PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY

A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

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THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE,

BEING PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEBBER. Formerly General Manager to the Universal Insurance Company.

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reflectively, "I should ask myself who bene-fited by the old man's death? That first of

was coming, just for the sake of having it

this year instead of next."
"Well, what next?" asked Doggett.
"Well, failing that, I should ask, did
anybody owe Timothy Bradburn a grudge,
and do this to serve him out? That ques-

and do this to serve him out: I hat ques-tion might lead up to Miss Baddely, if we could suppose she was one of those artful, scheming jades who had the nerve to try and get the old man to make a will in her favor,

and finding him obstinate would then set her wits to work how to help herself. But

"Another minute, sergeant, please," cried Doggett excitedly, interrupting the sergeant's discourse, as a new light seemed suddenly to break upon him. "We do not know what that safe contained except dia-

"Supposing now the safe contained a will leaving the old man's money to an asylum!

Let us say that he was going to have Cross Hall turned into a hospital when he was dead, and that his diamonds were to go to endow it; and that he told his nephew

and niece of what he intended to do. How

"In that case I should think William Bradburn would be under a strong tempta-

tion to cut his uncle's throat."
"He'd be game for anything, from midnight robbery to murder?" Doggett asked

in an eager tone.
"Most likely. It would be a cruel situa-

tion for any man to be in, and more especially for William Bradburn, whose father was done out of his share by William's grandfather; and there's no telling how a man might act under the pressure of

fierce temptation like that."
"Then look here, sergeant," cried Doggett, triumphantly; "I am on the track now, and no mistake. The old man made a will, in which William Bradburn did not get what he thought he had a right to

expect. But he knew that his uncle was richer in diamonds than he was in land. He got his sweetheart to brew that devil's mess, and he went to help himself to what

he reckoned was his due. The old man woke and recognized him at the safe; and —you can guess the rest! Frank Trestrail did not go before his Maker with a lie on his lim.

"But how did he get into the house?"

Williams asked. "Why, through his sweetheart's window,

rect, he knew the way there!"

perish, knowing him innocent.

told volumes-"Nancy!"

When William Bradburn was at last per-

mitted to enter the room for the first time

that had been Nancy's sick prison during

five long, sad months of tedious illness, and

tions, he drew back horror-struck at the

change those five months had worked upon

her, and one word spoken in a startled tone

"Yes, it is Nancy," she said, and a faint

"My poor girl!" William cried, his heart

really touched; and one stride brought him

to her side. He took her hand in his; it

was thin and transparent now, and the blue

veins stood out against the limp whiteness. He would have kissed her, but Nancy ar-

rested that movement with a quiet gesture. "The time has gone by for that, Will-iam," she breathed, in a low but firm tone. "What do you mean, Nancy?" he asked, while his eyes shifted under the prolonged

"Can you not guess?" she asked. "Does

your conscience reproach you with nothing? Two lives sacrificed, by you and me, and you think to find me in a mood for caresses? Fie, William!"
William!

chair, and his eyes fell, whilst a dusty red,

"If you have nothing but reproaches to

greet me with, I might as well have stayed

"We must have met once—for the last

For the last time! Get it over! What

"Going away?" William Bradburn an-wored, repeating her words mechanically.

"You did not suppose that I should re-main here, after what has happened," said Nancy, sharply, with a flash of her old self, "but don't let us have any hard words if we

"I don't want any hard words," Brad-

William Bradburn, are you utterly cal-

ous? You talk of marrying? You?"
"Why not?" Bradburn replied. "Come,
Nancy, be a sensible lass; I | ave only got
my own—got my own rights, which that old
man would have robbed me of, as he robbed

"Yes, I don't deny that justice was on

your side," Nancy replied. 'If you had not talked me over into seeing your wrongs,

do you think I would have helped you? D you think I would have drugged the drink

with the laudannm you gave me, and drunk of it myself, to give you the chance of get-ting your own? But I never thought it was to end in marder."

"Nor I!" Bradburn answered firmly.

"But what was I to do when he awoke? He was sleeping soundly when I entered the room, and I did not not notice whether

his glass was full or empty. There was a noise, of course, when I began upon the safe. It awoke him and he recognized me. Again I ask what was I to do? I had no time to think. He jumped up and threw back the clothes. I had the crowbar in my

burn said, "I came to see you to cheer you up; to tell you to get well quickly that we

time! It is better we should get it over,"

of anger and shame, rushed over his face and brow. At last he called up his courage

to look Nancy once more in the face.

do you mean, Nancy?"
"I mean that I am going away."

can help it."

my tather.

may be married soon.

and searching glance she fixed on him

the prolonged

wintry smile broke over her pallid lips.

still more tedious and melancholy reflec-

Can't you guess, sergeant?"

n amazement

she's not one of that sort."

monds, do we?"
"No! That is so."

THE CROSS HALL TRAGEDY

The chaplain who had attended Frank Trestrail in his last moments took an early opportunity of delivering the dying man's message to Doggett, in person. It was an impressive meeting that took place between the two men, who, beside the actual culprits, alone entertained the idea that Frank Trestrail had died a felon's death wrongfully. The interview began a remantic friendship between the worthy divine and the was coming, just for the sake of having it was coming, just for the sake of having it ship between the worthy divine and the young officer of police that was only termi-nated by the death of the latter.

The chaplain was greatly impressed with Doggett's intelligence, and with the simple fervor with which the young officer expressed an unfaltering conviction in Trestrail's innocence, and his settled resolve to bring the real culprit to justice.

"In what direction do your suspicions point?" the chaplain asked, in the course

of this interview.
"It is early days to speak of suspicion vet," answered Doggett, "but I start from the theory of Mr. Trestrail's innocence; and the question that I keep asking myself is, who brewed that hellish broth that drugged Mr. Trestrail into senselessness, and gave the guilty villains their opportunity to fasten the responsibility of their deed upon him. And, always when I ask this question there comes the same answer: 'Perhaps those who brewed it drank deepest of it.' It is curious, certainly, that Miss Baddely was last to waken, and that on her the lauda-num seems to have taken most hold."

"You surely do not suspect her?" the chaplain cried. "Mr. Trestrail expressly said that it was quite impossible for Miss Baddely to have been mixed up with the

"Ah! peor chap," murmured Doggett, sententiously, "I expect his poor wits were driven away by the mort of trouble he had

"But think of it-a woman!-and that woman the victim's own niece!" said the

r'Nothing must be taken for granted.

Nothing must be considered too incredible. You understand that Sir — Nothing. If we begin to ask what is likely and what is unlikely, we shall never reach the truth. I thought from the first that it was unlikely that Mr. Trestrail did it, although things looked black against him. Then when I went over the facts, as I did again and again, I thought it was unlikely be could be innocent. I am convinced of it now, thou h. Go on that principle of improba-bilit es and it is unlikely that Miss Baddely had any hand in it, or that her sweetheart, William Bradburn-Mr. Bradburn now, I should say-had any hand in it. But we must not go on unlikelihoods; we must find

"Then you have a suspicion?" said the "Not quite so fast," said Doggett. "It is

not to be called a suspicion yet. Whe brewed that drink? Did Mr. Trestrail You and I know different. We are starting with his innocence for a fact. Did She had no motive. There is only Miss

'What motive had she?" asked the chap

That is what beats me. What motive could she have? You see she and William Bradburn were the only two relatives the old gentleman had. One was his nephew in It follows in the course of things that they would have what the old man had to leave. That is natural." (Doggett had not then heard of Mr. Bradburn's intention to will his property to the nephew of his first wife -John Barnes). "Seeing then," contin-ued Doggett, "that these two would have what the old man had to leave, there is only one motive for such a deed.

You mean to hurry the old man out of the world before his time, in order that they might obtain the inheritance sooner," said the chaplain.

"That is what I mean, and that is what beats me through and through! Such motive for the crime is not sufficient. have only been stationed here a twelv month, but I am on speaking terms with both of them; and besides, in a quiet vil lage like this, one hears everything, and from what I know it is difficult to imagine that Miss Baddely ever had a hand in the murder, or that Mr. Bradburn murdered his uncle for the sake of being master of Cross Hall a year or two sooner

"Then I confess I see no way out of it," cried the chaplain in despair. "Neither do I," replied Doggett. "All the same, I am confident that those who may have brewed that drink drunk of it themselves the deepest; and I mean just to wait and watch. More things come in this world by waiting for than by worrying

"For so young a man that is a very wise observation," the chaplain exclaimed.
"Well, I keep my wits about me," Dog gett answered; and then in a burst of confi-dence, he added: "I mean to get to the bottom of this erime, and when I do it will be worth a step to me, and perhaps some

"That brings me to another point," said the chaplain; "about money?"
"None will be wanted!"

"But for expenses—there is certain to b some expense before the affair is ended, aid the chaplain persuasively.
"There is no prospect of it at present," said Doggett.
"Well, bear in mind that I am prepared

to go to fifty pounds-perhaps more, "Then, if money is wanted I will as you, sir.

Sometime after this conversation Doggett put to Sergeant Williams what that officer alled "a poser."
"Supposing," he said, "that an ange

from heaven—mind, I don't say such a thing is possible, but supposing an angel from heaven were to appear, and tell you that Trestrail did not murder Mr. Brad-"Then I should ask him who did?" said

Williams, breaking in with a quaint touch "Not so fast, sergeant!" cried Doggett. "I want to put before you a supposition

'Goon, then," Williams answered, humo

ing the young officer's fancy.
Well, in case something came to light to convince you of Trestrail's innocence, you would have to start afresh. How would you "Hum!" said the sergeant, reflectively

"that wants thinking about." "Take your time, Sergeant." "I mean to.

The two men were on duty together in the village, and Doggett, with his truncheor under his arm, was employing himself in whittling with his knife, while Williams

"Well," he said, at last, stroking his chin

"Oh don't," Nancy cried, putting up her hands and beating the air as though she would drive away the vision that Bradburn's words conjured up before her imagination. "Don't William, I cannot bear it. I have seen it every night I have lain on that bed. Oh God! it is awful. My love a murderer!" and the wretched girl covered her eyes with her thin transparent hands and wept convulsively. Presently she grew calmer and spoke again.

"You must listen to me now, William. Before the little strength I have is gone I must say what is on my mind. When Selina woke and told me that the master was murdered I ran to his room like one distracted.

We reason with Nancy, to convince her that their marriage was essential to his safety. Then Nancy's scorn and anger broke loose, and she closed the conversation with some stinging home-truths.

William Bradburn's faithlessness to his mistress—for he was faithless at heart despite his lip professions—sealed his fate and placed him in Doggett's power.

Winter turned to spring, and with the appearance of the first primroses Nancy left the scene associated in her mind with bitterest shame, and most poignant anguish.

woke and told me that the master was murdered I ran to his room like one distracted, but hugging the belief to my heart that I would be able to give her the lie. My God! it was no lie. When I saw him stretched there, his long white hair dappled with blood, I knew who had does it, and I knew, too, that in killing that old man you had dug the grave that would bury our love. Love! Do you think that love is possible between us? We could not look in each other's faces, day after day, with this secret lying upon us, without trembling and tear. Our lives would be constantly haunted by the shadow of this crime, and in time we should hate one another."

"Yes, we should," she repeated, as Brad-

"Yes, we should," she repeated, as Brad-burn made a gesture of dissent; "we should hate each other before a twelve-month, and then how could we live chained together

hand—and—it was done. I was sorry for it. But it was done in self-defence. I was securing my own. Bear in mind that. There was the will in the safe. Never mind what was in it. My name was not in it, nor yours! But it is gone now. He had witten it in his own hand-writing, sly old devil!"

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"There was the will in the safe. Never mind what was in it. My name was not in it, nor yours! But it is gone now. He had witten it in his own hand-writing, sly old devil!"

"Oh don't," Nsney cried, putting up her hands and beating the air as though she would drive away the vision that Brad.

"There was the will in the safe. Never mind what was in it. My name was not in it, nor yours! But it is gone now. He had witten more, for at a touch I yield," when William Bradburn, laying aside the pleading of affection, betook himself to argument, and began to reason with Nancy, to convince her that their marriage was essential to his would drive away the vision that Brad-writing.

est shame and most poignant anguish. Cross Hall, with the recollection of the ter-rible tragedy, was no home for her, now that William Bradburn was its master. She longed to hurry away from the place over which so many dark memories brooded; Timothy Bradburn's death, the corruption of her own innocence, and the discovery that her lover, for whose sake she had sinned so deeply, was at bottom shallow, selfish, and callous. Mingled with the recollections of her share in the awful crime, for which the innocent had paid forfeit, and her own womanly shame, she was tormented with atter self-loathing that it was for such a nature as that of William Bradburn's that she had sinned so deeply, and lost the peace of a still and quiet con-science. The fact stood out before her con-tinually, and humbled her to the very dust. "Perhaps you think so now," Bradburn said, "but you are ill and weak. You will see things in a different light by and by. I had a right to my own. That old man was a thief. He robbed my father. He would



have robbed me and given what was mine to strangers. The law would not help me. I had a right to seize on my own by the strong hand of force. It came to a struggle between us—and he died. That is all. His blood be upon his own head."

His blood be upon his own head."

She was a simple country maiden, with the property of the propert between us—and he died. That is all.
His blood be upon his own head."
"I cannot reason with you," Nancy said wearily. "You were ever the better talker.
But even if all you say is right, on whose head is Trestrail's blood? Tell me that,
William."

William. "On his own for an impertinent meddler.

fate."
"And you would have had me speak, of course. It is not far to climb, and if what Selina has told John Gubbins be cor-"That I would. If it had not been that I knew you had not willfully sought the mas-ter's death, I should have urged you to own "What do you mean?" asked Williams. it and confess and abide the consequences. To be found out, and punished for it, is not the worst thing that can come to us in this world, I'm thinking. Oh! yes, William And Sergeant Williams guessed; and Sancy's twofold secret was known to two Bradburn, you may toss about your arms and cry 'pshaw,' but if you had suffered as I have suffered you would know that what I am saying is true. I would have urged you to 'out with it' and have done with it, let men, beside herself and her lover, and one of these men had sworn an oath never to rest until he dragged the murderer of Timothy Bradburn to the same gallows on which he had suffered Frank Trestrail to the results be what they might; only I was afraid they would punish you more than you deserved, for you did not mean to harm

him-only to get possession of your own. And I had another reason for keeping "What was that?" Bradburn asked. "Let us have it all now," with a fierce emphasis in his tone.

"I could not send the father of my child to run the risk of the gallows. But I would have done that; I would have sacrificed you, and myself, and the babe unborn, rather than this awful wrong had been done to Trestrail. But they kept it from me until "A good job, too, if that's what you would have done," replied Bradburn, "but is this true, Nancy? I mean what you have just

"About the baby? Oh! that is true enough. I wish it weren't! And now pray that neither it nor me may live." Nancy's confession raised a mixture of emotions in Bradburn's breast. To do him justice, he was not so absolutely lost to feel-ings of shame and honor, as to fail in recognizing that Nancy's revelation of her condi-tion imposed new obligations upon his com-passion, beyord the ties that bound them together as sharing the secret of Timothy Bradburn's death. But he was not inclined to forget that between William Bradburn the farm-bailiff, and William Bradburn the owner of Cross Hall, there was a mighty deal of difference; and that the owner of Cross Hall might look higher than to wed with this simple dairy maid. Then, too, he was not oblivious that Nancy's condition must soon become known, when it would be the talk of the whole country side, and that on the whole, he might do better for himself, if he allowed her to have her own way, and carry out her intention of leaving the

and carry out her intention of leaving the neighborhood of Cross Hall forever. He did not relish the prospect of sharing with Nancy the burden of the disgrace that would attach to her; and he did not overlook the flight of Nancy's charms. Her pinched and colorless face, her lean, limp figure, wasted away by illness and the mental strain of the past five months, conveyed no hint of the fair vision of beauty that had once held William Bradburn's heart in

But he did not sink to this deepest infamy of his selfish and miserable nature without making an effort against it. He made one more attempt to induce Nancy to think better of her determination, and asked think better of her determination, and asked her once again to remain at Cross Hall as its mistress. But the lover-like ardor with which he had formerly sought Nancy's lightest favors, was absent from his cold and calculating proposals; and Nancy, who been on the point of yielding, and would have yielded at last if he had pressed his proposals with greater fervor, saw through the thin disguise of pretended loyalty to her, and announced her resolve to depart,

It would have been well for William Bradburn if he had been less of the calcu ating schemer and more of the lover. His lating schemer and more of the lover. His secret, though suspected by Doggett and Williams, was actually known only to themselves—himself and Nanoy—and there was no possible loophole left unguarded by which Doggett could have penetrated his secret and brought the truth home to him, if he had been true in act and feeling to the weak but generous lassie who had loved him, "not wisely, but too well." The strain of the interview, the sense of the

no more conscience than a bird, when Will-iam Bradburn overmastered her intelligence am Bradourn overmastered ner intelligence with his sophistical reasonings, and taught her to think that as his uncle was bent on depriving him of Cross Hall, which he looked upon as his birthright, he was justified in seeking to possess himself of some portion of the wealth, which he deemed his own. He painted his scheme in false colors that News county has been beautiful. -you can guess the rest! Frank Trestrail did not go before his Maker with a lie on his lips."

"My God! I never thought of that," cried Williams, as a feeling of conviction entered his mind that his subordinate had hit the right nail on the head.

"No! none of us thought of that," said Doggett, sadly. "It is a pity but what we had!"

"On his own for an impertinent meddler. What was pustified in seeking to possess himself of some field in seeking to possess himself of some portion of the wealth, which he deemed his own. He painted his scheme in false colors trestrail thus," Nancy replied, now growing downright angry with Bradburn's utter selfishness. "The man who was too great a coward to speak the word that would have saved Trestrail, might show some respect for his memory and a little pity for his mean was a possent por memory and a little pity sented to take the phial of laudanum to in sure him carrying out his plans undis-turbed, and to leave open the window in her chamber through which William Bradburn entered the sleeping house.

Nancy was awake when her lover stole through the window; but there were a few drops of laudanum left in the phial which Bradburn made her drink, and not until her breathing told him that she was asleep did he go forth to the execution of his de

sign.

The horrible discovery of the murder quickened the conscience of the young girl, and what the discovery of Mr. Bradburn's murder began Trestrail's unhappy death completed. No moral anodynes that William Bradburn knew of would paralyze her conscience more. She had striven in her illness to acquit her lover for the murder of his uncle, believing that Bradburn had been sorely driven to adopt means that he had not contemplated originally, and that the deed had been done on the mad imp a moment and would be repented of.

But when she found that her lover had stood silently by, seen Trestrail accused falsely, sentenced to death, and left without hope, the cold-blooded villainy of the man who could leave another to bear the penal ties of his own sins revolted her. And when Bradburn came to see her, exhibiting no compunction for his crimes, heaping insult on Trestrail, her lover stood before her stripped of everything that could conceal from her his moral deformity.

Had she found him remorseful, bowed

down with the load of guilty sorrow, her heart would have pitied him. Had he confessed to her that she was necessary to his existence, and that as they had been partners in sin they should be partners in bear-ing the burden of its penalties, and go through life together, hiding their guilty secret and by mutual offices endeavoring to make the burden lighter to one another, would have consented at any cost of feeling to herself, judging that her idol was not al base clay. Her love and pity, not her judg-ment, would have reconciled her to this; for in her own mind she was convinced that the wider apart their roads in life lay the better it would be for both. Only in the event of him constraining her to see that she was necessary to him, not to purchase his safety, but to enable him to liv days, struggling under the burden of his crimes, could this have been brought about. But to the calculating argument of the callous man she proved, as we have seen, in-

Nancy had a sister in Liverpool, and to Liverpool she went with her load of shame and sorrow. Bradburn drove her in his gig to Chester, and could think of no better means of employing his last moments with the woman who had sacrificed everything for him than to attempt to extract an oath from her that she would never under any circumstances reveal his secret. But this promise Nancy refused to give. "I shall not speak a word of this," she

answered with dignity, "except under com-pulsion. Is it likely that I should? I have suffered too much ever to recur to the mat-ter willingly, and with that undertaking "But that is not enough," Bradburn in-

usted. "You must swear, Nancy, to keep the secret, let come what may."
"I shall not do that," she replied, firmly, "I shall not do that," she replied, firmly, and with some contempt in her tone. "Nothing but strong necessity will unseal my lips. Why should I proclaim my own shame? It is not likely! But if I am so placed that it is better to speak than to keep silent, I shall speak. Do not let us talk about it. The occasion is not likely to arise. The secret is in your own keeping, not in mine." And with that conditional promise William Bradburg was conveiled. promise William Bradburn was compelled

at last to be satisfied. Nancy made no secret of her destination when she quitted Cross Hall, and Doggett was soon in possession of information as to her whereabouts.

In September Doggett had an interview with his friend the chaplain, which ended in him throwing up his appointment in the Cheshire constabulary and journeying to Liverpool, where he at once made a point of calling on Nancy's sister, to whom he

born and had died in June; and that Nancy herself had been two months in service with a Mrs. Nicholson in Bootle.

The same week that saw Doggett arrive in Liverpool saw him establish himself in the business of a green-grocer in Bootle, and before the month was out the embro-detective reckoned Mrs. Nicholson among his best customers. In answer to Nancy's startled look when she recognized him, he explained that he had retired from the force. "Some day I will tell you all about it," he said, "and then you will say I was right." But Doggett had to wait long before the opportunity for his explanation came. It came at last, and then Nancy learned that it was the affair at Cross Hall that led to his retirement. Nancy felt that she would like the earth to open and swallow her when she heard Doggett refer to Mr. Bradburn's murder, but by a strong effort she contrived to command her feelings. effort she contrived to command her feelings.
"In what way?" she managed to ask, while her breath came quickly through her half-parted lips. "You did not suffer by it,

"Well, it was in this way, miss," Dog-gett went on to explain, rejoicing that his opportunity had now come. "I was a fool ever to have joined the force, and that's a fact. I had no nerve for it. But what nerve I had was lost when I found that in joining the hunt against that poor Trestrail I had been pursuing an innecent chap to I had been pursuing an innocent chap to to his death."

to his death."
"Innocent!" cried Nancy, now thoroughly alarmed, but mastering her emotion by a supreme effort, determined now to hear everything that the ex-policeman had to tell her. But, at the critical moment, a customer entered the green-grocer's humble shop and the explanation had to be nostpaned. Degreet followed Nancy to postponed. Doggett followed Nancy to

the door as she took up her basket.
"I suppose you never take a walk, Miss
Baddely?" he said in an insinuating tone.
"Oh, yes! I do, sometimes," said Nancy,
who perceived that Doggett was anxious to
complete his confessions which she for her own reasons was no less anxious to hear, now that her suspicions were thoroughly aroused, though they did not take the form of guessing at Doggett's real intentions. Be-

of guessing at Doggett's real intentions. Before Nancy went away she had consented to
allow Doggett to accompany her in her walk
on the following Sunday.

When Sunday came, Doggett, who was a
smart, good-looking fellow, kept his appointment arrayed in his Sunday best. He
escorted Miss Baddely to Marsh Lane station, and here the pair took tickets for
Waterloo; and while walking by the seashore Doggett told a moving story of his unfitness for the grim work of a policeman,
and his remorse, when too late he was convinced by the eloquence with which Tresvinced by the eloquence with which Trestrail's counsel pleaded for the life of his client, that he had been assisting to hurry an innocent man to an ignominious death. "After that," he said, "I made up my mind After that," he said, "I made up my mind that the force was not the place for me; but I determined to try it a little longer. It was no good; I found I should never be able to banish the memory of that business until I had left the force and put a distance between me and Cross Hall. No, Miss Baddely, nature never meant me to be a police man, or she would never have put such a feeling heart in my bosom," he concluded

"But how do you know that Mr. Trestrail was innocent?" Nancy asked, determined to use her opportunity to the full to turn Doggett inside out, little dreaming that the de-tective was in the way for performing that process on herself.

Because I happened to know who did it." "Tell me!" was all that Nancy could com-

mand herself to say.
"William Bradburn did it, and I wish I had never known it."

had never known it."

Nancy felt her legs tottering under her, and would have fallen if Doggett had not put his arm round her to support her.

"I am sorry I told you, Miss Baddely, but don't be alarmed. Mum is the word! Do you think that, having helped to hang one man who was innocent, I am going to hunt another down. Let him live, and much good may it do him! This shall be a little secret between you and me.'

Nancy, after recovering her comp would have questioned Doggett further, bu the detective kept his eye too strictly on the game he was playing to be drawn into playing it too fast. He assumed a gay, light-hearted tone, and assured Nancy the affair was best forgotten and buried out of sight. But the detective had gained his purpose. He had obtained from Nancy terrified face a confirmation of his theory and he had made Nancy afraid of him. was not within the scope of his plans to startle the girl too much, but it was part of his design that she should stand in such fear of him that she would not dare to refuse him when next he proposed they should pass

their Sunday afternoon together on sands at Waterloo. Nor did she. Nancy was probably governed more by curiosity born out of her fears than by fear alone. She could not rest satisfied with the half-knowledge that Doggett consented to give out piecemeal. She had turned de-tective herself and was inclined to keep him well in sight.

So the Sunday afternoon's walk becam an institution in which Nancy "tried her unfledg'd wing" as a detective while Dog gett played the part of lover. But from making love in jest to further his scheme Doggett went on to make love in real earn est, and at this Nancy drew back. But she was fairly caught in the toils, and she felt some difficulty in resisting the advances of a man whom she came to believe knew he secret, and, moreover, held the life of Will-iam Bradburn in the hollow of his hand. Her last line of defense was broken through when Doggett told her that he knew that Bradburn had entered Cross Hall through her bedroom window, and that her hands had mixed the opiate which had secured for

Bradburn his opportunity.

Nancy fainted outright when this dis closure was made to her, and after that she lay at Doggett's mercy, and he could turn her round his finger as he pleased. "If you know all this, why don't you arrest me?" she asked him.

"Because I mean to protect you from that danger.' "I cannot understand you at all," she said with a perplexed look.

"There is nothing for you to understand," Doggett answered. "Is it likely that the woman I care for above anyone else in the world shall come to harm through me? Not if I know it." 'How can you love a woman who has

"Because you were nothing but a tool in the hands of a villain. Make up your mind to it. Miss Baddely, that harm shall not reach you while I am near to protect you, and that I shall never leave you until you come to me for good."
"That will newer be." Nancy said. " shall never marry. How can you, who know my secret, think of such a thing?"
"I do think of it though," Doggett an-

swered stubbornly.

"It can never happen."

"It will, though," said Doggett.

Notwithstanding the detective's confidence in the success of his wooing, and in his own power to protect Nancy from the consequences of her complicity with Will-iam Bradburn, Doggett was by no means clear how he could contrive to work his way through the entanglement. He knew that he would be justified in placing his hand on Nancy's shoulder and whispering in her ear, "I arrest you as an accessory to the murder of Timothy Bradburn," and, with Nancy in custody, of proceeding to the ar-rest of the greater culprit. But Doggett cherished no such intention. He was waiting for news from Cheshire, and when the news should come, he relied on seeing his way to the arrest of Bradburn without volving Nancy too deeply in the mire. He had extracted a promise from Sergeaut Williams that if anything turned up of interest in connection with the owner Cross Hall that Williams would write.

And so another winter wore away and spring passed into summer before the long

opened his business as an old friend and admirer. By dint of dexterous questions he managed to learn that Nancy's baby was born and had died in June; and that Nancy herself had been two months in service with a Mrs. Nicholson in Bootle.

The same road that December 1 took a form that had scarcely entered into Doggett's calculations, but he thought he saw his way to put his information to good use. "Mr. Bradburn is to be married to the eldest Miss Henshall of the Grove Farm on the close that was all

"Mr. Bradbarn is to be married to the eldest Miss Henshall of the Grove Farm on the 21st of next month." And that was all Williams' letter contained.

"So I hear Mr. Bradburn is going to be married," Doggett quietly remarked to Napey when next he met her.

"Married?" cried Nancy. "Impossible!" "He is to be married to one of the Miss Henshalls, of the Grove Farm, on the 21st of next month," Doggett insisted.

"This marriage must be stopped," Nancy exclaimed, after taking time to think.

"That is my opinion, too," said Doggett, "but how? There is only one way, and that is for you to unburden yourself of the secret that is ruining your happiness, and let justice have her way." Nancy shuddered at the suggestion, but said nothing; while Doggett making good use of his advantage reasoned with her persuasively, trying to make Nancy see that she had no right to stand in the way of the right being done, or to leave Bradburn to enjoy the fruits of his crime, and to go on adding villainy to villainy.

"This for that poor woman about to link

villainy to villainy.

"Think of that poor woman about to link her life with that scoundrel, and save her," he said. "There are two ways in which you can do it. You can warn him that if the can do it. You can warn him that if the marriage goes on you will break silence. I tell you this because I know it is what you are thinking of. At least I can guess that is your idea. But it will not do! You can save Miss Henshall by so doing, but you cannot undertake the task all your life of holding Bradburn back from presuming upon his position as an unsuspected man. If it is not Miss Henshall it will be someone it is not Miss Henshall it will be someone else next time. What is to prevent him breaking off this marriage under the influ-ence of your threats, and after selling Cross Hall coing somewhers where he is not ence of your threats, and after selling Cross Hall going somewhere where he is not known, setting up for a fine gentleman and decoying some other poor lassie to take his hand in marriage, stained with a double murder? You cannot be dodging him round the world, clinging to him like his shadow, and keeping him from tresh evil."

"Give me a week to think about it,"
Nancy said at last. "There is plenty of time.

And Doggett consented that Nancy should have a week to decide upon her course, a concession that he would not have been disposed to make if he had suspected the use that Nancy was going to put the week's respite to. For Doggett, now that he saw the consummation of his scheming and waiting close at hand, was resolved upon employing the opportunity that Bradburn's projected marriage gave him to run his man to earth. But Nancy had taken his exhortations so well, and the detective was so completely deceived by her apparent willingness to act upon his advice, that he consented to Nancy's request with a good grace, and did not suspect her intentions, especially as he conceived he had proved to her how futile it would be on her part to attempt to hinder the marriage. And Doggett consented that Nancy

tempt to hinder the marriage.

The week's respite, however, brought
Nancy round to Doggett's views.

"You will blame me for what I have done,
when I tell you," she said, "but you will
blame me less if you will hear me out to the

"Then I shall not blame you at all, if you make good the latter half of your statement," Doggett returned, gallantly.
"I have written to William Bradburn warning him that if this marriage goes on I shall go to Cheshire and stop it."
"I knew that was what you had been up to when you talked of blame, though I did

not expect you would have taken the trouble to do that after my caution. What is his answer? Took no notice of your letter I expect."
"He sends me this for answer," said
Nancy, taking a letter from her pocket and

"'I am not afraid of a jealous woman.
WILLIAM BRADBURN.'" "The curl" Doggett murmured below his breath, "and a fool to boot. If that doesn't put her on her mettle, then woman at best

a contradiction still, and no mistake," he added to himself.

"And now," said Nancy, "I put myself in your hands. You are right. William Bradburn derives all his power to go on working mischief from my guilty silence. His acts are mine, but without me he could do no wrong, and the time has come when I must speak as I told him.

"He murdered his uncle?" Doggett asked.
"I did not see him." Nancy answered. added to himself.

"I did not see him," Nancy answered, cautiously, but I can say that he was the only person in Cross Hall that night who could have entered Mr. Bradburn's room," "That is enough," said Doggett. "Give me a kiss, Nancy; all will be right at last." But Nancy shook her head emphatically at this suggestion. She felt that the course now marked out for her, as the accuser of her lover of happier times, involved her in the shame of his crime and in the stigma of a public disgrace, that polluted her to the very lips, and shut her off from the happi-

ness of contracting an honorable marriage. They consulted together what steps they should take, but Doggett, who loved a dramatic situation, and had other reasons lying behind in favor of his plan, insisted that Bradburn must be left a free man until the day he went forth from Cross Hall an ex-

pectant bridegroom.

The little greengrocer's shop in Marsh lane was found with its shutters closed on the morning of the 20th of July, the eve of William Bradburn's wedding day. Doggett, ac-companied by Nancy, closely veiled, had taken the early boat to Birkenhead for Chester, where the detective found he had much to do. Securing for himself and his charge a private room at the Grosvenor, he went in search of the head constable of the Cheshire constabulary, with whom he held a long and satisfactory interview. Doggett, who had retired from the constabulary without assigning any reasons, now explained himself fully, and was immediately reinstated and given authority to bring the matter that had engaged his attention through so many months to a satisfactory conclusion. he obtained that the head constable, in the exercise of his discretion, would not think it necessary to permit Nancy Baddely's arrest as an accessory, conditionally upon her undertaking to denounce William Bradburn for the murder of his uncle; a condition that Doggett immediately accepted on Nancy's behalf. This over, the Head Constable drove him off to the residence of

Doggett swore a private information against William Bradburn, and in return received the warrant for his arrest. iam Bradburn's sky when he awoke on the morning of his wedding day. By what means this abandoned man had contrived to make a truce with his conscience it would be profitless to inquire. In the first instance he had no doubt suffocated the moral revolt within him, by his specious plea that all that had happened had transpired in the effort to secure for himself his own endangered rights. The murder of his uncle was to him no more than an incident—an unfortunate one and unpremeditated, it is true-still only an incident in his plan of

the nearest magistrate for the county, where

That he should have sought next to direct suspicion to Trestrail by visiting his chamber and fastening on the sleeping and un-suspecting man signs of guilt apparently suspecting man signs of guilt apparently so unequivocal as to mislead the police was due to the fears he entertained for his own safety, and to his serfish and abominable resolve to spare himself at any cost to others. Once he had begun to tread the path of crime, he went on without compunction, without faltering, with a firm and resolute step to the very end. Nancy's warning he had not only treated with lightness, but, in his hardihood, he even ventured to roward it with insult, attributing her honest desire to save him from further her honest desire to save him from furthsin, and an unconscious woman from a step that would wreck her life, to the worst pos

sible motives.

He hummed to himself a popular air as he dressed himself for the bridal, and joked with Selina and John Gubbins, ere he went forth to meet his fate with as much effront

ery as he had ever gone in and out among his fellow men. It is not foo much to say that when the blow came it fell upon him like a thunder-clap, so little had he concerned himself with Nancy's warning.

The little church was thronged with vallage sightseers—for the bride was popular in the parish—and William Bradburn smiled with contentment as he entered the sacred building and noticed the crowd that filled the pews. Presently a merry peal from the bells announced the approach of the bride, and the marriage ceremony began.

gan. Nancy, with whom sat Mrs. Williams, Nancy, with whom sat Mrs. Williams, occupied a retired position, but she rose as Doggett gave the signal at the right moment, and advancing with rapid steps to the altar rails placed herself within sight of the bridegroom, and in a voice ringing with pathos and pain she cried, "I forbid this marriage. I accuse William Bradburn of the murder of his uncle."

"Tis false!" cried Bradburn, purple with rage.

with rage.

with rage.

"Tis true!" exclaimed Doggett. "I have known it these 18 months past, and here is the warrant for your arrest. William Bradburn, you are my prisoner."

Amid an indescribable scene of excitement Bradburn was led away, and hurried into one of the wedding coaches and driven back to Cross Hall.

Nancy, who had pleaded in vain that this scene might be spared the unfortunate bride, wept bitterly as she aw the poor girl, supported on the arms of her relatives, carried into the vestry. Mrs. Williams, as soon as the church began to empty, drew Nancy away and took her to her own home.

Sergeant Williams met Doggett at the door of Cross Hall when that enterprising officer arrived with his prisoner securely handcuffed.

"It is all right," Williams said. "There are thousands of pounds worth of diamonds in yonder safe, and a policy of insurance with the Universal for £1,500 on the life of Timothy Bradburn, which has not been claimed for."

"Anything also?" asked Doggett

"Anything else?" asked Doggett. "There are some other papers and a bank-book belonging to the late Mr. Bradburn."
"Any will?" asked Doggett.
"No, there is no will, curse you!" cried Bradburn, finding his tongue for the first

"No, of course not," Doggett answered "You have destroyed that, along with everything else that was of no value except

At the ensuing Chester Assizes, William Bradburn was tried and found guilty, and soon afterward expiated his crimes on the

About the same time the directors of the Universal decided that the frequency with which frauds were attempted on them justiwhich frauds were attempted on them justified the permanent engagement of a private inquiry agent, and the fame of the young officer who had succeeded in bringing William Bradburn to the doom he so richly merited coming to the ears of Mr. Webber in connection with the missing policy on Mr. Timothy Bradburn's life, the post was offered to Mr. Doggett and accepted by him.

And of Nancy? These events have long since faded from the memories of the good people in the county of Chester, and all effort to trace Nancy has failed. But is is believed that Mr. Doggett could tell something of her if he could be induced to speak. But though those who knew Nancy in the

thing of her if he could be induced to speak. But though those who knew Nancy in the early days of her bright, girlish beauty might fail to recognize in the handsome buxom wife of Mr. Doggett the improved edition of Nancy Baddely, there are some grounds for the suspicion that such was the case, and that Doggett succeeded in his woolng.

NEXT SATURDAY. The Strange Disappearance of Mr. Coustam. FUGACIOUS SCISSORS.

An Instrument Which Disappears in the Most Mysterious Manner.

Collier's Once a Week.1 sors have been noticed since the earliest historic period. They disappear with a celerity and secrecy wholly without parallel in the history of lost objects. A woman is sewing and has a pair of scissors in her lap. She uses them, say twice, and each time drops them again in her lap. The third time she wishes to use them she cannot find them. Though she searches her lap, her dress, her chair and the floor thoroughly, she cannot find the slightest trace of the missing scissors, and thereafter they are never again seen by mortal eyes. Or let us say that a woman, in the very act of using a pair of scissors, is called from her using a pair of scissors, is called from her work. She places the scissors carefully in her work basket, goes out, locking the door of the room after her, and returns in 10 or 15 minutes to find her scissors gone. What is the more remarkable about the disappearance of scissors is that once hav-

disappearance of scissors is that once having disappeared they are never again found.
You may loose a tack-hammer or a comb,
but sooner or later you find the missing
article behind some piece of furniture, but
a pair of scissors once lost are lost forever.
There is scarcely a case on record of the final recovery of a pair of seissors that have been missed and have not been found within the next five minutes.

That there is something peculiar in the

disappearance of scissors is virtually admitted by women when they seek to prevent the loss of seissors by means of charms. For a piece of ribbon, which many women at-tach to the handle of their seissors "to prevent them from being lost," must act as a charm, or otherwise it would be valueless. How, in the name of science and common sense, can the mere fact that four inches of blue ribbon are tied to the handle of a pair of scissors keep them from being mislaid? In point of fact it does nothing of the kind, and in spite of women's faith in the blue ribbon charm, it is absolutely useless. If, however, we assume that the origin of this custom was the attaching of a bit of witch-hazel to the handle of a pair of scissors, we dle ages had a vague belief that the disappearance of scissors was due to the witches, and therefore called in the aid of witchhazel. The modern woman, ignorant of the peculiar efficacy of witch-hazel, fancies that anything tied to a pair of seissors will keep them from being lost, and she prefers ribbon more convenient.

THE USE OF OXYGEN

In London for the Maturing of Spirits and the Improvement of Beer. Court Journal. 1

One of the industries now followed in London is that of separating and storing oxygen from the atmosphere. This curious industry has an application in the maturing of spirits and the improvement of beer. This is far from being the only application This is far from being the only application of pure oxygen, for which the price is good, but it is notable, and no doubt distillers and bonders will give heed to the discovery. It is said that oxygen, in contact with spirits, accomplishes in a few days what is done by from three to five years by nature. The oxygen gets rid of the fusel oil quickly, and as this is the most injurious property of spirits the consumer last and ous property of spirits the consumer has an interest in the matter as well as the producer. A maturing effect is also produced on beer by admixture with oxygen, and ob-viously this gas is of high value for the whole tribe of effervescing mineral waters.

Mistress (to Bridget)—Is it possible Bridget, you are looking through my trunk?

Bridget (calmly)-Yis, mum, an' didn't I

eatch you lookin' through mine the other day?

SALVATION OIL, the great pain destroyer