

THE SLEUTH

"Those clothes give you away," said Neil suggestively. "You ought to have a change."

"Sure," said the stoker sarcastically. "I ought to have a motor-car, too, and a thousand pun. Where'll I pick 'em up?"

"Well, as for the clothes," said Neil, "you can change with me."

"Gara!" cried the other suspiciously. "Wot are you gettin' at? I'm honest so far. I don't run me 'ead in no noose."

Neil grinned. "I'm honest myself, though wanted by the police like many another honest man. What do you care, anyway? My clothes on me would land me in jail. On you they'd never be noticed. You don't look like me in the face."

"No, thank God," said the stoker good-naturedly. "Wot's it worth to you, mate?"

"Half a dollar," said Neil. "The other man eyed the clothes covetously. To him they seemed quite fine. 'Strike me if it wouldn't be a fit!' he murmured. 'Everything included?' he asked."

Neil agreed.

"Done!" said the stoker, and they shook hands on it.

They changed clothes. Neil's flesh crawled a little at the grim, but he told himself that coal dirt was clean dirt, and that men engaged in dirty occupations were notoriously cleanly. He hoped that he looked more at home than he felt in the other man's garments. The stoker was strutting like a cock-grouse in the strike-leader's coat and hat. Neil kept the owner's card against the chance of paying for them some day.

"Blest if I couldn't ship-claws in these," said the stoker. "There's a 'at for you!"

Neil cocked an eye at the narrow strip of sky overhead. "The sun must be up," he said. "We've got to get out of this before the yard opens for business, or stay all day."

"Right-o!" said the stoker. He tossed the half dollar. "I'm going to wrap myself outside a square meal."

They made their way back to the street fence and took a cautious survey over the top. Choosing a moment they swung themselves over, and perched at the other side with a hasty handshake.

"So long," said Neil. "Good luck and plenty of peaches."

"Same to you," said the stoker. "May the bobbies never see you in front!"

They headed for different corners of the street and never saw each other again.

Neil continued north along river-side streets which started up one beyond the other as the island widened. A strictly rectangular city plan is hardly suitable to the edges of an island. Coming to a coal yard he grimed his face unobserved, and then washed it in a horse trough leaving only enough black in the hollows to give verisimilitude to the part he meant to play.

His awkwardness gradually wore off. He was charmed with the general effect as revealed by the window mirrors of corner saloons. This tricked out he was not afraid to look any policeman in the face. The only thing out of keeping was his over-luxurious hair. But that was pretty well hidden under the grimy cap.

Neil's ironic humor prompted him to return to the scene of the crime to see what was going on. He breakfasted on Avenue A and started west. The streets now began to be populated with men carrying their dinner pails to work, and girls with their little packages of sandwiches. The air had a delicious freshness, and the fugitive's spirits rose. Nobody looked at him. He had a most comfortable feeling of insignificance.

At the door of No. 21 stood a policeman. "A knot of the curious trying to peer into the dark hallway behind him. It was not a policeman that Neil had seen the day before, and he joined the loiterers curiously. The group made a little eddy in the pavement current, continually breaking up only to be renewed. They were silent with that odd shyness of a crowd which must wait until some bold

spirit speaks up and loosens all tongues.

Neil found himself next to a plasterer in his dusty working suit. "I aye, myte," he asked in accents suitable to his makeup. "Wot's the row 'ere?"

"Search me," was the answer. "Fella says a burglar broke in here last night."

"Well, if 'e's been and gone, wot's the bloom'n' bobby for?"

"Guess you don't know our ways, George," said the plasterer, dryly. "When you've been cleaned out already they plant a cop so's the next burglar won't waste his time on you, see!"

"Well, if 'e was a burglar 'e would not burgle an old rabbit-utch like that."

Here a self-important man spoke up. "It wasn't no burglary, I tell you. A guy was murdered in there last night. They carried out his body at

two o'clock this morning. I know a guy what lives there. He told me himself. It was a stone-cutter done it. Beat in his nut with his mallet."

"Cheese it, bo! What nickel liberty do you subscribe to?" asked a messenger boy satirically.

"It's a fact, I tell you," said the self-important one, excitedly. "I had it straight!"

"Move on there!" growled the policeman.

The group dispersed, its place immediately to be taken by another. Neil and the plasterer walked away together.

In a couple of hours they'll have a 'ole bloom'n' family cut up small in there," said Neil.

"Ah! I never pay no attention to sidewalk talk," said the plasterer. "It'll all be in the papers."

They parted at the corner.

The papers! Neil thrilled with excitement at the thought of reading his story as seen through the eyes of the Argus press.

He had still two long hours to wait until nine o'clock, when the "noon" editions appear. He walked across town to West street where the big liners dock, and the longshoremen off duty foregather. This was where he properly belonged in his present makeup. On West street he was one of half a thousand coal passers, and his disguise was good enough to excite no attention from them. He was careful, however, not to try his home-made accent on the genuine imported article.

Outside a little stationery store. When the newspaper wagons clattered up Neil was the first to buy.

It was the earliest, most enterprising and most reckless of the papers. No lack of sensation here! There it was in letters of red two inches high across the front page:

MURDERER LOST IN SHUFFLE!

A queer, prickly feeling ran up and down Neil's spine.

An extraordinary breathless hodge-podge of fact and fancy followed. "e abrupt story of the stone-cutter was told in detail. After committing one murder, it was said, the malefactor attempted a second in the adjoining apartment. A respectable citizen woke up to find a wild-eyed man standing over him brandishing a bloody mallet."

After a terrible struggle with five men and a beautiful woman the desperado was finally subdued and turned over to the police. He was arraigned in the night court and remanded to the Tombs for trial. After that all trace of him was mysteriously lost. The responsibility lay between the sergeant in charge of prisoners at the court and the warden of the city prison. A furious controversy raged between the two. There were interviews with each.

The escaped man was undoubtedly insane, but gifted with a devilish cunning, and with every appearance of sanity. The murdered man had not been identified. A fairly accurate description of Neil was given. Finally there were hysterical alleged interviews with Madame de la Warr and the Old Coder.

All this had the effect of violently irritating Neil. Such preposterous lies to be told about him! He wanted to fight somebody about it. To have it published that he was insane hurt him more than to be called a murderer. It required no little self-control to keep from calling up the editor. However he resigned himself to wait for the sober sheets which come out at noon.

He resumed his promenade up and down West street. It gave him a queer turn to see the idle longshoremen on the docks staring out their famboyant story of himself.

In due course he obtained copies of all the noon editions. The soldier journals smoothed him down a little. The most accurate of these, after self-righteously rebuking its light-headed contemporary, told a fairly straight story of the affair.

The murdered man had been shot in the forehead, not attacked with a mallet. The revolver had not been

found. The victim had been identified as Caspar Tolson, the landlord of the house on Fourteenth street. Apparently he had been attacked when he called for his rent. The models found in the murderer's room were in the possession of the police.

A well-known connoisseur of sculpture who viewed them said they showed a considerable degree of artistic skill, though in a hopelessly debased style, of course. He said it was a shocking object lesson of the results of the modern cult of the ugly. Something like this was bound to happen.

Nothing had been found in the supposed murderer's room to throw any light on his connections or antecedents. He was unknown to any of the prominent artists of whom inquiries had been made. No one of the name of Neil Ottaway was registered at the larger art schools. No one in the building where he lived was well acquainted with him.

The murdered man had not been missed earlier, because on the night of his death his wife had received a telegram purporting to be signed by her husband, informing her that he had been called to Chicago on business. This was evidently an expedient of the murderer's to gain time. The widow was prostrated by the event. Upon being interviewed she had said her husband had mentioned that Ottaway was trying to stall him off of his rent.

The dead man's diamond ring, gold watch and pocketbook were all missing, furnishing an additional motive for the deed. It was Mr. Tolson's custom to carry a considerable sum of money on his person.

The funeral was to take place from his late residence in the East Twenties at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Reference to Neil's escape from the court-room followed. This was still wrapped in mystery. Evidently the one man who knew the details preferred to accept general approbrium rather than confess how he had been duped. Such a thing, it was claimed, had never before occurred in the history of the New York police courts.

The prisoner had apparently vanished into thin air. An investigation was in progress, and as a result, it was hinted, a shake-up in the force was imminent.

Meanwhile the city was being combed for the fugitive, and every avenue of egress was watched. An arrest was expected within twenty-four hours. A photograph of Neil had been found in his room, and this was published. It was not a good enough likeness to cause the original much uneasiness.

So far so good. Neil allowed himself to feel a little complacently. If they gave away as much as this in subsequent editions, surely he had little to fear. Apparently the safest place for him was under the noses of those who sought him.

But in another paper, printed in red, he found a later bulletin which effectually upset his complacency.

EXTRA!

The police this forenoon arrested a young man answering to the general description of Neil Ottaway. Under examination he gave his name as Harry Wiggins, 24, occupation stoker. He claimed to be an alien, and upon receiving assurances from the District Attorney that he would not be deported, he told the following story:

Here followed an account of the meeting in the lumber yard told from the cockney point of view. The account continued:

From this it will be seen that the much-wanted Neil Ottaway is now made up as a stoker. He is wearing

a pair of cassimere trousers and a blue cheviot coat, a kind of pea-jacket, both much worn and shiny with coal dust. He has on a grimy white woollen neckerchief and a cloth cap pulled low over his head, and wears clumsy hob-nailed shoes, which are too big for him.

It was owing to the fact that Wiggins had taken off Ottaway's shoes that the attention of the police was first called to him. Ottaway may be distinguished from a genuine stoker such as frequent West street in large numbers by his rather long, curly hair. A coal-passers always has his hair cropped.

The police say Ottaway cannot escape them. An arrest is promised before the day is out.

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KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH



Will not burn Easy to use



It's Pure
Cleans sinks, closets
Kills roaches, rats, mice
Dissolves dirt that nothing
else will move

HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS

Told by Mrs. Lynch From
Own Experience.

Providence, R. I.—"I was all run down in health, was nervous, had headaches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for women, so I tried it. My nervousness and backache and

headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every woman who is suffering as I was."

—Mrs. ADELINE B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.

Backache and nervousness are symptoms or nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment.

Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Lift his eyes for fear of finding a stare of recognition upon him. But the feet went on passing by as usual, and when he finally did steal a glance around him he found his neighbors reassuringly indifferent.

He got up. He must instantly find a hiding place again. But before he went into hiding he must try to plan to get rid of the hateful clothes that betrayed him, or he would never be able to come out of hiding.

He thought of the girl. All morning he had been planning to write to her. He refused to believe that she had abandoned him. At any rate, he meant to find out. She offered his only chance of success. He supposed, of course, that she had instructed the post-office where to forward his letter.

Within a few yards of him was one of the quaint little shops in which West street abounds. Neil went in and asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope to write "ome." Leaning on the counter and affecting to have great difficulty with his chirography he wrote:

You left me in the lurch the other day, but I'm hoping you didn't mean it that way. The papers will tell you how everything goes. Don't distress yourself about me. I'm still at large, and intend to remain so.

I need a change of clothes badly. Can you get it for me? If so, I will be walking up and down Hudson street, between Hudson Park and Alington street, as soon as it gets dark to-night. Left hand side, going north. Do not recognize me when you see me, but follow where I lead. Make yourself look poor and common if you can. It's a poor neighborhood. If you can't manage it, never mind, I shall make up. Write to me care General Delivery.

Yours ever,
Tom Williams.

P. S.—Bring a pair of scissors and a candle.

CHAPTER VI.

In the same store where he wrote his letter Neil bought a blue cotton shirt and a red satin necktie. Issuing into the street again with his heart in his mouth, he reached the corner in safety, and after posting his letter, hastily turned away from the dangerous neighborhood of West street.

He was in one of the nondescript streets of stables, junk yards and dilapidated little tenements that run from West to Hudson streets. His first lodging in New York had been on Hudson street, and he was fairly familiar with the neighborhood. This little street was almost empty of people. Half-way through the block over a ramshackle deserted stable he saw a window, one of a row of three showing as many broken panes as whole ones, bearing the sign "Flat to let."

Making sure that he was unwatched at the moment, he turned into the door beneath.

He found himself in an inkly passage, and fell over the bottom step of flight of stairs. He climbed cautiously up the broken and littered treads. There was a damp, foul smell on the air. On the landing above a little light filtered down through a broken scuttle. There were two doors giving on the landing, both locked.

Neil went on up the rickety ladder to the scuttle and out on the roof. There were no tall buildings near with winnowing him. He turned hot and cold, and ardently wished for the sidewalk to open and swallow him. Up and down West street hundreds were now reading that damning description. For awhile he dared not

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Just when he was beginning to feel snug the sound of a heavy fall in the middle room brought his heart leaping to his throat. Springing to the doorway he found himself facing a thing, half-grown boy who pointed a revolver at him.

"Hands up, Neil Ottaway!" he cried in a cracked boy-man voice. "You're my prisoner!"

Quicker than thought Neil's fist shot out and struck the shin wrist. The weapon flew across the room. Neil pounced on it. The boy shrank away, terrified; yet he had a queer kind of courage. Folding his arms, he said:

"Do your worst! It isn't loaded. And if it was it's rusted solid. I only gave a quarter for it to a junk man."

Neil's startled nerves relaxed again. This was not a very formidable antagonist. He laughed, and pocketed the ancient weapon. He possessed himself also of the front door key and regarded his visitor, divided between amusement and vexation. The question was what the devil to do with him. He was a pale, big-eyed and naturally gentle boy, for all his quaint affectation of toughness.

(To be continued.)

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

One Drop Enough.

The curious and inquiring old man fired out a string of questions at the young flying officer who had the misfortune to be in the same railway coach with him. The young man answered the first twenty or so questions politely, but after that he got a bit tired.

"That's a terrible poison that's just been discovered, isn't it?" he asked the old man at last.

The old man pricked up his ears. "What's it called?" he asked, interestedly.

"Airplane poison," said the aviator. "Is it very deadly?"

"I should say so!"

"How much would kill a person?" went on the tireless questioner.

The flying man's eyes twinkled. "One drop!" he said.

And silence reigned.—Exchange.

"I Believe They Have Cured Me"

WHEN NEWTON P. SMITH SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Had Previously Tried Doctor's Medicine, Plasters and Liniments for His Sore Back, Without Getting Permanent Results.

Parker's Ridge, York Co., N. B., April 15—(Special)—After suffering for years from pain in the back, Newton P. Smith, a highly-respected citizen of this place, believes that at last he has found a permanent cure through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Asked to make a statement for publication, Mr. Smith said:

"I suffered for a number of years with pain in my back. At times I was unable to work. After taking doctor's medicine and using plasters and liniments with but temporary results, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, which I believe have cured me."

All through York County you find people who give credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills for a renewed lease of health. They have been tried for all forms of kidney disease, including rheumatism, dropsy, Bright's Disease, lumbago, heart disease and diabetes, as well as the milder forms of kidney trouble. Their popularity all over the country is a tribute to the splendid results obtained. If you haven't used them, ask your neighbors about them.

THE INVISIBLE WEAPON.

(New York Tribune.)

The enemy is resorting again to his invisible weapon.

A peace offensive is taking place. Its extent and technique are not yet fully disclosed. The Kaiser's three allies—Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary—have made direct overtures to American representatives at Bern, and Berlin more or less directly has submitted terms to France, Italy and Belgium.

At Washington it is said that President Wilson is about to appeal again to the liberal sentiment of the world, not in the interest of peace principles, as before, but in behalf of the sword as an instrument more suited to diplomacy to the work of stopping Germany in her suddenly accelerated career of megalomania. That is to say, we are now about to go on the defensive against a German gas attack.

The president, it is rumored, will put a quietus upon peace talk.

It is devoutly to be hoped that he will. We had written "that he can and will," but his power over human emotion is infallible. With a