

When it Comes to Value,
And this is what every successful business hinges upon,

"SARADIA"

Ceylon Tea "Is Peerless."

Black for black tea tastes. Natural Green for those used to Japans.

SEALED PACKETS ONLY. 60c, 50c, 40c, 30c, 25c
NEVER SOLD IN BULK. Per Pound.

Shun the Dealer that tries to palm off some substitute brand,
for the sake of the increased profit he makes out of it.

THE FILIGREE BALL

By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.

Copyrighted by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Moore House? Are you speaking of the Moore House?"

For a detective whose talents had not been recognized at headquarters, I possessed an ambition which, fortunately for my standing with the lieutenant of the precinct, had not yet been expressed in words. Though I had small reason for expecting great things of myself, I had always cherished the hope that if a big case came my way I should be found able to do something with it—something more, that is, than I had been accomplished by the police of the District of Columbia since I had had the honor of being one of their number. Therefore, when I found myself plunged, almost without my own volition, into the Jeffrey-Moore affair, I believed that the opportunity had come whereby I might distinguish myself.

It had complicated this Jeffrey-Moore affair, greater ones than the public ever knew, than the interest in it ran both in and out of Washington.

This is why I propose to tell the story of this great tragedy from my own standpoint, even if in so doing I risk the charge of attempting to exploit my own connection with this celebrated case. In its course I encountered as many disappointments as triumphs, and brought out of the affair a heart as sore as it was satisfied; for I am a lover of women and—

But I am keeping you from the story itself.

I was at the station-house the night Uncle David came in. He was always called Uncle David, even by the arches which followed him in the street, so I am showing him no disrespect, gentleman though he is, by giving him a title which as completely characterized him in those days, as did his moody ways, his quaint attire and the persistence with which he kept at his side his great mastiff, Rudge.

I had long since known the old gentleman as one of the most interesting residents of the precinct. I had even seen him more than once on the avenue, but I had never before been brought face to face with him, and consequently had much too superficial a knowledge of his countenance to determine whether the light in his small gray eyes was natural to them, or simply the result of present excitement. But when he began to talk in that slow, deliberate, tremor in his tones, and decided that he was in a state of suppressed agitation; though he appeared to have nothing more alarming to impart than the fact that he had seen a light burning in some house presumably empty.

It was all so trivial that I gave him but scant attention, but he let a name fall which caused me to prick up my ears and even to put in a word. "The Moore house," he had said.

"The Moore house?" I repeated in amazement. "Are you speaking of the Moore house?"

A thousand recollections came with the name, and I grumbled, directing toward me a look as keen as it was impatient. "Do you think that I would bother myself about a house I had no interest in, or drag Rudge from his warm rug to save some ungrateful neighbor from a possible burglary? No, it is my house which some rogue has chosen to enter. That is, he has chosen to enter, as he saw surprise in every eye, the house which the lawless give me, if anything ever happens to that child of a girl whom my brother left behind him."

Growing some words at the dog, who showed a decided inclination to lie down where he was, the old man made for the door and in another moment would have been in the street, if I had not stepped after him.

"You are a Moore and live in or near that old house?" I asked.

The surprise with which he met this question daunted me a little.

"How long have you been in Washington, I should like to ask?" was his

acid retort.

"Oh, some five months."

His good nature, or what passed for such in this irascible old man, returned in an instant; and he curtly but not unkindly remarked:

"You haven't learned much in that time." Then, with a nod more ceremonious than many another man's bow, he added, with sudden dignity:

"I am of the elder branch and live in the cottage fronting the old place. I am the only resident on the block."

For the present, let us attribute to the old man that special neighborhood is not a favorite one with those who cannot boast of the Moore blood. For the present, let us attribute to the old man that special neighborhood is not a favorite one with those who cannot boast of the Moore blood.

"And with a significant hitch of his lean shoulders which set in undulating motion every fold of the old-fashioned cloak he wore, he started again for the door.

But my curiosity was by this time roused to fever heat. I knew more about this house than he gave me credit for. No one who had read the papers of late, much less a man connected with the police, could help being well informed in all the details of its remarkable history.

What I had failed to know was his close relationship to the family whose name for the last two weeks had been in every mouth.

"Wait!" I called out. "You say that you live opposite the Moore house. You can then tell me—"

But he had no mind to stop for any gossip.

"It was all in the papers," he called back. "Read them. But first be sure to find out who he is to follow it."

Perhaps you have heard of the distinguishing feature of this house; if so, you do not need my explanations, but if not, for my reason, you are ignorant of the facts which within a short time have set a final seal of horror upon this old, historic dwelling.

A few days ago, when I read what has made and will continue to make the Moore house in Washington one to be pointed at in daylight and shunned in the night, not only by superstitious folk, but by all who are susceptible to the most ordinary emotions of fear and dread.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

It was a fine building when Washington was a village. It antedated the White House, and it bears to this day the stamp of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times.

The shadow which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the bad luck which has befallen the "haunted" families that have moved in have as quickly moved out.

He was spared a knowledge of the dreadful fact that the holy words were said, a panic had seized the guests and emptied the house as suddenly and completely as though the plague had been discovered there.

This is why I listened to follow Uncle David when he told me that all was not right in this house of tragic memories.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

Though past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half-way down H Street by the time I had turned the corner at New Hampshire Avenue.

His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of this the most desolate block in Washington.

CHAPTER II.

I Enter.

"You've come, have you?" This to me, I had just stepped up to him.

"Yes, I've come. Now what is the matter with the Moore house?"

He must have expected the question, yet his answer was a long time coming. His voice, too, sounded strained, and was pitched quite too high to be natural. But he evidently did not expect me to show surprise at his manner.

"Look at that window over there!" he cried, and just as I was about to slightly open shutter! Watch and you will see that shutter move. There! it cracked; didn't you hear it?"

A groan—it was now like a moan—came from the porch behind us. Instantly the old gentleman turned and with a gesture as fierce as it was instinctive, shouted:

"Be still there! If you haven't the courage to face a blowing shutter, keep your jaws shut and don't let every fellow who comes along know what a fool you are. I declare," he muttered on, half to himself and half to me, "that dog is getting old. He can't be trusted."

He forsook his master just when—"The rest was lost in his throat which rattled with something more than impatient anger."

Meanwhile I had been attentively scrutinizing the house thus pointedly brought to my notice. I had seen it many times before, but, as it happened, had never stopped to look at it when the huge trees surrounding it were shrouded in darkness. The black hollow of its disused porch looked out from shadow which acquired some of their somberness from the tragic memories connected with its empty rooms.

Its aspect was scarcely reassuring. Not that superstition lent its terrors to the lonely scene, but that through the blank panes of the window, alternately appearing and disappearing from view as the shutter pointed out by Uncle David blew to and fro in the wind, I saw, or was persuaded that I saw, a beam of light which argued an unknown presence within walls which had so lately been declared uninhabited for any man's habitation.

"You are right," I now remarked to the uneasy figure at my side. "Some one is prowling through the house. You can't possibly be Mrs. Jeffrey or her husband?"

"At night and with no gas in the house?" Hardly.

The words were natural, but the voice was not. Neither was his manner quite suited to the occasion, and marking him another sly glance, and marking how uneasily he edged away from me in the darkness, I cried out more cheerfully than he possibly expected:

"I will summon another officer and we three will just slip across and investigate."

"Not I!" was his violent rejoinder, as he swung open a gate concealed in the vines behind him. "The Jeffreys would resent my intrusion if they ever happened to hear of it."

"Indeed!" I laughed, sounding my whistle; then, soberly enough, for I was more than a little struck by the oddity of his behavior and thought him as well worth investigation as

the shadows cast by the frowning structure of the great Moore house were alone to give Uncle David's lack of neighbors.

Meantime, Hibbard, who was the first to hear my signal, came running down the block as he joined me, the light, or what we chose to call a light, appeared again in the window toward which my attention had been directed.

"Some one's in the Moore house!" I declared, in as matter-of-fact tones as I could command.

"You don't find my fellow, the biggest fellow on the force, and so far as my own experience with him had gone, as solid and imperturbable as the best of us, but after a long and hard day, the towering walls of the lonely building, he showed decided embarrassment and seemed in no haste to cross the street."

With difficulty I concealed my disgust.

"Come," I cried, stepping down from the curb, "let's go over and investigate. The property is valuable, and there are no end of costly books on the library shelves. You have matches and a revolver?"

He nodded, quietly showing me first the one, and then the other; then with a sheepish air which he endeavored to carry off with a laugh, he drew the towering walls of the lonely building, he showed decided embarrassment and seemed in no haste to cross the street."

"Have you use for 'em? If so, I'm quite willing to part with 'em for a half-hour."

I was more than amazed at this evidence of weakness in one I had always considered as tough and imperturbable as flint rock. Throwing back the door which he had half-opened, he put on my sternest air and led the way across the street. As I did so, I tossed back the words:

"We may come upon a gang. You do not wish me to face some half-dozen men alone?"

"You don't wish me to face some half-dozen men alone?"

He was my muffled reply. Nevertheless he followed me, though with less spirit than I liked, considering the nature of his behavior and thought him as well worth investigation as

the shadows cast by the frowning structure of the great Moore house were alone to give Uncle David's lack of neighbors.

Meantime, Hibbard, who was the first to hear my signal, came running down the block as he joined me, the light, or what we chose to call a light, appeared again in the window toward which my attention had been directed.

"Some one's in the Moore house!" I declared, in as matter-of-fact tones as I could command.

"You don't find my fellow, the biggest fellow on the force, and so far as my own experience with him had gone, as solid and imperturbable as the best of us, but after a long and hard day, the towering walls of the lonely building, he showed decided embarrassment and seemed in no haste to cross the street."

With difficulty I concealed my disgust.

"Come," I cried, stepping down from the curb, "let's go over and investigate. The property is valuable, and there are no end of costly books on the library shelves. You have matches and a revolver?"

He nodded, quietly showing me first the one, and then the other; then with a sheepish air which he endeavored to carry off with a laugh, he drew the towering walls of the lonely building, he showed decided embarrassment