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Oliver Dumbarton, after the legal separation from her brutal husband, becomes a successful author and lives quietly with her daughter, Veronica, in a house on the corner of 12th and 13th Sts., New York City.

CHAPTER II. A fortnight elapsed since Olive Dumbarton said farewell to her cousin, during which time she had striven in vain to escape from the cloud of depression that crept upon her life.

CHAPTER III. On seeing the figure of a man stretched stark upon the floor, his breast stained with blood, the policeman, unhesitatingly, else, knelt beside him to ascertain if life were quite extinct.

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CHAPTER V. "Who is he?" the maid replied, in a high, wild voice. Before he could ask further questions, sounds were heard of footsteps and murmurs of voices of those whom the servant's cries of murder and the policeman's entry had attracted.

CHAPTER VI. George Bostock rose. He was struck by the pale and haggard appearance of his hostess, which her animation had until now concealed.

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Together they began the scrutiny, which seemed to afford little clue to the motive which caused David Dumbarton's death. The deceased had neither watch, chain, nor valuables in his possession; a few shillings and some pawn tickets were found in one pocket, a passbook containing entries of bets in another, while a third held an empty envelope directed in a round, masculine hand, and giving the address of the deceased.

These being carefully set aside, the examination of the room was proceeded with, the men stepping softly on the thick carpet, as if fearful lest they should wake that rigid form lying on the floor. Their search was almost immediately rewarded by the discovery near the couch on which Mrs. Dumbarton had lain of a large, bone-handled clasp knife, such as sailors might use, the blade of which was freshly stained with blood, and from the window crossing to the center of the room were traces of clay—marks of the footsteps of the murdered man. Beyond these nothing was perceptible in the well-ordered room to indicate the tragedy that had taken place within its walls and had forever cast a shadow on this peaceful home.

"He must have entered there," remarked Mackworth, pointing to the French windows, which opened in the center and extended almost to the floor. "Let us have a look at the garden." And with lamps flashing through the heavy darkness they examined the ground, tracking footmarks which crossed in a diagonal line from the gate to the window, leaving deep indentations in the flower plots, tramping shrubs and blossoms, and tearing down the grass upon the slope of the terrace fronting the house. Comparison of the footprints with the boots of the deceased showed beyond doubt it was he who had left the traces behind as he rushed on his way to death.

The closest observations made then and in the morning also failed to discover the tracks of a second pair of boots. Not satisfied with this scrutiny, the inspector resolved to extend its sphere, but for this purpose he was obliged to wait until daylight came to his aid. For, though it seemed at this moment as if



"Terrible to Behold, Stood Mrs. Dumbarton."

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5. Do they think of me at Home 25. The Johnny comes Marching Home
6. Auld Lang Syne 26. Old Log Cabin in the Dell
7. Carry me back Old Virginia 27. The Goodbye Back to Dixie
8. My Old Kentucky Home 28. When I was a Young Man I'm a Soldier
9. Sweet Home 29. Dreaming of Home and Mother
10. The Old Folks at Home 30. One-hundred and one
11. The Boatman's Boy 31. Rolling Home in the Morning
12. The Old Folks at Home 32. In the Good Old Summer Time
13. The Boatman's Boy 33. In My Old New Hampshire Home
14. The Boatman's Boy 34. Vacant Chair
15. The Boatman's Boy 35. What the Olden Days Roll By
16. The Boatman's Boy 36. I cannot sing the old songs
17. The Boatman's Boy 37. The Goodbye Back to Dixie
18. The Boatman's Boy 38. Pulling Hard against the Stream
19. The Boatman's Boy 39. In the Morning by the Bright Light
20. The Boatman's Boy 40. Good Night, Ladies.

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