

Beryl, who was sitting by Lola, fel-

"I think Mr. Borderham, that thi

o, after all," said the baronet, and

described what he had done and

her tremble and her muscles stiffen for

said that he would, of course, be re

sponsible for Lola's surrendering when ever the inspector desired.

The latter li tened deferentially, but

"I am afraid that it is now too late.

At that mement Mr. Gifford entered

omething to say."
Sir Jaffray turned angrily to him.

"I thought I ordered you to leave the manor!" he oried.

"But I didn't go, Sir Jaffray," re-plied Mr. Gifford calmly, "and, what

is more, I staid to some purpose, as I think you'll admit when you hear what

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

Inspector Bordevham took the interruption by Mr. Gifford in bad part. Be had persuaded himself so thoroughly that he was going to make his reputation over the case and was so convinced

that he had excluded the possibility of mistake that he was impatient of any-

Mr. Gifford read him at a glance

nd instantly resolved to puzzle him

with you at once.

I have to say.

an instant, while ske bit her lip l

"As you will, Lady Walcote. I regret that I have no alternative. There are certain formalities to be complied with but if you will agree to surrender this

evening I will call here."
"Much the best way, Mr. Borderham." said Mr. Gifford when the two had left the room. "Never heard a lamer tale, did you? This ought to be a good thing for you. You've gone as straight as a good hound on a keen

"I never had any doubt, replied inspector. "The change of weapons was a little check, but there was never any I have made all arrangements, and"—
"I am ready, sir!" cried Lola, rising him reselutely. "I will go

all. Better have poisoned herself. Wonder how the trains go. I chall just turn into the servants' quarters and flud out. I shall give 'em a hint, too, of what's this case. I like to see sharp work, even when I'm done myself. What time shall you take her? I'm serry for the baronet. He's a good sort, and I'm afraid he

won't thank you. "I shall get the warrant this after-noon and take her some time late in the evening. I want as little fuss as can be, but it'll make a hit of a splash, won't it?" He spoke with an air of sublued but conscious pride, like a man who feels that he might boast if he pleased, but wishes to appear properly modest.

They parted then, and the private de-

tective went into the servants' rooms to ask some questions about the trains and to tell them the news that Lady Walcote was to be arrested that night on a charge of having murdered the

may had fellen on Sir Jaffray and Beryl, and Lola, as soon as the excitement of her interview with the police inspector was over, had broken down at the thought of the disgrace she was bringing upon the man she loved. If I were only dead," she mouned "all this trouble would be ended, but I will not die till I have proved my innocence, and then the sooner death the

"Why don't you take time so that we may try to get some evidence of the truth?" asked Sir Jagray.

"How could I wait?" she asked.
"What do you mean?" where should I wait? I could not stay here, and if I could not be here I would as soon be in jail!" she cried im-

Sir Jahray had no answer, for her reply tapped the other stream of his

trouble concerning her, and he could You could have come with me. Lela," said Beryl quietly. "I think, with Jaffray, that you should have waited, unless, that is"— She stopped and left the sentence unfluished.

"Unless what?" asked the baronet, What made Mr. Gifford turn suddenly in that strange way?" she asked as an apparently irrelevant reply. The barenet muttered angrily at the

mention of the name. "I was wondering whether he had some motive, after all," she added. But there—one clings to any straw." Duval, with the theft of this dress,"
"It is terrible, terrible!" exclaimed said Mr. Gifford, rapidly unfastening I must do something or I

shall go out of my mind."
Then a long and most painful inter-'Jaffray,'' said Lola, rising abruptly from the sofe, "we had better part new. It will be less suffering for you when we are not together. Goodby." She held out her hand to him. "I have made an ill return for all your love, but try, whatever happens, not to bear too hard a memory. I meant in all sincountry to pick out the course that would

lead to the least trouble for you, and heaven knows I would have spared you all this if I could. Goodby." "It is not that which troubles me mow, Lola," he answered. "I am not such a brute as to be thinking of myself at such a moment as this. What I want to do is to see a way for you. Are you really resolved to give yourself up this evening? If you would delay it,

it. He is-bah!"

tened in blank bewilderment while this

"I think I can settle this in a mo-

"There!" said the girl, tossing her

"Is that so? Then I have made a

ment," said Lola, who kept cool. "What Christelle says is quite true,

Mr. Gifford. I gave her the dress at least a month ago. It is hers, and certainly

head again and curling her lip. "What

mistake," said Mr. Gifford, with a very crestfallen air. "Do you mean

that you gave her this for her own, to wear when she pleased?"
"Of course. What else, stupid?" exclaimed the woman, laughing saucily.

"I tell you the dress has never been out

of my possession, and I have worn it when I pleased." She repeated his

words in a mecking tone and laughed.

Mr. Gifford," said the police inspector.
"It is clear you have made a mistake.

You had better leave the room," he

'Well?'' asked Inspector Borderham

med to say the whole business was a

Well, I withdraw the charge against

r of having stolen the dress, and in-

stead''—he stopped and glanced around as if to enjoy the full effect of his next

vords-"I charge her with the murder

If he had aimed at producing a dra-

matic effect, he could not have been

The words fell like a bomb in the

on the woman against whom the charge

She turned on the detective like a wild animal at bay, bending her head

aside as if half crouching between fear and desperation, her large dark eyes looking larger by contrast with the blanched face in which not a vestige of

added to the girl.

lious interruption.

of Pierre Turrian

was hurled.

"I think this has gone far enough,

she cannot be said to have stelen it."

had passed, and now Sir Jaffray inter-

the truth might come out." "I would rather face it at once. If I wait, my resolve may fail me altogether. I am a coward when I think of you, and death would be so much

have stolen it. Do you hear?"
"Ah," she exclaimed, with a toss of **Roll and death would be so much the head and a sucer, "I have it a month, and it never leave my pessession one minute! Miladi knows. What do you say? Tell this—this cochon that he is a fool and then let me go."

The witnesses of this scene had lis-

Sir Jaffray broke it. "I shall wire for some one to come and take up the threads which Gifford has bungled so terribly," he said, with sudden emphasis. "At all events it will be doing something, and heaven knows we need a cool head here now. "I think I can settle this in a ment," said Lola, who kept of "What Christelle save a could be a cool head here now." In the meantime there is no goodby between us yet, Lola. I may be away some time, but I shall get back before before the evening," he said, changing the phrase with some slight show

He went away then, and Lola and Resyl both found in his departure some relief from the strain.

They sat together, their talking broken by long gaps of silence, and Beryl did her utmost te comfort her companies and to draw her confidence.

One confidence Lola draw her confidence, and the little story was both told and listened to amid sealeding tears from both. The sharing of the secret drew the two women closer than ever to-

As the time passed Lola endeavored to assume a firm and resolute manner, but Beryl could see how completely she With diffigulty Beryl induced her to

"One moment, please," said Mr. Gifford calmly, "I am not quite the fool you seem to think. Now I have take some food and wine.
"You will need courage, Lola," she something serious to say. You have all said, "for Jaffray's and that other's sake." And at this plea she yielded, heard this woman," pointing at her with his forefinger, "own that that dress is hers, that she has had it a fereing herself to eat and drink. In the evening Beryl's agitation increased, and here all calmness quite deserted her, but Lela; on the other hand, grew strong and determined as the time of the arrest approached. It was characteristic of her to meet the trouble when it camp close defeating month and more, that it has never left her possession, and that she has worn it. You marked that, all of you?" He paused and looked around him.

trouble when it came close defiantly, in a tone and with an expression that When Sir Jaffray came in, he was surprised to find Lola so cool and confi-

dent and Beryl so agitated.
He told them what he had done—how he had seen Gifferd and spoken out his opinion in strong terms and in the nce of one or two of the servants had teld him to leave the manor, then hew he had telegraphed to London to a well known firm of solicitors, accustomed to the unraveling of such mysteries, and had asked them to come down at once and bring all the skilled help that was needed, and so on through

The telling of this was a relief to them all. It enabled them to avoid these sides of the subject which were so oppositively sorrowful, and, moreover, it led the fame of hope.

"One thing is certain, handwer," he said in conclution. "There must be a calley, at all events until the London lawwer have been down and loaked lite things. It must be so, Lois, and I have find a means of getting Borderham or well find a few them at any rate."

Into the line police immediate was any many of the state of the laws of the laws of the state of the laws of the laws

said Inspector Borderham. ford," said inspect.
"What grounds have you?"
"Ask her to tell you where is the bit at the identical spot where the murder was committed two hours after the that is torn from that place. You'll see the pattern of the lace is a time named in the letter to Lady Walvery marked one and the tear very sin-

"Well. what do you say?" asked Mr. Borderham, turning to the woman.
"You need not answer unless you like, and if you do answer what you say may be used against you. Mind that." There was a pause, during which the woman breathed twice through her widespread nostrils. Then, with an assumption of indifference, but in a voice that showed her nervousness, she said,

"How can I tell how I tear every little bit of lace that I wear?" "Well, when did you wear that dress last?" asked Mr. Gifford. "How can I remember? Do you think What dress did you wear the night

with a shrug of the shoulders:

Pierre Turrian was killed?"
"I don't remember. How can I?" "You lie!" oried Mr. Gifford sternly. 'You were that dress, and you went to meet Pierre Turrian in it. You had it on when you stabbed him to the heart, and it was when you delivered that blow that he clutched at your dress and tore from it the piece of lace that fits exactly into that tear. I have it here, and I myself took it from the dead

and facing him resolutely. "I will go man's fingers.' The woman reeled back before this the reonf, carrying a parcel in his hand.
"Wait a moment," he said. "I have It for support, all the bravado and daring gone out of her manner.

"It is all a lie, a lie!" she gasped

through her livid lips, which would hardly frame the words. "See, inspector," said Mr. Gifford, showing how exactly the piece of lace fitted into the town lace of the dress.
"I don't seem to understand," said Sir Jaffray, like one in complete be-wilderment. "When did you find all this out? Why, this morning I thought

on had thrown up the case. "The scent was getting keener than ever then, and I wanted a little help. That was all," answered Mr. Gifferd. with a smile. "I had suspicions yesterday or the day before. The thing locked all so bright and clear against her ladything that threatened delay.
"I don't see the necessity of this interruption," he said in his stiffest ship there that I began to suspect it, and I wanted to know badly who it was that was sending those anonymous letters. Ah, you may well start, French-woman! He turned to her. "You set up the suspicion yourself when you did

"I know it's unprofessional," he said very snavely, "but there is a little mat-The woman tried to shrug her shoulter of theft which I think ought to be cleared up before anything else is done, ders in reply, but she failed. "I saw, as any one might have seen," and he glanced hurriedly at the inspectand Lady Waloote's presence is essential for that purpose."
"This is unwarrantable trifling, Mr. or, "that whoever sent those letters had a strong interest in getting Lady Wal-Gifford!" exclaimed Sir Jaffray indig-nantly, and the inspector seconded this opinion with a look. "We are here in cote into this trouble, and the fact that the dagger and the bracelet were, or. the midst of the gravest orisis of our rather, where they were not, on the night of the murder made me quite lives, and you, having backed out of the serious business this morning, now ready to think that she knew a little more. Again, another fact struck me come with some sort of flippant trivialas peculiar. Why should Lady Walcote carry away one bracelet enly out of all ity on your lips. I must ask you to carry away one brecolet enly out of all her jowelry? If she had wanted it for its value, she'd have taken the lot, and the odds were dead against her wearing "It is no triviality, Sir Jaffray," re-rned Mr. Gifford apologetically. "I turned Mr. Gifford apologetically. "I am not given to play the clown in the middle of a tragedy. What I say is corany such conspicuous piece of jewelry as an ornament when she was flying rect, however. I have a charge of theft to make against a servant in the house, from home and didn't want to be traced. That set up the notion that these things and I repeat that it must be heard here before enything more is done."

had been dropped just for effect, and that whoever had dropped them had done it with the object of planting this business on Lady Walcote. He went to the door, and, opening it, beckened to some one outside to come in. A woman who had been in charge "There was another little thing: That bracelet was broken in two, sug-She was Lady Walcote's French maid, Christelle Duval. She held her gesting that if the thing were genuine there had been a regular rough and head up with a saucy, flaunting air of tumble struggle between the murdered bravado and looked angrily at Mr. Gifman and the woman who had done the deed, but there was no evidence what-"I charge this woman, Christelle wal, with the theft of this dress," ever on the spot of any struggle, bar-ring the bit of torn lace, while the two the parcel which he had been carrying and holding up a black dress trimmed with silk and lace. It is one of your a distance from each other that only a most unusual sort of a struggle could have caused that. This helped me to dresses, Lady Walcete," he said, "and think, therefore, that whoever had put has been found among this woman's

"You are a fool," cried the woman "But it was one thing to see that the sngrily and with vigorous gesture, speaking with a French accent, "a stupid fool! Have I not tell you 20 trail was too broad and another to find the right track. I made up my mind that if Lady Walcote had gone cut in-tending to kill that Frenchman she times it is a dress madame gave me? You know it, madame—you know what wouldn't have been so determined to I say. You give it me since a month in prove that she had been there as to use London. Is it not so? It is only an old thing you have done with. You say, a dagger which every one knew by sight and to leave on the ground a bracelet which all the countryside could 'Christelle, you can have this,' but this man, this fool, fix on it and say I steal identify, a piece of lace with enough character in it to hang half a shopful of She finished with a wave of the hand women and, as if that wasn't enough, a of infinite contempt, as if the detective were too much of a fool even for words. handkerchief with her name carefully written in flaunting letters in the cor-"Now you are lying, you Frenchwe-man," he said coarsely. "You have tak-en that dress out of Lady Walcote's

"A handkerchief?" interrupted the wardrobe within the last two days and since Lady Walcote left the manor. You "Yes, a handkerchief. You hadn't heard of that, but we knew of it. Sir Jaffray found it. Well, I saw that the whole thing had been planned and over-done. The proofs were too many, young woman, and too plain. Well, then, the question was, Who had done it? Obviously it was a woman-50 things proved that—and equally obvious it was some



Instead of speaking she uttered a pieroing scream and fell in a huddled mass. one who not only knew the ins and outs of the manor house, but had the run of there weren't many in the place who answered to that description, and I soon saw that it must be this Frenchwoman. You helped me to that, Sir Jaffray."
"I? How?" exclaimed the baronet, who had listened like the rest with

rapt attention

"You told me that you had seen you had not seen her face. This told me that I was to look for a woman some-thing like her ladyship in height and figure. Look!" he cried, pointing to the woman, who, with her back pressed against the wall, soowled at them all as they turned their heads in her direction. 'Still. I wanted the proof." he con tinued, "and to that Lady Walcote helped me by coming back. I reasoned that the woman who had done this would be getting eager to get away, and that the best thing I could do would be to give her a plausible excuse. That I did this morning. After the conversa-tion here I went to the servants' rooms

and repeated what I had said here—that the whole thing was found out, that Lady Walcote had virtually consessed, and that she was to be arrested tonight, and that she was to be arrested tonight, and that I had thrown up the case, seeing where the truth was. It worked. "This woman saw at once that it gave her a plausible excuse to go. She was not going to remain in the service of a lady charged with murder, and accordingly she declared she should leave cordingly she declared she should leave at once. I was sure of my ground then, and, managing to get her out of the way for an hour, I stepped up and searched all her things over. I found the dress I wanted, and you know the use I made of it. But I found something more. She niched face in which not a vestige of or was left.

This is a serious matter, Mr. Gif
This is a serious matter, Mr. Gif
anough. I found a letter twisted up and

forgotten and actually in the pocket of the dress, and the letter was from the murdered man, telling her to meet him

To be Continued.

..... In Manila. Living in Manila, says Joseph Earle Stevens in McClure's Magazine, is dirt cheap-if you are not fond of tinned peas and asparagus, that come from France and Germany.

"Our cook got 40 cents per diem to supply our table with an entire dinner for four people, and for 5 cents extra he would decorate the cloth with orchids and put peas in the soup. As a servant, the native is satisfactory if you have enough of him. He takes bossing well, and you can punch his head if things go wrong. In fact, he rather expects it than otherwise, and does not put his arms akimbo and march out of the house when you mildly suggest that the quality of ants in the cake was not up to standard. For ants are everywhere, and unless the legs of your dining table and cook stove stand in cups of kerosene, the ants will be apt to eat the dinuer be-

fore you do.
"For wages, these boys—and they are called boys till they die—get some \$4 a month, and on this salary my own servindictment, and, groping with her hands behind her for the wall, leaned against supported a wife and two children, bought all his own food and ran a fight cock. I don't know how much he stole, but he used sometimes to call on me for an advance, saying that he needed funds to bury some relative. At first I was touched at his loss, but later on, when he tried to bury his mother twice over, I found it necessary to keep a record of the family tree in order not to be led into paying an advance on the cost of two funerals for the same person."

The New South Wales government analyst, William M. Hamlet, delivered the presidential address in the section of chemistry at the recent meeting of the Australian Association For the Advancement of Science, the subject being "The Molecular Mechanism of an Elec-

He defined an electrolyte as a body in solution or state of fusion, capable of being instanteously decomposed by a current of electricity, and he claimed that if the explanation he offered was adequate for the electrolyte it must hold good for the constitution of the matter in the universe, so that the treatise on the electrolyte has a most important scientific bearing. The method of investigating the action of one body upon any other, he reminded his audience, was brought to a high degree of accuracy by the immortal work of Sir Isaac Newton. He alluded to some observations of the late Professor Clifford, made over 20 years ago, this au-thority remarking, almost prophetical-ly, "We can look forward to the time when the structure and motions in the known that some future Kant or Laplace about the history and formation of matter."-Nature.

The Cavalry Regiment. The sabers clank'd, the men look'd young and healthy and strong; the elec-tric tramping of so many horses on the hard road, and the gallant bearing, fine seat and bright faced appearance of a thousand and more handsome young American men, were so good to see. An campaigners used to field and fight.
July 8—This forenoon, for more than an hour, again long strings of cavalry, ents, very fine men and horses, four or five abreast. I saw them in Fourteenth street, coming in town from north. Several hundred extra horses, some of the mares with colts, trotting along. (Appear'd to be a number of prisoners too). How inspiring always the cavalry regiments. Our men are generally well mounted, feel good, are young, gay on the saddle, their blankets in a roll behind them, their sabers clanking at their sides. This noise and movement and the tramp of many horses' hoofs has a curious effect upon one.—"The Wound Dresser," by Walt

She Married Him Anyhow. A convict at a French penal settlement who was undergoing a life sen-sence desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occur-rence. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross examine the prisoner. "Did you not marry in France?" He said, "Yes." "And your wife is dead?" "She is." "Have you any documents to show that she is dead?" "No." "Then I must decline to marry you. "Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead." There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked anxiously at the would be groom. Finally he said, "I can prove that my former wife is dead." "How?" "I was sent here for killing her." And the bride accepted him notwithstanding.—Denver Times.

Dr. Pellet-All you need is 25 cents' water. You'll get it at the drug storeat the drug store, remember, not at the grocery.
Patient—But what difference does it

make, doctor? Dr. Pellet-It will make a heap of difference to you. If you go to the grocery, they'll give you so much that the dose'll kill you.—Boston Transcript.

"So far as I know," said the doctor in answer to a question, "the shortest word of four syllables is 'Ohioan.'"
"Well," observed the professor, removing his cigar from his mouth a mo ment, "it's the same way as regards the offices. The Ohioan always gets there with fewer letters than anybody else.' -Chicago Tribune.

He—I'm about to get a good position under the city; nothing to do practically but sit still and look wise -Oh, I do hope you'll be able to all the place!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Indication.

"He," said the fond but firm father, "is, I fear, a young man of extravagant "Yes," the daughter admitted, "he wants me for a wife. "-Cincinnati En-

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Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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