



A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

OR
THE CRIME OF THE
BROWERS' OFFICE.

BY
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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

The truth was Paxton's assistant had rapped upon the door, and he was there.

When the old woman had unlocked the door, Paxton opened it, and as he was about to leave he said, mockingly: "Good evening, Mrs. Kitts. I trust you will find your accounts all right." And turning to the man he added:

"Much obliged to you, my friend, for your kindly intention of plunging your knife into my back, but I've a constitutional prejudice against such little pleasantries."

The next moment the door closed behind Paxton, and he and his assistant hurried away.

"Defiant, defiant, nothing but defiant!" muttered the detective disconsolately. "But when they were at a safe distance, he asked of his comrade:

"In the name of all humane wonders, how came you to let my friend, who is a man of no great talents, escape?"

"There is a window in the side of the room back of the one in which you were. When the old woman went into the rear room I was at the window, and through my opening in the blind I saw her tell the man who was there something."

"He sprang up and drawing his knife, started for the door. Though I couldn't hear a word, I knew well enough that the old woman had discovered you were not Crawley, and told the man, who, acting upon the impulse of the moment, meant to attack you."

"As the man sprang forward, the old woman caught his arm and spoke to him, so I knew she objected to an immediate or precipitate attack."

"I looked in the window at which you were seated, I heard the dead, and telegraphed you when I saw the wretch stealing behind you with his knife drawn."

"Thus Paxton's assistant explained.

"You saved my life," answered Paxton, earnestly, and continued: "It is disheartening to find that all my care and labor in perfecting the disguise, in creating this character, is lost. I begin to think that in this case an adverse fate shadows my every step. I am at least expiating a sin which I have committed."

"As he spoke the detective paused under a great lamp, and producing the letter which he had found in the house from which he had just escaped, he told his companion how he came by it, and then proceeded to read it as follows:

"The letter ran as follows:

"Mrs. Kitts, if anything should occur to make you think the girl is not safe with you, get her to Malvin's. Your friend,
L. K."

"L. K., Levi Kroge. This is too good to be true. I recognize the rascally janitor's handwriting. Kroge wrote this note, I am sure of that. By the girl he means Marion Oakburn. Since she is no longer at Mrs. Kitts', I suspect she has been sent to Malvin's, in accordance with the janitor's instructions."

"Thus said Paxton:

"Malvin! Malvin!" muttered his comrade, reflectively.

"Do you know the place?" asked Paxton.

"The name sounds familiar."

"Remember your memory. Try and recollect if you have any knowledge of the party called Malvin."

Paxton's companion was silent for a moment, and then he exclaimed:

"I have it! I know where Malvin is. This confirms a suspicion of mine."

"Explain. Who is this Malvin? Where does he dwell?"

"He is a man lately from my native city, Philadelphia, who was formerly a criminal. He is said to have reformed, and he came to New York."

"I haven't heard his name in a long time until the other day, when I chanced to see it on a bill-board in the Criminal Court. I asked some questions, and learned that Malvin was in the habit of going to a certain saloon, and it is my suspicion that he is still secretly legged with the dangerous characters of this and other cities. He lives in Harlem, No. 123 street."

"Good. This is most fortunate. My disguise was never due well after all. Now I remember when I called at Ajax Crawley's office I found a letter on his desk addressed to Wilkes Malvin, Harlem, but I do not recollect the street and number," said Paxton.

"Wilkes Malvin is our man," answered the other.

"Then Ajax Crawley has business with him or he would not have addressed him a letter. No time like the present. I'll visit this Malvin as Ajax Crawley," continued Paxton.

The two detectives took a car to Harlem, and soon reached the residence of the man they now believed to be in league with Levi Kroge.

After giving his associate some instructions Paxton rang the bell, and he was admitted to Malvin's house.

Paxton's assistant experienced some misgivings as he saw the door close behind his principal.

Malvin himself admitted Paxton, and, deceived by his perfect disguise, ushered him into the room, addressing him as Ajax Crawley.

He almost instantly located the sound which he had heard, and gained the door upon which someone who occupied the apartment to which he had been pounding.

The detective tried this door, but as he had expected, he found it locked.

He had to wait a bunch of keys in anticipation of such emergencies as this, and with the aid of a key of this bunch, he was not long in opening the door.

Quickly he stepped inside, closed the door, and locked his back against it.

Paxton found himself in a small windowed room, face to face with Marion Oakburn.

In the character of Ajax Crawley the detective was not calculated to inspire confidence.

Of course Marion did not penetrate his disguise.

At his appearance she retreated with an exclamation of fear.

Her face was deathly pale, and her features wore an expression of fright.

"Hello!" cried Paxton, and then in a low voice he told Marion who he was.

She uttered a glad exclamation as she recognized his natural tone of voice.

"Oh, how thankful I am that you have come! I prayed for deliverance, for I am a prisoner held a captive here by some wretched man. You must save me. I am ready to explain all you wish to know. I will correct a terrible mistake. I will save Stuart Harland's life," said Marion, in intense tones that thrilled her hearer.

It seemed that in the excitement of the moment the words rushed from her lips unbidden, and that she scarcely realized their import.

She trembled from head to foot.

"Paxton answered her hastily:

"You may depend upon me to save you if I can. You can repay me by lifting the veil of mystery which has shrouded your conduct. Come, we will attempt to escape from this house without delay, while the inmates are at table."

He cautiously opened the door and listened.

Still the sound of loud voices, laughter and the merry clink of glasses was wafted to his ears from the dining hall, where the revelry was still going on.

Paxton took Marion's hand, saying:

"We must not make a sound."

They stole from the room, and gained the second story.

Here they paused for a moment, and then descended the stairs leading to the front door.

But fortune declared against them.

As they gained the foot of the stairs, a negro came out of the dining-room and saw them. The servant turned back to the dining-room door and shouted an alarm.

Instantly Malvin and his guests came rushing into the hall.

Malvin and the detective had gained the street door, but it was doubly locked and bolted.

There was no time to open it, for the key had been removed.

"What is this a traitor in camp!" shouted Malvin, and he and Levi Kroge rushed at Paxton.

The odds were more than three to one against the detective, including the servants.

"If I seem to desert you now, it is that I may live to save you," whispered Paxton to Marion.

Then he wade a leap through a door in the side of the hall leading to the front parlor, just as his foes were about to close in upon him.

At that moment of peril (though thought rapidly, and he had resolved upon a desperate attempt at escape.

Closing the door of the parlor he overturned a table against it with a crash and sprang to the window, which he opened as Malvin and his confederates burst into the room.

But the way of escape was not yet open to Paxton.

A pair of heavy shutters barred his flight through the window.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Meanwhile Paxton's assistant, who had remained in the street, became in a dazed and dazed condition in his perplexity as he listened to the commotion which was taking place in Malvin's house.

He heard men's angry voices, the slamming of doors, and a heavy crash as if a table had been overturned. In the din a woman's voice rang out in a frightened scream.

"Why does he not give the signal if he needs me? The last instruction he gave me was not to show myself unless I heard his whistle," thought the detective's assistant.

An instant subsequently, with a crash, the blind which protected the front window of Malvin's residence was dashed open, and through the opening a dark form leaped down ten feet to the pavement below.

"Paxton!" exclaimed the detective's assistant, recognizing his principal.

The latter had alighted on his feet unharmed.

At the instant when the enemies he had encountered in the house were rushing at him in the parlor after he had opened the window, he sprang back, and taking a running leap crashed through the intricately fashioned blinds, as we have seen.

Marion Oakburn uttered the shriek which Paxton's assistant had heard.

While Malvin, Kroge, and the other white men pursued the detective, in obedience to an order from Kroge, two of the colored servants had seized Marion and dragged her back to the room whence she had escaped. Then it was she uttered a scream of terror.

Marion's despairing cry rang in the detective's ear, and the thought that he was powerless to render her assistance almost maddened him.

If those miscreants harm one hair of her head they shall pay dearly for their work!" he cried.

Paxton saw that the street, which was an isolated one, was deserted.

No police assistance was at hand, and yet he knew that only prompt and rapid action could avail to accomplish his purpose, which was the rescue of Marion and the capture of Levi Kroge.

He did not pause an instant.

Watch the house and shadow the villains if they attempt to remove the girl," he said, and then he darted away.

He was going for help, as his assistant understood.

fearing to call the attention of the police, they re-entered the house and closed the door.

"The fellow will return with help. He'll be sure to search the house. The girl must be hurried away, and I must not delay in fleeing myself," said Kroge.

"You are right. The girl must not be found here," assented Malvin.

His guest hurried away.

Some of them wished to be present when the man who had occupied the room with the police, as they believed he soon would do.

Paxton's assistant saw the men leave the house, but he did not desert his post.

Malvin was a man of resource and forethought. He instructed one of his guests before the fellow left, to send a cab in haste from the nearest stand.

A few moments subsequently, a carriage was driven up to the door of the house.

Paxton's auxiliary was on the alert too.

"They mean to carry Marion Oakburn away in this carriage," he said mentally.

Even while this thought was in his mind, the door was unlocked, and he saw a female form carried by two men, one of whom he recognized as Levi Kroge, brought out of the house and placed in the carriage.

The janitor and the other entered the vehicle with their captive, and it was rapidly driven away.

The detective's agent said to himself: "I'll try the old dodge."

He immediately pursued the carriage, and sprang upon the rear springs, when he came off with the girl, and Sayer had followed them," cried Paxton.

His assistant on the present occasion was the man Sayer, whom he had occasion to previously name.

Although Paxton was quite confident that it would be a fruitless proceeding, he determined to search the house.

In answer to his demand for admission a colored man opened the door.

This one negro was the only person found in the house and from him Paxton was unable to gain any information.

As he was about to enter the house, he turned to the whereabouts of any of the recent inmates of the house.

"There is nothing for it but to return to my office and await Sayer's return. He will tell Marion Oakburn to the new address," ordered Malvin, and he was talking, cried Paxton when the search of the house was concluded.

He dismissed the police and returned to his own quarters.

Meanwhile, but a few moments after Paxton and the police left Malvin's, Sayer, who had sufficiently recovered to do so, returned to his old hiding place in the alley.

The blow which he had received had been dealt by Levi Kroge. The janitor (discovered him) on the carriage system, and climbing his pistol, he reached through the window in the rear of the vehicle, and dealt the blow which felled the detective's agent to the ground.

After waiting in the alley for a reasonable time, he saw Sayer, who had been hit by the man who had missed his principal, and so he made his way to the office and reported.

Paxton's disappointment may be imagined.

"We have lost the trail completely this time, unless the carriage and the driver of the vehicle can be identified. Did you notice the number of the cab?" he asked.

"Yes. It was number 1111."

"Find that cab in the morning, and then report," ordered Paxton, and then he dismissed his agent.

Sayer made an investigation relating to the discovery of cab No. 1111, and the result was that he obtained trustworthy information that the cab he missed under that number was not out at all the preceding night.

The detective's agent was forced to the conclusion that the cab in which Marion had been carried away was one of those unlicensed vehicles called "Night Hawks," which are licensed by the city and are driven by night, and upon which a different number is traced every night, or even more frequently, in order to battle the police.

As usual Paxton received a call from his post, Mr. Stanmore, the next day, and the case increased the situation now presented by the perplexing mystery in which they were both so deeply interested.

Stanmore seemed even more anxious than ever for Marion's safety.

Paxton's assistant, despite her investigations conducted at the house of Mrs. Kitts, the cashier's daughter was now really a captive in the power of Levi Kroge and his confederates.

"I know she had been abducted," cried Stanmore.

Then Paxton told him of his brief interview with Marion in Malvin's house, and he repeated her words exactly.

Stanmore sprang to his feet and excitedly made the transit of the room several times while he muttered: "I would give all my fortune to save her!"

"Ah!" thought Paxton. "I wonder what your secret is, friend Stanmore. It's clear you take a surprising interest in this girl. If I mistake not there is a mystery of the past behind your conduct."

Stanmore knew not that his thoughts had found expression in words.

The interview lasted for one time.

While Paxton and his agent were therefore continuing the quest for Levi Kroge and Marion Oakburn, Stuart Harland was wandering about the city day and night, hoping he might chance to meet the supposed assassin who had exchanged words with him on the railway train.

ENGLISH statesmen are trying to find some means of protecting that country from typhus from America. The best way would be a thorough inspection of her emigrants to this country to prevent it being carried over here.

Children's Column



The Young Folks.

What's the use, Ed like to know, of a boy who is quiet and grim? If a boy must mind his job and a girl ought to be her instead of him.

It's the girls that should sit still and straight that sit they're made for, don't you agree?

While boys must jump and shout and race— It's no use and fun that makes us grow.

They say "You're like your mother, Bob," But that's a great mistake, you see, For she likes gentle, quiet boys like me.

White I—why I like boys like me.

The more we fellows shout and jump, The more we race and tear and climb, The bigger our will grow to be— If you will only give us time.

A good many of our boys who live on the south side have been having a gay time with a little noise-producer called the "screacher." Its name is well earned. No device invented by a boy, not even the "rooster" or the tin horns, ever produced such a variety of outlandish sounds. The screachers are very simply made. All that is required is an old tomato, oyster or baking powder can, a piece of stout string and a lump of resin. A small hole is made in the bottom of the can, the string is threaded through it and a knot tied in the end so that it will not slip out. Then the string is thoroughly wetted. That completes the screacher, or string fiddle.

To play, hold the can in one hand and draw the string sharply through the fingers of the other hand. Of all the old and weird sounds you ever heard it will make the worst. Big boys produce deep bass roars, and little boys produce soprano screeches.—Chicago Record.

To Tell by a Touch.

Did you ever think how much each of your senses help all of the others? You think you can, for instance, tell a good deal by the feeling of things. Try it sometime. Blindfold one of your friends and then allow him to touch his finger to various objects—a book, a shoe, an apple, an orange, a piece of metal, iron, plaster, a bedquilt—and see how many of them he can guess. Of course he is only to touch them—not to handle them, for by handling them he could no doubt guess their identity from their shape or weight. You will be surprised to see how few things he knows directly by the sense of touch.

This feeling makes an excellent evening game. Blindfold a whole party of boys and girls and then let them feel the objects in turn. Their guesses will come in a mad and haphazard way for the half of the party which is not blindfolded. If there happens to be a blind person in the company, he will surprise you by showing how many more things he knows by touch than the others.—Chicago Record.

Jumping "Double Dutch."

It is pleasant to see the little girls in public squares or on private sidewalks in quiet parts of the city, says the Philadelphia Record, busy with their jumping ropes. They never seem to weary of it, and work infinite variety of steps. "Soft, pepper, vinegar, mustard," cry the little maidens, industriously turning the skipping ropes and leaping backward and forward over the flying line. The rope is waved faster and faster as the comments increase in fierceness. Back door or front door is the mandate of the jumper commanding the turners to turn the rope either away from or toward the jumper. At the signal, "My little cup and saucer must go over my head," the jumping maiden alternately stomps and raises her head.

But the triumph of the rope-skipper is in going through the motion called "Double Dutch." This is a feat at which little brothers or boy cousins look at with respectful admiration. Two ropes are turned at the same time, one in each direction, and real skill is required to jump over them without tripping or catching one's foot in the flying rope. To jump Double Dutch is the top and crown of the little maiden's ambition in this direction.

Card Wanted on Average.

Our school is a boarding school—that is, one kind of boarding school. The pupils mostly come from distant towns, but instead of all being boarded in a large dormitory they are placed in private families of the town—usually two, three or four at a house. In order to keep track of the work which the boys are doing it is customary to "take averages" every few weeks. In our school we still have the old-fashioned head-mark system—that is, if a boy stands at the head of his class a day without missing a question he is put up to the front and work his way to the head again. A record of these "head marks" is kept, and taking averages simply means getting the average number received at a house. This is done by adding up all received by the boys at the house and dividing by the number of boys boarding there.

There is always great rivalry among the boys, for each wants his house to be first. One day not long ago when they were taking the averages—and it

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

It is a preventive. Brass and iron bedsteads are supposed to be irrepellent so far as any insect trouble is concerned, but even they are sometimes invaded from walls and baseboards in old houses. Many of the ordinary cleaners are impossible because of their corrosive qualities. One, however, which will not rust iron, and whose efficiency may be relied upon, is benzene collas. This is rather an expensive drug, but well worth its price on occasions.

Hint About Cooking to Milk. New potatoes and new peas are dishes that all delight in, but many a housewife finds to her sorrow that on warm nights these delicious vegetables will not keep till morning even, if they have been cooked in milk. There is something in the atmosphere that sours the not always good milk in a short time, naturally added by the little flour that goes to thicken the gravy. There is a way to obviate this. Of course, neither peas nor potatoes should be cooked to a mush, and even if out in dice the potatoes should retain their shape. Just as soon as the meal is over turn the peas and potatoes into a fire-colerator, and pour a lot of boiling water over them. This will wash away all the thickened milk, and you can safely eat the vegetables in a cool place, to use for the next meal, or for soup or salad. If you want to serve in milk again, treat them as though they were just cooked ready for the gravy, and season them again.—Washington Star.

Sweeping Hints. Before sweeping everything that can be removed from the room in the way of furniture and ornaments should first be carefully brushed and dusted and then be taken into the hall or into another room. The remainder of the furniture should be covered, and if the curtains are not taken down they should be pinned up short, or the ends put into linen bags.

Salt brightens and cleans the carpet beautifully, but it absorbs moisture and rusts the tacks. As long as there is any salt left in the carpet, and it is extremely difficult to sweep it all up, just so long will there be moisture collecting.

Always sweep in one direction with a short, hard stroke. Cover the broom with a flannel cloth and wipe the walls with a downward stroke. Sweep out the corners with a corn broom. While the dust is settling wash the windows and the wood work. Then go over the carpet with a cloth dipped in ammonia and water.

All the brushes and stools belonging to the fireplace should have been cleaned in the laundry.

The brushes and brooms should be kept scrupulously clean by washing. Ammonia is cheap and the best thing to use. Do not get the brushes wet where the bristles go into the wood; it loosens the bristles and takes off the varnish. The water should be merely lukewarm, and the brushes should stand in it for at least half an hour, after which they should be thoroughly rinsed and hung up to dry. Brushes should never be allowed to dry near the heat, but always in a cool place.

The cloths used for ceiling and waxing the floors should be kept clean by soaking them for half an hour in a solution of sal soda. The water should be hot, and the cloths should be finally rinsed in the water that has a little fat in it, generally using two table-spoonsful of oil to two quarts of water.

Marble should be washed with a soft rag and soap and water and wiped dry. Stains can be taken out with sand soap or pumice stone. Marble workers use pumice stone. The slightest bit of acid on marble eats into it at once. Marble is the most difficult thing to deal with. If there is a coating of grease on it, make a strong solution of washing soda thickened with fuller's earth and let the mixture stand on the stain a day or two. Treat the floor in the same way as you do marble, and wipe the brooms with a cloth slightly wetted with oil.

Strawberries. Select large crimson berries, hold by stem and dip in powdered sugar, one by one, serve uncapped.

Strawberries and Whipped Cream—Sift powdered sugar over a layer of hulled and washed berries in deep dish, cover with berries again, then with sugar till nearly filled. Pour over a large cup of whipped cream with the whites of two eggs and two table-spoonsful of powdered sugar. Serve at once.

Strawberries and Oranges—Cover a quart of berries with powdered sugar, pour over half a teaspoon orange juice and serve at once.

Strawberry Mould—Put berries in a jar and place in a hot water till juice flows free strain. Have a half cupful of sugar soaked for an hour in just water enough to cover. Boil the sugar in a quart of the fruit juice until thick like jelly. Pour into moulds put in cold place, and serve with sugar and whipped cream.

Strawberry Custard—Make a boiled custard with the yolk of five eggs, a quart of milk, half a cupful sugar and little flavoring. Crush and strain one pint of berries, mix in half cup of powdered sugar, and gradually beat this into the well-beaten whites of four eggs with two or three table-spoonsful of sugar. Serve the custard in shallow dishes with two table-spoonsful of the fruit upon each.

Strawberry Pudding—Mash fresh berries and sweeten to taste. Spread on slices of light bread, and pile in dish. Pour over the whole thin cream sufficient to moisten well; cut into pieces and serve. A simple custard may be used in place of cream.

A Four Musketeer.

The Merchant. Did he kick at the ball?

The Collector (triumphantly).—Perhaps, but that was 't where his foot landed.