Continued from 1st page.

distinguished ornament of the bar.

"Good afternoon, judge," returned Tom as he stopped him. "Judge, I want a woodshed opinion."

The distinguished man laughed.

"They are often the most expensive kind of opinions, even if you do get them for nothing, Mr. Bryan."

"Nevertheless, I'll risk it, with so great an authority. I am on the hunt of a mysterious affair. Not five minutes ago I had a conversation with a man who touches the matter slightly, and I made a remark or two which disturbed him greatly. He was not at all frank or communicative, so I tried to reason it out, and I ran against a legal wall."

"Well, if I can assist I should be pleased."

"Let me put a supposititious case: John Smith marries a woman under the name of Jacob Brown and raises a family of children. He amasses a fortune under the name of John Smith—living a double life—and dies without a will. John Smith is supposed to be childless. Can his children under the name of Brown claim to inherit the property?"

"There is no other or previous marriage of which there is issue?"

"No."

"Well, I should say if the identity of John Smith and Jacob Brown could be established that the Brown children could inherit and the mother take her dower rights."

"Notwithstanding there was an undisputed brother of John Smith claimant to the estate?"

"Yes, notwithstanding there was a claimant in the person of a brother. But you understand that this is an opinion given on your statement of the facts."

"Thanks," said Tom, "I can see through the wall now, and it helps me greatly."

"He moved off. "Ah," he said to himself, "that's what frightens Parker. His little scheme would go to grass if my little romance were true."

With this, Tom dismissed the incident from his mind and set about finding the Shadow. This was quickly done, and Tom dismissed him for the day.

Then he thought seriously about calling upon Fountain, and finally determined to seek him. With Tom, to decide was to act, and forthwith he sought the places where he thought the gentleman was most likely to be found.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOLBROOK TAKES UP THE CASE WITH RENEWED INTEREST.

HE visit to Flora Ashgrove had brought forth a fact which was of importance, though in Holbrook's mind it did not receive the consideration it was entited to. His mind was fixed upon establishing the lines connecting Fountain and the dead Templeton, and the relation they bore to the dead Pierson.

These lines established, he thought the way to the determination of the mystery would be straightforward and rapid. Hence he gave little thought to the fact that an owner of the diamond button had probably been found.

He did not blame Flora for refusing to yield up the secrets of Fountain, and in fact respected her reserve. He did wish, however, that Tom had not gone to Fountain before the result of his visit to Flora had been known, and his first impulse was to set out in search of his journalistic friend and communicate the facts in his possession. Indeed, it would be so much easier to meet and talk with Fountain after the interview with Flora.

A little reflection told him how useless would be the effort, for he had no knowledge of Tom's plans.

It was now late in the afternoon, and he could do nothing if he returned to his office, so he determined to call upon the Templetons and see if he could not elicit something from them that would point to their connection with Pierson.

He found both ladies in and both unaffectedly glad to see him. He plunged at once into his subject by asking if they had any relatives of the name of Pierson.

Mrs. Templeton was quite sure she had none, and as equally sure Mr. Templeton had none.

On Mr. Templeton's side it was easy of settlement. Her husband, after his uncle's death, whose name was the same, had no relatives in this country, however remote. He maintained a correspondence with relatives of the same name in England and also with those upon his mother's side, of the name of Colchester.

He had visited England a few times during his life, and on two occasions relatives had visited him in this country, but they had returned to their own home.

On the occasion of his death she had received many kind letters of condolence from his family abroad, many from those of whom she had never even heard before, but among them all there was none of the name of Pierson. These letters she had preserved, and if of any use to Mr. Holbrook she would give them to him.

As to her own relatives, she had already told Mr. Holbrook all she knew about them.

Holbrook pursued his inquiries as to her father's relatives. Did she know anything of the brother of her father?

"Very little," was the reply. He had run away to sea before she was born, and all she had heard of him was long after all sight had been lost of him, and after he was supposed to be dead. Evidently he had done something wrong, for the elders took little pleasure in speaking of him, and when they did it was in a tone of relief that he was dead. He had died in her childhood.

Holbrook then said that though they had made little progress in the unfolding of the mystery surrounding the death of her son, yet they were steadfastly at work at it. That while he had thought it best to say little to them about it while they were groping in the dark, they had in their investigation thought, perhaps, a man of the name of Pierson, who had died recently, had been connected with the events.

It was strange, but none the less true, that Tom had failed to tell Holbrook of the report the Shadow had made to him of the scene between the drunkard Preston and Parker. Had he done so Holbrook undoubtedly would have elicited something from Mrs. Templeton which would have put another aspect upon affairs. As a matter of fact, the report of the Shadow had made but little impression on Tom at the time, for his mind then was concentrated upon the task of fastening the crime of murder upon Fountain. Such thought as he did give to it was that, perhaps, a discreet inquiry in that direction might lead up to a discovery of some of Pierson's surroundings, which might help them to an understanding of how Templeton, Fountain and Pierson were connected. And so it was that Holbrook was treading close upon facts of great value without being conscious of it.

However, satisfied that Mrs. Templeton could tell him nothing that could be of value, he dropped the subject, and turned the conversation in another channel.

But Annie, who was sitting at the window engaged in embroidery work, and making a very pretty picture as she sat there, remarked that she was glad the search was being continued, for though they had heard little about it recently, they were greatly interested in it.

Holbrook, who thought there was something of gentle reproach in the words, said:

"The truth is, Miss Templeton, nothing has been accomplished. For ten days we have been under the impression that we could lay our hands upon the man, but this morning we discovered that the man in question could not have possibly done the deed. We hardly dared to admit to ourselves our suspicions, and I should have been greatly to blame had I raised false hopes in your breast or had I pointed to a suspicion that could not be justified. Rest assured that everything is being done that can be done to uncover the mystery."

"Oh!" said Annie, covered with confusion and blushing very prettily, "I had no intention of complaining. Indeed we are really too much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in our affairs to criticise or to complain."

During this exchange Holbrook had moved from his chair in the middle of the room, where he had been conversing with Mrs. Templeton, and taken a low, easy one near the window where Annie sat.

Mrs. Templeton had turned to the table and had resumed the writing of a letter she was engaged upon when Holbrook entered.

The young lawyer was already on such familar footing that he was regarded not as a stranger to whom the most scrupulous attention must be given, but rather as an intimate who was best treated when received with informality.

In answer to Annie's reply to him he said:

"I do not think, Miss Templeton, that anything which might concern you or yours would be too much trouble for me."

The blood crept up into Annie's cheeks again, and bending over her work she said nothing.

Holbrook himself had nothing to say, and he sat for some time toying with the end of the embroidery falling from her knee. Finally he said:

"Do you know that I have experienced great pleasure in my calls here—pleasure of a kind it has not been my lot to experience for several years?"

Annie looked up wonderingly.

"I sincerely hope you do find pleasure in your visits here, and it is pleasant to hear you say so, but I do not quite understand you."

"Why not?"

"Oh, your words seem to convey a meaning they do not express clearly."

"Perhaps they do. You know, of course, that I am a bachelor. Well, I have, ever since I came to the city, twelve years ago, lived in a hotel. It is now eight years since my mother died, and the home of my childhood, to which from time to time I returned, was broken up. Since that time, this household has been the only place I have visited where I have been treated with that informality I crave, and where the occupants pursue their work as my mother used to do. It is eight years and more since I have been permitted by any woman to sit so near and play with her work as I do now, and as I used to do sitting beside my mother."

Annie was provoked with herself as she felt the blushes mantling her cheeks, for she had noted the tone of tenderness which underlay his words. To blush was to assume that this tenderness was directed toward herself, when his words conveyed nothing of the sort, and when without doubt only the recollections of his mother and his home had been stirred by entering their domestic circle. She made an effort and replied:

"It is a pleasure, then, at a very small cost, I am sure, Mr. Holbrook."

"A pleasure I duly appreciate."

"Was your mother a widow?"

"Yes. With but two children, a sister and myself. My sister is married and lives abroad—her husband occupies a diplomatic position."

"It is hard to lose one's home. It must be. I do not think I could content myself to live for all time as we are now. I want a home of my own, which I can deck and beautify my own way."

"I think you, yourself, would beautify any place however bare, and make it home, Miss Templeton."

This was direct enough, and the blush swept up again over her face. Holbrook did not wait for a reply, but continued:

"It is woman who makes the home. Men may erect a house, fill it with costly furniture and beautiful works of art, yet it is only an abiding place. Until some woman graces it with her presence and her life it does not become home."

Annie looked up archly and said:

"If you appreciate a home so much, Mr. Holbrook, why do you not obtain one for yourself?"

Holbrook looked at her steadily, and with not even the suspicion of a smile on his face, replied:

"Sometimes the heaven we most desire is not attainable. But I propose to attain mine if I can by earnest endeavor. It is only within a short time that my heaven has been shown me, and when the time is meet I'll put my fortune to the test."

Then without permitting reply he quickly said:

"Come, Miss Templeton, the day is fine, the air good and you have been much housed of late—come with me for a short walk. I'll bring you back to your mother in time for dinner."

Annie willingly acceded, and ran away to prepare herself for the walk.

As she walked and chatted with him freely and with more gayety than she had ever shown him before, she was happier than she had been since her brother's death, and she was surprised to find how bright the day was and how joyous a time the autumn could be.

And Holbrook thought it a rare day—one in a thousand.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOLBROOK MAKES A DISCOVERY.

MONTH had elapsed since the murder. It remained quite as much of a mystery as it had been in the beginning. The police authorities were baffled in every direction, though they clung obstinately to their theory that Templeton had been killed for some one else.

On his way down town, on the morning following his walk with Annie, Holbrook had stepped into headquarters, and had talked with the high official who had supplied him with the sample of cloth and the diamond button. He had discussed the theory with the high official, and was compelled to acknowledge that from the standpoint of the authorities, and with the information they possessed, the theory was plausibly argued.

He was troubled over his own concealment of certain things, and while he felicitated himself upon the fact that neither Tom nor himself had said a word concerning Fountain, now that it was clear that he was not the guilty man, yet he thought he ought to tell the authorities of the suspicions they had as to Templeton's and Fountain's relations to each other and to the dead Pierson. But what was he to say? He was in precisely the same predicament as he was before they had found Fountain to be guiltless. He couldn't speak without bringing Flora into the affair, and if it had been difficult to do so before, now after his interview with her, and after what was practically a promise on his part not to use his knowledge to the disadvantage of herself or Fountain, it was doubly so. Besides, to open himself to the high official would be to prove treacherous to Tom.

So, without revealing any of his thoughts, he left and went his way to his office. He dismissed all further consideration of his duty in the matter with the thought that he was so involved by circumstances that he could not do what seemed to be an obvious duty without doing greater harm in other directions, and let his mind run on the joys of his walk with Annie on the previous evening and her charming qualities of mind and person.

Thus engaged, he reached his office. As he opened the door of the outer room, with more than usual vigor, he was startled by a loud crash. A clerk had so placed a ladder that one leg was immediately in front of the door. He had mounted it so as to gain access to a row of high shelves surrounding the office, on which were kept green wooden boxes, the figures of past years, the names of clients and of estates whose affairs the office had in charge being lettered in white on them.

When Holbrook had hastily swung open the door it had struck a leg of the ladder, nearly toppling over the clerk and causing him to drop one of the boxes to the floor, upon which it fell so heavily as to burst open.

This was the crash which had startled him. Several of the clerks sprang to save the box, and as they lifted it up it fell apart, scattering its contents.

"What papers are they?" asked Holbrook, viewing the wreck he had caused.

"Old ones, I should judge," replied Clark, the managing clerk, bending over to pick one of the packages up. "They refer to Sampson, Hurcomb & Co., a concern that has been out of existence these ten years. Their affairs are all closed up."

Among the papers was a small tin box.

"What is that?" asked Holbrook.

"I don't know," said the clerk, picking it up. "Look for the key," finding it locked and the key not in the lock.

The office boy pawed over the papers, but could find none.

Holbrook took the box and turned it around and around. On one end he saw the letters "C. P."

"What can it be?" he said, struck by the initials. "Bring something to break it open."

He carried it into his private room, and there they brought him a hammer and a broken dining knife.

With these he broke open the box and found it filled with papers.

The first one he lifted from the box was a note long since overdue.

It was drawn to the order of Charles Pierson and signed "A. P. Duncan."

"It is as I supposed," he muttered. "It belonged to Pierson and escaped the boys when his papers were returned. It must have been misplaced in that box."

He lifted out other papers. They were all overdue notes, drawn to Pierson's order and mostly signed by Duncan.

Holbrook did not know and did not care who Duncan was.

He turned the contents of the box out on his desk.

At the bottom was a large blue envelope tied with red tape, and sealed with red wax back and front over the tape.

The tape was wound around the narrow and then the long way, so that it could not be opened without the seals being broken.

On the back was inscribed:

"Private papers of Charles Pierson. Not to be opened unless upon the written consent of Charles Pierson, or after his death, and then only by Judge Harkner."

"But Judge Harkner died before he did," said Holbrook, talking to himself. He balanced it in his hand.

Should he open it? Who was to stop him, and who was there to say nay? And was he not the executor of Judge Harkner?

He broke the seals. To open the envelope he was compelled to destroy it. It had been fastened with glue. The envelope was one of the kind lined with muslin.

He tore it open and took out a written paper. It was a sheet of legal cap written on both sides.

The contents of the sheet had been penned by the same hand as had written the inscription.

It was signed "Charles Pierson."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DOCUMENT THAT SHEDS LIGHT.

HOLBROOK sat down to read the document so singularly brought to his notice.

"Judge Harkner has frequently urged me to make a will. I ought to do so, for my property has grown to be large. It now amounts by the last inventory to over two million dollars.

"I cannot make a will to dispose of this property as I want to do, without discovering to Judge Harkner certain events of my life, which, if known to him, would lose me his esteem. I think I have it now, and I wish to retain it.

"The first thing I would have to confess would be that Charles Pierson is not my right name, although I have borne it now for twenty years. My real name is Carroll Preston.

"I propose to set down here briefly the facts, to be read by Judge Harkner after my death.

"I was born at Red Bank, N. J. When about 20 years old I removed with my parents to Plainfield, N. J. There, two years after, I married a young girl, who died at the end of a year in giving birth to a daughter.

"Shortly after I went to Philadelphia. Women have been the bane of my life. I became involved with a widow named Wessing, with one child—a boy. She forced me into a marriage. I pretended to yield, but it was a mock marriage. The supposed minister was an accomplice. I fled from this alliance, taking care that after my flight she should know the ceremony was false.

"I fled to Europe, and while there an American, of my name exactly, died in a small town. Though aware of it, I paid no attention to it, until I learned through the American consul that inquiries had been made by my dead wife's relatives and by the woman Wessing. Then I persuaded the consul that it was myself who had died. It was easy to do, for the other Preston had no friends.

"I then returned to this country and adopted the name of Charles Pierson. Fifteen years had elapsed since I left Plainfield. I put inquiries on foot and learned that the Wessing woman had never taken my name.

"I entered business and prospered from the beginning. From time to time I have sent money, through secret sources, to the woman Wessing.

[To be continued]

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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SPECIAL BARGAINS THIS WEEK

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BARGAIN No. 1;—50 Ladies Ulsters, in pheasant style, also Cape Ulsters, in beautiful Colors $4.00 to $8.00.

No. 2:—17 pieces Dress Goods, in fancy stripes—only 30cts.

No. 3:—A manufacturer's stock of Overcoats & Reefers, purchased at 59cts. on the dollar. In this asortment you can find beautiful garments in Chinchilla, Beaver, Kersey, Melton, plain and fancy Worsted.

If you desire genuine bargains, visit our store before buying your fall clothing.

M. F. NOONAN.

Chatham, Nov. 13th, 1889.

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Just Arrived and now open

4 Cases direct from Manufacturers,

—CONSISTING OF—

Tea Sets, Sugars, Creams, Ice Water Pitchers, Fruit dishes, Cake-Baskets, Cruets, Pickle Stands, Butter Coolers, Card Receivers, Napkin Rings, Berry Spoons, Carvers, Knives, Forks, Spoons &c.

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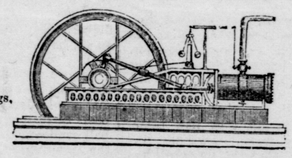

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AGENTS FOR WARREN & JONES TEA MERCHANTS, LONDON & CHINA.
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CHATHAM RAILWAY.

WINTER 1889-90.

ON and after MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH., Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows

GOING NORTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.	No 1 EXPRESS.	No. 3 ACCOM'DATION	THROUGH TIME TABLE	EXPRESS.	ACCOM'DATION.
Leave Chatham,	10.00 p. m.	2 55 p.m.	Leave Chatham,	10.00 p. m.	2.55 p m
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	10.30 "	3.23 "	Arrive Bathurst,	12.18 a. m.	6.05 "
Leave "	10.35 "	3.28 "	" Campbellton,	2.15 "	9.15 "
Arrive Chatham,	11.00 "	3.58 "			

GOING SOUTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.	No. 2 EXPRESS.	No. 4 ACCOM'DATION	THROUGH TIME TABLE.	EXPRESS	ACCOM'DATION
Chatham, Leave,	4.40 a m	11.30 a m	Leave Chatham,	4.40 a m	11.30 a m
Chatham Junction, Arrive,	5.10 "	12.00 "	Arrive Moncton	7 30 a m	3.25 p m
" " Leave,	5.15 "	12.05 p m	" St John	11.10	7.25
Chatham Arrive,	5.40 "	12.30 "	" Halifax	2 10	11.25

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 Intercolonial.

☞ 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 freight 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 Shipment of Fish

NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER Arrangement.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 25th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway as follows:—

CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON.	EXPRESS,	FREIGHT.	FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM.	EXPRESS,	FREIGHT,
Chatham	6 30 a m	7 15 a m	Fredericton	2 40 p m	7 00 a m
" Junction	7 00 "	8 00 "	Gibson	2 45 "	7 10 "
Blackville	8 05 "	9 15 "	Marysville	2 58 "	7 30 "
Doaktown	9 25 "	10 50 "	Cross Creek	4 10 "	9 10 "
Boiestown	10 26 "	11 50 "	Boiestown	5 20 "	10 35 "
Cross Creek	11 30 "	1 20 p m	Doaktown	6 10 "	11 35 "
Marysville	12 45 p m	3 05 "	Blackville	7 25 "	1 20 p m
Gibson	12 55 "	3 20 "	Chatham Junction	8 30 "	3 05 "
Fredericton	1 00 "	3 25 "	Chatham	9 00 "	3 30 "

N. B. The above EXPRESS TRAINS will run *daily* Sundays excepted. The FREIGHT TRAIN from Fredericton to Chatham 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 all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the 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.

THROUGH PASSENGERS FOR ST. JOHN, arrive in Fredericton at 1 o'clock, having three hours and twenty minutes to spare before taking the St John train, and they reach the latter city earlier than by way of Moncton Coaching to hotel and St. John train free to through passengers.

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As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, comprising

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The Peerless Creamer,

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the lining of which can be taken out for cleaning thereby doing away with the removing of pipe or oven as is the trouble with other stoves.

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COFFIN FINDINGS AND ROBES

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Burdock Blood Bitters

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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PRICE 50 CTS.

IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

FARMS FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for sale the farm lately occupied by Francis Wall, near Indiantown, in the Parish of Derby.

—ALSO—

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Gents' Fur Caps in Seal and Persian Lamb.
Ladies' Woollen Hose in Oxford Grey and Black.
Misses " " " " "
Boys " " " " "

W. S. Loggie.

NOTICE.

An adjourned meeting of the Stockholders of the Miramichi Steam Nav Co, will be held in the Masonic Hall (up stairs), on Tuesday, 14th January at 8 o'clock,

WM. MURRAY, President.

Chatham, Dec. 31st 1889.

Card.

On Monday, Jan. 6th, MR. ALF. E. MORELAND will open his class for musical instruction. Intending pupils should apply as early as possible. Terms and all information given at Mrs. Gray's, St. John St., Chatham.

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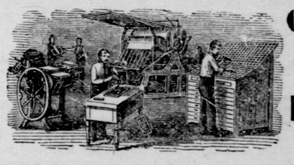

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