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CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

MONK'S EXAMINATION.

I HAVEN'T much more to tell you now, (continued Monk). A few days afterward, Sigrid left to join her brother in Hamburg, whence they both sailed for America, and I have not seen either of them since. With regard to the life I have led these last few years, you, Frederick, know about as much as I do myself. If I have not left the country, it was because an irresistible impulse forced me to haunt the place where my happiness and my expectations had been overthrown, and to try again and again

to clear up the mystery which had destroyed the happiness of so many.

My profession of private detective has provided me, with sufficient means, both in finances, and other respects, to continue my attempts—attempts which up to now have unfortunately brought no results whatever.

At first I had many difficulties to contend against, before I could attain to the position I now occupy. The part I played in the diamond case had made me unpopular with the public, and all my friends advised me to leave the country.

me unpopular with the public, and all my friends advised me to leave the country.

Still, the public does not remain of the same opinion from one day to another. The feeling against me gradually subsided. I fancy people had an idea that a hard and entirely undeserved fate had befallen me and others concerned in this matter. I was fortunate in being able to clear up one or two mysterious affairs, and how, in short, I can no longer complain of want of sympathy from the public.

I have nothing more to add than that I still consider it the object of my life to unravel this mysterious affair. I have not followed the superintendent's advice, and I intend continuing as I have begun, if necessary, to the end of my days. All the people who have played a part in the events which I have told you of, I keep well under my surveillance, either, personally, or through my agents. Sometimes I feel as if I could give up everything in despair, for, as I have told you up till now I have no result to show. Then again my common sense and my experience—not my presentiments—tell me that the solution must come in time, perhaps before I expect it.

"But why have you decided so sud-

pect it.

"But why have you decided so suddenly to go to America?" This time it was I who spoke.

"Some days ago," he replied, "I received the notice of Einar Frick's death. I shall once again speak to Sigrid. I have certain things to ask her about; perhaps she will now answer me."

We were all silent. Monk went over to the bookesse and began to put some books to rights which were disarranged on the shelf.

Clara got up and crossed over to him, but he did not turn round, although he must have heard her steps. He did not even look when she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"But even now, you have not told us everything!"
"Yes, everything that can be of inter-

"No, you are wrong, Monk," said my wife, in a friendly tone, not removing her hand from his shoulder. "Did you not ask us to help you?"
"Yes, I did."
"Well, and however strange its may seem, yet I believe that one of these little mice can this time sheb the lion. But

the mice can this time help the lion. But you must first tell us everything. When Mass Frick left, why didn't you go with her? "Perhaps you thought then that she had stolen the diamond?"

"No, I didn't shut well, how can I explain myself; you will not understand me—I believe in her, and yet there are moments when—"

me—I believe in her, and yet there are moments when—"

"You men are a miserable lot of creatures when it comes to a question of trust," said Clara, with unction. "You, Monk, and yery, Rickly you, Frederick, would do the same. You do not hesitate to assure a waman that you respect and love her above everything in the world; but if only there comes a wretched photograph, or some accidental coincidence, then you believe the same woman to be capable of commisting the lowest and most degrading of crimes. Yes, I speak not so much with regard to the robbery, as that she, if she were guilty, allowed another to suffer in her place. Let me tell you what passed between you and Sigrid, and then you shall tell me if I am right?"

Monk only nodded, with his face half turned away, and my wife continued in a severe tone;—

"You went to Sigrid and assured her that you believed in her innocence, in spite of all, and you proposed that you should get married at once and go abroad!"

Monk nodded again.

"But he amended these she cond.

0

Monk noded again.

"But he answered that she read doubt at the bottom, a your hears and

that it was better that you should both part; isn't that so?"

"Yes," answered Monk, turning round to us—he was dreadfully pale—"I tried hard to get her to tell me why she had attempted that day to get money at the pawnbroker's. If it could clear the matter and prove my innocence, she said, then she would do it; but as the affair stands, it would not serve any purpose, and only heing disgrape upon another.

"I have person. She will not see me. If I show myself to her, she swears and curses me for having brought about her daughter's death. Old Frick gives her a yearly pension; but as she has completely given herself over to drink, it does not last very long, and between each quarterly payment she lives in the greatest destitution."

"And Mr. Howell?"

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"It was to get your brother out of some difficulty,' I urged.

"It is of no use talking about it,' she

some difficulty, I urged.

"It is of no use talking about it,' she said. 'It will not take away the doubt from your heart. Even if you fancy it gone, it will come again and again; and do you think we can get away from people's talk and malice? No, the world is too small for that! And if we got married, and had children, could we be sure that they would never get to know of their mother's past? I have also a duty to fulfil to my brother; and in that you could not take part. To you he would always be the one who had poisoned our life.'

always be the one who had poisoned our life."

"Such were her words, as near as possish." I felt I had only empty and mean gless words to say in reply to them, and so we parted."

"There, didn't I tell you so!" exclaimed Clara. "It is your own doubt which is the cause of your weakness. That is the reason you have not been able to penetrate the darkness."

"I think you are wrong there, Mrs. Viller." answered Monk, gently, "but the work has been too much for my strength. I fancy it would have been too much for any man. Mention anything I ought to have done, and I think I can answer you that it has already been tried."

"Don't be angry," were Clara's next words, and this time they were as gentle as Monk's own. "I know you have as

words, and this time they were as gentle
as Monk's owa. "I know you have as
much feeling as you have common sease,
and perhaps more kelling than most
people; but with you men, reason always comes off victorious in the end.
You cannot alter your natures, I suppose. Now we must see how we can
help Monk, Frederick, as he can't help
himself; isn't that so?"
"Yes," I answered as cheerfully as I
possibly could; "it would be strange if
we three, when we have put our heads
together, should not be able to clear up
the mystery. You have here what you
hitherto have lacked, Monk the experience of an expert in many branches,
as represented by me, and a woman's in-

rience of an expert in many branches, as represented by me, and a woman's intuition and instinct, as represented by Clara. But as a preliminary, Monk will have to be examined. Have you anything to ask Monk, Clara You shall be the first, then my turn comes."

"Yes, I must begin," answered Clara, looking in a very friendly manner at Monk, as if to appease him if she had wounded him with her remarks. "Tell me, was not the Englishman, Howell, as he was called, in love with Sigrid? Didn't he pay his attentions to her, and wasn't he rejected?"

Monk began to smile. "I fancy he did try a little at first, but he soon saw that I had forestalled him, and so, with a good grace I'll admit, he left the field clear. If he had made any definite advances, I think Sigrid would have told me."

clear. If he had made any definite advances, I think Sigrid would have told me."

"Are you quite sure about that?" answered Clara, with an air of superiority. "One is not of course father confessor to one's fiancée. But can you tell me any other reason why he should hate both of you?"

"Are you sure he hates us?"

"Yes, I am quite sure about it; he is the cause of the whole mischief. The photograph was of course nothing but humbug."

Monk smiled resignedly. "The photograph was only too genuine."

"And then there was that wretched actor," continued Clara; "he left, I understand, just before Evelina committed suicide. Have you heard anything of him since? It was of course on his account that the young girl killed herself. I believe he first of all got her to steal the diamond, and then left her. That was the reason of the poor girl committing suicide."

"I also thought of that," was Monk's answer, "and I had him watched after he left Christiania. He went first to Gothenburg and later to Copenhagen. But it is not probable that the money which Jurgens paid for the diamond has at any time been in his hands. He lived the whole time from hand to mouth, and often in the greatest misery."

"Are you quite certain of this?" I asked. "If the actor didn't get the money, all my theories are upset."

"Yes, isn't that so?" said Monk, smiling again, in the same resigned way.
"And you would have had the same

money, all my theories are upset."

"Yes, isn't that so?" said Monk, smiling again, in the same resigned way.

"And you would have had the same experience, not only in one, but in ten points of the case, if you had weighed them and turned them over in your head as long as I have done."

"But there must be one theory which is right." I exclaimed "Some one must have stolen the diamond?"

"Yes, that's the directly part of it all?" groaned Monk. "There is only one theory which can be applied to all that has happened in this, dreadful affair, and that is, "where his voice sank almost to a whisper,—"and that is, that—that Sigrid took the diamond to help her brother, was photographed by Mr. Howell, and then sold the diamond to Mr. Jurgens. No, don't say what you want to say, Mrs. Viller. Rather bear in mind that it is my fixed determination, in a few, days to go to America, and again offer Sigrid my hand. Can I better show my faith in her?"

Clara did not answer.

"Where is the actor now?" I asked.

"He died in delivium tremens, in a public hospital in Denmark. I had

"Where is the actor now?" I asked.

"He died in delivium tremens, in a public hospital in Denmark." I had an agent there for some time, who tried to get something out of him, but it was of no use. The agent was under the impression that the actor knew nothing of the diamond robbery,—nothing of any importance to us, at least."

"And Mrs. Reierson—have you tried her?"

"By all possible means through

greatest destitution."

"And Mr. Howell?"

"I have not lost sight of him, although it is often diricult enough to keep an eye on him. He leads the life of so many rich Englishmen. He spends the season in London, the autumn in the country, and the rest of the year in travelling. He has a yacht, and has several times visited Norway in the summer. He has, however, been only three or four times in Christiania all these years, and then only for a short time. He has on these occasions stayed at Villa Ballarat with old Frick. My agent in England informs me that he is well known as a gambler and as a min who spends more money than he can afford. He has for many years paid frequent visits to a country house in Yorkshire, — Ashton Hall,—belonging—to a rich gentleman, Mr. Ashton. They say it will endow his marrying the gentleman's eldest daughter, a lady who is no longer young. The reason for this long court-ship no one can explain. They think he'll not swallow the bitter pill until he is obliged. Here, people believe that he will inherit old Frick's money. Very likely too, the old man's death might put him on his legs again, and save him from marrying the lady in Morkshire."

"You seem no longer to like the Englishman!"

"You seem no longer to like the Englishman!"

"He have nover liked him sparticularly, and, as I have told you earlier, his con-

lishman!"

"I have mover liked him sparticularly,
and, as I have told you earlier, his con-

"You seem no longer to like the Englishman!"

"An ave caever liked him sparticularly, and, as I have told you carlier, his conduct frequently appeared to me to be suspicious. "As I cannot very well account for the reason of my distrust for him. I have an idea that he played part in the drams, which I do not comprehend. I believe your wike a institutible har the state." "I believe your wike a institutible har the state." "I believe your wike a institutible har the state." "I would not have state which has come to our aid—never a word is said about logical dediction! Look here, Mr. Monk. What I mean to say is, that I am succ show Mr. Howell tampered with the photograph is to be relied upon, Sigrid must have had the dismond in her hinds about hor to say; but abe denied this absolutely, No, don'tity to avoid it Monk! Would said to the museum, had takes out the logical—lan't that what you call last. Suppose Sigrid could and would tell alle, what could have been easier for her than to admit she had that afternoon-been into the enusuum, had takes out the diamond and looked at it for a moment, and then gust for hardy the summer, and and hone and a word against this explanation as to how the sphotograph was the same smile—the hopeless smile with which the giant who has in via atempted to lift a burden watches the dwarf endeavoring to lift it.

He went across to a small iron safe in the corner of the room, and came back at once with. "She had not set foot in Mr. Frick's museum that day between five and half past seven, and—the photograph was tampered with."

How how the fall is a burden watches the dwarf endeavoring to lift it.

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Both Clara and I stretched out our hands at the exame moment, and Monk and hole photograph."

Both Clara and I stretched out our hands at the exame moment, and Monk and the table be

rubber bands.
"This is the photograph."

Both Clara and I stretched out our hands at the same moment, and Monk laid it on the table between us, together with an oblong magnifying glass of un-

with an oblong magnifying glass of unusual size.

"Now you can look at it for your-selves. What cannot be seen with the naked eye can be easily discerned through the magnifying glass."

Clara and I used it in turn.

"I have to thank my old friend, the chief superintendent, that I am in possession of the photograph," continued Monk.

"At my earnest request he gave it up to me, but not till two years after the trial. He made me promise, however, that I should keep it in a fire-proof safe, and take the greatest care of it. Heavens! it was hardly necessary to request me to do that."

Heavens it was hardly necessary to request me to do that."

The photograph answered to the brief description which Monk had already given at it it was three or four inches its height, but very narrow, so much so that little was to be seen but the girlish figure in front of the open cupboard with the shelves. These shelves were filled with all sorts of curiosities, which appeared most distinctly on the plate. In the whole, the photograph was unusually clear and allering.

**Look at the girl's left hand," said Monk.

"Look at the girl's left hand," said Monk.
I hald the magnifying glass over the photograph. "Yes, I see, she has a ring. on the ring finger."
"Yes; and the finger is quite normal—not at all deformed."
"No, it is quite well shaped."
"You see the little elephant on the shelf over the cupboard, and the clock in its forcheed? What time does it show?"

"Let me see! It is twenty-one min-utes to six. The figures are not easy to distinguish, but the position of the hands is plain enough?"
"Yes, although the elephant is scarce-by three inches high, that and the other

Tes, although the elephant is scarce-by three inches high, that and the other small things on the shelf over the cup-load are the masterpieces of antivory carver in Naples. Do you see, for ex-mander these copy of Venus de Milo at

"Yes, I see it. But tell me, Monk, who does the girl in the photograph resemble, Miss Frick or Evelina?"

"Oh, Evelina! I was, of course, accustomed to see Sigrid in that costume—the braided jacket and the little hat with the bird's wing on it—so at first glance I might have doubted; but after a more careful inspection I should never have hesitated in saying it was Evelina,—she and no one else, if only this question of the finger hadn't cropped up."

"The photograph was examined, wasn't it?"

The photograph was examined, wasn't it?"

It any photograph in this world has
been examined, this is the one. As you
may remember, the photographer Rodin
and another expert gave their opinion
upon it at the first trial. Later on it was
examined at the physical laboratory of
the university. All were of one mind
in saying that no attempt had been made
either to tamper with or to make any
alteration in it,—neither by retouching
nor by any other means."

While I continued to converse with
Monk, Clara took possession of the picture. I handed her the magnifying
glass, but she pushed it aside, and continued studying the photograph without
once looking up.
"You was the nuite tired." I

"You must be quite tired," I said to Monk, "with all our questioning, but if it will not be too tedious to you to answer me, I should like to examine you a little."

"On the contrary, I would prefer nothing better than listening to your remarks. What I wish is to get out of this vicious circle in which my thoughts have run during the last six years."

"Have you my guarantee that this photograph was taken that afternoon—the 10th of May—between five and haft—pass seven?"

"I'll tell you exactly what I think. It was that fact which saved her as far as it gave the jury a pretext to answer 'No' to the question whether she was guilty or not—or, more correctly, an excuse for not answering 'Yes' to it. I do not believe there was a person in the court who, in their heart of hearts, did not believe Sigrid was guilty. But her counsel very cleverly laid stress on the obscurity which enveloped the whole matter, and the possibility that they might give an unjust verdict and that the truth afterward might transpire. They, or more correctly; five of them, chose, therefore, so the rumbr goes, and chose, therefore, so the rumbr goes, and I think it is correct, to answer 'No,' as the discrepancy with regard to the time gave them the opportunity to do. You understand what I mean?"

gave them the opportunity to do. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I understand; but what is your personal opinion with regard to the discrepancy in the time?"

"Well, for my own part, I cannot deny that those who believed in Sigrid's guilt were right in saying: Supposing that the driver had driven rather more quickly than ordinarily, then the discreases in the time would not be greater than first mithings. It might easily happen that this difference in the time was die to the fact that the clocks in the different parts of the town did not talk."

"May I take the photograph home with me?"

May I take the photograph home with me?

It was Cfara who interrupted us. She had sat staring hard at the picture, and now she stood before Monk with it hidden in her hand.

Monk reflected a moment,

"Hayou promise me to keep it in Frederick's safe when you have not got is in your hand."

"I promise everything," was Clara's answer, "and among other things, that the photograph has been tampered with "I".

There was such conviction in my wife's voice that Monk's cheeks flushed with excitement. This time I saw nothing of the hopeless smile. He did not have a chance of replying, however, for Clara began hurriedly to put on her hat Children Cry for Flatcher's

in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment

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end cape.

"Come now, Frederick, it is past three in the morriling, aid to morrow we have still another day's work."

"Good night, Monk."

"Stop a minute; two things I must asle you before we go. Where does Mrs. Reierson live?"

"The lives in her old den in Russelök Street. No. 42"

"Where could one find the clothes which Evelina had on that day when the robbery was committed? I mean the hat and jacket which she wears in the photograph."

"Very probably Mrs. Reierson still has them, if she hasn't sold them. They were produced in court, but were later on naturally given back to the unhappy girl's mother. But why do you ask about them? You know, of course, that

"That is my business for the present; good night, once more."

The last conversation was carried on between Clara and Monk. I listened to them in astonishment. What in all the world did Clara mean by these questions?

"Don't let us talk about it any more. Remember I have been to less prepossessing houses before in my life, on mysterious errands." Do you remember that time when I pald my fruitless visit to the pawnbroker, and, in my despair, had to go to Monk?"

"Yes, you were lucky that time," I answered gayly. "If you hadn't gone that day to Monk, you would never have met me, and then perhaps you would never have been married."

"Of course it do not want to keep any secrets from you, either big or small; said Clara. "It is my intention to go to Mrs. Reierson to-morrow morning. But you shall not go with me; first, because I consider it will serve my purpour you shall not go with me; first, because I consider it will serve my purpose better if I go alone. Men are such blunderers, you know. She is naturally suspicious about men, and would perhaps recognize you as a friend of Moak's, and secondly, I am very anxious to carry out my little plan all by myself. Fancy, if I can help him, as he ories selected me—wouldn't that he a triumph!

(To be Continued.)

All that any man has to do in order to attract attention is to make a fool of himself.

If fish could talk, anglers would have to revise their yarns.

The perfect husband always be-longs to another woman

sympathy for the poor. Life without hope is like a house

Food for thought is found in empty emphoards.

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As we wandered home in the moonlight, with Clara on my arm, I tried to find out what her purpose had been with regard to her last questions to Monk. "You surely don't intend to visit Mra. Reierson?"

"I don't intend to tell you," was the reply; "but even if I do, what harm is there in that?"

"No, of course, there's no harm; but according to Monk's description, there was nothing very prepossessing about Mrs. Reierson six years ago, and in the course of these years she is not likely to have changed for the better."

"Don't let us talk about it any more. Remember I have been to less preposed."

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