MEMORY.

A. J. G.—Ches.

Memory's bells to-night are chiming,
Chiming in the midnight gloom;
Waking echoes, tolling, rhyming,
Bringing shadows in my room.

Bringing shadows grim and ghastly,
Emblems of departed hopes;
Hopes that lured me on, and lastly,
Left me where despair now gropes.

Recalling youth with all its pleasures,
That, alas! too early clayed,
Knowledge now unfolds her treasures,
Which alone have always jayed.

Waking echoes of the dead past,
Which I buried years ago;
Why does conscience seem aghast,
Now upheld and murmur so?

Tolling for the friends who're vanished,
Tolling for the sins of youth;
Oh, that I had never tarnished
Youth's white, virgin page of truth!

Memory's bells to-night are chiming,
Chiming in the midnight gloom;
Sadly tolling, gladly rhyming,
Calling spectres from the tomb.

THE DETECTIVE'S CLUE,

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM GROVE

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

His next visit was to Elm Grove. After passing a few moments with Florence, uttering well-chosen words of consolation and condolence, he sought Barker, the servant. He found him walking idly about the garden, pulling a weed now and then, or removing a stone from a choice flower-bed. He seemed downcast and forlorn.

'Good morning, Barker,' said Mr. Haywood, joining him in his walk. 'This calamity affects you as well as the rest of us. Colonel Conrad was a man we all loved.'

'Yes, sir, that he was,' replied Barker.

'And you have been very faithful and considerate in this time of trouble, Barker.'

'Thank you, sir. I don't know as I have done more than my duty.'

'To do one's duty well is praiseworthy,' replied Mr. Haywood. 'And now, Barker, I want to ask you a few questions. There is a great deal of mystery surrounding the affair, and the escape of young Conrad will, I am afraid, complicate matters still worse. I want to know if Colonel Conrad seemed to have any important business on hand shortly before his death.'

'Well, sir, I think he did. He was writing all the day before, more especially after you called. He didn't allow any one to see him or speak to him except when he wanted some little service of me.

'You were in his room then. Did you see him writing?'

'Yes, sir, and perhaps I should say that once toward evening he called me and Polly, the kitchen girl, in, and made us sign something.'

'Ah!' Haywood was evidently affected by this information. He was silent for an interval before trusting his voice to speak again. 'What is it that you signed?'

'That I couldn't say, sir. I didn't read it.'

'Are you sure it was not a receipt for wages he had paid you?'

'No, sir, it was not that. There would be no occasion for Polly's signing such a receipt with me. And I hope you don't think I shall be asking for any wages that have been paid once. He might never take a receipt, and I wouldn't do that.'

'No, no, Barker, I had no such thought. Even if you were disposed to such a course, which I know you are not, I could put you beyond the necessity for it.'

'How, sir?'

'I will tell you presently. But just try to recollect something about the nature of the document you signed.'

'I can't do that,' insisted Barker. 'I tell you I didn't read it. Polly and I, the Colonel said, were to be witnesses—whatever that meant.'

'Did you notice whether the Colonel had signed it?'

'Oh, yes, sir. He wrote his name right before our eyes.'

'So that you would know that it was his signature?'

'Yes, sir, that was it.'

'Well, Barker,' said Mr. Haywood, after a pause, 'would you like to earn a hundred dollars?'

'Of course I would, sir.'

'Listen then. You can do it by solemnly promising, in the eyes of your Maker, that you will never breathe a word to any living soul, concerning that document you signed.'

'That won't be much of a job, sir.'

'But wait; how about Polly? She must remain silent also.'

'I think I can manage her,' said Barker, with a grin. 'I caught her stealing some of the silver plate once, and since that time she has been—well, she's sort of under my thumb. She won't dare do anything I forbid her.'

'So much the better. Tell her not to breathe a word, and give her any reason you like.'

'I'll see to it,' replied Barker. 'Were you going to do as handsomely by her as you have promised to do by me?'

'I don't know. It won't be necessary now.'

'You might give me her share,' said Barker, with a leer.

'Oh, ho!' laughed Haywood. 'You would be getting a double portion in that case.'

'I know it,' replied Barker, and his leer transformed itself into an impudent stare. 'But isn't it worth it to you?'

'To me?' said Haywood, uneasily, for Barker's humble demeanor had changed to something that looked very much like a disposition to grasp at a real or fancied advantage. 'I don't know as it is to me personally.'

'Oh, sir, I am sure it is. You had better give me two hundred dollars.'

The tone was that of a demand, rather than a suggestion. He had immediately divined that Haywood had some secret object in view, and was evidently resolved not to sell himself cheaply.

Haywood took a look at the man, and read him.

'All right,' he replied. 'The money shall be yours. Here are one hundred dollars, and I will give you the balance on Monday.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'And mind you keep the secret well.'

'As close as the lips of the dead man in the house, sir.'

'And if you ever want any little service done, Barker, come to me.'

'I will, sir,' replied Barker, grinning significantly after Haywood's back was turned.

The two men then separated, having completed their evil compact.

On the morrow, under the solemn Sabbath skies, they were to appear as mourners in the train that was to convey the body that lay in the stricken house to its last resting place, one bowed in humble grief, as befitted his station, and the other in ostentatious, stately sorrow.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL THE REV MR. WITHERS.

Four days after the meeting between Carlos and Leonard, the latter was seated with Mr. Stark, the detective, in his office in Boston. They were reviewing the measures that had thus far been taken, and discussing plans for future action. Leonard still retained his disguise, and we shall know him, for the present, as the Reverend Mr. Withers.

'There is no mistake about Mr. Haywood being the man who claimed the yacht?' said Mr. Stark.

'No,' replied Mr. Withers. 'I recognized him from my post of observation, instantly. And the man you left in charge of the boat was positive that he took the cards from the locker and put them in his pocket.'

'Well, that is something. And he claimed that the yacht belonged to some poor devil at Rocky Beach, who makes a living by letting boats.'

'Yes. He took a very compassionate interest in his affairs, saying that, being in Boston on a business trip, he had consented to perform the errand.'

'All this is suggestive, but not conclusive, said Mr. Stark. 'I have found out that Jacob Rush, No. 99, ——street, Jersey city, is a wholesale dealer, in a small way, in imported goods. If there is anything wrong about him, I have failed to discover it. However, a watch shall be kept on his establishment, and if he has any connection with Haywood, or with the smugglers, we will know it.'

'Do you hope to accomplish anything speedily?'

'No; to tell the truth, I do not. It is going to take time. This 'Boss' of whom Snags spoke, will, of course, keep himself in the dark, and to discover him must be one of our main purposes.'

'With that discovery,' said Mr. Withers, 'the secret of Colonel Conrad's murder will be brought to light.'

'Undoubtedly—if we ascertain the whole truth.'

'And the meaning of the words 'seven o'clock.'

'Yes, if they have any meaning.'

'What shall be the first step?' inquired Mr. Withers.

'I have decided,' replied Mr. Stark, 'to adopt the plan you suggested, of getting possession of the deaf mute who is employed at Rocky Beach. I will lay before you my manner of accomplishing it.'

The mode of operation described by Mr. Stark shall be made known by relating how it was carried out. The two remained in consultation for some time; and two days afterward a stranger appeared in Dalton, registering his name in the hotel as the Reverend Mr. Withers. He represented himself to be in pursuit of recreation and health.

He took pedestrian excursions about the surrounding country, and was enthusiastic in his praises of the beauties of the scenery. In his meanderings through the streets of Dalton, he met Haywood a few times, who seemed the embodiment of respectability and serenity. One of his excursions on foot led him past Elm Grove, and on inquiring at the hotel concerning the ownership of that elegant residence, he was regaled with a full account of the murder of Colonel Conrad and the attendant circumstances.

He gave polite attention to the story, and expressed a hope that the murderer would be brought to justice.

Finally, one pleasant afternoon, he walked to Rocky Beach, remarking on starting that the exercise of making the journey on foot would be agreeable and beneficial to him.

On arriving at his destination, he took note of the peculiarities of the place. There was a long stretch of sandy beach, with rocks scattered about and rising from the water. A few yards back the rocks rose abruptly in high crags, forming bluffs majestic and inaccessible in appearance. He was not long in discovering the entrance to the cavern, and approaching it, he stood for some moments regarding the dark opening in apparent curiosity and surprise. His movements were deliberate, like those of one seeking novel sights and new pleasures; and would not have betrayed, even to a close observer, the intense interest he felt in the place.

In the door of a dilapidated cottage, situated by the side of an immense pile of rocks, stood the deaf mute.

Mr. Withers approached him, and spoke to him. The mute indicated his condition by signs. Mr. Withers appeared surprised and pained.

A painted board nailed to the side of the cottage set forth the terms for boats, fishing tackle, and sailing excursions.

While Mr. Withers was explaining to the mute by signs that he desired the use of a boat, with hook, line, and bait, a man emerged from the cavern and sauntered toward the spot. Mr. Withers felt a thrill as he beheld him, but calmly awaited his approach.

It was Roake.

'I am trying to make this unfortunately-afflicted person understand that I desire to try my luck at fishing,' said Mr. Withers. 'I am moved with pity as I look on him, for it is painful to witness such deprivations of the natural faculties.'

'Yes; Dummy knows what you want,' said Roake. 'He'll fix you out in a minute.'

'How quick of perception he seems to be,' said Mr. Withers. 'Oftentimes the absence of one faculty lends additional acuteness to the others.'

'Oh, he's smart enough around his business,' replied Roake. He has worked for me here these five years.'

'Is this a good day for fishing?'

'Pretty fair. I guess you won't come in without catching some.'

Roake was the personification of indolence. A wide brimmed straw hat shaded his face, which had a sleepy, listless look. No one would have dreamed, from his appearance, or from any observable surroundings, that Rocky Beach was devoted to any other purpose than fishing and sailing.

'What is this unfortunate man's name?' inquired Mr. Withers.

'His name is Luke Felton, but we call him 'Dummy' around here.'

'That would seem to me too much like mocking his infirmity,' rejoined Mr. Withers, in a solemn tone.

Everything now being in readiness, Luke Felton motioned to Mr. Withers to enter the boat. The mute followed and took the oars.

They were soon some distance from the shore, and dropped anchor. The fishing was good, and apparently afforded great excitement and delight to the Rev. Mr. Withers.

The pleasure was prolonged until evening, when they returned to the shore. Roake was awaiting them.

'There appears to be a natural cave in the bluff yonder,' said Mr. Withers. 'Is it open for exploration?'

'Yes,' replied Roake. 'I can take you through it, if you wish.'

They entered the cavern. Mr. Withers was only too familiar with the place. They went over the route he had twice traversed before. There were the same tortuous passage-ways, dimly lighted by hanging lamps. Roake said:

'We keep these lamps here in the summer and early fall, when there are a good many visitors about. It saves the trouble of carrying torches.'

'A very good arrangement,' commented Mr. Withers.

They soon came to the termination of the cavern. A foaming cataract of falling water greeted their vision.

The visitor regarded it silently, and was apparently lost in admiration.

'A wonderful freak of nature,' he observed. 'The water, I suppose, comes from some subterranean spring, and continues its course through that opening below our feet. Does the supply never fail and leave the rocks behind the cataract bare?'

'No,' was the reply. 'It flows the year round.'

Roake betrayed no surprise or uneasiness at the question, and delivered his answer in a careless tone. Why should he feel concerned? Hundreds of tourists had made the same enquiry, and received the same reply. And nothing could have been further from his thoughts than that his companion was the escaped captive, who knew the secret of the room behind the splashing waterfall.

But the eyes of the Rev. Mr. Withers were busy, and his thoughts active.

'They manage things well,' he thought. 'Nothing could be more unsuspicious in appearance than this place and everything connected with it. They select favorable nights to run in their goods, and have sentinels stationed, probably, to give notice of unwelcome approaches.'

After a time they returned to the open air again, and, as he stood on the beach gazing out on the moonlit ocean, Mr. Withers expressed a desire for a sail. The night was lovely, there was a bracing breeze, and the prospect, he declared, was enticing.

'Can you not loan me a sailing boat,' he asked, 'with the mute—Luke Felton I think you said was his name—to manage it.'

An affirmative reply was given, and forthwith Mr. Withers was seated in the *Fleetwing* with 'Dummy,' as Roake persisted in calling him.

The sail caught the wind, and the light craft darted rapidly over the blue waters. Mr. Withers made known by expressive pantomime that he was thrilled with pleasure, and Luke Felton guided the yacht with skillful hand.

The land was left half a mile behind, and still Mr. Withers was not satisfied. He indicated to his companion a circular course that would take them first past a point that projected from the shore, and then back to Rocky Beach by a circular course. The mute bowed assent, and proceeded accordingly.

Now was the time for an action determined upon by Mr. Withers. After the point was passed, he intimated a desire to try his hand at managing the yacht. This was at first opposed smilingly by Luke Felton, but his opposition was overruled.

As soon as Mr. Withers obtained control of the sail and tiller, he ran the boat directly toward the shore. He guided it skilfully into a little cove, bordered on two sides with rocks.

Luke Felton rose to his feet in alarm, and pointed out the danger of striking on dangerous points. But Mr. Withers smiled. His pedestrian excursions about the environs of Dalton had not been made in vain. He had visited the spot and taken careful note of its peculiarities.

But Luke Felton remonstrated by an impressive gesture, and carried his objections to such a point that the Rev. Mr. Withers was obliged to display a pistol to reduce him to quietude.

He had risen to his feet, and was uttering that peculiar nondescript cry with which mutes give vent to alarm or surprise.

They were now within twenty feet of the shore. The water was not more than four feet deep. Mr. Withers discerned a carriage on the shore, and two men standing close to the water's edge.

'All ready?' he cried.

'All ready,' was responded.

Then he suddenly gave a twist to the tiller and a pull to the rope controlling the sail, and the yacht wheeled violently around. The following instant Luke Felton felt himself precipitated forward by a violent push, and in a second he was struggling in the water. But it was not deep enough to drown him, and one of the men quickly waded out and caught him by the collar.

Mr. Withers saw this, as his yacht glided swiftly seaward. Passing safely out of the cove, he guided the boat in good style around the point and into the open sea opposite Rocky Beach.

'Now, Mr. Luke Felton,' he soliloquized, 'you think you are the victim of some conspiracy, and so you are, but you are in good hands, and will be well treated. If you have any education, well and good, but if you have not, you will be taught enough to enable you to communicate what you know about this nest of villians who make Rocky Beach a place for their secret iniquities.

He made steadily for the shore, but on arriving at a point so near that the moonlight would enable Roake to discern the yacht, he began to feign the most gross ignorance of its management. He allowed it to be driven hither and thither with the sail flapping in the breeze, the tiller at times disregarded, and was apparently in imminent danger of being capsized.

Still he controlled it, although in a bungling manner, so that its general course was toward the shore.

As he drew near, Roake ran up and down the beach, shouting wildly.

'What's the matter?' he roared. 'Curse that dummy! Has he lost his wits?'

Finally the yacht came drifting with the waves, the sail hanging loose, and grounded with a crunching sound on the gravelly bottom.

The Rev. Mr. Withers was standing in the bow, grasping the mast, his hat gone, his hair flying in the wind, and his face expressing the utmost terror. Luke Felton was not to be seen.

In answer to a loud demand for explanation, mingled with many oaths, Mr. Withers replied:

'Oh, my dear sir! the most terrible catastrophe has happened! While off the point yonder, a terrible squall, or something came up, and the boat wheeled around in a most unaccountable way. Poor Mr. Felton was struck by this projecting piece of timber—yard-arm do you call it?—and knocked into the water.'

'The blundering hound!' ejaculated Roake. 'What was he about?'

'Indeed I cannot tell, sir. He seemed to be possessed of great skill——'

'Blast his skill! Was he drowned! Couldn't you pick him up?'

'Do not ask me that. The boat was driven along with frightful velocity, and the poor, unfortunate creature has, I fear, met his fate——'

Roake interrupted the speaker with another volley of oaths, for which he received a mild reproof.

Mr. Withers picked up his hat from the bottom of the boat, and leaped ashore, with pale face and trembling limbs.

'A most dreadful experience!' he gasped—'most dreadful!'

'Well, you needn't take on so,' said Roake, roughly, whose wrath began presently to subside. 'It's no great loss.'

'Sir?'

'It's no great loss, I say. He was in his own way and everybody else's. Being a kind of good-for-nothing, and unable to do anything for himself. I dare say he's better off where he is.'

'Poor man!' sighed Mr. Withers. 'It must be nearly morning now, is it not?'

'I should judge so,' responded Roake. 'You were gone a duse of a while with your mischief.'

'I can never forgive myself. But, as I can be of no service here, I will walk back to Dalton. I became chilled while sitting in the boat so long and the exercise will arouse the circulation of my blood. Good night, sir.'

And the Rev. Mr. Withers started toward Dalton, uttering exclamations of regret as long as he was within hearing distance of Roake.

He arrived at the hotel just as the inmates of that establishment were rising. He gave a sorrowful account of his adventures, and early in the forenoon left Dalton by rail.

At a point agreed upon, he met two men having in charge Luke Felton, arrayed in a new suit of clothing, and on that evening the unfortunate mute of Rocky Beach was placed in an asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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