Barlow was the slayer.

Suspecting that he would attempt to kill Mildred Mannerling also, Detective Frawley had ordered them both held, and kept apart.

The bamboo stick which Frawley uncovered he recognized immediately as a Malaysian natives blow-pipe. With it in the false bottom of the traveling bag were half a dozen their tips blackened by the deadly poison of the upas tree.

Barlow under a terrific grilling by police admitted finally, that he had gone into the Mannerling library with one of the poisoned darts held firmly between the middle and third fingers of his right hand, so that when he shook hands with Davenport - - apparently with great cordiality - - the impregnated point of the dart penetrated the palm of the young broker’s hand. If he felt the tiny pin prick, he made no sign. Similarly, still holding the dart, Barlow had put his right arm affectionately about his nieces shoulders pricking her fair skin with the poison points. He had left them seated on the divan while the relentless poison of which they were utterly unaware took effect.

He had planned to kill Mildred Mannerling also. Barlow admitted to (can’t read here) questioning about the girls estate he so recklessly had dissipated. Marcia’s marriage to Davenport, he knew would have brought matters to a head.