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### 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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"I have, sir. It's been in and out of the till 20 times today. I haven't known what to do with it. I don't like to think wrong of anybody, but when I heard that Mrs. Webb, God bless her, was murdered last night for money I couldn't rest for the weight of this thing on my conscience. Here's the bill, sir. I wish I had let the old man rap on my door until morning before I had taken it from him."

They did not share this feeling. distinct and valuable clew seemed to be afforded them by the fresh, crisp bill they saw in his hand. Silently Dr. Talbot took it, while Mr. Fenton, with a shrewd look, asked:

"What reasons have you for calling this mysterious customer old? I thought it was so dark you could not see him."

The man, who looked relieved since he had rid himself of the bill, eyed the constable in some perplexity.
"I didn't see a feature of his face,"

said he, "and yet I'm sure he was old. I never thought of him as being anything else." "Well, we will see. And is that all you have to tell us?"

His nod was expressive, and they let him go. An hour or so later Detective Knapp

made his reappearance. "Well," asked the coroner as he came quietly in and closed the door behind him, "what's your opinion?"

"Simple case, sir. Murdered for money. Find the man with a flowing

CHAPTER XI.

THE ZABEL BROTHERS. There were but few men in town who wore long beards. A list was made of these and handed to the coroner, who regarded it with a grim smile. "Not a man whose name is here would be guilty of a misdemeanor, let alone a crime. You must look outside

of our village population for the murderer of Agatha Webb." "Very likely, but tell me something first about these persons," urged Knapp. "Who is Edward Hope?"

"A watch repairer. A man of estimable character." "And Sylvester Chubb?" "A farmer who, to support his mother, wife and seven children, works

from morning until sundown on his farm and from sundown until 11 o'clock at night on little fancy articles he cuts out from wood and sells in Boston."

"John Barker, Thomas Elder, Timo-"All good men. I can vouch for every

"And John Zabel, James Zabel?" "Ah! You might as well ask about ourselves. Irreproachable, both of them. Quite 'amous shipbuilders once, but the change to iron shipbuilding has quite thrown them out of that. Pity, too, for they were remarkable builders. By the by, Fenton, we don't see them at church or in the docks

"No. They keep very much to themselves. Getting old, like ourselves, Talbot.'

"Lively boys once. We must hunt them up, Fenton. Can't bear to see old friends drop out of good company. But this isn't business. You need not pause over their names, Knapp."

But Knapp had slipped out. We will follow him. Walking briskly down the street he

went up the steps of a certain house and rang the bell. A gentleman with a face not entirely unknown to us came to the door. The detective did not pause for pre-

liminaries. "Are you Mr. Crane," he asked, "the gentleman who ran against a man coming out of Mrs. Webb's house last

night?"

"I am Mr. Crane," was the slightly surprised rejoinder, "and I was run against by a man there, yes." "Very well," remarked the detective quietly. "My name is Knapp. I have been sent from Boston to look into this matter, and I have an idea that you can help me more than any other man here in Sutherlandtown. Who was this person who came in contact with you so violently? You know, even if you

have been careful not to mention any "You are mistaken. I don't know. I can't know. He wore a sweeping beard and walked and acted like a man no longer young, but beyond that"-"Mr. Crane, excuse me, but I know men. If you had no suspicion as to who

that person was, you would not look so

embarrassed. You suspect or at least

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associate in your own mind a name tossed her head ever so lightly. "Now, you must have had your rea

sons for that. No one thinks of a good

with the buying of a loaf of bread at

midnight with a \$20 bill without some

"The man wore a beard. I felt i

"Which made me think of other mer

"As for instance"- The detective

had taken from his pocket the card

which he had used with such effect at

the minister's, and as he said these

words twirled it so that the two names

written upon it fell under Sally Lo

ton's inquisitive eyes. The look with

which she read them was enough. John

"Who told you it was either of thes

"You did," he retorted, pocketing the

"La, now, Samuel, I never spoke

word," she insisted, in anxious protest

to her husband as the detective slid

CHAPTER XII.

PAY OR SUFFER EXPOSURE.

from the Sutherlands. Yet as it was

dusk when Miss Halliday rose to de-

part Frederick naturally offered his

She accepted them with a slight

blush, the first he had ever seen on her face or at least had ever noted there It caused him such surprise that he

forgot Amabel's presence in the garden until they came upon her at the gate.

"A pleasant evening," observed that young girl in her high, unmusical

"Very," was Miss Halliday's short

reply, and for a moment the two faces

were in line as he held open the gate

They were very different faces in

feature and expression, and until that

night he had never thought of compar-

ing them. Indeed the fascination which

beamed from Amabel Page's far from

regular countenance had put all other

faces out of his mind, but now as he

surveyed the two the candor and puri-

ty which marked Agnes' features came

out so strongly under his glance that

the countenance of Amabel lost its

charms, and he hastily drew his young

Amabel noted the movement and

smiled. She had no fears of Agnes

Perhaps she might have felt less con-

fidence if she could have seen the short

glances he cast his old playmate as

they proceeded slowly down the road.

Not that there was any passion in

them. He was too full of care for

that, but the curiosity which could

prompt him to turn his head a dozen

times in the course of so short a walk

to see why Agnes Halliday held her

face so persistently away from him

had an element of feeling in it that

was more or less significant. As for

Agnes, she was so unlike her accus-

tomed self as to astonish even herself.

Whereas she had never before walked

a dozen steps with him without in-

dulging in some sharp saying, she

found herself disinclined to speak at

all, much less speak lightly. In mu-

tual silence, then, they reached the

gateway leading into the Halliday

grounds. But Agnes, having passed in

they both stopped and for the first

"Agnes, what would you think of a

man who, after having committed lit-

tle else but folly all his life, suddenly

made up his mind to turn absolutely

toward the right and to pursue it in

face of every obstacle and every dis-

"I should think," she slowly replied,

with one quick lift of her eyes toward

his face, "that he had entered upon

the noblest effort of which man is car

pable and-the hardest. I should have

great sympathy for that man, Fred-

"Would you?" he said, recalling Ama-

bel's face with bitter aversion as he

gazed into the womanly countenance

he had hitherto slighted as uninterest-

ing. "It is the first kind word you

have ever given me, Agnes. Possibly

And without another word he doffed

She remained, remained so long that

it was nearly 9 o'clock when she en-

tered the family parlor. As she came

in her mother looked up and was star-

Her answer was inaudible. What was the matter? She dreaded, even

He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it—such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man.—Sir J. Seeley.

tled at her unaccustomed pallor. "Why, Agnes," cried her mother, "what is the matter?"

feared, to ask herself.

his hat, saluted her and vanished down

it is the first I have ever deserved."

couragement?"

the hillside.

before his departing guest.

neighbor away.

Halliday.

The Hallidays lived but a few rods

brush my hand as he took the loaf."

"Good! That is a point."

positive reason."

who wore beards.'

Zabel, James Zabel.

men?" she asked.

card with a smile.

quietly from the store.

services as her escort.

and respectable neighbor in connecti

with the man you met. Was it either of these you see written here?" Mr. Crane glanced at the card on which the other had scribbled a couple of names and started perceptibly.

"You have me," said he. "You must be a man of remarkable perspicacity.' The detective smiled and pocketed his card. The names he thus concealed were John Zabel, James Zabel. "You have not said which of the two

it was," Knapp quickly suggested. "No," returned the minister, "and I have not even thought. Indeed I am not sure that I have not made a dreadful mistake in thinking it was either. A glimpse such as I had is far from satisfactory, and they both are such

"Right! You did make a mistake of course. I have not the least doubt of it. So don't think of the matter again.



Knapp was not to be awed by her small, I will find out who the real man was, rest easy."

And with the lightest of bows Knapp drew off and passed as quickly as he could, without attracting attention, around the corner to the confection-

Here his attack was warier. Sally Loton was behind the counter with her husband, and they had evidently been talking the matter over very confidentially. But Knapp was not to be awed by her small, keen eye or strident voice and presently succeeded in surprising a knowing look on the lady's face, which convinced him that in the confidences between husband and wife a name had been used which she was less unwilling to impart than he ap peared to be. He consequently turned his full attention toward her, using in his attack that older and most subtle

weapon against the sex-flattery.
"My dear madam," said he, "I see what a good heart you have. Your husband has told you who he thought this man was, but, fearing that he may be mistaken, you do not like to repeat the name. A neighborly spirit, ma'am, a very neighborly spirit, but there should be bounds to your goodness. If you simply told us whom this man resembled, we would be able to get some

idea of his appearance." "He didn't resemble any one I know," growled Loton. "It was too dark for me to see how he looked." "His voice, then? People are traced by their voices."

"I didn't recognize his voice." Knapp smiled, his eye still on the

woman. "Yet you have thought of some one he reminded you of?"

time looked squarely at each other. Her eyes fell first, perhaps because his The man was silent, but the wife had changed in his contemplation of her. He smiled as he saw this and in a half careless, half wistful tone said

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