

**THE STORY TELLER**  
**WRITTEN IN RED**  
 BY CHAS. HOWARD MONTAGUE AND C. W. DYAR

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**CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.**

The name burst from Marion's lips like the accusation of an avenging angel. It is probable that Stackhouse staggered under the force of the blow. Mr. Lamm, who, without an instant's delay, turned his attention to putting that queer-sounding name upon paper ("Marie Moyso" he wrote it), did not see him again for a brief space; and in that time he may have slightly recovered from the first violence of his betrayed emotions. He was still agitated enough in all conscience. This man Thornton Stackhouse, whom Lamm well knew to be in his ordinary walk of life no more self-betraying than the polished surface of a mirror, had been so affected and overwhelmed by what his wife had said to him that he was weaker than a child. He tried to shake off his growing terrors. He endeavored to smile, to laugh, to pass over the affair as a joke, but the effort was a ghastly failure.

"Marion!" he murmured. "Marion! Who has told you? What scoundrel has maligned me to my own wife?"

"Silence, sir! I am not your wife. This was my father's house. Either you or I must leave it. Which? Choose this minute."

"Marion! Calm yourself, I beseech you! Think of the effect, the occasion, the time. Who knows what people would say?"

"I do not care, sir. If you do, you should have thought of it before. It is too late now."

He turned his white face towards her. Lamm marked plainly in the ample light how his lips trembled, how his eyes gleamed.

"Marion," he said, in a fierce undertone, "are you enough mistress of yourself to think what my leaving this



SHE REELED AND CAUGHT AT THE RAILING.

house at such a time will mean to the gossip? Can you not see that even I might be accused of complicity in your father's death?"

"And who should be if you are not?" the woman retorted, in a vibrant tone that pierced the detective's ears like a thunderbolt. There were simultaneous cries from her three visible auditors.

For several seconds after his wife had delivered herself of this terrible taunt Thornton Stackhouse seemed vainly endeavoring to articulate. Then with a sudden movement he seized his hat and turned to the door. The voice which now came to him was so unlike his natural tones that Lamm would not have recognized it had the speaker been out of view.

"So be it!" he said. "Nobody will ever know what this is to me or how I have loved you, Marion. But so be it. If my own wife turns from me who will have mercy on me?"

The door opened and closed violently behind the partner of the late Paul North.

Did he speak for effect or were the emotions that inspired his words genuine? It is certain that the amazed detective became strongly prejudiced in his favor.

There was an interval of silence, and then a flutter of skirts and a white, white face appeared at the foot of the stairs. Lamm knew at once that that proud, imperious countenance, the scornful red mouth, the flashing blue eyes, belonged to Marion Stackhouse. But, great powers! could that be her natural expression? And then he saw what was the matter. She reeled, caught at the railing, threw up her arms and fell like a log to the floor.

So indeed this stoical woman was made of flesh and blood!

**CHAPTER V.**

AND WHO IS THE AFORESAID MARIE? Detective John Lamm, whose experience had rendered his views of life rather more broad than the prosy theories of the world from his non-compliance associates, was not

unaware of the existence of the emotional drama in real life.

The scene which he had just witnessed did not therefore seem incredible in itself, but the time and circumstances at and to which it had occurred rendered it, in John Lamm's estimation, of a most peculiar and astounding nature. As yet his ideas were too disorderly and confused to enable him to draw logical deductions. The moment had not yet come for theories and explanations. He could only stand still with bated breath and rapid pulse and await the outcome of the strange situation.

When Marion fainted Stella, pale and trembling, and looking very unlike her smiling and roguish self, as the photograph had proclaimed her, ran down to her assistance, and while Aunt Comfort was ambling aimlessly, wringing her fat hands and reflecting audibly that she couldn't see why on earth she wasn't already crazy, she was making repeated and intelligent efforts at restoration. The sprinkling of water, which Stella procured without summoning the servants, eventually having the effect of causing the eyelids, upon which some of the drops fell, to un-close, Marion murmured some incoherent words, arose, and with her sister's help, staggered to a chair, where she sat for several minutes as motionless and as speechless as if she had been in a trance. Aunt Comfort, suddenly awakening to her responsibilities, ran to fan her with a book cover, murmuring continuously soothing and reassuring expressions.

Marion did not appear to notice her, though the detective saw the girl's eyes more than once following her sister's motions in a relentless, questioning way. Mr. Lamm hoped for some conversation which would throw light on the dramatic charade that had been enacted in his presence, but he was disappointed.

A ring at the doorbell fell with startling effect upon the silence of the house. Stella fled precipitately to the upper regions, while Aunt Comfort, with her hand on her heart, stared apprehensively at the door. It was Marion herself who waved back the advancing servant with an imperious gesture and went resolutely to answer the summons.

"Bless me!" Mr. Lamm exclaimed within himself. "It's my risky client!"

And behold on the threshold, hat in hand, a bit flushed and embarrassed, and with an expression of lively solicitude as he belittled the occasion, Mr. Richard Petridge!

"You come at a sad time, sir," murmured Aunt Comfort, walking aimlessly between the door and the staircase.

"I am very glad you are here, Mr. Petridge," Marion said, in collected tones. "If we ever needed a friend, it is at this moment."

"I need not say with what eagerness I shall avail myself of any opportunity to aid you, Mrs. Stackhouse," he said, earnestly.

She looked him directly in the eyes. "Not Mrs. Stackhouse, Marion North."

He made a painful effort to appear unembarrassed, but it was quite evident that he was gravely alarmed.

"You—you—know—" he stammered.

"Everything," she returned, with a forlorn, bitter accent.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, in ill-concealed alarm. "Who told you?"

She made no reply in words, but with a simple gesture indicated the portiere at the right. In a moment the two people had disappeared from view, leaving Aunt Comfort staring like a petrified figure in a museum at the drawn curtain. She was awakened from her lethargy by the voice of Stella calling piteously from above:

"Oh! Aunt Comfort! Do come here! Do come here!"

And as the only remaining personage in the field of his vision disappeared John Lamm, detective, began to exhibit sundry signs of exasperation. In vain he strained his listening ears, in vain he ventured to raise the sash of the window to an imprudent degree. Nothing but the vague murmur of voices and the occasional distant sound of sobbing rewarded his efforts.

"To be cut off at such a point as this!" he fumed. "I'd enjoy hanging the architect who put such a stupid building together!"

There was nothing for him to do but to conjecture and wait. The two people remained in the parlor for nearly half an hour. At the expiration of that time the impatient watcher saw the portiere disturbed and they reappeared in the hall. Mr. Lamm eagerly marked their respective appearances, hoping thereby to construct some theory of the nature of their interview. Marion was very pale, cold, determined, collected. Petridge bore traces of unwonted agitation. His face was flushed; his hand unsteady.

She accompanied him to the door. He had opened it, when he turned impulsively and said, appealingly:

"Marion, won't you reconsider your unhappy resolution and make a confidant of me?"

"Richard Petridge, you ought to understand me well enough by this time to know that I never go any other way than straight ahead. I do not act on impulse, but from determination."

He seemed abashed for some reason. His eyes were turned towards the floor at her feet.

"It was only for your good," he murmured, "and I shall still continue to do everything in my power to make the terrible blow easier for you."

He bowed constrainedly, glanced furtively up the staircase as if he hoped to see another face, and went out. The door closed.

Marion caught her breath, set her teeth together, clenched her fists and stood motionless looking at the carpet.

"I'd give \$500 to know what that girl is thinking of," thought the detective; "she can assume the most unpleasant expression for a handsome woman I ever saw. And, hang me, if I shouldn't dislike to be in a position dependent on her and incur her enmity. She would sting like a serpent the man who attempted to throttle her."

The fair woman with the Medea face did not remain long the subject of his critical contemplation. Slowly, and in the same thoughtful attitude, she began with firm step to ascend the staircase, and soon vanished from John Lamm's sight and hearing.

That gentleman rapidly came to the conclusion that there was nothing further to be gained by longer remaining in his precarious hiding-place. Instead of leaving by the door, he first made sure that the coast was clear, and then got out of the window and walked rapidly around the corner to the front entrance.

He pulled authoritatively at the bell. After a short delay the summons was answered by the still tremulous Moffett.

"I am sorry, man," said Mr. Lamm, "but I must see the ladies after all. Give my card to Miss Harwood, please."

Moffett accepted the proffered piece of pasteboard, on which was engraved: LEVI DILLINGHAM, Police Detective.

Aunt Comfort responded, breathless and asthmatic. She invited John Lamm into the reception room. With quiet dignity the detective proceeded to apologize and to reassure her. "He regretted the necessity which forced him to call at such a time, and enlarged upon the great service she might do the cause of justice by making him acquainted with whatsoever facts of any possible bearing on the motive for the murder that might be in her possession. It was useless. At another time the amiable housekeeper might have filled his notebook with unconscious revelations; but there is a point beyond which garrulousness becomes complete idiocy, and it is little exaggeration to say that the terrible events of the day had carried Aunt Comfort over the limit. There was absolutely nothing to be got from her but tears and gasps and interjections. The idea of calling upon Mrs. Stackhouse to present the case was an inspiration to her and a relief to the patient Lamm.

It is true that he awaited the coming of Marion with some compunctions and no little curiosity. The young lady entered the room haughtily, and looked at him in a distant, unemotional way.

"What do you wish, sir?"

"Pardon me," said Lamm, humbly but respectfully, as he stood before her, turning his hat in his uneasy hands. "The affair is a mystery. We desire to arrest the guilty parties. Often the relatives in such cases have strong reasons for suspicions."

"We have none," returned Marion, decisively.

"No, indeed!" corroborated Aunt Comfort. "The idea of such a thing!"

"You are utterly unaware of any possible motive for this crime?"

Intentionally Detective Lamm cast a keen, searching glance full into the face of the stoical young woman. His idea was to intimidate rather than to observe her, for he had a furtive way of scrutinizing people without appearing to do so. It was ineffective. Not even her eyelashes quivered.

"Utterly," she said, firmly. "And now, sir, are you satisfied?"

"Unfortunately, no," said Lamm, glancing uneasily at Aunt Comfort. "Could I—would it be presumptuous in me—to ask for a private interview?"

Marion drew a full breath. There was a slight quiver as she did so, which seemed to indicate that her calmness was the result of rigid repression of her spontaneous emotions. She motioned Aunt Comfort towards the hall.

"Well, sir?" she said as soon as they were alone. John Lamm saw that she had no intention of prolonging the interview. He resolved to break the ice of her reserve with one fell crush.

"Tell me," he said, without preface, "who is Marie Moyso?"

She could not repress the start nor the tell-tale blush that rose into her cheeks. But she made a brave effort which aroused John Lamm's unspoken admiration.

"Why do you ask?" Only this in a faint voice, as a response to this unexpected bombshell.

"Because," he said, boldly, "there is reason to believe that such a woman is mixed up in this affair."

"Ah!" she returned coldly, "I know nothing of her. Really, Mr. Officer, you must excuse me if you have nothing more to say than this. The occasion is too grave—too solemn. You should go to Mr. North's partner, Mr. Stackhouse. He can tell you more about it than anybody else."

"She is one woman in ten thousand!" he muttered to himself as he walked away. "At her age such self-command is as uncommon as a lottery prize. Well, we'll try again."

Some inquiries assured him that it was not far to the seaside residence of Richard Petridge. In five minutes after leaving Marion's presence he was bowing before the astonished Petridge, whom he met on the veranda overlooking the ocean.

"You here?"

"So it would seem, Mr. Petridge."

"And what can you have discovered so soon?"

"I'll tell you. It is a simple clew and may not lead to much. Still I must beg leave to ask your assistance. I wish to put a question, stipulating that you do not ask me say in return. You see, I am not ready to make a report yet."

Petridge slightly frowned. Evidently he did not relish mysteries.

"Ask your question, Mr. Lamm."

"Who is Marie Moyso?" Petridge sprang up with a screech that overturned his chair.

"The deuce!" he ejaculated. "How came you by that name?"

"Ho, ho!" quoth John Lamm in his mind. "This gentleman does not guard his secrets so well as the lady yonder."

"I must remind you, Mr. Petridge," he returned, quietly, "that you were not to ask questions. Still, I don't mind telling you that the woman seems to be in some way connected with our friend Stackhouse."

"Humph! I shall begin to regard you as a wizard, rather than a detective, Mr. Lamm," Petridge remarked, with an effort to conceal his astonishment. "I must say I cannot conceive by what possibility you become possessed of that name. But since you have, I must remind you that you are working for me, and that whatever information you obtain ends with me. Nobody beyond us is to know a syllable. You understand that?"

[To Be Continued.]

**HE MISSED A FORTUNE.**

Simple Faith in the Wisdom of Governments Kept This Man Out of Millions.

Early in the sixties a foreign inventor offered the secret of a new explosive that he had discovered to the British government, relates a writer in London Truth. He asked for it an insignificant price, something under £600. After he had been kept waiting three months, and had made repeated applications for a decision, he was informed that his offer was declined with thanks, as neither the war office nor the board of trade saw anything in his invention. The foreigner was a Swede, by name Alfred Nobis. His invention was dynamite. My friend has only too good cause to remember the incident, for Nobel had offered him a half share in the profits if he would finance him to the extent of 500 kroner. Unfortunately for him, my friend was young, and still cherished illusions in regard to the wisdom of governments and their officials, and the consequence was that when he learned the views of the British experts he also declined the offer with thanks. But for his simple faith he would to-day be a millionaire.

Objected to the Hash.

A New Yorker at the Palace hotel, was talking about the Drayton family, of his state.

"Old Capt. Percival Drayton, who was Farragut's chief of staff during the civil war," said he, "used to tell his experience with the rough-and-ready men-of-war-men of that period—the old shellbacks who regarded soup and bully, 'scouse and plunduff as the pieces de resistance of a meal. Drayton was a wealthy man, and one day celebrated a happy family event by blowing off his crew to a first-class dinner. Toward its close a committee of old sea dogs asked to see the captain at 'the mast.'"

"We want to thank ye, sir," said the spokesman, when all had saluted, 'fer the elegant feed ye've given us, but we think it's only right to call yer attention to that ship's cook, sir. Just taste this hash he's worked off on us, sir, on your bounty, sir."

"They offered Drayton a plate of terrapin stew to sample."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Fair Warning.

At one time Horace Greeley lived in a pleasant estate on the Hudson river. It was approached by a narrow lane from the street, says a writer in the Springfield Republican, and was four miles out from the city hall on the Harlem road.

The ground from the house on one side sloped down to the river; on the other was a garden which bore fruit, accessible to boys. On Sunday, their day of freedom as well as Mr. Greeley's, the boys sought the orchard.

Mr. Greeley never saw or heard them. But Mrs. Greeley always saw them, and from her place on the piazza she would call to Mr. Greeley to put on his hat and "deal with them."

Mr. Greeley would never have disturbed them, but he always complied with his wife's wish—in his own time and way. As he slowly reached for his hat, he shouted:

"I'm coming after you, boys!"

Of course not many captures were made.

Distinction and a Difference.

Mark Twain was talking about the boyhood in Hannibal, Mo.

"I hated work in those days," he said. "One morning my father led me into the garden, and pointed to a bed of flowers that had a considerable number of weeds in it.

"I want you," said my father, "to weed out this flower bed."

"I examined the task ahead of me, and the more I looked at it the bigger it seemed to grow. Certainly I had never seen so many weeds in my life.

"Wouldn't it be a simple operation," I said to my father, "to flower out the weed bed?"—N. Y. Union.

The Confirmed Cynic.

"Why should a young man write a sonnet to a lady's eyebrow?" inquired the man who had been reading Shakespeare.

"Because he can be reasonably sure that that's real," responded the confirmed cynic, who claims to know what devils women are.—Chicago Sun.

Twenty Years After.

Nordy—They tell me that you ran away from home to meet your wife and get married.

Butts—Yes; and confidentially, I wish I had kept on running, my boy.—3rd St. Brdg Post.

Characterist of the Boston.

Dunn—He called me an ass.

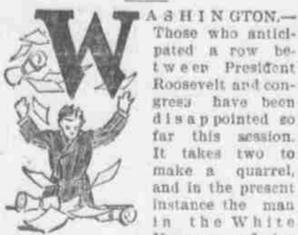
Dyer—And, naturally, you kicked him.—Town Topics.

**WASHINGTON LETTER**

**PRESIDENT HAS LEARNED LESSON ALL PRESIDENTS MUST.**

**THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.**

Man That Has Seen Long Service—A Representative That Has Decided Views on the Training of Children.



WASHINGTON.—Those who anticipated a row between President Roosevelt and congress have been disappointed so far this session. It takes two to make a quarrel, and in the present instance the man in the White House refrains from getting into any strenuous controversy with the coordinate branch of the government up on Capitol hill. This does not mean that the president is not insisting upon his ideas and policies, for he is most emphatically, but he is proving that he is a diplomat as well as a constructive statesman.

The president has learned the lesson that all presidents have learned in the past that congress is just as powerful as the executive, and the purposes and policies of the latter can be completely thwarted if the president works at cross purposes with congress. Mr. Roosevelt has set out to accomplish certain things, and he recognizes the necessity of having congress with him to accomplish these purposes. This is true in railroad rate legislation, but he worked up such a tremendous popular sentiment that he has brought congress around to his way of thinking by the influence of that sentiment, and now he and the majority in both houses are working harmoniously to the same end where two years ago there was scarcely a corporal's guard in congress that would have stood for the present administration policy.

**Splendid Corps of Clerks.**

POSTMASTER GENERAL Cortelyou has a splendidly trained corps of clerks and messengers in his own immediate office. One point they are especially well taught and that is to aid in saving the time of this cabinet officer. The average citizen who calls on the head of a department fails to realize how he trenches on the latter's time. After transacting his business he is liable to engage in a general conversation with the cabinet officer. The manner in which Mr. Cortelyou gets rid of this class of callers was clearly shown the other day. A citizen from out west was introduced by his congressman and after transacting the business they had come upon this western gentleman began a general conversation.

The postmaster general moved uneasily in his chair as the man went on from one more or less interesting topic to another, but the visitor did not take the hint. Pressing a button and giving a certain number of rings, the full import of which is understood in the outer office, Mr. Cortelyou secured relief. George Pitts, the efficient messenger who has been with Mr. Cortelyou in various positions for years, softly entered the room, looked around and stepped out again. He went to the desk of Mr. Cortelyou's secretary, Mr. Weaver, and gathered up a big bundle of papers. With these he hurried into the postmaster general's room and advanced to where the western citizen was occupying the official's time.

"These cases are from the president and have just come in," Mr. Postmaster General said, the messenger, "and they are urgent."

Postmaster General Cortelyou rose quickly and looked at his visitor with an expression that plainly said: "You see how very busy I am and you must really excuse me, much as I am enjoying your conversation."

After the congressman and his constituent had left the room the bundle of papers were taken back to Secretary Weaver's desk to be again used when needed.

**The Exposition Business.**

HERE is one committee of the house which it was expected would be merely temporary when created, but it now seems to be as permanent as the committee on appropriations. This body is the committee on "Industrial Arts and Expositions." It has had to deal with some big propositions, the largest since its creation being the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis last year. Then it had charge of the national legislation needed in connection with the Lewis and Clark exposition at Portland, Oregon, this year, and now it is beginning to consider matters connected with the next big exposition which is to be held in Virginia in 1907 to celebrate the founding of the town of Jamestown.

Some statesmen are of the opinion that the exposition business is being carried too far. The government is asked to make loans of money and exhibits from various departments and is put to a good deal of expense, although it always gets back any funds that are advanced. The opinion has prevailed that the people are getting tired of expositions, but that is disproven at St. Louis last year and at Portland this year. Ex-Congressman Charles Joy, of St. Louis, had a good deal to do with the big expositions in that city, and in talking with a group of congressmen the other day he made this declaration: "World fairs and expositions not only help the city and state in which they are held, but they help the country and are worth every dollar they cost. St. Louis to-day is enjoying a big business boom, which is attributable to the world's fair. There is twice as much building going on now as there was a year ago. There never was such a demand for skilled and unskilled labor, and wages are high. There is more money in circulation and better prices prevail. The world's fair at St. Louis advertised on a grand scale the resources of our wonderful country and we are receiving returns on our investment by the increasing foreign trade which has followed. I am a believer in the Jamestown exposition and know it will be a success."

**Mr. Sulzer of New York.**

NE of the bright lights, mentally and physically, in congress is the Hon. William Sulzer, of the house. He has a bright, open countenance, surmounted by an aureole of sun-kissed locks, that fairly entitle him to the name of "read-head." He is menally bright, quick-witted and somewhat of an orator. He is a long, lank specimen, who would more naturally be supposed to hail from the mountains of Tennessee than from "Little Old New York." It is a pity that Mr. Sulzer did not come from Kentucky, as it would have aided still further to identify him with that great Blue Grass statesman, Henry Clay. The resemblance of the New York Tammany congressman, in the shape of his face and head, to the pictures of Henry Clay is really remarkable and is a

source of great pride to this red-headed and hopeful statesman.

Mr. Sulzer is a strong man in his district and has represented it for over ten years. It is Republican normally and, except in congressional elections, gives a Republican majority, but Mr. Sulzer carries it usually by big majorities, running as high as 11,000 in some years. In state elections and city elections the Republicans carry it, but when Sulzer is up for reelection he carries the people with him.

Mr. Sulzer is now dean of the New York city delegation, and has been in the house longer, continuously, than any other Democrat north of Mason and Dixon's line. There are only seven other Democrats in the house who have served longer than he has.

The New York statesman is independent in his thought and action, and when a Republican policy appeals to him he does not hesitate to support it. He is heart and soul with the president on the latter's proposed remedy for unjust railroad rates and in speaking about it the other day Mr. Sulzer said: "I am with the president in this railroad rate legislation, because the president is right and the house will give him the right kind of a bill. I have been giving some study to the question and expect to have something to say when the bill comes up in the house."

Roughing It.

REPRESENTATIVE George Gilmore Gilbert, of Kentucky, has little patience with the modern system of coddling children. He thinks that youngsters ought to be made to rough it and they ought not to be submitted to too frequent bathing. In discussing the question of healthy children and how the young ones should be brought up to make strong men and women, Mr. Gilbert said to a group of his colleagues the other day: "Well-to-do mothers, I mean mothers who employ nurses to attend to their babies, often ask why the children of their hard-working neighbors and mothers of large families are as a rule healthy and rosy-cheeked. Those who are not mothers have frequently commented on the fact that the children whose parents have to work hard to make both ends meet are so rugged and healthy, while the little ones of well-to-do parents are puny and sickly. The cause of this condition is easy to explain.

"The mothers of large families do not have time to be always looking after the little ones, who are thus free to play in the back yards and roll around in the dirt. Once a week is about as often as they get a scrub. But the little pet of the well-to-do woman cannot play and roll around in the dirt, and the bath is administered about twice a day. Thus nature suffers and the little helpless thing is subjected to colds from slight drafts. A certain amount of dirt is good for the babies. They thrive on it and grow fat and strong. A baby should not be treated and handled like a hothouse plant. Let the little things have plenty of air and let them roll on the floor of the house and on the grass.