



A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.
OR
THE CRIME OF THE BROKERS' OFFICE.
BY
W. E. WOOT.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.
After concealing the photograph, the sight of which had made such a marked impression upon the detective and his companion, Marion and Judith Kredege left the kitchen, but in a few moments the watchers at the window heard footsteps within the house, and as they seemed to be approaching the rear door, they drew back into an angle of the building where the darkness was complete.

Marion and Judith Kredege came out through the rear door, gained an alley in the rear of the narrow yard at the back of the building, and thence walked to the next street, where Stannore and Stannore's closely followed them.

A suspicion he would scarcely have dared to formulate into words was gaining ground in the detective's mind as he shadowed the women.

They had not proceeded more than a couple of blocks when Paxton discovered that some one was stealthily dogging the footsteps of Stannore and himself. If he was playing the shadow, he was in turn being shadowed.

Scarcely had the detective imparted his discovery to his companion, when the man whom he had detected following him, darted by, and himself and Stannore both recognized Levi Kredege by his peculiar limp.

"Kredege," exclaimed Paxton in a whisper, "He has discovered that we are following his sister and the cashier's daughter," he said in a tone of disappointment.

Paxton apprehended that it was Levi Kredege's purpose to warn Marion and his sister that they were being followed.

Such proved to be the fact. Overcoming Marion and Judith, Levi Kredege passed and spoke to them in a low tone for a moment, and then hurried on again.

ately after his escape from the office of Pratt & Weeks.

Meanwhile, Stannore, after parting from the detective, confessed to himself that he was deeply troubled by the developments of the night.

Gaining his own apartment at the hotel, he seated himself and remained buried in profound meditation for a long time, while the expression of his features revealed that his thoughts were far from pleasant.

Stannore was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by a knock at the door, and he admitted Mr. Marks, of the firm of Marks & Block, accommodation loan brokers, of whom mention has been made.

The two men exchanged cordial greetings, and became seated.

A confidential conversation relating to business subjects ensued, in the course of which Mr. Marks said:

"Yes, Pratt & Weeks have fallen upon evil times. Dupes have been wary. The pigeons feed at sight of the hawk, and luck in the stock market has taken a strong turn against the cunning swindlers. They have met with many losses, and they now owe a considerable sum."

"Good! Excellent! We shall accomplish our purpose, Marks," answered the other.

Mr. Marks remained with Stannore but a short time, and he had scarcely departed when Mr. Judson, of the firm of Judson, Kirk & Co., brokers, called.

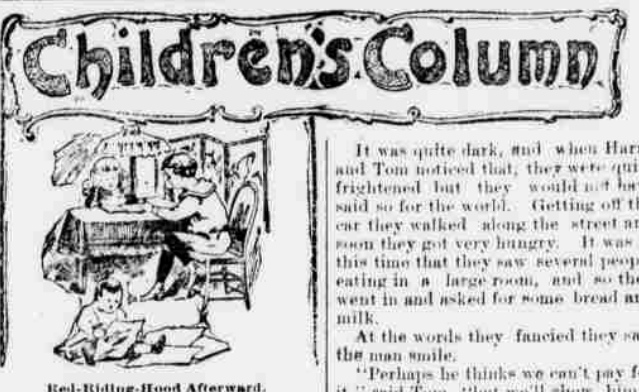
"The most friendly way Stannore received the representative of this well-known Wall Street firm, and after a few remarks he placed a slip of paper before Stannore, on which was written:

"Indebtedness of Pratt & Weeks to Judson, Kirk & Co., on account of transactions in Railroad and mining stock to date, \$43,000."

Stannore read the memorandum with evident satisfaction.

The end is surely coming. Retribution hovers over the heads of the scoundrels, and his shadow is growing darker day by day," he said.

Yes, the tables are turning. A secret foe has fallen all their schemes of late. Assuredly the day of his triumph and the downfall of the swindlers cannot be far distant," answered Mr. Judson.



Children's Column

Red-Hiding-Hood Afterward.
Want to know what became of Red-Hiding-Hood, dear?
When a wolf and his grandma was well, the first thing she did was to cry a whole lot.

Then she skinned the old wolf and his skin dried with care.

Till it was her handkerchief for a rug, which she traded in town for a ten-dollar bill.

Stick of gum, and a cracked shaving mug. Then she cut off his ears, which the government bought.

There's a bounty on dead wolves, you know. With the money she got, seven dollars I think.

She bought her a spear and a bow. And so ever since, in her gayest attire, She ranges the woods and the dells, Always killing the wolves, and I've heard she grows rich.

On the cars and the rugs that she sells! —Mae Myrtle Cook.

The Old Hound's Farewell.
An affecting account of the death of an old hound is given by its owner in the Animal World.

Hector was a long-tried and trusted dog, the leader of a pack of hounds. The old dog became too infirm for the field, and was left at home when the pack went out.

Year by year his feebleness grew upon him, but he was well cared for, and passed his time mainly in sleeping beside the kitchen fire.

His long absence from the hunting-field caused his friends, deep-toned note to be almost forgotten.

"One afternoon," says the owner, "I was writing in my room, when suddenly I heard the splendid note, as I thought at the moment, of a strange hound, and listened to hear it again; when, instead of it being repeated, the whole pack in the kennel near my house gave one burst, as if in full cry, and, as the sounds died away, all was again hushed in stillness."

THE MEN WHO LOSE.
Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be o'er so nobly planned,
And they die with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand,
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then,
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready pliancy of a laughing world
Ring sweet in victor's ears,
The vanquished's banners never are unrolled,
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success,
There is a higher test,
Though fate may darkly tower, onward to press,
And bravely do our best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquisher of that I sing,
And this is the toast I choose,
A hard-fought battle is a noble thing,
Here's a luck to those who lose.

HUMOROUS.
A baby in a buggy is a good thing,
But no man likes to push it along.

"Do you know, Tom kissed my hand last night?" "He always was discriminating."

Leola—Do you think you could ever learn to love a man? Hazel—Bring on your man.

The Manager (to the Living Skeleton)—Well, Bones, here goes! May your shadow never grow less!

When a man is sure his friends never talk about him behind his back, he is sure that all his friends are dead.

"Am I too late?" asked the physician, as he hurried in. "Yes, doctor, he died peacefully half an hour ago."

He—I wish I had Benderlee's soft snaps. She—Don't you, though. His brains make a good living for him.

Keat—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse? Skeam—Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared.

Melicent—Aren't bicycle lamps annoying. Miriam (sycophantically)—Yes; mine goes out every time I run into anybody.

The man who said repeatedly when he was young that he would never marry, wishes occasionally when he is old that he had kept his word.

"There is one thing about me; I am not afraid to say just what I think." "Of course, you are not afraid, but you ought to be ashamed."

A school teacher lately put the question: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe," responded a bright member of the class.

"What are you crying for, Nellie?" "Oh, it's nothing, Lucy. I want my husband to buy me a new bonnet tomorrow, and I am simply practicing a little."

He had repaired to his home immediately after the accident which had enabled the detective to make his escape.

They secured the goose, and after AT ISchia they disinterred an old woman, unharmed. "God bless you," she cried, as they helped her out.

By that time it was nearly noon. The merry-go-round was not very far from their home and after they had one ride they stayed to take several more.

Mrs. Boarder—How do you find the chicken soup, Mr. Boarder? "Mr. Boarder—I have no difficulty in finding the soup, madam, but I am inclined to think that the chicken is able to prove an alibi."—Richmond Dispatch.