

# The Yellow Letter

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## SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrah to discuss marriage. She is a young girl of great reputation. Her father is a prominent lawyer. She is a young girl of great reputation. Her father is a prominent lawyer. She is a young girl of great reputation. Her father is a prominent lawyer.

Hand is a typical example. The members of this notorious organization, while they greet frantically by their misdeeds, care little about that end of it. Their greatest pleasure is in the torture of their victims, in the agony they suffer from the time the nameless dread of the Black Hand first seizes them until finally they are put to death by refusing the society's conditions. It is this evil spirit that kills kings, burns widows, destroys property and lynchings negroes. The French mystery, however, is of the second grade the crime of the pair. I am certain of it.

## CHAPTER IV.

**Katharine Speaks.**  
If I had been alone I would have gone directly to the Farrah home. I was not anxious about Louise. I had not seen her since the night before, though I had telephoned her early in the morning. I greatly regretted having so leave her so much by herself in such distressing circumstances. I thought it wiser now to prepare her husband for the inspector's coming. I wanted him to see the Farrah home. I felt that if he met Louise and realized the luxury and comfort to which the family lived he would better appreciate the mystery and my determination to solve it.

"The important thing then for us to do," said I, "is to bring him from the abstract to the concrete. To find Hugh Crandall and also to discover who was his closest associate."

"Do you think so?" he asked indignantly, adding a second later, "no, you take me to see Miss Pariah."

"Hardly another word passed between us as the taxicab whirled us up Madison avenue to the general's home. I was thinking about Davis' strange theories of crime and his opinion that this was a crime of the pair. I felt sure that he, by some means, must be convinced of Crandall's connection with the matter and surely his slight did not argue innocence. But if this was a crime of the pair, who was the other guilty person? Whom did Davis suspect? He had said that it might be either two men or a man and a woman."

"I suggested luncheon at Martin's and Davis assented. As soon as we had obtained a table I excused myself and hastened to the telephone. Louise told me that the general had seen her father and Katharine was practically unchanged. I briefly summarized my morning's work and asked if I might bring the inspector after luncheon."

"By all means," said Louise, "bring him right over. I want to meet him and there may be some things I can tell him which will aid him."

When I returned to the cafe on the Broadway side, where I had left the inspector, I found him already eating rolling little pellets of bread and placing them in various positions on the cloth. So absorbed was he in his occupation that he hardly seemed to notice my return. His flying fingers would "hastily mold three or four pellets in as many seconds. Placing them in a row, he would eyes them intently. Occasionally he would swoop down on some unending pellet and sweep it to the floor. Two or three times he tried to interrupt him to learn what he wished to eat, but each time he waved me impatiently away. Finally, after waiting to delay too long, I mechanically gave the waiter the order without consulting him. Mechanically he ate what was put before him, all the while keeping up his game with bread balls.

No, no it was impossible, too abrupt. Yes, indeed, the yellow letter seemed a link between her and Hiser. It was she who for a long time had been Crandall's closest associate. That association apparently had recently renewed in secret. Was it possible that back of the mystery there was some crime and that Katharine was guilty?"

For a moment I was tempted to order the chauffeur to stop. It seemed almost impossible to take this heartless analyzer of crime into the house where death stalked so close. Support Katharine was—No, I had pledged my word to Louise. I would solve the mystery and I would keep my promise, no matter where it led me. After all, the important thing was my belief in a crime of the pair.

"Don't, please don't!" she said coldly.

"Why, dearest!" she stammered in amazement. She offered no explanation but said in the most matter-of-fact tones—no interest fact to be natural, I thought. Tell me, Mr. Kent, what you learned at the place where Mr. Elser lived."

I was dumfounded. What had come over her? What could have happened to make this sudden change in her attitude toward me? Could this cool, distant young woman be the same girl who only a few hours before had clung so desperately to me and begged me to help her in her distress? Had she overnight forgotten the kiss with which we pledged our joint efforts to solve the mystery?

"There was some purpose distinctly criminal connected with the yellow letters," he said, as if for the first time aware of my presence, and becoming as eloquent as any man I had ever seen. "When we have run this mystery to earth we will find that there are two of the criminals—only two guilty."

"I haven't the slightest idea as yet," he replied with such apparent frankness that I suspected he was not telling me all his thought. "Evil ideas are of three kinds—the solitary, the pair, the group. Crimes are merely the physical expression of evil ideas and bear the same classification. The solitary evil idea manifests itself in a variety of crimes. In this class belong defalcations, poisonings, crimes against women and generally the assassination of private individuals. These are the hardest crimes to detect and punish. The evil idea is not communicated. This sort of crime seldom has confidants. Often, in fact almost always, he masks his villainy behind the cloak of respectability. Most of these offenses are crimes of men, to bloodlust, to a desire for revenge for real or imaginary wrongs. "Evil ideas of the pair are generally attributable to money-lust. In such crimes as burglary, highway robbery, blackmail, you will find two persons equally guilty, always the pair. Sometimes it is the man and the woman, sometimes the strong man and the weak woman, sometimes two men, though seldom, for women have little of the inventive or creative faculty in crime. Notorious women criminals, just like all other female criminals in literature or art, have been led by the masculine in their make-up. The third kind of evil idea, that of the group, is responsible for the strike, the mob, the conspiracy. It is the contagion of crime. The Black

side it appeared to me that he recognized us both and I could detect the same pleading look I had noted the night before. He seemed to me struggling with his dazed senses to say something. While I did not know whether or not his hearing had been impaired I thought it might be worrying about Katharine's condition, and carefully and slowly I began to enunciate something about her, hoping that had guessed what it was he wished to ask. But even as I spoke I saw that his eyes had left my face. Into them returned the same sick terror he had exhibited at the sight of the yellow letter. If those eyes could have spoken, their shriek would have filled the room. I followed the direction of their glance. He was staring in terror at the one strange face in the room—the inspector's.

"I wonder what made him look so?" breathed Louise.

"He's afraid of something—for some one," I said, hurrying to overtake Davis, hoping to learn from him his opinion as to what caused the pair's "fear."

"It was right. It's just as I thought," I heard him mutter as he hastened to the hall and reached for his hat and coat. I saw that he was making preparation for instant departure and I was in a quandary what to do. I felt it my duty to accompany my friend, for from his manner I was convinced that he was on the track of the mystery. Yet I did not wish to leave Louise all but reached the door, seemingly indifferent to whether or not I accompanied him. A nurse came running to Louise.

"Miss Farrah," she said, "I think your sister is recovering consciousness. I thought you would like to know it had to be at her side in case she speaks."

Though Davis was some distance away his acute ear must have caught her words. He turned and was up the stairs in a flash. Louise convulsively caught my hand. The barrier between us was swept away. I knew then it was only fear that she had been forward in showing her affection. Hand in hand we raced up the stairs after the inspector, and ranged ourselves on the other side of the bed from him. Between us, her long hair in braids, only she white bandage around her forehead to suggest her wound, lay the silent figure of Katharine Farrah. The pallor of her face seemed only to enhance her beauty, and though her eyes were closed, her long dark lashes still gave expression. As we watched,

A Utilitarian View.  
A Brooklyn man, confined to his home by illness, recently surprised a visitor by revealing that he was studying Latin. "Why," asked the visitor, "do you bother about Latin?" That a dead language. If you must study, why not take up German, or French, or Spanish? The sick man smiled. "My doctor says I have not long to live," he said. "That's why I study



"Don't, Please Don't!" She Said Coldly.  
she began stirring restlessly and her hands twitched nervously. Suddenly her eyes opened wide, not with the Latin. It's a dead language, and, as Hiser died a long time, it's likely to come in mighty handy."

## Wrath Came In Very Handy

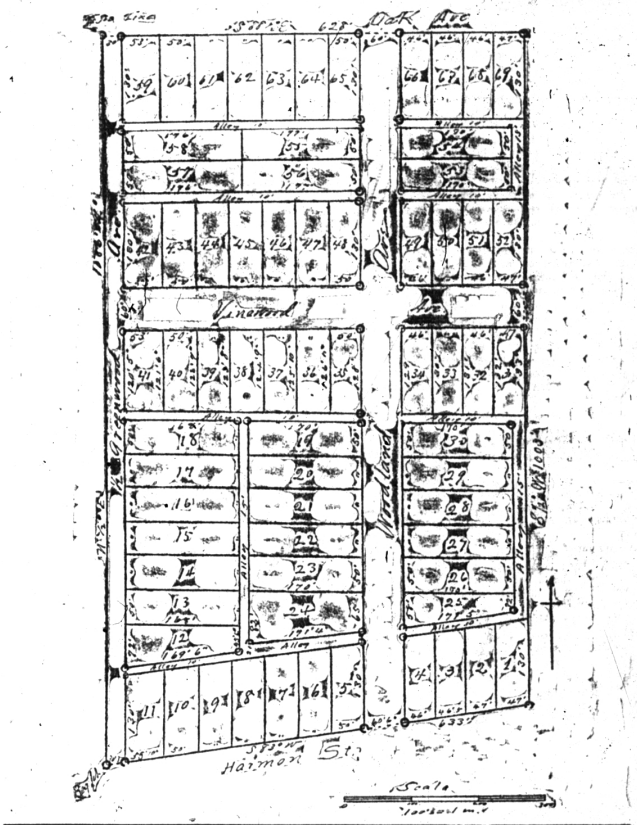
So Mad After Spat With Sweetheart That He Whipped a Bandit.  
Sam Jones was mad clear through. He had just had a quarrel with his sweetheart, and although he had concealed his anger until he left her home he was now boiling over with rage. As usual, Sam had got the worst of the little spat, for in spite of his 6 feet 2 and his great strength, his diminutive little love had wound him around her finger like so much ribbon.  
As Sam alighted from the elevated train at his home station his cheeks were still flushed with helpless anger and he was just settling for a fight or almost any kind of a chance to get out on matters on some one. His wife was destined to be granted sooner than he knew of, when he descended the elevated steps, to a street gate blocked his path, a revolver leveled at him, and "Give up your money, and a great voice commanded, 'Come on! Shell out, Jack!'"  
Without a second's hesitation Sam

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