"Could it have been hunger?" begr

Abel, tremblingly following Knapp's vement as he struck a match

and lit a lantern which be had brough

"God help us all if it was," said Fen-

Talbot understood. "But who could

have believed it of men who were ouc

prosperous. Are you sure that one of

them has gnawed this bread? Could it

"These are the marks of human

teeth," observed Knapp, who was ex-

experiences." And he laid the bread

Meantime Mr. Fenton, who had been

bending over another portion of the

table, turned and walked away to the

"I am glad they are dead," he mut-

tered. "They have at least shared the

fate of their victims. Take a look

under that old handkerchief lying be-

side the newspaper, Knapp."

The detective did so. A three edged

dagger, with a curiously wrought han-

dle, met his eye. It had blood dried

on its point and was, as no one coul

doubt, the weapon with which Agatha Webb had been killed.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO CORPSES.

you will give me just ten minutes, l

will endeavor to find that large remain

der of money which we have every reason to think is hidden away in this

"Stop a minute," said the corone

"Let me see what book John is hold-

ing so tightly. Why," he exclaimed.

drawing it out and giving it one

Laying it reverently down, he met

the detective's astonished glance and

"There is some incongruity between

the presence of this book and the deed

we believed to have been performed

"Not at all," quoth the detective.

"It was not the man in the chair, but

the one on the floor who made use of that dagger. But I wish you had left it

o me to remove that book, sir."
"You? And why? What difference

"I would have noticed between what

Dr. Fenton gazed wistfully at the

book. He would like to have known

"I will stand aside," said he, "and

The detective had already begun his

"Here is a spot of blood," said he.
"See, on the right trousers leg of the

one you call James. This connects him indisputably with the crime in

which this dagger was used. No signs

of violence on his body. She was the

only one to receive a blow. The rest was the result of God's providence."
"Or man's neglect," muttered the

"There is no money in any of their

pockets, or on either wasted figure," the detective continued, after a few minutes of silent search. "It must be hidden in the room, or— Look through

The coroner, glad of an opportunity to do something, took up the book, and ran hurriedly through its leaves, then turned it and shook it over the table.

Nothing fell out; the bills must be

"The furniture is scanty," Abel ob erved, with an inquiring glance about

him.

"Very, very scanty," assented the constable, still with that biting remorse at his heart. "There is nothing in this cupboard." remarked the detective, swinging open a door in the wall, "but a set of old china more or

To be Continued

A LUGUBRIOUS REMINDER.

constable.

that Bible, sirs."

looked for elsewhere.

hear your report when you are done."

pages his finger was inserted. Noth-

ing like knowing the details, sir."

friend's eyes had last rested.

glance, "It is a Bible!"

seriously remarked:

would it have made?"

nvestigations.

down yonder."

in his pocket.

down hurriedly.



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himbs tremble, faint feelings, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female
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YOUNG MEN led into evil habits,
not knowing the harm, and who are
suffering from the vices and errors of
youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Bashfulness,
Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak
Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes,
Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep,
Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evilforbodings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to
Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the
Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Deposits in the Urine, Frequent Urinaposits in the Urine, Frequent Urina-tion, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito Urinary Or-gans can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, es-pecially to the poor. CURES GUAR-ANTEED.

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\*\*EE.\*\*—Those unable to call sestion list and book Thousands curado and good, a cy-

# The Mystery of Agatha Webb.

By Anna Katharine Green. Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Lost Man's Lane," "Hand and Ring," Etc., Etc.

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road stood a little house to which John and James Zabel had removed when their business on the docks had terminated. There was no other dwelling of greater or lesser pretension on that road, which may account for the fact that none of the persons now approach-ing it had been in that neighborhood for years, though it was by no means a long walk from the village in which they all led such busy lives.

The heavy shadows cast by the woods through which the road meandered were not without their effect upon the spirits of the three men passing through them, so that long before they reached the opening in which the Zabel cottage stood silence had fallen upon the whole party. Dr. Talbot especially looked as if he little relished this late visit to his old friends and not till they canght a glimpse of the long, sloping roof and heavy chimney of the Zabel cottage did not shake off the gloom incident to the nature of his errand.

"Gentlemen," said he, coming to sudden halt, 'let us understand each other. We are about to make a call on two of our oldest and most respectable townsfolk. If in the course of that call I choose to make mention of the \$20 bill left with Loton, well and good, but if not you are to take my reticence as proof of my own belief that they had nothing to do with it." Two of the party bowed. Knapp

only made no sign. "There is no light in the window," observed Abel. "What if we find them

"We will wake them," said the con stable. "I cannot go back without being myself assured that no more money like that given to Loton remains in this house."

"Very well," remarked Knapp, and going up to the door before him he struck a resounding knock that was startling in that place of silence. But loud as the summons was it

brought no answer. Not only the moonlighted door, but the little windows on each side of it remained shut, and there was no evidence that the knock had been heard. "Zabel! John Zabel!" shouted the

constable, stepping around the side of the house. "Get up, my good friends, and let an old crony in, James! John! Late as ft is we have business with you. Open the door. Don't stop to dress."

But this appeal received no more recognition than the first, and after rapping on the window against which he had flung the words he came back and looked up and down the front of

the house. It had a solitar much less comfortable looking than he

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had expected. Indeed, there were signs of poverty or at least of neglect Not only had the weeds been allowed to grow over the doorstep, but from the unpainted front itself bits of board had rotted away, leaving great gaps about the window ledges and at the base of the sunker and well nigh toppling chimney. The moon flooding the roof showed up all these imperfections with pitiless insistence, and the torn edges of the green paper shades that half concealed the rooms within were plainly to be seen as well as the dismantled knocker which hung by one nail to the old cracked door. The vision of Knapp, with his ear laid against this door, added to the forlorn and sinister aspect of the scene and gave to the constable, who remembered the brothers in their palmy days, when they were the life and pride of the town, a by no means agreeable sensa-

"Break down the door," was the uncompromising reply, "Or wait! The windows of country houses are seldom fastened. Let me see if I cannot enter by some one of them."

tion as he advanced toward the de-

tective and asked him what they

should do now.

"Better not," said the coroner, with considerable feeling. "Let us exhaust all other means first." And he took hold of the knob of the door to shake it, when to his surprise it turned, and the door opened. It had not been locked.

Rather taken aback by this, he hesitated. But Knapp showed no such scruples. Without waiting for any man's permission he glided in and stepped cautiously, but without any delay, into a room the door of which stood wide open before him. The constable was about to follow when he saw Knapp come stumbling back with a face whiter than his own.

"Devilish work," he muttered and drew the others in to see.

Never will any of them forget that sight. They had not as yet recovered any more than the mass of their townsfolk from the shock of seeing Agatha Webb lying in her blood on the old horsehair sofa. But this-this was so unexpected and so deplorable that, hardy men though they were, they succumbed without being able to resist the overpowering impression made upon them.

On the floor near the entrance lay one brother in a streak of meonlight which showed every feature of his worn and lifeless face, and at a table drawn up in the center of the room sat the other, rigid in death, with a book clutched in his hand.

Both had been dead some time, and aces and in the aspect of either was visible a misery that added its own gloom to the pitiable and grewsome scene and made the shining of the great white moon, which filled every corner of the bare room, seem a mock-ery well nigh unendurable to those who contemplated it. John dead in his chair! James dead on the floor! What could be sadder and what more pite-

Knapp, who of them all would naturally feel this least, was of course the

person to speak first. "Both wear long beards," said he, "but this one on the floor was doubt-less Loton's customer. Ah!" he cried, pointing at the table, as he carefully crossed the floor. "Here is the bread, and"- Even he had his moments of feeling. The appearance of that loaf had stunned him; one corner of it had been gnawed off.

"A light! Let us have a light!" cried

Mr. Fenton, speaking for the first time since his entrance. "These moonbeams are horrible. See how they cling to the bodies as if they delighted in lighting

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THE

## amining the loaf carefully. "I declare, it makes me very uncomfortable, not-withstanding it's in the line of regular

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