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"I knew this, and was going to the window to see if the wire led up or down, when I heard some one approaching. I first supposed that the person, who-ever it was, was in the room with me, the steps were so dis-tinct; but when I flashed the light, intending at least to see him, I knew he was above me. One loses the sense of direc-tion of sound, particularly in the dark; and it is an incontestable fact that footsteps, or any sound above, can be heard more clearly than the same sound be-low. Therefore I knew that some one was in the room above me. For what purpose? Possibly to disconnect the branch wire on the telephone able fact that footsteps, or any branch wire on the telephone line.

THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER

"I waited until the person, whoever it was came down and went his way; then I found the wire, and saw where the connection had been made on it. Then I went straight down to the subcellar. There I saw this Folsom lying on the ground, bound. He was not gagged; yet he didn't answer my questions; obviously because he knew if he did he would place himself in danger. The shot was fired at me, or rather at my light and I went through the tarce which ulti-mately placed me in a coal bin. Then I began to get a definite began to get a definite idea of things from the conversation, when Cranston's name was mentioned several times.

"Folsom persisted in an out-spoken declaration to reveal reveal spoken declaration to reveal everything he knew, including the story of my murder. He in-sisted until he placed himself in grave danger, and then, under cover of utter darkness, I extended one hand and pinched him twice on the ankle. He knew then that I was not dead, that I had heard, and did the very thing I wanted him to do-begged for his life. It was a bit of justifiable duplicity. I knew if he was the man his very act so far had indicated that he would humbug Cranston and the other man into letting him go, or at least not committing another murder. Subsequent developments showed that this con-

jecture was correct. "From the coal bin I went back to the subcellar, knowing positively now that there would be no one there. Those men were frightened when they left me, and men run from fright. What they would do with young Folsom I didn't know. There, with my electric light, I found the branch telephone. The transmitter box had been ruined by a shot, as I imagined. So, thus far at least, the logic of the affair was taking me some place.

"And then I followed that tunnel through the subway into an-other tunnel. I should not have ventured into that second tunnel had I not been fairly confident that no one else was there. In that I was mistaken. I don't know now, but I imagine that young Folsom was temporarily being held prisoner there, and that possibly Cranston was on guard. Anyway, there was a



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