

Andover News

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893.

There are fully 50,000 hotels, strictly so-called, in the United States.

A citizen of St. Louis suggests that the names of the streets should be cut in stone and placed at the street corners, so that people may know "where they are at."

So rapid has been the growth of the German capital that the municipality of Berlin already finds its spacious town hall inadequate to its needs, and an adjacent plot of ground has been purchased at a cost of \$1,300,000 for the erection of new offices.

American sailors on men-of-war who desert in foreign ports cannot be arrested and returned. This rule, explains the Boston Cultivator, is an outgrowth of the contention of this country on which the War of 1812 was fought, the right of every man to change his allegiance, and exemption from interference by any foreign power. Sailors on merchant vessels who violate their contracts can be held to them, but deserting from a man-of-war in a foreign port, though a more serious offence, cannot be punished.

The so-called Russian thistle, which has become such a pest in the North-western States, is not properly a thistle at all, but an annual, nearly allied to the saltworts. It has done more than \$2,000,000 damage to the crops last year. It was accidentally introduced seventeen years ago, in some flaxseed imported from Russia by a man in Scotland, South Dakota. It is estimated that it will cost fully \$2,000,000 to eradicate it, and the New York Tribune learns that the Department of Agriculture has been appealed to take the matter in hand.

Says the Age of Steel: The renewed trend of foreign capital to the South is one of the significant signs of a coming revival of prosperity in that section. Both British and German capitalists are already in the field on a quiet hunt for profitable investments. Representatives of the Rothschilds' interests are expected shortly to make an investigating tour to apprise the European capitalists they represent of what inducements there may be for placing large sums of money in railroads, mineral lands and other enterprises. Some German capitalists are, it is said, intending to make arrangements for the establishment of a line of German steamships, carrying Western cereals to foreign markets via New Orleans. Other announcements of foreign enterprise in the same direction are in evidence of a coming movement of capital southward.

The differences between city and country ways have been illustrated in a curious manner by an experiment of the Postoffice Department. Under the last administration about fifty villages and small towns, ranging in population from 800 to 4000 inhabitants, were picked out for a trial of the system of distributing mail matter by carrier, as in large cities. At first general satisfaction was manifested, and the receipts of many of the offices for a while showed an increase, indicating that the convenience stimulated correspondence; but as the novelty wore off, the residents very generally tired of the change, and returned to the old practice of going to the office themselves for the mail. A majority of the people would apparently rather have their letters lie in the office, until they call for them, and thus have an excuse for frequent visits to the centre of local activity, than have their mail delivered every day at their houses. The carrier in such places is really a foe to social activity, as "going to the postoffice" has always been a recognized means of mixing with men, and its occasional inconvenience is preferable to the loss of what is often only a pretext for making a break in the monotony of a retired life. In view of the evidence that there is not "a long felt want" to be met by this system of free delivery in small communities, and of the fact that its general adoption would involve an annual expense of at least \$10,000,000, the First Assistant Postmaster-General advises a suspension of the experiment.

THOU SHALT BE MY QUEEN FOREVER.

BY CHARLES C. HARRIS.

"I am Queen," the Persian beauty said, in accents proud and taunting. As she looked, with jealous anger, On the favorite of the harem.

"Truly speaks she," said King Sapor, "She my Queen is, Thee, I loving, Press the closer to my bosom. In that Paradise we long for Love shall rule, and there, my loved one, Thou shalt be my Queen forever."

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

BY F. W. HUMPHREY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Mrs. Povy was delighted to see Calliston back again, but she was not going to betray any exultation, as she did not think him worthy of it, so received him with great dignity and formality. Lord Calliston, a tall, dissipated young man, noticed the restraint of her manners, and commented thereon at once.

The door opened and his valet entered, soft-footed and deferential.

"A gentleman to see you, my lord," he said, handing Calliston a card.

"Humph! I thought so," said Calliston, glancing at the card; "show Mr. Dowker up, Lockier."

Lockier retired, and Mrs. Povy was about to follow his example when Calliston stopped her.

"Don't go, Mrs. Povy," he said, authoritatively, "I saw this man before, so you can hear our interview—I may have to ask you something."

Totally acquiescently, and went over to the window, while Lockier, showing Mr. Dowker into the room, retired, closing the door after him. Calliston opened the conversation at once.

"Your name is Dowker, you are a detective—you want to see me about the Jermyn street murder?"

"Quite correct, my lord," replied Dowker, quietly, though rather astonished at the business-like tone assumed by Calliston. "I want to ask your lordship a few questions. I want an account of your lordship's movements on that night," he said smoothly.

Lord Calliston sprang to his feet with a burst of laughter.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Surely you don't think I killed Lady Balcombe?"

Dowker said nothing, but looked discreetly on the ground, upon which Calliston frowned.

"Now then, Mr. Dowker," said Calliston, tapping the table impatiently, "where do you want me to begin?"

"From the time your lordship arrived at the Pink 'Un," Calliston stared at him in astonishment.

"How the deuce did you know I was there?" he asked.

"Easily enough," replied the detective, coolly; "the little urchin you gave money to told me."

"The devil!" said Calliston, in a vexed tone. "One seems to be surrounded with spies—perhaps you can tell me how I spent the rest of the night?"

"No, I leave that for your lordship."

"Then it's easily done," retorted the young lord, coolly. "I left these rooms intending to go to Shoreham by the ten minutes past nine train from London Bridge."

"Was Lady Balcombe to meet you there?"

"No—she intended to go first to the Countess of Kerstock's ball in order to avert suspicion, and then was to come down to Shoreham by the first train in the morning—about 5.45. At all events, I left here about eight o'clock, in order to go down, when I looked in at my club for a few minutes, and heard of a sparring match coming off at the 'Pink 'Un,' and was induced by some friends to go. I thought I'd not bother about going down by the 9.10 train, as I could catch the early train in the morning, and go down with Lady Balcombe, so I went to the 'Pink 'Un' and saw the match. The fight I thought I'd better follow and see what was up. I lost myself in the fog, and, after wandering about for a couple of hours, I managed to get a cab and go to my club. There I met some fellows, and, as I had to catch an early train, did not think it worth while to go to bed. I fell asleep, however, on the sofa, and the end of it was I went down to Shoreham by a late train and came on board the yacht. They told me Lady Balcombe was on board, so I ordered the yacht to start at once, and it was only when we were right out that I found out my mistake—until I came back to England I had no more idea than you that Lady Balcombe had been murdered."

Dowker listened to all this with the deepest interest, and then asked Lord Calliston a question.

"Who was the man who passed you in pursuit of the woman?"

"How should I know?" replied Calliston, fidgeting in his seat.

"You did not know him?"

"How could I recognize any one on such a foggy night?"

"Had you any idea who it was?" persisted Dowker.

"Well, I had," said Calliston, reluctantly. "It was only a vague, dim, because I did not see the man's face, but I thought his figure and bearing resembled some one I knew."

"And the name of that some one?"

"Sir Rupert Balcombe,"

Dowker uttered an ejaculation of astonishment and summed up the whole thing in his own mind.

"Cook-and-bull story," he muttered to himself. "He has learned since it was Lady Balcombe whom he saw, and wants to put the blame on to the husband—fish!"

"Well," said Calliston anxiously. "It's a grave accusation to make," said Dowker.

"I'm not making any accusation," retorted Calliston, violently. "I only think it was Sir Rupert. I'm not accusing him of anything. Is that all you want to know?"

"No, you'll oblige me by leaving my room."

Both men arose to their feet and looked at one another, and so absorbed were they that they did not hear the door softly open behind them.

"Not yet, Lord Calliston," said Dowker calmly. "I want to know what you did those two hours you were in the fog?"

"Do! Nothing, except walk about looking for the woman I thought Lena Sarschine."

"And you found her?"

"No!"

"Bah! What fury would believe that?"

"Do you mean to accuse me of this murder?" asked Calliston furiously, clenching his fists.

"I accuse you of nothing," retorted Dowker coolly. "I merely put a case to you. Here is a man, yourself, going to run off with another woman when his mistress, as he thinks, comes to stop him. He sees her leave his chambers in a violent rage, follows her—what is more natural than that he should meet her, and she keeps reproaching him—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Calliston with a sneer. "Your picture is very tragic, but quite wrong. Suppose I did meet the woman who left my chambers, I would find not Lena Sarschine, but Lady Balcombe, the very woman I wanted to meet."

Dowker rubbed his head, being for once in his life nonplussed by a man as clever as himself.

"It does sound wrong, I confess," he said, ruefully; "still you are in an awkward situation. If you did not kill Lady Balcombe, what is the name of the person who did?"

"Lena Sarschine!"

It was a third voice who uttered the name, and both men turned round to see Lena Sarschine looking at them with blazing eyes.

"Yes!" she said, advancing toward Dowker. "I knew you suspected Calliston when you came to the yacht yesterday, and I came up to prevent him meeting you. I am too late for that, but not too late to prevent you from arresting an innocent man. You want to know who murdered my sister—I did—I was mad with rage and jealousy. I followed her from my own house and saw her leave these rooms—we met, and she told me she was going down to Shoreham and defied me, so I killed her with this dagger," and, throwing a small silver-mounted stiletto at the detective's feet, her unnatural strength gave way, and she sank on the floor in a dead faint, while the other two men stood looking blankly at one another.

"My God!" said Calliston, "this is terrible!"

"Yes," replied Dowker, "it is true."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Not one word!"

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT MYLES DESMOND THOUGHT.

Imprisonment is not calculated to raise a man's spirits, consequently poor Myles, having been shut up for some weeks, from his own house and saw her leave these rooms—we met, and she told me she was going down to Shoreham and defied me, so I killed her with this dagger," and, throwing a small silver-mounted stiletto at the detective's feet, her unnatural strength gave way, and she sank on the floor in a dead faint, while the other two men stood looking blankly at one another.

"My God!" said Calliston, "this is terrible!"

"Yes," replied Dowker, "it is true."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Not one word!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?" demanded Calliston, ironically.

"Because I have found out the real criminal at last—one I believe to be the real criminal."

"Sir Rupert Balcombe?"

"I thought so," said Calliston, bitterly. "I knew he hated his wife."

"And had he not reason?" asked Dowker, significantly. Calliston flushed, and turned his face away.

"I'm not a saint," he said, in a low voice, "and though my conduct may appear to have been wrong, I could hardly help myself; it would have taken a stronger man than myself to withstand the temptation."

"And now?"

"Now," replied Calliston, turning toward the detective, "I have married the only woman I ever really cared about, and we are going a tour round the world as soon as she is well—that is, if she ever does get well."

"Is she then so ill?"

"Brain fever," replied Calliston, curtly. "I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Dowker, quietly, "for she is a noble woman."

Calliston made no reply, but flung himself down on a couch and buried his face in his hands, so, without saying another word, Dowker left the room and made his final exit from Cleopatra Villa.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so Dowker drove to the Park lane mansion and asked for Sir Rupert Balcombe. The footman told him the baronet was out, but added, on hearing his name, that Miss Penfold had given orders if he called that he was to be shown into the library, as she wished to see him. Dowker was pleased at this, as he wanted to ask May some questions, and followed the servant in a very pleased frame of mind.

May Penfold was seated by a small table talking eagerly to Mr. Norwood, who sat near her with a pocketbook open on his knee. When Dowker entered, May arose and went forward in a curiously eager manner. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes, but her features were a very happy expression, for she was now certain of saving her lover, though on the other hand she might lose her guardian.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Dowker," she said, quickly. "Mr. Norwood and myself have been talking over the position of the case and we want your assistance."

"I will be delighted to give it," answered Dowker, gravely, taking a seat. "I am anxious to make Mr. Desmond the reparation in my power, as I was the unconscious cause of all his trouble."

"You only acted according to your duty."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT DOWKER DISCOVERED.

After hearing the revelations made by Lord Calliston and Myles Desmond concerning the movements of Sir Rupert Balcombe on the night of the murder, Dowker had no doubt in his mind that the baronet was guilty of the crime.

Dowker did not go at once to Park lane, as he was anxious to know how Lena Sarschine, or, rather, Lady Calliston, was after her hysterical confession of guilt, so he drove down to Cleopatra Villa, and on being shown into the drawing room was confronted by Lord Calliston. That young nobleman looked haggard and worn out, so that in spite of his conduct, which had led to the murder of one woman and the self-accusation of another, the detective felt sorry for him.

"What do you want now?" he asked, irritably. "Have you come to arrest my wife?"

"Your wife?" said Dowker, pretending to have heard this for the first time.

"Yes," replied Calliston, boldly; "we were married in France, and she is now my wife. I don't believe her guilty of this crime—do you?"

"I told you this morning I did not," said the detective, quietly. "It was only a statement made by her to save you, because she thought you were guilty."

"What do you say?" asked Calliston, abruptly.

"If Dowker had asked me this morning, I should have said the circumstances were suspicious," said Dowker, smoothly, "but now I can say heartily that you are innocent."

"How do you know I am?"