

MANACLE AND BRACELET;

OR,

The Dead Man's Secret.

A THRILLING CHICAGO DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDMOND C. STRONG.

CHAPTER I.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

On the morning of the fourth day of July, 1880, a man traversing the lonely roadway that marks the western confines of the city of Chicago paused suddenly and looked down.

The purpling skies of morn reflected the first light of day over the broad prairie landscape; afar, the rapid reverberating echoes of firearms ushering in the celebration of the nation's independence disturbed the early calm in confused sound.

At the spot where the man stood, however, a weird, mystic silence and desolation brooded over the scene. Its somber influence seemed to oppress the lonely wayfarer, for, as he paused, his eyes became riveted, his mind absorbed in contemplation of some object at his feet.

"Blood!" he muttered, a shade of emo-

tion in his hoarse voice. "A fit place for a murder this, but the stain may simply mark the spot where a wounded animal has lain, or a trifling accident occurred."

Dismissing any further speculation on the discovery from his mind the traveler resumed his rapid gait, and began skirting the broad, artificial lake of water which lay between him and the inhabited thoroughfare of the metropolis.

He whistled a lively, careless tune as he went along the edge of the mere, little dreaming of the awful crime that was lying in wait for his discovery, soon to be revealed to his startled vision in a tragic and horrible manner.

At a turn in the beaten path of clay for the second time he came to an abrupt halt, and this time with an ejaculation of mingled horror and alarm, and a face blanched to ashen hue in a moment of space.