

lar. Innocently Warren was involved in a case where a man was killed. He played the part of the craven and became a wanderer and a fugitive from justice. Within a year the real murderer died in prison, shouldering the entire responsibility for the crime and completely exonerating Warren.

His parents had then sought for him everywhere, but their quest had proved unavailing. The news of his death in the cyclone was the final grief that broke their hearts. Bereaved, broken down by sorrow and regret, no marvel was it that they became cynical, isolated and uncompanionable.

One evening a neighbor came into the home of Mr. Martin on a brief call. In the course of conversation he brought up the subject of the unsocial neighbor, with the remark:

"Friend of mine told me that this Stevenson objects mightily to your burning soft coal, Martin."

"Why, is that so?" queried Mr. Martin, surprisedly.

"Yes, he says that whenever the wind is from the north it blows the soot in regular flakes against his house. It's just been painted white, and it's spoiling it. Of course, you can't help that. You're hardly able to afford anthracite at \$10 a ton?"

"Maybe not," responded Martin, seriously, "but I can be just, even if it costs me something. I never thought of it before."

When he came to look at the side of the Stevenson house Martin saw that the soot had, indeed, marred and defaced it. Especially up under the eaves, the clapboards were grimed with feathers of soot. Acting on a generous impulse he hailed his neighbor, who just happened to be coming into the house.

"I say, Stevenson," spoke the blunt, honest fellow, "I've just found out that my soft coal is hurting your property. I shall use coke through the rest of winter and first holiday I'll get a ladder and give the side of the house a good scrubbing."

"Why—thank you—I must say you are thoughtful and kind—yes, thank you," and Stevenson acted as though this unusual courtesy of a stranger fairly overcame him.

Before the opportunity to remedy things came about, however, some startling events transpired. One morning Martin came out into the yard to find a ladder taken from his shed standing against the side of his neighbor's house. The window of an upper room was open. Mr. Stevenson was under a great strain of excitement. He declared that the house had been burglarized.

"Was anything taken?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Why, not much," explained his neighbor in a bewildered sort of way. "The room the burglar got into is the one my poor dead son occupied. We have left it just as it was when he went away. Whoever broke into the house opened a drawer where Warren kept a few trifling things. A watch, a revolver and some gold cuff links are missing, but nothing else was disturbed."

"That is singular," observed Martin thoughtfully, and he went up the ladder a step or two. "Why, say, Mr. Stevenson," he called down to his neighbor, "here is something queer."

"What is that?" was asked.

"In getting into the window the burglar has left some hand marks on its frame."

"Why, yes, I can see it from here," replied the owner of the despoiled home.

"Right among that troublesome black soot of mine," continued Martin rather apologetically. "And, say, why, hello! Whoever the fellow was he's left a clue."

"What do you mean?"

"Hand prints show that he had three short fingers on 'one hand—why, sir, what is the matter?"

Quickly the speaker descended the ladder. With a sharp cry of enlightenment Mr. Stevenson had started back.