

HAPTER XXXII-/Continu rer xxxii—continued, and Benjaman talked over so for a leng time, and before y-lender left a plan had been whereby Stammore, as we shall o designate him, hoped to at-truition of his hope, and get truition of his hope, and get Weeks in his power. Sanmore's plan was we shall

is sammed thy see, in the evening which with the interview between Stanmore or sham Benjaman, when the latter is friend of Pratt's proposition the marked money, Paxton reanote from the Chief of Police, ting him to call at his office at

detective hastened to comply detective has the arrived first soften be a single first soften, he was informed by the latter that he had just received that a man who was dying at a hospital desired to make a conto him relating to the Oakburn

you would be deeply interar you would be deep anything promising information object, and so I sent for you, accompany me to the hospital? eg at once," said the chief, ase Paxton answered affirma-

detective and the chief repaired inspital without further delay. Their grival there they were at medicted to the ward in which dying man who wished to make

essenty interested and excited at asspect of an immediate explana-if the mystery which had so long d him. Faxton listened to the con-on made by the dying man, while a of the hospital recorded it in writ-

know Levi Kredge, who was the office of Jason Garrison, e John Oakburn, the old cashier, nardered, "began the man. sten started as he heard him menhe name of the janitor at the very

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the name of the janitor at the very set.

In the night of the murder," conjust the man who was making the firstin," at about 1 o'clock, I saw, i kredge get out of the side window arrivor's office. I had dodged into passage between the two buildings seepe the observation of a party war is not between the two buildings of the passage upon the street. I tame I had seen him get out of the passage upon the street. I thum I had seen him get out of the passage upon the street. I thum I had seen him get out of the passage upon the street. I do the dying man paused, and after a moments he continued:

And the begind me not to tell of his gain the office, and he offered me a small dollars if I would swear to plack secret. I agreed, for I am a man, and a thousand dollars med like a large sum to me: Until the large sum to me: Until the large sum to me that the large first had been into. It is my conviction that is had been read to him he was the man's confession, and at thad been read to him he was the ige nurdered John Oakburn." ais was the man's confession, and at had been read to him he was dup in his coven, and he signed it course Paxton was not in the least field to learn that Kredge was in itsom's office on the night of the her. for he had, as we know, long concluded that the janitor made editate tracks under the office win-

puzzled the detective to decide what the man whom Pratt & Weeks the man whom Pratt & Weeks "Garnar" had in the crime. he was principal or confederate

all not say.

tten informed Stanmore and
it Harland of the confession, and

I had taith to believe that my innosegmed.

I had taith to believe that my innonee would be proven," said Stuart.

Now should Judith "Kredge accuse
ride publicly, her denunciation will
harmless, since we may regard the
of against Kredge sufficient to connece any jury," said Stammore, who
need to be the said of the said of the said
with the confession of the man
nom he bribed to secrecy in my possion, I shall visit Levi Kredge, and I
nk this time I shall be able to
shorn him into a confession," said

steen him into a confession," said rition.

The detective reasoned from what he sew of the character of Levi Kredge, at, if he was not the principal in the mic of the broker's office, he would by wase that there was no loope for him, the would try to save himself by ming state's evidence.

Parton had the confession of the man to had seen Kredge leave the broker's continuing state's evidence.

And the first he wildow in his pocket, the forthwith repaired to the Tombs, down and the wildow in his pocket, the forthwith repaired to the Tombs, down and the wildow in his pocket.

The jantor seemed surprised at Party visit, and he scental danger.

Will, Levi, here I am again, you see, at his are a little surprise for you," dithe detective, cheerfully.

What now? Has not Judith's consistence convinced you of my innocence of the convinced of the convince

dge.

ii) he frank with you, Levi. I don't
is moment think that Marion had
thing to do with her and the way of her had.

And you still you still answers many made the parties of

several times, and finally he said, in a flerce, desperate tone:
"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

BROKERS OFFICE.

"You can judge of that for yourself when you have heard the contents of this document which I have brought with

read to you."

read to you." me to read t Thus ansv

drew from his pocket the confession of the man whom Kredge had bribed to

the man whom hreege had brood to keep his secret.

The prisoner watched him with an anxhous expression on his evil face.

Probably the wretch had a suspicion of what was coming.

of what was coming.

He staggered across the cell, and sank flown upon an iron cot.

Deliberately the detective unfolded the confession, and in a slow, distinct voice he read it through.

Kredge did not interrupt him.

When the detective concluded the reading of the confession, which virtually accused the janitor, the latter did not utter a word, but white and ghastly, he sat staring at the floor as though stricken dumb and motionless.

What do you say to that, Levi? asked Paxton, presently.

It was a moment before Kredge answered.

swered.

CHAPTER YXXIII.

When at last Levi Kredge spoke, he

when at last Levi Areoge spoke, he said, in a flerce, sullen way.

"I won't talk. You can't make me. Leave me, you human bloodhound!"
"So you want me to leave you, ch!
You want time to reflect, I see. You are

afraid you will commit yourself. Quit-right, Levi. I will go, but before taking my departure, I warn you that your last chance is gone."

Thus Phatton answered.

"You lie. You can't convict me of John Oakburn's murder. I defly you to do that. You have fooled yourself in this case. Everybody has been fooled. Smart as you are. Mr. Paxton, you have not once suspected the truth. Only Marion Oakburn and myself know that. Permit me to say to you before you go, that I'll prove how completely you have followed a false scent, when I make up my mind to completely you have followed a false scent, when I make up my mind to speak. I think I've given you a riddle to puzzle your brains. That's all I've got to say now, "said Kredge.

He then turned his back upon Paxton, and not another word could the detective induce him to say, though he did his best to make him talk further.

Payton left the sell more discomfited

Paxton left the cell more discomfited than he would have liked to admit. There was something in the manual for Levi Kredge that caused him to think that the fellow really was holding back come aterling circles.

some startling evidence.
"What can he mean? How could I possibly have been following a f trail, as he hints?" muttered Paxton.

But Levi Kredge was frightened, though he was keeping back some secret which he meant should serve as a trump and in the descents. trump card in the desperate game was engaged in.

His sister paid him a visit soon after Paxton left Levi informed Judith of the detective's visit, and he related all he had

we's visit, and he related all he had said.

"So you were in the office on the night of the murder, and you did enter through the window? You have kept this a seret from me. Why did you not trust me? You are in a dangerous fix, Levi. and I fear they will hang you; but did you really take the money from Garrison's safe? said Judith, with Garrison's safe? said Judith, with Garrison's safe? said Judith, with an avaricious light in her eyes, which Levi did not fail to notice.

"No; I think I've told you that before. But you needn't worry about their hanging me. I'm as good as doomed to a long term of imprisonment, which is almost as bad. The prospect terrifies me. I shall make a confession. I've been thinking the matter over since the internal detective left me, and I've concluded that my only chance is in telling the whole truth. Can't you guess why I didn't tell you all, Judith?"

"No."

"I'll tell you. Simply because I knew

"No."
"I'll tell you. Simply because I knew
you would insist upon my dividing a
nice little sum of money with you."
"Then you did get the money which
John Oakburn received for the cheque

Kredge laughed strangely.

Then he said:
"I tell you sagain, no!"
Judith vainly tried to win Levi's condense, but finally she became angry and left the prison very much piqued at her brother's refusal to satisfy her suriosity.

After he was informed of Pratt's ap-plication to Abraham Benjaman, the iewish money-lender, for a loan, Stan-more told Paxton, the detective, and he went on at some length to reveal a plan which he had formed, whereby he meant A, make, the swindlers reveal all they tnew about the crime of John Oakburn's

murder, and the marked money.

Paxton approved of Stanmore's plan, and he remarked:

"When they are in your power, those rascals will not refuse to speak. When it is a revelation or prison, men are apt to onen their line." to open their lips.

ment to be wrung from Pratt and We-he would find a clue to the real truth

he would find a clue to the real truth of the mystery.

Meanwhile Marlon Oakburn was in the serible delirium of Thin fever, and much as she might have desired to explain any mystery to which she held the tay, she was not able to do so. She Tared incoherently, but the one subject that seemed to fill her chaotic brials was her father's murder.

Parton and Stenmore had instructed the nurse to note all she said, in the leep that some clue might be gettered.

at myings, but nothing could be statements, and so unreal and weird the ballucinations which prompted

er utterance. If at this time a human life had de-

peaded upon Marion Oakburn's revela-tion, that life would have been lost.

'Once is her delirium, Marion shrieked:

'It's a lie! It's a lie! My father was an honest man. You shall not traduce him. I will defend his memory at any cost!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The day following that upon which Stammore received the information that Pratt had applied to Benjaman for a loan, the rascally broker mada his appearance at the office of the money-lender promptly to the hour of his last visit. Mr. Benjaman was awaiting him. After the civilities of the day were exchanged, Pratt said:
"I hope you have the money ready for me?"

for me?"
"Yes. It is in the safe, yonder."
Benjaman pointed to a safe in one corner of the office as he spoke.
Pratt's eyes sparkled.
He was anxious to have the gold in his possession.
There seemed to be no one but Bentaman present in the private office and

He was anxious to have the gold in his possession.

There seemed to be no one but Benfaman present in the private once, and the villainous broker said, without fear of being overheard:

"I have brought the marked money with me. I want to close this transaction to-day, if-possible."

Then he produced a package from a small valise, and, opening it, disclosed several bundles of bank-notes.

Benjaman watched them eagerly, and his eyes famed with the light of triumph as Pratt proceeded to count the money upon the table.

"You will find the amount all right, I think," he said, after running over the bills, and he pushed them to Benjaman. The aged Hebrew counted the money carefully.

"The amount is cerrect. Seventy-seven thousand dollars," he said.

The reader will remember that one thousand dollars, according to Pratt's statement, had been paid to the mysterious man called "Garnar."

Benjaman, after counting the money, snatched it up, and placed it in his safe.

"Then, firstead of taking out the gold to pay Pratt, he suddenly locked the safe and turned away.

Pratt's eyes were riveted upon him, and he did not understand the meaning of this.

"I thought you said the gold was in the safe yonder," he said.

"So it is. But before paying it to you, I want you to sign this little document, merely as a matter of business and self-protection, in case anything unpleasant should happen," said Benjaman, and Pratt uttered an impatient coath, as the old money-lender placed a written paper before him.

"I have this day deposited with Benjaman & Son, seventy-seven thousand dollars in bills marked with a red 'V' in

"I have this day deposited with Benjaman & Son, seventy-seven thousand dollars in bills, marked with a red 'V' in the corner of each note. Said notes are delivered by me to Benjaman and Company in pursuance of an agreement whereby Benjaman is to loan me thirty-seven thousand, five hundred dollars, and hold this money as security for the

Pratt read the paper carefully.

ama non this honey as security for the same."

Pratt read the paper carefully. Then he said:

"Very well, I'll sign this for you;" and seizing the pen, he appended his signature in a dashing hand.

"Now, then, give me the gold.
"One moment, please."

"What now?" demanded Pratt, with an impatient oath.
"I want to introduce you to these gentlemen, seid the monrey-lender.
There was a screen across the office, and, pushing it aside, he added:
"These are my witnesses!"

Pratt recoiled with a sudden exclamation, as he beheld another Benjaman, the exact counterpart of the man to whom he had paid the marked money, and four of Benjaman's clerks, who had been concealed behind the screen.

Pratt glanced in amazement from the man to whom he had paid the marked money, to the other Benjaman.

"What infernal trickery is this? If you have betrayed me, I'll have your life! turning to the Benjaman to whom he had given the marked money.

"Who are you?" continued Pratt, advancing threateningly.

"Stand back!" shouted the other.

As he spoke he suddenly removed a beard and wig, which he had worn to impersonate Benjaman, and Paxton, the detective, stood revealed.

At Stanmore's request the veteran had assumed the character of Benjaman the moneylender.

"Paxton, the detective!" exclaimed Pratt; and a gray pallor supplemented

the moneylender.

"Paxton, the detective!" exclaimed Pratt; and a gray pallor supplemented the habitual flush of his red face.

"Yes, I am Paxton; and at last I have found the money stolen by John Oakburn's assassin. Daniel Pratt, you are in a situation of awful peril!" said the detective solemniy.

in a situation of awith peril: said the detective solemnly.

Involuntarily Pratt turned toward the door, and there was in his mind a half-formed resolution to make a dash to escape. But it was written that he should not evade the hand of justice this time. The door opened, disclosing Stammere and two stalwart police officers.

"There is no way of escape, Prats.

omeers.

"There is no way of escape, Pratt.
The game is up. Here is a gentleman who will hear your confession," said Paxton, indicating Stammore.

"And, who are you?" demanded the

"I am Donald Wayburn. The man you ruined and drove into exile!" cried Stanmore.

Thus speaking he removed the snow-ite heard and wig, which had giver

Thus speaking he removed the snow-white beard and wig, which had given him a striking and venerable appearance, and a handsome man, in the very-prime of life was revealed.

Pratt staggered back until the wall supported him, and he cried:

"Trapped! Betrayed!"

"Yes. You are in my power. Banjaman is but an agent of mine, and so are Marke & Book, and Judson, Kirk & Co. All you owe them you really owe me, said Stannore calmily.

"Flends and furles!" cried Pratt, in impotent rage; and again heaturned to ward the door.

ward the door.
"If you attempt so leave this room,

you will be arrested by Mr. Paxton on the charge of receiving stolen goods,

The police officers were outside the entrance, and he now stood with

his back against it.
"I did not know the money was stolen.

I deny such knowledge, positively."

You forget you signed a paper which stated the money was marked, and the facts of the proposed transaction mentioned in the same document clearly proves you knew it was not safe to use

"Yes. But more than all this, I can prefer against you and sustain as well the setbaus charge of forgery. Evidence obtained from Sands, your former clerk, who is now in the employ of Lawyer Saybrook, proves you altered Stuart Harland's note, raising it from one to ten thousand dollars."

Pratt dropped into a chair.
He saw that he was indeed entangled in the toils which Stanmore had cast about him.

Stammore whispered to Benjaman,

in the toils which Stanmore had cast about him.

Stanmore whispered to Benjaman, and then the money lender and his clerks, who had been concealed behind the screen, withdrew.

'What do you mean to do?' Pratt suddenly demanded.

"It is in my power to send you to prison, as you well know. You had no mercy on me in days gone by, and now I should be merciless toward you. But I have resolved to offer you certain terms," said Stanmore.

"What are your conditions?" asked Pratt, sullenly.

"If you will reveal how the stolen money came into your hands and furnish me with a written confession that I was duped and swindled, and which knowledge that the speculation by which I was ruined, and through which I unwittingly heiped to ruin others, was a swindle, I will spare you," said Stanmore.

Pratt was silent for a moment, walle

whither, I will spare you, said stanmore.

Pratt was silent for a moment, while bitter reflection filled his plotting brain.

"Come, your answer. Will-you make terms or go to prison?"

Just then Pratt heard a peculiar "clicking" sound, and turning to Paxton he saw the detective snapping the catch of a pair of handcuffs which he had taken from his posited.

The sight of those manacles was very suggestive, and Pratt realized his situation more iscenly than heretofore.

He uttered a terrible oath, and then exclaimed bitterly:

The game is up. I cave. You're

exclaimed bitterly:

"The game is up. I cave. You've got the upper hand this time, and I'll do what you require."

Stanmore's eyes sparkled, for this was a supreme moment of his life. The time of h.s vindication had some at last.

"You are wise to so decide," he said.

"Yery wise," remarker Paxton, sotto yoce. And he returned the handcuffs to his pocket.

Pratt was conquered.

voce. And he returned the handcurs to his pocket.
Pratt was conquered.
"Now tell us how you came by the marked money?" demanded Stammore.
"That money was not stolen from John Oakburn. It was not taken from Garrison's safe, as everybody supposed. On the contrary, it, was paid to us by John Oakburn on the evening of the day he drew it from the bank, 'said Pratt.
"What! Do you mean to say John Oakburn embezzled the money? He was an honest man; you shall not traduce his reputation!" cried Stammore, indignantly.
"I have told you nothing but the truth."

truth."
"But John Oakburn did not owe you

But John Oakburn did not owe you this money?

Pratt hesitated.

Evidently it was hard for the scoundrel to acknowledge his villatiny.

Paston aow anticipated the most surprising denoument, but at that moment there came a knock at the office door, and opening—it—the—detective admitted one of his most expert agents.

From the beginning of the investigation of John Oakburn's murtler, this man had devoted himself, under his principal's direction, exclusively to the task of seeking the man who had exchanged overcoats with Stuart Harland on the railway train.

The detective auxiliary whispered to his employer for a moment, and then

his employer for a moment, and then Paxton cried:

his employ.

Paxton cried:

"I've great news. The suspected m'n called 'Garnar,' who exchanged coats with Stuart Harland, has been captured.

This agent of mine secured him at Mother Kitt's house."

"Garnar caught!" cried Pratt.

- the supposed assassin!

Mother Kitt's house."
"Garnar caught!" cried Pratt.
"Ah, you know the supposed assassin!" said Stanmore, significantly.
"Yes, and now I'll tell you in a very few words how we came by the marked money. The man called Garnar, which is merely an assumed cognomen, is really named Reid Oakburn, and he is John Oakburn's son by a first wife. Marion is the child of a second marriage, and his half-sister. Reid is really much older than he looks. Years ago I knew him well in Kansas City, where he restided for a long time. There he forged a note, and for the job he served a term of imprisonment. He came out of prison a deeperate, reckless man, but he had resolved to live an honest life and bury the past, so he has told me. He then changed his name, assuming the alias William Hempsted, and he went to Denver. There he succeeded it working himself into a situation in a bank, and finally he became cashier."

Pratt paused for a moment.

Paxton had started when he mentioned the name William Hempsted, for he knew that was the name of an absconding Denver bank cashier, for whose capture there was a standing reward of \$10,000, From a Denver detective agency Paxton had received a description of "Hempsted," but it did not correspond with that of the suspected man.

"When Reid Oakburn, or Hempsted, or Garnar—the latter his latest alias, became cashier of the bank, and he had the handling of the funds, he fled with a large sum which he squandered in gambiling. When he left Denver lie assumed a clever disguise; and as he soon after received a severe cut, severe the eyelow which left a better coan attention of the support of the severe cut, severe the eyelow which left a better coan a term of the support of the s

db.

processing the aligns on some variours redeath, and I recognized him, or fancted I did. I balled him by some, and the result proved that I was not mistaken.

A reward of \$5,000 had been offered for his capture, and I meant to have the money. Pretending friendship, I decoyed Reid Oakburn to my office, where I made him a prisoner in the private apartment, intending to turn him over to the officers of the law.

But while Weeks and myself were considering the matter there was an arrival at the office. Levi Kredge, who was acting as a spy for us at Garrison's office, came in and reported that Oakburn was going to cash a check at the bank for \$78,000, and that the money was to be paid to us in the morning.

Then a great idea occurred to me. I wanted to get Garrison in my power. That money would save him. I knew that old Oakburn loved his wayward first-born son better than his own life, and determined that the old cashier should ransom Reid, and that the \$78,000 intended to save Garrison from ruin should be the price of the fugitive cashiers liberation by us.

100 intended to save Garrison from ruin should be the price of the fugitive cashier's liberation by us.

"After office hours, Kredge carried to John Oakburn a note which Reid had written, in which he told his father how he was situated, and implored him to save him. So it happened that when kredge delivered Reid's note to him, John Oakburn had not placed the money which he had just drawn from the bank in his saie.

If The money was still in his pocket,

which he had just drawn from the bank the his safe.

If The money was still in his pocket, and in the excitement, when he read his son's letter, he forgot all about it, and when he hastened to our office, as he immediately did, he quite unintentionally brought the money with him.

"There was a terrible scene between the aged parent and his scapegrace son. Reid fell upon his knees at his father's fect, and begged him to save him, to pay the sum we demanded or his release.

"We demanded seventy-eight thousand dollars, the exact amount Oakburn had drawn from the bank.

"John Oakburn then discovered that he had the money with him, and at last

he had the money with him, and at he had the money
he said:

"I will pay you the money that you demand; though it will make me a poor man in my old age, I cannot resist the prayer of my son."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Settled It.

At a Market street soda fountain the other day two summer girls were enjoying a pineapple frappe togother. The day was hot, it was the uoon hour, all the seats along the counter were taken, and a number of thirsty men and women were on the outskirts, patiently waiting their turn for refreshments. The two girls sipped and dallied with their frappe more leisurely than the situation warranted, and when they had finished they began the usual fem-inine wrangle as to which should pay for the treat. The blonde girl put down a dime and the brunette snatched it back and put down two nickels; then the blonde shoved her money to the front again, to be again violently de-terred by the determined brunette, both exclaiming: "No. you shan't pay; it's my treat." At this crisis a big, im-portant-looking man in his shirt sleeves, who had been waiting for some time broke harshly into the dialogue:

time, broke harshly into the dialogue:
"Great Governor!" he said, "qui shovin' those nickels around and give other folks a chance. Rather'n seein' that goin' on any longer I'll pay for the layout myself." The girls both deserted their dimes and fled.-Boston Post.

It has long been the custom for several well-known citizens of Chester, Conn., to meet in the evening and dis-cuss various subjects, from theology to farming, including politics, at the store, the proprietor of which evidently enjoys a joke, and knows how to perpetrate one. About a week ago the discussion turned upon chickens, when one said that he had a rooster that would weigh fourteen pounds, which was doubted, and a bet of a quarter made upon it, whereupon the owner of the rooster went home and brought him to the store to be weighed. While he was absent the proprietor quietly placed upon the scales, covering nicely with paper, two and a half pounds of shot. When the rooster was placed on the scales he weighed exactly fourteen pounds. The bet was paid in oranges. The facts about the joke have since leaked out

Charges are current in Barre. that certain officials connected with the city government have been receiving "hush money" from a number of local dealers and giving them protection against raids. Prominent citizens are demanding that the matter be investigated.

A New York newspaper, in telling the story of a man who after an absence of ten years returned to Jersey City only to find his wife married to another man, say's that the incident duplicates, "Enoch Arden's experience so graphlcally described by Henry W. Longfellow.

Ruslas still refuses to accept the Gregorlan calendar, and has the satisfac tion of being a dozen days aigad of the whole world, and is constantly increasing the lead. If the empire and its coning the lead. If the empire at rvatism endure long enough, Russia's Christmas and our Fourta of July will occur on the same day.

The President of Harvard is opposed the rresident of Harvard is opposed to dyspepsis as a restional disease, and gives good advice, even it he lives in the pit belt, when he says. "He ashared, not of enjoying your food, but as enjoying it."