

The Day After

Fair and Continued Cold.

Santa Claus has departed and has left a few things with us to sell at any price in order to wind up our account with him before the New Year comes in.

Men's Fancy Ribbed Underwear, \$1.50 quality......98 cents Men's Fancy Stiff Bosom Shirts, \$1.00 quality......69 cents

Some Teck, Four-in-Hand and Band Bows, 25 and 50-cent quality 16 cents Some Men's Fancy Hose, 50-cent quality 25 cents

AT THE WHEN

BONDS

WE OWN AND OFFER-

Belt Railroad and Stockyards Co. Com. Stock. Indianapolis Fire Insurance Co. Stock. Union Traction Co. of Ind. Com. Stock Union Traction 5 per cent. Preferred Stock. Security Trust Co. Stock. Federal Union Surety Co. Stock. Columbia National Bank Stock.

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12,000 New Telephone, 1st mortgage 58
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110,000 French Lick Springs 58 Price and particulars upon application.

J. F. WILD & CO. 205 Stevenson Building.

USEFUL ARTICLES FOR INVALIDS

Reclining and Rolling Chairs for parlor and street. Carrying Chairs, Wheeled Couches, Food Sterilizers and Desiccators. Feeding and Spit Cups, Electric Belts, Insoles and Batteries.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG & CO., 224 and 226 S. Meridian street, Indianapolis, Ind.

FRICK IS NOT AMBITIOUS

HE DOES NOT WANT THE STEEL CORPORATION PRESIDENCY.

Says He Has Plenty to Do in Attending to His Own Affairs-Tribute to J. P. Morgan.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 25 .- "There is no vacancy in the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation or any other executive position that I know of, and even if there were and I should be offered one, my own affairs require so much of my time that it would not be possible for me to consider anything of the kind."

The above statement was made by Mr.

H. C. Frick to-night. "I am much averse to newspaper interviews," continued he, "but my name has been so persistently used in connection with positions in the United States Steel Corporation that I rather welcome the opportunity of making this statement. I have retired from active business and nothing would induce me to take any position that could claim my time from my own affairs. I am a director in the United States Steel Corporation besides being a large stockholder, and am very much interested in its success, and while I am willing to give all the time and attention required of me as a director. I could not accept any position that required my daily and exclusive attention. I am a thorough believer in the intrinsic value of the property. The various constituent companies are well organized and have very capable men in charge of them. I had an opportunity during the recent inspection of meeting a number of the presidents and others of the constituent companies' management and was delighted at the enthusiasm and interest shown in their various organizations, and, after all, it is of greater importance to have those various constituent companies well managed than who may be president or of the executive committee of the United States Steel Corporation. The executive and finance committees of the United States Steel Corporation are comof very able men and they are giv-

"Mr. Morgan has accomplished a great many big things in his time, but he never put anything together, in my opinion, that has the merit, nor that did more for the capitalist, laborer and the consumer than when he formed the United States Steel Corporation. Its position so far as ore without ore and coal, it does not mathow much money it may have, no concern can become an important factor in

ng the business of the corporation careful

COMMERCE AT CANNON'S MOUTH.

German Society That Is Urging on the Imperial Naval Plans.

Washington Post. It appears that there is in Emperor William's domain an organization called the 'German Fleet Society." Recent disclosures indicate that this society has for its bject the exploitation of public sentiment in favor of a powerful German navy as an adjunct-of German commerce. last monthly publication by the society does not, according to our Berlin report ish the thought! It simply says that Germans must make up their minds whether the business already created shall be protected and extended or permitted to lan-That is clear enough. Anyone has a right to push his trade or to abandon it. as he may prefer. There is a certain amount of liberty almost everywhere. But what does the "German Fleet Society" go on to say? What is meant by the remarkable declaration: "If the former alternative is accepted the navy must be increased by sufficient cruisers to adequately protect What, indeed? Does success in commerce depend upon armaments and death-dealing fleets? And, if so, why? Many years ago, down in the neighborgood of Napoleon, Ark., there was a hollow-cheeked little man who had an agency from a Cincinnati firm that manufactured playing cards. Of course his business rejuired him to frequent saloons and gambing houses-which then abounded in Napoleon-while his pleasure led him to consume large quantities of tangle-foot whisky between trades. It is of record that once this ardent salesman proposed to sell a few gross of first-class squeezers to a new merchant who had just moved in. The merchant declined on the ground that he had a full supply, procured from a St. Louis firm. On this the hollow-cheeked man shot the newcomer. There was some excitement. A crowd gathered and the shooter detected a slight disposition on the part of some of the bystanders to murmur. He promptly drew another gun from his left hip pocket-being ambidextrous-and thus addressed the company: "Gentle-men-I am a plain, mild-mannered trader. never had a quarrel in my life. I am a peaceful man, I am. And if any citizen on't believe it, and will say so right here. I'll fill him full of holes. There's no foolness about me, and don't anybody for-

There seems to be a sort of parallel just here. The hollow-cheeked man didn't exactly promote his commerce through the medium of a navy. It wasn't practicable at Napoleon. But he set the example with six-shooters, and thereby-or so it would appear-founded a new school of mercantile "German Fleet Society" to know that the hollow-cheeked man got what he was looking for, and, in due time died wows looking for, and, in due time, died young.

LOOTING OF CATHEDRALS

STORY OF DESECRATION TOLD BY four months I have been here I have WARREN J. BAKER.

Says His Father and a Companion Robbed Mexican Churches of Great Wealth During the War of 1848.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 25.-The Bee says "Warren J. Baker, secretary of the Northwestern Ohio Masonic Relief Association, to-day for the first time makes public the secret history of the looting of Catholic cathedrals during the Mexican war, tells how it was done and of the burial of the treasure. His tongue was loosened by newspaper dispatch from Mexico City telling of the discovery of a chest of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls and golden images beneath the flagstone in the chapel of Las Vozcainas College, in Mexico City. Mr. Baker's story rivals the mythical tales of Captain Kidd, and moreover bears the unmistakable stamp of truth. He says his father marched from Vera Cruz to Mexico City with General Scott's army during the Mexican war. He and a tent mate, after plotting for weeks, made their way into some of the richest cathedrals and pillaged them of their fabulous wealth of all sorts of valuable stones and huge golden images. For hours they looted, carrying their burdens of precious stones to a hiding place beneath the flagstones in a cathedral yard. Shortly afterward Baker's companion died. Baker returned to his home in New York and then went to Hillsdale, Mich. Fifteen years after plundering the cathedrals he confided his story to an intimate friend. The friend wrote to the Mexican government, asking "if there would be any chance of a division of the spoils," if he should tell the government where it could find the sacred and valuable altar decorations that had been stolen. In a letter bearing the official seal the Hillsdale man received warning that if he knew of any one who hand in the notorious pillaging or if simself participated in it, he would do well to forget all he knew about it, and keep quiet lest his life be sacrificed in re-

CHRONIC INDIGESTION.

venge for the desecration of the cathedrals.

Baker took the advice, but still intended

to secure the treasure he had buried.'

A Common Malady That May Be Cured

with Care. Youth's Companion.

The causes of chronic indigestion are manifold, but usually and almost always in the beginning, even when the stomac becomes actually diseased, the condition is due to improper eating. It may not be that the sufferer eats too much, although very many people who are not gluttons do that, but he eats improperly. One who suffers from dyspepsia or who wishes to avoid such suffering should remember that the stomach cannot do all the work of digestion. Before it enters the stomach the food must be finely divided and mixed with the saliva, which is as certainly a digestive fluid as is the gastric fuice. Gladtone, it is said, used to chew every mouthful of food thirty-two times, one for each tooth, before he swallowed it

Long mastication of the food is useful many ways. In the first place, it should appeal to all who delight in the pleasures of the table, for if the food is savory it tasted longer and better when well chewed. Again, long mastication mixes the food well with the saliva and begins its digesand this sweetens the starchy food and improves its taste. Finally if one eats slowly he will have less time to eat much, and hunger is appeased and a feeling of satiety is attained before the stomach can

ne overloaded. While one is chewing the food should be moved from side to side of the mouth that the admixture with the saliva may be more

Too much fluid should not be taken with the meal, but it is not a wise plan to take gastric juice should not be too much diluted, but if the food is well moistened the juice acts better and more rapidly. One glass of water with a meal is about the right amount. Cool water, moreover, in moderate quality stimulates the secretion of gastric juice, and a wineglassful of ice water taken before the meal gives a fillip to the appetite without any of the drawbacks of liquor.

If, in spite of all precautions, chronic indigestion persists, one should try the experiment of eating only one kind of foed at a meal-meat, fish or eggs, without bread or potatoes, or bread and butter without animal food. The stomach which rebels at a mixed meal will often do its work satisfactorily if offered only one article of food at a time.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

That of Mr. Newhouse, Who Unaccountably Disappeared from Home.

Baltimore American. The approach of the Christmas holidays recalls the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Charles H. Newhouse, the young cattle broker, of Culpeper, Va., who was last seen in this city on Dec. 24 of last year, and whose disappearance has been just as complete as though the earth had opened up and swallowed him. Despite the fact that a year has elapsed, practically speaking, nothing definite has ever been learned of the young man's movements since that fa-tal night when he alighted from a car at Baltimore and Howard streets, presumably to go to the Howard House, where he was

At first the general impression was that he young man had left this city to follow a | Capt. Percy Scott. burlesque show which had been playing here, but which left on the same night he disappeared. It was even reported that he had been seen in Washington, where the troupe played the following week. However. this report failed to throw any light on the case, and, despite the fact that both the Washington and Baltimore police searched every nook and corner in both cities, and, in fact, in the surrounding country, no trace was found of anyone answering the description of the missing cattle dealer. To encourage the efforts of the police a lodge of which Newhouse was a member offered a large reward to anyone who could furnish the slightest clew to the young man's whereabouts. This, like all other efforts, was to no avail, and after several months even the most sanguine began to

Then came a welcome surprise to the young man's family, for on Juy 17 Mrs. Newhouse, mother of the missing man, received a letter from her son, postmarked Cape Town, South Africa, in which he asher of his safety. The letter was dated June 15, and though the parents both believed it to have been written by their son, they say the tone of the letter is most mysterious. After that several other letters erprise. For our part, we haven't the are alleged to have followed, but they were Newhouse, then appealed to the State Department, in Washington, and United States Consul Bingham was cabled at Cape | Honey of Horenound Tar, the sole and sove remedy for such complaints. Sold by all states Consul Bingham was cabled at Cape | Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

accept the opinion that Newhouse was

Town and requested to search that city for Newhouse. He did so and cabled back several days later that he had made a thorough search throughout the city, but was unable to find any such person or any information regarding the missing man. Several months later the parents received a letter supposedly from their son, which was dated from Johannesburg. In this letter the writer reveals the fact that his once glossy black hair has turned white, and dwells in a general way upon the hardships, experiences and even distress that he has encountered since his most marvelous disappearance from this city. None of the letters explained what the writer's employment was, or, in fact, anything concerning his queer leavetaking of all that should have been most dear to him. Since the letter from Johannesburg nothing further has been heard and the where-

STATEMENT FROM LORENZ.

abouts of the young cattle dealer is still

wrapped in the dark cloak of mystery. The

only fit ending for such a remarkable case

would be for the young man to return to

his home on Christmas day. There is no

doubt but that the parents are looking

forward to that day, trusting, hoping and

half believing that they will receive some

definite information about the lost son.

Instead of Receiving \$160,000 He Has

Been Paid Only \$30,000. NEW YORK, Dec. 25 .- Dr. Adolf Lorenz, who returned to this city from Boston today, while discussing his visit to this country, said in an interview to-night: "There is one thing I want to say, and that is in regard to finance. I see it reputed that I have made in this country \$160,000. Now, as a matter of fact, I got one fee of \$30,000 in Chicago, and in the earned just \$30,000. My practice at home in four months is worth that. True, I have seen a number of private patients in each of the cities I visited, but, as you Americans say, in no instance have they more than 'paid the freight.' As a matter of fact, it has been the physicians of the various cities who have profited by my visits. They are my collegues, and I am glad they did, but you see I remained only two, three, four, or perhaps five days. During that time I was working in the hospitals, in the clinics. The private patients began to come in and they were operated upon by the local surgeons who nad witnessed my clinics. But I am glad I came. The trip has been the crowning success of my life. My trip here has been successful ethically, but not materially." Dr. Lorenz spoke gratefully of the hos-pitality he had received at the hands of the Americans.

A Trust in "Tips."

One clever waitress in a restaurant down town can beat anybody I ever saw getting tips," said a salesman. "It was only by accident that I found out her little game, but I was curious and went there often, so now I know how she manages it.

"The tables she served were patronized mostly by men. As it was more of a 'quick lunch' place, the patrons were not very liberal with tips. This girl was a nice, genteel sort of a person, with curly hair and baby eyes. She and another girl, a stenographer, formed a little partnership and started out with a capital of 25 cents. "The stenographer was pretty and possessed a superior style and manner. Every day she would enter the restaurant during rush hours, select a chair at one of her partner's tables, and always endeavor to find a place near the most prosperous looking man in sight. Of course, each day there would be strange faces and another au-"After she had finished her luncheon she

would calmly hand the waitress a quarter and the waitress would look exceedingly grateful and happy. Nobody would ever surmise by the innocent faces of those girls that they were putting up a bunco game. "Of course, it was the most natural thing in the world for the men around to notice, and noticing, conclude not to be outdone by a woman. Consequently, the gentleman sitting next would leave a quarter at his place, and the others would all sit around feeling like 30 cents. Some of them would part with a dime, just to keep up appearances, and some of them woundn't give a cent; but as a rule the little game worked "All the money received from this source

would go into a convenient pocket and the proceeds were divided equally at the end of the week. Of course, the 'decoy' quarters came out of the capital and went back into the business. It is an actual fact that those girls are putting money in the bank."

She Captured the Coal.

New York Evening Post. Once in a while-a great while, perhaps-

the youthful housekeeper executes a coup domestic crisis, which puts older more experienced matrons to the blush. So it was with the Bronx bride one day this week. There was mud and slush a-plenty along the block of alleged Queen Anne cottages, but within their cellars there was no coal. A mass meeting of wives and mothers revealed serrow and indignation, but no plan for relief, no scheme by which the unfeeling coal agent could be induced to relent in his prediction that he would be unable to get any more coal for ten days. Reports from contiguous nursery precincts indicated that the barometer was falling rapidly to "croup and sore throat." The next evening at dusk eight wears horses dragged four heavy loads of anthracite through the street. The bride stood or the stoop with tear-dimmed eyes and watched them pass. The driver espied her. "Can you tell me, mum, where it is that the Blanks live hereabouts? I've hauled this coal all the way from Pier A, and the horses are beat out. If I can't find 'em before it sets in clean dark, I'll dump the stuff in the street.'

The bride was down the steps and at the heads of the leading team in a second. She inspected the eight horses gravely and mi-"We all belong to the S. P. C. A. in this street," she announced to the driver, "and if you make these horses haul that load

any farther I'll have to have you arrested.' It is not hard to intimidate a tired driver, ter evening. There were no stranded coal wagons upon the street when the returning colony of husbands arrived for dinner. But the cheerful warmth that greeted them was a surprise. It was the bride who was the guest of honor at the evening theater party.

History of Playing Cards.

London Telegraph.

At the commemoration banquet of the Cards the master of the company, Dr. Theophilus Hoskins, J. P., presided. After The master, in responding, said the origin and the history of playing cards were decidedly fascinating to the student of the past. The date of their charter was 1628, though some of the far-reaching privileges then conferred had been lost by the supineness of their ancestors. As they now, he would recall the fact that an Englishman named Jackson, in 1656, publishe a book entitled "Scholars' Sciental Cards. reading, writing and arithmetic, but even religion. That cards were employed as the handmald of education was again tury of a work called "The Genteel House keepers' Pastime," by which instruction ican skipper, meeting with adverse gales and finding himself short-handed, pressed some Irish emigrants into his service and by labeling the ropes with the names of playing cards the newly-made sailors were able to do the work with a facility that would have gladdened the heart even of

A Child's Alarming Thought.

Edward Everett Hale. "Why do they not give such presents every day?" asked Clar. "Oh, child," I said, "it is only for thirtysix hours of the 365 days that all people retherefore, Christmas eve and Christmas

"And when they always remember it." said Bertha, "it will be Christmas all the

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colle, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea whether arising from teething or other causes. For sale by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing 25 cents a bottle.

Are you hearse tormented with a cold-If so, lose not an hour in procuring Hale's sy of Horehound Tar, the sole and sovereign edy for such complaints. Sold by all drug-

Terrible to weak lungs is this inclement sea

The House Opposite -A MYSTERY-

ELIZABETH KENT Copyright, 1902, by G. P. Put-

CHAPTER I.

THROUGH MY NEIGHBOR'S WINDOWS. What I am about to relate occurred but a few years ago-in the summer of '99, in fact. You may remember that the heat that year was something fearful. Even old New Yorkers, inured to the suffering of many summers, were overcome by it, and everyone who could fled from the city. On the particular August day when this story begins the temperature had been even more unbearable than usual, and approaching night brought no perceptible relief. After dining with Burton (a young doctor like myself), we spent the evening wandering ered basket, which, from the way he carabout town trying to discover a cool spot. At last, thoroughly exhausted by our vain search, I decided to turn in, hoping to sleep from sheer fatigue, but one glance at my stuffy little bedroom discouraged me. Dragging a divan before the window of the front room, I composed myself for the night with what resignation I could muster. I found, however, that the light and noise from the street kept me awake; so, giving

up sleep as a bad job, I decided to try my luck on the roof. Arming myself with a rug and a pipe, I stole softly upstairs. It was a beautiful starlight night, and after spreading my rug against a chimney and lighting my pipe I concluded that things really might be worse. Across the street loomed the great Rosemere apartment house, and I noted with surprise that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and of the season, several

lights were still burning there. From two windows directly opposite, and on a level with me, light filtered dimly through lowered shades, and I wondered what possible motive people could have for shutting out the little air there was on such a night. My neighbors must be uncommonly suspicious, I thought, to fear observation from so unlikely a place as my roof; and yet that was the only spot from which they could by any chance be overlooked.

The only other light in the building shone clear and unobstructed through the open floors higher up. I was too far below to be able to look into this room, but I caught a suggestion of sumptuous satin hangings and could distinguish the tops of heavy gilt frames and of some flowering plants and

As I sat idly looking upward at these latter windows, my attention was suddenly arrested by the violent movement of one of the lace curtains. It was rolled into a cord by some unseen person who was presuma bly on the floor, and then dragged across the window. A dark object, which I took to be a human head, moved up and down among the palms, one of which fell with an audible crash. At the same moment heard a woman's voice raised in a cry of terror. I leaped to my feet in great excitement, but nothing further occurred. After a minute or so the curtain fell back

into its accustomed folds, and I distinctly saw a man moving swiftly away from the window, supporting on his shoulder a fairhaired woman. Soon afterward the lights in this room were extinguished, to be followed almost immediately by the illumination of the floor above.

What I had just seen and heard would not have surprised me in a tenement, but that such scenes could take place in a respectable house like the Rosemere, inhabited largely by fashionable people, was indeed startling. Who could the couple be? And what could have happened? Had the man, coming home drunk, proceeded to beat the woman, and been partially sobered by her cry; or was the woman subject to hysteria, or even insane? I remembered that the apartments were what are commonly known as double-deckers. That is to say, each one contained two floors, connected by a private staircase-the living rooms below, the bedrooms above. So concluded, from seeing a light in what was in all probability a bedroom, that the struggle, or whatever the commotion had been, was over, and that the victim and her assailant, or perhaps the patient and her nurse, had gone quietly, and I trusted am-

Still ruminating over these different conjectures, I heard a neighboring clock strike 2. I now noticed for the first time signs of life in the lower apartment which I first mentioned; shadows, reflected on the blinds, moved swiftly to and fro, and, growing gigantic, vanished.

But not for long. Soon they reappeared, and the shades were at last drawn up. I had now an unobstructed view of the room, which proved to be a drawing room, as I had already surmised. It was dismantled for the summer, and the pictures and furniture were hidden under brown holland. A man leant against the window with his of complete exhaustion or of great grief. It was too dark for me to distinguish his features, but I noticed that he was tall and dark, with a youthful, athletic figure.

After standing there a few minutes, he turned away. His actions now struck me as most singular. He crawled on the floor, disappeared under sofas, and finally moved even the heavy pieces of furniture from Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing | their places. However valuable the thing which he had evidently lost might be, yet the loyal toasis had been proposed Lord | 2 a. m. seemed hardly the hour in which to Halsbury gave the toast of "The Com- undertake a search for it.

Meanwhile, my attention had been good deal distracted from the man by observing a woman in one of the bedrooms of the floor immediately above, and consequently belonging to the same suite. When were hearing a lot about education just I first caught sight of her the room was already ablaze with light and she was standing by the window gazing out into by which he professed to teach not only the darkness. At last, as if overcome by her emotions, she threw up her hands in a gesture of despair, and, kneeling down shown by the publication in the same cen- with her elbows on the window sill, buried her head in her arms. Her hair was so was given in the art of carving. An Amer- dark that, as she knelt there against the light, it was undistinguishable from ther I don't know how long she stayed in this

position, but the man below had given up his search and turned out the lights long before she moved. Finally, she rose slowly up, a tall, black-robed figure, and disappeared into the back of the room. I waited for some time hoping to see her again, but as she remained invisible and nothing further happened, and the approaching dawn held out hopes of a more bearable temperavigil in the great black building.

CHAPTER II. I AM INVOLVED IN THE CASE. It seemed to me that I had only just got to sleep on my divan when I was awakened by a heavy truck lumbering by. The sun was already high in the heavens, but on consulting my watch I found that it was only ten minutes past 6. Annoyed at having waked up so early I was just dozing off again when my sleepy eyes saw the tess the divil brought him, I can't think; side door leading to the back stairs of the and now here's the doctor that says he's Rosemere slowly open and a young man been dead twenty-four hours!"

Now I do not doubt that, except for what I had seen and heard the night before, I doctor?" should not have given the fellow a thought, | "Yes, I am Dr. Charles Fortescue, of

but the house opposite had now become for me a very hotbed of mystery, and everything connected with it aroused my curiosity. So I watched the young man keenly, although he appeared to be nothing but a grocer's or baker's boy going on his morning rounds. But looking at him again I thought him rather old for an errand boy, for they are seldom over eighteen, while the young fellow was twenty-five at the very least. He was tall, dark and cleanshaven, although not very recently so. He wore no collar, and had on a short black coat, over which was tied a not immaculate white apron. On his arm hung a cov-

ried it, I judged to be empty, or nearly so. It may have been my imagination-in fact, I am inclined to think it was-but it certainly seemed to me that he stole furtively from the house and glanced apprehensively up and down the street, casting a look in my direction. I thought that he started on encountering my eyes. Be that as it may, he certainly drew his battered hat further over his face, and, with both hands in his pockets, and chewing a straw with real or assumed carelessness, walked rapidly up town. I now found my position by the window

too noisy, so sought the quiet and darkness of my bedroom, where I fell immediately into such a heavy sleep that it was some time before I realized that the alarm beli that had been clanging intermittently through my dreams was in reality my office bell. Hurriedly throwing on a few clothes I hastened to open the door. A negro lad stood there, literally gray

with terror. His great eyes rolled alarmingly in their sockets, and it was several minutes before I could make out that somebody had been killed, and that my services were required immediately.

Hastily completing my dressing, and snatching up my instrument case I was ready to follow him in a few moments. What was my astonishment and horror when he led me to the Rosemere!

For a moment my heart stood still. My thoughts flew back to last night. So this was the explanation of that scream, and I had remained silent! Dolt, imbecile that I was! I felt positively guilty.

The large entrance hall through which I hurried was crowded with excited people, and, as I flew up in the elevator. I tried to prepare myself for the sight of a fairhaired girl weltering in her blood. On the landing at which we stopped were several workmen, huddled together in a small knot. with white, scared faces. One of the two doors which now confronted me stood open and I was surprised to notice that it led. not to either of the apartments I had watched the night before, but to one of those on the farther side of the building. Yet here, evidently, was the corpse.

Passing through the small hall, filled with rolls of paper and pots of paints, I entered a room immediately on my right. Here several men stood together, gazing down at some object on the floor; but at my approach they moved aside and disclosednot a golden-haired woman, as I had feared, but the body of a large man stretched out in a corner.

giving vent to an exclamation of surprise. "Do you know the gentleman?" inquired a man, whom I afterward discovered to be the foreman of the workmen, with quick

I was so astonished that I could not help

"No, indeed," I answered, as I knelt down beside the body. A policeman stepped forward. "Please, sir, don't disturb the corpse; the

coroner and the gen'l'man from headquarters must see him just as he is." I nodded assent. One glance was sufficient to show me that life had been extinct for some time. The eyes were half open, staring stupidly before them. The mouth had fallen apart, disclosing even, white teeth. As he lay there on his back, with arms spread out, and his hands unclenched, his whole attitude suggested nothing so much as a drunken stupor. He appeared to be twenty-five or thirty years old. No wound or mark of violence was visible. He wore a short, pointed beard, and was dressed in a white linen shirt, a pair of evening trousers, a black satin tie, silk socks and patent leather pumps. By his side lay a Tuxedo coat and a low waistcoat. All his clothes were of fine texture, but somewhat the worse for wear. On the other hand, the pearl studs in his shirt bosom were very handsome and on his gold

sleeve links a crest was engraved. As I said before, a giance had been enough to tell me that the man was dead: but I was astonished to discover, on examining him more closely, that he had been dead at least twenty-four hours; mortifica-

tion had already set in. As I arose to my feet, I noticed a small, red-haired man, in the most comical deshabille, regarding me with breathless anxi-

"Well, Doc, what is it?"

"Of course, I can give no definite opinion without making a further examination." I said, "but I am inclined to believe that our friend succumbed to alcohol m or apoplexy; he has been dead twenty-four hours, and probably somewhat longer."

"There, now," exclaimed the foreman: "I knew he hadn't died last night; no. nor yistidy, neither."

"But it can't be, I tell you!" almost shricked the little Irishman. "Where could he have come from? Oh, Lord," he wailed. "to think that sich a thing should have happened in this building! We only take the most iligant people; yes, sir, and now they'll lave shure, see if they don't, It'll give the house a bad name; and me as worked so hard to keep it genteel."

A commotion on the landing announced the arrival of a stout, florid individual, who turned out to be the coroner, and a quiet, middle-aged man in plain clothes, whom I inferred, from the respect with which he was treated, to be no other than the "gen'l'man" from headquarters. After looking at the corpse for some moments, the coroner turned to us and demanded:

"Who is this man?" The little Irishman stepped forward, "We don't none of us know, sor."

"How came he here then?" "The Lord only knows!"

"What do you mean?" "Well, sor, it's this way: This apartment is being refixed, and five men were working member that they are all brothers and sis- ture below, I decided to return to my divan; here till 6 o'clock vistidy evening, and ters, and those are the hours that we call, but the last thing I saw before descending when they left they locks the door, and was that solitary light, keeping its silent it has a Yale lock; and they brought me the key and I locks it away at once; and this morning at 7 they come while I was still half asleep, having slept bad on account of the heat, and I gets up and opens the safe myself and takes out the key and gives it to this gintleman," pointing to the foreman; "and he come up here, and a few minutes afterwards I hear a great hue and cry and the workmen and elevator boy come a-shricking that a body's murthered upstairs. How the fellow got in here un-At my mention the coroner turned to- his despondent tone.

ward me with a slight bow, "You are a cial going on," McGorry continued, "and

did not wish to disturb it till you"-with a | door," bow which included his companion-"had seen it; but I am inclined to think he died of alcoholism or apoplexy."

"Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Merritt, Dr. Fortescue," said the coroner, waving his hand in the direction of the gentleman referred to. I was surprised to son was really the famous detective.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Merritt, "I enter?" must request you all to leave the room while Dr. Fortescue and I take a look

As soon as we were alone, the detective knelt down and proceeded to examine the body with astonishing quickness and dexterity. Nothing escaped him; even the darns in the socks appeared worthy of his interest. When he had finished he beckoned me to approach, and together we turned the body over. As I had discovered no sign of violence, I was about to tell him that, unless the autopsy disclosed poison, the man had certainly died from natural causes, when Mr. Merritt pointed to a small drop of blood at the side of his

We now partially disrobed the corpse, and was stupefied to find that the deceased had indeed been assassinated, and by an In the meantime the detective had been carefully inspecting the clothing. There were no marks on anything except those with which laundries insist on disfiguring our linen. In the waistcost pocket he found \$6 in bills and 75 cents in change; also a knife, but no watch, card or letter.

Mr. Merritt now whipped out a magnifying glass, and searched everything anew, but if he discovered any clew he kept the knowledge to himself. After going over every inch of the floor and examining the window he peered out. "So you live there, doctor," he remarked,

with a glance opposite. "No," I replied, "my house is further north; my office faces the other set of

apartments." Being curious to see if we were anywhere only two parties in the house." ed during the night, I, too, leaned out and hunt has puzzled me so much. Their be- lady and her assailant. havior had certainly been very peculiar. Had they anything to do with this murder,

anxious, at least not yet, to tell him of my experiences of the night before, I tried to ly on a level with my roof." "I had al- building? ready observed that," he said. After a slight pause, he continued: "We must now find out who saw the deceased enter the building, for in a place so guarded by bell could have come in unperceived."

coroner deep in conversation with the foreman. He turned abruptly to me: "This man tells me that you uttered an

corpse. What made you do so?" That unlucky ejaculation! I hesitated a moment, rather at a loss to know what to reply. Every one turned toward me, and I felt myself actually blushing. "I was at first struck by a fancied resemblance," I at last managed to stammer, "but on looking closer I saw I had been completely

mistaken. "Humph," grunted the coroner, and I was ware that every one in the room eyed me with suspicion. "Well," he continued, still looking at me severely, "can you tell us what the man died of?" "Yes." I answered; "he met his death by being stabbed to the heart by a very small weapon, possibly a stiletto, but a sharp knitting needle, or even a hatpin, could have caused the wound. The crime was committed while he was unconscious, or at lease semi-conscious, either from some drug or alcohol: or he may have been asleep. He made n resistance, and in all probability never knew he had been hurt."

There was profound silence. "It is, then, impossible that this wound was self-inflicted," inquired the coroner. "Quite impossible," I rejoined.

"So that he was presumably murdered the night before last and smuggled into this apartment some time between 6 o'clock last evening and 7 o'clock this morning?" continued the coroner. Then, turning to the little red-headed manager, he asked: "Now, Mr. McGorry, how is it possible

for this corpse to have been brought here? the door in the presence of several workmen; you tell me that the key remained in your safe all night. Now, please explain how this body got here?"

"Lord-a-mercy, sor, you don't think as ! did it!" shricked McGorry. "Why, sor, I never saw the man before in my life; besides. I have got a alibi, sor; yes, sor, a "Stop, Mr. McGorry; don't get excited:

nobody is accusing you of anything. But

if this place was locked up last night, how came the body here this morning? The lock has not been tampered with. Was there a duplicate key?" "Yis, sor; but the other key was also in

my safe," replied McGorry. "Have either of these keys ever been

missing?" "Shure and they haven't been out of my keeping since the apartment was vacated last May, until three days ago when the painters begun work here. Since then they have had one of the keys during the day, but have always returned it before leaving."

"Now, tell me," continued the coroner, turning to the foreman, "has the key been missing since you had it?" "Not that I know of; we leave it sticking in the door all day, and only take it out

when we leave."

"So that it is possible that a person might have come to the door, taken the key, and you?" kept it for some hours without your noticing it?" "Yes, sir, it's possible, but it ain't likely:

I haven't seen anyone pass since I've been lark." working here." "Could the corpse have been brought in here any other way than through the front

"No. Mr. Coroner," a quiet voice at my side replied; "I have just examined the fire escape and all the windows. The fastenings. have not been tampered with, and the dust

his search so unobtrusively that I had not noticed his absence till he reapper ed, a good deal less immaculate than before. "Is it possible to enter this building unperceived?" the coroner resumed.

on the fire escape shows no signs of recent

disturbance." Mr. Merritt had gone on

closed at 11, unless there's something spe-

Gorry: "but now everything seems possi-

Madison avenue. My office is directly op- during those hours there are always one of posite; I was summoned this morning to two boys in the hall, and often three. After see the corpse; I find that the man has been | 11 the watchman opens the front door and dead at least twenty-four hours. I have not takes the people up in the elevaytor. No yet made an examination of the body, as I one but meself has the key to this outside

"Does the watchman never leave the front hall except to take people up in the

"Well, I don't say niver, sor, but he's niver far off."

"Then I gather that it would be just possible for a person to get out of this earn that this insignificant looking per- house unperceived between 7 p. m. and 7 a. m., but impossible, or nearly so, for him to

"Yes, that's so; that's what I think, sor." "Well, what about the back door?" I asked

"Well, the back door is opened at 6 and closed at 10," replied McGorry. "The back door is not guarded during the day, is it?" I went on, forgetting the coroner in my eagerness.

"Doctor," broke in the latter, "allow me to conduct this inquiry. Yes, McGorry, who watches over that?"

"Well, sor, at present no one; there's a back elevaytor, but it don't run in summer, as the house is almost empty."

"Then, as I understand it, any one can enter or leave the building by the back shirt front immediately above the heart, stairs, at any time during the day, unseen, which had escaped my observation. In the or at any rate unnoticed; but after 13 middle of this tiny spot a puncture was o'clock they would require the assistance of someone in the house to let them in?"

"That's so, sor." "Now, you are sure that the deceased was not a temporary inmate of this buildinstrument no larger than a knitting needle. | ing; that he wasn't staying with any of the parties who are still here?" "Certain, sor."

"And no one has the slightest clew to his identity?" "No one has seen him except these gen'l'-

men and Jim. He's the elevaytor boy who

went for you, Doc, and he didn't say nothing about knowing him." The coroner paused a moment. "What families have you at present in the of town, having houses at Newport, or

"Well, sor, most of our people are out

Lenox and thereabouts," McGorry answered, with a vague sweep of his hand, which seemed to include all those favored regions which lie so close together in fashionable geography. "Just now there are

"Well, sor, there's Mr. C. H. Stuart, who looked hastily in the direction of my roof, occupies the ground floor right; and Mr. We were exactly on a level with it, and and Mrs. Atkins, who have the apartments consequently the adjoining suite must be above this, only at the other end of the the one in which I had noticed the dark- building." I pricked up my ears. Atkins, haired woman and the man whose ill-timed | then, must be the name of the golden-haired

"Have these people been here long?" "Mr. Stuart has been with us seven years. I wondered. I was startled by a soft voice He is a bachelor. Mr. and Mrs. Atking at my elbow, remarking quietly: "You have only been here since May; they are a seem struck by something." As I was not newly married couple, I am told." And not a word of the mysterious pair I had seen in the adjoining apartment! Was say in the most natural tone in the world: McGorry holding something back, or was "Oh, I was only noticing that we are exact- he really ignorant of their presence in the

"Are you sure, Mr. McGorry, that there is no one else in the house?" I interrupted

"Yes, sor." Then a light broke over his boys, elevator boys and night watchmen face: "No, sor; you are quite right" (I as this is, is seems hardly possible that he hadn't said anything.) "Miss Derwent has been two nights here, but she's off again On entering the next room we found the this morning." Mr. Merritt here whispered something to the coroner, whereupon the latter turned to McGorry and said: "Please see that no one leaves this building till I exclamation of surprise on seeing the have seen them. I don't wish them to be told that a murder has been committed, unless they have heard it already, which is most probable. Just inform them that

there has been an accident, do you hear?" "Oh, Mr. Coroner," exclaimed McGorry. turning almost as red as his hair in his excitement; "shure and you wouldn't mix Miss Derwent up in this! Lord, she ain't used to such scenes; she'd faint, and then her mother would never forgive me!"

"Every one, Miss Derwent included, must view the corpse," he replied, sternly.

Oh, sor, but-" "Silence!" thundered the coroner, "the law must be obeyed." So the manager went reluctantly out to give the desired order. On his return the

coroner resumed. "Who is Miss Derwent?" "Why, Miss May Derwent," exclaimed McGorry; "she's just Miss May Derwent." So it was the fashionable beauty I had been watching so far into the night. Strange,

and stranger! "Miss May Derwent." McGorry continred, taking pity on our ignorance, "is the only daughter of Mrs. Mortimer Derwent. She arrived here unexpectedly on Tuesday.

She had missed her train, she said, and came here to pass the night." "Did she come alone?"

"Yis, sor." "Without even a maid?" "Surely, that is an unusual thing for a

ich young lady to do?"

"Yis, sor," replied McGorry, apologeticaly: "she has never done it before, Maybe the maid was taken on by the train. "Did Miss Derwent bring any luggage?" "Nothing but a hand-bag, sor."

"And yet she stayed two nights! Do you know any reason for her staying here so "No. sor, unless it was she had some

shopping to do. A good many parcels come for her yistidy afternoon." "Have you a key to her apartment?" "Yis, sor; when families goes away for

the summer they leaves one key with me and takes the other with them.' "Did you let Miss Derwent into her apartment, or did she have the key?"

"I let her in." "Did anyone wait on the young lady while she was here?" "What do you mean by that?" inquired McGorry, cautiously.

"Why, did anyone go into her place to get her meals and tidy up, etc.?" "No. sor, not that I know of." "Doesn't it strike you as peculiar that a young lady, reared in the lap of luxury and unaccustomed to doing the least thing for herself should go to an apartment in which dust and dirt had been accumulating

porform the necessary chores for her, mind "She went out for her meals," McGorry put in, anxiously, "and young ladies, especially the rich ones, think roughing it a

for several months and voluntarily spend

two nights there, without even a servant to

There was a slight pause. "What servants are there in the building besides your employes, Mr. McGorry?" "Mr. Stuart, he keeps a man and his wife

-French people, they are; and Mrs. Atkins, she keeps two girls." The coroner now rose, and, followed by Mr. Merritt, proceeded toward the room

where the dead man lay. "Send up your employes, one by one, McGorry."

On the threshold the detective paused a

moment, and to my astonishment and delight requested me to accompany them. "I should have said not," replied Mc- The coroner frowned, evidently considering me a very unnecessary addition to the ble." Even the coroner had to smile at party, but his displeasure made no difference to me: I was only too happy to be given "The front door is opened at 7 o'clock and | this opportunity of watching the drame

[To Be Continued To-morrow.]