## POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1906

guests were absorbing the soup noiseless-ly, and a few were not. The place and the people looked extremely mournful, Philip at once perceived that nothing can be more tragic than gentility divorced from riches. There were more gentlemen than ladies, and far more aged than than ladies, and far more aged than youth; not one woman was young, or had been young recently, and Philip was idecidedly the only man under forty. Clothes were sombre, vague, either too loose or two tight; linen was like snow long fallen. Conversation scarcely existed, and such talk as struggled into being was stupid and banal. He had expected to be greeted by a buzz of chatter about the inquest, to hear a vivacious conflict of theories concerning the identity of the murderer. But nothing of the kind. Misfortune, disappointment, failure and solitary life had made Mr. Hilgay's guests egotists of the most terocious sort. They were swarthed in innumerable thicknesses of their wrongs and their exasperated de-

who it might have amused him to con-template, Mrs. Upottery and John

who it might have amused him to contemplate, Mrs. Upottery and John Meredith, the young man with the scar and the pleasant voice—were not present. Doubtless Mrs. Upottery, after her exertions of the morning, had resumed her bed of sickness. Possibly John Meredith lacked tenpence. And in brief, as Philip sat there, having imbibed the excellent soup, and awaiting the excellent New Zealand mutton, in that low ceiled room with its four cold electric lights, its bare furniture, its collection of forlorn but prim humanity, and its inhuman boys imitating, in perfunctory manner, the waiters of a fashionable restaurant, a deep sadness took possesion of his spirit. He wanted to run away and be joyous; he wanted to pretend that there was no such thing in this world as ugly undignified failure. He swore he would not stay in the Corner House another twenty-four hours. Indeed he had a mind to move straight away, without even tasting the excellent New Zealand mutton, to the Savoy Hotel. With two hundred and fifty pounds he could have a hundred days of splender at the Savoy.

Then Mr. Varcoe came into the refectory. He was disguised as one of London's rejected, a consumptive man with pale hands and a flushed face and stooping shoulders; his suitability for a philanthropic lodging house seemed to be per-

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"Because I had a curiosity about this door. It was a sign that door. It is now satisfied."

"What curiosity"

"What curiosity"

"I remember perfectly," said Phi

Mr. Masters, aren't you?—if you knew what I know."

"What do you know?"

"I know that I never did raise my blind on Wednesday morning. I had slept very badly for one or two nights, but on Tuesday night I slept like a log. I didn't wake up at all till nearly 11 o'clock."

"Then, after all, I must be mistaken in the room."

"That's just what I don't think you are," said Meredith, with growing calm and an almost frigid emphasis.

Philip paused.

"That means," said he, "that you think some one came into your nom that morning early, without going through the formality of wakening you."

"But it wasn't he," Varcoe added, dryon's like the spine.

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"Coco?" Philip ventured.

"My dear Sir, what an idea! Negroe expert in self-defence. He gave a smoth to be in series and the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the thumb. The spine is a detective, he was not a finished expert in self-defence. He gave a smoth the red simple and the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the spine in self-defence. He gave a smoth the red simple and the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the them had the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the spine in self-defence. He gave a smoth the red simple and the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the them had the thumb. By leaving his left hand on the spine in self-defence. He gave a smoth the red simple and the th

ing early, without going through the formality of wakening you."

"Yes." Meredith nodded.

"Some one connected with the murder, if not the murderer?"

"Yes."

"But that's no joke!" Varcoe complained.

"Yes, it is," said Philip. "I assure you I meant it as a joke." He picked up the weapon. "I thought you might be interested in the theory. Besides, you oughtn't to threaten people with a revolver. It's not quite nice. And on the part of a trespasser it amounts to almost bed form. Sit down. My joke has made you perspire, eh? No. Sit down on the bed. You'll be more comfortable there! I'll have the chair. Now, won't you tell me what you were waiting for?"

"He must."

"And he must have secured that before—"And he must have secured that before—"But that's no joke!" Varcoe complain.

"But that's no joke!" Varcoe complain.

"Didn't I tell you you ought to be instituted up the weapon. "I thought you might be interested in the theory. Besides, you oughtn't to threaten people with a revolved at his watch, holding the dial in the ray of the lamp.

"You don't mean to say it's Meredith."

"You

