

A Master of Mysteries

Sydney Garth and His Remarkable Adventures

By Scott Campbell

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In Six Parts — Part I

The Right of Way

(A Complete Novelette)

The following thrilling story, complete in every detail, is one of a great series we have secured for our readers. The theme centres about the unusual character, Sydney Garth, known as the Master of Mysteries. The guiding motive of this unique individual causes him to undergo innumerable hardships, is darkly hinted at from time to time, and finally appears in its full realization in the concluding installment. Every story forms a separate, finished adventure of compelling interest, while the whole series in its solution of intricate problems and keen analysis of character, fairly rivals the celebrated adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

A BREAK in the noise of falling feet, a pause in the flow of the human stream, the clatter of hoofs on the frosty pavements, the turning of many eyes in the direction of the sound, expectant eyes, dilating with quickened interest — these marked the arrival of the carriage at the main entrance of the palatial New York hotel. The driver sprang down with unusual celerity to open the door. Obsequious porters appeared with much more than ordinary haste. Obviously, the new arrival was a person of some distinction, yet one whose coming had not been shouted from the housetops. The moving throng lingered to stare a bit rudely, while a half-dozen reporters, the quiet click of whose kodaks told of pictures surreptitiously snapped for the evening editions, had hung about for days awaiting the opportunity now afforded them.

"By Jove! that must be Lord Carrington, Mollie," murmured a Columbia senior to a fashionable girl at his elbow. "I'm very sure of it, in fact."

The subject of these remarks was a tall, dignified man of nearly forty, who lingered only for a moment near the carriage before entering the hotel, leaving to the two servants by whom he was attended the removal of sundry traps that had been brought up from the pier. One was a slender, black-eyed Frenchman in dark attire, noticeably graceful and quite evidently a valet. The other was a well-built man of an entirely different type, with a florid face and brown

beard, neatly trimmed and pointed. He was clad in a plaid suit, and appeared to have charge of the luggage.

The clerk bowed as he received the pen with which the Englishman had registered, while the latter remarked with a supercilious air of annoyance:

"We have been detained in the lower bay by a beastly fog all of the morning. My apartments are prepared for me, I hope?"

"Yes, indeed, Lord Carrington; the same suite you occupied when last here. It has been ready for you since yesterday."

"I shall require others for members of my family who will arrive next week."

"You can arrange for them later."

"I have brought only Francois, my valet, and one other servant, who—do be careful, Hobson. Where are your eyes?"

"Beg pardon, my lord." Hobson, hurrying in after the valet, had stumbled awkwardly over a rug and nearly fallen.

The house manager, Mr. Henderson, just then emerging from his private office, approached to say a word of greeting to his lordship before he went up to his rooms. Presently, upon leaving the elevator, he was met by the head room-clerk, Mr. Dickson Caldwell, who at once recalled the face of the distinguished guest, and added a word of welcome to that of the house manager, then went even so far as to accompany him to his suite.

The companion of a well-known and well-informed clubman, as both were emerging from the hotel, inquired with exceeding interest:

"Who was that man, Gibson?"

"Some English nabob, I believe, who is to marry——"

"No, no, hang the nabob! The man I mean would totally eclipse him. He passed us as we came from the office; a distinguished-looking man with the face of a sphinx. There was a red-headed fellow with him, who——"

"That man——" Gibson had turned back and peered through the swinging doors. "That man, Andy, is Mr. Sidney Garth."

"Sidney Garth?"

"That's his name."

"Who is he, Gibson, and what? By his looks he should be—well, I am lost for a comparison."

Gibson laughed softly, a rather mirthless laugh, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Who he is, Andy, may be more easily told than what," he replied, as the two sauntered away. "I can remember when Sidney Garth was one of the brightest men about town, a popular clubman, a genius, a wit and a scholar. Today, Andy, there is no more reserved and somber a man from Harlem to the Battery."

"By Jove! he looks it. What's the occasion, Gibson?"

"A crime," was the terse rejoinder.

"The devil you say."

"Garth has served a three-year sentence in Sing Sing," Gibson gravely explained. "Don't ask me for the particulars, for I don't know them. The affair has faded by degrees into the shadowy vistas of the past—save in the mind of Sidney Garth. I reckon it's fresh enough there, Andy. They who knew him best would have banked their pile on his innocence, but he went up the river for all that."

"Poor devil, I'm sorry for him. There was something in his face I rather fancied."

"I, too, feel very sorry for him," Gibson replied, a bit sadly. "He came out of prison, Andy, a changed man. Both of his parents died during his incarceration. Possibly grief killed them—as it is said that shame and bitterness came near killing him. A girl to whom he was engaged has stuck to him, with an abiding faith in his innocence, but he has refused to marry her, I am told. There may be more to it than appears on the surface, however, for the man does not exist who can fathom Sidney Garth. He resigned from all of his clubs immediately after his conviction, despite that his friends—ah, well, he will accept no friendships now. I once knew him well, or thought I did, but now I don't know him at all. I have heard that he has not smiled since his conviction."

"What is his business, Gibson? Or is he so well heeled that he needs none?"

"He needs none, as a matter of fact, for his income is large. He is in business, however. Very curious, too, not to say mysterious, when one considers the type of man and his unfortunate past. He spends his time and money in solving crimes and hunting criminals."

"Ah, I see. A detective."

"Not in just the sense you mean," said Gibson. "He is not connected with the police service. I think, in fact, that he rather dislikes and avoids anything like co-operation with the regulars, possibly because of the bitter past. Nor is he identified with any private agency. He works alone, or with the help of a single paid assistant, the red-headed chap you saw with him. Though he never had advertised his vocation, he has acquired a reputation envied by the brightest lights in Mulberry Street, and his services are in constant demand. Possibly that is because he rigidly refuses to accept payment for them, be they ever so valuable."

"Well, well, that's odd."

"Not more odd than the man himself. Whether or not he has some vengeful motive, or some mysterious secret incentive, I cannot say. I do know, however, that he is a genius in the art of solving abstruse problems in crime, and a veritable demon in his eager search and pursuit of criminals. No Nemesis on the track of a wrongdoer was ever more bitter, relentless and determined."

"He looks like a man of that stamp, as firm as a rock and as hard as nails."

"Breaking rocks at Sing Sing for three years would harden any man," Gibson observed, with a grimace. "All this is reflected in the man you saw today—totally unlike the man I once knew, whose mind was as broad as the sea, and whose heart was as big as that of an ox. This will serve, Andy, as an introduction to Mr. Sidney Garth," added Gibson, to drop the subject. "If you wish to know more of him, of his doings, his motives and of what he is capable—well, you'll not be alone in wishing that. You'll not learn it from him, that's a cinch; but possibly some

favoured chronicler of his exploits may finally reveal the whole truth."

"I hope so, Gibson, on my word. You have interested me in the man. I don't wonder that in viewing him I lost sight of that Englishman."

Still escorted by Caldwell, with his valet at his elbow, Hobson at his heels, and one of the house servants bringing up in the rear, Lord Carrington had arrived at the door of his apartments, a corner suite on the second floor, newly furnished throughout in recognition of his august patronage.

Caldwell opened the door with a key brought from the office, opened it presumably for the first time since the previous day, and they trooped in the order mentioned through a small, attractive reception room and into the broad, superbly furnished parlor adjoining it.

There they halted simultaneously. Caldwell uttered a cry of dismay. Lord Carrington staggered. Francois, the valet, recoiled from the startling sight; while Hobson, with a single, violent gasp, dropped the portmanteau he was carrying and covered his eyes with his hands, exclaiming involuntarily:

"Oh, my Lord, how horrible! How very horrible!"

On the floor near a great easy chair at one side of the room was stretched the senseless figure of a neatly dressed young man. His face and linen were covered with blood. A small pool and scattered red patches stained the rich velvet carpet nearby. A great bruise, half-hid in the matted hair on the man's brow, plainly indicated that he was the victim of a brutal assault.

"Good God!" Caldwell, aghast with consternation, was the first to recover from the unexpected shock. "What's the meaning of this? Go call the police, James. Bring Detective Hoffman up here at once. I am astounded, horrified, Lord Carrington, and without words to express——"

"Wait one moment, my man." Lord Carrington checked the departing servant, and, though frowning with vexation, met the situation in a sensible way. "Do not call the police quite yet. Publicity may possibly be avoided. The man

is not dead, Mr. Caldwell, and we may presently revive him and learn the truth."

"But a crime has been committed here——"

"The greater reason for avoiding publicity. The reputation of your house requires no less. Nor is any apology necessary, Mr. Caldwell, for the utmost care and precaution will not prevent occasional incidents of this kind. Call a physician at once, I should say, and—well, if the detective mentioned may be trusted, he, also, might be summoned."

"He will be discreet. We employ him from the Central Office. Send him up here, James, and then call Doctor Damon. Not a word to others at present, mind you, and pinch a little color into your cheeks while going down. I am completely mystified, Lord Carrington. How on earth can such an outrage have been committed in this house?"

The speakers were not idle during their remarks. Lord Carrington had made a closer examination of the unconscious man, but he arose while Caldwell gave his instructions to the servant and hurried him from the room.

"I think we had better do no more until the two men arrive," said he. "If your officer is at all like our London inspectors he will wish to view this evidence before it is disturbed. Bring some water from the lavatory, Hobson, in case it is required."

"Yes, my lord."

"And you, Francois, open a window and let in some cold air. What do these signify, Caldwell, I wonder?"

Reference was made to several long strips of white cotton cloth and a folded piece of flannel, which had been tossed on the floor in one corner. Before Caldwell was ready with an answer, however, the heavy tread of the detective was heard as he crossed the adjoining room, and he presently entered in company with the house physician, both of whom had been quickly located. Hoffman, a burly, dark-eyed man of fifty, wore a grim frown when he appeared upon the scene, and he at once exclaimed gruffly, with a searching stare at the senseless man:

"Here's a pretty mess! Knocked out with a slung-shot, that's plain enough. The rascals might at least have used a sandbag. See how badly he's hurt, Doctor. What do you know about this, Mr. Caldwell, if anything?"

"No more than you see," Caldwell nervously answered. "We entered only a few minutes ago. How such a deed can have been done in this house is more than I can fathom."

"Then it's up to me to fathom it," Hoffman bluntly growled. "What do you say, Doctor?"

"The man is badly injured. His skull is lightly fractured."

"Can you put him in shape to explain matters?"

"Impossible. It will be hours, possibly days, before he regains consciousness."

"Humph! That's bad."

"He must be removed to a hospital without delay."

"Not until after I have looked him over," Hoffman flatly declared. "Half an hour will cut no great ice, since this job must have been done some time ago. The blood is congealed, you see, and quite dry in spots."

"The assault was committed about noon, I should say," bowed the physician.

"And it now is nearly three o'clock. Hang it, here's a curious circumstance. This fellow's pockets are as empty as a drum."

"He must have been robbed," put in Caldwell. "Probably that was the object of his assailants."

"Is anything missing from these rooms?"

"I think not, Hoffman. They were reserved for Lord Carrington, and have been closed and locked since yesterday."

The detective, still crouching beside the plundered stranger, looked up and regarded the Englishman more intently. That the latter was not favorably impressed with the authoritative bearing and brusque speech of his observer appeared in a slight frown on his grave face, and Hoffman dropped his eyes quite abruptly and remarked, with a covert sneer at Caldwell's last statement:

"Closed and locked, eh? Are we to believe, then, that this fellow came through one of the windows? That's not likely, Caldwell, I think you'll admit. Call the person who had charge of these rooms. We'll see whether they were properly closed and locked."

Hoffman started to his feet with the last and proceeded to get busy, always in his impetuous, rough-and-ready fashion. Like an empty vessel, he could make a deal of noise, but his discernment was not great nor his acumen profound, despite the fact that he hailed from the Central Office.

Of the strips of cloth and flannel mentioned he could make absolutely nothing. Both were new and clean, though somewhat wrinkled, and the use to which they had been put, or for what they were intended, he could not conjecture. Perplexity furrowed his brow and brought an ugly gleam into his dark eyes, and both became more marked as his investigations were continued.

After inquiries that threatened to become exhaustive, to say nothing of giving to the affair the publicity Lord Carrington was anxious to avoid, it was learned that the rooms had been locked the previous afternoon, that no person since had been seen entering or leaving them, that no suspicious characters had been seen in or about the corridors, and that none of the servants could shed any light on the mystery. No complaint of a disturbance had been made at the hotel office, moreover, nor had any of the guests, so far as could be learned, heard any noise from the unoccupied suite.

Yet there on the floor, in mute mockery of the testimony evoked, lay the figure of the unknown man. All attempts to identify him had proved futile. How and when he came there, with whom and for what, the occasion of the brutal assault, unless done for robbery, as had been suggested, why the intruders had taken such a time and place, and how they had come and gone and done their work undetected—these were questions Detective Hoffman vainly racked his brain to answer, and the mental strain left him perspiring profusely at the end of half an hour, very red around

the collar, and irritable in the superlative degree.

"I'll be hanged if I can fathom it," he finally announced, with a snarl of chagrin. "This man must have entered voluntarily. He couldn't have been dragged in here against his will. He was with men thought to be his friends, then, that's a sure thing. It looks to me as if a gang of rascals had some job in view here and came in with a skeleton key, only to have a falling out among themselves after entering. This man evidently opposed the others, who settled the whole business by knocking him out and robbing him, then quietly made their escape. That's about the size of it, in my opinion, and I reckon they had designs upon you at the start, Lord Carrington, which you're mighty lucky to have escaped. This fellow must be removed, and the police set to work on the case."

Lord Carrington looked annoyed. "I wish the affair might be kept as quiet as possible," he said, with well-governed impatience. "I am soon to be married, and this unfortunate occurrence so quickly after my arrival may disagreeably affect the lady who——"

"But how in thunder are we to keep it quiet?" Hoffman churlishly interrupted. "This man must be identified and steps taken to discover his assailants. That can't be done by standing round and looking wise. This fellow must be taken to Bellevue and the police notified to—what's that, Mr. Curtis?"

The last was to one of the clerks, who had just come up from the office, following the abrupt departure of Caldwell a short time before.

"Let things remain for a few minutes," he repeated.

"Remain for what?"

"In order that Mr. Sidney Garth may view them. He happened to be in the cafe, and Caldwell wants his opinion of the case, if he will consent to look into it. I left him talking with Garth in the lower corridor when I came up."

"Garth!" Hoffman, lobster-red, vented the name with a sneer. "What does he expect Garth to do more than I have done? Isn't he content with my judg-

ment? All I hear of late, when a tangle staggers any of our push, is Garth—Garth—Garth! He thinks too much of himself. The conceit of the man is as absurd as it is colossal. Is he such a wonder? It must be that one acquires during long association with the crooks in Sing——”

“Stop right there, Hoffman!” The voice of the speaker had an icy ring, in vivid contrast with the heated tones of the other. “Cut that out at once! There’s nothing in it for you!”

There was no threat made, save that to be read in the drawn features and the cold, penetrating gleam in the eyes of the speaker, yet these served to silence Hoffman as if he had been suddenly tongue-tied. The gaze of all was quickly turned upon the man who had appeared at the open door—Mr. Sidney Garth.

II.

Gibson was right: “Breaking rocks at Sing Sing for three years would harden any man.” He might well have added—both inside and out. As for the latter, or physically, Mr. Sidney Garth was the man he looked. His six feet of brawn and sinews were alone enough to command immediate respect. Erect and fairly broad across the shoulders, with the neck, chest and limbs of an athlete, he combined leonine strength with the sinuous grace of a leopard.

Concerning the inner man — well, Gibson again was right. The man did not exist who could fathom Sidney Garth. His mind, his nature, his incentives and aspirations, were not reflected in his face. That seemed always to be in the shadow of a cloud. Yet it was neither moody nor morose, and was far from being unattractive. Smoothly shaven, with a square jaw, a firm mouth, severe at times, a straight nose, with the thin, sensitive nostrils of a thoroughbred, eyes coldly blue and strangely penetrating, nearly always aggressive in their expression, a broad brow and wavy dark hair, that was plentifully shot with gray, despite that he was still in the thirties—form of these a mental picture, then add a look of melancholy too subtle to be precisely described, too in-

definite to be detected at a casual glance, yet invariably there, and one would have a tolerably clear conception of the face that had so impressed Gibson’s friend, and to which the gaze of Lord Carrington and his companions had abruptly been drawn.

Quick to appreciate the significance of the interruption, the latter was somewhat surprised. For to him Sidney Garth looked far less like a detective than like a man of the cloth, some professional savant, or a player whose refined, impressive countenance retained the shadow of his tragic roles. While fashionably clad and with exceeding care and good taste, moreover, his dark garments seemed, somehow, to reflect the somber soul of the wearer.

Detective Hoffman shrugged his burly figure and wisely throttled his resentment. “Come in, Mr. Garth,” he said agreeably enough. “I am told that Caldwell has asked you to look into this case.”

“Yes, he has.”

“Possibly you’ll be able to make more of it than I have.” Hoffman’s tone, however, betrayed his secret doubts.

“Very likely,” said Garth, with a dryness entirely void of humor. “What have you made of it, Hoffman, more than Caldwell has told me?” He walked into the room while speaking, yet bestowed upon Lord Carrington and the others only a look of grave indifference, then stood with his frowning gaze fixed upon the man on the floor, with his head bowed and his lips grimly pursed.

Hoffman approached and stood beside him, pointing down at the stricken man. “I’ll tell you what I make of it,” said he, in brusque, argumentative fashion. “It certainly is plain enough that two or three rascals came in here to commit knavery of some sort. Very likely they intended to conceal themselves and rob Lord Carrington soon after his arrival, and they must have disagreed after entering, ending with the others knocking this fellow out and rifling his pockets. Either that, Mr. Garth, or this man was lured here by others for the sole purpose of robbery. If we start with either theory in getting

after the rascals I think we shall finally land——”

“Against a brick wall,” Garth interrupted, with cynical contempt.

“Why do you say that?” Hoffman drew back with a frown.

“I always say what I mean—if I say anything.”

“But why so? How do you make it out?”

“By using my brains, Hoffman, as well as my eyes,” Garth impatiently rejoined, with an aggressive stare at the burly detective. “Your theories are absurd. They haven’t feet to stand on. Rubbish, Hoffman, rubbish.”

“Rubbish, eh?”

“Nothing more nor less. This isn’t the type of man that robbers seek. Nor does he bear the stamp of a rascal.”

“But——”

“There aren’t any buts,” Garth forcibly insisted. “You can’t make black out of white. That’s a moral certainty. The evidence speaks for itself. Furthermore, this is not a place to which knaves would have lured a man for the purpose of—what do you say? His pockets empty?”

“Yes, empty, as empty as a tub. It’s dead open and shut that he has been robbed, for all you say, and——”

“Very probably done, then, to prevent identification,” Garth again interrupted, with an impatient wave of his hand. “His assailants required time for escape and flight.”

“You think——”

“Know, Hoffman, not think. There was something more than the mere robbery of this man, some knavery the nature of which the rascals have aimed to conceal from detection as long as possible.”

“That may be the case.”

“Get wise to that, then, and you may get after them.”

“Very easily said, Mr. Garth,” Hoffman churlishly sneered.

“So it is.”

“But not so easily done.”

“That’s your opinion,” Sidney Garth curtly retorted, rising again. “I’ll speedily see for myself. Got a lens, Michael?”

“Yes, sure.”

“Let me have it.”

Garth’s brusqueness had silenced the man from the Central Office. He had turned to one who had followed him into the room in company with Caldwell, moreover, a sturdy, muscular fellow of twenty-five, with close-cut, red hair, a freckled face and a pair of restless, inquisitive gray eyes. He was the man mentioned as Garth’s assistant, Michael Macklin by name, of Irish extraction and blessed with a generous endowment of Irish courage, loyalty and reliability in a fight. It was these very commendable qualities that had led to the relations between the two, rather than any marked detective ability possessed by Macklin.

Crouching above the senseless man for a moment Garth examined, as Hoffman had, the blood that soiled his linen and stained, in scattered spots, the carpet nearby.

“Done about three hours ago,” he declared, glancing at his watch. “You have just arrived, Lord Carrington?”

“Yes, Mr. Garth. We were detained in the lower bay by——”

“The fog of this morning. I recall that it was misty.”

“Very. We——”

“This easy chair—was it standing here when you entered?”

“Yes, and——”

“Here are spots of blood on one of the arms.” Garth waited for no elaboration after receiving an answer, yet his intense eagerness acquitted him of intentional rudeness. “This man was struck down while bending above some person seated in the chair. Otherwise, spots of the scattered blood would have reached the seat or back. Obviously, too, his assailant was not the person in the chair, who could not have reached up to deal such a blow. It could have been seen and warded, moreover, and—Michael!”

“Yes, Mr. Garth.”

“Go down to the side door and see if you can learn what guests entered the house about twelve o’clock, and also left a little later, say, in half an hour. A party of two, or more, and the side

door. Inquire at the ladies' entrance also. The rascals guilty of this job may have avoided the main entrance and corridors."

"You're not daffy enough to think they were guests of the house, are you?" Hoffman growled derisively, as Garth's assistant hastened from the room.

"Not only guests, but probably occupants of one of the nearer suites on this corridor."

"Good heavens, Mr. Garth, I can't believe that," put in Caldwell apprehensively.

"The truth will not be altered by your belief nor by Hoffman's derision," Garth retorted, with caustic candor. "You can't make black out of white, Caldwell, so swallow the pill, though it is bitter. In a house of this kind locks are not easily forced and rooms secretly entered. This affair was timed to a nicety. It was deliberately planned and quietly executed. It was not the work of outsiders. It was that of persons who had inside information, who knew just when this suite would be unoccupied and for whom it was reserved—whose entrance into the house would attract no special attention, whose presence in the adjoining corridor would excite no suspicion, and who were able, therefore, to seize a favorable moment to fit a key to the lock, and afterward enter these rooms with secrecy and despatch."

"That appears very reasonable, I am sure." Lord Carrington interposed the remark with a nod of approval.

Apparently oblivious to the remark of the Englishman, Garth had caught up the strips of cloth and the folded flannel from the floor near the chair.

"Those were lying there when we entered," said Hoffman, drawing nearer. "It's not plain for what they were used——"

"Pshaw! A mere detail."

"The rascals may have intended to bind up this fellow's wounds, yet neglected it either because they thought him dead, or because they were in so great a hurry to escape that they——"

"Rot!" Garth snapped. "Don't be an idiot, Hoffman."

"Idiot?"

"Confound it, haven't you eyes?" Garth had quickly spread out the strips of cloth and folded flannel. "Don't you see these wrinkles? Are you blind to these tiny holes? Try my lens. Pinholes, man, pinholes. These cotton strips have been used here for a bandage."

"But——"

"Bah! A mere detail," Garth forcibly repeated. "Run your palm over this flannel. Do you feel it—grit, man, grit and sand. The flannel was folded around a man's shoe. Where else on a man would you find grit and sand? It was folded around his shoe and held in place with these cotton strips, secured with pins."

"Hang it, I believe the ugly bear is right," Hoffman snarled, under his breath.

"But what do you infer from that, Mr. Garth," Lord Carrington inquired perplexedly. "It seems preposterous that a man should have had his foot bandaged without removing his shoe. Your discernment appears to be remarkable, yet I fear your reasoning is at fault here."

Apparently Mr. Sidney Garth did not hear him. At all events, he made no direct answer. He had thrust the strips of cloth and flannel into Hoffman's hand, and stood staring at the great easy chair, with his imposing figure drawn up and his dark, mysterious face a picture of aggressive resolution and mental concentration.

"His preparations were made here," he presently muttered, as if to himself. "He did not hobble here in bandages. He would not have taken that needless risk of attracting attention. He was waiting here, seated in the chair, with his foot bandaged as if injured, until his confederate should arrive with his fellow and—well, Macklin, what have you learned?"

Garth instantly came out of his abstraction, and, though his question came like a flash, his voice still retained the keen, cold, metallic ring that had characterized it when addressing Hoffman. Michael Macklin, his assistant, had hurriedly returned to the room.

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A MASTER OF MYSTERIES

(Continued from page 82.)

"Has the corsage piece I ordered been stolen?"

"Undoubtedly," Garth bowed, as they returned to the parlor. "It was sent here in charge of one of the store clerks, this poor fellow on the floor, at the request of a man and two women who went in a carriage to the store, and who stated that they arrived with you on the Saxonía early this morning."

"Outrageous!"

"They also stated that they were cousins of your lordship, that you had suffered an acute attack of gout during the voyage, and now were confined to your quarters in this hotel. They further said that you were very anxious to see the gift that you had ordered for your prospective bride, and requested that it be sent here."

"And it was sent?"

"Can you ask?" Garth pointed to the motionless form on the floor. "Yes, it was sent, Lord Carrington. I did not ask for more particulars over the wire, but told Mr. Kelsey to come up here at once. He is a general manager at the store, and the one who complied with the request, not of your lordship, but of these exceedingly clever crooks."

"Do you think them the persons mentioned by Mr. Curtis?"

"Yes. The circumstances are as convincing as the evidence of their villainous design. One entered these rooms, bandaged his foot and seated himself in this chair, prepared to briefly assume the character of your lordship. His confederates succeeded in their part of the work, blinded Kelsey with their falsehoods, led him to send this clerk here in their carriage in charge of the jewel, and—but the rest is so obvious that even Hoffman sees it. To strike down this man and secure the jewel, steal out of this suite and repair to their own, then pay their bill and leave as if innocent of any part in this rascally affair—it was, plainly enough, the work of a very few minutes."

Caldwell, with his reputation as the head room-clerk looming before him, was a picture of dismal dismay. De-

tective Hoffman stood mute with mingled resentment and chagrin. No need to ask, now, what signified the senseless man on the floor, the strips of cotton cloth and folded flannel—the obscure evidence in connection with which things had enabled Garth to deduce so nearly the truth. Hoffman saw it all in the limelight now, and his own deplorable weakness.

Lord Carrington, though greatly shocked and disturbed, quickly pulled himself together.

"Though I may suffer no pecuniary loss, Mr. Garth, this is beastly bad business," he said gravely. "It places me in a deucedly mean position. I remember Mr. Kelsey very well. It was to him I gave my order for the jewel, and discussed all of the details of it with him, when here in November."

"Two months ago. With whom else did you then discuss the matter?"

"With one of the firm."

"Where?"

"In his private office. I had decided to present my bride with a very valuable corsage jewel composed of diamonds and sapphires, and——"

"I don't care for minor details. Was anything said about it in the general salesroom, or in the presence of any of the clerks?"

"Possibly, yet I do not recall it."

"It is very important," Garth bluntly declared. "This theft may have been instigated, or made possible, by some treacherous clerk employed in the store. Make an effort to remember."

"I am doing so." Lord Carrington frowned thoughtfully. "Can you remember, Hobson? He was my guide and only companion at the time, Mr. Garth, for I was not familiar with the city. I picked him up here for that purpose, and since have retained him. Do you remember, Hobson, whether anything was said in the salesroom?"

Hobson came forward, bowing a bit awkwardly and stroking the front of his coat, a pronounced English plaid.

"I do remember very well, my lord," he said deliberately, with a peculiarly smooth and oily voice. "And your lord-

ship may remember, since I'm asked to remind you, that you stood at a counter with Mr. Kelsey and talked for a time about some diamonds one of the clerks brought out of a vault."

"True, Hobson, true," Lord Carrington exclaimed. "So I did, Mr. Garth. I now recall the circumstance distinctly."

"Was the name of the clerk mentioned?"

"If it was I do not remember it."

"You could identify him?"

"Readily, I think."

"You need not, however, mention these inquiries to Mr. Kelsey," Garth pointedly remarked. "By the way, Hobson, were you listening to what Lord Carrington was saying at that time, or paying attention to what he was doing?"

Though the curt question might have smacked of suspicion, no change of color or expression appeared in Hobson's florid face. He glanced inquiringly at Lord Carrington, as if in doubt about the propriety of replying, then bowed and answered with rather sinister suavity:

"Beg pardon, sir, but I know my place. It was not for me to be prying into the business of his lordship."

"A mere detail," Garth quickly returned. "I asked only to learn whether your attention might have been directed elsewhere. Did you see any persons near the counter at which he was engaged who may have overheard what he was saying about this very valuable jewel?"

"By Jove! that's a pertinent question, Mr. Garth," the Englishman cried. "Tax your memory, Hobson."

"Yes, my lord." Hobson bowed a little lower. "I do remember very well, sir, since being reminded of it, that two ladies were sitting at another counter, only a few feet away."

"Within easy hearing, Hobson?"

"I think so, my lord?"

"Did they look my way?"

"Very often, my lord, as I now remember."

"I'll make a mental note of them, also," interposed Garth, checking Lord Carrington with a gesture. "It may be that they were the two women con-

cerned in this robbery. Could you identify them, Hobson?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I mean, would you know them again?"

"I hardly think it, sir," Hobson demurred, with an uncertain headshake. "Yet I do remember that one had a dash of paint on her cheeks which made me notice her the more."

"A pointer to her character," Garth cynically observed. "That is all, my man."

"It is my impression, Mr. Garth, that very few persons can have known of this jewel," Lord Carrington volunteered. "For I did not want Miss Vandecker to anticipate my gift, so I have not mentioned it to my friends here. I also instructed Mr. Kelsey to that effect, and that there should be no display of the jewel when it was finished. I think that——"

"Here is Mr. Kelsey."

Sidney Garth turned away abruptly as an elderly man hurriedly entered the room, whose pale face and nervous agitation evinced his mental distress. Before he could speak, however, though he uttered a mingled groan and cry upon beholding the man on the floor, Garth said sharply:

"Waste no time in lamentation, Mr. Kelsey. This man must be removed as soon as possible, and I want the remaining details of this affair without delay. This is Mr. Brooks, the clerk you mentioned?"

"Yes, yes, and how dreadful!" Kelsey stood wringing his hands. "He is not dead, I hope, nor——"

"No, no, not dead," Garth snapped impatiently. "He's worth a dozen dead men. Answer my questions. At what time was he sent here with the man and woman who called at your store?"

"About half past eleven," Kelsey answered, governing his agitation.

"Had you no suspicions?" Garth forcibly demanded, with an ugly sarcasm stealing into his cold, repellent voice. "Did you feel no misgivings about sending so valuable a jewel out of the store?"

"Dear me, dear me, not under the circumstances," Kelsey nervously pro-

tested. "The man apparently was a gentleman, the woman richly dressed, and they told their plausible story in a very convincing way. They asked for me personally, and I judged from that that they must have come from Lord Carrington. Furthermore, they presented his own card, bearing both his name and crest, which I distinctly remembered, and I—here! I still have it in my pocket. I——"

"Let me see it."

"Yes, yes, certainly, Mr. Garth."

Mr. Sidney Garth merely glanced at the card—and retained it in his hand.

"I did not for a moment question their veracity," Kelsey continued, with pathetic distress. "They appeared to know all about the jewel, all about his lordship, and the story they told and the way they told it would have deceived the most incredulous. And when they offered their carriage for me, or for one of our clerks, I did not demur. We should have done the same for any of our wealthy patrons. It appeared perfectly safe to send Brooks here with them——"

"But after an hour or more, when Brooks did not return, had you no apprehensions?"

"Hour or more!" cried Kelsey. "Why, sir, Brooks telephoned me at one o'clock, or I supposed it was he, stating that Lord Carrington so admired the piece that he had sent for Miss Vandecker to come and see it. Hence, the delay did not alarm me until——"

"Until you heard from me," Garth interrupted. "One of the crooks took even that precaution to defer the discovery of the crime."

"It strikes me," Hoffman blurted, having restrained himself to the limit, "it strikes me that the sooner the facts are made public and the police started after the rascals, the more likely their discovery and arrest."

Mr. Sidney Garth swung around with a lowering frown and drew himself up.

"Quite the contrary, Hoffman," he said, with his voice taking on that icy ring so unpleasant to hear. "Your views are not my views, nor are your ways my ways. The less said of this

affair at present the better. It is not for you to say what steps shall be taken. It is up to these gentlemen to determine who shall have the right of way. What do you say, Lord Carrington? And you, sir?"

Lord Carrington had in mind what Sidney Garth already had done, and it gave promise of what he yet might do. Yet the Englishman was politic in announcing his decision.

"I already have stated, Mr. Kelsey, that I think publicity should be avoided, if possible," he said blandly. "I cannot but feel that Mr. Garth is right."

"Well, well, so do I."

Thus it was settled then and there, and left to Mr. Sidney Garth—the right of way. His lip curled slightly when he observed Hoffman's frown, but he at once turned to Lord Carrington and said:

"Give me one of your cards. If I have anything to report during the night, which is barely possible, I will send it up with my name on it, that you may be sure of your visitor. Michael." The last came quick and sharp.

"Yes, sir."

"Have Conrad bring my auto to the front door." Macklin vanished the instant the last word was said.

Mr. Sidney Garth turned on his heel and followed him, without a glance to the right or left.

III.

The moderate temperature of early morning, which had occasioned the unseasonable fog that had delayed the arrival of Lord Carrington, had given way to a biting cold. The stars in the cloudless sky glistened coldly, and appeared doubled in number. East River looked like a dark and threatening abyss, though across it the myriad lights of the restless city gleamed with unusual brilliancy.

A man in a plaid suit, with his shoulders hunched into a heavy frieze overcoat, with a thick woolen cap drawn over his brow, half hiding the intense gleam of his watchful eyes, with his lower features lost in a voluminous black beard; a man moving with exceeding caution, with his gaze alert, with his

feet falling lightly on the frozen ground—if Mr. Sidney Garth had reasoned a little further he might possibly have anticipated the designs of Hobson that same night.

At nine o'clock that night, the man referred to was stealing into the grounds of an old estate in Ravenswood, long known as Fairview, once the home of a retired old Englishman, dead for years, and which since had been rented by his heirs to such persons as could pay promptly and endure the frowning exterior of the old stone house and the chill of its crumbling walls. In only one of the lower rooms was there a light, seen through the leafless trees as he approached, a lone figure in the solitude and stillness of the starlit grounds, while even the street on which they fronted was silent and deserted.

He made no immediate move to enter the house. He walked entirely around it, viewing with searching glances the various doors and windows, then stealthily approached one of the two illumined from within, the curtains of which were closely drawn. For ten minutes he crouched with his ear to the pane, at times vainly striving to peer between the curtain and casing. Finally he seized one of the blinds and rattled it sharply, then tapped quickly on the pane.

The noise of hurried movements within instantly followed, and a man drew aside the curtain and raised the window, saying sharply:

"Who's there?"

The head of the crouching man outside bobbed above the sill and appeared in the lamplight.

"Hobson!" he cautiously cried. "Douse the glim, Linnehan, and lemme in the side door."

"Hobson be damned! Who in thunder is Hobson? Why are you prowling—"

"Here—have a look!" The man outside quickly raised his flowing black beard and displayed one of brown beneath it, neatly trimmed and nicely pointed.

"Hang it, that's different, Jamie. Why the disguise and—"

"Choke off that light, I say, and open the side door." The voice of the man,

peculiarly smooth and oily even in its vehemence, took on a threatening accent. "I fear there's a plain-clothes man after me."

"The devil you do!"

Linnehan instantly drew back and closed the window. The curtain fell into place. Presently the glow of light upon it vanished, leaving only the glare and glitter of the pane in the cold starlight.

Hobson hurried to a side door and was immediately admitted, only to quickly grope his way through a gloomy entry and into a room adjoining it, where he approached a window and cautiously peered out over the starlit grounds.

"What's wrong, Jamie?" Linnehan stood in the gloom at his hearer's elbow.

"I'm not yet sure," Hobson quietly answered, still intently gazing. "I had to sneak out of the hotel in this frowzy make-up, hoping to head off a fly cop who's getting too wise to our job."

"Wise to our job—you don't mean that, Jamie!"

"But not to us, Linnehan, not to us," Hobson quickly added, noting the other's accent of alarm. "I'll soon tell you. Who's here?"

"Only Jason and the girls."

"Both?"

"Yes, Nell and Nancy. We bolted straight for cover after turning the trick."

"Very good. It may be all right—I reckon 'tis," Hobson said less apprehensively. "Where are they now?"

"Waiting in the library. This way, old man. They ducked when you knocked on the window. We weren't looking for it there, nor sure you could manage to come over tonight."

"I had my eye on a chap I feared was after me, so I vaulted a fence in the 'back street to give him the slip," Hobson glibly explained, while following his companion through the main hall, which was faintly lighted by the lamp now burning dimly in the room mentioned. "I reckoned I'd better not ring at the front door, which can be seen from the street. I had to come over tonight, Linnehan, to warn you how the land lays and why—how are you, Jason?"

Hello, Nancy, and you, Nell. Glad to see you all again, and——”

“Caesar’s ghost! Why the whiskers, Jamie? You look like Santa Claus, or old Rip himself, at the age of fifty.”

The interruption came with a shrill, gleeful laugh from one of the two women, at whom Hobson had not even glanced when calling them by name, nor while shaking hands with a stout, broad-shouldered man met when entering the library. His remarks, made while he came through the hall, had been heard by all, obviating any need for further explaining his disguise, yet Hobson laughed softly and flirted the heavy beard from about his throat, saying with a nod at the woman:

“I found it useful, all right, as I’ll soon tell you. I’d stow it now, only I have it on with paste, for it’s a bit hot indoors, though not without advantages outside on a night like this. It’s colder out than blazes.”

They were young, well-built women, of a type termed dashing, and Linnehan was a tall, slender, resolute looking man of nearly forty. The four stood grouped near a table in the middle of the attractively furnished room, and surveyed with obvious satisfaction their not unexpected visitor. Yet in the subdued light from a shaded lamp on the table they could be seen only indistinctly, like figures viewed in the twilight. The flickering flames from a log burning in the fireplace sent fitful phantoms fluttering over the walls, or brought them out of the dark corners in which they were lurking.

“But I can’t stay here long,” Hobson added, with dry significance; “for his high and mighty lordship allowed me only two hours to visit a very dear old friend, who—oh, you laugh at that, eh? Well, we have the laugh on him, for fair, and have his blooming bauble in the—not too high with that lamp, Jason! If the party I saw is about here it’s best he should think the house in darkness and all hands abed.”

“You believe we’re in danger?” Jason dropped his hand from the lamp without disturbing it, and Hobson, with

a nod of approval, seated himself in a chair beside the table.

“Danger — mebbe not,” he replied lightly. “Yet it’s best to be wary.”

“That’s no dream, Jamie,” Linnehan assented, pulling up a chair. “We’ve got away with the goods, as you say, yet——”

“Oh, I reckon we’re safe on Easy Street, yet I made haste to warn you just how the land lays,” Hobson confidently interrupted, opening his heavy coat and settling it back on his shoulders. “You found nothing about it in the evening papers, eh?”

“Not a word,” cried Jason, hanging over the table. “We wondered why.” “It was owing to a covey named Garth, a fly cop, who——”

“Not Sidney Garth?” cried Linnehan.

“Aye, that’s his name.”

“I’ve heard of him, Jamie, and how infernally clever he——”

“Clever! Hang it, that’s no name for it,” Hobson interrupted, with a wag of his head. “He got next to your game in a way as made Hoffman, a Central Office man who was there, look like a rusty knife in a hardware shop.”

“You don’t mean it!”

“Don’t I, eh? Wait till I tell you. It was fearing he might be wise to me that made me slip out of the hotel in this make-up. You got my cable on time, I knew that at once.”

“Over a week ago, Jamie.”

“It was very clever, your getting into the hotel well in advance of our arrival. I had to smile in my sleeve when I heard you was registered from Kentucky as——”

“Colonel James Pollard, eh?” Linnehan interposed, with a loud laugh. “Let us alone, Jamie, to have the way paved for our part of the job.”

“So I did,” nodded Hobson, with his eyes aglow in the dim light. “It was very clever, too, your story of his lordship’s gout, and the way you——”

“That was my idea,” Jason cried, chuckling proudly. “I knew it would serve to blind Kelsey and lead him to return with us, or send up a clerk with the jewel. I asked for him personally

to make it look all the stronger, as we planned two months ago, and I gave him the card you sent us. That alone, I reckon, would have convinced him we were on the level."

"Very likely, Jason."

"Then, with Linnehan ready to receive us, with his gouty foot bandaged and his face averted till we could get our man well into the room—sure, Jamie, it was dead easy. The clerk didn't yip till he was bending over Linnehan to show him the goods, and then—well, I sent him down and out with the first crack from the box. In twenty minutes we were out and away."

"Very clever—all very clever," declared Hobson, drawing up and rubbing his hands. "It couldn't have been done better, Jason, had I been here myself."

"Sure it couldn't, Jamie, since we landed the goods."

"Where is the blooming bauble? Was the game worth the candle? Let's have a look at it before I tell you how the land lays and——"

"We've hidden it under the ashes in the furnace, in case——"

"Let's have a look at it," repeated Hobson. "Let's have a look, and then I'll tell you——"

"I'll get it," cried Linnehan, rising. "Wait a bit, Jamie."

Then in one fateful instant the situation became strained and intense. From some near locality outside, the stillness of the night was broken by the sharp, spiteful crack of a revolver. Mingled with it, or so closely following it that one sound seemed merged into the other, was heard the wild cry of a warning voice—one that none of them could doubt was that of Lord Carrington's recreant servant, Hobson.

"Make off, lads! Dust or you're done for! The house is——" The warning words were clipped as quickly as if a blow had silenced them.

One moment of uncertainty, one instant of suspense, while the firelight flickered on faces gone ghastly with dismay, and then an oath broke from Linnehan and screams from the affrighted women. With a half-smothered roar, evincing the fury born of his immediate

suspicion, Jason sprang nearer and turned up the light.

The man at the table had started to his feet. He had dropped off his heavy coat. A wig and two crumpled beards were lying on the floor. In the sudden glare of light, now drawn erect, with his striking face hard set with fierce determination, stood—Mr. Sidney Garth!

As regards this man, Gibson again was right—he was a demon in his pursuit of crime and criminals. He said nothing nor drew any weapon—save a single pair of handcuffs, that clinked noisily and gleamed brightly in the lamp-light.

Jason threw up his hand to dash the lamp from the table, but the steel bracelets fell with a blow that threatened the bones of his wrist, as Garth sprang upon him and bore him to the floor. Linnehan, more loyal than discreet, rushed to aid his snarling confederate; but the man who had him down, a tiger in his ferocity, with the strength of a madman, the endowments of three bitter years suffered through the knavery of such men as these, already had locked the irons on his wrists.

"You, also!" Garth was up and grappling with the lithe rascal while he spoke.

"Help!" Linnehan uttered a yell when he realized the prowess of the man. "Lend a hand, you girls! Get him from behind, both of you!"

The two women, palsied at first, but now lent fury by their fears, fell upon the intruder tooth and nail. Garth shook them off again and again, thrice in as many seconds, while crowding Linnehan to the wall in vain attempts to secure his wrists. Then one—the shrewder of the two—dropped quickly to the floor and seized his ankles, bent upon throwing him from his feet.

Garth began to sway and reel in the midst of the struggling group. He saw Jason scrambling to his feet, and knew the effect of a blow from his manacled hands. His face took on a harder look, his eyes a more terrible gleam. He wrenched his right arm free from the woman behind him, dealt Linnehan a

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blow that turned him lax and limp from head to foot, then hurled him bodily upon Jason, and sent both crashing to the floor with a violence that shook the house.

As he turned fiercely about, thrusting both women aside, the nearest window was beaten in with rapid blows. Showers of splintered glass fell jingling over the carpet. With rage turning his freckled face as red as his fiery hair, Michael Macklin bounded into the room, bringing the broken sashes with him.

"Don't hurry, Michael. There's no occasion."

Sidney Garth's voice was as cold and calm as if he had asked the time of day.

"If you should want that man of yours, James Hobson, which is not very probable, you will find him in the Tombs."

Lord Carrington stared with amazement at the face of the visitor who had been ushered into his rooms. He brought with him the chill of the night air and also of his own mysterious magnetism—and a square parcel wrapped in paper, which he placed on the table and on which he rested his hand while speaking.

"In the Tombs, Mr. Garth! What do you mean? Take a chair."

"No, I'll not sit down." Garth deliberately shook his head. "I have only a few words to say. When you next pick up a servant in New York—pick up was your term for it, I think—make sure that he has a character."

"Good heavens!" The habitual serenity of his lordship was severely shaken. "You don't mean, Mr. Garth, that Hobson had a hand in——"

"Who else?" Garth tersely checked him. "He alone was with you when you ordered the jewel, knew of whom you ordered it, and the instructions you imposed regarding secrecy and its great value. Who else, then, probably planned with crooks here, giving them one of

your cards and informing them of the natural effect of appealing to Kelsey personally when executing their rascally design? That the card given him was one of your own, not one craftily prepared by them, was easily proved by a careful comparison of the texture of the two that—well, you saw how they came into my possession."

"Really, I'm astounded."

"Faugh—a mere detail. It was necessary to blind the rascal to my suspicions. Obviously, a clerk employed in the store could not easily have done the things mentioned; and, furthermore, since even the press has not been able to report your movements, the knaves who could so anticipate your arrival must have been precisely informed by some person near you and cognizant of your plans. Who, then, in the light of all of the circumstances—who, then, but Hobson?"

"I see—I see." Lord Carrington still stared amazedly.

"There was little to be gained, but much, possibly, to have been lost, by arresting Hobson this morning," Garth continued, with hardly a change of tone or countenance. "To locate and secure his confederates was of chief importance. That might have been difficult with knaves of superior ability, whom neither blindness nor assurance would have led to ignore a clue to their whereabouts. Obviously, since your plans were given no publicity that would have enabled rascals to so precisely anticipate your arrival, Hobson must have communicated with his confederates from abroad. A cablegram may be sent in secret code, thus hiding a felonious design, but the address of the recipient may easily be learned at the main office—and that is where I found a message one week old and warranting suspicion. To locate Fairview, Ravenswood, the address it contained, and there secretly make sure that my suspicions were well founded—pshaw, it was a mere detail.

Such knaves as these were hardly worthy one's steel."

Sidney Garth had removed the paper from the parcel while closing his remarks, displaying a richly inlaid case, still slightly soiled with gray dust and ashes. He turned the key and opened it—and Lord Carrington let out a cry that rang through the room. There in its velvet bed, ablaze in the glare of the electric lights, emitting a myriad of scintillating rays that dazzled one to view, lay the jewel stolen by Jason and his pals twelve hours before.

Mr. Sidney Garth was buttoning his overcoat around his imposing figure.

"Mr. Garth, you are not going!" Lord Carrington seized him by the arm.

"Pardon. It will be safe in your hands. I am going——"

"But my thanks, your fee——"

"I want no thanks, Lord Carrington. Nor is there any fee. I shall collect my fee—in the future, and in a way of which you do not dream!"

Silent, somber and mysterious, he strode through the hotel office. An auto stood at the curbing, with a sturdy, clean-built man at the wheel, and Macklin shrugged among the robes in the tonneau. Garth hardly glanced at either when he entered it.

"Home, Conrad," he said curtly.

"Got rid of it?" Macklin ventured the terse question after a silence.

"Yes, rid of it." Garth turned and looked at him quite harshly. "And I now want to know, Michael, why you left the street tonight, where I ordered you to remain and watch for Hobson. You knew I didn't wish to be interrupted before I could hoodwink those curs into producing their plunder. You knew that, if Hobson showed up, I relied upon you to take care of him."

"Sure I did, Mr. Garth, that's right." Macklin spoke with a dubious whine, yet there was a twinkle lurking in his bright gray eyes. "But you were gone so long that——"

"What has that to do with it? I listened at their window to learn one or

more of their names and determine the identity of the bearers."

"Well, sir, I didn't know what they might have handed you. I feared you might need help, and so I——"

"Help!" snapped Garth scornfully. "Am I not over seven? You're a dolt, Michael. You're always blundering in some such way."

"But——"

"There are no buts. You can't make black out of white. A blunderer, that's what you are."

"Sure, sir, that's just what I am," Macklin admitted, with a roguish grimace. "I'd no sooner got next to the house than I saw Hobson plugging full tilt across the lot."

"Oh, you did. What do I care about that? Bah! a mere detail."

"I tried to head him off, the blather-skite." Macklin went on as if there had been no interruption. "But he knew me at once, and sent a bullet by my ear. I downed him before he could shoot again, and while he was yelling that——"

"But that was too late—or it might have been," Garth growled censoriously. "You're a dolt and a blunderer, Mike, and always have been."

"And always will be," Macklin dismally added, with ludicrous candor. "Faith, I think I'd better quit the whole business. I'm a big lunkhead even at me best. I'll never make good in the world, so I'll not, and all your——"

"There, cut it out." Garth's countenance softened marvelously, and his voice grew strangely gentle. "I'll take it all back, Michael. You're a jewel of the first water—in your own peculiar way. You made good tonight, too, in the way you came through the window. Let it go at that."

"Sure, sir, that sounds a deal more like you," Macklin laughed, with genuine fondness. "All I'm sorry for, Mr. Garth, is that the rascals weren't those you've been after so long. If we'd only got them, instead of landing these scurvy dogs who——"

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“Stop right there!” Sidney Garth changed ominously. “Not another word of that. I shall keep at this work until I land them. Sooner or later, Michael, sooner or later—the day of retribution will arrive! Not another word.”

Macklin sat silent, awed by the face of the man beside him, and the car sped on.

* * *

Can't Testify.

“There are microbes in a kiss,” said the scientist.

“I don't care,” replied the summer beau. “A microbe can't testify in a breach-of-promise case.”—Washington Star.

* * *

Still in Peril.

“Is your son out of danger yet?”

“No; the doctor is going to make three or four more visits.”—Louisville Courier-Journal.