



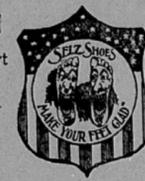
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Complete line of

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Des Moines, Iowa.
JOHN OSBORNE, Local Agent, Denison, Ia.

Time Table C. & N. W. R. R.

EAST BOUND.

No. 4, Chicago Special	8:54 a. m.
No. 15, Carroll Passenger	8:13 p. m.
No. 8, Atlantic Express	2:16 p. m.
No. 2, Overland Limited (Don't stop)	7:19 p. m.
No. 6, Chicago Express	9:01 p. m.
No. 24, Freight to West Side	3:12 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 1, Overland Limited (don't stop)	6:04 a. m.
No. 9, New Field Mail	6:37 p. m.
No. 3, Pacific Express	1:37 p. m.
No. 17, Co. Bluffs Passenger	7:15 a. m.
No. 30, Freight to Co. Bluffs	8:54 a. m.
No. 15, East Mail	12:59 p. m.
No. 5, Colorado Special	9:23 p. m.
No. 17, 18, 24 daily except Sunday.	

C. M. & St. PR. R. at Arion

TRAINS WEST.

No. 1, Passenger	6:45 a. m.
No. 19, Way Freight	8:00 a. m.
No. 3, Passenger	9:32 p. m.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 2, Passenger	12:50 p. m.
No. 4, Passenger	7:15 p. m.
No. 94, Way Freight	8:30 p. m.

Winter Excursion

If sick you can find help. If crippled with rheumatism you can be cured if tired you need rest and the place to go is

HOT SPRINGS, S. DAKOTA

The expense is less than you imagine. The Northwestern Line has announced special excursions, certain days this month at

CHEAP RATES.

The Evans Hotel will remain open and this and all other hotels and boarding houses are giving good service with low rates during the winter.

Round Trip Rates:

Omaha	\$16.40.
Mo. Valley,	17.55.
Sioux City,	14.80.

And corresponding reductions from other points west. Climate, Water, Scenery and Hotels are unequalled. Thirty days time allowed and any agent F. E. & O. V. R. R. or J. H. Gable, Traveling Passenger Agent, Des Moines, Iowa, can sell you more about it. The next date will be

Tuesday, January 24, 1899.

The GLASS DAGGER

BY

WEATHERLEY CAESNEY

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information.

I took the photograph back to Scotland Yard. The officials there were beginning to know me, so frequent had my visits on one point and another. One of them stopped me in the doorway just as I was leaving.

"Ah, Captain Brett," said he, "I have some news for you. Jenkins, one of our men, has just returned from a mission in the Argentine. He had charge of our album before he went away, and we have told him about the photograph being stolen. He distinctly remembers an inquirer fumbling over that page in a rather suspicious manner. He thought it queer at the time, but did not detect the substitution of the print. He kept his eye on the man, however, and learned his name afterward. He is certain he did it."

"Well, who was it?"

"It was a Mr. Keighley Gates. Do you know him?"

CHAPTER XIII.

PLANNING AN ABDUCTION.

Most of what follows I learned afterward from various sources, but for sake of continuity it is told here.

Yes, one or two little incidents had served to annoy Mr. Keighley Gates that morning. His letters, in the first place, had been far from satisfactory, and then there was Dr. Fitzgerald's visit. He had not come by appointment, and it was evident from his reception that he was not welcome.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Mr. Gates, ungraciously, when he entered. "I did not hear you knock."

"No more did I—knuckles out of order—umbrella handle loose—all sorts of reasons if required."

"I've not the slightest doubt of it. Well, what do you want with me? Don't beat about the bush."

Dr. Fitzgerald gave his silk hat a loving polish with a gaudily colored handkerchief and then deposited it gingerly on the table. He hung up his umbrella on the mantelshelf, carefully pulled off his gloves, folded them up and pocketed them, and finally, after some deliberation, deposited himself in the easiest chair in the room, from which, with elbows resting on the arms of the chair, hands clasped in elegant manner and one leg swung negligently over the other, he blandly surveyed Mr. Keighley Gates.

"I hope you are quite comfortable now," said the latter, politely.

"Perfectly, Bob. Delightful room—perfect chair—genial host—what more? Congratulations—excellent taste in furniture—hire system?"

"When you are quite ready perhaps you will tell me what you want," said Mr. Gates, ignoring Dr. Fitzgerald's flattering remarks.

"E. s. d.—friend of my youth—only too delighted to assist—Q. E. D."

"Then you've come to me for money?"

"The dear boy! Guessed it first time."

Mr. Keighley Gates unlocked a drawer and produced a book.

"Look here, Richmond; this is my bank passbook. Do you see the balance—£500 on the wrong side?"

"Why, bless my soul, so it is! Who'd have thought it?" said the imperturbable Dr. Fitzgerald.

"Here is a letter," continued Mr. Gates, "received this morning from my bankers, Syrac & Co."

"Most respectable firm—know 'em well."

"You see, they respectfully call my attention to the fact that they will not be able to honor any more of my checks."

"Confound impudence! Call in the police."

"Here are a few dunning letters," continued Mr. Gates, shoving a pile to his visitor, who daintily surveyed them.

"Snipit & Paddem—hunting suit—silk faced frock coat—norfolk jacket—fur lined overcoat—not in the militia, are you?—total, one-fifty-five-six. Abyssinia & Co.—gold repeater—diamond studs—ditto rings—got 'em all on, Bob?—total two-twenty-three-four. Pansy & Sons, florists—large bouquets—oh, I say; it was becoming interesting."

Mr. Gates had snatched the bills out of Dr. Fitzgerald's hands.

"Here," he said, diving into his pocket and producing a purse, which he emptied on the table—"here is my ready cash. Look—one sovereign, two half dollars and a threepenny bit."

"Total, one-four-three," said Dr. Fitzgerald.

"Exactly. That's the state of my finances today. You'll have to apply elsewhere for assistance."

"Non sequitur—j'y suis; here I stop," said the other.

"Then perhaps you'll kindly explain how I am to advance you money when I haven't got any for myself?"

"No good at details. Ask another."

"Don't be an ass, Richmond. You can't bleed a stone."

"Got to be done. Send to Moses for particulars."

"Look here, Richmond, stop this fooling! I'm in a tight corner—a dented tight corner—and it's no use your applying to me today."

"Fur lined overcoat—gold repeater—diamond studs—ditto ring—large bouquets—must be in militia—or is it house of lords?" murmured Dr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Keighley Gates was in bad health, his prospects were dark, his as-

"Bad spot—police handy."

"Can't help it. Girl must go tomorrow, and you must take her."

"Where?"

"To a quiet house somewhere or other."

"Love?"

"No, Richmond. Downright solid hate."

"That's better. Let's have particulars."

"You know a naval chap—a Commander Brett?"

"Know him perfectly—for a cad."

"It's his girl."

"Good! Proceed."

"Brett is trying to implicate me in a serious affair, and—"

"South Audley street?"

"Yes—and a clumsy move on my part may put him on my track any day. Of course, I have no connection with the murder, but I am mixed up in the side issues, and it might be awkward if he got really on my scent. He must be stopped at once, and the only way to do it is by diverting his energies. Once got his girl away, and he will devote himself to her pursuit and leave the other affair."

"I see, and the pay?"

"Fifty pounds—£25 in the morning and the rest when you've done the trick. You should have the first £25 now, but I have not got it. I expect Glasher here tonight. I shall sell him my diamonds, and even the fur lined coat will go," added Mr. Gates, with a pleasant smile, "if the crib doesn't turn out well."

"Are they rich?"

"Fairly well off; solid family plate at any rate. The old man will be so cut up at the girl's disappearance that he won't be able to sleep. So we must get up a scent for him. We'll run him down into Gloucestershire for a night and then do the trick."

"Um! That's your department. I've to tackle the girl. Any ideas?"

"Yes. Bowl up in a four wheeler—not a hansom, by the way—with the news that the gallant captain has met with an accident somewhere or other and is asking for her. She will be in a mortal funk and will never stop to think. Let it be afternoon, when the old on is at his club. You can manage her all right."

Fitzgerald reflected. "Serious matter—abduction. Make it £100, Bob—£50 extra when the crib is cracked. We go halves there, I suppose?"

"All right," replied Gates. "You never found me a screw, did you, Richmond?"

"This morning, sir, you were a screw."

Gates smiled amiably, and Dr. Fitzgerald took his leave when a few of the details had been discussed.

About half an hour after he had gone a gentleman of the Jewish race, who gave his name as Glasher, waited upon Mr. Gates. As a result of two satisfactory interviews and Dr. Fitzgerald's prescription that worthy schemer finally fell into a profound sleep, as peaceful and untroubled as that of a child.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONSULTATION.

Commander Brett was not able to report his interview with Mr. Keighley Gates to Miss Fenton until the following day. The morning's post had brought a letter from his friend Wray, and with this in his pocket he proceeded to De Vere Gardens.

"Well, Duncan, have you brought any news?" Mabel asked anxiously, when lovers' greetings had been exchanged.

"Indeed I have, dear, and somewhat surprising news too. It was Gates himself who substituted the photograph for Lady Florence's in the album."

"Mr. Gates! What in the world did he do it for?"

"That is what I should very much like to know myself. As a matter of fact, he told me he had not done so—told me emphatically, and without being asked the question. Afterward I learned at Scotland Yard that he was the very man who did it."

"How strange! What possible interest could Mr. Keighley Gates have in the matter?"

"That I do not know—in fact, I know very little of the man. He was a friend of George's, was he not?"

"An acquaintance—hardly a friend. George met him at some club or other, and found him interesting. They had one or two tastes in common—fishing, big game shooting, and hunting, and Mr. Gates suggested a trip to the Zambesia for elephants; but I don't fancy George really liked the man, or he would have jumped at the idea."

"Then you know of nothing that would connect him in the faintest way with the present trouble?"

"Nothing. But stop! You remember he was here on the day of the murder—it was then, indeed, he noticed the dagger that led to suspicion falling on George. That day he spoke to George about his infatuation for Harriet Staples, and urged him to break with her. He had never alluded to the subject before, and George considered he had taken a great liberty in doing so at all, and he told him so. George was very much annoyed, I remember, and he spoke to me about it before he left the house that evening."

"Did Gates give any reason for mentioning the matter?"

"He said he did it out of pure friendship for George."

This was certainly news. Brett knew nothing against Mr. Gates, except the lie he had told him about the photograph, if the police were to be believed. But he did not think he was the sort of man to interfere in a matter of this kind out of pure disinterested friendship. Still he might be doing him an injustice.

"Well, it is useless speculating on his reasons," said he. "There's the changing of the photographs to bring it home to him, but for the life of me I don't see how it is to be done. I can't very well tax him with it, for he has distinctly told me he did not do it."



"Total, one-four-three," said Dr. Fitzgerald.