

The Woman in the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filligree Ball," "The Leavenworth Case," Etc., Etc.
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"I only want to ask this. In case of the crime, who wrote the warning and the Grey arms chased into its handle? And the diamond? Still the diamond? You hint that he stole that, too. That with some idea of its proving useful to him on this gala occasion, he had provided himself with an imitation stone, setting it in the ring which he had never shown, so far as we have heard, any interest in Mrs. Fairbrother's diamond, only in Mrs. Fairbrother herself. If Wellgood is Sears, and Sears the medium by which the false stone was exchanged for the real, then he made this exchange in Mr. Grey's interests and his own. But I don't believe he had anything to do with it. I think everything goes to show that the exchange was made by Mr. Grey himself."

"A second Daniel," muttered the Inspector lightly. "Go on, little lawyer! But for all this attempt at banter on his part, I imagine I saw the beginning of a very natural anxiety to close the conversation. I therefore hastened with what I had yet to say, cutting my words short and almost snuffing in my eagerness."

"Remember the perfection of that imitation stone, a copy so exact that it extends to the setting. That shows—forgive me if I repeat myself—preparation, a knowledge of stones, a particular knowledge of this one. Mr. Fairbrother's steward may have had the knowledge, but he would have been a fool to have used his knowledge to secure for himself a valuable he could never have found a purchaser for in any market. But a fancier—one who has his pleasure in the mere possession of a unique and invaluable gem—ah! that is different! He might risk a crime—history tells us of several."

Here I paused to take breath, which gave the Inspector chance to say:

"In other words, this is what you think. The Englishman, desirous of covering up his tracks, conceived the

idea of having this imitation on hand, in case it might be of use in the daring and disgraceful undertaking you ascribe to him. Recognizing his own inability to do this himself, he delegated the task to one who in some way, he had been led to think, cherished a secret grudge against it as to possession of a man who had had some opportunity for seeing the stone and studying the setting. The copy thus procured, Mr. Grey went to the ball, and, relying on his own seemingly unassailable position attacked Mrs. Fairbrother in the alcove and would have carried off the diamond if he had found it where he had seen it earlier blazing on her breast. But it was not there. The warning received by her—a warning you ascribe to his daughter, a fact which is yet to be proved—had led her to rid herself of the jewel in the way Mr. Durand describes, and he found himself burdened with a dastardly crime and with nothing to show for it. Later, however, to his intense surprise and possible satisfaction, he saw that diamond in my hands, and, recognizing an opportunity, as he thought, of yet securing it, he asked to see it. He was instant, and then, making use of an almost incredible expedient for distracting attention, dropped, not the real stone but the false one, retaining the real one in his hand. This, in plain English, as I take it, is your present idea of the situation."

"Astounded at the clearness with which he read my mind, I answered: 'Yes, Inspector, that is what was in my mind.'"

"Good! then it is just as well that it is out. Your mind is now free and you can give it entirely to your duties." Then, as he laid his hand on the door-knob, he added: "In studying so intently your own point of view, you seem to have forgotten that the last thing which Mr. Grey would be likely to do, under those circumstances, would be to call attention to the falsity of the gem upon whose similarity to the real stone he was depending. Not even his confidence in his own position, as an honored and highly-esteemed guest, would lead him to do that."

"Not if he were a well-known connoisseur," faltered, "with the pride of one who has handled the best gems." He would know that the deception would be soon discovered and that it would not do for him to fail to recognize it for what it was, when the make-believe was in his hands."

"Forced, my dear child, forced; and as chimerical as all the rest. I can't stand putting into words. I will go further—you are a good girl and can bear to hear the truth from me. I don't believe in your theory; I can't! I have not been able to from the first, nor have any of my men; but if your ideas are true and Mr. Grey is involved in this matter, you will find that there has been more of a hitch about that diamond than you, in your simplicity, believe. If Mr. Grey were in actual possession of this valuable, he would show less care than you say he does. So would he if it were in Wellgood's hands with his consent and a good prospect of its coming to him in the near future. But if it is in Wellgood's hands without his consent, or any near prospect of his regaining it, then we can easily understand his present apprehensions and the growing uneasiness he betrays."

"True," I murmured.

"If, then," the Inspector pursued, giving me a parting glance not without its humor, probably not without something really serious underlying its humor, "we should find, in following up our present clue, that Mr. Grey has had dealings with this Wellgood or this Sears; or if you, with your advantages for learning the fact, should discover that he shows any extraordinary interest in either of them, the matter will take on a different aspect. But we have no time to lose. At present our task is to find one or the other of these men. If we are lucky, we shall discover that the waiter and the steward are identical, in spite of their seemingly different appearance. A rogue, such as this Sears has shown himself to be, would be an adept at disguise."

"You are right," I acknowledged. "He has certainly the heart of a criminal. If he had no hand in Mrs. Fairbrother's murder, he came near having one in that of your detective. You know what I mean. I could not help hearing, Inspector."

He smiled, looked me steadfastly in the face for a moment, and then bowed me out.

The Inspector told me afterward that, in spite of the cavalier manner with which he had treated my suggestions, he spent a very serious half-hour, head to head with the district attorney. The result was the following order to Sweetwater, the detective:

"You are to go to the St. Regis; make yourself sold there, and gradually, as you can manage it, work yourself into a position for knowing all that goes on in Room 11. If the gentleman (mind you, the gentleman; we care nothing about the women) should go out, you are to follow him if it takes you to —. We want to know his secret; but he must never know our interest in it and you are to be as silent in this matter as if possessed of neither ear nor tongue. I will add

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memory, for if you find this secret to be one in which we have no lawful interest, you are to forget it absolutely and for ever. You will understand why when you consult the St. Regis register."

But they expected nothing from it; absolutely nothing.

CHAPTER XVI
Doubt.

I prayed uncle that we might be driven home by the way of Eighty-sixth street. I wanted to look at the Fairbrother house. I had seen it many times, but I felt that I should see it with new eyes after the story I had just heard in the Inspector's office. That an adventure of this nature could take place in a New York house taxed my credulity. I might have believed it of Paris, wicked, mysterious Paris, the home of intrigue and every redoubtable crime, but of our own homely, commonplace metropolis—the house must be seen for me to be convinced of the fact related.

Many of you know the building. It is usually spoken of with a shrug, the sole reason for which seems to be that there is no other just like it in the city. I myself have always considered it imposing and majestic; but to the average man it is too suggestive of Old-World feudal life to be pleasing. On it looked undeniably heavy as we approached it, but interesting in a very way to me, because of the great turret at one angle, the scene of that midnight descent of two men, each in deadly fear of the other, yet quailing not in their purpose—the one of flight, the other of pursuit.

There was a railing in front of the house. It may have seemed an unnecessary safeguard to the audacious owner. Consequently, the small door in the turret opened directly upon the street, making entrance and exit easy enough for anyone who had the key. But the shaft and the small room at the bottom—where were they? Naturally in the center of the great mass, the room being without windows.

It was, therefore, useless to look for it, and yet my eye ran along the peaks and pinnacles of the roof, searching for the slight in which it undoubtedly entered. At last I espied it, and, my curiosity satisfied on this score, I let my eyes run over the side and face of the building for an open window or a lifted shade. But all were tightly closed and gave no more sign of life than did the boarded-up door. But I was not deceived by this. As we drew away, I thought how on the morrow there would be a regular procession passing through this street to see just the little I had seen today. The detective's adventure was likely to make the house notorious. For several minutes after I had left its neighborhood, my imagination pictured the room after room shut up from the light of day, but bearing within them the impalpable aura of those two shadows flitting through them like the ghosts of ghosts, as the detective had tellingly put it.

The heart has its strange surprises. Through my whole ride and the indulgence in these thoughts I was conscious of a great inner revulsion against all I had intuited and even honestly felt while talking with the Inspector. Perhaps this is what this wise old official expected. He had let me talk, and the inevitable reaction followed. I could now see only Mr. Grey's goodness and claims to respect, and began to hate myself that I had not been immediately impressed by the Inspector's views, and shown myself more willing to drop every suspicion against the august personage I had presumed to associate with crime. What had given me the strength to persist? Loyalty to my lover. His innocence had not been involved. Indeed, every word uttered in the Inspector's office had gone to prove that he no longer occupied a leading place in police calculations; that their place in police elsewhere, and that I had only to be patient to see Mr. Durand quite cleared in their minds.

But was this really so? Was he as safe as that? What if this new clue failed? What if they failed to find Sears or lay hands on the doubtful Wellgood? Would Mr. Durand be released without a trial? Should we hear nothing more of the strange and to many the suspicious circumstances which linked him to this crime? It would be expecting too much from either police or official discrimination. No; Mr. Durand would never be completely exonerated until the true culprit was found and all explanations made. I had therefore been simply fighting his battles when I pointed out what I thought to be the weak place in their present theory, and, sore as I felt in contemplation of my seemingly heartless action, I was not the impressionable, addle-pated nonentity I must have seemed to the Inspector.

[To Be Continued.]

MODES AND MANNERS FOR MEN.

The Art of Being Well Dressed Is Studied Beforehand.

The great art of dressing for men is that they shall feel and look at home in their clothes—at ease in whatever they wear. One may wear the finest materials, silk lined and satin finish, and still be out of the materials are not in good form and appropriate to the man and the occasion. The art of being well dressed, whether a man or woman, is to have pleasing ensemble.

In all the Semi-ready designs and fabrics the endeavor is to adhere to the convention of good form and to tailor into suits and overcoats which will meet with the approval of gentlemen who appreciate individual tone and expression. There are no loud or garish patterns in the Semi-ready Wardrobes.

McLean Bros. have the only Semi-ready tailoring agency in London, at 146 Dundas street.

Advertiser Correspondence

LOCAL OPTION.

To the Editor of The Advertiser: Will you allow me to direct attention to a few points in which I think Dr. Doutey is in error in his reply to my letter on local option? He seems to think that, under our present license system, all the drinking is done publicly in the bars, and that there is no drinking in clubs, or in private rooms of hotels, etc. I am afraid he is not as thoroughly acquainted with the

liquor traffic as he would have us believe. It is the opinion of many that the barroom is the school where many young men learn to drink, and that the club is just a higher grade in his education.

He also seems to think that until all drinking is completely stopped that any restrictive or prohibitory law is a failure. Allow me to assure Mr. Doutey that if there was no crime or misery arising from drink, there would not be a single temperance society, nor even a temperance crank. Unfortunately, the most eminent judges tell us that three-fourths of all crime comes from intoxicating drink, and superintendents of asylums tell us that drink is the great feeder of the asylums. Nay, they go farther, and tell us that the children of drunken parents are liable to be insane or to suffer from some nervous affection.

Pasadena was not a wilderness when I was there, but a beautiful city of 12,000 people, and I feel sure that the city marshal and others, who told me of the great benefits of the closed bar were telling me the truth. Indeed, I was there long enough to make sure that it was the truth. I repeat that when a lot of men get together in a bar, they go to excesses that they would not otherwise think of. I know a woman who has a room rented, to which she and her children can fly when her husband comes home drunk, and he gets his drink in a barroom on his way home from work. Yet that woman says no woman ever had a kinder husband when he is sober.

Mr. Doutey seems astonished at the statement that in the city of Owen Sound there is not one drunken man for a hundred before, and so was I, but I had it from the very best authorities. Men in authority and men of the very highest character assured me that that estimate was within the mark. More than that, one man who was opposed to local option on account of a business connection, said that he believed there was not one for twenty-five before. The statement that there are hundreds of families in Owen Sound better fed and better clothed on account of local option is confirmed by merchants, who say that they now sell more goods, and a better quality of goods.

Mr. Doutey is also entirely wrong when he thinks that drunkenness is always a disease. In the very great majority of cases, it is nothing more than habit. This view is amply proved by the large number that we all know who have given it up, and local option has proved that all that hundreds need is to have the temptation of the bar removed.

I have endeavored to lay before you a few facts, the truth or falsity of which can easily be proved. Mr. Doutey has given us nearly three columns of nicely-written theories, but not a single fact. I have shown how a number of people have been benefited by local option, but so far Mr. Doutey has not told us of a single family that has been ruined or even injured by it.

H. ARNOTT.

Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla Which has cured thousands.

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You get a pain in your back, and you wonder what is the matter. You perhaps pay no attention to it. Backache is caused by imperfect action of the kidneys, in fact, is the first sign of kidney trouble to follow.

The kidneys, proper, are composed of a close network of fibrous tissue, interlaced with tiny elastic fibres. Their object is the excretion of the uric acid, and other poisonous matter composing the urine, from the blood.

They are continuously at work to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of kidney trouble, but do not suspect it. Some of the symptoms are: A feeling of weakness in the small of the back, sharp pains in back, puffiness under the eyes, and swelling of the feet and ankles, urinary troubles such as expressed irritation, excessive micturition, cloudy, thick or highly colored urine, etc.

Mr. J. L. Whiting, Oshawa, Ont., writes: "I suffered for two years with kidney trouble. I had terrible pains in my back, hips and legs. I could not sleep and had a poor appetite. I took four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the pains left me, my appetite returned and I now sleep well. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney trouble."

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Now, just look here—or rather read the following announcement very carefully. Tuesday we will collect together a big lot of Dress Goods worth up to a dollar a yard, and sweep them out at 39c yard, regardless of their stylishness or the profits we will sacrifice. We are out for a record-breaking day Tuesday—and we will take the cut-price method to bring us the big business we desire.

In this lot you'll find collected a great diversity of both plain and fancy weaves. Fashionable Venetians, Vicunas, Crepe de Chines, Cashmeres, Satin Cloths and Fancy Cheviots. Shades of wine, champagne, navy, cadet blue, green, brown, etc. Also ten different Tartan Plaids—all-wool materials. And we mustn't omit to call your attention to the Tweed Suitings—swagger mixtures of gray, blue and brown in the lot.

Sale commences at 9 o'clock, so be on hand sharp on the hour. Remember the price is good for Tuesday—and Tuesday only. Rush price, per yard 39c

Great Snaps in Dress Trimmings

Here's one of the biggest snaps in Dress Trimmings that ever came your way. But you'll have to be on hand early tomorrow to take advantage of it.

Dainty Chiffon Appliques. Designs are too numerous and too difficult to describe to do justice to the goods. The color range is very wide: white, cream, navy, delf, champagne pink, brown, etc. Also a lot of Fancy Cord Appliques and Braids in the same shades.

Just think! These Dress Trimmings are worth up to \$1.50 yard. But Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock we will place them on sale in the Dress Goods Section at the little price of 39c

150 Dundas and Carling GRAY & PARKER 150 Dundas and Carling

The Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Company, Ltd.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

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A complete and modern equipment of mining machinery has been ordered and will be installed within the next few weeks.

Applications for three hundred thousand shares of the Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Company's stock at par will be received up to 12 o'clock on Saturday, December 1st, and the lists will be absolutely closed at that time.

All applications must be accompanied by postoffice or express order or marked check in full, payable to J. H. JEWELL & CO., and mailed or delivered to the

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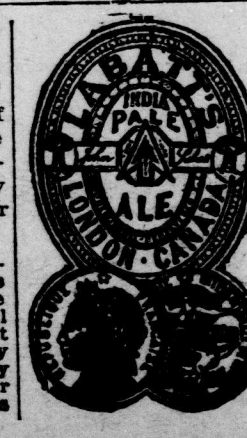
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