

# The Crimson

By Fred M. White

## CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

"When my logical formula came back I thought of it," he said. On inquiring about them it was found that on that fateful occasion, I learned that the number was 0017 Kensington and that was Gates' own number at Prince's Gate." Bell exclaimed. "The plot thickens."

"It does indeed," David said, grimly. "It is Willie Collins gone mad, grimly in extremis, Du Boisgoboy suffering from delirium tremens. I go to Gates' house here, and an solemnly told, in the midst of surroundings that I can swear to that I have never been there before; the whole mad expedition is launched by the turning of the handle of a telephone which is in the distinguished, trusted, if prosaic citizen. Somebody gets hold of the synopsis of a story of mine, Heaven knows how."

"That is fairly easy. The synopsis was short, I suppose?"

"Only a few lines, 1,000 words, a sheet of paper. My work very small. It was tucked into a half-penny open envelope, a magazine or office envelope, marked 'proof, urgent.' There were the proofs of a short story in the buff envelope."

"Which reached its destination in due season?"

"So I hear this morning. But how on earth—"

"Easily enough. The whole thing was slipped into a large envelope, the kind of big-mouthed affair that entertaining firms send out circulars and patterns with. This falls into the hands of the man who is at the bottom of this and every other copy of the synopsis from sheer curiosity. The case fits her case, and there you are. But I don't say that this is how the thing actually happened, but you might have done so. When did you post the letter?"

"I can't give you the date. Say ten days ago."

"And there would be no hurry for a reply," Bell said, thoughtfully. "And why have you no care or worry on that score? Nor need the woman who found it have kept the envelope beyond the delay of a single post, which is only a matter of an hour or so in London. If you go a little further we find that money is no object, hence the £1,000 offered and the careful, and doubtless complete, inquiry into your position. Well, I am going to make the best of it. I am going to make the best of it."

"You're well out of it," David said, grimly. "I am, I am concerned, I fall to see the humor. Isn't this the office you are after?"

"Bell nodded and disappeared, presently returning with two exceedingly rusty keys tied together with a single slip of paper. He jingled them on his long, slender forefinger with an air of positive command."

"Now come along," he said. "I feel like a boy who has marked down some thing rare in the way of a bird's nest. We go to look at it in Brunswick Square exactly the same as we did in the apartment on the night of the grand adventure."

"CHAPTER IX. THE BROKEN FIGURE."

"Any particular object in that course?" David asked.

"There ought to be an object in everything that even an irrational man says or does," Bell replied. "I have heard of some marvelous cases. Following up a single sentence uttered by a patient. Besides, on the evening in question, you were particularly told to approach the house from the sea front."

"Somebody might have been on the look-out near the Western Road entrance," Steel suggested.

"Possibly. I have another theory. Here we are. The figures over the faint lights run from 157 upwards, getting brighter to 219. I am interested in them. At 11 o'clock in the morning every house would be in darkness. Did you find that to be so?"

"I didn't notice a light anywhere until I reached 219."

"Good, good. And you could only find 219 by the light over the door. Naturally you were interested in it, and would not have looked for any other number. Well, here is 218, where it proposes to enter, and for which purpose I have the keys. Come along."

David followed, wondering. The house in Brunswick Square was somewhat irregular in point of architecture, and the 218 was a two-story house with a half-terrace. Signs were not wanting, as Bell pointed out, that at one time the houses had been occupied as one residence. The two entrances had been walled back, so to speak, and what had previously been a doorway, leading from one to the other, had been plastered up within compass. The grim and dusty desolation of an empty house seemed to be supplemented here by deeper desolation. Not that there was any dust on the ground floor, which seemed a singular thing seeing that elsewhere the boards were powdered with it, and the furniture and furniture were hung everywhere. Bell smiled approvingly as David Steel pointed the 'net out to him."

"You note another singular point?" the former asked.

"No," David said, thoughtfully. "I notice the two side shutters in the bay windows are closed. There is also a small vivid crimson blind in the center window. And the self-color of the walls is exactly the same. The faint discoloration by the fireplace is a perfect 'fascimile.'"

"In fact, this is the room you were in the other night," Bell said, quietly. "In the other night, the crimson blind may be an accident, so might the fading of the distemper. But the furniture, the engravings, the fittings generally—"

muddled and bewildered did he become. No complicated tangle in the way of a plot and there being anything like the sketch in his hands."

"I'm like a child in your hands," he said. "I'm a blind man on the end of a string, and you are pulling me through a labyrinth. And if ever I help a woman again—"

He paused as he caught sight of Ruth Gledhill, who had been standing in the doorway of No. 219. Her features were tinged with melancholy; there was a look of deepest sympathy and feeling and compassion in her eyes. She stood with her head bowed, and the contrast of his speech was lost in a sigh.

## CHAPTER X.—THE HOUSE OF THE SILENT SORROW.

A bell tolled mournfully with a slow, swinging cadence like a passing bell. On winter nights, folks passing the House of the Silent Sorrow, compared the doleful clanging to the boom that carried the tower bell to the tower, and then, as if they were in a boat, they would feel the boat rocking on a sea of grief.

Every night all the year round the little valley of Longden echoed to that mournful clang. Perhaps it was for this reason that a wandering poet christened the place as the House of the Silent Sorrow.

For ten years this had been going on now, until nobody but strangers noticed it. From half-past seven till eight o'clock that hideous bell rang its swinging, melancholy note. Why it was nobody could possibly tell. Nobody in the village had ever seen the bell, and it was equally certain that nobody knew anything about the people at Longden Grange. The place had been shut up for thirty years, being understood to be in Chancery, when the announcement went forth that a distant cousin of the family had arranged to live there in future.

What the lady of the Grange was like no one could say. She had arrived from the north, and from that moment she had never been beyond the house. None of the large staff of servants ever left the house. It was a closed world, and they were understood to leave at night with a large bonus in money as a recompense for their prolonged absence. Everything was ordered by telephone from Brighton and left at the porter's lodge. The post and the express delivered parcels and parcels, and everything else was ordered by telephone. It was a closed world, and they were understood to leave at night with a large bonus in money as a recompense for their prolonged absence. Everything was ordered by telephone from Brighton and left at the porter's lodge. The post and the express delivered parcels and parcels, and everything else was ordered by telephone.

"I confess that my faith has been remarkably shaken," David admitted. "But about the furniture." And about my mother's portrait. My mother's portrait was exactly the same as the one I saw at the night of the grand adventure."

"No, I don't," Bell said promptly. "I don't believe in the theory of folk taking advantage of an excellent strategic position. I said just now that it was an important point that Mr. Steel had met me at the house, and that he furnished. But we shall come to that side of the theory in due course. Have you any other objections to urge?"

"No, I don't," Bell said promptly. "I don't believe in the theory of folk taking advantage of an excellent strategic position. I said just now that it was an important point that Mr. Steel had met me at the house, and that he furnished. But we shall come to that side of the theory in due course. Have you any other objections to urge?"

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## SERMON IN A SUNSET

ELOQUENT WORD PICTURE INSPIRED BY SCENE OF BEAUTY.

Writer Records His Impressions As He Watched the Sinking of the Sun in West—Glorious Sunrise Even a More Perfect View.

There are sermons in song, in stone and in sunsets. It is one of these latter says an impressionable writer, which has left an indelible glow on my memory I would tell you. From the crest of a high bluff overhanging the lowlands of a great city, the west I beheld its glow unfold slowly, then fade into the mystery of night.

The gray, wet day was drawing to a cheerless close. Hours of incessant weeping had drained the clouds of their last tear, and they layered solemnly above the city, muttering in low, thunder tones like vexed children. A thousand murky streams of smoke spread out below them and deepened the shadows.

Slightly almost as the flame of a candle flickers when first lighted, a thin streak of gold grew out of the gray, low down in the west. It was a lone taper, lit through the cloud curtains to the chandelier of the dome, and quickly the masses caught its gleam and shone as if they were so vividly yellow that it paled to shame the headlights of the puffing locomotives, crawling like ugly antithers far below me like pigmies decked with jewels.

The glory of the sinking sun filtered through the upper world, and all looked like gold, whipped into foam and spread out against the walls of heaven. Indeed, it seemed not unlikely that the streets of the city themselves might be formed of the gold.

Along the sky-shores of this sea where it paled into cool canary and softly lost its outlines rose wonderful cliffs of strange greens and purplish blues, ever changing in form and color. A cloud that sailed to low to be caught in the golden net scudded across the waves like a wild bird alighted. To the south stood mountain peaks of a whitish hue, like towering icebergs. Slowly they floated into the flood of light, and were melted in the sunset.

I turned to rest my eyes a moment from a glare. Then, stretched across that corner of the heavens, its seven-fold pillars resting, the one far to the east, the other southward, and its every angle and corner, the top of the sea of gold, I saw a rainbow.

Long I stood, looking first at the one and then the other scene. The cloud-sea was restless—like the world—constantly changing in its beauty. It seemed to me that the sun, like the hope of higher things for which it stood. Now the bloom of the dying sun sent a great tinge of rich red through the golden waves. Then, as darkness slipped in to help the sky out with its night robe, a single star came out to light the clouds to sleep.

We sail over wide seas to look upon the master paintings of men, when before our sight many evenings and mornings spread their far more beautiful and wonderful scenes. And there is just one thing finer and more sublime—less sad—than a glorious sunset. That is a glorious sunrise. Get up early some morning and see.

"MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN 'OLD FOOL' Man Who Married Third Wife Says, 'I'm Happy and That's Enough for Me.'" Judson W. Oliver, who in his 70th year was married for the third time, says he has called on his wife at Somerville police department thirty years, is as "chipper" as a young bridegroom.

He appeared at the police station at roll call with a box of cigars which he had brought with him. He was like a man who has been called on by a bridegroom for a speech. He accommodated them in a somewhat interesting manner.

"I was born among the rocks and hills of Malden, quoth he. My grandfather buried in the Malden cemetery, surrounded by four wives. My father is then surrounded by two wives. Last night I took unto myself a third wife, and who knows but I may have a fourth?"

"He has called me a fool, some an old fool and some a — old fool, 'I'm happy, and that's enough for me.' Oliver was given three cheers and declared to be all right.—Boston Journal.

"Antiquity of Cards." The game of cards was first played in the east, and seems to have had a military origin. Cards were introduced from Asia to Europe at the time of the Crusades, and were first used by neoplatonists for fortune-telling. They became a popular amusement in the south of Europe, where the Saracens and Moors taught the people how to use them, and card playing spread to all parts of the continent. The state records of Germany mention the fact that Rudolph I, in 1273, was fond of the game, and played with his courtiers.

After the invention of paper the manufacture of cards became extensive, but declined somewhat when card playing was forbidden by several of the German states and by the English government on account of the supposed immoral tendency. Before the era of paper, cards in the Orient were made of ivory, papyrus and canvas, less frequently of the precious metal, and quite commonly of wood.

"The Upper Hand." Jasper—I always sympathize with the upper dog in a fight. Jumpup—You mean the under dog, don't you? Jasper—No, I don't. Some folk philanthropist is sure to come along and kick in the ribs of the upper dog.—New York Sun.

"A Studio Secret." "Sometime I might be called a party pooper, as he tried in vain to quiet the party infant." "I wish I was a photographer." "And why?" nonchalantly asked the rooster, as she turned to another cherub.

"Because a photographer seems to be out of place on earth who starts me a baby's book when it doesn't like to."—Chicago News.

"He Had." "Haven't you any occupation?" asked the woman at the kitchen door, after listening to his tale of woe. "I have," replied the man, "I'm a hunter." "A hunter? Of what?" "Grub, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

## TOO MUCH FOR HIS PHILOSOPHY

Constantly Figures How the Cat Got Through the Aegean Hole.

A Virginia member of congress used many years ago to tell a story which may have been intended as a parable for politicians who approach questions for office and how they are still capable of performing that office, not only for politicians, but for others.

The proprietor of a tanyard built a stand on one of the main streets of a Virginia town for the purpose of selling catfish and hussar heads. When he had completed the building he considered for a long time what sort of sign to put up to attract attention to the new establishment. Finally a happy thought struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door post and stuck a cat's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

"After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door looking at the sign, his eyes in a round, meditative way, and he proceeded to the tanner watched him a minute, then stepped out and addressed him. "Good morning, sir," he said.

"Morning," said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign. "Want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No." "Got any hides to sell?" "Are you a farmer?" "No." "Merchant?" "No." "Lawyer?" "No." "Doctor?" "No."

"What are you then?" "I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to figure out how that cat got through that auger hole."—Youth's Companion.

## TO BRIDGE THE GREAT SALT LAKE

Southern Pacific Is About to Build a Long Trestle Across It.

One of the most remarkable tasks of railroad engineering undertaken in the west in recent years is about to be begun by the Southern Pacific in Utah, says the New York Sun. For the sake of saving four and a half miles the railroad is about to build a new line 105 miles long, and for part of the way the road will run on a trestle across the Great Salt Lake.

It now runs along the northern end of the lake over a route lashed by many sharp curves and heavy grades. The work will take three years to complete. It calls for an expenditure of \$8,000,000 a year. The most formidable part of the building of the trestle across the main body of the lake, at a point where it is seven miles across.

The lake bed is comprised first of a layer of sand and fine gravel to three inches in depth. Then comes a hard stratum of sand formation from a foot to eighteen inches thick and after that sand and blue clay alternately for an indefinite depth.

It is to be built on piles driven into this mass. The trestle will be built high enough to allow for a rise of the water which at this point is now about thirty feet deep. It has been the experience on the lake bridges that springs will accumulate around driven piles. If this should be repeated here the result will be a shallowing of the water and increased security along the road.

Besides saving time on the Southern Pacific the construction of the line will bring immense deposits of guano on islands in Salt Lake within easy reach of a market.

## Judging His Memory.

A married lady living out at Lakeside has been having the greatest difficulty in remembering her husband and to remember to order certain things for the household while downtown. Every day there was something forgotten and the meals were growing more scanty as a result.

A few days ago her husband came to see her and she told him what she had done for the household while downtown. He remembered it just as he finished his luncheon that day and opening it he read:

"I have not a pound of butter in this house. Send me some this afternoon." The request, was complied with—Duluth News-Tribune.

## Number of British Isles.

Of Scotland's area of nearly 31,000 square miles less than 621 are water and 485 barren fore-shore. Seven hundred and eighty-seven islands lie around the Scottish coast; but of these only sixty-two exceed three square miles in area. The biggest is Skye, with 2,900 acres. Second, Ireland possesses over 300 islands, most of them along the western coasts, and England just under 100. There are thus just about 1,200 British Isles.

## Fishermen Senators.

Senator Proctor is very famous fisherman. For thirty years Senator Proctor has been in Vermont on the last night of April with fishing tackle ready, and for thirty years at sun-up on the first of May he has begun casting for speckled trout. He was there this year.

### Jarring His Memory.

A married lady living out at Lakeside has been having the greatest difficulty of late in inducing her husband to remember to order certain things for the household while downtown. Every day there was something forgotten and the meals were growing more scanty as a result.

A few days ago she handed her husband a letter as he made a run for his car, saying that it was not to be opened until the afternoon. He remembered it just as he finished his luncheon that day and opening it he read:

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but have thought of it for some time. I feel that it is my duty to do so. My mother has been taken into the secret and she, too, **John**, declares that it is best that you should know. I cannot keep this to myself any longer."

**Hubbie's** face grew ashen and his hair was taking an upright position when he turned over the page and read:

"We have not a pound of butter in this house. Send me some this afternoon."

The request, was complied with.—  
Duluth News-Tribune.

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