make you comfortable first. Or, stay. Perhaps you would like to see him again?"

The elder woman glanced at her sister hesitatingly. Helen immediately took her hand and led her to the bed, where the doctor turned the sheet back, glancing at the same time toward the curtained alcove.

"He was a beautiful boy," he said.

Helen bent, kissing the cold brow, and her eyes were dimmed with tears as she rose.

"Wh—why," stammered Hannah weakly, touching the body with her fingers, "they have bathed him, and the oil is all off!"

"Hannah!"

The younger wheeled upon her sister with blazing eyes.

"The oil isn't necessary," said the doctor gently, holding Helen with his gaze. "What puzzles me is how you managed to do it all without being seen. There were so many people about, and, of course, they wouldn't understand, so that it would have been very awkward——"

He paused, the elder sister was weeping into her handkerchief, but Helen stood drawn up with fury in her eyes.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Do it? Do it? Do you mean to insinuate that we had any part in this? How dare you? Why, I loved that child better than anything on earth, and do you think I could see him grow up in this vitiated atmosphere, where all is dissipation, frivolity, idleness, and the worship of wealth, where money is God and fashion the only church? In such surroundings his soul was doomed. Could I stand tamely by while this horrible injustice was done the child of my dearest school friend? I should be unworthy the name of Christian woman. Am I not the bride of the Lamb? And when the laws of man come in conflict with the voice of God, which should I follow? It was by God's own command that I laid that little innocent at his feet, a holy sacrifice. He went to his Maker pure and unspotted——"

A deep groan and the noise of a fall sounded behind the curtains of the alcove. Jonas Hautover had fainted as the truths of the crime burst upon him.

Dr. Gerrish, pallid of face, stepped hastily between the parted curtains and hurried away for restoratives. Astonishment mingled with the grief in his expression as he glanced at the two women. Nothing further from the fiend he had pictured in his mind could be conceived than the appearance of these sisters, the one meek, retiring, humble faced; the other,

though showing at the moment strong symptoms of hysteria, plainly of a sweet and gracious disposition, both of them bearing the unmistakable imprint of good breeding and benevolence.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed under his breath, "Furnivall has kept his word with a vengeance. This is the greatest surprise of my life!"

But his surprise in this direction was mingled with admiration of his friend's powers. He saw behind this strange deposition, which had begun as denial and glided easily into confession, without any apparent recognition by the speaker of the contradiction involved, the same unostentatious force which had wrought the astonishing change in Jack Harwich. It was an accomplishment of surpassing interest to science. What was it? It was not hypnotism in the usual sense, with its claptrap shows and humbuggery. And it had worked so smoothly, so directly to the point, so unerringly. Was it a gift to Dr. Furnivall alone? Or could it be acquired? And these were the predominant questions in his mind; when a little later, they started on their midnight drive back to the city, for if it were to be learned, if it were a science, and application would make it his own, it should be his. The importance of such a power as that in his profession would prove incalculable.

Nevertheless he felt that now was scarcely the time to enter into that matter with the doctor; and the first thing he said when they set out was:

"Doctor, I don't at all see how in the world you managed to trace those women out."

"There was never anything more simple," he answered. "You remember that mark on the forehead? It was in the shape of a cross. That and the sacrificial oil satisfied me that it was a case of religious insanity. The rest was easy. I had only to find a person whose character fitted all the circumstances. The police searched for motive, and motive in the usual mind is synonymous with money. Therefore their suspicion pointed to poor Jack. But as soon as I saw Helen Prentiss' picture, and learned from the housekeeper that she was religious, unmarried, and therefore more likely to be subject to hysterical insanity, near middle age, lived down that walk, and had free access to the house, I knew I was on the scent. She was the only being about the premises whose character, as I saw it in her picture and learned it from the housekeeper, fitted all the facts. Both she and her sister have hallucinations, visual and auditory, and they had talked the matter of this sacrifice over for a long while, no doubt, before acting, and were both in it, the younger leading and the elder following meekly. But only the younger had the courage to hold out to the last. It was she who committed the deed, in their own house, where the child often went, and who brought the body home. An insane hospital is the place for them."

Dr. Gerrish was silent for a long while. Finally, as they rolled up to the door:

"Shall you do any more of this kind of work?" he asked, with distaste in his tone.

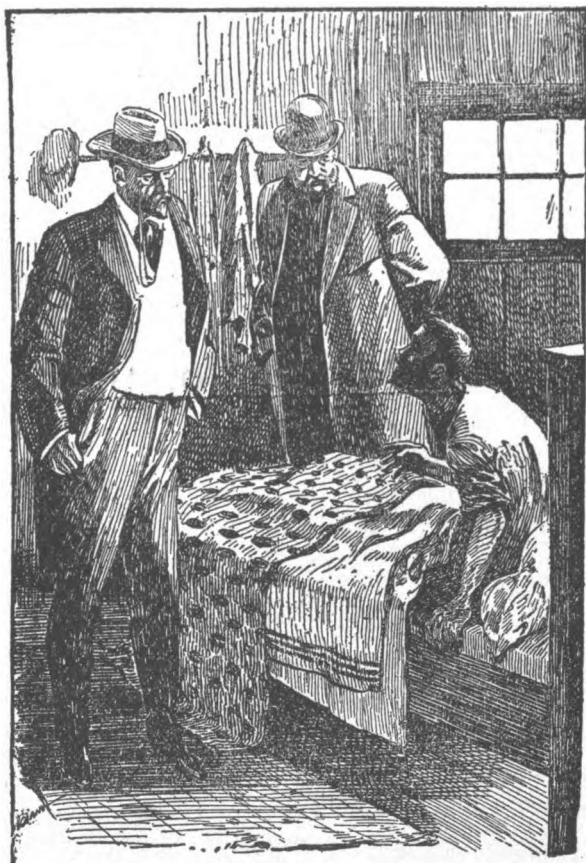
Dr. Furnivall took his hand.

"Gerrish," he said, "if a dear friend of your own were in trouble, whom would you rather trust his case to, the police or me?"

Gerrish bowed his head.

"Well, good luck to you," he said.

The Mystery of the Governess



THE MYSTERY OF THE GOVERNESS

Returning to his home one spring morning from a two days' visit in the country, Dr. Furnivall, the physician detective, was met at the door of his study by Dr. Gerrish, who, without even pausing to greet him, cried out eagerly:

"Have you seen the newspapers of yesterday and today?"

"Yes. That's why I am here. I recognized your protege's name, and hurried, for I expected you would be waiting. Begin at the beginning and tell me all about it."

It was then that, for the first time, Dr. Gerrish experienced subjectively the wonders he had twice seen worked on others by those marvelous eyes. For as he sat on the forward edge of his chair, his nerves thrilling with an excitement he had for hours striven vainly to repress, and looked into them he saw the blue of them begin rapidly to shift from blue to gray and gray to blue, flaming and undulating, so that to follow their swift and subtle changes filled him with strange sensations. A prickling shot up and down his spine, warm waves surged through his body, there was a buzzing in his ears, and his mind was a chaos of broken and jumbled-up images. He had not a sane thought in his head. Then suddenly the blue and gray leaped to a steady,

limpid black, flooding him with peace. He forgot his nerves, he saw nothing but those two placid, pellucid, bottomless wells, the confusion in his mind which had left him all abroad as to the proper point at which to begin his story vanished, and he became calm and clear headed, with the tale plainly outlined in his inner vision from start to finish.

It was only by a supreme effort of will, which was most disagreeable in the exercise, that he managed to switch his thoughts momentarily aside and say deprecatingly, with a faint smile:

"You consider it necessary—for me!"

"For you, as for everybody who is confused and excited," said Dr. Furnivall. "It's nothing but a sedative. You probably will be surprised when you are through to find what an excellent raconteur you are. If so, it will be only because your mind is concentrated on your story, and does not run off at unimportant tangents. Go on; I'm ready."

"But——," began Dr. Gerrish, with a last faint flicker of protest, the protest a man feels against having his freedom controlled by another in any degree.

Dr. Furnivall smiled grimly.

"I am controlling you, Gerrish," he said, "no more than I have done a hundred times before without your knowledge. Your attention has been called to the fact now by what I did to those others, and you recognize it, that's all the difference. And even at that I

am only doing, in principle, what you do when you give your patients a pill. I'll tell you the secret of it in due season, and then you will see my justification. It won't hurt you, I pass my word. Now proceed."

"Well, then," continued Dr. Gerrish, submissively, "you remember the young fellow I've been helping through the medical school. You never saw him, but I've told you about him—Percival Warner. He was graduated last year. It seems he was engaged to be married to this Blanche Goodwin, and they used to walk together evenings along the river banks. Night before last, Tuesday night, she left her home at 8 o'clock—she's a governess with the Parkers—to meet him, as it is supposed, but she didn't return, and in the morning her body was found in the river.

"The papers raised a great hue and cry over it, of course. Naturally the suspicions of the police flew to Warner, though, as there were no bruises on the corpse and no signs of choking, some thought she might have been dazzled by the lights where the road is being repaired and fallen over the rocks into the water in the darkness.

"Those who knew Warner wouldn't listen to a word against him. He was dead in love with the girl, as she was with him, they said, and the two were bending all their efforts toward the accumulation of an income sufficient to warrant their entering the marriage relation.

“They were bound up in each other. But when it was found that Warner himself had left his room that evening at 8 o'clock and had not been seen afterward, the police were satisfied. They held that there had been a quarrel and he had pushed her overboard, so they began to search for him. That evening, Wednesday, a man came in great fear and trembling to the police lieutenant and said that he was a watchman in the car barn near by, and that on Tuesday evening he had seen Miss Goodwin and Warner, both of whom he knew well by sight, leaning on the bridge railing together. Suddenly he heard the girl say, ‘Don’t, don’t kill me, Percy. You said you would once before.’ Upon that Warner struck her and she fell on the roadway. The watchman hurried up and said, ‘Mr. Warner, you’ll suffer for this.’ Warner returned furiously, ‘If you open your mouth about it I’ll serve you the same,’ and threw the girl into the river. Then the watchman, who was a much smaller man than Warner, ran back to the barn and locked himself in, where he remained until his conscience overcame his fear of Warner, when he ventured forth and gave his information.”

Dr. Gerrish here paused and produced a large diary, bound in red. His voice had been perfectly restrained, indeed mechanical, as he repeated the grewsome story, and now he continued in the same tone, still held as if unconsciously by Furnivall’s gaze, his eyes never straying the width of a hair from those

bottomless depths, even when he showed the diary and laid its pages open:

"This volume I found in her room when I went there yesterday. It is a confession of her passionate love, the record of a year and more. She tells how first she met him, where they went, what they did, and so on, for nearly every day during the year. The minutest details are gone into, and the most passionate and intimate passages between them are given with perfect candor. In short, it is the whole love story of two extravagantly fond people. But——"

Dr. Gerrish placed the diary carefully on the table and added:

"It was always in the afternoon, not evening, that she met him, and his name was not Percival, but John."

Dr. Furnivall jumped to his feet and clapped his hands in the air.

"Jove, Gerrish!" he exclaimed delightedly, "you're a jewel! 'Tis the most beautiful complication! The curves and angles are as clean cut and lovely as in a Greek statue, or even in the propositions of Euclid himself. Let me see that diary."

He examined it rapidly, pushing over the leaves from the first page to the last. Then he threw it down. As he did so, Dr. Gerrish said, with returning nervousness:

"Do you remember your last words to me the night of the Hautover case?"

"Why, I believe I asked you, when you seemed to disapprove of my neglecting medi-

case for detective work, whether if you had a friend in trouble you would rather leave his case to the police or me?"

"Yes, that was exactly it. But I little thought I should ever have to call on you. It was abstract justice I was thinking of when I wished you good luck, justice which you might force when some poor fellow was suffering unjustly. Now—now——"

Furnivall wheeled upon him as he hesitated.

"Do you mean," he said, "that if this young man is guilty you don't wish me to prove it?"

Gerrish remained silent, his eyes turned persistently away from Furnivall's.

"I—I don't know what to say," he stammered finally. "I fairly loved that boy, he was all that is noble and manly. He simply couldn't have done it. I knew his people. They were sound mentally and physically. Yet—yet! That diary—suppose he had found out about this other man—and now his absence—the watchman's confession——"

Furnivall waved his hand carelessly and sank back into his seat.

"All right," he said. "It is a mere matter of weight between the boy's character as you know it, and the evidence against him. With you the evidence is the heavier."

"But isn't it with you?" Gerrish regarded his friend eagerly. "I brought the whole case to you, just as I saw it, in order to get your opinion—to see if—if there wasn't some hope, some way——"

"Of escape for the guilty!" interrupted Furnivall dryly.

Gerrish's fair face colored.

"If I had a noble and manly friend," went on Dr. Furnivall in a matter of fact tone, "I should think it my sacred duty to consider him innocent until he was proved guilty. And I'd fight the whole world for him. But you do not seem to believe, really, that 'noble and manly' describes this friend of yours, though you used the phrase. Or else," he added after a pause, and with sarcasm, "you think it possible that a manly and noble youth, with good blood back of him, could knock down a defenseless girl and throw her body into the river."

"But—but—the evidence—" objected Gerrish helplessly.

"I will undertake to solve this mystery, but only to find the truth," interrupted Dr. Furnivall imperturbably.

Gerrish, with a sudden determined expression, arose.

"Come," he said, "I'll help you—but I'd stake my life on the boy."

"Well, that would have been something like, if you had said it in the first place," grumbled Furnivall, as they hastened out. "Your suspicions should have indicated the other man instead of the one you trusted, as soon as you saw the diary. Why shouldn't it be he? But that's the way with the human mind," he added querulously, as they entered his motor and sped away, "it always jumps

to the thing it fears most, like the moth to the candle. It can't seem to see anything else. So it is always biased in the direction of overthrow, like the old woman who was afraid she'd go out over the back of the sleigh every time it struck a cradle in the road, and so finally did."

"That's right, give it to me," said Gerrish. "I know I deserve it, and will accept it meekly."

"Yes—because you think I believe your friend innocent. That eases your mind. But I am not at all sure of that innocence. The whole thing looks bad for him, and the only argument on his side, so far, is his character. If you have read him rightly he would never dream of hurting the girl, even if he found her perfidious. He would rather be glad to get rid of her by turning her over to the happy John. If you have been mistaken in him all things are possible. I don't know him myself, so I rely on you, and must work on the supposition that he could not have done it, as straight against him as the evidence tends. Life is full of coincidences, cases of mistaken identity, and appearances as distinguished from truth. You learned that long ago in your practice. Besides, on the other side, any person who could commit murder should be nabbed and put where he couldn't even if he had been thought manly and noble. Here we are."

They were now in a small suburb, the scene of the crime, some three miles out, and drew

up at the door of the undertaker's establishment where the body lay.

"If you had told me we were coming here I could have saved you the trouble, for I have seen the body, and there are no marks of violence on it," said Dr. Gerrish as they alighted.

Dr. Furnivall did not answer until they had pushed through the mob of men, women, and children around the door of the little place. Then he said:

"I am not looking for signs of violence, but for something quite different," adding, as he motioned for the two or three neighbors, who stood staring awestricken at the corpse, to move back, "I must make the facts my own at first hand as nearly as possible. Different men do not see even plain facts alike on all sides."

Dr. Gerrish, watching curiously, saw his brows knit as he scrutinized the face of the dead. An introspective expression came into his features as if he were making an effort of memory, and for some seconds he remained in an indeterminate attitude, one hand on the marble slab on which the body lay, bending over it, though apparently seeing with the eyes of the mind alone. Suddenly he turned to the undertaker's assistant.

"I suppose she was brought directly here from the river?"

"Yes, doctor," he answered respectfully. He was a callow youth with mild features, who, having been smoking and playing cards

with several other men in an inner room, laid his cigar on a shelf, closed the door, and came forward zealously when he recognized the famous physician of the penitentiary.

"Have any of the Parkers, the people who employed her, been here?"

"No, sir. Mr. Parker left for the West last night, and I suppose Mrs. Parker—she's pretty tony, you know."

"Who found the body?"

"The groceryman, Bill Anderson, doctor. He was just coming from the Parker place. The police had her brought here and sent for her relatives."

"Where are her clothes?"

"Here, doctor," pointing. "They were soaked through and about spoilt, but we dried 'em out."

Furnivall turned to them briskly. They were lying on a table in a heap, and he examined several pieces one by one.

"I'll wager you confined your attention to the body, Gerrish," he said. "You never looked at these?"

"Certainly not. Why should I? They wouldn't be likely to show what the body didn't."

"Don't you see anything extraordinary in them now?"

"Why, no. I can't say. I do. But stay—they have been cut or torn in pieces——"

"Yes, yes. The name-marks were removed. That is strange, certainly, but is that all you see?"

Gerrish scanned them again and shook his head.

"I am a physician, not a dressmaker," he said, somewhat sarcastically.

"Nor a detective," added Furnivall. "But I am. And I see enough in that pile of wearing apparel to upset my whole theory of the case."

"You had a theory, then?" asked Gerrish eagerly.

"Certainly, and a wrong one, when, but for your stupidity, it would have been the right one—as it is now," he added, rushing from the shop and jumping into the automobile, without paying any attention to his companion's look of amazement and hurt. The next moment they were whirling down the street, and presently drew up at a telegraph office.

Into this Furnivall hurried, telling Gerrish to remain where he was, and stayed a full half hour. Through the windows he could be seen consulting a newspaper and dashing off numerous telegrams. When he reappeared it was with a countenance eminently good humored.

"We'll see the watchman next," he said as they shot away. "They told me in there that they held him up to this morning, and then decided to let him go on the car company's recognizance. He is probably asleep now in his room at the barn, for his work is done at night. As I question him, watch him, for unless I'm most egregiously mistaken

you'll see something of curious interest to psychiatry."

"I suppose it's my stupidity," returned Gerrish, "but I confess that your theories seem to me to be made too nearly out of whole cloth. How can you have any notion of what this man is like or what he will do or say, or that he will prove interesting to science? I admit," he added hastily, as Furnivall stared at him, "that you usually hit the bull's-eye, but how?—that's what sticks me, and I ask for information?"

Furnivall threw back his head and laughed.

"Why," he said, "allowing for a few additions and subtractions as I go along, it is the simplest thing in the world. Tell me, now, how many new kinds of crime have you heard of since you were a boy in college?"

"Well," returned Gerrish, thinking slowly, "I used to read——"

"Exactly," Furnivall interrupted, "you had read Poe, Gaboreau, and the others and history, besides the newspapers, and so, even as a boy, you were familiar with all of them, or had heard of all of them. For there are no new ones. They are new only until they are laid bare, when they are seen to be one of a class that has been known pretty nearly from the dawn of time. Isn't that so?"

"I don't know but it is," said Gerrish, doubtfully. The thought was a strange one to him and he couldn't entertain it too readily.

"Yes. We have twenty-six letters of the alphabet only, and out of these 250,000 differ-

ent words are made to compose the English language. In physics there are some seventy bases, and of these are constituted all the different objects on earth. And you know how it is in medicine, how few at bottom the principles are, and what an enormous multitude of forms they can be made to assume. Schiller and others showed that all the various plots employed by dramatists and story-tellers in all the ages may be reduced to an extraordinarily small number at bottom. I don't recollect how many, but somewhere about the twenties. And it is so with everything, even with crime. The principles involved are few, and one who is familiar with the subject, who has digested and co-ordinated all the cases, has only to learn the facts of a crime in order to name the class to which it belongs. The class being determined, the next thing is to find the person concerned whose character would admit of his belonging to that class, as in language, physics, medicine, and plots."

"Ah! You think, then, that this watchman——" began Gerrish, excitedly.

"Sh-h!" cautioned Furnivall, "this is the place, I fancy," and stopped the machine before the office of the car barn.

They found, as Dr. Furnivall had prophesied, that the watchman was asleep in a distant corner of the building. The superintendent offered to send for him, but Furnivall declined the favor and asked to be shown to the room. Here the man was awakened

without difficulty, and, lying in bed, told his story as the newspapers had printed it, and as it had been repeated by Dr. Gerrish.

A thrill of excitement shot through the younger physician as his friend, standing in front of the reclining man and looking down into his eyes, began to question him. He expected some startling denouement, though he had no idea what its nature would be, and he listened and watched with bated breath. The man was a white faced, sandy little Irishman of perhaps 30, with thin, reddish whiskers and hair, nervous in manner, and his speech, though directly to the point while he was telling his story, was quick and jerky. But for the frequent short pauses between phrases the words would have tumbled over each other as they shot from his colorless lips and became an incoherent jargon. He was thoroughly in earnest, however, and spoke apparently right from his heart, with spasmodic gestures.

"Let's see, this was on Tuesday evening," said Furnivall. "At what time did you first notice this young couple?"

"'Twas jist tin minutes aafter nine, sor. 'Twas sure that toime, becaze why? Becaze Oi go round th' place wanst ivery hour, an' 'tis jist tin minutes Oi am frum th' office t' th' soide dure phwere Oi seen thim. Oi shiart in th' office, sor, an' phwin Oi pass th' dure Oi'm alwuz aafter takin' a look out, jist fer t' mind th' weather, sor, an' how bes it out around th' yard, an' 'twas th' nine o'clock thrip."

"Were they on the bridge then?"

"They wuz, sor, latin' on th——"

"How did yoti know them? The night was dark, wasn't it?"

"Sure Oi did not know thith at 'th' toime, sor, büt I thought it wes thim, becaze they do be afther walkin' around th' bridge scänd'lous frequent, an thin phwin she calls him 'Percy' I knows, an' phwin Oi runs up til 'im Oi sees him, sor, an' Oi shpakes til 'im, faith, an' be th' same token he shpakes back."

"Yes, and the woman? She was lying on the bridge at that moment, wasn't she?"

"She was, sor. Ah Oi sez——"

"Was she laid straight out, doubled up, or how?"

"Oi c'udn't say, sor. Oi jist seen her there."

"Was she moaning, or moving around any?"

The Irishman wrinkled his brows and stared into his questioner's eyes with an expression of dismay.

"Sure, me mind is black dead," he said in astonishment. "Oi can't think."

"Well, and when he threatened you, you ran back to the barn?"

"Oi did, sor, loike a snipe, an' locked mesil' in."

"Isn't the car barn kept open later than 9 o'clock? Weren't there any people about, conductors and motormen, and others, with cars going and coming all the time?"

Again the puzzled expression possessed his face, and he answered:

"Oi don't remember, sor."

"Yes. And you didn't go your rounds after that, but remained locked in your room, this room?"

"Oi did, sor."

"And you stayed here all the next day?"

"Oi did."

"Sleeping?"

"No, sor. Oi c'u'dn't shlake, Oi was that frightened."

"Did you eat anything?"

"Oi—oi don't remimber."

"Where do you get your meals usually?"

"Wid th' Widdy McGuire. 'Tis a boardin' place she kapes."

"Yes. When did you first hear that the body had been found in the river?"

"Siven o'clock, sor, that mornin'. 'Twes Tim Dooley, th' conductor, sor, wes afther tellin' me. Miss Goodwin——"

"Where did you see this Dooley?"

"On th' car, sor, phwin he jumped off an' wint t' th' office, sor."

"Yes, and where did you get your newspaper that day?"

"In th' office, sor. 'Tis there Oi get it ivery marnin'."

"Then, I suppose, you went to your breakfast at McGuire's, and afterwards came up here and read your paper?"

"Yis, sor."

"There was nothing about the crime in it?"

"Nor, sor, 'twes th' marnin' paper. 'Twes in th' avenin' wan it foist came out."

"And how did you get that?"

"Oi bought it, sor, mesil', aff a b'y in th' shtrat."

Furnivall looked coolly at his friend.

"Well, thank you, my man," he said, "for your trouble. Don't fear that fellow any longer, but go to sleep in peace. I'll guarantee he'll never hurt you."

"What in the name of heaven can you make out of that?" cried Gerrish as the door closed behind them. "That fellow lied right and left, and was as honest as a judge about it. I never in my life saw a case of such glaring mendacity in words coupled with such honesty of manner."

"I told you you'd see something of curious interest, but you don't seem to catch on yet. No matter, you will soon. Ah, here's a door that must be the one he mentioned. Can you see any bridge from here?"

"Great Scott, man, the bridge is on the other side of the barn."

"Yes, but do you see any door on that side?"

"No, and there is none. There are only windows, and they're so high up that it would require a giraffe to see out of them. Of all the liars——"

"Come into the office," interrupted Furnivall, rubbing his hands delightedly. "I wish to show you something."

The superintendent, who was very obliging to the well known physician, produced the watchman's time card for Tuesday night,

at his request. Without looking at it Furnivall passed it over to his friend, saying:

"You understand these cards, don't you? See, this is a flat disk of paper, with the hours marked on it, like a clock. It fits into a machine in the office, and when the watchman presses a certain button on each floor the push is registered here. This is the disk for Tuesday night. If you don't find every floor registered there for every hour of the night—the night, mind you, when, he claimed, he was locked in his room trembling with fear——"

"It's all here," cried Gerrish in disgust. "On every floor, every hour. He performed his duties that night the same as usual. By Jove, that fellow committed the crime himself, and is trying to——"

Furnivall looked at him quizzically.

"What did he do with Warner, then? Warner could throw that little fellow a rod, couldn't he?"

Gerrish appeared chagrined.

"That's so," he admitted. "Still," he continued, "I thought this hypnotism of yours made a man tell the truth. How could he contradict himself so? And what does it all mean?"

"Ah, it's Pilate's old question. 'What is truth?' And it means that you have just witnessed what I thought you would—a spectacle of extraordinary interest to both medicine and law. Did you see how straight he had his story until I began to question him?"

It was then that the contradictions began. Do you think those contradictions and those blank spots in his mind would have appeared if my eye hadn't held him? If I had looked another way, or if a lawyer in court had put the questions, those gaps would have been easily and logically filled, and the tale as straight as a string. Even that part about the door, a curious and interesting slip of the mind, yet seen to be common enough, too, when analyzed, he would have doctored up in some way."

"But that time card. How can you explain that? Isn't it strange that nobody has thought of examining it in connection with his confession?"

"Not at all—so far. The first excitement hasn't worn off yet. They swallowed everything he said without question, he was so honest about it, and because he came of his own accord to tell it and give himself up. Later, of course, after a lot of prying around, the defects of his logic would appear. But come—I must return to the telegraph office."

"But the watchman—shouldn't he be arrested——"

"No, no; he's safe. Let him alone. Only," he added, as they whirled away, "it will be a good exercise for you to think his case over during the next few minutes, applying his character and temperament, as you read them, to the circumstances. Perhaps you will be able to get a little light on those strange antics in the witness box that occur so frequently."

At the telegraph office he received a message which seemed to please him, and which he immediately answered. From there he drove back to the undertaker's, and, leaving word that the body should be put in condition for removal within two hours, headed for the Parker mansion.

"Doesn't it strike you as singular, Gerrish," he said, as they rolled smoothly along, "that Parker should have disappeared just now, and that nobody from his house has called to view the remains?"

Gerrish threw him a startled glance.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed. "Another complication. I never thought of that before."

"Ah! I told you, you know, in the beginning, that it was a beautiful case."

"It may be beautiful according to your notion," returned Gerrish disgustedly, "but it strikes me quite otherwise. To me it is grewsome and beastly—an inextricable snarl full of contradictions and impossibilities, that never in the world can be disentangled."

"Well, yes, it is grewsome from a personal, or even human, point of view. But in order to serve out justice the mystery must be regarded in a spirit of pure science, as a problem in astronomy or law. I can't afford to entertain the sympathetic side until justice is done, for it would warp and bias my judgment, so leading to injustice. As for its being inextricable, so is the mystery of the parallax of a star, I suppose, but to whom?"

"Well, of course, to the ignorant," responded Gerrish, somewhat sheepishly. "Still," he added, "that sort of thing can be learned, while this seems to me all guesswork."

"Oh, does it? My dear fellow, the rules of crime are as lucid and yet rigid as those of mathematics. The expert has only to learn the facts and then apply the rule. Of course, the difficulty lies in getting the true facts, and all of them. It is especially hard to glean the truth from witnesses, for the human mind is so constituted that a man rarely tells a story twice in just the same way, however honestly he may try, unless he has committed it carefully to memory. And those who do that, those who tell the straightest tale, are precisely those we should suspect. For plain truth does not think of preparation, and may, therefore, often be easily disconcerted, while falsehood stands seemingly invulnerable. But there are rules, rules! And I know them. I am applying them now. And when this problem is solved you will see the beauty of it as I do."

"Hold up!" cried Gerrish at this moment. "Here's where the body was found, right there, on the edge, in shallow water."

"That's nothing," returned Furnivall, not even turning his head.

"Nothing! Why, the police and the other detectives rushed out here the first thing!"

"I'm this detective," said Furnivall, with a grimness that passed into a smile as his companion looked his astonishment.

"There's another thing I can't understand," said Gerrish, after a moment of silence. "From start to finish you have scarcely mentioned this other man, this John, when, as it seems to me——"

"I'll introduce you to him this evening," was the quick response.

Dr. Gerrish was still floundering helplessly in the midst of this amazing idea when the car stopped at the Parker mansion.

The two physicians sent in their cards, and after some minutes of waiting on their part in the drawing-room, Mrs. Parker appeared. She was a woman of 28 or 30, with flashing black eyes, muddy skin, thin, uncurving lips, an angular form that was too plainly padded, and a peremptory manner. She was, however, very gracious in her greeting to her visitors.

"So glad to see you, Dr. Furnivall," she said. "Such a pleasant surprise. And Dr. Gerrish, too! Please be seated, gentlemen. I trust," she added, turning to Dr. Gerrish, there is nothing more about that—that person regarding whom you called yesterday. It has all been extremely annoying to us——"

"Only," said Dr. Furnivall, "to ask her character, and whether she left of her own accord or was discharged?"

"I discharged her!" exclaimed the lady quickly, and with spontaneous heat. Then her eyes, flashing into Dr. Furnivall's, hesitated, wavered, became fixed there, a slight color warmed her cheeks, and she continued

evenly: "I should have discharged her in the morning if she had not left, for I simply could not endure it longer. I am sorry she took her life, of course. I do not find any fault with the girl, really, for she could not help being beautiful, but Philip——"

"I think that is sufficient," Dr. Furnivall interrupted hastily, rising. "Jove!" he added to Gerrish as they re-entered the auto, "I couldn't let her go into details of that nature. Besides, it was enough. Now, one more point, only one, and the thing is settled. Oh, but it's beautiful, beautiful!"

"Yes, just like clockwork, isn't it?" said Gerrish with sarcasm. "For my part, I can't see but the whole matter is more hopelessly involved than ever. How did you know the girl's connection with the Parkers was severed?"

"Mrs. Parker told me," returned Furnivall with a chuckle.

"Um-m!" Dr. Gerrish looked meek. He thought he really might have guessed out that part of the riddle without help. Then, the next moment, his face became illuminated with intelligence. It actually beamed as he turned it on his friend and exclaimed:

"J. Philip Parker was the 'John' of the diary—he is missing—it was he who—who—when he found that Percy——"

His voice trailed off and died away as the objections to this theory suddenly struck him. Besides, Furnivall was roaring with heartfelt laughter.

"My dear Gerrish," said his friend when he had controlled his mirth sufficiently to speak, "I always liked you from the first time I saw you, but now I'm beginning fairly to love you. You are so irreproachably innocent and ingenuous! It's a fortunate thing this young protege of yours is not abandoned to your tender mercies, for you'd have him in jail before morning though he was as innocent as the Great Mogul himself. Medicine, plain and unadulterated medicine, is your line, where the paths of science are straight and pure, and in which you have already covered yourself with glory. Don't risk ignominy by scattering your talents. Medicine—stick to pure medicine, my boy. Take my advice."

"I most certainly intend to do so hereafter," he returned with a good humored laugh. "What I can't comprehend is how you yourself can stomach this kind of thing."

"Oh, I'm a sort of Apollo, merely glancing at the mist rising from the River Styx, and thereby changing it into a beautiful rainbow," returned Dr. Furnivall lightly.

He stopped at the telegraph office again as he spoke, ran in, and Dr. Gerrish saw through the window that he received a large package of messages which he began to open eagerly. At the seventh he stopped reading, threw the others unopened into a waste basket, consulted his watch, and, hastily re-entering the car, started it at speed toward the city.

"Another complication?" suggested Dr. Gerrish, not knowing what to make of his companion's manner, which, from the signs, might have been anything from anxiety to amazement, or even suppressed jubilation.

"You'll think so when you see it," was all he could answer.

In ten minutes, to Dr. Gerrish's surprise, they drew up at his own door. Dr. Furnivall made no movement to alight, however, but again looked at his watch and threw a quick glance down the street. Then he sat back in his seat, lit a cigar, and took his ease.

Dr. Gerrish said nothing, for his eyes were on a hack the driver of which was lashing his team as if he had been paid to hurry, and it seemed as if he were about to crash right over the automobile. The next instant the horses were thrown on their haunches, with their noses almost touching the machine; the driver jumped down, wrested the hack door open, and a man and woman emerged, making hastily for the entrance to the young physician's office. He then gave one look and sprang erect as if electrified.

"Good heavens—Percy!" he cried.

"And Mrs. Percival Warner," suavely said Dr. Furnivall, "formerly Miss Blanche Goodwin. Do you see the beauty of the solution now?" he added, with a droll cast of the eye.

* * * *

"The moment I read of the affair in the papers," said Dr. Furnivall to his delighted friend that evening in the speaker's study,

"I suspected accident despite the watchman's story. My theory was based on Warner's character as you had found it to be. I thought as others did, that the girl, dazzled by those lanterns along the road, might have missed her way and fallen in, and that Warner, failing to find her at the trysting place, and led astray for some reason known to himself, was searching for her out of town, which would explain his absence.

"The watchman, as surely as Warner's character was what you believed, was subject to neuropathic hysteria, and after dwelling a whole day on the subject had imagined that scene. We have many such cases on record. It proved that I was right. His hysteria, aggravated by the crime so near by, the loneliness of his occupation, his knowing the girl, too, as he thought, and perhaps a tinge of that love for notoriety we see everywhere—through all this he had conjured up that vision and seen it so frequently in his mind that he fully believed it. In his confession he stated the truth as he saw it. It was only under my influence and through my examination that the contradictions and gaps showed, for he was unprepared for the questions and could tell only what was in his mind. Many a man with his trouble has shown up as a rascal on the witness stand, and in private life, too, when he was only diseased. So much for him.

"Then, when you informed me of the diary, and showed it to me, I believed I recognized

another phase of hysteria in its glowing, often incoherent, pages, and thought of suicide, because, never dreaming that the body was not hers, I could explain the facts in no other way. You recall the Pledgett case, in which the woman kept a diary for a whole year, detailing a love affair, just as in this instance, and there wasn't a word of objective truth in it. I reasoned that Miss Goodwin, with her mind excited by the hallucinations of her disease, subject as she must be to fits of deep melancholia, had jumped into the river. But as soon as I viewed the body and those clothes—why, man alive, where were your eyes? The face might possibly have passed for that of a fairly intelligent woman, but not a cultivated one. Certainly she never could have been the governess of Philip Parker's children.

"I had, too, a dim recollection of a housemaid who was missing, according to the papers, and, as I recalled the description, it seemed to fit. The clothing settled the question. No woman who was sufficiently cultured to be your friend's sweetheart, or a governess either, could dress so tastelessly. I knew it was the lost maid, doubtless a suicide, from the fact that her name had been cut from her garments, so I telegraphed the police and received word that she would be called for by her brother.

"The groceryman who, you remember, was the first to identify the body, had gone to the Parker place for his morning order, without doubt learned that the governess had fled,

and then, of course, the rest was natural and inevitable. Any body found near there would be that of Miss Goodwin if it bore even a remote resemblance to her; and the mob, expecting to see Miss Goodwin, when they looked at the body, simply saw her. That is human. It isn't likely that she was well known by any of them, and a body lying dead and nearly naked on a slab isn't expected to resemble very closely the same body alive, erect, and fashionably attired. The identification of a corpse even by intimate friends is often a very difficult matter.

"In the meantime my theory! It was annihilated. Though Miss Goodwin was not dead, as far as we knew, she was missing, and Warner's case was not much improved. I had to begin all over again. Where was she? There seemed to be only one answer. Since her lover also was absent she probably was with him. If with him, then married to him. They had for some cause slipped away suddenly to be married. Where would they naturally go for the purpose? To the home of one of her relatives. These, according to the newspaper, were many. I telegraphed them all, for I had the paper with their addresses in my pocket.

"But why should they disappear so suddenly? Logically, because something had happened either to him or her. The chances were that it was to her, for the Parkers had not called at the undertaker's—a curious fact—and Parker himself had suddenly gone

away. While we were waiting for the answers to my telegrams we could visit the girl's employers.

"We did, and in ten seconds learned what we wished to know. Philip Parker preferred the beautiful governess to his ugly wife, had made advances to her, which for some time had grown more and more marked, attracting the notice of Mrs. Parker, until on that evening he had gone too far, she could endure it no longer, had fled hastily, leaving all her things behind, told Percy, and then, she being homeless, there was but one thing to do, and they did it. The next evening they saw in the papers that he was being searched for, and were already on their way to your house, by the 8:10 train, when my telegram reached the cousin at whose home they were married.

"On my receipt of this news we had just time enough to meet them at your door. As for the diary—look here."

It was still lying on the table, where he had thrown it that morning, and, opening it, he pointed to several phrases, one under another, on the margin of the first part. A pen line had been drawn through all but the lower of them, which was, "Love's Depths," and this remained unscratched.

"She has evolved a novel—in the first person," he grinned. "And this is the rough draft of it, with Percival, under the pseudonym of 'John,' for the hero. She had the usual difficulty in choosing a suitable name

for it, and finally hit upon 'Love's Depths.' Is everything plain now?"

Dr. Gerrish screwed up his lips, lighting a fresh cigar.

"All but one little item," he answered, puffing.

"What's that?"

"I am wondering what will happen to J. Philip Parker when Percy finds him."

"Not much doubt about that either, in my mind," responded Dr. Furnivall.

The Tin Box



THE TIN BOX

The chief of the Centreville 'police raised his head in astonishment. Just at the moment when he had settled down in his chair for a morning nap the door of the little office swung open with a crash and a great hulk of a man staggered in, collapsing on the settee.

The intruder's hands were pressed to his sides, the breath whistled in his throat, his face burned a violent red through a heavy dark beard, and, leaning with one shoulder hunched against the back of the settee, head hanging, mouth dropping, he presented alarming signs of physical exhaustion.

"Hi—hi there, Bill!" cried the chief, recognizing him at once. "What's th' matter?"

"Ma-matter! Ma-matter enough! It's murder!" gasped Bill.

"What!"

The dreadful word scared the officer into activity as if it had been a bodily danger. He darted around the railing which inclosed his desk and shook the big man, raising his chin roughly and staring into his face.

"It's old woman Snowman—and Ed, too. Both on 'em," the man gasped, recovering a little breath. "I run all th' way."

The officer blinked his eyes rapidly, as if trying his best to concentrate his faculties. It plainly was a difficult task. Out of the

chaos in his mind only one thought, as being related to familiar things, evolved itself, and he asked pertinently:

"Why didn't ye harness up and ride, Bill?"

"Harness up!" exclaimed Bill. "Why, goshamitey, Hezekiah, I didn't have no time. I had t' git here!"

If Bill's notions of time-saving on a two-mile journey struck the chief as peculiar, he gave no sign of the fact. The word harness had suggested the first step in his mode of procedure, and in great excitement he rushed to the stable and hitched up his own rig. All of the four members of his staff were away on their beats, so that a legitimate substitute to leave in charge of the police station was lacking, but that was no obstacle to the chief. He cried out to his only prisoner, a vagrant, who could be seen behind the bars in an inner room:

"Hi, you! If anybuddy calls tell 'em I'm over t' old woman Snowman's!" And the next moment, with the reanimated Bill beside him, he was rattling along the dusty road into the country toward Spuzz's hill. Then, invigorated in body and somewhat brightened in mind by the sunlight and fresh air of a clear autumn morning, he began to question his companion about the facts of the case as far as he knew them. These were few, but to the point, and, divested of Bill's peculiarities of narration and speech, were as follows:

Mrs. Snowman, an aged widow, who was considered as wealthy as she was miserly,

and her bachelor son, Edward, lived in a little house on their extensive farm on Spuzz's hill. With them stayed a middle aged woman, Susan, a distant connection, who worked around the place for her board. This woman, who was looked upon as somewhat soft in the head, and seemed of a mild and colorless disposition, had come running in her night gown that morning at daybreak to the nearest neighbor, a Mr. Henshaw, who was the narrator's father, and with an appearance of great fright declared that Mrs. Snowman and her son had been murdered. She said that she slept in the same room with her mistress; that hearing her scream suddenly in the night she jumped up, and, seeing a big man striking her with a club as she lay in bed, ran from the house and hid in the yard. In about five minutes the door opened and two men came hurrying out and went toward the woods. One was a very large man, the other rather small. That was all the description she could give of them, for, although there was a candle burning in the kitchen, where the son slept, its rays were dim, and when the two men came out the morning was only just breaking and their features were invisible to her in the uncertain light. Not daring to venture back to the house she had finally decided to arouse the Henshaws, a quarter of a mile away.

By the time the story was finished they had arrived at the scene of the tragedy. Eight or ten neighbors were already there, and the chief, springing to the ground, made his way

through them with dignity and entered at the door. The case called for tactics entirely new in his experience. He had not the least notion of the proper course to take, but he was a man of great confidence of manner, and as he stood on the threshold surveying the grewsome spectacle he seemed to the eager watchers to be perfect master of the situation. The lines of wisdom and command in his face were much more plainly marked than they are in the countenances of Alexander and Caesar as they have come down to us on medals and statues. Stepping in and closing the door behind him, he said to the elder Henshaw, a little old man with a bushy white beard, who stood frightened and helpless in the middle of the floor:

"Put out that candle! We don't need candles now; it's daylight."

Whereupon the light was extinguished and it became dark as night in the room, owing to the fact that there were shutters on the windows, which seemed to be nailed up and could not be opened.

"Wall, why didn't ye say so afore ye blowed the candle out?" said the chief magisterially, when he learned this. "Light her up again. Now, le's see what all this is about."

The kitchen contained a cot bed, and on this was huddled the body of the son, frightfully bruised about the head. The bedding was twisted, torn and stained with blood, part of it on the floor, and one of the two pillows hung over the edge of the sink ten feet

distant. Opening out of the kitchen was a door into another room, and in this the mother lay, also in bed and battered in the same dreadful manner. The bed was so nearly the width of the room that there was scarcely space enough in which to walk between it and the wall, but there seemed to be a considerable vacant area at one end, beyond the high headboard. Candle in hand, the chief advanced and found another cot bed on the floor, and in a corner a small bureau.

He stood a moment regarding the scene speculatively. Then he looked toward the elder Henshaw, who was peering timidly through the doorway.

"Whereabouts'd Susan say she wuz when she see him clubbin' her?" he asked in a whisper.

"Why, she wuz riz up in bed," responded the old man, edging back from too close proximity to the ghastly body.

"If she wuz in there," pointing, "how in natur' could she git by him a-standin' here?" demanded the chief. "She couldn't climb up over that there headboard, leastwise I never see a woman yit that could climb like that. An' even if she hed she'd a flopped down on the bed right plumb in front of him, an' he'd a' hed her sure. She couldn't git by him, for th' ain't room enough. Look at here, Henry. I take up the whole width. Could anybody git by me now?"

"No, they couldn't. An' I told Susan so, too. But she says he leaned over on the

bed when he seen her comin' an' let her scoot out."

"Now, Henry, that don't stand t' reason," exclaimed the chief, turning on him suddenly. He stood a moment shaking his head dubiously, and then continued: "There's somethin' almighty cur'ous about this any-ways. So near's I can make out the' ain't been nary a thing stole from this house, an' it's mighty strange——"

"No, th' ain't!" interrupted the old man, eagerly. "Everything's here jest 's 'twuz afore. Why, there's Ed's watch an' chain that cost his father a clean hund'ud dollars——"

"Where?"

The chief started back into the kitchen. The dead man's clothes hung over a chair, and there in plain sight dangled a valuable gold chain and charm from the vest. In the pocket the chief found the heavy gold watch. But this was not all. A quick search disclosed several dollars in silver in the trousers and in the coat a long pocketbook containing a considerable sum in bank bills.

The appearance of wisdom deepened on the chief of police's face as he eyed these discoveries. He did not, however, communicate to the old man the elucidation of the mystery which, to judge by his expression, was so plain to himself. He merely began to tie up the various valuable articles in his handkerchief. In this occupation he was interrupted by a timid knock at the door.

"Come in," he called sharply, looking up.

A woman, one of the neighbors, advanced hesitatingly toward him, holding a small tin box in her outstretched hand.

"Wal, what is it?" he asked, glancing at the box impatiently.

"This is what she used to keep her will in," said the woman, offering it. "And I found it out by our house, in the path that leads down to the woods, and there was these pieces of burnt paper there, too, and I thought——"

"How do you know she kept her will in it?" he asked, taking it and turning over the bits of paper in his hands.

"She told me so. And I've seen it often, too. It used to stand right there on the bureau behind her bed. See, her name is scratched on it with a pin or something."

The chief stood in profound thought, his chin in one hand and the box in the other, the handkerchief bundle on the floor between his feet.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly. "That's it! It wasn't done for robbery, not to get money that way. They left all the money behind and took the will and then burnt it up. Now the question is, Who is her heirs? Who gits her proppurty now the will is gone? Them is the ones that done it."

"That's so, that's so," cried the old man, excitedly. "It's plain as the pike road. And it's them two scallawags in——" He stopped suddenly, his mouth hung open, and he shifted uneasily on his feet.

"Why don't ye go on, man?" said the chief, sharply. "Do you know 'em? Or what was you goin' to say?"

"She's only left three relations," answered the old man, "and two of 'em's in the city, Willum Henry's boys, drinkin', shif'less critters they be, and she wouldn't have nothin' to do with 'em. And t'other one is—is—wal, she's Susan."

The reluctance with which the old man offered the latter part of this statement was fully equaled by the alacrity with which the chief received it. All was plain to him now. He allowed himself a grim flicker of a smile as he thought of the weakness of that evasion, when, confronted by the indisputable fact that a person could not pass another in that narrow space, she had foolishly claimed that the man leaned over on the bed to let her by. A curious sort of murderer that would be, thought the elated chief. Even if he hadn't wanted to put her altogether out of the way he would have grabbed and bound and gagged her, to prevent her from escaping and giving the alarm. And then, after she had escaped, as she claimed, the criminals had stayed on in the house five minutes longer! A likely story, with her running to have them nabbed! The truth plainly was that, if two men had anything to do with it, they were the nephews from the city, and she was their accomplice. It was still more probable that she herself had done the deed and alone. She had had every opportunity, was one of the

heirs, and had lied about the facts. Besides, she was half-crazy.

Therefore, within ten minutes he was on his way to the police station with his prisoner, Susan Clemmons, a charge of willful murder against whom he was laboriously formulating in his mind. It is true that he had neglected to summon a physician to view the remains and find whether or not the persons she was accused of murdering were dead.

* * * *

Dr. Furnivall answered "Enter" to a tap at his office door, and a young man appeared on the threshold.

"I have not come to consult you, doctor," he said, advancing with hesitating step. "The truth is, I hardly know—how to—to state my errand."

He stood nervously eyeing the doctor. Perhaps 24 years of age, he was of good appearance, with large black eyes and thick, dark hair, tall and slim of build, and well balanced on his feet. His clothes were fashionable and immaculate. He took the chair to which Dr. Furnivall motioned him, and continued with somewhat more confidence

"One of my chums who is studying medicine has told me of your remarkable hypnotic powers, which, I am given to understand, have more than once been employed in the detection of criminals who were about to escape, leaving the innocent to suffer. Now, a very old and highly valued friend of mine is suffering unjustly, accused of a crime which she was as unable morally to commit as I am

physically to carry this house away on my shoulders. And if money—I—I shall have a great deal by and by, though now——”

“Wouldn't it be well for you to introduce yourself, since we are going into a matter of such intimate interest?”

“Oh, pardon! I forgot—let me give you my card.”

He produced a modest bit of engraved pasteboard, which the doctor examined.

“Now tell me the story, Mr. Sewell,” he said. He reclined in his chair and disposed himself to listen comfortably behind the thick colored glasses.

“It is very good of you, Dr. Furnivall, to accept the case so generously. I wish to speak of the crime yesterday in Centreville. Perhaps you have read the newspaper stories regarding it?”

“Yes.”

“Then I have little to add to them, except that the woman is entirely guiltless, and the two nephews, for whom they are searching, as well. But the police in that little last century town are hopeless imbeciles, and as somebody must be caught, and they've caught somebody, they will listen to no other view of the matter.”

“Are these nephews the young toughs they are described as being?”

The visitor smiled deprecatingly.

“Nobody could be further from it. Their reputation was given them by their aunt. Of course,” he continued, with another move-

ment of deprecation, "one doesn't like to make charges in such a case. But the truth is their father left all his money to her in trust for his twin sons—she was quite a different woman in her younger days—and one night, when they visited her with the smell of wine on their breath, coming straight from their class supper, she was horrified—or pretended to be. She never sent them a dollar afterward, and gave dissipation as the reason. They didn't know this at the time, for Susan, this woman they have arrested, kept up the remittances in the aunt's name—kept them up until all she had was gone, all she had saved and all she had inherited. Then they found out, for their college course was not completed, and after writing and writing for money in vain one of them went home and soon learned the true state of affairs." A choke came into the speaker's voice and he paused. Then, with flushed face, he went on energetically: "I'll save that blessed woman if it is in the power of man to do it. Why, she was only second cousin to them, and she gave them her all. And it left her a pauper. See the life she was obliged to live with those skinflints on account of it! And there never was a word of complaint from her, nor anything but gladness for doing it."

"They never took the case to court?"

"No, sir; they have not done so yet."

"Have you seen the house—the rooms where the crimes were committed?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Is it true what is said about that passage-way between the bed and the wall? Is it so narrow?"

"Ah!" cried the young man, shaking his head. "There's where the rub comes. She stoutly maintains that her story is true. She fled past the murderer, and he, in order to give her exit, bent over on the bed. It seems impossible. But she doesn't know how to lie, and if she is in her right mind, and didn't imagine that part, I must believe her."

"How do you account for the facts that so many valuables were left untouched, and only the will was taken and then burned up?"

The visitor threw out his hands.

"It is the mystery of mysteries!" he almost groaned. "I don't pretend to explain it in the least. One thing only I am sure of, and it is that the deed was never done by any of those who would benefit under the law by destroying the will."

Dr. Furnivall removed his spectacles and looked the young man in the eye.

"Mr. Sewell," said he, "tell me why you do not believe in hypnotism?"

The youth started and flushed.

"Why, doctor, I—I—" he stammered, "why—that is why I am here." His eyes, which had shone with some excitement, took on a calmer expression, and gradually assumed a look of intentness, as if he were deeply studying something within rather than outside of them, though they were fixed on the doctor's.

"If you had believed in it you would not come to me in just the way you have. You do not believe in hypnotism in the least, do you?"

"No, sir." The answer this time was calm, matter of fact, perfectly assured.

"Tell me why."

"Because I have studied the matter from both sides, at times as the hypnotist and at other times as the subject, and it is only a delusion. When I was at college and in need of money, I hired out to a number of different hypnotists at \$2 an evening. There were eight of us who did that frequently. Some of the professors were honestly in pursuit of science, and these we used to fool. Two dollars an evening was a good deal to us.

"Never did any one of us feel the slightest influence of hypnotism, though we pretended to be helpless. We practiced difficult feats in order to do them at command, and suffered a good deal of pain sometimes in the experiments rather than give up our job as good subjects. But other so called hypnotists never attempted anything occult with us at all. They were simply showmen, who taught us funny stunts and paid us for going through them before spectators or before a camera. We were often distributed around through an audience, and at the call for volunteers came up as greenhorns and did the tricks."

"You have looked at the matter on all sides then, haven't you? And all that you have ever seen of hypnotism has been pure fake?"

"Yes, doctor. Either one side or the other is always fooled."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Because I trusted your detective ability and benevolence."

"Why did you say that you believed in my hypnotic powers?"

The youth shook his head slightly, but with surety.

"I did not say that."

"What did you say?"

"I—I can't seem to think."

"Perhaps it was only that you had heard of my remarkable powers?"

"Yes, doctor, that was it."

"Why did you mention hypnotism at all?"

"Because I thought I should gain your interest that way. Every scientist is an enthusiast on his specialty, and is easily led by it almost anywhere."

"You do not think I could hypnotize you?"

"No, sir, you could not."

"You don't think there may be a phase of psychology entirely outside and different from the lines with which you are familiar, and which may be true hypnotism?"

"Oh, I would not say as to that. I only maintain that there is no such thing as thought transference in the commonly accepted sense. I have seen a hundred cases which seemed to be pure hypnotism beyond dispute, but always there was a trick, either by the operator or the subject, or both, which made a farce of the exhibition."

"But you must admit the hypnotic sleep?"

"There is undoubtedly some truth, perhaps a great deal of truth in that. A person may be induced into a sort of half-conscious state, possibly, through sight or pressure. I think I have seen that done, but there are so many things to consider that I would not take my oath on it. What I deny is the possibility of the reception of a thought, projected mentally by another, while the subject is in that state. The thing is absurd. It would be equally against the laws of the soul and those of physics, as unjust as unscientific."

Dr. Furnivall resumed his glasses with a decided movement.

"I do not see that you were far wrong, Mr. Clemmons," he said quietly, "in coming to me under a false name. Of course, I recognized you immediately as one of the nephews by the description in the newspapers and the subject which you opened. Your appearance and words struck me favorably, and I did not wish to pry into your private reasons. All these things we will talk over later. In the meantime I shall hasten to Centreville. The case interests me extremely, on one point at least, and I am sure it will interest you and all psychologists when that point is made clear. Will you go along with me?"

At the beginning of this speech the visitor turned pale and looked swiftly around as if about to flee. But as the doctor proceeded he became gradually more quiet, until at

the end the chief expression on his face was that of mild perplexity, and he said hesitatingly:

"It's most curious—I—I feel a sort of—of dual personality, as if I were here and yet not here. And I am sure I had no intention of telling as much as I have told you."

"Oh, that's common enough," said the doctor lightly. "We all of us have a double personality, because one lobe of the brain is educated and the other is a sort of vagabond dunce. And most of us talk too much. But come," rising, "will you accompany me to Centreville? We may dip into psychology some other time."

"You have a theory?" cried the young man, eagerly.

"Certainly. But it is in a fluid state, so to say, as yet, and may materialize in either one of three different forms. The structure requires still a block or two of solid fact. So far it is a sort of arch, with that impossible passage as the corner stone, and the tin box as the key-stone, and I must see that woman at once."

"I shall be glad to go, but—they'll recognize me there—arrest me——"

The doctor passed him a motor mask.

"Put that on when we arrive in the vicinity, and don't leave the automobile unless I call you."

Five minutes later they were rushing toward Centreville as fast as the law permitted.

"Wal," said the Centreville chief of police, when Dr. Furnivall had introduced himself.

and made known his business, "I got the criminal all right, that's sure. An' I guess you can see her, if you want to, but 'twon't do no good. She sticks to that tomfool story spite of all I can do. I've showed her plain enough that 'twas onreasonable, an' only made it wuss for her a-stickin' to it, fer everybuddy knows it's nothin' but a lie, an' if she that was there present 'll lie about the fac's, then she must be guilty some way. But here ye be."

He halted before a cell, through the grated door of which, on a cot in a corner, a woman could be seen seated.

"Susan," he called, "here's a big doctor from the city come to see ye. Mind what ye say to him, now, fer everything ye tell 'll be used agin ye. All ye gut t' do is speak the truth. I ain't gut no right to gin ye no orders, an' I won't neither, but all I say is, you drop that fool yarn, an' if ye must lie, why do it reasonable. Nobuddy ain't ever gonter take any stock in that one."

The woman arose and came forward timidly. Her figure was very tall and gaunt, and perfectly straight, so that her gait as she walked would have given her a majestic air but for the mild helplessness and bewilderment of her face. That neutralized the effect and resulted in caricature. Her brown hair, turning gray, was parted in the middle, brushed tightly back and piled on the crown of her head, with an old fashioned net over it, which did not prevent a stray lock from dangling

into one of her dim, light hued eyes. She was wetting her finger and trying to tuck this into place as she approached the cell door. Dr. Furnivall reached through the bars and grasped her hand, shaking it encouragingly. The chief went back to his desk.

"I wish to ask you," said the doctor, "if those men said anything that night? Did not either one of them utter a single word that you could hear?"

"Land's sake! I dunno," she answered, with the monotonous inflection of voice peculiar to the simple minded. "She's screechin' so I couldn't hear nothin' else. An' I sorter didn't hear that till arterwards, I wuz so frightened an' haired up."

"There was a window over your bed—why didn't you open that and crawl through? Why did you run toward the man? You knew you couldn't pass him, didn't you?"

"Oh, I dunno, I dunno!" she moaned, helplessly. Then, her eyes fixed on the doctor's, a shade of intelligence flickering into her face, she added: "Th' winders is all screwed up nights, 'fraid o' thieves, an' I couldn't git out that way. I didn't know what I wuz doin'. I jest put her fer th' door."

"The only light in the room shone from the candle in the kitchen, through the doorway?"

"Yes, that wuz all th' wuz. An' 'twa'n't no great. Jest enough t' make darkness visible."

"How were you able to see the man at all?"

"He wuz agin th' light. Sorter like a shadder on th' wall."

"Could the rays strike you as you came around the headboard? Or did they go the other way, toward the foot of the bed?"

"I dunno, the' wa'n't much light. He took it all up, 'cept a little on the bed."

"Did you scream as you ran toward him?"

"My sakes! No, I guess not. I was too skeered. I couldn't open my mouth to save my life."

"Did he bend over to let you pass before you touched him? Did you come against his body at all?"

"I dunno. I run against a good many things. My night gown wuz all tore, an' the' wuz some whitewash on it. I dunno what I gut that off of. But I didn't seem to feel nothin' I hit against till arterwards."

"Whitewash! Is there anything white-washed around the place?"

"The chicken coops is, an' the side fence, but I didn't go nowheres near them. I run out the front way."

"You say the man was very large. Was there anything else you noticed about him?"

"I dunno 's the' wuz. He run kinder cur'ous when he come out the house. He was lame I guess. His feet seemed kinder funny, th' way he used 'em."

"Should you say he might have been club-footed?"

"Maybe he wuz. I couldn't tell. 'Twuz the kinder jerky way he run. P'aps he had a

wooden laig. 'Twuz dark, an' I only see th' men quick-like."

Dr. Furnivall took her hand again between the bars and pressed it.

"Cheer up. We shall have you out of here very soon," he said.

She watched him as he walked down the short corridor to the office, the unwonted intelligence in her face slowly giving way to her normal fatuous expression.

"Is there a negro in the town who does whitewashing?" the doctor asked the chief.

"I dunno of none," he answered. "Can't ye git none in th' city?" He was grinding tobacco between his horny palms and looked up in some surprise at the question.

"I should like to find one here," returned Dr. Furnivall in a matter-of-fact tone.

"D'ye know where the's a coon white-washer, Jim," asked the chief obligingly of one of his men who was working about the room.

Jim spat, scratched his arm thoughtfully, and came forward.

"I guess th's one over in Sol Weathersby's shanty," he answered. "I see a darky there this mornin', an' he looked like one—hed on white overalls an' his jumper was kinder daubed. Might 'a' been lime, though. P'aps he makes mortar fer th' masons."

"You don't know him then—he's a stranger?" asked Dr. Furnivall.

"No, I don't know him myself," the man returned. "But th' Weathersbys could gin

ye pints on him, I guess. He's in their shanty. Joe Weathersby wuz with him when I see him."

"Joe is Sol's nephew—used t' work in th' city. He ain't been back long," volunteered the chief for Dr. Furnivall's enlightenment.

"What kind of a man is this Joe?" the doctor asked. "If he should recommend the negro to me, could I take his word?"

"Wal." The chief knit his brows. "I don't wanter say nothin' agin any o' Sol Weathersby's folks. He's a good man, an' 's gut propurty. An' Joe ain't never made us no trouble. He ain't lived 'round here much since he wuz a boy."

The doctor hastened out to the automobile in front of the door.

"I am going to drop you up here in the woods, where you'll be out of sight for a little while," he said to its occupant. "In which direction is the shanty belonging to the Weathersbys?"

And when they were started he continued:

"I accept the woman's story in toto, and must base my theory on it. What kind of a character must be his who, in the circumstances, would allow her to pass—what could be his reasons? I have settled on what seems, so far, the only possible fact, and am looking for a man who is large, for she so described him; brutal, because of his methods; densely ignorant, for reasons that will appear in his confession, probably a foreigner or negro of the lowest stamp. I incline to the negro,

because the woman noticed that he had an odd gait—so many of them have great feet and wear ungainly shoes run down at the heel, and walk with visible effort—and also for the reason that she found traces of white-wash on her nightgown. Many whitewashers are negroes. "His companion doesn't matter now, for, the big man once found, the other can't escape. The only point that is not clear to me is why the will was taken and burned and the money left behind. But that will appear in the sequel. You would better alight here and hide in the bushes. I shall go to the station for help, which the chief will readily give me if he thinks we're after Susan's accomplices. When we come back from the shanty you can join us if we stop at this spot. But if we drive straight by, our expedition will have failed, and you'll have to wait until I return for you."

A half hour afterward the automobile containing Dr. Furnivall, the chief and one of his men, approached the Weathersby shanty. It was a small, unpainted, weatherbeaten structure, sitting a little back from the road on the edge of the dark woods, in use only in haying time, for the occupancy of such itinerant laborers on the Weathersby place as were not desired nearer the farmhouse. Trees and underbrush crept closely up to it on two sides, in front was a small clearing with a well in it, and on the remaining side ran the county road under the forbidding shadows

of a forest crowned cliff. The spot was cheerless, sordid, uncanny. Its very countenance suggested vice and crime.

The two officers descended from the machine some rods from the building and crept through the woods toward it, while Dr. Furnivall drove into the clearing. There were shutters on the windows, the door was closed, and no signs of life were visible anywhere about. The premises seemed utterly deserted. But as the doctor rapped loudly on the door a sudden scream of mortal terror arose within, and in a long drawn chattering and jabbering shuddered away into silence.

Finding the door fastened, he rattled the latch noisily and called out, "Hello."

Again the anguished cry sounded, but this time in tones as if the voice were muffled. And finally when, putting his shoulder to it, the doctor burst in he found a burly form shaking and screaming on a pallet in a dark corner, its head buried in the rags which answered for bedding.

As Dr. Furnivall threw open one of the shutters, letting in a stream of daylight upon the bed, the occupant started up, disclosing a terrified black face, which quickly took on an expression of relief, and he exclaimed:

"'Fo' Gawd, man, I'se glad yo' come; oh, I'se glad yo' come. Git meh out'n yere, w'ere ah cain' see hit, an' Ah doan keer w'ere yo' puts me."

He crept forward on his hands and knees, groveling at Dr. Furnivall's feet.

"Ah done hit, mister, Ah ain' gwine deny dat, an' Ah sees hit eber sence. Joe he claim 'twuz de sarven' gal, b't Ah doan know 'bout dat. Ah sees hit eber sence. Ah done t'ought yo' wuz hit."

"Sit up here, take this chair. There, now tell me all about it."

He placed a chair facing the light that entered the doorway, and motioning the policemen, who now stood at the open window, to remain where they were, helped the negro to the seat and bade him proceed with his story.

So thankful was the man, as it appeared, for human company, and relief from the superstitious fears which were driving him insane, that he scarcely needed the assistance which Dr. Furnivall's peculiar powers could afford him, and he readily confessed as follows:

"Ah knowed dat Joe Weathersby in de city, mister, an' he say some sarven' gal dat uster wurk en de fam'bly done tol' heem ol' Mis. Snowmun allerz keep fi' t'ousan' dollars en de tin box on de bureau en de baidroom. He say he gwine gi' meh half dat money eef Ah he'p heem git de box. We done bruk en de house an' gi' de man chlo'form, b't we bungle dat job an' de man wake up, an' we done hit heem wid de club. Den ol' Mis' she bergin' t' scream, an' Ah run en tuh her room for tuh stop her noise. Den—Ah—Ah see de ghos' come a-flittin' right up tuh dis nigger an' Ah drop on de baid, for den Ah knows de man in de odder room am daid an'

Ah is a murderer, an' Ah cain' do anodder t'ing. Joe he come en an' git de box an' we run fo' de woods, b't dar wan' no money in de box, on'y ol' paper. Den Ah gibs up. Joe burn de paper for git hit out de way, an' Ah hide ma haid en de leabes an' grass, but de ghos' is dar all de taime an' nebber leabe meh. Joe he say hit de sarven' gal b't Ah knows bettern's dat, Ah see hit offen sence. Ah see hit jes' 'fore yo' comed, mister, right yere en dis plaice. Ah done t'ink yo' wuz hit w'en yo' knock on de do'. Yo' tek meh t' de jail, yo' tek meh anyw'ere, Ah doan' keer, ef on'y yo' tek meh w'ere dat cain' come!"

"Goshamitey!" muttered the bewildered chief as he slipped on the handcuffs, painfully relinquishing the theory which seemed so simple for the simpler truth of which he had not dreamed, "I never'll believe northin' agin as long 's I live onless I see it or hear it myself. Things is dretful queer in this world; that's what they is, dretful queer."

Dr. Furnivall jotted down in his notebook the following:

THE TIN BOX CASE.

Memo—Hallucinations: Classify the negro's. Mento-objective: notify psychical research.

Memo—Coincidences: The (probably vain-glorious) lie of the former servant, that there was \$5,000 in the box leads to destruction of the will, whereby the strongest presumptions of guilt are directed toward the innocent; circumstantial evidence; classify.

The Tragedy at the Colonial



THE TRAGEDY AT THE COLONIAL

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon of a debilitating spring day. The crowds that thronged the street, surging always to the shady side, moved with a lack of energy peculiar to the time of year. Listless, perspiring, yellow of skin, uneasy in clothes that were too heavy by some pounds, they seemed more like an army of invalids out for a prescribed constitutional, than representative men and women of one of the foremost cities of the world, which they were, bent upon their accustomed round of business or of pleasure. Even the hackmen on their stands, those eternally alert and invincible types of the genus "wide eye," were calmly nodding on their boxes, careless of fares, apparently, wishing for nothing but to be let alone in their shade by the curb.

But in one instant all this was changed. A hoarse cry rang out on the air. Three of the seeming sleepers tumbled from their boxes to the ground as one man, and at the top of their speed dashed down the street. The crowd on the sidewalk awoke as from a shock of electricity, paused, stared in surprise at the bounding shapes, and then set off after them. In front of the Colonial Hotel the lines of people, running from all directions, met as the spokes of a wheel meet in the hub,

with the hackmen in the centre, bending over something on the ground.

"What is it?" excitedly cried a hundred breathless runners.

"A woman fainted!" answered one.

"A pickpocket!" answered another.

"No, it's only a drunk!" contributed somebody else.

Meanwhile the hack drivers were examining the body of a man, which, smashed to a pulp, was huddled in a ghastly heap on the flags.

"Tenth story," said one to the other in a hushed voice; "I seen him when he started, end over end like one o' them 'ere windmills."

"He's gone," said another. "My! Ain't it awful!" He turned away, sick from the horrid spectacle.

"Get a doctor!" shouted somebody in the crowd.

The hackmen straightened up and looked irresolutely around. They had no notion what to do. Suddenly one of them raised his hand, standing on tiptoe, and beckoned. He had seen a policeman pushing into the jam and he called out: "This way—hi! Over here!"

"Now, then, clear the road!" cried the strong voice of the law, and, though the road was not cleared, because it could not be, on account of the density of the human pressure behind, the officer fought in to the central group, taking care not to be too gentle about it. The hackmen began to explain, all together, each relating a little different story from the

other, but all agreeing in the essential that the man had fallen to his death from an open window on the tenth floor of the hotel, and that they had all of them seen him do it.

"Anybody here know him?" asked the officer, consulting the nearest bystanders with his eyes. But as the body lay face to the ground, unrecognizable, nobody ventured to claim its acquaintance.

"Well, move back, move back! There's nothing to see here," the officer exclaimed with impatience, and was beginning to enforce his command with a strong arm when his eyes, raised over the heads of the crowd, fell on a man making extraordinary gestures, apparently to him, from a window of the great apartment house opposite. He was on the tenth floor, directly across the street, acting like an insane person, working his shoulders, pushing with his arms against nothing, pointing to the hotel on a level with his window, and then extending both forefingers in the direction of the Colonial entrance. Some in the crowd, following the direction of the policeman's surprised gaze, began to cry out: "There's another one!" "He'll be down in a minute—let's run up there!" "He's crazy!" And then a youth, in a burst of inspiration, hit the truth. "He's trying to tell us that this man was pushed out of the window, that he saw it done, and that the entrance should be guarded while a search is made for the murderer."

"Run up there, then, and bring him down here," said the officer to the last speaker.

"Come down here, you!" he moved his lips as if to say, beckoning to the gentleman at the window. But he shook his head and displayed new motions. He was an invalid and could not walk. He made that plain by his gestures.

At this moment the hospital ambulance caused a diversion by rushing up and depositing a surgeon and his assistant, who took charge of the body, which, as soon as its face was exposed, was recognized by a dozen different men as that of Frederick Seavey, a real estate dealer, who lived in suite 1001, The Colonial, with offices down town. By this time both the proprietor and the janitor of the hotel had appeared on the scene, the one with a declaration that Mrs. Seavey was lying sick in bed, and must not be told of the tragedy for fear of its effect on her, and the other with a statement that rendered the former's precautions useless. Mrs. Seavey must know about it already, he said. In fact, there had been a row in the Seavey rooms. He had heard loud voices, one of which was Mr. Seavey's, and the other that of a man with a powerful bass, this latter replying to some heated words of Mr. Seavey's with, "You dog! You ought to be kicked out of the window!" This occurred in the front room, where the sick wife was lying. She must be fully aware of all that had taken place there, and could throw such light on the mystery as would immediately clear it up.

Upon this the landlord hurriedly volunteered to see the lady, and was turning to go

inside when a bright reporter, who had appeared in time to hear this testimony, suggested that though the murderer had had plenty of time to escape, he might not have done so, and the house should be searched and guards stationed at all the exits, who should allow nobody to pass to the street until identified. This was arranged for at once, several responsible persons offering their services to help out the employes of the hotel, and the landlord again started to enter.

The policeman who had so far figured in the case had meanwhile hastened to the apartment house across the way and questioned the excited man at the window. He now reappeared and, taking the landlord by the arm, whispered:

"It's a clear case. Murder! Mr. Daniels over there seen the whole thing. He was lookin' into the room. There was two men; one near the window and the other shaking his fist at him, and the first thing he knew one was tumbling, the window being open, and the other was just pushing him. He seen his hands on him."

The much exercised man turned a troubled face to the patrolman.

"That corroborates the janitor," he said.

"Notify your office as quick as you can."

He then summoned the house physician, and together they hurried to suite 1001.

The rap at the door remaining unanswered, they were on the point of turning the knob when a housemaid came running toward

them along the hall with the information that a doctor was with Mrs. Seavey and she was not to be disturbed. The doctor himself had given orders to that effect.

This statement, so far from having the effect the maid expected, resulted in an action on the part of her employer that made her fear for his sanity, for with a sudden wrench he tore the door open and, with his left arm bent above his head, as if to ward off a threatened blow, he bounded into the apartment like a tiger on its prey, the physician closely treading on his heels.

But once in, both men stared blankly. There were no signs of disturbance. Nobody was in the room but the sick woman, who lay perfectly still on the outside of the bed, her face to the wall; and a hasty examination showed that the door leading to the other parts of the suite was fastened, the key being in the lock on their side.

"How long ago was the doctor here?" the landlord asked the maid.

"Why, only a few minutes ago, surely. I didn't know he had gone. He has not had time to make the examination. He said nobody was to enter until he called me."

"Were you to guard the door?"

She hung her head.

"Ye-yes, sir. I—I only went for a drink of water."

"Did you see Mr. Seavey come in?"

"No, sir. He is seldom home till 5 or past."

"Don't you know what has happened here?"

"Wh-why, no, sir. Is she worse?"

She threw a startled look toward the bed, and then hastened to it. The doctor and she reached it at the same moment.

"I didn't mean to leave her," she whispered anxiously to him. "She wasn't very sick; and I couldn't have been away from the door five minutes."

The doctor examined the invalid's face and took her pulse.

"Hysteria," he said.

As he spoke, the patient's eyelids trembled open. At sight of him bending over her she screamed and began to cry out incoherently, which brought the landlord, who had been searching the apartments hurriedly, to the bedside.

"What is she saying?" he whispered.

"Has she given any clue? What's the matter with her?"

"I can't make out what she says," the doctor returned; "and I can't make out what the matter is, either. If it's hysteria, it's the queerest case I ever saw yet. It's more like raving insanity. Look at her eyes. What doctor did she have?" he asked the maid.

"Why, I don't know who this one was. She's had several. She called him herself on the telephone. She wasn't very sick then. See, she isn't undressed."

"How came you here, anyway?" asked the landlord. "Did Mr. Clark assign you to Mrs. Seavey?"

"Yes, sir. She has no maid of her own just now and asked for me at the office. Oh, dear, I am so sorry——"

She stopped suddenly and her eyes grew wide as the helmet of a policeman was pushed around the edge of the door, immediately followed by the burly body of Sergeant Nulty, who advanced softly to the group looking inquiringly from one to the others. While the physician busied himself with the patient the landlord drew the sergeant aside and told him all that had been discovered.

"An' yees dunno phwat wan the docthor was?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, 'twas him done it."

"Of course. But how does that help us? Mrs. Seavey can't speak, and she is the only person who can give that doctor's name."

"Can't sphake? She can."

"Not intelligently. Listen."

"Man," said Nulty, after giving an attentive ear to the jerky syllables that issued from the patient's mouth, tumbling over one another in a turgid stream, wholly devoid of sense or connection, "man, Oi have wan that c'u'd make the lady sphake. Yis, begob! Sphake? He c'u'd draw language from a pig. He made mesilf shpake wanst." He looked as if he scarcely relished the remembrance.

The landlord eyed him disapprovingly.

"This is no time nor place for joking," he said, "and I don't understand you."

"Whisper! It's no joke. I know me juty. 'Tis the name o' the dochter we want, noo, and only the lady can tell thot same, but she can't sphake. But she can sphake! The's wan man will get the news from her, I'll tell you. Whisper! Dr. Furnivall!"

He winked knowingly as he pronounced the word, and shook his head confidently. The landlord, however, was unresponsive. He did not understand yet. But the physician at the bedside caught the name, and nodded to the sergeant.

"Call him," he said. "Tell him I have asked him in consultation. There's more than hysteria here, I don't know what yet, and I should be glad to have his advice."

The sergeant was fortunate enough to get speech at once with Dr. Furnivall over the telephone, and in less than a quarter of an hour he arrived. The patient now lay in comparative quiet, crying out only occasionally, in such an incoherent manner that nothing could be made of her meaning. Indeed, as soon as Dr. Furnivall looked into her eyes he declared that she had no meaning. If she spoke, it was automatically. And he was forced to confess that in this case his hypnotic powers were of no avail. Her mind was in such a chaotic state that he could not reach it. It had no stability. She was incapable of thought. To attempt to force her to concentrate her ideas and bid her speak would be like gazing into a mass of floating vapor and bidding it to body itself forth as a voice.

Sergeant Nulty, who had hailed the entrance of his hero with a broad grin of triumph, scratched his head and grew pale with chagrin, turning a helpless eye upon the man he had so confidently relied upon, but who now disappointed him at the moment of trial. Although he had already, over the telephone, briefly explained the circumstances to Dr. Furnivall, giving him the main points of the case and stating what he wanted, he could not help thinking that the doctor's failure was due, perhaps, to the fact that he did not quite appreciate the great importance attaching to the discovery of that missing doctor's name. When it is absolutely necessary to do a thing, it can be done, even if it is impossible, according to the sergeant. With deference he therefore approached and in an earnest whisper began to go over the story again for the doctor's better understanding. But it was useless. Dr. Furnivall shook his head.

"No power on earth," he said, "can draw sanity from a mind whose organ of expression, the brain, is as defective as that woman's. Repair the brain and she will speak, but not until that is done."

Now, when the sergeant had come up and began to whisper his explanations, the doctor, who was at the bedside, moved away and stood by the wall at the footboard, regarding the invalid's face, which was turned directly toward him, nevertheless listening to the story of the urgent Irishman. He noticed at once that the bed did not lie snugly against the wall,

and he saw a small piece of paper on the floor in the vacant space, but thought nothing of it until the necessity of discovering the mysterious physician's identity was so impressed upon him, but at the very instant when the last quoted words were on his lips, he recognized the paper as one torn from a physician's prescription pad; and, moreover, he knew immediately what physician's pad it had come off of! It was that of Dr. Wellington. In short, one of Dr. Furnivall's own dearest friends was indubitably the mysterious doctor whom the police were hunting for having committed this brutal murder!

In a flash the whole situation was changed in Dr. Furnivall's mind. Heretofore he had accepted the theory of murder without question. All signs pointed to it—the loud words in the room, the fist of one man in the other man's face, the pushing arms, the fall through the window, the condition of the wife which was supposedly brought on by the shock of seeing her husband tumbled to his death, and, far from weakest in the category of strong presumptive proofs, the sudden absence of the other man, who must be the doctor in attendance on Mrs. Seavey. Up to this moment Dr. Furnivall had had only popular grounds on which to base an opinion. He had known nothing of the case beyond what others knew. But now he had first-hand evidence, the evidence of character. Could Dr. Wellington do murder? No. In his right mind murder would be as impossible to him as Greek to a baby.

Therefore, supposing him sane, and granting that his was the bass voice heard in the controversy with Mr. Seavey, no murder had been committed. But if that were so, what had really happened? And why did Dr. Wellington run away? Would such a man shirk the consequences of any act of his? No, no more than he would wallow in crime. He would stand like a man and pay the penalty. Cowardice was as impossible to him as viciousness—always providing he was in his right mind. But the one man was dead and the other was missing. What, then, had really occurred between them? Was Wellington insane? Had he done this terrible thing in a fit of maniacal frenzy? Or was he still sane? And, therefore, had no crime been perpetrated?

All this passed through Dr. Furnivall's mind with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, and his course was determined upon as quickly. Despite the evidence to the contrary, he would start from the supposition that an accident, not a crime, was the real basis of the tragedy. With him known character outbalanced a solid mass of evidence which depended on decisions of the human intellect, made up from the testimony of the senses. He agreed with Bacon that, though the senses may be true, the intellect is usually incapable of passing on them. It was, therefore, with a firm belief in his friend's innocence, and a resolution to seek in the direction of mishap, rather than in that of violence,

for an answer to the enigma before him, that he whispered to Sergeant Nulty:

"Leave the doctor and me with the patient. We will make an examination. Clear the room. Find out what you can around the hotel. You can't do anything here now, and I will call you if you are wanted."

The house physician, who was interested in the medical rather than the criminal aspects of the case, saw with relief the execution of this order, and the instant the door closed on the heels of the last of the departing group he questioned Dr. Furnivall eagerly:

"What is this? I have never seen anything just like it. There are right hemiplegia and aphasia, shouldn't you say? And word-deafness undoubtedly, as well as word-blindness. Look at her face. She is suffering intensely."

"No, she suffers little," returned Dr. Furnivall. "The contortion of the nerves is a reflex. There is more than fright in this. Still, she is not insane. She is numb. Something is pressing into that woman's brain—a tumor, perhaps, invading the superior or middle temporal convolutions."

His colleague looked surprised.

"Do you think so? Well, that would surely account for it all. But in that case——"

He paused meaningly.

"No," answered Dr. Furnivall; "not necessarily fatal, I feel assured. An operation——"

"But such an operation never has been done!"

"True. But it is the only chance. And I am sure it is feasible. Her constitution is

more than strong; it is robust. With good fortune she would bear it well. Get the consent of her relatives; call in Myers and Whewill and let's hear what they say."

The young doctor's face brightened.

"Good! I'll do it at once," he answered with alacrity, and started for the door. But he had scarcely disappeared when Dr. Furnivall, having possessed himself of the prescription paper behind the bed, came hastening after him.

"I have a message to telephone," he said, "and I might call up our friends as well. By the way, did you know this Mr. Seavey, or anything about him? Had he enemies?"

"No, I didn't know him, except by sight. But," he continued, reflectively, "let's see—there was something—oh, yes, I remember, Dr. Jason was treating him for Meniere's disease. I recall that he bragged of the great fees his specialist charged. He was that kind of man."

"Meniere's disease!" murmured Dr. Furnivall, as he stepped into the telephone box. "Good! Count number one on the theory of innocence!"

He did not elucidate this cryptic remark to himself, but after summoning the consulting physicians by phone, rang up Dr. Wellington's office.

"Hello! Is Dr. Wellington there? This is Dr. Furnivall, at the Colonial Hotel."

"Why, no! He is himself at the Colonial Hotel. He had a call from there a little while ago."

"Who is this answering?"

"The parlor maid."

"Is Mrs. Wellington at home?"

"No, sir. She has been away a week in the country—at her mother's."

He hung up the receiver. There was no help to be had from that quarter. Dr. Wellington had certainly been in that gruesome room of the Seaveys'; had roared in his lion bass to somebody, "Your dog! You ought to be kicked out of the window!" and had suddenly disappeared. Why? Had he become insane and committed a crime? Or was he sane and innocent? In either case he had fled. Why?

"It bates the divil!" said Sergeant Nulty, approaching the doctor. "Here is wan man coomes in this house as bould as ye plaze, gets another wan by the whiskers, or by the collar, or whatever, and calls him names in a voice like a bull fer the stren'th of it, walks him Spanish acrosst the flure, trows him half a block out of the windy, spits on his hands, trows out his chest, and drops down tin flights and out, and the divil a-sowl but wan in the place lays eye on him from shtart to finish! In the ould country, thim faries did those things, so 'tis said; so it is. But 'twas no-fary done this thrick. He had whiskers. That maid woman seen him anyhow. We've his description, all right. And we'll get him. But phwat is the good of eyes if ye can't see wid them, begob, a man six feet, and begob, wid whiskers, going up tin flures and thin down agin, and out, and lanin' jist over Casey's

bar and smilin' insultin' on the crowds rushin' around the corner in pursoot of him, and wushin' thim slanther in Casey's three X!"

"You have learned nothing?" asked the doctor.

"Divil a word! The's too many men wid whiskers round this place. Oi dunno how it bees, but wan man wid whiskers is the livin' image of ivery other wan wid thim. They're loike the Chinks. Can yez tell thim apart? You cannot. Naw, sir. Not if youse yerself was wan of thim and the other was yez own brother. Oi do be waiting now for wor-rd from the tilephone cintral gir-rl that connicted Mrs. Seavey wid the docther. She moight remimber the number. But she's gone home. Well, there it is! Always soomthing to putt a pebble in yez shoe!" And the sergeant, much exercised over his failure to make any progress in the case, turned away in the direction of the telephone. But he stopped again and asked: "Phwat's doin'?" jerking his thumb significantly.

"I should say there will be an operation on her at once."

"Will she shpake thin?"

"I don't think I should like to question her for a day or two. It will depend on how she comes through. But I will notify the office in time, for I want a couple of you to hear what she has to say when she does talk. And, Nulty——" he whispered in his ear, "don't disturb yourself about that doctor. He didn't do it; it was an accident." And he walked away,

leaving the sergeant struck speechless with amazement.

The two famous surgeons, having arrived and made their examinations of the patient, at once expressed themselves as opposed to an operation.

"Why?" asked Dr. Furnivall.

"It never has been attempted, for one reason."

Here ensued a long technical discussion, the result of which was that the balance hung so even between the arguments for and against that no positive decision could be reached. Then Dr. Furnivall played his last card.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we must admit all the reasons that have been given here why this operation should not be attempted. We must admit all those likewise on the other side; and we find the chances of success and failure so nearly even that, speaking generally, the weight would be thrown on the negative, and all thoughts of the knife abandoned. It would be too full of risk, But, aside from the fact that I myself feel strongly that an operation is the only means of saving the patient's sanity, if not her very life itself; aside from the fact that I am willing to pledge my professional reputation on the success of an operation performed by me with your assistance, on the tumor or whatever it is that I believe is invading this brain, either in the superior or middle temporal convolutions—aside from all this, I have another reason to offer, which, I feel sure, must appeal to you. It is this: The fame, and even the

life itself, of one of our number, depend on this patient's sanity. Without the surgery she certainly never can recover, and she may die. In that case a man you all know well and highly respect must, as far as I can see into the future, pay the penalty of a crime of which he was innocent, and the penalty is death. With the surgery she will recover, I firmly believe, and will save him by her evidence. Even at the worst, she will be as well off after as before the trial, unless undreamed of conditions prevail. There is the case, gentlemen. The affair of our friend should not bias us to do to this patient what we should not do, but it cannot lack weight in these delicate circumstances, and I for one am obliged to confess that it bears me, all things considered, irresistibly in the direction of the operation. It is not a question of professional ethics with me, for I should advise the trial, though there were no outside influences. I am sure of success. With you it may not be so, but I beg you to consider well what I have said. There is the gentleman you will save by deciding as I have done."

He threw the crumpled prescription on the table before them as he spoke, and as one man the group cried:

"Wellington? Impossible!"

"Yes, impossible, indeed! But it is he who is now filling the role of the mysterious doctor, nevertheless. I called up his house and learned that he had left there for this hotel. In the janitor's description of the voices I recognize

his. I found this paper on the floor beside the bed. What happened here we can hardly conjecture. But of this I am certain, as I know we all of us are, that our friend and comrade, Charles Wellington, the tenderest, warmest hearted, most upright of men, never wantonly or in anger or maliciously pushed a man from a ten-story window. The mystery in the case is where can he be? What is he hiding for? Or is he hiding? Perhaps some accident has also overtaken him. These matters, however, I engage to clear up later. At present our duty is to our patient."

It was a long struggle. Each of these men with his professional honor at stake stood to the last ditch for his opinion. But finally Dr. Furnivall's counsel prevailed. The operation was performed with perfect success, a clot of blood being found on and removed from the superior temporal convolution, and the patient was pronounced sane and out of danger.

When she was strong enough to relate the story of the tragedy she said, in the presence of several witnesses, including Sergeant Nulty, her eyes on Dr. Furnivall's: "I called Dr. Wellington for my nerves. I did not know there was anything else the matter with me, but he saw at once that it was something more than nerves. While he was examining me my husband came in. He had been drinking. He knew nothing of my having a doctor, and when he saw us he flew into a passion, not understanding the case, charging me with horrible things. Dr. Wellington resented the

tone Mr. Seavey took, and cried out to him that he was a brute to talk so to his wife, and that he deserved a kicking. My husband was standing by the window, which was open, and suddenly he pitched over——”

“One moment,” Dr. Furnivall interrupted. “Was your husband being treated for any disease?”

“Yes, Meniere’s disease.”

“Gentlemen,” said Dr. Furnivall to the listening circle, but without moving his gaze from the invalid’s eyes, “remember the symptoms of Meniere’s disease—intense and paroxysmal aural vertigo, coming suddenly—Proceed, madam.”

“My husband fell in such a way that he pitched through the window. Dr. Wellington, with a cry of horror, rushed forward with outstretched arms to save him, but could not get a good hold on him. This is all I remember. I must have fainted then with the terror of it.”

Dr. Furnivall turned to the witnesses. “The only thing that seems to be lacking,” he said, “is the reason why Dr. Wellington ran away——”

At that very moment the door opened and in walked a bearded man, who said, calmly:

“I will tell you that.”

“Wellington!” cried Dr. Furnivall, grasping his hand.

“I have come to give myself up now, if I am wanted, since my wife is out of danger.”

“Ah,” Dr. Furnivall exclaimed, as if enlightened at once. “Give us the details.”

"As I came down my steps yesterday on the way to answer Mrs. Seavey's summons, a message was handed me informing me that my wife, who had been in the country for some days, was down critically with pneumonia. Of course, I should drop everything else to go to her. But knowing that the next train would not leave for over an hour I saw that I should have time to come here, and I did so. When the accident happened and I hurried down to the sidewalk, finding the crowd, I should have waited and explained, and have willingly given myself up, but for one reason. It would prevent me from hastening to my wife, who was at death's door. I could not bring myself to that. Seeing that I could do no good I simply went away—to her. She is safe now, and seeing by the papers that I was wanted——"

"Is he wanted, sergeant?" smiled Dr. Furnivall.

"Not be me, not be me, not be me!" repeated Sergeant Nulty, awakening from the trance of disgust in which he had listened to the evidence. "Begob," he muttered, as, with an air of injured virtue added to his usual dignity of deportment, he marched out of the room, "begob, men is all goats these days. Goats wid whiskers! Accidents, accidents, accidents! They have none of them the shtuff in thim to kill a man. The good old times is gone. No chanct for promotion! I'll die a sergeant. Well, well, well!"

Mrs. Wortley's Secret



MRS. WORTLEY'S SECRET

Through the driving snow blizzard in the early morning the milk boy plowed his way up the steps of the dilapidated Wortley mansion, opened the outer door, stepped into the narrow vestibule, and rang sharply the old-fashioned bell. Ordinarily he then would have deposited a bottle of milk on the floor, picked up the "empty" that had been set out over night, and departed with the cheerful bang and clatter that has been anathema to good sleepers since the days of Aristophanes; but this time there was a variation of the program. He waited. Handling his basket of unstable bottles with as much care as if they were eggs, he placed it silently in a corner, and with hunched shoulders, ear to the keyhole, a determined expression on his blowzy young face, he appeared to be listening intently to the gradually diminishing jingle jingle of his summons away down in the basement kitchen.

Refraining, for reasons of his own, from advertising the fact that he was still on the spot by a second pull at the knob, he crouched in this attitude long after the tongue of the bell had ceased its musical clangor. It was fully five minutes before he moved as much as an eyelid. Then he suddenly gathered himself, held his breath, and, as the door opened a crack, pushed it wide, and stepped triumphantly in.

"There!" he exclaimed with satisfaction.

"Lord a massy! What's all this?" cried a thin, cracked voice.

The hall was dusky, but the boy could see that an old woman of untidy appearance stood staring dazedly at him, her hand on the knob of the door which he had closed on entering. He gave a short, sneering chuckle. Then he began laboriously to unbutton his many layered wrapping of heavy clothing.

"This here little bill," he said, producing and handing it to the woman, "has run three months, an' every time the old man comes round for it it's twenty-three for him. Skiddoo! Nobuddy t' home. See? I want th' money. I want it now. An' I'll get it, too, afore I'll leave, or I'll h'ist out th' furniture."

"Well, good Lord!" exclaimed the woman, who, though plainly of a meek disposition, was roused to some degree of self-assertion by this open attack. "If you want your money I guess you can have it. You needn't tear my head off. I don't owe you anything. It's Mrs. Wortley, and she's worth a million dollars. You step over here away from her door and I'll tell her."

The boy jeered at the mention of this magnificent sum. It was easy enough to call anybody a millionaire. Anybody. She might call him one if she wanted to. But her manner presaged success for his mission, and, somewhat mollified, he stood back by the stairs while the woman rapped gently at the parlor door.

"Mrs. Wortley!" she cried, not too loudly. There was no answer.

"Mrs. Wortley! Mrs. Wortley! The milk-man is here and wants to see you!" This time the voice was stronger, but there came no sound from within. She waited a moment and then rattled the door knob. Still no response. "She must be fast asleep. She doesn't like to be woke up—can't you come again when——"

"Oh, sure!" he interrupted, with a world of expression. All his doubts and determination were rearoused by these signs of tricks, with the winding and complex patterns of which he was on intimate terms. "Oh, sure, I'll come agin'. An' I'll stay right here till I do, too. You sure got a lead pipe cinch on me in this deal, mommer. Me? Why, you never see me out when the dew is falling. Some rude creature might accost me."

With the explosion of this bomb of sarcasm, picked up last night at the dime museum, he grinned delightedly, sat down on the stairs, and leaned comfortably against the wall as if he would be happy to remain there for any indefinite period.

"If that ain't killin'!" muttered the woman in disgust and indignation. She stood irresolutely, looking at him. "Well," she said, after a moment, "I'll go in through the other room and wake her up, but you won't get any thanks for making me do it, I can tell you. And it's the last milk you'll ever bring into this house in the bargain."

"Huh!" he sniffed. "Good thing, too! Swappin' milk fer wind!"

He watched warily as she went down the hall to a sort of cabinet built against the wall, with a set washbowl in it, put her hand in, and from a corner of a high shelf produced a key, with which she let herself into the rear parlor. Then he rose and softly followed her. Rolling back a little one of the great folding doors between the two rooms, she thrust her head into the spectral gloom beyond and again called "Mrs. Wortley!" and still there was no movement or sound in response. Suddenly she began to sniff.

"Why, that's chloroform!" the boy behind heard her exclaim in a startled whisper.

He crept forward, a vague sense of something strange impelling him, and with eyes younger than those of the woman searched the dim interior over her shoulder.

"Kinder topsy-turvey, ain't it?" he commented under his breath.

She did not resent his presence staring there into her mistress' bedroom. On the contrary, she flung her hand with a quick, backward movement on his arm, as if to reassure herself that she was not alone. Then she went in swiftly, paused, and with a sudden low cry threw herself down upon the bed, clasping in her arms the still form that lay there.

The boy gazed a moment with wide eyes, taking in the significance of the scene. Then he withdrew, set the spring lock on the front door, and at the top of his speed splashed and

floundered through the drifts to the police station a block away.

The woman still lay in speechless grief on the body of her mistress when the officers arrived, and they found considerable difficulty in removing her, so that an examination of the corpse could be made. Finally they succeeded in placing her in an easy chair, where she sat with every sign of despairing sorrow on her wrinkled face, and without appearing to take any interest in what was going on answered apathetically such questions as were put to her.

As soon as the shades were raised, letting daylight into the room, the first thing the officers noticed was that the dead woman was bound, and in a most curious manner. Instead of being lashed together with cords the limbs were carried, each wrist and each ankle to its side of the bedstead, and there tied firmly with strips torn from the upper sheet, the remains of which hung over the foot rail with the other bedclothing.

"That is what I call queer," whispered one of the policemen to the other, who nodded, staring. The ambulance surgeon came hurrying in at the moment, and the three stood gazing an instant without a word at the singular spectacle.

The body was that of a beautiful woman of 30, of the pronounced brunette type, with full lips, great black eyes, wide and glazed now, the form of a sylph, and a wealth of lustrous black hair that lay tumbled over the pillows. The skilled glance of the physician, however,

immediately detected signs of dissipation in the lovely face. He saw, too, that one of the eyebrows was scorched as with recent fire, and that the forehead and left cheek were marked with slight burns, which must have been inflicted within a few hours. An eight ounce bottle containing a little chloroform lay without a stopper on the bed by her side, its neck raised on the pillow.

"Beats me," whispered one of the policemen.

"It looks like asphyxiation by chloroform," said the physician. "But we'll see about that later. She's gone, any way."

The officers then began a search of the premises.

The upper drawer of the bureau had been pulled out, ransacked, and thrown on the floor, the jewel boxes on the dressing case were empty, an oil painting had been cut out of its frame, and the gold watch which, the woman said, always hung on the bedpost at night, was missing. This seemed to be the extent of the property loss, though there was a great roll of bank bills in the second drawer of the bureau, which had not been opened, apparently, a closet was half filled with beautiful and costly gold and silverware, a clock covered with jewels, small enough for easy removal, still ticked on the mantel, and the two rooms were crowded to profusion with all sorts of elegant and expensive nick-nacks. The officers were comparing notes on this unexpected state of affairs when a surprised exclamation from the

physician, who was bending over the body, brought them hastily to his side.

"See there!" he said, pointing to the bonds where they were fastened to the bed.

The policemen scanned them interestedly.

"They're surgeon's knots," the doctor said: "the kind a surgeon ties. No common burglar did this job."

The officers looked at each other quickly.

"There's ain't a winder or door on this floor," said one, "that ain't locked, except the way we come in. And the milk feller says that was locked, too, and the woman got the key to it out of this cupboard here. It looks queer, Jack—this body tied in here alone and everything locked up all snug."

"It sure does, Cale. The housekeeper says nobody lives here but Dr. Wortley and his wife and her, and the milkman swears there wa'n't no signs in the snow of anybody's goin' out. Not a track before his. And it snowed all night."

"Dr. Wortley!" exclaimed the physician. "You don't mean—you can't mean, that this is the house of Dr. Brownall Wortley—that this was his wife?"

"That's just what!" returned Cale, shaking his head as if he were sorry for it.

The younger physician scrutinized the face of the dead with a new interest. So this was the woman! Lying there! Well, well, well! He had never known Dr. Wortley personally, but his history was one of the traditions of the profession in the city. A millionaire

bachelor, famous for his surgical skill, enjoying an enormous practice, and, of an old New England family, welcome to the innermost circles of society throughout the land, he had thrown his glove in the face of custom and tradition and turned his back on the obviously correct thing by marrying a shop girl. He was 50, cultivated, handsome, rich; she was 20, uncultured, fascinatingly beautiful, and squalidly poor. The act plunged him into such a hornet's nest of surprise, detraction, and downright abuse, especially from the mothers of marriageable daughters in his own set, that he was sorely stung, and, at first bewildered. He could not see why his marriage with anybody should interest the world, and when one day a newspaper reporter called to interview him he told him so. But, he added, since the world, for some reason or other, indubitably seemed interested, he begged to inform it that this young gentlewoman, who was now his wife, had been brought into this life by him, as the attending physician; that he had followed every phase of her existence from that day to this; that he knew her to the soul; found her so superior to every other woman, in any class of society, whether it were a question of character or body, mind or heart, that for him she was the one woman; that they loved each other; and, finally, that, since the fact that she was poor while he was rich appeared to form the nucleus around which the storm of disapproval howled, he should gladly remove it—in short, he should

this day make over all his property to his wife, so that now the conditions were reversed, and it was a case of poor man and rich wife. Perhaps his solicitous friends, the smart set, would care to express their exceedingly valuable and interesting opinions on that sort of a union!

Whether this attitude of his closed the hitherto widely opened doors of society against him, or whether he had already, before the marriage, resolved upon his course, certain it was that he threw up his practice immediately and accompanied his young and beautiful wife abroad. For five years little was heard of them in their native city, except that now and then some wanderer far afield brought tidings of them from out of the way places—now a little village in Switzerland, by and by a modest hotel in Italy, a farm house in Scotland, one of the islands of Japan, or, in India, a villa in the hill country. They evidently traveled extensively, yet wherever they were found it was always in the peace of seclusion, undisturbed by the fret and hurry of gregarious humanity, their life streams blended into one happy, flowing river of love and content.

Then suddenly, in a night as it seemed, the rumors changed ominously. Something mysterious had come between these ideal married lovers. It was now only the husband who lived apart from the whirlpool of society, while the lovely young wife threw herself into the swirling current with extravagant abandon. The polish which, in their five years of intimacy,

the accomplished man of the world had been able to impart to his girl wife, the wealth he had lavished upon her, his name, and her own beauty and vivacity, opened the doors of social recognition to her on the instant she tapped for admittance, and, entering with a dash, she disported herself in a manner so reckless that her name was soon on everybody's lips. Her flirtations were uncounted, scandalous, audaciously open; her style of living ruinous even for a possessor of ten times her wealth; she dressed loudly, looked frequently on the wine cup, and, while the doctor remained strictly in the privacy of his own room, she never appeared at home except for the few hours of sleep she was obliged to steal each morning in order to recuperate for the feverish dance of the day and night. Her husband she seemed to hate. Of him and to him her speech was invariably contemptuous, and the flash of her black eye in his direction was like the savage cut of a sword. On his part he paid no attention to her any longer. Her fierce glances seemed to impress him not at all. He answered no sharp word of hers. He never even looked at her, or seemed conscious of her existence, all his interest apparently being confined to his pipe, his food, his bed, and the scientific literature of the day.

These were the reports which for several years came from Europe, chiefly from Paris, and then suddenly the scene shifted back to America. The doctor, looking like a feeble octogenarian, though he was under 60, had

been seen through the window in his old homestead. In various ways it soon leaked out that the strange couple had returned and, with an old housekeeper, taken up their abode in the decaying mansion, living in a relation to each other that was nothing short of preposterous. Rumor declared that the wife occupied the two great rooms on the ground floor and never stirred out of them; he lived in the back attic and never stirred out of that, while the housekeeper slept in the basement, carried them their meals, took what little care of the house that was taken at all, and stood as the buffer between her mistress and the insistent duns who, in due season, began to clamor at the front door. And the explanation was that, the million having taken wings, the foolish wife and deluded husband had finally immured themselves here to drag out the remainder of their days in self-sought oblivion. A few of his former friends had called at first, but were turned away without a sight of him, and from that time on nobody but the aged servant and the tradesmen had been observed going to or from the house.

This story flashed instantly through the physician's brain as he sat there with his eyes on the woman who had caused it all, now cold in death, her earthly pilgrimage with its strange mystery ended suddenly forever. What that mystery was never would be known now—ah, but now it most certainly would be known! The doctor would tell it in palliation of—palliation? Yes, or justification, what might

seem justification to him. For there was but one explanation of that murder. The evidence all pointed to it—the locked doors, the key whose hiding place could be known only to an inmate of the house, the professional knots, the chloroform, the large number of valuables left untouched and the few taken as if to send suspicion astray, the absence of footprints in the snow, the couple's attitude toward each other, and, above all, the great secret of the estrangement! There was no other way out of it. It was written as plainly in the circumstances as if it had been carefully set down in black and white. Driven to desperation by the misery into which she had plunged him, and most likely unhinged in mind, he had done this terrible thing. And this was the end of him as for her! What a finish for a career that had begun and for twenty years continued so brilliantly.

* * * *

Dr. Furnivall was eating his breakfast when the news of the crime, coupled with the request from the prisoner that he would call upon him, was brought by an officer of the police station; and a few minutes later he sat face to face with the man he so highly honored for his early achievements, and whose domestic tragedy had long been known to him in the version current in the profession. He found him, as reported, an old man in appearance, with hair and beard perfectly white, a stoop in his shoulders as of care, a trembling hand, and the pallid, wrinkled skin of fast approach-

ing decrepitude. The eyes, however, were undimmed. Black, steady, full of fire, they might have been those of a person of 30, but, hidden behind gold rimmed spectacles, and their power somewhat veiled by curiously puffed lids, which gave him the appearance of looking downward, they took nothing from the effect of age, unless one looked directly into them.

"I requested you to call, Dr. Furnivall," he began, speaking evenly, as if it were a matter of every day business, "because I have heard of your notable successes along the lines of hypnotism, and in the interests of justice —" He paused, and then asked abruptly, "Do you believe I am guilty?"

"No," said Dr. Furnivall at once. And added: "I may say that I know you are innocent."

"Your reasons?" The question shot out in the tones of an alert man of affairs, and the black eyes examined Dr. Furnivall's face with suddenly awakened interest.

"Because you are not a bungler. According to the story the officer told me on the way here, every sign points to you, and you only. If you had committed the crime it would not be so. Not a single sign would indicate your hand in the tragedy. Besides, had it been in you to do it at all you would have done it years ago, quietly and skillfully."

"Ah!" the old man exclaimed. "It really seems as if others might have thought of that. But no matter. What I wished to say is this: I have no notion who the criminal is; not the

least. But that woman at the house, Mrs. Partridge, may be able to tell something if you can make her talk. There was some bond between my wife and her. I don't know its nature, but it was very strong. They used to weep in each other's arms every day, I should think, beginning some five years ago, and I never knew why, but it was evidently something terrible to them. The fact may have bearing on the case. It is the only thing I know, at all events, and I would suggest inquiry in that field. If you could hypnotize the woman and question her about that secret of theirs, maybe her answers would throw light on the murder—if it be a murder."

"What! You think——"

"Those women were capable of any bitterness toward me. She might have died a natural death. I don't know. But she had trouble with her heart. And this other woman would not hesitate to make it look like murder and throw the appearance of guilt on me. But what upsets the theory is that I am sure she knows nothing of tying surgeon's knots."

"She might have had help."

"Yes, that may be. Perhaps that is it. She has no initiative of her own, but would do what she was told to do, and it is quite within the possibilities that all this was arranged between them long ago, in case Mrs. Wortley should die suddenly. Her health was in a very delicate state, and I fancy she had for two years expected to go off suddenly at any moment. Yes, they were quite capable of arranging beforehand to

make it look like murder and directing suspicion toward me, for they seemed to hate me most rancorously, both of them, and tried in every way to humiliate and degrade me. The strangest part of it is that I haven't the faintest shadow of a notion why they felt so."

"You don't know the cause of Mrs. Wortley's estrangement from you?" said Dr. Furnivall in surprise.

"No," he answered wearily. "All in an instant, quick as a flash of lightning, like the discharge of a cannon it came. Her love for me turned to bitterness and downright loathing." He ran a trembling hand over his brow, and after a short pause, as if to gather fortitude, continued: "One day, in France, after more than five years of happiness with me, or what I would have sworn was happiness, she received a cable message from America. I handed it to her myself. She read it standing, and remained motionless so long that I looked up from my newspaper, and there she stood glaring at me so fiendishly that I shouldn't have known her. Her face resembled a frenzied animal's more than a human being's. Her cheeks were like chalk, her lips were drawn back from her teeth in a snarl like that of a wildcat, and her eyes fairly blazed. Startled terribly, I jumped up and ran to her, when she shrieked out that I had ruined her life, struck me with all her force in the face, and fled from the room. I thought she had suddenly lost her mind. And, indeed, I believe she had. I followed her, of course. But she would have nothing to do

with me, would explain nothing, listen to nothing, accept nothing that I proposed. She raved, swearing that she hated me and always had. But I can't go into all that. I tried everything, in vain. I offered her her freedom, offered to leave her and allow her to obtain a divorce, at last, but she would not consent even to that. I suppose she wished to drag my name in the mire and remain near to torment and humiliate me."

Again he paused, drinking a glass of water.

"In a few weeks this woman, Mrs. Partridge, arrived," he went on with effort. "They were plainly old friends, having some secret bond of sympathy. And they have remained inseparable ever since. I don't understand their relation. Years ago I gave up trying to understand. That my wife had all along deceived me, hated, rather than loved, me, was all I wished to know. It made an old man of me. I lost interest in life; gave it up. Nothing was left for me this side of the grave but a waiting. And I am waiting, patiently as I may. But I should rather not do it in prison."

Dr. Furnivall rose abruptly. He had been present at the unfolding of too many tragedies not to realize the impotence of words of condolence in such a case as this. Confining his attention strictly to the subject of the crime he asked a few questions regarding visitors, and the relations on which the three inmates of the house lived with one another, and after a word of encouragement hurried away to the Wortley mansion.

He found it in the possession of the police officers, one of whom, at his request, showed him immediately in to the housekeeper, who sat in stony silence at her mistress' bedside, never removing her eyes from the rigid body. She neither answered his greeting nor seemed aware of his presence there. The officer, who had heard great things of Dr. Furnivall's occult powers, and remained in the room curious to see for himself some startling exhibition of them, touched his arm, and shaking his head whispered:

"She was all right a little while this morning, and answered everything we asked her. But she won't say no more—took stuffy! Won't open her mouth, no matter what you do."

"Oh, yes, she will!" the doctor returned somewhat grimly, "Mrs. Partridge," he said to her, "did you ever see me before?"

She looked up quickly and peered at him with some show of interest, but immediately moved her head as if to return her gaze to its former direction. She moved it only slightly, however. Then it remained fixed. Her weak eyes, staring into his, took on an expression of concentration wholly new to them, and she answered in an emotionless voice: "No, sir."

"How long have you known Mrs. Wortley?"

"Most all her life."

"What relation do you bear to her?"

"I ain't any relation. Only she was engaged to be married to my son."

"Married? She was already married. What do you mean? Tell me all about it. Begin at the beginning."

"My son James and her worked in the same shop and was goin' to git married when they could afford it. Then Dr. Wortley wanted her, and they thought she better take him, for she said he was an old man and—and would leave her a lot of money and then she could have James. But he was only 50. She thought that was old, but it ain't. And he's alive yet. But James died five years ago. That broke her heart and mine, too, and she sent for me and we've lived together ever since."

"My God!" burst involuntarily from Dr. Furnivall. This, then, was the great secret! He thought he never had heard so ironical a tragedy put in so few words. This was the girl whom Dr. Wortley had watched from infancy, and found to be the one woman in the world! The young lover's death, which was undoubtedly what the cablegram had announced to her, upsetting her plans, destroying her hopes, showing that all her duplicity and sacrifice had been in vain, had maddened her, and with the one sided logic of an intensely materialistic mind, she attributed her failure and despair to her devoted victim. Had it not been for him all this never would have occurred. And he should pay for it! Yes, he should pay for it to the last tittle—with his honor, his happiness, his money, the very decencies of life!

The policeman, who knew only enough of the story to blame Dr. Wortley's lack of perspicacity in choosing such a woman for his wife, sniffed cynically. Dr. Furnivall resumed his questions.

"Have you any idea who committed this crime?"

"No, I haven't."

"Who besides Dr. Wortley and you knew where the key to the back parlor was kept?"

"Nobody. And the doctor didn't know, either. It wasn't ever there till yesterday. I stuck it in there myself."

"Why?"

"It was loose in the lock and fallin' out all the time. I had to go in that way a good deal, and first I used to leave it in the door daytimes, and then I kept it in my pocket. But I lost it yesterday, so when I found it I thought I'd better hide it in the cupboard."

"When did you put it in there last?"

"It was 9 o'clock last night. She wasn't feelin' well and went to bed about 8."

"And there was nobody but you three in the house at that time?"

"No, not a soul. And there ain't been anybody but us in the house sence we lived here, except the water inspector."

"You have groceries and such things brought here, don't you?"

"Not often. I go to the store myself mostly. And when anything is brought I take it at the door. The milkman got in this morning, but he's the only one."

"You have no callers, any of you?"

"No, nobody I let in."

"Who calls and is not let in?"

"Only Fred now. People used to come for the doctor, but I always told 'em that he

didn't want to see 'em, and so they don't come any more."

"Who is Fred?"

"My son."

"Another son! Does Mrs. Wortley ever see him?"

"No. But she gives me money for him. People think we're poor, but we ain't."

"Has he been here lately?"

"Not for two weeks. I told him not to come again till he was sober. Mrs. Wortley wouldn't give him any more money to buy liquor with."

"What is your son's business?"

"He drove a hack last, but I guess he ain't working now."

"What did he do before that?"

"Oh, different things. He took care of horses in a stable, and worked in a grocery store, and was a bartender once. Then he was a waiter. But mostly he drived horses for somebody."

"He hasn't ever had anything to do with medicine, has he? Did he ever work in a drug store?"

"No, not that I know of. The nearest he ever came to it was driving the hospital ambulance. He tried nursing, too, but didn't like it, and went back on the team."

"Where does he live?"

"22 Prospect street."

Dr. Furnivall scribbled a note and gave it to the officer.

"That man fits all the circumstances," he whispered. "As soon as you find him call me

up on the telephone and then take him to your station."

At 3 o'clock that afternoon Dr. Furnivall, responding to the summons, walked into station 15 and found a short, clean shaven, red faced, shifty looking fellow, about 28 years old, protesting to the lieutenant that, by all that was holy, though he was Fred Partridge, and lived at 22 Prospect street, this was the first time he had ever heard the name of Wortley. He knew nothing of any murder. These officers, he said, had gone to his boarding place, and not finding him there, had searched the whole neighborhood for him, which was enough to give a man a bad name for life, and finally coming on him in a saloon, among freinds that knew him, had snapped the darbies on him for murder. Nice way to treat an honest man who was trying to earn his living without sponging on anybody for it! He didn't even know what street the murder was done in. And here were two friends, Con and Ed, who were with him when he was arrested, and could swear he hadn't been out of their sight since yesterday noon. He slept with them last night in their room, three in a bed.

Two men standing near nodded.

"That's right," said one of them to the lieutenant. "We had a free lunch yesterday noon over to Tim Nagle's place, an' we been together ever since, lookin' for a job."

The lieutenant's face wrinkled derisively as he glanced into the watery eyes of the friendly trio, picturing in his fancy the kind of job they

were undoubtedly looking for. Then he nodded to Dr. Furnivall, who came forward and stood by the railing close to Partridge.

There were several police officers in the room, and, their curiosity sharpened by their comrade's story of the marvelous results obtained by Dr. Furnivall that day from the woman who wouldn't speak, they watched his every move with absorbed interest. But when, without any spectacular waving or stroking of the hands, such as they had always associated in their minds with hypnotism, without the production of any mysterious machine, or even a globe of magic crystal, he simply, in an ordinary tone, asked Partridge, "Where did you learn to tie surgeon's knots?" they were plainly disappointed. If this was hypnotism, hypnotism was no great shakes.

The man turned quickly at the question.

"Surgeon's knots?" he cried. "What's surgeon's knots?"

"Didn't you ever nurse in a hospital?"

His face grew hot and then blanched.

"No," he answered huskily.

"Never drove an ambulance?"

"No."

"What do you know of Mrs. Wortley?"

"I tell you I dunno nothing of her," he began heatedly. "I never heard the name till this minute. My mother is her house-keeper."

Before the circle of listeners could digest this grotesque contradiction the doctor asked evenly, repeating his first remark:

"Where did you learn to tie surgeon's knots?"

"City hospital," he answered readily now, in a mechanical voice, his eyes intently on his questioner's.

"Tell me all about the Wortley affair. What did you go there for? Go on. Begin at the beginning."

"I went fer some money. Mother said last week she wouldn't give me no more till I quit the booze, and I had been on it a little that day, but I thought maybe she might cough up some. I was bound to try it anyways. But when I got over there I seen the ketch on the winder wasn't fastened, and I thought maybe I could git more myself, if I went in, than they'd give me. So I h'isted the winder and crawled through. There was a candle lit on the table and I could see that the key was on the inside of the door, so I shet the winder and fastened it so nobody'd notice outside, and then unlocked the door, so I could git out quicker. While I was at it she woke up and started in to scream, and I grabbed her and shut her mouth. She sorter fainted then, and I tied her up so she couldn't fall out of bed when she come to and wake up mother downstairs. Then I begun to clean out the room, but she laid so still I went over to look at her. She looked so bad I was rattled and grabbed a bottle of something I thought was water that stood on the table and threw it in her face. But then I found it was chloroform. That rattled me more'n ever, and somehow I dropped the

candle on her. But I picked it up again and put it out and run into the hall. But before I could git out mother was comin' up from the kitchen, and I hid on the stairs, I thought she'd heard me, but she hadn't; she only went into the back parlor for something. When she come out I see where she put the key, and I thought I could stand it better to search that room than the one where the woman was in the faint, so I got the key and went in. But it was dark as pitch. I couldn't find anything; I remembered that her watch hung on the bed-post, and I thought I could stand it to git that, so I opened the foldin' doors easy. Then I got the watch, pulled the foldin' doors to, locked up the back parlor, and put the key where I found it, and come out the front way."

"Do your friends here, Con and Ed, know all this?"

"No, they don't know nothing about it. They was waitin' round the corner, and thought I went to see my mother a minute, that's all. I only showed 'em a diamond, and said she give it to me."

"What time was it when you came out of the Wortley house?"

"Somewheres about 9 o'clock."

"That agrees with the woman's time," said Dr. Furnivall to the lieutenant, "and clears up the question of footprints. It had only just begun to snow then."

"I didn't hardly touch her," said Partridge, following out the trend of his thought. "I didn't mean to hurt her. I couldn't 'a' hurt her—much."

"It will be found to be heart failure accelerated by fright, I think," said Dr. Furnivall.

The lieutenant motioned to the now thoroughly astonished men, who led the prisoner away.

"If it hadn't been for you," he said to the doctor, "we never would have got this Partidge. Dr. Wortley would have to stand for it. Say," he continued, earnestly, "I'd give a year's salary to learn how to do a stunt like that one."

"Well," remarked Dr. Furnivall, soberly, drawing on his gloves, "it cost me as much as that would come to—in one way and another!"

The Wetchell Job



THE WETCHELL JOB

One of the most extraordinary cases that ever came under the observation of Dr. Furnivall, and which, as it turned out, could in all probability never have been solved in any other way than through his peculiar method of hypnotism, was what is known in police circles as "The Wetchell Job." The truths of this unique crime as brought out by him are as follows:

In a large, barnlike old house of three stories, of brick, painted yellow, sitting in a yard of its own, surrounded by high board fences, amidst new tenement buildings filled with an element utterly incongruous with its air of old fashioned respectability, lived Miss Wetchell. She clung to the ancient homestead as to her one friend on earth, to the everlasting disturbance of the clamorous neighbors, who, in their congested quarters, resented in six languages the occupation of a whole house of fourteen rooms by one person, and that one an elderly, single female of oily manners and a good income, who pretended to be what she was not. For this woman, by her smile, which was ostentatiously gentle; by her voice, which was ostentatiously tender, and by her ostentatious acts of kindness, which consisted in feeding stray cats and allowing children of the tenements to play in her great back yard one hour

a week—this woman, by all these signs advertised herself as a person of good nature and benevolence, when she was very far from being that. It did not require many days of observation on the part of any one of the interested observers to force the conclusion on them that all this, while done by the lady with the view of exalting her reputation, was in reality the expression of cowardice. In fact, this benevolent woman was afraid. She wished to conciliate these rude ones; she wished to be on good terms with her neighbors for fear of them. Too miserly, they said, to sell her property at the low price which it was now worth, on account of its location, so near the heart of the slums, she held on with a grip comparable to that of death alone, fawning and smiling lovingly when she felt only dread and hate, in order to save the few dollars she would be obliged to sacrifice from her plenty in selling out and going to more congenial quarters. The bases of this opinion were many, spread over a large area of observation by the onlookers, who were shrewder than she thought, but one of these bases flared out like a beacon light from among all the others and was observable, perhaps, once a day for every twenty-four hours of the year.

It was the distinction she made between the value of men and that of cats, and upon this distinction as she made it rests the story of her strange misfortune.

Up the street towards this lady, who was sweeping the steps of her domicile in the morn-

ing, a man advanced. He was not a nice appearing person. His clothes were greasy and ragged, his nose was blooded, his gait was halt, as if there were sores on his heels, and his skin was exceedingly dirty, and grown over with thick, black hairs. He saw the busy sweeper all at once, and immediately began his preparations. These consisted in a smoothing down of the heavy beard, a pull at the brim of his old slouch hat, a straightening of the shoulders, a sidling movement of the body, and a deprecatory eye. He coughed, and with his hand on the gate post spoke:

"Hm'm! Lady, c'd yer help a poor man that fought fer yer in the war?"

She turned upon him like a tigress. She was not handsome, and the distortion of her coarse features, the baring of her strong yellow teeth, and her sudden raging at him, took him completely aback.

"You!" she hissed, "You, a man 6 feet tall, and healthy, asking help! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why don't you go to work? There is plenty to do. You are lazy. Don't you dare ask me for assistance, you—you—ugh!"

In a fever of virtuous wrath she gave an extra swish of her broom, stamped her foot, threw a last indignant glance toward the abased mendicant, flew into the house, and slammed the door.

Hobus leaned on the fence wearily. He had not been in the war, and he wondered if she, by some occult power known only to the

higher classes, had found him out in his lie. Was that the reason why she was so fierce? He believed so. He did not know how it was, but the world was down on him. The whole world! He looked up at the house wonderingly, smoothed his beard with a trembling hand, and tried to think. Where should he go next? He was hungry, he was wretched, he was impotent, and he could not see that all this was his fault. It appeared to him that he had been born so—hungry and wretched and incapable, and never could be anything else.

Listlessly he moved away across the street to the scant shade of a straggly tree, and considered. Presently another man, with the soil of several states on his person, hardly distinguished in appearance from Hobus himself, though he was smaller and younger, and his beard was of a fortnight's growth only, slouched around the corner, examined the Wetchell house a moment, and then crept into the yard. Hobus began to grin, and, hobbling hurriedly to a position of advantage behind the great square fence post, pricked up his ears to listen.

"Lady," said the young tramp to Miss Wetchell when she had answered his ring, "could you please feed a poor man that was in the Spanish war and got broke down fightin' fer yer?"

Hobus shook his head solemnly as he heard this form of address, so closely resembling his own. In the mouth of another it took on a new meaning. It seemed like attempting to establish a right to alms rather than a bid for charity

and kindness, and Hobus, without understanding the philosophy of the case, felt intuitively that it was a wrong move. Condescension is a necessary concomitant of charity with many givers, and to remove the possibility of their enjoying that comfortable emotion by asking help of them as a right, not as a favor, is unwise. He resolved to remodel his own formula after this. In the meantime he shook with wild laughter to hear Miss Wetchell's address. It was exactly, word for word, the same answer she had given him, and not knowing that it was a familiar form to her, beaten into her mind by the constant repetition of it during fifty years or more of resistance to the horrible evil of pauperization, he wondered how she remembered it so perfectly.

"You!" she hissed. "You, a man, six feet tall (he was 5 feet 2), and healthy, asking help! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Why don't you go to work? There is plenty to do. You are lazy. Don't you dare ask me for assistance, you—you—ugh——"

She slammed the door in his face.

Hobus, peering around the post, preparing to meet the rejected applicant with a facetious grin, was startled by the sudden deathly pallor of his skin, and quickly drew back to his hiding place. The young man slowly left the yard and started in the direction whence he had come, walking weakly, staggering a little, and keeping near the houses, against which he frequently leaned to steady his tottering steps. At the corner he paused, looked dazedly around,

clapped his hand to his side, and then sank in a heap on the sidewalk.

In an instant there was a crowd around him, which Hobus joined, hovering on the outskirts of it with morbid curiosity. A doctor came hastily from his office near by, knelt over the huddled body, and presently announced that it was death, due to a weak heart and starvation. Hobus waited until the ambulance arrived and closed its doors on its ghastly burden, and rattled away. Then he returned to his former position by the tree, and stood eyeing the old house opposite with a queer passion struggling for expression in his weak face.

In a moment up the sidewalk came a little girl with a cat in her arms, and, turning into Miss Wetchell's doorway, rang the old-fashioned bell, expectancy in her bright eyes, the flush of enthusiasm in her round cheeks. Miss Wetchell opened the door, the tramp looking on in curiosity.

"Oh, Miss Wetchell!" cried the child, "here is a kitty—and she is lost—and I found her—and—and—do you—do you want her? Mamma said you belonged to the—the—oh, something that takes care of kitties!"

"Oh, the dear little thing!" observed Miss Wetchell loudly, with a cast of her eye up to the windows opposite, as if addressing them. "Come right in, darling, and I will give the poor thing some milk. And I think that is very nice of you to bring the poor, little kitty here. I will give you a piece of nice candy for it. Come."

It was one of those idiosyncrasies of character which only the profoundest philosophy can explain, that while she hoped and believed that the neighbors would become cognizant of her goodness to cats, and would applaud it, thinking it was abstract goodness, she at the same time never thought of their becoming aware of her harsh treatment of men, and resenting it, though the evidence she gave of the latter was at least four times stronger than that of the former. She always looked at the surrounding windows with self-conscious benevolence when she took in a cat, but when she drove a human being away from her house in a voice of strident power she never dreamed of anybody's hearing it, except the person she addressed.

The door closed behind the two as the child accepted the invitation with the delight of her years and innocence.

A great man has said that so subtle are the springs of conduct there is for every person, even the lowest, some one action at least in the external world that will infuse him with courage and all the passions which the highest can feel. Hobus, the moment he saw that transaction, became another man. He straightened up, his flesh seemed suddenly to grow less flabby, his eye brightened, and a look of intelligence flashed into it, though it had long been devoid of that excellence. And, this time without smoothing his beard, or coughing or arranging his hat, he started across the street to the big house, entered the yard, and put a dirty

hand to the bell. When Miss Wetchell appeared he pushed in, took the little girl, who had, childlike, followed her hostess at the sound of the bell, by the arms, gently lifted her to the outside, and closed the door.

"Now, sizzle ye!" he said to the bewildered Miss Wetchell, "arter you've fed the cat give me something to eat."

He grasped her arm as he spoke and shook her, scowling and masterful. "Sizzle ye!" he reiterated. It was the first time in his life that he ever could have been called masterful.

The horror of her situation nearly overcome Miss Wetchell. She was alone in that great house with an ugly tramp. To call out would be foolishness. Nobody could hear. And even if anybody could hear she would be murdered before help could arrive. But Miss Wetchell was not one to remain overwhelmed. She knew exactly what to do in the circumstances, once she had time to collect herself. A thousand times had she practiced her perspicacity on the neighbors in exigencies which, though they never any of them had been as urgent as this, were still of strategic importance. She had a principle and she would employ it now. It was oilyness. Therefore "Oh!" she exclaimed, as if to a dear friend, "come right in. Now, what would you like for breakfast? Lay off your hat. Here, let me take it. Should you like some strawberries and cream? I like them. But you can have just what you want."

She bustled away through the sittingroom and thence into the kitchen, where the table

was kept continually set. Hobus followed her closely.

"Anybody else in the house 'sides you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered with emphasis. "There's a family up stairs. I expect Mr. Wockwell down every minute."

He laughed boisterously. Her manner convinced him. They two were alone. He sat in a chair, put his feet on the table, produced a cigarette and said:

"Give us a light, old girl."

She brought it to him obediently, with an exaggerated show of condescending hospitality.

"Do you enjoy smoking?" she asked in a desperately friendly manner, working about the range.

He threw his head back and laughed, blowing blue clouds. But he said nothing except "Hurry up! I'm hungry—" and then, "Sizzle yer!"

"I'll give you some nice ham and eggs," she volunteered with a broad show of happiness. "Should you like that?" She paused, with a fork in her hand, over the gas range, and looked inquiringly at him. There was fear, deadly fear, in her eyes and face, and in all her manner, which she strove with all her might to hide, vainly, and this man, who, ten minutes before, had cringed to her, saw that fear, and the seeing made him her slave driver.

"'Ham and' is all right," he said, changing his legs, "but hurry up, sizzle yer!"

"Oh, yes," she cried, "I'll hurry." She ran here and there in the kitchen, now for this thing, now for that, and presently the fumes of the frying meat filled the room. She started to open one of the windows to let the smoke out, but he leveled his forefinger at her from where he sat, and said simply:

"Don't!"

"Oh, wouldn't you like the window open?" she said. "I thought you would. But there, I rather like the smoke of frying ham myself. Only I thought you wouldn't, and——"

She finished with a gasping cough, the commingled stanches of gas, cigarette, and meat nearly strangling her. He looked at her cynically and blew acrid puffs and badly made rings toward her shrinking nostrils. The stray cat was lapping milk out of a saucer in the sink, and Hobus, putting his legs down, scuffled his feet on the linoleum covered floor suddenly to see her jump. When she answered his expectations by spitting and scuttling beneath the stove he grinned delightedly.

"Say, old girl," he called in a loud voice, in order to make himself heard above the sputtering and sizzling of the ham, "it's cheaper to feed cats 'n what 'tis humans—ain't it?"

She was so fully occupied with her fears for her property and her bodily safety that she did not take in the sarcasm of his remark.

"Oh, I don't mind that", she said automatically. "I am sure you're very welcome to this!"

"Yes," he sneered, and then, "Ain't yer gonter give the pore little kitty none? Say, yer oughter give the dear little kitty the ham and eggs, arter keepin' 'em away from that young feller jest now. She's more importance 'n what he was! Yer know what 'come of that sick boy yer sent away hungry, on top of a tongue lashin'?"

She was not following him in the least. Her mind was deeply intent on turning over various plans of escape or calling help, but his words set vibrating within her certain chords of argument which, from long use, acted mechanically when touched, and she said, hardly conscious that she was speaking:

"A man has free will. He can take care of himself. If he doesn't it is his own fault and he doesn't deserve help. If a human being is destitute, look back into his or her record and you'll find the reason for it. But the animals are helpless, they——"

With a howl of rage Hobus threw himself upon her, and, seizing her wrists, bent and twisted her arms back until the joints cracked and she sank to her knees on the floor.

"Humans has got 'free will, has they? Oh, yes, humans can do jest what they want to, I'll bait. I'll bait you can do jest what yer want to now! A lot you know about what humans c'n do! I wish you had to go through what I had, that's all—yer ign'ront old cross atween a rhinoceros and a jackass! You stand up and fry them pigs, and when you say anything, talk sense, or I'll know the reason why."

He flung her hands down, and as she rose quickly, stood glaring at her. Then, as she spaded out the ham into a plate, setting it on the range to keep hot, and broke the eggs into the griddle, he resumed his seat, muttering and scowling. She went on with her work as if nothing had happened, perfectly cowed, anxious to conciliate him.

"Do you like your eggs turned?" she asked, looking up and hanging on his answer as if it were a matter of international importance.

"Give 'em here jest's they be!" he growled, hitching his chair to the table. He ate voraciously, leaving not a scrap behind, while she waited on him assiduously. Once she started to another room, ostensibly for the sugar, but he scowled and motioned, and she returned instantly.

"You got any more cats in the house?" he asked abruptly, when he had lapped his plate clean.

"Yes, I have seven," she answered promptly. "I expect a man from the animal home to call for them any moment. I sent for him yesterday."

He examined her narrowly.

"Yer sech a liar that I dunno how t' take yer. Yer said there was fambly up stairs, and there ain't. I dunno whether there's a man comin' er not, but you show me where them cats is. I wanter see 'em."

"They are in the cellar," she said.

"Wal, come on, show 'em to me," he commanded rising.

She was greatly perturbed over the thought of being alone in the cellar with this horrible vagrant that she forgot the lamp which was necessary to dispel the gloom of the windowless place, and with shaking hand withdrew the bolt to the door, which opened on the stairs directly from the kitchen, and started down, with him close on her heels. He did not proceed farther than the door at the foot. Gazing into the damp, gloomy beyond he grunted with satisfaction.

"Say," he growled, as he stopped, "seems to me this is just about the kind of a place an old addle-head like you oughter live in—along with yer dear little kitties. Yer ain't fit fer human society, that's straight. So I'm agonter leave yer here. And when yer mind runs out of other pleasant things to think of—how yer c'n do jest as yer wanter, bein' human, not a cat, and all that—yer can jest remember that that sick young feller yer turned away is dead. He died jest down to the corner. It was starvation. You killed him—yer high minded, lovely gentle-woman."

He shut and hasped the door as he spoke and hobbled upward to the kitchen,

This was on Monday. On Thursday morning the neighbors notified the police that Miss Wetchell had not been seen around her home lately, and, after a conference at the station, it was decided to force an entrance and investigate the suspicious circumstances. Then Miss Wetchell was found in the cellar cowed and frightened, but in good bodily condition, for

the cellar was well stocked with food and water. The moment she was released she rushed into her sleeping room, and no sooner had entered than she uttered a shriek of anguish and terror. A board had been removed from the side of the disused fireplace, revealing a cavity behind, which was now empty. All her ready money and all her jewelry had been taken, she lamented, and she had nothing left to live on.

Then she told her story, and the police, spreading the net for the criminal, had Hobus in charge inside of twenty-four hours.

But the story of Hobus differed materially from that of Miss Wetchell.

In the first place, he declared that he had not taken a thing out of the house except the dinner she had given him. Moreover, it was only for an hour or two that she was confined in the cellar, not three days, for somebody had come and let her out. He had been there at the time and it was the arrival of this somebody that had frightened him away.

Of course he was not believed. But, though he was given the "third degree" in the endeavor to sweat the truth from him, he stuck to his original statement and would not change a word of it. He said that after locking the woman in the cellar to frighten her, he sat down in the kitchen and smoked, intending to release his prisoner when he had rested and was ready to leave the house. He did look around a little after a while, to see if there was anything worth appropriating, but he saw

nothing very desirable, and besides, he had so much contempt for the lady that he was afraid it would bring him bad luck if he should steal from her. She had just the same as killed a man. She was a hoodoo. So he went back into the kitchen and smoked and read an old newspaper that lay there. Finally he fell asleep, and some time afterward was awakened by the ringing of the doorbell, which was right above his head. He jumped up and peeked through the window. He could just see the elbow of a man standing on the steps, who remained there a moment longer, giving the bell another pull, and then started off. Hobus, supposing he had gone for good, resolved not to risk staying there after that. Somebody else might come.

He had just about shot back the bolt on the front door, ready to go out, when he thought of the prisoner. She must not be left there, locked in. But before he could take one step to release her he heard a footfall on the walk outside, the bell rang again, and the doorknob rattled. He sprang into the front room just in time to avoid facing the newcomer, for the door swung open as he shook the knob and he entered, crying out:

"Do you keep your doors unlocked here?"

At the same moment there came a vigorous thumping on the floor from underneath, as if it were being pounded with a stick of timber. The stranger exclaimed under his breath and hastened down the cellar stairs, when Hobus, knowing what he would discover there, softly

slid into the street and hurried away. That was all he knew about it. He had not intended to hurt the woman; only to scare her and show her how sometimes the best of us cannot do as we would; and he had not seen any money in the house, to say nothing of taking any away. The man, whoever he was, had certainly let the woman out, for he knew she or somebody was down there, and Hobus had heard him descending the cellar stairs.

This story was ridiculed by the police; yet they could not account for the fact that no money was found on the prisoner. He was sober, too, which hardly would have happened if there were any cash where he could get hold of it. They took him to Miss Wetchell for identification, and when she declared him to be the guilty one he repeated his yarn over again.

"I heard the doorbell ring," she said, in answer, "and I thought I heard voices. So I knocked on the floor with a stick. Then somebody came down the cellar stairs, and I ran to the door and cried out that I was locked in there; but, as the person turned around and went up, I supposed it was you and that nobody had come in. Indeed, how could anybody get in with the door locked? I didn't suppose you would open it for anybody."

"Wa'al—he rattled the knob, and the door come open—" began Hobus, when she started up and stared at him, crying out in agitation:

"Did you say he shook the door knob?"

"Yes," said Hobus, sullenly. "I've said it fifty times. Ain't that enough?"

She sank back on the couch, where she had been lying, with a pale and troubled face.

"What is it, Miss Wetchell?" asked the officer of police who had the prisoner in charge.

"It can't be anything but a coincidence," she said in a low voice, "but it is very strange, very strange."

"But what is strange?" he urged gently. Miss Wetchell was a person of property, and as such entitled to the respect and deference of the guardians of the city's peace. They were all of them very polite when they came in contact with her.

"Well," she answered, "you know I am alone here, and I don't like to answer the bell unless I can see who is ringing it, especially at night. So usually I go upstairs and look from the window down onto the steps. But to save me that trouble with my own folks—I haven't many, you know, only two or three distant relatives—it is understood that when it is one of them at the door, she will pull the bell and then loudly rattle the knob, so I'll know. That is all. If the person of whom this man speaks rattled it it was—was very——" She looked at the officer and he looked from her to Hobus, with a subtle change of expression flitting over his face.

"Are all your folks women?" he asked her. "You said 'she' would rattle——"

"No, they are not!" Miss Wetchell cried, sitting up. "And if you can find out that any of them did this horrible thing, and if you get this money back——"

"It was him done it," interrupted Hobus, nodding his head wisely. "'Twan't me."

The officer again glanced at him and back at Miss Wetchell swiftly.

"Miss Wetchell," he said, "do you suspect anybody?"

"Yes, I do—now!" she answered, with emphasis. "One of my folks is not a woman. He is a man, or a small part of one, and it would be more like him to do it——" She stopped speaking and lay back on the couch as if exhausted. But she no sooner had touched the pillow than she bounded up again. "His name," she almost screeched, "is Ferdinand Bostwell, and he lives at 41 Pearl street, in Wentonville. If any man rang that bell, and at the same time rattled the doorknob, he is the one. I always knew he wanted my money, and would do anything to get it—the wretched person! You come here!"

The last phrase was addressed to Hobus. She seemed to think she had done him an injury by suspecting him of the theft of the money, and, overlooking his treatment of her in the past, she sought now to forgive him for this, as a kind woman would do, and make honorable amends for her suspicion.

Hobus stood where he was.

"You go sizzle," he said, disgustedly. "There's people that's low, 'n' there's people that's high, I s'pose. Folks says so, anyhow. I never seen no low people but you. You say 'come here!' You say it to me. Waal, I say to you, 'You go to hell!' Yore a Jonah. You

killed a man. I seen yer do it. There ain't nobody no lower 'n what you are. You got a plenty, an' 'twas all give to yer. Yer never earned a cent 'n all yer low life. Yer didn't have ter. But I had ter, 'n' I couldn't. Who'd give me a job? Nobody. How c'n I git work? The's too many folks like you in the world for me to git anything to do. Yore one of them twenty-five that looks inter a man's record, yer told me so, and if it's bad—why, yer fool! Whose is good, when yer come ter know it? Is yore's? How is it, then, that all yore money is stole, and yer ain't got nothing ter live on? Yore human, ain't yer, not a cat? Yer can do as yer want! Why didn't yer keep yer money? Sizzle yer! You pertend charity, and yer give it ter cats, and let better folks 'n what you be starve! I'd like ter——”

The police officer, looking up from his notebook, held him back when he started for her as if he would throttle her.

“Don't mind him, Miss Wetchell,” he said. “He's only a hobo—harmless. He dunno what he's saying, and he wouldn't hurt a flea.”

Without ceremony he took Hobus by the arm and walked him back to the station.

Then Mr. Ferdinand Bostwell, the man whom Miss Wetchell had named, was brought in. But, having been questioned, he at once made out what seemed to be a perfect alibi. He kept a job book, and in it were noted all his movements for practically every moment of the fateful day. He had not been within six miles of Miss Wetchell's residence on that

Monday, he said, had not called at her house for three years, and, if he had his way, would never call at it. He admitted that it was not in the best of taste for a man to run down any member of his own family, and therefore he would not give any particular reasons why he had stayed away and why he would always stay away. He was a blacksmith by trade, an honest appearing, sturdy, open mannered man, and his evidence seemed conclusive. The police were perplexed. They believed Hobus had told the truth, for there was something about him, an entirely new air, never seen in him before—an air almost of dignity, which carried conviction with it; and this other man, Bostwell, not only appeared sincere in his declarations of innocence, but he had in his notebook the names of men who, he took his oath, could and would testify to work he had done for them which would show that he had been in his shop on Monday from 6 in the morning until 7 at night, with an hour for dinner and a pipe. It was just as he was finishing his denial that Sergeant Nulty came in.

“By gob!” he whispered to the lieutenant, “there’s wan man will get the thruth from him. Phwat! Lave him loose on him onct. He’ll make the fur fly, I’ll bet you! Dr. Furnivall! He c’u’d bore holes in the sea wid thim eyes of his, and make the fishes shpake. Aha!”

The lieutenant’s face brightened.

“That’s right,” he said. “It will save us a lot of trouble. I wish I’d thought of it before.

Ring him up, Nulty, and see if he can come here right off."

So Dr. Furnivall entered a few minutes later and questioned both the tramp and the blacksmith. But to no purpose. They both of them stuck to the stories they had already told, and nothing new was elicited, except the reason of the blacksmith's dislike for his wealthy relative, which was, he said, because, among other inhuman atrocities, she had refused to furnish the money to send her young niece to Colorado for her health, a move which the doctor ordered, and she had died with lingering consumption, a martyr to her nearest kindred's penuriousness. She had no belief in ill health. Work, she declared, was the remedy for all so-called sickness. People were lazy, not diseased, and pretended to be suffering only to escape the common portion of labor. She claimed all this, the blacksmith asserted, in order to furnish herself with sufficient reasons for never helping anybody out of her abundance. As for wanting her money, he stated that though all her property would at her death come to him and his sisters in the absence of any will, it had already been decided among them that they would devote every cent of it to charity, to human charity, in order to repair as far as possible the wrongs this ignorant woman had inflicted on countless wretched strugglers. Charity to animals was good and necessary, but inferior to charity for human beings, even the lowest, and should not be allowed to supersede it. A woman, he said, might have a perfect

right to do as she pleased with her money, and never spend any of it on others, whether men or cats, if she felt that way, but she had no right to judge always harshly of those human beings whose chief fault might easily be that they were born weak minded and in low conditions, and send them away with revilings and condemnation. Somebody whom she had treated thus was probably the thief. There must be countless persons who hated her and would seize the slightest opportunity for revenge.

Dr. Furnivall turned to the lieutenant.

"These men, both of them, have told the truth," he said, "and I am persuaded that the key to the mystery lies somewhere within the woman herself. I must see her."

Accordingly, Sergeant Nulty accompanied him to the home of Miss Wetchell and introduced him to the lady. While he was making the presentation the bell rang, and the sergeant, as soon as he had finished speaking, turned, and, taking two or three steps into the hall, opened the front door. There stood, with a large covered basket on his arm, a young man, who, on sight of the officer, started and flushed.

"Well," he said, "I didn't expect to see a policeman here. It kind of startled me. Is Miss Wetchell in? I've come for the cats."

From where Miss Wetchell was lying on the couch she could hear these words, and she immediately cried out:

"Why, step in here! Is that you? Where have you been all this time? You should have come Monday morning."

Dr. Furnivall, at this statement, threw a quick glance at the newcomer. Then he removed the thick, colored spectacles, and as the man entered, hat in hand, leaving his basket in the hall, he addressed him, looking him in the eye.

"Do you come from some animal home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered. He was a somewhat mild appearing youth, smooth of face, rather slouchily attired, small in stature, and not overclean.

"Are you a regular employee there?"

"Well, no, sir, I ain't. Dr. Blagden is laid up with a cold and they're short of hands, so they got me for this kind of work."

"Have you ever been here before?"

"No, sir, never——"

"Yes, you have, too," exclaimed Miss Wetchell, indignantly. "You came here once—I remember you—and I gave you two cats——"

"I mean—not lately," he hastened to interrupt. His face, which had been flushing and paling alternately, grew calm as he spoke, and his watery eyes, fixed on the doctor's, having passed through the stages of furtiveness, mildness, peacefulness, and earnestness, took on an expression of deep introspection.

"Now," said Dr. Furnivall, "tell me when you were last in this house?"

"Monday morning," he replied.

"Describe that visit."

"I came for the cats. Nobody answered when I rang, and I started away, but as I was

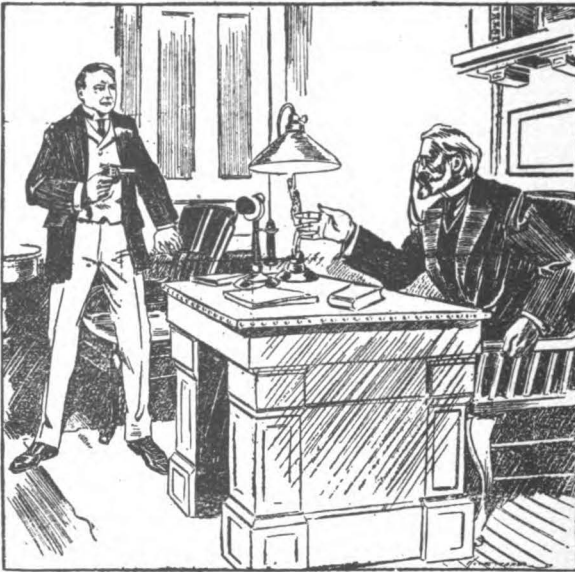
going out of the yard I thought I heard the doorknob turn, so I waited a second, and then came back and rang again and rattled the door. It swung open and I walked in. Somebody began pounding on the floor under my feet and screaming and I started down the cellar stairs to find out what the matter was, as there didn't seem to be anybody else around, and I knew Miss Wetchell lived alone. I heard a woman calling out that she was locked in the cellar, and just then I felt a draught of air and heard a noise that sounded as if somebody had opened and shut the front door. I was rattled and didn't know what to make of it. The neighborhood was bad and the house was alone. I ran back to the hall, but saw nobody, and then the pounding below got louder than ever. It shook the floor and knocked down a board over the fireplace, and a zinc box fell on the bricks and burst open, letting out a lot of money and jewels. I couldn't help taking it. I was all worked up and hardly knew what I was——”

Miss Wetchell sprang upon him with clinched hands and flashing eyes.

“Wretch! Give me back my money!” she screamed. But he did not hear her. He was intent on his story, and finished calmly with “—doing. And going over on the ferry I lost the box overboard, so I didn't get anything out of it, after all.”

“Villain! Lost? Lo-lost?” shrieked Miss Wetchell, and sank back in a swoon on the couch.

The Missing Bride



THE MISSING BRIDE

There was a rap on the door and a maid put her head in.

"Here's a man——" she began, but as she spoke a large gentleman with a red face, white mustache, and an excited blue eye pushed in past her.

"Dr. Furnivall, pardon me!" he said hastily. "It is a matter of more than life or death. Name your own price, but I must have your assistance at once."

The maid laid the visitor's card on the table before Dr. Furnivall, but he had no need to read it. He knew the man by sight as one of the multimillionaires of the city, George B. English of banking fame. Mr. English took the seat pointed out by Dr. Furnivall and rushed on:

"My daughter was kidnapped last night on the eve of her marriage, and I have good reason to believe that she is at this moment in the hands of a villain whose object is—is—not money!"

He paused, his red face growing almost purple with anger and excitement, queerly mingled with fright, and looked into the colored spectacles of the doctor as if expecting some demonstration on his part. But he said merely:

"Go on."

He braced himself and, with an evident effort at calmness, in which he did not succeed too well, continued:

"Everything was ready last evening for the wedding ceremony, which was to be celebrated this noon. The whole household retired early—by 10 or a little later—and not a suspicious sound was heard, not a namable thing out of the common happened, that anybody noticed, during the night. There were no guests—only my two daughters, one of them a child of ten years; my sister who is a maiden lady; myself, and the servants, fourteen of them. This morning the first thing we discovered was that the house had been robbed of all the smaller and more valuable wedding presents; and then we learned that Evelyn was missing. Her bed had not been occupied, and the only clothes of hers that the women couldn't find were those she wore last evening. Her wardrobe was intact. She did not even take a hat—disappeared bareheaded! And there isn't a trace of her. The police and detectives have been scouring the city since early morning, but without avail. The loot the miscreants got is nothing; I don't care for that, and would say nothing about it. They are welcome to it if only they would bring back my daughter. The idea of her being in the power of that——"

He stopped, overcome by his feelings.

"You spoke of suspecting somebody?"

"Yes, yes; that is why I am here. They told me at the police station that you, by your hypnotism, could make the man talk. The

trouble is that there are no grounds on which to make an arrest; and even if there were, how could he be induced to confess his guilt and give her back to me?"

"He could be shadowed——"

"Oh, yes! And that is what is being done. Three men are watching his every move. But in the meantime what will happen to Evelyn? And they won't catch him. He is sharp as a fiend. He will outwit them. All his plans were laid long ago, of course, and, knowing very well that he would be suspected, he has provided for everything."

"We are getting a little ahead of the story. Who is the man? What does he do? And what are your grounds for thinking him guilty? And then the robbery—do you lay that to him also?"

"The robbery I don't understand—unless it was a blind. The police gave me that notion when I told them whom I accused. But to begin right—the man is Baron von Castle. He once courted my daughter——"

"What, he who has just inherited so many millions?"

"Yes, the same. He is a rascal—the degenerate son of an old German house, cast off long ago as a good for nothing spendthrift, but now made rich through the neglect of his late uncle to leave a will behind him at his death. He asked me for Evelyn two years ago, but I had looked him up and I seized the opportunity to tell him what I thought of him. He had the unparalleled impudence to laugh

in my face. Afterward I heard that he had sworn that he would have her at all costs; and, to tell the truth, being somewhat shaky—er—I—somewhat—about Evelyn——”

He paused, gnawing his mustache.

“I suppose I must go into all the details, however distasteful,” he went on, after a moment. “Evelyn liked the fellow and took his part—said that he had been grossly misrepresented to me, and all that—the way girls always talk in such cases! So I sent her abroad to separate them from each other as widely as possible. But what did he do but borrow money—from my own bank, too—and follow her! Under an assumed name he courted her in the very face and eyes of the chaperon to whom I was paying high wages to keep her away from him! What do you think of that? It was four months before I found out what was going on. Then one day in a hot temper I dropped in on them suddenly—it was in Paris, in a hotel parlor. But was he disconcerted? Not in the very least. He laughed at me again—in my face! The man is Satan himself! Nothing disturbs him. He seems to enjoy being put in difficult positions, in which other men would cringe with mortification and shame. He walks out of them with the air of a conqueror, as a victor who disdains to profit by the advantages he has gained, holding the vanquished in too much contempt even to notice him. When I ordered him from the room this time he threw himself down on the sofa, smiling, without giving me

the least notice, and began talking gayly with two or three women there, and when I led my daughter out he hurried to open the door for her, begging her not to forget her engagement for the evening.

“Those are a few among many details I could give you of the man’s conduct. He stops at nothing. And he has pursued her ever since in spite of every precaution I can take. But he is careful not to overstep the law. He is too shrewd for that. He has sworn that he will have the girl, and now, since she has been stolen away on the very night before her wedding day, what can be thought? He has got her, of course. There is no other possible explanation of her sudden disappearance.”

“This man whom she was to marry—does she care for him? Or is she in love with the other yet?” asked Dr. Furnivall. “Was the match made by you, or did it come about in the usual way?”

“Well.” He coughed and hesitated. Then he went on. “It was I who wished it in the first place. He is the son of one of my business associates, and his father and myself had long entertained the idea of their marriage to each other. As soon as I broached the subject to Evelyn she seemed pleased, and has, at least, never made any objections. They get along well together. And since the engagement she has never mentioned Von Castle’s name. In fact, there is where my greatest fear comes in. I think that after he heard of the betrothal he

met her somehow and frightened her—vowed revenge, perhaps. It would be just like him to do it. And there was something strange in her manner. If he should get possession of her after that, Gods knows how he would act! Not honorably, you may be sure! It is a thousand times worse than if I had allowed them to marry in the first place.”

As Mr. English began his answer Dr. Furnivall removed his spectacles and looked him steadily in the eye, continuing to hold his gaze for some seconds after he had finished, and when he saw the various changes pass over his face—nervousness, running into hesitancy, into earnestness, and finally into calmness, accompanied by a deeply introspective expression of the eyes, he asked:

“What is your real objection to Von Castle as a son-in-law, Mr. English?”

“I dislike him,” he answered at once. “I feel a sense of inferiority when I meet him. I have money enough to attract the kind of a husband for my daughter that I want—one who will defer to me, respect me, consult my opinions. Von Castle I never could move in any direction. He despises me because I wrung my wealth, as he puts it, from the hearts and souls of the poor, and has regard neither for my opinions nor my personality.”

“Is he really a good-for-nothing?”

“He is very far from that. He has great abilities, and in time will make his mark. He is a naval architect, and has produced more than one work of genius—has just taken the

prize offered by the Emperor of Germany for the best model of a warship. ”

“The complaints you made against him to your daughter were wholly unfounded then?”

“Yes.”

“Why do you wish her to marry the other man?”

“He wants her, in the first place, and I am under obligations to his father, who also wishes her for his son, which I cannot deny. Besides, I can rule the boy. We shall live together and the union will be harmonious all around. I shall have my daughter with me, as before, and she will be as much subject to me as she always has been.”

“Hm-m!” Dr. Furnivall cleared his throat and put on his glasses. “I don’t think you need fear for your daughter,” he said, as Mr. English, released from the power of his gaze, began to rub his eyes and look about him perplexedly. “She has undoubtedly gone with Von Castle of her own accord, partly, perhaps to escape the rigorous control which, it is plain, you hold over her, as well as for love of the man. They are probably safely married by this time, and soon you will receive notice to that effect—perhaps today. The burglary I do not understand yet, but her apparently willing acceptance of the man you wished her to marry——”

At this instant the office door opened without ceremony and a young man appeared on the threshold, the maid’s face, gathered in an expostulatory scowl, showing at his shoulder.

"Von Castle!" exclaimed Mr. English.

The newcomer, who was a self-reliant looking young fellow, dark and big and handsome, cast one glance at the speaker, and then, giving him no more attention, addressed Dr. Furnivall.

"You will forgive me, Dr. Furnivall," he said, "for this rudeness on my part when you know the reason of it. In extremities all rules of deportment may be broken. The fact is that my betrothed wife has been either kidnaped from her home or shut up in it illegally and hidden from her friends, and I——"

Dr. Furnivall, the instant the newcomer's name was cried out by Mr. English, threw a swift glance at the two men. What he thought it would be impossible to conjecture from his face, which was immobile and, apparently, disinterested. But as the young man hurried on in his speech he rose, and motioning to the maid, said:

"I am busy. Show this gentleman to the reception-room."

"Ah!" the gentleman breathed. He regarded Dr. Furnivall haughtily. "I am not accustomed to this sort of treatment——"

"Laura!" said Dr. Furnivall.

The maid came forward.

"Show this—man to the reception-room."

The young man stood scrutinizing Dr. Furnivall. He had large black eyes, a high, square forehead, and a strong nose and mouth and his manner was forceful. He plainly was used to having things his own way. Mr. English sat with his eyes rolled up at him as

if prepared to dodge a missile which he expected him to throw.

The maid touched the young man's elbow. Dr. Furnivall stood looking at him. He finally bowed low to the doctor.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was wrong—I admit it. The urgency of—but I will wait. I only add that I suspect her father!"

With that he bowed again and, without a glance at English, followed the maid.

As he left, Dr. Furnivall, who had held his spectacles in his hand while speaking, laid them on the desk, and fixing Mr. English with his eyes, said:

"Sir, if you come to me for help in this crisis you must tell the story as it is. All this shilly-shallying and subterfuge is useless, and worse than useless. It retards the investigation." By this time the subject was again under control, and Dr. Furnivall added: "Do you know where your daughter is?"

"I do not," he answered automatically.

"Had you any fear that Von Castle would attempt to get possession of her before the marriage?"

"I had a general fear of what he might do. I did not suspect that he would try to take her by force, of course. It is only since her disappearance that I have considered him capable of that—capable of succeeding in doing so, at any rate, for Evelyn had given up all thought of him. It plainly would be against her will to go with him, and without her consent what chance had he for her?"

"What do her maids say about it? Did they attend her to her room last night? When and how did they leave her? At what time did she go upstairs?"

"The last that was seen of her was at 11 o'clock. Bettine, her maid, who had got her ready for bed, left her at that time to go to her own room. Evelyn was at her table writing a note——"

"Has this note been found?"

"No, there is no trace of it."

"Go on. She was not seen by anybody after that, and that was at 11 o'clock. Who discovered her absence in the morning?"

"Bettine. She was waiting to be called by Evelyn, who had not rung at the usual hour, when the burglary was discovered, and she ran in to inform her of it. She was not there, and could not be found anywhere."

"You say that she was prepared for bed, yet this morning the clothes she wore last evening were missing with her, and those only?"

"Yes."

"Of course, then, she must have dressed of her own accord. What was the nature of the costume she wore?"

"I don't know."

"You can't say whether it was a walking suit or a ball gown?"

"Well, it was something—er—medium. I don't know what the things are called. An everyday affair, you know."

"How did the burglars get in?"

"Through a window in the dining-room. They must have sprung back the lock somehow, for the butler takes his oath it was fastened last night; but it was unlocked this morning and open."

"Mr. English, sit where you are and listen to what Von Castle will tell me," said Dr. Furnivall suddenly, and, having pressed a button, he waved Von Castle, who was immediately ushered in by the maid, to a seat near him.

The young man seemed not to be aware of Mr. English's presence in the room.

"Doctor, I have come——" he began, when Dr. Furnivall interrupted him.

"I must tell you, Baron Von Castle," he said, "that we are not alone here. Whatever you say will be overheard by another. Moreover, you will be compelled to tell the exact truth regarding your connection with this matter. If you consent to these conditions I will hear you, but unless you are willing that Mr. English should know, as well as I——"

Von Castle bowed and waved his hand.

"I see you are prejudiced against me," he said, smiling. "Well, no matter! And as for Mr. English, I came here for the very purpose of asking you to interview him and wrench the truth from him. Nothing could have fallen out more appropriately than his presence here. I am told on the very best authority that you are able, by some occult or scientific process, to force a man to relate things as they are. Question this man, then, and you will learn

that his daughter is being illegally restrained of her freedom by him. She is her own mistress, and not a minor, in the eyes of the law—has been since yesterday morning. He has no right to incarcerate her.”

“But I have already questioned him and am positively certain that he has no notion where she is.”

Von Castle picked up his hat, looking ironically at the doctor.

“In that case,” he said, rising, “I congratulate you on your extreme perspicacity and the value of your occult powers. No doubt they are great—to the vulgar! I wish you good day, sir.”

He did not go out, however. He remained as he was, standing in front of his chair, his eyes fixed on Dr. Furnivall’s, his strikingly handsome face undergoing several marked changes of expression, beginning with perplexity, running through irresolution to calmness, to earnestness, and finally ending with deep intentness. Then Dr. Furnivall said:

“Tell me at once if you know where Miss Evelyn English is.”

“I do not, sir,” he answered. Mr. English made a quick movement of protest, but Dr. Furnivall put out a warning hand, and he subsided in his chair, eyeing the young man with a singular mixture of wonder, fear, dislike, and incredulity in his face and eyes.

“Are you willing to state before witnesses where you were last night?”

“Perfectly.”

"Be seated, then! Now, begin with 11 o'clock. Where were you at that hour?"

"At the Athletic club."

"Had you any engagement for a later hour anywhere?"

"Yes."

"Where and with whom?"

"At the home of Miss Evelyn English, and with her!"

"There!" almost shouted Mr. English, starting up.

"Interrupt me again and you leave the room," said Dr. Furnivall to him, without removing his gaze from Von Castle. Mr. English now sat forward on his chair, his eyes bulging at the young man, his face apoplectic, his hands trembling on his knees, his thick lips working under his white mustache. "Did you keep that engagement?" Dr. Furnivall said to his subject.

"I kept it, yes."

"You saw Miss English, then, after 11?"

"No. I did not. I was in her house, and searched it for her, but she was not to be found, though she had agreed to——"

"In my house! Searched! Good heavens! I'll have a policeman here in three minutes!" ejaculated Mr. English, and ran from the room. Neither of the two gave him any attention. Von Castle kept right on:

"——meet me in the library at 12 o'clock. We were to go away and be married at once. Everything was arranged—the minister, the passage for Europe in the morning, some

necessary clothing which she had bought ready made, in the baggage-room at the wharf—everything. When I came——”

“But you are getting ahead of the story,” Dr. Furnivall interrupted. “Answer my questions. First, when did you make this arrangement with her?”

“A week ago tonight.”

“Her apparent willingness to marry this other man was a blind?”

“Yes. I had suggested it to her.”

“Why?”

“She was afraid of her father, who dominated her, and I was in no position to marry until very recently. Besides, my family would have objected to an American girl as my wife. But we were settled upon it. Nothing can part us. I advised her to appear docile, and then at the last moment, if no better way could be found, we would elope.”

“Yes. And was the burglary planned as a blind also?”

“I know nothing of any burglary?”

“You don’t know that the wedding presents have been stolen?”

“No.”

“You say you searched the house. How could you search it, or get into it even?”

“Evelyn was to unlock the front door as soon as she could, after the family and servants had retired for the night, and I was to come into the library, where she would be waiting for me. She is timid in the dark, and I would not have her stay outside. Besides, something

might happen to detain me. I don't have much luck with motor cars. They go back on me often. We thought the best way for her would be to sit in the library, where there are inside blinds, which would prevent the light from showing in the street. I found the door unfastened all right, and went along the hall to the library, turned the knob, and looked in. But, though the room was lighted, she was not in it."

"Then you went over the house?"

"Over the lower floors—yes."

"And you saw nothing of the wedding presents?"

"No."

"What did you do then?"

"I went outside, and after waiting a while returned to the library. I thought she might have forgotten something and gone to her room for it. Or—a number of reasons for her absence occurred to me. But she did not come. I spent the night waiting, stealing back and forth between the front vestibule and the library. Then I gave the case up and resolved to appeal to you. I believe her father somehow got wind——"

"But if he had done so he would not have allowed the door to remain unlocked all night, nor would you have been allowed to enter and depart as you did, freely. Did you unlock a window in the dining-room?"

"No. Why should I? I touched nothing that I was not obliged to touch in my search."

"Was a window of the dining-room open when you were in it?"

"I did not see any open, though one might have been. I was not looking for any such thing, only for her."

At this moment the maid tapped at the door and opened it. Her face was flushed.

"There's that other man and a policeman outside," she said. "Shall I let them in?"

"Outside?" questioned Dr. Furnivall, releasing Von Castle from his gaze and arching his eyebrows a trifle humorously.

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir, outside. There's nobody else will get in this house today in them unceremonious ways," said the girl, folding her wrists and putting her head up at Von Castle. She was a Yankee farmer's daughter, loyal, and had not to be told anything twice, and seldom once.

"Bring them here," said Dr. Furnivall. "They have come to arrest you," he added to Von Castle, who was at the moment looking dazedly around. Instantly he arose.

"Not while Miss English's fate is unknown," he said calmly. With one movement he turned the key in the doorlock and with another he pulled out a revolver. Dr. Furnivall sat in his chair and laughed. His laugh was wholesome and free, and the young man regarded him in some surprise. But he cocked his revolver at the same time.

"Dr. Furnivall, you will not attempt to interfere with me, will you?" he said. "You are not like these other—these animals. You

are a gentleman. And you are wise, I know that. Advise me. But do not counsel surrender. I tell you plainly that Miss English is more to me than my life, and I absolutely refuse to give myself up before I know what has become of her. She is crying out for me at this minute——”

“Unlock the door, put away your foolish pistol, and sit down,” said Dr. Furnivall. “**That** sort of thing may do in German universities, among your light-headed students, but not here. How much chance would you stand? The whole world is against you when you resort to firearms. It is both cowardly and ignorant. Unlock the door!”

“Dr. Furnivall,” he said, with a calmness that was visibly forced, and looking him in the eye, “I should be sorry to proceed to extremities with a man like you. But the woman I love is in danger, some sort of danger, I don’t know what, and by the good God above us——” leveling his revolver, “if you make one move to deliver me to these men, or to help them in any way to capture me, before I learn what has happened to her, I will shoot you like a dog—dog—d—d—er—er——”

His voice trailed away to silence. His eyes took on a deeply introspective expression, the hand that held the revolver dropped to his side. He stood like a tree, firm rooted, strong, handsome, but helpless. His gaze seemed to turn in upon itself as the leaves of the tree curl inward blindly.

“Unlock the door!” repeated Dr. Furnivall.

He complied at once, feeling unerringly behind him, his eyes in the doctor's.

"Now, sit in that chair! Give me that revolver, young ass! You have everything your own way, but haven't the sense to realize it. You would spoil all if you could. It will cost you some fifty years yet to learn that though everything in this world is gained by force, it is by force of merit, not by force of the brute—by the force of wisdom and knowledge, by love and intellect, not by force of arms! If I didn't know that it would do you no good I would give you a lesson on the asininity of that confident way of yours, and make you grovel! But you wouldn't learn! The shears of experience, not vicarious but personal, always have to clip the wings of a person like you, and the act is accompanied by great suffering. My object now is to get at the bottom of this mystery. Come in!"

The phrase was addressed to somebody who was fumbling at the door knob. In walked a policeman, and behind him, not very confidently, came Mr. English.

The officer, at sight of Dr. Furnivall, stopped short.

"Sure, I was not aafter knowin' 'twas yezsel', dochter!" he said in singular confusion, his helmet in his hand. "Excoose mesel'! Coom on noo," he added, turning suddenly on English and taking him by the collar. "Oi arrist yez!"

"M-Me!" gasped the astonished man, who had summoned him. "Wha-what for?"

"On suspesion! Coom on noo, or Oi'll—"

"Wait a moment."

Dr. Furnivall spoke, and sat forward in his chair.

"What's your name?" he asked the policeman.

"Soolivan, sor—r!" he answered somewhat doggedly.

"Do you know me?"

"Oi saane yez onct—at th' station," he returned with hesitation, keeping his eyes persistently away from the doctor's, turning them on English, on the floor, on the walls, on Von Castle, out of the window.

Dr. Furnivall looked at Mr. English.

"How did you happen to run across the officer whose beat takes him past your house?" he asked.

"Sure th' mon is th' divil! He knows arl things!" muttered the policeman dazedly. "Me own bate, an' arl! Coom noo, out of this wid yez!" he cried with a sudden forced show of authority, flourishing his club and shaking English by the shoulder.

"Wait a moment, Sullivan!" said Dr. Furnivall. "Mr. English, how is it that you bring here this officer, whom you know because your house is on his beat, instead of one of the several others you must have passed between here and there?"

"Because, Dr. Furnivall, it was he for whom I went, for the very reason that I did know him. I did not wish to stop for a warrant, and I knew he would act for me without one.

I don't understand his sudden change of attitude toward me at all."

"Neither do I," said the doctor. "For some reason or other he wants to escape my eye: Sullivan, look at me!"

The policeman broke away for the door. But Von Castle, who had watched with extreme interest the little drama since the two entered, was there before him, big, smiling, facing him. He stopped.

"Sullivan," said Dr. Furnivall, "there is something in you that is wrong, and whatever it is has got to come out. You can't get away from it. I don't know what it is yet, but I shall know, at least, if it has to do with this missing girl, which is all I am interested in at this moment. If the guilt which you show as plainly as if it were written in black letters on your forehead, does not relate to her, look at me and say so! Does it?"

The policeman, with sudden bravado, looked directly into his eyes.

"Sor-r, docther," he said, with the air of one making a candid confession. "Oi knows nowthing at arl about th' case. Yez says Oi'm guilty lukin', an', begob, Oi am that, fer 'twas kissin' Sadie McGuire, Oi was, th' cuke at Stacey's, behindt th' dure, an' Oi tort yez had me on it. 'Twould be afther raisin' throuble wid th' ould woman onct she heard of it! Oi was frightened, jist! B't Oi knows nawthing at arl at arl about yez case. Th' gentlemun for-ninst, Mither English, he comes rhunnin' oop to mesel' an' he says, sez he, 'Soolivan, coom

arrest a mon that shtole me dochter!' 'Hov yez found him?' Oi says, 'Oi hov that!' says he. 'Begob!' says Oi t' mesil', 'that's dombed funny, jist, becaze Oi am th' mon mesel', an' bedam if Oi'm found be youse——'"

Two excited ejaculations issued simultaneously from two separate mouths, but Dr. Furnivall put his hand up and Von Castle and Mr. English sank back upon their seats, hanging with breathless excitement on the words of the policeman, as without a break he went on, being now under full control:

"'——ixcept to arrest mesil',' Oi says, 'an' how th' divil can Oi be afther doin' thot same annyhow,' Oi says, 'an' who is he?' says Oi. An' thin——"

"Sullivan," Dr. Furnivall interrupted, "do you know where Miss Evelyn English is at this moment?"

"Oi do, jist! None betther! She's wid me woife, Bridget Soolivan, that calls hersel' Beatrice since Oi was ilivated t' th' foorce, at twinty-siven and a half A, Falmouth shtrate!"

The door whirred open. Von Castle was out of it like a streak of lightning, with English a hopeless second.

By aid of a few additional questions Dr. Furnivall learned that the policeman had overheard the agreement between the lovers, which was made at night in the darkness of the park in front of her father's house. At the time he was interested only in the fact that the door to that rich house would be left unfastened, with all the costly wedding presents within

easy reach. On the given night he secreted himself in the dark vestibule, trusting to his uniform for explanation should he be discovered, and a moment after he heard the lock and bolt click softly back he opened the door and stole along to the dining-room, the location of which he knew well, where the wedding presents were displayed in readiness for show in the morning. He unlocked the door with a skeleton key, lighted the gas, and helped himself to the jewels and silver. While he was busy the girl, attracted by the light through the keyhole, opened the door, and he grabbed her to prevent her from crying out. What to do then he did not know, but she must be kept quiet. Luckily for him she fainted at once, and seeing that he was in for it, for she knew him, he bore her in his arms through the deserted streets to his home, which was only two blocks away, determined to hold her for ransom, hoping to get enough to take him out of the country.

Von Castle, however, got the girl, and, it is whispered, with her father's full consent after all. For one reason, perhaps, he knew he might as well give it; for another—

But what is the use of considering other reasons!

When we must, we must, and that seems to be all there is to it.

**The Strange Sickness
of Mr. Whittaker
Ransome**

THE STRANGE SICKNESS OF MR. WHITTAKER RANSOME

A middle aged man with a freshly shaved red face and a short clay pipe in his mouth came rolling burlily up the street, his hands in his jacket pockets, cap pulled over his brows, his eyes darting here and there, taking in all the sights of the great city that came in his way. A good student of character would set him down at once as an English sailor ashore in a strange country, his wages securely stowed away in some secret part of his painfully new and ill-fitting suit of blue serge. Short of stature, but bulky and solid, after the fashion of his native oaks, with features whose natural stolidity was enlivened startlingly by the unexpected brilliance of his eyes, which, though gray, were of so dark a shade that the effect was nearly that of piercing black, and with the assurance of well considered and unshakable opinions in his manner, he was plainly no sort of prey whatever for the landsharks. If he had his roll in his clothes he was able to keep it there, as far as they were concerned. And the proof was, if one had needed other proof than his appearance, that here he was two miles up from the wharves, safe in the heart of one of the best residential districts, having passed under the very noses of the longshore barkers, runners, heelers, and strong

arm men, like a sturdy old battle-ship among river pirates and mudscows. His build and gait were enough to inspire respect, even seen from a distance, and the fiery glitter of his eyes as he approached would be nothing less than appalling to a person with secret intentions toward him.

Arrived at the entrance to the public garden the sailor turned his back upon it, spread his legs, took his pipe from his mouth with his right hand, and, blowing a cloud of smoke upward, with a lift of the chin, ran his eyes over the buildings across the way. Then he lowered his gaze to the hurrying crowds on the sidewalk, glanced swiftly at the street signs, put his pipe back into his mouth, relieved the congestion of his nose between his thumb and finger, wheeled and rolled into the park. On an empty bench he seated himself, fitted the tin stopper to his pipe, thrust it into his coat pocket, and drew forth a small piece of paper lined with diagrams. This he studied for ten minutes, his face gathered in a perplexed scowl. Then, "Dang!" he burst out, crashing his great fist down upon his knee. He looked at the diagram again for a long moment, again said "Dang!" and repeated the pounding of the knee.

From a little flat pin cushion which he fished from his pocket he selected four pins, picking them out with a sureness and grace that no ordinary landsman would believe possible, after a glance at the enormous thumb and awkward appearing square fingers, and

with these he fastened the small paper to the slats of the seat. Then, following the lines with a careful forefinger, he traced out certain figures, muttering his calculations as he worked them.

“This ’ere’s a bloody purty how-d’-do, this is! As how? Why, then, here’s the ship, and here’s the park, and here’s yore Commonwealth avenoo. But then agin here’s yore Arlington street, and here’s yore blessed Church street, way off up here, no’theast by east, and yore Park street clean away down here sou’east by halfeast, and here is Summer street, running the same tacks identical as Winter, and on the chart Summer is west and Winter is east, and blarst my bloody eyes if I didn’t heave out o’ there a minute back, and they’re the other way about or I’m a landsman. And here I lay, up here, by Park street—here’s the church,” casting his eye at the tall spire over the way, “but the sign says Boylston. And the’ ain’t no Boylston on the chart! And here’s Beacon, only a little further on its Commonwealth, and not Beacon, and here’s Beacon ’way off sou’east agin, and Park street church becalmed under her lee, when it oughter be layin’ up alongside about where I be this blessed minute. And, shiver me! here it is, too, on Boylston street, right in hail, but stern foremost, at the wrong end of the park!”

He straightened up with a jerk and cast his eye toward the heavens as if in search of the sun, by which to get his bearings, but it was a gray day and there was no sun in sight.

He pulled out his pipe with a surly growl, lighted it, and sat puffing stolidly, now and then glancing at the map, and occasionally looking up and down the mall and into the near by paths among the trees. Presently, as a young man and woman entered the gates, strolling slowly along, he gathered the map up with a hasty movement, folded it in his hand out of view, and turned his head away from the advancing couple. Three other persons passed immediately after these, without gaining from him more than a quick glance as they approached. But the fourth, who was in the yeoman's uniform of the United States navy, he accosted.

"Mate," he said, "where's this here Arlington street?"

"Right here," he answered, pointing to the street behind them.

"Right here!" he growled, throwing a suspicious, menacing eye at the bluejacket. "Why, ain't that there Park Street Church?"

The bluejacket laughed.

"So you're up against the curves of this town, too!" he said. "Well, we've all been there! The streets is sure crooked, that's a fact. This church is the Arlington street. Park street is at the other end of the common—a mile up there! You've been sailing in circles, likely. Where you from, mate?"

But the sailor's only answer was to get up and, muttering anathemas against landsmen's charts, and everything else that belonged to them, or was related to them in the remotest

degree, walked off, puffing his pipe, his hands in his pockets, his eyes set straight ahead as if in search of some known light.

At the corner of Commonwealth avenue, two blocks beyond, he stopped short at sight of the long double rows of trees stretching away into the distance, with the graveled walk between them, and pulled out his map. A moment's scrutiny of it elicited a grunt of satisfaction from him, and he set off along the sidewalk, looking at the numbers of the houses as he went.

At length he paused before a brown stone front, tucked his pipe away, settled his cap on his head, coughed foggily, mounted the steps, and was hunting for the bell when he saw a printed notice: "Sickness; don't ring; please walk in."

"This here is what I call a rum go!" he muttered, standing back a step or two and throwing a calculating eye up and down the facade. Then, "Well, anyhow, if I c'n board him without nobody's seein'——" He softly turned the knob, and, greatly to his surprise, stood face to face with a footman over six feet tall.

"Lud!" he exclaimed, thrown off his habitual poise, and doubtless awed by the servant's gorgeous livery.

"Did you wish to see anybody?" the footman said, with a supercilious glance at the visitor's ill fitting clothes.

"Not to say as how I don't, shipmate," he answered, dryly, having immediately regained his accustomed stolidity, "seein' as I've sailed

twelve thousand miles to meet up long er Cap'n Whittaker Ransome. Does he live here?"

"Yes, but he's sick, on his death bed, and nobody is admitted——"

A girlish figure, with pale face and large brown eyes, beneath which dark semi-circles showed, came forward softly.

"Are you an old friend of Mr. Ransome's?" she asked of the sailor. "You said you had come so far so see him——"

She paused, her childish, innocent, but unattractive face upturned to him, seeming almost spectral in the darkness of the hall.

"My father, Miss, was Stephen Parker," he answered, pulling off his cap, "and I——"

"Oh, I have heard my father speak of him frequently. Please come this way," she said. "But nobody can see him," she continued, when she had led him up stairs and into a little reception-room. "I am so sorry! How he would have liked to meet the son of his old friend!" She put her handkerchief to her eyes, while he sat uncomfortably on the edge of a sofa and twirled his cap in his hands.

"So he's goin,' is he?" he said, as she finally, brushing the tears away, raised her head.

"There is no hope," she answered. "The doctors have given him up. It is only a question of time—a very short time."

"Well, of course," he condoled, "it's hard. But he's an old man—and—and—of course, ye see—but there, that ain't what I come to say! It's particl'er unfortnit—it is, all round

—that's what it is. Because, d'ye see, my father, who was great friends long of him when they was cap'ns together, and afterwards, too, when Cap'n Ransome gut rich in tea, in Ceylon, leavin' the sea, though my father kept it till he died. You knowed about that, didn't ye?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, yes! He often has told me of Captain Parker and what great friends they used to be. But I thought—I thought——"

She stopped in confusion, arresting her glances which were straying over his face and general appearance as if she were surprised that a son of Captain Parker should show so little refinement.

"Ye see, I runned away!" he said, as one replying to a criticism. "No colliges for me! The sea, d'ye mind? I was all for that. 'Twas agin the old man's will, but he was a kind sort, the old man was, and when he died he didn't hold it out agin me. No, he left me everything. So there ye are. And among other things he left me somewhat to say to Cap'n Ransome, a somewhat that's important." He paused and glanced at her face, which was anxious. Then he proceeded. "It has to do with a thing long gone by—to right a great wrong, to say it above board, and it can't be done onless I can see him. Jest two minutes alone with him——"

"But, sir, Mr. Parker!" she cried in agitation, rising and standing before him, "he can't meet anybody. The least exertion wears him out. The doctors say——"

"Miss," he interrupted, "yore his adopted daughter, ain't ye, not his real one?"

"Yes, sir, I am; but he has been more than a father to me, and——"

"Well, it's for yore sake that I want to see him!"

He crossed his knees and sat back confidently. But the girl, with a wan smile of relief, answered:

"Then, sir, no matter about it, if it is only for me. I certainly should not have him disturbed on my poor account. It it were for another——"

He seemed taken aback for an instant.

"Well, there is another," he said, after some hesitation, "but I didn't want to speak of him. I don't know him, not even his name, but you do, lady. It will make all the difference to him. Whoever he is, he is yore promised husband——"

Her face, a moment before pale, and determined as a face of its meek character could well be, now flushed to a real beauty, the set lines softened, the lips quivered, and the mild eyes flashed into eagerness. Her whole small form took on a womanly coyness almost impossible to imagine in her until it was seen, and she spoke with an excitement which she tried in vain to hide, interrupting him:

"Mr. Parker," she said, "if you will wait here one minute I will see what I can do. The doctors are with him now, and I will ask their advice. If it is possible for him to receive anybody in the world, you shall be that one."

She ran out hurriedly, blind to the expression on his face, whatever it might be, scarcely seeing him or anything, recognizing no logical gaps in the situation, intent only on one thing—the thought of HIM.

The sailor jumped up and softly followed her down the dim hall, his face grim, his eyes glittering. Four doors beyond she stopped and went in. The sailor stole on to the next door, turned the knob stealthily, peered into the vacant room, ran to a cabinet of ebony, inserted a key, pushed the slide back, exchanged for a long envelope he saw there one which he took from his pocket, locked the cabinet, and inside of one minute was back in the reception-room, sitting as he was when the girl left him.

Presently she returned, regarding him strangely.

“My father says that he was under the impression that his friend’s son was an Oxford university man, and that he was no longer living,” she said, hesitatingly.

“Oh, well, ye see,” he answered, readily, “I runned away from there. Yes, that’s it; I runned away. No college for me! And so ’twas give out that I was dead. That’s it. D’ye see?”

His words were far from reassuring her, innocent as she was of the world’s ways, and she still regarded him with eyes in which some undefined fear lurked.

“Are you sure it is about HIM that you wish to see my father?” she asked, anxiously, “Because if it isn’t——” She hesitated.

"Well, I'll tell ye what," he said, as if suddenly arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. "I'll go git the papers—I didn't fetch 'em along this time, d'ye see—and I'll come agin. Then ye'll see for yerself, for I'll show 'em to ye."

He picked up his cap and arose.

"But, sir, my father wishes to see you!" she exclaimed. "Though the doctors do not approve, he wishes it, for he cannot imagine what the important thing is——"

"Well, I'll git the papers and come agin," he interrupted, moving toward the door. She stood well away from him, but her anxiety regarding his message overcame her fear of his person, and she asked hastily:

"Couldn't you tell me the nature of the communication you wish to make to him? He cannot imagine what it may be, and I, you know—you said that I—that it was for my sake too. I have a right to know."

"Well, I'll bring the papers, that's all," he growled, glaring at her. With that he passed down the stairs and out, the footman opening the door for him stiffly, while she followed him with troubled eyes.

"What a strange man! What could his message be?" she murmured. Then she hurried softly back to the sick room.

* * * *

Dr. Furnivall, seated in his library, drew a breath of relief. He had had a hard day and was tired. What with his prison duties as resident physician, his private practice, and,

recently, since the fame of his hypnotic powers had spread so widely, the grind he had been called upon to undergo in police circles, he was pretty well worn out. But this evening there was nothing on the tapis and he would——

The door opened without ceremony and in walked Dr. Gerrish. He was flushed and excited, and held a paper in his hand. Though he was privileged to burst in upon his friend in this sort of way if he so wished, he began an apology.

“If it weren’t so important——” he began.

“Oh, yes! Everything is important with you young fellows. But to tell you the truth, there hasn’t been an important happening since 6,000 B. C. That is according to Usher’s chronology. Adam and Eve were born then. My own notion is, plagiarized from Rabelais, Montaigne, Mr. Shakespeare, and others, all equally unknown today, except in name, nothing ever happened that was or is or in any way can be important. Well, go on!”

He smiled affectionately at his younger friend, leaned back in his chair, put on his spectacles of colored glass, and looked attention.

But Dr. Gerrish was in earnest. He did not respond to his friend’s banter, except by a fleeting smile. Then he began:

“Three of us were in consultation this afternoon over a case that will puzzle even you.”

“Who were they?”

“Whewell and Hersey, with me.”

"Good men! What was the case?"

"That's it. What is it? Listen now."

Dr. Gerrish leaned eagerly over the table toward Dr. Furnivall and continued: "Take a man 60 years old, hale and strong—never been sick in his life. Gradually he becomes weak; no apparent disease; organs intact; no bad habits; just sinks, and goes to bed. For a long time no physician called because not considered necessary; just a weakness which, with ordinary care, will pass away. But it doesn't pass away. On the contrary, it grows greater, and keeps on growing greater, he refusing medical advice, until a whole year is gone by. Then the daughter will wait no longer, and calls in Hersey. Hersey can make nothing at all of the symptoms and calls in Whewell. Whewell is all off, too, and calls in me. I also am all off. Now I want you, we all of us want you, and I am here to get you; and," he added, thrusting the paper he had held in his hand since he entered, under Dr. Furnivall's eyes, "here is the document that will fetch you."

Dr. Furnivall put out his hand for it, but Dr. Gerrish withdrew it.

"It is a record of symptoms," he said, "filed down to the last analysis. You need not know them all. This will be enough for you, or I am much mistaken. Listen."

Searching here and there in the written diagnosis, leaving out the minor details, he read, eagerly, the symptoms of a disease so strange that it never had been heard of by

merely practising physicians in the United States of America and by but few of the best physicians anywhere. Yet these symptoms sounded so simple! The following is all Dr. Gerrish read:

“Almost utter muscular weakness—breathlessness upon least exertion—palpitation of heart—puffy face—enlarged spleen and lymphatic glands—slight fever—badly defined reddish patches on body—profound mental lethargy; all this, with no mania, no delusions, but of course with no optimism, no hope. Lethargy the predominating feature. Patient’s age 60 years or so.”

Dr. Furnivall arose at once.

“Is it far from here?” he inquired, his hand on a push button.

“Whittaker Ransome’s!” replied Dr. Gerrish succinctly.

“Indeed! Then we’ll just walk around the corner. We shall need no conveyance.”

The patient lay a massive ruin in his great bed, like a giant tree stricken down. The flesh over his ponderous bones had shrunk until the corrugated skin, except over his face, which was puffy, resembled thick bark more than the cuticle of a man. His great hands, pale and thin, lay like skeleton claws outside the quilt, the veins showing large and knotted, but filled apparently with some lighter hued fluid than good red blood. The eyes were closed wearily, the whole body expressed weariness in the last degree, and the man seemed even to breathe with the

reluctance of one over a hard and painful task. It was a ghastly spectacle.

But Dr. Furnivall cast only one glance at the patient himself. His attention was all concentrated on a vase and its accompaniments on the mantel from the instant he first saw it. Long necked, of well levigated clay, it was gilded without and within with a dull, golden colored mica. By the side of it stood a glass jar containing a brownish red powder, and close to that was a forked stick, one fork of which was split and filled with chicken feathers, while inside hung a little clay pot containing a number of chicken bones.

Dr. Furnivall, having finished his examination of this unique curio, looked from it interestedly to the patient, and then beckoned Dr. Gerrish.

"I did not know he ever was in Africa," he said, motioning toward the patient.

"It was not Africa, it was India—there is where he made his money—in the tea business."

"Yes, but this vase and these——"

"Oh, his nephew gave him those. He is a surgeon, a young Englishman, his sister's son, and his heir, out somewhere in the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan."

Dr. Furnivall threw him a quick, singular glance.

"Do you suspect nothing?" he asked.

Dr. Gerrish shook his head, with a quick glance in his turn.

"No. Why?"

Dr. Furnivall stepped to the bedside and looked down earnestly at the slumbering patient. He took his pulse. Then he whispered to Dr. Gerrish:

"I am going home to refresh my memory with an authority that occurs to me. Bring me some of the patient's blood as soon as you can. If we haven't run up against the most subtle, fiendish crime——"

"Crime!" gasped Dr. Gerrish, taken wholly by surprise.

"You say this nephew is his heir—is there a likeness of him of any kind in the house that you know of?"

This seemed to Dr. Gerrish to be exceedingly irrelevant, but he answered readily by pointing to the wall, on which was hung a fine oil painting of a young man in uniform. Dr. Furnivall stood back and examined it. His mental processes as he did so were somewhat as follows. The interpretation has become so famous among physicians and phrenologists that it would be supererogatory to introduce here any more than the striking points of it:

"The brain is large at the base, as compared with the upper superior convolutions of the cerebrum, especially in the upper frontal lobes at the seat of the faculties of benevolence and veneration. The development immediately over the eye shows perception in a marked degree, and the fullness of the eyes themselves means a flow of language—words, words, words, to such an extent that a superficial observer, or one who loved the speaker, would

believe him much deeper and more accomplished than is the case. The forehead, in the abrupt recession of the upper superior convolutions, indicates also this same lack of benevolence. Causality, comparison, and veneration are largely deficient. His most striking faculty is that of human nature. The head, through the regions of the ears and the temporal lobes, is extremely broad—it means destructiveness, acquisitiveness, secretiveness. There is great energy and executive ability, love of money and power, active slyness and cunning. Roof shaped at the vertex, sloping toward the parietal eminences, the head here indicates a lack of conscientiousness. The still, small voice in this man is so very small and still that he never heard it. His self-esteem will give him absolute confidence in his ability to carry out whatever scheme his selfish propensities may concoct, and he has the determination and steadfastness of the bulldog. His cerebellum is abnormally developed, which indicates muscularity, and he is doubtless strong and vigorous. Caring primarily for his own feelings and wants, sly, surreptitious, yet at the same time forceful, he is a dangerous type of man, one in whom it would be difficult to find any natural quality of a gentleman—neither love, honor, trust, nor conscience.”

Dr. Furnivall turned to Dr. Gerrish.

“What uniform is that in the picture?”

“I don’t know. But he is a surgeon, in the Egyptian medical service, until recently working with the Soudan commission.”

"Until recently? Where is he now?"

"On his way here. He was sent for three months since, and is expected daily."

"How long ago was this vase received?"

"Oh, he brought it himself when he was in the city last year."

"Ah, he has visited here himself! Do you know if the patient has been out of the United States lately?"

"Not for eight years, certainly, for I have known him for that length of time."

"Well, bring me the blood."

* * * *

Dr. Furnivall straightened up from his microscope and, putting on his spectacles, looked at Dr. Gerrish.

"It is as I thought," he said. "Bacteriologic culture of trypanosomes!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Dr. Gerrish, stepping quickly to the microscope. "How on earth did you ever come to suspect such a thing?"

"In the first place, the symptoms of the patient indicated it. And as soon as I saw that odd vase in his room I was practically certain. For vases of that sort, as I see by my authority here, are made only in the Bahr-El-Ghazal province in the southern Soudan, where trypanosomiasis, or 'sleeping sickness,' is common."

Dr. Gerrish, who was eagerly studying the culture, raised his head quickly.

"But," he said, "the patient was never there—and how could he contract——"

"The disease is spread in two ways, first by the bite of the tsetse fly. That is the common way."

"Well, there are no tsetse flies here!"

"No, there are not. But there is the second way—direct inoculation of the parasites into the blood—and we have hypodermic needles here."

Dr. Gerrish stared at him blankly for a moment. Then he comprehended, and his face paled.

"Good God! Can he be such a subtle fiend!" he murmured.

"The disease proves fatal, you understand, always—not until a long time subsequent to inoculation, however, anywhere from three months to three years after decided symptoms appear. And there is no sign of poison—only general paralysis, or chiefly that."

"But why should he wish to do it? He was his uncle's heir, and would get his property anyway, or most of it. And, indeed, all of it, in effect, for he is to marry the adopted daughter, who is the only other living person likely to be thought of in the will."

"The reasons we may leave until we interview the nephew. Rest assured he had good ones in his own estimation. I'll get a warrant for him, and as soon as he arrives he and I will have a little chat together on the subject."

The next day, accordingly, found Dr. Furdvall face to face with the young Englishman, who had reached his uncle's house that morning. The portrait which the doctor had

studied was a good likeness, and he shuddered inwardly as he looked into the pitiless gray eyes and felt the atmosphere of brutal selfishness that enveloped the man beneath the cultivated suavity of manner, which, to the casual observer, was very far from uninviting. Stout and florid, of the pure English type, in the traditional slouchy suit of gray tweed, he conversed with the doctor as one of his uncle's physicians, manifesting much sorrow over his condition. He said that he supposed they had abandoned all hope of his recovery.

"Yes," answered Dr. Furnivall, looking into his eyes. "You have just seen him, I understand. What, in your opinion, is he afflicted with?"

"Oh, I haven't examined him, don't you know. Not yet. You have very fair physicians in this country, and I fancy everything has been done for him—er—properly, and all that. I don't say what might have been if I could have seen him in time. Er—too late now, and all that—er!"

"You have no idea what his disease is?"

"I fancy it is—er—old age, don't you know—er—general paralysis—er—er——"

His face having shown several remarkable changes of expression as he talked, his eyes in the doctor's, beginning with perplexity, running into vacancy, into stolidity, and then earnestness, now settled into deep introspection; and his voice, trailing away to silence for an instant, began again without hesitancy, but with a mechanical intonation.

"What did you ask me?" he continued.

"What disease is your uncle afflicted with?"

As Dr. Furnivall put the question this time the door of the room, which had been slightly ajar up to this moment, swung wide, and Dr. Gerrish and another man came in. The subject gave them no attention, but answered at once:

"Sleeping sickness!"

"How did he contract it?"

"I inoculated him with trypanosomes fourteen months ago!"

"How did you manage to do that without his suspecting it?"

"I put enough arsenic in his food to give him violent pains in the stomach and bowels, and followed with hypodermic injections to relieve the suffering, one containing the trypanosomes, the other morphine. For the arsenical poisoning I gave him hydrated sesquioxide of iron."

The man in plain clothes with Dr. Gerrish stepped nearer, but Dr. Furnivall put another question.

"What was your object in inoculating your uncle with this fatal disease?"

"He was a strong man, likely to live long, and I wanted his money as soon as I could get it. Besides, he had made conditions in his will that did not suit me. By its terms I am to marry his adopted daughter or else give up half the property to her. I was present when the will was made, and pretended to agree to its provisions, knowing that with

a man like him it would be useless to do otherwise; he would have his way. I had a duplicate key to his cabinet made while I was here, and when, some months after my return to the Soudan, I learned that he was too sick to be up and around, I sent here a man, a sailor, who is in my power, with the key. I coached him up on a cock-and-bull story that he was the son of an old friend of my uncle's, and on some pretext or other he was to get into the room, which I described to him, where the cabinet was kept, and change the real will, which was locked up there, for one I had forged myself. All this was done while I was thousands of miles away, so that no suspicions could attach to me should occasion of suspicion of anybody arise. Even that was not likely. There is nobody interested but the girl, who will accept meekly whatever happens; and, you know, I didn't want her, but I did want the money."

"And I want you," said the plain clothes man, stepping up to him as Dr. Furnivall turned away in disgust. "I arrest you for the poisoning of your uncle, Mr. Whittaker Ransome. Later the charge will be murder. Come! Step lively!"

With a look of the deepest astonishment on his usually self-satisfied face, the young man was hustled from the room, not too gently.

**The Man With The
Glass Eye**



THE MAN WITH THE GLASS EYE

"Friendship," said Delancy, lighting his briar root, "consists in overlooking faults."

"One would have to overlook quite a few in you," returned Sewell, sourly.

Delancy grinned and blew rings.

"You're my friend, aren't you?" He crossed his knees and crowded down the tobacco in his pipe with a knife handle.

"Not when you want money—not by a blessed sight!" retorted Sewell, also crossing his knees.

"There's one thing I like about you, you most humble apology for an old chum," said Delancy, blowing clouds of smoke debonairly, "and that is you are rich but honest. Most men would be ashamed to confess to your principles."

Sewell snorted smoke.

"How much do you owe me now?" he burst out, leaning forward, his pipe in his hand, his bald head glistening in a ray of sun that lay across the corner of the room, his white mustache lifting up and down over his thin lips, his black eyes shooting sparks, his face full of condemnation.

"What's that got to do with it? It isn't what I've had, it is what I want, that bothers me. And you've got enough, more than ten times enough. Come, shell out! Lend me a

thousand—ha, ha, ha!” He threw himself back in his chair and laughed boisterously at the astonished expression on the other’s face. “Anybody would think you were surprised,” he added. And then ruminatively, “What a queer devil!”

“It’s you who are the queer devil!” exploded Sewell, hitching excitedly around in his Morris chair, and, his pipe in his fingers, the stem pointed at Delancy, scowling thunders. “I can’t keep going on forever lending you money! What do you take me for? An ass! You must! Or else you wouldn’t have the gall —”

“Well,” grumbled Delancy, his fresh face, smooth shaven and rotund, crinkling lugubriously, “I can’t live the way you do. It’s disgraceful! A man with \$10,000 a year income, with ‘nobody but himself to look after—it’s disgraceful, it is, spending only three thousand! What is money for? Why, if I had as much as you have——”

“You wouldn’t be worth a dollar in two years,” interpolated Sewell with spirit.

“Very likely not. But other people would be—the people on whom I would blow it. I can take care of myself—they can’t! And there you are! I should be a philanthropist.”

He laughed again, pleasantly, kicking a hassock end over end.

“You are the most inconsequential ass I ever saw in my life. See here! If I should lend you a hundred, what would you do with it?”

"A hundred? Oh, a hundred! Well, I'd take Mattie out and give her a supper. We might get a fairly decent one for that. But what should I do tomorrow?" He examined the toes of his patent leathers, twisting them about to get the view on all sides. Sewell thumped the arm of his chair with a strenuous fist.

"That's what I thought—or something like it—an actress—and at your age—br-r-r!"

"It would be a good thing for you yourself to do 'something like it!' A girl, any kind of a girl, is an education. But you? Why, man, did you ever in all your life get a fluffy lot of lace and feathers and soft, rolypoly in your arms and hug it and kiss it? Not you, you crustacean! You don't know what it means. But look at me! I know!"

"Never mind about what I ever did!" he answered, querulously. "And you can't shove me off like that, Dick! I know you! You're trying only to run me off on an infernal tangent, chinning about something else, and before I am on to you you'll have me good natured and forking over the rhino! But I won't do it—again, I've given you enough. What you think I'm made of gets me. Why, confound it—here!" He jumped up and ran to the desk in the corner of the elegantly furnished room and pulled out a ledger. "There! look at that date! Only two weeks ago I gave you \$500, and here you are again gunning for a thousand."

"Why," said Dick, eyeing the book in amazement, "you don't mean to say you set down what I borrow, do you?"

"Set it down! Set it down! Of course I set it down. How else can I remember how much it is when you come to settle?"

Mr. Dick Delancy lay back and roared.

"Well, of all the queer Willies!" he chortled. "I knew, of course, that you were fool enough to lend it to me, but I didn't suppose you were fool enough to expect ever to see it again!"

Sewell slammed the ledger upon the desk and resumed his seat.

"That's enough, Dick!" he said in a tone of exasperation. "You know you'll pay it in time, when your pictures go! You have honor, anyway, I know that."

"Honor! Honor! What has honor to do with it? Did honor and money ever yet meet? It's a simple matter of business with me. I get all I can, the same as you do. You grind your tenants, I grind you, somebody else grinds me, and it's that somebody else that you grind. And there you are—the vicious circle! If God put me into this world with beauty and brains, and put you into it with nothing but money, why, then, I'll be generous with you—I'll allow you to feast on my good looks and sample my gray matter, as displayed in the facility with which I grind you, and all you have to do is to stand the grind. If that isn't generous in me, what could be? That's what I want to know."

He reclined in his chair with a self-satisfied expression on his face, threw his leg over the arm, ran his fingers through his thick chestnut

colored hair, tousling and mauling it fantastically, and blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward.

"Well, I'm aware," said Sewell meekly, "that I never could have taken my degree at college but for you, Dick, old man. And I'll not soon forget that. I owe you a good deal, no doubt. But I don't owe you everything—not all my money. And sometimes it seems as if you thought I did. I've coughed up six thousand for you in the last eighteen months. It isn't business. It's worse than unbusinesslike—its downright tomfoolery in me. How have you got on all these years without me—over there in Paris, and Rome, and Venice, and those places?"

"That's just it!" explained Mr. Dick, starting up. "How did I? Ask my creditors, but don't give me any such conundrum as that. Why, Neil, I'm a wonder to myself! I don't know how I managed to pull through. You ought to see the cribs I've been obliged to sleep in—barns and old snaky ruins! And the grub! Man, it was frightful, the whole experience! I used to think of you and the dinky feeds we laid in together, and the soft mattresses in the dormitory, and the glad clothes, and—sometimes I felt like chucking the complete thing—Art and all her relations—and going in for groceries or coal or dry goods—in them there are food and raiment, at all events! Or I could put on my natural face and pose as a born idiot in a dime museum—a hundred plunks a night—what!"

"I don't see how it is that you have to use so much now, after running the gait on nothing so long, Dick," Sewell grumbled. "I'd do anything for you, in reason——"

"Why, man, don't you know that the greatest spenders are those who never had anything until they made their strike! It's natural, of course! Begin with nothing, finish with satiety; begin with satiety, end with nothing! There you are! It's law, the law of compensation, which is universal, working in all things; and do you suppose I am going to sit still and see you break the law, a law as big as that, spread everywhere? Why, no, I am too much your friend, old man! You've always had enough, and never would throw anything. Don't you see what the gods are doing for you? They are sending you a clean cut young fellow like me to do the blowing which you owe to the law, but which you refuse to do yourself. It's perfectly simple. And it's your only salvation. Good heavens, Neil, think what would happen to you if you should deny me money, trying to buck all by your lonesome against a universal law—hello!"

The exclamation was called forth by the sudden appearance of a woman in the doorway.

"I knocked," she said apologetically to Sewell, "and the gentleman was talking so loudly that I couldn't tell whether you said 'come in' or not."

She was a tall, handsome, somewhat faded woman, very dark, svelte, and stylish in a tailor made gown, and as she finished speaking

she glanced at Delancy with a curious expression in her large black eyes. There was distrust in them, and a little fear and a glint of indignation.

"Mrs. Dillingham, my old friend Delancy! Mrs. Dillingham is our new lodging mistress, Dick," said Sewell. "She makes it very pleasant here. Is there anything, Mrs. Dillingham?"

She acknowledged the introduction with a conventional nod and smile at Delancy, and then answered:

"The man has come about the automobile."

"That's good! Ask him right up; and thank you, Mrs. Dillingham. Too bad you should have to come away up here, three flights! I must have some sort of a bell arranged—or a speaking-tube, or something."

"Oh, it is nothing! I am sure you are very welcome," she returned, and with another nod and smile that included both men she went out, closing the door behind her.

Delancy glanced slyly beneath his lashes at Sewell, and, as he met his somewhat sheepish eye, burst out laughing.

"Pretty stylish rig, isn't it, for a lodging mistress—and before noon!"

"Oh, rot!" Sewell threw one leg over the other impatiently. "You always think every woman in the house where I happen to be is after me—or my money! It's low, Dick, Quit it! This is a good woman, and does all she can to make me comfortable——"

"Even to dressing up in her glad rags and mounting three flights of stairs to tell you you have a caller, instead of sending him right along, or deputing a maid!"

"Dick!——"

"Well, well, no matter! Say no more. What did you begin the argument for, anyway? It's useless to give you advice. You'll fall into the trap whatever warning you may have. You never could look out for yourself in any but money matters. In those—great Scott! You make up for all the rest! And that brings me back to my mutton. What are you going to do about that little matter—at once, before your man arrives?"

"I'm not going to give you a dollar!"

"Really, Neil?"

"Really, Dick!" Sewell looked at his friend with a determined eye. "In the first place," he went on, "I can't spare it now. Everything is tied up so tightly that I can't lay hold of what I need myself. All the ready cash I've got is in that desk, two thousand, and that is going for the auto tomorrow, providing the machine suits—as I have no doubt it will do. I shall be terribly short for three or four days——"

"'Caterwauling calamities cannonading come
Dealing death's devastating doom——'

The man is to be broke for three days!" uttered Delancy in great horror.

Sewell waved his hand impatiently.

"And there's another thing, Dick. I feel sure that you will sell your pictures—in time.

And then you'll pay up. Of course! But it may be a long time, and I don't feel like lending—er—er—”

He paused, puffing his pipe uncomfortably.

“Proceed,” said Delancy, eyeing him wonderingly.

“Well, hang it, you're always slipping into the poor old uncle so! Of course, I am aware that he was a grinder, piling up all he could get hold of in any old way, denying himself everything, and 'doing' everybody that he could, and all that. I'm reaping all the good of the harvest he sowed, and it doesn't seem the square thing in me to give or even lend his money to a man who despises his memory, loading him down with all the opprobrious epithets in the book of slang. He wasn't a good sort at all, I admit, and there is something in your point of view that appeals to me a little—that poetic justice is being done when a high roller like you gets hold of a skinflint's money and distributes it all over the world that he skinned. I suppose that is one great reason why I have let you milk me so. But I'm through now, Dick. At least I can't do anything for you today. I must think it over. You have always had a better time than I have, anyway, if I am the prince and you are the pauper, as you so often have said. Look at my bald nut and white hairs—and you haven't a sign of age about you, though we are both 35. You don't look 30.”

“Aha, so that's it—jealousy!” exploded Delancy, immensely pleased. “Why don't you

cut out worrying, you poor old addle headed hippopotamus? That's what's the matter with you——”

A rap at the door interrupted him. Smiling, he arose as the automobile agent appeared, winked at Sewell, clapped on his hat, and departed, humming a gay air.

“Dick! Dick!” exclaimed Sewell in an excitement of contrition. “Yell at him, will you, Mr. Burbank! Tell him to come back—I want him!”

Mr. Burbank shot into the hall, crying, “Mr. Dick! Mr-er-Dick! Hi-hi!” No answer! He ran down the stairs, the three flights, and even opened the front door, looking up and down the street. There was no sign of Mr. Dick Delancy, and he returned with the declaration that it was curious that he had disappeared so suddenly, but he was gone. There was no doubt about that. It was one of the most singular things that he had ever heard of!

“Why, Mr. Sewell,” he said, with bulging eyes, “I passed him right here in this doorway, and immediately he vanished! Where did he go? Up stairs——”

“There's only the roof up there,” interrupted Sewell, perplexedly, “and at the head of the stairs is a trapdoor locked with a padlock. He couldn't get out that way—and what the nation would he want to for?”

“But he didn't go down, that is certain! He wouldn't have had time even to drop bodily down the stair rail well!”

Mr. Burbank was a small man of sandy complexion, with nervous light eyes, which were now dancing in excitement.

Sewell sat with wrinkled brows. He had not moved from the chair in which he was sitting when Delancy left him.

"I'm not going to talk 'automobile' today," he said, suddenly. "I don't feel like it. But I'm inclined to ask a favor of you, Mr. Burbank."

"You are welcome, Mr. Sewell, whatever it is," answered Mr. Burbank, with the readiness of a salesman dealing with a good customer.

"I've done my best friend an injustice," Sewell went on, rising and putting his pipe in the rack. "I want you to help me right it. Take me in the auto to his rooms, the Fenwag, will you? That will be as good as a longer spin, and we'll let it go at that. I am sure I shall accept the machine, anyway."

"With pleasure. Let me help you with your overcoat—why, what's the matter?"

Sewell was standing, his light overcoat on his arm, before an open drawer in his desk, his face as pale as ashes. That instant he tottered and fell weakly into the chair he had just vacated.

"Good God!" he gasped.

"Why—why—what is it?"

"Good God!" Sewell muttered again, dashing his hand against his forehead. "Oh, Dick, Dick, Dick!"

"Mr. Sewell, if there is anything I can do ——" began Mr. Burbank, anxiously.

"For heaven's sake keep still, and let me think!" cried Sewell distractedly. "Somebody has stolen two thousand—let me think—let me think!"

He dropped his coat on the floor, sank back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. The automobile agent stood embarrassed before him, not knowing what to do. The situation continued some moments. Then Sewell roused himself.

"Burbank," he said, with a business-like air, which, though plainly forced and with the greatest effort, was determined, "will you step down to the front room on the first floor and ask Mrs. Dillingham to come up here?"

And as the automobile agent hurried to do his bidding he again buried his face in his hands.

"Dick, Dick, poor old Dick!" he groaned. "Oh, why, for heaven's sake, couldn't you wait until this poor fit passed away from me! I'd have given it to you, Dick! You knew I would! Why, Dick, we're chums! How could you forget it! And you'll be famous some day, with your art—I know it—I've always said so—you're a genius—and to think that you could stoop—. But, by heavens, if it is you, I'll prosecute you to the——. Come in!"

Mrs. Dillingham entered, Burbank holding the door for her, and stood waiting while Sewell gazed at her undeterminately.

"I—I thought I would ask you, Mrs. Dillingham," he hesitated, "whether you could

say—. But please take this seat! Sit down, Burbank! I wish you both to hear."

He jumped up and offered his chair to the woman, who accepted it with grace. Mr. Burbank sat on the couch, looking from the one to the other anxiously. Sewell walked over to his desk and put his hand on it.

"Mrs. Dillingham," he said, "it is unfortunate—but—but—and you are so recently come here—I shouldn't wish you to receive the opinion that the neighborhood is bad—but the fact is, \$2,000 have been taken from this desk this morning. I was out of the rooms for only an hour, and—and was there anybody in here, besides the maid, during that time?"

His manner was strained. It would not require a superlative degree of insight in a listener, certainly no greater degree than this woman possessed, to see that he was fighting against a conviction in his own mind, and that even to him the question was irrelevant.

"Mr. Sewell," she answered, with dignity, sitting straight in her chair, "I hope I conduct my house properly——"

"Oh, I beg you a thousand times to pardon me!" Sewell exclaimed, "I did not mean that. It is very far from my intention to charge the maid or anybody connected with your——"

"I should think not," the lodging mistress interrupted, with curved eyebrows, and rising. "And," she continued, with contracted lips, "if you want to know who got your money I can tell you!"

Sewell shivered. He felt what was coming, and he dreaded it horribly; but his code of ethics, which taught him to hold honesty, business honesty, above all other qualities in a man, and to punish its lack implacably, inspired him with bravery, or at least with bravado. He straightened up, clutching the desk to steady himself.

"That is what I wish," he said, and his voice caught in his throat so that it seemed as if a frightened child were speaking.

"Mr. Sewell," she answered, holding her head high, "there has been nobody but me in this room today, except that rowdy—that—friend of yours, Mr. Delancy. I made up your apartments myself, while you were out, and if you care to know what I think——"

Sewell made a gesture of denial.

"I feel extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Dillingham," he interpolated, hastily, "for all your trouble regarding this trifling matter. Allow me!"

He opened the door for her and stood politely waiting. She moved to the threshold, and then turned her flashing eyes on him.

"I have always known that man was robbing you," she hissed, "and I have been afraid, because I was sure that sooner or later you would lay it on me, or on the house in some way. I have been here only three weeks, but I have heard and seen——"

He began closing the door. She stepped over the sill, and then discharged her Parthian shot:

"And I heard him say to you this very morning that something terrible would happen if you refused him money today——"

The door closed and her voice ceased.

The automobile man looked at Sewell curiously.

"Did he threaten you?" he asked.

"No, no, nonsense! He was chaffing about a universal law, and my bucking against it. He said something about things happening to me if I did so, jokingly, in his way, and this ignorant woman——"

"Do you know what I think?" cried Burbank excitedly. "She took it! See the way she acted—tried to be dignified under her paint—and was the only one in here—and tried to lay it on somebody else——"

Sewell groaned.

"Burbank," he said in a low voice, "to me stealing money is the meanest, the lowest, most abominable thing a man can do; and my heart is broken. I had that vulgar woman brought up here only in hope of something—something impossible! I knew—I knew! Yet I wished to evade the knowledge. And hoped against hope that she would give me some reason to do so. But she only added to it. Good heavens, Burbank!" he almost shouted, starting toward him with hands stretched out, "think of it! A man you love—a man who is your dearest friend—a man for whom you would do anything in reason—a man who has done things for you, too, even beyond reason, who has given his time to you, time that was

worth money to him, while you had all the money and he had none——”

“There, there, calm yourself, Mr. Sewell!” exclaimed Burbank soothingly, putting his arm around Sewell’s shoulders and guiding him to the Morris chair, “Come, it’s a small matter to you, and, besides, you are not sure it was he. How can you be? There are lots of ways out of it. I should sooner suspect the woman. She looks like it, fast enough!”

“Man!” cried Sewell with sudden energy, “it is not a small matter—the principle isn’t! And I know—I know—See here! I put that package of bills into that drawer while Dick Delancy was here, observing me do it! Nobody comes in until he leaves, and the next moment I find that the money is gone—at the same time he goes! Not a soul in the room besides us two in the meantime! And he was all over the place—ten times at the desk, as well as at every other spot in the apartment! What can I think! What can I but know?”

“If I can do anything, Mr. Sewell——”

Sewell arose, walked to the pipe rack, put his hand on a pipe, a great meerschaum with a figure supposed to be that of Lief, the Norseman, on it, and, as if inspired by contact with the image, turned with sudden rage on the agent.

“Get out of here!” he howled. “Never let me see you again! Confound it, can’t a man be let alone in his own place!”

“Why, Mr. Sewell”——began the man, startled.

“Leave the room!” commanded Sewell, fiercely.

Mr. Burbank looked at him an instant. Then, with raised eyebrows, he picked up his hat, and, an expression of injury in his face, opened the door, bowed with dignity, and withdrew.

Sewell stood looking after him with the gaze of a blind man. Then he fumbled at the pipes, taking up one and putting it down, repeating the operation with others, finally turning away altogether. As he did so his eyes fell on a morning newspaper that lay on a chair, with the following headlines staring at him:

DR. FURNIVALL'S MYSTERIOUS
POWER AGAIN!
ANOTHER CRIMINAL FOUND BY ITS
AID!
SCIENTISTS AND POLICE ALIKE PUZ-
ZLED BY THIS OCCULT FORCE
WHICH COMPELS A MAN ALWAYS TO
SPEAK THE TRUTH!

"Jove!" he cried. "The very thing! Why didn't I think of him at once!"

In less than a quarter or an hour from that moment he was telling his story to Dr. Furnivall.

"As I understand it, then," said the doctor, regarding him through his colored spectacles, "you can't believe that this rather frivolous friend of yours is guilty, while at the same time you must believe it because all the circumstances indicate his guilt."

"Yes, yes, that is it!" cried Sewell. "And I was hoping that, with your hypnotism, you

might force him to confess—privately, you know! We would have no publicity about it, and all that. The confession would be punishment enough for him—and I would let him keep the money, and he could go away. For I can't have him around any longer——”

“It appears to me,” said Dr. Furnivall, sitting back in his chair, “that you have begun at the wrong end of the matter. It is true that from what you say your friend is a spendthrift, altogether too light of mind for his own material good, but that does not make him a thief. If it did most all our artists would be thieves. And to steal from his own best friend, too! Isn't that an enormous charge to make——”

“But the circumstances! the circumstances!” Sewell burst forth, excitedly. “I tell you I put that money into the desk while he was there—he saw me do it—and not another soul was in the room from that moment until I missed it——”

“There was the lodging mistress, and there was Burbank!”

“Oh, but they don't count! How can they? Dick and I, both of us, had our eyes on the woman every instant she was there——”

“No matter if you did have! Human affairs take on strange twists sometimes. The money might not have been in the desk at all—might have rolled to the floor, where she could kick it behind her out of the door as she entered, under cover of her skirts—a dozen different ways might——”

Sewell shook his head hopelessly.

"No, no it is useless," he interrupted. "It was there in the drawer, and the drawer was open, so that I could see it all the time. I did not move from my chair, except once, when I went to the desk for a ledger, after putting the package of bills into that drawer, and I was facing it every instant until I suddenly missed it, nobody having approached it in the meantime except Dick."

"The other man, Mr. Burbank, he——"

"Oh, he passed Dick in the doorway. Burbank drew back to give Dick room—hadn't entered at all before I sent him to call Dick back."

"You sent for Delancy to come back? Why didn't he come, then?"

"Burbank couldn't find him. He had disappeared like a flash of lightning, and that is one of the counts against him. He must have started down those stairs three at a leap the instant he reached them. Now, why should he do that unless he were guilty?"

"Do you mean to say that you asked Burbank to call out to Delancy, who had just passed him in the doorway, that Burbank had not entered the room—so short a time as that had elapsed—and he could not make him hear?"

"I do. And, further, he ran as fast as he could safely go down to the front door, and looked up and down the street, and even then could see him nowhere."

"After Burbank came back didn't he enter the room?"

"Certainly, but not until I had missed the money. He stood right on the threshold while he told me that Dick had vanished. I am positive of that, for I thought at the time it was queer. It was as if he felt timid about coming in—I couldn't understand it. It was just at the moment when I discovered my loss that he first stepped on the rug, coming forward with the offer to assist me with my overcoat."

Dr. Furnivall gave a long look into his face through his spectacles. He then with an ophthalmoscope examined his eyes.

"Of what firm are you buying your automobile?" he asked suddenly. Sewell told him. He went into the telephone closet, and after a few words with station 16 put on his hat, saying:

"I am about to show you something so strange that you wouldn't believe it possible until actually compelled to do so! Come, let's go for a short walk."

"Shall we call on Delancy now?" asked Sewell, as they reached the sidewalk.

"Delancy! Oh, no, we have nothing to do with him at present! Quite another person! And if the experience teaches you to accept the evidence of character against circumstances—but there!" He stopped, with an amused glance at Sewell. What did he know about reading character! No more than a child who, because he can see nothing beyond appearances, must be swayed by them, and them alone! "I am unacquainted with Delancy," he continued

"and can judge of him only by your description, which was meager; but I should say he is careless rather than dishonest. He is more fool than knave, but unless I am greatly mistaken he is not fool enough to rob you surreptitiously, knowing that the act would cut his supplies off, when he has so little difficulty in doing it openly through loans, which might go on indefinitely. We must look in quite another direction for the thief."

Sewell shook his head. He had gone over all the details in his own mind, and he could imagine no possible chance of Delancy's being innocent. But he said nothing. There was something in the doctor's manner that inspired confidence, and Sewell felt an undercurrent of satisfaction in the view the celebrated scientist took of the case, though he could see no reason for it, and his mind rejected at the same time that his heart accepted it. In a few minutes they arrived at the police station, and, to Sewell's surprise, Dr. Furnivall took him by the elbow and guided him up the steps and in. There stood Mr. Burbank talking with the desk man, a policeman on each side of him. The officer, by a look, invited Dr. Furnivall forward, and he, removing his spectacles, gazed into Burbank's eyes steadily, saying:

"Mr. Burbank, what do you know about this robbery?"

"I know nothing about it!" Burbank exclaimed angrily. "It is monstrous to bring me here in this way and put these questions

to me. There is Mr. Sewell himself, who will testify that I was not in the room at all until—" He started to turn his eyes in Sewell's direction, but did not do so. The head moved slightly, but the eyes remained fixed in Dr. Furnivall's. His face at first showed quick surprise, then the expression changed to bewilderment, from that to earnestness, and then both face and eyes became deeply introspective. It was not ten seconds from the time of Dr. Furnivall's first glance into the eyes to the moment when it became evident to the hypnotist that he was under control. He then asked at once:

"Mr. Burbank, who took that money?"

"I did!" he answered without a hint of inflection in his voice. It was as if a machine were speaking. Sewell started forward with an exclamation of astonishment and disbelief, but Dr. Furnivall waved him back.

"How could you do it? Start at the beginning and tell me all about it."

"I came up the stairs, and was just going to knock on the door when I heard Mr. Sewell say he had \$2,000 in the desk. I waited a moment and then rapped. A man came out, singing, and I entered the room, saying 'How do you do, Mr. Sewell?' He did not seem to see me—sat in a sort of trance, gazing after the man who had just gone out. I thought instantly of the money in the desk, and, glancing over there, saw it in an open drawer. I looked at him again. He still had that far away light in his eyes. I remembered the

peculiar expression—my grandfather used to be that way, and many a time I had taken things right out from under his nose without his being aware of it. It's a sort of disease, I suppose, with old people, but I never had seen it in a young man before. I was almost too much afraid to risk it, and, in fact, I spoke to him the second time to test him. As he did not answer, I gained courage and in three steps snatched the package of bills, slipped them into my overcoat pocket, and darted back to the door. Then I spoke again, and still again, but he did not hear. His mind was too busy with its own thoughts. I couldn't help thinking of the story Mark Twain tells of the woman. He was sitting on the piazza when he saw her coming up the walk toward him, and suddenly she disappeared as if the ground had swallowed her up. He found that she had passed right by him, rung the door bell at his side, and been admitted to the house without his seeing her. I explained that by absent-mindedness. He was thinking so deeply of something else that he had no room in his memory for her. My grandfather had been that way, I have seen drunken men that way, and Mr. Sewell was that way. It didn't last long—perhaps a minute. He suddenly woke up, and, as if his friend had just left, sang out to him; and as there was no answer he asked me to yell, too, and I went down the stairs even to the front door. But, of course, the man was clean out of sight by that time."

"Where is the money?"

"Here!"

He produced it as he spoke, and Dr. Furnivall passed it over to the bewildered Sewell.

"You are diseased," he said to him, "afflicted with cerebrovacuinitis, otherwise ophthavitreousitis, otherwise the glass eye. But, seriously, you are suffering from amnesia, and you were near to making your friend settle dearly for your sickness. Go home now and take care of yourself. Call in a physician. He will tell you, among other things, to quit your eternal smoking, exercise more, choose your food, not for its daintiness and the taste of it, but for the good, honest blood it will make; and, above all, to occupy your mind with some useful avocation. Then you will be able to see what is going on—or what is going on under your very nose at least!"

The Kleptomaniac



THE KLEPTOMANIAC

A little old man with a warty face, hooked nose, wide mouth, stooping shoulders, small beady black eyes, and a generally inferior presence, but nevertheless with decision of character in his manner, to one who could see beneath the surface, walked swiftly up the steps of police station 16 and accosted the first man in uniform he met.

"There has been the most unheard of crime——" he began.

"Speak to the lieutenant!" the officer interrupted, nodding toward the desk behind the high network iron railing.

The ugly little man advanced to the pigeon-hole window, through which he could see the upper part of the night desk man.

"I have just been robbed in the most monstrous way," he said, speaking rapidly, but with no sign of excitement, "and I wish no publicity——"

"I'll take care of that. We don't need any advice from you——" began the lieutenant. But he stopped there to glance at the visiting card which the little man placed before him, and when he raised his eyes again to his caller's face he also raised his body from his chair and bowed, touching his round silk office cap.

"Excuse me, Mr. Emmons," he said, "I didn't know it was you. We have to be pretty

short here with strangers, or they'd ride right over us. But with the richest man in the district—— Step in this way, sir, please!"

He swung wide the gate in the railing. The richest man in the district walked in and seated himself in the chair that the officer drew up for him in a retired corner.

"Now, sir, no publicity, you say? Very well! We'll do all we can."

He waited with respectful attention for the story.

"It's a queer matter," began Mr. Emmons at once, in the incisive voice, which, coming from such an insignificant appearing personality, always excited surprise in a listener and drew his attention. "In the first place I must tell you that a few days ago our firm became possessed, in the way of business, of one of the most valuable diamonds in the world. It has a name famous in history—but no matter about that. The chief thing is that it is worth—well, say—er——" He paused with the shrewd glint in his eye that was known among his business acquaintances as the sure sign that he was not going to commit himself, and then added, "thousands," as evenly as if the word were "hundreds." The lieutenant could not restrain an exclamation.

"Ah!" he breathed, his face flushing with the thought of fat rewards.

"This diamond," went on the great jeweler, with no hint, either in voice or manner, of the terrific surprise he was about to give his listeners, "was swallowed this evening by my wife's pet

monkey, and in less than two minutes afterward the monkey was stolen!"

The officer's full, round face became almost apoplectic.

"A mo-monkey!" he stammered.

"I will give you the main points of the case so that you may know how to start the investigation intelligently," continued the jeweler in a clear, rapid, matter of fact tone. They were odd traits, this clarity of head and speech, this iciness and poise, which nothing could melt or disturb, in a man of such an inferior aspect, never failing to evoke in a stranger, and often in every-day acquaintances as well, the same stare of wonderment with which the policeman was now regarding him as he went on:

"For reasons of a strictly private nature I took this valuable diamond home this evening. Two other men, well known diamond cutters, were the only living persons who knew I had it in the house. It was to show it to them, and consult with them about it, that I brought it there. We three had been examining it for ten minutes, perhaps, and I was holding it up to the light between my thumb and finger, when the monkey leaped in at the door like a flash of lightning, snatched the stone, and swallowed it. It nearly choked him, and, jabbering and twisting in pain, he ran to his mistress four doors away. I followed him immediately and found him whimpering in my wife's arms. I thought at first of giving him an emetic to make him vomit it up, but

Mrs. Emmons suggested that it would be safer to call a physician, and then I decided on doing that. We might have to cut the animal open. So cautioning her to hold on to him and not let him escape I hastened to the telephone closet, but before I could get the physician's number I heard my wife scream, and, hurrying back to her room, I found her collapsed on the floor, crying out that a woman had suddenly rushed in, grabbed Bruno, and fled out of the door with him in her arms.

"That is practically the case. Of course, we searched the premises inside and out at once, but to no purpose. The stone, the monkey, and the thief had vanished as if by spontaneous combustion. Now ask your questions, for I suppose you have some to ask?"

The lieutenant indeed had; but he was almost too much astonished to speak. If the narrator of this queer story had not been the richest man in the district he would have thought him either a practical joker or a lunatic. Finally he found his voice.

"There was no chance for either of those men you were showing it to——"

"Not the slightest. I was always between them and my wife's room, even when I was at the telephone. In fact, in the telephone closet I stood facing them, and could see them all the time through the doorway. Until Mrs. Emmons screamed they never moved from their seats, though then they ran with me to her room. Besides, the thief was seen, and was a woman."

"Is the telephone fixture near Mrs. Emmons' room?"

"Yes; but the walls are circular in shape, rounding outward into the hall, so that a person coming from the rear of the house, keeping close to the north partition, might enter her door without being seen by one in the telephone closet."

"Hm-m!" The lieutenant cleared his throat. "Why do you wish to keep the matter quiet, Mr. Emmons? It seems to me the more publicity that is given——"

"To the loss of a monkey, doubtless the better—yes. But nothing must be known about the diamond. We should be sure never to see it again."

"Yes, yes—of course. We will work quietly. Every night man in the city shall be notified as soon as possible to be on the lookout for the monkey. If you will write a description of him I'll see that it is given to the men. A little reward, now——"

He looked inquiringly at Mr. Emmons, who nodded.

"A hundred dollars," he said. "Great family pet. Worth nothing to anybody but the owners. I think it should be put that way."

"Could Mrs. Emmons say how the woman looked?"

"She saw her very plainly. She was short, plump, red cheeked, with black eyes that seemed to strike out sparks as she snatched the animal, and with hair so white that the

contrast between it and her fresh face and youthful form was nothing less than startling. We knew nobody of that description, neither among our friends nor among the servants and tradespeople. Her dress, too, was the oddest imaginable—a yachting cap of blue, with a small visor worn sidewise over her ear, a short Eton jacket, and flowing out from under it a voluminous train of salmon colored satin, over white, high heeled shoes. This train she threw over her arm, covering Bruno completely and hiding him from sight as she rushed from the room. Her appearance was so wild that Mrs. Emmons took her for a crazy person who had escaped from some hospital. That is what frightened her so. An ordinary woman coming in on her in that manner would not have got off so easily, for Mrs. Emmons is brave enough and quick enough to act. But this nondescript fairly scared her strength away. In fact, she never in her life came so near fainting.”

“You saw nothing of the woman?”

“No, the door was beyond my view. She must have come and gone like a flash of lightning, as Mrs. Emmons said. She didn’t know she was in the room until she saw her eyes sparkling into her own and felt Bruno being pulled out of her lap.”

“But where could she have come from and where could she disappear to so suddenly?” said the lieutenant, staring at him. “It sounds like witchcraft. What guess can you make, Mr. Emmons?”

Mr. Emmons threw out his hands.

"None at all," he said. "She simply could not get into the house by the back way, through a gate and two doors, all of which were fastened, pass among eight servants at least, mount two flights of stairs, and appear on the scene at the very instant of time necessary to accomplish her purpose. And if she couldn't get in she couldn't get out. By the front way she would be obliged to pass me."

"None of the servants saw her?"

"No. That is, one of them, a half imbecile, came to the conclusion that she had distinguished what looked like a dark shape running down the back stairs to the basement; but she did not reach this conclusion until she had found out that something mysterious was going on and that she would be regarded as a heroine if she had seen anything of it. I am convinced that her first denials were undoubtedly the real truth. The rest was a vivid fancy."

"Hm-m!" The lieutenant, who had made a number of notes, now put down another one, coughing deprecatingly as he did so. "Every little straw shows something of the wind's direction, Mr. Emmons," he said. "However, we will come to that later. Were the gate and the doors found fastened all right after the theft as before it?"

"Yes; all locked up tight, and the servants running around all the time between them and the stairs, with plenty of light on—lighter than in the daytime. There was absolutely

no chance for even a mouse to leave the place unseen in that direction—or enter it, either.”

“And the roof?”

“I should certainly have seen anybody who should start up that way. The foot of the stairs was not ten feet away from the room in which the crime was done, and I commanded a full view of them every instant I was absent from my wife.”

The officer looked up from his notes quickly. Then he scratched his head. He did not like to contradict a man worth so much money as Mr. Claggett Emmons was, but it was certain, from the description already given of the rooms and halls, that if a person in the telephone closet could see the two men in the front room, in order to do so he would necessarily turn his back on the stairway in the rear. A thrill of exultation shot through the lieutenant's breast as he realized that this stairway must be the key to the mystery. The foot of it was only ten feet away from the door of the room in which Mrs. Emmons sat; while Mr. Emmons was walking to the telephone his back must have been turned on it; while he was in the closet his back must have been turned on it also if he could see the men who sat in the front room; and, without a particle of doubt, the woman, who had been waiting above, seized this opportunity to accomplish her purpose. She would have plenty of time if she had acted as quickly as she seemed to have done. It was perfectly plain. She had escaped as she had entered—by way of the

roof. It was strange that a man with Mr. Emmons' perspicacity should overlook so palpable a truth; but he had done so, and it was a matter of warm self-congratulation to the officer that he should prove so much sharper than this man of heavy affairs, and that, too, regarding the arrangement of his own house. But he would say nothing about it. It was a case for action rather than words, and after he had made the capture and received the reward—

At this point in the jubilant flow of his thoughts he was struck with a sudden chill. Reward? What was it? A hundred dollars! He had been dreaming of thousands!

"I suppose," he ventured, tapping his book with his pen handle carelessly, "that if any one in the secret—er—er—who knew about—the diamond, I mean—should find and return it, the—reward——"

The little old man glanced keenly at him.

"Of course," he said, nodding. "I understand that. A thousand—eh? And influence—supposing the finder needed it. Oh, of course—all that sort of thing."

The lieutenant breathed freer. A thousand! It was not so vast a sum as his dreams had pictured, but it would do very well. There were ways he knew of making it all his, dividing only the hundred for the monkey with whomsoever he might be obliged to call upon for assistance in his search. He could already feel the crisp, delightful crinkling of the bank notes in his fingers. That woman was simply a lunatic—he was sure of it—who had escaped

from her home in some neighboring house by way of the roof, entered by the scuttle—oh, it was all plain. A few minutes searching among the families in the block—— But he must not let it be seen that he was getting his money too easily. He would explore the Emmons mansion first, to give some color of labor to his easy task, pretend then with much scientific figuring to evolve a solution of the great mystery, the only solution that could be possible under all the conditions, walk out with the declaration that he would return in ten minutes with the diamond, according to the most approved methods of detectives in the fiction thrillers, and then would keep his word, just as they do; and the next morning he would be in all the papers, just as they are, with \$1,000 in his inside pocket—which none of them ever yet got, except to give away, being too delicate of soul to work for mere money!

But when in company with Mr. Emmons and a man from the office, he entered the hall of the Emmons house, a few minutes later, he grew pale green with chagrin. In his mental plan of the floor he had figured on straight walls and staircases, while in fact there was scarcely a straight line in sight, and circles, semi-circles, ovals, and spirals predominated to such an extent that there seemed to his unaccustomed eye to be a perfect witches' dance of them, turning topsy-turvy all his ideas of interior architecture. He stepped into the telephone closet, and saw that, owing to these surprising shapes, Mr. Emmons had really

been right about facing both the back stairway and the front room at the same time, if the ability to see one of these objects out of one eye and the other out of the other eye might be called "facing." It was near enough to it for practical purposes, at all events, for the walls were so deeply concave on the telephone side, and so highly convex on the other, that the closet, while it was between the stairs and the room, was far enough back from a straight line between the two points to command them both.

"I never see such a built house!" he growled in the anger of his great disappointment. In this mood his mind was rich soil for the seeds of suspicion, and, from the certainty that he could in no way explain the robbery, he passed at one bound to the doubt that any robbery had been committed. It was a foolish thing, come to think of it, to say that a monkey snatched that diamond and swallowed it! Who ever heard of such an absurdity? It was a lie on the face of it. And even granting that absurd lie, it was a bigger absurdity still to suppose it possible that a crazy woman from outside, or any kind of a woman, could be there at just the opportune moment—that all these various queer things could happen at the same time. In short, Emmons had that princely stone himself, and for some reason wished it believed that it had been stolen. The great mystery was that a man of his known shrewdness should have invented such a clumsy story to explain its disappearance.

Having reached this conclusion, the lieutenant assumed a magisterial expression of countenance and asked to see Mrs. Emmons. The lady received him with an eager smile on her keen old face, in the expression of which the officer saw at once a close resemblance to that of her husband, and invited him to be seated.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I do so hope you will find out about all this! It is so trying—and such a queer thing! I never heard of anything like it in my life."

He would not sit, but stood before her, asking every question touching the case that he could conjure up. All in vain! Emmons had told him her story already, and the most searching cross-questioning failed to elicit anything new, or alter the facts as already given. She was much more prolix than her husband had been, going into every detail with volubility and minuteness. But the sum of her testimony was that the strange woman had pounced upon her, snatched the monkey, and disappeared apparently into nothingness.

The two visiting jewelers during all this time had remained, after their first hurry into Mrs. Emmons' room when they heard her scream, where they were sitting at the moment the monkey seized the diamond, locked in. This was by their own request, Mr. Emmons said, for in the circumstances they felt that to leave would invite suspicion of collusion on their part with the thief, and that they would better remain until the diamond should be

found, or some definite course decided on. These men the officer now questioned as closely as he had Mrs. Emmons, but with no better result. They had seen a black thing shoot in the door, snatch the stone, swallow it, and scamper out, and almost immediately, hearing a scream, and seeing Mr. Emmons running across the hall from the telephone, they had jumped up and hastened with him to his wife's door, where they heard her story of the thief. They acknowledged that the whole matter had a queer look, and they wished they were well out of it. But they could not give any information. It certainly would be impossible for anybody to pass along the hall toward the front of the house without their seeing him, and they had seen nobody. The thief must have gone to the rear, and if she were not one of the servants disguised, and in conspiracy with all the rest of them, they could not imagine how she was able to escape that way. There was, in fact, no possible chance for a person to do what, it seemed, had been done. The problem was too big for them.

The suggestion of a disguised servant infused a little hope into the officer's mind. He had now become convinced that it was as absurd to suspect Mr. Emmons as he had formerly thought it was to suppose that the beast should swallow the stone. These men vowed they had seen the swallowing, and honesty and distress were too evident in their words and manner to be disputed. Besides, even if this

very rich man were not above secreting the diamond his intellect was above concocting such a paltry scheme for doing it. On the notion of a servant in disguise he based his last hope, and asked to have them every one, men and women, summoned before him.

But at the very first view of them this last hope vanished. The thief was short and stout, and by the same accursed spite of fate which seemed to have met the lieutenant at each turn and crossing of this case every man and woman among these servants was thin and tall! The butler, it seemed, who hired all the help, was a lath in shape himself, and, maintaining that short, stout people were usually drinkers and always slow, if not downright lazy, he would have none of them. The officer in disgust motioned them away. A short person may by the exercise of skill and taste be made up to resemble a taller one, but the reverse metamorphosis is out of the question. Monsieur Lecocq himself never could have turned a tall spindle shanks into a chunky sawed-off.

With this wise reflection the officer made a few notes, ostensibly of great importance, but really only for appearance sake, and promising Mr. Emmons that every effort should be made for the apprehension of the thief was about to take his departure with his assistant, when he thought of the servant who claimed to have seen the dark shape gliding down the basement stairs. So he had her brought back to him, and put her through such a rigorous

examination that she suddenly burst out crying, supposing that he was charging her with the theft. It was plain that she was a woman who could see shadows anywhere. He gave her up for a fool, and then it occurred to him to explore the back way and see things down there for himself. He did so, but learned nothing except that it would be absolutely impossible for anybody to come in that way unseen by the servants. Finally he searched Mrs. Emmons' room, she giving him full liberty to do so, pulling out drawers for him herself and moving tables and sofas around, till not a square inch in the apartment remained unseen by him. Then he went away. Though he left encouraging words behind him for the benefit of the husband and wife he felt that as far as he was concerned the case was closed.

* * * *

"Dochter Fur-rnivall, sor-r," said Sergeant Nulty, with red face and bulging eyes, "c'n a monkey swally a rooty bagy tur-rnip?"

"What's that?" said Dr. Furnivall, wheeling around in his chair. Seeing Sergeant Nulty's head, helmetless, sticking around the edge of the door, he smiled a welcome. "Come in, sergeant," he invited. "What's up now?"

"Well, noo, 'tis wan shtrange thing," answered the sergeant, stepping carefully over the polished floor to the chair the doctor indicated. "Here's wan mon cooms rhunnin' t' th' shtation wid blood in his eye, an' he says, says he, 'B'yes,' he says, 'here's a tousan' dollars,' he says, 'fer a woman an' a monkey,

an' she swalleyed it,' he says, 'b't 'twas a dimont,' he says, 'an' th' woman swiped it off me,' he says, 'an' 'twas not me own, b't me woife's,' he says, 'an', he says, 'Oi'll give,' he says, 'a tousan' dollars fer her, an' she's th' soize of of a rooty bagy tur-rnip, or mabbe a car-rt-wheel,' he says."

"That is rather strange," said the doctor dryly. "Aren't you somewhat excited, Nulty?"

"Well, mebbe!" The sergeant, with a deep breath relaxed himself, and proceeded more calmly: "Has a monkey a t'roat on him like a whale, an' c'n he swally a dimont, jist, as big as himsel', an' walk off wid it unbeknownst, an' thin swally himsel' forby an' dthrop out of th' wor-rld at wanct, loike thim moving pictures off th' shtage? Becos, af he c'n do that same, he's a wondher, an' af he cannot, the's a t'ousan' dollars in ut, an' ayther way aboot he's afther bein' a val'able craythur, whativer, an' wort' th' throuble, jist, or Oi miss me guess intirely."

It required some minutes of hard work on the doctor's part to arrive at the excited sergeant's meaning, but finally he succeeded, and was in possession of the strange tale of Mr. Emmons' loss. The sergeant had a theory, and wished Dr. Furnivall's aid in working it out. He believed that Emmons had the diamond, that the whole thing was a conspiracy between Emmons, his wife, and the two jewelers, and that Dr. Furnivall, with his hypnotism, could get at the truth of the matter in two minutes by interviewing Emmons. He based his con-

clusions on two facts—the impossibility of a monkey's swallowing such an enormous stone, to say nothing of the beast's miraculous disappearance, and the self-evident truth that no thief could have escaped in the circumstances as this alleged one had done. As for the first, Dr. Furnivall asked him:

"Did Emmons say how big the diamond was?"

"He did, begob—'twas wort' t'ousans of dollars!"

"Oh, I see! Because it was worth thousands it must be as big as a cartwheel?"

"Sure! Phy, me woife has wan wid twinty-siven pearls set roond ut that cost \$4, th' soize a pratie ball, an' phwat wud a fifty t'ousaner be loike?"

He was deeply chagrined to learn his mistake—that the value of precious stones depends on quality as well as size; that the capacities of different monkeys' throats vary as widely as those of the human family, some members of which cannot take a pill, while others can swallow a handful of swords; and that therefore it was quite within the bounds of belief that this animal had done as represented, or could do so. The second point of the sergeant's theory Dr. Furnivall admitted. But, then, what of it?

"Why should I mix up in this affair?" the doctor said. "Nothing is at stake, no innocent person is accused; it is a trivial affair, of no interest whatever to me. What is the philosophic or scientific value of the fact that

a rich jeweler has lost a diamond, or has stolen one?"

The sergeant looked disappointed. He moved uneasily in his chair, and ruffled his mustache with a quick rub of his hand. Then a shrewd beam flicked into his blue eye.

"Shure, dochter," he said, deprecatingly, "yez wud not lave thim say yez is bate, an' th' job is wan too much for yez!"

Dr. Furnivall regarded him tolerantly through his colored spectacles.

"Nulty," he returned, with just a hint of sharpness in his voice, "no doubt you have set many persons by the ears in your time by that sort of an argument! A 'stump yer' or a 'dare' may work with children and imbeciles, but I didn't suppose you were ass enough to think it would have any effect on me."

"B't dochter! Jist luk at it, now! How th' quare woman wint oop in air—an' th' monkey, jist—phwere wes th' chanct fer him _____"

"Nulty, out with it now, and no more evasions! What is the real reason why you wish me to take up this matter?"

The sergeant's face grew violently red, and he looked sheepishly at the floor.

"Well, thin, dochter dear," he said slowly, "Oi knows Oi c'n kape nothing at all fr'm yez—b't—'bt t' tell th' trut', me woife is aillin' an' nades th' counthry air, an' shure Oi'm near broke, phwat wid wan thing an' anither, an' this an' that, an' I tort th' reward, or me own share of ut——"

“You should have said so at once. That adds just the touch of human interest to the case which alone makes anything worth while —”

“Will yer take it, dochter?” cried Nulty, jumping up with glistening eyes. “Faith, I’ll rhun out t’ th’ telephone an’ tell Maggie t’ pack oop fer t’ree mont’s in th’ counthry tomorry mornin’ on th’ tin-twinty that laves at noon——”

“Don’t get rattled again, Nulty. I thought something was wrong with you when you came in, and I am sorry to learn that it is your wife’s sickness that troubles you. But say nothing until you get your money. We havent found the diamond yet——”

Nulty curled his lip in disdain.

“As good as—as good as!” he said. “An’, begob, Oi hov th’ reward all spint! ’Tis something fine, Oi tell yez, dochter, t’ spind ut wanst before yez git ut an’ wanst after, an’ thin, av yez do not git ut at all, phy, thin yez hov lost nothing, an’ av yez do git ut yez c’n put in th’ bank.”

Dr. Furnivall, during this lucid formulation of a philosophy as old as the beginnings of poverty, was selecting an instrument or two from his surgical case and preparing an emetic. With these in his pocket he took his hat and told Nulty to lead the way to the Emmons house.

“I won’t venture any theory yet, though I have the threads of one in my mind,” he said as they walked along. “I know nothing

whatever of the characters of these different persons who figure in the case. I have never seen any of them even, that I am aware of. The right beginning, however, is with Emmons, and if we find him at home——”

“Shure we will thot!” said the sergeant. “’Twas wid an eye fer his hours, jist, that Oi coom fer yez. Oi knows thim well. He’s wid his woife this minute.”

And so they found him. Dr. Furnivall talked with them both a few moments and then drew the husband aside.

“Mr. Emmons,” he said, regarding him through his spectacles, “have you no theory of this matter?”

The little man stooped forward, his beady black eyes growing even smaller and more brilliantly black, and crossed his wrists over his waistband.

“I had none—but on thinking it all over I—believe I have,” he answered, incisively.

“I understand that there is a reward, offered by you, of \$1,000 for the recovery of the diamond.”

“This is correct,” he returned, in the same tone.

“No matter who is hit by the detection of the guilty person?”

“None whatever. If you are the great Dr. Furnivall, the hypnotist, who can read men’s souls like an open book, you should have no need to ask that question.”

“I can read no man’s soul. Neither would I care to do so if I could. But I can read

some things, and one of them is that you would sooner see this person of whom we both speak humiliated than any one else. In fact, you know well who has the stone, and you are irritated almost to insanity because you can't force the possessor to give it up."

Mr. Emmons bowed coldly.

"I honor your perspicacity," he said, ironically. "Perhaps if you had my reasons you would feel as I do."

"I have no doubt of it. Still, you are wrong. The whole difficulty is as much your fault as hers. Kleptomania is a disease, and should be treated as such. It sticks out all over her."

"All I want is the diamond," he said, adding quickly, "and to know how she managed the business."

"We will arrange that on one condition _____"

"The \$1,000?" he interrupted, with irony.

Dr. Furnivall went on:

"It is that when you have received this information and recovered the stone you will call in the physician for your wife that I shall name to you."

The ugly little man hesitated. A bright color flowed into his cheeks, as of burning anger, but he still held to his coldness of manner

"Very well; I agree—on condition that you fulfill your promise," he finally said. It was plain that he was doubtful of this alleged hypnotic power; and, indeed, he added, as Dr. Furnivall removed his spectacles and started

toward Mrs. Emmons: "I think you'll find your match there."

She would not have been a promising spectacle to one who fondly looks upon softness and lovability as the distinguishing characteristics of the sex. Small, wrinkled, pettish, with nerves of fire, and a will that lay cold in her glittering little beads of eyes, unbreakable, not to be bent, and merciless as fate, she resembled her husband so strongly that one would say they were brother and sister, rather than husband and wife. But Dr. Furnivall was interested only in her disease, the indications of which he saw in her eyes and around the homely, quivering mouth and pointed chin, as well as in the shape of her head. The strength of her will would be a help to him in his hypnotism, rather than an obstacle; and with Sergeant Nulty standing a little behind her on one side of her chair, scarcely able to refrain from dancing in jubilation over the coming fruition of his hopes; and Mr. Emmons on the other side, darkly attentive, the doctor looked her in the eye and talked with her easily a moment or two about the strange robbery. And when he saw the various inevitable changes pass over her keen, hard, nervous face, surprise at first, then excitement, running swiftly into earnestness and ending in fixed introspection, he asked:

"Mrs. Emmons, where is the diamond?"

"In Bruno's stomach!" she answered, at once, in a voice like that of a deaf person who cannot hear himself speak.

"And where is Bruno?"

"In the closet."

"What closet?"

Mr. Emmons darted up to her upon this, and probably for the first time in many years, if not the first in his adult life, a look of wonder crept into his usually steady eyes. "Closet!" he repeated as one stupefied, "Closet!"

She gave him no attention, did not even see him. Her eyes were on Dr. Furnivall's, and she answered:

"The closet where I keep my things—the things I take."

"Where is it?"

"In the corner of this room, down low, in the wainscot, by the large table."

Emmons and the sergeant stared in amaze. The corner was as bare as a wall could be. There was not the slightest indication of any closet there. But Emmons, after a moment's thought, seemed satisfied and bestowed his attention again on the examination.

"It is plain now," said Dr. Furnivall to him, still holding Mrs. Emmons' eyes with his own, "how the monkey was made to disappear so suddenly, and unless you wish to hear more we will find the closet at once——"

"Let her tell the whole story," he interrupted grimly.

Dr. Furnivall therefore went on:

"Mrs. Emmons, how did it happen that the monkey should seize the diamond?"

"Why, you see, I suppose it was this way: There is a kind of bon-bon that he is very

fond of, and I always hold it up for him to leap for. It is astonishing how far he can jump and how swiftly, when he sees one of them in my fingers, or indeed anywhere. They are round, and sparkling like rock candy, and I suppose he thought the diamond was one of them. So he snatched it and swallowed it. But it hurt him and he has been sick over it."

"You had no idea of his doing such a thing until your husband told you it was done?"

"No, indeed, of course not!"

Emmons' face softened the merest shade at this. He had evidently believed that in some way the theft had been premeditated.

"And when you found that he had swallowed the diamond you resolved to hide him?"

"Yes, I did not propose to have my pet cut open, or even given an emetic."

"Was that the only reason?"

"No, I wanted the diamond. Diamonds are so pretty! I always take them wherever I see them, if I can do so unobserved. I have a lot of them in the closet."

"And you made up the story of the strange woman in order to send suspicion astray?"

"Yes!"

"I think," said Dr. Furnivall to Mr. Emmons, that that is all we want to know, isn't it? It was the description of the alleged thief's appearance that put me immediately on the track. Such a description could emanate only from a mind disordered in some way, and, considering all the circumstances, I at once suspected kleptomania."

But Mr. Emmons was already pounding the wainscot in search of the closet. When finally it was laid open it was found to be a small cavity behind the sheathing used to round the corners of the circular room, the door of which was perfectly hidden, and fitted in tightly without lock or spring. The floor was littered with many valuables, stolen by the kleptomaniac, among them a good handful of diamonds of various shapes and degrees of beauty.

Stretched in the midst of the glittering array the poor monkey lay dead, suffocated.

The diamond was recovered, and Sergeant Nulty received the reward from Dr. Furnivall, to whom alone Emmons would pay it.

**The Lodging House
Mystery**



THE LODGING HOUSE MYSTERY

Mrs. Foster glanced out of her kitchen window as she went to the sink for water. Up were thrown her hands, down crashed the tea kettle on the floor, with a screech of terror she rushed from the room, and, gathering her skirts above her knees, flew up the stairs—three flights of them—with the agility of an acrobat and banged with her fists on the door of the “second floor back.”

“Murder!” she screamed. “Murder!—in the next house—look—look out the winder—”

A thump of bare feet on the floor within sounded and was followed by a startled voice:

“I see her—I see her!” And the next moment the door opened hastily and a young man, clad only in undershirt and trousers, shot out and down the stairs.

“Here—gracious! You ain’t going out without your clothes?” she gasped after him.

But the young man never heard her. His mind was absorbed by the terrible spectacle he had seen. He dashed down the front steps, along the sidewalk, and into the police station just around the corner.

“Murder!” he gasped. “Thirty-eight Boise street—in the yard—hurry—he’s doing it now _____”

There were but two officers in the room and they looked at each other. The man at the

desk nodded quickly to the other, who, coatless and hatless, cried, "Come on!" to the young man, and together they raced up the street. It was raining torrents, and therefore, though it was 11 o'clock in the forenoon, few people were abroad to wonder at the singular sight of a policeman in his shirt sleeves and a man in shirt and trousers running neck and neck at the top of their speed, the officer clutching a revolver, the man's suspenders flying, his bare feet bleeding from their rough scuffling over the bricks. But some saw, and as to see was to follow, when the runners arrived at the house six or seven men and boys were close on their heels, despite the soaking downpour.

"This the place?" the officer panted.

"Yes, in the back entry."

"The gate is locked—I'll ring."

The officer ran up the front steps and sent peal after peal tumbling through the house. But there came no answer, so he climbed over the high gate, unlocked it, letting the young man in, and with him sped toward the back door, which stood wide open.

"She was right here when I saw her," said the young man as they reached the step landing. "She was covered with blood and screaming. She staggered, seeming to try to get out into the yard, but a man's hand pulled her back—I could see his coatsleeve—there!" He pointed to a gruesome daub on the door. It was the print in blood of a human hand.

The officer, his revolver ready, rushed into the entry. There was a pool of blood on the floor, and the walls were spattered, but nobody was in sight. He entered the kitchen. A pot of potatoes was boiling on the range, the fire was blazing merrily in the red-hot stove. Preparations for dinner had evidently been interrupted suddenly in their very midst. Vegetables strewed the floor, chairs and table were overturned, dishes lay broken and scattered about. A rack of freshly ironed towels were blood daubed. The dark trail led from the kitchen through the hall, where, at the foot of the stairs leading to the upper floor the carpet was saturated.

"There's nobody down here," said the policeman rapidly, "that's certain. She must be up there."

"How is it there's no blood on the stairs?" wondered the other. "The stains stop right here."

"I dunno—come on!" cried the officer, and he ran up, two steps at a leap.

Across the threshold of the front room lay the body of a woman.

She was breathing faintly, and they carried her to the bed.

"They'll send help and a doctor from the station right away," said the policeman. "We'll leave her here and hunt for the man."

The house seemed to be deserted. It was a lodging-house, the young man explained, occupied by men alone, and they were all away at work. What puzzled him was that

the woman victim was not the one who ran the house, whom he knew. This woman was a stranger to him. Somebody plainly had been getting dinner ready in the kitchen, yet Mrs. Doane, the mistress, the only woman belonging on the premises, was missing, and here was this unknown female being murdered! From kitchen to garret there was not to be found another living person. What was the meaning of it?

Soon the officers from headquarters arrived and began their investigations. The woman was found to be in a critical condition, with numerous knife cuts on her face, head, hands, and arms, and a stab wound near the heart that promised to prove fatal. Delirious, moaning inarticulate phrases, the only words of which they could understand being "Oh" and "Don't", repeated over and over again, she was good looking, buxom, of 35, with black eyes and hair, dressed in a morning wrapper, and, to judge by her face, of mild and amiable disposition, though not of cultivated intellect. The room across the threshold of which they had found her lying was in some disorder, though there were no blood stains in it, except near the door where she had fallen in the endeavor, apparently, to reach the bed and lie down. Two chairs were upset, the lambrequin hung half torn from the mantel, a drawer of the dresser was open, and a lot of small articles of feminine wear, its former contents probably, littered the carpet. Otherwise the apartment was in the normal con-

dition of a room in a third rate lodging-house, grimy, with cheap furniture, sleazy window curtains gray with use, and a worn wool carpet.

"What I can't understand is who is she?" said the young man, whose name was Miles, to Detective Mullen. "She doesn't belong in the house, and the woman that does belong here is missing?"

The detective looked at him quickly.

"How do you know?"

"Why, it's Mrs. Doane—she runs the place—I know her well by sight. She's sixty years old, with gray hair, and slim and tall. And I know all the people that room here, and there isn't a woman among 'em. I never saw this one before in my life. She doesn't live here. Where could she come from?"

"Man, she was getting dinner in the kitchen!" said the detective. "Of course she belongs here!"

"Well, if she does, it's funny I've never seen her before. I'm a printer by trade, working nights, and so I sleep days—right up here," pointing. "That's my window, in the next house. I sit there every forenoon for several hours before going to bed, and I can see everything that goes on down here in the yard, and mostly in the kitchen, too. Mrs. Doane is in and out a dozen times a morning, but I never clapped eyes on any other woman around here."

"If she was merely a lodger, occupying a front room, you wouldn't be likely to, would

you? What would she be doing down in the back yard? You're way off, man!"

"If you knew anything about women in lodging-houses you wouldn't say that," retorted Miles. "They are always bothering around in the kitchen, ironing and working little messes of candy, or steeping tea or gossiping. Why, they are a nuisance in a house for that very reason. In fact, that is why Mrs. Doane won't have 'em room with her. All her lodgers are men, same as lots of other places round here. And that's what gets me about this woman! Who is she? Where did she come from? And where is Mrs. Doane, the owner?"

"Hadn't you better go home and put on your clothes?" said the detective somewhat sharply. He felt competent to handle the case—at any rate he did not relish instruction coming from this inferior looking person in trousers and undershirt.

"Well, perhaps I had," returned Miles, who in the excitement had forgotten how nearly naked he was. "But, anyway," he added as he started for the door, "you'd better see Mrs. Foster, in the next house. She knows all about things here, and perhaps can tell you something. Besides, she saw the murder going on before I did. Maybe she saw the man that did it."

"I'll go in there in a moment," the detective replied; and as the young fellow departed he began a thorough investigation of the victim's room, presently pulling from beneath the

sofa a light colored overcoat stained and daubed with blood all up the front and over the arms.

"Aha! What's this?" he muttered. He searched the pockets and drew out a blood stained knife, such as butchers in provision stores use for light work, and a small leather change purse containing a few cents and a key. On trial the key was found to fit the lock on the front door of the house. The coat was in fairly good condition, of ordinary ready made structure and material, but there was no mark on it, either of maker or owner, by which it might be identified.

"It is plain now how she got up the stairs without leaving any blood on them," he said to his partner detective, Price. "He carried her in his arms and got the whole of it on his coat."

"Then how is it that there's blood up here in the bathroom and farther down the hall?" answered Price. "What do you calculate happened, anyway?"

"Why," returned Mullen, "I can't say yet. Guess we better see that woman in the next house before going on. She saw the thing first, the printer says, and knows the people here."

So Mullen, leaving his partner at the scene of the tragedy, went in and questioned Mrs. Foster.

"No, I don't know the woman," that lady responded. She was lying on a sofa in her parlor, having been nearly prostrated by what she had seen of the crime. "Mrs. Doane runs

the house, and her husband works on water wheels—goes all around the country. She has no women lodgers, nor I don't either. Men is the least trouble. I'd ruther——”

“When did you first see this woman?”

“I was looking out the winder into their back yard, standing at the sink. The sash was down a little at the top, and I heard somebody scream, I thought, but couldn't be sure, it was raining so, and making such a noise, the water running down the spout and over the bricks to the sewer. The voice sounded kind of faint, too. But I looked again, and just then I saw her come out the door—it was wide open—and stagger against the railing, and she screamed again. It wasn't a scream that said anything. She didn't say any words that I could hear, but just gave a terrible frightened screech. Her face was all bloody. I was scared into convulsion fits. I didn't have anybody in the house but Mr. Miles, that sleeps here days, and his winder is on the back, over their yard, so I run up and knocked on his door and told him to look out into the next yard, for there was murder going on. He was just going to bed, and he jumped up and saw her down there, and he says a man was pulling her back into the entry—he didn't see him himself, only his hand and his arm. But I didn't see any more than I've told you. Mr. Miles run out, and I thought he was going into the place to save the woman, but he didn't. He skipped for the police station and got a policeman. I didn't know that till after-

ward. I just come and laid down here sick. It was a terrible sight, and I couldn't stand it to look out again."

"Have you any notion where Mrs. Doane can be?"

"No, I ain't. I ain't seen her since yesterday forenoon. She was around then, all right, same as ever."

"And you never saw this other—this victim—before?"

"Never! Who she is beats me. Mrs. Doane won't have a woman in the house—not to live, I mean. Of course she has folks, women folks, and they come to visit her sometimes, but this ain't none of 'em. I've seen 'em all, and know 'em all, and they are all different looking from this stranger."

"Do you know the address of any of her relatives?"

"Yes, two or three of 'em." She gave them to him and he set them down in his book. Then he returned to his partner.

"I've figured it out about this way," he said to him. "Whoever the man and woman are, they don't belong here, and they made way with Mrs. Doane, and then disagreed over the loot. There's no money in the house, that's sure. We've looked everywhere but in the cellar. Nobody has been down there yet, and I guess we'll find the landlady there, when we've knocked off that almighty big lock on the door. Did you notice it? It's the old fashioned kind, on the outside the door, made to stand pounding with sledge hammers. We

can't find the key to it, and that's why we—but don't hurry! Hold on a minute——”

“If she's locked up in the cellar the best thing we can do is to let her out, ain't it? Then she can tell us all about it.”

“Not about the cutting, because it was done after she was tied up and chucked down cellar——”

“How do you explain it that this woman was wearing a wrapper, if she doesn't belong here?”

“Well, that's so!” He was puzzled over this. But not for long. “We can let that go,” he said. “Later is time enough for that.”

“I am going to get into that cellar” interrupted Price, and hurried to the door.

This was not as difficult a task as he had expected, for in fact he found that it was not locked at all. The knob turned hard, the works being rusty, no more than that; and in a moment he was calling down the stairs:

“Mrs. Doane! Are you down there, Mrs. Doane? Is anybody down there?”

It was pitch dark below, and receiving no answer he lighted a lamp which he found on the kitchen mantel and descended into the black depths. There were several partitions—for laundry, furnace room, coal bins, and ash boxes, and he searched all the compartments, but in vain. Nobody was there.

“That knocks out your theory,” he grumbled to his partner.

"Not by a jugful!—not the theory, only that part of it. They've put her somewhere else. That's all. But you can bet it's as I say. Now, look at it this way: A man and woman come here on some trumped-up business, say looking for a room. They know Mrs. Doane is alone and that she has money—the rent money anyway, if no more, for this is the last day of the month——"

"People pay from the date they moved in, not always on the first——"

"Never mind. You listen! Say that as soon as they get in the man grabs Mrs. Doane and gives her chloroform. Then the two goes through the house—it's cleaned out, there's no valuables in it, anyway, you can see that——"

"How many valuables would you expect to find in a house of this sort?"

"We are only on a theory. Of course, we can't get everything right all at once. You ought to know that. This is the only way I can explain the crime. Well, they loot the place. Mrs. Doane has dinner under way, and they, knowing the custom of the house, are sure nobody will interrupt them, so they decide to eat here. The woman hunts up one of Mrs. Doane's wrappers to work around the kitchen in, and somehow they fall out with each other, probably over the loot, and ——"

At this instant the bell tinkled feebly. Both detectives started for the door. There stood a youth with a scared look on his face, who said:

"I've just heard what has happened here, and I thought I'd tell what I know."

"Come in!" they exclaimed together, and he entered, hat in hand, glancing fearfully around.

"Now, then, what do you know about it?" asked Mullen, eyeing him so sharply that he was almost too much frightened to speak. He glanced back at the door as if he repented and wished he had stayed away. However, he finally mustered up courage to say:

"I room across the street. I saw Frank Leavitt, who boards here, come home about half past 10, and go out again soon after. I didn't think anything of it at the time, of course, though he never comes here till 6 o'clock—that is, I didn't think much of it. But I thought a little, because when he came in he was wearing his overcoat and when he went out he had left it behind, though it was raining hard and it seemed as if he would need it more than ever. But he had an umbrella _____"

"The coat!" exclaimed Price, glancing at Mullen. The latter, who had found the coat under the sofa in the room where the victim lay, frowned silence to his partner and motioned the boy to go on.

"I don't think anybody else can have come into the house this forenoon, that's all. I sit at the window studying my lessons, and can see everybody that goes into any of the houses along on this side for quite a distance. I can even hear the door shut here."

"Who is this Frank Leavitt?" asked Mullen.

"He's a motorman on the elevated."

"Wasn't there a woman with him?"

"No, he was alone."

"How long did he stay in the house?"

"Only a few minutes—not more than ten or so, I should say."

"Have you ever seen a woman around here—except Mrs. Doane?"

"No, sir, never."

"I guess we need Leavitt," said Mullen. "Give me your address, young feller, and I'll set it down. We shall want you again."

Not many minutes were required to find the young motorman. They took him from his car as he drove it into the barn.

"Murder!" he cried, growing pale. "I know nothing of it—what do you mean—who's murdered?"

"That's what we want to find out," answered Mullen. "It is a woman at 38 Boise street."

"What! Why, that's where I room! Is it Mrs. Doane?"

"No, somebody else—it was done at about 11 o'clock this morning."

"Good God! Why I must have been in the house myself at that time, or near it."

He was warned, according to law, that what he should say might be used against him. He paid no attention to the warning, but went on excitedly, as they rode toward the station, giving an account of his forenoon. He said that he left his car at 10 o'clock on

his regular lay-off of two hours, and as he was going to the theater with his girl that evening, he went home to change his clothes and leave his overcoat, which was not good enough to wear to the theater. He put on his best suit because he was to go from his car directly to the playhouse, and he had a rubber coat at the barn which he could wear over it during his trips, the day being rainy. He saw not a soul in the house while there, heard no noise, not even any sounds of work down in the kitchen. He thought nothing of that. The place was practically empty during the day always. He knew of no other woman lodger—was sure there was none, there never had been, and he could tell the names of all the people in the house and what rooms they occupied. The first floor front, where the strange woman lay, was Mrs. Doane's. And all the rooms were let. There were no vacant ones. He had no notion who the newcomer could be.

That was the story he told. He was perfectly straightforward and lucid in his speech, and grew calm after his first excitement, seeming to feel more wonder that he should be concerned in such a case than fear for himself.

In the meantime the victim of the assault had recovered sufficiently to be removed to the hospital. Though she was able to speak, she refused to give any account of herself—would not tell how she happened to be in the house, where she lived, who had stabbed her, or who she was, saying that she only

wished to be left alone to die in peace. When, later, they informed her that her assailant had been captured and was now in a cell awaiting the outcome of her injuries, she showed some interest.

"Don't hurt him," she said. "He didn't know what he was doing."

When informed that he would be convicted of murder if she died, and be compelled to suffer death himself, she appeared greatly disturbed, and said:

"But I don't want that—I won't testify against him. They can't hurt him then, can they?" They replied that they certainly could and would. Therefore, if there were any extenuating circumstances she would better mention them. She asked then how they knew it was he and how they captured him. So the story was begun; but before ten words of it had been spoken she gasped, cried out something unintelligible, and fainted. When she regained consciousness she refused to say another word about the case. All their efforts to gain some information from her were futile, and finally they were obliged to leave her in the peace she desired.

* * * *

The young lady stepped forward timidly as Dr. Furnivall rose to receive her.

"Are you Dr. Furnivall, sir, the great hypnotist?" she asked, with a stare in her light gray eyes partaking of both fright and appeal.

"I am Dr. Furnivall," he answered. "Will you be seated, Miss——"

"My name is Johnson, Esther Johnson, sir," she said, sitting on the edge of a chair, "and I came to ask you if—if—" She paused, blushing, and drew forth a small roll of bills. "I have only seven dollars, sir," she continued, holding it tentatively toward him, while the appeal in her eyes grew, "but if that isn't enough I can pay you more later—"

There she stopped and could get no further. The tears began to roll down her cheeks. She was a pretty, earnest looking girl of eighteen or nineteen, plainly American born, of Scandinavian parentage, slight of form, and was dressed in good taste, very inexpensively. She plainly had the faculty of making a little money go a great way. Dr. Furnivall regarded her approvingly through his colored spectacles.

"Whether or not seven dollars are enough will depend on what you wish in return for them," he smiled.

She brightened up at once, encouraged by his friendly manner.

"I have heard so much about your—your—making people speak the truth," she said, forgetting herself now in her errand and becoming natural and earnest. "I am in great trouble through a woman that will not tell what is right. My friend—he is a young man—we shall marry some time—and he is in jail because they say he stabbed a woman. And she says he did, too, but he did not, and he never saw the woman before they took him to the hospital where she is sick. And she said, 'This is the man!' And she will not change

that saying. So I came to ask you, sir, to make her change it and tell the truth. Then they will let him out of jail. But I have not much money. My father and mother laughed when I told what I was going to do. 'Child,' they said, 'the great doctor will want more money for doing that thing than you will ever have in all your life.' But I said, 'Not so, because it is right to make her tell the truth, and it is a good action. He will not charge too much for doing it.'"

She laid the little roll of bills on the table and smiled at him in perfect confidence.

"Is your friend's name Frank Leavitt?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, yes, doctor," she cried, eagerly. "Do you know him? If you do you are sure he could not do such a thing as that. He would not hurt anybody. Oh no! He is good and kind and very handsome!"

She uttered the last adjective as if it were conclusive proof of his innocence.

"I don't know him, no," answered the doctor gravely. "But I have read about the case in the papers. So they took him to the hospital and she identified him? Did she say what he did it for, and how he did it?"

"She said only, 'That is the man!' Not another word would she speak. And they took him back to the jail, and he will have to die unless you, sir, will make her take those words back and say what is true."

"Have they found out who the woman is?"

"No, sir. She will say nothing, and they can't find out. They do not know how she came there in the house. And Mrs. Doane is not found—nobody knows where she is. It is very strange. I do not understand any of it, only he did not do it; it is foolish to think so. How could he, when we are going to get married sometime? It is impossible, and I would laugh at it if I did not feel so frightened of the jail where he is."

The eyes grew moist again and resumed their appeal. The doctor handed her back the money.

"I don't accept pay in this way," he said. "But," he hastened to add, seeing her look of alarm, "I'll call on the woman, and if I can do you any good I will let you know how to make it right with me. And I'll go immediately. Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh, I thank you so much, doctor!" she cried, flushing with happiness. "Now I will go home and laugh at my mother and father, who said you would not do it. And how can I know at once what she says——"

"Do not think any more about it until morning," he advised her. He knew that the matter would be settled one way or the other in a few minutes, providing the mysterious woman was awake and able to talk, but he was far from sure how it would turn out, and did not wish to raise a hope in her breast that might prove futile.

A quarter of an hour later, in company with one of the hospital doctors, a policeman,

and a justice of the peace, he was standing at the bedside of the victim of the assault. Looking at her at first through his spectacles, he asked:

"Madam, will you tell me your name?"

She shook her head wearily.

"I only wish to be left alone," she answered.

"But other people—they have rights, haven't they? When one is in trouble wouldn't you even speak a word in order to relieve him? Think of that young man and his sweetheart! Do you still assert that he is the person who attacked you?"

"Yes." She said it coldly, and with a flash of her black eyes despite her weakness.

"I don't understand why you were so tender of him when they told you he had been caught, and yet now show so much animosity towards him."

She gazed obdurately up at him and said nothing. He then removed his spectacles and looked her in the eye.

"Tell me now," he said, "who assaulted you?"

Her eyes remained a moment in repose. Suddenly they sprang to life, dilating as with surprise, then perplexity shone there briefly, passing into earnestness and finally into concentrated introspection; and she answered in a wooden voice:

"John Merrill!"

"Who is John Merrill?"

"The man I love!"

"Yes, but what does he do?"

"He is a hypnotist."

"Where is he to be found?"

"I don't know. I suppose he has run away."

"What is your name?"

"Ella Frost."

"Where do you live?"

"In Middleton."

"How happened you to be at Mrs. Doane's?"

"I came to tell her that her husband had met with an accident. He was at her sister's in Middleton and wanted her to go there at once. It was late at night, just in time for the 10:45 train, and she asked me to stay in the house for a day or two and take care of the rooms. I said I would, and she left me in charge, for she knew me."

"Now tell us how he came to assault you."

"Mrs. Doane let him sleep on the folding-bed in the parlor that night. Along in the forenoon I had a terrible headache, and I went up to my room and lay down on the bed, and John gave me a hypnotic treatment for it. He had often done this. It never did me any good, but it pleased him to think he could control me and put me asleep, so I always played that I was sleeping, and that his treatment cured me. But I never was affected in the least. When he believed I was under control he walked over to the bureau and began to open the drawers. I had taken all my money, about \$1,200, out of the bank in Middleton to bring to the city, and he knew I had it. I opened my eyes and watched him. I knew

he was searching for it, still I couldn't believe it. Just as he found it he turned and saw me looking at him, and his face grew so terrible that I was scared and ran from the room. He chased me, and when we got into the kitchen he grabbed me, and pulled me toward the table where the butcher knife was, and caught it up and tried to stab me, but I dodged and fought, getting cut all over my face and hands. I tried to get out-doors, but he pulled me back, and I ran again through the hall, but fell at the foot of the stairs. There was an overcoat hanging on the halltree and he put it on, and then took me bodily in his arms up to the bathroom, and left me there. I suppose he thought he had finished me, but I came to and started for my room. That is all about it. Only, I don't see why he did it. I would have given him the money willingly if I had known he wanted it. Now he has done such a terrible thing I want to die. I don't care what becomes of me."

"You thought to shield him by accusing the other man?"

"Yes. I fainted with joy when I found they had got the wrong man."

Dr. Furnivall turned to the policeman.

"Go get a warrant for John Merrill, hypnotist. He will be exhibiting this evening in Allie's hall, where he causes a woman to hang suspended on nothing in the air. That is the kind he is!"

It was Frank Leavitt himself who, a little later, was the bearer of the joyous news

of his release and exoneration to his sweetheart.

The hypnotist was arrested that evening, and the money was found on his person. He was given fifteen years. The woman recovered, and to this day carries flowers and dainties to the man who tried to murder her.

The Spirit Club



THE SPIRIT CLUB

Through his colored spectacles Dr. Furnivall regarded the excited man before him calmly.

"Dr. Gerrish has already consulted me about your wife's remarkable case," he said, "so I know the salient points of it. But, of course, before seeing her I should be glad to learn its history from you, as you suggest. But be brief, for——"

His companion put up his hand suddenly. A series of screams, laden with the mortal terror of a human being, burst upon them from somewhere above, seeming to fill to its farthest reaches the lofty and splendid hall in which the two were standing. There was but one light visible among the shadows, which, as it gleamed softly here and there on a marble statue, scintillated evilly on some gilded picture frame, or sullenly burned on a polished bit of ancient armor, served scarcely more than to exaggerate the somber gloom of the place and amplify in the imagination its already huge dimensions. In such vague, mysterious surroundings the screams, startling enough in themselves, were awesome, and with a cold shudder Mr. Harish hastily drew the doctor into one of the reception-rooms and switched on the lights.

"She has been that way at intervals for months," he whispered excitedly. He was

a fresh looking man of fifty, of light complexion and regular features, in whose face the dominant expressions were those of the acumen and reserved force which we associate with the highly successful captain of industry. The gray eyes held the possibility of a merciless glitter in their uncompromising depths, the narrow brow seemed always just about to gather in a frown, the lips beneath the thin, bristly brown mustache were firm to rigidity, and the chin, square and solid, was relieved from an appearance of downright brutality only by a vertical cleft in the middle, resembling an overgrown dimple. Some slight suggestions of softness lay in that, and, of all his features, in that alone. But at this moment it was evident, despite his normal atmosphere of impassivity, that he maintained a fair degree of composure only by great effort of will, and as he spoke he sank heavily into a chair as if in urgent need of its support for his trembling body.

"It won't take two minutes to tell you what I wish to," he continued, in a low, hurried voice, "and it seems necessary to your understanding of the case. It is as a hypnotist only that you can be of service here. Medicine we have tried in vain. The trouble began one night last summer. She had been ailing for some time, and we couldn't find out what the matter was, except that it was of a nervous nature, when on this night she startled me out of a sound sleep by screaming suddenly. I thought at first that it must be an attack of

nightmare, and began to shake her; but she shrieked louder than ever. So I sprang up and turned on the lights. Then I saw that she was cowering down in bed, with staring eyes, screaming as you have just heard her doing and flinging her arms about over her head as I have seen boys fighting bees. When the light flashed up she threw me a terrified look and dived under the bedclothes, still fighting and shrieking. It was terrible, terrible! To be afraid of ME——”

“What explanation did she make—then or afterward? Any?”

“Only that she was frightened and felt a pain, as if a nail had been driven into her brain. When the doctor came he pronounced it a case of *clavus hystericus*—nothing so very serious, he said. But it has proved serious enough. Two or three nights out of every week since then she has had one of these spells. I have called in the most famous physicians. No use.” He shook his head despondently. “Though all of them say the same things about the disease and prescribe much the same treatment, she doesn’t improve. They do not reach the malady, whatever it is. It was Dr. Gerrish who told me of you and your hypnotic power, which he said was marvelous, and advised me to call you. He said he was convinced that at bottom the trouble was mental rather than physical, and that if a cure were possible you were the man to work it.”

“Does she talk with you freely about her case?”

"Ah, that is one of the incomprehensible mysteries!" he cried, rising excitedly and pacing a few steps rapidly back and forth. Then he stopped with his hand on the doctor's shoulder. "She won't talk about it with anybody," he whispered. "She altogether shuns the subject; will not listen to a word of it. It is the strangest thing in the world. The most that can be drawn from her is a 'no' or a 'yes' in answer to some insistent questions put by the doctor who happens to be in attendance. But me—she seems afraid of me! She shrinks whenever I approach her. I—I can't understand it. Why, Dr. Furnivall, I love her. She is all I care for on earth. She has always looked to me for everything. Our married life has been ideal, but now——"

He broke off suddenly. In order to hide an emotion of which he was apparently ashamed he presented his back to the doctor, and, motioning over his shoulder for him to follow, mounted the wide staircase to the floor above, without another word.

The doctor found the sickroom, a large and magnificently appointed chamber, blazing in the splendors of a cluster of electric lights which depended from the ceiling in the center. In answer to his questioning look Mr. Harish whispered:

"She insists on that. The least sign of darkness frightens her, even although she tries to keep her head under the bedclothes, as you see now. It is strange. She must have

either full sunshine or those lights. I don't dare to go in with you. I'll wait out here."

A trained nurse and a helper were in the room, whom the doctor, after a few words with them, motioned to leave him alone with the patient. Then, removing his glasses, he advanced to the sumptuous bed, in which he could see the outlines of a human form beneath the coverings, which rose and fell slightly with the spasmodic breathing of the sufferer. The screams had ceased, and the only sound to be heard was the melodious ticking of a small gold cased clock on the mantel.

"Mrs. Harish!" he said, touching the counterpane where it was drawn smoothly over the bowed head.

She sprang up with a low cry. He caught the gleam of a white, pretty face, with lines of weakness around the mouth, a pair of blue eyes, the normal expression of which must be extreme mildness, but which were now fixed on him in a glare of fright, and a tangle of blond hair. Then she turned frantically and sought to crawl farther down into the bed, but he put out his hand quickly, gently restraining her.

"They can't hurt you any more," he said.

"Who? What do you mean? What do you know about them?"

Her voice was quavering and high, and, flashing a swift, scared look at him, she tore at his supporting arm with her hands. "Let me alone! Oh, let me alone, or I shall die!" she gasped.

"I know all about them. I have met and overcome them more than once before this, and I can do as much for you now." He held her as gently as he might, but firmly, and began moving around so that he could gaze into her eyes. "I am here to help you," he continued, when he had accomplished this. "You are suffering persecution; a persecution, too, that is easily stopped. I will stop it for you. Look at me, Mrs. Harish! Do you know me?"

His gaze held her. The staring eyes grew less wild, a momentary wonder crept into them, then their natural mildness reasserted itself, and finally this mildness was replaced by a rapt fixity of introspection. With a sigh of relief she put her hand into his, saying:

"You are a physician, I suppose. No, I don't know you. But I feel better. Thank you."

He withdrew his arm, and, still holding her eyes steadily, arranged the pillows so that she could recline comfortably, facing him as he sat at the bedside.

"Now, Mrs. Harish," he said, "carry your mind back to the night on which you were first seized with these attacks. Why did you scream?"

"The room was full of spirits who were beating me with clubs," she answered, without emotion.

"Are you what is called a spiritualist?"

"No; but my husband is, and he wishes me to believe, too; and these spirits, I have always thought, beat me for my obstinacy."

"Did anybody ever tell you that they would do so?"

"No; but I have heard of such things. Nobody knows anything about their coming to me. I have never dared tell even my husband. I had endured everything since Mr. Jellipherson died. For a long time I was horribly tormented, and at last, when he himself came to me in the dead of night at the head of a host of frightful shapes, all of them armed with clubs just like his, I could not stand it any longer. I think I lost my mind—"

"One moment. Who is Mr. Jellipherson? Begin at the beginning and tell me all about it."

"Mr. Jellipherson was my husband's friend—a spiritualist. He had an uncanny look and a harsh, rasping voice that made me shiver with fear whenever I heard it. I could not bear him, and used to hide from him when he came here, as he often did. He brought mediums, who got messages from the spirit world, and that frightened me. I could not endure to think of being surrounded by an army of invisible shapes who were watching me, influencing me, knowing all my most secret and sacred thoughts. I cannot tell you how the fancy of such things preyed on my mind. It was maddening even to hear them talked about. But I loved my husband, and, knowing that he believed, and most earnestly wished to continue doing so, I would not pain him by confiding my trouble to him. It might estrange us; and, besides, something—the spirits, I thought—prevented me from speaking

of them to anybody. So I hid my fright and pretended that I had no objections to the meetings; that I found them merely amusing.

"But Mr. Jellipherson saw my antipathy and resented it, not openly, but in various covert ways. Once he had a toy club made of some rare wood, inlaid with jewels, and gave it to Mr. Harish for a watch charm, telling him it should typify his spiritual attitude. It was no use, he said, looking at me, to try to talk sense to unbelievers. People were so stupid that the only efficient argument was a good club. With that, he said, one could silence opposition by knocking brains out, even if one could not convince by knocking brains in. Though this was said jestingly, it seemed very wicked to me. I knew he half meant it. My own creed was love. I said nothing, but it made me wretched, for I saw that my husband agreed with his friend in his aggressiveness rather than with me. It was as if a something of evil growth had been planted between us by Mr. Jellipherson, and I dreaded him more than ever. Then one evening, during a discussion, Mr. Jellipherson, who was nearly seventy, solemnly promised that if he should die before my husband, which he was likely to do, he would prove indubitably to him and the world that a dead man's spirit can return to earth. In what manner he should do it he could not tell, but it should be in a way that must destroy all doubt forever. And that promise was the real beginning of my trouble. I saw that he really believed, and somehow it

made me believe, too. From that day I began to fancy shapes in the air, hear ghostly whispers, and feel the presence of evil spirits crowding me in my room, not only at night, but sometimes in the daytime as well. My health suffered, and soon we went abroad for change of climate. Scarcely had we arrived in Paris when we received a letter from home informing us of Mr. Jellipherson's death, and, more than that, that his last words had been a message to Mr. Harish telling him he would surely keep his promise. Then, to cap the climax of horrors, the toy club disappeared from my husband's watch chain!

"What I began to suffer then no words can describe. It was the spirit of the dead man that had removed the club, that was certain; we agreed on that, and all that had gone before was as nothing. But I still managed to conceal my fright from Mr. Harish. For two weeks we remained in the hotel, never ceasing to search for the lost club, expecting all the time we knew not what, when one day my husband in great excitement burst in upon me with an open letter in one hand and the little club in the other. The letter was dated and postmarked 'New York.' It was this—every queer word of it is burned into my brain:

"'My Dear Harish: It was me that got your club with my spirit hand, and it's me sending it back to you to prove what I promised. Now do you believe and know? Because you got to, and can't help it. Go to the medium that sends you this, for you ain't strong enough

to meet me in the spirit world yet, but he is, and I will tell you many strange and glorious things through this great medium. Don't mind this grammar. There ain't none here; we have greater things to think of.' The note was signed, 'Yours in the spirit world, Jellipherson.' Below was the medium's address, with an explanation by him of the conditions under which the message was received, and an urgent invitation to Mr. Harish to call upon him.

"There was but one possible meaning to all this now. Mr. Jellipherson had kept his word! It was proved beyond all doubt. Nobody but we three had ever known of the promise, of the gift of the club, or of its strange loss. And it was returned to us from America only two weeks after having disappeared in Paris! Perhaps that man even at that moment was watching me, close at hand in the air, hovering, malevolent, on the point of revealing himself to me in some unearthly shape! How I controlled myself is a constant surprise to me, but I did so; and, seeing that Mr. Harish was in a fever of desire to consult the medium, I proposed that we return to New York in order that he might have his wish. I felt better at home, I told him, than anywhere else; and I knew I should feel safer. So we came back. Mr. Harish hastened at once to the medium, and was more than satisfied. He told him many things which nobody in the world or out of it knew, except Mr. Jellipherson. Still, I made no sign of the torments I experienced. I managed to refrain

from shrieking out as my husband gave me these positive proofs, but from then on I grew worse and worse. The slightest noise sent me nearly into hysterics. I saw plainer than ever horrible shapes in the air. They came to me and gibbered, making threatening gestures, leering at me, and touching me with their shadowy fingers; and finally, when one night Mr. Jellipherson himself appeared, as I had always known he would do, at the head of a legion of others like him, all of them with great clubs after the pattern of the toy one, and began to beat me, I knew I must give up. I could suffer no longer in silence. Something in my brain snapped, a sharp pain pierced my head, and at the top of my voice I screamed and hid beneath the bedclothes. But they followed me even there, and continued to beat me. They follow me always now at night, so that in the morning I am literally covered with black and blue spots from their clubs. See! My body is like that all over."

She bared her arms to the shoulder, holding them up pitifully for his inspection. They were beautiful arms, rounded, white, perfect. He was not obliged to remove his eyes from her own in order to see that, of the bruises mentioned, there was no trace throughout their lovely length!

"And you never told your husband a word of all this?" he asked, evenly.

"No. I could not. The subject distracts me. I have tried to speak, but the spirits prevent me. All I have been able to do is to

try to call his attention to the bruises by showing him my arms; but he does not even see them. I don't understand it. It makes me afraid of him. It is as if he were against me, on their side, not on mine, and refused to accept any evidence of their hostility to me—would resent my accusing them of this thing."

He arose and rearranged the pillows. "That is enough, Mrs. Harish," he said. "Lie comfortably down again and free your mind of all uneasiness. You shall never be troubled in this way any more. The persecution shall be stopped at once. I am going to bring you a visitor, and, when he comes in you must not cover your head, but, on the contrary, you must listen to every word that passes between him and me. Will you do this?"

"But you are not going to leave me alone? Doctor, I can't——"

He was not holding her eyes now, and she started up in fright.

"No," he reassured her; "you shall have all the company you want, and all the light. Feel no fear whatever. I know just what to do in this matter, and from this moment you are safe."

He called in the nurses, and, after giving them his instructions, sought Mr. Harish, who was in the hall. At sight of the doctor he ran forward eagerly.

"I heard her voice," he whispered. "It is wonderful that you could get her to speak. What did she say? Can you do anything for her?"

Without a word Dr. Furnivall led the way down stairs to the reception-room. Here he resumed his colored spectacles, motioning his companion to sit facing him.

"Mr. Harish," he said, "I can certainly restore your wife to sanity and health, but only on condition that you aid me, at no matter what cost to your sentiments or hopes or even beliefs."

"I—I don't understand," he faltered anxiously. "Certainly," he continued, "I would do anything in the world for my wife, and as for beliefs, how can one change them? Proof is necessarily convincing, and——"

"It is proof that I am going to give you," the doctor interrupted. "I am merely providing against any shock you may receive in that proof. I might proceed without letting you know what I propose, but as your aid is necessary, I will not ask it of you without warning you of the results in advance. Mrs. Harish is suffering from a not extremely rare kind of delusion regarding the spirits of the dead, and in order to restore her to sanity and health, and make the cure permanent I shall be obliged to convince not only her, but you, of a certain truth which will startle you. It is for this that I wish to prepare you."

"I don't think anything would shock me that will cure my wife," said Mr. Harish, with a touch of resentment in his tones. "And my mind is certainly open to conviction as much as any man's. Proof is all I want, of anything. If it is spiritualism you are hitting

at," he went on, rising in sudden excitement, "if you can bring stronger proofs against it than I have for it I'll drop it at once, I promise you. But you can't do it. I know! I know by proofs so perfect that even you, if you only dreamed of them, would be as strong in the faith as I am."

Dr. Furnivall proceeded imperturbably:

"In every walk of life, in every art, profession, science, trade, religion, or society there are some persons who are wise in their way, and some foolish; some honest and sincere, others dishonest and insincere. In most cases it naturally happens that, by outsiders, the class is judged by the lower ranks, by the fools or impostors, rather than by the true disciples, for it is they with whom the outsiders come most in contact, and hear most about. And it is the foolish or the evil, not the wise and good, that the uncultivated delight in spreading, because of their superior qualities of excitement. In spiritualism as in everything these ranks exist of course. But it is not in spiritualism that I am interested now, whether it be true or false, good or bad, or indifferent. What I am intent upon is to cure Mrs. Harish, and as you are sure to be staggered by the very medicine that will effect that cure, I think it right to prepare you for it, rather than to lead you unconsciously on to it."

Mr. Harish seized his hand.

"Forgive me, doctor," he said contritely. "I am scarcely myself. I don't know how it

is, but that subject always irritates me out of my normal state. The thing seems so plain and indisputable to me, and its opponents are so obtuse and unconvincible! I thought you were an enemy at first, but I see you are not. Come, tell me what to do. I'll follow your directions to the letter. Shock out of me whatever you will, only save her!"

"That is more like it. Now we can start understandingly. It is all very simple and easily arranged. In the first place it is necessary for me to convince you not only of my ability to hypnotize a man, but also that in doing so I use no influence upon him except to draw from him the truth of the matters about which I question him. I put no thoughts, and can put no thoughts, into his mind, but can and do compel him to speak the true thought which is already in his mind. Do you follow me?"

"That is not the usual notion of what hypnotism is," said Mr. Harish interestedly.

"No, it is not," returned Dr. Furnivall dryly. "It is my notion, and since it is with my notion that we have to do just now, that is the one we will consider. I will tell you the secret of it in two words, as the French say. It is important that you should understand it. It is simply this: A man of good intelligence who will, instead of pursuing mere ends, mere results, as is the usual way of men; who will bend all his efforts upon abstract truth regardless of private gain; who is unbiased by expediency, driven neither by debt nor

credit, nor friends, nor foes, nor ignominy nor fame, nor riches nor poverty, must set up in his body a flow of forces unknown to and undreamed of by the ordinary human being. This is at once believable to any good physician, for we all of us know that the thoughts of the mind influence the body more or less, and that the longer or the stronger a certain thought is held and dwelt upon the more pronounced are its effects on the body containing it, especially in the more mobile parts, as the face and eyes. Fear shows there at once, and so do anger and joy and pain and weakness and vigor, and so forth; and any thought persisted in for a sufficient length of time will result in a settled change of appearance there. The eyes, when normal, are the most sensitive, most mobile, most expressive register of the owner's thought that he possesses. It is there probably that every thought of our minds finds its surest and quickest expression. Consequently, to hold continually to the desire and thought of pure, unadulterated truth, never to be swayed from that stand by any possible consideration, is to evolve an eye altogether different from that of the ordinary man, who is continually sacrificing truth to expediency. In fact, as I have learned by research and experiment, an eye so formed becomes, for every human being who looks into it, a sort of physical-mental magnet, drawing from him, even though he tries with all his powers to resist, such truth as he has in him on the subject suggested to him at the

moment. He couldn't lie to save his life. That is the kind of hypnotism I possess. Does it seem plain to you? And is it reasonable?"

Mr. Harish, for the first time since the interview began, so far forgot his troubles, in his interest, as to smile.

"I think the theory is first rate," he said, "but can you declare that, in the midst of all your professional cares, from your early struggles onward, up to the famous position you have made for yourself, to say nothing of the necessity of expediency in your practice today, you have held to the pursuit of abstract truth as strongly as all that?"

"Does it seem so impossible?"

"To me, yes, I confess it does," Mr. Harish returned somewhat dryly. "I am certain that in my own case six months' adherence to abstract truth, as opposed to expediency, would ruin me outright. And I must believe it is the same with all of us. I am as upright as anybody, and I feel obliged to think that other people's methods, if they are successful, do not differ materially from my own. In fact, I know they do not."

"That is, you would rather see the eyes and experience their quality than to consider a mere theory about them?"

"Well, yes." Mr. Harish spoke with polite reluctance. "I do not question your theory," he added hastily. "It seems logical and reasonable. But to practice it! If it can be carried out; if any man can succeed as you have done amid all this hurly-burly and wild

scramble for dollars, still maintaining a constant desire for the abstract truth of every one of his transactions, refusing even to think of expediency as opposed to that truth, why, then I—I should indeed be glad to receive some proof of the fact that could not be disputed.”

“And nothing but that sort of proof would satisfy you?”

“I think not.”

He looked curiously into the thick colored spectacles, but could see only an outline of the eyes behind them.

“I wear these glasses,” said Dr. Furnivall, observing the scrutiny, “whenever I do not wish to pry into a man’s mind and force him to say what he would rather keep to himself. In fact, I wear them always on ordinary occasions, for without them I could not help hypnotizing everybody who should look into my eyes, even despite myself.”

As he spoke he removed the disfiguring disks, wiped them carefully, and slipped them into his pocket. Mr. Harish started nervously. But he immediately controlled himself, sitting with a half smile around his mouth.

“I am going to give you the indisputable proof you require,” said Dr. Furnivall, gazing him steadily in the eye. “Is there anything in your mind that you would tell nobody, something that wild horses could not draw from you?”

“I don’t know. Maybe there is.”

"Well, you are going to tell it to me. Not only that, but you will write it down, so that you may be absolutely convinced that you have told it. Will that satisfy you that I do not put anything into a man's mind, but simply draw out a truth already in it? It is necessary for you to comprehend this distinction."

He passed a pencil and a leaf torn from his notebook to Mr. Harish.

The gentleman took these smilingly, but the steely gleam that one always suspected to be lying asleep awaiting occasion in his gray eyes leaped to alert life, the chin grew granite like and squarer than ever, the body stiffened, the breath came hard. He was nerving himself for the trial.

"Go ahead," he said, grimly. "I don't know the game, nor what you're after, but—go ahead."

"The game is to cure your wife. And what I am after is to give you a sample of the medicine that will do it. For you are a man who will believe in nothing without material proofs, and, once having been given what you, in your finite, fallible mind, consider to be proofs, you are convinced beyond all doubt—until a stronger proof to the contrary is forced upon you. It would be of little use for me to raise Mrs. Harish to a condition of health and sanity without teaching you a certain kind of caution of the very existence of which you seem unaware, a caution respecting the acceptance of material proofs as conclusive

in all cases; for without this caution you would immediately begin sending her back again. To a man of your self-sufficiency, who has amassed \$100,000,000 in twenty years, the teaching will doubtless turn out to be somewhat drastic; but, if so, it is your lookout, not mine. It is on your own demand. Now, what is that thing in your mind that wild horses could not draw from you? Answer and write!"

Mr. Harish had summoned all his energies to resist. His face flushed and paled, his muscles grew tense, he set his jaw like a bulldog and clinched his hands, his teeth gritted like grindstones. In vain. It was the old, old struggle—brute force against science, selfishness against love, one against the combined strength of skilled humanity. The conclusion was foregone. His eyes, fixed upon Dr. Furnivall as if nailed by some invisible power, gradually took on a more settled appearance, passing from the steely to a nervous-laughing expression, to soberness, to earnestness, to peacefulness, and, finally, with the doctor's closing words, to deep introspection. Immediately he began to write, awkwardly, without seeing the paper, pronouncing each word slowly as he set it down, conscious only of certain truths in his own soul.

"I—perjured—myself—in—court—yesterday—on—the—Brand—case."

"Very good, to start with! How much did you save out of it—or make?"

"I—may—make—two—millions."

"Charming! That admission would be enough to convince most men; but what you ask is real proof, indisputable proof, something that nobody but yourself could possibly suspect. Of that perjury everybody suspects you. What is the first lie you ever told for money?"

"I—can't—think."

"Too long ago, eh? When you were very young? You began almost at once, probably. What was the first mean thing you did for money after you were twenty-one?"

"I—fraudulently—got—and — foreclosed — a—mortgage—on—Widow—Gage's — home — and — made — four—thousand—dollars—which — set—me—up—in—business."

"What is the latest thing of the kind you have done, aside from the perjury?"

"This — morning — I — closed — a — deal — that — will — practically — ruin — my — late — partner's — children."

"There are, besides, many other transactions of yours that you would not acknowledge to a living soul, aren't there?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me one more, and that will do."

"I — swore — off — three — million — in — taxes — in — the — city."

"That's enough," said Dr. Furnivall, putting on his spectacles. Mr. Harish sat immovable an instant, and then began to gaze around as if just waking from sleep. His eye caught sight of the doctor.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a jocularity somewhat forced, "I remember. I didn't doze. It was the hypnotism, wasn't it? Ha ha! How did it come out?"

Without a word, Dr. Furnivall pointed to the paper in his hand.

He examined its appearance curiously at first. Then he read the writing, read it again, then stared at it in unbelieving horror. A long minute he stood with bowed head, his face the hue of chalk. Slowly he tore the leaf into minute fragments, thrust them into his vest pocket, shivered, pulled himself together sharply, and, with the steely gleam in his eyes, looked at the doctor.

"What are you going to do about it?" he said. His voice was as if his mouth were full of sand.

"You are forgetting our business. Still, since you ask—is that Widow Gage yet living?"

"Yes."

"In poverty, of course?"

"Yes."

"No doubt some action in that matter and at once, recommends itself to you?"

"Yes."

"And the children of your late partner——"

"Yes."

"Very well. We will say no more about these things unless it should become necessary. They are for you to settle in your own way. My purpose at present is to restore Mrs. Harish. How long before you can have that medium here—the man you have been

consulting about Mr. Jellipherson? Can you telephone to him?"

Mr. Harish measured him darkly. His face was very red now, he gnawed his lip nervously, his mustache bristled, his fingers opened and shut, and he breathed heavily.

"I can get him here very shortly, if you wish it," he answered at last. "But is it necessary to bring him into the matter?"

"It is. He must come at once. Mrs. Harish's cure depends on him. I am going to her now, and when he arrives show him up immediately, for it is there that I wish to see him."

"Ah, that's it, is it? I suppose I now know what you want. But you can't do it." He shook his head, with a touch of a cynical smile around his mouth. "You can't do it," he repeated. "I know." But as the doctor turned and without a word looked at him he added, "Well, if you insist." And he went to the telephone.

A half hour later a tall, slim man of 30, with curling black hair, staring eyes, in which a wild gleam flitted furtively, and dark mustached face, came into the sickroom with Mr. Harish. Dr. Furnivall immediately removed his spectacles.

"Business looking up?" he suggested pleasantly to him.

The other returned his gaze with a stare, and then seemed inclined to shift his regards in the direction of the bed, where Mrs. Harish lay peering fearfully above the covers. But

he only moved his head slightly. His eyes remained fixed on the doctor's, staring harder and harder. After some hesitation he answered:

"No, we don't do much. Truth is too high for people. They won't come for it. They don't want it. Money is what they want, and fashionable clothes—the women anyway."

He gave a little, hasty, deprecating laugh, and moved his feet about awkwardly, as one unused to conventional society. But his eyes never left the doctor's.

"Yes, but aren't there ways of starting people up, attracting their attention, making them wish to come to you and pay for your services?"

"I dunno what you mean." He said this grievedly, as if he took it as a reflection of some kind on himself; but even as he spoke Dr. Furnivall saw the familiar, introspective expression pass into his eyes. He asked at once:

"Where did you get that little ornamental club which you sent to Mr. Harish?"

"My sister got it for me," he replied readily.

"Where?"

"She took it off'n Mr. Harish's chain one night in Paris."

"Who is your sister? How could she get it?"

"She is Mrs. Harish's maid, and is with 'em all the time."

There was the sound of a startled movement in the bed.

"Keep perfectly quiet, Mrs. Harish," cautioned the doctor. "All you have to do is to listen and understand. Mr. Harish, go to your wife. Sit on the bed and take her hand. Now," he continued to the medium, "tell me about that transaction. Why did you do it? And how did you do it? Begin at the beginning!"

"Wal," he answered, "of course I try to git the names of all the people I can that's anyways interested in spiritualism, 'specially the rich ones and them that's well known, and find out all about 'em that I can, so's I can answer their questions if they come to me. I keep a list of 'em, and all about 'em, and have their pictures so's I'll reco'nize 'em and can tell 'em things they thought nobody knowed of. When my sister said Mr. Harish had mediums come here I told her she must git him for me, so she listened to everything they said, and read their letters, and found out a lot of things, and all about that club and Mr. Jellipherson's promise to come back from the spirit world, and I told her to git the club and send it to me if Mr. Jellipherson died——"

Another hasty movement, and an ominous exclamation, rose from the bed.

"Keep perfectly quiet, Mr. Harish," said the doctor. "And you, Mrs. Harish, listen now attentively. Have you," he continued to the medium, "ever known spirits to beat anybody?"

"Tha ain't no such thing, but it's cur'us—a lot of women think they do, women that's nervous, and them that's jest begun to b'lieve, but don't want to, and fight against it. They git scared and see things that ain't there, and think the spirits is mad at 'em and hurting 'em. I've had 'em come and show me their arms and necks so I could see the bruises, but tha never worn't no bruises there. They imagined 'em, 'cause their minds was set that way."

"Do you believe that the spirit of a dead person can communicate with the living?"

"I dunno. I never had none communicate with me; but great men, college perfessors, say they can, and I s'pose they know better'n what I do."

"In fact, then, while you believe there may be honest mediums, who possibly receive communications, you yourself are a medium for business only, and all these messages which for years you have pretended to receive from spirits, including those you gave Mr. Harish purporting to be from Jellipherson, were made up by you for the purpose of getting money?"

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Furnivall turned to the bed, to a singular tableau. Mrs. Harish, the light of a great joy in her face, her eyes streaming with happy tears, was reaching out her arms to her husband, while he, plainly torn between two powerful emotions—great love for his wife and bitter, overwhelming anger toward the medium—stared first at the one, then at the other, and finally at Dr. Furnivall.