

THE OLD HOME
The sun has risen upon the vines;
The tender lights and shadows play;
And all the banks are gay with flowers;

THE DETECTIVE'S CLUE

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM GROVE

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

I have been thinking of one thing, he at length said, 'and that is what the murderer could have wanted of the slip of paper I took from my uncle's hand. It contained only the words, "seven o'clock," which certainly has no meaning in themselves.'

'Have you it here now?' 'Yes, here it is.'

The lawyer took it and examined it. 'It is a fragment,' he said.

'Yes,' replied Carlos, 'and I judge from the envelope lying on the table that my uncle must have been writing it. He was, perhaps, holding an unfinished letter in his hand and looking it over. The murderer jerked it from him, and tore it, leaving this piece in his victim's grasp. Now whether it contains the finishing word of some information conveyed on the larger part, is more than I know. But that is the only theory by which I can account for the villain's anxiety to obtain it.'

The lawyer considered for a moment. Finally he said: 'I will think about it. This point may be worthy of special attention. But say nothing about this, or any other feature of the case, to any living person. Keep your mouth resolutely closed against all ears but mine.'

Carlos promised to observe this caution.

'And now,' said Mr. Royallon, 'listen, first, for fear that my words may discourage you, let me declare my belief in your innocence, and assure you that not an effort shall be left unmade in your behalf. But the case has a bad look. Colonel Conrad received thirty thousand dollars in gold, yesterday, and that cannot be found. Leonard Lester is missing and people have jumped at the conclusion that he is your accomplice, that his fishing excursion was a ruse, and that he has made off with the gold to some point where you intend to join him.'

'Good Heaven!' ejaculated Carlos. 'You do not believe this?' 'Certainly not. But you see again the importance of your cousin's being here.'

'Yes, I am at a loss to think what can have delayed his return.'

'We will hope that he will appear in due time. And now you must put yourself entirely in my hands. You see what a coloring circumstantial evidence can give an affair. Your own consciousness of innocence will go for naught against it. Everything depends on shrewd management and careful working. I must now leave you and study over my plans. As for yourself, be ready at the examination to follow whatever course I may indicate. I will say now to you, confidentially, that I believe the murder was committed with some other object than that of robbery—that there is some dark unknown purpose at the bottom of it. If you ask me why, I must decline to tell. Perhaps I could not reply in terms sufficiently definite to be satisfactory and convincing to you.'

'I leave everything to you,' said Carlos.

'That is right. Good-day.'

'Good-day.'

'After the lawyer was gone, and the situation of mental occupation no longer remained, Carlos began to feel ill again. A languor seized him, followed by a chill, which was in turn succeeded by a paroxysm of fever. Dr. Davison was again summoned, and on the strength of his report of the prisoner's condition, the examination was postponed to the following day.

CHAPTER IX. GREGORY HAYWOOD'S MOVEMENTS.

One circumstance occurred on the morning of the murder that might have appeared strange had the excitement that prevailed permitted any one's attention to be directed to it.

It was the presence of Mr. Geoffrey Haywood in the street at an unaccounted-forly early hour. About five o'clock he might have been seen standing on the sidewalk in front of his store, looking up and down the street. He was not long in being recognized by the watchman, and he was followed by a crowd of people, who were looking at him with interest and curiosity.

'What was he waiting for?' 'His manifestations of anxiety were hastily suppressed as he saw a man approaching him.'

The man was walking rapidly, and was evidently in extreme agitation. He came from the direction of Elm Grove. It was Barker, the servant of Colonel Conrad.

Mr. Haywood gave no sign of recognition. But a man of his appearance, followed by a crowd of people, was not to be overlooked. He continued his walk to a look of resolution. He continued his walk to a look of resolution.

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What brings you down town at such an early hour?' 'Oh, sir, something terrible has happened at Elm Grove.'

'You astonish me. What is it?' 'I am sorry to say that Colonel Conrad has been murdered.'

'Murdered? How did it happen?' 'It was done in the dead of night. Nothing whatever is known as to how or by whom the deed was committed.'

'Is any of his gold missing?' 'I don't know of but one person that took particular notice of my delivering it, and that was one of the young men who arrived in town two or three days ago, and have been stopping at the hotel. He was riding by the house at the time, and we exchanged a few words about it.'

'What was said?' 'Oh, nothing in particular. He remarked, as he drove on, that it was too much good fortune for one man, or some such words.'

'Then he knew that the box contained gold?' 'Oh, yes, I told him. The Colonel, you know, made no secret of receiving such packages.'

'Mr. Haywood knit his brow, and said, as if speaking to himself: "That is another singular circumstance."

'What?' 'I asked someone in the crowd. It seems that this young man knew of the presence of the gold in the house, and he cannot be found this morning. His companion (they claimed to be cousins) is also missing, and a horse and buggy that he hired yesterday were found before daylight this morning standing in front of the livery-stable.'

'Hah!' exclaimed one. 'It would be well to watch for these young men, and make them give an account of their movements.'

This sentiment found instant echo in the crowd, and was immediately taken up as the burden of their discussion.

Geoffrey Haywood's solemn expression of countenance gave way, for a moment, to a look of satisfaction.

But he said, with a sigh: 'Well, gentlemen, I must be moving. I have enough on my hands this morning. The affair must be probed to the bottom.'

As he drove away, one of the listeners said: 'It's lucky that the Constable has taken up the matter. He will see that the gold is safe, and that the young men are not allowed to get away with it.'

Mr. Haywood's prowess, and his ability to carry through whatever he undertook, were themes of remark and admiration by numbers of his fellow-citizens.

After leaving the crowd he turned from the main thoroughfare to a street on the left, then to the left again, and finally to the right. He was now on the same street through which Carlos had taken his mad ride in the storm. Looking cautiously around, he murmured to himself: 'Things have taken an unexpectedly fortunate turn. If this crime can be fastened on these two rascally cousins, it will be a most effectual mode of getting them out of my way.'

Then he urged his horse along rapidly, and, after some turns in the road, brought up at the residence of Mr. Jacob Heath—the place where Carlos had so unwillingly staid in the darkness.

Mr. Heath was engaged in some occupation in the back yard, but came around to the front at his visitor's surprise.

'Good-morning, Jake,' said Mr. Haywood.

'Good-morning, replied the one addressed, with a look of curiosity.

Mr. Haywood, without further ceremony, asked a most singular question: 'Have you seen Snags?'

'No,' replied the other, with a start. At this juncture Kate Heath appeared at the door.

The conversation between her father and Haywood was therefore carried on in whispers. It lasted some ten minutes.

Finally Haywood said, in a loud voice, with the evident intention that it should be heard by Kate: 'It should be heard by Kate.'

'Well, get the sheep all washed as soon as you can, for we want to shear and get the wool in market before the price drops.'

He then drove off at a furious speed. 'Did you tell him about the stranger that stopped with us during the night?' asked Kate.

'None of your business, girl! You shouldn't ask questions about things that don't concern you.'

'I have it,' he exclaimed.

He forthwith took a number of letters from his pocket. A few were from Europe, his business relations having led him to engage in foreign correspondence, and were written in the German language. He selected one which occupied about two pages and a half.

Then, taking a gold pen and a portable ink-stand from another pocket, he composed himself to write. He re-ferred for some moments before beginning, for he wished to comprise as much intelligence as possible within a few words.

Having arranged his thoughts into satisfactory shape, he began. First, he wrote the signature of the letter, he wrote an apparent continuation, in the German language, on the lower half of the third page. To this he appended another signature, so that the

intelligence and communicated it to the inmates. Consequently, there were perhaps fifty people up and on the alert, all in a state of excitement, and inquiring eagerly for the particulars of the tragedy.

The express-driver stopped and entered Haywood, who also related in his horse. A knot of men instantly gathered around them.

In reply to an avalanche of questions, Mr. Haywood replied to the crowd in general: 'Yes, it is true. Colonel Conrad was murdered last night. His dead body was found this morning. That is all there is of it at present. Nothing whatever is known as to how or by whom the deed was committed.'

'Is any of his gold missing?' 'I don't know of but one person that took particular notice of my delivering it, and that was one of the young men who arrived in town two or three days ago, and have been stopping at the hotel. He was riding by the house at the time, and we exchanged a few words about it.'

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letter looked in its new form like a complete whole.

Having finished, he read what he had written, and was evidently satisfied.

'So far, so good,' he murmured, 'and now for a visit from Snags. If anybody, will do the small favor I shall ask.'

The day wore wearily on. There was absolutely nothing to relieve the tedium of the passing hours. Leonard alternately walked, lay down, endeavored to sleep, and examined his prison. He signed his important irritations at the voice of confinement.

Not until the day was gone, and the hands of his watch indicated the hour of nine in the evening, was he disturbed again.

This time his hopes were realized. Snags was his visitor.

'Have you heard anything more from Carlos?' asked Leonard, eagerly. Snags smiled.

'You seem mighty anxious about him,' he said.

'Of course I am. Tell me all you know.'

'Oh, I know enough. I have heard several things. Some of them might not please you, though.'

'Never mind. Go on.'

'Well, said Snags, 'he's in jail, and will be tried to-morrow. Everybody is spread against him, and if he's let off the people would lynch him. At least that's the talk among some. But it isn't likely that he'll be let off. Another thing, people have got it into their heads that you were his jail in the murder, which was done for burglary, and that you've made off with the spoils, and that he knows where you are hiding. What do you think of that?'

'What concerns me about that?' 'Oh, no, things look that way. The evidence will show that it's not unlikely. I don't know but that it would be a good plan to take you out of here and drop you somewhere where you'd be sure to be caught, and then both of you would go to prison—or something worse.'

'No,' said Lester, 'that wouldn't do. I was at Rocky Beach until one o'clock in the morning. The man that attends to the boats could testify to that.'

'Rocky Beach?' exclaimed Snags, with a peculiar look of surprise. Then he added: 'But the man that tends the boats is deaf and dumb. He'd be a nice one to testify to!'

'So observed. But he could write his testimony.'

'How do you know?' 'I suppose he can write.'

'Well, perhaps he can,' said Snags, with a further smile.

'But can he?' 'What do you suppose I know about him? Then, changing his tone, Snags said: 'But there's no use in talking about that. I guess, after all, will keep you here for a while. By the way, your cousin has engaged a good lawyer.'

'Who?' 'Royallon—Charles H. Royallon—a mighty sharp fellow, they say. If there is any loop-hole, he'll pull him through. But I don't think there is any.'

'You don't?' 'No; the case is strong against him. See how Mr. Snags' said Leonard.

'I would like to know how you keep so well posted about matters in Dalton. I shouldn't think you would dare show yourself there.'

'Why not? Perhaps I don't—'but never mind. You mustn't be too curious.'

There was a lull in the conversation. Leonard now made up his mind that the time had come to make his appeal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Knowledge Giltton Corners His Pa on the Baby Question.

About a month since the wife of the editor of the Magazine of Honor, and mother of the popular young gentleman aforesaid, had a queer attack of a complaint that is becoming chronic in our family, which left her with another child, and affected the editor in precisely the same way, and when their youthful knowledge-giltton came home from school he was considerably surprised.

'Where did you get it?' he inquired of the doctor brought it to me, the editor incontinently replied.

'In his pocket?' 'Yes, the editor answered.

'Yes, what pocket?' asked the boy.

'I've popped up in a piece of paper.'

'With his name printed on it?'

'What's its name?'

'Why—son, it is—that is, we have not named it yet,' the editor incontinently exclaimed, in the dire moment of his surprise.

'Where do the doctors get the babies for people?'

'Oh, they find them, pa?'

'Oh, God! how they drop down from heaven and the doctors pick them up! It's awful high up to heaven, ain't it, pa?'

'Thousands of miles.'

'And if anybody would fall down from there, it would kill him wouldn't it, pa?'

'I should think it would, my son.'

'Then why don't it kill the babies?'

'Why, because—oh, blank it!'

'Do they fall in a blanket, pa?'

'Yes, that's what keeps them from being killed.'

'Who holds the blanket?'

An Alarming Disease Affecting a Numerous Class.

The disease commences with a slight redness of the stomach, but, if neglected, it is in the ordinary course of the disease, and the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and the entire system, are affected, and the patient is often mistaken for either cholera or typhoid fever, and the following questions, he will be able to answer: 'Does the disease affect the stomach?'

Parsons' Pills

MAKE NEW BLOOD RICH BLOOD

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills