

THE TEMPLE IN THE TWILIGHT.

The lyric of the timid thrush That fills the star-gemmed air...

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Now I certainly had received no message from Florence. If one had been sent...

"Yes, I have heard that they have met again. Much good may it do them!"

"Oh, then you agree to give your daughter to me. I thought you would come to time."

"No, a thousand times no! I have come to have an accounting from you."

"Accounting? From me? For what, I wonder?" Jackson asked, with insolence.

"You have broken our solemn agreement. You have removed not only your share of what remains, but also mine."

"Oh, ho, you will, will you? How?" asked Jackson, in derisive tones.

"By denouncing you," Mr. Morley replied, sternly.

"Now, that is useless and foolish talk. Let us reason, as between two business men," said Jackson, assuming a confidential style.

"I want to marry your daughter. At first you kept promising me that I should do so. All through the five years of patient waiting for an opportunity to tip the vault, you kept me to the job by that promise."

"Yes, it is; and, as I do not know whether you are an enemy or a friend, Mr. Sonntag, I guess I won't run any risk."

"Perhaps you will not object to my approach, Nelson," a voice called out as a second pair of legs came down.

"We are all friends, true friends," it continued.

"There was something so familiar in the sound of the voice that I hesitated in again uttering a remonstrance."

"We are all friends," the man said again, as his head reached below the level of the floor.

"Mr. Perry! Oh, thank God, you have come!" I stepped unthinkingly on the plank at the bottom, and he came down to me and grasped my hand.

"Don't mind that. It cannot hurt you," I remarked, as the warning voice again sounded out, just as though its services were longer needed.

I do love Florence, and if I can't have her I don't care what happens to me. There must have been something in Mr. Morley after this speech which disturbed Jackson...

"Now, don't act like a fool, old man, and do anything—" Before Jackson could finish a pistol shot rang out.

This was immediately followed by two other reports. Mr. Morley had evidently missed the first time, and his second shot sounded simultaneously with Jackson's return fire.

Then Mr. Morley staggered before the passage-way. His arms were upraised, and the hands worked convulsively.

He made a great effort to speak, but no sound came from his lips, except a deep groan as he fell forward full length. And there he lay, motionless, his face resting on the hard floor.

In a moment Jackson was bending over him. The look of horror, of fear, of dread in his face as he arose from beside the prostrate body told a tale of murder.

With nervous haste he picked up the papers which had fallen from his hand, and, throwing a hasty glance around, seized the lantern and entered the passage-way, intent on instant flight.

Too horrified to think what course to pursue, I backed away from the door and took a position near the stairs.

Jackson entered the cook-house cellar, and, placing the lantern upon the floor, closed the door. Then he turned and peered about. The start he gave and the alarm on his face told still in his hand, and started to raise his arm.

"No, no," I cried; "keep that hand down!" He saw I had him covered with my revolver, and he obeyed my command for the moment. But I knew that he was a desperate man and would not hesitate to throw his life away in the endeavor to escape.

"You'll throw that pistol to me," I continued. "Instantly, you damned villain, you murderer, or, as sure as Heaven—" But my words were interrupted.

He had backed up against the door, his eyes staring fixedly at me. There was a movement of his arm, and I was about to pull the trigger to forestall his purpose of firing at me, when a report sounded out from behind him, as he leaned against the wall and door, and with a loud cry he sprang forward, came down all in a heap, rolled over on his back, and lay there, dead—dead, and by his own murderous device for guarding his hiding place.

Hurried footsteps were crossing the room above, and I hastily took up a new position of defense.

"Stop!" I yelled, as the feet began to descend. "The stairs are covered by my pistol."

There was a pause, and a hurried consultation upon the landing.

"Is that you down there, Mr. Conway?" inquired a voice which I recognized.

"Yes, it is; and, as I do not know whether you are an enemy or a friend, Mr. Sonntag, I guess I won't run any risk. You'd better stay up. You have me in your power, panned up here in this hole; but if I've got to die some one else goes with me."

Again there was a hurried conversation in low tones between Sonntag and some other party, who I surmised was Skinner.

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the door to watch Sonntag and Skinner, leaving me to my thoughts. Poor Florence! My heart was rent when I pictured her grief. And my promise to Mr. Morley that she should never hear anything against her father to cause a diminution of her love and respect—how was I to keep that promise, when the father lay there in yonder room, shot to death by his partner, his tool, his pupil in crime?

Here another pistol-report sounded, followed by an exclamation of satisfaction from Sonntag, for immediately the door swung open.

"Now, then, Mr. Conway, you can investigate this mystery," he said, coming toward me.

While Mr. Perry and Skinner were engaged in searching for the cause of the voice and the pistol-shots, Sonntag spoke in low, earnest tones:

"Where is the man who came down after you?" he asked.

I pointed toward the inner apartment.

"What, did Jackson lock him up there? How did he succeed—" Then he paused, and, holding the lantern higher, gazed thoughtfully in my face.

"Dead, too? You don't mean to tell me!" I nodded my head.

"Lord Almighty!" Sonntag exclaimed, and then turned slowly from me and joined the two at the door.

"Mr. Conway, come here," Mr. Perry called to me. "See," he said, when I came up, "here is the voice."

On one side of the door was a wooden box, in which was a phonograph.

"You observe this wire," began Skinner. "It is attached to the instrument, and runs down seemingly in the ground. Now I'll go and step on the plank and see if the wire is not moved and the phonograph set a-going."

He did so, and a clock-work arrangement was set in motion which communicated with the instrument.

"Let us see what pulls the wire," said Mr. Perry.

We went over to the plank, and saw that Skinner had raised it so we could look underneath. There was a steel spring under one end, which was compressed when a weight was put upon the plank. The compression operated a lever which pulled the wire attached to it.

The wire ran through an iron pipe under the stones toward the phonograph, the other end being fastened to the clock apparatus as we had already seen.

An arrangement like that which operates the phonograph was also used for

ascertaining how much Sonntag, or Wilson, knew.

He cast upon me one of his whimsical looks, and after a pause replied: "At first it seemed quite certain there was some one connected with Jackson in the affair. But now I find there was not."

Here Skinner, who had been listening to our conversation, glanced quickly up at Wilson, and I saw some signal flashed between the two.

"And what may your name be? Are you a detective, too?" I asked of Skinner.

"Yes," he replied, simply. "I am a detective and Skinner is my name."

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"Yes," he replied, simply. "I am a detective and Skinner is my name."

"Why did you try to shoot me?" "I didn't. I fired in the air. Still, I did want you to think I did. It was for two purposes: One, to frighten you away until this affair was settled; another, to make you really down on me. You see, Jackson at last seemed to suspect me, and I thought if I could show him you were terribly down on me it would put me all the closer to his confidence."

"Oh, you succeeded in making him believe you were his friend?" I remarked. "Worked the pal racket on him, eh?"

"As much as I could." "Then you really were not treacherous to your contract with Miss Morley?"

"Good God, no. Who could play false to her?" Skinner exclaimed, in such convincing tones that I was satisfied.

Here Mr. Perry broke in. "Your name will come out resplendent, Nelson, when the whole truth is known, and we will take care that it be known that you allowed yourself to be made a martyr of, by enduring the suspicion for the sake of aiding the search for the real robbers. Now then, come, gentlemen. Let us go into the other place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ANECDOTE OF MEILHAC. How He Chose an Heir at a Party Given by Mme. Pozzi.

To finish with an anecdote about Meilhae. Two years ago he lost his best friend, M. Paul Poisson, whom he had made his residuary legatee.

Meilhae was much affected by his death, and it was some time before he could recover from the blow. A few months later on he became firmly attached to M. Ganderax, with whom he collaborated a comedy for the Francais.

One evening while at a party given by Mme. Pozzi, he found himself by the side of M. Ganderax, to whom he abruptly said: "My dear Ganderax, since Poisson is dead, will you be my heir?"

Surprised at this proposal, M. Ganderax could not dissemble his confusion. "But my dear friend," replied Grandax, "you are not dying yet, and I can't see why you should think of your testament. At all events, you must have older friends than myself."

Meilhae rejoined: "That has nothing to do with it. I simply ask you, yes or no, will you consent to become my heir?" Ganderax held out his hand and answered: "In that case, my dear Meilhae, I may consider that, in speaking thus to me, you ask me if I will be your best friend. I therefore willingly accept your proposal."

Remembering the large sums of money he earned by his pieces, it is perhaps astonishing that he left such a small fortune—about £6,000. It is true he was generous even to extravagance, and the more he made the more he spent. His funeral at the Madeleine was attended by all the celebrities in art, science and literature.—London Globe.

A Designing Widow. The Widow Flapjack, who has a boarding house and a pretty daughter, would like very much to marry Mr. Starboarder, who is a trifle shy; so the widow said to him:

"Do you know that my daughter Fanny is very much taken with you?" "Is that so?" replied Mr. Starboarder, with a gratified smile, for he is really infatuated with the daughter.

"Yes," continued the widow, with a languishing look, "Fannie said yesterday that you were just the kind of a man she'd like to have for a papa."

Mr. Starboarder says if it wasn't for Fannie he would hunt up another hashery.—Tammany Times.

Byron a Hero of Greece. With all the faults and foibles of Byron Greece had nothing to do; she knew nothing of them; to her he was only "the great and noble." Crossing the Gulf of Salamis one day in a boat with a rough mountain captain and his men, I pulled out a volume of Byron and was reading. The wind blowing open the leaves, the captain caught a glimpse of the portrait and recognized it. He begged to take the book, and looking for a moment with melancholy at the face of the noble lord, he kissed it and passed it to his men, who did the same, saying: "Eton megalos kal kalos" (he was great and noble).—F. B. Sanborn, in Scribner's.

HOW RELIEF CAME.

From Cole County Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo. When a gripe visited this section, about seven years ago, Herman H. Eveler, of 811 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., was one of the victims, and has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. He is a well-known contractor and builder, a business requiring much mental and physical work. A year ago his health began to fail, and he was obliged to discontinue work. That he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely."

"I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I bought a box and after investigation, decided to give them a trial. After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them."

"After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased ambition."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and anyone that is afflicted with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and general debility, will find that these pills are the specific. HERMAN H. EVERER."

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 24th day of May, 1897. ADAM POUTSOSNG, Notary Public.

Mr. Eveler will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure people troubled with the after-effects of the gripe, because they act directly on the impure blood. They are also a specific for chronic erysipelas, catarrh, rheumatism and all diseases due to impure or impoverished blood.

UNFORTUNATE COLORS. Jaundiced Man with Red Necktie Is Taken for a Spaniard and Has a Narrow Escape.

The man with the yellow jaundice leaned up against the drug store at the corner of Harrison and Halsted street and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He was badly out of breath and he consequently talked rather spasmodically to his friend.

"I tell you, I've had a mighty narrow escape," he gasped. "Why, how's that?" asked his companion. "They party near mobbed me just now down here on Blue Island avenue."

"Mobbed you? Why, what in the deuce are you talking about?" "That's right. That's what they party near did. They just liked to get my pelt, I tell you—an I hadn't done a thing, either."

"That did they have again you?" "You see that red necktie I got on? Well, that was the cause of the whole trouble. I was going along down Blue Island when I came to a gang out in front of a saloon talkin' war. I stopped to hear what the latest was. I was doin' a thing when some come sings out: 'Look at this Spaniard right here in the crowd.' Everybody turns on me an' a brick just grazes my ear. I says: 'I ain't no Spaniard; what you talkin' about?'"

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\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Houser's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUGER, President.

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