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SOLVING A MYSTERY

(Continued.)

For a time he was content to let himself go on the tranquil current of this existence but although his auditors gave him for the most part an encouraging attention, which in some went the length of really brilliant and helpful suggestion, he gradually felt a recurrence of his old doubts. Either his hearers were not sincere, or else they had less power to aid him than they boasted. His interminable conferences resulted in nothing, and as the benefit of the long rest made itself felt, it produced an increased mental lucidity which rendered inaction more and more unbearable. At length he discovered that on certain days visitors from the outer world were admitted to his retreat; and he wrote out long and logically constructed relations of his crime, and furtively slipped them into the hands of these messengers of hope.

This occupation gave him a fresh lease of patience, and he now lived only to watch for the visitors' days, and scan the faces that swept by him like stars seen and lost in the rifts of a hurrying sky.

Mostly, these faces were strange and less intelligent than those of his companions. But they represented his last means of access to the world, a kind of subterranean channel on which he could set his "statements" afloat, like paper boats which the mysterious current might sweep out into the open seas of life.

One day, however, his attention was arrested by a familiar contour, a pair of bright prominent eyes, and a chin insufficiently shaved. He sprang up and stood in the path of Peter McCarron.

The journalist looked at him doubtfully, then held out his hand with a startled deprecating.

"Why—"
"You didn't know me? I'm so changed?" Granice faltered, feeling the rebound of the other's wonder.
"Why, no; but you're looking quieter—smoother out," McCarron smiled.

"Yes; that's what I'm here for—to rest. And I've taken the opportunity to write out a clearer statement—"

Granice's hand shook so that he could hardly draw the folded paper from his pocket. As he did he noticed that the reporter was accompanied by a tall man with grave compassionate eyes. It came to Granice in a wild thrill of conviction that this was the face he had waited for.

"Perhaps your friend—he is your friend?—would glance over it—or I could put the case in a few words if you have time?" Granice's voice shook like his hand.

If this chance escaped him he felt that his last hope was gone. McCarron and the stranger looked at each other, and the former glanced at his watch.

"I'm sorry we can't stay and talk it over now, Mr. Granice; but my

friend has an engagement, and we're rather pressed—"

Granice continued to proffer the paper.

"I'm sorry—I think I could have explained. But you'll take this, at any rate?"

The stranger looked at him gently.

"Certainly—I'll take it."

He had his hand out.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Granice echoed.

He stood watching the two men move away from him through the long light hall; and as he watched a tear ran down his face. But as soon as they were out of sight, he turned and walked hastily toward his room, beginning to hope again, already planning a new statement.

Outside the building the two men stood still, and the journalist's companion looked up curiously at the long monotonous rows of barred windows.

"So that was Granice?"

"Yes—that was Granice, poor devil," said McCarron.

"Strange case! I suppose there's never been one just like it? He's still absolutely convinced that he committed that murder?"

"Absolutely. Yes."

The stranger reflected.

"And there was no conceivable ground for the idea? No one could make out how it started? A quiet, conventional sort of fellow like that—where do you suppose he got such a delusion? Did you ever get the least clue to it?"

McCarron stood still, his hands in his pockets, his head cocked up in contemplation of the barred windows. Then he turned his bright hard gaze on his companion.

"That was the queer part of it. I've never spoken of it—but I did get a clue."

"By jove! That's interesting. What was it?"

McCarron formed his red lips into a whistle.

"Why—that it wasn't a delusion." He produced his effect—the other turned on him with a pallid stare.

"He murdered the man all right. I tumbled on the truth by the merest accident, when I'd pretty nearly shucked the whole job."

"He murdered him—murdered his cousin?"

"Sure as you live. Only don't split on me. It's about the queerest business I ever ran into. Do about it? Why, what was I to do? I couldn't hang the poor devil, could I? Lord, but I was glad when they collared him, and had him stowed away safe in there."

The tall man listened with a grave face, grasping Granice's statement in his hand.

"Here—take this; it makes me sick," he said abruptly, thrusting the paper at the reporter; and the two men turned and walked in silence to the gates.

(The End.)

**ECENTRIC AND DARING ARE
HAT STYLES THIS WINTER**

With a little skill and plenty of daring, any woman may trim her own hat this winter, for never were styles so eccentric and so diversified. Shapes turn up and turn down. There are mushrooms, there are shepherdess styles that shape the face and mites of turbans that are but a cap pinned to the hair. The queerest of all the new hats is the "sundown" shape that kicks up abruptly at the back and scoops down over the eyes, the trimming being placed, not on top in the ordinary conventional way, but under the flare of the brim at the back. One of these tilted up hats, made of gold and blue brocade, and with a veritable tail of drooping coque feathers, set under the high flare of the back, was the central point of interest at a recent opening.

THE CHANTECLER MOTIF

Madame, the milliner, explains that this was the famous "sundown" model, designed by no less an artist than the great Lewis, and intended to express a Chantecler motif—one was left in doubt as to the meaning of the motif unless it was a suggestion of Chantecler creeping to roost under the shelter of the poultry house roof. Thousands of dollars will be represented on milladi's head this winter—if the costly trimmings of the hats for dressy wear are any criterion. Pater-familias wonders dolefully why the hat bill that used to be a safe and sane twenty or thirty dollars now soars alarmingly into the three figure mark, but his protests are met in this respect as in every other direction of his household economics.

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Absolute relief from all Stomach misery is waiting for you as soon as you decide to take a little Diapepsin. Tell your druggist that you want Pape's Diapepsin, because you want to become thoroughly cured this time.

Remember, if your stomach feels out of order and uncomfortable now, you can get relief in five minutes.—3

with the assertion that prices for materials have gone up. Fur, feathers, rare laces, cloths of gold and silver, velvets thin as silk and soft as chiffon, and ornaments of hand wrought metal set with jewels send trimming prices up, and the shapes themselves modelled after inspirations of Paris artists, may not be had by any means for a song.

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