

Mystery of Shaft No. 13.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"H'm," said Mr. Skewton, stroking his chin, "and a friend?"
"So I thought him till last night. Listen. He loved my wife, though she did not know it, and before God I swear never suspected him of the treachery in his heart. My wife went to bed, and that recess you saw, about eleven. I sat up reading for an hour, then went to see that she was all safe, and went back. I had turned out the gas, and was about to cross the outer room to go up stairs, when the door communicating with the staircase opened, and some one came in quickly, and went through the folding-doors. He went straight to the recess—in the dim light I saw him and—in a second—the same lightning moment of fury—I shot him as he turned to face me, and he fell down dead across the foot of the bed."

"And your wife slept through all this?" said Mr. Skewton, incredulously.

"Don't you know?" said Jack in surprise. "She is dead."

"A tragedy, indeed," said Mr. Skewton, dryly; "but one would think even a deaf person would be wakened by a pistol shot within a yard of her."

"But she did not stir," said Jack, calmly, his always resolute jaw and mouth more resolute than ever.

"And after?" said Mr. Skewton.

"I went up stairs," said Jack.

"And then?"

"For a moment Jack looked like one suddenly checked at fault."

"What does the way in which I spent the later part of the night matter to you?" said Jack, sharply, "I went to bed."

"To bed! Leaving that body as a pleasant surprise to your wife when she woke! H'm—and you shot an unarmed man. Had you a grudge against her?" he asked, suddenly.

Jack made no reply.

"Where is she?" said Mr. Skewton.

"Upstairs."

"You had had a conversation together since this—occurrence?"

"Not one syllable."

"H'm," said Mr. Skewton, "then she does not know who did it?"

"Yes—she knows."

"She knew," said Mr. Skewton, keenly, "that you might have had a motive for killing this young man?"

"Yes."

He said it defiantly, and as if he had put shame for her miles away from himself.

Mr. Skewton went out softly, called a subordinate whom he left outside the drawing-room door, and ascended to the suite of rooms above.

He had already visited them, but now after a glance at the quiet figure, on the bed, he stepped up to the toilet-table.

"H'm," he said, "evidently interrupted by something or somebody in the act of undressing. Cravat thrown off, but collar still round his throat, his watch and money lying about. What's this? An envelope and no postmark—a woman's writing of course, a woman who is probably in the house."

He went down to the drawing-room with the letter in his hand.

"This is your wife's hand-writing?" he said. Mr. Ross evidently received this after he came in last night.

the room, he discovered and promptly annexed something that, however humble in itself, was destined to play an important part in the drama that had yet to be played out.

"And now for Mrs. St. George," he said.

CHAPTER III.

"The shallowest water makes maist din. The deepest pool the deepest linn."

He did not trouble any one to show the way. The house was fashionably small, and he had already been twice in the second floor, so, unless on the roof, he must find Mrs. St. George in the top rooms of all.

He went boldly up and passing the doors of two servants' room that stood open, knocked gently at the third one, which was shut.

No answer.

He knocked again and with the same result.

Then he said quietly, with his lips to the keyhole: "Your husband is under arrest for the murder of Mr. Ross."

A sound of voices, a rush as of a whirlwind, and the door was flung open to bring the detective face to face with a woman whom he afterward described as the sweetest little morsel he ever saw in his life.

"You must be mad," said Elizabeth on the instant, "my husband came up to this room last night, and never left it till he was called from his bed this morning by that horrible news. If he had gone down again, she turned authoritatively to Rose, "you must have heard him, must you not?"

The detective turned to look at the girl addressed, looked her through and through, yet was conscious all the while of the narrow, low-pitched room, the unsuitable entourage of this woman, who looked, as if born to rule in a palace. He observed, too, a small of burning paper lingering in the air, and suspected mischief.

Rose looked at her mistress steadily, pityingly, even, but returned no reply.

Mrs. St. George made a gesture of indignant anger, then turned fiercely on the man who stood there in the narrow way, forcing himself upon her in her own chamber. A sudden sense of the publicity in which she must henceforth live, smote on her chillily, and she felt that the sanctity of her home was gone, and privacy for her no longer existed.

"If any one is to be arrested," she said curtly, "arrest me. If anyone in this house is guilty, I am that person."

"How did you do it?" he said, smoothly and raising his voice a little; "do you always carry firearms?"

She had set her face as a flint, but she could not keep the look out of her eyes that told him what he wanted to know. He caught also an expression in Rose's face that he stored up for future unraveling.

"Mrs. St. George did not do it," he said to himself, "but her maid knows something about it. Then there is the skylight." Aloud he said, and producing an envelope from his pocket: "Mr. Ross received a letter from you last night?"

"It was delivered by one of your servants?"

"By my maid."

"Mr. Ross was not in, ma'am," said Rose, "and I placed the letter on his dressing-table."

"Where he found it at midnight—or later," said the detective to himself.

"Mr. Ross was a friend of yours?" he said.

"He was," she said, coldly; "but is this quite the place in which to catechize me?"

"If you will come down," he said calmly, "I will ask my questions under more favorable circumstances."

But she shrank back, and shook her head determinedly.

"When you come to take me away to prison I will go down," she said, "but not till then."

And she made as though she would shut the door in his face.

"Softly," he said, not rudely or offensively, and indeed his manner had not been wanting in respect from the first, "if you will not come down, then I must speak to you here. You corresponded with Mr. Barry?"

"I did."

"Unknown to your husband?"

"Unknown to my husband,"

"I may venture to inquire your subject?"

"You may not."

"Your letter was not of such a character as would bring him to your room at night?"

Elizabeth's eyes blazed—Rose's were cast down.

"What has this to do with your inquiry?" she said.

"Everything. If Mr. Ross obeyed such a summons from you, and your letter was so significant."

Elizabeth's face blanched, and she seemed hardly to breathe.

"My husband never set foot in that room after he wished me good-night," she said.

"What time did he come up?" said the detective.

Elizabeth faltered, trembled.

"You were asleep," trembled.

"You were asleep," said the detective in his dangerously soft suggestive voice. "He may have sat up reading late?"

"No," she said, boldly, "he may have thought me asleep, but I was not. It struck midnight just after he went up stairs."

"Did you hear your master come up stairs?" he said suddenly to Rose.

Rose made no reply.

"He came up at twelve, did he not?" cried Elizabeth, eagerly.

But Rose's back answered the question.

"Your maid looks as if she had not

been in bed all night," said Mr. Skewton. "At what hour did Mr. Ross usually come in?"

"At all hours. The latch was always left up for him."

"You saw him every day?"

"Very seldom."

"But he and your husband were on perfectly friendly terms?"

"Perfectly."

"And you also?"

She looked him full in the face and paused deliberately before she said: "Until last night."

The detective put up his hand.

"Stop," he said, "I am bound to tell you not to say anything that will incriminate yourself."

"When you been trying for the last ten minutes to extract every damning circumstance you can against me!" she said, with a curious faint smile.

BRITAIN'S MIGHTY POWER

ALL EUROPE BEHOLDS HER PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

And Hesitates to Move Against Her—Combined Movings Have No Effect on the Lion—The National Spirit.

The New York Post's London correspondent says: It is no exaggeration to say that the publicists of Europe have this week had something of a fright. They for weeks have been watching England's entanglement in the heart of the African continent, with satisfaction. When she was induced to send one of the largest expeditions over the seas the modern world ever witnessed, they felt assured that the time was approaching when Fashoda would be avenged and when England's aggravating pushfulness in all concerns of the globe would receive a severe check.

French, German, Austrian, and especially Russian journals, official and unofficial, joined in one wild howl against England; but Englishmen quietly smiled. During the whole session of Parliament, brought to a close last night, I do not believe one single retort was uttered by any one of the six hundred members, and as far as might goes, Englishmen can afford to smile. They see their naval Department sending a great army 6,000 miles over seas, and that without disturbing the traffic of a single steamship line.

AND THEY SEE IT WITH ENVY.

They see the British Parliament, with practical unanimity and without needing to add one penny to the present taxation, vote \$50,000,000 to pay the bill.

They see each British colony insisting upon sending its contingent to the front at its own expense, and almost angry because it is not allowed to send more.

They see England, such is her command of the cables of the world, switch all Europe off from telegraphic contact with half the African continent, and all the while her navy remains unfettered, practically with steam up to maintain her supremacy on the seas.

This is the situation as nine out of ten Englishmen see it at this moment, and the spectacle of England's armed power is reflected in the quieter tone of official messages to-day from Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. It is true, these inspired messages seem to say that we have our own view of the rights and the wrongs of this South African war, but its pure journalistic imagination to talk of combined

EUROPEAN INTERVENTION.

"France," says an official pronouncement from the Quai d'Orsay, "has no ground or desire for any intervention at present." Russia is more probably in the same position.

Germany is the only power directly concerned in the matter, and as Germany is England's avowed ally, and Kaiser Wilhelm will in a few weeks be England's guest, European intervention may be dismissed as out of the question.

Will England, then, cancel the mobilization of her fleet now in mysterious progress at her dock yards? Not at all. The British Government remains supremely distrustful of Russia's intentions in the Persian Gulf and at Pekin, and of France's intentions in Morocco, and they do not mean to be caught napping.

CHINESE CLOTHING.

It is by no means the common blue cloth they look to be.

To wear your grandfather's coat would not seem much of an honor, but to John Chinaman it is the greatest felicity. Not only is the common-looking, shapeless blue blouse, of his ancestor prized because it is his ancestor's, but because of its intrinsic value. The clothing usually worn by the Chinese is of the purest silk, and costs anywhere from \$100 to \$250 a suit.

As a nation the Chinese object to wearing clothing of any other kind, and centuries of experiment have taught them how best to make up the costly caterpillar thread into the most durable form. On this account the Chinese dress, though of purer material, has none of the sheen usually associated with silk, a peculiarity which has resulted in the erroneous ideas as to their composition. All the garments are made in China, and are only exported for the personal use of Celestials in foreign countries.

Owing to their cost, however, they are only purchased at long intervals, each garment being of so durable a character that they are handed down to the third and even the fourth generation. Wear appears to rather improve them than otherwise, with the result that the coat of the father or grandfather often has more intrinsic value than the newer and less worn articles. Another article peculiar to the Chinese is the felt slippers they invariably wear. These are of peculiar shape, and are also imported from the native country, where the method of treating felt until it almost rivals leather for wear is kept a close secret.

IMPOLITE INTERRUPTION.

Tramp—Lady, I'm hungry, an' I'm lookin' for a chance to work.

Lady—Very well; there's the woodpile.

Tramp—Lady, it ain't perlit to interrupt. I was jest sayin' I'm lookin' for a chance to work somebody fer me breakfast.

MISERABLE WOMEN

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women Are Exposed—Much Suffering—The Experience of a Lady Who Has Found a Speedy Cure.

Mrs. Isaac T. Comeau, who resides at 83 1-2 Arago street, St. Roch, Quebec, is a teacher of French, English, and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from internal troubles, peculiar to her sex, the result of continuous weakness, nervous prostration. Her trouble began so bad that she was forced to give up teaching, and go to an hospital, but the treatment there did not she left the hospital still a great sufferer. Meantime her husband having heard of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, purchased a few boxes and prevailed upon his wife to try them. When interviewed as to the merits of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to the reporter about as follows:—

"My trouble came on after the birth of my child, and up to the time I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could find nothing to cure me. I suffered much agony, was very weak, had frequent severe headaches, and little or no appetite. It was not that I found the use of the pills very much and after taking them for a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been. My appetite improved, the pains left me and I gained considerably in flesh and am again able to attend to the lessons of my pupils, and superintend my household work. Since using the pills myself I have recommended them to others and have heard nothing but praise in their favor wherever used."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions they restore health and strength to exhausted women, and make them feel that life is again worth living.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

MALARIA AND MOSQUITOES.

Major Ross, of the British Army Makes Some Interesting Investigations in Africa.

Some of the features in the investigations, which Maj. Ross, of the British army, has made respecting the malarial mosquito, and which will be embodied in his forthcoming book on the subject, are very interesting. Maj. Ross first confirmed his belief that a species of mosquito called anopheles, a spotted, winged mosquito, is to be found concerned in the transference of all the forms of malaria. In the barracks of Wilberforce, a suburb of Freetown, Sierra Leone, out of four hundred men there was a daily average of forty ill in hospital with all three forms of malaria. The place seems to have been infested with mosquitoes, but only the genus anopheles was found, and of those examined one-third were found to contain parasites.

The second point was that in searching for the haunts of the anopheles larvae the members of the expedition found them chiefly in small stagnant pools in which green algae were growing. The larvae appear to feed upon this, for larvae hatched from eggs did not grow unless they received some of the algae to feed upon.

The inference is that the conditions under which algae will grow—namely, in stagnant puddles—are the same as those under which the anopheles larvae will hatch out and thrive. Stagnant puddles are found only during the rains on low lying ground, and during the dry season only near a spring, from which they can be replenished.

Kerosene oil poured on the surface of these puddles was successful in killing the larvae, and Major Ross, who considers the anopheles the one genus concerned in propagating malaria, believes that he can free a locality from disease by exterminating them.

Professor Koch, however, considers that another variety of mosquito, culex pipiens, can propagate malaria, though not to so great an extent as the anopheles, and if this is the case the difficulty of exterminating the infecting mosquito would be so greatly magnified as to be almost impossible.

The curious thing about human beings and malaria, is that, according to the belief of the German authorities, man himself is the connecting link in preserving the parasite of malaria. The malaria parasite requires a temperature of eighty degrees Fahrenheit to develop in the mosquito, and this temperature is only found in mosquitoes during the summer months. It is at the beginning of the hot weather that the mosquito draws the parasite from the blood of some native country, where the method of treating felt until it almost rivals leather for wear is kept a close secret.

And so on. Medicine is specializing in pulling up the roots of the grass blades and subjecting them to the microscope, that it may be reproduced them on canvas when the multimillionaire is tired of gloat over his dollars and listlessly turns out as being the thing nearest real Love is specializing, and so literature must specialize, too. Quo vadimus?

Love is Specialized.

The novelist is kept hustling in his research concerning things psychical these days. A half century ago, when it was his agreeable task to portray the demeanor of a love-sick maid, and when was that not the case, we should like to know, what was his usual procedure? Didn't he seat her at a table where lay a piece of work which needed a button hole—a neat little business, presupposing concentration and a subversive of romance? He gets his maiden to say "Heigh ho" if she has rosy cheeks and her curls are insecurely fastened in a net; if she is a little maid, with Cupid's bow lips, they "alas!" while she pushes away her work languidly.

And then this composite photograph of the novelist's women goes to the desk, where lie three unanswered letters, and she toys with her wafer and bites the nib of her quill pen in the abstraction which is incident to love. Sometimes she seizes one of these letters and presses it passionately to her lips before secreting it in her gown, as close as possible to the organ that is throbbing with the most approved sentiments of the period. Sometimes, too, a high resolve lighting her pure face, she draws toward her the silver candlestick and snuffers, her hand trembles as she lights the beautiful toy, but without shrinking she watches the black flakes fall, mourners of that happy hour that once was hers.

The scribe of that time, you see, was a baby. He could push himself just so far in his little go-cart, and no one expected more of him. Entrance toward the bogs or precipices of psychological investigation would have elicited shrieks of horror from the nurses and mothers—that is to say, the readers of polite literature of the day. It was not until he grew big enough to admire Gwendolen Grandcourt that he stepped out on his own little legs and told her what he thought of her.

The readers of polite literature adjusted themselves with half anxious half eager interest, ready to lift up warning fingers, and yet edified by his boldness. Long, long ago they had recognized the futility of coercing the little man, so that now they waded with him, companionably and without reproach, over the England of Thomas Hardy, and don't mind the mud that collects on their boots when they learn such excursions new "in Zoland!" Which excursions are pleasant enough—for the mothers and nurses, the novelist has had a hard time to make such fields traversable; nor is he content to let Gwendolen's nose turn up at the dullness and ridiculousness of men and things. He must needs push her hair back and show you the cerebral dimensions, which are all sufficient reason for her disaffection, meanwhile commenting on the softness of that hair, which has a subtler significance than merely.

"Fold after simple fold Binding her head."

Bless your soul—any one that would be at the fatigue of holding a book demands a fullness between its covers that will leave no square inch of ground unexplored.

The novelist pulls off his gloves these days and he would better, for it takes a naked deftness to form types at incantations and symbols, when the "practise work that turned out plumes and women no longer suits a generation that is ready for its man with all the rules of psychology. The question of human love enters just fully into the novel of to-day as it did 50 years ago, with this difference: it is falling into the hands of specialists; it is shown in its infinite prismatic lights from the red to the lower animal passion in which grovels the becca West, Dr. Pascal and Kipling, sunken scholar, to the other end where it shades off from the blue that lends its luster to the true eyes of Evrad to the silver white which bathes the head of Balzac's saint.

We have love presented to us as a disease which is germinally present the most enraptured lover's kiss; so transcendentalist or other whippersnapper conviction that it is an essence, concentrated and precipitated fortuitously Neo Buddhism and other cults of the ilk assert that every lover is an Avatar of Spirit, and that his involuntary function brings extrinsic salvational aliens tell us dreadful things about its repression and license, and all these have some representation in the modern novel. Oh, for the "good times" when the lover's smile at us of "happiness ever after;" or thrill with the nobility of their grand quest renunciation, without being merely "facades of a temple" which interiorly is the recondite subtlety of modern Zeit Geist, when we could plot in words of less than fifty syllables, albeit in many words.

In this day of effete culture, only the scribe has to open his metaphysical dictionary while he poises pen over the well that has truth at the bottom of it, sometimes, but mad as well, his professional sine qua non is fain to send to the library her companion, Miss Theosophia Sophist, Ph.D., for the volume of Hegel, Fichte, Kant or the Great Current Magazine without which she will not be prepared to discuss the New Novel.

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