

All Health signs point to

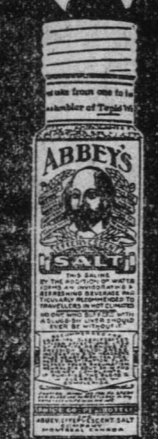
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Arter the Ball;

OR

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
After the Ball.

Sir Fielding started.

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten," he said, with a sigh of relief. "Follow me into the library, please."

They followed him into the library, and, sitting down, Sir Fielding wrote out the warrant.

"There it is," he said. "Now have you time to tell me all you know of this affair?"

The inspector very willingly repeated all that Barber had said, and wound up with:

"She must have been dead directly the stab had been given. It was a mighty deep cut—pierced her lungs like, I suppose."

Sir Fielding hid his eyes and shuddered.

"Have you a clew to her identity,



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or to the—murderer?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Not as yet, Sir Fielding," said the man. "We have telegraphed for Mr. Crawshaw, the detective, and expect him by the next train. He'll find it out quick enough, I'll warrant. He's the cleverest detective going, Sir Fielding."

"And the identity?"

"Not a trace. She's an Italian by her look, and a great drinker, Dr. Martin says. He saw her as she was lying at the station, directly we'd brought her in."

"Any money found on her?" asked Sir Fielding.

"Not a penny, for a good reason," said the inspector, significantly.

"Why?" asked Sir Fielding.

"Pockets turned inside out," replied the inspector, meaningly.

"Ah!" said Sir Fielding, and breathed a sigh of relief, though from what he could scarcely tell.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
Missing.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene, But earthly hope, how bright soe'er, Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene, As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.—Heber.

WHEN the men had gone Sir Fielding called the gamekeeper into the library.

"Take the mare and ride into Warrington," he said. "You know Mr. Durant? Well, describe him at the inn on the road, and at the hotel, and ask if they have seen him. If they have, learn which way he has gone, and follow him hard and fast. The mare is a match for the cob at any time, an easy match with the cob half worn out," he murmured.

Then, after a pause, added aloud:

"I you cannot hear of him on the road ride on to the station and inquire if he went up by last night's express or the early train this morning. There are usually very few passengers, and the station master cannot fail to have noticed him. If he has, return to me as fast as the mare can bring you."

Barber touched his hat respectfully and Sir Fielding saw him from the corridor bound down the terrace toward the stable like a sleuthhound.

Scarcely had he gone than Lady Mildred entered the room.

"What is the matter, Fielding?" she said, with some astonishment.

"Maud, tell me some disjointed tale about Maurice Durant not having slept here last night, and having fled no one knows whither, and I saw from one of the upper windows the inspector and two of his men walking down the road. Whatever is it?"

"Nothing—nothing, my dear Mildred," said Sir Fielding, hurriedly.

"At least nothing that concerns you or Maud. There has been an accident in the wood, but it has nothing to do with Maurice Durant or his absence.

"But is he really absent?" asked Lady Mildred, diving from Sir Fielding's pale face that something more had happened than he would have her think, and woman-like, pressing the question.

"Missing! No," said Sir Fielding, querulously. "Would you call me missing if I had walked into the village?"

"Oh, if he has only gone into the village I will go and comfort Maudie," said Lady Mildred. "She is terribly alarmed. It was as much as I could do to keep her from following me down."

"Yes, yes. Go to her, my dear Mildred, and tell her I want her to stay in her own room or yours for a little while. People are coming to see me about the accident, and I do not wish it to reach her ears—you understand, Mildred?"

"Quite, Fielding," replied her ladyship, and went upstairs again.

Sir Fielding commenced pacing the room with troubled footsteps, vainly striving to cast from him the feeling of dread which settled upon his spirits like a dark cloud.

He knew that Barber must be gone some hours before he could return, even supposing that he met with tidings of Maurice Durant, or Maurice Durant himself. Yet he was already burned up with impatience and dared not leave the library for fear that Maud might see his pale, anxious face, and wring the story of the discovery from him.

He tried to read, but found that the words of his favorite classic ran together in meaningless lines, and in despair he took to walking up and down again.

Two hours passed, then there came a knock at the library door and Thomas entered.

"A gentleman is waiting in the hall to see you, sir," he announced.

"A gentleman?" said Sir Fielding. "Does he give his name?"

"No, sir, he will not. Says you don't know him, but begs you will see him on a matter of importance."

"Show him in," said Sir Fielding, the troubled look growing more marked on his face, and Thomas ushered in a stout, comfortable-looking man, of half-gentlemanly, half-tradesman appearance. He was dressed in a dark suit of Oxford tweed, wore particularly well-got-up linen, and had a nicely tied satin scarf around his neck. His face was not particularly good-looking or decidedly plain, but there was a something about it that lent it a particular bird-like expression that puzzled one. After two or three minutes' conversation one discovered that the something was a pair of dark, steely eyes, sharp as a needle, and glittering like an eagle's.

When he entered the sharp eyes flashed around the room and took in every corner and peculiarity at a glance.


Sir Fielding pointed to a seat.

"You asked to see me, I think?"

"Sir Fielding Chichester?" said the man, cautiously, replying to Sir Fielding's question by another.

"I am Sir Fielding Chichester," he said.

"Thank you, sir. Thought so, but it's always best to make sure. Yes, I



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did ask to see you. I have just come from Annsleigh police station—I may say from London. My name is Crawshaw, Detective Police, Scotland Yard."

Sir Fielding started.

"Already?"

Mr. Crawshaw smiled.

"Telegraph took quarter of an hour in transmission. Reached me in time to catch the down train. Started at once. Always ready to start at a minute's notice, and was at Annsleigh and in full possession of what particulars could be got half an hour ago."

All this with a quiet air of power and self-possession tinged with respect.

Sir Fielding was astounded.

"It is marvelous," he said, "how any one escapes pursuit with such a system against them."

Mr. Crawshaw shook his head.

"It is, sir, it is. But they are too many for us sometimes. And now, sir, we'll get this affair over as soon as possible. I'm taking up your time."

He might more justly have said that he was losing his; but Sir Fielding understood him, and said:

"In what way do you want my assistance? I presume you do want it by—"

"Coming here," finished the detective. "Just so. Well, it's just this, Sir Fielding. We from Scotland Yard, when we are on the scent, often find clues from the most unlikely things, so we've always got our eyes and ears open to whatever turns up. Now, while Brandon, the Inspector, an excellent man, Sir Fielding, was putting me in possession of the facts of this affair, and we were looking at the body, one of his men, a talkative, gossiping sort of a fellow, that'll never make a good officer, began chattering about the ball here last night. The inspector would have stopped him, but at a sign from me, let him alone. Well, this man, it seems, had been gossiping with one of your servants, the man who let me in, if I am not mistaken, his name's Thomas."

Sir Fielding nodded and sank into a chair with a feeling of uneasiness. What was this legal bloodhound aiming at?

"I thought so," continued Mr. Crawshaw, "from the description. He had been gossiping with him while on duty this morning, and heard that one of your guests, who had been staying at the house for some months past, had disappeared suddenly last night."

Sir Fielding arose from his chair and was about to speak, but remained silent and sat down.

The detective took keen note of every motion and expression, then continued:

"Now, Sir Fielding, I needn't ask you to excuse a man for doing his duty. Duty's duty, however painful, and to investigate this murder's my duty, and I may add, a painful one, for I can pretty clearly see—However, to go on. This man with a little pressing also informed me that your footman had told him that a woman answering to the description of the deceased came up to the hall here last night and asked for the missing guest, Mr. Maurice Durant."

Sir Fielding arose, white as ashea.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, faintly. "It cannot be—there is some mistake. The man was speaking falsely!"

(To be Continued.)

The Situation in Germany.

By C. W. Barron, in Boston Post.

I think I am now at liberty to tell you something, very few people in the world would be able to tell you. In the latter part of last year there was a very important conference of German military leaders on their Western frontier. The General Staff had figured out that if the German defences were removed from the line of the Somme to the heights of the Meuse, 400,000 men could be transferred elsewhere or held in reserve. This conference was presided over by the Emperor. Von Hindenburg was brought up from the southeastern front for his opinion, while another great German general advocated the plan of the General Staff. Von Hindenburg said: "We do not now need 400,000 men in the southeast or elsewhere." The reply was: "Unless you retire now you will not be able to get the 400,000 men when you need them. Why not shorten your lines and thereby increase your reserves?" The Kaiser decided the conference with the declaration: "Four hundred thousand men are of less importance to us than the maintenance of popular support which would be weakened by any drawing in of our lines." The Prussians have clamored for the last weapon of defence—ruthless submarine warfare to strike terror to old England. The Zeppelins failed. The promised indemnity from Paris failed. The attempt on the Channel ports failed. The attempt to weaken the union of the Allies failed. And now the German submarines are to attack the world's commerce, not as an effective weapon of offence or defence, but to satisfy German sentiment and keep the Hohenzollerns in power.

Lieut. E. Chafe Heard From.

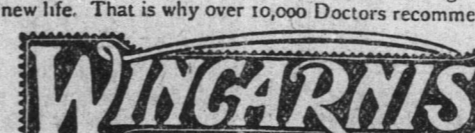
By the last English mail word was received from Lieut. Eric Chafe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Chafe, 61 Springdale Street. The letter was dated February 14th, Southampton, England, and stated that he was conducting a draft of "Ours" from Arr to Rouen, France, and after handing over his charge at the place mentioned he would return again to the depot. The majority of the draft are made up of veterans and it looks as if we may hear of some more fighting very soon.

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2002

2002—Boys' Russian Suit, with or without Revers Collar and Shield. Serge, chevrot, velvet, corduroy, linen, seersucker, percale and galatea are good materials for this model. The fronts are double breasted and the collar may be omitted. The trousers are straight. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 4-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE GOWN.



2003

2003—Ladies' Dress. Brown serge was used for this style. It is also nice for black or blue satin, gabardine, chevrot, shepherd check, chiffon cloth, velvet and corduroy. The waist fronts are cut low and finished with revers facings. The closing is in coat style. A smart collar and a peplum form attractive features of this model. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

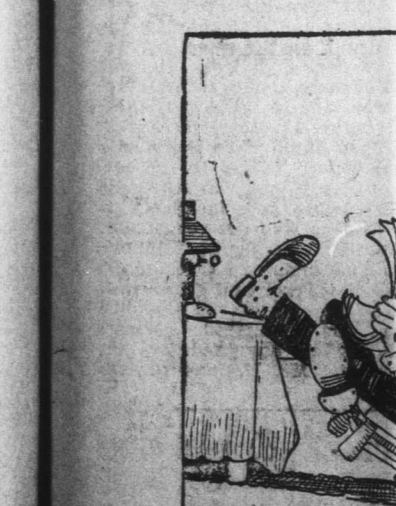
LONDON, March 15.—A successful revolution is in place in Russia. The reaction party has been overthrown. Ports from Petrograd state Duma, backed by the Army, succeeded in overthrowing the Government completely. The revolution in Petrograd and Moscow. Present reactionaries, including Premier Struma, have been expelled. The Government is now in hands of a Committee of Safety garrison at Petrograd and went in a body to the revolution. Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, abdicated. Emperor Nicholas, born in 1868 and succeeded his father, Alexander III., Nov. 1, 1894. His mother, the Empress Maria, sister to Dowager Queen Alexandra of England. The heir-apparent to Russian throne is Grand Duke Alexei, who will be 13 years old in July.

Grand Duke Michael Alexaritch becomes Regent in Russia.

Powerful elements in the Duma and Army overthrew the Government to drive out pro-German officials. Many were killed in rioting in Petrograd and Moscow. The new government is in complete control, strongly pro-Ally.

A Provisional Government has established at Moscow and Petrograd. The Duma controls the national situation.

The revolution was comparatively bloodless. Some fighting took place on the first day, during which bridges in Petrograd were blown in order to isolate certain sections of the city. So far as is known prominent persons were killed. Usually all the so-called pro-German reactionaries are in custody. Government at Petrograd is in the hands of a Committee consisting of representatives of the Duma, sided over by President Rogachev of the Duma. This body met today with five cabinet ministers, pending, and sent Emperor Nicholas a request for the establishment of a Provisional Government. The Duma at Petrograd are taking part from the Committee and patronizing city, which is quiet. The number of officers were killed. Chief Council of the Empire is imprisoned with M. Struma. That M. Petropoff was imprisoned is incorrect. The people said



MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DAN-DRUFF.