

THE MAIN WITH A THUMB.

BY W. C. HUDSON,

Whose Nom de Plume is Barclay North, Author of "The Diamond Button."

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CHAPTER IV.

"THE HEARING EAR AND THE SEEING EYE."

"Let us find that out first. Whose room is this?" "Who is this?" "Continue."

"The hearing ear and the seeing eye." "Let us find that out first. Whose room is this?" "Who is this?" "Continue."

On the floor lay the body of a gray haired man.

Cathcart made his way hastily to Pine street, where he entered the office of a real estate agent, one who had charge of the Bleeker street property.

"He was willing to tell all he knew, but it was necessary to wait a few weeks previously an elderly woman had called upon him to rent the floor where the murder had taken place. She had said that the necessity of earning an income had caused her to rent the floor."

"When did Miss Anne leave the house?" he asked when she had finished.

"After breakfast yesterday morning." "Was that her usual habit?"

"She goes away at twelve o'clock for a walk, and returns at six."

"Did Mrs. Farish remain at home during this week?"

"No, sir, she would go out later and on the floor lay the body of a gray haired man."

"On hearing the house he saw a group of people gathered at the door of the Bleeker street property. A policeman stood at the foot of the steps, and another guarded the door at the top."

"They have brought the body of the murdered man to the door leading into the parlor."

"He entered. Accustomed as he was to such scenes, this one shocked him."

"On the floor lay the body of a gray haired man, and in the other case, she was water in her blood. The two had been killed in a similar manner."

"The captain had followed him to the house, and he had seen the man. Turning back, he saw the man."

"Mrs. Farish?" "The captain nodded in acquiescence."

"Madame Delamour?" he asked.

"An expression of surprise was seen over the face of the man, and bidding Cathcart follow him, he led the way up stairs and into the front room on the second floor, closing the door after him."

"By what you know about it?" "By what you know about it?"

"What?" asked Cathcart in return.

"By calling Mrs. Farish Madame Delamour."

"How do you know that?" "The same way you do."

"But I don't know it." "The man called on the agent who has charge of the Bleeker street property before I did, and was told the two were one, as I was, Madame Delamour, an assumption which was not made of continuing under a real name, Farish, said, this house."

"Ahi! I was called here before he could report. But who are you? What are you interfering in this case for? What is your name?"

"What?" asked Cathcart, with as near an expression of surprise as he could command.

"I have lived for a year with you in the house, and in the manner as you know."

"No, I don't," replied the captain sternly.

"Not very flattering to my fame," said Cathcart, as he extended a card to the man.

"The man read the card with little more than a year ago."

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been brought to justice from a clew less than this."

"The captain was deeply interested."

"The hand this glove fitted," continued Cathcart, "is that of a working-man, yet one whose bones are naturally large and whose knuckles and joints are prominent."

"See how large and prominent that second joint is! Moreover, the man who wore this glove is a nice dresser—careful about his appearance and the fit of his clothes—a bit of a dandy. He either is or tries to be a gentleman. Now does he spare cost in his clothes. You see the kind of the best quality, but this is the point—that glove was made only for the hand that wore it."

"The peculiarity of the hand is the thumb, which is long and bent backward at the end; it is out of all proportion in its size and length to the fingers. It is almost a deformity. You might examine the hands of all the men in the neighborhood, and you would find no one perfectly the glove has fitted the hand—every finger exactly filled, the thumb-slit—not a wrinkle in the glove. That glove was not by accident or chance, it was made for a general stock in a store."

"So chosen, if it fitted the thumb, would have been too large for the fingers. If it fitted the fingers, the thumb could have gotten in. You wanted to know where to begin your search for the young man who called at stated intervals. There you are. Take care of that glove. Put a bellows over it; it's precious."

"When did you see that?" asked Cathcart.

"Miss Anne's," replied the girl in a faltering voice.

"Who is Miss Anne? Mrs. Farish's daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cathcart handed the picture to the captain, and showing the other to the girl, asked those who were in the room."

"The mother of Miss Anne?"

"Yes, sir."

"Madame Delamour?"

"Yes, neither repeated nor explained the question, but handed this photograph to the captain. Then bidding the girl to stand by in a kindly tone upon the necessity of her discovery of the murder, and without interference permitted her to exhaust her story of the part she had played."

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he could neither obtain the documents nor any money, the latter he learned that Mrs. Farish had gone into business. Believing these documents to be in the possession of the young woman, he visited her at her home, and was admitted, and finding no other way to obtain them, he murdered her and seized them. He finds, however, that he has not all, and he goes to the Sixteenth street office, and demands them and is refused them. He takes them by force, and he now knows that Mrs. Farish will unerringly attribute the murder of the daughter to him and as a matter of self preservation he kills the mother.

"We have the motive for the deed. The criminal is a tall, slim man, with brown hair, who dresses in extreme fashion, and is fastidious and well kept, recognized by a large hand, with prominent joints and knuckles, and whose thumb is so disproportionately large and long as to be almost a deformity. He is a man of about thirty years of age, and in my judgment, is to be found at the address of your father's."

"The old detective looked at the face of Dorison, and for the first time since he had been on the road. Upon it was expressed excitement and admiration. Dorison's eyes burned brightly, his lips were parted, high color was on his face, and he breathed heavily. Something of the fever of the chase was upon him.

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