



TRAGEDY... THE CRIME OF THE BROKERS OFFICE.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

After concealing the photograph, the... of which had made such a marked... pression upon the detective and his...panion, Marion and Judith Kredge...

Kredge, have you learned what has be- come of Garnar?" asked Pratt. "I have learned nothing about his whereabouts. He has vanished. He it was who exchanged overcoats with Stuart Harland," answered Kredge.

Meaning of the scene I witnessed be- tween Marion Oakburn and Judith Kredge. "Marion present, enter Judith Kredge. She tells Marion something, and the girl becomes excited. Therefore the news she hears stables her. Then she reads a note which she receives from Judith, and is still more surprised. After this the picture of the supposed assassin 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 warns them of the fact. They thereupon return to the house. 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 unless there was some powerful motive for doing so."

Just to make the deal. "Till then you want to consider the matter," continued Stanmore. "Once they give the marked money to me they are in our power," said Benjamin. "Yes. The hour of justice will have come. But we are counting on an uncertainty," Stanmore answered. "They will be driven to make use of the stolen money. Never fear, I have given them a false idea of my character for a purpose, and they will come to me thinking me as unscrupulous as themselves. "We will hope so. The life of an innocent man may depend upon the confession to be wrung from them as to how they came by the marked money," said Stanmore, thinking of Stuart Harland. Later, when Stanmore 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 devilish duplicity and cunning, has been forgotten by those 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."

Glancing about the broker's office, Paxton said, in a cracked, old man's voice: "I've missed him! He ain't here!" "Who are you looking for?" asked the clerk. "My son, Levi," answered Paxton. At this, the gentleman whom the detective supposed to be the proprietor came out of an interior office. "Then you are Mr. Kredge, I presume?" said he. "Yes, 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 ten thousand 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 of money—a good deal of money. Well, I must find Levi. Good-day, gentlemen. It's a good deal of money," said Paxton, in his quavering voice. 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 Oakburn. But he had received none of the marked money—the proceeds of the robbery of Jason Garrison's safe. The mystery was, whence came the money he had offered for the real estate? Mentally, Paxton searched for an explanation 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 dwelt much. He remembered that the savings of a lifetime, which Marion Oakburn thought her father kept in his little private safe, 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 how the treacherous rascal might have procured the \$10,000 which he assumed to have.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed 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 Foyes comed 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 material—but will it wear well?" "Oh! it is indestructible—untearable—everlasting—it will wear till you pay for it!"—Unserer Gesellschaft. Mrs. Ayebbee—Men are such funny things! When Ayebbee asked me to be his he was the most disconsolate man imaginable. Mrs. Ceedee—I can well believe that.—Boston Transcript. "Yoh doan' hyah many song birds When do wintah's drawin' near; But yoh hyahs de tuh'key gobble. An' dat satisfies de ear."—Washington Star. "I wonder what makes those buttons burst off so?" Doris 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 outcome 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't any in mine," said the count.—Indianapolis Journal. Sweet Indian summer sings its song! Where burning fever dwelt— And the apple dumping 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, emptying the cash box into his pocket. "I have come in for some money."—Truth. The man who would go to heaven alone if he could, isn't fit to go.