

# The Glass Dagger

BY WEATHERLEY CHESNEY

COPYRIGHT 1899 BY WEATHERLEY CHESNEY

(Continued from last week.)

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CHASING OF GEORGE FENTON.

This is the story of what George Fenton did after he left me with the corpse in Back Saville street that awful night. I learned it chiefly from the account which the papers gave of the chase by the police, but some of the details were told me afterward by Fenton himself. After he ran out of my sight he had not sufficient presence of mind to slacken his pace, and the inevitable result was that he attracted the particular attention of the people he met. His hat had fallen off; his coat, which was flying open, disclosed his evening dress. In his hand he still held the hilt of the dagger, while his drawn, white face betrayed the mental agony he was undergoing. Even in Mayfair at that late hour of the night such a figure rushing along the street could hardly escape exciting interest. Who first started the chase is immaterial—probably some loafer of the pavement—but very soon a crowd of respectable dimensions followed upon his heels with cries of "Stop, stop!"

Their shouts at first fell upon deaf ears, but finally they gained upon him, Fenton became aware of his pursuers. He now sought to have remembered the remainder of the dagger which he still carried, and the train to get rid of it. Seeing a wall at his side, he hurled the hilt over the railing, hoping to lose it on the other side, but he aimed too low, and it fell at the feet of his foremost pursuer, who stooped down to see what it was. This put a moment's pause into the pursuit, and that moment gave Fenton his chance. He fled as if the furies of hell were after him—as luck would have it ran into no one—and after endless doubling and redoubling at length

found himself in Oxford street hatless, breathless, quivering with excitement, but the moment safe from pursuit. Seeing an omnibus passing by, he jumped upon it without noting or caring for its destination. There was barely room for him on the footboard, and his neighbor strongly objected to being crushed.

"If I was you, guv'n'r," said he, "I should wait for the next an. Ten ter one it'll bring your bloomin' tile along with it."

Only then was Fenton aware that his hat was missing. If he wished to escape notice, it was evident he must get hold of another, and that at once, so he immediately entered into negotiations with the speaker.

"Do you think I'm a-goin' to git a missin' word of a cold fer a bloke like you? Not if I knows it."

"I suppose even your hat has its price?" said Fenton.

"Not being a dookal coronet, it hain't. Do you think as 'ow I'd be seen in the streets of London without a tile? I've a reputation to lose if you 'aven't."

"What do you say to 5 shillings for it?" asked Fenton persuasively.

"Five bob fer my billycock! Five bob fer Linken and Bennik's hexerishon proolose! You must tyke me fer a bloomin' flat! You can 'ave the feather in it fer that precise sum if you want. There's a good deal of warmth in a pycock's feather, although you mightn't think it."

"Seven and six?"

"Seven and a tanner. Well, that's more reasonable. It 'ud be a pity fer you to tyke cold, a nice young man like you, with a future store you. Seven and six does it. But what about the feather? I've tyken a likin to that pycock's plume. I sits and watches it fer hours on wet Sundays. It seems to sorter remind me of the rycowens I used to see when I was young and unspotted from the world."

"You can keep your feather," said Fenton, and he put on the greasy hat.

At the Marble arch the destination of the bus was called out.

"Ry'l Oak! Ry'l Oak! Crown. Harlesden!"

Fenton now had time to consider his plans. He felt in his pockets and found he had still a couple of sovereigns and a few coppers. It hardly seemed enough to conduct a successful flight from the arms of the law, but it would at any rate see him clear of the metropolis before the hue and cry was raised if he took train at once. At Paddington he almost got down, but for one reason or another he decided in favor of Willesden Junction. The rain was now falling heavily, and the fugitive was by this time pretty well drenched, but fearing to come across some one who knew him he dared not take an inside seat. There he sat in the pouring rain despite the invitations of the conductor, the one solitary passenger on the roof.

How he cursed the slow progress of the vehicle! Some imp of mischief seemed to be playing the fool with them, and it seemed as though they never would arrive in safety at their destination. At Westbourne Grove they grazed a lamppost, and the frightened horses attempted a bolt. Higher up they almost ran over a gentleman returning unsteadily from a temperance demonstration, and finally one horse came down on the slippery road. Here Fenton

ed past Kensal Green cemetery as if they were taking part in a funeral, but driver and horses plucked up courage as they neared port, and they drew up at the Crown at a smart trot. Here Fenton

incidentally asked the conductor the way to the railway station.

It was upon the stroke of 12 when he reached the junction, and he found to his great joy that the night express would pass through in a few minutes. Where was he to go? At first he thought of booking to Scotland, but his slender resources decided him in favor of Manchester. Punctually at 12 minutes past 12 the train drew up alongside the platform, and to Fenton it seemed a perfect haven of refuge. He tried to find an empty compartment, but failed to do so, and at last entered one with a solitary lamate.

This one looked at him with sleepy interest as he came in, which was increased when Fenton took off his dripping coat and thereby disclosed his evening dress. For some time he eyed him curiously, and then he said in broadest Yorkshire, "Tha's been t'uv an evening party, young feller?"

Fenton nodded assent, too worn out to dispute the point.

"Ther's a sight of parties on just nar, I'll be bahnd?"

Fenton groaned inwardly. He was evidently imprisoned for the night with a loquacious Tyke.

"Yes, there's generally something of that sort on in town," he assented politely.

"Well I likes to go somewhere where one's clothes don't matter. Give me t' waxwork show or t' Bloody Tower."

Fenton didn't reply, but nothing disconcerted, his companion went on:

"Not as I've been to shows this time. I've seed 'em all afore. I've been on bizness."



This one looked at him with sleepy interest as he came in.

Fenton nodded wearily.

"Tha doesn't mind ma smooking, do ye?" said the other, pulling out a cigar of doubtful aspect.

"Not at all," said Fenton, hoping this would keep his companion quiet.

"Maybe you'd like a smook yersen?" said the Yorkshireman, who was generously disposed.

"Thanks, no," said Fenton. "I'm not much of a smooker."

"That's reet. A young feller should reserve his strength so as he can enjoy his smook when his trouble comes." And pleased with this philosophic sentiment the old fellow puffed away at his rank cigar.

There was a pause of a few minutes, and Fenton hoped his companion was now fully engrossed with his cigar and his troubles. But he was mistaken. The hearty voice went on:

"Yes, I've been up to Lunnnon on bizness—very pertikeler bizness. Ah'll tell ye all about it, as ye seem interested."

And he did tell, and his voice buzzed in Fenton's ear in harmony with the rattling of the wheels and the roar of the train.

On, on the voice went, with never ending energy, but Fenton's thoughts were elsewhere. He was wet through to the skin, he was shivering with cold, he was utterly miserable both in mind and body. Was there in all London that night a more wretched man than he?

The thought was simply overwhelming that he, George Fenton, was a fugitive—that he would be wanted by the police on the morrow for the murder of a woman. A cold sweat stood upon his brow and an involuntary groan broke from his lips.

Even the self absorbed Yorkshireman noticed his companion's distress and broke off his epic in compassion.

"Young feller," said he solemnly, "ye're wet through to the skin."

Fenton did not deny it.

"See 'ere," said the other, getting up and inspecting his own wraps. "Just ye put on this 'ere waterproofer. It'll keep ye warm overmeest. It's downright daft of ye traveling in nowt but gimcracks like them, as wouldn't turn a summer shower."

Fenton thanked him warmly and was glad enough to don the proffered article. He buried his chin deep in the capacious collar and pretended to sleep. The cigar had now gone out, and the smooker was yawning. In another ten minutes resounding snores proclaimed his reception in the arms of Morpheus.

In vain did Fenton try to follow his companion into oblivion. Sleep refused to come. For a few minutes he fell into a fitful slumber, but his brain refused to rest. Again he stood over the dead body of the woman he loved; again he saw her pale, drawn face and the horrible dagger in her heart; again

Brett confronted him, and once more he was chased down the streets by a howling crowd. Quick down there, or he would be caught! Faster! Faster! O God, they are gaining on him! And with a cry of terror he awoke, trembling from head to foot.

Thank heaven, it was only a horrible dream! He was safe as yet.

And so that interminable night wore on. It was not till the gray morning came in through the carriage windows that the thought flashed across him for the first time, "Why am I running away?"

Brett alone had seen him, and he knew he was safe with Brett. No, Duncon would not betray him. Had he been recognized in the chase that followed? Hardly likely. Then he was safe. Why run away? If a ghost of a suspicion lodged against him, he was only accentuating it by absenting himself. He ought never to have left town. De Vere Gardens was the safest place for him. What a fool he had been to rush madly away in this absurd fashion! But even now was it too late to return? There were quick trains up from Manchester. He could be back by noon, and it would be easy to account for his absence—such occurrences were not infrequent. At Manchester, at any rate, he could buy an early paper and be guided by the report of the murder, which would by this time be telegraphed to every quarter of the globe.

These thoughts brought him some comfort, and at last, when the sky was turning to crimson, George Fenton sank into a deep sleep.

"Now, lad, here we be at Manchester. Up ye get."

Fenton rubbed his eyes and stared round him dazedly and struggled to his feet.

"Thank you very much for your mackintosh," he said to the Yorkshireman. "I don't know what I should have done without it."

He bade the kind fellow goodbye and struggled into his scoldered overcoat and now sallied forth into the streets of Cottonopolis. It was now past 6 o'clock, and he soon got hold of a newspaper, which he opened with palpitating heart.

"Great heavens!" he cried as his eye found the column he wanted. There, in large capitals, stared him in the face:

**HORRIBLE MURDER IN MAYFAIR ARREST OF A NAVAL OFFICER.**

His blood ran cold as he read the last line, for he once grasped that if Brett had been arrested, owing to some absurd blunder on the part of the police, in order perhaps to save his own life he would be bound to reveal all he knew of the murder. He read through the account that followed, but that gave him little further information. There were simply the particulars of the finding of the body, Brett's arrest, with the subsequent trouble, and the conveyance of him and the corpse to the police station. The paper fell from Fenton's hand in dismay. Now, at any rate, it would be simple folly on his part to return before he knew that no suspicion rested upon him. In the meantime he ought to make his own position as secure as possible by further movements. He crossed over to the Exchange station and looked at the list of departures. At

7 o'clock a train would leave for Leeds, and by this train Fenton decided to travel. At 9 o'clock he stepped out on the Leeds platform.

His first act was to get refreshment, for he had tasted nothing for 12 hours, and he was, moreover, suffering acutely as the result of wearing his wet clothing. He was ravenously hungry, and he made a substantial meal. Once more the blood seemed to course in his veins, and his courage revived. For a long time he sat over his breakfast deliberating on his next move, which he at length decided must be to get rid of his dress clothes. If suspicion had fallen upon him, these would no doubt be an important link in his detection, and it seemed more risky to continue wearing them than to dispose of them. He spent the greater part of the morning wandering up and down the city before he found a shop likely for his purpose. At last he entered one and asked the man behind the counter what he would give for the suit he was wearing.

"Dress shoots are nodings moosh in my line, and still less so ven dey are spoiled mit mud and wed. De glosch on dis shoot is debarbed forever, and my fr'en's only wants gloschy dress shoots."

Gloss or no gloss, Fenton explained, he must have it exchanged for an everyday rig out.

"My fr'en, if it is an exchange you wants perhaps I can do something for you. I dert it was monish wat you wanted. See here. Dis is a vinding in shecks. You could play shess or dravts on de design ven you was dat vay inclined."

Fenton explained he did not feel at all that way inclined. He wanted something not quite so pronounced.

"I see noding wrong mit de bronunciation. Peraps it is a gole black shoot you wants, mit vich to attend your own veneral."

After much parleying and baggling Fenton was at last fitted out in the cast off Sunday best of some presumably worthy Leeds weaver, and he left the store lamenting the inequality of the exchange.

Then he went to a barber's and had his mustache shaved.

By this time the early editions of the evening papers were out, and Fenton eagerly scanned a copy of The Evening Post.

"Horrible Tragedy In Mayfair—The Murderer at Large," met his eyes, and with trembling heart he read of "the release of the naval officer" and of the chase after himself the previous night; the discovery of the hilt of the dagger, and O God, of his own departure to Manchester from Willesden Junction. Then followed a description of himself: "Dark, about 5 feet 9 in height, well

built; brown eyes and dark mustache, about 30 years of age; at the time was wearing evening dress clothes, a light overcoat and a bowler hat."

Fenton's head whirled as he read these lines, and he looked round in terror, half expecting to see some one already identifying him, despite his having disposed of some of the damning details. They were on his track, and at any moment he might be arrested. He must be off again, and that immediately. Once more he must take train in the hope of baffling his pursuers. He walked into Wellington station and found that a train started in a few minutes for Skipton. He bought a ticket furiously, dully wondering why the clerk did not eye him suspiciously.

He was at Skipton within the hour. What was he to do now? He had something less than a sovereign in his pocket, so he could not afford another journey by train. Besides, he must chun the haunts of news readers. The country would be the best place for him now. He was almost at his wits' end, but he pulled himself together, went into a public house and called for some brandy. This put enough Dutch courage into his soul to enable him to inquire about the surrounding country from a garrulous bar ranger. As a result of his inquiries he determined to take to the Cracoe road, hoping to reach Grassington and the scattered villages beyond, where newspapers were few and the population illiterate.

Then he set out. The brandy saw him through a mile or two, but the excitement was telling upon him, and his bodily pain was increasing, and soon he could scarcely crawl along. He rested many a time and oft by the way, and it was dark when the glimmer of the lights of Rylstone village met his eyes. Here he determined to pass the night. He could go no farther. He did not dare to put up at any public house for fear of ultimate discovery, so he cast about him for a roof for shelter.

By the moonlight he espied an old shed alongside some stabling, and thither he repaired. Not having even strength enough to search for litter for a bed, he threw himself down on the ground and fell into a broken sleep.

He awoke in the early morning with pains and aches shooting all over his body, but with mind clear enough to appreciate the exigencies of the situation. He must be up and away before the sleuthhounds could scent him. He dragged his unwilling limbs out of the shed and gained the highway. But now the want of food was beginning to tell heavily upon him, and his legs almost refused to move. Long before he reached Cracoe he was overtaken by a coal cart. He hailed the driver and asked for a lift. The man looked at him doubtfully, but the offer of coin produced the desired effect. Lying full length on a sack on the top of the coals, Fenton spent the next hours in a dazed, witless condition. The driver's destination was Kilsney, and there his fare was turned adrift. Here Fenton determined to have something to eat, for without food he felt it would be impossible to go farther. He staggered into the village inn, which stood invitingly near. Suddenly a look of terror overspread his face and he turned sharply off the main road. He had seen a policeman enter. A policeman in that old world place! What was he doing there? To his distorted vision the man was already making inquiries

of the innkeeper, and the cart was bound to be there in a minute to add his link to the chain of evidence that was gradually being forged around him.

Fear galvanized his stiffened limbs into action, and down that lonely lane Fenton pelted with blind hurry, whither he knew not nor cared. The spurt did not last long, and he soon dropped into his old shamble. To make things worse, the rain, which had been threatening all day, now came down in torrents, and the need of some place of cover grew imperative. There was a haystack near—the only hope of shelter in that bleak inhospitable landscape—but before he could even reach what refuge that afforded the pitiless rain had drenched him to the marrow. The whole of that wretched afternoon Fenton sheltered there, sometimes dozing,

last unconscious of all his woes.

It was two days afterward when Fenton regained consciousness. When he opened his eyes, he was in a strange bedroom. He gave a feeble cry of surprise, and, as if in response, an old dame appeared at the bottom of the bed.

"Thank God, ye've come round at last. I thought it wer' all up wi' ye once. But don't ye talk now. Just ye drink this and go to sleep. T' maister will tell ye all about it when 'e comes 'oam."

With a sigh of contentment Fenton did as he was told.

When next he opened his eyes, they fell upon a familiar form. There by his bedside was the burly farmer who had traveled with him from Willesden! Fenton could not repress a cry of astonishment. The farmer seemed to enjoy his surprise.

"Aye, lad, it's one of the curiouser things I've ever 'eard of. I said 'Goodby' to ye at Manchester, and never thowt of seeing ye ag'in, and two days afterward I finds ye in my three acre pasture in a pretty fever. I know'd ye at once, although ye'd changed yer togs and shaved yer mustache. Ye've been in trouble, lad. I could tell fro' yer rangings. But never mind. No one's heard 'em but me and t' maister, 'cept our James, who helped me to carry ye in; and I've squared James not to let on."

"What did I say?" anxiously asked Fenton.

"Ye talked a strange lot of stuff, lad, abah't a girl—thear's generally a woman at bottom of moast things; and ye seemed to be terribly fond of this un. And then ye called out 'Murder'—ay, 'Murder' and spoke of a glass dagger, or some such silliness. Then ye seemed to be running away, and it was as much as the three of us could do to hold ye in the bed."

Fenton started up excitedly. "Good God!" he cried. "I am lost!"

"Lay ye down ag'in, lad," said the farmer, pushing him back with rough gentleness. "Whatever ye've done, I'll not be the man to give ye away. I had a lad of my own once, and I reckon ye're some other's son."

Fenton grasped the farmer's hand in dumb thankfulness.

"Nay, nay, lad—it's nowt. Ye must go to sleep now, and think ye're in yer own bed at 'oam."

But even as the farmer spoke there was a sound of tramping feet, and a voice thick with drink was heard protesting:

"Noa, noa, Ward; I didn't tell ye owt. Tak' yerself off before t' maister comes."

"Don't be a fool, James. I must go up stairs and look at him," said an authoritative voice.

The farmer started toward the door, but before he reached it the big form of a policeman was in the room. He gave a quick glance at the man on the bed, and then said, with bustling importance:

"George Fenton, I arrest you for the murder of Harriet Staples!"

[To be continued.]

The lecture course to be given at the M. E. church by Rev. W. H. Easton will commence Jan. 19th, with an introductory lecture on Shakespear and the Bible. "Some Bible and Shakespear Characters" will be the subject Feb. 9th; "The Bible as Literature," March 2nd, and the course will end March 23rd with a lecture on "Shakespear's 'Macbeth.'" Mr. Easton is an able Shakespearian scholar and the course will undoubtedly be an instructive and enjoyable one.

Give the Children a Drink called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

LADIES—It will pay you to write to the Winoosket Co., whose advertisement appears on the 3d page. They employ hundreds of ladies at their own homes all over the country, and are ready adding to their force. Read their advertisement.

News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE Contains Both.

Daily, by mail - \$6. a year Daily and Sunday, by mail \$8 a yr

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world

Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year Address THE SUN, New York.

The man looked at me doubtfully, more often terribly wide awake, wet, cold and hungry. When dusk came, he ventured forth again in quest of food and lodging, which he must have if he wished to keep mind and body together. He struggled on for a couple of hours, covering little ground, although straining every nerve. There were lights of a homestead in the distance, for which he made without even attempting to conceal a likely tale to account for his appearance, but fate was dead against him. The rain had ceased now, but it had left the ground thick with slush, through which the weary fugitive struggled like a drunken man. The lights he was making for seemed ever to recede like will-o'-the-wisps, and Fenton grew dimly conscious he could not reach them.

There was no other building at hand, no roof to shelter him, but he could go no farther. His legs refused to move, his head was bursting, and with a cry of awful helplessness and despair he sank down upon the clammy ground, at

Dr. Wm. McDaniel, Veterinary Surgeon, Office and Residence... The Corner North of Dr. Fortier's, 1st St.

DAHMEN & GRELL, All kinds of Farm Machinery, Flour, Feed and Groceries, Great Market in Connection, Produce Taken in Exchange, CHICAGO, ILL.

FITS CAN BE CURED. The old reliable Hair Restorer and Invigorator, for over thirty years the leader in its line. If you give it a trial you will recommend it to your friends. For sale by L. D. BROWN.

HAIR RE-NEW-ER.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON. THE LEDGER MONTHLY A \$1.00 MAGAZINE FOR 50 CENTS.

A richly illustrated and beautiful periodical, covering the whole field of popular reading.

THE LEDGER MONTHLY is the marvel of the age for beauty and low price. With its Artistic Lithographic Colored Covers, Superb Pictorial Illustrations, Serial and Short Stories by Leading Writers of the World, and Special Departments of Decorative Art, Embroidery, Home Employment for Women, and, in fact, every Department of home improvement which adds to the economy and charm of home life, be it indoors or outdoors, the LEDGER MONTHLY is beyond question, and, according to COMMENTS OF THE PRESS OF THE WHOLE UNITED STATES, the most wonderful production for its price. Simply to see a copy of the LEDGER MONTHLY is to be firmly convinced that no such costly periodical has ever been offered to the public for so little money. Your sample copy will prove this to you.

Your Postmaster will show you a complete copy of the LEDGER MONTHLY and also take your subscription for the LEDGER MONTHLY for a whole year for only 50 CENTS.

Don't fail to ask your Postmaster to let you look at a sample copy, and you will be sure to give him your 50 cents for a year's subscription to the LEDGER MONTHLY, the Great Family Magazine.

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers, 160 Ledger Building, New York City.

BEGGS' LITTLE GIANT PILLS.

Why? do you complain of indigestion, Constipation and Liver Ills, when BEGG'S LITTLE GIANT PILLS are within such easy reach, they are today without a superior, do not grip or gripe and can be relied upon to effect a speedy cure, when all others fail! Be sure and ask for BEGG'S Take no substitute. For sale by L. D. BROWN