

ACCIDENTALS

BY ORIAS MCGUMMER

When I am happy and happy when I'm sad... the much more weary whenever I am... a very woolf contradiction of a tune...

WEIRD MYSTERY

Tracing a Dark Crime.

BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON, M. D.

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued).

I returned to turn to the attack... "Colonel, you left that house without... "That was it, Joslyn."

"Colonel, what do you mean? Speak out." "You are a detective." "Well?" "And you have been hunting out the truth of this man's death."

"Colonel, you think this is smart." "Oh, no." "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

CHAPTER XXIV.

COLONEL CAIN stared, or rather glared, at me, as if trying to read my very soul.

I could follow his mental progress by the look on his face just as readily as trace the workings of fever or other sickness in a patient.

however, house-breaking proved, a confession in my case would mean ten years. That does not suit me—especially just now.

"It's too bad," he muttered, in troubled tones, "too bad. Where will the ten thousand—demons! don't stare so exultantly at me. It ain't me you've caught."

CHAPTER XXV.

I studied my man for a minute or two. A strange man he was. I tried to analyze him, and amid a score of quick theories, I acted on the most plausible.

curled Seabury case buried fathoms deep in oblivion. "That's all." "Not from personal fear, however, but from what I know, because it will bring pain and regret to you when you have hunted down the real criminal."

"I must," I replied, firmly. "Then, first and foremost, tell me all you know." "What?" "I started at the man's audacity."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The astounding revelation of the burglar unmanned me. I stared at him in dismay. I seemed in a flash to glance at the truth and guess at all the motives underlying its workings.

"I agree to it all." "Can you do what you agree?" "Yes." "You promise?" "I swear it, provided you do as I say."

"There is no bigger lie in the world," growled the exchange editor, jabbing his shears vindictively into an unoffending newspaper before him, "than an old proverb. I've seen it rain lots of times when it didn't pour."

CHAPTER XXVII.

What is the value of a human life, not the sentimental value, but its worth in a cold cash calculation? Ever since Cain slew his brother there has been divine and human insistence upon the sacredness of human life, and the old law was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.