







Continued from 1st Page

ground in business that the murder and the diamond button were driven from his mind.

Upon what small threads of memory of human interests hang?

Had Holbrook gone this story would have been written.

During the morning Holbrook received a note from a lady in whom he was interested.

The lady was young and handsome and her name was Flora.

Her name was Flora Ashgrove, and she was a widow of a man who was a member of the legislature.

Rumor did not credit any man with having the favor of the fair lady.

These were hard nuts for her dear friends to crack, but they hammered at them persistently.

Holbrook was a self-contained young man, whose good opinion of himself was fully equalled by his good looks.

There were hard nuts for her dear friends to crack, but they hammered at them persistently.

She had again lost control of herself, and she was speaking with great earnestness and with heightened animation.

"No, Miss Ashgrove, I was not mistaken. If you were to accuse this young gentleman you would be doing a grievous wrong, and, as well, placing yourself in a very peculiar position.

"What a strange man! I have never seen him before. What is his name?"

"Yes, Wessing. Do I know anything about this murder? Nothing except what I have read and what you have told me.

"You are a witness, then, in his favor?"

"An angry flash spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered.

"You are a witness, then, in his favor?"

read an account of that shocking murder in Union square last night, and I also read that you were one of those who saw the frightful deed."

"Yes," he replied shortly, and though annoyed and astonished he did not fail to appreciate that she was greatly agitated and seemed to make efforts at self-repression.

"I know the murdered man," she continued. "Indeed he was somewhat of a relative; I was much shocked."

"Very naturally," he replied. "Who committed the murder?"

"Oh, that is wrapped in mystery. The authorities are at a complete standstill; they have not been able to discover any clue."

"But you saw the man, according to the newspaper account."

"Yes, at a distance. Indeed, I saw him closely, but did not then observe him with attention.

"You were not the witness, then, in his favor?"

"An angry flash spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered.

"You are a witness, then, in his favor?"

"An angry flash spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered.

"You are a witness, then, in his favor?"

"An angry flash spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered.

"You are a witness, then, in his favor?"

"An angry flash spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered.

"You are a witness, then, in his favor?"

"An angry flash spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered.

"You are a witness, then, in his favor?"

"An angry flash spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered.

shall turn it over to the authorities. She handed it back to him and said: 'I have seen him.'

CHAPTER VI. A BIT OF RETROSPECTION.

IF it is rapid in New York. Events of yesterday are ancient history.

After a week the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. The corner had held the highest and had established nothing.

The strictest inquiry had failed to reveal the murderer. He had a motive for the deed. Mr. Templeton's name was mentioned.

It was not until a month or more had passed that the police adopted the theory that the man had been struck in mistake, and that another victim had been killed.

Why? That was a secret they guarded, and they worked on that line.

A large reward for the detection of the criminal was offered by the authorities. And the affair faded from the newspapers.

The funeral had been a quiet one. There were but two mourners present—an elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both crying bitterly.

Neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Flora Ashgrove were present. It was noted that fact, and contrasted her intense interest in the murdered man the day after the murder, with her absence from the funeral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business acquaintances, and the friends with whom he spent the last hours of his life made up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act, and the drop curtain was down. When Holbrook's law office was on the seventh story of one of those tall buildings which in recent years have become a conspicuous feature of lower New York.

His private office was a corner room, and from the window his eye could roam over the roofs of adjacent buildings, across the Hudson river and beyond to houses on the Jersey side to the green hills back of them.

One afternoon, two weeks after the murder, he was resting himself from his labor and enjoying the extensive view spread out before him.

In fact, he was reviewing that strange interview with Flora Ashgrove the day after the murder.

Her manner, her emotion, her eagerness, her anger, all dwelt vividly in his mind, but his perplexity was as great as on the day he left her presence.

What connection, if any, had she with the murder? What did she know, if anything? What relation had existed between herself and the dead man? Did she want to know so particularly the appearance of the murderer? What was the bottom of the intense anxiety she displayed? And for whom was this anxiety displayed? She was tall and slim, or would be if dressed in men's clothes, could it possibly have been herself? Was she the kind of a woman whose jealousy would impel to such a crime?

These were the questions he had asked himself again and again, and never had found satisfactory answers to them.

He haunted him like a nightmare, and at every leisure moment returned to it, until he had plunged deeply into work to escape them.

Of this, however, he was conscious—his feelings toward Flora were quite a great change. As beautiful as she undoubtedly was, he preferred that she should be some one else's wife. In her interview with him she had uncovered a disposition he did not like, and the tormenting questions that would come unbidden had finally led him to a fear of her and had taken alarm.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to us."

It is rapid in New York. Events of yesterday are ancient history.

After a week the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. The corner had held the highest and had established nothing.

The strictest inquiry had failed to reveal the murderer. He had a motive for the deed. Mr. Templeton's name was mentioned.

It was not until a month or more had passed that the police adopted the theory that the man had been struck in mistake, and that another victim had been killed.

Why? That was a secret they guarded, and they worked on that line.

A large reward for the detection of the criminal was offered by the authorities. And the affair faded from the newspapers.

The funeral had been a quiet one. There were but two mourners present—an elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both crying bitterly.

Neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Flora Ashgrove were present. It was noted that fact, and contrasted her intense interest in the murdered man the day after the murder, with her absence from the funeral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business acquaintances, and the friends with whom he spent the last hours of his life made up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act, and the drop curtain was down. When Holbrook's law office was on the seventh story of one of those tall buildings which in recent years have become a conspicuous feature of lower New York.

His private office was a corner room, and from the window his eye could roam over the roofs of adjacent buildings, across the Hudson river and beyond to houses on the Jersey side to the green hills back of them.

One afternoon, two weeks after the murder, he was resting himself from his labor and enjoying the extensive view spread out before him.

In fact, he was reviewing that strange interview with Flora Ashgrove the day after the murder.

Her manner, her emotion, her eagerness, her anger, all dwelt vividly in his mind, but his perplexity was as great as on the day he left her presence.

What connection, if any, had she with the murder? What did she know, if anything? What relation had existed between herself and the dead man? Did she want to know so particularly the appearance of the murderer? What was the bottom of the intense anxiety she displayed? And for whom was this anxiety displayed? She was tall and slim, or would be if dressed in men's clothes, could it possibly have been herself? Was she the kind of a woman whose jealousy would impel to such a crime?

These were the questions he had asked himself again and again, and never had found satisfactory answers to them.

General Business.

TIN SHOP.

Now Arriving Winter Importations.

Japanned, Stamped Plain Tinware.

The Peerless Creamer, ROCHESTER LAMP.

The Success OIL STOVE.

A. G. McLean, COFFINS & CASKETS.

COFFIN FINDINGS AND ROBES.

WM. McLEAN, Undertaker.

BRICKS!

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, TAILICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND OTHER SPECIES OF DISEASE ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD.

MARBLE WORK.

EDWARD BARRY.

SALT.

100 TONS OF SALT.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

JOHN McLAGGAN.

General Business.

TIN SHOP.

Now Arriving Winter Importations.

Japanned, Stamped Plain Tinware.

The Peerless Creamer, ROCHESTER LAMP.

The Success OIL STOVE.

A. G. McLean, COFFINS & CASKETS.

COFFIN FINDINGS AND ROBES.

WM. McLEAN, Undertaker.

BRICKS!

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, TAILICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND OTHER SPECIES OF DISEASE ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD.

MARBLE WORK.

EDWARD BARRY.

SALT.

100 TONS OF SALT.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

JOHN McLAGGAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG LADY IS REVEALED AND REVEALED.

CHAPTER VI.

A BIT OF RETROSPECTION.

IF it is rapid in New York. Events of yesterday are ancient history.

After a week the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. The corner had held the highest and had established nothing.

The strictest inquiry had failed to reveal the murderer. He had a motive for the deed. Mr. Templeton's name was mentioned.

It was not until a month or more had passed that the police adopted the theory that the man had been struck in mistake, and that another victim had been killed.

Why? That was a secret they guarded, and they worked on that line.

A large reward for the detection of the criminal was offered by the authorities. And the affair faded from the newspapers.

The funeral had been a quiet one. There were but two mourners present—an elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both crying bitterly.

Neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Flora Ashgrove were present. It was noted that fact, and contrasted her intense interest in the murdered man the day after the murder, with her absence from the funeral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business acquaintances, and the friends with whom he spent the last hours of his life made up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act, and the drop curtain was down. When Holbrook's law office was on the seventh story of one of those tall buildings which in recent years have become a conspicuous feature of lower New York.

His private office was a corner room, and from the window his eye could roam over the roofs of adjacent buildings, across the Hudson river and beyond to houses on the Jersey side to the green hills back of them.

One afternoon, two weeks after the murder, he was resting himself from his labor and enjoying the extensive view spread out before him.

In fact, he was reviewing that strange interview with Flora Ashgrove the day after the murder.

Her manner, her emotion, her eagerness, her anger, all dwelt vividly in his mind, but his perplexity was as great as on the day he left her presence.

What connection, if any, had she with the murder? What did she know, if anything? What relation had existed between herself and the dead man? Did she want to know so particularly the appearance of the murderer? What was the bottom of the intense anxiety she displayed? And for whom was this anxiety displayed? She was tall and slim, or would be if dressed in men's clothes, could it possibly have been herself? Was she the kind of a woman whose jealousy would impel to such a crime?

These were the questions he had asked himself again and again, and never had found satisfactory answers to them.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG LADY IS REVEALED AND REVEALED.

CHAPTER VI.

A BIT OF RETROSPECTION.

IF it is rapid in New York. Events of yesterday are ancient history.

After a week the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. The corner had held the highest and had established nothing.

The strictest inquiry had failed to reveal the murderer. He had a motive for the deed. Mr. Templeton's name was mentioned.

It was not until a month or more had passed that the police adopted the theory that the man had been struck in mistake, and that another victim had been killed.

Why? That was a secret they guarded, and they worked on that line.

A large reward for the detection of the criminal was offered by the authorities. And the affair faded from the newspapers.

The funeral had been a quiet one. There were but two mourners present—an elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both crying bitterly.

Neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Flora Ashgrove were present. It was noted that fact, and contrasted her intense interest in the murdered man the day after the murder, with her absence from the funeral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business acquaintances, and the friends with whom he spent the last hours of his life made up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act, and the drop curtain was down. When Holbrook's law office was on the seventh story of one of those tall buildings which in recent years have become a conspicuous feature of lower New York.

His private office was a corner room, and from the window his eye could roam over the roofs of adjacent buildings, across the Hudson river and beyond to houses on the Jersey side to the green hills back of them.

One afternoon, two weeks after the murder, he was resting himself from his labor and enjoying the extensive view spread out before him.

In fact, he was reviewing that strange interview with Flora Ashgrove the day after the murder.

Her manner, her emotion, her eagerness, her anger, all dwelt vividly in his mind, but his perplexity was as great as on the day he left her presence.

What connection, if any, had she with the murder? What did she know, if anything? What relation had existed between herself and the dead man? Did she want to know so particularly the appearance of the murderer? What was the bottom of the intense anxiety she displayed? And for whom was this anxiety displayed? She was tall and slim, or would be if dressed in men's clothes, could it possibly have been herself? Was she the kind of a woman whose jealousy would impel to such a crime?

These were the questions he had asked himself again and again, and never had found satisfactory answers to them.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to us."

It is rapid in New York. Events of yesterday are ancient history.

After a week the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. The corner had held the highest and had established nothing.

The strictest inquiry had failed to reveal the murderer. He had a motive for the deed. Mr. Templeton's name was mentioned.

It was not until a month or more had passed that the police adopted the theory that the man had been struck in mistake, and that another victim had been killed.

Why? That was a secret they guarded, and they worked on that line.

A large reward for the detection of the criminal was offered by the authorities. And the affair faded from the newspapers.

The funeral had been a quiet one. There were but two mourners present—an elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both crying bitterly.

Neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Flora Ashgrove were present. It was noted that fact, and contrasted her intense interest in the murdered man the day after the murder, with her absence from the funeral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business acquaintances, and the friends with whom he spent the last hours of his life made up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act, and the drop curtain was down. When Holbrook's law office was on the seventh story of one of those tall buildings which in recent years have become a conspicuous feature of lower New York.

His private office was a corner room, and from the window his eye could roam over the roofs of adjacent buildings, across the Hudson river and beyond to houses on the Jersey side to the green hills back of them.

One afternoon, two weeks after the murder, he was resting himself from his labor and enjoying the extensive view spread out before him.

In fact, he was reviewing that strange interview with Flora Ashgrove the day after the murder.

Her manner, her emotion, her eagerness, her anger, all dwelt vividly in his mind, but his perplexity was as great as on the day he left her presence.

What connection, if any, had she with the murder? What did she know, if anything? What relation had existed between herself and the dead man? Did she want to know so particularly the appearance of the murderer? What was the bottom of the intense anxiety she displayed? And for whom was this anxiety displayed? She was tall and slim, or would be if dressed in men's clothes, could it possibly have been herself? Was she the kind of a woman whose jealousy would impel to such a crime?

These were the questions he had asked himself again and again, and never had found satisfactory answers to them.

General Business.

TIN SHOP.

Now Arriving Winter Importations.

Japanned, Stamped Plain Tinware.

The Peerless Creamer, ROCHESTER LAMP.

The Success OIL STOVE.

A. G. McLean, COFFINS & CASKETS.

COFFIN FINDINGS AND ROBES.

WM. McLEAN, Undertaker.

BRICKS!

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, TAILICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND OTHER SPECIES OF DISEASE ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD.

MARBLE WORK.

EDWARD BARRY.

SALT.

100 TONS OF SALT.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

JOHN McLAGGAN.

General Business.

TIN SHOP.

Now Arriving Winter Importations.

Japanned, Stamped Plain Tinware.

The Peerless Creamer, ROCHESTER LAMP.

The Success OIL STOVE.

A. G. McLean, COFFINS & CASKETS.

COFFIN FINDINGS AND ROBES.

WM. McLEAN, Undertaker.

BRICKS!

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, TAILICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND OTHER SPECIES OF DISEASE ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD.

MARBLE WORK.

EDWARD BARRY.

SALT.

100 TONS OF SALT.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

JOHN McLAGGAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG LADY IS REVEALED AND REVEALED.

CHAPTER VI.

A BIT OF RETROSPECTION.

IF it is rapid in New York. Events of yesterday are ancient history.

After a week the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. The corner had held the highest and had established nothing.

The strictest inquiry had failed to reveal the murderer. He had a motive for the deed. Mr. Templeton's name was mentioned.

It was not until a month or more had passed that the police adopted the theory that the man had been struck in mistake, and that another victim had been killed.

Why? That was a secret they guarded, and they worked on that line.

A large reward for the detection of the criminal was offered by the authorities. And the affair faded from the newspapers.

The funeral had been a quiet one. There were but two mourners present—an elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both crying bitterly.

Neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Flora Ashgrove were present. It was noted that fact, and contrasted her intense interest in the murdered man the day after the murder, with her absence from the funeral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business acquaintances, and the friends with whom he spent the last hours of his life made up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act, and