



SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative, who was whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task. A ferry boat was commandeered by the man in the disguise of a woman. He is noted and recognized on the ferry. They see a man with a knife and a woman with a dagger. The man is the strange figure who is the cause of the strange case. He is the man who is the cause of the strange case. He is the man who is the cause of the strange case.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Then followed some murmurs mixed in a drunken dance with half the letters of the alphabet—the explanation of the map, I suppose, in cipher, and as it might prove a clue to this dreadful business, I folded the sheet carefully in an envelope and placed it in an inmost pocket.

The search had been of definite results, I sat with chair tilted against the wall to consider the situation. Turn it as I would I could make nothing good of it. There were separate enterprises afoot of which I could see neither beginning nor end, purpose nor result. I repented of my consent to mix in the dangerous doings and resolved that when the morning came I would find other quarters, take up the search for Henry, and look for such work as might be found.

It was after midnight when I had come to this conclusion, and, barring doors and windows as well as I could, I flung myself on the bed to rest, and I sank into an uneasy slumber.

When I awoke I was with a start and an oppressive sense that somebody else was in the room. The gaslight that I had left burning had been put out. Darkness was intense. I sat upright and felt for matches that I had seen upon the stand.

In another instant I was flung back upon the bed. My fingers gripped at some advantage, and a voice hissed in my ear:

"Where is he? Where is the boy? Give me your papers, or I'll wring the life out of you!"

I was strong and vigorous, and though taken at a disadvantage, struggled desperately enough to break the grip on my throat and get a hold upon my assailant.

"Where is the boy?" rasped the voice once more, and then, as I made no reply, but twisted my arm about him, my assailant saved all his breath for the struggle.

We rolled to the floor with a thud that shook the house, and in this change of base I had the luck to come out uppermost. Then my courage rose as I found that I could hold my man. I feared a knife, but if he had one he had not drawn it, and I was able to keep his hands too busy to allow him to get possession of it, now. Finding that he was able to accomplish nothing, he gave a short cry and called:

"Come!"

I heard a confusion of steps outside, and a sound as of a muffled door. Then the door opened, and there was a rush of feet behind me, and the flash of a bull-eye lantern. I released my enemy, and sprang back to the corner where I could defend myself at some advantage.

called by Henry's name. Detective Coogan did not notice it. But I hastened to disclaim the dangerous distinction.

"I am not Wilton," I declared. "My name is Dudley—Giles Dudley."

At this announcement Detective Coogan turned to the policeman.

"Just step into Morris' room, Carson, and tell him I'm going up to the morgue."

"Now," he continued, as the policeman closed the door behind him, "this won't do, Wilton. We've had to overlook a good deal of course, but you needn't think you can play us up and suckers all the time."

"But I tell you I'm not—" I began, when he interrupted me.

"You can't make that go here," he said contemptuously. "And I'll tell you what, Wilton, I shall have to take you into custody if you don't come down straight to business. We don't want to chimp in on the old man's party, of course, especially as we don't know what his game is."

Coogan appeared to regret this admission that he was not omniscient, and went on hastily: "You know as well as we do that we don't want any fight with him. But I'll tell you right now that if you force a fight, we'll make it so warm for him that he'll have to throw you overboard to lighten an alp."

Here was a fine prospect conveyed by Detective Coogan's picturesque confusion of metaphors. If I persisted in claiming my own name and person charged with Heaven-knows-what crimes. If I took my friend's name, I was to invite the career of adventure of which I had just had a taste. And while this was flashing through my mind, I wondered idly who the "old man" could be. The note I had received was certainly in a lady's hand, and if the lady was Henry's employer, it was evident that he had dealt with a man of power.

My decision was of necessity promptly taken.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you look at it, Coogan," I said carelessly, "it's all right. I thought it was agreed

forth from the obscurity as he turned up the lights.

Detective Coogan's words seemed to come from a great distance as he said: "Here, you see, he was stabbed. The knife went to the heart. Here he was hit with something heavy and he was hit enough of all accounts to get the scalp and lay the cheek open. The skull is broken. See here."

I summoned my resolution and looked. Disfigured and ghastly as it was, I recognized it. It was the face of Henry Wilton.

The next I knew I was sitting on a bench, and the detective was holding a bottle to my lips.

"There, take another swallow," he said, not unkindly. "I didn't know you weren't used to it."

"Oh," I gasped, "I'm all right now." And I was able to look steadily at the gruesome surroundings and the dreadful burden on the slab.

"Is this the man?" asked the detective.

"Yes."

"His name?"

"Detective Dudley." I was not quite willing to transfer the whole of my identity to the dead, and changed the Giles to James.

"Detective Dudley? I was not quite willing to transfer the whole of my identity to the dead, and changed the Giles to James.

"I shook my head, though I could not have said why I denied it. Then, in answer to the detective's question, I told the story of the scuffle in the alley, and of the events that followed.

"Did you see any of the men?" I recognized them, I mean?"

I described the scene as well as I was able—the man with the face of the wolf that I had seen in the lantern-shed.

Detective Coogan lost his restless air, and looked at me in astonishment.

"I don't see your game, Wilton," he said.

"I'm giving you the straight facts," I said sullenly, a little disturbed by his interest and tone.

"Well, in that case, I'd expect you to keep the straight facts to yourself, my boy."

"My turn to be astonished."

"Well, that's my lookout," I said with assumed carelessness.

"I don't see through you," said the detective with some irritation. "If you're playing with me to stop this inquiry by dragging in—well, we needly use names—you'll find yourself in the highest water you ever struck."

"You can do as you please," I said coolly.

The detective ripped out an oath.

"If I knew you were lying, Wilton, I'd clap you in jail this minute."

"Well, if you want to take the risks," I said sullenly.

He looked at me for a full minute.

"Candidly, I don't, and you know it," he said. "But this is a stunner on me. What's your game, anyhow?"

"I wished I knew."

"So accomplished a detective should not be at a loss to answer so simple a question."

"Well, there's only one course open, as I see," he said with a groan. "We've got to have a story ready for the papers and the coroner's jury."

"This was my suggestion for me and I was alarmed."

"You can just forget your little tale about the row in the alley," he continued. "There's nothing to do with this man here. Maybe it didn't happen. Anyhow, just think it was a dream. This was a water-frog row—rough saloon-killed and robbed by parties unknown. Maybe we'll have you before the coroner for the identification of the man who was shot and killed."

I nodded assent. My mind was too numbed to suggest another course.

The gray dawn was breaking through the chill fog, and the people were stirring in the streets as Detective Coogan led the way out of the morgue. As we parted he gave me a curious look.

"I suppose you know your own business, Wilton," he said, "but I suspect you'd be a sight safer, if I'd clap you in jail."

And with this consoling comment he was gone, and I was left in the dawn of my first morning in San Francisco, mind and body at the maddest of periods after the excitement and despair of the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUTOS AT A COYOTE DRIVE.

California Hunt Not as Successful as Had Been Hoped For.

A large crowd of San Joaquin county residents assembled at the Bolinger ranch, which is located in the county, and enjoyed a coyote drive, which was not as destructive as the people had anticipated. Hoped for, as the animals bent out of sight and only a few were killed. Of late the coyotes have been killing sheep and calves. The scarcity of dead animals has caused the hunters to invade the ranches and give the farmer a lot of trouble. As a general rule, these animals seldom attack stock, but when driven to starvation they become bold.

It was with the hope that a large number would be killed that a general invitation was extended to the people to assemble and make a roundup. All kinds of vehicles, from the old fashioned wagons to the latest in automobiles, were in evidence, and many men appeared on horseback and joined the chase. One drive was made in the morning, and another in the afternoon, later being served by the two trips. Later another effort will be made to exterminate the troublesome animals.

of its tremors, and I grasped the revolver firmly:

"Who's there?"

"Open the door, sir; I've news for you."

"Who are you?"

"Come now, no nonsense; I'm an officer."

I unlocked the door and stepped to one side. My bump of caution had developed amazingly in the few hours I had spent in San Francisco, and, in spite of his assurance, I thought best to avoid any chance of a rust from my unknown friends, and to put myself in a good position to use my revolver if necessary.

The man stepped in and showed his star. He was the policeman I had met when I had run shouting into the street.

"I suspicion we've found your friend," he said gravely. "You're wanted at the morgue."

"Dead?" I gasped.

"Dead as Saint Patrick—rest his soul!"

CHAPTER IV.
A Change of Name.

"Here's your way, son," said the policeman, pointing to old City Hall, as it was even then known, and leading me to one of the inner rooms of the labyrinth of offices.

The policeman opened an office door, saluted, and motioned me to enter.

"Detective Coogan," he said, "here's your man."

Detective Coogan, from behind his desk, nodded with the careless dignity of official position.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Wilton," he said affably.

I betrayed surprise at being

ASYLUM FOR THAW

RELEASE ON HABEAS CORPUS WRIT IS DENIED.

DECLARED STILL INSANE

Justice Morschauer Says No Justice Has Been Done White's Slayer—No Appeal Is Expected.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. — Harry K. Thaw has accepted, apparently with resignation, the decree of Supreme Justice Morschauer—that he is still insane and that the interests of the public will be best served by denying him his liberty. Pending the signing of the papers of recommitment, which probably will not be done before a week next Saturday, Thaw will occupy Sheriff C. Thaw's suite in the county building here. In the meantime an effort will be made by Thaw's attorneys to induce District Attorney Jerome to consent to the commitment of the prisoner to one of the state hospitals other than Matteawan. It is said that in the event of Mr. Jerome giving his consent to such a change no appeal will be taken from Justice Morschauer's decision. Even if an appeal were taken, it would be argued before the state supreme court. The Justice declares that the prisoner is insane and should not be allowed at large, and that his commitment to the asylum by Justice Dowling after the second trial of the murder case was legal.

Decision of the Justice.

Following is the decision: "Upon application duly made a writ of habeas corpus was allowed by which Harry K. Thaw was directed to be produced in court. In the petition it is alleged that Thaw is illegally imprisoned and treated of as a convict by Amos T. Baker, acting superintendent of Matteawan state hospital, a state institution for the insane.

"That Thaw's detention is attacked upon the grounds:

"First, That he is now sane.

"Second, That the act under the provisions of which he was committed and detained is unconstitutional and the court was without jurisdiction to issue the order of commitment, and such order was null and void.

"The return to the writ alleges that said Thaw is now insane and that the court was without jurisdiction to issue said Thaw is constitutional and valid, and that the court had jurisdiction to make the order of commitment.

"The proof and evidence on the part of the respective parties have been fully presented and the matter has been submitted.

"Thaw, at the time of his trial for homicide, as a defense, pleaded insanity and presented proof to show his insanity at the time of the killing of Miss Gage. He was committed to the Matteawan state hospital, by Justice White, and, by the proof offered on his behalf, the jury was convinced that he was insane and acquitted him upon that ground. I am satisfied from the evidence adduced before me that the mental condition of Harry K. Thaw has not changed, and I find that he is now insane and that it is so manifest as to make it unsafe for him to be at large.

"I believe no injustice has been done to Thaw or will be done to him by depriving him of his liberty until such time as he can be discharged by the method prescribed by law. Being in mind that the usual punishment for the act which led up to the detention was a term of death, or a long term of imprisonment, and that Thaw escaped the consequences of such act solely by reason of his existing mental condition, I do not deem it proper to allow Thaw his freedom, suffering as he is from some form of insanity with the possible recurrence of an attack similar to that which the jury believed he was suffering from when he killed Stanford White.

"In view of the existing mental condition of said Thaw, the safety of the public is better insured by his remaining in custody and under observation until he has recovered or until such time as it shall be reasonable to believe that there is no danger of a recurring attack of the delusion or whatever it may be. The writ is dismissed. The order remanding the said Harry K. Thaw can be settled on notice pursuant to stipulation."

Editorial—Fred Burglar.

Guthrie, Okla.—Fred Tracy, member of the constitutional convention, editor of the Beaver Herald, member of the Democratic state committee and one of the best-known politicians in the state, was indicted Monday by the federal grand jury for robbing the post office at Beaver City.

Denies Marrying Anna to Hell.

New York.—Justice of the Peace William Bubenberger of Hoboken, whose name had been mentioned in connection with reports that Prince De Sagan and Mme. Gould were married in New Jersey, denied positively Monday that he performed the marriage.

Al Kilton Not Drowned.

St. Paul, Minn.—The report sent out from Cass Lake Saturday that Al Kilton, son of the late Commodore Kilton, a wealthy St. Paul pioneer, had been drowned in a canoe out to sea, was a case of mistaken identity.

Brig. Gen. Mackenzie Retired.

Washington.—Brig. Gen. Mackenzie, chief of engineers, was retired Monday on account of age. Gen. Mackenzie had the distinction of being the oldest officer on the active list and the one of longest service.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional medicine. The only medicine that cures is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It cures deafness by restoring the blood to its normal condition, and thus restores the hearing. It is the only medicine that cures deafness. It is the only medicine that cures deafness. It is the only medicine that cures deafness.

Successful Demonstration.

Romulus was founding Rome.

"What I'm trying to do," he explained, "is to show that it is possible to start a big town without building it around an oil well or a copper mine."

At this inopportune moment Romulus broke in with a remark that the new city was a lull, all right; and he got it in the neck as he fully set forth in your Latin reader.

Same Thing.

"Whom did you say she was going to marry?"

"A Hungarian count."

"Oh, I thought you said 'hungry.'"

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after-effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

EPILEPSY ITS TRIAL

FREE

EPILEPTIC CURE

FREE



MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PERUNA.

Catarh Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Illinois, U. S. A., writes:

"I have been troubled with catarh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help."

"Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough."

"Peruna has cured me. The catarh is gone and my health is very much improved."

"I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was."

PERUNA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets, rather than small pills. Such people can obtain Peruna Tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

Man-in-the Ideal Laxative.

Manufactured by **Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.**



SENSIBLE CHAP.

First Girl—What did he do when you told him his mustache was gone?

Second Girl—Turned the lights out!

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