

The Woman in the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filligree Ball," "The Leavenworth Case," Etc., Etc.
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For a moment he seemed to lose heart, then he lifted his head again, and looked as handsome as when he pleaded for my hand in the little conservatory.

"You have that right," said he; "be- sides, weakness at such a time, and under such an exigency, is little short of wrong. It was unmanly in me to endeavor to secrete these gloves; more than unmanly for me to choose for her the hiding-place the recesses of an article belonging exclusively to yourself. I acknowledge it, Rita, and shall meet only my just punishment if you deny me in the future both your sympathy and regard. But you must let me assure you and these gentlemen also, one of whom can make it very unpleasant for me, that consideration for you, much more than any miserable anxiety about myself, lay at the bottom of what must strike you all as an act of unpardonable cowardice. From the moment I learned of this woman's murder in the alcove, where I had visited her, I realized that everyone who had been seen to approach her within a half-hour of her death would be subjected to a more or less rigid investigation, and I feared, if her gloves were found in my possession, some special attention might be directed my way which would cause you unmerited distress. So, yielding to an impulse which I now recognize as a most unwise, as well as unworthy one, I took advantage of the bustle about us, and of the insensibility into which you had fallen, to tuck these miserable gloves into the bag I saw lying on the floor at your side. I do not ask your pardon. My whole future life shall be devoted to winning that; I simply wish to state a fact."

"Very good!" It was the inspector who spoke; I could not have uttered a word to save my life. "Perhaps you will not feel that you owe it to this young lady to add how you came to have these gloves in your possession?"

"Mrs. Fairbrother handed them to me."

"Handed them to you?"

"Yes, I hardly know why myself. She asked me to take care of them for her. I know that this must strike you as a

very peculiar statement. It was my realization of the unfavorable effect it could not fail to produce upon those who heard it, which made me dread any interrogation on the subject. But I assure you it was as I say. She put the gloves into my hand while I was talking to her, saying they incommoded her."

"And you?"

"Well, I held them for a few minutes, then I put them in my pocket, but quite automatically, and without thinking very much about it. She was a woman accustomed to have her own way. People seldom questioned it, I judge."

Here the tension about my throat relaxed, and I opened my lips to speak. But the inspector, with a glance of some authority, forestalled me.

"Were the gloves open or rolled up when she offered them to you?"

"They were rolled up."

"Did you see her take them off?"

"Assuredly."

"And roll them up?"

"Certainly."

"After which she passed them over to you?"

"Not immediately. She let them lie in her lap for a while."

"While you talked?"

"Mr. Durand bowed."

"And looked at the diamond?"

"Mr. Durand bowed for the second time."

"Had you ever seen so fine a diamond before?"

"No."

"Yet you deal in precious stones?"

"That is my business."

"And are regarded as a judge of them?"

"I have that reputation."

"Mr. Durand, would you know this diamond if you saw it?"

"I certainly should."

"The setting was an uncommon one, I hear."

"Quite an unusual one."

The inspector opened his hand.

"Is this the article?"

"Good God! Where?"

"Don't you know?"

"I do not."

The inspector eyed him gravely.

"Then I have a bit of news for you. It was hidden in the gloves you took from Mrs. Fairbrother. Miss Van Arsdale was present at their unrolling."

"Do we live, move, breathe at certain moments? It hardly seems so. I know that I was conscious of but one sense, that of seeing; and of but one faculty, that of judgment. Would he flinch, break down, betray guilt, or simply show astonishment? I chose to believe it was the latter feeling only which informed his slowly whitening and disturbed features. Certainly it was all his words expressed as his glances flew from the stone to the gloves, and back again to the inspector's face."

"I cannot believe it. I cannot believe it." And his hand flew wildly to his forehead.

"Yet it is the truth, Mr. Durand, and one you have now to face. How will you do this? By any further explanation, or by what you may consider a discreet silence?"

"I have nothing to explain—the facts are as I have stated."

The inspector regarded him with an earnestness which made my heart sink.

"You can fix the time of this visit, I hope; tell us, I mean, just when you left the alcove. You must have seen someone who can speak for you."

"I fear not."

Why did he look so disturbed and uncertain?

"There were but few persons in the hall just then," he went on to explain. "No one was sitting on the yellow divan."

"You know where you went, though? Whom you saw and what you did before the alarm spread?"

"Inspector, I am quite confused. I did go somewhere; I did not remain in that part of the hall. But I can tell you nothing definite, save that I walked about, mostly among strangers, till the cry which sent us all in one direction and me to the side of my fainting sweetheart."

"Can you pick out any stranger you talked to, or anyone who might have noted you during this interval? You see, for the sake of this little woman, I wish to give you every chance."

"Inspector, I am obliged to throw myself on your mercy. I have no such witness to my innocence as you call for. Innocent people seldom have. It is only the guilty who take the trouble to provide for such contingencies."

This was all very well, if it had been uttered with a straightforward air, and in a clear tone. But it was not. I loved him for that. It was not, and consequently was more or less prepared for the change which now took place in the inspector's manner. Yet it pierced me to the heart to observe this change, and I instinctively dropped my face into my hands when I saw him move toward Mr. Durand with some final order or word of caution.

Instantly (and who can account for such phenomena?) there floated into view before my retina a reproduction of the picture I had seen, or imagined myself to have seen, in the supper-room; and as at that time it opened before me an unknown vista quite removed from the surrounding scene, so it did now, and I beheld again in faint outlines, and yet with the effect of complete distinctness, a square of light through which appeared an open passage partly shut off from view by a half-lifted curtain and the tall figure of a man holding back this curtain and gazing, or seeming to gaze, at his own breast, on which he had already laid one quivering finger.

What did it mean? In the excitement of the horrible occurrence which had engrossed us all, I had forgotten this curious experience; but on feeling anew the vague sensation of shock and expectation which seemed its natural accompaniment, I became conscious of a sudden conviction that the picture which had opened before me in the supper-room was the result of a reflection in a glass or mirror of something then going on in a place not otherwise within the reach of my vision; a reflection, the importance of which I suddenly realized when I recalled at what a critical moment it had occurred. A man in a state of dread looking at his breast, within five minutes of the stir and rush of the dreadful event which had marked this evening!

A hope, great as the despair in which I had just been sunk, gave me courage to drop my hands and advance impetuously toward the inspector.

"Don't speak, I pray; don't judge any of us further till you have heard what I have to say."

In great astonishment and with an aspect of some severity, he asked me what I had to say now which I had not had the opportunity of saying before. I replied with all the passion of a forlorn hope that it was only at this present moment I remembered a fact which might have a very decided bearing on this case; and, detecting evidences, as I thought, of relenting on his part, I backed up this statement by an entreaty for a few words with him private, as the matter I had to tell was private and possibly too fanciful for any ear but his own.

He looked as if he apprehended some loss of valuable time, but, touched by the involuntary gesture of appeal with which I supplemented my request, he led me into a corner, where, with just an encouraging glance toward Mr. Durand, who seemed struck dumb by my action, I told the inspector of that momentary picture which I had seen reflected in what I was now sure was some window-pane or mirror.

"It was at a time coincident, or very nearly coincident, with the perpetration of the crime you are now investigating," I concluded. "Within five minutes afterward came the shout which roused us all to what had happened in the alcove. I do not know what passage I saw or what door or even what figure, but the latter, I am sure, was that of the guilty man. Something in the outline (and it was the outline only I could catch) expressed an emotion incomprehensible to me at the moment, but which, in my remembrance, impresses me as that of fear and dread. It was not the entrance to the alcove I beheld—that would have struck me at once, but some other opening, which I might recognize if I saw it. Cannot that opening be found, and may it not give a clue to the man I saw skulking through it with terror and remorse in his heart?"

"Was this figure, when you saw it, turned toward you or away?" the inspector inquired with unexpected interest.

"Turned partly away. He was going from me."

"And you sat—where?"

"I shall show you."

The inspector bowed, then with a low word of caution turned to my uncle.

"I am going to take this young lady into the hall for a moment, at her own request. May I ask you and Mr. Durand to await me here?"

Without pausing for reply, he threw open the door and presently we were pacing the deserted supper-room, seeking the place where I had sat. I found it almost by a miracle—everything being in great disorder. Guided by my bouquet, which I had left behind me in my escape from the alcove, I laid hold of the chair before which I lay, and declared quite confidently to the inspector:

"This is where I sat."

Naturally his glance and mine both flew to the opposite wall. A window was before us of an unusual size and make. Unlike any which had ever before come under my observation, it swung on a pivot, and, though shut at the present moment, might very easily, when opened, present its huge pane at an angle capable of catching reflections from some of the many mirrors decorating the reception-room situated diagonally across the hall. As all the doorways on this lower floor were of unusual width, an open pane was often, as it were, for these reflections to pass, making it possible for scenes to be imaged here which, to the persons involved, would seem as safe from anyone's scrutiny as if they were taking place in the adjoining house.

As we realized this, a look passed between us of more than ordinary significance. Pointing to the window, the inspector turned to a group of waiters watching us from the other side of the room, and asked if it had been opened that evening.

The answer came quickly.

"Yes, sir—just before the—the—"

"I understand," broke in the inspector, and leaning over me, he whispered: "Tell me again exactly what you thought you saw."

But I could add little to my former description.

"Perhaps you can tell me this," he kindly persisted. "Was the picture, when you saw it, on a level with your eye, or did you have to lift your head in order to see it?"

"It was high up—in the air, as it were. That seemed its odddest feature."

The inspector's mouth took a satisfied curve.

"Possibly I might identify the door and passage, if I saw them," I suggested.

"Certainly, certainly," was his cheerful rejoinder; and, motioning one of his men, he was about to give some order, when his impulse changed, and he asked if I could draw.

I assured him, in some surprise, that I was far from being an adept in that direction, but that possibly I might manage a rough sketch; whereupon he pulled a pad and pencil from his pocket and requested me to make some sort of attempt to reproducing, on paper, my memory of this passage and the door.

My heart was beating violently, and the pencil shook in my hand, but I knew that it would not do for me to show any hesitation in fixing for all eyes what, unaccountably to myself, continued to be perfectly plain to my own. So I endeavored to draw, and he bade me, and succeeded, to some extent, for he uttered a slight ejaculation at one of its features, and while duly expressing his thanks, honored me with a very sharp look.

"Is this your first visit to this house?" he asked.

"No; I have been here before."

"In the evening, or in the afternoon?"

"In the afternoon."

"I am told that the main entrance is not in use tonight?"

[To be Continued.]

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[To be Continued.]

WIRELESS PHONE TRANSMITS VOICE

Instrument "Tuned" So That No One Can Break In On the Conversation.

New York, Nov. 6.—In a little workshop in a quiet part of Newark a young inventor has devised and perfected a wireless telephone which is as remarkable in its way as the wireless telegraph. Severe tests have shown that the inventor's system of wireless telephony will transmit the human voice through earth and air without the use of wires.

The name of the young man who has given to the world this latest of practical wireless inventions is S. V. Granger, an electrical engineer, residing at Watseung, N. J. Already several prominent electric companies have offered him a handsome price for his invention, but he has refused to sell. He can afford to wait until he is offered what he thinks his telephone is worth. He has filed his application for a patent at Washington.

About a year ago Mr. Granger was returning from London on the steamship Lucania and, being interested in wireless apparatus, went up to the little wireless station on the liner. At the time, while he watched the operator at the instrument the idea of a wireless telephone occurred to Mr. Granger. If dots and dashes could be sent, he believed the human voice would carry.

When he reached his home he immediately began to work out his theory. He hired a small shop in Newark, and during his spare time he devoted all his energies to solving the riddle. His experiments at last bore fruit, and a few months ago the apparatus was perfected.

The wireless telephone invented by Mr. Granger is not unlike the ordinary telephone in appearance. It has the usual transmitter and receiver, spark, or flash coil, magnet, etc. The secret of the invention is contained in a glass tube nine inches long. In one end of this tube, which is bulb-shaped, is a quantity of mercury mixed with a certain solution, the ingredients of which only Mr. Granger knows. There is also a series of batteries. The only wires used are those applied immediately to the batteries of the telephone apparatus, the tube, transmitter and receiver and antenna. A highly magnetized receiver affected by the mercury tube, plays an important part also.

Mr. Granger first intended his invention for use in houses, hotels and office buildings, but successful experiments proved that it could be employed out of doors as well. Only the other day he telephoned from Newark to Barnardsville, a distance of twenty miles, most successfully. He is now making arrangements for a station in New York, and one in Trenton, N. J., and expects to make a long-distance test between the two cities in ten days or a fortnight.

Establishing the telephone in a hotel, for instance, is very simple. A "central" is put up in the ordinary way in charge of an operator. When a guest wishes to use the instrument he proceeds in the usual way. To get the desired number the operator simply manipulates the "finder," which is like a lever on a motor box, over the switchboard, which is "tuned" for the particular station desired. These instruments are so "tuned" that no one can break in on the conversation. The number of words which it is possible to transmit is limited only by the ability of the person talking. The instruments are simple and need practically no adjusting after once being installed.

The mechanism is so delicately constructed that if a revolver were fired in a room containing the telephone the bell at the switchboard would immediately ring, and would not cease until the instrument in the room had been shut off. The results of Mr. Granger's experiments so far have been highly satisfactory. Conversations over his invention have been heard a distance of eighteen miles as clearly as is possible over an ordinary instrument connected by wires.

The distance a message can be sent is controlled by the amount of "power" in the tube. This "power" which is the secret of the invention, has to be measured most accurately. Too much or too little throws the instrument out of order when messages are to be sent long distances. An instrument, however, that is adjusted for a radius of fifty miles can be used satisfactorily within that circle, but not beyond that.

The tuning of the instruments also prevents any but the persons concerned hearing the conversation. The wireless telephone also excels in point of rapid efficiency even the wireless telegraph, for the instant the operator at the transmitting end speaks his words are produced at the other end, as in a wire telephone, requiring no time to decipher it.

The possibilities of the wireless telephone are practically limitless. Its value to an army in time of war would be almost incalculable. Mr. Granger's invention is so constructed that an entire outfit with a range of fifty or a hundred miles could be carried by a man without any trouble. A scout, for instance, could pack the telephone in a case no larger than would be necessary for an ordinary camera. Getting sight of the enemy he could instantly transmit his information to the main body of the army. There would be no danger of having the message stolen in transmission, as the instrument would be "tuned" so as to avoid this. Men-of-war could also be equipped with the apparatus.

Mr. Granger believes his method eventually will take the place of ordinary telephone circuits and he says it will be particularly valuable at sea in preventing accidents in fogs, etc. One of

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THE MILL END SALE A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

Last week broke all previous sale records in the history of this store. And Saturday was the Banner Day. Sales for that day totaled up greater than any single day during the seven years we've been in business.

Truly our Mill End Sale is a tremendous success. But who could resist such marvelous bargains? They were magnetic enough to draw a host of economical shoppers to a store in any city in the Dominion.

And the bargains are just as big, just as worth while snapping up, as at the commencement of the sale. Cases and cases of goods from the mill have arrived within the last day or two and there are heaps upon heaps of new bargains piled up ready for you when you come tomorrow or Friday.

Wonderful temptations in Women's Underwear, irresistible inducements in Flannelette and Table Linen Mill Ends.

Bring the Children Thursday and Friday

So busy have we been kept waiting on customers that we've had no time to open up several cases of Children's Underwear, which arrived from the mill after the sale started.

These cases are being opened up today and the goods will be ready for immediate purchasing Thursday and Friday.

They will be arranged in piles, with sizes and prices marked on a card over each pile. The different lines and sizes are too numerous to mention. Almost anything a person could wish for children's underwear will be found in the collection. Cotton and wool mixtures galore, heaps upon heaps of all-wool garments. Prices start at 8c garment and advance by easy stages to almost any price you desire to pay.

Come Thursday and Friday and choose the children's underwear. Such big savings—for the garments are marked at mill prices and less—will not likely happen again for some considerable time to come—perhaps not for a year or more.

150 Dundas and Carling GRAY & PARKER 150 Dundas and Carling

its most useful sphere is its application to vessels in harbor. Under such conditions the wireless telegraph is not advantageous, as it requires an operator, and an experienced one, to handle it, and delays are frequent. On the other hand, the wireless telephone is a first-hand instrument and may be applied to any vessel at a comparatively small cost. The instrument can also be installed in a house for \$10 and the cost of operating it is very small.

SIX DAYS IN WATER

Five Men Stranded on Submerged Rock Survive.

Seward, Alaska, Nov. 7.—Five men on a boat were stranded on an almost wholly submerged rock of the Kahiltna River by the wrecking of their boat against the rock and stood in the ice-cold water for six days, unable to sit down, before four of them were rescued. On the third day the youngest of the party, a man named Snyder, became desperate and, exclaiming to his companions, "If we've got to die we might as well do it trying to save ourselves," he took off all his clothing and swam safely to shore. He has not since been seen by anyone who has come out.

Three days later Tom Jeter and another man came down the river in a boat and rescued the survivors, who had reached the extremity of endurance and were suffering horrible torture. At Sustina Station the men were taken in charge by Dr. Cook, who found that the flesh of their legs was putrefying. Strips of it peeled off like bandages, but surgical skill stopped the progress of putrefaction, and three of the four men were on the way to recovery when Dr. Cook started down the river. The fourth man was so near gone that Dr. Cook was keeping him under his personal charge and will bring him around to Seward on the next steamer.

The men are the party known as the Foster crowd, who had been working on Cache Creek. They were on their way out. The river was higher than it had been during the summer owing to warm weather, which thawed the glaciers and snow which feed it. The boat was wrecked in the rapids just below Peters Creek.

Snyder had been missing twelve days when the men came out who brought the news to Seward. When he reached shore he shouted to the men on the rock that he would go for help and started upstream, doubtless intending to go to Conklin's camp, the nearest known camp, 32 miles away. As he was without food or clothing, it is scarcely hoped that he could have survived, as the trail is rough and the nights cold.

BUG BLOWS A WHISTLE

Keeps a Locomotive Screeching During Run of Twelve Miles.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 7. — A common beetle last night temporarily disabled a Lake Shore locomotive pulling a westbound passenger train and raised pandemonium along the route for twelve miles from here to Berea.

The bug managed to fall into the whistle of the engine. For an hour the whistle blew