



A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY. OR THE CRIME OF THE BROKER'S OFFICE. BY W. E. MOTT.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.) A telegraph messenger entered as Paxton became seated, and placed a dispatch in the hands of the police sergeant. Paxton'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 read his dispatch, and turning to the coroner he said in exultant tones: "The dispatch, which was, by the way, been unaccountably delayed, informs me that Stuart Harland has been returned to the city by a railway train."

"This is bad news. Since Mr. Harland was arrested on a railway train he must have been leaving the city. That circumstance may be made to tell against him. You are his friend, Mr. Garrison, and at the first opportunity you should warn him to make a complete explanation of his conduct," whispered the detective.

"I shall do so," the broker replied, but he secretly thought: "And yet it is 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 denouement 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.

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, involuntarily."

Mr. Paxton and the broker also arose, as Stuart Harland was marched into the room between two officers, and he fearlessly, and with a smile, and he also affably greeted his fellow clerks who were present.

Addressing the coroner, he said, calmly: "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 such a heinous crime?"

He was not without a fear lest the course he had resolved upon would alienate the sympathies of his friends, but he felt in honor bound to adhere to it. Paxton was somewhat of a physiognomist in his way, and he fixed his eyes on Stuart Harland's face and sought to read his character.

The detective's scrutiny was so intense that Harland felt his glance and finally looked at him. Then the former dropped his eyes, but he was favorably impressed and he mentally reflected: "He has an honest face, and if I am not in error he is a man who would make almost any sacrifice for honor and friendship."

Meanwhile when Judith Kredge saw Stuart Harland prisoner in the power of the officers of the law, her venomous 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."

CHAPTER VI. "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."

"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 hitched about in his chair nervously, while he tried to devise some trap which 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 the faintest evidence, such as the police sergeant hoped to elicit, was discernible in his 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 were impressed. Even the coroner's voice sounded more kindly as he proceeded to question Stuart, when it was quite evident to all that the police sergeant's ancient test had utterly failed.

The stranger seemed about to alight upon the platform, but the police officer seized him, but now, as the two minutes of the law turned away, he recovered himself, and strode rapidly from the depot.

The moment he was out of the police men's sight he broke into a run. "I thought I was lost. I could have sworn they meant to arrest me," he muttered.

"Well, I have secured a partial disguise, at all events, and if the hounds I have betrayed me to play a double game and betray me, I get have a chance to baffle them," he added.

On through the thoroughfares that were dimly illuminated, until he paused at a street corner where the tents of Judah are pitched.

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

"This is the street, and yonder is the number. We shall see what our world of Abraham will do for us."

With this monologue he turned down a side street where old clothes men, chaunts and pawnbrokers abounded where "Isaacs," and "Levis," "Solomons," and "Goldsmiths," "Jacobs," and "Rosenthal's," and other historic names ornamented the signs.

It was here that during business hours and trade were carried on as much as in the marts of ancient Jerusalem, by sharp-eyed men who had been gifted with the genius of trade.

Late as it was, the man who was following gained admission to a certain shop where the familiar sign of a pawnbroker, the three balls, hung before the door as a warning to the passer-by.

He had procured an artistically finished wig and beard, and it was evident he relied implicitly on the impenetrability of his disguise, for he no longer slunk along the gloomy, retired street, but walked boldly where the light shone brightly.

IN HONOR OF HER LIBERTY The Cuban Flag To Be Displayed in Key West's City Hall. Key West, Fla., Oct. 5.—At a meeting of the city commissioners a petition signed by most of the prominent business men, requesting that the Cuban flag be displayed on the city hall on the first anniversary of the first attempt to secure Cuban liberty, was presented and request granted.

Mass Meeting Called. Quincy, Ill., Oct. 5.—Mayor Steiner in response to a petition from business men has issued a call for a mass meeting of citizens to be held Tuesday evening to express sympathy for the Cuban revolutionists.

JAPAN'S NEW NAVY. No Contracts Have Yet Been Made for Battleships. San Francisco, Oct. 5.—Irving Scott, the president of the Union Works, is coming home on the steamer China, which is due here next week, and the same vessel is Gen. Willson, one of the agents of the Cramps.

Nerves and Blood. The former depend simply, solely, solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervousness."

Blood's Sarsaparilla. The One True Blood Purifier. The after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

THE turnpike road to people's hearts I find, is through their mouths or I mistake mankind.

Heckers Buckwheat. Every day.

IMPERIAL GRANUM. It when the digestion is weak and no food seems impossible to digest.

ROBITABLE DAIRY WORK. Can be accomplished with the very best apparatuses.

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THE FAMOUS BARTLETT. Will Probably Be Tried at Cambridge Next Month.

NAVY MOVEMENTS. Washington, Oct. 7.—The department is advised by cable from the Asiatic squadron that the man-of-war the Machias has left Hong Kong at Foochow.

RUPTURE CURED. HOLLIS RUPERTURE. Warranted to cure. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit.

33 A DAY SURE. SEND money in bank earnings but 4 per cent. It is a day, and only 33 cents.

Well Known Actor Dead. New York, Oct. 7.—Walden, a actor well known in New York, several years died in this city from cirrhosis of the liver.