



A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY

OR THE CRIME OF THE BROKERS OFFICE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

But what was the motive for Stanmore's visit to Judith Kredge? He believed the woman knew where Marion was, and he meant to bribe her to save the cashier's daughter, to liberate her.

The interview between Stanmore and Judith need not be recorded in full, but we may as well state that the former assured the woman that he was convinced she knew where Marion was, and he offered any price if she would accomplish her rescue.

But Judith still protested that she was entirely innocent on the subject, and Stanmore was obliged to leave without accomplishing anything.

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

Stanmore 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.

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

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

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.

Paxton and his agents were furious. "Some traitor must have betrayed our plans," cried Paxton.

His collaborators agreed with him. 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.

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.

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

The next day when Stanmore dropped in at the detective's office as usual, the latter 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: "I was not mistaken when I thought I made a discovery when I first saw the picture. The portrait in Marion Oakburn's locket is that of Mr. Stanmore, taken years ago, and though he has since changed greatly he cannot change his eyes."

On the evening when Marion's secret friend had delivered her letter to Stanmore, Stuart Harland changed to enter a lodging house on West street.

While he was in the office of this establishment, Stuart heard a clerk say to the proprietor, as he took a valise from under the counter:

"This traveling 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 valise.

The young man started as he read the name of the supposed assassin, and stepping 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.

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 did, but I don't recollect what he did say," was the answer returned.

Stuart remained in the lodging house for some time, but he finally went out.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The coming of a National Convention 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 race has become an old story, and in some parts of Europe the horseless-carriage race 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.

No better picture of the cowboy's peculiar traits and manners could be had than that indicated in outline by a little incident at Tucson, Ariz., a few days ago. A cowboy was brought into Tucson from a range in the St. Simon Valley to be treated for a wounded instep which had been shattered by a pistol bullet of big calibre.

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.

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.

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 weeks ago.

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

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.

A great International Exposition of Industries and Fine Arts, authorized by the Federal Government of Mexico, by concession dated January 8, 1896, will be open in the City of Mexico next September and will remain open for a period of six months.