

SMOKE T & B TUCKETTS

THE SLEUTH

"Say, you're ain't waitin' for no guy here are you?"

Neil felt relieved. "What's that to you?" he asked.

"Cause if you was, I might put you wise."

"Well, I am," said Neil.

"What's his name?"

"No, sir! I'm a fly guy, I am. You tell me. Tell me what letter it begins with, anyhow."

"H."

The boy's face cleared. "If for Hartigan," he said, "That's right! Guy will fit, check and red neck."

"Sounds like him," said Neil.

"Come on, then."

"Come on a minute. Did he send you for me?"

"Sure! Said to tell you he couldn't come to meet you, and promised me a quarter if I'd bring you where he was. I thought maybe it was a stall, so I went to go to get anything on, see?"

"Where is he?" asked Neil.

"Back room of a saloon on Twelfth street."

"Alone?"

"Sure!"

Neil debated inwardly what this might mean. It seemed unlikely that Hartigan should have found him out while they were parted, and if he had, surely he would never send an emissary from whom he might take warning. It must be something else that had kept him. Anyhow Neil had been taking news from the beginning, and in his difficult circumstances there was nothing for it but to continue to take them.

"Lead on, Macduff!" he said.

"My name's Mulligan," answered the guide.

The found Hartigan as the boy had promised, in the back room of a saloon on the corner of Twelfth street and Sixth avenue. A single glance in the ex-policeman's face reassured Neil. Hartigan's confidence in his young friend was so far undisturbed.

He was the only occupant of the room. Out of deference to the day the blinds were pulled down, and the electric lights turned on.

Hartigan sat by a window with a glass of beer and a leathery sandwich before him—the latter out of respect to that strange law which ordains that men may not drink without also eating on a Sunday. The window looked out on Twelfth street, and Hartigan was continually peering around the edge of the blind. Elation was writ large on his sanguine features.

"Hey, boy!" he cried. "Good work! Good work!"

"What is it?" asked the startled Neil.

"Wait a minute!" He was mysterious. He dismissed the boy with his quarter, and waited until the lad was out of the place.

"Now, sit down," said Hartigan. "What'll you have?" Again he peered around the blind.

A vague anxiety was gnawing Neil. "Oh, never mind that," he said. "What's up?"

"I'll tell you!" said Hartigan impressively. "You were right, friend! Neil Ottoway didn't kill Caspar Tolson no more than you did it!"

Neil's heart went up with a bound. "I certainly am obliged to you for the tip," Hartigan went on. "It was a woman done it!"

Neil's joy collapsed like a pricked balloon.

"Let me tell you," the ex-policeman went on, peering into the street. "Soon as I left you yesterday I traced

that telephone call. Seven-ten-eight p. m. Tuesday was the time. I found it came from a drug-store on Fourteenth street, just west of the avenue. They have a couple of booths there. Well, I got hold of the clerk who was on duty at that time, and he gave it to me straight. It was a girl that called Tolson up. She had been in the store before. Seems she was a good-looking girl, and the clerk had tried to make up to her before and got turned down. That's what flattered it in his mind. He was sore on her. Give me a first-rate description."

Neil scarcely needed to ask what it was.

"About five foot four, twenty-one or twenty-two years old, weight a hundred and thirty. Elegant shape, neither fat nor skinny, but round-looking," he said. Dressed mostly in black, but not mourning like. Brown eyes, creamy skin, and thick, shiny brown hair. High-arched eyebrows which give her a kind of funny, surprised look. Has a kind of high and mighty look, no ner, and never smiles at nobody."

Neil felt a little sick at heart.

"Well, soon as I got that," Hartigan went on with unctuous. "I went over to 21 to talk to Mine. de la Warr—smart woman that, me and her's real good friends. She was the one that called me in Thursday night, member?"

"I read it," said Neil.

"Well, without tellin' her anything I knew, I described the girl and asked if she'd ever seen anything like that around the place. Sure!" she says. "That's the girl artist upstairs. Calls herself Rose Raleigh. The madame, it seems, didn't think much of her; kind of sniffed—you know how it is with women."

"Well, I let no time goin' upstairs, but I sneaked the bird had flew. Through the post-office I traced her to 52 West Twelfth street, which is right across the way there—a rooming house. She made it easy for me because she didn't change her name. She's home now. Just saw her go in. File the description to a T."

"But—what are you going to do about her?" faltered Neil.

"Do," echoed Hartigan. "I'm going to nab her, quick! I want you to watch for me, just for three minutes, while I go down to Jefferson Market Court and get some fellow I know who's on duty. Come up, to come up and arrest her for me. Huh! I guess they'll have to bend it to Hartigan!"

Neil, gasping, so to speak, spurred wildly for time. "But man, you can't

thin as if it had been squeezed under heavy lateral pressure. The effect was heightened by the round arches over all the narrow windows. The old house seemed to be saying, "Oh, as if the pressure hurt. There was a fence in front, of iron under a hundred coats of paint, with a gate which opened with a wheeze and shut with a clang like a cracked bell."

Neil stood in the vestibule, suffering a very torment of impatience. He had a vivid mental picture of Hartigan hurrying to his destination and burrying back, while he was compelled to stand still. Would they never come? More time would surely be lost inside. He rang thrice.

The door was finally opened by a fat woman with a hard eye. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded crossly.

"Does Miss Rose Raleigh live here?" asked Neil breathlessly.

He made no pretence of concealing his agitation, but there was no infecting this mountain of flesh. She looked him up and down deliberately before replying, "She does."

"I want to see her. It's very important! Tell me her room and I'll go right up."

The fat woman blocked the door. The malignant creature pressed her to madden him, and became slower and slower. "Not in my house," she drawled. "I don't know you. I'll tell her myself."

"For God's sake, hurry!" cried Neil. "Tell her to put on her hat so she won't have to go back after it."

"What name shall I say?" asked the woman heavily. She afflicted Neil like some horrible nightmare shape.

"Never mind the name!" he cried. "She will know who it is."

Clearly, she would have liked to close the door in his face, but she did not quite dare. Neil came into the hall. She commenced to raise her enormous bulk up the stairs a step at a time. Neil watched her, grinding his teeth. Meanwhile he was making

desperate, futile calculations of the number of steps it would take Hartigan to reach Jefferson Market Court and return.

"I suppose Laura lives on the top floor!" he thought with an inward groan.

However, the fat lady proved to have no intention of putting herself to the trouble of more than one flight. From the landing overhead Neil heard her call: "Miss Raleigh!" and presently heard the dear and silver reply that made his heart jump: "What is it?"

In accents of strong scorn: "Here's a young man asking for you. He says it's important, and to bring your hat."

There was no stupid antagonism in Laura's actions. Almost instantly and with blessed relief Neil heard her flying stairs, the stairs, nearer and nearer down three flights, swift and sure as a sandpiper's run on the beach. She rounded the top of the last flight and his heart leaped up to meet her; in sorrow or in joy, in danger or in safety, he loved her so!

Her face changed upon beholding him and he saw that he was not the one she expected to see there; but she was glad or sorry he could not tell.

She became alert, composed and unsmiling; she was pinning her hat as she came. The landlady, anxious to hear Neil's communication, followed at a surprisingly rate for her; but Laura reached Neil well in advance. She asked no questions, save with her grave, deep eyes.

"You must get away quickly," Neil whispered. "The police are coming here. They tracked you through the telephone message. Not an instant to lose!"

"The telephone message!" she whispered with a catch in her breath. She gave him a poignant look.

Something deep in him answered the look quicker than thought. "I do not doubt you."

Her eyelids dropped like winged birds. "How about you?" she whispered.

"I'm safe for the present. Call me up later at Gimpy's Hotel, Coney Island. Ask for Archie Tinning. Will you remember that?"

"Gimpy's Hotel, Coney Island, Archie Tinning," she repeated, moving toward the door first, said Neil.

"Let me go out first," said Neil.

He looked out. The way was still clear. It was about fifty steps to the corner of Sixth avenue.

"Come ahead," he said. "Go toward Fifth. Walk quickly, but not too quickly. Don't look behind you."

She nodded, sparing unnecessary words.

As he pushed open the wheezy gate Hartigan and a portly friend in blue hove around the corner, walking importantly. They were heading for the saloon across the street, but in-

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arrest her on the evidence of that telephone call alone!"

"Oh, I ain't told you all yet," said Hartigan. "I searched her room good, top floor front hall room at 21. Looked to me like somebody'd been scrubbing the floor of her clothes closet. I scraped some dirt out of the cracks and took it to a chemist. He says it's blood, all right. I picked up some hair, too; short gray hairs. The microscope will prove if they come out of the dead man's head. My theory is young Ottoway was stuck on the girl and he offered to dispose of the body for her."

Neil silently cursed the stupid fat man's shrewdness. A clever man would never have hit on anything so simple as the truth. "But now you've spotted her," he said, "you're safe. Don't risk the whole thing by acting too precipitately."

Hartigan was already up. "I'll take my chance," he said. "You sit over here, and don't you take your eyes off that door. If she should come out before I get back, detain her at any cost. Never mind what you say, but don't let her get away. I don't see telephone such a delicate matter, you understand. I got to go in person to get some friend to help me, so there won't be no slip-up. You don't wind doin' this for me, do you?"

"Oh, no, no!" rted Neil. "Go ahead."

"Back inside five minutes," said Hartigan.

In a daze Neil watched him go and watched him to the corner through the crack of the blind. The instant he disappeared in Sixth avenue the young man's sub-consciousness galvanized him into action.

Leaving money on the table to pay for what they had ordered, he hastened out of the place. He darted across the street to the door marked 52 and rang the bell. It was a shabby, old fashioned English basement house, unnaturally tall and

depressed, white and panting, a hunted thing, and dared not look up to see who it was had found her. Neil's heart was wrung at the sight.

"It's I," he whispered swiftly. "Don't give up. Stay where you are for a few minutes. I'll try to lead them away."

She looked at him with eyes full of gratitude.

Neil flung open the door around the corner from her and shouted. Hartigan came vaulting over the parapets with amazing nimbleness. The slat gratings which protected the tin roof creaked and slagged under his flying feet. Neil stood holding the door open in such a way that Hartigan was blocked from looking around the corner, if it occurred to him to do so. Laura was not eighteen inches from where Neil stood.

"She was just inside," said Neil. "She went down when I opened the door."

They plunged down the stairs together. The others on the roof followed at a more discreet pace. Neil contrived to reach the street in advance of Hartigan.

"Where she goes!" he shouted, pointing diagonally across the street into Twelfth street.

(To be continued.)

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AT PRESENT.

In vailings, large open, fashioned and rather bold patterns are favored, but the bold patterns are daintily, not heavily wrought, in the mesh, scroll designs being the favor. Black, brown and taupe veils are considered in best taste.

Fancy checked veils make up into smart chemise blouses.

Flowers of raffle with moss backing, round trim garden hats.

Blue argandie is combined with blue serge.

Bright rose and pumpkin color are favorites for linen frocks.

There are so many bell-shaped sleeves, each layer scalloped and embroidered by Parisians are smartest when simple for street use at least. Handkerchiefs of medium length with wrist loops or ties for easy carrying.

The very latest tub frocks are made of calico.

Flowers made of ribbon decorate organza frocks.

Cost sets are of sheer, fine organza or balise embroidered by hand and trimmed sparingly with flit or Venice lace. Some sets are in triple layers, each layer scalloped and embroidered by hand.

Chemises of flit lace are among the prettiest.

Bloom, bay, chinchilla and deer are names of new colors.

Silk petticoats are gay in color; they strike the dominant note in costumes of rather sombre hues. Soft silks and jersey cloth are to be favored materials and the petticoat that rustles is obsolete.

The fashionable new gray is a misty shade.

DEAFNESS

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A soil which supplies abundant nutriment and moisture is the prime requisite for successful tree culture. In the forest natural conditions are favorable in this respect, but in the open field or town they are frequently quite the reverse. The roots are robbed of the required moisture and air by heavy sod or pavements. To grow trees under such conditions requires scientific care in the way of fertilizing and pruning to maintain proper balance between the roots and the crown or top.

If the nourishment received by the roots is scanty the judicious thinning out of the branches of a tree has much the same effect as soil improvement. A heavy top cannot be adequately nourished by a stunted root growth, and if not pruned the effect is quickly indicated by dying branches here and there, nature's way of maintaining the right balance between root and crown. It is better for the tree to forestall nature in this respect by timely and careful pruning. Dead branches are not only unsightly, but the scars thus left are slow to heal and invite disease and decay.

It's when a fellow has no end in view that he ought to be able to see his finish.

Did a Good Turn For an Old Friend

HOW TWO MEN PROVED THE WORTH OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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