

"Can it be that they have led him into

some trap?" Even as he thus reflected he heard the sound of some commotion

CHAPTER XXII.

When Malvin ushered Paxton into the apartment where half a dozen men, including the janitor. Levi Kredge, were assembled, he introduced the detective to the company as his lawyer, Mr. Ajax Crawley.

The introduction was mutually acknowledged in a most gentlemanly way. Then Malvin drew Paxton aside, and while the others resumed the conversation, which had been interrupted by the entrance of the disguised detective, Malvin said:

Malvin said:

"I expected you would drop me a line

"I expected you would use to-day."

Twrote yon. Strange if you did not receive my letter," answered Paxton.

"Well, I did not receive it. But tell me, how about Andrews' case?"

Paxton felt that he was in deep water, but he knew that if he hesitated he was betrayed, and so he promptly replied:

"I think we shall fix it all right, prografa."

Malvin regarded the detective with a ok of amazement.

Maivin regardent.
Paxton comprehended that he must have made a mistake in this answer.
"What has so completely changed your opinion? Didn't you tell me there was no possibility of getting the semtence commuted?" the other asked.

He replied: "Yes. But since I saw you I've made the acquaintance of a local politician who is a power with the authorities, and he has promised to use his influence to secure the elemency of the law for Anirews. Beyond the posse comitatus is our hope."

you."

"I should have been to the office if I had heard from you," answered Malvin, At that moment a colored waiter anounced supper, and Malvin said:

"You have dropped in just in time, I am giving a supper to a few of my select friends. There will be plenty to drink. Will you join us at the table?"

"Certainly; I am not non compos mentis. When was I ever known to deside such an offer?"

time such an offer?"

Thus answered the pretended lawyer, and his host conducted him and his other guests into a spacious dining-room at the other end of the hall upon which the street door opened.

The table was resplendent with silver and but-glass.

and cut-glass.
At each plate several bottles of wine

"Let her make all the noise she chooses, she cannot be heard beyond the walls of the house."

Paxton smiled.

"I was right in thinking I should find
Marion Oakburn here. She is the
female captive who must be imprisoned
here," he thought.

He knew, however, that there was a

He knew, however, that there was a possibility that he was mistaken in the identity of the female captive.

"I'll find out the truth before the night is over. Everything is working to suit me, and this supper invitation has given me an idea. I'll personate the character of Ajax Crawley to the letter, and get stupidly intoxicated, in appearance. They will be obliged to stow me away, somewhere to sleep off my drunk, and thus I may gain an opportunity to search the house."

portunity to search the house."
Thus Paxton reflected,
He acted his part perfectly.
As Ajax Crawley naturally would have done, under similar circumstances,

have done, under similar circumstances, Paxton drank, or, what amounted to the same thing, seemed to drink very

the same tang, treely, after passing through the various stages of intoxication with all the skill of a veteran impersonator of such characters, he fell scross the same tanger.

sline such an offer

nce commuted?" the other asked. The detective saw his way again.

He replied: "Yes. But

he heard the in the house,

CHAPTER XXI. Conti as Paxton's assistant had The truth was Paxton s assessment, pped upon the door, and he alone was

where.

When the old woman had unlocked he door, Paxton opened it;—and as he as about to leave he raid, mockingly:
Good evening, Mrs. Kitts, I trust on will find your accounts all right, not turning to the man he added:
"Much obliged to you, my friend, for our kindly intention of plunging your nife into my back, but I've a constituonal prejudice against such little pleasartries."

next moment the door closed b Paxton, and he and his as ried away. Defeat, defeat, nothing but defeat!"

But when they were at a safe distance asked of his comrade:

But when they were at a sale distance, asked of his comrade:
In the name of all mundane wonders, owe came-you. to discover that my discusse was penetrated?"
There is a window in the side of the room back of the one in which you were. When the old woman went into the rear com I was at the window, and through he opening in the blind I saw her tell the man who was there something.
He sprang up, and drawing his knife, thatted for the door. Though I couldn't lear a word, I knew well enough that he old woman had discovered you were not Crawley, and told the man, who, acting upon the impulse of the moment, meant to attack you.

and to attack you.

"As the man sprang forward, the old
man caught his arm and spoke to him,
I knew she objected to an immediate

r precipitate attack.
"I glided to the window at which you ere seated beside the desk, and tele-aphed you when I saw the wretch ealing behind you with his knife

tealing behind you with his knife rawn."

Thus Paxton's assistant explained.

You-saved-my life," answered Paxon, carnestly, and he continued: "It is isheartening to find that all my care and labor in perfecting the disguise, in reating this character, is lost. I begin o think that in this case an adverse fate hadows my every step; I am at least xperiencing a run of til-luck."

As he spoke the detective paused uner a street lamp, and producing the letter which he had found in the house from thich he had just escaped, he told his companion how he came by it, and then receded to read it.

The lotter ran as follows:

MBS, KITTS: If anything should occur to make you think the girl is not affewith you, get her to Malvin's. Your riend,

"L. K., Levi Kredge. This is too good

iend.

"L. K."

"L. K., Levi Kredge. This is too good be true. I recognize the rascally nitor's handwriting. Kredge wrote is note, I am sere of that. By the rl he means Marion Oakburn. Since to is no louger at Mrs. Kitts', I select she has been sent to Malvin's, accordance with the janitor's instruents." Thus said Parton

"Malvin's! Malvin's!" muttered his ourado, reflectingly.
"To you know the place?" asked Pax-

The name sounds familiar."

"Ransack your memory. Try and re-ollect if you have any knowledge of he party called Malvin."

Paxton's companion was silent for a

e party catted Maivin.

Paxton's companion was silent for a oment, and then he exclaimed:

"I have it! I know where Malvin is, ais confirms a suspicion of mine."

"Explain. Who is this Malvin? Where "Explain. W es he dwell?"

Aces he dwell?"

"He is a man Tately from my native city, Philadelphia, who was formerly a priminal. He was said to have reformed, and he came to New York.

"I haven't heard his name in a long."

me until the other day, when I chanced see it on a bail-bond in the Criminal ourt. I asked some questions, and arned that Malvin was in the habit of ing ball for criminals. It is my susth the dangerous characters of this dother cities. He lives in Harlem,

This is most fortunate. My guise may serve, me well after all.
ow I remember when I called at Ajax
awley's office I found a letter on his
sk addressed to Wilkes Malvin, Har-, but I do not recollect the street and

iber," seid Paxton. Wilkes Malyin is our man," answered

other. Then Ajax Crawley has business with or he would not have addressed him letter. No time like the present. I'll sit this Malvin as Ajax Crawley," con-nued Paxton. The two detectives took a car to Har-

and soon reached the residence of man they now believed to be in uc with Levi Kredge.

giving his associate some in-us Parton vang the bell, and he mitted to Malvin's house.

on's assistant experienced some ngs as he saw the door close beprincipal.

olf admitted Paxton, and by his perfect diaguise, ushered the house, addressing him as

A CASE OF STREET

some the skill of a veteran impersonator of se bese bese besuch oharacters, he fell screes the
teble in a well-feigned drunken stupor.

Hers, Dan and William, put this sot
bed, ordered Malvin.

A couple of burly colored men rescoded to Malvins call, and, lifting
detactive between them, in a by no
the replication of the colored to the second of the colored to the colored The suppose of the su teterfive had beend Malvin and

his companions express their determina-tion to make a night of it, and he knew, therefore, that it was useless to wait for them to retire before com-mencing his search for the girl captive, whom he believed to be beneath that

Perhaps half an hour claused, and then Paxton arose and crept forth from the room where the negroes had de-posited him, and gained the hall.

A gas jet in the rear end of the hall burned dimity, but its light enabled the detactive to see his way.

A gas jet in the rear end of the hall burned dimity, but its light enabled the detactive to see his way.

He listened for a moment, and he heard the sounds of revelry from the dining hall below.

His acute ear also presently caught another sound, which seemed to emanate from above his head.

The building was an ordinary three-story structure.

In a moment or so Paston was convinced that the sound which came from the third story was the muffied sound of blows, such as might be made by some one pounding on a door with naked hands.

He surmised that he should find the eaptive whom he thought to be an inmate of the house, in some apartment on the next story.

He silently glided up the stairs and gained the hall above.

He almost instantly located the sound

He almost instantly located the sound which he had heard, and gained the door upon which some one who occupied the apartment to which it led was pounding.

The detective tried this door, but as he had expected, he found it locked. He habitually carried a bunch of keys in anticipation of such emergencies as this, and with the aid of a key of this bunch, he was not long in opening the

Quickly he stepped inside, closed the door, and placed his back against it.

Paxton found himself in a small winwiess room, face to face with Marion

In the character of Ajax Crawley the detective was not calculated to inspire confidence.

Of course Marion did not penetrate his disguise.

Or-course sharlor min for penetrace his disguise.

At his appearance she retreated with an exclamation of fear.

Her face was deathly pale, and her feat res word an expression of tright.

"Hush!" cried Paxton, and then in a low voice he told Marion who he was. She uttered a glad exclamation as she recog ized his natural tone of voice.

"Oh, how thankful I am that you have come. I prayed for deliverance, for I am a prisoner, held a captive here by sordid wretches. You must save me. I am read: to explain all you wish to know. I will correct a terrible mistake. I will save Stuart Harland's life," said Marion, in intense tones that thrilled her hearer.

It seeme! that in the excitement of

Marion, in intense tones that thrilled her hearer.

It seemed that in the excitement of the moment the words rushed from her lips unbidden, and that she scarcely realized their import.

She trembled from head to foot.

Paxton answered her hastily:

"You may depend upon me to save you if I can. You can repay me by lifting the veil of mystery which has shrouded your conduct. Come, we will attempt to escape from this house without delay, while its inmates are at table."

He cautiously opened the door and listened.

He had not forgotten Crawley's fondness for using law Latin terms, whether
correctly or otherwise.

"This is good news. You are a trump,
Crawley. You have taken a weight off
my mind. Andrews might have made
some ugly disclosures if we did not help
him cheat the hangman."

"I thought you were anxious about
the matter, for in my note I told you to
call at my office to-day. I had an idea
my letter might have failed to reach
you."

"I should have been to the office if I Still the sound of loud voices, laughter

still the sound of loud voices, laughter nd the merry clink of glasses was rafted to his ears from the dining hall, there the revelry was still going on. Paxton took Marion's hand, saying: "We must not make a sound."

They stole from the room, and gained as second story.

Here they paused for a moment, and then descended the stairs leading to the front door.

But fortune declared against them As they gained the foot of the stairs, a negro came out of the dining-room and saw them. The servant turned back to the dining-room door and shouted an

alarm...
Instantly Malvin and his guests came rushing into the hall.
Marion and the detective had gained the street door, but it was doubly locked

and bolted.
There was no time to open it, for the key had been removed.
"What is this," a traitor in camp!" shouted Malvin, and he and Levi Kredge rushed at Paxton,
The odds were more than three to one against the detective, including the servants.

At each plate several bottles of wine had been placed; and upon an elaborately carved sideboard there was a collection of stronger liquors of all kinds. As the company was becoming seated at the table, a colored woman entered and whispered to Maivin.

What the woman said the detective did not hear, although he was on the alert and tried to catch her words.

But he heard Maivin's answer:

"Let her make all the noise she

against the detective, including the servants.

"If I seem to desert you now, it is that I may live to save you," whispered Paxton to Marion.

Thea he wade a leap through a door in the side of the hall leading to the front parlor; just as his foes were about to close in upon him.

The detective at that moment of peril thought rapidly, and he had resolved upon a desperate attempt at escape.

Closing the door of the parlor the instant he had passed through it, he overturned a table against it with a crash and sprang to a window, which he opened as Malvin and his confederates burst into the room.

But the way of escape was not yet open to Paxton.

A pair of heavy shutters barred his flight through the window.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Meanwhile Paxton's assistant, who had remained in the street, became in-tensely excited and solicitous in his principal's behalf as he listened to the commotion which was taking place in Malvin's house.

He heard men's angry voices, the slam-

ming of doors, and a heavy crash as of falling furniture, but above all the din a woman's voice rang out in a hightened

a woman's voice rang out in a riginate scream.

"Why does he not give the signal if he needs me? The last instruction he gave me was not to show mysall unless. I heard his whistie," thought the detective's assistant.

An instant subsequently, with a crash, the blind which protected the front window of Maivin's residence was dashed open, and through the opening's dark form leagest diwin ten feet to the pavelment below.

ment below.

Faxtoni exclaimed the detective accistant, recognizing his principal,

At the instant when the enemies he and encountered in the house were rushing at him in the parlor after he had opened the window, he sprang back, and taking a running leap crashed through the intricately fashioned blinds, as we have-seen. Oakburn uttered the shrick

which Paxton's assistant had heard.
While Malvin, Kredge, and the other white men pursued the detective, in obedience to an order from Kredge, two of the colored servants had selzed Marion and dragged her back to the room whence she had escaped. Then it was she uttered a scream of terror. Marion's despairing cry rang in the detective's ear, and the thought that he

manon s uspairing cry rang in the detective's ear, and the thought that he was powerless to render her assistance almost maddened him.

"If those miscreants harm one hair of her head they shall pay dearly for their work!" he oried.

Paxton saw that the street, which was an isolated one, was deserted.

No police assistance was at hand, and yet he knew that only prompt and rapid action could avail to accomplish his purpose, which was the rescue of Marion and the capture of Levi Kredge.

He did not pause an instant.

"Watch the house and shadow the villains if they attempt to remove the girl," he said, and then he darted away.

He was going for help, as his assistant understood.

Faxton's auxiliary darted across the

understood.

Paxton's auxiliary darted across the street, and concealed himself in an alley just as the door of Malvin's house opened, giving egress to Kredge, Malvin, and several others.

They saw Paxton, who was running like the wind, but they did not discover his agent.

"The spy has escaped!" cried Kredge,
"Yes. Given us the slip after we had
in our hands," said Malvin, regret-

fully.
Seeing pursuit would be useless, and fearing to call the attention of the police they re-entered the house and closed the

he fellow will return the help. "The fellow will return the help. He', i be sure to seach the house. The girl must be hurried away, and I must not delay in fleeling myself," said Kredge.

"You are right." The girl must not be found here, "assented Malvin.

His guest hurried away.

None of them wished to be present when the men who had escaped returned with the police, as they believed he soon would do.

Paxton's assistant saw the men leave the house, but he did not desert his post.

Malvin was a man of resource and forethought. He instructed one of his guests before the feilow left, to send a cab in haste from the nearest stand.

A few moments subsequently, a carriage was driven up to the door of the house.

Payton's auxiliary was on the elect

Paxton's auxiliary was on the alert They mean to carry Marion Oakburn

away in that carriage," he said men tally.

Even while this thought was in his

Even while this thought was in his mind, it was verified.

The door of the house again opened, and he saw a female form carried by two men, one of whom he recognized as Levi Kredge, brought out of the house and placed in the carriage.

The jamitor and the other entered the vehicle with their captive, and it was rapidly driven away.

The detective's agent said to himself: "I'll try the old dodge."

He immediately pursued the carriage, and sprang upon the rear springs, when he overtook the vehicle.

The detective's auxiliary had ridden but a block or two, when suddenly he received a heavy blow on the head, and he fell stunned and bleeding upon the ground, while the carriage dashed onward.

While these incidents occurred, Paxton had succeeded in getting the assist-

ton had succeeded in getting the assistance of four police officers.

As soon as possible he returned to Malvin's house, almost breathless with

Malvin's house, almost breatness with hard running, and he was closely followed by the police officers.

He ran to the entrance of the alley where he had left his agent, and falling to discover him, he called his name. Of course he received no reply.

"I comprehend. The rascals have hard and Sayer has

course he received no reply.

"I comprehend. The rascals have made off with the girl, and Sayer has followed them!" cried Paxton.

His assistant on the present occasion was the man Sayer, whom we had occasion to previously name.

Although Paxton was quite confident that it would be a fruitless proceeding, he determined to search the house.

In answer to his demand for admission a colored man opened the door.

In answer to his demand for admission a colored man opened the door.

This one negro was the only person found in the house and from him Paxton was unable to gain any information.

He professed entire ignorance as to the whereabouts of any of the recent inventee of the house.

inmates of the house.
"There is nothing for it but to return to my office and awalt Sayer's return. He will trail Marion Oakburn to the new hiding place to which she has been taken," cried Paxton when the search of the house was concluded.

He dismissed the police and returned to his own quarters.

Meanwhile, but a few moments after

Meanwhile, but a few moments after Paxton and the police left Malvin's, Sayer, who had sufficiently recovered to do so, returned to his old hiding place in the alley.

The blow which he had received had been dealt by Levi Kredge. The janitor discovered him perched on the carriage springs, and clubbing his pistol, he reached through the window in the rear of the rehole, and dealt the blow which of the vehicle, and dealt the blow which felled the detective's agent to the

After waiting in the alley for a reason able length of time, Sayer, concluded that he had missed his principal, and so he made his way to the office and reported.

Paxton's disappointment may be im-

agined.
"We have lost the trail com time, union to the trou notice to a sked.

- E.

Find that cab in the morning, and then report, ordered Parton, and then be dismissed his agent.

Sayer made an investigation relating to the discovery of the d

to the discovery of cab No. 1111, and the result was that he obtained trustworthy information that the cab licensed under that number was not out at all the pre-

that number was not out at all the preceding night.

The detective's agent was forced to
the conclusion that the cab in which
Marion had been carried away was one
of those unlicensed vehicles called
"Night Hawks," which in violation of a
city ordinance are driven by night, and
upon which a different number is traced
every night, or even more frequently, in
order to baffic the police.

As usual Paxton received a call from
his patron, Mr. Stanmore, the next day,
and the two discussed the situation now
presented by the perplexing mystery in
which they were both so deeply interested.

Stanmore seemed even more anxious than ever for Marion's safety. Paxton assured him that despite her

mysterious conduct at the house Kitt, the cashier's daughter was now really a captive in the power of Levi Kredge and his confederates.

knew she had been abducted!" cried stanmore.

cried stamore.

Then Paxton told him of his brief Interview with Marion in Marvin's house, and he repeated her words exactly.

Stammore sprang to his feet and excitedly made the transit of the room several times while he muttered:

"I would give all my fortune to save her!"

her her!"
"Ah!" thought Paxton. "I wonder
what your secret is, friend Stammora.
It's clear you take a surprising interest
in this girl. If I mistake not there is a
mystery of the past behind your conduct."

mystery of the pass beauty duct."

Stanmore knew not that his thoughts had found expression in words.

The interview lasted for some time.

While Paxton and his agent were thereafter continuing the quest for fart Kredge—and Marion Oakburn, Stuart Harland was—wandering about the city day and night, hoping he might chance to meet the supposed assassin who had exchanged coats with him on the railway train. exchanged even-way train.

## WORKING AT EIGHTY YEARS.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton Has Reached the Four-Score Mark.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who for half a century has labored unceasingly for women's suffrage and equal rights, recently celebrated her 80th birthday. Mrs. Stanton occupies a pleasant suite of rooms on the western border of Cen-



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

N. Y., Nov. 12, 1815, and was graduated at Mrs. Emma Willard's Seminary, in Troy, N. Y., in 1832. In 1840 she was married to Henry Brewster Stanton, and in the same year, while attending the World's Anti-Slavery convention, she met Lucretia Mott, with whom she was in sympathy, and with whom she sign ed the call for the first Women's Rights convention. This was held at her home in Seneca Falls, July 10 and 20, 1848. She addressed the New York Legislature on the rights of married women in 1854, and in advocacy of divorce for drunkenness in 1860, and in 1867 spoke before the Legislature and the constitutional convention, maintaining that during the revision of the constitution the State was resolved into its original elements and that citizens of both sexes had a right to vote for members of that convention. She canvassed Kansas in 1867 and Michigan in 1874, when the question of woman suffrage was submitted to the people of those States. Since 1869 she has addressed many Congressional committees and conventions, and delivered numerous lectures on this subject, and for ten years she was president of the National Woman Suffrage Association. In 1868 she was candidate for Congress. She was an editor with Susan B. Anthony and Parker Pillsbury of The Revolution, founded in 1868, and is joint author of "History of Woman's Suffrage."

At last it has come. The inexorable law which governs destiny made it in-evitable. The news is conveyed in the dispatches: "Holmes is writing a " He had done nearly every thing else. He has fractured the commandments and, according to the tives, he had piled up cellarfuls of the victims of his malign passions. But the roster was incomplete. He had left momenting undone. And now, in the Minds of his dark Hen Komina envered what out hir