THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEICH STORME In that he was correct. But he was known Storme, or something of that

(By Wm Hamilton Osborne)

"You take the stant." he said.

"You heard your comsal,"

The nan obeyed and was

"Mr. Sturme," said h's com

"Wait a minute." sa'd -

ith a gesture, "you have

- witness stand internet

"What!" repeated the jud-

The judge, from his man-

"What!" exclaimed his compan' up

n mean to say, sir, that the man corme is an alias?"

questionably convinced of the men

oud, firm voice, looking the judge

nuarely in the face, "that my name

s not Storme-that I am not H. Stan-

agh Storme-that I am not the pri

"Whats that? What's that?" cried

the prosecuted. "Not the prise er?

"I mean," replied the other, "just

what I say. H. Stanleigh Storme, the

took the stand was the prisoner him-

have told. He knew it just as well

The other man again interrupted.

observation," he said to the prose

cutor. "You know the voice of H

points of difference between us were in the voice and in the color of the

The judge adjusted his spectacles

and looked long and earnestly at the

man. Then he leaned back with an air

"This man is not the prisoner," he

The prosecutor thought for a mo-

ment. Then he spoke.
"Why, then, did you not take the

stand when I called your name?" he

The man smiled and shook his head.

"My name is Henry F. Townsend,"

"What!" returned the prosecutor.

Do you mean to tell me that you

didn't write this letter to me signed

"If you care to find out," responde

Townsend slowly, "you are liable to

tandwriting of H. Stanteigh Storme

ask the bank men here-and." he

continued, "it's my opinion that you'll

have to look a long way before you

find any real man of the name of

"That's simple enough," returned

newspaper just as I did, and it was

my preofs—look at them." And he placed another batch of papers in

story. He knew it all by heart. And

stand and walk out in the open air a

him, "that accounts for it."

of conviction.

asked severely.

responded quietly.

Storme.

self, but you wouldn't listen to me.

on tell the jury-"

repared for this.

liness stand."

liately sworn.

The prisoner looked at him, but d'

adge with some corerity. "Take the

egged me to attend the dinner stated that he would make a full reast of the matter, and that he ould leave town and never bother anybody again. Begged me, whom ho had befriended—befriended, gentle-men—not, to give him up. That all he wanted was twelve hours to arrange matters in-gave me his word

that all was not as bad as it looked. When H. Stanleigh Storme talks, gentlemen, there is no answer. I went lutanctly, but I went, nevertheless would have hesitated to give him up. Thoped there would be some way out

"Gentlemen, you know what hapened. I was the man who sat in the poker game on the night of the Mordzunt robbery, and the man who was guest of honor at the Derddlington dinner on the night when the First National was robbed.

"The man that sits there gentle men," he continued dramatically, "the man H. Stanleigh Storme, was the man who committed each crime and all the others that have been so much deplored, and who upon each occasion without my knowledge, was able to prove an alibi.

What in God's name do you mean. "I have come here," added the wit-Ress, "to make what reparation I can sir?" for my innocent share in those two erimes by revealing to you the exact state of affairs as it exists. That is prisoner, is the man who has just left my story, gentlemen," he concluded, he witness stand, and who has left pointing to the prisoner, "and that is the court. I tried to tell you time

The prisoner sat spellbound, looking at the witness with a fascinated gaze which desperation, wonder and admiration struggled for supremacy.

CHAPTER XVII The Biggest Surprise of All. The witness waited for the cross examination. But there was none He then stood up and addressed the

"Your honor has my address" h said quietly, "and I can be found as I did, and he could tell it better."
there at any time if I am wanted. "I don't believe it!" exclaimed the is there any reason why I should not

The judge looked at both lawyers, then shook his head.

"You may go," he said

The witness stepped down from the stand, and the crowd made way for Stanleigh Storme. Is it like mine? him as he walked slowly down the You are familiar, with his face. Look center aisle. He had almost reached at mine. The one thing that Storme the door when the prisoner roused lid not tell you was that the very himself.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed wildly, "you are not going to let that skin. His face is florid, more or less, man go! Your honor, I will be heard-I must be heard,' he cried insistently I am not-

"Silence!" roared the judge again. "Sir, if you interrupt the course of this proceeding in this manner again." "I'll have you bound and gagged. You have counsel You will have an opportunity to be beard when your time comes. But said finally: "he is not H. Stanleigh you must not interrupt the court."

The man who had passed down the center aisle smiled slightly to himself, and then stepped out through the Acors. The prisoner took his seat with

"Let-it be upon your own head then. your honor," he said quietly, "it mat- lurned the other. ters but little to me.

"Proceed," went on the judge, ignor- iid call your name — the name of

attorney with a note of triumph in his "Wo rest."

"Proceed with the defense," exclaimed the judge

Now the counsel for the prisoner had been doing some tall thinking Wesley Warburton? Look at it!" during the testimony of the last witaces, and in spite of the startling nature of the evidence he was pretty discover that that letter is in the well prepared.

He knew one thing-than the resomblance between the two men, having deceived many people before. would constitute a strong argument with the jury in the defendant's favor. Wesley Warburton!" For it was just as likely that the witaess Warburton had robbed the bank lawyer. "How did the prisoner come as it was that the prisoner himself to have charge of these?" ad done so

He had a dim recollection of the the other. "He had a copy of the apital that had been made out of the emblance of Charles Darnay and an everyday job for a man like H. lydney Carton in Dickens' "Tale of Stanleigh Storme to prepare copies of I'wo Cities," and he purposed to avail letters from memory—letters that he simself of a similar advantage here. had handed me in the past. Here are The more he thought of it the better

He had had of course, no inaling of the hands of the district attorney. this from his client, and he had been mable to prepare himself for it. In this from his client, and he had been mable to prepare himself for it. In is a clever fellow, and he knew before-tact, his client's whole demeanor had hand that I was coming, and he knew anged from the instant the other what I was here for. He knew that man had appeared. He had ignored the man who had the first say would his counsel and kept his eyes fixed win out and cast suspicion on the apon the witness and the court. He other man. It was a simple thing and not even confided o his counsel for him to take the stand and tell my

what it was he had wished to say. But the lawyer was pretty sure it was a simple thing to get off the the present insistent attitude of oner that he could trust him from hanceforth.

fugilier presentation on the life dient was no fool.

He dient was no fool.

his last statement to the court.

that he could be found there any time, in some way after the trial, but, any li wanted.

He touched the prisoner on the For they tried it many, many times, loth el! right." and with great persistence—later. And they found he'd proved an alibi.

"Now who was stringing Durke?" said O'Connell after it was ill over. "Was it the devil or H. Stenleigh Storme?"

"Well," responded Surve, strateling his head, "it's about the san either way. There's no difference, s far as I can see, between the two. same frame of mind.

CHAPTER XVIII

Storme Proves Another Alibi.

The facts set forth in the foregoins sonal knewledge of the writer; for what happened later he is dependen: wholly on evidence at second hand but which nevertheless is in all re- crowd around it.

corted for a local sheet such of the were talkin of just now. facts as were afterwards made public tut immediately after the second tria essociated himself with a leading raper in an Eastern city.

It was with feelings of considerable conted on the street not long sine y a bearded denizen of the old place From this man he was able to glean such further facts relative to H Stanleigh Storme as were of interest to him

"Weil, sir," said the visitor. "I'm and time again that the man who for a couple o' years at the outside-Storme trial. Do you remember it: out for good." "He was the prisoner, the criminal, the bank robber himself, and you You were on the Blade about that never knew it. He knew that I was

coming here to take the stand agains him-though I had told no one but ever hear of Storme?" I asked. him-and he took the stand in my "Hear of him?" replied the old man place and told my story—the story Why, ain't you heard? Didn't you that I meant to tell-that I would know about it?"

"Tell me," I requested. "Why, no," responded he, "they never got him out there; but some prosecutor. "Your honor, it is a mere body did on here East. Why, man alive, he's been sent up-he's jailed though on another charge, and," he "You haven't even the commonest added, "under another name."

"Another name?" I said.

The old man slowly smiled. "It's a name that's well known by this time, I guess, pretty much all over. Did you ever hear of Stephen Duckworth?"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Stephe The man that tried to Duckworth! mine is always pale—"
"By George," exclaimed the sheriff float that million dollar bond scheme -the forger. Why, he's in state's in an audible voice to the crowd about prison in this state; been there a month, at least."

"Exactly," returned my old friend that's where he is. And that man,' he continued, "is H. Stanleigh Storme I thought you knew it all the time They've got him under lock and key this time for fair. He won't get ou too soon.

It was about dinner time. I led the way into the cozy corner of a down town restaurant, where we regale ourselves and whiled away an hour. "And the other fellow, Townsend

"You did not call my name," rewhat became of him?" I asked. The old man wiped the soup of "I did," retorted the prosecutor. "I his wide expanse of short front and

nodded his head. "I don't suppose," -he answered "that C. T. & A. Railway had a better manager than they've got now. I know they haven't in my time. His name," he added, "is Henry F. Town-lock the ugliest to other people. send. He's one of the lest business

men in the place, and they all swea by him. "They soured on him a bit after that last trial on account of the blame fool way in which he'd been taken in but when they came to cool down they concluded all around that Town send wasn't to blame any more than anybody else — the whole town had been took in, the banks and the police

force the most of all. "Henry F. Townsend told a straight forward story, and he was a straight forward man, and they came to under stand that pretty soon. There wasn anything against him except that he was mixed up in this unfortunate thing about the same way everybody had been, and they found there was a good deal in favor of him. He stayed right there and bore the brunt of th whole thing-said he was all right

"And he did. And he won out. Som of his old railroad people got inter slapped Townsend right in as assist ant manager-you see he knew al about the business. And then, by George, the manager resigned and Townsend stepped right into his shoes. And he's all right, is Henry

F Townsend." "He never married, I suppose?"

The old man smiled again.

And they never did. For H. Stan-eigh Storme was only half right in robbery—the thing Storme turned be fore he went for the First National' The judge had his address all right. Well, sir, Townsend married that gir. prehension when he told the judge kind, and I suppose Townsend met her way, she married him, and they'r

> "It was a funny thing, though They say she saw the burglar in her house that night and recognized him and it must seem oneer to her who

> e looks at Townsend, for if ever a hough he's changed his looks som

"That Dumont girl is rich, too; rich as mud, they say. So Townsend, what And O'Connell was in much the with the railroad and other things, is pretty well fixed, and happy, too, cuess; as happy as they make 'em. caching for a bunch of toothpicks I'm due uptown about this time and I guess I'll be moving."

"I'll go with you," I responded. As we passed a newspaper bulletin on the way up the street, we saw a

"Well, by George," exclaimed my The writer sat within the court companion, will wonders never cease? ! looked. Upon the bulletin, in fresh

> black paint, appeared the following words: Duckworth's Desperate Escape Stephen Duckworth, the Notorious Bond Forger, Breaks His Prison

Cannot Be Found. Possess Scouring The Country In Search.

The old man squeezed my arm. "What do you thing of that?" he asked. "You take my word for it, they" never get him-no, sir, they can't do glad to see you. I haven't seen you it. I'm bettin on any man the first for a counle o' years at the outside. letter of whose last name begins with not in fact since I saw you at the H. Stanley Storme. If he's out, he's

And he was. Officially, Stephen Duckworth was supposed to be confined in cell No. 143. Actually, he was

They find his bars sawed, the cage broken, and the bird flown.

Officially, the record in the waren's office set forth that Stephen Duckworth, the famous forger, bank robber, and swindler, was safe within the clutches of the law. But it was not true.

As he had often done before, H. Stanleigh Storme had once more proved an alibi.

"Some fellow ought to write a book about him," exclaimed the old man again as we started on once more.

"I will," I said. And, accordingly, I have.

The End.

Doss were former'y indigenous to

spect, they have been grafted on family trees, with their own sonswite herald-ry as substitutes for children, there-by furnishing considerable conso-lation for race suicide. Dogs are divided into two great classes — pedigreed and verdigreed. Verdigreed are of two kinds — mad dogs and dogs. Pedigreed are of several kinds child among which are dogs and dogs. Pedigreed are of several kinds, chief among which are several kinds, chief among which are watch dogs and sheep-dogs. Watch-dogs are so called because they are small enough, and usually cranky erough, to be carried around in the place of watches by people who have

Cuallenge the Judge.

It was a case in an Irish court, and, the prisoner seeming hard to satisfy, juryman after juryman was at ked to leave the box. However, all

stked to leave the box. However, all things come to an end, even in Ireland, and at last the swearing of the jury was completed. And then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his counsel.

"The jury's all right now, I think," he whispered; "but ye must challenge the judge. I've been convicted underlim siviral times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."

Sophistry of a Sophist.

A certain archbishop, when asked woman to misstate her age, replied:
"A lie may be defined as a statement made by one rational being to another rational being, with the intent to deceive. Now, as no rational being would think of asking a woman her age with the expectation of being answered truthfully, one of the elements of the lie is lacking, and the woman's statement cannot, strictly woman's statement cannot, strictly speaking, be defined as such."

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