

# THE MONTREAL MORNING

Vol. I.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

PRICE } FIVE CENTS,  
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. Gr.



DEAD ON THE RIVER.

For the Favorite.

## HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,  
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT V.

THE WAGON OF SIN.

SCENE I.

SPENDING THE HONEYMOON.

It is not my intention to enter into the particulars of the inquest which opened next morning and continued to sit for two days; suffice it is to say that Cullen succeeded in finding the servant who had lived with Mrs. Griffith, and she testified that on the night of her mistress' death she had seen the doctor sitting at the centre table in the parlor, playing with a ball

of worsted, and a knitting needle; afterwards heard him go out into the yard, and heard the old gravestone which stood in one corner going; thought the doctor was sharpening his pocket-knife; heard the doctor go into his wife's room, and did not hear any more until next morning when she was told her mistress was dead. There was no other man but Dr. Griffith slept in the house. The nurse who was attending Mrs. Griffith had been sent to bed by the doctor who said he would watch his wife for a few hours.

The rest of the evidence went principally to show the motive for the crime, and after two days, investigation the jury brought in a verdict of murder, and stated that in their opinion the murder had been committed by Dr. Griffith.

A warrant for his arrest was issued, and Farson and Murphy left for Niagara.

On the night of their departure the Chief received a telegram from Niagara which greatly annoyed him; the train on which Dr. Griffith and his wife had left had arrived, but neither of them were on board. This made him fear that the doctor had either received information of the discovery of the murder, or had wilfully misled Miss Howson as to their destination so as to elude pursuit, if Mr. Howson should follow them. He telegraphed to various points and sent instructions to Murphy which he would receive on his arrival; but two days passed away and no information was received, it appeared as if the earth had quietly opened and swallowed Dr. Griffith and his wife.

The mystery of Dr. Griffith's disappearance is very easily explained. He had not gone to Niagara and never intended to go, altho' he had told Miss Howson they would go there and had bought tickets for that place; but he had only gone as far as Prescott where he had remained over night, crossed to Ogdenburg next morning, and doubling back to Rouse's Point, took the Champlain steamer for Whitehall, and from thence went to Saratoga, which he had always intended to make the limit of his journey.

Very happy and pleasant were the three days it took to perform the journey, and very happy and pleasant were the three days the newly married couple passed at the far famed watering place; it was late in the season, the races were over and the hotels not more than half-full; but Congress Hall and the Union are so large that when only half-full they contain the population of a fair-sized flourishing village.

But even had the hotel been empty they would not have cared, they were all in all to each other and did not want to make acquaintances. They preferred driving out to the lake together and being rowed over its calm surface; and a stroll through the quiet streets in the evening was more acceptable than the glare and glitter of the handsome parlors. So time slipped quietly away; and, as Dr. Griffith seldom spoke to anyone, and did not read the New York papers, he remained perfectly oblivious to the fact of his being accused of murder and was being searched for everywhere.

As for Annie she was as perfectly happy and contented as any young lady can be at Saratoga, if she happens to have eloped and forgotten to take ten or twelve trunks with her. Indeed she constantly declared she was "not fit to be seen," but for once in her life it did not seem to annoy her that she could not dress as well and expensively as her neighbors. She was too happy to mind such trifles, too happy in her new love, too happy to be with him on whom she had centred all her affection. Her heart had gone out to the man who had deceived her and she felt perfectly happy and contented with him.

She wrote to her father as soon as she arrived at Saratoga, telling him where she was, and asking his forgiveness for the rash step she had taken.

When Mr. Howson received the letter he at once called on Charlie Morton and showed it to him:

"There's where your murderer is," said he, "go and catch him; or telegraph and have him arrested."

"But Annie?" replied Morton, "what is become of her?"

"I don't know; and, I don't care very much," replied Mr. Howson. "If she has pleased to marry a murderer she must abide by her choice. I will not have anything further to do with her."

"But I will," hotly replied Mr. Morton. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to have more feeling for your own daughter."