CHAPTER III.—Continued.
After concealing the photograph, the
th of which had made such a marked
pression upon the detective and his
mpanion, Marion and Judith Kredge
t the kitchen, but in a few moments
e watchers at the window heard footps within the house, and as they
emed to be approaching the rear door,
ey drew back into an angle of the
ilding where the darkness was comsta.

bia.

Marion and Judith Kredge came out rough the rear door, gained an alley the rear of the narrow yard at the ck of the building, and thence walked the next street, while Paxton and anmore closely followed them. A suspicion he would scarcely have red to formulate into words was gaing ground in the detective's mind as he adowed the women.

Н,

OT.

Vbs

ground in the detective's mind as he dowed the women.
hey had not proceeded more than a ple of blocks when Parton discovered to some one was stealthily dogging footsteps of Stammore and himself, the was playing the shadow, he was in being shadowed, carrely had the detective imparted discovery to his companion, when the man whom he had detected following darted by, and himself and Stange both recognized Levi Kredge by peruliar limp.

noth recognized — uliar limp.

"exclaimed Paxton in — ared that dge!" exclaimed Paxton in a r. "He-has-discovered that we lowing his sister and the cashier's er," he added in a tone of disap-

apprehended that it was Levi

on apprehended that it was Levi 's purpose to warn Marion and his hat they were followed. proved to be the fact. taking Marion and Judith, Levi paused and spoke to them in a e for a moment, and then hurried

again.

he two women glanced backward,
then crossed the street, and making
atour they returned to the house
mee they had come, without going
where in particular,
fter Marion and her companion reered the house, Paxton and Stanmore
ched the building until the light
erall extinguished, and they were
that the inmates had retired for the
tt.

the this they withdrew and Stanbe returned to his hotel, while Paxprompted by an impulse of the mot, lingered in the neighborhood,
resently he saw a limping form apfrom a side street, and, recognizing
kredg., he followed until he saw
cuter the office of Pratt & Weeks by
oriente way.

enter the onice of There are private way. The janitor had given a peculiar raphough it was now long after business and no light was to be seen ratt & Weeks' office, he had been

mptly admitted.
An! He was expected. The rascal about to have a private interview with federates, I suppose. I should like one an unseen witness of this meeting, me see, when I was making the achard investigation—a-year-ago, I coecasion to make several calls on ssis. Pratt & Weeks. Once or twice as admitted by the private entrance, or I recollect that the street door as upon a narrow entry beyond chis the door of the brokers' private ce. I'il take the risk."

I'll take the risk e. I'll take the risk."

ging thus communed with his own
gints the detective crept to the door

to office by which Levi Kredge had
entered, and producing a pick-lock
eftly opened the door.

ortunately there was no bolt on the
le or I would have been baffled," he
ered.

thout making even the faintest and which might have betrayed his ener, he gained the entry upon which sitred door opened, closed the door and him and crossed the narrow half he door of the private office be-

re he listened and heard the voice

e he listened and neard the volues tt, Weeks and Levi Kredge. detective's nerves thrilled with ation as he thought that now per-fi was destined to make some im-

int discovery.

could distinctly hear all that was by the men upon whom he was spy-

tt spo**ke first.**

ooke first.

c, your warning about the loney came just in time. If the plen from Garrison's safe had do us we would have been he said

our reputations forever lost," Veeks.

weeks,
other laughed unpleasantly,
out we have kept up. Nothing like
station. Our dupes have always
the ignominy and blame, while we
reaped the harvest resulting from
success of our shrewd schemes,
ou promised to report to-night as
hether your suspicion that you
being watched had been verified
herwise," said Pratt, turning to

ere is no longer a doubt; I am y hoing watched by detectives, but rid of them for to night, "answered

we suspected, I wonder?" said

meaning of the scene I wileseed between I with Carlon present, enter Judith Kredge. Therefore the news she tells Marion something, and the girl becomes excited. Therefore the news she hears statice her. Then she reads a note which she receives from Judith, and is still more surprised. After this he picture of the supposed sesses in is produced, and Marion shows it to Judith. Infer, therefore, that the communication made by Judith related to the original of the photograph. Perhaps the note was from Garnar. Then Marion and Judith Kredge leave the house. This looks as though the communication Marion received called her to meet the writer. I follow the two women, am discovered by Levi Kredge, who warms them of the fact. They thereupon return to the kouse. From the last move it is clear that they wished to conceal where they were going, and they would not care to keep this movement a secret aniess there was some powerful motive for doing so."

Thus Paxton reviewed the events of the evening and drew his deduction.

"Perhaps Mr. Stammore would not advise it, but I shall look after Marion Oatburn and see what comes or it," he said, mentally.

BRONERS OF 142.

ey. I have not received my share yet,"
Kredge remarked.
"You shall have it; but our mutual
safety demands that we should keep it
in trustfor you. Don't forget, my man,
that if any of that marked money was

found in your possession you would be accused of John Oakburn's murder,"

said Pratt.

said Fratt. So—the money will be safest with you," assented Kredge.

"Is not this crippled scoundrel himself the assassin?" reflected the detective.

"Before the night is over the marked money will all be hidden where no detective will ever find it. I only wish we had the one thousand of the marked money we gave Garnar back agdin. He may use some of it. The money may be traced to him, and to save himself there is no telling-what he might do," continued Pratt.

is no telling-what he might do," continued Pratt.

"Well, open the safe and get the marked money out. Before hiding it we will test the preparation which I procured from an old German chemist today, as I promised I would. The compound is recommended to remove ink marks. If we can remove the marks on the money, all well and good, said Weeks, and he placed a large stone jar or bottle on the table.

Pratt went to a safe in the room, opened it and took out the money which had the banker's private mark on it.

Noiselessly Paxkon opened the door at which he was listening a hair's breadth, and peered into the room. He saw the three men standing about a table upon-which the package of marked money had been placed. Pratt and Kredge stood with their backs turned to the door, but Weeks faced it. He was intent on trying to remove the mark from one of the notes.

Paxton comprehended that he had a

Paxton comprehended that he had a

raxon comprehended that he had a wonderful chance to secure the marked money if he dared take a terrible risk. Like a shadow he glided into the room, intending to snatch the package of marked money and escape with it. He had almost reached the table when Pratt wheeled like a flash and saw him. The next instent he was structling dea.

The next instant he was struggling desperately with the three villains, whose evil faces were darkened by the shadow of deadly thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII.

Paxton fully realized that his situa-tion was one of deadly peril.

"This man is a spy! He must not es-cape us!" cried Pratt, as his confeder-ates hurled themselves upon the de-tective.

strength in making a determined strug gle to liberate himself from the clutcher

In the encounter the table was over-turned, and the bottle which Weeks had

said contained a compound for remov-ing ink stains was dashed down upon the floor at the feet of the struggling

men.

An explosion followed.

The great stone bottie burst into a thousand fragments, and a sheet of flame flashed upward into the faces of the combatants, who involuntarily leaped over the company.

we compared to the compared to the compared to the compared afterwards that through a mistake on the part of an assistant of the old chemist of whom he had purchased the compound, he had been given an axiosize mixture incread of the compared to the compa

an explosive mixture instead of the com-pound for removing ink marks.

Paxton was released by the frightened villains at the instant of the explosion,

as they leaped away to escape the flying missile and the sheet of flame from the wreck of the bottle.

It was as though a supreme power had decreed that the detective should

The table had fallen on the marked

money, and to pause to attempt to secure it then would have been suicidal,

as Paxton well knew, and with one bound he shot through the office door,

gained the passage beyond and reached the street in safety. Paxton did not remain in the neigh-

Of course the men from whom he had escaped did not pursue him, for they more than suspected his true character.

The detective regretted the result of his venture, but he congratulated himself that his disguise had not been removed, and that consequently his identity was unknown to the brokers and Levi Kredge.

"As it has resulted, perhaps the better course would have been to have made no attempt to secure the marked."

ter course would have been to have made no attempt to secure the marked money, for now Pratt & Weeks are doubly on their guard. But at all events my venture has not been without a valuable result. I have learned that the name of the supposed assassin—the man who carried the skeleton keys—is 'Garnar,' reflected Paxton.

From the discoveries of the night habad formed certain theories, and her

had formed certain theories, and he

borhood a moment.

aid, mentally.

He had repaired to his benne immedi-

ately after his escape from the office of Pratt & Weeks.

Meanwhile, Stanmore, after parting from the detective, confessed to himself that he was deeply troubled by the developments of the night.

Gclining his own apartment at the hotel, he seated himself and remained burled in profound meditation for a long time, while the expression of his features revealed that his thoughts were far from pleasant. far from pleasant.

Stanmore was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by a knock at the door, and he admitted Mr. Marks, of the firm of Marks & Bock, accommo-dation loan brokers, of whom mention

has been made.

The two men exchanged cordial greet-ings, and became seated.

Ine two men exchanged cornisi greatings, and became seated.

A confidential conversation relating
to business subjects ensued, in the course
of which Mr. Marks said.

"Yes, Pratt & Weeks have fallen upon
evil times. Dupes have been wary.
The pigeons flee at sight of the hawks,
and luck in the stock market has taken
a strong turn against the cunning swindlers. They have met with many losses
and they now owe a considerable sum."

"Good! Excellent! We shall accomplish our purpose, Marks."

"It is but a question of time, sir,"
answered the other.

Mr. Marks remained with Stanmore

answered the other.

Mr. Marks remained with Stanmore but a short time, and he had scarcely departed when Mr. Judson, of the firm of Judson, Kirk & Co., brokers, called. In the most friendly way Stanmore received the representative of this well-known Wall street firm; and after a few remarks he placed a slip of paper before Stanmore on which was written:

"Indebtedness of Pratt & Weeks to Judson, Kirk & Co., on account of transactions fir railroad and mining stock to date, \$43,000."

Stenmore read the memorandum with

Stammore read the memoraneaes evident satisfaction.

"The end is surely coming. Retribution hovers over the heads of the scoundrels, and its shadow is growing darker day by day," he said.

Yes, the tables are turning. A secret has foliad all their sohemes of late.

"Yes, the tables are turning. A secret foe has foiled all their sohemes of late. Assuredly the day of his triumph and the downfall of the swindlers cannot be far distant," answered Mr. Judson. Some further remarks were ex-

far distant," answered Mr. Judson.
Some further remarks were exchanged, and, while Stanmore and his guest were still conversing, Mr. Benjaman, of the firm of Abraham Benjaman & Son, money lenders, entered.

The latter seemed to be well acquainted with Mr. Judson, and, judging from his manner, an old friend of Mr. Stanmore.

Abraham Benjaman was a type of the

Abraham Benjaman was a type or mobetter class of Hebrew business men.

In his method of speech there was nothing like the dialect peculiar to the lower classes of his race. Mr. Benjaman was an American Hobrew, who had been educated in this country.

"Well, Stammore, my boy," said the received by the said the second bands.

"Well, Stammore, my boy," said the shrewd old fellow, as he shook hands, "I have come to make the report of the week. We have lent our friends, Pratt & Weeks, six thousand dollars at twenty five my contributed." t Weeks, six thousand donars at twenty-five per cent. for sixty days. That makes twenty thousand dollars they have had from us."
"Very good. They will be after more money before long, I think," said Stanmore, "If so, let them have it," he

added

three gentlemen engaged in an

The three gentlemen engaged in an animated discussion on business topics for some time, but just before Messrs. Judson and Benjaman withdrew, the conversation reverted to Pratt & Weeks. While they drew their chairs close together, and their voices were lowered to a confidential tone, they talked earnestly for a few moments, and Stanmore said. "You both know that the money stolen from the safe of Jason Garrison on the

from the safe of Jason Garrison on the night of John Oakburn's murder was marked in a peculiar way."

"Yes, yes," assented both Mr. Judson and the other.

"Very well, I have reason to suppose that the stolen money is in the hands of.

Pratt & Weeks."
Stanmore's two friends evinced their

believe these secondrels will attempt to exchange the marked money for such bank notes or other legal tender as they can use without danger, when they are

to desperate expedient to raise money."
"So Pratt & Weeks have the stolen money," said Benjaman, in a tone of sur-

prise.

"It is a secret, but I have proved your devolion to my interest, and so I trust you fully," answered istammere.

"Bravo! We shall catch the weasels yet!" said the old Hebrew, rubbing his

hands.

Yes, you have managed so that I should not be in the least surprised if they attempted to exchange the marked money with you, Mr. Penjaman. If they should broach the subject communicate with me at once. Disnot absolutely rehands.

fuse to make the deal. Tell theft you want to consider the matter," continued

"Once they give the marked m me they are in our power," said

man.

Yes. The hour of justice will have counting on an un-

Yee. The hour of justice will have come. But we are counting on an unicertainty, Stanmore answered.

"They will be driven to make use of the stolen money. Never fear, I have given them a false idea of my obseracter for a purpose, and they will come to methinking me as unscrupulous as themselves,"

"We will hope so. The life of an innocent man may depend upon the con-fession to be wrung from them as to, how they came by the marked money," said Stanmere, thinking of Stuart Har-

said Stamore, thinking of Stuary Instituted.

Later, when Stammore found himself alone, he said in self communion:

"Pratt & Weeks are walking into the pitfall I have dug for them. The weak, inexperienced young man whom they enticed to his ruin, and at whose impotent threat they sneered and laughed, when he discovered how he had been duped by their devillah duplicity and cunning, has been forgotten by these brigands of Wall street. But the hour is coming when the threats he uttered when they drove him into exile, a disgraced and ruined man, shall be made good."

Then Stammore's thoughts reverted to

good."
Then Stanmore's thoughts reverted to the mystery of John Oakburn's murder.
"I cannot doubt that Marion Oakburn has some knowledge of the man whose photograph I saw in her possession. Can it be that those wretches, Fratt & Weeks, have thrown the tolls about that innocent girl in such a way as to implicate her in the terrible crime?" he said.
But to return to Pratt & Weeks'

But to return to Pratt & Weeks'

The rascally brokers were enraged at the accident which had enabled the de-tective to make his escape. They secured the doors, and after

They secured the doors, and after heaping meledictions upon the head of the detective. Pratt said:

"It seems that fortune is dead against us in every move of late. Every speculation fails, and we are becoming deeply involved in debt. We owe Marks & Bock, Judson, Kirk & Co., and Benjaman, the old Jew money lender."

"Yes," assented Weeks. "But if our-investment in 'C. and N. W. railroad stock' turns out as we hope, we are saved."

"But if the market and 'A.

stock' turns out as we hope, we are saved."

"But if the market goes the wrong way, you know as well as I do we are ruined unless the marked money can be made to save us," answered Pratt.

"Perhaps we may arrange that. Old Benjaman is an unscrupulous fellow. I've sounded him. If the worst comes, we may be able to get him to take the marked money at a discount, and let us have the gold for it," suggested Weeks. Little did they suspect the fact, but the conspirators seemed destined to play into Stanmer's hands.

The plotters feared the consequences discovery made by the spy who had escaped them.

"I wonder how much of our conversa-tion the fellow heard," said Weeks pres-

ently.

"Enough to condemn us, no doubt, if he could prove what he heard. Forthately for us, he did not secure the money, which was undoubtedly his purpose. Now we will conceal it and defy him if he seeks to expose us. Our oaths would go as far as his in a court of law, if it should now that the "seeking Day".

if it should come to that," replied Pratt.
He was the leading spirit of the firm.
"That infernal money has done us no good yet, but on the other hand it has prought us trouble," said Weeks queru-

Thus they continued to converse until

Levi Kredge left them.

When he had gone they secreted the marked money and then took their departure from the office for the night.

parture from the office for the night.

The following day Paxton's agent, who had resumed his task of shadowing Levi Kredge, reported to his principal that the janitor had obtained leave for a cay's absence and that he had purchased a ticket for Newburg, N. Y.

"He will leave by the first train in the morning," said the defective agent.

"And so will I," said Paxton. "I'll take the little trip with Levi. The journey may have no meaning for us, and

And so with 1, saul raxton. It take the little trip with Levi. The journey may have no meaning for us, and yet it may, on the other hand, be of great importance."

In accordance with his determination, Paxton, well disguised as a foppish young man, and carrying a small traveling bag containing the material for another disguise, left the city on the same train with Levi Kredge.

When their destination was reached, Levi Kredge proceeded directly to the office of the real estate agent.

Paxton entered the same office a moment after Kredge.

While a clerk gave Paxton his attention the latter saw a gentleman whom he presumed to be the proprietor of the office usher Kredge into an interior and private compartment of the establishment.

The door was closed and in the pres-

private compartment of the establishment.

The door was closed and in the presence of the clerk it was impossible to play the listener at it, but still Paxton meant to know what business, Kredge had with the real estate agent.

He invented an excuse for his presence and retired.

There was a third-rate hotel opposite, to which Paxton crossed, and engaging a front room, from the window of which he could watch the broker's office, he hastily made a change in his disguise.

In a few minutes Paxton descended from his room as a feeble old man wearing an old-fashioned shawl and carrying a cane.

a cane.

Parton reached the hotel office as
Kredge, whom he had seen crossing the
street before he left his room, entered.
Kredge entered the restaurant attached to the hotel and ordered dinner.
Paxton was at the dining-room door,
and, nearing Kredge give his order, he
said to himself:

ne is said for helf an hour here," and crossing the street he made his was slowly up the states leading to the research office, which he entered wheeling and seemingly almost out of breath, as became the character he had assumed.

Glanding about the broker's office axton said, in a cracked, old man'

"I've missed him! He ain't here!"
"Who are you looking for?" asked the

My son, Levi," answered Paxtor

At this, the gentleman whom the de-tective supposed to be the proprietor came out of an interior office.

"Then you are Mr. Kredge, I pre-sume?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, your son left here but a mo-ment ago."

"Yee, sir."

"Well, your son left here but a moment ago."

"Did he fix the business up?"

"No. He did not positively agree to purchase the property. He offered tenthousand dollars cash, but our price is; twelve. Your son will find the place a bargain at that figure, I assure you, said the agent.

"I don't know. It's a good deal off money—good deal of money. Well, I must find Levi. Good-day, gentlemen. It's a good deal of money, said Paxton, in his quavering volce.

He was amazed, astonished. Here was a discovery that perplexed him.

It was clearly evident that Levi. Kredge was in good faith contemplating making a purchase of ten thousand.dollars' worth of real estate, and yet the man had not been worth a dollar in the world prior to the murder of John Oakburt.

burn.

But he had received none of the marked money—the proceeds of the rob-bery of Jason Garrison's safe. The mystery was, whence came the money he had offered for the real estate?

Mentally, Paxton searched for an ex-planation of this affair.

He in review went over the circumstances of the case in debate.

Suddenly he thought of one point upon which he had not dweit much. He remembered that the savings of a lifetime, which Marion Oakburn thoughther father kept in his little private safe, had not been found.

had not been found.

In an instant Paxton formulated a theory which seemed like the truth, or which was at least an explanation as to which was at least an explanation as thow the treacherous rascal might have procured the \$10,000 which he assume to have.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supp to Have Been Recently Born-Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable-The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

"Age increases the flavor of wine." We all agree with this, But age has never yet increased The flavor of a kiss.

"I began life without a cent in my pocket," said the purse-proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have

a pocket," replied the latter meekly. Bellefield-The Fayes comet is said to be very faint. Bloomfield—You would be faint, too, if you had traveled as far.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Yeast—Did you ever hug a delusion? Crimsonbeak—Yes; before I married I thought the woman I loved was worth a fortune.—Yonkers Statesman.

The candidate who is quite content

To be out or be in the fight.

Who'd rather be right than President,
Will probably be right. Boston Courier.

"How are you succeeding in keeping house in the country, Mr. Hill?" "First rate at that. But the neighbors have borrowed almost everything, else."—Harlem Life.

"I will take some of this but will it wear well?" "Oh! it is in-destructible—untearable—everlasting -it will wear till you pay for it!"-Unsere Gesellschaft.

Mrs. Ayebee—Men are such funny things! When Ayebee asked me to be his he was the most disconsolate man lmaginable. Mrs. Ceedee—I can well bélieve that.—Boston Transcript.

Yoh doan' hyah many song birds When de wintah's drawin' n But yoh hyahs de tuh'key gobble, An' dat satisfies de ear.

Washington Star.

"I wonder what makes those buttons burst off so?" Dora petulantly exclaimed. David looked at her tight-fitting dress. "Force of habit, probably," he said, after a thoughtful pause.—Rockland Tribune.

"What do you think will be the out-ome of the war in Cuba?" "That," replied the man who answers every question, "depends a good deal on the income of the Spanish treasury."-Washington Star.

"I hardly know whether to marry her or not," said the count. "Her father is in the clothing trade." "There is money in clothes," said the duke. "There isn's any in mine," said the count.—Indian apolis Journal.

Sweet Indian summer sings its song Where burning fever dwelt-And the apple dumpling comes along,
To fill a want long felt,
-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Ah," said the burglar who had once seen better days, "this reminds me of the day I attained my majority, "How's that?" asked his partner, emitying the cash box into his pocket. have come in for some money.' ---Trutbi

the san who would go to beaven stone if he could, len't fit to me.



