POOR DOCUMENT

ILE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1923

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

Being An Exploit in the Career of Hamilton Cleek, Detective. By MARY E. AND THOMAS W. HANSHEW

(Continued from yesterday)

CHAPTER XXVIII





slightly bloodstained, and handed it her. "Can you identify that?"

She looked up, startled.
"Of course. It's yours, Ross, is:

pened. I heard Mother's scream, and then she ran into my room and told me of—the dreadful thing that had happened! About half an hour afterward Uncle Antoni appeared at the balcony which opens out from my bedroom window, and told me I must steal the will for him. I was terrified—oh, I was! but he threatened me with

with a pistol——"
"That's a lie!" gave out the prisoner with a maledictory eye upon his unfilial

"It isn't — it isn't! You told me to was lying upon the table-top; and so I slipped down in my stockinged feet, and waited in the passage until I saw and waited in the passage until I saw Ross slip out of the room after everyone else had gone back to bed, and—and you had some out, Mr. Cleek, and were talking to Maud in the ante-room So I crept into the room—oh, it was dreadful, with Father lying there—like that—snatched it up and fled back to my bedroom in terror. Uncle Antoni was still waiting on the balcony, and when he got it he climb flown the balustrade again and—and—that is

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effect of it upon them individually. Mute astonishment, dull grief showed in Ross and Maud Duggan's eyes as they looked upon it. It was as though they had discovered suddenly that their idol had feet of clay. For across the front of the pictured face was written one word in heavy black scrawls, and the word was "Avenged!"

CHAPTER XXIX

piclons were soon quieted, after I discovered that your gallant Captain had really come into the grounds—with your having left the gate ajar for him so that Rhea's bell would not sound—to meet you clandestinely, as he had been forbidden the house. Love will always find a way, you know. Only, it was unfortunate at the time that he should have chosen that night of all others to have come to meet you. You knew of the crime, then, Captain? Or

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"My God!" It was Ross Duggan who coke. "Just to think of it! Just to link! That my father—"

"Others to have come to meet you. You knew of the crime, then, Captain? Or what was it that sent you pelting away so hard from the house that held your affianced bride?

"Ginal bride?" think! That my father—"
"Don't forget he's dead, Ross, and beyond all chance of your remonstrating with him, and that the dead cannot speak up for themselves!" cried Maud

Duggen in a wrung voice. "Don't say be taken to keen the lights all over the Castle switch up, and did not want my meeting with Maud to be discovergeak up for themselves!" cried Maud

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