Continued from 1st Page.

"Pardon me. 1 remarked that myself." "This is following things up." "Tom, get behind that screen and hear

what he has to say." ally did her work.

"Show the gentleman in." Fountain entered with an easy and polite air. "Mr. Holbrook, I assume?"

"At your service, Mr. Fountain." "My call upon you, Mr. Holbrook, I apprehend is almost futile, but as I am your fingers so?" engaged upon an enterprise somewhat

Holbrook bowed. tinued Fountain, "you were in partnership with the late Judge Harkner?" "Until the day of his death," replied Holbrook.

"And for several years previous?" "Yes, from the day I was admitted to practice. The partnership lasted five years. The judge has been dead nearly

"My information was correct, then. The judge had for a client one Charles

"Not during my connection with him." "Indeed! I supposed the relation between Mr. Pierson and Judge Harkner, as counsel and client, continued until the death of the judge."

"No. You are misinformed. When I entered the office of Judge Harkner to read law, all relations between them had ceased and the affairs were being closed

"The affairs of Mr. Pierson were extensive?"

"I have so heard from Judge Harkner. They had had a difference in respect of some matter, I never heard what, and quarreled bitterly-the relations were abruptly terminated. The judge would never speak of the reason." "Ah, then there is no hope that any

papers belonging to Mr. Pierson may have remained in the hands of the judge or his successor. "No, I recollect that the judge was scrupulous in returning every scrap of

paper and even memoranda to Mr. Pier- trayed his surprise. "You are aware that Mr. Pierson died without leaving a will?"

"Yes, and was not surprised to hear it. I had heard Judge Harkner say more than once that that was what Mr. Pierson would do, as he had an unconquerable aversion to making one, although frequently urged to do so. He would promise, but could not be brought to the

"As I apprehended, my visit is futile; but I have satisfied myself on the point. It only remains for me to beg your pardon for having taken so much of your valuable time.

He passed out. Tom came from his "There is another point made," said

Tom. "I don't see it." "We want to know something as to his

connections, don't we?" "Well, here is one. We can work along the Pierson line to a result possi-

bly. But I must go." "Not before I tell you of a little matter which occurred last night after I left

He recited his experience of the night previous after he had left Tom. "it is othing," replied Tom. mistook you for some one else."

"That is the conclusion I came to." Tom went to the door and partially opened it. He drew back quickly. "I say, Holbrook, there is Wessing outside inquiring for you—the fellow who saw the murder."

"We are in for surprises today!"
"I'll get behind the scenes again," and

be disappeared. Wessing was soon shown in. After some insignificant conversation touching the murder and the failure to discover the perpetrator, Wessing opened his

"You recollect, Mr. Holbrook, that at the time I was detained as a witness I declined to give my business in New

"Perfectly well." "Well, I did give it subsequently when I found the concealment was subjecting me to suspicion. Briefly it was this: My mother had reason to believe that she was closely related to a gentleman who had died in this city some time previously, leaving a large property and no heirs or will. She imagined she was an heir, if not the sole heir. I have now been closely following the matter, and while I did not take much stock in the idea at first, I have come to regard it more favorably. The man's name was Charles Pierson."

a book from his desk and thus covering up a noise behind the screen which might otherwise have been heard. "Bless my soul!" said Holbrook, "that is strange."

"What is strange?" Holbrook controlled himself.

"Why, Mr. Pierson used to be a client

of this office." "Precisely, and that is the reason why I am here. I want to inquire if you can shed any light upon certain subjects, and whether any papers relating to Mr. Pierson or his business are in your

"I shall have to disappoint you," replied Holbrook. "Mr. Pierson's relations with this office as a client ceased before I became connected with it Judge Harkner and he quarreled very bitterly; over what I never knew. He was careful to send everything to Pierson, and I don't know who was his lawyer subsequently. The great amount of business he brought into the office was a tradition when I came in. However, there is an old man who was a clerk in this office for many years-confidential clerk, and who is now retired because of age. He lives on Long Island, a short distance back of Brooklyn. I advise you to call upon him; I will give you a

Acting upon the impulse of the moment he wrote an introduction. Wessing took the note and went away, after promising to call upon Holbrook

As soon as he was out of the door Tom came forth. "You infernal ass!" cried Tom, "what

under the heavens did you shove him out in that way for?" Holbrook's face fell.

"See here, Bryan, there is a limit to the things you may say to me." "I beg your pardon, Holbrook: I let my feelings master me. But what possessed you to shut him off that way. He

was disposed to talk." "Well, principally because you were behind the screen. "What of that?"

"Well, the same circumstances do not surround Wessing as do surround Fountain-the same suspicions-and I didn't want him to become confidential when he thought he was talking to a reputable counselor alone."

"But doesn't this queer state of things svidently puzzled and alarmed. "They strike you? See here. We suspect Fountain of Templeton's murderslightly, to be sure-but suspect him. He comes to see you inquiring for Pier- that they called the same day," and he son's papers. Wessing sees that murder added under his breath, "May I be forand he comes inquiring about Pierson's given for that lie. I recollect it," he papers. What connection is there?"

"What?" tain through Flora Ashgrove's strange relation to his unclaimed property." behavior and that she manifests great "I presume so," said the old man, ris-

"To be sure! To be sure! Don't you see that these coincidences have an im-Tom concealed himself behind the portant bearing upon the murder-that screen where Holbrook's typewriter usu- you lost an opportunity to get hold of a to find the possibility of a second constring which may lead us straight to the

"Oh, I don't believe Wessing knows anything of the affair.' "My dear fellow, everything is guess work, but every line must be examined. How could you let Wessing slip through

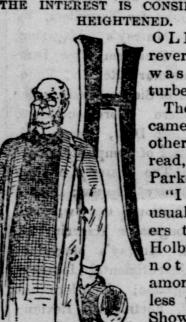
"He is easily enough regained. I can clouded and intricate, I feel as if I ought get his address from the police authorileave no effort unmade, however improb- ties, and he will unburden himself to the old clerk, George Dolwell. I'll tell you alone what I'll do. I'll telegraph Dolwell to "If I have not been misinformed," con- give him all the information he can and to extract as much as possible. The old boy is very shrewd.'

"Do so at once. And now I must go after my new suit of clothes." "You will come for those buttons to-

"Yes. This thing is getting thick. Yesterday we panted for a single bit of daylight; today we have an embarrass-

He disappeared, and Holbrook lost himself in thought.

CHAPTER XIII. THE INTEREST IS CONSIDERABLY



OLBROOK'S reverie, however, was soon disturbed. The messenger came in with another card. He read, "Mr. Geo. Parker." "I have an un-

usual run of callers today," said Holbrook, "and not a client among them unless this is one. Show him in." The door opened. Holbrook was startled, and be-

Well he might. It was his old gent man of the night previous, who was not less surprised than Holbrook. He smiled as he advanced and said: "We both of us seemed to have re-

ceived a shock of surprise." Holbrook assented, "I confess to the shock on my side."

"I hardly expected to see you so soon again, or to find in Mr. Holbrook the gentleman I met last night." Holbrook bowed courteously for answer and determined that he would hold perfect control of himself.

"I followed you last evening, Mr. Hol-"I was aware of that," replied Holbrook with a smile

"I did not suppose you were," said the old gentleman laughingly; "I must have done my work badly. Let me say, however, right here that I was mistaken in the person. You resemble the one I supposed I was following so much in build and manner that not until I had resorted to a little ruse to get a fair look at your face was I aware of my mistake. I hope you will accept my apologies for any annoyance I may have given you." "None are needed. I became aware

of your mistake. We are all liable to The old man mused a while and Holbrook studied his face. The more he studied it the less he liked it. There was blended weakness and strength in it

and the want of those strong, rugged lines which gave character to old age. The lines began strongly but seemed to run into nothing, leaving an impression of shiftiness. The eyes were cunning, not frank, though there was unquestionably an assumption of frank-

At length he spoke. "In passing the Casino theatre I saw ou turn a corner with a gentleman, and I leaped to the conclusion that you were a person for whom I have been looking these two years-a man from Chicagoto find whom I would give half of all I am worth or expect to be worth."

An angry look leaped into his eyes, while vindictiveness was plainly ap-

"Do you not know his name?" asked Holbrook. "I know what it was two years ago. Not what it is now. However, it is an old story of deep wrong and injury, and is not what I came to see you about. I believe, Mr. Holbrook, you were a partner of the late Judge Harkner?"

Holbrook could hardly repress a start. He wondered if this was also an inquiry after Pierson's papers. "Yes," he replied simply; firmly de-

termined that he would show no emo-Holbrook started violently, knocking tion whatever questions might be asked "May I ask when that partnership be-

"Yes, it was eight years ago the first

of last January.' "Ah, nearly nine years ago." The old

man pondered a short time. "Was Mr. Charles Pierson a client of the judge's at that time?"

Holbrook was prepared for this question, yet it was with difficulty he could repress his surprise. He replied promptly: "No, the con-

nection ceased through a quarrel before I came as a student to the judge three years previous." "Hum." The old man pondered again.

"What lawyer succeeded the judge with Mr. Pierson?" "I don't know. The judge would say

ittle about the matter. I know of it only through tradition in the office." "Were all the papers of Mr. Pierson returned to him?"

"Every one, religiously, scrupulously -so scrupulously as to remain, as I said, tradition in the office. It was much talked of when I came in, because Mr. Pierson had been a valued and profitable client." "Yes, I presume so."

"Pardon me," said Holbrook, "may I ask the reason of this inquiry? Twice before by different persons I have had these inquiries made?"

"By two different persons?" spoke up the old man sharply. "How long ago?" There was great eagerness in his manner and tone. "Within a month, I should imagine."

"Two, you say? What were their names?" this was demanded almost fiercely. "Men or women?" "Pardon me," said Holbrook coldly, 'vou demand the names and informa-

tion as if I were compelled to give The old man glared at him savagely,

but Holbrook continued calmly: "However, as a matter of fact, I can not recollect the names. The inquiries made little or no impression on me, and I answered them as I have answered you. It is only now when you come-a third - with practically the same inquiries, that my curiosity is excited. They were both men," he added.

"Both men," repeated the old man, were not the same person calling twice?" "Upon my word it would be hard for he produced his piece of cloth and asked me to recollect were it not for the fact to look at the suits. continued, "because I was preparing a were, but he assented. "I saw all that and recollect what you brief for an important cause and I was annoyed at the interruptions. I presume they had reference-as I presume yours "That we have our suspicions of Foun- does-to some action before the courts in

anger against Wessing, threatening to ing. "I am employed by a client to esbe his accuser, while denying knowledge tablish a claim against the property. I am an attorney. I find it difficult to construct a chain of evidence. There is a missing link, which must be among the late Mr. Pierson's papers. I am annoyed testant, when I supposed there was but

> "May I ask who that one is?" "You will pardon me if I maintain that as a secret. Holbrook could only assent gracefully.

The old man bade him good day and passed out. "Your story may be true, or it may not be; I am inclined to believe the lat-

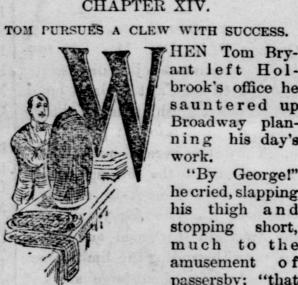
ter," said Holbrook aloud when he was He picked up the card again and read the name. He touched the bell which

summoned his managing clerk. When that person entered he said: "Clark, do you know a lawyer by the name of George Parker?" "Yes, that was the man who just

passed out." "What do you know about him?" "Not much, and what I do, not to his advantage. A rather shady character. Said to have been disbarred many years ago. But I imagine he has been restored. I'd fight very shy of him.

"He came for information which I couldn't, and therefore didn't, give "It was for no good, I'll bet," replied the clerk as he left Holbrook.

CHAPTER XIV.



ant left Holbrook's office he sauntered up fall clothing. Broadway planning his day's "By George!" he cried, slapping his thigh and stopping short,

much to the amusement of passersby; "that is an idea, to be sure; I'll be hanged if

I don't try it." Now the idea which had struck Tom with so much force grew out of the fact that he had been bothered to know how he could identify his man, after he had found where a suit of clothes of the kind of cloth a sample of which he had in his pocket had been purchased. While revolving many schemes in his mind, he had seen in the windows of a store a number of photographic cameras for the use of amateurs.

The thought flashed over his mind that he could have a picture taken of Fountain, unknown to that gentleman.

Tom had a friend engaged as a leader writer on the paper on which he was employed, who had been greatly taken by the amateur photographic craze, and who had become quite proficient in making instantaneous pictures. Fired with this idea Tom pushed his

way rapidly to Printing House square, and, dropping into a place which was at once an eating house and a beer saloon, and where he was in the habit of meeting his Shadow, summoned a messenger whom he sent to his friend requesting to see him immediately. He looked about for his Shadow. He

was there, deeply interested in the study of the various advertisements of the railroad lines hanging on the walls, with a sandwich in one hand, a mug of beer in the other, and one eye on Tom. Seeing Tom nod to him, he walked

"Well," said Tom, "what news?" "Our man"-it was one of the peculiarities of the Shadow that he never mentioned a name unless directly asked for it-"Our man had a father once, but he has been dead almost as many years as our man has lived." "In other words," said Tom, "the father died when the son was young."

"When he was a baby not two years "Who brought him up?" "His mother. She lived with him up in Putnam county, coming here into the city in the winter. She lived very quiet, never went out anywhere, brought the boy up well, 'eddicated' him and then died, just after he was of age. Ever since he has lived as we know him. She left him a little property. Guess from

all I can hear he has about lived it up." "How did he get into this swell set?" "Don't know, but I guess through his "Probably. Well, it isn't much, and

what there is makes him all the more mysterious." At this moment his friend came.

"Hello, old boy," cried Tom, have a beer? No? In a hurry, hey? How soon will you be off?" "In about three hours," was the reply.

"See here, old fellow, I want you to do me a favor. I want the picture of a man taken on the sly."

His friend was delighted to do it: would do it that very day if he could find the person. Tom called the Shadow up and told

him to take the gentleman to the most likely place where Fountain could be found and taken unobserved. "If you don't take him today take him to-morrow."

He then hurried off. As he turned into Chatham street he thought that he would not lose time by trying the stores in that thoroughfare, for it would be quite unlikely that his man would come so far down town as Chatham street. "The Bowery, and the upper part of it. s my field," he said aloud, and with these words he turned, crossed the street, and climbed up to the elevated railroad sta-

Arriving at the Houston Street station he descended to the street. Standing a moment, he said: "I'll work up to Cooper Institute on this side and then

down on the other." He put his project into effect at once. It is no purpose of our story to tell in detail his search. Suffice it to say, his experiences were commonplace, consisting of entering a store, producing the slip of cloth and asking if they had a suit of clothes of that material. When urged to buy others equally as good and of the same quality—as he invariably was—his answer was that he wanted the suit as a

sort of uniform. Wearily he traversed both sides of the thoroughfare between Houston street and the Cooper institute, and, indeed all that part of the Bowery on the east side as far down as Chatham square. About half way up on the west side

he entered a store and preferred his request as usual. The clerk waiting on him examined the piece carefully.

"No," he said, "we have no cloth of that kind, but," and he hesitated, much to Tom's impatience. "I think if you will go down into Fulton street you will find it. A dealer bought all there was in the market of this kind. I have a brother employed there, and if I am not mistaken this is the kind of cloth." Tom took the address and the name of

the man's brother. Arriving at this store he inquired for the clerk whose name he had obtained: The clerk smiled and said: "Another

of the U.S. T.'s, hey?" Tom did not know what the U. S. T.'s [To be continued]

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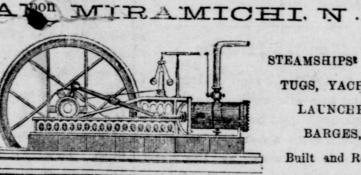
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Chatham June n, Arrive, 7.30 a m 3.25 p m 11.10 7,25 Arrive Moneton Leave, Arrive Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through to St. John, and Halifax and with the Express going North which lies over at Campbellton.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Inter-Colonial.

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

The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 75th meridian time. All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

All freignt for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Entry or other charge Special attention given to Shipments of Fish

On and AFTER MINDAY, NOV. 25th, above Railway as follows:-FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM.

CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. EXPRESS. FREIGHT. EXJ RESS. FREIGHT Chatham Fredericton 2 58 .. Blackville Marysville 7 30 " Cross Creek 9 10 " Doaktown Boiesto wn 10 35 " Doaktown Cross Creek 11 35 " Blackville 1 20 p m 3 05 ... 3 30 " Marysville 12 45 p m Chatham Junction Chatham

N. B. The above Express Trains will run daily Sundays excepted. The Freight Train from Fredericton to Chath am will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to

Fredericton to Chath am will run on Mondays, wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays.

The above trains will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for Montreel and all points in the upper provinces and with the N. B. RAILWAY C P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the N. B. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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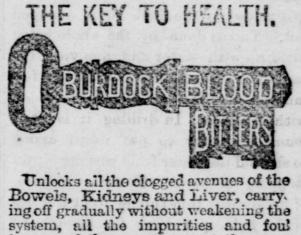
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