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## By Process of Exclusion

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

### PART II.

The butler-coachman admitted me—a short, stocky Irishman, out of livery, with a square jaw and a sullen face.

"I want to see Mr. George Pardoe," I said.

"Well, ye can't!" he snapped, and started to shut the door.

But I was an old enough man at this sort of thing to have my foot in the way.

"Think again," said I persuasively—and slipped him a bill.

His fist closed on the greenback, and he spoke more respectfully than before, but his voice was firm.

"It's no use, sor," he replied. "Mr. Pardoe's been bothered to death by ye newspaper fellows all the day."

But just then I caught sight of a pretty little girl in a cap and apron hovering in the hallway—the maid, of course.

I raised my hat with a flourish. "Miss Anderson?" I asked, all the while making mental notes of the pair for my descriptive story.

She came smilingly forward, her pretty, pink, round, Swedish face broken up with dimples.

"Yes," she nodded. "Well," said I, as the astonished man fell back a pace, "will you kindly tell your master that Mr. Burton, of the Philadelphia Globe-Express, has given up his vacation, and come all the way from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, just to see him?"

She courtesied and was off in a flash. A moment later, I heard a broken, weary voice saying:

"Show him in."

George Pardoe rose to meet me. I could see that ordinarily he was a typical successful business man, stout, settled, phlegmatic. He had a large, clean-shaven face, with a firm mouth, keen grey eyes and black hair, just now going thin at the temples. Altogether he was a man whom you would expect to see comfortable only in an office, and one who, as you pass his like by the score every time you venture into the business districts of a large city, you would never glance at a second time.

Just now, however, he was interesting because of his position in my story, and I noticed that his eyes were red with weeping, that he was dressed in fitting black instead of the lighter shades that he probably more usually affected, and that his full, well-fed face was gray with the emotions through which he had been passing. "Good evening, Mr. Burton," he, nevertheless, said with business-like

brevity. "What can I do for you?"

"If you will be so kind," I said, "as to give me five minutes, I will occupy your time only by asking you a few questions which, I have no doubt, you have answered a hundred times today."

He bowed his head in acquiescence, and I proceeded:

"At what time were you awakened on the morning of the sixth?"

"As nearly as I can make out, at just 6 o'clock—that is the time at which the maid generally opens the house, and Miss Packer was performing the maid's duties in the Anderson girl's absence."

"You came downstairs at once?"

"Almost immediately."

"Is it true, as stated, that your brother's body was cold when you touched it?"

"Yes. I remember the shock of touching it."

"Has the coachman a key to this house?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Were the doors and windows all locked that morning?"

"I made sure of that myself."

"Did you hear any noise during the night?"

"Not a sound."

"Are you a heavy sleeper?"

"Very—and the walls and floors are thick."

"Mr. Pardoe, did your brother have any enemies?"

"Not a one," he replied, "that I can think of. I have done my best to recall any, but it is useless. Emerson was the mildest and quietest of men. He went out but little and had few friends—not to mention enemies."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you for your trouble," I said, retiring. "I am sorry that I had to disturb you, but that, you know, is a part of my business which I can't avoid. Don't bother to ring; I can find my way out."

With that I slipped into the hall, closing the parlor door behind me. One glance showed me that I was alone. The next almost convinced me that the coast was clear upstairs. In three bounds I had mounted to the first landing and, before a minute had passed, I had located the room which, from the published descriptions, I was sure must be the house-keeper's.

I did not knock; I just pushed open the door and entered.

A woman was kneeling beside the bed, crying, her face buried in the bed clothes.

She leaped to her feet with a little cry.

It was then my turn to be surprised.

"Jane Haughton!" I whispered.

I had known her ten years before, and ten years had only softened without disguising her face.

In two words her tragedy had been this: She had been a poor girl sent to a rich boarding school. Her school-mates had been able to enjoy many things which she had been forced to do without. Then, in a moment of weakness, she had stolen a paltry sum from one of them, had been detected and dismissed. Her family had disowned her, and I—then a boy at a nearby school—had heard only that she had been truly repentant, had gone to the school chaplain and had been found by him a place in the employment of some well-to-do family in New Jersey, where she was living under an assumed name, but leading an honest life.

And now here she was, still beautiful and about to be arrested for the murder of Emerson Pardoe!

She recognized me at once. And at once her first thought was self-preservation.

"You—you won't tell!" she cried.

For a reply I gripped her firmly by the wrists and dragged her to the light.

"Jane," said I, fixing my eyes stead-

ily upon her splendid brown ones, "as you hope for salvation, tell me the truth: Did you do this thing?"

"No, no, no!" she cried. "Why, I didn't mean that. I—I didn't even know anybody suspected—Oh, how can you? Do you mean to say that anybody—that they could—"

"Yes," I said hoarsely, "I am afraid some of them do."

"Then I'm ruined! Utterly ruined! Who will believe me when they know my story?"

But again I fixed my eyes on hers. "Jane," said I, "answer my question. Tell me the truth as you hope for pardon for your former sin. Did you kill Emerson Pardoe?"

She raised her one hand—jerked free from my grasp—high above her head.

"I swear to you before God," she said, "that I even would have given my life to save him."

"Then," I answered, convinced, "nobody need ever know you are Jane Haughton."

(To be concluded.)

### Scornful Cookery Phrases.

Why the business of the cook should be used as a vehicle of scorn and revenge is a mystery of our mysterious language.

We boast that we "have settled his hash" when we have "squashed" a man, and when counsel very severely cross-examines a witness, or a mistress gives a servant what is commonly called "a piece of her mind," we say that both got "a jolly good roasting." If anyone has been thoroughly bamboozled, or made a fool of, we say he has been "done brown."

Why do we say that certain circumstances or happenings have put a man "into a pretty stew," or that a certain young man has "got himself into boiling water," which almost certainly refers to the dropping of some living animal, like the lobster, into the pot? And why do we refer to someone who has shown a lack of intelligence as "only half baked?"

The phrase "I've cooked his goose" has an ancient origin. When Eric, King of Sweden, reached a certain town with very few soldiers, the enemy hung out a goose for him to shoot. Finding, however, that it was no matter for jest, the townsfolk sent heralds to learn what he wanted. His reply was: "To cook your goose for you."

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### Foolish Question.

Talkative Balloonist (finishing story)—"And then, thousands of feet above the cruel ledges, I pulled the string that released me, knowing well that should my parachute fail to open I would dash my poor brains out on the rocks beneath."

Interested Lady—"And did it?"

### Norway Thinly Settled.

Norway's population, in comparison with her area, is the smallest in Europe.

When a man walks a mile he takes an average of 2,263 steps, but when he rides a bicycle with an average gear he covers a mile with an equivalent of only 627 steps.

### Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

We should be less anxious for something to be done for us and more careful that nothing be done to us.

The greatest British-built ship in the world, the Olympic, weighing 46,000 tons, was recently towed into a floating dock and lifted a height of forty feet out of the water. The lifting operation occupied 3 hours, 45 minutes.

A newly-rich man, buying a piano, was concerned over the size of the instrument. He impressed upon the salesman that it must be full-sized—the largest, in fact, that they manufactured. "It's for a young and growing girl," he explained, "and I don't want to have to buy her another in a year or two."

### The Oldest Almanac.

In the British Museum is an almanac that is 3,000 years old; it is supposed to be the oldest in the world.

It is written like all other Egyptian manuscripts, on papyrus, and was found on the mummy of an Egyptian, who had treasured it apparently as something sacred, for it is of a strong religious character. Under the days, which are written in red ink, there is a figure followed by three characters, signifying the probable state of the weather.

It is not entire, but it was evidently torn before its owner died. Beyond clearly establishing the reign of Ramesses the Great, it contains nothing else of any value.

Do not take all the mother cat's kittens from her. Leave her a male till she tires of it. She suffers physically and mentally when they all go, and one can always find a home for a male kitten.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Soap should never be rubbed on to white silk. It should be dissolved in the water before you begin to launder the garment. Rinse in warm water. To this you may add half a teaspoonful of blue ink to prevent a yellowish appearance.

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### Serious Deficit in Wheat Harvest of France.

The French will be condemned to eat bread made with coarse flour as a result of the wheat shortage this year, which is expected to represent a deficit of more than 20,000,000 pounds. The prefects of all departments have been instructed by the Government to watch against any attempt to corner wheat, while the millers have been ordered to grind coarser flour so as to avoid waste of grain.

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