"I am Not Through With You Even Yet, Puppy."

The LASH of CIRCUMSTANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

Abner Halliday, a wealthy millionaire, is found murdered and mutilated in his room. Suspicion points to Jack Halliday, the son of the dead man, and to Mary Lane, a typist from Erring to the same office. Jack Halliday is arrested, but Mary Halliday and Captain Bruce Winton, who is a friend of Jack, have been trying to find the murderer. Mary Halliday has applied to his private uncle and to others for help, but without success. Jack Halliday is tried for the murder, and a friend connected with a detective agency is employed to get evidence. He meets Mary Halliday, and they fall in love with each other. Mary Halliday, however, imagines herself to be in love with Bruce Winton. Bruce Winton is found guilty of the murder of Abner Halliday and is sentenced to death. He afterwards meets the detective who has been working on the case, and gives him a clue to the whereabouts of Mary Halliday. Bruce Winton is executed, and Jack Halliday and Mary Lane are married. They go to Europe on their honeymoon. The detective announces that he has discovered the murderer of Abner Halliday, and that Jack Halliday's love is no longer misplaced.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued.)

At the first corner a shrinking woman, boy nearly ran between my legs, and above the uproar of the crowd I heard him shout a command that caused me to stop and look at the lamp post for support. Snatching a paper from him I threw down a penny and began to read, the paper shaking in my hands like a reed in the wind. Two paragraphs told me the hideous truth. Upon information that had been given him by Richard Mackay, who had been in a position to get the confabulation by his accomplices, the state's attorney had made a quo warranto proceeding in which it attacked the very life of the franchise of the underground. Should that official be able to substantiate the attack and prove that the grant had been obtained by fraud and trickery, as Mackay stated, the courts might deprive the corporation of all its rights and privileges, take away its power to act and render it hopelessly impotent. Under such a frightful condition of affairs the stock would become absolutely worthless, and beneath this stab at it Isaac B. had already fallen with a crash that had carried half of those who had tid on upon it to ruin. My meager savings had been wiped out as quickly as a guilty schoolboy scours his slate, and I had been made a bankrupt in the time which it takes to tell it. I dropped the paper and staggered into a doorway, for hands pressing my temples.

The world swam drunkenly before me in a hideous gray mist, through which with fierce Hood and hard persistency kept being delivered pencil shoolike as they plodded silently along with strained eyes in search of the nordid necessities which hung the soul and the body together. The roar of the street came to my deadened ears like the sullen grumbles of thunder. From out of the gloom weary shop girls and ragged newsboys stared curiously up at my drawn face, poor poorer than I, none half so startled

"I'm Halliday, You Stole Your Uncle's Money."

shrinking a new campaign, and buy of her a few cheap indulgences until I could go over matters. She had told me that she was to be at home that evening, and it had been understood between us that I was to be with her; therefore, at eight o'clock I arose and called for her daughter. The voice of Janet answered me, telling me that her mistress was not at home.

With an overwhelming presentiment of more misery to come, I vainly implored some information as to where she had gone and at what hour she was expected to return. I was assured that I received was a clue that told me of the hazardous nature of her errand, and my further volubings brought only the cringing silence of an unanswering wire. I sank into my chair again.

In the midst of my despair I heard the ringing of the door bell and a moment later the sound of girlish footsteps ascending the stairs. There was a tap at my door, and at my bidding Josephine Luther quietly entered. I saw him run his eyes quickly over me as he tossed his hat upon the bed and drew a chair close beside mine. He said nothing, did not even smile as was his habit, and in my misery I did not offer him any greeting. For perhaps a minute he sat without speaking and then in a low voice he uttered gravely: "Tom, I have the clew."

I started slightly and raised my eyes to his. He was looking straight before him, grave sorrow, but his mouth was firmly set. His hands rested on my throat dry, and I cleared the lat- ter before I spoke. Then I asked him hoarsely where they were.

He told them as briefly as before. They consisted of a silver card case, a handkerchief marked with a steel, a soiled piece of paper and a small bottle containing a white substance. Stupidly I stared at them.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the silence that followed the slow clicking of the tall clock sounded like the tolling of a death bell. "Go on," I commanded as he sat motionless, and I was surprised at the calm to proceed. "What does the clew mean?" I asked, as I saw that the crossing the room silently bolted the door that led to my sister's room and then resumed his seat and at the second rise in his voice I noted one who adds caution to precaution.

"When I began this investigation, Tom, as I then told you, I set out to do, I confess, with the shift the chief from the wheat in order to find out what was the object which I would examine with great minuteness. My first clew was obtained from the first case, together with my inspection of the premises, and I was at last satisfied me of several things, among them that the murderer was not in possession no knowledge of the money being in the safe at this particular time, and that there were other reasons also which I could not then fathom. I was even indifferent as to the motive, for I nevertheless was a little further in the direction of the safe, and I was interested to find out where he had secured the money which had enabled him to resume his operations on the stock exchange. I was not even