

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1906

The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS,

"I think," he said gravely, "that if they don't alter their plans through getting wind of us, in four and twenty hours or thereabouts she will receive a sum of money and be set at liberty. That, in fact, is why I cleared out of Bowden so soon."

"I don't quite follow you," I confessed. "Why should you come away without doing anything?"

"Because," he answered, "the place is full of detectives, all asking questions, and if there was much more of it it might reach the man's ears, and then the lady might not get away so easily."

"The will walk right into the arms of the police," I said dubiously.

"Better that, sir, than for her to stay one hour in that man's company after he has begun to find her in his way."

"He may make that discovery any minute," I replied, with helpless irritation. "I can't tell you frankly, Mr. Howell, I dare not tell Mr. Duncan that we are waiting doing nothing, and leaving things to take their chance at Bowden."

"Excuse me, sir, I did not come back here to do nothing," Howell retorted, smiling, showing for the first time that professional touchiness which I afterwards found so characteristic in him. "I came back because I think I can work it easily and quickly, and much more safely than this end."

"I started at him in astonishment. 'Oh, how's no great mystery,' he continued. 'The question for us is simply this: Who do you suppose those two foreigners are? I haven't had time to ask myself the question,' I replied, 'but since you put it to me, I suppose they are agents of the person in town, to whom Danvers was to have handed the paper, sent down to find out what has become of it.'

"Good when did you first notice them watching Mr. Duncan?" he inquired.

"I thought for a moment and then answered, 'I saw them hanging about the house, and so did Missing, I believe, for the first time on the day that Mr. Duncan was away in London.'

"That is to say, the day after the sale?"

"Yes, the day after the sale."

"Does it strike you that if they were agents of the man in London, whose plans were frustrated by Mr. Danvers's death, they let a long time go by before coming to look for the paper?"

"It didn't strike me, but you're right," I answered.

"Look at the date and the circumstances once again," he urged. "They arrive on the spot directly Mrs. Montgomery has failed to secure the chest at the sale, and they evidently knew the district round Bowden well—a district close by here isn't it much more likely, then, that they are the persons or agents with whom Mrs. Montgomery was treating for the sale of the paper when she left Mr. Danvers's house?"

"It would be reasonable to suppose that in fact, it would be difficult to suppose anything else," I admitted. "If we could be all sure that Missing and I were the men on the first day of last year's trial."

"My dear sir, it's quite plain," Howell urged. "They were watching his house, and what interest had his house for them or anyone until the day after the sale? But we needn't worry about the theory. I've verified the facts since I cleared out of Bowden, and I am in a position to show them they did arrive here from Bowden on the very day you saw them first, that they lodged at the White Hart, and that the conversation that took place between the two was the same."

"And if they are colleagues of Mrs. Montgomery's," I asked, "what is their business?"

"Why, here," he replied, "since they are foreigners, are probably found, or revealed, and if so we can find out where to look for that place quite as well here as at Bowden."

"In what way?" I queried.

"This way," he explained. "If there is any person here related to, or dependent on Mrs. Montgomery, who can be shown to have a home or connections in Bowden, that house or the home of those connections is the place we have to call at."

"Yes, yes," I said, eagerly, "I see your point; we must set about it at once. I believe that we shall find her; but Mr. Howell, since it's quite evident that the paper is lost, and that Miss Denzell's arrest can serve no useful purpose, don't you think that if we get ahead of the police who have treated us so badly, we might—"

"Might what, sir?" he demanded, as the words stood in my throat.

"Might give her a warning, or something," I stammered, "and so save Mr. Duncan a very unpleasant ordeal."

"We might do it of course," Howell answered, drily, "but he has a weak man's relief of having a knotty question solved for him. That is quite true, and it's no part of our business to help at his expense. But the question is, what am I to tell him now?"

"Only that I've traced her on to the man, and that when last seen she was, and unharmed," Howell answered. "His opinion of the lady will keep him from worrying on the truth; so you can see him directly and take my message."

"No," I answered, nervously. "I'll leave Missing to do that. He can't tell more than he knows, but he will embroider the story much better than I could set to work with you at once if I may?"

"Half a minute, sir," said Howell, gravely. "I think I've made it pretty clear that for the moment Miss Denzell is fairly safe, but there is one person who is in a very awkward fix just now, who can't be helped so far as I am set, unless we help him. Now, what do you say, are we justified in depriving Mr. Duncan of our services for an hour and going to help what the police have got against Sir Robert Birchall?"

"They surely can't have much against him," I urged, "and the newspaper accounts—"

"The newspaper accounts won't give prominence to the things that we should notice," he interrupted, "and the police would never have arrested a baronet if they hadn't a fairly strong case."

"It seems we've a sort of responsibility," I answered. "It's Hobson's choice we must go."

"Then sharp's the word, sir," said Howell, "for we're late already."

"They've identified the weapon as Sir Robert's," whispered an excited individual, who kindly made room for us in a corner when we reached the already crowded town hall. "That's it on the table with a white label on it, and in the case is a pair of footers in Sir Robert's own house. The man in the box is his valet; he's giving the magistrate a lot of trouble. He's very much attached to Sir Robert, and he wants to hush things up if he can."

"So much the worse for his master," said Howell, glancing meaningly at me and then across at the poor, agitated, anxious fellow in the box. "Mr. Harman, Sir Robert will be sent up for trial, I fancy, and the magistrates will settle their minds to it before the witness stands down."

I turned my attention from Howell to the man in the dock, fuming with him and dined with him many a time, no doubt, and as I listened to the story that the prosecution was laboriously dragging out of the witness, I recognized that the baronet's position was much graver than I had supposed.

I cannot give the valet's examination in extenso, with its reiterated questions and monosyllabic replies, but briefly summarized, his evidence amounted to this: He knew that his master had bought a pair of pistols on a certain date months ago; he was sober for months. Sometimes he quarrelled with Lady Birchall because he was drinking sometimes he drank because she was quarrelling. The quarrels were generally over money; he (the witness) was quite sure of that. No one knew that the quarrels were Lady Birchall's fault; but her ladyship had money, and Sir Robert got an idea she drew it in his face that he was poor, when she complained of extravagance. Yes, they did quarrel about Mr. Danvers. Yes, he (the witness) had taken up with Mr. Danvers after a quarrel about some woman; that is, her ladyship liked Mr. Danvers, and gave him a good deal of her company nowadays, and no harm was meant. Sir Robert took offence, and that led to quarrels. He (the witness) had been in many places where the master wouldn't have thought anything about it, but was his view, but he didn't deny that Sir Robert hated Mr. Danvers.

About the pistols, Sir Robert bought them in drink, and once threatened his own life, and once threatened his wife's. Then they were straight for me and I gave up the drink, and ceased to carry one of the pistols. He was going on all right when the quarrels were over, and to give his vote and interest to Montgomery. He started a drinking bout at the White Hart, and tried to interfere, and then there was trouble.

Yes, he did recollect the afternoon of August 10th; that was the day when Sir Robert first heard that Mr. Danvers had been seen at a meeting of the opposition party. He came into the drawing-room and made a fuss. He said that Mr. Danvers had "rattled," and he threatened "to do something to him."

At this point a little scene occurred. The man was pressed to give the nature of the threat, and to repeat the words of abuse used. He got hot and red and at once. He said that it was his business "to hear, see, and say nothing," and that every gentleman's servant knew that. When sharply reminded of the nature of his oath he tried to explain that what he meant was that he had formed a habit of forgetting that sort of thing, and now could not rely on his memory. Then, in a burst of temper, he added that there were others who had heard it all, and that they ought to be asked to repeat it instead of him. He immediately the poor man was asked to name the persons alluded to, and, much crestfallen, he complied. If fancy he saw he would have done better to let it go on an unsupported testimony than to call others to confirm the tale. However, nothing came of it immediately, for the man of two persons he referred to turned out to be a guest who had gone away the following day, Sunday, owing to a slight disagreement with Sir Robert over his conduct to Lady Birchall, and a groom, now in the hospital suffering from an accident in the stable yard.

After that the poor witness, too nervous to re-assert, admitted that Sir Robert did say, speaking of Danvers, "I'll have his life," much the same as any gentleman might if his temper was up. Moreover, he had to tell how he had that night (the 12th) found one of the pistols in his master's coat pocket when he took the clothes to brush them.

At about ten that night he (the witness) went to the gun-room, and happened to look at the pistol case; one of the pistols was gone. He couldn't explain why he went to look at the pistols, nor why he immediately went to his master's room, which he found locked. He wouldn't go so far as to say he was frightened, either by his master or anybody else, but he admitted that he called another manservant, and both of them tried to get into the room. He knocked and looked through the keyhole, but he was not of opinion that because he could see into the room the door must have

Hints to Pipe-Smokers. Always fill a pipe with a little hump in the centre of the bowl and light this. Get a good light in the middle. Try this with Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco, and you will find it works well.

PROF. ADLER TALKS PLAIN Tells American People About Source of Moral Corruption (From the Address of Prof. Felix Adler, at Carnegie Hall, New York, Sunday.) A fabled atmosphere morally surrounds us and seems to suffocate us in our higher life. It proceeds primarily from the corruption and death in our public life, and we feel it necessary to clean the springs of our public life in order that we may live.

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ABBEY'S Recommended by the FACULTY Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth. Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to healthy action. Effervescent Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men. If taken regularly contributes to the Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living. ALL DRUGGISTS. SALT.

Scientists and Smokers. The non-acceptance of money wrongfully acquired for the purposes of religion will not do us any good. It is a half-way measure at the best. At the same time it is wrong to judge a man on his money. He must have a chance to do money. It is for the Church to which he belongs, if found guilty, to discipline him, to suspend him, to bring him out of the world, if he is a member of individualism—that is the evil of a brutality of life. Individualism is insane, and it has made us insane—this setting of one against the other. A life insurance scandal is filling the atmosphere with a moral mist, a stench of repugnance. The reason why the election of this particular assessor or a number of assessors will not do us any good is that it is the evil of a brutality of life. Individualism is insane, and it has made us insane—this setting of one against the other. A life insurance scandal is filling the atmosphere with a moral mist, a stench of repugnance. 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