"As you will, Lady Walcote. I regret that I have no alternative. There are certain formalities to be complied with, but if you will agree to surrender this

evening I will call here." "Much the best way, Mr. Borderham," said Mr. Gifford when the two had left the room. "Never heard a lamer tale, did you? This ought to be a good thing for you. You've gone as straight as a good hound on a keen

"I never had any doubt," replied the inspector. "The change of weapons was a little check, but there was never any

doubt." "I only wonder she came back; that's all. Better have poisoned herself. Wonder how the trains go. I shall just turn into the servants' quarters and find out. I shall give 'em a hint, too, of what's up. Well, I'm glad to have met you in this case. I like to see sharp work, even when I'm done myself. What time shall you take her? I'm serry for the baronet. He's a good sort, and I'm afraid he

won't thank you.' "I shall get the warrant this afternoon and take her some time late in the evening. I want as little fuss as can be, but it'll make a bit of a splash, won't it?" He spoke with an air of subdued but conscious pride, like a man who feels that he might boast if he pleased, but wishes to appear properly modest.

They parted then, and the private de-

tective went into the servants' rooms to ask some questions about the trains and to tell them the news that Lady Walcote was to be arrested that night on a charge of having murdered the

Meanwhile in the library blank dismay had fallen on Sir Jaffray and Beryl, and Lola, as soon as the excitement of her interview with the police inspector was over, had broken down at the thought of the disgrace she was bringing upon the man she loved.

"If I were only dead," she moaned, "all this trouble would be ended, but I will not die till I have proved my innocence, and then the sooner death the better."

"Why don't you take time so that we may try to get some evidence of the truth?" asked Sir Jaffray. "How could I wait?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" "There should I wait? I could not stay here, and if I could not be here I

would as soon be in jail!" she cried im-Sir Jaffray had no answer, for her reply tapped the other stream of his trouble concerning her, and he could

say nothing. "You could have come with me. Lela," said Beryl quietly. "I think, with Jaffray, that you should have waited, unless, that is"- She stopped and left the sentence unfinished.

"Unless what?" asked the baronet,

glancing at her. "What made Mr. Gifford turn suddenly in that strange way?" she asked as an apparently irrelevant reply. The barenet muttered angrily at the mention of the name.

"I was wondering whether he had some motive, after all," she added. "But there—one clings to any straw." "It is terrible, terrible!" exclaimed Sir Jaffray. "I cannot stand this in-

activity. I must do something or I shall go out of my mind.' Then a long and most painful inter-

val of silence came. "Jaffray," said Lola, rising abruptly from the sofa, "we had better part now. It will be less suffering for you when we are not together. Goodby." She held out her hand to him. "I have made an ill return for all your love, but try, whatever happens, not to bear too hard a memory. I meant in all sincarity to pick out the course that would all this if I could. Goodby.

"It is not that which troubles me now, Lola," he answered. "I am not such a brute as to be thinking of myself at such a moment as this. What I want to do is to see a way for you. Are you really resolved to give yourself up this evening? If you would delay it. the truth might come out."

"I would rather face it at once. If I gether. I am a coward when I think of have stolen it. Do you hear?" death would be so much

And then another long silence fell you say? Tell this-this cochon that he

on the three. Sir Jaffray broke it.

"I shall wire for some one to come and take up the threads which Gifford has bungled so terribly," he said, with sudden emphasis. "At all events it will be doing something, and heaven knows we need a cool head here now. In the meantime there is no goodby between us yet, Lola. I may be away some time, but I shall get back before -before the evening," he said, changing the phrase with some slight show

He went away then, and Lola and Beryl both found in his departure some relief from the strain. They sat together, their talking

broken by long gaps of silence, and Beryl did her utmost to comfort her companion and to draw her confidence One confidence Lola pred with her, and the little story was both told and listened to amid scalding tears from both. The sharing of the secret drew the two women closer than ever to-

As the time passed Lola endeavored to assume a firm and resolute manner, but Beryl could see how completely she

With difficulty Beryl induced her to take some food and wine. "You will need courage, Lola," she

said, "for Jaffray's and that other's sake." And at this plea she yielded, forcing herself to eat and drink. In the evening Beryl's agitation in-creased, and her al calmness quite deserted her, but Lela, on the other

hand, grew strong and determined as the time of the arrest approached. It was characteristic of her to meet the trouble when it came close defiantly.

When Sir Jaffray came in, he was surprised to find Lola so cool and confident and Beryl so agitated.

He told them what he had done-how he had seen Gifford and spoken out his opinion in strong terms and in the presence of one or two of the servants had told him to leave the manor, then how he had telegraphed to London to a well known firm of solicitors, accustomed to the unraveling of such mysteries, and had asked them to come down at once and bring all the skilled help that was needed, and so on through

The telling of this was a relief to them all. It enabled them to avoid those sides of the subject which were so oppressively sorrowful, and, moreover, it

"One thing is certain, hencer," he said in conclusion. "There must be a Colay, at all events until the London lewyers have been down and looked 13to things. It must be so, Lois, and I must find a means of getting Borderham Just then the police inspector was ap-menneed and came in, looking very preside year imperious.

Beryl, who was sitting by Lola, felt her tremble and her muscles stiffen for an instant, while ske bit her lip l

"I think, Mr. Borderham, that this matter had better stand over for a day or two, after all," said the baronet, and he than described what he had done and said that he would, of course, be responsible for Lola's surrendering when-

ever the inspector desired. The latter listened deferentially, but at the close he shook his head slowly. "I am afraid that it is now too late, he said gravely. "It is very painful t me, but after what passed this morning I have made all arrangements, and"-

"I am ready, sir!" cried Lola, rising and facing him resolutely. "I will go with you at once." At that mement Mr. Gifford entered the room, carrying a parcel in his hand.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I have something to say." Sir Jaffray turned angrily to him.

"I thought I ordered you to leave the manor!" he cried. "But I didn't go, Sir Jaffray," replied Mr. Gifford calmly, "and, what is more, I staid to some purpose, as I think you'll admit when you hear what

I have to say." CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME. Inspector Borderham took the interruption by Mr. Gifford in bad part. Be had persuaded himself so thoroughly that he was going to make his reputation over the case and was so convinced that he had excluded the possibility of mistake that he was impatient of anything that threatened delay.

"I don't see the necessity of this terruption," he said in his stiffest

Mr. Gifford read him at a glance and instantly resolved to puzzle him

"I know it's unprofessional," he said | that." very suavely, "but there is a little matter of theft which I think ought to be cleared up before anything else is done, and Lady Walcote's presence is essential for that purpose.

"This is unwarrantable trifling, Mr. Gifford!" exclaimed Sir Jaffray indignantly, and the inspector seconded this opinion with a look. "We are here in the midst of the gravest crisis of our lives, and you, having backed out of the serious business this morning, now come with some sort of flippant triviality on your lips. I must ask you to withdraw."

"It is no triviality, Sir Jaffray," returned Mr. Gifford apologetically. "I am not given to play the clown in the middle of a tragedy. What I say is correct, however. I have a charge of theft to make against a servant in the house. and I repeat that it must be heard here

before enything more is done." He went to the door, and, opening it, beckoned to some one outside to come in. A woman who had been in charge of two footmen entered.

She was Lady Walcote's French maid, Christelle Duval. She held her head up with a saucy, flaunting air of bravado and looked angrily at Mr. Gif-

"I charge this woman, Christelle

Duval, with the theft of this dress."

said Mr. Gifford, rapidly unfastening

the parcel which he had been carrying and holding up a black dress trimmed with silk and lace. It is one of your

dresses, Lady Walcote," he said, "and has been found among this woman's

"You are a fool," cried the woman angrily and with vigorous gesture. speaking with a French accent, "a stupid fool! Have I not tell you 20 times it is a dress madame gave me? You know it, madame-you know what I say. You give it me since a month in lead to the least trouble for you, and | London. Is it not so? It is only an old heaven knows I would have spared you thing you have done with. You say. 'Christelle, you can have this,' but this man, this fool, fix on it and say I steal it. He is-bah!'

She finished with a wave of the hand of infinite contempt, as if the detective were too much of a fool even for words. "Now you are lying, you Frenchwoman," he said coarsely. "You have taken that dress out of Lady Walcote's wardrobe within the last two days and

wait, my resolve may fail me alto- since Lady Walcote left the manor. You "Ah," she exclaimed, with a toss of the head and a sneer, "I have it a "Don't, Lola! Don't!" he cried in a month, and it never leave my possession one minute! Miladi knows. What do

> is a fool and then let me go." The witnesses of this scene had listened in blank bewilderment while this had passed, and now Sir Jaffray inter-

> posed augrily. "This is insufferable!" he cried. "I think I can settle this in a moment," said Lola, who kept cool. "What Christelle says is quite true, Mr. Gifford. I gave her the dress at least a month ago. It is hers, and certainly she cannot be said to have stelen it."

"There!" said the girl, tossing her head again and curling her lip. "What did I say?" "Is that so? Then I have made a mistake," said Mr. Gifford, with a very crestfallen air. "Do you mean

that you gave her this for her own, to wear when she pleased?" "Of course. What else, stupid?" exclaimed the woman, laughing saucily. "I tell you the dress has never been out of my possession, and I have worn it when I pleased." She repeated his

words in a mecking tone and laughed. "I think this has gone far enough, Mr. Gifford," said the police inspector. "It is clear you have made a mistake. You had better leave the room," he

added to the girl. "One moment, please," said Mr. Gifford calmly. "I am not quite the fool you seem to think. Now I have something serious to say. You have all heard this woman," pointing at her with his forefinger, "own that that dress is hers, that she has had it a month and more, that it has never left possession, and that she has worn You marked that, all of you?" He

paused and looked around him. "Well?" asked Inspector Borderham in a tone and with an expression that seemed to say the whole business was a tedious interruption.

"Well, I withdraw the charge against her of having stolen the dress, and instead"-he stopped and glanced around as if to enjoy the full effect of his next words-"I charge her with the murder of Pierre Turrian!'

If he had aimed at producing a dramatic effect, he could not have been more successful.

The words fell like a bomb in the midst of them all. Lola turned as pale as death and leaned for a moment against Beryl, by and that I had thrown up the case, seewhom she was again sitting, and into Beryl's eyes there came a look of in-finite pleasure, making her face glow breathless suspense and fixed his eyes on the woman against whom the charge

She turned on the detective like a wild animal at bay, bending her head aside as if half crouching between fear and desperation, her large dark eyes looking larger by contrast with the blanched face in which not a vestige of color was left.

This is a serious matter, Mr. Gif-

The state of the s

ford." said Inspector Borderham. "What grounds have you?" "Ask her to tell you where is the bit of lace that is torn from that place. You'll see the pattern of the lace is a very marked one and the tear very sin-

gular in form." "Well, what do you say?" asked Mr. Borderham, turning to the woman. "You need not answer unless you like, and if you do answer what you say may be used against you. Mind that."

There was a pause, during which the woman breathed twice through her widespread nostrils. Then, with an assumption of indifference, but in a voice that showed her nervousness, she said, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"How can I tell how I tear every little bit of lace that I wear?" "Well, when did you wear that dress last?" asked Mr. Gifford.

"How can I remember? Do you think | the native is satisfactory if you have I have but one?" "What dress did you wear the night Pierre Turrian was killed?"

"I don't remember. How can I?" "You lie!" cried Mr. Gifford sternly. 'You were that dress, and you went to meet Pierre Turrian in it. You had it on when you stabbed him to the heart, and it was when you delivered that blow that he clutched at your dress and tore from it the piece of lace that ants will be apt to eat the dinner be- Dunlap, McKim & Downs, fits exactly into that tear. I have it here, and I myself took it from the dead

man's fingers." The woman reeled back before this indictment, and, groping with her hands | ant paid 10 per cent to the government. behind her for the wall, leaned against It for support, all the bravado and dar-

ing gone out of her manner. "It is all a lie, a lie!" she gasped through her livid lips, which would hardly frame the words.

"See, inspector," said Mr. Gifford.

showing how exactly the piece of lace fitted into the torn lace of the dress. "I don't seem to understand." said Sir Jaffray, like one in complete bewilderment. "When did you find all this out? Why, this morning I thought

you had thrown up the case. "The scent was getting keener than ever theu, and I wanted a little help. hat was all," answered Mr. Gifford. with a smile. "I had suspicions yesterday or the day before. The thing looked | the Australian Association For the Adall so bright and clear against her lady- vancement of Science, the subject being ship there that I began to suspect it, and I wanted to know badly who it was that was sending those anonymous letters. Ah, you may well start. Frenchwoman!" He turned to her. "You set up the suspicion yourself when you did

The woman tried to shrug her shoulders in reply, but she failed "I saw, as any one might have seen." and he glanced hurriedly at the inspector, "that whoever sent those letters had a strong interest in getting Lady Walcote into this trouble, and the fact that the writer knew so much about where the dagger and the bracelet were, or, rather, where they were not, on the night of the murder made me quite ready to think that she knew a little more. Again, another fact struck me as peculiar. Why should Lady Walcote carry away one bracelet only out of all

her jewelry? If she had wanted it for its value, she'd have taken the let, and the odds were dead against her wearing any such conspicuous piece of jewelry as an ornament when she was flying from home and didn't want to be traced. That set up the notion that these things had been dropped just for effect, and that whoever had dropped them had done it with the object of planting this business on Lady Walcote.

"There was another little thing: That bracelet was broken in two, suggesting that if the thing were genuine there had been a regular rough and tumble struggle between the murdered man and the woman who had done the deed, but there was no evidence whatever on the spot of any struggle, barring the bit of torn lace, while the two parts of the bracelet were found at such a distance from each other that only a most unusual sort of a struggle could have caused that. This helped me to think, therefore, that whoever had put that bracelet there had first broken it

"But it was one thing to see that the trail was too broad and another to find the right track. I made up my mind that if Lady Walcote had gone out intending to kill that Frenchman she wouldn't have been so determined to prove that she had been there as to use a dagger which every one knew by sight and to leave on the ground a bracelet which all the countryside could identify, a piece of lace with enough character in it to hang half a shopful of women and, as if that wasn't enough, a handkerchief with her name carefully written in flaunting letters in the cor-

"A handkerchief?" interrupted the

heard of that, but we knew of it. Sir whole thing had been planned and overdone. The proofs were too many, young woman, and too plain. Well, then, the question was, Who had done it? Obviously it was a woman-50 things proved | the bride prospective looked anxiously that-and equally obvious it was some



Instead of speaking she uttered a piercing scream and fell in a huddled mass. one who not only knew the ins and outs of the manor house, but had the run of her ladyship's jewel drawer. Well, there weren't many in the place who answered to that description, and I soon saw that it must be this Frenchwoman. You helped me to that, Sir Jaffray." "I? How?" exclaimed the baronet,

who had listened like the rest with rapt attention. "You told me that you had seen your wife that night near the cottage, but had not seen her face. This told me that I was to look for a woman something like her ladyship in height and figure. Look!" he cried, pointing to the woman, who, with her back pressed against the wall, scowled at them all as

they turned their heads in her direction. "Still, I wanted the proof," he continued, "and to that Lady Walcote helped me by coming back. I reasoned that the woman who had done this would be getting eager to get away, and that the best thing I could do would be to give her a plausible excuse. That I did this morning. After the conversation here I went to the servants' rooms and repeated what I had said here—that the whole thing was found out, that Lady Walcote had virtually confessed, and that she was to be arrested tonight,

ing where the truth was. It worked. "This woman saw at once that it with warmth. Sir Jaffray waited in was not going to remain in the service gave her a plausible excuse to go. She of a lady charged with murder, and accordingly she declared she should leave at once. I was sure of my ground then, and, managing to get her out of the way for an hour, I stepped up and searched all her things over. I found the dress I wanted, and you know the use I made of it. But I found something more. She probably knows what it is, for she knows the dead man's writing well enough, I found a letter twisted up and

forgotten and actually in the pocket of the dress, and the letter was from the murdered man, telling her to meet him at the identical spot where the murder was committed two hours after the time named in the letter to Lady Wal-

To be Continued.

.... In Manila.

Living in Manila, says Joseph Earle

Stevens in McClure's Magazine, is dirt

cheap-if you are not fond of tinned

France and Germany.

peas and asparagus, that come from

"Our cook got 40 cents per diem to

supply our table with an entire dinner

for four people, and for 5 cents extra he

would decorate the cloth with orchids

and put peas in the soup. As a servant,

enough of him. He takes bossing well.

and you can punch his head if things go

wrong. In fact, he rather expects it

than otherwise, and does not put his

arms akimbo and march out of the house

when you mildly suggest that the qual-

standard. For ants are everywhere, and

unless the legs of your dining table and

cook stove stand in cups of kerosene, the

ity of ants in the cake was not up to

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"For wages, these boys-and they are called boys till they die-get some \$4 a month, and on this salary my own servsupported a wife and two children. bought all his own food and ran a fighting cock. I don't know how much he stole, but he used sometimes to call on me for an advance, saying that he needed funds to bury some relative. At first I was touched at his loss, but later on, when he tried to bury his mother twice over, I found it necessary to keep a record of the family tree in order not to be led into paying an advance on the cost of two funerals for the same person."

Inside of a Molecule. The New South Wales government analyst, William M. Hamlet, delivered

the presidential address in the section of chemistry at the recent meeting of "The Molecular Mechanism of an trolyte."

He defined an electrolyte as a body in solution or state of fusion, capable of being instanteously decomposed by a current of electricity, and he claimed that if the explanation he offered was adequate for the electrolyte it must hold good for the constitution of the matter in the universe, so that the treatise on the electrolyte has a most important scientific bearing. The method of investigating the action of one body upon any other, he reminded his audience, was brought to a high degree of accuracy by the immortal work of Sir Isaac Newton. He alluded to some observations of the late Professor Clifford, made over 20 years ago, this authority remarking, almost prophetically, "We can look forward to the time when the structure and motions in the inside of a molecule will be so well known that some future Kant or Laplace will be able to make an hypothesis about the history and formation of matter."-Nature.

The Cavalry Regiment. The sabers clank'd, the men look'd young and healthy and strong; the electric tramping of so many horses on the hard road, and the gallant bearing, fine seat and bright faced appearance of a thousand and more handsome young American men, were so good to see. An hour later another troop went by, smaller in numbers, perhaps 300 men. They, too, look'd like serviceable men. campaigners used to field and fight. July 8-This forenoon, for more than an hour, again long strings of cavalry, several regiments, very fine men and horses, four or five abreast. I saw them in Fourteenth street, coming in town from north. Several hundred extra horses, some of the mares with colts. trotting along. (Appear'd to be a number of prisoners too). How inspiring always the cavalry regiments. Our men prove this by calling. are generally well mounted, feel good. are young, gay on the saddle, their blankets in a roll behind them, their sabers clanking at their sides. This noise and movement and the tramp of many horses' hoofs has a curious effect upon one. - "The Wound Dresser," by Walt

Whitman. She Married Him Anyhow. A convict at a French penal settlement who was undergoing a life sentence desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross examine the prisoner. "Did "Yes, a handkerchief. You hadn't you not marry in France?" He said, "Yes." "And your wife is dead?" "She is." "Have you any documents to show that she is dead?" "No." "Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead." There was a pause, and at the would be groom. Finally he said, "I can prove that my former wife is dead." "How?" "I was sent here for

killing her." And the bride accepted him notwithstanding .- Denver Times. The Difference. Dr. Pellet-All you need is 25 cents' worth of soda bicarbonate, dissolved in

water. You'll get it at the drug storeat the drug store, remember, not at the grocery. Patient-But what difference does it make, doctor?

Dr. Pellet—It will make a heap of difference to you. If you go to the grocery, they'll give you so much that the dose'll kill you. -Boston Transcript.

Peculiar to the State. "So far as I know," said the doctor in answer to a question, "the shortest word of four syllables is 'Ohioan.'" "Well," observed the professor, re-moving his eigar from his mouth a moment, "it's the same way as regards the offices. The Ohioan always gets there

-Chicago Tribune. Hard Requirement. fie-I'm about to get a good position under the city; nothing to do practically but sit still and look wise. She-Oh, I do hope you'll be able to

with fewer letters than anybody else."

all the place!—Cincinnati Enquirer. An Indication. "He," said the fond but firm father, "is, I fear, a young man of extravagant "Yes," the daughter admitted, "he wants me for a wife. "-Cincinnati En-

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3rd-That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by Dr. Charles Bardou's improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched

4th-That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect

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