

THE NORTH WALK MYSTERY

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

AUTHOR OF
"FROM CLIVE TO CLIMAX."
"THE LAND OF THE CHANGING SUN"
"ALMOST PERSUADED."
"A MUTE CONFESSOR."
ETC. ETC. ETC.
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[CHAPTER XIX CONTINUED]

Ralph looked mystified.

"I can't understand what you did that for," he said. "I presume you are trying to prove that some one shot my father, but the more I think about it the less I agree with you. You see, I know his handwriting. If you think the note he wrote was a forgery, you are wrong. No one could imitate his handwriting. It's true I read it only by the light of a match that night, but the next morning I examined it closely."

"You don't understand what I am trying to prove," said Hendricks. "I don't dispute that your father wrote it. He probably went out with the determination to shoot himself. It was a remarkable coincidence, but I have evidence that some one was hidden under his bed that night between 7 o'clock and the time he went into his laboratory."

"You think that?" cried Ralph astonished.

"I am sure of it."

"How could you be sure of such a thing?"

"The chambermaid who attended to your father's room," explained the detective, "had not been giving much care to it. Perhaps it was because, during the stay of your guests, she had too many other duties to perform. Anyway she failed to sweep under his bed, and the dust accumulated. I first noticed a spot on the floor where some one had lain and then detected the odor of chloroform. This called for a close examination. I found that chloroform had been spilled on the floor under the bed and been wiped up with a cloth or handkerchief saturated with the fluid. This led me to believe that somebody had been hidden there, waiting for an opportunity to apply the drug to your father's nostrils when he fell asleep. But your father did not go to bed, as we know. He went from his room into the laboratory and thence down into the garden."

"You believe," put in Ralph excitedly, "that the person under the bed followed him?"

"Yes, and shot him with a revolver he had brought along for his own defense in case of being surprised. Your father could not have shot himself without leaving some powder mark on his person or clothing. These indications I found missing on the morning of the inquest. Moreover, here is additional proof of my theory."

From his pocket Hendricks produced a piece of lead.

"That," he explained, "was once the ball of a .38 caliber cartridge. It was flattened in striking your father's skull. It passed through and lodged in the brain. The undertaker and a medical expert secured it for me the day of the inquest. The revolver you found near your father carried a .32 caliber ball."

"But," protested Ralph, "one of the chambers of my father's revolver was empty."

Hendricks produced a bullet almost perfect in shape, except that the sharp end was flattened slightly.

"I found this," he said, "imbedded in the soft, rotten wood of the old summer house, 40 yards from where your father fell."

"Then you hold that he fired at his assailant," exclaimed Ralph, "and that I did not hear it because it was the smaller weapon of the two. I begin to see."

"They fired at each other simultaneously," answered the detective, "or so nearly at the same instant that the two reports blended into one."

Ralph hung his head reflectively.

"It was the increased volume of sound that caused him to hear it," put in Dr. Lampkin.

"Exactly," replied Hendricks.

"Have you any clew to the guilty person?" asked Ralph.

Hendricks stroked his beard thoughtfully for a moment, then said:

"There is a little matter which you can help me in if you are so disposed."

"I am subject to your orders," returned Ralph. "To what do you refer?"

"Suppose we go back into the library," he suggested. "Kola, I shall leave you with Mr. Stanwood. Tell him how your people climb a string and disappear in the clouds. Come on, doctor. We can talk better inside."

Ralph started, returned the steady gaze of the detective for a minute and then answered:

"What do I know about him? Not much, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Answer my question first. What do you know about him?"

Ralph clasped his knee with his hand and flushed.

"Hang it, Hendricks," he blurted out, "that's a beastly indelicat question, coming right when it does! You see, the fellow—"

"I mean no offense," broke in Hendricks, his voice still tense and firm. "But what do you know about him?"

"The truth is," floundered Ralph in the rough waters of embarrassment, "the truth is, I don't—that is—I can't say I know a blamed thing about him actually. I have only known him slightly for about three months. He and I have some mutual friends, but as he lives far away—San Francisco is his home—I do not know much about him. You see," Ralph glanced into the drawing room, "my sister and he are staunch friends. They have met at Newport and in Europe, and to come right down to facts she asked me to invite him here to our house party. She assured me he belonged to a good family and was a gentleman. You may be sure if I had not thought he was I should not have consented to have him here. I found him a pretty good fellow—a little slow—a little more English than the average New Yorker, but—"

Ralph's powers of expression seemed to fail him.

Hendricks crossed his legs, leaned back on the lounge, and half of his crushed cigar fell to the rug at his feet.

"You remember," he said, "the testimony of Miss Hastings at the inquest? She stated that she heard your father telling some one that he would disown somebody the next day."

"You mentioned it last night," answered Ralph. "It was the first I had heard of it. I asked Miss Hastings about it today. She seemed surprised that I had not understood. She told me she had plainly heard my father say it and that she had ever since thought he was speaking to me. She appeared very much upset over it and seemed delighted to have me assure her that my father had not spoken the words to me and that I had not been in his room that night. I then went to my sister and asked her if my father had used such words to her. She refused to answer, seemed vexed at my question and asked me if you had said anything about her and Montcastle last night when I was under arrest. I told her you had not. She wanted to know what had passed between us, but I kept my promise to you and said nothing about your theories. She still believes my father committed suicide, is very nervous and has not been at all like herself since the murder."

Hendricks leaned forward. It seemed to Lampkin, who was watching his features closely, that he drew a deep breath before he began to speak.

"Benton," he said, "I am sure your father was speaking to Miss Benton that night. Moreover, I have conclusive proof that both she and Mr. Montcastle hastily packed their things, that night, went in a cab to the station and tried to catch the 1:30 train for New York. I have—"

Ralph sprang to his feet.

"By heavens, Hendricks," he cried, "beware of what you are saying! If you impugn the good name of my sister, if you dare!"

"Keep quiet," said Hendricks calmly, and he leaned back on the sofa. "Don't be impulsive. If you had known me longer, you would know I do not make rash statements. Besides, I have said nothing against the character of your sister. If you can account for Miss Benton's and Montcastle's conduct that night, you may do them a valuable service. For the present, however, I am bound to own that their actions, together with their evident secrecy since that night, have a decidedly ugly look."

The young man's anger subsided. It was as if sudden fear and suspicion had overpowered it. He leaned on the back of his chair with trembling hands. His face was deathly pale.

"Pardon me," he said. "But you say you know what you have just stated? You know that they tried to catch the 1:30 train for New York?"

"I do. They were not quick enough. The next train was not due before 3:30. They came back home, bringing their luggage on a cab. Montcastle did not unpack his bag, but Miss Benton took out her wearing apparel and hung it up."

Ralph stared; his white lips parted. They could hear him breathing.

"It's absurd—perfectly absurd," he said, trying to smile. "My sister would not!"

Hendricks interrupted him with a gesture of the hand.

"I am not," he said, "working on the theory that your sister had a hand in the crime. But, if I may ask, do you think the relationship between Miss Benton and Montcastle is such that if—mind you, if—were to tell her he had accidentally killed your father, or did it in the heat of passion, under impulse, or in self defense, and was afraid to face the law—do you think, I say, that she would stand by him?"

An expression of vast relief trembled in the young man's eyes and passed over his face.

"They are engaged to be married," he admitted, "and she thinks the world and all of him. The truth is father did not like Montcastle and took pains to let him see it. Sister thought Montcastle was not fairly treated. So you think he may have had designs on my sister's fortune, and—"

Hendricks interrupted him.

"Your father was not killed till after he had declared he would disown Miss Benton the next day, and you say Montcastle is engaged to her."

Ralph sat down. He looked as if his legs had refused longer to bear the weight of his body.

"It is an awful situation," he said, almost with a groan. "Montcastle doesn't look like a man who could!"

Again Hendricks interrupted him.

"Has there been any sort of intimacy between Montcastle and this Mr. Brooks Allen?" he asked.

"I don't know," he began, "and yet Montcastle has seemed to be interested in the old man's inventions and plans—that is, a little more than the rest of us. You see, Mr. Allen had got to be a sort of bore, and we didn't care to listen, but Montcastle always treated him considerably. They went fishing together once and came back from the city together two or three times, and—"

Ralph broke off suddenly. His eye began to kindle with determination.

"Look here, Hendricks," he said. "I want to get at the bottom of this matter at once and have done with it. Let me

"I'll accuse you of what I like and punch your blasted head, too, if you don't explain why you were riding in a cab with my sister at that hour of the night. Do you understand? Out with it, or I'll order your arrest in a minute! I am tired of this mystery."

Montcastle stood as if turned to stone. Miss Benton covered her face and began to sob.

"Tell them," she said to Montcastle. "There is nothing else to do. Brother says it was not suicide, and I shall not feel so bad about it. I thought I had driven poor papa to it."

Montcastle leaned on a table for a minute, then cleared his throat and began.

"It's a tempest in a teapot," he said. "I am willing to make a statement, but I want it distinctly understood that I am doing it at the request of this lady and not at the command of her brother. For several months Miss Benton and I have been engaged. I have an aunt living in San Francisco who has made me the heir to her fortune. I wrote to her of my intentions, but she had made another choice for me and gave me to understand plainly that if Miss Benton and I were married she would cut me out of her will. Notwithstanding this I determined to carry out my plans and formally proposed to Mr. Benton for the hand of his daughter. He had never liked me, and when I told him what my aunt had written he flatly refused to give his consent. Then Miss Benton and I planned an elopement for the night her father was killed. We would not have gone at such a late hour, but it was the only time we could get away without being seen. I hurriedly packed my things in a valise. Miss Benton put some of her things in a traveling bag, and Mary, in whom we had confided, was to forward her trunk the next day. We were ready to go when Alice—Miss Benton—decided to appeal to her father once more."

"You'd better let me tell what happened next," broke in Miss Benton. "I heard father walking in his room. I think it was about 20 minutes before 1 o'clock. I knew he was in one of his sleepless moods and went up and found him in a frightfully nervous condition. It was about some business dispute he had had that afternoon with Mr. Allen. It seemed that Mr. Allen had been trying to force him to sign some paper which would give Mr. Allen a half interest in an invention which had cost my father ten times as much as Mr. Allen had said it should. After he had told me all his troubles and had abused me soundly on account of my engagement I implored him to reconsider his decision in regard to Mr. Montcastle.

"What do you know about this—Montcastle?"

call sister in here. If what you say is true, she must give an explanation. If Montcastle killed my father, I want him taken in charge."

"I have no objection," replied the detective, "but if it is the same to you I'd like to question her."

"I am willing," answered Ralph, and he went into the next room.

During the conversation only a single gas jet had been burning. Hendricks rose, held a match to the flame and lighted two other jets. He had just resumed his seat on the lounge when Ralph and his sister entered.

She bowed rather coldly to Hendricks and Lampkin.

"You wished to see me?" she asked the former as she sat down stiffly.

"Yes, I wanted to ask you a few questions," answered the detective, eyeing her attentively. "It would materially aid me in my investigations to have you explain a few things concerning your actions on the night your father was killed."

Miss Benton's glance fell to her lap.

"Surely you are mistaken, Mr. Hendricks," she said. "Why, what can you mean?"

"I have proof," said the detective, "that you and Mr. Montcastle packed a couple of bags and tried to catch the 1:30 train for New York that night. As nearly as I can get at it, you left immediately after the murder. You missed your train, and as the next one was not due till 3:30 you came back home."

Miss Benton's face had paled. Her shoulders rose and quivered convulsively. For a minute she continued to look down. Then an angry light began to blaze in her eyes.

"Do you mean," she asked, fixing Hendricks with a steady gaze—"do you

mean to intimate that you suspect Mr. Montcastle and myself of—the crime?"

Hendricks' reply was skillfully evasive.

"I mean that it will be far better in any case for you or Mr. Montcastle to explain your conduct on that night."

Miss Benton sneered.

"I presume you are trying to play a trick on me, as you did on my brother last night. If you want to find out anything about me, go elsewhere. You can't frighten me."

"Sister, this is a very serious matter," spoke up Ralph. "You must explain yourself, or Montcastle, at least, will get into trouble."

"Trouble!" asked the young lady angrily. "Has this detective any right to pry into our own private affairs?" Then her face rapidly changed its expression.

"Why, what can you mean? Neither Mr. Montcastle nor I could be accused. You know you told me what you had seen."

"Oh, I forgot you did not know!" said Ralph quickly. "Mr. Hendricks has proved to me that father did not commit suicide; that he was killed by some one else. We need not explain now. I am satisfied on that point, and that is why it looks so gloomy for Montcastle. Sister, you must really out with the truth. Did you and he go to the train that night? Answer me."

Miss Benton seemed too much agitated to speak. She went to the bell and rang and came back to her chair. She was very white and trembling from head to foot. Presently Mary entered.

"Did you ring, miss?" she asked.

"Is Mr. Montcastle in the smoking room?" said Miss Benton.

"No, miss; he's in Mr. Allen's room. Mr. Allen has had another hemorrhage, a pretty bad one. We wanted to send for a doctor, but he wouldn't let us."

"Tell Mr. Montcastle to come to me at once," commanded Miss Benton.

"Tell him not to wait a minute."

No one spoke till Montcastle entered.

"What is it?" he asked, looking at his fiancée in surprise.

"Mr. Hendricks is about to handcuff me," explained Miss Benton, with sarcasm. "He says he can prove that we went to the station the night father died and that suspicion has been directed against us."

"What?" thundered Montcastle.

"How dare you, sir?"

Hendricks faced him calmly.

"At such a time, if you refuse to explain your conduct when requested civilly, it is right and proper that suspicion should fall on you. I am simply seeking for information."

"But you are going into our own private affairs," answered Montcastle. "Because Mr. Benton happened to be killed that night is no reason we should make a confidant of you unless we wish to do so."

"You can explain now or do it in court," answered Hendricks, with a smile. "From my standpoint as a detective I am obliged to regard your conduct that night as suspicious."

"He is right, Montcastle!" broke in Ralph excitedly. "As the present head of this family I insist on an explanation. If you had anything to do with the crime—"

"Brother, be ashamed of yourself!" cried Miss Benton, rising and standing between the two men. "Remember that Arthur—Mr. Montcastle—is our guest."

"Do you mean to accuse me of the murder?" asked Montcastle, white with rage.

"I'll accuse you of what I like and punch your blasted head, too, if you don't explain why you were riding in a cab with my sister at that hour of the night. Do you understand? Out with it, or I'll order your arrest in a minute! I am tired of this mystery."

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This threw him into a terrible fury. He not only refused to give his consent to my marriage, but pushed me from the room and declared he would disown me as soon as he could see his lawyer the next day."

"I am sure he meant it. I went down and told Montcastle what had taken place, and we decided to leave, as we were ready and the cab was at the door. When we got to the station, the train had just gone. There was not another till after 3. We sat in the waiting room for nearly an hour. In the meantime I became so blue over it all, particularly my father's health, that I changed my mind, and as Mr. Montcastle assured me we could get back home without being detected we returned. As we were entering the house we met Mr. Stanwood and Miss Hastings coming down stairs. I suspected the next morning that my father had

taken his own life, and then brother confirmed my fears by telling me about the note and how he had found him. Ralph advised me—"

"Go ahead," said Ralph. "I have told Mr. Hendricks about that."

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ANN ARBOR RAILWAY

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT SEPT 6, '97

Trains leave Owosso as follows:

NORTH	SOUTH
Daily except Sunday	Daily except Sunday
No. 1, 10:50 a. m.	No. 2, 9:00 a. m.
No. 3, 7:15 p. m.	No. 4, 5:48 p. m.

Cheap rates and good connections with boats at Frankfort for Detroit and northwest.
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"The Niagara Falls Route."

SAGINAW DIVISION.

OWOSSO TIME CARD.

TRAINS SOUTH.

Chicago Express leaves 8:05 a. m., arrives in Jackson 10:50 a. m., Chicago 7:15 p. m.
Chicago Express, leaves 8:45 p. m., arrives in Jackson 10:50 p. m., Chicago 6:30 a. m.
Through Sleeper (Hay City to Chicago).
Owosso Accommodation leaves Bay City 9:30 a. m., arrives Owosso 12:40 p. m.
Owosso Accommodation leaves Owosso at 1:45 p. m., arrives in Jackson at 4:30 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Bay City Express, leaves 9:00 a. m., arrives at Bay City 11:10 a. m., Sleeper, Chicago to Bay City.
Marquette Express leaves Owosso 7:15 p. m., arrives at Bay City 9:30 p. m.
Owosso Accommodation, leaves Jackson 11:15 a. m., arrives Owosso 12:40 p. m.
Hay City Accommodation, leaves Owosso 2:50 p. m., arrives at Bay City 5:10 p. m.
All trains daily except Sunday.
J. H. GLASGOW, Agent, Owosso.
W. ROGERS, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

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(Detroit & Milwaukee Division.)

IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1897

Arrival and Departure of Trains at Owosso.

Westward.	Leave	Arrive
Gr'd Rapids, Gr'd Haven and Muskegon	8:00 a. m.	10:00 + 6:00
Gr'd Rapids, Gr'd Haven and Muskegon	12:40 p. m.	2:40 + 1:10
Grand Rapids	4:00 p. m.	6:00 a. m.
Gr'd Rapids, and Muskegon	8:00 a. m.	10:00 + 6:00
Mixed from Owosso	4:00 p. m.	6:00 + 1:10
Eastward.	Leave	Arrive
Detroit, Canada and East	9:00 p. m.	11:00 + 7:17
Detroit and Chicago via Dur and	12:10 p. m.	2:10 + 9:00
Detroit, Canada and East	6:00 p. m.	8:00 + 10:00
Detroit, Canada and East	8:25 p. m.	10:25 + 8:25

+ Except Sunday. * Daily

SLEEPING AND PARLOR CAR SERVICE.

WESTWARD.

10:02 a. m. train has Parlor car to Grand Rapids. Extra charge 25 cents.

7:17 p. m. train has Parlor car to Gr'd Rapids. Extra charge 25 cents.

EASTWARD.

9:00 a. m. train has Parlor car to Detroit. Extra charge 25 cents. Pullman Parlor car, Detroit to Toronto, connecting with Sleeper for the east and New York. Connects with C. & G. T. division at Durand for Chicago and Pt. Huron and with C. & S. M. division for Saginaw and Bay City.

6:00 p. m. train has Parlor car to Detroit. Extra charge 25 cents and Pullman Sleeping car Detroit to Toronto, Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Philadelphia and New York. Connects at Durand with C. & G. T. div. for Saginaw and Bay City and with C. & G. T. for Pt. Huron and Battle Creek.

(Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon Division.)

EASTWARD.

Arrive, Owosso Junction, 8:30 a. m. and 10:15 p. m.

WESTWARD.

Leave Owosso Junction, 5:30 a. m. and 10:15 a. m.

J. H. HUGHES, Asst. Gen'l P. & T. Agent.
BEN FLETCHER, E. WYKES, Local Agent, Mich. Pass. Agent.



For Your Protection CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

(Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Cold and Stagnates the Senses of Taste and Smell.)

IT WILL CURE. COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied directly to the nostrils and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents. Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren, New York.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the 21st day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, made, executed and delivered by Henry Robbins and Sarah G. Robbins, his wife, of the city of Owosso, Shiawassee County, in the State of Michigan, to Joseph Herberich of Gorham, Ontario County, State of New York, said mortgage being duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Shiawassee County, in the State of Michigan, in Liber 48 of mortgages, on page 568, on the 21st day of March, A. D. 1891, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due, at the date of this notice, the sum of eight hundred eighty-two dollars and sixty-four cents, for principal and interest, under the terms of said mortgage. And no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed on the 25th day of March, 1898, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, by a sale at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, of the premises described in said mortgage, to take place at the front or west door of the Court House, in the city of Corunna, (that being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said county of Shiawassee) for the purposes of satisfying the principal and interest of said mortgage together with the costs of sale, including the attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars, as allowed by State and as provided in said mortgage. Said premises being described in said mortgage as follows, viz: (Commencing at the quarter post on the west side of section thirteen (13) in town seven (7) north of range two (2) east, running thence north on said section line four (4) chains, forty-three and one-fourth (43 1/4) links to a point fifty-five (55) links due west of a soft maple tree twelve (12) inches in diameter, thence east varying 1' and 13" east to the west bank of the Shiawassee River, thence southerly along the bank of said river to meander corner on section line between sections thirteen and fourteen (13 and 14) thence north on said section line about six (6) chains to the place of beginning, containing three (3) acres of land.

Dated this 21st day of December, 1897.
JOSEPH HERBERICH, Mortgagee.
KILPATRICK PIERPONT, Mortgagee.
Attorneys for Mortgagee.

On holidays in England two parties of men or boys will frequently get hold of opposite ends of a rope and pull on it, as a test of the strength of the two parties. They call it the "tug of war."

Many a hardworking man and woman in each day's toil, is pulling a "tug of war" with death for an antagonist.

They fail to take proper care of their health. When they suffer from indigestion or a slight bilious attack they "wear it out." After a while these disorders wear out the reckless man or woman and the result is consumption, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser tells all about these diseases. It is free to all. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all the maladies named. It cures the cause. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active and the blood pure. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. Don't let a druggist impose on you with a more profitable substitute.

"I had a very severe pain in the small of my back, where my hips join on to my body, and it hurt so that I thought I was going to come apart," writes Wm. Z. Powers, Esq., of Erie, Pa. "My doctor came and pronounced it rheumatism. He gave me a prescription, but I got no better, but worse. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from my druggist and commenced to use it. I began to improve at once and got well. Now I am in perfect health—no pain, no rheumatism."

Nearly every disease known to doctors and the treatment is described in Doctor