THE BARREL MYSTERY

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The barrel mystery by William J. Flynn

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WILLIAM J. FLYNN

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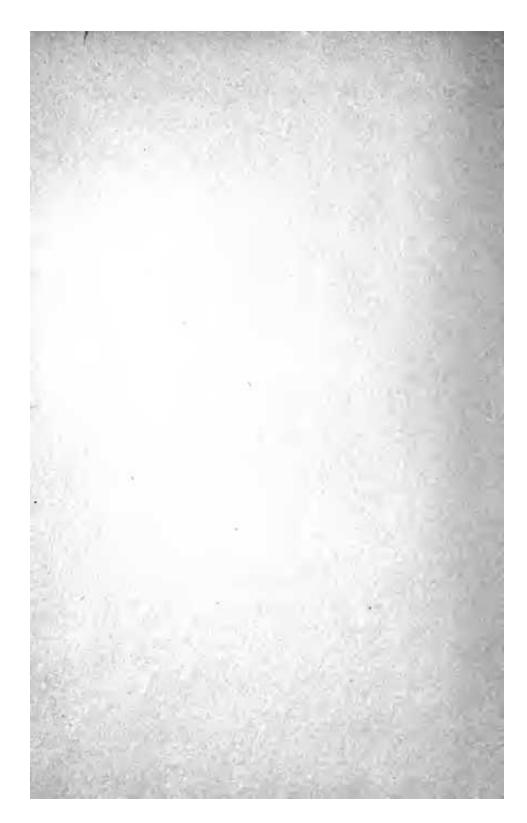
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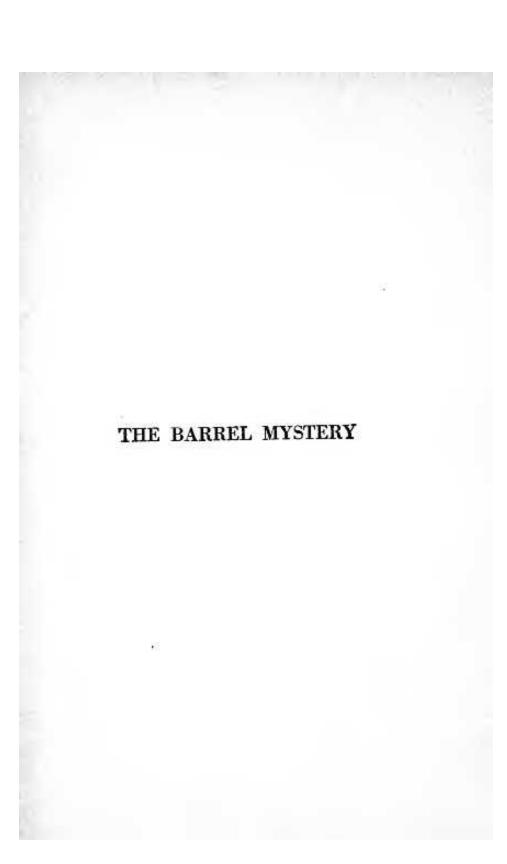
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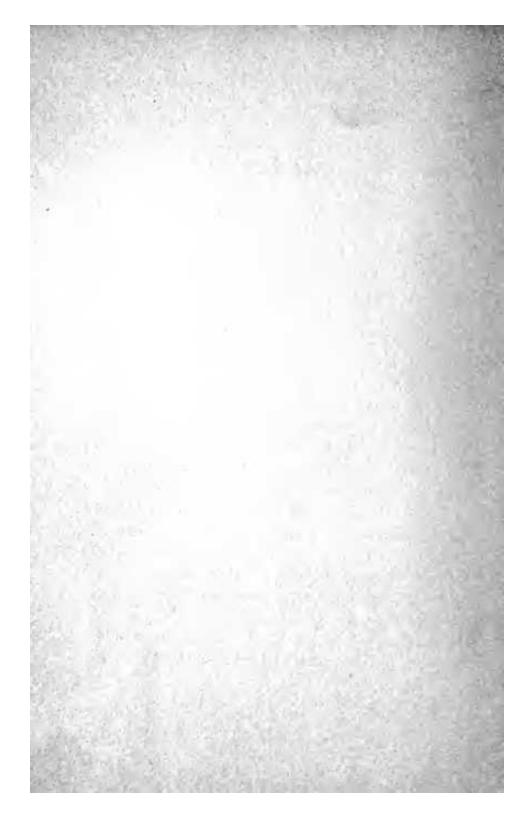
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CHAPTER I

THE BARREL MURDER

WHERE the East River swims around the foot of Eleventh Street is an old abandoned wooden dock that looks more like the broken skeleton of a buried wreck than the thing it used to be. A covey of barges are huddled against the wharf opposite, and this wharf gradually becomes solid pavement where the lumber yard begins. It fronts the street with the most dilapidated board fence in Christendom made up of broken odds and ends covered with a crazy patchwork of corrugated iron scrap stained and rusted by the weather. If an old-time pirate-one of those romantic devils with scarred and battered features and a black patch over one eyeshould suddenly peer at you through one of the many cracks in the splintered stockade you could not be very surprised; in fact, you would almost expect it to happen.

Farther up is a livery stable, a mere hole in a pile of bricks, once red now slavered over with