CHAPTER XXVI. espite his resolution to appear brave, dge uttered a terrible cry, fr's a lie! It's a lie! I know noth-about John Oakburn's murder!" he

arton answered calmly. We know where you were every mo-t on the night of the murder, and

hes speaking, the detective suddenly a from his pocket the coin-bag which had found in the closet of Kredge's irment.

you recognize this, Levi?" he holding the bag up for Kredge's

he prisoner's knees shook, and there n awful expression of terror on his

Ah, I see you do recognize this money-Shall I tell you where it came m? It was in John Oakburn's little rate safe until the night before his rder. Since Oakburn's murder I' and this coin-bag in your room. You Levi, denial is useless. The proof verwhelmine."

rwhelming. for jeering devil!" cried Kredge. Jou jeering up from the couch on side of which he had been seated. seemed that in the agony and mad-of the moment he was about to at-

tion did not recoil; but his glitter-tiely eyes met the prisoner's blaz-bs, and involuntarily Kredge sank cowed by the power of the detect-

ggaze.
Look here, Paxton," he said presly, with a desperate effort at calmss. "You have me in a tight place,
admit, but I didn't kill Oakburn, Il
ear I didn't; I'll take my oath I'm insent, even on the gallows."
To the detective's mind there returned emory of the conversation he had

an explanation ensuest, and great was Judith's wrath when she understood how the detective had deceived her.

"But to business!" cried Levi, interpringing her as she was heaping maledictions or Paxton's devoted head. "I am in deadly peril. I am accused of John Oakburn's murder, and the detective has a terrible array of circumstantial widence to bring against me."

"What is his evidence?"

"Kredge enumerated the points-Paxton had mentioned in support of his accusation with two exceptions. He omitted to mention the coin-bag which had been found in his apartment, and the ten thousand dollars.

"I am in mortal dread. This evidence will hang me, I fear, unless you can save me. You said you could. You told me you could name the assassin. Will you do so? Will you save me, Judith?" in conclusion, Levi said, earnestly.

"Yes; I mean to get you out of this difficulty."

"The time has come when I must reveal who the guilty one is," said Judith. They continued to converse for some time, but when Judith finally left him Levi was more reassured and hopeful.

"Judith really believes she knows the assassin. She will save me. But she does not even suspect the truth," muttered Kredge, when he was alone.

That very morning Paxton had caused the city to be flooded with notices offering a reward for any information as to the whereabouts of Marion Oakburn.

When Judith left Levi's cell and took her departure from the prison she saw and read with seeming interest one of Paxton's office.

At the detective's office Paxton himself, Stammore and Stuart Harland were in council when Judith Kredge appeared. At the sight of the janitor's sister Paxton anticipated the motive of her visit, and he felt an exultant thrilly traverse his nerves.

"I am Judith Kredge, as you doubtless know, and I have something important to tell about John Oakburn's murder," said the woman, abruptly.

"We shall be glad to receive any information," replied Paxton, calmly.

Stuart Harland was very much exited, and Stammore showed his emotion.

"I have always been dev when the former said she believed had nothing to fear in consequence Oakburn's murder, because he was

guilty.

he detective thought Judith was sinhe actective thought shirth was shirt bin thinking thus, but the janitor's at andall Paxton's clews seemed to cate the fellow's connection with the

is folly for you to thus protest innocence. Your only hope is in a session." Paxton said. tell you, once and for all, I have folm Oakburn's blood on my hands," ed the janitor, again repeating his all

isl. Then it is useless to waste time with , the law must take its course. But, the way, Levi, where did you get the thousand dollars you thought of ining in Newburgh real estate?" asked ton.

on.

e junitor's jaw fell. He tried to
k, but only an inarticulate sound
lated from his lips. He was moarily stricken dumb, it seemed, by
sudden revelation that the detective
what he must have regarded as a
lund seeret.

and secret.

ton saw the impression he had,
and he followed it up.

u little dream how well informed
regarding your private affairs,
he said.

wi, he said.

"I he said.

"I he said.

"I he will know what you mean. I am "I he wor had any money," swered Kredge, at last.

"I know all about that. But tell me, hat have you done with Marion Oak-

know nothing about the girl. How

Look here, Levi, your lies are wast-lam the man who attempted to me Marion Oakburn from Malvin's el. Now, mark my words, you in-lal secundrel, if that poor girl is med in any way, I shall exact a fear-retribution."

evi shuddered, but he protested his ire ignorance regarding Marion's

axton could not prolong this inter-further, and he believed he had le an impression on the mind of the th which would result as he desired. ed detective counted upon Kredge's

Ing for his sister Judith, and im
ing her to gave him by the revelawhich we know she had informed

the could make.

e could make.

I Kredge found himself alone;
aton's departure, he gave vent
thoughts in these words:
udith fails me, it is either hang
a long term of impressment,
han save myself from the gallow
most othat, I think, at the cost of
sealor which will anyte condens. confession which will surely condemn to the cost of th

What was the meaning of this? Solid it be that there was some secret this dark mystery which no man sus-ted locked in the heart of Levi

rouge:

Tail an hour later, as the guard passible cell. Levi Kredge called to him lough the grating of his cell door.

What's the row?" demanded the teen guard rudely.

"Mr. Stamore, you forget yoursell," said Parton, and then to Judith Kredge:
"Go on, give us the proof of this incredible acquisition of yours."
"I will bell you all," replied the promin, "On the night of the murder I was
it, and I telt my room at about 1 closely
and was to Marion's room to promis
think maddeins. To my surprise Marion
was not in her room. I heard a bound the prisoner,

All right, said the grand,

Just then we O

test per
Levi reco.

band and a cheef of paper covered with writing in the other. I watched her and warming in the custor. I watched her and saw her steal up the stairs and enter her room where she concealed the pistol in room where she concealed the pistol the bottom of her trunk, and it is the

helore, and looking over the rail at the head of the plains I saw Marion com-

"After that she came to my room, and with pretended anxiety about her father induced me to go down to the office, where we found the old man dead. Now you know why I think Marion Oakburn is guilty."

BROWERS OF THE.

"What do you mean? I have not called at Oakburn's since I fied?" said Levi in amazement.

An explanation ensued, and great was

"You loved her so well you even consented to take care of all her money for her." Paxton commented, sneeringly, Judith looked frightened, for she had not suspected Paxton had the knowledge his words implied.

She did not resume her statement until Paxton said:
"If you know anything to help your brother's cause, or to explain the murder mysterry, do not delay in making it known. I assure you Levi's neck is in danger."

Then Lydith continued:

known. I assure you act to an anger."

Then Judith continued:
"Much as I love Marion, when it comes to choose between her and my own flesh and blood, nature rules. Had not Levi been wrongfully arrested, and did not chroumstances unjustly awaken a suspicion against him, I would not now betray my dear Marion."
"What do you mean, woman?" thundered Stammore.
"Patience! patience!" admonished Paxton.

"Patience!" admonished
Paxton.
Judith Kredge did not heed Stanmore's
excited words.
She continued calmly:
"To shield Marion Oakburn, I have
kept a terrible secret. To save my own
brother I will confess it." She paused,
and there was a moment of breathless
elience.

Stuart was on his feet, and he seemed to await the woman's next words with such anxiety as only one in his situation could feel. He thought her revelation might be his own vindication. "How shall I say it? I know who killed John Oakburn," Judith went on. "Who is the assessin? The name! the name!" Genanded Paxton, eagerly.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Thus concluded Judith Kredge.
"It is all a clever invention, no doubt,
and if there is a pistol in Marion Oakarn's trunk I suspect you put it there,"
id Payton. and if there

"This is no more than I might hav anticipated," answered Judith, with a injured air.

injured a While she was making her revels tion, Stuart Harland was intensely ag

tated.

Thus far he had kept the secret the he had seen Marion leave the office of the night of the murder, but now since the truth was revealed by the janifor's sit ter he felt that it was his duty to relative the best below the same of the second secret was the second secret with the second se what he knew.

what he knew.

'One moment, Mr. Paxton, I believ

you are too hasty. I, too, have con
cealed a certain item of knowledg
regarding this crime, because I did no
wish to bring suspicion and disgrad
upon one whom I believe to be innocetdespite the evidence of my own sight
from my knowledge of her character,
said Stuart Harland.

"This is heaconing interesting" said

This is becoming interesting," said Paxton

Paxton.
"Do you confirm this woman's story?"
demanded Stanmore.
"Listen, sir," answered Stuart, and
then he went on to relate how on the
night of the murder, as he was leaving night of the murder, as he was leaving the house just after the crime must have been committed, he saw Marion step out of the office with a paper in one hand, and something from which the light glinted as though it might have been reflected from a polished metallic

surface in the other.

He also told how frightened Marion looked, and how she had fled up the rear

In conclusion he said:

"After all, I have so much confidence in Larion; as I have said, that I believe there is some explanation of her conduct yet to be made which will leave as all without doubt of her inno-

Stanmore listened to Stuart Harland's : tory he uttered a groan and buried his face in his hands. Both Stuart and Paxton regarded him wond ringly, and they asked them-

selves:
"What is Marion Oakburn to Mr. Stan-

As Stuart concluded, Stanmore arose

and he looked as though the room was stifling him, as though he could not breathe, and he went out reeling like a drunken man. 'Have I done right in telling all this?"

"You have. Justice demands that all possible light should be cast upon this case," answered the detective. Judith Kredge seemed delighted at Stuart's unexpected confirmation of her

statement.

statement.
"Now you will believe me!" she cried.
"Yes, we believe your statement that you saw Marion Oakburn as described, but we do not yet admit her guilt as proven," answered Paxton.
"If more evidence is wanted, it is furnished by her flight. She ran away because she became alarmed and feared she would be arrested," continued Judith. dith.

dith.

"And so you are guilty of compounding a felony, Miss Judith," said Paxton suddenly.

"I—I don't comprehend."

"I presume not. Let me refresh your memory. Marion Oakburn bribed you to keep it a secret that you saw her leave the office on the night of the murger."

"No! No!"
"I know it is true. You wrung the last dollar she possessed from that poor girl, and I also suspect you compelled her to give you her jewelry."
"It is false."
"We have a faculty for making discoveries. I know all about your bank account, and I have seen Marion Oakburn's locket which was pawned by you."

"I deny it."

"It will do you no good to deny what we can prove. It is a criminal offense to compound a felony, or in other words to conceal a crime. If you expect any mercy at my hands, truthfully answer my questions. Do you know where Levi was at the time of the murder?"
"No, sir," answered Judith.
"Do you know where Marion Oakburn is?"
"No."

Paxton reflected for a moment in this

"Since she has a powerful motive in seeking to place the crime on some one besides her brother, were it not that Stuart Harland has confirmed her story, I should not credit it. And yet if Ma-rion Oakburn is innocent, why did she bribe Judith to keep her secret?" bribe Judith to keep her secre Presently he said to Judith: "We will successary you

"We will secompany you home. I want to see the pistol you say is con-cealed in Marion Oakburn's trunk."

the name!" demanded Paxton, eegerly.
"Martion Oakburn! She killed her
own father," said the woman.
Stanmore sprang to his feet, and
soarcely knowing what he did in the exoitement of the moment he selred Judith
by the arm, as he hissed:
"It's a lie! an infamous lie!"
"You are a brave man to insult a wom
an," retorted Judith; Stanmore's face
flushed, and realizing his conduct he released her. want to see the proof you say it was cealed in Marion Oakburn's trunk."

Judith assented.

As they were leaving the office, Stanmore re-entered, and being informed of their contemplated visit to Oakburn's spartment, he accompanied them.

Upon their arrival at the house, Judith led the way directly to Marion's from, and the others followed her.

Entering Marion's apartment, Judith said, pointing to a trunk:

Search for yourselves:

The trunk was locked, but Paxton forced the lift, and in a moment he discovered a strange-looking pistoj of large covered a the bottom of the trunk.

It was indeed the very weapon that Marion Oakburn concealed there on the night of the murder.

Engerty Taxton examined it.

Then producing the large peculiar shaped builts which had caused John

"Now for the supreme test. If this is the part of the supreme test. If this is the part of the supreme test. If this is the part of the which the skot that killed Oakburn was discharged, this bullet will fit it."

Then he tried the bullet in 'the pistol. There was no lenger a doubt.

The bullet fitted the pistol perfectly.

"We have found the weapon with which Oakburn was killed," said Paxtos, now fully convinced on this point.

"I told you so," said Judith, triumphantly.

antly.

"This is all a conspiracy. If Marion Oakburn was guilty, common prudence would have told her not to leave the pistol behind when she left her home,"

plator remny and plate said Stanmore,
"Assuming that she was abducted, she

was folding the bank note to in his pocket-book, when he iscovery that was a complete He saw the bill was marked it in his made a dissurprise. He saw the one precisely like the money which had disappeared from Garrison's office on the support this

appeared from Garrison's office on the night of the murder.

Paxton concealed the excitement this raxion conceaned the excitement this discovery naturally occasioned him, and, by dint of skillful inquiries, he succeeded in eliciting the information that the marked bank note had been received from Marion Oakourn, who fre-quently made purchases at the little

quently made parameters of the parameters of the particular note?" asked the detective, when the little old shop-keeper had told him he had it from Marion.

"Because when I received it I gave it the my wife, and this morning I borning and the parameters of the par

to my wife, and this rowed it back from her. and this morning I bor-k from her. She will tell Is it not so, Sarah? ou the same. Is it not s wered the little old man.

Thus appealed to the aged shopkeep-'s wife at once confirmed her husband. Paxton left the shop with his mind burdened with this new source of per-

"The case grows stronger and stronger against Marion. When shall I get at inst Marion. When shall I get a real truth of the affair—when sha low who murdered the old cashier? I know who murdered the old cashier?" he said in monologue.

Paxton was seated in his office that

same night when a messenger boy called and delivered a note, which the detect-ive hastily read and as he perused it he seemed to be somewhat excited.

This matter must be looked to " he exclaimed, and he hurriedly once! left the office

Paxton went directly to Judith Kredge whom he found at the apartments late tenanted by John Oakburn and h

He had received a surprising com-munication from the woman, but he sus munication from the woman, but he sus-pected a plot, and he was on his guard. The detective was about to hear a disclosure which he most desired, and

Judith Kredge had resolved upon a bold move. A crisis was impending.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Coming Fruit Country

Oregon fruit-growers say that Ore Oregon fruit-growers say that Oregon is to be the greatest fruit-growing State of the Union. One fruit expert says that Italian prunes grown in the Willamette Valley are superior to those grown in Italy. The climate, he says, is like the great fruit region of Asia Minor. One grower has planted about 15,000 orune trees in 150 acres in the Willamette. prune trees in 150 acres in the Willaprune trees in 150 acres in the wills-mette, and it is said that prunes and other fruits are being planted in thousands of other farms. That part of the State promises to he a vast fruit orchard in the near future.

Improving Honey.

could be immensely im-Honey proved by the planting of the flowers known to yield a fine flavored nectar. Everyone knows the difference in the quality of the comb contents in difquality of the comb contents in dif-ferent parts of the same country and in different regions. The Narbonne honey obtains its fine flavor by being harvested chiefly from labiate plants, such as rosemary, etc., and though it appears that the Maltese honey does ot, as is often stated, owe its due aroma to orange blossoms, the latter undeniably perfumes Greek honey.

Time both production of grain in the United States this year is placed at 9,527,279,600 bushels, an increase over the yield of 1894 of 1,091,360,600 bushels. English farmers may well con clude that their best plan is to emigrate to America, for competition is no longer possible in their occupation.

The man who undertakes to get a livthe by his with would have a more regpend more on his muscle.

As I gazed, the moon rose slowly in the sky, a burnished shield of liquid light. Her long white rays glittered upon the solemn forest, and penetrated the far recesses of the hills, trailing a broad pathway of silver over the wat till it was lost at last in the distant

shadows of the mountain. As if drawn by some spell, I walked slowly towards the lake till I stood at hast on a rising ground that overlooked the broad still sheet of water. There, to the right, between the mountain and the shore, lay the rules of the city of the long dead past. Flooded moonlight, it swam in a haze of glory, each mound of decaying stone crowned with trees, each crumiling wall clothed with a garment of nature's own providing. It was the very apotheceis of de

cay.

It had been no puny city, Far up the mountain's lower stope, far back to where the hills drew down to the shore, the long succession of its risins, extended—here in great; shapeless mounds that stood alone, a few broken shafts and shattered pediments still standing out clear the same and another. out, clear, sharp-cut, and angular, in the silver light, there in the long ranges of crumbling walls, through which wast fig-trees shot up their wealth of leaves. that marked the course of some broad avenue which went on and on till it lost itself in the white distance.— Lippincott's.

Curious Accident. Assistant Manager A. R. Dupern,

of the Alameda, Oakland and Piedmont Street Railway Company, had his eyebrows, eyelashes and hair burned off, the result of a curious accident. Mr. Dupern was explaining to one of the employees in the company's power-house on Webster street, Alameda, a plan, the drawing of which he had in his hand. He referred to some changes to be made in the wires which conduct electricity in the cars. Mr. Dupern dropped a brass rule which he had in his hand. It fell upon a "live" A flash of lightning instantly from the wire. It flamed up with such force as to set fire to the paper which

Mr. Dupern was poring over. The workman fled. A yell of agony from the assistant manager called the attention of other employees to the scene. They found Mr. Dupern writhing in pain. His eyebrows, eyelashes and portions of the hair around his face had been burned away. He could not see, and for a while he feared that his eyesight had been destroyed.

Mr. Dupern's assistants put him in & carriage and brought him to the Re-ceiving Hospital. There remedies were applied to the suffering man, and he soon found some relief.

Silk Manufacture

The manufacture of silk in the United States began less than forty years ago at Paterson. N. J., in a small room over a machine shop. The indus-try has grown to immense propor-tions, the factories occupying hundreds of acres, and their annual output of finished goods now amounts to \$20,-000,000. The raw silk market of the world amounts to \$400,000,000 an-nually, one-quarter of which is imported into this country.

From the small beginning of two decades ago there are now 400 silk manufacturing establishments in operation. The 400 factories employed 51,000 people, and the annual wages paid was \$19,000,000. There were also fifty-two establishments for dyeing and finishing goods, with a capital stock of about \$2,500,000, paying \$1,254,798 in wages.

We are now manufacturing every article made in older silk countries, and our goods are classed as fully equal to the foreign product. Ameri-can inventive genius has wrought marvelous improvements in mechan ism, speed and artistic effect. proved machinery for the mann ture of silk, invented and made. Connecticut firm, is being shipped to Russia. Switzerland and Japan, and is accorded a high standard of excellence.

Chemeleon Spiders.

An interesting instance of colored mimicry in spiders has been observed in the south of France. The spiders of that region when in search of prey hide in the convolvulus flowers. It has in the convolvulus flowers. been noticed that a white variety of spider frequented the white flowers, a greenish colored variety made the green flowers his home, and a pink one lived principally in the pink flowers. The colors of the three varieties were at first supposed to be permanent, but it has recently been discovered that the celor of any of these spiders changes within a few days if the insect be placed in the convolvulus of a different colored flower to that which he has been using as his home. Four spiders, pink, white, green and yellow in color were all put in a box together, and within three days all were white.

Six years ago W. S. Doty, of De-troit, was robbed of a gold watch and some cash. The other day he bought

a second-hand mattress, and Mrs.
Doty, white on a hunt for moths,
found the watch concealed in the mat-