### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

-14-"I'm coming to that, now," continned Eccleshare. "I had told Parslave to meet me on the path between High Cap lodge and the Woodcock about eight o'clock. I strolled out to meet him, as soon as dinner was over at Courthope's. That would be about ten minutes to eight. We met a little to the further side-the side nearest the Woodcock-of Relver's den. As far as I can recollect, it would then be just after eight o'clock. We stood a few minutes, talking. Then-

"A moment, if you please," interrupted Maythorne. He produced a memorandum book, and laying it open on the table before him, drew Eccleshare's attention to a rough diagram penciled on one of the pages. "Here's a sketch that I made the day of my arrival at the Woodcock," he sald. "A sketch of the paths across the moor. Now there are two paths that lead from the direction of High Cap lodge and go towards the Woodcock. One leads directly across the front of Relver's den, at the very foot of the rocks-we'll call that the higher one. The other is some fifteen or twenty yards lower down-amongst the heather; we'll call that the lower one. Which path were you and Par-

Eccleshare bent over the diagram for a moment, twisting it round so as to get a clear idea of its geography. He put his finger on a spot.

"We were about there," he said. "On the lower one. But-I don't know if you've made it quite plain-those two paths (one, the lower one's a mere sheep track) almost meet on the west side, the High Cap lodge side of Reiver's den, near Cowle's cottage. They're only separated there by a yard or two. Then the lower one goes away through the heather to the top side of High Cap lodge; the other one passes High Cap lodge on the lower side at fifty or sixty yards distance and breaks into the moorland road to Cloughthwaite."

"Well," said Maythorne. "Anyway -you and Parslave were on the lower

"We were on the lower one-perhaps a hundred yards from Reiver's den. And," continued Eccleshare, "as I was saying, we stood there a few minutes, talking. It was then quite dark, but a clear, starilt night. We were just moving away, in the High Cap lodge direction, when we heard a shot fired. It seemed, as far as we could make out, to be in Reiver's den, or just beyond It-I think it must have been in Reiver's den, because there was a distinct echo from the rocks. We heard nothing follow-no cry, scream, anything of that sort. Neither of us took any particular notice-I think we each had the same idea; that it was a gamekeeper who was after something. In fact, we heeded it so little that we went on talking about our own business for a minute or two after the shot was fired. Then because it was time for Parslave to be getting on to catch his train we moved-coming over to the other path because it leads directly to the moorland road. We had just got on It when we heard steps coming along from the direction of Reiver's den. There were some high, thick bushes close by, and-I really don't know why we did it, but we did !we sort of instinctively moved into their shadow, where it was quite dark, And then, a minute later, walking very swiftly, a woman passed us."

"A woman!" It was Manners who let out this sharp exclamation. Like all the rest of us he had been following Eccleshare closely; now he showed signs of excitement; clearly, some notion had suddenly come to him,

"A woman!" repeated Eccleshare, quietly. "A woman-tall, slender, walking very quickly indeed-we heard her breathing, sharply. She

"In which direction?" asked Maythorne.

"Towards Marrasdale," replied Eccleshure.

"And then?" suggested Maythorne

after a brief pause.

"Then Parslave and I went on again

-he was getting pressed for time. We neither heard nor saw anything there. We passed Cowle's cottage. You say Cowle saw us together, Probable!but we never saw him. We walked quickly across the moor, struck the high road, and parted. I went into High Cap lodge, and Parslave-but let Parslave himself tell you what he

We all turned to Parslave, who still sat perched on the edge of a chair near the door, twiddling his thumbs.

"Went straight along the road to Petherby station, then," said Parslave. "Caught the nine-fifteen train-last train that is-to Newcastle, Got to Newcastle at ten-fifty. Put up at a temperance, near the station, for the night. Went to see Mr. Graham, the

lawyer, as soon as I'd had my breakfast next morning-bout ten o'clock, that 'ud be. When I'd done with him, got a bit of a snack and then caught the twelve-ten express to London. Got to King's Cross at a quarter to seven that evening. Came straight hereand been here ever since."

"Let me ask Parslave a question while I think of it," said Crole, "Parslave !-- do you mean to say that since you left Marrasdale, you've never heard of the murder there?-from the newspapers?"

"I can't read, sir," answered Parslave, "I've no scholarship, Can't neither read nor write."

"But you've been in the company of Doctor Eccleshare's housekeeper," continued Crole. "Do you mean to sny that she's never read anything about it to you-out of the papers?"

Parslave shook his head. "No, sir-she hasn't," he replied Don't seem a paper-reading woman, that. Her reads them story paperstales-such like. But I nin't seen her

a-rending of newspapers." "Well, but you've no doubt been in the habit since you've been here, of going out to have a glass of ale at some public house or other," persisted Crole, "Have you never heard it mentioned at such times?"

"No, sir," answered Parslave, with solemn assurance, "Never! I always go out to take a pint of ale at the public up the street, but I ain't never talked to nobody-don't understand this London talk-'tis all so much furrin language to me. And I ain't never heard nobody talking of the murder."

"You can take it from me, Mr. Crole," said Eccleshare, "that Parslave never heard of Mazaroff's murder at all until last night, when I returned home. I told him-we had a talk last night about our own experiences near Relver's den that eveningin the light of what we remembered, of course."

"That's just what I want to ask you some questions about, Doctor," said Crole, "It seems to me that we're getting nearer a solution of this mystery than we've ever been before. Now, you won't mind if I ask you a few straightforward questions?"

"Ask me anything you like," replied Eccleshare.

"You were at the Inquest on Mazaroff's body at the Woodcock," sald Crole. "You gave evidence-"

"Purely professional evidence," interrupted Eccleshare,

"Precisely-as to the cause of death," assented Crole. "Now, why didn't you tell the coroner and the jury what you've told us just now?"

"And-if I may put a word in," said Manners, quickly, "why didn't you tell us-the police-all you've just told us about Parslave, when you knew quite well that we were looking for him?"

"As to your question, Manners, I wasn't aware of the bue-and-cry for Parslave to the extent you think," answered Eccleshare, "My time wasn't spent in the Marrasdale district, so much as on the east side of my host's house. As to yours, Crolewell. I've told you I possibly made a mistake-no doubt I did. But I had reason for silence. They're easily summed up. The person that Parslave and I saw hurrying away from Reiver's den, where, presumably, murder had just been committed was-a woman !"

Crole summoned our undivided attention with a swift glance round the table. He went forward to Eccleshare, "Now, Doctor!" he said. "Don't

let's bent about the bush any longerlet's get at the truth, however unpleasant it may be. Did you form any opinion as to who that woman was?" Eccleshare made a gesture of dislike at the situation. But he bowed

his head and replied without hesitation.

"I did!-certainly!" "Who was she?" "Mrs. Elphinstone!"

"You feel sure of that?" "Positive-without doubt. Ask Par-

slave!"

Crole turned sharply on Parslave. And Parslave threw up his head with a jerk.

"What do you say, Parslave? Who was the woman that passed you?" "Mistress Elphinstone, sir-no doubt

on it! Never had no doubt-myself." Crole turned again to Eccleshare. "You said it was dark, then, but

clear, star-lit. How did you recognize her?" "Figure, walk, profile," replied Ec-

cleshare. "I'd no doubt at the time, and I've none now. The woman who passed Parslave and myself just after -at teast almost just after-we heard the shot fired, was Mrs. Elphinstone." "That's why you kept slience?" sug-

gested Crole. "I thought things out, next morning," answered Ecclesiare, "I kept silence-Parslave, of course, had gone, I-well, I didn't want to give a woman away. And after all-there might be explanations."

"Explanations!" exclaimed Crole,

"Here's something that needs explanation," interrupted Maythorne. 'Doctor Eccleshare and Parslave agree that they heard a shot fired near Reiver's den soon after eight o'clock, Old Mr. Hassendeane told us, Crole, when you, Holt, and myself met him there, that he heard a shot fired, about ten o'clock. Now then-which of those shots was it that killed Mazaroff? Remember!-neither Eccleshare nor Parslave saw anything of Mazaroff near Reiver's den at eight o'clock. And yet, if the eight o'clock shot killed him, he must have been about there when they were. What do you make of that?"

"Don't know-it needs thinking out," answered Crole. "Rut-to my mind, the pertinent thing is this. Dector Eccleshare and Parslave are both dead certain they saw Mrs. Elphinstone come away from Reiver's den, where, afterwards Mazaroff's lifeless body was found, robbed of money, valuables, papers, and his will. Now then, neither Manners nor Corkerdale know this-and I'm going to tell them, as police officers. A few nights after the murder, Mrs. Elphinstone was found to be in possession of the will! How did she get it?"

## CHAPTER IX

## Missing!

It needed no more than a glance at the two policemen to see that this announcement produced an effect on their officially trained minds which was conjugient to letting in a sudden flood of Illuminating light on a hither-



"A Woman!"

to dark subject. Corkerdale looked at dale; then both turned on the solicitor. "Mrs. Elphinstone!" exclaimed Manners. "In possession of the missing

will?" But Corkerdale's first remark was in a quieter tone.

"That'll need some explanation," he said, with a significant look, "As I understand matters, the will was in Mazaroff's pocket when he was murdered."

"As far as is known, it was," replied Crole. "He carried it away from Postlethwaite's office at York, in his pocket, anyway, and it certainly wasn't amongst his effects at the Woodcock, which we examined after his death. Explanation, yes! But I'll tell you how we came to find out that Mrs. Elphinstone got it." He went on to narrate the happenings of the previous night but one, on which Shella came to me with the missing will. "Now," he continued, "the thing of course, Is-how, where, under what circumstances did Mrs. Elphinstone get hold of that will? Last night, after Mrs. Elphinstone arrived in London, Maythorne saw her and tried to get an explanation out of her. He got noth-

"Not a word!" said Maythorne, "She showed nothing but defiance. I pointed out the inference that might

be drawn; the suspicion that might be thrown upon her-all no good! She refused to say or tell anything."

"And that makes me think," remarked Crole, a little eagerly, "that Mrs. Elphinstone, after all, may have a proper and reasonable explanation to give. I can't think that a woman of any common sense-and she's a shrewd, clever, hard woman!-would be so foolish as to behave in this fashion unless she knew she was safe. You hinted that you'd have to give information to the police, didn't you, Maythorne ?" "I did!"

"And it produced no effect on her?" "Not the slightest! Her whole attitude was that of-mind your own business !"

Crole began to drum the table with his fingers, looking round at the rest of us as if he wondered whether anybody had got any suggestion to make, As nobody spoke, he made one himsoif.

"I wonder of Mazaroff, or Merchison, as he really was, met Mrs. Elphinstone, or Mrs. Merchison, as she really is, at any time while he was at the Woodcock before his death?" he said. "Possible!"

"I don't think he did," replied Maythorne, at whom Crole was looking particularly. "There's nothing whatever to suggest it. Of course, if Mrs. Elphinstone could be got to speak it would clear up a tremendous lot."

"From what little I saw of Mrs. Elphinstone at Marrasdale," observed Crole, "she's the sort of woman who will not speak-until it pleases her to do so! A hard woman-d-d hard!" "Where is Mrs. Elphinstone to be

found?" asked Corkerdale. "Short's hotel," replied Maythorne. \*\*Then I think Manners and I had better go there and see her," sald Corkerdale. He turned to Eccleshare, "You spoke of leaving England, doc-

tor? When?" "Two not quite settled the exact date," replied Eccleshare. "I thought

about the end of next week." "Better put it off a bit, doctor," suggested Corkerdale, quietly. "As far as I can see, your evidence will be wanted-and so will your man's Now," he continued, "I suppose Parslave there is a native of this place, Marrasdale? Just so-then he's very well acquainted with the personal appearance of Mrs. Elphinstone?"

"Known her a many years, sirever since she came to live at Marrasdate tower," replied Parslave.

"You'd be in the habit of seeing her regularly, Parslave?' suggested the defactive:

"Most every day, sir-here and there."

"And you've no doubt that it was Mrs. Elphinstone you saw that night, coming away from the place where you heard the shot fired, and where Mazaroff's dead body was afterwards discovered?"

"Not a doubt about that, sir! Take my solemn 'davy 'twas Mrs. Eliphinstone,"

"And you've no doubt either, doctor? though you, of course, being, 1 gather, a mere visitor to these parts, wouldn't know Mrs. Elphinstone so well?"

"I've no doubt," replied Eccleshare. "Although I was only a visitor, I know Mrs. Elphinstone well enough. My host, Mr. Courthope, is her nephew. He. Mr. Armintrade, and myself dined at Marrasdale tower two of three times during my stay. I often met Mrs. Elphinstone out on the moors, or in the village. I'm positive she was the woman Parslave and I saw coming away that night from Relver's den."

Corkerdale turned to Manners. "I think we'd better go round to Short's hotel," he remarked,

"That's what I think," agreed Manners. "Can't be left where it is."

We all got up. There was a brief silence. Crole was just going to say something when a knock came at the door. Eccleshare's housekeeper put her head inside.

"There's a young man outside, sir, wants to know if Mr. Maythorne is here?" she said. "Come in a taxt, sir. with an old gentleman. The young man said-if Mr. Maythorne's here which his name is Pickles."

"One of my clerks," muttered May thorne, "Excuse me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Of Course Smart Dog Knew Telephone's Uses

Evidently Dynamite is well namednot the explosive, but the six months' old terrier in Denver which was credited with telephoning the police to liberate him from a jewelry store where he had been inadvertently locked in.

It seems that Dynamite fell asleep under a counter when his master was making a purchase. He falled to wake up until after the store was locked for the night. When he did awake, it was to find the place in darkness, and barks and howis proved of no avail. Finnly he jerked the telephone to the floor, thus releasing the receiver from the hook and signaling the operator. She heard the dog's bark and notified the police, with the result that the riot squad hastened to the scene.

## Ancient Sea Warriors

The word "viking" is not a rucial term. It has a twofold meaning, being both locational and martial. The old Norse spelling of this word was 'vikingr," which literally meant "inlet man," the basis word "vik" meaning "inlet of the basis "Vikingr" was also the Norse synonym of the Anglo-Saxon word "wicing," which was composed of "wi" (war) and "cing" (king) by which was meant a sea warrior.

Whether or not the dog knew what he was doing when he "telephoned" for help the police are at a loss to determine, but the owners of smart dogs will believe that he did know what he was doing.

## Power From Niagara

The first application of Niagara nower was to a sawmill built by a old!" Frenchman in 1725 on the New York bank near the rapids. At present Niagara power is used in Syracuse, 165 miles from its source, and also in Windsor, Ont., 240 miles away, By treaty the amount of water that may he diverted from Ningara for power purposes has been limited to 36,000 cubic feet per second on the Canadian side and 20,000 cubic feetaper second on the United States side. The power is used nearby in electro-chemical industries, in the manufacture of aluminum, ferro-sillcon, carborundum, artificial graphite, liquid chlorine, calclum carbide, cyanamide and other

## Applause Lean Fuel

Be sure you're right, then go ahead. The applause doesn't matter, and, besides, it might never come, anyway .-Lynchburg Advance.



### NO TIME TO PLAY

The season was waning and they were much in love, so the summer boarder approached the farmer to ask for his daughter's hand.

"I-I-that is, I to-to-love your daughter, and we're going to be marmar-ried, and-'

"Keep your troubles to yo'self!" the father thundered. "Don't bother me with 'em now. I've got two sick bosses on my hands,"

### BADLY WANTED



Actress-You say you are wanted in all the big cities-they're just crazy to get you?

Actor (with swelled head) -Yes, I'm wanted everywhere. Actress-What's the charge?

## Cats

Yes, I do tove all nature's sounds, In any "sharp" or "flat," But most near, and ever dear Is the purring of my cat.

Hardest Part of the Acting "Is the movie actress vain and su-

percillous?" "Not naturally. She only seems

that way." "For what reason?"

"She's trying to live up to the reputation of being as superintively silly as the publicity experts have represented her."

Protected His Grandmother

Frank-How did Jerry get that black eye? Ernest-Well, he was waiting at the

stage door the other night for # chorus girl-Frank-And her steady came along? Ernest-No; her grandson came out

## The Well-Known Secret

and bent him up.

Stranger-Who is that man whom everybody is greeting? Native-Oh, everybody knows him. He is our local member of the secret

## NOT EXPENSIVE



He-Won't you go out to dinner with me some evening? She-Sure-but I warn you, I eat

like a horse. He-Oh, well-hay ain't so expen-

## Ditto

I like to see the stuff in print That omes from my own pen; But how I hate the guy who sells My joke worked over again.

#### Meant to Compliment "Ah, Mr. Simpson," excluded a kit

tenish old lady, "you must remember that I am a daughter of Eve!" "Well, honestly," replied the blundering man, "you don't look half so

## Hit and Run

She-How do you like being an au tomobile sulesman?

He-Fine. The boss gave me two customers to run down, and I hit them both ten minutes later.

#### Inappropriate Beggar-Can you spare me a pair of

very old shoes? Lady-But you are wearing quite

good ones. Beggar-I know, ma'am, and they are ruining my whole business.

#### Easy Money Yolande-Old absent-minded profe

sors are all right.

Godiya-How so? Yolande-1 borrowed \$10 from one once and he forgot all about it

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Construction Foreman-Boss, we need another ton o' sand to finish

this job. Contractor-All right. Boy, run down to the store and get a nickel's worth of spinach.-Chicago Dally. Nows.



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Bogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks R.-R. Ocan be used about the home, barn or poul-try yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly polson. K.-R.O. is made of Squill, as recommended by U.S. Dept. olds riculture, under the Connable process which the Sold on a Money Back Guarantee. Insist upon K.-R. O, the original Squill exter-minator, All poultry supply, drug, and seed Stores "5c. Large size flour times as much) \$2.00. Directi(dealer cannot supply you K.-R. O

Hard Luck

Algernon-Yes; for years and years his heart was set on having a real home.

Clarence-Well? Algernon-Well, he married a clubwoman,-New Bedford Standard,

#### Poor Doggy Young Wife-If you don't est these biscuits I'll have to throw

them out to the dog.

ant associations,

n nice dog. In a Nutshell One of the best secrets of enjoy-

ment is the art of cultivating pleas-

Husband-What a pity. He's such

A woman often can't get a new hat out of her head until it's on it.

## BEST MEDICINE SHE KNOWS OF

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

> medicine I ever heard of. Before my baby was born I was always weak and rundown, I had nervous spells until I couldn't do my housework. A

> > the Vegetable

Compound and it strengthened me. Besido my own Jhousework I am now working in a restaurant and I feel

better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."— Mas. Berrha Rivers, 2014 Polk St., Ft. Meyers, Florida.

Ft. Meyers, Fla.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best lady told me about