CHAPTER XXVIII.

remarkable coincidence, but time when Paxton was on visit Judith Kredge, in answer er. Stanmore was also setting ter, Stanmore was also setting eretly call upon the janitor's

ore was approaching Garrison's ning toward it from an exactly

had almost arrived at his former had almost arrived at his tien, when he discovered the de-and believing that Paxton had in him he crossed the street and around the next corner. He the detective would not ap-plan he had in mind, and pted him to clandestinely th Kredge

th Kredge.

2 around the corner of the
at the streets' junction, which
sained, Stanmore saw Paxton
ithis abode, and he resolved
where he was until the de-

tin where he was until the deties his departure.

the which Paxton had received
dith Kredge stated that she had
devored '. which Marion

had left behind her, and that
hed him to see it at once, as to
de a ter-ible disclosure.

Paxton entered the Garris
he was admitted by 'hudith, and
mmediately the woman produced
which she declared she had just.

Marion's room, where she
the detective must have overti when he searched the apart-

had previously obtained ndwriting, and that either the letter given him h Kredge was a genuine docuclever forgery, such as only in chirographic identification

bstance of the letter signed Oakburn, with her name in full.

errible confession.

ill not reproduce the letter in fice it to say that it plainly that Marion murdered her father. he had mastered the contents tter, Paxton reflected for some ilence, and his good judgment d that it must be a forgery. hinal flying from justice never uch a confession behind him,"

letter, as though she was ead his thoughts, but his face immovable as a mask, and it

othing, etter is not a forgery, then of John Oakburn's fate is reshall find a way to decide on seon, said Paxton; and letter with him, he soon after abode.

had not betrayed the he nad not saw Stanmore as he was the Garrison building, and latter dodge across the woid him

is something strange in Stan-aduct," thought Paxton, glanc-as he came out of the Garrison

ent later he saw Stanmore at r. but he passed on as though not seen him, and entered a

tanmore hastened to the door

Staumore hascened arrison building, gli the shop window Paxton saw the leave his post at the corner, the followed him, and saw him. the house which he had him-

what Stanmore's business Kredge could be, the detec-vicinity, and took his way

the office of Pratt & Weeks. he all was darkness there, c seen within the private firm, he would have oband his partner going over its, and striving to find the financial difficulties in add heave involved. become involved.

to become involved.

y stocks, upon the rise of oir hopes depended, were ning in value, and the rasfelt that they were ruined, could use the marked

you. Weeks, there's no use t from ourselves any floored. The marked noored. The marked be used!" orled Pratt, dash-pen savagely. ut come to the worst, that nted Weeks.

the floor, and said:

take the risk, and attempt the marked money. Un all our attempts to remove o that they might not betray iled. They could not be ob-thout defacing the note so as

axton passed onward by brokers' office, there were by relections in his mind, the discovery e discovery he had made ed the looket belonging the Judith Kredge had to relating to his discov-a secret interviews with

sentent de

accomplishing anything.

The following day a stranger called—
upon Stampore at his hotel, and placing
a letter in his hand hurried away without a word.

Stammore was astonished at the man's
conduct, but the sight of the handwriting on the envelope seemed to drive
all thought of anything but the letter
out of his mind.

"It is from Marion!", he cried; and
tearing open the letter he devoured its
contents.
The letter was as follows:

The letter was as follows:

MR STANMORE: You told me to call upon you for assistance, should the time ever come, when in dire extremity, I needed a devoted friend.

That time has come now. I was abducted from my home and if

devoted friend.

That time has come now. I was abducted from my home, and I am now a captive by those who are in league with persons who are interested in concealing the real truth of my father's murder.

I know the secret of my poor father's terrible fate, and un it briday I had 'm my possession a paper, which would prove the truth of the explanation I had resolved:

"pea, court, in order to save Stuart Harland."

made the fact ay after my abduction.

Jen. court. in order to save Start Harland.

Without the paper, which I have lost, or which has been stolen from me-to prove my words. I know my statement will not be credited, for I am aware that Judith Kredge can give the most terrible and positive evidence against me. If I am arrested now, I am lost, and if I were to toll the whole truth of the mystery, though I swear to you by the memory of my dead mother, and by all things sacred, that I am innocent, and that I was prompted by a noble purpose. I would not only defeat that purpose for which I have suffered so much but sacrifice myself.

pose for which I have suffered so much but sacrifice myself.
Of all things, I most dread arrost. I call upon you to rescue me and shield me from the law. You will find me at No. 72 Baxter street. I implore you not to reveal my whereabouts to a living soul. I have made one friend among the confederates of my foes, who hee promised to deliver this letter to you. Yours in doubt and dayger. Yours in doubt and danger,
MARION OAKBURN

"I will save her," cried Stammore.
"And while seeking to rescue her I must
try to prevent her discovery by Paxton."
The course of events had so shaped

try to prevent her discovery by raxton."

The course of events had so shaped themselves that now Stanmore was secretly arrayed against the detective, as far as related to Marion Oakburn.

He could not think of revealing the imprisoned girl's whereabouts to Paxton now, since she had implored him not to do so, even had there been no other motive for keeping the secret.

Stanmore paced his room thinking profoundly and striving to devise a plan for Marion's rescue and vindication.

The following morning he set out for Paxton's -office, alarmed lest the detective might discover Marion and arrest her before he could accomplish her rescue. He wished to be informed regarding all of Paxton's discoveries.

As he approached the office he saw one of Paxion's agents, whom he knew very well, approaching, and he knew from the expression of the man's face that he had some important intelligence to communicate to his principal.

When the agent entered the office Stanmore stole to the door, placed his ear to the keyhole, and listened.

In a moment he reeled back, white and agitated.

"The fates are against her! Marion's prison-place has been discovered. The

"The fates are against her! Marion's prison-place has been discovered. The agent who just entered communicated the intelligence to Paxton," he mut-

Thon, listening again, he heard Pax-

ton ay:
"Wo will arrange to score the girl to-night. At least we may hope the de-velopment of the great mystery is near

"I must foil Parton. Marion shall not be arrested!" resolved Stanmore. As he was turning away he saw another of Paxton's agents coming through the passage leading from the street to the detective's office.

Stammore feared that he was discovered playing the same and the street of th

Stanmore feared that no was uncovered playing the part of a spy, but with great presence of mind, he calmly stooped down and seemed to be engaged in tying up his shoe.

To the detective he said:
"Good morning."

"Good morning."
Then he passed on in an unconcerned way, as though he was just leaving the office, while the agent entered it.
Stammore hastened back to his hotel, teeling that he must work rapidly it he would defeat Party and

would defeat Paxton and arrest of Marion Oakburn. and prevent the

As he was about to enter the hostelry, he came face to face with the man who had brought him the letter from Marion on the preceding night. The fellow made Stanmore a signal to

The fellow made Stanmore a signal to follow him and he obeyed.

In a shop near by the man said:

"This morning, just before daylight, they removed the young lady to a new prison place. You say, they mistrusted the house was 'spotted' by a detective, for a fellow was seen spying about its last night."

last night "Describe the spy," said Stanmore,

1100

"Describe
sagerly.
The man did so.
Ah, the agent that brought Parton
he have that he had located Marton.
This is fortunate, Marion, will het be

found at the place to which the agent will conduct Paxton to-night," said Stanmore.
The he asked:

"Do you know where the lady now is?"
"Yes, sir; and to-morrow night I'll
ke you to her."

take you to her."
"Why not to-night?"
"I've got a job on hand. No matter
what it is, it can't wait," said the fellow

solutely. With this Stanmore was obliged to rest

It galled him to think that he compelled thus to work in secret, and that he dared not call upon the police for assistance to rescue Marion.

That night Paxton and his men made

a descent upon the house where his agent had located Marion Oakburn, but of course they did not find her, and the house where she had been a captive was deserted

house where such as the deserted.

Paxton and his agents were furious.

"Some traitor must have betrayed our plans," cried Paxton.

His colaborers agreed with him.

Then the man who had encountered Stanmore at the door of the office while his associate was making his report of the discovery of Marion, told of that circumstance.

circumstance.

"Stanmore had not entered the office.
He was playing the "py!" cried Paxton.
CHAPTER XXIX.

Paxton did not appear to be as much surprised to hear that Stanmore had assumed the role of an eavesdropper as might have been anticipated.

o his men he said: ot a word about this.

That same evening Paxton again visited the pawuproker, and secured the locket containing the picture of Donald Wayburn which had belonged to Marion tburn.

The next day when Stanmore dropped in at the detective's office as usual, the

The next day when Stanmore dropped in at the detective's office as usual, the latter elyly opened the locket in his hand, and glanced frequently from the portrait it contained to Stanmore's face, as though he was comparing the two. When Stanmore had gone, Paxton said in monologue.

Twas not mistaken when I thought I made a discovery when I first saw the picture. The portrait in Marian Oakburn's locket is that of Mr. Stanmore, taken years ago, and though he has since changed greatly he cannot change his eyes.—The name of the original of the portrait is written under it. That name is Donald Wayburn, and therefore I know that Richard Stanmore's real name is Donald Wayburn. He is the author of the threatening letter which I found among John Oakburn's correspondence. Here is a mystery. Has the Chief of Police who sent this man to me been deceived in him? Can it be that this man whom I have trusted, and who has employed me, is really guarding the secret of the great crime I am who has employed me. is really guarding the secret of the great crime I am trying to unearth

Thus reflected Paxton, and he added:
"I believe I have the certitude that he is Marion Oakburn's lover."

Paxton considered the startling and enigmatical developments which were

Paxton considered the startling andenigmatical developments which were
now presented to his consideration, and
at length he said, mentally:

"I will see the Chief of Police from
whom Stanmore brought his letter of
recommendation and introduction. The
thought has just occurred to me that it is
possible he may have forged the letter."
The detective acted upon this resolution forthwith.
He repaired at once to the office of the
chief of the Metropolitan police force,
and he was closeted with that gentleman
for more than an hour.

When at the expiration of that time
Paxton left the office of the chief, he
said to himself:

"I begin to comprehend the matter at
last."

He must have obtained some information regarding the man who called himself Richard Stanmore.

Meanwhile Marion, on the second night following the day when Stanmore received her letter, paced a narrow apartment in a dilapidated building in the suburbs of Harlem.

To this place she had been removed by her captors, after their suspicions were aroused that a detective had discovered her original prison place.

Marion's thoughts were troubled, for she was reflecting upon the circumstances which had united to place her in her present unprecedented situation of peril and perplexity.

The reflection that the truth unsupported by evidence would not be credited distracted her.

Before her mind arose a vision of her arrest, trial, and conviction of a crime which she had not committed, and the cheers of the public as they received her explanation with cruel derision, rang in

her ears.

"No, no; my story will not be credited. I must not be arrested, now that I have lost the paper I took from the office on that fatal night. That paper would have proved my truth and innocence, but now I am doomed if captured."

Then Marton kneit and breathed a prayer which began with these words:

"Father in Heaven, Thou knowest I am innocent."

innocent. innocent."
Fervently she supplicated, humbly she implored divine help to lead her out of the fatal quicksands of danger and doubt into which she had unwittingly strayed.
Little did Marion Oakburn suspect that human ears heard her prayer, or the solloquy which preceded it, but such was the fact.
Every word Marion uttered was heard

Every word Marion uttered was heard Stuart Harland, who was at that by Stuart Harland, who was at were very moment a prisoner in the cellar under the room in which Marion was a

eaptive.

An explanation as to how Harland became a prisoner in the power of the wretches who were acting as Marion's latters must be given; and we will consider the events which lad to his capture.

Stuart was not discouraged by his failure to capture the mysterious man who had exchanged coats with him. On

who had exchanged coats with him. On the contrary, he was encouraged by the fact that he had sighted him once, and he believed he should sight him again.

Thus it was that after his edcounter with the unknown, where Levi Kredge had struck him down with a cowardly blow. Start still continued his "atill hunt" for the man called "Garnar" by Frank and Weeks.

On the evening when Marion's score friend had delivered her letter to Btan-

a lodging house on West street.

While he was in the office of this es tablishment, Stuart heard a clerk say to the preprietor, as he took a value from

the preprietor, as he took a value from
under the counter:
"This travelling bag is in the way here
behind the counter. I hardly think the
man who left here will ever call for it.
What shall I do with it?"
As he spoke, the clerk placed the traveling bag on the counter, and Stuart
read the name "J. C. Garnar," which
was stamped on the side of the value.
The young man started as he read the
name of the supposed assassin, and stepeling to the counter, he said.
"I think I know the party to whom
that bag belongs," and speaking rapidly,
he described the man who had taken
his coat.

his coat:

Of course Stuart knew that there might be a large number of men by the name of "Garnar" in the city, but he had a kind of presentiment that he had found a clue to the supposed murderer.

"You certainly must know the man who left the valise. You have told just how he looked to a dot," said the clerk.

"I thought so," answered Stuart, and repressing his excitement he asked:

"When this valise was left here did not the owner say when he would call for it?"

"It seems to me he didn't have been a start of the course say when he would call for it?"

"It seems to me he did but I don' recollect what he did say," was the an

swer returned. Stuart remained in the lodging house Stuart remained in the lodging house for some time, but he finally went out. He was crossing the street, when chancing to look back he saw a man entering the lodging house. The man had a full beard and long hair, and he was dressed like a farmer. Stuart stopped on the opposite side of the street, and as he stood considering in which direction he should wander next, the man who resembled a farmer in appearance came out of the lodging

in appearance came out of the lodging house carrying the valies with the name "J. C. Garnar" on it in his hand.

In an instant the thought traversed the mind of the young man that the man in the garb of a farmer might really be the supposed assassin in disguise, and he proceeded to follow him as he walked rapidly away. he proceeded to follow him as ne water rapidly away.

The man led Stuart a long distance

The man led Stuart a long distance.
Although he did not betray the fact, subsequent results proved that the man whom Stuart was following discovered that he was shadowed soon after Harland took his trail.

Finally he entered a building, which was ostensibly a cheap restaurant, but the rear of which was a low gambling den

den.

This was the very house in which Marion Oakburn was now held as a captive. The proprietor of the place was a friend of Levi Kredge, who had been bribed to act as Marion's jaller.

Upon entering this place, the mysterious man who was the object of Stuart Harland's pursuit, darted through the little restaurant in front and entered the gambling room in the rear.

He seemed to be well known to the proprietor of the place, who, with a dozen or more other men, was present, for the latter greeted him in a familiar way.

"You look scared. What's up?" he asked.

atter greeted him in a familiar way.

"You look scared. What's up?" he asked.

In his interlocutor's ear the man whom Stuart had followed, whispered:

"There's a detective on my trail. A hundred dollars for you if you trap him and give me a chance to get off."

"Do you mean that fair and honest?" asked the other.

"Yes. In proof, if you will give me your word to do me this good turn, I'll pay you'ln advance. The detective will venture into the restaurant, I am sure."

"Done. I'm yourman. Let's see the color of-your money."

The other handed the gambler a roll of bank notes, and then he sprang into a closet and c'osed the door.

The man who had received the money

The man who had received the money whispered to his companions for a moment, and then all became silence in the gambling den as they heard some one enter the restaurant. The man whose entrance reached the

ears of the men in the gambling den was Stuart Harland.

He purchased a cigar, and presently,

when at a signal from the proprietor th men in the rear room began to talk and use the terms of the game, Stuart strode to the door and entered, saying:
"I think I will buy a few chips and see how luck runs to-day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Expensive Feathers in Wales' Crown The apex of the Prince of Wales' crown is a tuft of feathers, tipped with gold, said to be worth £10,000 (\$50 000). It took twenty years to collect these feathers, which cost the lives of a dozen hunters in the bargain. The bird from whose tall the feathers plucked is called the feriwah. It longs to the bird of paradise species and is exceedingly rare. To obtain the and its exceedingly rate. To obtain the tail feather in its full beauty, it is nec-essary to pluck it out of the living bird, as instantly after death the feather becomes lusterless. What makes the hunting of the feriwah so dangero that the bird always haunts the always haunts the lairs that the DITU siways manus the man of tigers. It is very probable that the crown owned by the present Prince of Wales will also serve many succeeding princes, as the English ladies who go deadly havon which the collection of H. R. H.'s milinery caused and the Prince promised that it should last many seasons.—Ex.

Everybody expects every sort of machinery to be operated by electricity after a while, but the hydraulic engi-neers think not. There are now 150 miles of pipe in English cities through which water is forced at a pressure varying from 700 to 1,120 pounds per square inch, which runs 3,671 machines at a low cost. The efficiency ranges rom 92 to 95 per cent.

Convince some people that it pays to belong to church, and you then out.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

og of a National Con tion to a city means the expenditure there, in one way or another, of, \$2,000,000 or, \$3,000,000 for the benefit of

local merchants. The bicycle face has become an old story, and in some parts of Europe the horseless-carriage face has just been noted. If this thing goes on we may expect to hear of a special "face" for almost every trade and occupation.

An elder duck was recently shot on the coast of Normandy. When picked up it was found to have a ring about its neck on which were engraved the words: "Godthab, Greenland, 1876.,, If the inscription was genuine, as it probably was, the bird must have, accordingly, been over 20 years old. But, stranger yet, it showed that the duck must have winged its way across the North Atlantic, about 2,000 railes, though it may have been a stop-over at

No better picture of the cowboy's peculiar traits and manners could be had than that indicated in outline by a litthe incident at Tueson, Ariz., a few days ago. A cowboy was brought into Tueson from a range in the St. Simon Val-ley to be treated for a wounded instep which had been shattered by a pistol bullet of big calibre. The shooting, it was explained, occurred during a roundup. There was no quarrel between the injured man and the man who shot him, "but one morning when they got out the air was pretty crispy, and they began shooting at each other to increase the circulation of their blood."

The payment recently of \$40,000. 000 by China to Japan, as the first instalment of the war indemnity, was made "through the Bank of England" according to the treaty stipulation. The fact illustrates to the Pathfinder, the triumph of our modern system of book-keeping with its credits and debits and balances. This large sum was paid by merely having the figures transferred on the bank accounts of the countries concerned so as to credit Ja-pan, debit China, and deduct a snug commission for the bank, the transfer merely being made in the pres diplomatic representatives of China and Japan.

Bills for bounties on wolves and coyotes aggregating \$58,000 have been presented to the Secretary of State of Montana, and the season is said to be only just about opening. The Legisla-ture offered a bounty of \$3 each on the scalps_of_wolves_and_covotes_and great many people are making lots of money hunting the animals. Indeed, wolf hunting has been adopted as a steady business by many former cow boys. The people of the state are glad to pay out any amount of money in to pay out any amount of money in bounties, so long as no one goes to raising walves for the state of the sta ing wolves for their scalps and the bounty. But there is little danger of this at present, the animals being so unpleasantly numerous on the cattle

South Dakota now claims the record for quick courtship and marriage, to file away with her notable divorce exhibits. A young man moved to the town of Elk Point two or three week ago. He arrived there on Thursday, and on the following Sunday attended church. There he met a young woman, and dur-ing service "they at once took to each other." He accompanied her bome, and on the way made love to her, proposed marriage and was accepted. At noon Monday the couple were married, and before nightfall they were on their way to the young man's home in Wyoming. The young woman is the daughter of a stock raiser near Elk Point, and the young man produced evidences of his respectability.

In Southington, Conn., lives a needlewoman who has united her love of, country and her love of quilting in a marvelous coverlid. She is Mrs. Joshua Biles, and since 1892 she has been at work on the quilt, which is made of forty-nine squares of twilled cotton. On the middle square is inscribed, in blue stitching, which is readily deci-phered, the names of all the soldiers' that went to the Civil War from Southington, together with a picture of the soldiers' monument. On the other squares are pictures of places and perons of local note, such as the pastors of the churches, the postmasters of the villages, the assessors, the contractors, builders and merchants, the names of the various manufacturing firms, with the list of officers, pictures of various historic buildings and names of secret societies represented in town in 1892.

A great International Exposition of Industries and Fine Arts, authorized by the Federal Government of Mexico, by concession dated January 9, 1895, will open in the September and will remain open for a period of six months. This Mexico's first attempt at holding a world's fair. The exposition is to clude all kinds of industrial, scientific, commercial and artistic productions and to embrace, in fact, range of human activity tion grounds are situated at the foot of the historic Castle of Chepultepec, on the grand Avenue de la Reforma, withthe City of Mexico, and comprise an area of about 600 acres. The exposition will comprise a actional and an in-termidental department in which latter the mattern of the globa may con-