WEDNESDAY EVENING

JULY 29, 1914.



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QUARRY By JOHN A. MOROSC

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As the detective captain in charge of the homicide bureau at headquar ters, Kearney found even less time to turn his thoughts away from the business of man hunting. He had de-veloped some excellent sleuths and was beginning to feel pleasure in watching them advance under his

guidance and training. Kearney's only recreation was still his home, and the sound of his moth er's voice, with its pleasing bit of brogue, was his only music. But as the burden of her years became heav-ier the strength of her mind was sap-

ped slowly, gradually. She would for get things that had happened only an hour before and remember things vividly and suddenly that had happen ed years and years past. Sometimes her tongue would wag. She would wander from subject to subject in seemingly interminable monologues. Her old cronies tried in

vain to stop the flow of her garrulity. so that their own tongues might wag, but they had to give it up and so they called less frequently. But Mike, the apple of her eye, to whom she was all the world, never ceased to pretend to be interested as he sat with her in the sunny window of

her spotless kitchen. "Now I remember very well," she droned with quavering voice one evening, without specific reference to any one in particular. "I remember very well that she was quite a fine lady warmt she Mike?" lady wasn't she, Mike?" "She was that, mother," replied the

son, dragging at his pipe. "She grand lady." "No, not at all grand," she protested

"for she wasn't of the r'yalty kind. She was quiet and nice and dressed so simple, was the old lady whose so was sint up." The subject of her wandering gossip

and reminiscence changed, and she babbled on. Kearney settled down to read his afternoon paper as she talked. Her voice and her constant loving kindnesses were all that he had in life besides his job. As he noticed that he mind was wandering to an unusual degree a touch of fear crept into his heart. He asked himself what would he do when she was gone. Could any other woman take her place? He hunched himself in his chair, a sign of

his uneasiness Kearney had decided on spring for his vacation time. During pleasant

weather murder, like hydrophobia, is rare. He told himself that after his vacation he would never leave his mother again. He had arranged for one of her cronies to care for her until his return. Kearney had made up his mind to

take a trip south. He had a clew, after ten years of patient waiting, that was worth looking up. The change might do him good, and at the same time he would have something to occupy his mind.

Some one had placed a headstone or the grave of the mother of James Montgomery. Some one was paying the keeper of the cemetary near Nyack to weed the little plot and keep it bright with flowers.

Careful inquiry had shown him that. save for her convict son, Mrs. Montgomery had left no relatives. The remetery keeper had been cautiously questioned. He said that through the

mails had come first \$100 in cash with a typewritten note to the effect that a friend of the Montgomery family desired the grave marked. Afterward came other sums to pay for keeping up the plot. The postmark on these anonymous communications was "Greenville, S. C." Kearney desired to go to Greenville, S. Kearney desired to go to Greenville and get in touch with the postal au-thorities there. Another letter would be mailed from Another letter would be mailed from that town to Nyack. He would take a glimpse of the man who mailed it. He would clear up the Montgomery case and he would hold the record o never having been beaten out by a criminal. A few days later Michael Kearney registered at the Mansion House, Greenville's best hotel, as James Flynn. In his room he unpacked his grip. Among other things he removed was a long and wide envelope. It contained a letter from his inspector authorizing him to request any aid he might need in the name of the police of the city of New York. The big envelope also contained a ce. ed copy of the police records of Jam Montgomery, convicted of the murder of Walter Trueblood, night watchman of the West End National bank. These records included photographs in full face and profile and the Bertillon measurements and finger prints. There was also a warrant drawn by a New York magistrate, charging James Montgomery with being a fugitive from justice and an escaped convict. The man hunter knew from the soft sound of the voices he heard about him that his own voice would be in striking contrast. It would be futile for him to try the pose of a southern-er. So he let it be known that he was a New Yorker who wanted to live in the south and invest a limited amount of capital. Kearney left the hotel to look over the city. He coursed its two or three business streets much as a hunting dog would range in its preliminary run

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the rooms. "I have a sister, Mrs. Curtis, who has an apartment uptown. I think she would have just the rooms you are looking for,' the landlady volun-' (Another interesting incident in this very human story will appear soon on this page.)

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To be continued.]







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