CHAPTER VI.

arrest, and he nitched about in his chair nervously, while he tried to devise some trap which might lead Harland to crim-thate himself.

ally sincere that most were impressed.

Even the Coroner's voice sounded more kindly us he proceeded to question Stuart, when it was quite evident to all that the police sergeant's ancient test had utterly failed.

"At what time did you leave the best hight Mr. Harland?" was the

utterly failed.
"At what time did you leave the house last night, Mr. Harland?" was the first question propounded by the Cor-

first question proposed one o'clock. I had set my alarm-clock to, ring at one procisely, and without removing my clothing, I fell asleep. I was awakened by some loud noise, though what it was I was alared to the control of the cont

"Why did you leave studenty might, as you did?" the Coroner then asked.
"I have told you that I was called away by important business; I was on my way to see a friend of mine."
"But you have not told us what the nature of your business was."
"It was a strictly private matter. It had no reference to this unfortunate affair."

affair."
"Perhaps so. But you can at least tell us your friend's name?"
"Stuart hesitated for a moment, and then he said:
"His name is James Sanborn."
"His name is James James Mr. Gar-

should conceal nothing, said the Colorer.

"I can say no more; another than myself is concerned," replied Stuart.

"Bright wall, air: Mr. Sanborn, the genteman with whom you say you had business, shall be questioned."

Shiart bit his 'libs. Mr. Garrisonturned white as death, and the Coroner smiled at his victim's discomfiture as he said biantly:

"You had not thought of that, I see."

Stuart's eyes blazed with wide-spread light, but he restrained the anary retort

CHAPTER V.—(Continue d.)

A telegraph messenger entered as Paxton became seated, and placed a dispatch in the hands of the police sergeant. Marion's face told that she feared the telegram contained some intelligence inimical to the interests of the young man of whose innocence she was positive.

Mr. Garrison shook the detective's hand warmly when he had taken his seat, and said:

"I thank you, sir, for what you have said in behalf of my young friend."

Meanwhile the police sergeant reach his dispatch, and turning to the coroner he said in exultant tones:

"The dispatch, which has, by the way, been unaccountably delayed, informs me that Stuart Harland has been arrested He should have been returned to the city by this time. He was captured or atignting from a railway train by officers to whom I caused a telegram to be sent.

"This is had news, Since Mr. Harland was arrested on a railway train he must have been leaving the city. That cir. cumstance may be made to tell agains him. You are his friend, Mr. Garrison and at the first apportunity you should warn him to make a complete explanation of his conduct." whissered. him. You are his friend, Mr. Garrison, and at the first apportunity you should warn him to make a complete explana-tion of his conduct," whispered the detuve. I shall do so," the broker replied, but

"I shall do so," the broker replied, but he secretly thought:

"And yet if the motive for his secret night journey was what I suspect it to be, I dare not ask Stuart, to tell the truth. Weak, miserable, guilty man that I am, I find myself in a situation of the most trying character, and a denoument I dread may come at any moment."

noument I dread may come at any moment."

Marion Oakburn touched the detective's arm, and he turned toward her as she whispered:
"Do you think Mr. Harland can be imprisoned on the strength of the evidence which has thus far been elicited?"
The Jury can hardly find against him yet, I think, but much will depend upon Mr. Harland himself. His explanation will govern the coroner's jury, However, he cannot be compelled to answer any question which may implicate himself, replied Paxton. replied Paxton.

A moment subsequently there was a

Stir at the door.

A thrill of excitement and expectancy ran through the throng, and Marion Oakburn started to her feet, involun-

ins manner.

"This is a foul crime. The murderer must be discovered. Poor John Oakburn must be avenged!" said Stuart, earnestly.

His voice and manner were so naturally sincere that those who heard him more impressed. Oakoum startly.

Mr. Paxton and the broker also arose, as Stuart Harland was marched into the room between two officers.

The suspected man glauseed about him fearlessly, and seeing Mr. Garrison and Marion, he bowed and smiled, and he also affably greeted his fellow cierks who were present.

Addressing the coroner, he said, calmiv:

Addressing the Color of the Calmiy:

"I am informed that I am arrested on Suspicion of having murdered my old friend, John Oakburn. Will you please inform me why I am accused of scheinous a crime?"

emous a crime?"
It was evident to all that Stuart Har-nad was in a state of intense mental retrement, and that he only restrained is indignation by a determined effort of all power.

excuenters, and the training effort of will power.

"I regret to say, Mr. Harland, that the fact of your midnight departure coupled with certain cureumstances, such as your knowledge that there was a large sum of money in the safe and the like, has made it necessary that you should explain your canduct, answered the corner impressively.

explain your conduct," answered the coroner impressively.

A moment of profound stience ensued while the people assembled in the broker's office await. d. consumed with curiosity and suspense, for all were most deeply interested to know what explanation or defense of his conduct the accused would offer.

and suspense, to what explanation or defense of his conduct the accused would offer.

Stuart Harland's eyes sought the face of Jason Garrison, and as the broker met his covert glance he trembled violently, and, fhought:

Tam not missaken. He has discovered the truth. He knows what I have done. *
From the banker Stuart glanced at Marion Oakhurn.

Ever since the moment when the officers who had accomplished his arrest informed him, as they had done that John Oakhurn had been murdered, Stuart Harland had been murdered, Stuart Harland had been unable to rid his mind of the haunting memory of Marion, Oakburn's face as he's saw it when, livid with terror, she stealthily glided out of the office as he was leaving the house, ann now when he looked at 'her, Mariod trembled as with a chill of terror, and she would not met his glance.

A fearful thought liashed through

fearful thought flashed through A fearful thought master Stuart's mind, but he put it away from him as too terrible for serious considera-

him as too terrible for serious consideration.

At this time, however, he was convinced in his mind that some dark and
inscrutable mystery surrounded the secret of John Oakburn's murder, and he
could not disabuse himself of the impression that Marion Oakburn was insome inexplicable way connected with it.

Stufat Hariand was one of those noblespirits who ought to have lived in the
days of chivalry and knight, errantry.
He had resolved not to make an explanation of his miningh departure, because
to do so would be to betray the secret of
nother, which he had accidentally
inset a knowledge of. He never
ught of resorting to falsehood to extate himself;

mat arose to his lips and remained

mat arose to ins lips and remained silent.

The Coroner questioned Stuart further, but nothing worthy of note was elicited. Stuart adhered determinedly to the policy which he had adopted, and he could not be induced to reveal what the motive of the midnight journey was.

Paxton regarded the course of the suspected man as absolutely suicidal.

"He is endangering his life," he said to Mr. Garrison.

The broker groaned.

He knew now that if. he advised Stuart Harland to tell the whole truth, he would advise his own exposure. He could not make that sacrifice, for his was not the noble, heroic character which the Creator had given Stuart Harland.

The agitation and excitement of the broker had awakened a vague suspicion in the mind of the detective that perhaps the former knew more, than he would have dared to confess about the business which had called Stuart Harland away on the night of the murder. Paxton's mind was filled with surmises and cohjectures, but the wildest of them all fell far short of the startling truth which future developments were destined to reveal.

Jason Garrison knew that his daughter's life was bound up with that of the man who was imperiling himself for his sake, and as he reflected that if Stuart

make almost any sacrince for nonor and friendship. "Meanwhile when Judith Kredge saw Stuart Harland a prisoner in the power of the officers of the law, her venemous eyes flashed with malicious triumph.

It was clearly apparent that she secretly hated the young man.

"You will take the oath and then we will listen to any statement you desire to make," said the coroner as Stuart did not reply to his last remark.

The young man was duly sworn and then the inquest proceeded and new and startling developments ensued.

Jason Garrison knew that his daughter's life was bound up with that of the man who was imperiling himself for his sake, and as he reflected that if Stuart was sacrificed Edna would not survive the blow, his torture was inexpressible. Marion Oakburn had listened to Stuart Harland's examination with the deepest interest, and as she comprehended that the suspicion against him seemed destined to bring him into deadly peril, although they had heretofore been but passing acquaintances, she felt that the strands of their lives which led into the unexplored future had been woven together by a mystic statility without the knowledge of either. The cashier's daughter was, not a fatalist; but she could not think that the singular combination of events which had recently transpired had come about by mere chance.

by mere chance.

"In view of all the circumstances of this case, I order that Stuart Harland be searched.

scarched.
"Officer Smith, you will attend to this matter," said the corouer, addressing the police sergeant.
A hot flush mantled Stuart Harland's

"My explanation is most simple. I can only say that important business called me away suddenly, and I did not see fit to publish the fact of my intended departure. As for my having any connection with this crime, those who know me will not for a moment entertain such a thought. For the assurance of strangers, I might further protest my innocence, but it is unnecessary to do so. It is no secret that a firm friendship existed between myself and John Oakburn, said Stuart Harland, at last.

His frank and fearless manner troubled the police sergeant who had caused his arrest, and he hitted about in his chair unrously, while he tried to devise some tranship might head Harland to eximpt A hot flush manned — "What! Am I to be subjected to this indignity, as though I were a common thief!" he exclaimed. "Justice is no respector of persons. In const of truth. she seeks for informations to fruth. she seeks for informations to fruth. trapenhich might lead Harland to criminate himself.

He thought of the old "confrontation ruse," as the detectives term it, and suddenly arising he said to Stuart:

"Look here, sir!"

The young man promptly stepped to the side of the police sergeant, who then turned to the body of the murdered man and suddenly uncovered his face.

If the police sergeant anticipated that Stuart would recoil and manifest all the terror of guilt at the sight of the dead face of John Oakburn, he was greatly disappointed.

Such was not-the-result.

Stuart gazed sadly upon the ghastly features of the old cashier, and not the faintest evidence, such as the police sergeant hoped to clicit, was discernible in his manner.

"Justice is no respecter of persons. In quest of truth, she seeks for information sverywhere. If need be, she enters the sacred precincts of the cloister. No man is exempt from her search," answered the coroner, impressively.

"So be it then. Let this farce continue to the end," and he bowed his head.

The officer named came forward and proceeded to search him.

proceeded to search him.

He first examined Stuart's overcoat pockets, and Stuart assisted him, saying

"You will find nothing to reward you."
"We shall see," answered Police Ser-

"We shall see, answered Fonce Set-geant Smith, gruffly."
Presently, the officer thrust his hand in-to the inside pocket of the young man's overcoat and drew out a number of wax impressions of locks and skeleton keys. He held them up to the sight of all,

exclaiming:
"I thought so. Here is the proof we were in search of!"

were in search of!"
Stuart Harland staggered like one suddenly seized with an overwhelming

vertigo.

"This is fate! I had forgotten about the cast; I am lost!" he exclaimed, scarcely knowing what he said.

This last startling discovery produced a profound sensation and the greatest excitement.

Mr. Garrison was like one stunned by

Mr. Gartison was into a heavy blow.

Marion Oakburn, with her hands clasped upon her heart, and an agonized look in her eyes, cowered in her chair.

Paxon was absolutely amazed.

Had a thunderbott descended at his feet the detective could not have been

some loud noise, though what it was I cannot tell. Springing up, I glanced at the clock, and I saw it was exactly twenty minutes of one o'clock. I left the house in a few minutes."

"Ah! he confesses he was in the house at the time of the murder. He does not know about the clock that was overturned here; and that the time of the assassination has been positively determined," whispered the police sergeant, turning to Paxion. nor disconcerted.

Here it seemed was the positive evidence of the guilt of the man for whose innocence he had vouched in the strongest terms.

The detective's prophesied opinion

whispired the police of the transition.

"Wait until the examination is concluded—restrain your exuitation until then," retorted the detective.

"Why did you leave suddenly—last night, as you did?" the Coroner then

set terms.

The detective's prophesied opinion Seemed to be proven worthless before all the assemblage, and he felt abashed, humiliated and defeated.

The police sergeant was exultant.

"Who was right, friend Paxton?" he said jeeringly. "What has become of all your fine theory of this.man's innogence? I grant you it was stupid for him to run away as he did after committing the rrime, but his conduct was not without precedent. The great Vidocq used to explain the stupidity of certain crimes committed by men of superior intelligence, by saying that they act under the influence of a kind of vertigo. That they become dazed after the crimes.

"Quite true, I recollect the theory, but mark my words your suspicion is all wrong despite its apparent confirmation. The mystery of John Oakburn's fate is still as far from being solved as ever, said. Paxton in reply, but he could not avoid-betraying some of the disconditure which the last denouement had occasioned him.

"His name is James Sanborn."
At the mention of that name; Mr. Garrison gave a violent start and he thought:
"There is no longer a shadow of a doubt. Stuart knows all, but he means to shield me. It is becauser am Edna's father. For my daughter's sake, he will imperil himself rather than reveal the truth. He is a noble fellow. How unworthy I am of such friendship as his!
"Then you decline to give us a plain, straightforward explanation of your conduct. I warm you, Mr. Harland, that your own interest demands that you should conceal nothing," said the Coroner.

which the last denouement had occasioned him.

Stuart Harland regained his composure to some extent in a moment or so, and he muttered:

"This is destiny. The immutable law of bad luck is not to be abrogated. It follows me throughout this entire unfortunate affair."

About he waid:

Aloud he said: "I believe that I can convince you that I was entirely ignorant that the articles just discovered were in my possession." "One moment, sir, and we will hear you," answered the coroner, and taking

you," answered the coroner, and taking the skeleton keys from the police seamthe tried one of them in the safe. The key entered the lock, but it would not move the bolt. The other keys were made for the deloor locks, and turning to the office door he tried one of them, finding that it fitted the lock perfectly. He tried the other key in the lock of the street door and found that it sless was a perfect fit. That the door could be

locked and unlocked by means of it with

looked and unlocked by means of it with ease.

The coroner then examined the wax impressions and found that they had been taken from the looks of the street door, the office door and the safe.

"Ah," said the coroner, reflectively, "the intricate mechanism of the safe look resisted the skeleton key, and so it was necessary that the robber should have the key John Oakburn carried."

"But what need had Stuart Harland of a skeleton key to the front door?" ventured Paxton, suggestively.

The coroner shook his head doubtfully, and turning to Stuart again he noted that there was a marked decadence in his manner from the confident air he had worn when he entered the office. "You may proceed with your statement now," the official said.

"Thank you, sir, I will tell you how it is that those criminating keys and the impressions of the locks must have come into my possession without my knowledge," said Stuart. He paused for an instant as though to collect his thoughts.

At last the young man fully comprehended the terrible nature of the accusation which had been brought against him and realized the deadly peril of his situation.

He began to speak again, when sud-level the terrible computation and content of the accusation which had been brought against him and realized the deadly peril of his situation.

situation:
He began to speak again, when sud-jenly there was another commotion at the door and a loud voice was heard to

the door and a loud variable.

"Here is new evidence to throw light on the mystery of the murder!"

A hope arose in Stuart's heart that something had been discovered to prove the impense. At the same time there something had been discovered to prove his innobence. At the same time there was in his mind a dread lest some new circumstance was to be brought against him.

im. There was a moment of suspense.

CHAPTER VII.

A man pushed his way into the office, and every eye was fixed upon this last arrival.

Previous to placing before the reader the evidence which this personage gave, or recording Stuart Harland's explanation as to how the skelaton Keys and was impressions came in his possession, we will relate certain adventures which beful Harland after he left his room on the night of the murder.

Stuart reached the depict and boarded the train which he desired to catch just as it was moving out of the station.

He saw several persons on the platform whom he knew, and he exchanged greetings with them.

In the ceach which he entered he recognized no familiar face, but the train had not gone far when he had struck up acquaintance, as people sometimes will on a railway train, though inclined to be exclusive elsewhere.

A young gentleman who seemed inclined to make himself agreeable found an opportunity to open a conversation with Stuart, and the two young men were eventually favorably impressed.

They were soon chatting familiarly. Finally, at the request of the stranger, stuart accompanied into the smoking-car, where, as it chanced as the ceach was overheated, they both removed their overceats.

Excellent cigars were produced by Stuart's new acquaintance, who, by the way, represented, himself to have a life, and me.

way, represented himself to be a lites tonian and a scion of a wealthy family whose name was familiar to commercia

men.

For some time the new acquaintances smoked and chatted pleasantly, but as the night drew on their conversation gradually flagged, and both seemed in-

gradually hisgged, and clined to nap.

It was not long before silence fell between them, and soon Stuart's heavy, regular breathing assured his companion that he was sleeping soundly.

The young man did not awake until the loud voice of the brakeman smote upon his ears as he shouted:

Albany!

This was Harlan's destination, and he prang to his feet just as the train be-

to move.

he hurried on his overcoat he ced about for his recent companion, he was gone, and then Stuart distance the beautiful to the companion of the compani

Johning.

But his own coat was gone, and surmising that his new acquaintance must have taken it through a very ordinary mistake, which there was no opportunity to rectify just now, Stuart buttoned up

to rectify just now, Stuart buttoned up the coat which was left to him by this exchange of garments, and concerning himself no more with the matter he leaped from the train just in time. Meanwhile, Stuart Harland's recently made acquaintance had not slept at all, though for a time, until he was sure of the former's somoloncy, he had feigned to do so. When he was confident that the obliv-ion of sleen held Stuart's sonses ca-

When he was conducted that the objection of sleep held Stuart's senses in-thralled the young stranger couly arose and appropriated his coal. There were but few other persons in the coach, and they were all sound asloon

the couch, and they were all sound asleep.

Deliberately the young man who had seeliberately the young man who had then removing his hat he threw it out of the wineow. From his pocket he produced a skull-cap, which he drew down over his eyes, and he turned the collar of Stuart's overcoat up about his ears.

collar of Stuart's overcont up about his cars.

The garment was a long ulster, such as was then the prevailing style, and it reached to the stranger's heels, completely concealing his under suit.

The moment the train slowed up at Albany, the stranger leaved upon the platform, and turned to hurry away.

Two police officers were standing on the watch at the depot landing; and they advanced toward the young man as he alighted from the train.

One of the officers flashed the light of his lantern in the face of Stuart Harland's late companion, and as they young man saw the uniform of the policeman, which the light disclosed, he trembted as with a fearful chill, and turned pale, as though with fright.

"He affair don man. Tom," said one

ns though with fright,

"He ain't our man, Tom," said one
policeman, as he scanned the young
stranger's face by the light of hie lantern.
"No, he don't tally with the descrip., assented the other police officer.

The stranger seemed about to support the platform as the police of upon the piattorm as the police of seized him, but now, as the two min of the law turned away, he recoved himself, and strode rapidly from depot.

depot.

The moment he was out of the pollomen's sight he broke into a run.

"I thought I was lost. I could he sworn they meant to arrest me,"

sworn they meant to arrest me, "well, I have secured a partial de "Well, I have secured a partial de guise, at all events, and if the hum wolves I fear mean to play a dou game and betray me I yet have a chan to baffie them," he added.

On through the streets of Albany fled, choosing thoroughfares that we imperfectly illuminated, until he paus at a street corner where the tents. Judah are pitched.

Producing a card on which certain rections were written, he consulted by the light of a street lamp and

by the light of a steet, and yonder ist mimber. We shall see what our won son of Abraham will do for us."

With this monologue he turned do with this monologue he turned do a side street where old clothes me chants and pawnbrokers abound where "Isaaos," and "Levis," "Solomons," and "Godsmiths," a "Jacobs," and "Rosenthals," and ohistoric names ornamented the signs. It was here that during business her barders and trade were carried on whe was the marks of ancient Jerus.

It was here that during business be barter and trade were carried on women as in the marts of ancient Jens lem, by sharp-eyed men whom na had gifted with the genius of trade. Late as was the hour, and although the stores were closed, the man we following gained admission to a ceal shop where the familiar sign of pawnbroker, the three balls, hung fore the door as a warning to the start who ventured that way in ques some good Samaritan to heal his facial wounds, that the chances we two to one if he entered therein he wome forth shorn.

ome forth shorn.
But the stranger accomplished ourpose for which he had visited the tablishment, for in half an how merged-from te-lad in a manner we created a complete metamorphosis is

appearance.

He had procured an artistically fit wig and beard, and it was evident ne relied implicitly on the impeneta ity of his disguise, for he no less stunk along the gloomy, retired stre but walked boldly where the light brilliant.

[10 BE CONTINUED.]

IN HONOR OF HER LIBERT The Cuban Flag To Be Displayed Key West's City Hall.

Key West's City Hall.

Key West, Fla., Oct. 5.—At a ming of the city commissioners a petit signed by most of the prominent bust men. requesting that the Cuban flav displayed over the city hall on the linst. in honor of the first attempt Cuban liberty, was presented as request granted. It was ordered by board that the Starsand Stripes with the Starsand Stripes in rejoicing among the Cubans over fact.

Mass Meeting Called.

Quincy, Ill., Oct. 5.—Mayor Stein in response to a petition from bus men has issued a call for a mass med of citzens to be held Tuesday events express sympathy for the Cuban re-tionists.

JAPAN'S NEW NAVY. No Contracts Have Yet Been her for Battleships.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—Irving Scott, the president of the Union works, is coming home on the ste China, which is due here next week board the same vessel is Gen. William one of the agents of the Cramps men were in Japan for the purpose of the Gramps of t the Orient on the last trip of the 6 for the reason that until the im diet meets in November the minis marine will not know what mone be at his service. Even after appr tions are made it is doubtful way contracts will be made with a can shipbuilders, at least for some as the Japanese have become important the idea that they can contheir own battleships and cruisers

THE FAMOUS BARTLETT

THE FAMOUS BARTLETT
Will Probably Be Tried Ag
Cambridge Next Month
Boston, Oct. 5.—There is little
but that the famous breach of P
suit of Miss Bartlett against the
of the late Dr. Bigelow will be tri
month for the second time in Kas
bridge, as neither party shows a
tion to compromise. Although
leged that the parties to the suit
agnaged to be married, the suit is
damages for a breach of promise
riage, but for the sum of \$150,00
accrued interest and cost of suit
the plaintiff alleges were promise
by the defendant, to be paid in th
the promise from any caused ws
fulfilled. His death having inte
she seeks to recover from his
et
the sum which it is alleged be P
her.

Naval Movements Washington, Oct. 7.—The partment is advised by cable commanding officer that the M commanding officer that the source the Asiatic squadron has arm Shanghal. The message also stathe Machias has left Hong K Shanghai. The cruiser Detroit at Foochow.

Well Known Agor Des-New York, Oct. 7.—Walden an actor well known in New several years, died in this city from circhosis of the liver. Mr. real name was Roser. He we forty years old. forty years old.

nd the strugg

hed the strugge begin,
keep the pot boiling."

Illy, fires arcettill kindled with
many a pot boils over or is overticed,
htful borns and scalds result in spice of
htful borns and scale in the scale
htful borns and scale in the scale
htful borns and sca

r annual egg product is valued 80,000,000.

erves and lood

re inseparably connected. The former are inseparably connected. The former topon simply, solely, solidly upon the atter. If it is pare they are properly defaunt teers is no "increasiness." If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the orrors of nervous prostration result, feed the nerves on pitre blood. Make bure blood and keep it pure by taking

ood's arsaparilla

he One True Blood Purifier

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HE turnpike road to people's hearts I find, s through their nouths or I mistake nankind.

the surest way to et there is I say, d them



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