

stock of ammunition upon my person and managed to elude the pursuing party. I got up once more into the heights, and in the exhilarating sense of freedom snapped my fingers at the cautious old priest.

sons, and then rubies were exchanged for necessities. But Dara Maillu never recovered the shock of his father's loss. Before a year had passed around he had rejoined Mung Ko in the land of shadows. It was gentle, peaceful, and away.

"Oh!" said the sergeant. "Who is Mr. Templeton? What do you know about him?" "Not very much," replied the bar-keeper. "Comes into our place pretty often. Usually stops in on his way up-town of an afternoon. Sometimes comes in at night, but not often. He was in our place half an hour ago."

GENERAL BUSINESS. CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.

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THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BAROLAY NORTH. (Copyrighted, 1888, by O. M. Dunham. Published by special arrangement with The American Press Association.)

CHAPTER I. "MURDER! MURDER!"

THE place was Union square; the time, an hour after midnight. Three men, leaving three different points of the square, met a little north of the monument of Washington.

When the other two met, the third had only reached as far as the iron railing which insures the father of his country the uninterrupted enjoyment of that ride upon which he set out some thirty or forty years ago; and he loitered along with the step of one who had no purpose in his walk, smoking with leisurely puffs.

At the same moment, the man at the railing saw a glancing flash in the night, and he uttered a cry, and he heard a blow—a groan, a gasp, a fall to the ground, and a man quickly disappeared into the park.

"What do you see, Ho-Ton?" he asked in a shrill, troubled voice. "I want the path to the lower village," I answered. "I have missed it."

"You are far out of your way. You can not reach the zyt at night. It will be better to stay in father's—in our cave again. Come."

"I obeyed the word and gesture, and a very few paces brought us through steep descent on to my old ledge, and thence once again into the familiar quarters of Mung Ko's secret home. My men of the mine, then, was Mung Ko's son?"

"Hark!" said he. And a terrified look came upon his countenance. "I listened, but could hear nothing. My senses were less acute than his. 'Yes, yes; it has come, as he said it would,' the boy cried, smiting his breast. And his eyes dilated with fear."

"The eventide went in anxious watching and waiting. It was marvelous how the one touch of nature made us kin. But the boy spoke no word of his past. When the morning dawned two anxious faces watched from the friendly view of the bushwood the bend of the great valley. A solitary wayfarer came into view. Relief, ringing into exultant joy, was in my companion's accents: 'It is my father. He is safe, the poor lad said.' Alas! the gladness was doomed to a speedy eclipse. I thought that Mung Ko crept upwards slowly, and staggered as he walked. And once within the mountain fastness it was plain that his number forecast had not been so false as we would willingly have believed."

CHAPTER II. THE CORONER TAKES CHARGE.

THE coroner came up at this moment and the sergeant gave him all the facts in his possession. The official, who was a physician, examined the body. "Death was instantaneous," he said; "the knife passed between the ribs and pierced the heart, a powerful blow."

The two policemen who had gone into the park returned. They brought with them a pair of trousers, a coat and a hat; they had been found at different places, but on a line with the supposed flight of the murderer: first the coat, then the trousers and lastly the hat—tossed on one side or the other, on the grass.

"The coroner closely examined them, and then handed them to the sergeant. There was nothing whatever in the pockets. They were of cheap quality, such as you see in front of Chatham street clothing stores on wire frames, marked six, eight and ten dollars the suit.

"Apparently they had never been worn before, for the creases, which come from being folded in piles on the counters, were still in them. 'Worn for the purpose of being thrown off,' commented the sergeant. 'Where is the vest?'"

"I have not found any." "Look again." The two officers moved off to obey the order. "Has the body been searched?" asked the coroner. "No." "Then search it."

Little was revealed. A handkerchief, a pair of kid gloves, a card case filled with cards, bearing the name of "James Holyrd Templeton," a receipted tailor's bill, a wallet containing memoranda, descriptions of real estate in various parts of the city, a gold toothpick, ninety-one dollars in bills, less than a dollar in silver change, a gold watch and chain, a few cigars.

"Where are you stopping?" Wessing hesitated. This made the sergeant suspicious. "The truth is, sergeant," said Wessing. "I have not taken lodgings yet. My valise is over there at that hotel, pointing to Fourteenth street. 'I was about to take a turn in the park, smoke my cigar and then go back to take a room.' 'Um. Well, I will accommodate you with lodgings for the rest of the night.' 'Why,' said Holbrook, 'he saw no more than I did.'"

"That may be," replied the sergeant, grimly, "but he knows more than you do. At all events, he must give a better account of himself than he has yet done." This made Wessing smile. "That I will do, but I prefer doing it at the station house rather than in this crowd." "Well, let us go." "I will go, too," said Holbrook, who was strongly attracted by Wessing. "As you please," rejoined the sergeant; then turning to an officer he said: "Watch the body; I will send a letter to you as soon as I can."

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