

OTTINGS ABOUT THE WA
FEMS THAT WILL INTERE
EVERYBODY AT THIS TIME

The Mystery of No. 13.

The solicitor's enquiries had not been able to establish the identity of the Frenchman with whom she had kept company, but Mr. Rose, as the coherency of the man who had been the man to assume it all the time, said Mr. Rose, "You have known Janin Pierrot for years?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "for a moment she looked as if she were about to fall, but I know Janin Pierrot," she said.

"I know you have a treacherous member of your staff," said Mr. Rose, smiling, as if with a gesture he released her and remained his seat.

"Worried, not broken, savage as a wild cat that knows itself trapped, and she could be a human being well pushed into the witness-box against her own will, and she would be present, but presently got angry, and gave out his snarls quicker.

"What he had to say had been largely discounted by Mr. Skewton, but he was made to relate in detail what hours his apprentice kept, and many other details, that young man appeared an industrious and harmless creature who would not hurt a fly, and who, by no manner of means could have obtained entrance to the cobbler's house, unknown by the cobbler, that night.

"But just as the cross old man was congratulating himself on his ordeal being over, Mr. Rose rose, and pounced upon him, like a spider on a fly.

"How long has Janin Pierrot been with you?"

"I don't rightly remember. It might be a month or two or six."

"Take care, sir. How many months has he been with you?"

"Three."

"You wanted an assistant, and he came to you to offer himself?"

"Ay, he did."

"How came he to know you wanted an assistant?"

"How do I know? Perhaps you told him."

"And you took him without recommendation?"

"Praps I did, and praps I did it."

"You took him without recommendation?"

"Since you're so pressing, I did."

"He was a good workman?"

"Good enough for me."

"Did a Frenchwoman call to see him?"

"I don't encourage no petticoats about the place."

"I'm a bachelor, I am, thank the Lord."

"She did call?"

"One called yesterday."

"Was that her first visit?"

"Women be such fligfers nowadays, and dress so much alike—how can I tell?"

Mr. Rose pressed the point to his sorrow.

"I tell ee," said Job, getting angry, "I never saw the woman—nor did Pierrot for the matter of that—till about a fortnight ago, when she came in a hurry to get a shoe eased for a little child she had with her. And she never said a word to he, nor he to her."

Mr. Rose swallowed his chagrin bravely.

"You knew she was maid to Mrs. St. George?"

"No."

"You knew her name?"

"No. Neighbors told me afterward she came from No. 13, but her money was as good as any one else's so I was going to turn away."

"At what time did Pierrot leave off work?"

"Six o'clock."

"He left at that time the night of the murder?"

"He did."

"You remained in the house all the evening?"

"Yes."

"You never once left the house?"

Job Trubshoes hesitated, scowling and numbing his grizzly jaws.

"Praps I did. For a matter of five minutes. To buy my supper beer."

"You left your door unlocked?"

"Yes."

"Any one might have got in during your absence?"

"Who wanted to get in?" snarled the old man. "I'd got nothing to steal."

"It was dark when you went out?"

"Dark twilight."

"Did you visit the attic that night?"

"No; it's a lumber-room. What should I want there at night?"

Mr. Rose nodded his head several times.

"What time did Janin come next morning?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Did he look as usual?"

"A man don't change his face with his coat. I took no particular notice on him."

"Some inquiries were made at your house that day?"

"Yes, a parcel of fools who turned the place upside down, and me and Janin inside gut. But they didn't get much change out of either on us."

"He has come regularly to work ever since?"

"Never missed a day."

"Seems cheerful?"

"Seems cheerful!" want cheerful, it was his skill. Janin stuck to his work, and didn't trouble about women, and murders, and such-like stuff. "Lor, sir!" added the old wreath with a grin, "you've found a mare's nest, and much good may it do ee!"

"So departed Job Trubshoes; but Mr. Rose had made his point, viz., that Janin could easily have returned to the house, unknown to Job, have hidden in the disused attic and made his way comfortably enough into No. 13, could he have—very did he!"

The alibi was very clear.

And then the court adjourned for luncheon.

nesses, as he rose after luncheon to reply, he bore a confident bearing and had so easy an air of assurance, that Rose, sitting in a remote corner of the court, trembled with fear as she looked at him.

His very first words gave her good cause for terror; for he roundly stated, in a very firm and impressive manner, that the prisoner in the dock had no business there at all, that if the detectives had not blundered and missed justice, another man, and that really guilty one, would be standing in his place.

"The name of that man,"—and here Mr. Rose paused, and his scathing eyes found out that gentleman whose she sat, "was Janin Pierrot, Rose Dupont's lover, and Rose Dupont's confederate, the man whom she had assisted to get into the house, who she had helped to depart, and who had shot Mr. Rose when discovered on the premises, and the man when he returned to the house after Mr. St. George had gone up to bed."

At this daring indictment, unexpected, startling, a bolt out of the blue, eyes were turned on Jack, then on Rose, who, lowering as under a crushing physical weight, had crumpled down with bowed head in the place every line of her figure a corroborator of his words. "That woman," said Mr. Rose, pointing a terrible finger at her, "laid her plans well. She had by her the obdurate, and indeed, with one long ago arranged the meal by which she was to let her lover know when Mrs. St. George was sleeping downstairs, alone and unprotected, with the sapphires close at hand; and in short, everything fell out precisely as she had hoped and intended, with one exception—the unexpected continuance of Mr. Rose's return. Mrs. St. George duly drank her draught, and went to bed and to sleep; a notoriously bad sleeper she slept right away from eleven o'clock that night until eight o'clock the next morning, and also in due course went upstairs and retired to rest, not, as that woman with the toothache had sworn, after Mr. Rose came in, but before."

"The const was now clear, all was prepared for the thief, Janin Pierrot, and at the given time he stole safely and secretly into the house. Into the house, yes, but not into the room which had not been taken into the woman's reckoning came in with his latchkey, and in the act of undressing, hearing movements below, for which he could not account, probably the noise made by the man's getting through the window, doctored quickly, and found himself face to face with an intruder, who, having come for plunder, was betrayed by person at jeopardy and fear of consequences into murder. Mr. Rose always carried a pistol in this instance he carried a pistol belonging to Mr. St. George and it was natural enough that he should present the weapon he had with him at the man he found there under such desperate circumstances at such an hour of the night."

"That man," went on Mr. Rose, still with his eyes fixed on Rose's bowed figure, "was Janin Pierrot, Rose Dupont's lover, and the cobbler's assistant, who, in the act of undressing, shot Mr. Rose dead with it, laid him at the very feet of the drugged and innocent woman, who had been betrayed by the maid, she had benefited and trusted, and too terrified to pause and seize the booty for which he had come, made his escape."

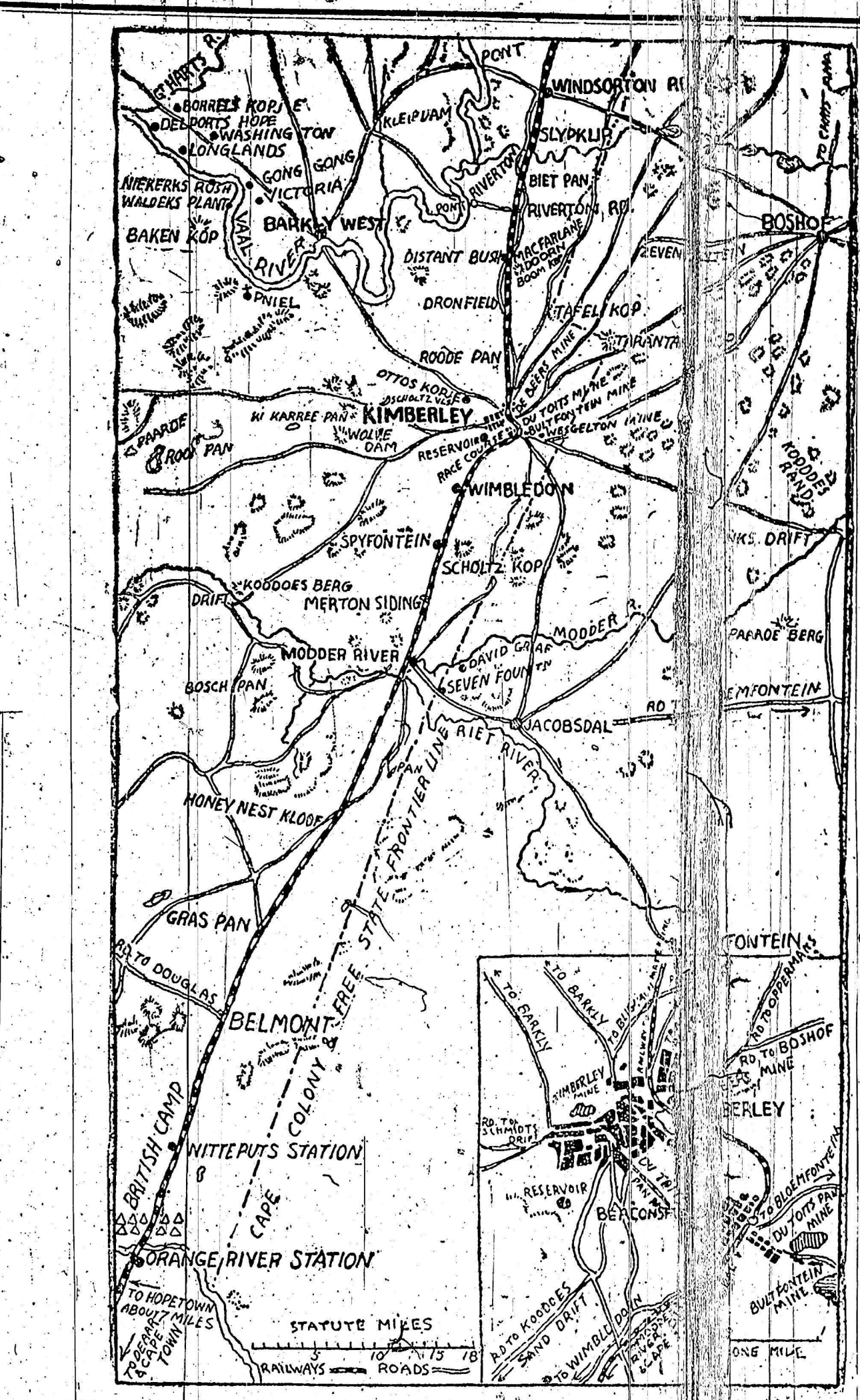
"If the woman, who had been in the night and saw the hideous work her greed had wrought, she has proved herself of sufficient resource and resolution to go up again, and remain quietly there till the morning, when the discovery of the night's events would come about naturally, and no suspicion attach to herself."

"So, indeed, things fell out, and we may be sure that when her poor mistress woke out of the drugged sleep, to find a murdered man only a yard or two away, the maid shrieked louder than the mistress and manifested ten times as much surprise and terror."

"And here," Mr. Rose turned and looked at Jack, "came in, apart from that poor young man's death, the most tragic, the most unfortunate feature of the whole case, and the one that so completely played into Rose Dupont's hands as left her mistress of the house. In the first place, the very husband and wife mutually suspected each other of the crime, the husband thinking the wife had killed her friend in defence of her honor, the wife believing that Mr. Rose had stolen into her room while she was asleep, been discovered there by her husband, and that the pistol she found in the latter had killed his friend, believing in her guilt, and left the dead man to tell his own tale."

Mr. Rose removed his eyes from Rose, to glance at Jack, and thrilled with satisfaction at the success of his bold guess, while the eyes of the dock, following his found in Jack's face a living corroboration of his counsel's words.

To be Continued.



METHUEN'S ADVANCE TO KIMBERLEY

Beginning with the engagement at Belmont, Gen. Methuen's force, in its advance to the relief of the besieged town of Kimberley, has encountered the Boers in force at Graspan and Modder River, and his further progress north is likely to be contested by the Boers, who are in force at Jacobsdal. The plan of the latter, no doubt, is to strike at Methuen's rear, but the British reinforcements now on the way...

WINTER WRINKLES.

Dicky, you must not come to dinner without your necktie. Aw—Pa—your gittin' too refined.

Squidig—Dukane has a severe cold and he can scarcely speak. McWilliam—Yes; he is making a hoarse show of himself.

Mrs. Neighbor—I understand, your book has given you notice. What's the trouble? Mrs. Saburban—I don't know, but I think she doesn't like my cooking.

Mrs. Hoon, indignantly—I wonder why Mrs. Gabbleton doesn't mind her own business? No, Hoon—One reason is that she has no mind, and another is that she has no business.

Indignant Young Man—Waiter, your coat sleeve dipped into this lady's soup. Obliging Waiter—Don't mention it, sir; it will wash out. What kind of fish, please?

Sandy Pikes—Yes, mum, at de age of 12 I run away from school. Kind Lady—Why did you do it, Sandy Pikes—Because dey insisted on my usin' soapstone pencils.

Nell—Why did Maude get a divorce? I thought she and George got along beautifully—Belle—So, they did, but the cook took a violent dislike to him and threatened to leave.

Spreader painted his overcoat to get the place upside down. Did he sell the picture? Yes, what he got for it just enabled him to get his overcoat back.

Yeast—Will these automobiles go either way? Crimsonback—Oh, yes; I knew a fellow who got one. It came home last week on credit, and this week it went back.

Mrs. Housewife—And so you have fully decided to be married, Bridget. Have you considered that marriage is a very serious thing? Bridget—Yes, mum. I've been watching you and Mr. Housewife.

The man who tells the simple truth is oft respected by the throng. But 'tis the 'jollier' in 'sooth.

Who really seems to get along.

It seems to me that Willie gets in an awful lot of fights. I wonder who is to blame for it all. The other boy, always the other boy, replied Willie's mother with conviction: Willie says so himself.

You must not eat too much said the small girl's mother. If you are careful, you will be perfectly well to-morrow when so many other little children are sick. Yes, answered the small girl; and then wouldn't I be dreadfully out of style!

Harduppe—Lend me a dollar, will you, old man? Wigwag—You haven't

POWELL IS SHARP.

Under the name of the 'Army'...

Powell, the defender of the British army, has been called the 'Sheriff' of the British army. He is to make deductions from the records of a regular practice that he might complete a cavalry scout. The origin of his 'Riding' was an open grass plain and he suddenly noticed that he had been recently trodden on by the track, and that it was the 'spoor' of a man and boy. A tall fellow, he said, had been recently trodden on by the track, and that it was the 'spoor' of a man and boy. A tall fellow, he said, had been recently trodden on by the track, and that it was the 'spoor' of a man and boy.

EXTINGUISHER.

Clump! Rattle, rattle, rattle, Percy Stonebroke rolled down the path of his residence. Goldbonds, Mr. Stonebroke returned to the house, and his shoes were a pair of shoes that he had bought at the store.

TRANSVAAL METHOD.

Mr. Kruger, Bryce says it is a pity that you are not in the business with the penny. What an informative man! Bryce—What an informative man! Bryce—What an informative man!