



CHAPTER XVI (Continued)

The lawyer paused. John Sand, a clerk at Pratt & Weeks, really was my informant about the proposed visit to my aunt. How you find that out? cried Stuart, in surprise. The young man told me himself. He obtained a better situation, and left Pratt & Weeks. In short, John Sand became my own clerk, replied the lawyer. In support of your story, I will produce Sand as a witness at the trial. And you think I will tell the deliberate falsehood, cunning as it is, which have concocted in my behalf. No, I will not lie; my innocence must be established without a resort to such a device, said Stuart, resolutely. You are mad. You must be guided by me, or you will be convicted of this terrible crime, said the attorney, only. My innocence must be proved without falsehood and deception, reiterated Stuart. At that moment a turnkey opened the door of the cell, and admitted Edna. Without she had heard the conversation which had just passed between Stuart and the lawyer. Edna was delighted with the plausible ingenious defense invented by the lawyer, and hope sprang up in her heart. Stuart's positive refusal to save himself, or to attempt to do so, by means of the story proposed by his attorney, had all of Edna's hopes to the ground. She was determined that Stuart should yield. He was innocent, and she would do anything to prove his innocence. Yes, he must tell the lawyer's story, said Edna, mentally. And then at a sign from her the turnkey admitted Stuart to the cell. Stuart was surprised at Edna's sudden anxiety, and one glance at her pale face assured him that she had just taken place between himself and the attorney. Don't you see, Edna! he cried, taking her hand. Yes. And I have been a listener at the door. Oh, Stuart, if you are lost I will die. Will you kill me? Will you take my heart? You must consent to the story your attorney has proposed, said Edna. But yet, despite her entreaties, Stuart did not yield at first. Edna had resolved to conquer his objections, and she persisted. He fell at his feet and in tears begged him to save himself for her sake. If you refuse you do not love me, I shall die! she cried wildly, carried away by emotion and excitement. Stuart was conquered by the tears of the woman he loved. He folded her in his arms, and while his face paled, he said at last. I consent. I will tell the story intended for me by our good friend, Mr. Harland. Edna believed that her victory would be complete, and she rejoiced accordingly. Mybrook was delighted. Now, then, I can work with some confidence. I will confess though, that public sentiment is against you, Mr. Harland, and the issue is still uncertain, said Edna. When he left the lovers in the cell, he was pleased with the result of the interview, and withdrew from the prison.

CHAPTER XVII

The night following the evening on which Paxton had resolved to arrest Kregde, the "shadow" who had followed the janitor since he became an object of suspicion, tracked his man to the boarding house. According to instructions which he had previously received from Paxton, "shadow" remained on the watch for Kregde's boarding house. Presently, as had been arranged, the detective made his appearance. Paxton had come to arrest Kregde. He regarded the capture of the janitor as very important that he did not care to delegate the task to any of his subordinates. The detective's assistant informed him that Kregde had entered the house, and that he had rung the bell. In answer to the detective's summons, Kregde opened the door, and when alone, informed him that Kregde was in his room. He thanked his previous visit, Paxton asked the location of the janitor's room, and ran up to it without a moment's delay. The door of Kregde's room opened at the detective's touch, but Levi Kregde was not in his apartment. He feared that the bird had taken the flight, and down. He went down stairs, but he soon satisfied himself that she was ignorant of the flight, if flight it was. The female domestic was called by the name of Edna, and this woman stated that she had been in the room, but she had no recollection of the man who had been there. She had seen a man, but she could not describe him. She had seen a man, but she could not describe him. She had seen a man, but she could not describe him.

ordinary precaution to guard against deception on the part of his informant. No trace of Kregde was discovered. Paxton upbraided himself, saying: "Why did I delay; I ought to have arrested him long ago." Half an hour later the detective had returned to his office, and some of his shrewdest and most successful auxiliaries were instructed to seek for Kregde. But for the time, at least, no trace of the fugitive was found. Vain was every effort to trace him. Judith was shadowed, and all other precautions which suggested themselves to the detective were taken, but without result. Meanwhile, Stuart Harland's trial commenced. The case attracted the greatest attention, but a detailed report of the proceedings need not be given here. Suffice it to say, that it soon became evident that there was little hope of Stuart Harland's acquittal. Indeed, it seemed that he was doomed to be convicted of the terrible crime of which he was unjustly accused. The explanation which the lawyer had composed for him, whereby he accounted for his secret journey on the night of the murder, and his statement regarding the exchange of overcoats, did not seem to make a favorable impression on the jury. To Edna Garrison the days of Stuart Harland's trial were as years of agony and suspense. On the evening before the last day of Stuart Harland's trial, Paxton, Mr. Saybrook, the lawyer, and Richard Stanmore were assembled at the office of the attorney, discussing the prospects of the accused. "My only hope now is in the disagreement of the jury," said the attorney, at the conclusion of the conversation which took place between himself and his guests. The same night Marian Oakburn, who had attended the trial from day to day and listened to all the proceedings with deepest interest, paced her room a prey to agony and remorse. It seemed that the poor girl was fighting a desperate battle with herself—that contending emotions struggled for the mastery in her heart. At last she knelt beside her couch as though she had resolved to supplicate the guidance of a wiser power than that of earth, and when she arose her features were transformed. They were radiant with delight of a new resolution. "My decision is taken," she said in self-communion. "To-morrow I will tell the whole truth, I will save Stuart Harland. Had I dreamed that an innocent man's life was to be imperiled, had I caught but a glimpse of the future, how different would my course have been. But, thank providence, it is not too late yet," she said. That night Marian Oakburn slept sweetly for she had resolved to throw aside the burden which had weighed heavily upon her mind and heart since the night of her father's murder. Judith Kregde still continued to play the part of a spy on Marion, and she had not relaxed her vigilance. That night she stood with her ear to the key-hole, while Marion unconsciously uttered her thoughts aloud. She heard the resolution which the young girl had made, and she trembled with excitement as she listened. As she stole away from the door when she had heard Marion retire, Judith Kregde muttered: She means to confess. She will save Harland. She will tell how I have wronged her money from her, and I shall be compelled to return it. "I must see Levi." She crept out of the house. The night was entirely dark, and if any emissary of the detective was on the watch, he failed to see Judith Kregde take her departure. She knew where Levi was in hiding, and she reached his retreat in safety. Judith related to Levi what she had overheard that night while she listened at Marion's door. "So she would save Harland. That don't suit me. I want him convicted. That done, I am safe. They don't hang two men for the same crime. And besides, he used me like a dog, did that Harland," said Levi. "I'll tell you what is to be done," Judith said. Then she lowered her voice as though she feared she might possibly be overheard by some concealed listener, and made some statement which seemed to startle Levi. They continued to converse earnestly for some moments, and then, when Judith was about to go, Levi said, in a resolute way: "It shall be done to-night." When Levi found himself alone after Judith had left him, he stealthily made his way to a resort where he knew he could always find desperate, dangerous men, who would undertake almost anything for money. This night whereof we are writing was a Paxton almost a sleepless one. He reflected and considered regarding the various developments which his researches had revealed. Since the life of an innocent man was now in positive peril, he did not mean to be deterred from doing his duty by any considerations whatsoever. He believed it was his duty to cause Marion Oakburn to explain her conduct, and since she had declined to do this voluntarily, Paxton that night determined that she should explain, or he would arrest her. At the hour in the morning he

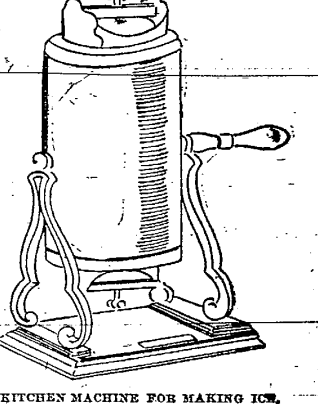
"I wish to see Miss Oakburn," said Paxton. "Very well; I will tell her," answered Judith, and she started up the stairs. "I will go up with you and remain outside the young lady's room until she appears," said Paxton, and he ascended with Judith. The woman knocked at Marion's door, but as there was no answer, she opened the door and entered. A moment later she turned to the detective. "Marion Oakburn has run away!" she cried. "What! Marion fled? Impossible!" "It is true, sir. She returned as usual; now her room is empty. I know she is not in the house." Paxton pushed his way into Marion's room and found that the girl he sought was not there. Judith followed Paxton into the apartment, and she said, as she glanced about it: "She must have suddenly resolved upon flight, for she has not taken her clothing. Nothing, except the garment she wore, is missing." Paxton regarded Judith with a suspicious, searching glance. The woman seemed ill at ease, he noted. Having satisfied himself that Marion was not in the house, Paxton left it and prepared to return to his office, where he found Stanmore awaiting his appearance. "Well, Marion Oakburn has disappeared," said the detective. "Disappeared!" exclaimed Stanmore. "Yes." "Explain." In a few words Paxton told his friend and employer why he had determined upon Marion's arrest. He had proceeded thus far, when Stanmore interrupted him. "But Marion Oakburn is innocent. Heavens! You would not subject her to the disgrace of an arrest?" Stanmore said. "A human life is at stake. I have resolved that she should explain her conduct or I will surely arrest her. You surely do not mean to ask me to stand idly by, and see an innocent man convicted while there is a chance to save him?—You cannot mean to ask to do that?" Stanmore was about to speak, but Paxton continued: "If she is innocent it will do her no harm to tell the truth." "That is true." "Then why is she silent?" "I cannot tell." "That is what I meant she should explain." Then Paxton went on to tell of his visit to Marion Oakburn's home, and of the discoveries he had made there. "It seems that she has fled, and yet there is a doubt in my mind," he said in conclusion. "What! You think it possible that she did not leave of her own free will?" "Yes." "Then you mean she may have been abducted?" "That is my idea. It is possible that the safety of the real assassin or assassins demands Marion Oakburn's disappearance." "I am sure you will learn when the truth is known that Marion has not voluntarily left her home. But I am in the dark as to how her absence can save the guilty." "So at present I am. But Marion must be found." "Yes, yes. At any cost she must be found—rescued. I have a premonition that she is in peril. Her very life may be endangered. Everything must give way to the quest for Marion. Spare no expense. My purse is open to pay any sum you may require," Stanmore said, excitedly. "Marion Oakburn shall be found and the mystery of her disappearance solved. But I seem to be doomed to disappointment at every step in this case, and it may require time to locate the missing girl." A few moments later Paxton hurried from his office. He had resolved to try a ruse. In a very brief space of time he stood before Judith Kregde. The woman had opened the door at his ring, and she seemed frightened at his appearance. Paxton clutched her arm and said, sternly: "I've found you out," and he produced a pair of handcuffs, as he added: "Tell me what you have done with Marion Oakburn, or I'll march you to prison." Judith Kregde trembled from head to foot, and she involuntarily made an effort to free herself from the detective's grasp. The attempt was useless. CHAPTER XVIII. Judith Kregde ceased to struggle almost instantly, for she comprehended that she was powerless to contend with the detective. "I don't know what you mean. I don't understand. Release me, I say!" she cried, while her venomous eye flashed with the light of rage. "You know what has become of Marion Oakburn. Tell me where to find her, or as I have said I shall place you under arrest, and take you to prison." "It's a lie! I know nothing of Marion Oakburn," retorted Judith. She was regaining her composure, and she had instantly decided upon the course she would pursue in dealing with the detective. She had resolved to be defiant. Paxton read in the expression of her hardened, cruel face that she had determined upon silence at any cost, and he comprehended that his ruse had failed. The detective had not estimated Judith Kregde's character quite correctly. She was a woman of more force and resolution than he had supposed, though he had given her credit for cunning and unscrupulousness. The detective, of course had no authority to arrest Judith, and comprehending that it was useless to waste words with her, he suddenly released her and turned to go. He paused in the door, and said in an intense voice: "I give you one warning, Judith Kregde: if Marion Oakburn is harmed in any way, you shall suffer. Hear my

voice, and do inform your confederates." Judith's answer was a mocking laugh. Paxton closed the door behind him with a spiteful bang, and ran down the steps to the street. He had not walked a block when he came face to face with a man, at the sight of whom he started and involuntarily recoiled, while his hand dropped upon the butt of a pistol in his hip pocket. In the man whom he had thus unexpectedly confronted Paxton recognized one Saul Hedden, a desperate burglar and safe-blower whom he had hunted down and sent to prison for a term of years. In open court, at the time of his conviction and sentence to imprisonment, Saul Hedden had vowed that if he lived to regain his liberty, he would have his revenge—that he would kill Paxton on sight. The detective remembered the desperado's oath, and he believed that the wretch would not hesitate to attack him. Paxton did not mean to be taken at a disadvantage, and he was ready to draw his pistol at the first hostile movement on the part of the other. "Paxton the detective!" exclaimed Saul Hedden. "Yes, you have recognized me; but be warned, Saul Hedden, I am on my guard, and I have not forgotten your threats," answered the detective. He knew Hedden's time had expired, and that he had been legally discharged from prison; therefore, he could not attempt his arrest. Paxton expected every moment that the ex-convict would hurl himself upon him. But he did not do so. Instead, the desperado extended his hand in a friendly manner, and he said: "I take back my threat, Paxton; I mean you no harm, and there's my hand on it—if you'll take it." Paxton knew that there were reasons why the ex-convict should feel grateful to him, but he had not supposed the desperado capable of entertaining any of the finer feelings of humanity. The detective gave Saul Hedden a searching look. The other met his gaze squarely, and Paxton shook hands with him. "I swore to kill you, Paxton, and I meant it at the time. But my wife has told me since I came out of prison, how she and the little one, the baby that was born while I was in the 'jug,' were starving, dying of misery and want, when you found them in the attic where they lay deserted by all mankind; you saved my wife and the baby, Paxton, and, criminal though I have been, I've got human feelings in my heart. I'll never forget what you did for these helpless ones, and if you can put me in the way of doing you a good turn, I'm your man. And mark you, I'm on the square now, and I mean to be honest. I did a heap of thinking in the prison, and I don't want my little boy to grow up and find out that his father is a criminal." Thus spoke Saul Hedden. There was a sort of rude eloquence in his words and manner that carried conviction with them. Paxton was sure that the man was perfectly sincere in all he said. He knew that previously to the time of his imprisonment Hedden had been familiar with all the resorts of the metropolitan bandits, and an idea suddenly entered his mind, that if this man would consent to serve him, he might succeed where his most skillful auxiliaries had met only with failure. "It is possible you can do me a great favor, and at the same time profit yourself. Come with me to my office, and I will explain my meaning." Hedden hesitated. "If it is in the way of betraying old friends, old pals of other days, it's no use for me to go with you. I can't sell out them as you know used to be hand and glove with me. I've shook them, one and all, but I can't turn Judas," he said, resolutely. "It is not that. You misapprehend me. Come with me, and permit me to explain," answered Paxton. Hedden followed the detective as he moved forward thus speaking. "All right, if it's anything I can do without betraying old friends," he said. Paxton did not reply until his office was reached, and he knew there was no possibility of being overheard by any one who might make adverse use of his confidence. Then he said: "You have heard of John Oakburn's murder. Very good. I want to find the assassin, whom I suspect is hiding in the city. He is a novice in crime, unknown to the police, and therefore a stranger to you. Will you help me? You can go unquestioned into secret haunts of the dangerous classes where my men or myself could never penetrate. Through you the cowardly slayer of a poor old man may be brought to justice." "I don't like the work, but I want to prove my gratitude to you and I'll undertake it," answered Saul Hedden after a moment of reflection. "It's a bargain!" cried Paxton, and he reached his hand across the table and pressed that of the ex-convict. Then he gave his new ally a minute description of the man whom he believed to be John Oakburn's murderer. That same day the ex-convict began his task of exploring the slums of the great city in quest of the assassin. Fortune seemed to have favored him in the undertaking beyond anything Paxton had hoped, and the light of a new day had not dawned before he reported to the detective that he believed he had stumbled upon the supposed assassin's hiding place at the very outset. "He is in the den of an old female fence—a receiver of stolen property—and at this hour we shall find no one in the place but the hag who is the keeper of the place, and our man," said Hedden, in conclusion. Paxton was elated. He hurriedly provided himself with a disguise, and when all his preparations were completed he said to his new assistant: "Lead the way. I am determined to arrest the assassin without delay. We will go alone, as I do not wish to awaken the suspicion of our game, which there

would be great risk of doing were we accompanied by a force." "Right. The people in the locality into which I am about to lead you are suspicious, and most of them are in league with the old fence, whose customers they sometimes are. A force would surely arouse suspicion. Word of our approach would surely be passed to the old woman before we arrived, and we would have our trouble for our pains," said Hedden. Then Paxton and the latter hastened from the office. From the description which Hedden had given him of the female fence's secret guest, Paxton did not doubt that he was really the man he had so long unavailingly undertaken to capture. The detective believed that success was now almost within his grasp. He would hesitate at no danger now. The house of the female fence was soon reached. Saul Hedden rapped on the door in a peculiar way, and after sliding a panel, through which she saw the ex-convict, the old female admitted the detective and his companion. Hedden vouched for the detective. "It's all right, Gamar; only Hedden and a friend!" called out the old woman, and thereupon the interior door opened and a man came forth. Despite the fact that he was slightly disguised, the detective recognized the man whom he believed to be John Oakburn's assassin. "Up with your hands! you are my prisoner." But even as the detective spoke, the stranger bounded backward through the door, and as Paxton leveled his pistol at his vanishing form, a young girl suddenly appeared in the place left vacant on the threshold. At the sight of the girl who so unexpectedly confronted him, Paxton reeled back as though he believed he beheld an apparition. The girl in the door was Marian Oakburn! Only for a second did Paxton lose his presence of mind. Then he dashed forward to prevent the escape of the man who had disappeared, but Marion barred his way. A pistol appeared in her hand, and as she leveled the deadly weapon full at the detective, she cried in ringing tones: "Halt, or I fire! Back for your life!" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

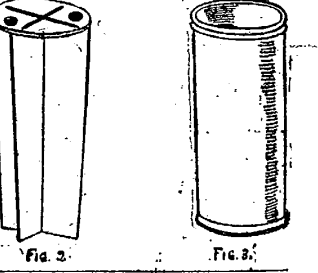
ICE WHILE YOU WAIT. A Little Machine Which Makes a Piece in Fifteen Minutes.

A small ice machine for the household, which in fifteen minutes will furnish a small cake of pure ice, is being very generally introduced abroad. The water used to obtain pure ice must be distilled or filtered through a reliable germ-proof filter. The apparatus consists of a double sheet-metal cylinder,



KITCHEN MACHINE FOR MAKING ICE.

covered on the outside with a protective layer of asbestos for the purpose of heat insulation, and hung in sockets by two central pivots. The receptacle (Fig. 2), the section of which shows the shape of a cross, is filled with distilled water up to within half an inch from the top, and after the rubber washer and the metal cover are adjusted, it is tightly closed down with a screw. The cylinder is then turned around once and the other cover unfastened. This permits the filling of the space between the double wall of the outer cylinder with the chemical used for generating the cold temperature—in this case am-



monium salt. After turning the cylinder around rapidly for 15 minutes the inner receptacle is withdrawn from the cylinder, held for a moment in boiling hot water, and upon being opened a piece of ice exactly the shape of the inner wall will slide out without trouble. Another round cylinder (Fig. 3) is provided for the quick cooling of any fluid. The cost of production is very small, as the salt may be used over and over again, losing but very little of its quality.

Taking a Bath in Hindoostan. The Hindoos content themselves with cleaning their hands with common clay or soap nuts, which answer the purpose better than one might expect.