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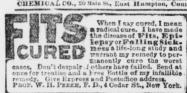
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IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

"I wish it were some one else's duty han mine," said Quinton.
"That it's your, is clear enough Recollect, if Galbraith is innocent you words can do him no harm, and if he

s guilty—well, he deserves to be hange

for it—"
"That's what I dread."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Quinton Quave slept little that night, and when he did his mina was still occupied by his meeting with Valerius under various and extraordinary circumstances, to all of which were attached an impenetrable and distressing mystery, the clew to which the dreamer was forced to seek through a surprising maze of difficulties without ever being able to discover.

maze of difficulties without ever being able to discover.

Quinton was puzzled, disturbed and anxious. What if Valerius had not been in Paris on the night of Dumbarton's death? The conclusions to which this idea led were fraucht with terrible consequences. In striving to control his imagination by the exercise of his reason, his mind became more perplexed, and he could sleep no more. He therefore rose early without feeling rested or refreshed, and on coming down to the breakfast room found his father and mother each with a morning paper, in which was set forth in sensational fashion the confession of George Bostock, furnished with fuller details than had been given in the journals of the previous evening.

In found Mackworth in his little sitting froom, the sombreness of which was reome, in foom, it is shawn atood noisily barking. "Sit down sir," the inspector said. "You have something of importance to tell me or I am much mistaken."

"Yes," replied Quinton, gravely, "Then, sir," Mackworth remarked, "It me hear' it without delay."

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"Then, sir," Mackworth remarke

"Let us see mother," Quinton said, getting behind her chair and leaning over her shoulder that he might read

over her shoulder that he might read for himself the statements made.

Presently Mrs. Quave, having finished with the paper, handed it to her son, saying: "How much we may be deceived in people. I could never have believed Mr. Bostock guilty if he had not confessed."

fessed."

"Nor I," replied Quinton emphatically,
"Poor dear Mrs. Dumbarton should
feel intense relief," said Mrs. Quave,
"That's the strangest part," answertressed than ever."

"Why?" asked Quinton, who not havng seen his father since the previous
itternoon, knew nothing of Olive Dumparton's opinions.

atternoon, knew nothing of Olive Dumbarton's opinions.

"Because she believes Bostock made this confession to save her."

"Yes. On Bostock's confession being made known to her yesterday evening she refused to believe in his guilt, and received such a shock that she faint-di, when I was sent for; she was almost as bad as on the night her husband was killed."

"There must be something in all this."

"There must be something in all this," d Quinton, thoughtfully.
'In all what?" asked his mother,

"In all what? asked his hock, sharply.
"In her refusal to believe Bostock guilty: in her opinion that he sacrificed himself to save her."

Dr. Quave took his morning paper once more and began to read, while his son, with one elbow on the table, his head resting on one hand, became absorbed in thought.

is of the eucalyptia and the trees, comblied with their medicaments, are visited and made more effective in the Inhalation estiment. The medicated of the medicated of the medicated of the mostritis in clouds, is nore. Had he really made a mistake in identifying Valerius with the man the had observed on the night of the tragedy, or was his first impression, on seeing the figure the previous evening correct?

seeing the figure the previous evening corect?

The consideration was startling, but there was no setting it aside once it had taken possession of his thoughts; nor was there any longer a possibility of routing from his mind a doubt as to whether Valerius was in Paris on the night of the tragic event. The young man found himself perplexed by the situation which faced him. A mystery of the gravest importance might be of the gravest importance might be solved by his admission of what had happened the previous evening, yet his action might be the cause of bringing disgrace and perhaps death to a relative of one whom he deeply loved

"Who is to prove whether he was or ot? Mackworth, of course, you must be him at once."

"But if it turns out that Galbraith is guilty?" said Quinton with hesitation.
"Well?" "Don't vou see, father?" replied the

"That is now practically established." "But at the cost of a man who may be innocent. You must not hesitate, my lad, to do your duty." Your Photographs in Natural Colors

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"That's what I dread."

"For he has not only taken Dumbarton's life, but has allowed an innocent woman to lie under the charge, and accepted the greatest sacrifice a man could make from Bostock. See Mackworth without further delay; tell him what you told me, and let him act as he thinks best. That's what you must do, my hov."

thinks best. That's what you must do, my boy."

Quinton saw that he must set aside his own feelings and fears and act in the manner his father suggested. Therefore, half an hour later, while the October sun was struggling to overcome a fog that suddenly had gathered above the great city, he approached the inspector's house, dispirited at the prospect of the interview he sought. He found Mackworth in his little sitting room, the sombreness of which was re-

found Mackworth in his little sitting room, the sombreness of which was relieved by a great fire, in front of which Shawn stood noisily barking.
"Sit down sir," the inspector said.
"You have something of importance to tell me or I am much mistaken."
"Yes," replied Quinton, gravely,
"Something which has just happened."
"Then, sir." Mackworth remarked,
"let me hear it without delay."

task was in itself a wrenching of the past from the present; a farewell to what had been and might be never more; a burying of the dead. And the



"The terrible consciousness that he was going to his death—that nothing could save him."

Should he keep silent and allow the problem to work itself out unaided by him, or had he better speak and free the innocent if such were in his power? On this point he resolved to take the advice of his father, and as the latter rose from the table Quinton said in a serious tone: unconscious of the younger man's mis-sion, or of the consequences to which t was destined to lead.

serious tone:
"I want to speak to you."
"What is it?" the doctor inquired, seating himself once more.
"Something that I want to consult you about that bothers me."
"Ihope that you haven't got into a scrape, my lad?"
"No, father. It's about Mrs. Dumbarton's case."
"Something new?" the doctor said, his interest suddenly aroused.
Quinton, in a few words, told him of the meeting of the previous night and of the doubts and suppositions which had since beset him.
This is serious, very serious, for your identification of Galbraith would place him in an uncommonly suspicious light," said the doctor. "That is, supposing he was not in Paris on the night of Dumbarton's death. But that's a question which must no longer be left in doubt."

"Who is to prove whether he was or not."
"Is Mrs. Dumbarton ill?" he inquired, and in a supposition which must no longer be left in doubt."

"Yes, sir. Dr. Quave was sent for yesterday evening, and he says she must."

anxiously.

"Yes, sir. Dr. Quave was sent for yesterday evening, and he says she must not leave her room for some days or be disturbed."

disturbed."

He was in no humor to visit his club and meet his fellow men, his mind being all unhinged and having nothing in common with the idle interests that amused them, and yet he shrank from splitude, where he felt himself the unprotected area of thought that grayed his beest them, and yet he shrank from solitude, where he felt himself the unprotected prey of thoughts that gnawed his heart ly. "What is there to see?"

"It is through me he will be found out—he who is Veronica's cousin."
"But you will prove her mother's incremee?"
"The is now protected, the shrank from solitude, where he felt himself the unprotected prey of thoughts that gnawed his heart and bereft him of peace. He therefore walked for hours along roads and avenues, through squares and streets, always in the centre of crowds that distracted and bore him company without

avenues, through squares and streets, always in the centre of crowds that distracted and bore him company without personally intruding on him.

Leaving Pall Mall, he hurried through St. James Park on his way to Knightsbridge, and had got as far as Hyde

didressed now for the last time. And while he wrote the pain and despair within him grew until tears blinded his yes and fell upon the page. More than once he laid down the pen as if unable to continue, and then again began, eager of finish his task, yet reluctant to say he final word farewell to her he loved. And this was what he wrote:

the final word farewell to her he loved. And this was what he wrote:

"My Dear Olive—I begin by imploring you to forgive me for the cruel wrong I have done you, which now, at this late hour, I am going to repair. When a few days ago you said George Bostock had not committed murder, your woman's instinct was right; your faith in him was justified, for it was I

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who killed your husband.
"When on the night I dined with you before leaving England, you told me of his return, I was filled with uneasiness, not knowing what steps such a scoundrel might take to prosecute and defeated. TINING. Delightful, charming results. Natural and Life-like. Perfect online for Lantern Sildes, Burnt Wood and Maps. Outlit with instructions by mail, so continued to the continued of the conti

bours of mental combat he had endured the previous night.

The early afternoon was spent in reading old letters long stored away for something they contained in themselves, and which he now burnt. And as his eyes dwelt on them it seemed as if old friends came back, old days returned. Various chapters in his life opened out before him as a book; some almost forgotten, others remembered well, but seen now in a new light—a light which had come too late.

And as the flames consumed each separate sheet it was as though a year of his existence had escaped his grasp, had changed to ashes and turned to nothingness, until but a memory remained of the past which had seemed so eventful, freighted as it had been with a thousand incidents of the inward rather than the outward life. This task was in itself a wrenching of the past from the present; a farewell to was the forgotten with a thousand incidents of the inward rather than the outward life.

And the previous might.

"Startled by what I had done and struck him with it in the breast.

"Startled by what I had done and the man incident in the morning in the fear of its consequences, I trushed him from the spot, until hearing a servant's cries and seeing a police-time and presence of mind, coolly directed him to the spot. I did not know what had happened, nor did I dare return. In the morning I learned all, when my cowardice overcoming this impulse, I bersuaded myself that you could not fail to prove your innocence, and that I need not suffer for my deed. I therefore returned to Paris. None knew I had been with a thousand incidents of the in-ward rather than the outward life.

should never be suspected.

"On reaching Paris I immediately started for Brindisi, whence I telegraphed to you. The dastardly part I played in permitting you to bear the blame, followed; but again and again I told myself your innocense could and must be proved without my confession. And then I hoped that now being free you might give me the love it had been my lifelong desire to obtain. So when the woman Mezza appeared I felt convinced the blame might be shifted or her husband, who I supposed had returned to his own country, where he would probably never be found. And this hope proving false, Bostock's confession assured me you need not suffer nor I confess.

"Imagine then my despair on finding."

"Be merciful and pardon me, is the last request of one who, though he has deeply wronged you, loves you with a deeply wronged you, loves you with a deeper and better love than he has ever felt before. I die in the belief you will not withhold it from me. Farewell, dear Olive, farewell. God bless you now and forever."

pain which it brought lay deep in his heart, but was accepted by him as part of that which he had set himself to active out and dropped it into a neighbor.

of that which he had set himself to accomplish.

As he lay back in his chair before his desk, the despair that blinds hope, fetter joy and crushes vitality came upon him; but striving to rise above these feelings, he set himself to his task. He did had already destroyed such traces and mementoes of his past life as he deemed too sacred for other eyes to look upon when he had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon when he had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon when he had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon when he had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon the had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon the had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon the had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon the had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon the had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon the he had gone. And next he made too sacred for other eyes to look upon the had gone. And next he made too had pearly to sacred for other eyes to look upon the he had gone. And next he made too had pearly destroyed such traces and mementoes of his past life as he deemed too sacred for other eyes to look upon the he had gone. And next he made too had all, but from his he took a bottle of chloroform, and held it to a second him and the light. There was more than sufficient there to send him into a sleep from which in this life the took a bottle of chloroform, and wished took a finally resolving to seek death.

The strong odor of the drug nearly intoxicated him as he raised it to his lips and then set it down once more, lest he had left undone anything which he might remember and wished to do when it became too late. No, nothing had been forgotten and with regret he recognized that there was nothing to delay his last moments. He took the bottle again, lifted it slowly, and then with a sudden effort boldly swallowed its contents. His life had now practically come to an end; the drug must soon begin to paralyze his brain.

And now came the terrible con-

And now came the terrible consciousness that he was going to his death, that nothing could save him, that he could retain his fading senses Then he became absorbed into dark-

ness, silent, yet surging as if with hid-den life—a suffocating and appalling darkness through which he sank down, and down, to death.

(To be continued.)

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Brazil is not a lowland country, quite three-fourths of her territory having an altitude of more than 500 feet. Politically the country is divided into twenty-one states, but so unequally that three of these embrace almost all the lowlands and are larger than the whole area of the remaining eighteen. These eighteen, however, contain 96 per cent of the population, so that the first three states, with a territory larger than that of China, have a population smaller than that of Connecticut.

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and to have a so in the content of the world to have left unsain. Then the world to have left unsain. Then the news of the second operation and his recovery, when I resolved to set you and him free from all imputation of guilt by my confession, and then to the courage to face. "I known life has been a waste," I known life has been a waste, "I known life has been a waste, "I known life has been a waste, "I known life has been a waste, and the town love the may path I was now the may have the may be the most to may be the most to may be a may be a may be may be may be a may be may be a may b