



MAXEY LOOKS AT HIS SISTER. CHAPTER V. THE BURIED PAPER.

"What a curious fancy, that!" he mused. "I believe if she does get well, I will teach her the first thing to paint. Heigho, but she's not well yet!"

It had grown quite dark in the sitting room while they had been talking. The early evening of a winter's day had already come. Lamar lay at once awake to a realization of the flight of time. He turned the face of his watch to the fire and exclaimed:

"What an I lagging here for? It is nearly 6 o'clock! If I don't look out, this girl will ruin my business. Let us see how the patient is before we go. Now you need not trouble yourself to get a light, Miss Maxey. I have more sense than one. Ah, sleeping quietly! That is good, very good. I shouldn't wonder, after all, Maxey—but ah, who knows, who knows?"

"I will strike a light while you put on your things," said Miss Maxey. "Oh, no. Don't, pray. I know how comfortable this twilight is. Never spill it with a light if you can help it. It is the best time of the day. Well, Maxey, good night."

"No," said Maxey suddenly; "I think I will go out with you. I have got something to say, and besides I want to smoke. Since our new arrival that's prohibited here, you know. Ellen, you are tired, and if I were you I would lie down a little while. I shall not be gone very long. I am just going to the corner with the doctor. But really, if you will take my advice, you will lie down and rest yourself."

"Don't worry about me, my dear, good brother. I know my strength and my weakness. I shall not overtax myself. It has not hurt me to be up a little while. I feel as bright as a daisy now." This must have been just a trifle with the truth, Ellen Maxey. Your brother had scarcely closed the door behind himself and the handsome doctor when you threw your tired body upon the bed. You listened to their footsteps going down stairs. You hear them becoming fainter and fainter till they are lost altogether. The deep voice of Dr. Lamar is still sounding in your ears. Do not deny the fact that it is exceedingly good music to you. You think of Dr. Lamar, and you wonder.

The great horse is so still, and you are so very tired! What was that? Somebody at the door? No. A rat gnawing behind the woodwork. A loose coal falls in the grate. The wind rattles the panes. There is no other sound. Even the fire is paling now—is going out entirely. You are sound asleep.

"Open the door! Open the door! Ellen! Ellen! Open the door, I say!"

Still the silence of the grave within. Julian Maxey was thoroughly alarmed by this time. Already he had stood in the hall pounding and calling for what seemed an age to him. There was something very strange about all this. Strange that Ellen, expecting him back directly, should lock the door on the inside. Stranger still that she should go out and leave the sick girl alone.

"Ellen! For the last time, Ellen!" Maxey had a momentary idea of breaking in the door. Then he thought himself of his bunch of keys. He thrust one of them into the keyhole. He breathed heavily in his excitement. Ah, the key was indeed on the inside. By dint of much rattling he managed to push it from its place and heard it fall with an ominous click to the floor. After many ineffectual trials he picked the lock. The obstinate door yielded at last to his touch. He rushed in. It was totally dark everywhere. He felt his way to the sitting room. The only light was the dim glow of the coals in the grate, which told him nothing.

He blindly groped his way to the center table, where he knew there was a matchbox. In the obscurity he struck against a chair and overturned it. It fell with a startling crash, and in the instant of its concussion, starting, as it were, out of the very sound itself, he heard again that low, tremulous utterance that was neither a moan of pain nor a plea for mercy, but akin to both, just as he had heard it borne on the bitter wind from the darkening sea that night on the rocks along the surging of the waves. There was something in the cry that completely unmoved Maxey. It had always been his terror. Now, intensified by the circumstances, it assumed the potency of fate itself. His hand trembled so he made several futile attempts before he could strike a light. Finally the slender shaft took fire and blazed up. Maxey touched a gas jet. In the glare that followed he saw the girl; they called Annette sitting, robed in white, upon the edge of the little bed in the alcove room, wringing her hands in the old nervous fashion, her fearful, white face turned toward him, her dark eyes regarding him with dread.

But it was not this that chilled him to the heart, that made the color fade from his lips till they were ashen. It was the spectacle of his sister, Ellen



It was the spectacle of his sister. Maxey thrown down across her bed, a silk handkerchief twisted about her neck and her fingers clasping the ends in desperate energy. Her face was black, and when he spoke to her she did not move. His voice seemed to awake an echo in the place.

For once the stoical Lamar lost his composure. "For God's sake, how did it happen?" In a hollow voice Maxey made the reply:

"They were alone." The physician was speechless. Maxey thought him horrified. On the contrary, he was amazed. When he found his voice again, there was but a single word in his vocabulary equal to the situation, and he uttered it:

"Impossible!" Maxey did not heed him, but went on in a hopeless tone: "It was my fault, of course, entirely my fault. I allowed myself to be led by her girlish whim when I ought to have looked the matter squarely in the face and asserted my own will. I ought to have taken your advice, Lamar. You know it—you forgot it all. You warned!"

Lamar interrupted him. "Not of any such occurrence as this, Maxey. Never. Do you mean to tell me that you think the patient tightened that handkerchief around your sister's throat?"

"I tell you," said Maxey, "I left them alone—absolutely alone. When I came back the door was locked." "On the inside?"

"On the inside." Lamar swept a bewildered glance about the apartment, stared at the pale face on the bed in the alcove room, at the swollen features behind the torn drapery, at the professionally anxious visage of the nurse, who was moving about between the two. He looked at the doors, at the windows, at the chimney place. He stepped from the corner where he had been talking with Maxey to the center table and began very carefully to put his surgical instruments back into the case from which he had lately removed them. When he had completed this task, he closed the box with a sudden snap, and turning to the artist with the positive energy of a man who has thoroughly made up his mind said:

"Maxey, you are crazy!" His emphatic manner roused the young man from his stupor. From the moment when he heard the key fall from its place on the inside of the door as he tried to open it everything had seemed to him like the illegal, haphazard happenings of a dream. If he had acted with promptness and vigor in the emergency, he had done so mechanically, in a sort of instinctive fashion, without reflection. After assistance had arrived and the immediate excitement was over he went about in a daze. The physician's sharp tone made him start. He lifted his eyes from the floor, unclasped his hands, which had been folded behind his back, and passed his palm over his throbbing forehead.

"I believe you are more than half right," he murmured. "The blow was so sudden and unexpected that it crushed me. Lamar, you have always been the best of friends. We were boys together. I know you wouldn't deceive me about a matter of this kind. Tell me the truth at once. You have grave fears for Ellen?"

"No, I haven't," returned Lamar quickly. "I have no fears at all. She will be herself again with proper care in three days. Don't imagine from that there has been no danger. It was a terribly narrow escape, a terribly narrow escape."

"Escape from what, from whom?" You said just now that I was crazy, Lamar, because I gave utterance to what seemed to me the only possible suspicion a man could entertain. I come home, find her alone, and I infer that the poor, irresponsible creature had indeed fulfilled your prediction and brought terrible trouble upon us. And now you say—"

"Impossible," the physician interposed positively. "Annette did not do it?" "Annette could not have done it," Maxey seemed electrified. He glanced around the room with an air of suspicion and excitement. Then with characteristic impulsiveness he seized his hat and coat.

Lamar, who had been watching him with a look of grave concern in his handsome features, laid his hand gently on his shoulder. "What are you going to do?" "Do? I am going to the police. I am going to have this matter investigated at once. I—"

He stopped short, amazed by the expression which he saw in the physician's face. "No, Julian Maxey, not if I can prevent it." The serious, earnest gravity, the utter solemnity of Dr. Lamar's speech and manner, frightened the artist.

"What is it, Lamar? For heaven's sake, what are you thinking about?" "I cannot tell you here. Let me see you in private."

A nervous trembling took Maxey all at once. He did not know why. He led the way to the front of the house. There was a dim light in the parlor. Maxey did not turn it up. He sat down close beside the physician on a sofa. Lamar did not seem to see his way clearly to what he wanted to say, and after a moment's silence Maxey spoke up excitedly: "There's something on your mind, Lamar; I know it. There is something which you know and I don't know, so serious that you hesitate to tell me of it."

"No," said Lamar gravely. "I know nothing which you do not know—much less, in fact, than you ought to know. I only desire that you shall stop to think before you act. You have not told me everything."

physician. Dr. Lamar became slightly embarrassed. "I beg your pardon if in my anxiety for your welfare I have touched on a family matter."

"It is nothing to be ashamed of," blurted out Maxey, "but it is her own secret, and I have no right to mention it. She has never whispered a word to me. But I am not blind."

"Don't betray her, I beg of you," said the physician earnestly. "But when she recovers, if you have any power to remove the cause of her unhappiness, do so. I say this in all earnestness. She must not be allowed to brood."

Maxey suddenly arose. For the first time the nature of his friend's suspicion dawned upon him. "You believe this was my sister's own act?" he exclaimed in an unnatural calm voice.

"She wore the handkerchief about her neck. I noticed it there this afternoon." "She did!" cried Maxey, losing his calmness all at once. "She did, but don't you flatter yourself, Lamar, that the unhappiness I spoke of was of sufficient strength to induce the poor girl to take her own life. Not a bit of it, sir. Not in the least! Pray yourself! It would have urged her rather to live. The idea. Why, there isn't a naturally more cheerful and contented person alive than my sister Ellen. Kill herself? I guess not! One of these days, Lamar, you'll see what a fool you've made of yourself. Is this your ground for believing Annette incapable? Besides, if I am crazy, you're a raving maniac."

The artist was pacing the floor excitedly and spoke as if he was addressing a multitude. "Don't talk so loud," said Lamar, a little impatiently. "You know I am the last man in the world to wish to believe this theory. You know I would never mention it to any other than yourself. Nothing but a sense of duty and personal friendship would induce me to speak of it now. If it is true, it is necessary that you should be warned. If it is not true, you will forgive me for speaking of it. You believe, Maxey, that the imbecile pulled the ends of the handkerchief over your sister's face. Did the imbecile also lock the door?"

Maxey stopped abruptly in his walk as if he had suddenly encountered a wall. There was complete silence for a full minute, and then the artist spoke in a different tone. "I am acting like a lunatic," he said quietly. "I have too little system. I only take in half the situation and ignore the other half. There is a significance in that locked door, quite other perhaps than I had imagined. We each jumped to a conclusion. We undoubtedly are both wrong. Lamar, I am going to search the house. Will you come too?"

His manner was so much more calm than it had been that Dr. Lamar felt relieved of a great responsibility. "You have recovered yourself, Maxey," he said. "Don't lose your head again at the first new turn in affairs."

Maxey accepted the rebuke quietly. "You are right, En-tae. I do lose my head too easily. But I have recovered myself now. Besides, I am afraid we have lost very valuable time."

Dr. Lamar arose with a new light in his eyes. "Then you think—" "That somebody may have been here in my absence."

This seemed a positively luminous idea to the physician. Had as the alter native was, under the circumstances both men would be glad to accept it. Nevertheless Lamar said doubtfully: "Do you suspect anybody?"

"No." "Is there any possible motive?" "To kill my sister? In God's name, how could there be?" "What enemies have you?" "None, thank God!"

Lamar sighed. After all, was there much plausibility in the artist's suggestion? All at once he targeted upon his friend with a new question. "Maxey, are you sure you have not been robbed?"

Maxey started. "I was thinking of that very thing myself. I have not missed anything, but I have been very much excited, and possibly—possibly, Lamar, I see it all. We went out, and the thief who had been watching his chance crept in. All was dark here, and he was searching for valuables he imagined Ellen, who was asleep on the bed. She thought perhaps it was myself returning and called to him. To save himself he sprang upon her and choked her. When she became motionless, he ran and locked the door, perhaps to make sure of not being interrupted, or, better still, because he heard me coming and was afraid. He then concealed himself in one of the rooms, perhaps in the very place where we are standing. He waited till he heard me come in or till a suitable opportunity presented itself, crept through the two rooms to the door and got away unnoticed."

"Well done, Maxey!" cried Lamar, with something approaching enthusiasm. "You have devised at last a plausible theory."

He stopped abruptly, with an expression of doubt. His eyes rested on the door, which closed immediately between the front parlor and the outer corridor. "The obvious objection to your theory is that the supposed thief might have escaped through this door by simply turning the key in the lock. It was locked on the inside, was it not?"

"It was and is and will remain so until I get the leisure to bring a locksmith here to fix it. I twisted the key off in the lock the other day and nothing will dislodge the stump."

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no carelessly thrown aside article unexplained. The search was fruitless. Not an atom of evidence to substantiate the theory advanced by Maxey could be discovered. Both men were disappointed and thoughtful when the tour of investigation was finished.

They stood at last before the grate in the room with the nurse and the two sufferers, warming their hands. Once in awhile Maxey's troubled gaze sought Dr. Lamar's face, but the physician's glance was downward and his brow contracted.

Lamar tapped his foot moodily against the fender and seemed wrapped in a brown study. Maxey longed for some word of encouragement or comfort from his friend, the physician. He had the greatest confidence in Dr. Lamar's carefully considered opinions, but this time the physician did not seem to have any opinion to offer.

Suddenly Lamar's attention was caught by an object lying on the hearthstone. He stooped and picked it up. "Have you been burning paper, Maxey?"

"No," returned Maxey quickly. "I have not." "What is that?"

Maxey took from his hand the corner of a newspaper with a charred edge. He scrutinized it suspiciously. Ordinarily he would have thrown such an object aside contemptuously. In the present emergency he would have examined a pin if Lamar had handed it to him.

"Have you burned any paper in this grate, Mrs. Davis?" asked Maxey of the nurse. "Think before you speak. It may be a very important matter."

"I have not had any paper in my hand since I have been here. That's easily settled."

"There has been a very large piece of paper burned here," said Lamar in a whisper. "See there, and there! The black ashes are all about."

The physician stamped his foot near the grate, and the little breath of air caused by the concussion made a rustle of light leaved paper on the floor.

"It is the newspaper containing the story of our finding Annette!" exclaimed the artist, with growing suspicion, "a

"I SPY STRANGERS." England's Revolt Against the Cry That Clears the Commons Galleries.

As is well known, it is only through courtesy and in violation of strict rules that any one is allowed to witness the proceedings of the English parliament. If an ill-natured member chooses to call out at any time, "I spy strangers," the galleries must be immediately cleared.

This custom, of course, has become obsolete, and of late the ladies, who can go anywhere else in Westminster where visitors are allowed, through their especial champion, Mr. Byles, have endeavored to secure the same privileges relative to admission to the members' gallery as those accorded to men.

In a recent declaration before the house of parliament Mr. Herbert Gladstone stated that the exclusion of ladies from this place was based on the rule enforced by successive speakers that women cannot obtain admission to the house. "In former times," he said, "between 1679 and 1778, the occasional presence of women in the gallery below the bar was permitted. Notice having on Feb. 2, 1778, been taken that strangers were present, the managers who were men withdrew their assent to the sergeant-at-arms. Ladies who filled the gallery exhibited such persevering reluctance to comply with the order that they interrupted the business of the house for two hours. Since that ladies have never been allowed to sit within that part of the house."

Mr. Herbert Gladstone's statement filled the English newspapers with columns of letters on the subject, the general trend of which goes to show that the British maid and matron profess to assert that they have equal rights to witness the doings of the lawmakers with their husbands and sweethearts.—New York Advertiser.

GOLD SWEATERS AT WORK.

Your Double Eagles Are Liable to Be a Dollar Light.

A startling discovery was made in the subway the other morning, and as a result all people are warned against the \$20 goldpiece, as the "sweater" is at work again.

Cashier Stout received a sack containing \$5,000 in gold coin from a bank on Third street. As usual, he weighed each piece before accepting it and found five double eagles each \$1 short. Careful examination shows that they had all been remilled.

Remilled gold coin is the latest trick of the men who find counterfeiting too dangerous. They go to a large city and deposit a sum of money in bank and a few days later draw it out in \$20 goldpieces. These they put into a lathe and trim off the milling, which they carefully put on again, gaining at least \$1 worth of gold in the operation. As the coin is not mutilated, but only slightly reduced in diameter, the coins are readily passed on the stores and in market, where money is not weighed when received.

The wife of the "sweater" makes trifling purchases at the stores with them, and the good money received in exchange is rebanked and drawn out in gold again. Thus the capital is kept turning over at a lively rate, constantly growing, at a slight risk of detection.

A diligent "sweater" can clear from \$50 to \$75 a day easily. These are the first indications that Cincinnati has been worked, but from now on double eagles are under suspicion.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

BOTH BROKE THE RECORD.

How Congressman Allen Secured One Appointment From President Cleveland.

Like other men of wealth and influence, Congressman Allen of Mississippi has his poor relations. But, unlike most men of wealth and influence, he does not turn them down. One of them wanted to get an appointment and appealed to Mr. Allen to secure it for him. Inasmuch as he had been uniformly successful in having his endorsements ignored, he concluded it would do no harm to say a good word for his worthy and eminently respectable relative.

Going to the White House one day last week, he shook hands with Mr. Cleveland.

"Mr. President," he said, "you have never appointed anybody I've asked you to appoint, and I have never asked you to appoint a relative of mine. Now, let's both break the record."

"All right, John," said the president, laughing. "I'll make the appointment." —Washington Post.

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Ample premiums are offered and all who can exhibit anything of interest in this department are invited to do so, and thus aid in making the exhibition fully representative, and a manifold exposition of all the products of farm, garden and household industry, the earth's generous bounty to tillers of her soil.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2.—FIRST DAY.

1 Trot—2:30 class	\$300 00
2 Pace—2:40 class	300 00
3 Running—Mile dash	300 00

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3.—SECOND DAY.

4 Trot—3:00 class	\$250 00
5 Pace—2:25 class	300 00
6 Running—Three quarter mile dash	200 00

THURSDAY, OCT. 4.—THIRD DAY.

7 Trot—2:35 class	\$300 00
8 Trot—3 year-old	110 00
9 Running—One and quarter mile dash	400 00

FRIDAY, OCT. 5.—FOURTH DAY.

10 Pace—Free for all	\$300 00
11 Trot—2:30 class	300 00
12 Running—Three quarter mile heats	500 00

SATURDAY, OCT. 6.—FIFTH DAY.

13 Pace—Consolation	\$100 00
14 Trot—Consolation	100 00
15 Running—Half-mile heats	100 00

In races on last day all horses that have not won first money during this fair are eligible for consolation prizes. Two horses to start. Entries for races positively close on Wednesday, September 20, 1894.

Premium list, speed program, entry blanks and all other information will be furnished on application to the secretary at Owensboro, Ky.

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A student of Bradstreet's

has been investigating failures, and finds that about 80 per cent. of business houses that go to the wall are those that do not advertise.—Newspaperdom.

Bacon and Ham is a combination now attracting much attention in Georgia. This combination is composed of Colonel A. O. Bacon, who is canvassing for the United States senatorship, and Colonel William J. Ham, known as the "smelly-gutter" orator who earnestly urges the claims of Mr. Bacon.—Atlanta Letter.