

Continued from 1st page.

Let me see that book," Holbrook handed it to him with bad grace.

"Of course. Where were you going? To Mott street, three doors from Bayard."

"An idiot would know that," replied Holbrook.

"But which house? There are four of them in Mott street, three doors from Bayard!"

Holbrook winced under this, but he replied doggedly:

"I'd go to each one of them."

"That answer proves how absurd you are. Do you realize that as she is confined in only one, there are three in which she is not? That the chance of your striking the right one first is as three against one? Do you imagine the people who abducted her, and who have carried out their plans so skillfully so far, are born idiots, and that you would not be recognized the moment you set your foot in Mott street? That the girl who would be spirited away before you could say 'Jack Robinson'! I know something of that part of town. Why, man alive, from the moment you let this spot you would be followed, and when you turned your steps in the direction of Mott street the alarm would be given. Your own common sense, if you will only give it a chance, must tell you this."

Holbrook was forced to acknowledge the justice of Tom's remarks.

"Well, then, what would you do?"

"Act immediately," replied Tom, "but not rush up there like a mad bull. Listen to me. The course to pursue seems to me plain enough. The Shadow is here now, in the other room. I will send him up to Mott street to take observations, and to determine, as nearly as he can, in which of the four houses Miss Templeton is confined. This he can probably do exactly, for he is excellent at that sort of thing. While he has gone about this business, you and I will go to a friend of mine—the head of a private detective agency, and we will get from him a force of trusty men to assist us. But the first thing we must do will be to get out of this building unobserved by the spy outside."

"Send him and tie him up," said Holbrook.

"No," laughed Tom, "that won't do. We want him to remain here under the impression that we are still in this office."

Holbrook, who had cooled down considerably, thought a moment.

"These offices are connected all the way through to the rear. The janitor has keys to them all, and he can carry us through to the rear hall without it being necessary to go out on the one we ordinarily use."

"The very thing," said Tom.

"I'll send word to him at once."

"Hold on a moment," interrupted Tom. "Send out a trusty clerk to him, and let the janitor come to us from the rear hall, unobserved by the door as he comes, so that when we do leave we can go quickly."

This was agreed and acted upon.

In the meantime, two other clerks went into the hall, and in the presence of the spy had this conversation:

"By George, it's hard lines, isn't it?"

"What's hard, mister?"

"Why, I promised my best girl to take her to Coney Island to-night, and here comes Mr. Holbrook at a late hour and tells me to go away, for he will have some copying for me to do."

"Well, he'll be through by six."

"Not he. Mr. Holbrook, he has business that will keep him here until eight. I heard them say so. That means nine."

So the poor spy settled himself for a two hours' watch.

Though Holbrook had yielded, he still chafed.

When Tom told him that he did not think they ought to make the attempt to rescue until after dark—say about 9 o'clock—he rebelled.

Tom argued with him, and convinced him again.

"I suppose you're right, Tom," he said, "but this suspense is frightful. She is a young, lovely girl. Think what may happen to her."

"Close your mind to all such thoughts, replied Tom, "and open it only to considerations of the most practical thing how best to rescue her. That's the first thought, and wait patiently."

"Oh, but, Tom, it is very hard to wait."

"All things come to him who knows how to wait. Come, you are in a reasonable frame of mind now, and here is the janitor."

In a few minutes they had passed through all the adjoining offices, and reached the passageway which ran parallel with the rear street. To descend quickly by a corner staircase was but a moment's work, and the three were rapidly treading their way through the crowded Nassau street.

At Printing House square the Shadow parted from them, going to the east. Tom and Holbrook went westward, and crossed City Hall park. Reaching Broadway, Tom led the way to the second floor of a building which faced upon the post office.

Entering an office in the rear, a well built man, whose frame was suggestive of great strength, about forty-five years old, arose and greeted Tom with a friendly nod.

This was the chief of the private detective agency. Tom presented Holbrook and said:

"A word or two in private with you, chief."

"This way then, Tom," they entered a small room in which there were a few chairs and a table.

"I want a force of five picked men," said Tom.

"All right, Tom," replied the chief. "Anything you want I'm bound to supply if I can. I owe you too much to disregard any request of yours. What's the job?"

Tom rapidly sketched the fact of the abduction, saying nothing, however, of the results which had preceded it.

"You will see," said Tom, finishing his recital, "that we want your best men. Why can't you head the force yourself?"

"I can and will," replied the chief. "Have you made any plans of attack?"

"No, very few. I have sent my Shadow, but one of your old men up to locate the house if he can. He is to meet us here as soon as he has done his work. Then I thought we would be governed somewhat by what he reports. We ought not to go up there before 9 o'clock, I think."

To this Holbrook demurred as an unnecessary delay. But Tom was now supported by the chief's judgment, and Holbrook was compelled to yield.

"We can try our plans and arrange the details when we hear what the Shadow has to report," said Tom. "In the meantime, Holbrook, Mrs. Templeton's anxiety should be relieved. It would be a humane action to let her know."

In this Holbrook acquiesced, and proposed to go there forthwith.

Tom said laughing: "I'll go up with you. You are not in a fit frame of mind yet, and may commit an act of indecision which would ruin us."

Holbrook was annoyed, but at bottom he felt that Tom was right.

So descending to the street they found a cab and drove off.

When they reached the boarding house of the Templetons, Holbrook entered, and Tom remained in the hall. A news boy passed, and Tom purchased a paper, with which he busied himself. He had hardly interested himself in the first paragraph (item), when Holbrook dashed down the stairs, his face pale, and greatly agitated.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed

Tom.

"Mrs. Templeton has gone."

"The old lady? Gone? Where?"

"Annie sent for her the messenger said she had broken her leg, having fallen while out."

"It's another part of the plot," cried Tom. "How could the old lady have been so foolish as to go after she knew Annie had been carried away out of the house by a forgery?"

"Do you think it's a part of the plot?"

"I am sure of it. But this is getting to be a deep one."

"She may have been taken to the same place that Annie was," ventured Holbrook.

"No," said Tom, "the soundrels would never dare two abductions in the open daylight in the same neighborhood. I tell you, Holbrook, these are no common soundrels. They win on their boldness. Who was the messenger?"

"A woman—a respectable looking woman."

"It's a deep laid plot. All of the legitimate heirs are gone now—the brother killed and the mother and sister abducted."

"What shall we do now? This complicates the matter."

"We'll do just what we were going to do. Find the girl first, and the finding of the mother will not be difficult. Find the girl, and you will find the mother and the aunt. Get into the cab and let us drive right back to Hanford."

CHAPTER XXXII. MOVING ON THE RECK.

N arriving at Hanford's they found the Shadow waiting.

He had satiated himself as to the house in which Annie was confined by satisfying himself that in three of them, there was no possible chance for her confinement. He had suspected that the one he was making an examination so conclusive that there could be no possible doubt of it.

It was then, for the first time, that the thought crossed Tom's mind that the note received might possibly be a ruse to mislead them, and so expressing himself he asked to see the slip of paper again.

To Holbrook the thought was torturing itself. He had in his possession a brief note from Annie concerning the authorship of which there was no doubt. He made a comparison, and the resemblance was quite evidently dissimilar.

Hanford, the chief, pointed out that the comparison would be of little value. In the one instance the note was written on fine paper, with excellent pen and ink, at leisure and under no excitement, while in the other it was written on coarse paper, with a common lead pencil, and evidently under the greatest agitation, hurriedly and perhaps covertly.

Holbrook, whose high hopes had failed on failing to distinguish any resemblance, brightened on hearing the chief's words.

The chief pointed out further that all the probabilities were in favor of the authenticity of the note; that it was genuine, however able the conspirators were, that they would have written a note so brief, so hurried, and which bore such evident traces of agitation. On the contrary, had it been the intention to throw any one off the scent, the letter would have been made to more than this hurried scrawl had done, and, further, the ink must have been forgotten that these bounds would scarcely need to inform the friend who could give the most efficient help of her abduction before he was likely to find it out, as would be the case if they took that view of it, since the boy had evidently been waiting at the office from a time very close to that of their departure to Holbrook's house, where they first learned the news. On the other side they had only the expression of Tom's shrewd fears that it might be so to lead them to suppose that it was a ruse.

The argument of the chief could not be answered, and they fell to arranging the details.

The shadow submitted that the danger of an open attack upon the attic in question was, that the inmates who were passing could take to the roof and make their escape through adjoining buildings. He had penetrated far enough into the fourth house without detecting to find that the stairs leading to the attic floor were inclosed and the door locked.

He suggested, therefore, that some of the party ought to force their way into the attic of an adjoining house whether the inmates liked it or not, and thus take possession of the roof, while the rest should storm the apartment in the other house.

The chief strongly favored this plan as the only one which incurred no risk. There were eight in the party, and, so as not to attract attention, it was determined that they should rendezvous at a neighboring saloon, known to the chief, proceeding thither in couples. All were to be well armed, for resistance was to be expected.

On arriving, three, with Tom leading, were to enter the adjoining house nearest the corner street, rushing up, take possession of the attic, and after a signal had been received from Tom's party, the others led by the chief, well equipped with "kitties," were to make an assault on the house where Annie was confined. Holbrook was to be with the latter party.

Holbrook and Tom went up together, and taking a cab across town were on the ground earlier than the rest.

They left the cab, after having given instructions to the cabman to station himself in Bayard street half way down the block, and there await orders.

Guarding themselves as much as possible from observation, they strove into the street and located the house in question. They were slightly disguised, and thought they risked nothing.

They had passed the house but a few paces when Holbrook felt a tug on the skirts of his coat. He looked down and saw a ragged little boy whom he took for a beggar, and was about to drive him away when the lad said:

"Be you going to trash him now? He ain't up there."

Holbrook would have spoken harshly to him, so as to rid himself of the annoyance, when Tom whispered:

"It's the boy who brought the note to you."

Then, speaking to the boy, he said: "Come here with me," and led the way into a neighboring passage, where they could partially conceal themselves by the door.

"What do you mean by 'trashing' him?" asked Tom, kindly and encouragingly.

"De woman said as how when you come you'll black his eyes and wallop 'im."

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"De wan I bring do paper from to you. She promised, she did."

"In de next house. She's upstairs on de top floor. De man ain't dere. He want away just afore you come. Yér a-goin' to

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to lick 'im, ain't yer?"

"You just bet we are," said Tom. "You want us to, don't you?"

"Oh, say, say, don't you?"

"Why?"

"Cos he's kicked me over and often."

"What is he to you?"

"Nobdin'. He ain't got no more de head wenever he gets de chance."

"Why does he do that?"

"I dunno. Cos he's ugly. Cos I won't keep out'en his hallway."

"Ah," said Tom. "How did you see the lady?"

"I got on de roof and talked to her to de skylight."

"Can you take us up there?"

"Oy course I kin. We live up in de attic right here. No miffin, I gone away and me fader is drunk over dere in de skylight. Dere's nobody up dere now."

"Stay here a moment with the boy, Holbrook," said Tom. He sought the chief and found him. He hurriedly telling him what he had learned from the boy, he told him to send the Shadow and two men to follow Holbrook and himself, and asked him to guard the passage to the house in which Annie was confined.

Hurrying back, the five were conveyed by the boy to the attic. The youngster showed them how he mounted to the roof, and in a moment they were on it.

The passage over the roof was perilous, for it was an old fashioned high roof, sloping at a prodigious angle from a peak in the middle, both ways.

The boy, who ran over the roof like a cat, and with the agility and confidence of one familiar with the feat, showed them the skylight.

Tom put his mouth to the broken pane and made a sound.

"Hiss! hiss!"

He heard a movement beneath.

"Hiss! Miss Templeton?"

"Who's that?" was the answer in a female voice.

"Be quiet; help is near," he said. A cry of joy was heard.

"Are you alone?" asked Tom.

"Yes, quite alone."

"Stand fast, then; you'll be quickly freed."

He pulled at the frame of the skylight.

Two of the men drew "kitties" from their pockets, and then together, and inserted them under one side. "Crack, crack" in a twinkling it was prised off.

"Eh, eh, oh, golly!" laughed the boy. The moment the skylight flew off, a light flashed up from below.

Annie had lit a candle.

Holbrook attempted to descend.

"Wait," said a voice. "The distance is too great to jump."

They heard a noise of something being dragged.

"How can you jump," he said.

Holbrook let himself drop, and he fell on the bed Annie had dragged under the skylight.

He caught the girl, who was trembling with excitement, in his arms and covered her face with kisses. He murmured and moaned over her; he laughed and cried and embraced her again and again.

In the meantime the others were tumbling down one after the other.

It was not until long after, when Tom was in his bed the next morning, that he realized that no one, not even Annie herself, seemed to think it strange that Holbrook should have hugged and kissed her in the frantic manner he did.

At the time he was too busy. His mind was working with abnormal activity.

"We must get the girl out at once," he said. "Here, Holbrook, stop that nonsense and take the girl away!"

"How?" asked Holbrook, ready for action, now that the first excitement was over.

"Up through the skylight. Quick, now."

"But how can we get her up there?" asked the Shadow.

"I know," broke in Annie. "Take that bed away."

The bed was tossed on one side, while Annie ran into the attic room and began to drag the table toward the room.

One of the men took it from her and carried it off, and as she directed placed it under the skylight.

"There's a chair in there," she said; "bring that."

They comprehended her purpose, and it was placed on the table.

"Up you go, Holbrook," cried Tom. "Quick!"

Holbrook climbed like a cat and was on the roof in a twinkling.

Tom lifted Annie by main force to the top of the table and then on to the chair, springing up like a cat after her.

He lifted the girl up by the waist so that Holbrook could get a firm grasp of her arms.

She was then drawn up on the roof.

"Now, Holbrook," cried Tom, "away with you. Quick! Get the girl out of harm's way as soon as you can. One of you," he continued, turning to the chief's men, "go with them to protect them. Shadow, run down to the chief and tell him to come up here the way we came with the rest of his men. I have an idea."

The Shadow disappeared.

Tom was the general commanding the forces, and he did have an idea—a great idea.

He seized the candle and made a rapid examination of the room. He satisfied himself as to how those who came would enter, and he quickly determined how to dispose of his forces. Finding the doors bolted and barred from the inside, he unbolted and unbolted them.

By this time the others had arrived.

"Have you found her?" asked the chief.

"Yes, and Holbrook has carried her off."

"Then the job is over?"

"Not by a long shot."

"What now?"

"I've set a trap here, and we'll catch a bird."

"The man who abducted the girl?"

"Yes. Have you 'bull's eyes with you'?"

"Yes, and shotguns and handkerchiefs."

"Good. Then we can put out the light. Hold on."

They were startled by a noise above their heads.

[To Be Continued.]

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WINTER 1889-90.

On and after MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, Trains will run on this Railway as follows:

LOCAL TRAINS

GOING NORTH

GOING SOUTH

Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through to St. John, and Halifax, and with the Express going North, which runs over to Campbellton.

On connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

Fuller's Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifax on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from Halifax, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 7454 meridian time.

All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if desired.

All freight for transportation, for the purpose of carrying goods, will be taken delivery at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Duty and other charges.

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NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

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On and after MONDAY, NOV. 25th, until further notice, trains will run on the

CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON, FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM.

EXPRESS, PRIORITY, EXPRESS, PRIORITY.

Chatham Junction 6:30 a.m. 7:15 a.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 8:00 a.m. 8:45 a.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 9:30 a.m. 10:15 a.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 11:00 a.m. 11:45 a.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 12:45 p.m. 1:30 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 1:15 p.m. 2:00 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 2:45 p.m. 3:30 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 3:15 p.m. 4:00 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 4:45 p.m. 5:30 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 5:15 p.m. 6:00 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 6:45 p.m. 7:30 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 7:15 p.m. 8:00 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 7:45 p.m. 8:30 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Chatham Junction 8:15 p.m. 9:00 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

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Chatham Junction 11:15 p.m. 12:00 p.m. Fredericton 2:40 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

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