

MANACLE AND BRACELET.

"Horrible!" he gasped out, his trembling hands waving back some frightful vision suddenly revealed, his head turned involuntarily aside as if to shut out the memory of a momentary glimpse of a scene he would not forget till his dying day.

In the presence of awful death life had come to a pause.

For death was there—cold, impressive, terrible. It spoke in the fragments of rock streaked with lines of lurid hue, it called out for vengeance from the clefted grass where the bright emerald of nature showed through a sickly mask of crimson.

Most of all, it lifted its gory shield where the red-dyed waters laved the half-nude form of a man whose staring eyes were fixed like stone upon the rising orb of day, whose hands were clenched into the tufted sandy shore of the lake, betraying the death agony he had suffered.

Across the throat, from ear to ear, stretched a gaping wound from which the life blood still trickled to the earth. Death was there—the mute lips and staring eyes bespoke it, and the pose of the form, the marks of a struggle on the shore, told that the twin sisters of sin, mystery and crime, had marked this man for a victim.

The wayfarer did not have the courage to again gaze upon the frightful scene. He averted his glance, sped down the path toward the nearest house, and spread the first intelligence of a mysterious crime that, for long days afterward, filled with tragic details the criminal records of the commonwealth.

One hour later the electric telegraph flashed from the nearest station over many wires the first intimation of the newly discovered crime. Telephone bells jangled noisily as it was caught up and repeated; distant alarms were slowly traversed by index fingers spelling out the common legend in a word: M—U—R—D—E—R.

The machinery of the law was in motion. The hands of justice went groping forth toward victim and assassin. A network of trails were cast over the broad expanse of the city, as the various precinct commanders directed their men to pursue the rapid routine of official investigation of the crime. Less than sixty minutes after the discovery of the dead body at the artesian well, the silent victim of a mysterious tragedy had at his service the bravery, shrewdness, and intelligence of four hundred representatives of the best organized and most successful police force in the world.

At that time Carter Harrison, chief executive officer of the great metropolis, had already inaugurated that brilliant career of municipal reform which, later, crowned

him as the champion of a new and prosperous regime.

Its initial progress had seen the advancement of better police management, and experience, ability, and discipline marked the rule of such men as McGargle, Ebersold, Bonfield, Lloyd, Beidell, and Steele.

Bribe routine and detective operations had also been the rule in the districts under the control of Ward, Stanton, Beard, McDonnell, Schuck, Baus, Buckley, Byrne, Hubbard, and Duffy.

On that eventful morning there sat in the Superintendent's room at police headquarters a man whose quick mind and unerring judgment directed the destinies of the most important branch of the department of justice—Edward Keating, Chief of Detectives.

Under his management had been centralized all the elements of progress and success in his especial field of action, and veterans grown gray in the service, under his appointment of detective labor, became parts of a marvelous machine, operating with dexterous system and accuracy the movements of a great police confederation.

It was the province of this remarkable and gifted man to investigate personally or through his aids all important cases of mysterious crime, and the early morning hour found him at his post of duty, gathering from telephone or report the minutest possible details of the newly discovered crime.

It did not take him long to possess the facts of the case. His brow grew somber and perplexed as by gradations succeeding reports from officers on the scene of the murder made more patent the discouraging truth that the tragedy was evolving another of the long list of strange cases in the investigation of which the detective finds himself face to face with a blank wall bearing the fatal legend of "Mysteriously murdered—a clueless crime."

Of a certainty there was no trace of the assassin, not even the weapon that had done the unknown to his death had been found. There was no apparent motive for the commission of the crime; worst of all, no knowledge of the identity of its hapless victim. Suicide had been whispered, but the idea was derided as impossible, and at last the police, after an attempt to have the throngs who visited the spot where the remains lay identify the murdered man, removed the body to the morgue, with the impression that the artesian well horror would be shelved amid the archives of mysterious cases too dark and inexplicable for human effort to fathom.

With the last detail of the case in his