



A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

After a pause, which continued for some time, John Oakburn nodded the seventy-eight thousand dollars of his employer's money, which by chance he had brought with him, and placing it in my hands, he said:

"Take it. It is the price you demand for your son's liberation. This is my employer's money, but I will replace it with my own money, which is in my little private safe."

"Then John Oakburn's little safe was robbed on the night of the murder?" exclaimed Paxton.

"After this we permitted Reid Oakburn to go away with his father. First, however, we gave him one thousand dollars of the marked money to continue his flight with."

"In former days in Kansas City, Kedge and Reid Oakburn were great friends, as I happen to know, because Kedge was then employed by me. Kedge objected to taking part in any scheme against Reid, but his love of money was greater than his friendship, and he consented finally when we profited him a share of the money we wrung from Oakburn. Now I have told you the whole story, and every word of it is the truth."

"That Pratt and Stannard were both convinced from Pratt's manner that his story was not a fabrication, surprising as his statement was."

"After this Pratt wrote out a document which was signed by me, and a plain explanation of how Stannard had been made the dupes of the prime swindlers, and which proved his entire innocence of the swindle, at the head of which he had been placed by Pratt and Weeks."

"When the paper had been read and approved by Stannard, a message was sent by Weeks, who soon put in an appearance. The situation was explained to him, and, making a virtue of necessity, he signed Stannard's vindication with his partner."

"After this the two swindlers were permitted to go."

"Faxon and Stannard at once repaired to a police station, where the man who exchanged overtures with Stuart Harland had been lodged to a cell by the agent who had arrested him."

"His name was told me by Pratt's confession, and he continued the broker's story perfectly. In conclusion he said:

"I am your man, I am an employer, I have appropriated my employer's money for my own use, I have betrayed a sacred trust. I have kept it a secret that I had saved a large sum of money, and that it was in my little safe. My story will not be credited. I will not live to suffer this credit, disgrace, I whose one wish was to live an honest man, and dying leave a spotless reputation. I will die by my own hand."

"It was like that he went on, I almost remember his exact words. Then he seized a pen and began to write. I watched him breathlessly, and had in my hand a revolver, and I had in my hand a pistol. I resolved to save his life, to prevent his committing suicide."

"When he had written for some time, he came to his feet again, and took out a pistol. He carried the weapon into the outer office, and I heard him say:

"I will kill myself in ten minutes."

"I saw him sit down, pistol in hand, and watch the clock. The time was almost up, and I was about to rush out and shoot him, when he threw down the pistol saying, 'I am afraid.' I saw that he trembled from head to foot. After that he passed the room for a moment or so, but finally he picked up the pen and wrote a few lines. Then as if he had decided, he picked up the pistol again."

"I cannot face the weapon. The sight of the pistol unnerves me. If I could not see it, I might have the nerve to pull the trigger."

"Then I took up the pistol once more, opened a drawer and took out a ball of twine. Tying one end of the twine to the trigger of the pistol, after cocking it, I placed the twine in a bracket at the side of the door, where there had been a lamp, and with the cord in his hand walked back to the table."

"Before I could prevent it, and before I fully comprehended what he intended to do he pulled the string attached to the trigger, the weapon, which was an air pistol, was discharged, which report Oakburn fell dead, that through the back of the head. In his fall he overturned the table."

"I sprang forward and secured the paper which he had written, for I surmised it was a statement that he had committed suicide."

"Then I left the office as I had entered it, taking care to close the window and the blind behind me. I had an idea that the suicide's last written words might be of value in my case. I was surprised, and the result proves that I was right, said Kedge."

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There is no man accused of my murder. To the care of the good Lord I commend my daughter, whom I love, and it is my prayer that she may believe that I am unfortunate, not dishonored.

JOHN OAKBURN.

"This letter had been written by John Oakburn there could be no doubt. 'I was, indeed, on a false trail, but the fact that the shot which killed Oakburn was clearly fired from a distance caused every one to exclude the possibility of suicide from the case,' said Paxton."

The detective began to think the mystery of Marlon's conduct was clearing up.

"To shield her father's memory from dishonor and disgrace, the noble girl who must have first discovered her father when Stuart Harland saw her stealthily leaving the office, removed the pistol with which he killed himself, and destroyed every evidence that might point to suicide, so that the impression might be given that he had been murdered and robbed. She is a true heart. She was, indeed, inspired by a noble purpose," said Kedge."

"You have stated the truth, I firmly believe," said Stannard.

"Yes, you have hit it just, Marlon Oakburn is as innocent as you are. As you say, she wanted to save her father's memory from dishonor," said Kedge."

"But what about the money you stole? You haven't told us where to find that," said the detective.

"I've spent about three thousand dollars of it, and the rest is hid. It's safe, you can bet on that. Don't fret about it. I mean to make a bargain with you, answered the second, with a cunning leer."

"In what way?"

"Promise me I'll be discharged and I'll give up the money."

"Well, no about that," said Paxton.

"Yes, Marlon must be consulted," said Stannard.

"I reckon the girl will be glad to consent to let up on me when she knows of the money," said Kedge. "Now you understand my remarks which puzzled you heretofore, I take it," he replied.

"I'll do that," replied Paxton, and as he turned to go, he said to Stannard: "After this, some days elapsed, and then to Stannard's inexpressible joy, Marlon's manly took a favorable turn. The physician declared the crime passed, and he gave the assurance that Marlon would recover."

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to warrant it, Stannard told Marlon of the confession made by Pratt and Weeks, and by Levi Kedge, the detective.

"We understand the history of your conduct now. You meant that your father's memory should be shielded. When you knew that he appropriated Garrison's money and committed suicide, you decided that the world should believe he had been robbed and murdered," he said.

"Yes, that is the explanation. But I must tell you all. On the night of my father's death, I became alarmed at his absence, and about midnight I descended to the office, thinking it possible he might be there. He was working in the office in the evening. When I entered the office, I found my father dead on the floor beside him was a short note which he had written a few lines. I remember them well. They were as follows:

"Heaven bear witness that I was in intention innocent, but I have appropriated the seventy-eight thousand dollars belonging to my employer, which I drew from the bank before he was killed. I have decided I shall die by my own hand, but I cannot face the pistol. I shall place it in the bracket by the door and discharge it by means of a string attached to the trigger, while my hand is turned. Farewell, Marlon, my daughter," said Marlon."

"Ah, I understand. While Kedge secured the first message written by your father, he did not find the message which you have repeated," said Stannard.

"When I read my dear father's message, I resolved that he should not be branded as a thief, that his memory should be revered, that he should leave behind him the reputation of a noble man. Now, however, comes Tom Smith, himself an engineer of the highest scientific attainments, and declares that the steel or iron framework must be discarded and solid stone pillars substituted if absolute safety against fire is sought. It is evident that the adoption of Gen. Smith's suggestion would greatly increase the available area in a building as the size of the columns necessary to support a given weight will be greater in stone than if they are made of metal. And as owners seek the maximum amount of income-producing space it is likely that the 'Chicago system' will be adhered to despite this scientific criticism of its quality as a fireproof type of construction."

Business methods have at last been applied to the work of raising money for the Grant monument in New York. Had this been done seven years ago the monument would now be finished, and a pride to New York instead of a disgrace. That city gas as freely to the fund for the relief of Johnston as any other in the country. There was method in the management of that fund. There were committees to solicit subscriptions from all departments of trade, and a large amount of money was raised in a very short time. The same method is to be applied to the Grant monument subscription, and if it be thorough, the different committees ought to raise the money necessary to complete the monument in a few weeks."

James of Birmingham promises to exhibit at the World's Fair a scale made of madiagony and aluminum. It will be gold mounted and otherwise got up without regard to expense, and anybody who knows James knows that he is able to pay the freight on it."

EVERY year a layer of the sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back through rivers."

REV. JOSEPH COOK has been struck with gleam of common sense. He says that Sunday newspapers are published to make money."

Children's Column.



Home Measurements.
Take the ruler and lay it flat.
Count the inches all the way.
One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she.
"You are," said she.
Then he smiled and smiled at me—
smiled at all my three-year grin.

Brother suggested I ought to be
"Try, try, try it down."
"Take the ruler and lay it flat."
"Count the inches all the way."
"One and two and three."

Mum said, "I'll be a three-year grin
Than a little half-inch grin."
—Neil McElhenny, in St. Nicholas.

Camelets in the Snow.
Troops of camelets, brought from
Mongolia, are employed in winter to
carry supplies and materials to and
from the gold placers of eastern
Siberia, and the spectacle presented
by a long line of these "ships of the
desert," trailing solemnly across the
snows of a Siberian steppe, is de-
scribed as extremely singular. Camelets
require only about half as much daily
food as horses, but on the other hand
they have to be liberally supplied with
salt. Where the country is so
cold that neither roads nor tracks
exist, reindeer are employed instead
of horses or camels, and they find
their own living route, by uncovering
beds, beneath the snow, a kind of gray
lichen on which they are able to subsist.

A Princess Longed for a Playfellow.
There is an article written by James
Cassidy in St. Nicholas on the "Gard-
hood days of England's Queen," Mr.
Cassidy says:

There were in the life of the prin-
cesses, when she longed for com-
panions of her own age. Her mother,
governess, and governess, was very
tender and gentle with her, and con-
sented often how best to make up for
this lack. Once the princess, it is
said, thinking to please her daughter,
sent for a noted child performer of
the day, called Lyra, that she might
amuse the princess with some remark-
able performances on the harp. On one
occasion," writes the biographer,
"while the young musician was play-
ing one of her favorite airs, the
princess, perceiving how deeply her
daughter's attention was engrossed by
the music, left the room for a few
minutes. When she returned she
found the harp deserted. The princess
of England had begun the juvenile
instrument from her instrument by the
display of some of her costly toys,
and the children were discovered, seated
at the harp, and surrounded by a
state of high enjoyment, surrounded
by the princess's playthings, from
which she was making the most
liberal selections for the acceptance of
poor little Lyra."

Made a Leopard His Pet.
Of all the cut-throat leopards are
the easiest to tame if they are captured
when young. Thirty years ago a
curious and well known sign of the
streets of Berlin was Von der Mad-
lern with his tame leopard. Baron
von der Madlern, when a young man,
was several years German consul in
Egypt. While there an Arab pros-
trated him with a young leopard. It
was only a few days old, its eyes not
open yet. The young baron deter-
mined to make a pet of the leopard
and trained it to do as he pleased.

The leopard was never confined in a cage
but was always allowed full liberty
and was well fed and petted. He
grew big and fat and a handsome
creature, one of the largest of his
species, and was finely marked.
When he had been in Von der Mad-
lern's possession about two years the
baron was recalled to Berlin and took
the animal back with him. In Berlin
the leopard occupied the same place
in his master's house that he had
done before, and followed the baron
about the streets in the same way.

At first sight of the creature, still
lingering solemnly along beside the man
controlled quite a sensation in the city
and people crowded to see them pass.
But it grew to be an every day matter,
which only attracted occasional notice
from strangers or children. The
animal lived to be about fifteen years
old, and died much lamented by all
who knew him. —Our Animal Friends.

A Lass.
It was while little Myrtle and her
mother were at the country hotel last
summer that Myrtle one day came
into her mother's room flushed and
angry.

"You will have to buy me a new
hair brush, mamma," she said, "mine
is gone."

"That beautiful carved ivory brush
that grandma gave you?" asked her
mother. "Have you broken it? Prob-
ably I can have it mended, and I had
better give you a plainer one to use."

"It is all in tiny bits, mamma,"
said Myrtle. "And I broke it on pur-
pose."

"You will have to explain, Myrtle,"
said mamma.

"Mamma," said Myrtle, sitting
down upon a cushion at her mother's
feet, "you know that you told me
to brush my hair a great deal, and that
it was nice to brush it sometimes in
the sunlight, and where the air could
blow through it. So today, as there

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

To Restore Scoured Linen.
To restore scoured linen take two
ounces, peel and slice them, and ex-
tract the juice by squeezing or pound-
ing. Then cut up half an ounce of
white soap and add two ounces of bul-
ler's earth; mix with them the onion
juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil
this composition well and spread it
when cool over the scoured part of
the linen, leaving it to dry thereon.
Afterwards wash out the linen.

How to Pack Butter.
A butter merchant says to those
who are packing for the winter sea-
son:

"Wooden tubs or boxes into which
butter is to be packed (unless there is
to be a parchment paper lining) should
be steamed for several minutes, then
filled with clean, cold water and left
to stand. While wet they should be
rubbed inside down with a clean rag,
and turned inside down on a clean sur-
face until to be used. This has been
well done them from extra salt and pre-
vent their getting rancid."

"Pack the butter solid and cover
with new cloth cut to the size of the
top and set in frame. Cover this with
a thin layer of dry salt and add the
cork cover." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Keeping the House Free from Flies.
As flies are very fruitful and con-
siderable very hard to keep them out
of the house. Cover all windows
and doors with netting. If you can
not afford frames take the netting over
the windows outside. This is a very
good way. It allows one to lower
the window from the top as well as
lift it from the bottom, making better
ventilation. If door frames are not
to the top of the door casing. At the
bottom hem at the bottom way out.
If the flies are not to be kept out,
it is better to have the netting only
partly in place. If by chance the
children hold the doors open for a mo-
ment, allowing flies to enter, place a
little sticky fly paper here and there,
or when you darken the room leave a
crack of sunshine at any open window
or door; the flies will in a moment
follow the light and may then be easily
brushed out of the room. Ladies'
Home Journal.

How to Wash Blankets.
Woolen blankets seldom look the
same after they are washed. They
turn yellow and lose their once dainty
brightness.

There is great diversity of opinion
among experts as to whether the wash-
ing water should be cold, warm or hot.
Some prefer one, some another, but
practice makes but little differ-
ence, provided you do not change the
temperature, for that will thicken the
blanket, making it stiff and hard. Put
water, however, wash them clean.
Soft water and the best of soap should
be used. If the water is hard, use a
little ammonia to soften it, then make
a good suds with very soap. Rub
the blanket back and forth, up and
down, but do not wring hard. Then put
it into another suds of the same temper-
ature, wash as before, squeeze, then
rinse in the clearest water heated to
some temperature as the first.

Have a strong line, where the blank-
et may catch all the sunshine possi-
ble and be well shaken by the wind
also. Throw just enough of the blank-
et over the line that it may be washed
thoroughly at the upper edge. Stretch
it fully and hang a few times to get
the wrinkles out, that it may dry
straight.

All this work should be done rapidly,
for the blanket should not soak.
More than one blanket may be washed
in the same water. When dry they
will be as new and should be folded very
tender and packed away. —New Eng-
land Homestead.

Recipes.
Fried Cakes. —Take one cup
of a half of sugar, one cup of
soda and one-half cup of butter, and one
cup of soda, and mix with one
cup of flour; use enough flour to roll
out evenly.

Sausage Pie. —Line a pie-pastry
with cold butter, and mix with
cold water with just as for an ordinary
pie. Bake and serve with baked
potatoes and fried apples. It is nice
cold. The sausage should not be very
lean.

Sweet Apple Relish. —Two gallons
of sweet apples chopped, 12 ounces
chopped, two quarts of vinegar, one
quart of sugar, two tablespoonfuls
of salt, two black peppers, one of cloves,
two of cinnamon, and grind all the
spices together. Mix and stew two
hours, straining often, then boil.

Potato Cheese Pie. —Take a pint of
cold washed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls
of butter, one of grated cheese and a
beaten egg, with a teaspoonful of
salt, mix well, adding a teaspoonful
of salt and a dash of pepper, put in
patty pans and bake ten minutes in
a quick oven. Turn out on a napkin
and serve hot.

Chicken Hash. —Chop bits of cold
boiled chicken rather fine. To each
pint allow scant half-pint of well
made hot cream sauce; mix the two
together; add a teaspoonful of salt,
a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and
a dash of pepper; stand the whole
over hot water until well heated.
Serve on squares of nicely toasted
bread.

Rice Buns. —Cream four tablespoonfuls
with well rounded of butter, add
three-fourths of a cupful of castor sugar
and four eggs well beaten. Mix
into three-fourths of a pint of flour,
two tablespoonfuls of baking powder
and six ounces of ground rice. Flavor
with the juice of a lemon, beat well,
put into patty tins and bake from ten
to fifteen minutes in a brisk oven.