

**SECTION 558; OR, THE
FATAL LETTER.
FROM THE DIARY OF
INSPECTOR BYRNES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649255733

Section 558; or, The fatal letter. From the diary of Inspector Byrnes by Julian Hawthorne

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

**SECTION 558; OR, THE
FATAL LETTER.
FROM THE DIARY OF
INSPECTOR BYRNES**

E-173a
#4 50m

SECTION 558

SECTION 558

OR

THE FATAL LETTER

FROM THE DIARY OF
INSPECTOR BYRNES

BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

AUTHOR OF "A TRAGIC MYSTERY," "THE GREAT BANK
ROBBERY," "AN AMERICAN PERSMAN," ETC.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,
104 & 106 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

COPYRIGHT,

1985,

By O. M. DUNHAM.

All rights reserved.

Press W. L. Mershon & Co.,
Rahway, N. J.

755
H399
sec

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.	
A WINTER FIRESIDE, - - - -	1
CHAPTER II.	
A MODERN FINANCIER, - - - -	11
CHAPTER III.	
A BUNDLE OF LETTERS, - - - -	20
CHAPTER IV.	
A CONSULTATION, - - - -	31
CHAPTER V.	
AT THE CLUB, - - - -	40
CHAPTER VI.	
NEWS, - - - -	49
CHAPTER VII.	
TALBOT AND HIS FRIENDS, - - - -	57
CHAPTER VIII.	
CUNLIFFE'S TROUBLE, - - - -	69
CHAPTER IX.	
A CUP OF TEA, - - - -	78
CHAPTER X.	
A SLEIGH-RIDE, - - - -	87

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL WEYMOUTH, - - - - - 97

CHAPTER XII.

A TALE OF THE CITY, - - - - - 107

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT OF JOINT, - - - - - 122

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WOODS, - - - - - 133

CHAPTER XV.

BOLTED, - - - - - 143

CHAPTER XVI.

SUGGESTIONS, - - - - - 157

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE ICE, - - - - - 168

CHAPTER XVIII.

CUNLIFFE'S BENEFACTOR, - - - - - 177

CHAPTER XIX.

IN DOUBT, - - - - - 192

CHAPTER XX.

PANIC, - - - - - 201

CHAPTER XXI.

ARREST, - - - - - 211

CHAPTER XXII.

DISTRICT E, - - - - - 222

CHAPTER XXIII.

KITTY CLIVE, - - - - - 231

SECTION 558;
OR,
THE FATAL LETTER.

CHAPTER I.

A WINTER FIRESIDE.

THERE had been a heavy fall of snow in New York city.

Snow wraps the earth in a veil of chilly purity; a purity not of youth and life, but of coldness and death. The heats of summer are forgotten; the royal hues of autumn have turned brown and withered; the tender verdure of spring seems distant and problematical; the blank winding-sheet of frozen white prevails over all things. We know that the ground underneath is hard, impenetrable and barren. The icy air comes keenly to the nostrils, and makes the flesh shrink and shiver. We turn our thoughts inward, and cease to court nature. She has left us, and we try to alleviate our loneliness by

huddling together round our fireside. Winter is a selfish season, and it is well for our hearts that Christmas comes in the midst of it,—a new life of the soul in the midst of a physical death. It is easy to be generous when the sun is warm; but during these bleak and bitter months the unregenerate mind instinctively thinks first of itself, and abandons the hindmost to the devil.

In winter the city homes of our rich people are luxurious and splendid with all that wealth can bestow; and life glows with a sort of fierceness, as if in defiance of the relentless chill out of doors. The people who are not rich feel the pinch of poverty more cruelly than ever, and hesitate whether to expend their beggarly coppers in food or in fuel. As for the third estate—the criminals—their brains and fingers are stimulated to especial activity. Winter is the best time for stealing; property is then heaped together in greater masses than at other seasons, and its owners sleep more soundly. Besides, a thief can manage to pull through the summer somehow, but in winter he must live in the city and to do that money is indispensable.

But the police are as active as the criminals, and the battle between the two is fought uninterruptedly from November till March. The courts are kept busy, and the gaols are well stocked; crime is scotched, but not killed. That old serpent dies hard, and is always thrusting up its ugly head in a new place. Will it ever be conquered, and its