OF THE

HEART

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Willard Davis is the head of the surface lines of New York, and his office is in the rear of the company's rooms on the third floor of the Ann Street bank building. Associated with him in various schemes for the absorption of small street car lines is George Staibridge. Staibridge is much disliked by Willard Davis' nephew, young Davis, who believes that Staibridge is leading his uncle into dangerous and corrupt schemes with the object of finally securing control of the greet property himself, and of gaining the hand of Willard Davis' daughter, now engaged to Walter Norman. The morning after a transaction, by which a small line in which Norman is interested is swallowed up by the large company, young Davis goes down to remonstrate with his uncle. He meets Staibridge in front of the bank building, and rebukes him. As he mentions Norman's name young Davis goes down to remonstrate with his uncle. He meets Staibridge glances upward in a startled way toward the elevated raiffoad. Young Davis goes to his uncles office, followed by Staibridge, The door is locked. There is a key inside the lock. A moan is heard and then a crush. Young Davis penes the key out with Staibridge's key, and unlocks the door. He sees his tincle on his knees, the latter tries to speak and falls to the floor, dead. As young Davis entered the room, a door opposite closed with a snap. He buests it in, but finds the room beyond vacant, with an open window looking on the stone court.

PART II.

AN ORDINARY, EVERYDAY DE-TECTIVE.

Self-satisfaction was the only strong emotion that I had ever seen in Stal-bridge's face up to that moment. That expression I had learned to recognize. and I could even draw safe inferences from the degree of its manifestation. But it was a new face that he wore as he stood beside the body of Willard bavis. I could not read it. Yet if I had been compelled to do my best I should have said that he was tortured by a despairing sorrow, wholly selfish, absolutely unmixed with any human sympathy for the man whose awful end

we had both witnessed.

I could really understand that the death of my uncle was a terrible blow to Stalbridge, whose dearest schemes were dependent upon his patron; and I could expect nothing better of the man than that he should think of himself alone, even in the presence of so terrible a tragedy. "Stabbed to the heart!" I cried, bend-

ing over the body. "Who could have done this?" Stalbridge motioned toward the door.

Stalbridge motioned toward the door.
"det help," he said hoarsely.
At this moment a boy in the janitor's employ looked into the room and, at the sight of the corpse, fled in terror. I cried out after him that the police must be summoned; that Mr. Davis hd been murdered, nd that the assassin had escaped by the window. It is doubtful whether the frightened boy heard me; and, as a matter of fact, I heard me; and, as a matter of fact, I shouted for the nutrouse of raising a general alarm and not for the boy's information. The cry passed from mouth to mouth along the corridors, and scores of persons were instantly running about, some toward my uncle's running about, some toward my uncle's office and others toward the windows that commanded a view of the court into which it was at once supposed that the murderer had leaped.

I heard the janitor call to some one to summon a policeman from the street, Meanwhile the clerks from the Union offices had poured out, and had gathered about the door of the room where the body lay. I stood on the threshold and warned everybody to keep outside. saying that nothing in the room must be disturbed. Within a few minutes a policeman arrived and took my place at the door, repeating the orders I had given, and backing them by the display of his authority.

There was only one person in the

crowd that made any trouble. He was tall, dark-visaged fellow, whose appearance as well as his voice suggested Italy as his native land. I could not fully understand what he was saying. but it seemed to contain an intimation that the fate which had overtaken my uncle was just. I thought the man a crank with anarchistic tendencies. and paid no further attention to him.
"There'll be a central office man down here pretty quick," said the po-lle-man. "I've told the janitor to telephone to headquarters. We must keep

the crowd out till then."
We succeeded without difficulty, Nobody was admitted but the ambulance Vice President Rodney, of the Union who was too important a person

Stalbridge, meanwhile, had remained standing like a statue beside my un-cle's dead body, gazing down at it. He did not move when the ambulance surgron knelt to make his examination. It was quickly done, and he disturbed little as possible the position of the

There are two wounds here," he said, in response to my questions, "One is upon the right side of the head. It made by a glancing blow from some heavy instrument having an edge, but not sharp like a knife. The blow have stunged him, but it would not have killed him. The second wound was a stab with a small, round and sharp pointed instrument, like a stilettween the seventh and eighth ribs, and scens to have penetrated the heart. It must have caused almost instant

"Yet he was alive when we entered," cried in horror, glancing at Stal-idge. "We had the murderer under or very hands and we let him escape.'
Stalbridge answered with a groan. looked at him, but he did not mee my eyes; he was still staring at the corpse. The thought came to me that if this man had not stopped me in the hall, I should have been with my uncle and could have saved him. Unreason-

able as it was, I reproached him for what he had done, "Fate, fate!" he muttered, still with-"It needed no prophet." I retorted.

ticura THE CREAT

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bitterly. For years, under your di-rection, Willard Davis has made en-emies—bitter enemies—for there is no strile more desperate than this battle for money. How many men have you ruined with your schemes? Run them over in your mind, and tell me, if you can, which one of your victims struck this blow. Then blame yourself for

"This is hardly fair," whispered Rod-ney, laying his hand upon my shoulder. I turned toward him, and saw that there were tears in his eyes. He was a hard-fisted man of business, seasoned by thirty years of struggling in New York. His emotion affected me. My unreasonable anger abgted; it gave way to grief. I had felt sincere affection for my uncle, though his course of late years had excited my strenuous oppo-cition. We were of an old and becored sition. We were of an old and honored family, and I held our name to be of more consequence than mere money-betting. Though he was much older than myself, I had ventured to remonstrate the state of th strate with him at times when Stal-bridge's schemes secured unenviable note; but there had been no open quar-rel and 1 had always been at home in his house.

With this thought came the recallec-

tion of my duty to my uncle's family. They should be informed at once, and the painful task was surely mine spoke of this to Rodney, and he said that I should go at once. I shuddered



PICKED THEM UP," HE SAID, POINTING TO THE FLOOR.

when I pictured the grief of my aunt and my cousin Emily, who has been al-ready mentioned as the betrothed of Walter Norman. There was a son, too, who must be summoned from college by this terrible news.

As I was about to leave the room, the detective from police headquarters arrived. His promptitude amazed me, I would have said that scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since the commission of the crime. In reality the inter-val had been much longer. Also, as subsequently appeared, one of the tensubsequently appeared, one of the tenants in the building had notified the The detective was in appearance the most absolutely commonplace man that I had ever seen. Perhaps I was expecting the detective of romance, and thus derived an added impression of the ordinary from this man. Johnson, He was about the medium height, and his face was of so conventional and blocked his escape. At the same and blocked his escape, At the same and blocked his escape.

and his face was of so conventional a type that I began to wonder vaguely whether I had seen him before. His expression was somewhat vacant, but not with the vancance of stupidity. rather with the listlessness of a man who has nothing to do and very little to think about. He was dressed in the sort of clothes that one will see the most of, if he walks about the city all day.

Excuse me," he said, politely. you're not really in a horry, I'd like to ask a few questions before you go." He asked but very few, and seemed

almost indifferent to my answers. Indeed, his indifference piqued me, and I was the more careful to tell my story accurately and to bring out all the points. I succeeded in arousing a cer-tain amount of interest when I told him of the closing door, and of my pur-sult of the murderer; but he ceased to pay attention to me when I said that I had failed to get a glimpse of the escaping criminal.

caping criminal.
"Whose are these?" he asked languidly, displaying a large number of keys on a ring.
"My uncle's," I exclaimed. "Where

did you get them? "I picked them up." he said, pointing the floor near the door, which led to

the hall. "The murderer must have taken them from my uncle's pocket and locked the door immediately after the

commission of the crime," I said, found it locked." "That was the way of it, of course," said Johnson, "There are bloodstains on the door and the casing as you

have doubtless observed."
I had not seen them, but when John-

son pointed them out they were obvi-He washed his hands afterwards," Johnson continued, "There is the towel on which he wiped them."

He pointed at the towel in question, which was thrown over the t looking-glass that hung upon the "Why did he throw it up there?" I

muttered, half to myself.
"It was not thrown," said Johnson. "You can see that. It was hung up

The top of the looking-glass, which was a very large one, was nearly eight "He must have been a giant," I exfeet from the floor claimed, "to reach so high,"

"A tall man, probably," said John-on. "Has anybody meddled with the towel, the rack under it, the bowl, or anything else hereabouts?" "Nothing has been disturbed," said Stalbridge

"No blood here," he said; "this water \$500 in Scholarship P.izes Just Offered is perfectly clean."
He pointed into the bowl where there was a little water. On looking more



"YOUR FRIEND NORMAN IS VERY TALL MAN.

closely than Johnson had done, I able to discover a few spots of blood at the upper edge of the bowl where the horizontal slab was set over it. When Johnson's attention was called

to them, he scanned them closely I had begun to feel considerable re-spect for the detective's ability. The quiet way in which he had possessed himself of the keys without attracting anybody's attention had excited my anybody's attention had excited my curiosity, and had led me to believe that there was more in him than appeared upon the surface. But when I had demonstrated the superiority of my own observation over his, I began to hold him cheap. If I had been the criminal I should have feared Stalbridge far more. His acuteness was well known; and his appetite for revenge equaled that of a savage. He Sickly

* Babies

can be made to thrive and live by finding for them a proper food, one easily digested, quickly assimilated, and composed of that which goes to enrichen the blood, build new flesh tissue, and impart strength to all the principle life maintaining centres, thus putting them in a condition to perform their functions normally and ward off disease. But one such food exists, it is

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had suffered deeply by my uncle's death, and he would never rest, I felt assured, until he had seen the author of that injury in the hands of the executioner.

"Have you formed any theory of the crime?" I asked Stalbridge. He did not answer.

"What do you think about it?" the detective asked of me. "I am puzzled by one circumstance." said I. "The surgeon tells me that muncle was stabbed to the heart. Ye he was alive when we entered. There fore the murder must have been com mitted within a very few seconds. In-deed I believe that I heard my uncle cry when the blow was struck. Now, then could the murderer have washed the blood from his hands? We entered at once.

and blocked his escape. At the same moment, your uncle, who had been ly-ing unconscious and was supposed by the criminal to be dead, regained his senses. He staggered to his feet. The criminal, as he fied across the room to reach the other where the window is, was confronted by his victim. Then he struck the second and fatal blow, and escaped and Mr. Davis fell dying. How does that strike you, gentlemen?"
He looked at us with frank inquiry.
There was nothing of the typical air
of mystery about him. His method, as
anyone could see, was to ask questions,
and but the facts together, taking all the help he could get. I regarded his theory as very strong, and my confi-

dence in him was restored "But the motive?" said I It was undoubtedly re the detective. "You will observe that there is blood upon these papers on the desk. It will be found on examination which should be there is miss Then we shall have a real clew to

the murderer Statbridge sprang toward the desk. He hurriedly scanned the papers. "You are right." he said. "There is a paper missing; and its disappearance

will be very convenient for the Twenty seventh street railroad people."

He turned to me with a gleam of intelligent triumph in his eyes; and then pointed to the towel over the corner of the glass.

"Your friend Norman is a very tal man," he said; "six feet tall, I be

(To Be Continued.)

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his efforts to study art, says an exchange. His mother worked in the
fields to keep that sickly boy at school.
At fifteen he went to Paris alone,
starved for seven years, painted without success, but still painted. He had
just finished a picture to send to the
salon when Paris was besieged, and he
rushed with his comrades, to the rushed with his comrades, to the On the first day a shell fell into his

studio and destroyed his picture and another shell fell at his feet, wound-ing him. He was carried home and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris and, reduced to absolute want, painted cheap fans, in order to earn himself a living. One day a manufacturer of some pat-

one day a manufacturer of some patent medicines ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was sincere, gave his best work to the advertisement. He vainted a landscape in the April sunlight; the leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze; a group of beautiful girls gathered round the fountain from which the elixir of youth sorang in a bubbling stream. Lepage believed there bling stream. Lepage believed there bling stream. Lenge believed there was real merit in it,
"Let me offer it to the salon," he said to his patron.
The manufacturer was delighted.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain." he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it." Lepage refused. "Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture!" The price of his picture meant bread for months and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger and carried the canvas to the salon. It was admitted. Its great success insured Lepage a place in public recognition, and his later work a place among the greatest living arplace among the greatest living artists.

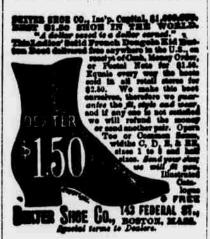
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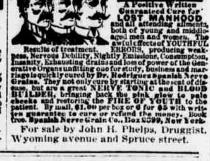
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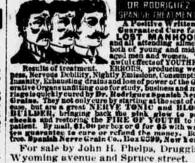
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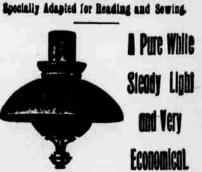
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