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losing time. The body must remain here for the present, Billy will look after it and Gus will notify the Coroner—of course, there must be an inquest—while you and I will go down to the Police Station and consult the detectives, if there are any there now. I believe one is always on duty at night, but I am not sure."

"I am," said Mr. Fowler. "I saw Cullen there last night when I—well, when I had business there," he added suddenly remembering that he did not want his companions to know where he had spent the previous night.

"All right, Gus, you go at once to the Coroner, he lives somewhere in St. Denis street; you can find the number in the directory; get him to come here to-night, if possible, and hold an inquest early to-morrow morning. Hurry up now, take a cab; take Bugs if you can find him on the stand, and find out where he lives, so that we can have him summoned; but, don't let him have the least idea that he will be wanted, or he'll run away."

"Not a foot shall be run if I have to tie him," replied Mr. Fowler as he left the room.

It was wonderful how Farron, actuated by pure friendship, had suddenly taken the lead, and, while Morton was dreaming of some indefinite plan of vengeance, put in motion the machinery of the law, which was almost sure to hunt the doctor down. Oh! a very practical man was Mr. Farron, and destined, perhaps, at some future day to become a star in the medical firmament, for he had presence of mind, promptness, coolness, courage, patience and knowledge on his side; and, only add experience to those and it does not need much more to make a good doctor.

Morton was half heartbroken, and had only a vague undenned idea of hunting the doctor down; Farron was all coolness and determination; he knew how to accomplish his end and he meant to do it. "Don't any of you touch the body," he said as he took Morton's arm to leave the room, "it must be left as it is until the Coroner has seen it. Billy, you remain here; you made the discovery and you will be one of the principal witnesses. I saw you draw the needle out of the heart, and if you will look on the left breast you will find a small blue spot; I know how the murder was done exactly, there are two well authenticated instances on record."

"I wonder if I could get a special train to-night," said Mr. Morton when they had reached the street.

"A special train! what for?"

"For me to go to Niagara."

"Go to Niagara, what an idea! what good could you do? Besides, you must remain here to attend the inquest. A detective will leave for Niagara by the first train to-morrow to watch the doctor, and the moment a verdict is given I will get the Chief to telegraph and have him arrested. There is no fear of his trying to run away; he thinks he is quite safe, and has not the most distant idea that detection has followed so speedily after his crime. In what queer ways things do come about," he continued, beginning to pulchritude, "if I hadn't have wanted a hip bone, it is most probable this murder would never have been discovered; or, at all events not until some future generation began to build on the ground now used as a church-yard, and the wonderful discovery would have been made of a skeleton with a knitting needle driven through what had once been its heart."

"I must go to Niagara," said Morton, "not only that I want to be sure of Griffith's arrest, but—"

"Ah, yes; poor girl it will be a terrible thing for her."

"That's what cuts me. It seems so hard that in avenging the murder of my sister I should have to strike at the heart of the girl I love; but I can't help that, altho' it strikes into my own heart to cause her one moment's pain or sorrow."

There was but little more conversation until they reached the Police Station where they found Murphy on duty, and were lucky enough to meet the Chief, who was out visiting the different Stations.

Their tale was soon told; Chief Penton and the keen-eyed, quiet looking, detective listening with eagerness to the strange story of crime.

"I don't think there is a particle of doubt about the crime having been committed by him," said the Chief, when Farron had told all he knew of the case; "give me as good a description of him as you can and I'll telegraph to Niagara at once to have him arrested on suspicion on his arrival. Murphy can go up for him to-morrow night to bring him down, while Cullen works up the case in Louqueuil."

"No," said Morton. "I don't want him arrested until I am there. I want to have him watched so that he cannot escape, but I want to be there when he is arrested."

"Don't want him arrested?"

"No. You see his wife is an old friend of mine. Poor girl! it will be a terrible blow to her, and I would rather be there to help her when the arrest takes place."

"Well, it won't do any harm to telegraph to Niagara anyway. It is not likely he will get any warning, and of course he has no idea that his crime has been discovered. He thought once his victim was underground he was all safe, and as he would have been as a general thing; and would have in this instance had it not been for that body snatching cart. I must look after him."

"Charlie," said Mr. Farron, "it's no use your going to Niagara; you must stay here to look

after the inquest, and funeral, and all sorts of things. Now, I'm not wanted and I will go in your place. I will look after Annie for you and tell her you sent me. That is the best plan, old fellow, and you had better let me follow it."

"Thanks, Frank; you are right. I never knew until to-night how true a friend you were; God bless you and reward you for standing by me in the way you have. I can never forget it."

"Do you happen to have a photograph of him?" asked Murphy.

"No," replied Morton, "but I suppose I can get one easily enough."

"It might be useful," said the detective, "altho' I don't expect there will be much difficulty in identifying the parties."

"I've got a picture of his ugly mug," said Mr. Farron, "and you shall have it to-morrow morning. Come, Charlie, it is getting late and we have to see Mr. Howson yet. Nothing more

Julia; but the news of the discovery of the murder shocked him greatly. His anger against Annie for her disobedience was greatly increased, and he swore in the most solemn manner that he would never recognise her as a child of his again. His rage was terrible to see and frightened Mr. Johnson so that that gentleman managed, for once in his life, to utter three consecutive sentences without a single "you know," or "don't you see."

At last, Mr. Howson cooled down a little and finally promised to go down to the college and see Morton, who was a great favorite of his, and offer to have arrangements made for the funeral taking place from his house; and then Mr. Johnson departed.

Mr. Howson went to the college as soon as Johnson had left, and spent a long time in deep and earnest talk with Morton, with whom he deeply sympathized; and the arrangements for the funeral were completed before he left.

Of Annie he said little, but that little was very

still greater was his grief at the thought of the pain and anguish about to fall on the one who was now more than ever all he cared for on earth. Long and deeply he thought, striving hard to find some way to shield her and punish his sister's murderer. But there was no way. Farron's promptitude had already placed the case beyond his control; it was now the property of the law, and he felt that the law must take its course. Willingly would he have given his own life to save Annie from pain and disgrace, but the sacrifice was not permitted him; he could almost have wished the doctor to escape if that would have shielded her from the odium of being a murderer's wife, but it was too late for that now; before another sun had set the story of the murder would be sent from end to end of the land, and fancy pictured to him how the newspapers would glory in the item, how they would embellish the article with "double headers," and "cross heads," and, perhaps, even a portrait of the murderer. It was impossible that Annie should not know her husband's guilt, even if he succeeded in evading law.

Would she love him still? That was a question which occurred to him again and again. Somehow, the man never thought that the death of the doctor might tend to promote his own happiness, by gaining him possession of the object of his affections. It never entered his mind that Annie's love diverted from the doctor might revert to him, he was too unselfish for that; his own happiness had no part in his thoughts; he loved Annie deeply and truly, and he cared only that she should be happy, he never for one moment gave any consideration to himself.

And what was to become of her? That was another troublesome question over which he pondered deeply. Mr. Howson had spoken so strongly and bitterly about her, that Morton knew there was but little to be hoped for from that quarter, for some time at least. Where could she go! What could she do!

These were puzzling questions, and Mr. Morton thought and thought over them until the first faint flush of early morning came and found him still with the difficult problems unsolved; and Mr. Farron fast asleep with his head resting on one of the heavy oak tables on which laid the book he had been reading, and which contained that very interesting hip-bone case which he had been looking over again when sleep overcame him.

Mr. Fowler, having executed the commissions given him returned to his boarding house. It was late, and Mr. Fowler was worn out, both in mind and body, but he did not retire to the bed which he was destined to occupy alone that night. Instead of doing so he went through a curious and remarkable pantomime, which would have caused a spectator to imagine that he had lost his senses, and was a fit candidate for an apartment at Beauport.

In the first place he divested himself of his neck-tie, collar, coat and waistcoat; then he tied his traces very tight round his waist, took off his cuffs and rolled his shirt sleeves up far above his elbows in two very hard, tight rolls; then he took the bolster, doubled it in half and set it up on end at the head of the bed supported by a pillow on each side.

Great pains did he take to have it nicely adjusted, and properly balanced, and when it was arranged to his entire satisfaction he stood off, threw himself into a boxing attitude and began to spar in the most alarming manner. All kinds of wonderful feints, and guards, and passes did Mr. Fowler make; and most tremendous blows did he bestow on the unoffending bolster, now with the right hand, now with the left; straight from the shoulder, under cuts, overcuts, all kinds of cuts.

Every time he knocked the bolster down he would set it up again only to knock it down again; with praiseworthy persistency worthy of a better cause he kept up this exercise for nearly half an hour. Now springing back, now dodging, now guarding and always ending by knocking down the bolster, you could plainly see that he was going through an imaginary fight, and doing so with great heartiness.

Was he mad? No, Mr. Fowler was perfectly sane. Was he drunk? No, he had taken only one drink during the whole evening. Was he merely exercising himself? No, he was far too tired for that; the fact is Mr. Fowler was in fancy carrying out the advice he had given Mr. Morton with regard to the doctor, and was mentally "punching his head." And a terrible punching it would have got had it been in the place of the bolster which got pounded, and thumped, and shaken in a way no bolster had ever before been treated in Mrs. Grubbs' boarding house. At last with one tremendous "back-hander," he knocked it completely off the bed, almost overturned the wash stand, and a cloud of feathers gave evidence that he had punched its head to some purpose, for he had split the tick, and the brains, *i. e.*, feathers, were coming out in large quantities.

This seemed to restore him to his senses, and he paused in his work of destruction, and rearranged the bed.

"I wish it had been him," he said, "I'd have enlarged and embellished his physiognomy to such an extent that all the photographers would have been trying to get pictures of him as a gorilla, or one of Darwin's 'missing links.'"

He slowly undressed, got into bed, and was soon in the land of dreams with the golden-haired object of his affection.

(To be continued.)



"AT SOME FANCIED TALE OF LOVE."—SEE PAGE 161.

can be done to-night, so there is no use wasting time here."

"Wait a moment," said the Chief, "you will be going near the telegraph office, would you mind sending this telegram to Niagara; he won't be there before to-morrow night, but there's nothing like having things prepared beforehand."

They proceeded to the college where Fowler had just arrived with the coroner; and, after an inspection of the body it was covered with a sheet and left where it laid until the next morning. Morton insisted on remaining all night by his dead sister's body and Farron, who would not leave his friend, shared his watch.

To Mr. Fowler was entrusted the task of hunting up an undertaker, and making arrangements for removing the body as soon as it had been viewed by the jury; while to Mr. Johnson was commissioned the task of informing Mr. Howson of his daughter's elopement, and the subsequent discovery of the murder.

Mr. Johnson was not in a very happy frame of mind; he had discovered when he left the dissecting room that—to use his own words to Mr. Fowler—"some fellow, you know, put somebody's shin-bone in my pocket, don't you see, and when I went to wipe my face I pulled it out with my pocket handkerchief, you know, and rubbed the nasty thing all over my face, you see."

He fulfilled his mission very creditably, however; but was much astonished at Mr. Howson's manner of receiving the intelligence. Of Annie's elopement he, of course, already knew, as he had received her letter and had also seen

bitter and severe. He would not listen to Morton's pleading on her behalf, and firmly declared he would never see her again.

All that long desolate night Morton sat by the side of the dead form he loved so dearly; silent, motionless, living his life over again. It seemed but as yesterday that he had played about St. Leonard's churchyard, a merry-hearted boy, climbing up on the scaffolding of the then uncompleted chapel, clambering, at the imminent risk of his neck, up the steep roof and standing in the holes in the spire make to receive the bells, while a trim little figure in white, with flowing black hair, looked in wonder and amazement out of her deep blue eyes at the feat "brother" was performing. Memory carried him back to that eventful evening when Harry Griffith had been brought, almost dead, to his door, and when Mamie had declared her love for him; and he almost wished that the negroes had left him to perish in the grave from which they had rescued him. Then came the thought of how he had heard of Mamie's death, and how he had mourned for her, and his heart grew hard and bitter against the man who had so outraged him. After that came the remembrance of his love for Annie Howson, and how Griffith had again come between him and happiness; and then came a crowd of other thoughts; tenderer, gentler thoughts of her he loved; and by the side of that cold, mangled corpse Charlie Morton fought out a long, stern, bitter fight between what he owned to the dead, and what he loved.

Great as was his sorrow over Mamie's wrongs,