

but he loosed himself from her and left her.

He went directly downstairs; as he passed through the hall, the telephone bell rang. Warden himself answered it. Kondo, who from his place in the hall overheard Warden's end of the conversation, made out only that the person at the other end of the line appeared to be a friend, or at least an acquaintance, of Warden's. Kondo judged this from the tone of the conversation; Warden spoke no names. Apparently the other person wished to see Warden at once. Warden finished, "All right; I'll come and get you. Wait for me there." Then he hung up.

TURNING to Kondo, he ordered his limousine car. Kondo transmitted the order and brought Warden's coat and cap; then Kondo opened the house door for him and the door of the limousine, which had been brought under the porte-cochere. Kondo heard Warden direct the chauffeur to a drug store near the centre of the city; the chauffeur was Patrick Corboy, a young Irishman who had been in Warden's employ for more than five years; his faithfulness to Warden was never questioned. Corboy drove to the place Warden had directed. As they stopped, a young man of less than medium height, broad-shouldered and wearing a mackintosh, came to the curb and spoke to Warden. Corboy did not hear the name, but Warden immediately asked the man into the car; he directed Corboy to return home. The chauffeur did this, but was obliged on the way to come to a complete stop several times, as he met street-cars or other vehicles on intersecting streets.

Almost immediately after Warden had left the house, the door-bell rang and Kondo answered it. A young man with a quiet and pleasant bearing inquired for Mr. Warden and said he came by appointment. Kondo ushered him into the smoking-room, where the stranger waited. The Jap did not announce this arrival to any one, for he had already received his instructions; but several times in the next half hour he looked in upon him. The stranger was always sitting where he had seated himself when Kondo showed him in; he was merely waiting. In about forty minutes, Corboy drove the car under the porte-cochere again and got down and opened the door. Kondo had not heard the car at once, and the chauffeur had not waited for him. There was no motion inside the limousine. The chauffeur looked in and saw Mr. Warden lying back quietly against the cushions in the back of the seat; he was alone.

CORBOY noticed then that the curtains all about had been pulled down; he touched the button and turned on the light at the top of the car, and then he saw that Warden was dead; his cap was off, and the top of his head had been smashed in by a heavy blow.

The chauffeur drew back, gasping; Kondo, behind him on the steps, cried out and ran into the house calling for help. Two other servants and Mrs. Warden, who had remained nervously in her room, ran down. The stranger who had been waiting, now seen for the first time by Mrs. Warden, came out from the smoking-room to help them. He aided in taking the body from the car and helped to carry it into the living-room and lay it on a couch; he remained until it was certain that Warden had been

killed and nothing could be done. When this had been established and further confirmed by the doctor who was called, Kondo and Mrs. Warden looked around for the young man—but he was no longer there.

The news of the murder brought extras out upon the streets of Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland at ten o'clock that night; the news took the first page in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York papers, in competition with the war news, the next morning. Seattle, stirred at once at the murder of one of its most prominent citizens, stirred still further at the new proof that Warden had been a power in business and finance; then, as the second day's dispatches from the larger cities came in, it stirred a third time at the realization—for so men said—that this was the second time such a murder had happened.

Warden had been what was called among men of

was compared with the fact that Latron's death had occurred at a time of fierce financial stress and warfare. But in this comparison Warden's statement to his wife was not borne out. Men of high place in the business world appeared, from time to time during the next few days, at Warden's offices, and even at his house, coming from other cities on the Coast and from as far east as Chicago; they felt the need, many of them, of looking after interests of their own which were involved with Warden's. All concurred in saying that, so far as Warden and his properties were concerned, the time was one of peace; neither attack nor serious disagreement had threatened him.

More direct investigation of the murder went on unceasingly through these days. The statements of Kondo and Corboy were verified; it was even learned at what spot Warden's murderer had left the motor unobserved by Corboy. Beyond this, no trace was found of him, and the disappearance of the young man who had come to Warden's house and waited there for three-quarters of an hour to see him was also complete.

No suspicion attached to this young man; Warden's talk with his wife made it completely clear that, if he had any connection with the murder, it was only as befriending him brought danger to Warden. His disappearance seemed explicable therefore only in one way. Appeals to him to come forward were published in the newspapers; he was offered the help of influential men, if help was what he needed, and a money reward was promised for revealing himself and explaining why Warden saw inevitable danger in befriending him. To these offers he made no response. The theory therefore gained ground that his appointment with Warden had involved him in Warden's fate; it was generally credited that he too must have been killed; or, if he was alive, he saw in Warden's swift and summary destruction a warning of his own fate if he came forward and sought to speak at this time.

Thus after ten days no information from or about this mysterious young man had been gained.

CHAPTER II. The Express Is Held For A Personage.

ON the morning of the eleventh day, Bob Connery, special conductor for the Coast division of one of the chief transcontinentals, was having late breakfast on his day off at his little cottage on the

shore of Puget Sound, when he was treated to the unusual sight of a large touring car stopping before his door. The car carried no one but the chauffeur, however, and he at once made plain that he came only as a message-bearer when he hurried from the car to the house with an envelope in his hand. Connery, meeting him at the door, opened the envelope and found within an order in the handwriting of the president of the railroad and over his signature.

Connery:
No. 5 being held at Seattle terminal until nine o'clock—will run one hour late. This is your authority to supersede the regular man as conductor—prepared to go through to Chicago. You will facilitate every desire and obey, when possible, any request even as to running of the train, which may be made by a passenger who will identify himself by a card from me.

H. R. JARVIS.

The conductor, accustomed to take charge of trains



They made their way forward where the snow-plough was being coupled on.

business and finance a member of the "Latron crowd"; he had been close, at one time, to the great Western capitalist Matthew Latron; the properties in which he had made his wealth, and whose direction and administration had brought him the respect and attention of other men, had been closely allied with or even included among those known as the "Latron properties"; and Latron, five years before, had been murdered. The parallel between the two cases was not as great as the newspapers in their search for the startling made it appear; nevertheless, there was a parallel. Latron's murderer had been a man who called upon him by appointment, and Warden's murderer, it appeared, had been equally known to him, or at least equally recommended. Of this as much was made as possible in the suggestion that the same agency was behind the two.

The statement of Cora Warden, indicating that Warden's death might have been caused by men with whom he was—or had been at one time—associated,