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A Serial Story.

By T. WEMYSS REID.

CHAPTER XIV-CONTINUED.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS. "Tell me, dearest, who were the person whom he charged with being in this plot?"
"Oh, I believe I was the chief sinner of all He several times met me when I was alone, and accused me of it. Then he hated Flinter, and said dreadful things about him, and even about Dr. Branksome. But I never knew what the plot was to which he re-

"Did Dr. Branksome know what the man was saying about him?"
"Of course he did. Why, I think that, next to me, he hatel Dr. Branksome the most, and I remember his saying once that he could have sent him to penal servitude if

"In Dr. Branksome's presence?"

I was startled by what I had heard, for I remembered how Branksome had disclaimed any knowledge of the meaning of Gregson's language to me in the railway train when I had reported it to him. Some strange fancies stole into my brain. "Tell me, Daisy, what do you think of Dr. Branksome himself?"

She glanced up at me, and that troubled, doubtful look which I had noticed more than once at Scarborough passed over her face.
"I do not know how I can answer your question," she said, after a pause, and speaking very slowly, as though weighing all her words. Dr. Branksome is a wonderful man. I never met any one like him. When I am with him he can make me do everything he wishes—or nearly everything. It is only when I am away from him that I doubt and

"Then you do doubt and fear him some-"Yes, when he is not near me. When he is, I hardly seem to have any will of my

own. It is very strange. I cannot explain it. Sometimes I think he is a very, very good man; but there are times when I think very differently of him."
"When did you see him last, Daisy?" I

asked, feeling as though I were on the brink of some great discovery.

"The day before the trial began. Did you not know! Has he not told you!" "He has told me nothing." "That is strange, for he promised that he would do so. He brought me my will, which

it seemed that it was necessary I should sign before I was tried." "Your will I don't want to pry into your private affairs, my darling, but I must ask you if you left anything to Dr. Brank-

Anything! Why, I left everything to him, of course—that is, everything but some little things I want you—" She stopped, blushing rosy red.

"Do you mean you left all your uncle's for-tune to Dr. Branksome!" "Yes; you see he was the trustee appointed by my uncle, and he did not need to tell me that he was the only person to whom I could

leave my uncle's money." In an instant I saw, as when the blaze of summer lightning illumines the wide landspiracy, in the toils of which my darling had been caught. But that vivid flash of consciousness faded almost as quickly as it came, and left me once more groping in the twilight—not, however, before I had taken by bearings, as it were, afresh, and had seen that our real position was altogether different from what, up to that moment, I had

imagined it to be. "Daisy," I said, trying hard to subdue my excitement, "are you aware that the power of attorney which you signed the other day makes me for the present absolute master of all your property! You have constituted me your other self. While you are in conment here I can go where I will and do what I please in your name, as your representative. Are you willing that I should make full use of these powers?"

"Oh, yes," she cried; "who can use them "Then, darling, I shall make my first use of them by putting a veto upon you. I want you to promise that you will on no account allow Dr. Branksome to see you until we meet again. You know they will allow no one to visit you now unless you de

sire it. Will you promise?"
"I will promise anything you wish." "Then I must tell you that I shall go direct from here to Great Lorton, in order that I may search the hall from the roof to the cellars, if necessary, for proof of your inno-cence. The first thing I have to find is that arcel of strychnia. Can you help me?"

She shook her head doubtfully. "I wish I could; but I cannot recall what I did

"By the way," I said, "do you know this?" I took from my pocket the rusted knife or dagger which I had found on my bed on the night that I slept at the hall. She looked at it, and then the color dyed

"Where did you find it?" she asked. "In my bedroom-the haunted chamber." "Ah, I remember!" she cried, "I remember now where I placed the poison! It is in the

secret passage leading to the haunted room."
"Do you indeed remember, my darling! Are you sure?" "Quite, quite sure. Stay, let me tell you all. On that night when my uncle heard, after he had said good night to you, of what

had passed between us in the garden, he came to my room. I had not gone to bed, for I was thinking of all that you had been saying to me. We had a dreadful scene, as you know. Some one had poisoned his mind. He told me I should never see you again, and I was in despair. Then I remembered that you were to sleep in the haunted room, and that there was a private stair leading to it from the drawing room corridor. I resolved to send you a letter, so that you might not leave the hall thinking that I was unfaithful to you.

My maid and I had discovered the rassage shortly before, and knew that it led up to your room, which was entered by means of a sliding panel. I wrote the note, and gave it to her to take to your chamber when she was certain you were asleep. She went with it; but returned almost immediately to say that she could not move the panel. We looked about for something by which to open it, and I saw this old knife in its sheath. It was given to me as a curiosity, years ago, by an old sailor. Taylor, my maid, took the knife, and went back to your room. When she returned she told me that she had placed the note upon your pillow, but that at the moment when she did so you had moved in your sleep; and in her fright she had left the room at once, forget-

ting to bring the knife with her."
"Then there was no ghost but the one you sent to me, darling! But about the strychnia; for that is about the most important thing of all now."

"I placed it on a shelf over the door by which the secret stair is entered. It was the sight of the knife which reminded me im-

ediately of the place." I rose breathless with excitement. "My darling, by God's help, all will yet be But 1 must not delay a moment

Istrained her in my arms, and kissed her passionately. Half an hour afterwards I was on my way to Great Lorton, having dispatched a telegram to Mr. Eastmead, beg-

ging him to meet me at the Barton railway I found the chief constable waiting for me on the platform at Barton. Like other men "in the force," he was probably happier when engaged in bringing a criminal to justice than when he was saving an innocent person from an unjust punishment. But in Daisy's case he showed as much zeal as though he had been one of her personal the interest he displayed when I told him the errand upon which I was bent, and the important facts which I had elicited du ing

my visit to the prison.

"I want you to accompany me in my search through the hall, Mr. Eastmead, both because you will be an unimpeachable witness regarding any discoveries I may make, and because I may need to appeal to the aid of the law in my task. For you will understand that I shall not do things by halves. This power of attorney makes me .Miss Stancliffe's legal representative, and I shall use all my rights under it, not only to prove her innocence, but, if possible, to discover who the guilty person is." "You have set yourself a hard task, Mr.

Fenton," he replied; "but there is some hope of success; for I am quite certain that, as yet, we do not know the truth."

We had to walk from Little Lorton station to the hall. My interview with Daisy had taken place in the early morning, and it was barely two o'clock in the afternoon

when I found myself once more standing on the broad terrace in front of the quaint old The first person I saw was the evil-omened Flinter. He came forward with an insolent air and demanded my business.

"My business, sir, might very well be to give you into custody for the outrage which you committed upon me. As it is, I am here n the exercise of my rights, and have nothing to say to you."
"You won't get into the hall, at all events," he said, doggedly.
"None of that nonsense," interposed the

chief constable, "or I shall have to take you into my hands, my man. Mr. Fenton, I imagine, is the only person who has any rights here, if it comes to that."

At that moment I saw Dr. Branksome

sauntering along the terrace from the direc-tion of the garden. He looked genuinely surprised when he saw who it was with shom Flinter was having this altercation. He came forward with quickened step, and his usual air of bland gravity. "Mr. Fenton! Mr. Eastmead! This is an

unexpected pleasure."
"Possibly," I said, all the suspicions of the man which during the last few hours had risen in my mind betraying themselves in my face and voice. "I am here, however, Or. Branksome, as the representative of Miss Stancliffe, and, as you will see, I am esentative of the law."

"I think, sir, you forget yourself," replied Branksome. "I have no wish to cast any doubts upon the sincerity of your interest in the unfortunate lady whose guardian I am, but I have the honor to be the only person who can claim to be her legal representa-

My hot blood mounted to my cheeks, and I was about to answer him angrily, when Castmead again interposed.

"This gentleman, Dr. Branksome, acts un-der a power of attorney from Miss Stancliffe. You will hardly dispute his right to represent her when you know that." "A power of attorney! Monstrous! Imocssible! She would never have signed such

a document without consulting me."

"Dr. Branksome," I said, "we will not bandy words, if you please. I hold this power of attorney, and I thank God that I lo so: and now I am going into this house to look for, and I believe to find, the proofs of the innocence of the girl whom you professed to shield and left to die."

"My dear fellow," retorted Branksome, with just the suspicion of a sneer in his "why will you be always so melodramatic? If you had told me at first what your object was, you would not have needed my power of attorney to get admittance to this home. By all means enter and wel-

He threw open the door in front of which we had been standing, and, bowing politely, waited till we had preceded him. In the hall I turned and said, "I have come here, Dr. Branksome, to make a general search through the house; and although, as Miss Stancliffe's legally appointed rep tative, I can take any course I please, I have no objection to your accompanying me in that search."

"My good sir," he retorted, "I think you must really excuse me. You have not come here in a very friendly fashion this afternoon, and you can hardly be surprised if, under the circumstances, I conceive that it may be more satisfactory to yourself, as it certainly will be to me, that you should go about your work in your own way. At the same time, whenever you wish for luncheon you will find it on the table, and I shall be happy to join you. Of course, as Miss Stan-cliffe's representative, you need have no feeling of delicacy about making your wishes in

that matter known." His perfect coolness and composure had their effect upon me, and that lightning flash in which I had seen him for an instant as a villain of colossal iniquity, faded more and more completely from my memory. But I lost no time in beginning my search. Mary Taylor, Daisy's maid, was summoned and came quickly, as did Mrs. Cawthorne, who had returned broken-hearted to the hall at the close of the trial. I soon explained to the girl that what we wanted to see was the door leading to the private staircase. She looked somewhat confused when I told her this; probably she recollected

the last occasion on which she had herself nade use of that door. We found that the door was in one of the naneled recesses of the drawing room corridor. It had no handle, and any one might have passed it a hundred times without perceiving its existence. Taylor pressed the door in the middle, and it slowly opened, re-

vealing a staircase, narrow, dirty and dusty, "Mr. Eastmead," I said, "you represent the law, and I leave it to you to make the first attempt to verify the statement which Miss Stancliffe has made to me.

"Bring a light here," said the officer; and one of the many servants, who were watching us in wonder, darted into the adjoining room, and quickly reappeared with a lighted wax candle. Taking this in his hand, Eastmead passed through the door. I could see him moving the candle to and fro, and then he uttered a slight exclamation and closed the door upon us. Immediately afterward he opened it and came out into the corridor. begrimed with dust and cobwebs, but w. aring an air of triumph on his face.

"I have found this on the narrow ledge or shelf above the door inside," he said. He held out to me, as he spoke, a small parcel wrapped in paper that had once been white. I seizel it with feverish eagerness. Pasted 1 pon it was a label, bearing in inc the address: "Miss Stancliffe, Great Lorton Hail," and in print the word "Poison" in large letters, and the name and address of Smirke, the Little Lorton chemist. parcel was sealed, and we saw that the seal



The parcel was sealed. I could not restrain the cry of joy and thankfulness which broke from my lips.

Mrs. Cawthorne burst into tears, as did most of the women. I can only answer for myself among the men. I could not keep back the tears of joy which were welling

from my eyes. It now occurred to me that, as most of the rooms in the hall had been searched by the police under Mr. Eastmead himself at the time of Daisy's arrest, I might begin my own investigation by exploring this secret passage in which we had already found so important a piece of evidence. Bidding the servents remain where they were, we slowly climbed the narrow winding stair. It led into a corridor equally narrow and very long, unlighted and ill-ventilated, so that more than once the candle which Eastmead

At the end was apparently a blank wall of dark oak. But looking closely at it I de-tected the place where the girl had introduced the knife on the night when she had brought to me the note from Daisy. I had brought the knife with me, and in another instant, by means of it, I had caused the panel to slide into a recess. It revealed an opening of the depth of the wall, beyond which there was another panel. This I was able to move without difficulty. I pushed it aside with my hand. Still the way was barred, but upon this occasion it was nothing more substantial than the heavy leather hangings of the haunted room. Great ingenuity had been shown in the arrangement by I could hardly realize the face that such a

dark despite its handsome furniture. Apparently it had not been occupied since the night when I slept there. I consider the continued Harding, "I had a note at four o'clock from Belmore to say that Grange was very much pleased to hear of this discovery, which would of the continued Harding, "I had a note at four o'clock from Belmore to say that Grange was very much pleased to hear of this discovery, which would of the continued Harding, "I had a note at four o'clock from Belmore to say that Grange was very much pleased to hear of this discovery, which would of the continued Harding, "I had a note at four o'clock from Belmore to say that grant had a note at four o'clock from Belmore to say that grant had a note at four o'clock from Belmore to say that grant had a note at four o'clock from Belmore to say that grant had not been occupied since the night when I slept there. leading into the little sitting room where I had breakfasted by myself on the morning on which I left the hall. To my surprise it showed signs of having been recently occu-pied. There was a book lying on the table. I recognized it instantly. It was the copy of Guy and Ferrier's "Forensic Medicine," which I had studied so intently during my

book in his hand and see where it opened. He did so with the result which I expected. He shook his head gravely. "I think, Mr. Fenton, we shall be justified in taking every close look at anything we can find

There were several books on the table. They were for the most part old account books, some of them bearing Flinter's name. They appraently related to transactions which had taken place some years previously in Australia. One volume was of a different kind. It was a cheap metallic memorandum book, such as a man like Flinter might very well have used for the purpose of keeping notes of incidents of importance. Eastmead took it up and opened it. For some time he appeared to be examining it with a look of bewilderment on his honest face.

"I can't make anything of this, can you? He handed the open book to me, and to my disappointment I saw that, whatever might be the nature of its contents, I was none the wiser through possessing it. Every page was covered with cabalistic marks like nothing I had ever seen before.

"I think we may as well leave that behind us," said the chief constable. "But I am going to take these other books to examine at my leisure." I acquiesced for the moment in his pro posal to leave the little note book in cipher where we had found it, but before we had

completed our close examination of the two rooms I had changed my mind, and without any scruple regarding the robbery I was committing upon the unconscious Flinter, I slipped the volume into my pocket. It would be tedious to tell of the long hours which we spent in examining the other portions of the hall. Nowhere did we find any evidence that seemed to bear on the crime of which the place had been the scene. Indeed, Eastmead warned me beforehand

that this would probably be the result. The one part of the hall which had escaped his notice on his first visit had been the secret staircase. The other articles which he had found, and which might possibly be of use against Flinter, had evidently been brought to the hall after our party had landed from the yacht, and consequently after Daisy's When our tedious task was completed, we

went to the dining room, where we found Dr. Branksome awaiting us. Cold meat and wine were upon the table; and we were so thoroughly exhausted by our labors that we were glad to make a hurried meal before departing to catch the last train to York. I did not care to talk much to Branksome. He had heard of the discovery of the strychnia, but said wonderfully little about it. I thought, indeed, that for once something must have occurred to stay the flow of his

CHAPTER XV.

JAMES GREGSON'S STORY. It was late at night when I got back to York, excited and elated by the great discovery I had made. A letter from Harding awaited me, in which he told of the steps he was taking for the purpose of finding Greg-son. Through the celebrated detective Max Bielski he believed that he might at last get on his track, though the chase would undoubtedly be a difficult one. I did not go to bed until I had answered the letter and given Harding a full account of my visit to the hall. I concluded by imploring him to come to me at once, if that were possible, so that we might advise as to the next meas-

"A gentleman is waiting to see you, sir, down stairs." It was early the next morning, while I was at breakfast in my private room at the hotel, that I received this inti-

mation. "Do you know his name?" "No, sir; he would not give me his name, but he said I was to tell you that he came from Mr. Harding."

"Show him up at once." The stranger was a short man, with pow erful frame, clean shaven face, and bright eyes that seemed to see everything at once. "Beg pardon, sir, for intruding," he said, ddressing me with a business like air; "I thought you might not wish to have my name spread over the house, for you see it is rather a well-known name now, sir; I am the detective Mr. Harding has been employ ing on your account I believe."

"Mr. Bielski?" "Yes, Max Bielski at your service, sir. He pulled a note book out of his pocket and opening it continued: "I understand you want to meet with a party of the name of James Gregson, aged about thirty, tall and fair haired. Well, Mr. Fenton, don't be offended, but I must tell you at once that that description won't give me any help in finding the man. You see, sir, there are thousands of tall, fair haired men of thirty walking about the streets; as for the name, you may be sure that Mr. Gregson is not Mr. Gregson now, if he has any reason to wish to keep in hiding. You will have to

"But I am afraid that is just what I can-"Well, we'll see, sir. You must excuse me putting you through your catechism, Mr.

Fenton. It must be done if I'm to lay hold of your man." And in a surprisingly short space of time Mr. Bielski had made himself the master of all the particulars, good, bad and indiffer ent, which I knew about Gregson, including even the story Daisy had told me. When I told him of the photograph of Daisy I had picked up in the railway carriage after Gregson left it, he at once asked me for it; and—very reluctantly, for it was the only portrait of my darling which I possessed—I

At the end of an interview of three-quar ters of an hour the detective pulled out his watch, and rising hastily said: "I must be off, sir. I've just time to catch the express

back to town." "But are you going to London to find Gregson? My own opinion is that you'll find him somewhere about here."

"That is my opinion also, sir; and no doubt if I had three months to spare I could lay a heavy wager that I should 'nab' him in this very city of York before the end of But you see, sir, it is a matter of life and death: and a single day might make all the difference; so I must follow the safe clew you have given me, and not the uncer-

tain one. "And what is the safe clew?" "The time about which Gregson landed in England from Melbourne. This is all I have to go upon. I must track him down from that hour to the present. Good day to you, sir." And in another instant he was hurry ing off to catch the ten o'clock express to

The remainder of that day I spent in consultation with our solicitor, and in awaiting the arrival of Harding. He came to York by an evening train, and pressed my band way platform.

"What do you say, Harding; shall we apply to the home secretary at once on the strength of the discovery of the strychnia?" we must wait. Don't look disapcointed my dear fellow. As soon as I received your letter this morning I hurried off to Belmore's chambers and was fortunate carried seemed to be on the point of expir- enough to get five minutes of his precious time. Indeed, I believe he gave me fully fifteen minutes if the truth must be told. I very simple one, too." read your letter to him and asked him his advice. 'I should like to consult Grange before I say anything,' was his answer."

"You mean the judge. "Precisely. Our one hope, you know, is in the judge. It will rest with him in the end whether there is to be a pardon or not; and Belmore, who knows that all his sympathies are on our side, is anxious to take him along

with us in every step."

Accustomed as I had been to see in a judge only the awful being clothed in a mediæval costume, who dispensed life and death, liberty and slavery, from the judgment seat,

which an opening could be made at will man should be full of active human symthrough these hangings without any evidence pathy, even on behalf of a fellow creature of its existence being afforded to an occupant whom he had just doomed to the gallows.

So it was, however. night when I slept there. I opened the door to be properly authenticated; but that something further must be obtained-something if possible tending to break down the evidence as to motive—before any steps were taken at the home office. You see it is not a commutation of the sentence that we want-it is a free pardon."

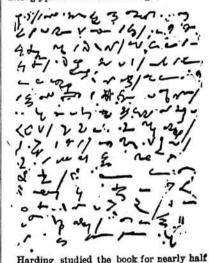
"Yes," I answered, feeling depressed and disappointed, for I had thought that all our troubles were at an end now that we had imprisonment on board the yacht.

"We are in the enemy's stronghold," I said to Eastmead. And I bade him take the must go on, but I confess that I seem to be at the end of my resources." "Now, my good fellow, you must not give up in despair. Let us wait until we have caught Gregson. Who knows what he can

> ·I sat in gloomy meditation. Four preciou days had already passed. It is true that they had not been wasted; but Daisy still lay under her awful doom, which was ourly drawing nearer to her. A heavy sigh broke from my lips.
>
> Harding, evidently anxious to divert my thoughts, asked me to tell him all the particulars of my visit to the hall, and I complied with his request.
> "Have you got the memorandum book you

picked up in the room Flinter had been using?"
"Yes," I said, and threw it across the table to him.

He opened it and looked at it long and carefully. Alas! Nothing was to be made out of it. Page after page was filled with hieroglyphics like the following:



Harding studied the book for nearly half an hour, often making jottings on a sheet of paper and referring again and again to particular pages. He laid it down wearily

"I can do nothing with it," he said. "It is evidently some very intricate form of cipher. Such things are to be read, however, and we must have this read. We cannot afford to lose an chance of hitting upon a clew." "But whom can you get to read it?"
"We must think that over. Perhaps

Bielski may be able to give us some assist-Barton at the request of Eastmeat. From Barton we went with Eastmead to Little Lorian for the average of the second of the secon chemist. That person immediately recognized the parcel found in the secret staircase at the hall as being that in which he had wrapped the strychnia sold to Daisy. But he was able to afford additional proof of the identity of the parcel. On removing the sealed outer wrapper he showed us an inner covering, on which the label was repeated, with the address, and, in addition, the date, "Oct. 7," in the chemist's own handwriting. There was, therefore, no longer any doubt that, so far as the mere possession of strychnia at the time of the murder was concerned, the evidence given against Daisy at her trial had been absolutely neutralized Affidavits describing the discovery and identification of the parcel were duly made on the same day by Smirke, Eastmead and my-self before one of the Barton magistrates. Two days passed without any further progress being made. It was a whole week since Daisy's condemnation, and only two more remained to us in which to save her. My impatience was at fever height, and Harding had a hard task to keep me in any degree calm or self-possessed. I had not dared to seek another interview with my darling. Until the question of life and death was settled in one way or the other, I felt

that to see her once more would only be to torture her use essly, and to rob me of the little strength which I still had left. But through the chaplain of the jail I was in constant communication with her. Every day I wrote to her, and she knew that I was

This first week, I say, had come to an end before we heard anything more of Bielski. It was Sunday evening, and I was sitting by myself, wearily seeking for some fresh clew which might hitherto have escaped my attention, when the detective was suddenly ushered into my room. "Good evening, Mr. Fenton. I'm afraid you think I have been a long time over my

work; but it has been as stiff a job as I have had for some time. The fellow has done nothing but double and take fresh names. If it had not been for that photograph you lent me I should have been baffled at last." "And you-have you found him?" I cried

"Yes, sir, he's here at your service; but before I bring him in to see you I should like to give you a hint. I don't know whether you'll find him a willing witness or the rever e; but if the latter, just ask him if he remembers Smith & Sharp, of Gracechurch street. That will fetch him soon enough, You see he got into trouble there ten years ago, and has been wanted ever since. I'll wait outside till you have had your talk with him."

He was leaving the room, when Harding, who had just heard of the detective's arrival. entered, and in a few words was informed of

"Let Bielski make himself useful while he is waiting," said Harding; "give him that memorandum book."

I handed the little notebook to the detec-He looked at it gravely. I wonder if I can crack this nut? It's hard one; but I'll try."
We withdrew, and in two minutes the door

was opened, and Mr. James Gregson entered with the impudentsmile upon his face which knew so well. Bowing with an air of amiliarity, which was not without a distine; touch of insolence, he looked from me to Harding, as though inquiring the reason which had led us to take so much trouble to find him. Beneath this outward assumption of self confidence I thought I could catch signs that the fellow was not quite so much at his ease as he wished to appear. I invited him to take a seat, and gravely stated to him the object I had in seeking him out, He looked at me with a satirical smile on his lips when I had finished my statement.

"So you think I can clear your friend Miss Stancliffe, do you?" "I hope you can throw some light upon the mystery that surrounds Mr. Mauleverer's He laughed outright. "Of course I can do

that; but you have come to the wrong man for information that will clear Miss Daisy. Have you forgotten what I told you in the railway train when you were on your way to the old man's house?" "It is precisely because I have not forgot-ten it that I have desired to see you again. You spoke then of a conspiracy to commit

murder. I want you to be kind enough to tell me frankly what you meant by your words. You remember that you charged not only Miss Stancliffe, but Flinter and Dr. Branksome, and myself as well, with being in some plot. What did you mean by it?" "O, don't be afraid on your own account, Mr. Fenton. I know now that you were not in the plot. You were only was determined that, come what might, I should not lose my temper during this in-

without knowledge, and when I observed the growing gravity of Harding's face I felt sure that he also entertained the same conviction. I took no notice, therefore, of Gregson's sneer but repeated my question. "Tell me, if you please, what was the nature of the plot of which you spoke?"
"Is it possible," he retorted, "that you are so dull as not to see the nature of the plot for yourself now! I should have given you

terview of such vital importance to my

darling. The more I saw of the man the

more certain I became that he did not speak

appear to me. Good Lord! The whole hing has been carried out under your nose, and now that it is finished you come to me to tell you what it means.' "Pray take pity, then, on my stupidity, and tell me all!" dressing Gregson, "to give us your opinion, if you have one, as to the way in which Mr.

"Oh dear, no!" he said with a mocking laugh. "My secret is worth a good deal more to me than it can be to you." "Is it money that you want for telling the

"Yes, it is money; but I don't want any from you. You are a very clever fellow, I dare say, in your own opinion, and a very knowing one; but you must not think you

"Well, kindly say what you are prepared to tell me without being bought."
"Just this, Mr. — Mr. — I declare I forget your name. What I told you would happen when I saw you in the train has all come true. Mauleverer has been murdered by the gang who have been plotting against his life for years, and who are now going to get clean off with the swag—all but one of them; and thanks to some stupid blundering on their part—or perhaps 1 ought to say on your part, mister, for I'm told you have meddled a good bit in the business—she'll be hanged. That's all."

The malice of the man revealed itself in the tones in which he spoke. I kept my temper, however, but I saw at the same time that the moment had arrived when I ought to use the weapon intrusted to me by the

"Mr. Gregeon," I said, "since that is the name by which you choose to call yourself, you are making a great mistake in supposing that I am quite so helpless as you imagine. I have the means of making you speak, and by heaven, sir, I'll use them, and quickly, oo, or make you pay dearly for your si-

He looked up at me with a startled air. The fellow was a cur, and at the first straight blow he appeared to be more than inclined to succumb. But he recovered himself after a omentary pause.
"I don't know what you are talking about.

First of all you want to bribe me, and then you try bullying. I've not come here to be either bought or sold." "Then, perhaps, as you don't want to be sold, you will tell me your story without compelling me to summon the detective who is waiting in the next room, in order that I may make a communication to him about

yourself and Smith & Sharp, Gracechurch The stroke told even more quickly and completely than I had dared to hope A ghastly pallor overspread the fellow's face, and he sat for more than a minute speechless, staring at me with eyes full of terror. "You don't mean to bring that up against me after all these years? Good God! how have you got to know anything about it?" After a pause he continued: "Well, I'll tell

you as much as I can if you'll promise not to give me up."
"If you tell me everything, you will be quite safe so far as I am concerned. If you do not, then you must take the conse-All his assumed ease had vanished, and he

sat before us now as abject a craven as I have ever seen. Bielski's secret had worked like magic. In a faltering voice the wretched creature asked if he might have "a drop brandy" before he began his story, and I was "They have been plotting against Mauleverer ever since I've known him, and that seven years. Whom do I mean by they? I mean Dr. Branksome and his gang; that is, Flinter and the girl Daisy, and a lot of fellows in Australia, and now they have got this Fosdyke in the business. You see it has been a regular company, and they have been working it for years. Talk of gold mining; but there is no gold mine in all Australia that will yield half so much as Mr. Mauleverer. So you need not wonder that the whole party-there are some of them still over there-have been working at the business for years past. At one time I know they meant to make an end of the old man in his own house at Wangoora. But you see some of them had got a bit blown upon there, and they were afraid that if anything happened it would not do; so then the doctor hit upon a plan of bringing him away to England and getting rid of him quietly, at a time when the worst members

of the gang were at the other side of the world."
"But how could it profit Dr. Brank-ome to kill Mr. Mauleverer? He was not his heir." "No; that is just it. But the plot began a great deal sooner than you seem to suppose. t began nearly twenty years ago. At that time Mauleverer had no heir. His only sister had died childless, and there was neither kith nor kin to come after him." "His sister childless! Why, Miss Stan-

cliffe had been born then." "Just so; only in those days she was Miss Somebodye'se; Miss Stancliffe, as you call her, had not been thought of at that time." Harding uttered a low cry of amazement. I found it difficult to put the next question. "What in heaven's name do you mean!" "I mean," he said doggedly, "that it was a plant from the very beginning! Dr. Brankplant from the very beginning.

some and his party were determined to get every farthing of the old man's money. had no heir, and so they found one for him,

and planted her on him successfully."
"But why should they have fixed upon Miss Stancliffe? What good did they imagine it would do them, supposing that he did leave everything to her? The sneering smile appeared on the fel-

low's face again.

"Really," he said, "you are not very bright. They must have found it easy to make a fool of you. Daisy was adopted by the doctor's wife when she was little more than a baby. She lived in the doctor's house for a dozen years or more, and Branksome got such an influence over her that he knew he could twist her round his fingers ex-actly as he pleased. Why, I bet you two to one that she has made her will in his favor since her arrest." I could not command my countenance en-

tirely when I heard this direct guess at the truth. It brought with it to my mind a terrible confirmation of the truthfulness of this unwilling witness. "I see you know something about it." he continued. "Well, it is just as I thought it would be. They never meant the girl to share with them. She was to have all the

kicks, while they got all the ha'pence. It would have been different, though, if she had let ned to me." "I don't want either to throw doubt upon your story or to seem to accept it without of theology in the Congregational further inquiry; but I must ask you to tell Church of New England. The theme who, in your belief, Miss Stancliffe is?" "Did I not tell you just now! No. Well, she is the daughter, I am told, of a poor old parson named She'don, who died at Melbourne twenty years ago. His wife lived twelve or eighteen months after him, and then she died, too, and Daisy was left a little child, without a friend in the world. It was then, as I've said, that Mrs. Branksome took pity on her, and adopted her. She was a good woman, was the doctor's wife, and he never dared to carry out his plot about Daisy until she was gone. God knows whether he did not he!p her off in the end. He was equal to it. At all events, as soon as she died, Branksom, goes to poor old Mauleverer, and tells him the whole tale the tale he had made up—how he had kept the secret of Daisy's real birth until then, partly because of his promise to her mother. and partly for his w.fe's sake, as she would swallowed the bait whole, and from that lated, for their condition is far more minutes, when it is strained, sweetened never have parted with the girl. Mauleverer time Branksome had complete command, not desirable than the condition of any and drank while warm. This quantity is only over Daisy, but over the old man also,"

"How have you got to learn all this?"
"That's my business," he said in sullen ones. But immediately some swift fear of the consequences of giving me offense took possession of his mind. "If you must know, I learned it all from an old servant of Brank-some's whom I got hold of. I always suspected there was something wrong, and after Branksome quarreled with me, and got me trustworthy," according to one of dismissed by Mauleverer, I wormed the truth | the counts, and that "fa

Gregson's examination further. Strange as it may seem, we had no doubt as to the violate the very terms of the conit may seem, we had no doubt as to the truth of his story. Rascal as the fellow un-mistakably was, he had told his tale in a manner which compelled our acceptance of it. I sat bewildered, almost paralyzed, by the nature of his statements. Daisy not the niece of Mauleverer! And Branksome the head of a gang of scoundrels, whose dia-bolical plot against the life of the millionaire had only now been carried out, after years lies between them. of careful preparation! It seemed incredi-

credit for being not quite so stupid as you ble, and yet in my heart I felt certain that it was true. Harding was the first to recover the full use of his faculties. "Will you be good enough," he said, ad-

> Mauleverer was murdered?" "I thought you knew all about that. Daisy Stancliffe gave him the poison instead of his powder that night." By a look Harding warned me to keep calm. "Do I understand," he pursued, "that, in your opinion, Miss Stancliffe—for so, I

think, we may still call her-administe the poison knowingly?"

"Why, put it to your own sense, sir.
Somebody gave the old gentleman his dose that night. It was not done by Branksome, or by Flinter, or by Fosdyke, nor by Mr. Fenton here. Who did it? Not any of the English servants at Great Lorton. There's you see it must have been done by the girl who had been brought up for that very purpose—ever since she was a baby!" "No!" I cried, regardless of Harding's ap-pealing glance. "I do not see it. God only

Stancliffe was the accomplice of these villains, she was an unconscious and an inno-"Then will you tell me how the thing was done? Why, you know yourself that neither Branksome nor Flinter had been near the hall for weeks before the old man died; and they were a thousand miles away when the

knows how the thing was done, but if Miss

dose was given."

I put my hand to my forehead wearily.
"Ah, if I could only tell you how it was done! I have thought, and thought over everything till my brain has grown giddy. There is only one theory that has even a chance in its favor, and of that, alas! if it be the true one, we can never obtain the

proof."
"And what may that theory be?" asked Gregson, with an air of interest. I hesitated as to whether to reveal my idea to him. It was one which had occurred to me more than once during the long sleepless watches of the night; but I had said nothing of it to any one, chiefly, I think, because it was but, and in the nature of things never could be anything more than, a theory. less a miracle were to happen, no proof of it, short of the confession of the criminals. could ever be adduced. Still, it might be well to hear Gregson's opinion of it.

"May it not have been possible," I said,
"for a powder containing strychnia to have been secretly substituted by Flinter for one containing Mr. Mauleverer's proper medi-cine? In that case Flinter might be able to prove an alibi, although he was really the culprit; and Miss Stancliffe may have given the poison to Mr. Mauleverer, although perfectly innocent of any knowledge of its

I heard a low chuckle and looked up. Bielski had entered the room while I was speaking and had heard my theory: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I knocked twice, but I could not make you hear me. You'll excuse me, Mr. Fenton, but I should like to tell you that you have got on the right track at last. As soon as Mr. Harding told me the facts I saw the trick had been done in that way. But lor! What a pity Mr. Belmore didn't bring it out before the jury!"



"I binted at it to him," I replied, "but he seemed to think it would only damage our

case, as no proof could be tendered in support of it."
"True, that is the weak point; but you know, sir, I suppose, that murder has been done that way before? Aye, and an innocent man guillotined for the crime of which he knew nothing. I think, after all, Mr. Relmore was right not to suggest this while the mystery of the strychnia that the young lady had bought was unexplained. It would have been too far-fetched then. But things are different now, and the home secretary will have to think whether, after all, the evidence will justify him in refusing a reprieve. For my part, Mr. Fenton, I'll put

my money on a respite." Bielski looked round at Gregson and evidently judged from the state of that genileman's features that the screw had applied to him not ineffectually.

"Got all you want out of this young gentleman?" he asked. "Enough for the present, eh? Well then, my good fellow, ake your hook into the next room and wait The detective winked knowingly at the

unlucky Gregson and in this unceremonious manner dismissed him from our presenc .

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

ards. There are now five professors of the old Andover Theological Semgy, and Edward Y. Hyncks, Professor of Biblical Theology. These are considered the representative men of the liberal or progressive school ology is Calvanistic and these professors have published a joint work entitled "Progressive Orthodoxy." We have not seen it, but it is probably like Mulford's and Munger's contributions to theology, much tainted ever, original or brilliant the setting. There are sixteen counts in the charge brought against the Andover Pro-

Among other things it is supposed

fessors.

state after death. They reject the dogma that men will be punished who have no "knowledge of the historic Christ." If this be so, are boiled in a pint of fresh cow's milk, then the Romans, Greeks, and all and after boiling a moment the infusion heathen nations are to be congratu- is allowed to stand and "sipe" for ten modern Christian nations, and the very worst thing that could be done generally much relished by the patients, would be to send them a knowledge of the historic Christ, whom fivesixths of them would reject and consequently be damned. These And- tory passages, relieves irritation and spasover "wise men" have discovered modic coughs.-Chicago Tribune. that the Bible "is fallable and unus that neither of us felt capable of carrying ought to be jerked out of their places tract-that they were to teach the recognized doctrines of a specified body of divinity .- Wilmington Star.

> Society is just like a pie; there is an upper crust and a lower crust, but the real strength and substance

A great many customs surround a hanging in New York. They have been modified by law, which allows only the sheriff and assistants, twenty deputy sheriffs, a sheriff's jury, the judges of the higher courts, the district attorney, the doctors and the hangman to be present. Formerly the coroner could bring a party of his friends as jurors, and the sheriff gave out cards of invitation as he would to a ball. That has been stopped, and Sheriff Grant keeps the number of spectators down to the lowest legal number. It is customary for the sheriff to present the man to be English servants at Great Lorton. There's hanged, when he is poor, with a black none of them in the secret, I am sure. Don't for his burial goes no further than to see that he gets to potter's field.

It is the duty of the sheriff to be personally present at a hanging. One sheriff dodged this duty once by going to Long Branch. In a case like that the under sheriff has charge. The hanging is set down for as early an hour as possible in the morning to avoid a crowd. The sheriff and his deputies, dressed in mourning, gather at the sheriff's office and march to the Tombs. Each bears his staff of office. At the hanging they take off their hats as soon as the weights fall, and put them on when the body is cut down. In a case on the wall in the sheriff's

office are a score of staves and two swords. The staves have been present at every hanging since the time that no man can recall. They are about thirty inches long, and are made of dark hardwood. The middle is covered with thin dark velvet. On each end is a brass tip shaped like an Indian arrowhead. The sheriff's staff has a crutch at one end instead of a dart, and the under sheriff's has a crook. The two swords have not been taken to a hanging for a long time. No matter where in the State a hanging may be the staves are sent for and the sheriff's men carry them. They would as soon think of trying to have a hanging without a rope as without their staves. They are a relic of colonial days, when a hanging would draw as large urally excites much interest of partly poan assemblage as a circus, and the officers who had charge of it appeared pompously in their official robes.

now in use is about four years old. The uprights are about five inches square and fifteen feet high. The cross piece is the axe where it cuts through the rope that keeps the weight from falling.

York. One is a short, lean man, with Hebrew features. He has thin, full beard that curls, dark hair, mild eyes and a shrinking face. The other man is a short, stout account of the alleged favoritism to rela-German, partially bald, with a black-gray tives, which he wished to avoid. Mr. mustache. He is in charge. These two Folsom has been a candidate for several men have a number of names. They do positions and for the Sheffield consulate, not want to be known, and the sheriff especially, for years. He worked hard to himself has nothing further to do with elect Mr. Tilden in 1876, exp them than to give them charge of the ar- tain this office as his reward, but his plans rangements and to pay the bill. The one man is commonly known as Isaacs, and this occasion. Again in 1880 he worked the other as Minzesheimer. The bills are made out to Joseph B. Atkinson. The in view and when Grover Cleveland was cost of hanging varies from two to five nominated, Mr. Folsom put all his ener-hundred dollars. The men are hangmen gies to work and at last won his appointnot only in New York, but they travel around over the State and country. Hanging is their trade .- New York Star.

HEALTHY AND UNHEALTHY OCCUPATIONS. The first place among healthy occupations is held by ministers of religion, the death rate of this class being 555. Next we have gardners and nursery-men, who stand at 500; farmers and graziers, 631; agricultural laborers, 701; schoolmasters, 718; the other trades which follow closely on these being grocers, coal merchants, paper manufacturers, lace and hosiery manufacturers, wheel-wrights, ship-builders and ship-wrights and coal miners. The figures of mortality of all these trades is under 775. On the other side, that of unhealthy occupations, the first place is held by the trades which are concerned in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicating drink, which, as is well known, entail many temptations to use it to excess. The list of unhealthy occupations is headed by the class of inn and hotel servants, whose figure mounts up to 2,205, being nearly double that of the medical profession. The highest place next to them are held by the general laborers and coster-mongers, hawkers and street sellers, the former class with 3,020, and the latter with 1,879. It is probable that both are largely made up of broken men, the wrecks of other callings. Innkeepers, publicans, spirit, wine and beer dealers follow with a figure of 1,521 and there till I come to you. Don't trouble yourself about the door. It is locked and I have the key in my own pocket."

brewers with 1,361. In support of the belief that these high rates of mortality are chiefly due to alcoholic excess. Dr. Ogle has compared with them the mortality assigned to diseases of the liver, the organ through which such excess chiefly declares itself, and has obtained results which are entirely in harmony with those HERESY IN NEW ENGLAND.—Dr. concerned with alcohol, the highest rates Woodrow is not the only preacher are furnished by occupation, which in-who is in trouble as to his theological volve the breathing of dust—other than views and departure from the stand- coal dust—and especially of a sharp and gritty character, or largely composed of mineral matter; next, those in which there is exposure to lead poisoning, as inary on trial for supposed heresies. with plumbers, painters and filemakers. They are Egbert C. Smyth, Profes- The earthenware manufacturers, who are sor of Church History and President much exposed to mineral dust, have a of the Faculty; William J. Tucker, Professor of Elocution; George Harris, Professor of Systematic Theological Value of 1,742; file-makers, who work upon a leaden cushion, reached 1,667, and plumbers and painters, who are also expected to infineral dust, have a figure of 1,742; file-makers, who work upon a leaden cushion, reached 1,667, and plumbers and painters, who are also expected to infineral dust, have a figure of 1,742; file-makers, who work upon a leaden cushion, reached 1,667, and plumbers and painters, who are also expected to infineral dust, have a figure of 1,742; file-makers, who work upon a leaden cushion reached 1,667, and plumbers and painters. posed to lead, reach 1,202.—Chambers'

THE MULLEN TEST IN CONSUMPTION .-The success attending the treatment of consumption with mullen leaves by Quinlan, of Dublin, and which has been so widely published, has led him to make a formulated statement, showing briefly that in the earlier and pretubercular stage of pulmonary consumption mullen has a weight-increasing and curative power with novel and unsound views, how- greater than that of cod liver oil, and equal to that of Russian koumiss. In cases where tubercles are well established or cavities exist, the mullen has great power in relieving cough; phthisical diarrhea is completely obviated by the multhat these "progressives" believe that len; but it has no power or effect on the the heathen will have a probationary | night sweats of consumption, which are to be combated by attropia sulphate. Three ounces of the fresh green leaves, or about ten times as much of the dried.

dismissed by Mauleverer, I wormed the truth out of the old woman."

Harding and I were so much astounded by the extraordinary revelation thus made to the extraordinary revelation that the extraord York hotel clerk vouches for the truth of est particles of the clerk and handed him a \$100 bill to he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to ing \$50,000 or \$60,000 for a single operation. the lawyer, "and go, accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel. Apologize to Koeberle, of Strasburg, is stated to have

who regard it as a pleasant article of diet,

rather than as a medicine. The smoke

of these leaves, inhaled into the respira-

absent-mindedness; deposit the second \$100 in the presence of your friend, and come back to me." The mystified ruralist obeyed instructions to the very letter. "Now," said the lawyer, "go back alone to the clerk and ask him for the \$100. Knowing that your friend saw him re-ceive it he will give back the second \$100 bill. Then take your friend with you next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that \$100, and as there was no witness to your receipt of the second bill he will be forced to return the first also." The ruse proved completely successful. The lawyer sent his bill next day. It was



BENJAMIN FOLSOM. Mr. Benjamin Folsom, of Buffalo, who

has received the appointment of United States Consul at Sheffield, England, to suc-

ceed Mr. C. B. Webster, is the cousin of Mrs. Cleveland. He accompanied Mrs. Folsom and her daughter in their recent travels through Europe and also accom-panied them on their homeward bound trip in June last. The appointment natlitical and partly sentimental nature, as the appointee is so closely allied in relationship to Mrs. Cleveland, and he is everywhere widely and favorably known, The same gallows, rope, noose and weights are used time after time until they are lost or wear out. The gallows "Cousin Ben." He figured at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland as the ding of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland as the only male representative of the bride's family. He is said to be a good hearted, same size. The construction is simple, and it is easy to take the gallows apart and are few Democrats who will grudge him his office or its pecuniary compensation, put it away. The only trace left on the his office or its pecuniary compensation, gallows by a hanging is the mark of the although all indications point very strongly toward nepotism on Mr. Cleveland's action in this appointment. In the form-Two men do all the hangings in New er days of President Cleveland's adminiswere frustrated ar ! went far astray on for General Hancock with the same object ment through the election of President Cleveland. This is the alleged offical ex-planation which none but the sorely disappointed will presume to discredit as the

appointment was won by the efforts of Mrs. Benjamin Folsom alone.

WHEN NOT TO DRINK. Moderate drinkers engaged in pursuits calling for judgment and acumen, and who use liquors during business hours, end, with scarcely an exception, as financial wrecks, however successful they may be in withstanding the physical consequences of their indulgence. Thousands who retain their health and are never ranked as victims of intemperance, lose their property, wreck their business and are thrown into bankruptcy because of tippling habits during business hours. These men are not drunkards, and only close observers can detect the influence of strong drink in their deportment; but nevertheless liquor gives them false nerve, makes them reckless, clouds the judgment, and soon involves them in bad purchases, worse sales, and ruinous contracts. Sooner or later it is shown that the habit of tippling during business hours is a forerunner of bankruptcy. Let every drinker review his business transactions for a series of years and answer whether this

statement is not true. Liquor acts on the brain in the same manner as chloroform or ether, producing stimulation which affects cool thought followed by a depression corresponding to the amount of the dose. What man would expect to succeed in business if he were accustomed to take, while at work, even very slight whiffs of ether, chloroform, or laughing-gas and keep himself all the time more or less under such beclouding influ-ences? Such a man, even if able to preserve his health, would grow reckless, loquacious, and soon prove no match for a clear headed rival. Liquor is an indispensable ally wherever victims are systematically fleeced, and its effects are seen also in the rivalries of legitimate business. The professional gambler keeps a free bar, but never drinks himself when at the table; and, while a sober, clear-headed honorable merchant, dealer or operator would not endeavor to ply his rival with liquor, he would gain great advantages from the latter's self-sought indulgence. Liquor shows its victims not only in saloons and gambling dens, but about boards of trade and stock exchanges and in every line of business requiring a clear, cool head. Moderate drinkers who attempt to do business with even slightly excited brains are men who are all the time making losses and going to the wall. Chicago Tribune.

THE MANUFACTURE OF HAIRPINS .-For years the English and French controlled the manufacture of hairpins, and it is only within the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in this country to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which pins are sold necessitates the most rapid and cheapest process, which can only be secured by auomatic machines. The wire is made expressly for the purpose, and put up in arge coils, which are placed on reels, and the end of the wire placed in a clamp, which carries it to the machine while straightening it; from there it runs in another machine, which cuts, bends, and by a delicate and instantaneous process, sharpens the points. Running at full speed, these machines will turn out 120 hairpins every minute. To economize it is necessary to keep them working night and day. The difficult part of the work is the enamelling which is done by dipping in a preparation and baking in an oven. Here is where the most constant and careful attention is required, as the pin must be perfectly smooth and the THE LAWYER'S STRATAGEM.—A New enamel have a perfect polish. The slight-

FEES OF DOCTORS.—The Medicinische Zeitung complains that while London has be put in the safe. Asking for it next day but one doctor to every 3,000 inhabitants Vienna has one for every 1,500, and its a lawyer. "Get another \$100 bill," said In Paris Dr. Pean is mentioned as having the clerk for your mistake; say it was a defect of memory; attribute it to drink or Spanish princess.