

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1907

The Man in the Basement

By BARON PALLE ROSENKRANTZ

(Copyright 1907 by Palle Rosenkrantz. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.) The doctor searched carefully and quietly. There were no more papers on the corpse. Then the doctor took the watch from his pocket and opened it.

From this we conclude that the doctor knew, Mrs. Weston's husband, who sits by at the table, is not the Weston to whom these letters are addressed.

He then took up the letters and looked at them. "That is too hastily concluded," said the doctor. "Don't let us jump at conclusions. That is one of your criminal maxims—whichever, by the way, you abandon on every possible occasion with the most charming inconsistency. We have a right to conclude that the murdered man is not Johnson, because by this doubt we open up a prospect of a better conclusion. We have reason to believe that these people do not go under their proper baptismal names, but at the same time, in consideration of the post office and telegraph, and especially of Mr. Sydney Armstrong, we are compelled to be known by certain fixed names which they cannot get away from. Obviously, the name of Johnson is one that is to be concealed. The name of Throgmorton is necessary, because it covers a business relation. The name of Weston is not necessary as far as the man are concerned, but it is necessary for her. We, therefore, have the right to suppose that one of the gentlemen is Mr. Johnson, and we are inclined to think that this is Mr. Weston on his right name. That these two people do not live together like a married couple, we have already remarked; and that the fact lies with her, must be obvious to you, who have paid somewhat incautious attentions to the lady—who is charming. I admit. So that the murdered man is either Weston or Throgmorton.

Barney, the Millionaire Suicide, Wife and New York Residence



CHARLES T. BARNEY.

New York, Nov. 19.—The will of Charles T. Barney, banker, who committed suicide last Thursday, was made public today. Written on a sheet of paper while

therefore ask you: what will happen now? "An examination of the body," said Nielsen, "a perfectly simple business, by which the chief of police, or his deputy, constituted as sheriff, in conjunction with the district doctor, will establish the fact that Mr. Throgmorton is dead, and the cause of death. Probably the crew of the boat will be examined, to find out whether anyone was to blame. Obviously, no one was to blame—and so the thing is done."

the banker was lying in his home, mortally wounded, by the bullet he had used into his body, the will contains scarcely more than a hundred words. In place of the customary red seal used to validate

man was created in imperfection, as we are told, the life was placed by the side of man to screen his imperfection. By means of the lie man became like his prototype; the lie conceals that which shall be revealed. The lie became everything, it became truth itself. We simply cannot dispense with the lie; only confessing it daily, could we be rid of it; but then the world would come to an end, and the last man would die!

such documents, a portion of a 2-cent postage stamp is affixed opposite the name of the testator. Under the will the entire estate is bequeathed to Lily W. Barney, the widow,

CHAPTER XX The viewing of the body was conducted with solemn stillness. Mr. Throgmorton was dead, he could not come to life again. No blame could attach to the skipper of the boat; the North Sea and adjacent waters have their whims and humors; it sometimes pleases them to treat their guests so that they die of the treatment. Nevertheless, the North Sea continues to be plowed, and the medical faculty occasionally has to attest a case of Mors, while the authorities of the dry land write their official reports. The landings are not as to Mr. Throgmorton's identity; and, of course, there was some other.

South Kensington—manages my affairs." "Ah," said Nielsen. "It did not surprise him. Then the best thing will be to telegraph to him that your brother has lost his life."

CHAPTER XXI The viewing of the body was conducted with solemn stillness. Mr. Throgmorton was dead, he could not come to life again. No blame could attach to the skipper of the boat; the North Sea and adjacent waters have their whims and humors; it sometimes pleases them to treat their guests so that they die of the treatment. Nevertheless, the North Sea continues to be plowed, and the medical faculty occasionally has to attest a case of Mors, while the authorities of the dry land write their official reports. The landings are not as to Mr. Throgmorton's identity; and, of course, there was some other.

Catarrh, Pneumonia, Consumption. Death's fatal triad... Catarrh, pneumonia and consumption finally exact the penalty. This can be avoided by using healing balsamic...