ACCIDENTALS. BY ORIGINAL MIDSUMMEN heo I am happy and happy in the much more weary whe d s very woeful contradiction of a tune con. is through their abounding with en-ner through the this abrances like this abrances like this abrances that onlengthen of day. feeting fancies filigreed to suit their d amidst the auxious inclination of ind. and warp abstractedly interchanged degree the understanding to the chaos of is. the accidentals in the weather vane of enginen to a measure the sublimity of e, us much for nothing, save the sum TS MEET

pay, is the profits in the hope that's away. r watchful, careful of the whirlpools past. theless drifting in the present's grasp.

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Tracing a Dark Crime.

BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON, M. D.

(HAPTER XXIII.-(Continued)

that the stack, body at first, so as not to alarm him. To the attack, body at first, so as not to alarm him. To the stack at the stack

man sweath.
"That was it, Joslyn."
"The papers say he committed sui-

"The papers say ne committed suile
"They don't know."
"But the coroner's jury viewed the
spec and their verdict was the same."
"Fools!" he muttered.
I was gradually getting deeper and
spec into the stream, but I did not
san to make any halt.
Only persistent effort would carry the
sun to declare his innocence or else be
herd in a cell as the guilty assassin.
Be would soon be given his choice when
had cornered him.
"Come. Colonel, you excite my curiosIf the old Doctor did not commit
shide, what was the manner of his
sait."

which, what was the manner of his kind."

My pointed question must have startled line a little. He looked at me keenly a somen, as though debating a point in its trickged mind.

My curiosity was natural enough, however, and he did not seem to suspect.—(1) (4) you. Joslyn, that man never.—(2) (4) you. Joslyn, that man never.—(3) (4) you. Joslyn, that man never.—(4) the truth. I know it."

"fonce come, you didn't have a hand used a thing, Colonel?"

"fonce come, you didn't have a hand used a thing, Colonel?"

"for ourse not, Joslyn. I ain't in that be you know, though sometimes a man lie driven by circumstances into mantting a crime his soul naturally such from."

"Yet you say the Doctor was murder— "Yet you say the Doctor was murder-

I did not.

it of Po ıy. Willia ∋oliticis

Well, telonel, you be wilder me. If you didn't kill the old Doctor yourself, and even failed to see him killed, how the cauce do you know he was murder-That was a shot straight home

That was a shot straight home.

If he answered it my ond was achieved,
the including my ork.

Here fortune took a whirl. Colonel
Stanbaramo reserved. I saw his lips
thes firmly, and my hopes took a fall,
for I knew in my mind what that meant.

I don't care to talk any further on
that subject, Joslyn.

"Why not? You have interested me."

Chilige me by letting it does. It has a

Oblige me by letting it drop. It has a sery painful memory connected with it that I wish to banish."

I rather thought so myself; at the same time it was not my intention to say that the Colonel.

is the colonel. So here, you don't realize what you were in that iouse the night Dr. Seabury died—that you know he was murdered, and that here are painful recollections consect, with the case which prevent you from spraking further. Now, all this kads me to believe, as it would any one less that you had a hand in that siffair." He turned on me savagely.

It if you, man, I had nothing to do with membry hands have not the blood of his old Doctor upon them."

"Then why do you object to telling

hy the douce do you want to

"My curiosity has been aroused, as I

wileve there is another reason."

you are more than you are and have suspected it once or twice. In your actions allayed my fears. Now, how your persistency in pursuing his subject that you are more than Joe led III. An anasteur burgier. There was no dayling it that the man lid struck near home. The matter had lone so far that it was of little importance.

not care now. The matter had far that it was of little import-

winthor he learned my identity or If I could but get the truth out of him would cast him aside like an old glove ozed temon, such was my east

allocation Plant

push forward.

"Colonel, what do you m

"You are a detective."

"You are a detective."

"Well?"

"And you have been hunting out the trath of this man's death."

"Colonel, a admit all yon say."

"Who are you, then?"

"Have you heard of Abner Ketcham?"

He wiped his forehead with his hand, but at the same time laughed harshiy.

"I reckon I have. It's been a siy game you set for me. Ketcham. I suppose those those those to crack, and the chase over the roofs, was a part of the 'affair, to make us friends?"

"I assure you I had nothing to do with

friends?"

"I assure you I had nothing to do with them, except as you saw. I was lying in wait in that house, watching for you to come, when I meant to make your acquaintance and warn pou that men were ready to nab you there, when, bless my soul, if the three policemen didn't enter, "From their low conversation I gathered that the man had betrayed you. The rest is already known."

"It hurts me to know I've been hoodwinked in this way. What good is it going to do you, Mr. Ketcham?"

"I shall carry out my plan."

"What is that?"

"To learn what you know."

"What is that?"
"To learn what you know."
He laughed in a sneering way.
"You forget a certain old adage. One man can lead a horse to water, but forty can't make him drink against his will."
"Then you refused to

"Then you refuse to tell me what I de-sire to know?"

"I do."
"What is your reason for it?" "Perhaps it's a mere whim of mine. Then again it may be that I'm mad at the trick you've played on me, and de-termined to pay you off in your own

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

"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."
"Just what I thought."
"We'll turn it around and see how the case stands."
"Do what you please. I have no further interest in the matter."
"Wo'll see about that, my man. Perhaps there are more ways than one in which to make a man open his mouth. You have admitted to me that you were in that house when the crime was committed."
"Oh! have I?"

in that house when the crime was committed."

"Oh! have 1?"

"A denial will do you no good, for I knew it before. That was why I sought you out. I can prove it in a few minutes by a dozen different facts."

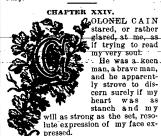
"Well, for the sake of argument, we'll admit that to be so."

"Then you will tell me what you saw?"

"I swear I won't, Ketcham."

—I fastened my eyes upon him. At the same time I drew a revolver and brought it on a level with his head.

"Colonel Cain, you are the only man who can solve this puzzle.—Listen to me. You will either tell what you saw on that night, or go with me to the Tombs, charged with the murder of Dr. Sea bury."



OLONEL CAIN
stared, or rather
glared, at me, as
if trying to read
my very sout

pressed.

"Arrest me—" he began, and then seemed to reflect.

"Yes, I certainly shall."

The Colonel appeared to study the situation.
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.

It seemed to say:
"I shall be arrested anyway if I elude this man. I now know certainly that I am involved in the Seabury murder case.
"If arrested they cannot prove me guilty, but I am wanted for other crimes, and a long detention, possibly a term in prison, would not suit me.
"I give in—that is partify, but—what does this man know?"

The Columbi's first audible utterance, after fully five minutes' cogitation, sur-

The Coloner's iriss autorie decerates, after fully five minutes' cogtation, surprised and flattered me.

"Well, you are an original one!"

I smiled placidly.

"You think so?"

"I do."

"Then reward the unique with prompt attention and confession. Colonel....." "Hold on!" I paused.

"I paused.
"I have a word to say."
"Say it then."
"Lower your revolver and put it away.
You, a valued friend, turn out to be my
natural enemy—a detective; but I like
you all the same. I admire you. You
speak candid and honest. You have led
me into no traps. You have cornered
me logithmately."
I feli flattered.

ie into no traps
le legitimately."
I felt flattered.
"You accuse me of a murder—the karner of the legitimate of the legi the killing of Dr. Seabury. am innocent."

"You say so."
"I can prove it."

"That is well for you."

"Don't sneer, threaten, or be over-sanguine. I know what I know. You know nothing. I can see it by your face: I can judge it by your following me the way you have done. I propose dealing aquarely with you. I have a proposition to make."

Somehow it impressed me that Calr was sincers. He was notified at having been duped, but beneath it all I fancied that he had beneath decided to act sunara-man trimes.

that he had bedieved to see square—men to ma.

"I did not kill Dr. Seabury."

I nodded, silently, reservedly.

"I was in the Seabury mansion the night of the murder."

That was a confession of importance at least.

"You cannot prove that I did the murder. That's is no court in Christendom that would convict ma. I am in a trap,

confession in my case would mean years. That does not suit me espe ly inst now."

ly just now."

"You mistake," I said, interruptingly
"There are clews to connect you with

the murder."
"What?" demanded the Colonel, in sharp, defiant tones. "First, you were

snarp, defiant tones.

"First, you were at the house at the time Dr. Seabury was murdered."

"Yes—admit that."

"The creese you took from your room was the instrument of death."

Cain turned white as death. "Perdition." he ejaculated, uneasily,
My face brightened. I know it. I-I telt the victor. I pressed him closely, eagerly.

I felt the victor.

cagerly.

"Aha! You see ..."

"I see nothing!" he almost screamed, convulsed with fury. "Demons, I am trapped! Oh, why did I take the creese...

I mean—don't stare at me! Confound you—I'm in a pretty trap."

Colonel Cain squirmed and muttered and writhed. It was not being a prisoner, virtually in my-power, that bothered him. No! saw that the general convenient chagrined him.

""" are ment chagrined him." other motive—some convenient on the convenient of th

environment chagrined him.

And now some other motive—some plan or hope disturbed by my revelations and hold on him—seemed to distress him.

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

"Ain't it?" I remarked, incredulously.

It looks mightily like it."

"Looks migntly like it."
"Looks are deceptive."
"And the truth will help you."
"Will it? Yes, it will. Say, don't
make me dislike you. Don't gloat. I
want to be straight. It ain't that I'm
afraid of—the murder—for I had no
hand in it. It's the row suspicion will
get me in—it's the loss of the—the—
some money."

ne money."
All hinging on this same crime?"

"From whom?" "From whom?"
Colonel Cain paused. He arose to his feet. Great drops of perspiration made his brow clammy.
He sighted dismally.
He looked despondent and shook his head in a troubled sort of a way.
Like a person unmanned, driven to a wall. Cain stared blankly, ruefully

at me.
"Too bad—too bad!" he muttered

"100 bad—100 bad—100 he measure time and again.

Then, straightening up, the old shrewd fire came into his eyes.

"Partner," he said, with a lingering touch of familiarity in his tone, "let's be square. It will pay both of us. You want to know all about this Seabury

ase?"
"I must!" I replied, firmly.
"Then, first and foremost, tell me all

I started at the man's audacity.

"Tell me all you know—show your

"Tell me all you know—show your hand."

"You are mad!"

"An !? Will you do it?"

"Certainly not."

"Then it ain't an honest one. My side is clean and clear, but not a word—not a hint-will. I give till I know what you know!" cried Cain, with wonderful force. "I'm in earnest—story for story. When you know mine you won't be sorry that you acted squarely with me."

CHAPTER XXV.

I studied my man for a minute or

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. He was in earnest—pitifully, pathetically in earnest. I had drawn him to me. Aside from that, some latent and mysterious fear caused him to court continued surveillance rather than escape me by force or oraft and not know exactly how the case stood.

In Theodore Seabury's case I had blurted out the truth atone. With this man I had done the same. I had not acted deftly, in approval with usual detective methods of intrigue and cunning. My way had produced impressive results and I was gratified.
I decided, unwise as it may seem to the reader, to make a confidant of Cain.

the reader, to make a confident of Cain.

I told him all—from the start to the finish—discoveries, suspicions, theories—every detail did I unfold to the anxious-aved engrossed burglar.

inish—discoveries, suspicions, theories—every detail did 'I unfold to the anxious—eyed, engrossed burglar.

His brow darkened as I proceeded, anxious and hopeless when I commenced, anxious and hopeless when I had concluded my rapid recital.

If throw up the sponge."

His depressed words thrilled me.

"You will tell all?" I asked, eagorly.
The Colonel did not reply for a minute. He sat twisting his hands nervous-ly, knitting his brows, and apparently communing deeply with himself.

"Come," I urged, rendered impatient at his silence; "you promised."

"It cannot tell all," he began.

"Then, you have deceived me?"

"No."

"Bit—"

"Silence!" he cried, irritably and almost menacingly. "I'm in a fit. I don't confess from love of the law, but because I've got to. I'm in a box. In two boxes, in fact. If I go to jail and keep silent, those who are interested will cover their tracks, disappear, and leave me to bear the brunt of it. If. I lie or fight or scheme for freedom, I will be so hampered and hunted down will cover their traces, disappear, and leave me to bear the brunt of it. If I lie or fight or scheme for freedom, I will be so hampered and hunted down that I cannot get the money—the money— the money—perdition! am I a drivelling idiot?

I had to smile at the struggles of the

entangled bird.

"Colonel," I said, pleasantly, "don't evade don't try to decaye. Come, man, the truth—the entire truth, and nothing but the truth. It's fair—th's manly. I don't believe you guilty—there, I'm honest. You are implicated, but not very conscience-stricken. Tell the truth."

"In part?"

"Alli"
"In part. Just so much as I have to.
Now, look here, Doctor"—to knew me
in my true identity new from my recent
straightforward story—"as I say, I've
no love for the law. I'd like to see the

Cursed Scabury case buried fathons deep in oblivion."

"What is a surried as the same distributed by the same

truth must come out."
"Well, I shall tell it," announced Cain.
"That is, a part of it—that is, all I have to—that is, provided——"
"Well?"
"Provided I am guaranteed immunity

and freedom."

"How can I tell?"

"You must!" cried Cain, resolutely.
"You must agree that, if I prove my innocence, I will not be further troubled."

bled."
"Well, say I do?"
"And, further, that no one shall be arrested—no move made—until I have had opportunity to see parties interested in the case."

What parties? I demanded, mystifie

"That is my affair."
"But why should you see them?"
"To protect myself."

"Rather, to secure my reward."
"For what—murder?"
"No; for silence."
"Silence?"
"Yes."

"No, sir!"
"What then?"
"A witness."
"You saw the crime?"
"I did." You saw the assassin?"

"As plainly as I saw you."
"You witnessed the crime, and the assassin saw you?"

"No."
"Nor suspected your presence?

"You mystify me," I gasped."
"Do I?" smiled Cain.
"Yes."

"Yes."
"I thought I would."
"Explain yourself."
"Well, then, I saw the murderer-saw the deed; and another, too, wnessed it."
"Incredible!"
"A man."
"Scarce accomplice of yours?" "A man."
"Some accomplice of yours?"
"No: we both saw it. He was no party to it—he tried to prevent it. Fall-

g, he sought to protect the assassin. "You amaze me!"

"He tried to bribe me to silence."
"And you agreed?"
"I did." 'For \$10,000?'

"Exactly."

"Not yet paid?"

"Not yet paid."

"Who was he?"

"His name," replied Coionel Cain, calmly. "was Theodore Parker."

"Great heavens!" I was forced to ejaculate aloud by the quick emotions that surged in my excited mind; "Dr. Seabury's son?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The astounding revelation of the burgler 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.

That truth represented the certain confirmation of past suspicions. Theodore Parker, alias Theodore Seabury, had deceived me. He had affirmed that he had not witnessed the murder of his father, and here was a credible because an accidental witness who disputed and disproved his false statement.

Again came another compileation. Neither of these men had taken a hand in the killing of Dr. Seabury. I felt sure of it. I believed every word that Cain spoke.

spoke.
Confronted on the witness-stand, one would surely acquit the other and Jus-tice would be forced to credit them Only each would be forced to explain the motives that had brought them to

the tragic scene.

And tell the name of the real murderer of Dr. Seabnry.
Who was it that had done this deed of

blood? My brain reeled, my heart was chilled, as I thought of it.
I dared not trust myself to linger with these overpowering emotions that possessed me with Cain watching me pene-

sessed me with cam watching he polaritatingly.

"Come." I said, arising to my feet, "we must leave here."

He scowled dreadfully.

"Leave here?" he repeated, vaguely, suspiciously.

"Yes."

You must!

"Yes."
"Where for?"
"Never mind that, Colonel Cain," I said. "You cannot dream how interested I am in all this strange case. I have been helped, enlightened by you. I owe you my gratitude. I shall prove it to you. I want you to come with me to my office."

"Do you comprehend what that means for me?" he answered.
"No."

"Recognition on the public street, if "We must evade them."

"But later?" "Come with me. I promise to arrange everything."
"But I do not choose to come."

"Why?" will accompany b prisoner—as a friend. I trust you—I believe in you—butgits as you are. Balleve me, I continued, earnestly, "it is the best the only way. All you care for is that you do not get arrested?"

"Yes."
"Nor become publicly implicated in the

"That's it."
"That's it."
"And that you are allowed an opportuinty-to-scene the money you referred
to?" to?" "Exactly."

"I agree to it all."

"You promise?"
"I swear it, provided you do as I say."
"Ah, what you say!"
"It will not be difficult. This crime must be explored—the assassin must be apprehended. Choose to go with me as a friend, an equal, safe and free, or to be hand down by detectives, dragged to jail, forced to confess, and, possibly, implicated in the crime.

Cain looked sulton and mean free.

plicated in the crime.

Cain looked sullen and uncomfortable.

"I prefer to trust myself in your hands," he said, finally.

"You are wise. I shall not be false to you or my promise."

We reached my office two hours later.

Untraversed thoroughtares and a close cabenabled a journey untroubled by the police.

cabenabled a journey untroubled by the police.

When we again left the office Cain wore an effectual disguise.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked, as we proceeded down the street.

"Nowhere into danger," I replied. He walked quietly by my side. I was silent, uncommunicative. I was in a lover of strange anxiety. There were questions I longed to ask him, but feared the how shudderidgly I dreaded!

"Hello" he ejaculated at last, "there?"

He had come to a sadden halt.

Trouble Breaks Out Again.
"There is no bigger lie in the world,"
growled the exchange editor, jabbing
his shears vindictively into an unof-

"There's nothing strange about that,"
said the financial editor. "Pve seen plenty of dry weather when all signs

didn't fail." "Well," rejoined the other, "you're not the only one that's seen it. And I know there are plenty of fools like the

old fools, too," "Well, I don't know," reflected the financial editor, "but I am willing to make affidavit that a watched pot will

boll as well as any other pot."
"I don't know that your affidavit would strengthen the statement any, but it's all wrong about a live dog being better than a dead lion. It isn't

The child isn't the father of the man, either. The man's the father of

singly. Early to bed and early to rise won't

make you healthy, or wealthy, or wise, either. It only makes you cross. I've lived in the suburbs long enough to how that" know that." "A penny saved isn't two-pence earned, and care didn't kill the cat."

"I know you can't always tell a man by the company he keeps. Sometimes he's got to stay in the same room with men that-"Two Isn't always company, either.

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 insistences upon the sacredness of human life, and the old law was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He who slew his fellow-man must explate his crime by his own death. In times which were regarded as barbaric as compared with these damages for the loss of a life were sought by the sufferer, who judged himself what the measurs should be and executed his judgment, if he had the power to do so, but civ-ilization has instituted courts for the purpose of ascertaining the value of human life and the sufferer must appeal to these. The law-making power of Illinois has saved speculation upon the point. It has declared that the ut most that shall be paid for a destroyed life by the agency responsible for destruction is \$5,000. The great manslaughterers in civilization when contending armies are not in the field are railroad corporations. The killing of human creatures is incidental to the business of common carriers. There is no malice prepense upon the part of a company. It would very gladly avoid such killing, because it means responsibility in damages. But its o lessness in centers of population, its own methods of moving locomotives rapidly over street crossings at grade, result in these murders, and when wid ws and orphans appeal to the courts for redress they find the way barred no matter what may be the money value of the life that is taken, by this law in Illinois that the value of a haman life in no case exceeds \$5,000.
What will the Legislature of Illisons at its forthcoming session do to remedy an enactment which is a travesty upon civilization and has wrought infinite disaster because it has prevented com-mon carriers from being held to what would be the real loss to survivers in the destruction of human Me?

....

fending newspaper before him, "than an old proverb. I've seen it rain lots of times when it didn't pour."

necessarily a wise child that knows its own father, and the hand that rocks the cradle doesn't rock the world by a jug full.

the child."

"And troubles do sometimes come

"Neither does it take nine tailors to make a man."

make a man."
"And if you pull out one gray hair there won't be any thousand—"
"What do you know about hair?" stapped the financial editor.
"What do you know about what it takes to constitute a man?" snarled the exchange editor.

No list a ways company, either. Sometimes two is a crowd. I know men that take up altogether too much room for their size, and—"
"Well!"

But friends interfered.