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THE MAN WITH A THUMB.

BY W. C. HUDSON,

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

coincidence I want you to note. Eight

years ago Mrs. Farish suddenly, giving

years ago your father dies suddenly.

Now another point. One of the slips of

paper in your possession, written by

your father, talks about the misdeeds of

a boy named Harold. This man Lang-

don is called Harry by his associates.

Do you see where we are slowly getting

The old man stopped short. Dorison,

greatly interested, looked up to see the

cause. The old man's eyes were fixed

Searching about for that object, Dori-

son saw that it was a man approaching

from the park who engaged the attention

could keep himself between the old de-

on, going down Twenty-third street.

"That man was the other one."

The old man fairly dragged Dorison

after him as he hurriedly followed the

man, who by this time had crossed Fifth

avenue and was apparently lost in the

Hurrying along they saw him stand-

ing in front of a house, since trans-

formed, where once another celebrated

'He saw me and is trying to find on

Whether the old man was right or

"He is going to meet Langdon," said

"Who is this man!" asked Dorison as

"His name is Pittston," replied Cath-

was on a bank robbery in Chicago. I

made up my mind it had been done

through connivance from the inside.

Pittston was a clerk in the bank. My

suspicions fell on him. The president,

whose relative the clerk was, would not

have it and was indignant at the idea,

for Pittston lived with him. Persisting

in my belief, I had so many obstacles

thrown in my way that I gave up the

job in disgust. They dismissed the clerk

make him open his mouth wide."

Cathcart stopped on the corner.

ing to that restaurant to meet Langdon.

the room, from which point he thought

he could command a view of the room.

It was an eating saloon of the third or

fourth class, though well kept and clean-

ly. A waiter bustled up and received

an order for a substantial breakfast.

room a part of the eating saloon.

He rose from his chair to investigate,

and walking down the room saw that

the cashier's desk was so placed as to

command both rooms. On this desk

was a mirror tilted forward so that the

cashier could, with a slight turn of his

head, observe each of the two rooms.

Dorison also found that by taking a seat

Langdon and Pittston were deeply en-

dently gave great annoyance to his com-

In the meantime Dorison's breakfast

was served and eaten. He had not

heard a word of the conversatio: of the

two he had come to watch, nor did there

seem to be any likelihood that he would

be able to hear any of it. He had, how-

ever, established two facts. Pittston

had sought Langdon as Cathcart had

isted between them. Believing he could

do no more, he was about to depart.

when the street door of the room he was

in opened and the officer the old detect-

"Do you want to see me?" he asked, as

"The old man wants me to follow and

Langdon," was the whispered reply.

"Is that the man?" asked the officer.

The officer was not a moment too soon

in leaving, for the pair in the other

room rose from their table and went to

Turning indifferently as he leaned on

the desk Langdon saw Dorison and

started with surprise, scowling at him

meanwhile. Dorson maintained his

composure, conducting himself as if he

did not recognize him as the man he had

Calling the waiter Dorison gave him

something more than the amount of his

check, and without waiting for the

change donned his topcoat and went

out, conscious that Langdon had directed

As the door closed on Dorison Pitts-

Dorison pointed to the mirror.

ive used as a shadow entered.

Dorison beckoned to him.

the officer came to him.

the cashier's desk.

met that morning.

Dorison.

ton said:

Pittston was telling a tale which evi-

gaged in conversation.

Pittston turned to go up it.

"Some four or five years ago I

not, the man continued on his way, mov-

upon an object some distance off.

to? Now suppose" ---

street and Third avenue.

of Cathcart.

passed by.

Cathcart.

sure?"

back.

muttered:

"Sure, yes."

murder was committed.

if I am following him."

ing along at a rapid gait.

they followed him.

no reason, dresses in mourning.

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SYNOPSIS. CHAPTER 1.—John Dorison, son of the head of the house of Dorison & Co., deceased, returns after eight years of wandering under a cloud, to the old home in New York city. The basement is used as a saloon, and stepping in Dorison makes a chance acquaintance with Job Nettleman, who knew the Dorisons in their boot days

best days.

CHAPTER 2.—Nettleman leaves the saloon and in a few moments blood is seen trickling from the ceiling. The saloon keeper and his customers rush to the front stairway to reach the floor above. Dorison goes up the rear stairs and find a a young woman weltering in blood. He discovers a miniature portait of hi famillar ring on the stand, father and a famillar ring on the stand, both of which he secures, A scrap of paper in the dead woman's hand and another on the floor are also taken and secreted. The entry of detectives and police place him under suspicion. The room is used as a costumer's establishment by

is used as a costumer's establishment by Mme. Delamour.

CHAPTER 3.—Dorison, using the alias James Dudley, calls on Dettleman to help him conceal his identity. At Nettleman's office he meets Simon Cathcart, a private detective, who engages him to assist in working up the murder case. Dorison's father died while writing the letter, which apparently accused the son of grave crimes. The scraps found in the costumer's room are in the handwriting of Dorison, senior, and appear to relate of Dorison, senior, and appear to relate to the subject broached in the unfinished

letter.
CHAPTER 4.—Madame Delamour, the costumer, is Mrs. Farish. Cathcart goes to her private house and finds that she has been murdered in the same manner as the young woman in the costumer's shop.
The latter was Mrs. Farish's daughter Annie. A mysterious young man called on the Farish's at intervals, and on his last visit went away angry. Catheart finds a man's glove near Mrs. Farish's body. CHAPTER 5.—Mystery in the Farish house. Mrs. Farish assumed mourning, Annie withdraw. house. Mrs. Farish assumed mourning, Annie withdrew from society and a son disappeared, all about the date of Dorison's death. The glove found near Mrs. Far-ish's body has an extraordinarily long

CHAPTER 6.—Cathcart starts Dorison out CHAPTERO.—Cathcart starts Dorison out as a young man of fashion to discover the wearer of the glove with a long thumb.

CHAPTERS 7 AND 8.—Dorison saves a young lady from being run down by a carriage on Broadway. She is the daughter of an old friend of his father, Mr. Eustage.

CHAPTER 9.—Dorison protects a woman from insult and arrest, and discovers a man with a long thumb.

CHAPTER 10.—The man with the long is Charlie Eustace, brother of the

thumb is Charlie Eustace, brother of the rescued girl.

CHAPTER 11.—Dorison dines with young Eustace in a restaurant, while Cathcart looks on and concludes that Eustace is the man with the long thumb. A man be-lieved to be the myterious caller at the Farish's is ."shadowed" as suspect No. 2. CHAPTER 12.—The new suspect is Harry Langdon, a dissipated young man who has been in company with Annie Farish.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW DISAAPOINTMENTS. "We have a good basis now," exclaimed Cathcart in high glee as they walked to Fourth avenue. "We know the owner of the glove, we know the walker in Union square and we know the caller at stated intervals. At first I supposed the three to be one. This, however, turns out not be the case. But if the owner of the glove is one man, the other two prove to be the same person. The work ought to go straight now. I have something to show you."

Taking from his pocket a small package carefully wrapped in paper he handed it to Dorison. It proved to be a lancet such as surgeons use, the handle of which was of tortoise shell.

"Examine that carefully," he said. "burn it into your memory. Dorison did as he was bid, even carefully noting the marks cut into the steel. "Well," he said as he returned it. "That is what killed the two women."



Langdon halted to say: "There are two

"What!" cried Dorison, startled and "I have no doubt of it. That girl who was with me in the park was the servant of Mrs. Farish at the time she was killed. She gave me that lancet. She found it on the parlor floor under the door. She did not find it urtil after the captain and I had concluded our search of the house, and did not produce it at the coroner's inquest because no one spoke of it. Lately her conscience has troubled her about it, and when I hunted her up she gave it to me."

"What did you hunt her up for?" 'To see whether she could recognize n Langston the caller at stated inter-

"Did she?" "Perfectly. I did not even have to direct her attention to him. As soon as she saw him she cried out, 'That is the

"Why do you want me to remember the lancet?" Cathcart glanced at Dorison, who thought he detected a fleeting expression of surprised contempt.

"Young Eustace studied surgery, didn't he? "Yes." Well, I want to know if he has a case

of instruments of which this lancet may be one. Find out if you can." If the old detective saw the gesture of disgust and impatience Dorison made, he ignored it. "Now one point more," he continued.

"Get Eustace to talk about Langdon upon the first opportunity you have. Find out what he knows about him. There must be some reason for his haughty treatment of the fellow. I reached Broadway as they talking to me."

talked, and continued as far as Twentythird street. On the corner Cathcart stopped to say:

What may be the outcome of the discoveries of this morning it is difficult to predict. Something must come out of them. We are no longer groping in the dark. Langdon bore some relation to the Farish family, knew something about them, was associated, it is fair to presume, with their troubles. What he does know he must reveal." "Do you mean to take him in hand

immediately?" "No; not until I know more about his surroundings and antecedents." "Have you not already learned all you

are likely to?" "I think not. Who is he? He came from Chicago three years ago. Notice this coincidence. Mr. Carman says Mrs. Farish sought him in trouble and distress three years ago."

man stood close to the one I was telling "Yes, I see," said Dorison eagerly, you of." "and Miss Belknap saw this man with "Who, Cathcart?" the daughter since that time." "Yes." "Then you were followed." "Precisely, and these stated calls only

Cathcart, only standing near him. I tell you I was not followed; I stopped to "What else but to follow you brought such a swell as that here—a man who

either breakfasts at 'Del's' or the Hoffman every morning." This had been said within the hearing of the cashier, who asked: "Talking about the man who has just gone out, Harry?"

"He changed his seat," said the cashier, "from the middle of the room, and seemed to be watching you by that mir-"The devil!" cried Pittston. "Could

"Try it!" laughed the cashier. The two quickly satisfied themselves that, sitting where Dorison did, watching them at their table was an easy mat-

he do that?"

"A curious thing occurred," continued the cashier, when they returned to his desk. "A man came in whom your man recognized right away, and beckoned to him. They whispered together, and then your man pointed to the mirror. The other man went out right THE WAY "By __," cried Langdon, with an

"I am afraid so," replied Pittston

In a moment he recognized in the per-The two walked to the street door. son the alert, sharp eyed man who had where Langdon halted to say: had the mysterious exchange with Lang-"There are two things to do. You don near the corner of Twenty-ninth must walk as straight as a die and do no business, go nowhere you are afraid The person approached directly on a any one should see you, and keep away line with them. Cathcart, stepping from me. That's the first thing. Next, back into the shadow of an adjoining when you go from here, I will watch to door, bade Dorison to stand in front and see if you are followed by anybody. I conceal him as much as possible. suspect that to be the game. If you are He did so, moving slightly, so that he I will let you know. Not hearing from

oath, "you were followed."

tective and the man until he had passed "Who is this fellow, anyhow," asked "Do you remember the story I told "I don't know, except that his name is you of the mysterious exchange between Dudley. He's a howling swell and goes Langdon and another on Twenty-ninth with the best. The first time I saw him street?" asked Dorison, after the man had he saved a young lady of my acquaintance from being run over. She didn't "Yes, and what then?" sharply asked know him then, but now he's as thick as peas with her brother, and he goes to the house often. This very morning I met Cathcart grasped Dorison's arm with him in Madison square walking with a such a grip that the latter nearly cried stunning looking girl. I hate him and would like to dose him, especially since "Are you sure? Man, man, are you I find him interfering in my affairs."

me means you were not followed.

with a laugh. "No, mine," persisted Langdon. "I don't see it. If he followed any one he followed me."

"Mine, I should say," said Pittston

"That may be," said Langdon impa-"But it all comes back on me. tiently. I have a good reason for saying so, since I know he is such a great friend of young Eustace. That is what makes me so uneasy-this following of you.' "I don't see the connection."

His head was bent to the ground, and he appeared to be debating with him-"See here. Cathcart can't be followself whether he should go on or turn ing you for the Chicago affair, can he? That affair is closed up, and you have Cathcart, dodging behind Dorison, told me you were protected in it by your uncle for the sake of the family."

"Well, if you were not followed for that, you were for something, weren't

"Yes, there was some reason of course." "Now, here it is. They're after me, and because they followed you I am afraid they have got into the business we have together and want to strike at me through that. Do you tumble now?" "I see. It is serious." Pittston was thoughtful. "Drop the whole business for awhile." "By -," cried Langdon with another

"It's dropped for us. My man is kicking and refuses to go any further in it. I was going to put the screws on him to find out what is the meaning of his sudden independence. But this thing comes up and it won't do. I don't know but what he's been giving the snap awav. "I thought you had him so tight that

some time after. He knew all about it. for he assaulted me afterward in the he had to do what you told him?" Palmer House, charging me with at-"So would any one think who knew tempting to ruin him. I must locate what I have got on him," replied Langhim, for I have some facts that will don angrily. "But now he is doing the high and mighty, and swears if I push While he rapidly told this to Dorison, him any further he'll kick the whole Sixth avenue had been reached, and bucket over and land me in jail for life, even if it ruins him. He says he'd rather die than be the slave he has been to me "You must do some shadow work for the last three years." now," he said. "I am certain he is go-

"But can he?" asked Pittstor "He can, if he knows something I did You must go there and see if he does some years ago. But, by heaven! I'm not meet him. Learn what you can. I certain he don't-he can't. The people will wait for you at the Hoffman who knew about it are all dead. playing him to know what card he's got Dorison without reply went at once to up his sleeve. While I'm playing him the restaurant designated as the one we must drop the business. Give the daily visited by Langdon. Entering, he word that way." sat himself at a table in the middle of

They went into the street, Langdon remaining at the door. Pittston first walked to the corner of Twenty-third street, and turning came back and went in the direction of Twenty-fourth street. As he disappeared Langdon muttered: "The chase ended when they ran him

As he looked about, Dorison could see down to me. He is not followed.' neither Langdon nor Pittston, and feared At that very moment the officer was that he had gone into the wrong place. close on the heels of Pittston as he Examination of the room, however, walked up Twenty-fourth street to showed him an opening in the side wall Broadway. -a passageway, making the adjoining Dorison had gone to the Hoffman House, where he met Cathcart, to whom

> he related what had occurred. "I am more than satisfied that Pittston recognized me," said Cathcart. "But that is a matter easily overcome, If he recognized me, he saw you. That is not so easily overcome. Hereafter we must not meet openly. We are getting to the end pretty fast."

at a table next the opening he could see "I hope so," rejoined Dorison doubteach occupant of the front part of the fully, "but I frankly confess the end seems as far off as ever it did." He therefore changed to this table and "Possibly it does to you. Nevertheless immediately discovered the pair he was the lines are coming together with tolin search of. Sitting at a table situated erable rapidity. One day, when you relatively as the one he was seated at, least expect it, I will call upon you to with only the wall between the two, witness the falling of the blow.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOWERING SKIES. The events of the morning gave Dorion food for thought. After Cathcart had departed he dawdled about the hotel as he endeavored to extract some intelligence from these events serving to justify the confidence displayed by the old detective that the end was in sight. The result was not satisfactory. Ev-

erything was fragmentary.
"Whether this is due," he said aloud, as he sat and pondered, "to the miserly and fragmentary manner in which Cathcart deals out his information, or whether it is the exact condition of the case, I am utterly at a loss to determine. know, however, it is utterly unsatisfactory, and unless something more positive turns up within the next fortnight I will throw up my commission. So far report a man he thinks is here with as I am able to see, not one step has been made, nor one single fact gathered that brings us nearer to the end, the accomplishment of which is the only justi-"Yes, the one talking to Langdon. fication for my being involved in it at

> He got up and walked into the street. As he went up Broadway he said: "What I will do will be to see Mr. Nettleman and have a talk with him. That much is due him, and I have not seen him for two weeks. I'll do it this very afternoon. The life I am leading is unbearable."

He did not go that afternoon, however, for on reaching his rooms he found his friend Eustace in possession. "I have been waiting so long for you," he cried, "that I have come to believe these apartments are mine. Do you know. I like them better than my own." "Then perhaps you may obtain them," said Dorison. "Why? What does that mean?"

the attention of his companion to him, "It means, Eustace, that you see a disgusted and contemptible creature before you. I am half persuaded to cut "Hanged if I don't think that very this life and go back to Dubuque." "Something has gone wrong, ma chere. The blues, eh? I have them sometimes myself." "My trouble is far greater than the

"Nonsense! He was not talking to | blues," said Dorison, throwing himself | protests of her other physicians against | siastic in his effort to repair the wrong at full length upon the lounge, and looking at Eustace fixedly for some time. "I wonder, Charley," he said at length, "if there will be a time when you will regard me with bitterness and contempt-when you will never be able to think of me without loathing and hor-

> today?" "The confessional, although I shall make no confession. Perhaps all these dark and gloomy vapors will pass away and the bright sunbeams play over us both. Whether any sunlight, however, will ever irradiate my life again I greatly doubt. Charley, my boy, I am a monomanaic. I have but one purpose in life, and to that I am bending everything, sacrificing everything - home, comfort, honor and friends. Beware of me! I am not what I seem on the surface. During my life I have never met any one of either sex to whom I have been so much attracted as I have been to you-no one of whom I have been so fond. Yet, my boy, heed me. If you should run counter to this life purpose of mine, so completely have I become its slave, I believe I would sacrifice you. I say again, beware of me! Hold me off at arm's length. Do not give me a single advantage. God knows that when I am in the mood I am now I pray fervently that the friendship we have formed within the past few weeks may ripen with our days, strengthen with our years, and be still hale when our heads are gray. But I tell you, old man," and he rose from the lounge in his earnestness, "the day is coming when that friendship will be put to as severe a test as friendship ever was."

> seriously, said: "I think you are in a frame of mind which either is the result of a serious physical derangement, or great mental tribulation. If it is the latter, and I apprehend it is, I advise you to take immediate steps toward remedy. And in such cases I take it the best remedy is to pour out your confidences to some friend you can trust." "There are some things that must be

Eustace, who had regarded Dorison

borne alone," replied Dorison with a "Mine is one. For eight years I have borne them"-"And alone, nursing them," interrupted Eustace. "That is just it."



Why, I never bought an instrument "Borne, they must be, alone to the end," replied Dorison. "Did you ever have a serious secret inflencing your life and nature, which you would not reveal lest it brought you the contempt and horror of your friends - those you thought the most of?" Eustace's face flushed red.

"Yes," he replied f 'teringly, "which if I thought it would become public I would kill myself from shame and dis-

Dorison heard these words with his heart bounding against his ribs. "Is this tantamount to a confession?" he asked himself. Shaken and agitated he walked to the window and looked out. Then, turning

impulsively to Eustace, he cried out: "Away with these thoughts! I'll have none of them. What brought you here to put me into this condition?" "I did not come here to put you into any condition, nor did I, for you were in your present mood when you entered. What I did come here for was to ask you

what occurred between you and the pater last evening," replied Eustace. "I think your father's treatment last night has something to do with my present frame of mind. You see," he laughed bitterly, "I am bound to put it on some one of your family. To answer your question-I don't know. Your father was agreeable and pleasant to me as one could wish during the early part of the dinner. He has discovered in me some strong resemblence to an old friend, and attempted to supply me with a new set of relatives. The attempt involved an inquiry into my family relations. I am not always a master of my own moods, and I took the caprice to object to talking about them before strangers. Probably I was not as sensible of the honor done me by a gentleman of the distinction of your father, in manifesting an interest in my surroundings, as I should have been, and gave offense by my eva-

sion of the inquiry. If it be not that, I know not what it is. At all events he froze to me." "Yes, I noticed he did," replied Eus-"However, if that is all, the matter will be soon righted. Now my next reason for calling. I am thinking of

giving a small theater party next Monday night, with a snack afterward at Del's. Will you be one?" "With pleasure." "Will you escort my sister-Evelyn, you know?"

"I am honored." "And not frighten her with a gloomy outburst and warn her to beware of Dorison blushed and smiled.

"I will endeavor to justify her brother's confidence." For a little while there was silence between them, when Dorison suddenly "Eustace, the first night I ever saw

you a man named Langdon approached you. You treated him with considerable hauteur. Who is the fellow?" The young man turned a sharp, inquiring look upon Dorison; his face flushed and a vexed expression came into his eves. "Why do you ask? He cannot be a friend of yours?" "No, not even an acquaintance, but I

have reason for knowing more about him than I do." "The fellow was somewhat offensive to my sister Evelyn the day you saved her from being run over, I think." "It did not appear to me that Miss Eustace relished his assumption of

friendship." "I should think not," replied Eustace, dow for a few moments, Dorison waiting for him to continue. After awhile he

"I don't know much about the fellow. Dudley. To begin at the beginning, this is all I know: Something more than a year ago my younger sister, then about fifteen, was taken seriously ill and our regular family physician was unable to do anything for her, a fact he acknowledged himself, and suggested the calling in of other physicians. That was done, but she continued to decline, and both mother and father were nearly frantic. When she was at her worst, and when the physicians were despairing, some one called father's attention to a young physician named Fassett, who was making marvelous cures. Our own physicians, having admitted their inability to cope with the strange difficulty, could not object to his being called. He was, and declared the difficulty to be principally a nervous one, and began a treatment diametrically opposed to that she had been under. Notwithstanding the

he has done you. the treatment, she improved steadily. In the course of a few months she was comcan understand that under the circumstances our people were grateful to Dr.

Fassett, and though father said that from the first he appreciated that Dr. | affair. I have turned over every scrap Fassett was far from being a gentleman, he was loaded with attention by our people; he had saved the pet of the household when she was given up to die. | with nearly every man yet alive with household when she was given up to die. | whom your father did business. I have Then mother and Evelyn fell sick, and they were both brought triumphantly cause of the dissipation of your father's through by Dr. Fassett, who is undeniagreat property. The work is not combly a skillful physician, as well as a coarse, vulgar man. No one can get upon more familiar terms with a family than its physician, and one day, without asking consent or permission, he introduced into the family this fellow Langdon-an insufferable cad-vulgar, ill bred, dissipated and coarse. Without request the fellow began to call, until finally orders were given the servants to say no one was at home when he called. Father tells me he had quite a scene with Dr. Fassett over this, and was obliged to tell him that his position as medical adviser to the family put him (father) under no social obligations, and that if, in addition to the fees he exacted, he demanded social recognition for all of his friends, much as it was to be regretted, the relations between them

must cease. "But that did not end the persecutions. Langdon seemed to have secret sources of information, and turned up at the theaters and other public places where our folks went, and forced himself upon them; more than that, waylaid my sisters on the street. This was going on when I returned from Europe and was told of it. So, the first time it occurred when I was near I took Langdon aside and forbade him to speak to my sisters or mother again, promising him a jolly good thrashing if he ever presumed to do so. Hang the cad, if he had shown fight then, or had not subsequently attempted to ingratiate himself with me, I would have had some respect for him." Eustace hesitated as if he had something more to say, and Dorison waited

for him to continue. "Hang it all, Dudley, I think I'll tell you the whole story. I could not to one I regarded less as a friend than I do you. The annoying thing about it all is yet to come, and it is to a certain degree humiliating. The only excuse lies in the extreme youth of my sister Dorothy, who is but sixteen now. Of course she was grateful to Dr. Fassett, and he has naturally obtained a considerable influence over her. She began first by taking up his quarrel a minst the family and espousing the can of this fellow Langdon. I am quite certain that Fassett has been endeavoring to make interest with Dorothy for Langdon. At all events I found out that Langdon was managing to see her alone, and shefoolish and romantic creature-began to be interested in him. He was bent on as if he were thinking aloud than admischief. His desire was, of course, to win and marry her, and force himself on the family. This is our secret, and my frie

that I give it to you. "Thank you," said Dorison simply. "We have taken steps to prevent this keep a strict surveillance upon Dorothy for some time now, and in the spring the family will go to Europe to escape the fellow. But this is not my way of dealing with him or with Fassett. The latter I would deny the house, and the former I would deal with vigorously, but everything is bended to prevent a Who the fellow is, or what he is, I don't know. He has a wonderful influence over Fassett, and, in my judgment, it is not through superior intellect or force of character, for he is in both deficient, but through the possession of some secret in Fassett's life. Of course that is mere supposition, and I base it wholly on the manner in which he treats Fassett and the latter's subserviency, so foreign to his nature. Fassett says he has known him for years, and that he was a fellow student of his at a western medical college, where he failed to take his degree by withdrawing just before the close of his term. I've told you all I know about the fellow, ex-

cept that his associates here in town seem to be thoroughly disreputable." "I have no knowledge of him," said Dorison, "except that he touches an affair in which I have some interest, and was therefore desirous of knowing more -an affair, let me say, lest I be charged with not giving confidence for confidence, which really belongs to another person, and of which I have no right to speak without his permission. By the way, did not Bushnell tell me that you

were a medical student?" "Student," repeated Eustace, in mock ndignation; "behold an M. D.! Dr. Eustace, at your service-I have my degree. Yes, I am an Esculapian. I devoted myself to the surgical branch, but I have never practiced. Long before I attained my degree I abandoned all idea of it. I threw my parchment aside with my books-never assumed my title. Why, I never bought an instrument, never even owned one."

He had answered the very question Dorison was leading up to before it was Shortly after he went away, and Dorison, reclining in his easy armchair, picked up a book and fell asleep over it.

CHAPTER XV.



this misunderstanding has arisen. In no better frame of mind Dorison awoke. Yet he remembered the old detective's instructions to report as soon as and in time found Cathcart in his rooms in Bond street, busy with papers he had pushed aside to listen to his visitor. When the tale was finished the old man made no comment, but paced up and down his room with his hands in his

day brought the murder question to an issue, were it not for the fact that your matter is not advanced to the stage I desired. I believe the germs of that unfinished letter and the murders are to be found in the one condition of affairs. "I have done little in the murder case but direct your movements. You have put into my hands the material by which I am certain that within the next twentyfours hours I could put into custody the murderer were I to devote myself to the

effort. For the past two months I have labored hard, as hard as I ever did in any two months of my life, and"-he paused to give effect to his words-"ninetenths of that time has been devoted to your affair. You think no fact has been gained, I presume. I know more at this moment of your father's life and business than you ever did. I have made the friendship of your father's executor. I have won him as your friend, instead of your enemy, as he has been for eight years. I have persuaded him to go to work with a belief in your innocence. He is a conscientious man and is enthu-

"I have examined the old books of the pletely restored to health. Of course you firm of which your father was so long the head, and have run down every item of personal expenditure I suspected might possibly have a bearing on your of paper in the possession of your father's executor, and I have conversed found, and to a great extent know, the pleted. When you came in I was examining reports the mail brought me. which advance me another long step on the way. And this moment I can account for nearly every cent, except one block of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This money was not lost in speculations or bad investments. It was actually spent, deliberately expended in pursuance of a deliberate intention, after having been raised by hypothecation of stock and securities. What was that purpose or intention? And why so deerately and persistently pursued? I have only within the hour gotten to a point where I could pursue that part of the inquiry with any degree of intelligent effort or with hope of success. "I never was engaged in a case where the lines cross each other in so confusing

a manner, nor did I ever have two cases I was working together wherein the persous in each case have such strange relations to each other without bringing the critical point of each case together. Here is an instance. We have young Eustace under suspicion of being in some way connected with that murder. I believe your father, dead as he is, is in some way connected with it. I have reason to believe that the older Eustace was at one period of his life intimately connected with your father's affairs; am certain the elder Eustace in no way touches the Farrish murder. You perceive how necessary it is to maintain a clear head and move slowly in this almost inextricable tangle of the two cases. Here are my instructions for your movements: I want you to engage the elder Eustace in a conversation as to your father. The way is open. You told me he had discovered a great resemblance between your father and your-

"A coolness has sprung up between the elder Eustace and myself," said "Indeed-how?

'Over that very resemblance." The old man evinced increased interest, and demanded to know everything. the very smallest point. Thus urged Dorison gave him a minute and careful history of the incident.

When the recital was finished the old detective thrust his hands into his vest pockets, and dropping his chin upon his breast closed his eyes in thought for a long time. When he spoke it was rather

dressing Dorison. "When Eustace was comparatively a young man," he said, "he endangered his fortune by extravagance and bad aid, took charge of his estate, gave him financial aid, lent him the great power thing. Hard as it is, we have had to of his credit, and having straightened out his affairs obtained a diplomatic appointment abroad for him, so that the ravages in his fortune might be repaired: in other words, saved him from ruin. In return, Eustace did some great service for Dorison. What its nature was I cannot determine. Nor will Eustace tell as intimate a friend as he has. Perhaps he may think idle curiosity prompted the question-that he would tell if sufficient teasons were given him. At all events the career Dorison set him on has resulted in his living abroad many more years than here since that time. Can it be-can that be the line to follow? If it should be that, that-but no, he was abroad when Dorison died-had been for several years. But would that have been any reason why it should not be so?" He relapsed again into a brown study, from which Dorison waited for him to emerge, confused and perplexed by the maze in which he found himself, and unable to perceive even a glimmer of

"I regret," said Cathcart, rousing up, "that this misunderstanding has arisen. It would have been avoided if you had followed my instructions obediently. You did not play the part you yourself deliberately chose, before you came into contact. If you assume a role you must play the whole of it, or necessarily fail. You choose to pretend to be some one else, yet the first time you are seriously questioned you refuse to carry out your assumption. That was foolish. Your lie would not have been any greater in denying your paternity in words than it was when you permitted yourself to be introduced under a name intended to deny that paternity. How can you repair the blunder? Have you quarreled with

young Eustace?" "No." replied Dorison. "He asked me this afternoon to a theater party next Monday and to escort his sister." "Um. This is Thursday. Well, seek an interview with the elder Eustace as soon as you can to repair the blunder." TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

HOW A COAT OF TAR FEELS .- People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. In Wyoming I once saw a man who had been tarred and feathered, and although he fully deserved the discipline, I could not help pitying him. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement which sticketh closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets, the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony, the perspiration is entirely stopped and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue. But the removal is no easy task and

requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat, and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the operation less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation is too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.-Interview in St. Louis

and one of these was "the way of a serpent upon a rock." For hundreds of a mystery. Latter-day men of science furnish him with a means of progrestwo pairs of "feet," they really have thought that serpents had as many ribs as there are days in a month, but had he examined a python, he would have detected his mistake, that species having 400. Snakes move in this way: Each vertebra supports a pair of ribs, which act like a pair of legs, the extremities being connected by a broad plate. The hind part of this plate isfree, and write a pitcher less than four inches when the ribs are moved forward that | high that bears a guarantee that reads end is raised, so that it takes hold of as follows: "Made of United States the surface underneath, even though National bank notes, redeemed and it be glass, the straightening of the macerated at the United States treasreptile propelling it forward.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOW OUR PAPER MONEY IS MADE. Did you ever think, when you took a one dollar bill, a bill of any denomination in your hand, what it really was, how it was made, and what became of it after it was worn out? Very few people ever do think about these things in connection with money. Our chief thoughts in connection with money That the making of the pretty, new,

are how to get it, sometimes how to keep it, but chiefly what it will buy. crispy bill should give employment to many people many of us do not know. And yet, if we stop to think, we know that paper money does not grow on trees, nor is it dug from the ground, so it must be made, and the government has the undisputed monopoly of its manufacture. All the paper money, bonds, stamps, revenue stamps, and gold certificates

are made in the Burean of Engraving and Printing in the city of Washington the seat of the United States government. The building, standing in a park, is of a plain, but dignified style of architecture. The first step in the manufacture of paper money is the engraving of the design, which is drawn by experts and submitted to the authorities for approval. When approved the engravers take up their work, which is the engraving of the design on a soft steel plate. Each designer does a particular part of the plate; no one man does a whole plate. This system is followed to prevent counterfeiting, and also because different parts of the design require different kinds of work. After the several parts of the design have been executed on the soft steel plate, the parts are put together and hardened. The printing now begins. The paper for the money is made of special

quality, having a silk thread in it, and the contract is awarded to one firm. It comes in sheets of a specified size for the different uses to which it will be put. For the paper money that we are most familiar with, it comes in sheets that will make four bills, leaving a margin which is cut off later. The backs of the bills are printed first, the green ink giving them a familiar appearance at once. A notch or mark is put at the top and bottom of the sheet, and when the face is printed these marks are carefully fitted over marks in the face-plate, so that the lines are perfectly exact. The greatest care is necessary to accomplish this, as all sheets that are not perfectly adjusted are rejected as imperfect, and thrown aside to be destroyed. In the manufacture of stamps and bonds the same exactness is necessary, as all imperfect work is rejected. A very fine grade of engraving is done by the government, and prizes have been awarded to the government for its superior work when it has entered into competition in this line with other engravers and other nations. All the money is counted and packed in numbered pack ages. But it is not money while in this building; it would not, even a great package of it, buy one stick of candy. It is not money until it bears on its face the seal of the treasury. The engraved notes or paper are carried to the treasury building, and there each sheet is placed on a press and a brown seal

stamped to the right of the centre. It is money now, but it is not completed. It is given in bundles into the hands of a number of women, who count it while still in sheets, and mark the amounts on wrappers. It is then given to those who run the cutting machines, and the bills are cut apart, the margins cut off, and the bill is ready for circulation. It is again counted, and carried at last to a corner where a man gives the final counting, and puts the bills in packages of varying amounts. I saw "Five Thousand Dollars" printed on most of the packages. The ends of the papers are sealed with great seals, and the money is then for sale, ready to pass into the hands of the people to become a great commodity by itself, and the purchasing medium of civilization. Down in the vaults of the treasury building is the coin that is held for security for this money; for you know that every paper dollar is only a promise to pay. If you should demand a silver dollar from the government for the paper dollar you hold, the gov-

ernment has that dollar in bright, new silver, to redeem its promise to pay. Deposited in the silver vaults are over \$91,000,000 of new silver, and you will see by the following table that that does not begin to represent the money deposited in the United States treasury: NUMBER. AMOUNT.

S89,075,000 Standard Silver Dollars.
1,285,000 Fractional Silver.
59,500,000 Standard Silver Dollars.
26,000,000 Standard Silver Dollars.
Gold Coin.
3,000,000 Mixed moneys received daily for redemption.
2,000,000 Mixed moneys for dally use. 220,000,000 Bonds held as security

You will see by this what an enormous banking business the government does. Immense sums are deposited to meet the demands of business. Sometimes you will see paper money very worn and very dirty. There is no need of this money being kept in circulation, and the government would much prefer having it returned for redemption. The money that it represents is in the vaults, and the government will gladly issue a new promise to pay when the old is returned.
If a bill is partly burned, or money is mutilated by rats or mice, the pieces can be returned to the treasury depart-

ment and a new bill will be given in What becomes of the old money? It is destroyed as money. The old | find another place like home. You bills are assorted as to denominations, counted and arranged in packages of varying amounts by women who are | ple home life-it is monotonous to you noted for their accuracy and delicacy of touch; it is said that they almost never make mistakes in counting, and that they can detect counterfeit money as soon as they touch it. When the old money is arranged in packages | great a hurry to jump into your own it is fastened with a tightly fitting band of paper and then taken to a uous sea of life for yourself. This is machine where four holes are punched through each package. They are you will find many whirpools, many then carried to a cutting machine, which cuts each package in half. The two part are carried to two different departments of the treasury and each part counted again. The packages are How SERPENTS MOVE.—King Solo- then brought back and fitted to each "My belief is that I could have yester mon acknowledged that there were other to insure that no part is missing. "three things which are too wonderful | Each day this partially destroyed | hole of despair, bewailing your early for me-yea, four, which I know not," money is carried to the macerating follies-perhaps you will be overcome machine at one o'clock, heavy padlocks are unlocked and the doors in years after the time of Solomon the the top of the machine opened by the snake's mode of progression remained | representatives of the secretary of the treasury and the comptroller, and the have learned that his snakeship's ribs | mutilated money put in. Heavy streams of water are turned on it, and sion. So, instead of having a pair or by the action of the water and machine it becomes a pulp, and the next from 150 to 200 pairs. Aristotle day, in the presence of the same representatives, it is removed from the machine, a liquid of about the consistency of paint. This pulp is sold by

the government at \$40 per ton, and is

used in the manufacture of paper and

pasteboard. Somebody has had the

cleverness to have souvenirs made of

this pulp. I have on my table as I

This in bulk is very much less than the money would be unless in the

largest denomination printed. Not only does the United States treasury hold the security for the bank notes it issues, but it holds the security for National banks. These security bonds are held in great vaults. When a National bank issues a promise to pay it must deposit with the government in bonds the value of that promise. You will notice that the government holds \$220,000,000 in bonds as security for the National banks, and a like amount to redeem our promises to

Most of the work in the Bureau of

Printing and Engraving is done behind high iron gratings; the unfinished work each night is deposited in vaults the doors of which, when closed, will not open to any key; they are called time locks, and are set to open at a certain hour; one door weighs over six tons, is closed by the help of machinery worked by hand; this door closes the vault in which the deposit of silver is seen behind gratings. The silver is in bags, and two bags are in each box. All that the visitor sees is the outside of these boxes and a few bags that are on the floor. This enormous door is behind a time-lock. The vaults of the treasury have walls that are six feet thick, and some of the vaults are inside of these walls, and have a passage protecting walls, or outside walls.

way between their own walls and the Every part of the work is done under a system that aims to protect the government, and those who know say t is impossible to take money from the building. An engraver who had worked for the government for years made a plate with which he executed a United States five thousand dollar bond. The excellence of the plate was the cause of its discovery. The bonds to the amount of \$250,000 were put in circulation; the fine work attracted attention; the man who executed the engraving was caught, with his accomplices.-Christian at Work.

PLAIN TRUTHS TO YOUNG MEN. Why is it that so many young people are ashamed to have it thought that they have no money? or why is it that

they are ashamed of economy in the management of slender means and of frugality of living? There is no disgrace in being an acorn before an oak. Young people frequently wish that they were grown men; but they were not ashamed of being young! No one is ashamed to have it discovered that his strength, knowledge and skill are proportioned to his years. But the same persons will blush, and suffer shame, at being supposed not to have money, under

circumstances which all the sensible world knows that they ought to have A young man has been sent to college by the rigorous economy of his father and mother, and it is only by the hardest industry and closest econin him there. Evomy they can sustai ery single dime is important. And yet this student is ashamed not to bear his part in social expenses which go beyond his means. He is utterly unable to say: "I cannot afford it!" It is harder to say it, because in a community of several hundred young men. two-thirds of whom are poor and the children of poor men, there is a lurking shame of poverty which radiates into public sentiment and reflects a kind of disrepute upon those who boldly say: "I must deny myself beyond the barest necessities of life of whatever costs money." This is an unfornate characteristic of poor young men poverty causes enough trouble without the addition of foolish sentiments.

Who expects the general run of young men to have money to spare? Does not the world know that they are but starting in life-that as ye they have earned nothing, and that they inherit no fortune-that they receive but a small stipend-and that, if they would be honest, they must practice a rigorous economy? Why then do they engage in pleasures which drain their pockets dry, and lay them under temptation to dishonesty, for fear people will think think they have

no money? Of course, folks will think so! And they will think so just as much as you are inveigled into unwise expenditures which you cannot afford. A poor young man ought to be poor until he has broken the spell of poverty by industrious enterprise; and he should rather glory in it than be ashamed

It is necessary that you should be frugal; it is necessary that you should be honest; but it is not necessary to attempt to walk in circles of society that will swallow up the pitiful pennies of poverty like a quicksand, and involve you in temptations to dishonesty. It is a good reason for not joining a club, an excursion, a riding party, or an extravagant ball, that "you cannot honestly raise the money." ought to hold up his head the highest, the young man who quietly says: "I cannot yet indulge in such expenses, or he who is ashamed of his poveryt but is not ashamed to steal the money on which he makes a false ap-

pearance? The essential spirit of thrift and economy, the most rigid self-denial, is a thousand times nobler than that freehanded squandering of money which gives a spurious reputation for generosity to people who are on the road to bankruptcy, and who have long spent money not their own with a special gracefulness.-New York Ledger.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO LEAVE HOME. Young man, don't be in a too great a hurry to leave the parental roof. If you have a good home, and have du- where he left some relatives, whom he ties you can perform there to help along your parents, stay right there. Remember you will never in the world say you want to get out and "hustle' for yourself, that you are tired of sim--you want to see, learn and experience | free, he went to work in earnest and the ways of the world. It is but natural for you to have these desires and impulses if you are a vigorous and ambitious youth ; but I say don't be in too canoe and paddle out into the tempestan awful sinful and wicked world and rapids, many storms and many dark and starless nights as you pull your frail craft along the trackless sea of life before you.

If you are not composed of mighty good metal, the first thing you know you will be floundering in some sinkwith the evil influences of bad society, perhaps that demon of demons, strong drink, will have such a powerful grip upon you that your brain will become so poisoned and mad that you will be made a forger, a thief or perhaps the wielder of an assassin's weapon.

Go slow young man-don't be in hurry to leave the haunts of your boyhood—be a boy just as long as you | other seems to be growing into some can. Your boyhood days are the happiest of all your life-one year of the men. Even ladies from the highest bright boyhood of the morn of life, circles of society can hardly resist the gilded with the roseate hues of joy and contentment, is worth ten years life to invest in gambling stocks. But afwhen the sun is going toward the sea | ter all, perhaps, people are no worse in of death. Linger around the flowers this respect than they have always your mother planted in the garden as been. The same disposition prevailed long as you can. Breathe the air that away back in the past. Jacob beat whispers through the vines that twine his brother out of his birthright and about your chamber window just as afterwards played a winning game as long as you can. Every minute herdsman for his father-in-law and alyou are under the good influences of most broke the old man up.-Pittsburg ury department; estimated \$10,000." | home you become stronger and better. | Gazette.

Stay at home always, if you can find an honorable purpose in life to pursue there. Everybody will know you there, everybody will respect you and you will do better there than anywhere

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Perhaps you think this is strange advice from one who has been from home for years, and has seen and experienced much of the rough side of life, but such persons are the ones who know. When one drifts out into the world and away from home and friends, things take on a very different hue, and the young man confronted, you might say by a new world, inhabited by new people, is very apt to change too, and if he is not of a pretty strong character, he is lia-

ble to go to hades at a Maud S. gait. Stay at home as long as you can young man, and when you start out to fight the battle of life, marry some good woman, seek a good location, settle down and have a home of your own. Never start out to drift recklessly about the world, with no object in view and no purpose to achieve, for there are enough vagabonds, tramps, and criminals in the world now. If you take The Sun man's advice you will stay at home, at least until you are married, and start out with a purpose in life-you will always have a home then and always be a man .- San Diego

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

A New York Mail and Express reporter was standing in front of the 'gents' " furnishing goods department in a big East side dry goods store the other day, when a lady entered, and pointing at a big pile of shirts which were spread out on the counter, with the prices marked on them in figures as long as your arm, inquired of the clerk :

"Thirty-nine cents each, madam," eplied that functionary. "Three for \$1, of course." "No, madam, we couldn't really af-

"How much ?"

And she picked up one of the garments and proceeded to test its quality by pulling with might and main at its weakest point. Failing in this laudable purpose, she threw it back on the counter, and with a look of disgust on her face, bounced out of the store.

"Usual thing, I suppose?" queried the reporter. "Oh, that's tame," he replied. "I was surprised that she did not report me to the manager. Now, just look here a minute," he continued; "that woman can't afford to spend her time sewing that shirt together, to say nothing of the material and cutting, for three times the amount we ask for it. Do you know how many stitches the eamstress had to put in that shirt to withstand the kind of usage it has just

been put to? Well, just 21,000.
"There are four rows of stitching in the collar, 3,200 stitches; cross ends of the collar, 550; button and buttonhole, 150; gathering the neck and sewing on the collar, 1,205; stitching wristbutton-holer in wristbands, 148; hemming slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wrist-bands, 1,468; stitching on shoulder-straps, 1,880; hemming the bosom, 303; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3,050; cording the bosom, 1,104; 'tapping' the sleeves, 1,526; sewing up all other seams and setting the side gussets, 1,272. This represents the amount of labor that must be put into a shirt, and explains how the home-made article

has gone out of fashion." SECRETS OF HAPPY WEDLOCK .-Respect each others individuality. Do not try to mold the other's ideas. or principles or manners to the pattern

of your own. Seek to influence each other only by he power of higher example. By your worthiness and culture make the other proud of you, and do not feel that marriage gives you any right to demand, to dictate or criticise. Maintain and allow the same freedom that exists between good and

pure friends. Never ask personal questions nor seek explanations, for you are not a hundredth part as responsible for each other as you are apt to imagine. Let your love be founded in admira tion and friendship.

study to make the other happy, and be exceedingly careful that you never reverse this rule. Keep your most kind and gentle nanner for the home. Never refer to a mistake that was nade with good intentions.

Strive to correct your own faults and

When a wrong is pardoned bury it n oblivion. Consider the other's honor your own, and shield each others' weakness with sacred jealousy. Remember that ill-temper nearly always comes to disappointment or over-

work or physical suffering. Treat each other as courteously in private as you treat your friends in the lrawing room. Be rivals in generosity and let misunderstandings die for want of words. Share the joys and sorrows of life,

ts toils and profits as equal partners WHAR DEM HENS?-Among the passengers on the northbound Richmond and Danville Air Line train a few nights ago, was an old darkey named Dangerfield Hampton, on his way to the Old Dominion, after an absence of about fifty years. When he was sixteen years of age he was brought to Georgia by Edward Locket, a negro trader from Richmond, and was sold to Mr. Wise Cousin, who lived near Madison, Ga., for \$350. Hampton was a native of King and Queen county, now desired to see. His Georgia master owned about 200 darkeys, and made from 160 to 200 bales of cotton. The Georgia railroad had just been completed to Madison when Uncle "Hamp" landed at Madison. After the war was over and he found himself made money right along. He now owns 300 acres of land and made thirty-four bales of cotton last year. The old man was on his way to the scene of his childhood. He spoke of having lost \$1,100 by

some time ago. The old man said, in a laughing way, that he left eight hens and a rooster in Virginia when he left there, and that he was going there to look after them. He thought that he ought to have a good price for the chickens, and interest on the amounts from the time he

the failure of a banking institution

THE GAMBLING SPIRIT.—Gambling is said to be on the increase. There has always been a disposition on the part of mankind to rebel against the decree, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." All manner of devices have been invented for obtaining something for nothing, and the disposition to gamble in some way or kind of mania. Nor is it confined to temptation to bet at this and that and