

The Woman in the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filligree Ball," "The Leavenworth Case," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Arrest.

The success of this interview provoked other attempts on the part of the reporters who now flocked into the Southwest. Ere long particulars began to pour in of Mr. Fairbrother's painful journey south, after his illness set in. The clerk of the hotel in El Moro, where the great mine owner's name was found registered at the time of the murder, told a story which made very good reading for those who were more interested in the sufferings and experiences of the millionaire husband of the murdered lady than in those of the unhappy but comparatively insignificant man upon whom public opinion had cast the odium of her death.

It seems that when the first news came of the great crime which had taken place in New York, Mr. Fairbrother was absent from the hotel on a prospecting tour through the adjacent mountains. Couriers had been sent after him, and it was one of these who finally brought him into town. He had been found wandering alone in an untraveled region, sick and almost incoherent from fever. Indeed, his condition was such that neither the courier nor such others as saw him had the heart to tell him the dreadful news from New York. To their great relief, he betrayed no curiosity in great relief, he wanted a berth in the first train going south, and this was an easy way for them out of a great responsibility. They listened to his wishes and saw him safely aboard, with such alacrity and with so many precautions against his being disturbed that they have never doubted that he left El Moro in total ignorance, not only of the circumstances of his great bereavement, but of the bereavement itself.

This ignorance, which he appeared to have carried with him to the Placide, was regarded by those who knew him

best as proving the truth of the affirmation elicited from him in the pauses of his delirium of the genuineness of the stone which had passed from his hands to those of his wife at the time of their separation; and, further, dispatches coming in, some private and some official, but all insisting upon the fact that it would be weeks before he would be in a condition to submit to any sort of examination on a subject so painful, the authorities in New York decided to wait no longer for his testimony, but to proceed at once with the inquest.

Great as is the temptation to give a detailed account of proceedings which were of such moment to myself, and every word of which I listened with the eagerness of a novice, and the anguish of a woman who sees her lover's reputation at the mercy of a verdict which may stigmatize him as a possible criminal, I see no reason for encumbering my narrative with what, for the most part, would be a mere repetition of facts already known to you.

As for the mystery of the warning, it remained as much of a mystery as ever. Nor did any better success follow an attempt to fix the ownership of the stiletto, though a half-day was expended in an endeavor to show that the latter might have come into Mr. Durand's possession in some of the many visits he was shown to have made of late to various curio shops in and out of New York City.

I had expected all this, just as I had expected Mr. Grey to be absent from the proceedings and his testimony ignored. But this expectation did not make the ordeal any easier, and when I noticed the effect of witness after witness leaving the stand without having improved Mr. Durand's position by a jot, offering any new clue capable of turning suspicion into other directions. I felt my spirit harden and my purpose strengthen till I hardly knew myself. I must have frightened my uncle, for his hand was always on my arm and his chiding voice in my ear, bidding me beware, not only for my own sake and his, but for that of Mr. Durand, whose eye was seldom away from my face.

The verdict, however, was not the one I had so deeply dreaded. While it did not exonerate Mr. Durand, it did not openly accuse him, and I was on the point of giving him a smile of congratulation and renewed hope when I saw my little detective—the one who had spied the gloves in my bag at the ball—advance and place his hand upon his arm.

CHAPTER IX.

The Mouse Nibbles at the Net.

The next day saw me at police headquarters begging an interview from the inspector, with the intention of confiding to him a theory which must either cost me his sympathy or open the way to a new inquiry, which I felt sure would lead to Mr. Durand's complete exoneration.

I chose this gentleman for my confidant, from among all those with whom I had been brought in contact by my position as witness in a case of this magnitude, first, because he had been present at the most tragic moment of my life, and secondly, because I was conscious of a sympathetic bond between us which would insure me a kind hearing. However ridiculous my idea might appear to him, I was assured that he would treat me with consideration and not visit whatever folly I might be guilty of on the head of him for whom I risked my reputation for good sense.

Nor was I disappointed in this. Inspector Dalzell's air was fatherly and his tone altogether gentle as, in reply to my excuses for troubling him with my opinions, he told me that in a case of such importance he was glad to receive the impressions even of such a prejudiced little partisan as myself. The words fired me, and I spoke. "You consider Mr. Durand guilty, and so do many others, I fear, in spite of his long record for honesty and uprightness. And why? Because you will not admit the possibility of another person's guilt—a person standing so high in private and public estimation that his very ideas seem preposterous and little short of insulting to the country of which he is an acknowledged ornament."

"My dear!"

The inspector had actually risen. His expression and whole attitude showed shock. But I did not quail. I only subdued my manner and spoke with quieter conviction.

"I am aware," said I, "how words so daring must impress you. But listen, sir; listen to what I have to say before you utterly condemn me. I acknowledge that it is the frightful position into which I threw Mr. Durand by my officious attempt to right him which has driven me to make this second effort to fix the crime on the only other man who had possible access to Mrs. Fairbrother at the fatal moment. How could I live in inaction? How could I let you weigh for a moment this foreigner's reputation against that of my own lover? If I have reasons—"

"Reasons!"

"Reasons which would appeal to all; if instead of this person's having an international reputation at his back he

*Mr. Durand's visits to the curio shops, as explained by him, were made with a view of finding a casket in which to place his diamond. This explanation was looked upon with as much doubt as the others he had offered where the situation seemed to be of a compromising character.

had been a simple gentleman like Mr. Durand—would you not consider me entitled to speak?"

"Certainly, but—"

"You have no confidence in my reasons, inspector; they may not weigh against that splash of blood on Mr. Durand's shirt front, but such as they are I must give them. But first, as they are necessary for you to accept for the nonce Mr. Durand's statements as true. Are you willing to do this?"

"I will try."

"Then, a harder thing yet—to put some confidence in my judgment. I saw the man and did not like him long before any suspicion on anyone. I watched him as I watched others. I saw that he had not come to the ball to please Mr. Ramsdell or for any pleasure he himself hoped to reap from social intercourse, but that this purpose was connected with Mrs. Fairbrother's diamond. Indifferent almost morose before she came upon the scene, he brightened to a surprising extent the moment he found himself in her presence. Not because she was a beautiful woman, for he had seen her before with a look. All his glances were centered on her large fan, which, in swaying to and fro, alternately hid and revealed the splendor of her breast; and when by chance it hung suspended for a moment in her forgetful hand and he caught a full glimpse of the great gem, his face changed in a moment, and he said, 'I know. I have not yet touched on fact. But facts are coming, inspector.'"

He stared. Evidently he was not accustomed to hear the law laid down in this fashion by a midge of my proportions.

"Go on," said he, "happily, I have no clerk here to listen."

"I would not speak if you had. These are words for but one ear as yet. Not even my uncle suspects the direction of my thoughts."

"Proceed," he again enjoined.

Upon which I plunged into my subject.

"Mrs. Fairbrother wore the real diamond, and no imitation, to the ball. Of this I feel sure. The bit of glass or paste displayed to the corner's jury was bright enough, but it was not the star of light I saw burning on her breast as she passed me on her way to the alcove."

"Miss Van Arsdale!"

"The interest which Mr. Durand displayed in it, the marked excitement to which he was thrown by his first view of its size, and splendor, confirmed in my mind the evidence which he gave on oath (and he is a well-known diamond expert, you know, and must have been very well aware that he would injure rather than help his cause by this admission), that at that time he believed the stone to be real and of immense value. Wearing such a gem, then, she entered the fatal alcove, and with a smile on her face, prepared to employ her fascinations on whoever chanced to come within their reach. But now something happened. Please let me tell it my own way. As I came from the driveway, or a bit of snow thrown against the window, drew her attention to a man standing below, holding up a note fastened to the end of a whip handle. I do not know whether or not you have found that man. If you have—"

"The inspector made no sign. 'I judge that you have not, so I may go on with my suppositions. Mrs. Fairbrother took in this note. She may have expected it and for this reason chose the alcove to sit in, or it may have been a surprise to her. Probably we shall never know the whole truth about it, but what we can know and do, if you are still holding to our compact and viewing this crime in the light of Mr. Durand's explanations, is that it made a change in her and made her anxious to rid herself of the diamond. It has been decided that the hurried scrawl should read, 'Take warning. He means to be at the ball. Expect trouble if you do not give him the diamond,' or something to that effect. But why was it passed up to her unfinished? Was the haste too great? I hardly think so. I believe in another explanation, which points with startling directness to the possibility that the person referred to in this broken communication was not Mr. Durand, but one whom I need not name; and that the reason you have failed to find the messenger of whose appearance you have received definite information, is that you have not looked among the servants of a certain distinguished visitor in town. Oh! I burst forth with feverish volubility, as I saw the inspector's lips open in what could not fail to be a sarcastic utterance. 'I know what you feel tempted to reply. Why should a servant deliver a warning against his own master? If you will be patient with me you will soon see; but first I wish to make it clear that Mrs. Fairbrother, having received this warning just before Mr. Durand appeared in the alcove—reckless, scheming woman that she was—ought to have rid herself of the object against which it was directed in the way we have temporarily accepted as true. Relying on her arts, and possibly misconceiving the nature of Mr. Durand's interest in her, she hands over the diamond hidden in her rolled-up gloves, which, he, without suspicion, carries away with him, thus linking himself indissolubly to a great crime of which another was the perpetrator. That other, or so I believe from my very heart of hearts, was the man I saw leaning against the wall at the foot of the alcove a few minutes before I passed into the supper room.'"

I stopped with a gasp, hardly able to meet the stern and forbidding look with which the inspector sought to restrain what he evidently considered the senseless ravings of a child. But I had come there to speak, and I hastily proceeded before the rebuke thus expressed could formulate itself into words.

"I have some excuse for a declaration so monstrous. Perhaps I am the only person who can satisfy you in regard to a certain fact about which you have expressed some curiosity. Inspector, have you ever solved the mystery of the two broken coffee cups found amongst the debris at Mrs. Fairbrother's feet? It did not come out in the inquest, I noticed."

[To be Continued.]

A DOSE OF SHOT FOR FOOL MOB

Elderly Bridegroom Wings Four of Crowd Gathered to Celebrate Wedding.

Brockville, Ont., Nov. 15.—Around the vicinity of Bishop's Mills, in Grenville County, there is great excitement over a shooting affray enacted a few nights ago by an elderly bridegroom named J. Davis, who took this means of driving away a number of young men who had assembled to celebrate his marriage in the form of a charivari.

The fun extended over two nights. On the evening of the marriage Davis was subjected to great annoyance. His hand was cut by being pushed through a broken window pane, and he begged his tormentors to leave, offering them \$5 to do so. This was refused, and the crowd promised to return the following night. Davis said he would fill them full of buckshot, and warned them to come prepared for squalls.

Not to be bluffed, a boy named W. Hutchison knocked at the door. It was opened in an instant, and before the caller had time to move another step he fell in his tracks. Davis had the gun ready, and leveling it at Hutchison, fired. The charge took effect in one leg, below the knee, shattering the bone so terribly that it is thought it will have to be cut off to save his life.

The other moment when the shot was fired, Davis stood in the doorway, and over Hutchison, emptied the contents into the rapidly disappearing crowd. The shot struck three of them, none of whom, however, were injured seriously.

Yet the promoters of the charivari have not invoked the law to punish Davis, who is quite cool in the matter. He is one of the best shots in the countryside.

Handsome Light Gray Tweed Coat

Graceful, long, loose coat, neatly trimmed with strapping of cloth on either side of front and down center of back. Black velvet collar and cuffs, trimmed with black velvet buttons. \$15

PASTOR WILL REMAIN

Rev. James Livingstone Accepts Invitation of Wellington Street Board.

Unless the stationing committee of the London Conference should decide otherwise, Rev. James Livingstone will remain for a fourth year as pastor of the Wellington Street Methodist Church.

At a meeting of the quarterly board of the church, held on Monday evening, the question of asking Mr. Livingstone to spend a fourth year with the congregation was considered, and it was unanimously agreed that the invitation should be extended. Mr. Livingstone was made aware of the board's action, and he accepted the call, subject, of course, to the approval of the stationing committee. Mr. Livingstone came to London from Windsor in July, 1904, and is, therefore, in his third year at Wellington street. His pastorate has been marked by the best of feeling with the congregation and the officials, and a marked degree of success.

The following stewards have been appointed for the year: Messrs. F. C. Toon, H. N. Fleming, George Jackson, James Luney, A. E. Jones, John B. Morling and Harwood. Mr. Toon is the recording steward.

A BONE FOR BONI

Something Likely to Fall to Him From the Gould Table.

Paris, Nov. 15.—There is the best ground for belief that Anna Gould will not allow her divorced husband, Boni de Castellane, to live in want, although the court refused his request for an annual allowance of \$50,000. Madame de Castellane, as she will now be called, the title Countess de Castellane being taken from her by the usual conditions of the French law, will subject Boni to the humiliation of taking what she is pleased to give him out of pure generosity.

Those who know Boni best say that he will not be above accepting it, though some of them liken him to the dog who thankfully takes a bone from the master who has just kicked him.

Madame Gould expresses her entire satisfaction with the terms of the decree, and says she has no intention of leaving Paris at present. Her sister, Helen Gould, is with her and will remain until after Christmas.

Making observation look like experience is one way of promoting your own interest.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CASE

Here Is Something That Will Be Welcome News to Many a Discouraged One.

"For several years I have been troubled with gas around my heart, shortness of breath, in fact, if I walked my usual gait my breath would get so short I would be compelled to make several stops during my walk."

"Of late my food did not digest properly. It turned sour in my stomach, causing me great distress; often, too, I had disagreeable attacks of belching gas and heartburn."

"I was bothered with severe pains across the small of my back and the least bending or turning would cause me to almost cry out."

"I was induced to try Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill and from the very first found relief."

"For the last three months I have had no recurrence of my former complaints, so I am bound to say Anti-Pill has indeed cured me."

"This is the voluntary statement of Wm. H. Reed, of 165 Queen street, Kingston, Ont. All Druggists sell Anti-Pill. The Wilson-Edye Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont."

The remedy that cured such an extreme case is surely worth trying.

Wm. H. Reed.

Wm. H. Reed, of 165 Queen street, Kingston, Ont. All Druggists sell Anti-Pill. The Wilson-Edye Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

Ladies' 75c Dress Skirts To Be Whirled Out Saturday at \$2.69 Each

Will you be one of the lucky seventy-five women who will share in this big dress skirt offer tomorrow? Best selection will be for the early comers, so don't delay your visit until late in the day.

These skirts were bought specially for Saturday's selling. And such bargains should whirl out in less than no time. Tweed effects and plain dark colors. Smart pleated styles, trimmed with self strappings and buttons. Worth up to \$4.00 each. Saturday's rush price. \$2.69

Big Temptations in Underskirts

Three dozen only in this lot, and every one a big temptation. Neatly made of good quality black sateen. All new goods. Three styles to choose from. Every skirt has an extra wide sweep. Worth up to \$1.25 and \$1.35. Saturday for only each 98c.

Three other desirable styles in black sateen. Some with French ripple; others are knife pleated, with dust frill. Worth \$1.50 and \$1.75. Saturday selling at \$1.39

Handsome Light Gray Tweed Coat

Graceful, long, loose coat, neatly trimmed with strapping of cloth on either side of front and down center of back. Black velvet collar and cuffs, trimmed with black velvet buttons. \$15

Snap in Lined Underskirts

These are made of best quality sateen, flannel lined. All this season's goods. Gathered in two lots and prices slashed for Saturday's selling. Skirts worth up to \$1.25, for just .98c. Others worth up to \$2, for only \$1.39

Buy Kimonos Saturday

Ladies' Dressing Jackets and Kimonos, heavy cotton elder-downs, in fancy stripes—and all wool cardinal and gray elder-downs, worth \$2 for \$1.49

Natty Black and White

Check coat, good quality tweed, collar nicely adorned with black velvet, jaunty trimmings of cloth strappings. Should sell on sight at \$12

A Swagger Coat for \$15

One of the smartest coats we've ever shown; a fancy light gray tweed, with green overcheck, novel yoke effect is formed by a strapping of cloth, which runs across back and over shoulders, disappearing into the two upper pockets in front of coat. Strappings of cloth down back and a fancy collar, edged with velvet adds to its hobnob appearance. Fifteen dollars certainly seems little enough to pay for this coat \$15

A DRESSY BLACK COAT

This is one in fine Kersey. Every thread all wool, pretty yoke effect, handsomely trimmed with silk stitched strappings. \$20

Great Values for Twelve Dollars:

All wool black Kersey, with silk stitched strappings and silk stitching on collar and cuffs. Long and loose \$12

150 Dundas and Carling GRAY & PARKER 150 Dundas and Carling

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



3788

3788—A TRIM SHIRTWAIST DRESS.

For general wear there is no style of dress which answers the purposes of usefulness and becomingness as does the shirtwaist dress. One in blue mohair is drawn here, which shows the newest skirt and a waist tucked in at the waist. The dainty linen collar in stiff linen and sheer batiste are most attractive worn with these shirtwaist dresses. The tucks of the waist form two soft seam effects at each side in front and two in back. The skirt is a 4-piece one, with tucks at front, back and sides, to resemble inverted pleates. The cut is a practical one as well as being up-to-date in line and outline. Any of the light-weight waisted dresses may develop the dress, while silk is always pretty. For the medium size 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material are needed.

6788—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

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Measurement: Bust.....Waist.....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

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The comfort and pleasure of wearing Stanfield's Underwear are due to its perfect fit.

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is guaranteed unshrinkable—is made by the house that originated unshrinkable garments in Canada.

Buy Stanfield's and you are certain to get Underwear that fits perfectly—that wears well—and that won't shrink.

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save your time and your strength. Do not waste them trying to make good bread and pastry with an inferior flour. You will get only trouble and disappointment for your pains.

The easy and satisfactory way to bake is to use "FIVE ROSES" Flour, as this brand never gets lumpy or hardens, and never needs any special preparation for use.

Its uniformity is such that, unlike ordinary brands, the same methods, all of them simple, can be used with every bag. "FIVE ROSES" Flour, an oven, some water, a little yeast and common sense will give you a whiter and sweeter loaf and lighter and flakier pastry, with less trouble than any ordinary brands on the market. Users of it save time, temper and money. "Five Roses" is, in fact, the flour that satisfies.

Ask your grocer for it.



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