

would not be prudent to attempt to pass them by putting on a bold front, as the bundle which he carried in his arms would be likely to compromise him. His only alternative, then, was to turn back and walk away unnoticed, if he could, or take to his heels if he must. Holding the bundle directly before him, he turned, but barely a dozen steps had been taken ere the officers perceived him, and, their suspicions being aroused by his actions, they increased their leisurely gait to a rapid walk to overtake him. Then he, also, quickened his pace, taking immense strides and holding his course still in the direction of the lake. But seeing that a chase was inevitable, and, wishing to gain every inch possible to his advantage, he started on a run. The pursuit now began in earnest. It was a race for life with Edgcomb scarcely fifty yards in advance. No place of refuge seemed available where he could dart in unobserved and secrete himself. He had reached a point near the Rush street bridge where there is a gradual converging of Kinzie and Michigan streets until the distance between them is narrowed to a few feet at the crossing of Rush. At alley, running parallel between these streets, also debouches into Rush street, it is here that the triangular point. It is here that the bridge commences. His intentions were to cross the river, for he supposed that the bridge at that hour of night would be entirely unfrequented. Approaching this locality at a furious pace, he turned abruptly from Michigan street into Pine, then, dashing through the alley to the point above described, he darted up the incline at the top of his speed.

A few weeks previous to this occurrence, a large propeller had collided with the bridge and nearly demolished it, since which time it had remained open for repairs. His long confinement had precluded the possibility of knowing or hearing of such occurrences, and he was, of course, not aware of this. What was his horror, then, upon discovering only a gaping chasm before him, with his retreat cut off in the rear, and the officers close upon him. It is at such critical moments, when the mind is sorely taxed for resources, that expedients develop with incredible spontaneity. Such a one came to him as he was about to leap into the dark abyss before him. He thought of a stairway which descended from the eastern abutment to the wharf below. It was close at hand, and with one bound he reached it and darted down, scarcely touching a third of the steps in his flight; and none too soon, for as he reached the wharf the officers seized the railing at the top of the stairs.

The darkness along the wharf was intense, but Edgcomb was used to the gloom of a prison cell and could see much better than his pursuers. He was resolved upon taking a desperate course if necessary to effect his escape, hence, instead of rushing recklessly along the wharf, he crouched down beside the stairs, near the edge of the wharf. An officer descended cautiously, groping his way and feeling for the fugitive. As he stepped upon the wharf he paused a moment to get his bearings, as he well knew it to be a dangerous place in which to move hastily. The skirt of his coat brushed Edgcomb's face. It was the moment for action, and a critical one, which meant life or death to him. He raised himself erect; the dark form was before him; then having in mind a noted criminal by the name of Grit McGuire, who had recently escaped from prison, he gave the officer a terrific push, crying out as he did so: 'You'll never follow Grit McGuire again, d—n you!' There was a cry and a splash, but Edgcomb heard no more, for seizing his bundle he made his way along the docks, finally taking refuge in a lumber yard near the entrance to the harbour.

An hour later, having become satisfied that the chase had been abandoned, Edgcomb moved out of his hiding place and walked along the lake shore until he found a convenient place for leaving the garments which were to be the evidence of his self-destruction. Placing them in a position, with the note attached, he proceeded to prepare evidence that he had acted in accordance with his

announcement by walking across the sandy beach, and wading to the breakwater a few yards from the shore. Reaching this, he climbed upon it and crept along on the rough stone for some distance until he came to a small pier, by which he returned to the shore. Worn with fatigue and excitement he now began to look for some spot where he could spend the night in safety. He had relieved his hunger at the lumber yard by eating part of the loaf which Imogen had placed in his hand, but he was exceedingly tired from the long chase which the officers had given him. Not far from the point where he had left his clothing, or not more than two hundred yards from the shore, stood a large brewery. It fronted upon a street running west from the lake. About midway from end to end of this building, on the side toward the lake, there was a large wing, which had apparently been added some time after the main building was constructed. In the angle formed by the wall of the main structure and the wing there was an accumulation of worn-out and useless articles which had once done service within. Among them was a large malt-tub, several feet in diameter, bound with large iron bands, eroded from exposure, the whole having a dilapidated and weather-beaten appearance. It lay partially inverted toward the wall and almost immediately in the angle described. Edgcomb could see the dark outline of the prodigious building in the starlight, and he advanced slowly toward it, thinking that perhaps it might offer a temporary asylum, where he could remain a few hours undisturbed. As he drew near the place he saw sudden flashes of light, which he thought came from a watchman's lantern. After they had ceased altogether, he skirted along the eastern wall of the brewery until he reached the accumulation of rubbish in the corner. Carefully he examined one thing after another until he paused before the huge tub. 'A most excellent retreat,' he exclaimed. 'I will do like Diogenes, I will make my home in a tub.' And he explored its interior by the light of a match which he chanced to find in his pocket.

As Edgcomb lay down to rest, all of the exciting incidents of the day and night passed in rapid review through his mind. He thought of the officer whom he had thrown into the river and wondered what had been his fate. He felt a pang of regret at having hurled the man, perhaps to a watery grave, and he endeavoured by force of argument to justify the act. 'If the man is dead,' he soliloquised, 'no one regrets it more than I, or the circumstances which made it a necessity. It was a matter of self-preservation. I am an innocent man, but my life would have been forfeited had I permitted myself to be taken. I am young, and have a wife and family, and everything to live for. God Himself cannot deny me the right to live, and how then can he sentence me for acting upon the first law of nature, even though I sacrificed another's life in doing so? Had I been guilty of the crime for which I have been tried and convicted, and had then added another in my efforts to escape a just punishment, one devoid of extenuating circumstances and deserving of His implacable wrath. It was long before he could induce sleep, and when it came it was disturbed by fitful dreams in which he fancied that he saw the white, upturned face of a corpse floating upon the dark surface of the river.

Edgcomb did not awaken until long after the morning had dawned. The great brewery, which had been wrapped for hours in a nocturnal mantle, deserted by all save the watchman who had occasionally made his rounds during the night, had meanwhile performed its usual functions. It was now astir with life and activity. Dense volumes of smoke poured from its lofty chimneys. The ponderous machinery had resumed its quotidian clanking and monotonous pulsations, while a responsive gurgle came from the huge pump as it forced the amber fluid through the long reaches of iron pipe and copper coils of the cooler into the monstrous tubs and vats, flushing them with every action of the valves, as the human arteries are flushed with every throbbing of the heart. The steam whistles sizzled and cooked, emitting clouds of steam, pregnant with the odour of

barley. The great copper cauldrons, retort-shaped, were seething while the brewers were busy shovelling hops into their capacious maws from the barrels and bales which stood numerously about. Men were everywhere at work; some rolling the grain upon trucks, others watching and tending the various stages of malt-making, turning the sprouting grain upon floors, or gathering the malt into heaps, singing the while some merry German ditty. Teams coming and going, loading and unloading, the coarse laughter of the drivers and brewers, the tramping of horses, and the roll of the machinery formed in its whole a noisy and animated scene.

After breakfasting upon the half loaf of bread which he had saved for his morning meal, Edgcomb began to consider what his future course should be. There must be some means of procuring subsistence, and yet he knew that it would not be prudent to remain in the city, for the vigilant eyes of the police were everywhere and his detection would only be a question of time. To be sure, he was somewhat altered in appearance by a change of raiment, and being shorn of the long hair which he had worn in his confinement, but this was not sufficient to tell them. Of course he could not tell what would be the result of the finding of the garments on the beach. He hoped that it would mislead them, but he was aware that they were familiar with all such cunning devices, and that, even were they disposed to accept the evidence of suicide, they would not relax their vigilance, or abate one whit of their watchfulness of every avenue of escape. How, then, could he extricate himself, penniless, helpless, without a friend, and only the hollow of a huge tub to shield him from the world which clamoured for his life. What would become of him when he stepped out into that world to struggle against the odds and uncertainties which would beset him everywhere? He thought long and earnestly over the situation, calculating upon the various plans which were suggested to his mind. Finally peering out and surveying the great walls of the brewery, he wondered if, after all, there was not right there within them a greater place of safety, temporarily, than any which he had considered before; and one which would also provide him with subsistence. Placing his hand to his brow he appeared to meditate for awhile. We shall see presently what occupied his thoughts, for, acting upon their impulse, he left his covert within the tub and walked boldly along the side of the building, turned the corner and entered the brewery by the arcade where the teams were driven in and out.

A few steps from the entrance and to the right of this arcade was a door, over which was fastened a small sign of 'office.' Stopping before the door, Edgcomb glanced at the sign, then farther, through the arcade, to the busy scene beyond. There was some hesitation in his manner, as if he were undecided where to go; but, choosing the office, he pushed open the door, which was slightly ajar, and entered, finding himself at once in the presence of a number of persons. Advancing to the nearest desk, at which sat a middle aged man, with strongly-marked German features, whose florid countenance and rotund figure gave evidence that he was a consumer as well as a producer, on a large scale, he asked, 'Is the proprietor in?'

The sturdy German glanced at the stranger with a puzzled look and replied, 'Dot's vot I am, zur, von uv dem. Want to puy some peer, hey?'

'No, that is not my errand. I am in trouble, and I thought that you might possibly help me out of it.'

'How ish dot?' the brewer asked, now scrutinizing his visitor closely from head to foot.

'Well, sir, I was washed overboard last night from a vessel and beat about in Lake Michigan for several hours clinging to a plank. I thought my time had surely come.'

'Ish dot so?' asked the astonished listener. Then turning squarely around in his chair, so as to face the hero of this thrilling incident, he inquired: 'You fell off der sheep in der lake? Iy damn, dot vos von fearful shvum. How did dot happen, mine fren?'

By this time all had become eager listeners. The cashier, who was busy looking over a number of checks and drafts before him, lost track of his computations; the bookkeeper, who

had plucked his pen from behind his ear, held it motionless; while even the small office-boy, who was engaged at the letter-press, abstractedly sized the face of the freshly-written letters instead of the tissue pages of his copy-book, smearing them beyond the possibility of interpretation, so interested had he become in the remarks and appearance of the stranger.

Edgcomb then proceeded to tell his story: 'I arrived in Chicago about ten days ago, with very little money in my pocket, in search of work. Having no profession or trade to follow, I found it a difficult matter to get anything to do. Yesterday morning I used the last of my money to buy my breakfast, but during the day I found an opportunity to work my passage back to the East on board of a vessel bound for Buffalo with a cargo of grain. We left port about sundown, and after being towed well out of the harbour we set sail under full canvas and soon got well under way. Shortly afterward we were struck by a terrific storm.'

'Iy damn,' interrupted the brewer, 'dot vos von dheriffic storm. I daught it might blow all der peer into der lake, mit der brewery, also.'

'Well,' continued Edgcomb, 'it caught us so suddenly that I was not prepared for it. All the rest, who were old sailors, were used to such things, and clutched hold of something, but before I could get my wits about me I was swept overboard. The sailors threw a plank to me, which I succeeded in clutching, and after tossing about for many hours I was thrown upon the beach. I was so exhausted that I lay under a tree until morning, and now here I am safe and sound, but you see I am wet and have no hat.'

'Iy damn! dot vos von lucky 'scape. Vot can I do for you, mine fren?'

'Give me a little work if you can, if it's only for a single day.'

'Iy damn! dot's vot I vil do.' Then, running his hand down in his pocket, the brewer drew forth a well-filled wallet. Taking out a crisp note, he grasped Stanley warmly by the hand, saying: 'I geeef you dees in advance. You may go to work now,' then turning to those about him he asked: 'Poys, ez any von of you got a hat ez vot he don' want?'

A hat was immediately forthcoming. The foreman was called and Stanley was shown to the malt-room, where he was soon at work turning the sprouting barley on the floor.

CHAPTER XII.

JARMYN.

Jarmyn, the detective, had recently done some excellent work in two or three noted cases, which had given him considerable celebrity in police circles, and his name had become a terror to all offenders of the law. At 'French Anne's,' where he was known as 'Jarmyn Chien,' he was especially dreaded, and the burly priestess would invariably shake her fist and pronounce the direst anathemas against him whenever any of the inmates or loungers mentioned his name. He seemed to have such original methods of obtaining clues, and such unerring judgment in following them that it excited the envy of his confreres and the admiration of his chief. To such an extent did the latter rely upon his services that the very moment a crime of unusual importance was reported, he would invariably exclaim: 'Call Jarmyn quickly; I wish to see him at once!' In appearance this somewhat remarkable person was slightly above the average stature, with broad, square shoulders and a well proportioned body. He wore a short, sandy beard, while his hair was a corresponding colour. His eyes were a steel grey, sharp and piercing. He was a man of great natural shrewdness, far-seeing, and a close observer, with much practical good sense and intelligence, and without a good judge of human nature.

At the time of the murder of Mancel Tewkes, Jarmyn had not yet attained much notoriety, and his opinions were not sought as eagerly then as now. Being rather of a taciturn nature—save when the role he was playing as detective called for loquacity and a congenial spirit—and never seeking to promote his own interests by venturing unasked his opinions or theories to his superiors, Jarmyn had kept his ideas of that affair to himself, and whenever interrogated by others concerning his belief in regard to the crime, he would shrug his shoulders and reply: 'I'm not on the case.' But

*This accident to the bridge at that time is a matter of municipal history.