THE STANDING ALISI OF H. STANLEICH STORME

(By Win. Hamilton Osborne.)

(Continued)

Storme, sir. I can swear to that." | "Cross examine," said the state's attorney briefly.

The counsel for the defense rose with a smile upon his face. "Mr. Burke," he began, in a sauve voice, "you have seen Mr. Storme

since that night, have you not?" "Yes, sir," replied Burke. "You know where he lives?"

we don't keep track of everybody from headquarters, but I do now. He lives at the Gouverneur up town

"And you attended there next day, did you not, for the purpose of apprehending him?"

"I did, sir." "And at that time is it not a fact that you made a careful search of his apartments at the Gouverneur for the purpose of finding somethin to connect him with this crime?'

"And did you find anything calculated to arose suspicion?" went on

the prisoner's counsel. "I did not, sir," replied Burke.

"That's all," announced the counsel for the defense. "Wait a minute," exclaimed the

judge, as the witness started to leave stand. "Burke, are you sure of what you say? Think. Isn't it possible that you may have been mistaken? This is a serious matter, officer. You must be very careful. Are you sure this is the man?"

our honor," returned Burke dogdly, "my record shows that I'm a careful man-your honor knows I can't be mistaken. I was never surer of a thing in all my life. "And I swear that that man who

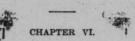
sits there-H. Stanleigh was the man that robbed that bank that night, so help me God!" "One moment," put in the prison

er's counsel: "what day of the week' was that, did you say?" "I didn't say, sir, but it was Wed-

nesday morning, the twenty-third o' last month. Roundsman O'Connell,' continued the witness, turning to the fudge, "will tell you just the same as have, your honor. Burke stepped down.

O'Connell took the witness stand and gave his testimony and left it. Burke stood corroborated in each detail. There was no cross examination of this witness.

"The prosecution rests," announcd the counsel for the state.



The Sheriff's Testimony.

The prisoner's attorney rose.

flickering ghost of a smile played from the Mordaunt bank?" around the corners of his mouth. He departed from the usual rule made no opening statement to the jury. To him it seemed un-

mocessary.
"I call the sheriff of the county,"

The sheriff-a stout, good-natured looking man, with a broad, genial, nest face had been seated quietly in the body of the court room outside the railing, an unnoticed spectator. Now he rose and made his way, with some difficulty, through the

the counsel, and some of the jurymen He did not lock at Storme, nor did He took the stand, and was sworn.

He settled himself comfortably in he chair, threw one leg over tho other, and waited for the question.

"Sheriff," began the counsel for the se, carelessly, would you mind stating to the jury just where you o'clock on Wednesday were at 2

sheriff looked around and

Monday night, on Tuesday Wednesday night, the twenty-second and f last month," he reacely and with an evi-

plied, deliberately and with an evident relian of the gituation, "I was in the green room of the Montauk Club in this city-on each night_nom. 10 o'clock in the svening until after 3 o'clock the most morning."

When you wan wednesday night, do you mean night of morning."

Till explain that," said the sheriff, "When I say Menday night I mean that I began Monday night at 10 and ended Tuesday morning at 3. On Tuesday might I began at 10 and day morning at 3. On and and morning at 3. And s, beginning with Monday

"Will you state just what you were doing?

"Certainly," responded the sheriff. "We were playing cards. We were disposing of some old scores that'we had waited for some months to pay cir."

"Was anybody with you? If so, state to the jury just who it was." "Yes," returned the sheriff, leaning "I didn't then," returned Burke; | forward in his turn as all witnesses have a way of doing; "there were three people with me, making four

> aitogether-three of us played each night, and the fourth man looked on and kept us company."

> "These four," continued the sheriff. were myself and John R. Cassidy, the hardware merchant, and H. Stanleigh Storme, the priso er at the

"John R. Cassidy is here?" "He's here," assented the witness. "And the fourth man-who was

e?" inquired the attorney. The sheriff was plainly embarressed, but he nerved himself neverthe-

s for the ordeal. "The fourth man," he began, lookng nervously around, "the fourth

presiding at this trial." He blurted this out in a desperate ort of way, and yet with an apoloetic air. too.

cane was-was the-the-the judge

There was a prolonged titter in the ourt room at the judge's expense. he judge rapped for order, but at the ame time nodded in a dignified way confirmation of the testimony. "His honor, then, was the man who

as looking on?" inquired the counsel, anxious to place the court in the most favorable light, and expecting on affirmative answer to the question. The sheriff looked first at the coun

cil and then at the judge-at the judge and then at the lawyer again. He didn't know what to do. judge turned red.

"I don't think, Mr .- er -- ersaid to the counsel for the defendant, "that it's at all necessary to go into that. Proceed with the next question," he continued, pounding with his gavel to check the incipient merriment.

The sheriff leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. Order was restored.

"Was the prisoner there on each occasion?" resumed the counsel. "He was," returned the sheriff, still

a bit rattled. "Every night?" "Every night," replied the sheriff.

"He was the first man on hand, and the last man to leave. He was with us all the time." "How far is the Montauk Club

"It's a good three miles," replied the sheriff.

"Take the witness," concluded the counsel for the defense, as he settled back in his seat with satisfaction written on his face.

The district attorney rose with a frown. There was a loud buzz of conversation in the court room, which his honor stopped with a few raps

upon his desk. The district attorney was plainly non-plussed, and he showed it. Still he maintained his composure. "Sheriff." inquired he, looking that

individual squarely in the eye, "how did you fix the night of May the twenty-second, or the morning of the wenty-third? By the way, which was

"Both," replied the sheriff, laconic-"Well, how do you fix it, then?

Why do you remembr it?" The sheriff returned the district attorney's stare with interest. 'The two men were politically opposed to each other, and there was no love lost between them.

"I'll tell you how I fix it," said the sheriff, shaking his finger at the examiner. "I could fix it, anyway, by other things, but I know by one thing in particular. When I got there that night there were two men ahead of me one of 'em was Storme, and the other Cassidy. It was a few utes after ten when we started in, be cause they sald I was late an I said I wasn't an' I found that my watch was about ten minutes alow. "Now we started in to play, under-

nd. And when you're playing cards italid. And when dickeris! We've got at tape up there in the green room and it runs all hight as well as an day. The telegraph people here run

"And I want to tell you," cont I was there three nights and the sheriff, "that the news of this ness, beginning with Monday very robbery came in over the ticker while we were sitting there-Storage

two in the morning. And Storme was there-sat next to me. And I said to Storme, when the news came n, 'Storme,' I said, 'Mordaunt's safe's een cracked, and there's a pile of

ney gone. "And I called up headquarters then and there, and we found out all bout it. That's how it was, and that's how I know, and his honor can tell you just what I tell you, too. That's all there is about it.

"And I want to tell you," concluded the sheriff, officially, and for the enefit of the reporters who were taking down his testimeny. "I wan to tell you, counseller, that the coundetectives would never have made bull like this, either, and don't you orget it-never in God's world.'

The sheriff stepped down, and John R. Cassidy stepped up. His testimony was identical. It was the purpose of the prisoner's counsel

to call the prisoner, but just as he was to do so, the prisoner plucked him by the sleeve.

After a short conference, the attorthe deface closed his case. The judge's charge was mormal and formal in the extreme. At the close

of it, the jury although invited to ing this request, which will appear retire, declined to do so, and without later. I close with the expression of stepping from the jury box returned verdict of "not guilty." And then the crowd piled up on

top of H. Stanleigh Storme and showered him with congratulations. This was the only precarious expe

rience that Stor: e had suffered during the whole thing. Two-thirds, perhaps, of his friends and acquairtances were in the court room.

Every individual among the num- thing - a very good thing, perhaps ber insisted upon shaking him by the after all." hand. The crowd packed the isles, waiting for him.

Storme had his eye fixed wistfully was anxious to get way. He thanked his counsel briefly, together with his witnesses, and then

But there still clung to him a little bevy of men and women. Suddenly he glanced down the

"There," he explained to his friends,

And he hurried off. As he went he glanced at his watch.

There was no man, but he simply wanted to get away, that's all. On the way he passed Officer O'Connell and Burke, the plen clothes man. As he did so he smiled upon them in a way that was childlike and bland.

They returned the salutation with "Well, Jim," said O'Connell to Burke, as Storme left them far in the delivery office with instructions to

"Billy." returnd Burke, solemnly, "I don't know what to make of it. up and accosted the other. The only solution I have arrived at is that the devil must have been string-

in' us that night. That's all I've got O'Connell shook his head doubtful-And they quickened their pace

and-followed Storme.

ahead with rapid steps. "An alibi," he muttered to himself, might just as well stick together is a blamed good thing.

CHAPTER VII.

The Shadowers and the Shadowed.

It took Storme some time to escaentirely from the clutches of his over enthusiastic friends. All the way along the street he met them.

By means of one pretext and another, however he finally eluded them and slipped down a quiet street From this one he emerged into a more open thoroughfare, and finally stood before the Gouverneur, his bachelor apartment home.

Once there, he glanced hastily up and down the street to make sure that no one saw him, then quickly unocked the door and stepped inside He ascended noiselessly to the second floor apartment. He entered it, and hastily passed through room after gave no sign.

"Nobody here," he remarked with a He seated himself at a desk and

began to write. "It is just as well," he said to him self, "to write once more, now that it's all over. It was just as well, too, to write before, when - the first catastrophe occurred. It's safer if anything. It's taking chances-big chances perhaps—but in a safe quar ter, after all."

He wrote hastily as follows:

My Dear Miss Dumont.

It seems better to address you se for the present. There are certain things to which I prefer to refer by letter alone it a sill with the

"You will recall that I wro the twenty fourth of last month remy presence, or to me, to anything which might have happened. That request was not prompted by any de-



a part of the peculiar circumstance which have constituted a part of my

"Now that I have been vindicated in your eyes and in the cyes of the world I ask you to make to me no refney for the defence announced that erence to to-day's happenings, nor to such vindication, nor, indeed, to this letter or the other

I have many good reasons for makmuch regard. Sincerely, "H. STANLEIGH STORME."

"A bit formal, perhaps," continued Storme, "but certainly imperative This complication with Miss Dumon was certainly unlooked for-and yet -he smiled to himself-"not alto gether unfortunate, for me. I don' know after out but that it is a good

He enclosed it in an envelope, addressed the latter, and scaled it careupon the exit. For some reason ho tully with wax, upon which he impressed the seal ring he wore.

"There's plenty of time. I'll send hurried along. Finally he reached this up Ly mescenger. That's best." Rising from the desk, he drew upon his head a soft felt hat which partly covered his face, and stole downstairs again. He carefully opened the front door and looked out.

The street was deserted-almost man I want to see—a man i blocked lounged one man, intent, apparently, on everything except the Couverneur or H. Stanleigh Storme. "Great Scott!" murmured Storme to himself, "so soon again?"

He retraced his steps and re-entered the hall and, passing through to the rear of the apartment house, madé his exit through an alleyway. Once clear of the place, he hasten-

ed towards the centre of the town and handed his message in at a local rear, "what d'ye make of it, any send it out at once.

In the meantime one of the two men who had stood outside sauntered Did you see him then, Jim, when

he stuck his head outside?" Burke nodded-for it was he.

"He won't come out till dark, now, he replies, "you see if he does." "Well," returned the first man, "he

saw us all right, all right-though Away up the street Storme forged he can't be sure just who we are since we're all togged out in this way. We for a while, anyway. Gimme a chay o' tobacco, will you? That's the

There was a silence while he care fully adjusted the stuff to suit his

Suddenly he grasped the other may by the sleeve. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "Look a here

How the devil now did he get out: He gave us the slip, after all." He pointed down the street. Burke nodded his head.

"He's been out-blamed if he ain't," assented he, "and now he's coming back. He's a slick one, all right Went out the back way, prob'ly, an

now he's comin' tack as told brass.' The object of their remarks disap peared within the house. He looked neither to the right nor to the left Most certainly he did not see the two plain clothes men, or, if he did, he

It was now fairly late in the after

"Stumpy," exclaimed Burke, "go around the corner there and 'phone headquarters. We may see another man. An' you keep that alleyway un der yer eye, too."

"We got this fellow now where want him, an' it's a blame good thing I, forgot something and had to come tack. We'll camp on his trail; v follow him, no matter where goes:"

follow him, no matter where goes."

"Stumpy," he continued, "let tell you. I told it in court, an' I i that there man is the man robbed that bank, and, by George, goin' to keep him in sight if it to the whole force to do it. Understan I am, so help me Got."

"The other man came up from he quarters.

"Say, Burks," he exclaimed.

vous tran downtown. (To be Costinued)





Tin makes a good roof if you paint it. Canvas makes a good roof if you Any felt makes a good roof if you paint it.

Even paper makes a good roof if you paint it. But Amatite makes a good roof if you DON'T paint it.

if you DON'T paint it.

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or rubbed, it turned to bad sores and caused great pain. I went to a doctor and triod various prescriptions, but seemed to get no benefit, so tried another doctor. Again I got no relief, so tried a third doctor, and then a fourth.

"Seven years is a long time to suffer, and I had got used to the thought that I never would be cured, when I saw a report in the Family Herald, telling how be beficial Zam-Buk was in cases of skin disease.

"I bought some Zam-Buk, and from the use of the very first box I saw it was going to do ms good. I persevered with it, and the improvement it worked in my condition was really wonderful.

"It eased the irritation, stopped the pain, and the sores began to dry up and disappear. In short, I found Zam-Buk all that was claimed for it and within a very short time it worked a complete cure in my case.

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What Zam-Buk Cures

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