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"The Handy Hat Fasteners" IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

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A fortnight elapsed since Olive Dum-parton said farewell to her cousin, dur-ng which time she had striven in vain to escape from the cloud of depression that crept upon her life. Veronica persuaded her to summon their friend and

suaded her to summon their friend and neighbor, Dr. Quave.

The latter, on seeing Mrs. Dumbarton, spoke gravely of overwrought nerves, exhausted brain, general debility, and ordered complete rest from mental work, open air exercise, avoidance of excitement, crowds and late hours, begging her of all things to free her wind from ner of all things to free her mind from

worry.
"What most fatigues and distresses me

are sleepless nights," she said, "so that I have taken to use chloral," "That you must immediately discon-tinue," Dr. Quave replied. "Sleep should come from natural causes, as from exercise, for instance."

ercise, for instance."
"But I haven't sufficient strength to take exercise."
"You soon will. Narcotics are especially bad in a case like yours. I will send you a tonic—phosphorus, quinine and nux vomica. That, with complete rest, will set you right again," the doctor remarked, with a cheery air.

Mrs. Dumbarton gave up work because all ideas seemed to have forsaken her, and to frame three consecutive sentences

and to frame three consecutive sentence

all ideas seemed to have forsaken her, and to frame three consecutive sentences became an impossibility.

One evening after dinner as she sat reading in the cosy room she called the study, a servant entered bearing a card. Mrs. Dumbarton started at the slight but unexpected noise made by the opening of the door, and then glanced at her visitor's name. "Mr. Bostock—show him in," she said, without hesitation and with pleasure. In another moment the publisher stood before her, a tall, slight man, with a wide, high forehead, dark gray melancholy eyes under well-marked brows and a black beard.

"Forgive me for calling at such an hour," he said, apologetically, "but I was in the neighborhood, and I thought I would do myself the pleasure of bearing you interesting news."

"I am always glad to see you," she answered, the frank expression of her pleasure showing in her face.

"My news is this: The whole of the first edition of your book has been subscribed for before publication."

"It fills me with apprehension." said the authoress. "What, if after all I disappoint the public, now it has been so kind?"

"No fear of that. It's the best novel

kind?"
"No fear of that. It's the best novel you have written," George Bostock replied, looking at her with eyes that spoke the secret of his heart.
"I'm delighted that you think so. The last book at which I work always seems to me the best until it's finished; then, when I read it over, I see how completely it has failed t occurvey what I intended, and I am ready to feel unspeakable gratitude to the critics if they will

intended, and I am ready to feel unspeak-able gratitude to the critics if they will mercifully refrain from rending me."
"Now they unanimously praise you," the publisher said.
"Far more than I deserve; I am not unmindful of their gentleness."
"You have earned all their praise," re-olled this cheery friend.

"You have earned all their praise, replied this cheery friend.
"'Tis more that I receive it."
And they continued chatting of literature and its votaries, unmindful because unconscious of the fate drawing nighthem, until once more the servant entered, this time with a book and a letter which the description to the late took. I color which had arrived by the last post. Look-ing at them, Mrs. Dumbarton saw they were directed in the handwriting of Vaerius Galbraith.

George Bostock rose. He was struck by the pale and haggard appearance of his hostess, which her animation had un-til now concealed. "Are you not well?" he inquired,

anxiously

anxiously.
"I have been somewhat upset."
"Surely not by him?"
"Yes. He has returned, notwithstanding his promise."
"Hes he here here?" Rostock asked.

ing his promise."

"Has he been here?" Bostock asked, anxiously, eagerly.

"Not yet; but he may come any day."

"Can nothing be done?" he inquired, much distressed by what he heard.

"I fear not. But the pain of this expectancy—the suspense——"

ectancy—the suspense——"
"I understand. Remember, if I can
e of any service—you know——"
"Yes, I know," she answered, grate-

fully.

With a strong, firm grasp he held her hand in his, then left her without urther words. Left alone, Mrs. Dumbarton seated her-

Left alone, Mrs. Diamouron seated ner-left in a cosy chair and opened the book Valerius had sent. She soon became in-erested in its contents, so that time puickly passed unperceived by her.

Veronica had been an hour in the happy land of childhood's dreams, and the cook had retired to bed, so that none were downstairs save Olive Dumbarton and her maid, the latter awaiting e summons of her mistress. Suddenly the girl dozed over a weekly periodi al, she was rudely startled into wake-ulness by sounds of the shifting and rashing of furniture, and immediately fter came a cry of bitter pain, such as might be drawn from a woman by a cruel blow, to which in turn succeeded a hoarse shout, as from a man in his extremity imploring mercy and demand-

Petrified by terror, the girl stood im movable with strained senses for a sec-ond, then, acting on impulse, she rushed to the study and flung wide the door. The Tailoring dispose of pen and fine the control of the room a man lay pended to the study and flung wide the door. In the center of the room a man lay pended to the room a man lay pended t

smeared, her demeanor wild. With a horrible scream the girl rushed from the room, quitted the house, and ran into the roadway.

A minute later and Veronica, draped in the drawing group, buried into the

in a dressing gown, hurried into the tionless figure and gazed upon the cruel and evil face. "Father," she said, in a shuddering

whisper.
Then she looked upon her mother Then she looked upon her mother, whose countenance was as that of a marble mask—a mask cunningly carved to express despair and delirium, agony and fear, and lighted by the eyes of flame, looked upon the knife clutched in the thin, nervous white hand and upon the blood-smeared gown, when with a piteous and tender cry—the cry of one wounded beyond healing, the child flung her arms around that dumb, tragic figure, exclaiming:

"Oh, mother, mother, what have you At that moment the servant hurriedly e-entered the room, followed by a police

an.
"Look," she said hysterically, as pointed to her mistress. "Look, she has nurdered him!" As the policeman advanced Olive Dum-

barton shivered and drew back, tottered, and with a piteous moan fell senseless beside the dead.

CHAPTER III.

On seeing the figure of a man stretched stark upon the floor, his breast stained with blood, the policeman, unheeding all else, knelt beside him to ascertain if life were quite extinct. Having satisfied himelf upon this point, he looked up and

Together they began the scrutiny, which seemed to afford little clew 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 passive contraining entries of hets. 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 de-

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-landled class knife, such as sailors might.

The both thick of me at 7 did lang spine and the language of the course of 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 perceful. forever cast a shadow on this peacefu

marked 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 winliagonal line from the gate to the win low, leaving deep indentations in th lower plots, tramping shrubs and blos flower plots, tramping strubs and blos-soms, 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. though it seemed at this moment as if



"Terrible to Behold, Stood Mrs. Dumbarton."

high, wild voice.

Before he could ask further questions, ounds were heard of footsteps and murmurs of voices of those whom the servant's cries of murder and the policeman's entry had attracted, and presently another constable, Dr. Quave and his son, and some strangers pushed their way into the room, followed by the cook, sleepy the room is the room of the room of the garden began to stir themselves, chirruping weirdly in the solemn silence of dawn—before the pale, green light in the east dissolved pale, green light in the cast dissolved

had just been stilled, and said in an

"It's all over with him. He is quite lead."

dead."
From this ghastly figure he turned to Mrs. Dumbarton, who by this time had been lifted to a couch, where she lay motionless and apparently lifeless, her daughter clinging to and kissing her between heartbroken sobs.

The policeman made no attempt to argest the woman suspected of murder.

The policeman made no attempt to arrest the woman suspected of murder, knowing she was not likely to make her escape, and aware that if arrested before she gave evidence in the Coroner's Court she could not be cross-examined.
"You must at once fetch an inspector, Martyn," the policeman who had first arrived upon the scene said to the other, "while I remain here and see that noth."

"while I remain here and see that nothing is disturbed."

Grayton, the second constable, having disappeared, Mrs. Dumbarton been conveyed to her bedroom and the group of curious strangers having departed, silence fell upon the house, broken only by the occasional sounds of hurried footsters in the corridor above stairs. steps in the corridor above stairs. A considerable time passed before

A considerable time passed before Martyn, keeping his watch beside that stark and ghastly figure, heard sounds of cab wheels stop before the house, and immediately Inspector Griffiths, of the Metropolitan Police District, entered with Crayton. Griffiths, who had been made acquainted with the circumstances of the case, methodically prepared to examine the deceased, hoping to find some clew to the instigation of the crime, some evidence which would surely bring the act home to the perpetrator.

Before beginning he was joined by De-

Before beginning he was joined by De-tective Inspector Mackworth, who had been sent to the house by the Director of Criminal Investigation, to whom Grif-

"Who is he?" the maid replied, in there could be little doubt regarding the perpetrator of the crime, yet Mackworth knowing from experience the possibili-ties which frequently developed them-selves, the unexpected turns that cases

The medical man bent above the dead, took one rigid hand in his own, placed his ear above the region where the heart had been to be not the solution of the solution of the solution silence of dawn—before the took one rigid hand in his own, placed into expanding hues of pink and gold, and the sun rose upon a drowsy world. Then Mackworth set to work.

Passing through the garden, he carefully examined the road to right and left for considerable distances, now tak-

ing the footpath to one side and again at the other, subsequently searching the center of the thoroughfare.

His labors, however, "sulted in nothing more than the finding of a man's glove, apparently new, this having been discovered on the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting Olive Dumining the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting Olive Dumining the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting Olive Dumining the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting Olive Dumining the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting Olive Dumining the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting Olive Dumining the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the control of the pathway at the opposite side and again at the other, subsequently searching the control of the pathway at the opposite side and again at the other, subsequently searching the control of the pathway at the opposite side and again at the other searching the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the control of the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting the pathway at the opposite side and almos discovered on the pathway at the opposite side and almost fronting Olive Dumbarton's house. Mackworth regarded it with little interest, considering that if not belonging to the deceased, it was probably dropped by some individual in no way connected with the crime.

The glove was, however, placed with the articles found upon David Dumbarton, and before the world of London was yet astir Inspector Mackworth was on his way to make inquiries concerning

his way to make inquiries concerning the deceased at the address copied from the envelope found upon his person. (To be continued.)

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A well dressed young man approached the desk in a telegraph branch office yes-terday and wrote a message. Laying the pen down, he handed the message to the

orn down, he handed the message to the girl and said:

"You can rush this for me, can't you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the girl.

"It's very important," he went on; "I must have it rushed."

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The First Air Brake.

Persons who should have known better thought Westinghouse visionary when they were told that he proposed to stop a train by air, says a writer in Success.

Nobody seemed inclined to let him try his plan on a real train, but they did not object to his working model of it in a shop where he could do no harm or involve anybody else in expense.

He knew his scheme would work, but he could not make any one else believe it. So he continued to sell his invention for replacing derailed cars on the tracks and to talk about his brake to any railroad man who was willing to listen.

"Well, have you ever stopped a train

with this air thing of yours?" they would ask. No, he couldn't say that he had done o. Nobody would let him try it, even

on a train of dump cars. One day he arrived in Pittsburg, sellng his other invention and talking about his brake notion to a man connected with a railroad out there.

So the officials of the railroad per-

mitted Westinghouse to put his new kickshaw on one of their trains. He had to agree to indemnify the road for any damage that might be caused to the train as the result of his trials. "That's a great idea of yours," said

the man; "we will try it on our line." The train was equipped. On the desig nated day the confident inventor and a group of sceptical railroad men boarded the train on which the first air brakes were fixed. Off went the train on its initial trip.

The engineer put on full speed, and just as he had rounded a curve he saw ahead, at a grade crossing, and in the middle of the track, a loaded wagon, a man and a boy, and a balky horse. The engineer moved his little lever, and the irst train that was ever stopped by air oulled up at a standstill several feet hort of the obstruction.

Thus, on its first trial, the Westingnouse air brake saved life and prevented damage to property. Thence forward talking was unnecessary; all that had to be done was to make brakes. The inventor thought of that clause securing compensation to the railroad for any damage he might do to the train, and he laughed.

His fortune dated from that day. He was then only twenty-two.

Mrs. J. B. Henderson's Seven Rules For Longevity.

Mrs. J. B. Henderson, the wife of ex-Senator Henderson, wields a great influence, not only over her husband, but also over all who know her. It was Mrs. Henderson who persuaded her husband to destroy all the wines and liquors in the cellars of their Washington home not long ago. Shortly afterwards the news came that she had converted the famous diplomat, Wu Ting Fang, to her ideas and ideals of life. Mrs. Henderson, in a recent interview gave the following rules for long life. They are worth pre-

Study the laws of nature for health 1. Study the laws of nature for a cure.

and the remedies of nature for a cure.

2. Avoid all poisons.

3. Take abundant exercise in pure air, but always short of fatigue. So exercise that every portion of the body is equally benefited. As it takes a strong engine for a long journey, cultivate lung power by slow, deep-breathing exercises.

4. Eat only the amount of food that nature needs, and study what to eat from a scientific point of view. scientific point of view.
5. Cultivate normal sleep. Live and

leep only in rooms that are well sunned. well ventilated and not overheated.

6. Cultivate the habit of work in con-

"It shall go right through."

"All right," he said, turning away. "Be sure and rush it now."

When he had gone the girl showed the message to another operator standing near. "Look at what is to be rushed," she said.

The message read:

"Henry still loves his little wife and wishes she could be with him."

6. Cultivate the habit of work in connection with some worthy ambition, for healthy exercise of body and mind is as strengthening as repose, and should balance it. Work while you work, and rest while you rest, avoiding all worry. Make yourself useful to the world and feel that you have a mission in it.

7. Avoid bad environments, the worst of which is the friend who encourages you to poison yourself.



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