



A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.
OR—
THE CRIME OF THE
BROKER'S OFFICE.

CHAPTER XIX.
Paxton's finger was upon the trigger of his weapon when Marion Oakburn appeared in the door through which the assassin was about to escape. The detective's hand dropped, and he stared at the woman who was the subject of the detective's pursuit, and who had just been seen in the room of the late John Oakburn.

The woman's daughter was in deadly peril of her life at the instant when she presented herself before Paxton. Had the detective's finger involuntarily been pressed down to the last extent, a bullet would have been sent speeding on its way to the heart of the woman.

It was not until the detective's weapon was lowered that he saw the woman's face. He was startled by this startling discovery. The thought that the fugitive whom all things he desired to arrest was occupying the spot almost instantly.

"Stand aside, Miss Oakburn! You are interfering the course of justice, and interfering with me in the discharge of my duty," he said, taking a forward step.

As he made this advance, Paxton's acute eye caught the sound made by the closing of a door somewhere in the rear of the building, and almost simultaneously he heard a low whistle from the same direction.

Paxton turned, and the whistle was indeed a signal. As if understanding it, and as though noting in the darkness the sound made by the closing of a door somewhere in the rear of the building, and almost simultaneously he heard a low whistle from the same direction.

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The boots were a perfect fit for his feet, and the rows of nails were the same in both cases and boots. Of course the presumption was, that the boots had belonged to Kedge. But regarding this point the detective desired to positively convince himself.

Paxton called upon the landlady of Kedge's late boarding-house, and from having seen them in his room, a chambermaid identified the boots as belonging to Levi Kedge.

This sufficed to prove, to the detective's entire satisfaction, that Levi Kedge entered the office of Jason Garrison on the night of John Oakburn's murder, through the rear window. But meanwhile the trial of Stuart Harland was concluded.

All that men could accomplish in behalf of the accused had been done by his attorney and friends. The result was a verdict of acquittal. The jury had failed to agree.

They were discharged, and Stuart Harland was remanded to prison to await the progress of the law. In his case, a new trial would now be necessary.

But Harland was not destined to remain in prison until he was again placed on trial for his life. The young man was admitted to bail in the sum of twenty thousand dollars. His wealthy aunt became his security, and signed his bail bond.

Edna Garrison, and Stuart's friends, who had hitherto dreaded a conviction, were rejoiced at the result of the trial. But Stuart was himself dejected and gloomy.

He was aware that public sentiment was against him, and he felt that he could enjoy no rest or peace of mind while the awful shadow of doubt rested upon him. After his release, Stuart called upon Paxton.

The detective received Harland very cordially, and the latter said very abruptly: "Paxton, I am determined to take a part in the work you have undertaken for my salvation. Tell me how to help you. I must do something."

"I understand how your inability to rest while others are laboring to unearth the mystery in the solution of which you have a vital interest. But you are a man in the business," answered Paxton.

"But I have an interest to work as no other man can feel bound to." "True. And you would be more likely than any one else to recognize the man who exchanged positions with you, even if he were disguised. You might undertake a search for the villain on your own account. Chance may favor you," said Paxton.

"He saw that the young man was inclined to brood upon his misfortune, and he wished to divert his mind, even though he had no great hope for the result. From that day Stuart Harland seemed to have but one object in life, and that one motive was to find the man whose acquaintance he made on the train on the night of the murder.

Paxton had resolved to attempt to take up the trail of Marion Oakburn and the suspected man from the house of the female "fence," whose name, by the way, was Mrs. Kitts. Paxton, personally and through the instrumentality of his agents, acquired a surprising fund of information regarding the woman.

Among other items, the detective learned that Mrs. Kitts had acquired a modest fortune in the pursuit of her nefarious and illegal business. That she was the owner of a rooming house in the neighborhood where she dwelt, and that she employed a rascally old drunken lawyer by the name of Ajax Crawley to transact all her business.

The circumstance was discovered by one of Paxton's agents that, on the last night of every month, Ajax Crawley was in the habit of visiting the old woman and arranging her accounts for rent and the like.

Mrs. Kitts was one of those women of whom the notorious Mother Mandelbain, the female "fence," of whose career the newspapers at the time of her exposure and flight from New York, gave an account, is a type.

It was Paxton's idea that Mrs. Kitts knew where Marion Oakburn and the man, whose escape from the latter had favored her now in hiding.

Believing this, his course was clearly indicated. He must win the old woman's confidence. To accomplish this, he had determined to impersonate Ajax Crawley, and accordingly Paxton visited the rascally old lawyer, who occupied a dingy little den, called by courtesy an office, in the neighborhood of Mrs. Kitts' abode.

It was the detective's purpose to study the character of the man to impersonate. Paxton invented an excuse for his call, and during the interview he closely studied his man.

When he left Crawley's office the detective carried with him a sample of Ajax Crawley's penmanship, which he had appropriated, and in his mind there was a mental picture of his living model.

Two days subsequently was the last day of the present month, and on that afternoon, through the instrumentality of one of Paxton's assistants, Mr. Ajax Crawley, attorney at law, became helplessly intoxicated, and he was arrested and locked up for the night.

Assured that the real Crawley could not appear upon the scene to thwart him and expose his ruse, Paxton disguised himself to perfectly represent Crawley, and set out for the den of the female "fence."



Children's Column.

The Toy Talk of the Week.
"I should like," said the boy from the window, "to have seen the world a little more."

"When they carried me here I was wrapped in a blanket," said the boy from the window. "I was wrapped in a blanket."

"There are thousands of trees, and a lot of them are very old," said the boy from the window. "There are thousands of trees, and a lot of them are very old."

"There are mountains, and mountains are very high," said the boy from the window. "There are mountains, and mountains are very high."

"There are rivers, and rivers are very long," said the boy from the window. "There are rivers, and rivers are very long."

"There are cities, and cities are very big," said the boy from the window. "There are cities, and cities are very big."

"There are people, and people are very many," said the boy from the window. "There are people, and people are very many."

"There are things, and things are very many," said the boy from the window. "There are things, and things are very many."

"There are places, and places are very many," said the boy from the window. "There are places, and places are very many."

"There are times, and times are very many," said the boy from the window. "There are times, and times are very many."

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HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Eggs in Salt.
To pack eggs in salt, use "coarse fine," cover the bottom of tub first with three inches salt. On this place the eggs, large end down, far enough apart so they will not touch each other or sides of tub. Then cover this layer entirely with salt; follow by another layer of eggs, and so on until the tub is full. Keep in a cool dry place.—R. G. Burlington, in New England Homestead.

Renovating Feathers.
On washday when the boiler has soapy, steaming water in it place a stick across the top to help support the bed, pillows or whatever contains the feathers. Arrange the bed nicely over the boiler; it can easily be done by doubling. Turn the bed, that the steam may thoroughly permeate all parts, then hang or expose in the sun and air. This will not ruin feathers, but surely exterminate moths.

New Way to Serve Oranges.
Here is a new way, though just a little troublesome, perhaps, to serve oranges. Make a rich, thick syrup of sugar and water in which you have boiled orange peel till it is tender. Put the peel aside to use when directed for seasoning other things. Sliced larger rather than oranges, peel and divide them into single sections without breaking the skin. Drop a dozen or so of these sections into the boiling syrup at a time, leave a few minutes, and then lay on a sieve to drain over a deep dish. Treat all the sections this way, and by the time you have finished the lot the first batch will be ready to dip again. It will take about half a dozen dips all around to do the business. When cold serve piled up in little glass dishes.

True Rule for Cooking Potatoes.
So simple a thing as a potato is so misused by half the cooks in Christendom. When potatoes are to be boiled, put them in cold water, and boil them until they are tender. Potatoes to be boiled should be of uniform, medium size, so that one will be all that one person wants to eat; and not any more than a healthy appetite will demand. Cutting them up before boiling, for boiling, they should be smooth and plump, and should be scrubbed with a clean sea-grass brush that is used for no other purpose. They should soak for half an hour in cold water before being put in boiling water, and should not cease a good steady boil in covered vessel until they are ready to serve. Pour off the water, and set on the back part of the stove with the lid off to let them dry thoroughly before serving, and then you will have a nice, mealy potato well worth the trouble you have taken. The same rules should be observed for baking. The oven should be moderately hot, increasing to a good heat rapidly. When done, which you ascertain by testing with a fork, take in a napkin and break the skin on one side, to let the steam escape, drop a lump of butter in the break, if you like, and return to the open oven for a moment or two, till ready to serve.—Washington Star.

Gravy Omelet (Mrs. McKinley's recipe). Make a plain omelet, fry, and dish it up upon a hot platter, have ready one large cupful of good beef gravy; heat this very hot; add one teaspoonful of minced parsley; pour over the omelet and serve.

Carlemoon Cookies—Three eggs, one pint of sugar, half a pint of shortening, half butter, half drippings may be used, one tablespoonful of salt, one fourth of a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in with the flour, two tablespoonfuls of carlemoon seed, flour to roll out thin into rings, and bake a delicate brown. These proportions will make a week's supply.

Baked Asparagus—Boil until tender two bunches of asparagus; when cold cut into inch pieces; lay in a buttered vegetable or pudding dish; cover with a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of butter, rolled in two of flour; pour two cupfuls of boiling milk over this, and season with one-half teaspoonful of salt; grate three tablespoonfuls each of spriged cheese and bread crumbs over the top and bake a light brown.

Orange Jelly—To make a clear orange jelly, soak one-half a package of gelatin in one-half cup water for an hour; strain one cup and a half of orange juice into a bowl; add one cupful of sugar, one cupful of water, the juice of one lemon and the beaten white of an egg; put the mixture into a saucepan with the soaked gelatin, and heat until the sugar and gelatin are dissolved; strain through a coarse cloth into a mold; a nice way to serve this jelly is in baskets made from the orange peel.

Southern Batter Bread—Three cupfuls of cornmeal, half-cup of boiled rice (cold), one pint of boiling water, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, three eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda; sift meal, salt and soda together, stir in the boiling water and heat in the lard and rice; now whip in the beaten eggs, lastly the sour milk; pour into a well-greased bread pan and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Ham Macaroni—Quarter of a pound of macaroni broken into inch bits and boiled slightly in salted water till tender; drain, and place in the dish in which it is to be served. Make a gravy of one level tablespoonful of butter, the same of flour, and three-fourths of a pint of milk; when smooth add one well beaten egg, season with half a teaspoonful of red pepper and one of mustard; lastly, add half a pint of finely chopped lean ham; mix this sauce with the macaroni and brown on the top in the oven.

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