

# The Filigree Ball

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,  
Author of "The Mystery of Agatha Webb," "Lest Man's Lane," Etc.  
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## CHAPTER IV.

I AM in some ways hypersensitive. Among my other weaknesses I have a wholesome dread of ridicule, and this is probably why I failed to press my theory on the captain when he appeared and even forbore to mention the various small matters which had so attracted my attention. If he and the experienced men who came with him saw suicide and nothing but suicide in this lamentable shooting of a bride to two weeks, then it was not for me to suggest a deeper crime, especially as one of the latter eyed me with open scorn when I proposed to accompany them upstairs into the room where the light had been seen burning. No, I would keep my discoveries to myself, or at least forbear to mention them till I found the captain alone, asking nothing at this juncture but permission to remain in the house till Mr. Jeffrey arrived.

I had been told that an officer had gone for this gentleman, and when I heard the sound of wheels in front I made a rush for the door in my anxiety to catch a glimpse of him, but it was a woman who alighted. As this woman was in a state of great agitation, one of the men hastened down to ask her arm. As she took it I asked Hibbard, who had suddenly reappeared upon the scene, who she was.

He said that she was probably the sister of the woman who lay inside, upon which I remembered that this lady, under the name of Miss Tuttle—she was but half sister to Miss Moore—had been repeatedly mentioned by the reporters in the accounts of the wedding before mentioned as a person of superior attainments and magnificent beauty.

This did not take from my interest, and, flinging decorum to the winds, I approached as near as possible to the threshold which she must soon cross. As I did so I was astonished to hear the strains of Uncle David's organ still pealing from the opposite side of the way. This at a moment so serious and while matters of apparent consequence were taking place in the house to which he had himself directed the attention of the police struck me as carrying stoicism to the extreme. Not very favorably impressed by this display of open if not insulting indifference on the part of the sole remaining Moore, an indifference which did not appear quite natural even in a man of his morbid eccentricity, I resolved to know more of this old man and, above all, to make myself fully acquainted with the exact relations which had existed between him and his unhappy niece.

Meanwhile Miss Tuttle had stepped within the circle of light cast by our lanterns. I have never seen a finer woman or one whose features displayed a more heartrending emotion. This called for respect, and I for one endeavored to show it by withdrawing into the background. But I soon stepped forward again. My desire to understand her was too great, the impression made by her bearing too complex, to be passed over lightly by one on the lookout for a key to the remarkable tragedy before us.

Meanwhile her lips had opened with the cry: "My sister! Where is my sister?" The captain made a hurried movement toward the rear and then, with the laudable intention doubtless of preparing her for the ghastly sight which awaited her, returned and opened a way for her into the drawing room. But she was not to be turned aside from her course. Passing him by, she made directly for the library, which she entered with a bound. Struck by her daring, we all crowded up behind her and, curious brutes that we were, grouped ourselves in a semicircle about the doorway as she faltered toward her sister's outstretched form and fell on her knees beside it. Her involuntary shriek and the fierce recoil she made as her eyes fell on the long white ribbon trailing over the floor from her sister's wrist struck me as voicing the utmost horror of which the human soul is capable. It was as though her very soul were pierced. Something in the fact itself, something in the appearance of this snowy ribbon tied to the scarce white wrist, seemed to pluck at the very root of her being, and when her glance, in traveling its length, lighted on the death dealing weapon at its end she cringed in such apparent anguish that we looked to see her fall in a swoon or break out into delirium. We were correspondingly startled when she suddenly burst forth with this word of stern command:

"Untie that knot! Why do you leave that dreadful thing fast to her? Untie it, I say! It is killing me. I cannot bear the sight!" And from trembling she passed to shuddering till her whole body shook convulsively. The captain, with much consideration, drew back the hand he had impulsively stretched toward the ribbon. "No, no," he protested; "we cannot do that. We can do nothing till the coroner comes. It is necessary that he should see her just as she was found. Besides, Mr. Jeffrey has a right to the

appearance of effort as possible: "I was at home, and I heard her go out. But I had no idea that it was for any purpose other than to join some social gathering." "Dressed this way?" The captain pointed to the door, and her eyes followed. Certainly Mrs. Jeffrey was not attired for an evening company. As Miss Tuttle realized the trap into which she had been betrayed her words rushed forth and tripped each other up. "I did not notice. She often wore black. It became her. My sister was eccentric." Worse, worse than useless. Some slips cannot be explained away. Miss Tuttle seemed to realize that this was one of them, for she paused abruptly, with the words half finished on her tongue. Yet her attitude commanded respect, and I for one was ready to accord it to her.

Certainly such a woman was not to be seen every day, and if her replies lacked candor, there was a nobility in her presence which gave the lie to any doubt. At least, that was the effect she produced on me. Whether or not her interrogator shared my feeling I could not so readily determine, for his attention was well as mine was suddenly diverted by the cry which now escaped her lips. "Her watch! Where is her watch? It is gone! I saw it on her breast, and it's gone. It hung just—just where—" "Wait!" cried one of the men who had been peering about the door. "Is this it?" He held aloft a small object blazing with jewels. "Yes," she gasped, trying to take it. But the officer gave it to the captain instead.

"It must have slipped from her as she fell," remarked the latter, after a cursory examination of the glittering trinket. "The pin by which she attached it to her dress must have been insecurely fastened." Then quickly and with a sharp look at Miss Tuttle, "Do you know if this was considered an accurate timepiece?" "Yes. Why do you ask? Is it—" "Look!" He held it up with the face toward us. The hands stood at thirteen minutes past 7. "The hour and

the moment when it struck the floor," he declared. "And consequently the hour and the moment when Mrs. Jeffrey fell," finished Durbin. Miss Tuttle said nothing, only gasped. "Valuable evidence," quoth the captain, putting the watch in his pocket. Then, with a kind look at her, called forth by the sight of her misery, he added, "Does this hour agree with the time of her leaving the house?" "I cannot say. I think so. It was some time before or after 7. I don't remember the exact minute."

"It would take fifteen for her to walk here. Did she walk?" "I do not know. I didn't see her leave. My room is at the back of the house." "You can say if she left alone or in the company of her husband?" "Mr. Jeffrey was not with her." "Was Mr. Jeffrey in the house?" "He was not." This last negative was faintly spoken. The captain noticed this and ventured upon interrogating her further. "How long had he been gone?" Her lips parted; she was deeply agitated, but when she spoke it was coldly and with studied precision. "Mr. Jeffrey was not at home to-night at all. He has not been in all day."

"Not at home? Did his wife know that he was going to dine out?" "She said nothing about it." The captain cut short his questions and in another moment I understood why. A gentleman was standing in the doorway, whose face, once seen, was enough to stop the words on any man's lips. Miss Tuttle saw this gentleman almost as quickly as we did and sank with an involuntary moan to her knees. It was Francis Jeffrey come to look upon his dead bride. Breathlessly we awaited his first words. His eye, which was fixed on the prostrate body of his bride, did not yield up its secret. When he moved and came to where she lay and caught his first sight of the ribbon and the pistol attached to it, the most experienced among us were baffled as to the nature of his feelings and thoughts. One thing alone was patent to all. He had no wish to touch this woman whom he had so lately sworn to cherish. His eyes devoured her, he shuddered and strove several times to speak, and, though kneeling by her side, he did not reach forth his hand nor did he let a tear fall on the appealing features so pathetically turned upward as if to meet his look.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. "Must she stay here?" he demanded, looking about for the person most in authority. The captain answered by a question: "How do you account for her being here at all? What explanation have you, as her husband, to give for this strange episode of your wife?" For reply, Mr. Jeffrey, who was an exceptionally handsome man, drew

forth a small slip of crumpled paper, which he immediately handed over to the speaker. "Let her own words explain," said he. "I found this scrap of writing in our upstairs room when I returned home tonight. She must have written it just before—before—" A smothered groan filled up the break, but it did not come from his lips, which were fixed and set, but from those of the woman who crouched among us. Did he catch this expression of sorrow from one of whose presence he as yet had given no token of recognizing? He did not seem to. His eye was on the captain, who was slowly reading, by the light of a lantern held in a detective's hand, the almost illegible words which Mr. Jeffrey had just said were his wife's last communication.

Will they seem as pathetic to the eye as they did to the ear in that room of awesome memories and present death? I find that I do not love you as I thought I did. I cannot live, knowing this to be so. I pray God that you may forgive me. VERONICA. A gasp from the figure in the corner; then silence. We were glad to hear the captain's voice again. "A woman's heart is a great mystery," he remarked, with a short glance at Mr. Jeffrey. It was a sentiment we could all echo, for he to whom she had alluded in these few lines as one she could not love was a man whom most women would consider the embodiment of all that was admirable and attractive. That one woman so regarded him was apparent to all. If ever the heart spoke in a human face it spoke in that of Miss Tuttle as she watched her sister's husband struggling for composure above the prostrate form of her who but a few hours previous had been the envy of all the fashionable young women in Washington. I found it hard to fix my attention on the next question, interesting and valuable as every small detail was likely to prove in case my theory of this crime should ever come to be looked on as the true one.

"How came you to search here for the wife who had written you this vague and far from satisfactory farewell? I see no hint in these lines of the place where she intended to take her life." "No! No!" Even this strong man shrank from this idea and showed a very natural recoil as his glances flew about the ill omened room and finally rested on the freestone over which so repellent a mystery hung in impenetrable shadow. "She said nothing of her intentions; nothing! But the man who came for me told me where she was to be found. He was waiting at the door of my house. He had been on a search for me up and down the town. We met on the stoop."

The captain accepted this explanation without cavil. I was glad he did. But to me the affair showed inconsistencies which I secretly felt it to be my especial duty to unravel.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Stately Carriage. The play was over. The actors, who had lived long on dreams of a full house such as had faced them at this performance, hastened to the box office, where they expected to witness the manager enact the role of the ghost in a beautiful, heart throbbing drama called "The Postponed Walk of Hamlet's Father." But they were late. The manager had walked ahead of time with the money, and, like Mother Hubbard's bow-wow, the members of the company "got left."

One thing, and only one thing, remained for the actors to do, walk back to the city with silk and money blest. It was discouraging, but—"Say," said the low comedian to the woman who had won storms of applause by her representations of Ophelia, Portia and other characters of equal note, "you shouldn't mind this. Just think, as you walk, of the critic who praised your stately carriage!" He laughed at his joke, but the actress turned up her nose, drew herself up to full height and strode on—with the stately carriage in evidence, but unavailable for locomotion.—New York Press.

Why Parrots Are Great Favorites. Of all the members of the feathered tribes there are none which have been greater favorites and have been regarded with a greater degree of genuine attachment than parrots. The beauty of their plumage, with its wealth and variety of gorgeous colors, their symmetry of form and gracefulness of manner would alone have been sufficient to give them their popularity. But the closest link they have established with our affections is, of course, found in their wonderful faculty for the repetition of spoken words and various familiar sounds, together with their possession, in many instances, of a reasoning power which suggests that they are not always mere imitators, but really understand the general sense of what they say. Combined with this power of speech, the fond attachment which they are capable of showing toward those who feed or are otherwise kind to them leads to their being among the most favored as companions of human beings. This place of honor in the animal world they have held for many centuries.—Strand Magazine.

Willow to Tree. "Who—They say kissing is dangerous. Do you believe it?" "He—I don't know. Let's see." "She—I like your impudence. How ever, in the cause of science I don't know why I should take offense."—Baltimore Transcript.

NOT FOUND  
WANTING  
Sheriff Fisk Has Been Tried and is Efficient Both Inside and Outside of the Office.

Fred Fisk has given satisfaction in collecting the many thousands of dollars in taxes and in the service of legal papers both inside and outside of the office and in always looking after the interests of the county and its citizens. He has been tried in all of the various tests of a sheriff and has during his incumbency, had a harder test than falls to the lot of most sheriffs—taking up the work on the death of his popular chief Sheriff



Withers and carrying it through in a most able manner—and he has stood these tests and proven himself competent and honest in the discharge of his duties and in the administration of the sheriff's office inside and outside, and knowing his real worth would it be wise to take chances on the unknown? When you have a horse that gives entire satisfaction and has been tried and found true and trustworthy is it good policy to let him go and take chances on an unknown horse? If you have an honest and trusted man in your employ would you let him go and trust your business to one you do not know? We think not. This same principle applies to the county's business, and it is the privilege and the duty of every good citizen and taxpayer to see that an obliging, efficient and honest man is placed in charge of this important office. It is an office that requires good judgment, intelligence, business tact and executive ability and in Fred Fisk you have all of these requirements, and the business interests of the office and the county will be safe in his efficient deputies, Harry Bown and Creed Hammond.

In Fred Fisk you have a young man of clear character, good morals, high principles, and of unquestioned honesty and it is a fitting tribute to the young manhood of the county to recognize such.—Springfield News.

### Ivison News.

(Guard Special Service.) Ivison, May 25.—We see A P Conroy in our midst again. W T Cornelius made a trip to Eugene Friday, returning Saturday. L Vaughn's logging camp is now in active operation on Nott. People seem very much excited over chittim bark and one can hear all sorts of rumors regarding the price. Quite a number from here attended the funeral of Uncle Wm Lyons at Central cemetery last Saturday. C A Steppens killed a coyote yesterday on his ranch on Nott. The "varmint" had killed several of his sheep. Walter Chastain killed two large black bears a few days ago. He has a fine dog for bear. Willis McGuire, of Eugene, returned to his ranch here this week. School closes at this place next week. Miss Stella Owen is the teacher. Miss Owen has given entire satisfaction, having been untiring in her efforts to advance her pupils.

### Coburg Items.

(Guard Special Service.) Coburg, May 27.—Mrs. E. Lafouste is visiting friends in Portland. Mrs. Hedrick and daughter, Etta, attended the funeral of R. E. Street-er at Pleasant Hill Monday. Victor Dobbins and family moved to Cottage Grove last week. Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. Bucknum Tuesday, May 17, 1904, a daughter. Misses Ethel Cleaver and Myrtle Carson, of Lebanon, were visitors in Coburg on Friday and Saturday of last week. Mrs. Sharp, of Portland, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ames Wilkins. Mrs. Frank Skinner and Miss Minnie Wilkinson returned Saturday from

Astoria, where they attended the general lodge of the order of Rebekah. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Sackett have returned from Los Angeles, Cal. The local W. O. W. camp are making preparations for unveiling ceremonies to be held June 12 at the grave of deceased Neighbor Smith.

The Coburg public school closed Friday, May 20th, and exercises were held in the Coburg W. O. W. hall. A very good program was rendered by the school children, assisted by Miss Myrtle Carson and the ladies' quartette, consisting of Mesdames G. Sme-sett, O. C. Dixon, J. Macy and Miss Ida Bettis. A very pleasant party was given to the teachers of the Coburg school at the residence of A. C. Dixon on last Wednesday evening by the ladies' quartette. The reception and dining rooms were charmingly decorated with the class colors of white and lavender. A huge spider web in the bay window, with many cords elegantly wound and twisted through the room, was the first diversion of the evening, after which progressive games of finish, pit, authors, crokinole and parlor croquet were enjoyed until refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, in which the class colors predominated, were served by the hostess. Instrumental and vocal music, with games, occupied the remaining hours until in the wee small hours the guests reluctantly departed. The teachers present were M. G. Cleaver, Miss Edna Adams, Miss Maude Miller and Miss Clara Skunkin, and the members of the class were Misses Kate Van Dusen, Edna Hoeflin, Flora Miller, Ceil Leach, Bertha Hendricks, Daisy Deffenbacher, Messrs. Fred Pfeifer, James Hendricks, Fred Wilcox. Other guests present were Messrs. Ralph Martin, Lee Jarnagin, John Hardin, Bridges, A. C. Dixon, G. Bassett, John Morris, Mrs. Norris, Dorothy and Richard Dixon, Eleanor Bassett.

### Miss Leila Russell.

In mentioning the candidates for queen of the Mardi Gras carnival at Portland the Oregonian says: "Miss Leila B. Russell is employed as telephone operator by the Pacific States Telephone Company, and is very popular with her patrons, who are very much interested in her success. Miss Russell was born in Eugene, Or., eighteen years ago. Her family is of the early pioneer stock, and several of her relatives are numbered among the best known families of this city and the Willamette Valley. Miss Russell is a very independent young woman, and has graduated from a business college. She is very fond of all outdoor sports, has a medal as a tennis player, and is very fond of rowing and golf. The friends of Miss Russell are very earnest in their effort to insure her election."

### Married.

In Portland, May 21, 1904, F. E. Snodgrass and Mrs. Susie E. Abbott, both of Cottage Grove, W. Seton, J. P., of Portland, officiating. The groom is an engineer on the O & S. R. R. and the bride is a daughter of Mr and Mrs S Y Abbott, of Eugene. They will reside in Cottage Grove.

### EXCURSION RATES TO YAQUINA BAY.

On June 1st the Southern Pacific Company will resume sale of excursion tickets to Newport and Yaquina Bay. Both season and Saturday-Monday tickets will be sold. This popular resort is growing in favor each year, hotel rates are reasonable and the opportunities for fishing, hunting and sea bathing are unequalled by any other resort on the Pacific Coast. W. E. Cowan, General Passenger Agent.

### Spanish War Veterans.

All veterans of the Spanish-American war are urged to meet at the armory promptly at 9 o'clock Monday morning, May 30, to participate in the Memorial Day exercises.

### A Startling Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. Mahogany, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes: "A patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles, so I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in fourteen months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and kidney trouble. Try them. Only 50c at W. L. DeLano's. If you are pale, no energy, no ambition, irritable, cross, ugly, haggard, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, and it will do the business thoroughly. 50c bottles or tablet. Ask your druggist.