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SNOWBALL

WELCOME SOAP"

and called for,

Suddenly his face flames into an

and he strides across to where Mr. OMeara stands.
"O'Meara, what is this that I hear;

have they dared acouse Heath?"
"Don't you know, Vandyck?"
"No; I have heard nothing, save the fact of the murder; the coroner's summons found me at home."
"Heath will be accused, I think."

Raymond Vandyck turns and goes over to Clifford Heath; without uttering a word, he links his arm within that of the

suspected man, and standing thus, lists to the opening of the trial.

The only sign of recognition he ceives is a slight pressure of the a upon which his hand rests; but bef. Clifford Heath's eyes, just for the neart, there swims a suspicious moistry.

ment, there swims a suspicious moisture.

Above them, crowding close about the cellar walls, is a motley throng, curious, eager, expectant; among the faces peering down may be seen that of the portly

What was the nature of the knowledge?

Had he ever threatened dece

ishment sits on every face. Wha

honor:—
"Clifford Heath, do you believe this handkerchief, which I hold in my hand, and which was recently found upon the face of this dead man, to be, or to have

"Has such a one been stolen from you?"

sought for by

But it is not always found,-because some dealers keep it WHY?-"Inferior brands pay larger profits,"-insist on having "WELCOME SOAP."

RENOWNED FOR ITS GENUINE WASHING QUALITY. SMOOTH ON THE HAND. ROUGH ON THE DIRT.

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The Diamond Coterie

away from the grave now, and from the man who still holds the knife; and in so doing he comes nearer the group of women, and catches a sentence that falls from the lips of Nance Burrill.

A rew moments after the landau had deposited Jasper Lamotte at the gate of the vacant lot, a pedestrian, striding swiftly along, as if eager to be upon the scene and sate his curiosity, came in among the group of men that, all day long, had hovered about the cellar.

"What's going on here?" he demanded of the first man upon whom his glance fell, "an—accident?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the man, who was one of Old Forty Rod's customers; "where have you come from that you don't know a man has been killed!"

"Killed!" Z. TINGLEY, SHAVING PARLOR

"Killed!"
"Yes, murdered! stabbed last night and buried in this old cellar." Water Street. - Chatham.

too. Why, you are a stranger to these parts if you don't know John Burrill'."
"Never heard of him in my life, old Top," replied the stranger. "I don't live in these parts."

in these parts."

The man drew back a little, and seeing this, the stranger came closer and laid one hand familiarly upon his arm, at the same time leaning nearer, and saying in a loud whisper:

"Any of the stiff's friends in this cane?" gang?"
The satellite of "Old Forty," who had

The satellite of "Old Forty," who had at first seemed somewhat disposed to resent too much familiarity on the part of the stranger, turned toward him, drew closer, and allowed his features to relax into a grin of friendliness. He had not been so fortunate as to receive a morning dram, and the breath of the stranger had wafted to his nostrile the actived, delicious odor of "whisky killers."

"Hugh!" he whispered confidentially.

"that man over there the tall, good-look-ing one with the whiskers, d'ye mind—"
"Yes, yes! high toned bleke?"

ly down at his new found friend.

HAY AND OATS, Smith," said the stranger, as he passed over his brandy flask. "Now then, pard, fire shead, and don't forget when you get thirsty to notify Smith, the book peddler." That he cannot tell.

Jasper Lamotte is called. He has been absent from home, and can throw no light upon the subject.

It is three o'clock. The rain has ceased falling, but the sky is still gray and threatening. The wind howls dismally among the old trees that surround John Burrill's shallow grave, and its wierd wail, combined with the rattle and creak wail, combined with the rattle and creak wait, or branches, and the drip, drip of of the waite from the many crevices water, dru.

""" united to form a fit-into the old ceiting the second secon Stationery! COMPLETE LINE JUST RECEIVED

into the old cellan, ting requiem for an occurrence of the mud and slime, are the "good men and true," who have been summoned by Justlee, to decide upon the manner in which John Burrill met his death. There, too, is the mayor, dignified, grave, and important. The officers of the law are there, and close behind the corner stand the Lamottes, father and son. A little farther back are grouped the witnesses. Those of the morning, the two masons, Mr. O'Meara, Dr. Heath—they are all there except the first and surest one, Prince. There are the men who were Burrill's companions of the night before, reluctant witnesses, ferreted out through the officiousness of one of the saloon habitues, and fearing, a little, to relate their part in the evening's programme, each eager to lighten his own burden of the responsibility at the expense of his comrades in the plot. There are three women and one man, all eye-witnesses to the first meeting between John Burrill and Doctor Heath in Nance Burrill's cottage, and there is occurrence in the plot. There are three women and one man, all eye-witnesses to the first meeting between John Burrill and Doctor Heath in Nance Burrill's cottage, and there is Nance Burrill's cottage, and there is occurrence in the presented with th have been thrown carelessly down for their comfort. And Nance Burrill talks loudly, and cries as bitterly as if the dead man had been her life's comfort, not its And there, too, is Raymond Vandyck.

And there, too, is Raymond Vandyck. He stands aloof from them all, stands near the ghastly thing that once, not long ago, came between him and all his happiness. There is a strange look in his blue eyes, as they rest upon the lifeless form, from which the coverings have been removed, but which still lies in the shallow place scooped out for it by the hands that struck it from among the living. Under the was of them all the dire nands that struck it from among the fiv-ing. Under the eyes of them all the dirt has been removed from the broad breast, and two gaping wounds are disclosed; cuts, deep and wide, are made with some broad, heavy weapon, of the dagger

the body, as it lies, it is lifted out carefully, and placed upon a litter, in the midst of the group, and then all turn their eyes from the shallow grave to the new resting place of its late occupant. Not all; Raymond Vandyck, still gazing as if fascinated by that hollowed out bit of earth, starts forward suddenly, then draws shudderingly back, and points to something that lies almost imbeded in the soft soil. Somebody comes forward, examines, and then draws from out the Complaints PENDLETON'S PANAGEA? the soft soil. Somebody comes forward, examines, and then draws from out the grave, where it has lain, directly under the body, a knife—a knife of peculiar shape and workmanship—a long, keen, surgeon's knife. There are dark stains upon the blade and handle; and a murmur of horror runs through the crowd as it is held aloft to their view.

"Did you ever see that knife before?"
"I can't say, sir," turning it carelessly "Did you ever see one like it?"
"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."
"Did you ever own one like it?"
"I do own one like it."
"Are such knives common?"
"They are—to the surgical profess 'Do you own more than one knife of "I do not."
"Did you ever own more than one like

"Did you ever own more than one like this?"
"Not at the same time."
"Then you have lost a knife like this?"
"No; but I have broken two."
"When did you last see deceased alive?"
"Not since our encounter on the street; that was a week ago, I should think, perhaps longer."

think, perhaps longer."
"Who witnessed that affair?"
"Mr. Vandyck was with me; the other were strangers."
"That is all, Dootor Heath."
Lawyer O'Meara comes next; his testimony is brief, and impatiently given. He adds nothing new to the collected evi-

adds nothing new to the collected evidence.

Next comes the man Rooney, and he rehearses the scene at "Old Forty Rods," sparing himself as much as possible.

"We didn't really think he'd go to Doctor Heath's," he says in conclusion. "We all called it a capital joke, and agreed to go out and look him up after a little. He was reeling drunk when he went out, and we all expected to find him floored on the way. After a while, an hour perhaps, we started out, half a dozen of us, with a lantern, and went along the road he had taken; we went almost to Heath's cottage, looking all about the road as we went. When we did not find him, we concluded that he had gone straight home, and that if we staid out longer the laugh would be on us. So we went back, and agreed to say nothing about the matter to Burrill when we should see him."

Heath's house?"
"Very near, sir; almost as near as w

are now."

"But you were in the opposite direction."

"Just so, sir; we came from the town."

"Did you hear any movements; any seunds of any sort?"

"Nothing particluar, sir; we were making some noise ourselves."

"Did you meet any one, either going or coming." passed us in the dark on the other of the road."

Five men confirm Rooney's state

Five men confirm Rooney's statement, and every word weighs like lead against Clifford Heath.

John Burvill left the saloon to go to Doutor Heath's house; in drunken bravado, he would go at night to disturb and anney the man who had, twice, in public, chastised him, and on both occasions uttered a threat and a warning; unheeding these, he had gone to brave the man who had warned him against an approach—and he has never been seen alive since; he has been found dead, murdesed, hidden away near the house of the

ing down may be seen that of the portly gentleman; his diamond pin glistening as he turns this way and that; his great coat blown back by the gusts of wind, and a natty umbrella clutched firmly in his plump, gloved hand. Not far distant is private detective Belknap, looking as curious as any, and still nearer the cellar's edge is the rakish book-peddler, supported by his now admiring friend of the morning, who has warmed into a hearty interest in "that fine young fellow, Smith," under the exhilarating influence of the "fine young fellow's" brandy flask. Dodging about among the spectators, too, is the boy George, who has abandoned his tray of pretty wares, and is making his holiday a feast of horrors.

And now all ears are strained to hear the statements of the various witnesses in this strange case. gentleman; his diamond pin glistening as he turns this way and that; his great coat blown back by the gusts of wind, and a natty umbrella clutched firmly in his plump, gloved hand. Not far distant is private detective Belknap, looking as curious as any, and still nearer the cellar's edge is the rakish book-peddler, supported by his now admiring friend of the morning, who has warmed into a hearty interest in "that fine young fellow, Smith," under the exhilarating influence of the "fine young fellow's" brandy flask. Dodging about among the spectators, too, is the boy George, who has abandoned his tray of pretty wares, and is making his holiday a feast of horrors.

And now all ears are strained to hear the statements of the various witnesses in this strange case.

Frank Lamotte is the first. He is pale and nervous, and he aveids the eyes of all save the ones whem he addresses. Doctor Heeth keeps two steady, searching orbs fixed upon his face, but can draw to himself no responsive glance. Frank testifies as follows:—

John Burrill had left Mapleton the evening before at an early hour, not later than eight o'clock. Witness had seen little of him during the day. Deceased

orbs fixed upon his face, but can draw to himself no responsive glance. Frank testifies as follows:—

John Burrill had left Mapleton the evening before at an early hour, not later than eight o'clock. Witness had seen little of him during the day. Deceased was in a state of semi-intoxication when he last saw him. That was at six e'clock, or near that time. No, he did not know htsymond vandyck is called; he does not stir from his position beside his friend, and his face wears a look of defant stubborness.

"Ray," says Clifford Heath, quietly, "your silence would be construed against. "your silence would be construed against me; go forward and tell the whole truth." Then he obeys the summons; but the or near that time. No, he did not know the destination of deceased. They seldom went out together. Did not know if Bur-rill had any enemies. Was not much in his confidence. labor; he will not help them to a single

his confidence,
Upon being questioned closer, he displays some unwillingness to answer, but finally admits that he has heard Burrill speak in bitter terms of Doctor Heath,

"Did you know that man," poi to the body of Burrill; "in his life," "I had not that honor." "Ah—you have seen him?" (Continued on 4th page.)

A Wonderful fiesh Producer. The two masons one after the other, testify; their statements do not vary.

They were returning home, having turned back from their day's labor, because of the rain. When they came near This is the title given to Scotts Emu sion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousand who have takeit. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own untritious properties, but creates an appetite for food Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emul. sion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00

cause of the rain. When they came near the old cellar, the barking of a dog attracted their attention. It came from the cellar, and one of them, curious to see what the dog had hunted down, went to look. The dog was tugging at what appeared to be a human foot. He called his companion, and then leaped down into the cellar, and tried to drive the dog from what he now feared was a half burled human being. The other man called for help, and, seeing O'Mears, housed to him to tell Heath to come and his dog.

call on the dog, after a hard the dead was came and mastered.

Call on the dog, after a hard came and mastered to the dead was struggle; how the face on the dog was a half burled had not be down to the dead was came and mastered. A grain of prudence is worth a pound Boasters are cousins to liars. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shoots at others and wounds her-

call c...

They tell ...

They repart his words to O'Meara with telling effect; and then they stand aside.

Doctor Heath is sworn. He has nothing to say that has not been said. He knows nothing of the murdered man, save that once he had knocked him down for beating a woman, and once for insulting himself.

Had he ever threatened decreased? He RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY:—South
American Cure for Rheumatism and Neu
—legia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its
—non the system is remarkable and
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ction ...
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Had he ever threatened deceased? He believed that he had on the occasion last mentioned. What was the precise language used? That he could not recall.

Then the handkerchief is produced; is Then the handkerchief is produced; is presented to him.

"Doctor Heath, is that yours?" Every man holds his breath; every man is visibly agitated; every man save the witness.

Coolly lifting his hand to his breast pocket, he draws from thence a folded handkerchief; he shakes out the snowy square, and offers it to the coroner.

"It is mine or an exact counterpart of mine. Your honor can compare them."

Astonishment sits on every face. What

Learning makes a man fit company Modesty is a guard to virtue.

effrontery!

The coroner examines the two pieces of linen long and closely, then he passes them to one of the jurymen; and then they go from hand to hand; and all the while Clifford Heath stands watching the scrutiny. Not eagerly, not even with interest, rather with a bored look, as if he must see something, and with every feature locked in impenetrable calm.

Finally the coroner receive them back. They are precisely alike, and so says his honor:— The boughs that bear most hang lowest. Upright walking is sure walking.

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