THE EVENING GAZETTE, SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1891.

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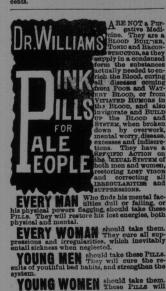
THOMAS DEAN,

or's poems in the Watchman are full character and suggestiveness."

Bryant.

Bryant.

A McMILLAN, ISt. John any address or receipt of price, [25]





## A Murderer for an Hour.

A THRILLING TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS,

BY JULIUS CHAMBERS.

III. ny caution, my companion stumbles on the stairs and makes considerable noise. Then, sir, how do you know the stairs and makes considerable noise. Then, sir, how do you know the stairs and makes considerable noise. Then, sir, how do you know the stairs and makes considerable noise. Then, sir, how do you know the stairs and makes considerable noise.

Favorite

weather. "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice has become first favorite. It is none-alcoholic, and, taken with sugar and water, is not only a delightful thirst-quenching beverage, but is a decided antidote for malarial and other fevers arising from the use of If You Value Your Health and

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EASIER

at once, or he never will be."

"But he is not in the house."

"Oh! you have made the I am back at my own door, and I have have you?"

"No, I—have—not."
"No, I—have—not."

maker and realize that she has heard us enter.

I have not dared to tell Stanage all the facts. Briefly, I have indicated that my wife needs immediate attention. We are in the hall before the door of the death chamber. I manage to unlock it so skilfully as to deceive my companion into believing that the delay is occasioned by 'groping for the knob. We enter the apartment,—to me so chilly and ghostly. The next moment I lock the door and turn up the light.

Instinctively, the physician—no longer my old school-fellow, Oscar Stanage, but a ministering angel—goes toward the recumbent figure. He takes three very quick steps, then checks himself and exclaims,—

"Dead! Then he slowly turns his face toward mine, and repeats, interrogatively "Dead?"

"Yes, doctor,"—for I do not call him Oscar, as I would under almost any other circumstances of the checks and limit to the content of the co

"Yes, doctor,"—for I do not call him Oscar, as I would under almost any other circumstances. "That is where, and how, I found her."

"Are you sure?" he asks, in a tone of awful gravity. He may have meant to ask if she had been moved, or if anything in the room had been changed, but I detect in his query the very suspicion of me that I had feared. He grows pale as he stares at me!

"Tam positive. I found her dead on the sofa when I came into this room, and in attempting to raise her she fell to the floor. I replaced her in exactly the same position which she first occupied. Then I went for you." My voice sounds harsh and heartless even to my own ears as I conclude,—

"What do you think?"

He does not answer. I never have seen Stanage act so strangely. He throws of his overcoat, and sets his hat, which he holds recognized the interval of the chair and table vividly. There is the chair, exactly where I sat. The chair, exactly where I sat. The chair, exactly the same position which she first occupied. Then I went for you." My voice sounds harsh and heartless even to my own ears as I conclude,—

"What do you think?"

He does not answer. I never have seen Stanage act so strangely. He throws off his overcoat, and sets his hat, which he holds recognized the interval of the part of the head according to the weaver's fancy. This style is particularly becoming to youthful faces or to those more mature when of delicate beauty.

IV.

ON THE TRAIL.

I have been away from this room less than an hour, so I recall the location of the chair and table vividly. There is than an hour, so I recall the location of the chair, exactly where I sat. The chair,

Mar. Reselvance by your despited and retroperdies his ground per production when he are the other per production with the prompts of the production when he are the other per production when he are the production when he are presented in his flower, any servent, flowing at the production when he are the production whe

SPEAK EASY,

doctor.

"What hat did you wear to the club tonight?

"A tall, black Derby.

"No." I am in much perplexity. What is he aiming at?

"You came to my house in a Scotch cap, did you not? In this?"

—he concludes, stepping to the table and taking up the worsted cap that I had thrown there.

"Certainly."

"Then whose hat is this on the dressing bureau?

It is in my hand in a moment, and I

doctor.

He is still doubtful of my innocence, after all. Or has he forgotten?

The attic is dark and dusty, and full of bad air that has risen from every part of the house below. While I climb the short iron ladder leading to the roof, and till try the scuttle door (only to find it secure by fastened on the inside), the physician is exploring every nook and cranny of the vast expanse of the floor and partition close under the rafters. He passes rapidly, stealthily, and cautiously from one small apartment to another. In one were remains longer than usual. Guided by the light from his candle, which, like me, he holds in his fingers, I make my

"How did it get here?
"I don't know."

"I don't know."

"Could you have worn your hat for two hours in the library and carried it here when you first came up?"

"I certainly never did before."

"That's bad,—very bad."

"What do you mean. Stange? Do.

"What do you mean. Stange? The house."

"The country of the house.

Has Stange really made a discovery, or has he forgotten the purpose of this search because he sees sleeping there a strange swarthy Italian girl that our cook found in the streets everal weeks ago and the purpose of this here is the children of the house.

EVANS AND SONS, SOLE AGENTS. | W. CAURRY Mecklenburg st. |

as she lies stretched out upon the straw mattress, on the low bed. I step closer and pull the doctor's sleeve. I am very fearful we will awaken the girl and that she will arouse the house with her screams. When I jerk his coat, an accident happens. A few drops of the scalding wax from the doctor's candle drop upon the closed eyelids of the girl. She does not awaken! The doctor isstens to her breathing. It is natural and regular. We are both amazed. Among all the horrible and unaccountable events of the past three awful hours, this one is certained to the scale of the sca

the light from his candle, which, like me, he holds in his fingers, I make my way quietly past trunks and boxes of outlawed wearing-apparel to a small low-ceilinged room at the extreme rear and of the hone."

"I don't know."

"I took ix bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, headache and dell stupid feeling. Way quietly past trunks and boxes of outlawed wearing-apparel to a small low-ceilinged room at the extreme rear and of the hone."

"I took ix bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, headache and dell stupid feeling. Way quietly past trunks and boxes of outlawed wearing-apparel to a small low-ceilinged room at the extreme rear and of the hone."

"No; not yet. Come there is one thing eft. We must search this house from sparrows. I had forgotten her presence is lar to garret. We must decide whether the murderer is within its doors before we resolve upon a policy. The perpetrator of this murder must be found when I perceive a strange action on when I perceive a strange action on the following strategy of the following strategy of the summer complaints, diarrhees, the perpetrator of this murder must be found the following strange action on the follow

It is then the doctor's turn to clutch me by the shoulder, in the half-standing, half-stooping posture we have both assumed. He leads me out into the hall, and hisses in my ear, it like the pair you've got on? Yes

RUBBERS.

PUBLIC NUTICE.

Thursday, First Day of October next Boston Brown Bread International Steamship Co., By resolution of the Common Council. FRED. SANDALL,

Chamberlain and Receiver of Tax St. John, N. B., 15th September, 1891.

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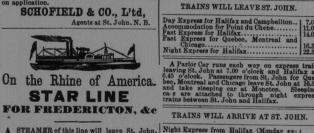
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