ADVANCE, CHATHAM MIRAMICHI NEW BRUNSWICK,

Contienud from 1st Page.

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

Upon what small threads do matters of human interests hang?

The young lawyer had for some time anticipated that a contingency would arise calling him from the city to a distant point for at least three weeks, in the interest of a client.

His mail that morning informed him that the contingency had arisen. His first impulse was immediately to prepare for his departure. His second thought was, if he went the coroner would not have him for a witness, and as a matter of public duty he ought to remain.

Then he thought that while the client was a valuable one, nevertheless the duties to be performed were of the simplest character-the superintending of the signing of papers and contracts already drawn-so he called in a neighboring young lawyer to whom he often tendered business, and who consented to go.

Had Holbrook gone this story would never have been written.

During the morning Holbrook received a note from a lady in whose good graces he wished to stand high, asking him to call upon her.

The lady was young and handsome, and rumor said rich. She lived with her uncle, her parents being dead.

Holbrook was greatly delighted with the summons. He had been attentive. but as yet had received little encouragement from the young lady.

Her manner toward him, while courteous, was not different from that displayed toward a dozen or more of the young gentlemen with whom he was in rivalry.

Her name was Flora Ashgrove, and she was spoken of in the clubs as "The handsome Flora."

Rumor did not credit any man with having the favor of the fair lady. Her acquaintances of her own sex said she angled for suitors and failed despite her beauty. Twenty men knewshe had refused the offer of one man at least.

She did not want for a gallant in the park nor an escort to the opera; she was sure of an invitation to the hunt and a seat upon the most distinguished coach one in me." in the parade; at each regatta her name

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 knew the murdered man." she con-

tinued. "Indeed he was somewhat of a relative; I was much shocked." "Very naturally."

"Who committed the murder?" "Oh, that is wrapped in mystery. The authorities are at a complete standstill: they have not a single clew of any value." "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. I was looking from my window, and was dimly conscious of a man standing on the pavement beneath, and of his stepping off the curbstone to walk across the street. I was awakened to full consciousness of his existence by seeing him seize the man he met by the arm, and then striking him down: the next moment he fled through the park. I was not aware murder was done until

I heard the cry from a third."

"Was the third man connected with the attack? I saw he was arrested." "I think not. He gave a clear account of himself, and his statements have been verified by the police; he was released this morning."

A shade of vexation passed over the face of his charming companion, and Holbrook's astonishment was further increased by the fact.

"Were not the authorities foolish letting him go?" she asked, after a brief moment of silence. "He may have been the murderer." "Impossible," said Holbrook. "I saw

the man strike his victim and then run into the park, and saw the other twenty feet away crying murder." "You will be a witness, then, in his favor.'

An angry flush spread over Flora's face, and her gray eyes glittered. "Certainly, if he be accused," replied

Holbrook, amazed at the question. "But there is little fear of that.' "If an accuser be needed, he may find Holbrook was utterly confounded.

sumed control of herself.

should I not feel an interest in his mur-

cannot escape your detectives. Still, I

have been fully conscious that you saw

The sneer conveyed in these words

was unmistakable. Before Holbrook

three men, not dimly."

"Wessing."

shall turn it over to the authorities." She handed it back to him and said: "I have seen"----The door opened and her uncle, Mr. Witherspoon, entered.

CHAPTER VI.

A BIT OF RETROSPECTION. IFE is rapid in New York. Events of yesterday are ancient

> history. After a week the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. The coroner had held

the inquest and had established nothing. The strictest inquiry had failed to discover a motive for the deed. Mr. Templeton's life was an open one and rather

commonplace in its exactness and regularity. He attended strictly to business during business nours, and stood well in commercial circles. He took his pleasures soberly in his hours of relaxation. He had no vices and no entangling alliances. Neither the clothes cast off by the murderer in his flight, nor the diamond button found by Holbrook, nor the knife left in the body of the dead man. had proved to be clews of value to the police. The verdict of the coroner's jury had

been: "Came to his death by being stabbed with a knife, in the hands of a person unknown." fall clothing.

The police adopted the theory that the man had been struck in mistake. and that another victim had been intended. 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 presentan elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both evincing great grief. There were but few attendants from curiosity.





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was seen among the guests of the most sought after yacht, while at the charity fairs her booth turned in twice the money any other did.

These were hard nuts for her dear female friends to crack, but they hammered at them persistently; consequently she was a great social success.

Holbrook was a self contained young before. What is his name?" man, whose good opinion of himself was fully equaled by his good looks, and upon about this murder? Nothing except that score he was well content. While what I have read and what you have not of a very ardent nature, still he admitted to himself that if the divine Flora would but give him some sign that she found more pleasure in his attentions than in those of others he could quite

himself? Were you not mistaken, readily fall in love with her; but until she did he proposed to keep himself well awakened, as you confess, from a sort of stupor, and did you not imagine you in hand and not make a fool of himself, saw a man running away?" as some others he could name had done. She had again lost control of herself, The note lying before him was the first

he had received from her, and, indeed. and she was speaking with great earnestness and with heightened color. Holthe first intimation he had had indicating that she cared whether he came or went. brook wondered at it all, but he replied He was therefore filled with pleasurcoldly:

able emotion and no little wonder. "No, Miss Ashgrove, I was not mis-The note had driven from his mind all taken. If you were to accuse this young gentleman you would be doing a grievrecollection of the button and his visit to the coroner, and, disposing of his busious wrong, and, as well, placing yourness as speedily as possible, he took him-self to her uncle's residence—a handsome self in a false position. You forget that I saw the man run away after the blow. dwelling in Fifty-sixth street, not far | throwing off his coat as he ran. Subsequently the coat and other articles used from Fifth avenue.

for this disguise were found." When ushered into the richly furnished parlors he was made aware that it was the summer season. The furniture was Holbrook continued: covered, and so were the ornaments, statuary and most of the pictures.

Then he remembered he had wondered how it was that Miss Ashgrove was in the city at that time of the year. But one picture was exposed, and from

that the cover had been thrown back over the easel upon which it rested This was the portrait of the lady herself. He fell to a study of it, waiting the tell you I have little faith in your police. He is an unusual stupid criminal who

coming of the lady who had summoned him to her presence. He thought it would be a fine thing to have so handsome a head at his table. Other lovers would probably have given rein to other thoughts, but Holbrook was one of those young men who get on in the world, less given to sentimental considerations than to those of a practical

While thus engaged the original of the picture entered the room through a door visitor.

"Do you know the man? Do you know anything of this murder?" Ashgrove were present. The lady showed that she felt she had Holbrook, who was, noted this fact,

and contrasted her intense interest in discovered more emotion than the situathe murdered man the day after the tion warranted, and, by an effort, remurder, with her absence from the fu-"You ask two questions. I do not neral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business ac-quaintances, and the friends with whom know the man. I never heard of him he spent the last hours of his life made "Yes, Wessing. Do I know anything up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act. nd the drop curtain was down.

told me. But how happens it that he Holbrook's law office was on the seventh story of one of those tall buildings was there at that hour in the morning so opportunely to cry 'Murder' and miswhich in recent years have become a conspicuous feature of lower New York. lead others by attracting attention to 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 the houses on the Jersey shore to the green

hills back of them. One afternoon, two weeks after the murder, he was resting himself from his labors and enjoying the extensive view spread out before him.

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

Her manner, her emotion, her eager-ness, 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 Flora tossed her head incredulously. the murder? What did she know, if anything? What relation had existed "The bitterness you manifest surprises between herself and the dead man? Why did she want to know so particularly the appearance of the murderer? What was at The lady shot an angry glance at him. the bottom of the intense anxiety she dis-"It is you who forget now. I told you that Mr. Templeton was a friend and a played? And for whom was this anxiety

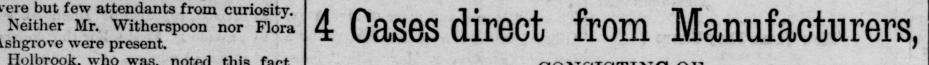
relative, though a remote one. Why displayed? She was tall and slim, or would be if dressed in men's clothesder? Is there anything surprising in my could it possibly have been herself? Was desire for justice and vengeance? I can | she the kind of a woman whom jealousy would impel to such a crime?

These were the questions he had asked himself again and again, and never had may be entirely mistaken. You may found satisfactory answers to them. They haunted him like a nightmare,

and at every leisure moment returned to vex him, until he plunged deeply into work to escape them.

Of this, however, he was conscious-

formed him that two ladies desired to see



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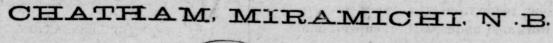
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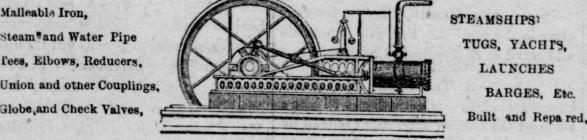
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