

make love to her on two or three occasions when her husband was nearing death's door, and that he had called on her twice since, and that she had forbidden him the house. He had even been to see her at the jail, gaining admittance to her presence on the plea that he was the medical adviser to the prisoner. Now, what do you think he said there? He told her that if she would agree to marry him he would get her off, and then they could leave for another field of practice. Nice man, isn't he, sir?" sneered the now relieved Walter, since he had taken some one into his full confidence.

Mr. Mason sat back in his chair. The factory doctor, he knew, was a widower, and somewhat off color with the other members of the faculty in town. He had got his position at the works on account of cutting under the rates of the other physicians. His consultant on the case, and assistant at the autopsy, was a young man recently established. The others had refused to consult with the factory doctor in this case. Mr. Mason was a man highly respected and beloved in the community, a just and upright man; and he valued his foreman highly and admired his manly qualities.

"Hart, I'll not advance you the money. I'll engage my own lawyer and engage the chemist myself. But you must be very discreet. If it got out you loved this pretty widow, but unfortunate woman, you might become entangled in the case more than either of us can now foresee," and Mr. Mason arose, indicating for the present there was no need for further confidences.

All that night Walter Hart pored over his "Remsen," which he resurrected from the bottom of his trunk. In his high school days he had had a particular fondness for chemistry. He brushed up on bleaching powder, sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid, chlorine gas, manganese, iron, lime, carbon, arsenic, sulphur, and several other substances. The morning light found him pale, exhausted, but determined. He had gained nothing from his all night grind. He was thinking at his work in the forenoon that he had almost better have asked Mr. Mason to employ a detective when he was summoned to the manager's office. The one thing which stuck with him was his own personal experience. If the chemical expert failed him there was nothing left to do but put the detective on the trail of the doctor.

The celebrated chemist from Montreal had come up on the night train. Walter took him at once to the "still," conversing all the way on the manufacture of bleaching powder.

Arrived at their destination the expert asked:

"Has this retort been cleaned of the refuse since your workman was taken ill?"