

A Secret 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 Am Street bank building. Associated with him in various schemes for the absorption of street car lines is George Stalbridge. Stalbridge is much disliked by Willard Davis' nephew, young Davis, who believes that Stalbridge has introduced into dangerous and corrupt schemes with the object of finally securing control of the great property himself and of establishing 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 confront with his uncle. He meets Stalbridge in front of the bank building, and rebukes him. As he mentions Norman's name young Davis notes that Stalbridge glances upward in a startled way toward the elevated railroad. Young Davis goes to his uncle's office, followed by Stalbridge. The door is locked. There is a key inside the lock. A moan is heard and then a crash. Young Davis pushes the key out and Stalbridge's face is seen in the opening. He sees his uncle on his knees, the latter tries to speak and falls to the floor. As young Davis enters the room, a door opposite closed with a snap. He bursts it open, and finds the room beyond vacant, with an open window looking on the stone court. It is found that Willard Davis' body has two wounds, one on the head made by a tall Italian, who was armed, who fired Willard Davis' keys on the floor near the entrance door. A towel is hanging on a looking-glass high above the washstand. Handkerchiefs are found on the door and on the edges of the wash basin. Stalbridge suggests that the murderer is very tall man. Meanwhile among the crowd that gathered at the scene, young Davis had noticed a tall, dark, slender, rosy-faced man, who he thought was the murderer a just deed. Corroborative evidence is discovered, and while the detective was not aware of him, the matter assumes a serious aspect, especially as the deed of transfer of Norman's stock in the elevated railroad from Willard Davis' papers, Norman is unaccountably absent, but returns in time to deny Stalbridge's insinuations to young Davis and the detective. Young Davis declares to Stalbridge that the latter saw Norman in the street, while Stalbridge and he were talking outside the bank building. Stalbridge refuses to concede Norman's admission that he had seen his own knowledge of Stalbridge's whereabouts at the time of the murder.

fastest, now, on track of the criminal. Mr. Davis, about what time was it when you and Mr. Stalbridge met at the bank building?"

"About 11 o'clock; I don't know exactly," I replied.

"Were you near the main entrance?"

"Yes; we were in the hall."

"I suppose you didn't happen to see anybody in particular," he said, in his dulcet, soothing instance, anybody who was afterwards conspicuous on the scene of the crime?"

It flashed across my mind suddenly that I had seen the tall Italian enter the building—the same who had subsequently made some stir before the door of my uncle's office.

I mentioned the fact in response to Johnson's question and despite his stolidity I saw that he was pleased.

"Who is the fellow?" I demanded.

"A small stock-holder in the Twenty-seventh street company," was the reply.

"Not Antonelli?" asked Norman, quickly.

"Antonio Antonelli," replied the detective, consulting a note-book. "I have his address here, and a few facts in his history. He's an interesting man."

It was the day following the murder, and Detective Johnson and I were alone together in the room where the crime had been committed. I had taken an extraordinary liking for the fellow. There was a frankness in his manner that was very refreshing, as a contrast to what I had expected to find, considering his position.

I was flattered, perhaps, by the way in which he had taken me into his confidence. There had been no evidence of a desire to be over-cautious, to make a circuitous, roundabout, and trifling way to the truth. He was frank and direct. Whenever I asked a question of him, he answered promptly and without reserve.

On the other hand, when he was in doubt, he had always asked my opinion, and he had always followed my lead. He had stated his theory of the crime openly and at once, instead of keeping it for a sensation to be exploited by the inquirer when all the reporters would be present with notebooks and pencils.

My confidence in him was considerable, and yet I could not wholly submit my impatience. Curiosity was strengthened by my sense of personal injury and my natural desire to see justice done. I had a feeling that the man who had been arrested, and who had been in the railway deal.

"Has he been arrested?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Johnson, "but that makes no difference. It is the small rooster who is the bitterest, my experience teaches me."

"Before he could reply, some one rapped upon the door. Johnson admitted a uniformed policeman, who merely said, "The inquirer when all the reporters would be present with notebooks and pencils."

It must have been an important message, for it worked a wondrous change in the detective. He at once dropped his notebook and canor and became the detective of romance. From this unfavorable transformation I argued that the message should have been "all wrong."

"What has happened?" I asked.

"You'll know presently," he said.

There was an interval of silence. Johnson was moodily staring at the contents of the wastepaper basket with his cane. The action reminded me of the torn document.

"Has Johnson succeeded in patching that paper together?" I inquired.

"Mrs. Johnson," he echoed, with an air of perplexity, "you said you had given it to her."

"There isn't any Mrs. Johnson," said he.

"Then who has the fragments of that document?"

"They're in an envelope in my pocket," he replied, "and they've been there from the first. Nobody need have any anxiety about them. All the men and women in the world couldn't patch that document together in a thousand years. But it doesn't make any difference. The document was a 'fake' anyhow."

"You mean that it was put there so that I might find it?"

"Precisely. I had already searched the unoccupied suite adjoining this one thoroughly, and the torn paper wasn't there. Then I saw the President. His suggestion, I searched again, and—"

"I thought it was Stalbridge who instituted that search," I said.

"How could I have made such a mistake? As a matter of fact, it was the vice-president. But Stalbridge made the search with me, of course we found the scraps."

"Then the murderer didn't tear that document?"

"I don't know whether he did or not."

"Confound it, Johnson, what's come over you? Instead of speaking right out as you used to do, you're trying to puzzle me!"

"No, I'm not. I repeat that I don't know whether the murderer tore up that paper or not. Stalbridge might have done it."

"I think it quite probable. He was trying to hold up a case against Norman."

"Unquestionably, and he wished me to believe that the bits of paper were the remains of the railway contract, but weren't that document was burned."

"Burned?"

"All but a little piece of it. Would you like to see it?"

He took from a card case an irregular bit of paper about three inches long, and tapering from an inch in width to a point. It seemed to have been the lower left hand corner of a sheet. The irregular upper edge was charred. The scraps had evidently been slightly wetted and it also appeared to have been stained with blood. There was a small round hole through the middle of it.

"I found that in the escape pipe of the boiler," said Johnson, pointing toward the place where the murderer had washed his hands. "It had been rolled up and thrust into the pipe, but had caught in such a way as to escape being washed down. I examined the pipe on general principles and found it. The few words that appear upon it are a sufficient identification. But what do you think of the hole? How was it made? What stained the paper?"

A horrible thought suggested itself to me. I looked anxiously into Johnson's face. He nodded with a grim expression.

(To Be Concluded.)



MRS. JANE LELAND STANFORD.
The Woman Who Sacrificed Her Jewels That Stanford University Might Not Close Through Lack of Funds, and Who Has Just Won Her Come Before the United States Supreme Court.
(From the Chicago Times-Herald. By the Courtesy of H. H. Kohlsaat.)

Clwb Crochan Ceridwen.

Matthew Arnold says that the Welsh has "something Greek in them." He instances the Eisteddfod, which he compares as "a kind of Olympic." The pastimes of the people are mainly intellectual. It is asserted by competent authorities that the average Welshman's command of his native tongue and his native literature is greater than that of the average Englishman of his. While the latter founders hopelessly in Spenser, the former enjoys the reading of the archaic and epic of the twelfth century. But, as in the case of the modern Greeks, the intellectual of the Welsh people has not advanced of their practicality.

"I can't see," said Mr. Fitzgerald, civil engineer of Cwmcerwyn, "why any of our Welsh people can ever get rich. With your talents, musical festivals, and preaching fairs, I often wonder how you can find time to earn a living at all."

Among the institutions which have grown out of the inquest when all the reporters would be present with notebooks and pencils.

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ANCIENT CYMRIC BOOKS

Some Printed in the Seventeenth Century.

A GREAT WELSH CONCORDANCE

One of these Ancient Welsh Books Printed at Philadelphia in the Sixteenth Century by the Distinguished Scholar Abel Morgan.

A correspondent writing in the South Wales Daily News writing concerning the first Welsh books printed in America, says that he has in his possession a Welsh book, "Annerch Ir Cymry," printed in Philadelphia in 1721. This is very important, since it is not mentioned in Rowlands' bibliography. Timothy Gwynedd in his "History of the American Welsh," mentions the same old work and corroborates this correspondent's statement. It is evident that the author of our Welsh bibliography, Rowlands says that an English translation of the original work was published in Philadelphia in 1727, translated from the Welsh language by Rowland Ellis, corrected by David Lloyd, and that the first edition of the book in Welsh was that of 1782. "This edition," says the correspondent, "I happened to have myself, which contains a short biography of the author." This same book was published in London in 1801. Ellis Fugh was a native of Dolgellau, born in 1656; he emigrated to Philadelphia in 1686, and after visiting Wales in 1706, he returned to America and died there in 1718. Abel Morgan's Welsh Concordance of the Holy Bible published in the British language by Samuel Kerrier and Dafydd Harry, was dedicated to the Honorable Dafydd Iorwedd, chief justice or magistrate of Pennsylvania. This is evident proof that the Welsh language and Welshmen were numerous and highly favored in Pennsylvania early in the Eighteenth century. The Welsh hymnal was published in Utica by one Ira Morwell in 1808, an account of which may be seen in the "Cenhadr Americanaidd," Vol. XVI, pp. 354.

The first attempt to publish a Welsh newspaper in America was that of "Cymro America," issued fortnightly, edited by J. A. Williams (Don Glan Gwyl) published in New York, but it only survived a few numbers and was discontinued for want of support.

The "Drych," the first weekly newspaper published in the United States, was started in January, 1811, printed in New York, by Benjamin Parry. The "Drych" appears weekly ever since, and is today beyond any precedent, the greatest journal published in any country in the Welsh language.

ALTERATION OF WEATHER.

In Wales among the peasantry the numerous list of signs observed in the heavenly bodies, among the birds, beasts, insects, and even in inanimate objects, has been made a very curious and interesting, and a rich storehouse of the rustic philosophers of Wales long before the weather glasses were invented, or even "Sion a Sian," an article of much attraction in Welsh houses fifty years ago, and even useful to point or foretell a change in the weather.

"Bwa ddrindd prynhawn tegwch a gawn." A rainbow in the evening fair weather will be to follow.

The redness of the new moon and other things are thus made predictive of the weather to follow by the well known Welsh bard, William Cynwal, who flourished in the 16th century:

Gwyllt bawb, bob gwlad y boch,
Llawer o' gwnt sw'r hofr goch,
Y hofr ias y llaw'r hofr goch,
Y hofr wen y llaw'r seren ynoch.

Observe, ye swain, where'er ye stand,
The rainbow will stretch the land;
When fair the weather fall you'll find,
In the Vale of Glamorgan the following is predictive of the weather to follow:

Pan welir pen Moelgellan
Yn gwisgo cap y borau,
Ond farer ym hanner dydd,
Ceir ar ei groud h' ddiagram.

Moelgellan's head, when it doth hide
In morning cap, we have our fears,
For, ten to one, before the sun
It check be bathed in his precious tears.

WELSH NOTES.

Jones still holds his own in Wales. In the Whitland intermediate school, Mr. Jones, M. A., is head-master. Mr. Jones, M. A., is head-master, and Miss Jones is assistant mistress.

In the parish of Abercraf numerous finds have been made since the time of the Roman glass, known as (Gleinan Nadrodd), or snake gems. They are supposed to be archaeological remains, and used by the Romans in bartering with the Ancient Britons.

Despite Professor Morris Jones' attack on the Gorsedd, a la Don Quixote and the wind-mills, the Gorsedd is to be rebuilt at Gwern-y-Crochan, the home of Dafydd ab Idris, the Welsh bard, and another on Arthur's Round Table at Caerleon.

Who says that Wales is not ripe for Home Rule, and would not be able to keep its own parliament going? At a previous meeting in a small hall, a young member recently broke off a discussion on the subject of Home Rule, by speaking 120 times during a two hours' sitting.

JUST ELLEN OF THEM.

What is that which increases the more you take from it? A hole.

Why are coals in London like towns given up to pillage? Because they are sacked and burned.

Why is a gate post like a potato? Because it is a gate post in the ground to propagate.

What is that which was often made, but never is? A note.

What word may be pronounced quicker than adding a syllable to it? Quicker.

What is that which is a quarter of a shop? Because it contains four-in-pieces.

What is that which one wishes to have and in which one wishes to lose a hat?

What is the difference between a sailor and a beer drinker? One puts his hat down, and the other puts his hat above.

What is that which is above a human imperfection, and yet which is above all imperfections, and which is the same in the weakest and the wisest and the wickedest as well as the wisest and most of mankind, A hat.

What is that which is often brought to the table, always cut and never eaten? A pack of cards.

What are the most unobtainable things in the world? Misses, for you never see two of them together.—Tid-Bis.

METAMORPHOSES.

(From French Folk Songs.)

"If you pursue me, I will go so into a convent I will go And sweet contentment ever know."

"If you become a nun, 'tis clear that I, a monk, must soon appear To be the nuns' confession, dear."

"If you become a monk, then I Down the pool will quickly leap, And with the carp contend I."

"If you become a carp, my pet A fisherman will spread his net, And so, you see, I'll catch you yet."

"If you discover me concealed, I'll be a red rose in the field, And never to your arms will yield."

"If you become a blushing rose, I'll be a gardener, I suppose, And pluck my darling as she grows."

"A gardener, you? Then I, a star, Will shine upon you from afar, And laugh to think how vexed you are."

"If you become a star, my sweet, I'll be a white cloud in your feet, Will follow you until we meet."

"Then let our wanderings suffice; Here, take my heart, you've paid the price In leading me to paradise."



CAUTION

TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

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DR. R. W. LAMBERT, A SPECIALIST in chronic diseases of the heart, lungs, liver, kidney and genito urinary diseases, will occupy the office of Dr. Ross, 222 Adams Avenue. Office hours 1 to 5 p. m.

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JESSUP & HAND, ATTORNEYS AND Counselors at Law, Commonwealth Building, Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
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JAS. J. HAMILTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 6 Commonwealth Bld'g., Scranton, Pa.
J. M. C. RANCK, 125 WYOMING AVE.

Architects.

EDWARD H. DAVIS, ARCHITECT, Rooms 24, 25 and 26, Commonwealth Building, Scranton.
E. L. WALTER, ARCHITECT, OFFICE rear of 60 Washington Avenue.
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