Doctor King was assisting Ruth restore her aunt to consciousness.

restore her uunt to consciousness. As for Bartley, myself and Black, who had come forward, we had eyes for nothing but the silent figure of the chauffeur.

ment."
Even as he spoke the chauffeut opened his eyes, eyes that still retained their look of horror and dazed surprise. Weakly his glance traveled over the faces bending over him; he tried to raise one hand, but the effort was too much for him and his eyes closed again. When he opened them a second time, he seemed to recognize Resident and case him such all

a saw Bartiey's face lighten, but he did not speak. Briffeur lay so still that we thought he had ceased to breathe; but, as the doctor started to rise, he made a sudden effort to sit

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nothing but the silent figure of the chauffeur.

Doctor Webster opened his cont and examined the wound. Then, when he had turned back his eveilds and felt his pulse, he slowly shook his head and said to Bartler: "He can't live more than five minutes. The knife reached his heart."

"Will he recover consciousness before he dies?" Bartley asked.

"I can't say. He might, for a moment."

Even as he spoke the chauffeur CHAPTER III.—Miss Potter, the dead nan's sister-in-law, the village police hief, Roche, and the family physician, loctor King, all agree Slyke killed hier-sif, but Bartley insists he was murdered, nyestigating, Bartley finds evidence that lyke, after a card party he had gives, was shot on the tower of the house, un-beance from the room someons removes he revolver from Sirke's hand.

chapter V.—Pelt starts out to interview the members of the eard party, the
finds to his surprise that slyke, supparent
the man in fall for attampted robery of
slyke were 'framed.'

CHAPTER VI.—Returning from a visit
to Sarstors. Bartley, Pelt and Curre
to Sarstors. The trace come upon a long motor truck, without
lights and off the road. They are dilights and off the road to take on a wazen hue. Though his
lips moved feebly, no words came
from them. Then, with a final efront, he had left, and, in a voice so low
are as wazer. The three come upon a long
the revolver which had been found in
slyke's hand. A max, seemingly was
they detain believed the start of the start
and takes
charge of the vault.

CHAPTER VII.—After considering all

CHAPTER VII.—After considering all

chapter VII.—After considering all

chapter VII.—After considering all

did not speak. Briffeur lay so still.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bartley continues his search for evidence, and apparently finds some things he considers of value. The inquest opens. Doctor King, who is the concer, a war veteran, and who had been shell-shocked, conducts as Doctor Kunderstorn of the control of t

### CHAPTER X

Sudden Death.

For a moment after the cry had died away the only sound to be heard was the dashing of the rain against the windows and the lashing of the trees outside. Everyone was too startied and frightened to more. I felt Bartley's hand on my arm, his fingers sinking deep into my flesh. Then the spell was broken, and men asked each other in excited whispers what had

nappened. The cry had seemed to come from the front of the room. It had been one of horror, dread and surprise, as if the person uttering it had met with some unexpected and awdi experience.

some unexpected and awful experience. It had been a man's voice, and I wondered whose it could have been. "Come on, Felt."

Bartley pushed back his chair and half dragged me to my feet. We started to grope our way between the chairs toward the place from which the cry had come. The room was still in darkness and our progress was very slow. Then the lights began to flicker very dimly, and suddenly flashed on again in all their power.

—At first glance, there seemed to be nothing wrong; then I noticed that King was bending over his desk, his face dead white, his eyes fixed on something on the foor in front of him, and fear showing in every feature. I realized suddenly that the chauffeur's chair was empty, and that Roche was on his knees before some object. Miss Potter, who had also been staring at the floor, fainted and fell sidewise into the arms of her niece. Then I saw what was the matter: the chauffeur was lying on the floor, with his face white, and his eyes closed.

Bartley dropped to his knees beside Roche and gave one searching look

species closed.

Bartley dropped to his knees beside Roche and gave one searching look at the man, then straightened up with a queer expression on his face. He pointed silently to the chauffeur. On his brown coat, slowly darkening and widening, was a splotch of blood, and from his breast protruded the hilt of knife.

a knife.
For a moment my head swam. Only a short time before the lights had some out the chanffeur had had a self-confident sneer on his face; now he was lying on the floor, white and still, a knife in his breast. Another murder had taken place in Slyke's house, and this time in a room crowded with people.

At the word murder she gasped and Atter had taken place in Slyke's house, and this time in a room crowded with people.

The district attorney and Doctor Weister had by now reached our side, and the house the content of the doctor knelt down by the chapteer. With a glance at the excited growd pushing its way toward to grow a pushing its way toward to be a supplementation of the content of the c

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these easted on office talls of the large talls of the barnet. He cry had larged but the barnet frettion of a second, it, mands argety this enough between the months when the lights went out and the time when the cry came for anyone to have come up to him, murdered him, agotten away again. The murder must have been committed by someone near him. On one side of him had been Miss Potter; and, on the other, Roche was above suspicion; a police chief does not kill his prisoner unless he artempts to escape. Then I remembered the strange look that had passed between Miss Potter and the chauffeur when the latter had entered the room.

Though there had evidently been ill-Though there had evidently been Ill-

Though there had evidently been ill-feeling between the two, it seemed absurd to suppose that she had killed him. To have done it, she would have had to have known that he would be seated beside her. I knew that no one but the coroner had known beforehand how the witnesses would be placed. Nor could she have known that the lights would go out just when they did, and thus give a chance to strike the blow. It dawned on me, at this point, that she could not have known that the chanfeur would be called as a witness, and might not have known that the chautteur would be called as a witness, and might not have even known that he had been arrested. Yet the blow had been struck by some one near fier, and very near to him.

At this moment Roche hurrled into the room, his fat red face flushed to an even redder hue, his eyes wide and curlous.

and curious.

"What shall I do with those people outside?" he asked the district attorney. "I got them out of the house, but the reporters are howling ther heads off. They want to know what

has happened."

The attorney gave Bartley an ap-

pealing look.

"If I were you," Bartley told him,
"I would call the inquest off for today at least. You have heard all the

"Twoffer can't the inquist on for or day at least. You have heard all the important evidence. What Briffeur might have said we shall never know. Our duty now is to try and discover what happened to the poor chap." He turned to Doctor King. "If I were you, Doctor, I would take the aame of every one that was in the room this afternoon. You might tell the reporters, Roche, that we will talk to them later."

As both King and the district attorney notded, Roche hurried from the room, but returned a moment later. Again we stood hesitating, no one seeming to know just what to do next, waiting for Bartley to take the lead. Seeing that we were depending on him, he walked to the desk where King had sat, and called us around him.

Silently he turned the knife over

Silently he turned the knife over and over in his hand, then gave it to each of us in turn to examine. It was a curious kind of a knife, looking was a curious kind of a kind. Toolship as if it had had hard usage. The handle was of wood, rather heavy, and the blade, some four inches long. and the blade, some four incress lous, came to a fine, sharp point. As the blade did not close, it was an awkward weapon to carry around, and I wondered where the murderer had hidden it. The more I looked at it, the more I wondered what it had been the more I wondered what it had been used for. It was not a hunting knife, although it somewhat resembled one, of that I was sure. It fact, it was unlike any knife that I had ever seen. We all looked at it silently; and, when the last to handle it had placed.

when the last to handle it had placed it back on the desk, Bartley picked it up for a second time.

"This is the weapon that killed Briffeur. You wonder why I allowed you to touch it instead of keeping it for finger prints. You will find no finger prints; for whoever used it had sense enough to have his hand covered."

Suddenly I remembered that he had said the same thing about the mur-derer of Slyke. There had been no finger prints found in the rooms or on the revolver. I wondered if there could be any connection between the

could be any connection between the two deaths.

"It is, of course, significant," Bartley continued, his voice grave, "that this man was killed as he was about to testify. It looks very much as it someone in the room feared that he might tell who killed Slyke, and, to prevent it, took a great chance and killed him in a room full of people."

Doctor King, in a rather, excited voice, broke in to say, "But, Mr. Bartley, no one could have known that the lights would go out. I myself did not even know that Briffeir was to testify, and I doubt if anyone else did."

"I—Killed—"

up, and Bartley put his arm under him. With eyes flashing, he cried in a loud voice, "Slyke—mur-murdered. I—" His arm rose from his side and pointed straight in front of him, his finger almost toutching Doctor Webster, who gazed down at him, puzzled. "I—killed—" The chaufteur's voice broke; his lips ceased to move; and, without even a sigh, his head fell back. The chaufteur would never speak again.

Sliently we rose to our feet, and stood looking down at the dead man. We were all too overcome by what had taken place, to speak. It seemed impossible that a man could have been done to death in a roomful of people, with the chief of police on one side of him and three detectives near him. But murdered he had been. Bartley seemed to feel as dazed as I did for he took the knife the doctor handed him, without looking at it, his eyes upon the chaufteur and on his face a very odd expression. None of us seemed fully able to grasp that a man had been murdered almost before our eyes.

Doctor King had been working over testify, and I doubt it anyone else did."

Bartley listened to the doctor's words with a grave face. "That is so. King. So far as I know, only Roche, Black, the district attorney and myself knew that the chanffeur would testify. None of us knew, however, what he was going to say, for he had refused to rell us. It is absurd to think that any of us killed Briffeur. Pelt, Black and myself were at the rear of the room. The district attorney was at least seven feet away from him. The only person near him was our friend Roche."

The red face of the police chief turned even redder. In astonishment he hastily stämmered, "My G.—, Mr. Barteyes.

Doctor King had been working over
Miss Potter, and she now opened her
eyes and glanced around wildly. She
saw the body at her feet, and with
a little cry.asked, "What's happened?"

a little cry asked, "What's happened"
No one answered for a moment;
and then Bartley replied simply,
"Someone has murdered the chaufeur."
At the word murder she gasped and
accepted her eyes with her hand. After

turned even redder. In astonishment he hastily stämmered, "My G., Mr. Bartley, you don't think I killed him, do you?"

Under any other circumstances his diamay would have been so humorous that we all would have hughed, but we had no desire to do so now. We all agreed with Birtley, when he assured him that he had committed him that he had committed he make that he had committed he make that he had committed he make the had committed he make the had committed he had been that he had committed he make the had committed he had been had supply to show how make the had been that he had been had b

the chairfeur could have been tilled while we were all in the roem with the beat thing. But he has been, and we must find out who did it. I think the best thing to do will be for each of us to seat himself just where he was when the lights went out. But first, we had better remove the body."

Black, Roche and Doctor Webster raised the chaufeur's body and carried him from the room, followed by Doctor King. While they were gone, Bartley got down on his knees before the chair in which the chauffeur had sat, and examined the heavy dark blue carpet which covered the floor. He was searching for a clue. I knew, that would give a hint as to how the murder had been committed. Miss Potter and Ruili, who had resumed their old soats, watched him with white faces.

When he rose to his feet Bartley stood looking silently down at the floor with a little frown on his face. At last he turned to me and said. "When Briffeur came into this room and took his chair. Pelt, he was, of course, facing the coroner and the district attorney. When we found him after the lights came on, he had sunk to the floor in a pusition directly opposite to that in which he was sented.

after the tights came on, act has one to the floor in a position directly op-posite to that in which he was sented— that is, with his back to them. If may be that, at the moment of the blow, he had half turned to see what had happened to the lights, or he may have swung around after the blow as he was slipping to the floor."

blow as he was slipping to the door."

I nodded, and he continued, "You notice that the blow came very close to the center of the heart. The murderer knew where to strike. If his knife had reached the place aimed for, the chauffeur would have died without uttering a word. In fact—"

He was prevented from saying more by the return of the others. At his suggestion, they took the places they had occupied when the lights weat out. I was asked to take the chair that Briffeur had been in. This placed Roche on my left, so hear that I almost touched him, and Miss Potte

about a foot away on my right. Doe-tor King took his station behind the desk, which was directly in front of me and about eight feet away. The chair of the district attorney was at near Bartley, who had sented himself on the desk.

(To be continued)

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon.
Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of
Allegany County, notice is hereby
given to all persons having claims
against Roxana B. Burrows, late of
Andover, in the County of Allegany,
deceased, that they are required to
present the same with the vouches
thereof, to Frank W. Burrows, the
executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, at the
Burrows National Bank in the Village
of Andover, N. Y., on or before the
fifteenth day of July, 1923.
FRANK W. BURROWS,
Executor.

Robbins, Phillips & Robbins, Attorneys for Executor, Hornell, N. Y.

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