

BUSINESS NOTION.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Notice to Revisors. Revisors of votes will be supplied with revision forms on application to the undersigned.

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PENDLETON'S PANACEA? Halifax N. S. Aug. 1896.

STOP IT QUICK! Why suffer with Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea

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The Diamond Coterie By LAWRENCE M. LYNCH

Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward," "The Lost Witness," "A Sinner's Clue," "Dangerous Ground," "Against Odds," Etc., Etc.

Raymond Vandeyck draws instinctively away from the grave now, and from the man who still holds the knife, as if in doing he comes nearer the group of women, and catches a sentence that falls from the lips of Nance Burrill into anger, and he strides across to where Mr. O'Meara stands.

"O'Meara, what is this that I hear; have they dared accuse Health?"

"No; I have heard nothing, save the fact of the murder; the coroner's summons found me at home."

"Health will be accused, I think." Raymond Vandeyck turns and goes over to the group of women, and in a word, he links his arm within that of the suspected man, and standing thus, listens to the opening of the trial.

The only sign of recognition he receives is a slight pressure of the arm upon which his hand rests; but before Clifford Health's eyes, just for the moment, there swims a suspicious lustre.

Above them, crowding close about the cellar walls, is a motley throng, curious, eager, expectant; among the faces peering over the top of the gallery, are gentlemen; his diamond pin glistening as he turns this way and that; his great coat blown back by the gusts of wind, and a man in a military frock, and another in a plumed helmet, and another in a military uniform, and another in a military uniform, and another in a military uniform.

Frank Lamotte is the first. He is pale and nervous, and he avoids the eyes of the man who has just been accused. Doctor Heath keeps two steady, searching orbs fixed upon his face, but can draw to himself no responsive glance. Frank testifies as follows:

John Burrill had left Mapleton the evening before at an early hour, not later than eight o'clock. Witness had seen little of him during the day. Because he was in a state of semi-intoxication when he last saw him. That was at six o'clock, or near that time. No, he did not know the man who had been accused, but he went out together. Did not know if Burrill had any enemies. Was not much in his confidence.

Upon being questioned closer, he displays some unwillingness to answer, but finally admits that he has heard Burrill speak in bitter terms of Doctor Heath, seeing that he knew something concerning the doctor's past life that he, Heath, wished to conceal.

What was the nature of the knowledge? The he cannot tell. Jasper Lamotte is called. He has been absent from home, and can throw no light upon the subject.

The two men, one after the other, testify; their statements do not vary. They were returning home, having turned back from their father's farm, by the side of the main road. When they came near the old cellar, the barking of a dog attracted their attention. It came from the cellar, and one of them, curious to see what the dog had hunted down, went to look. The dog was tugging at what appeared to be a human foot. He called his companion, and then leaped down into the cellar, and tried to drive the dog from what he now feared was a half buried human being. The other man called for help, and seeing O'Meara, shouted to him to tell Heath to come and see "his dog."

They tell all, How Doctor Heath came and mastered the dog, the dead was uncovered, and how Doctor Heath, snatched at the white thing they saw, and then, in a moment, he turned to see if he had any more to say that has not been said. He knows nothing of the murdered man, save that once he had knocked him down for beating his woman, and once for insulting his woman.

Had he ever threatened deceased? He believed that he had on the occasion last mentioned. What was the exact language used? That he could not recall.

Then the handkerchief is produced; is presented to him. "Doctor Heath, is that yours?" Every man holds his breath; every man is visibly agitated; every man save the witness, who is in a state of perfect calm. He knows nothing of the murdered man, save that once he had knocked him down for beating his woman, and once for insulting his woman.

"I do," calmly. "No, my knowledge." "Then you are seeking facts, sir, not ideas." "A moment's silence; the coroner takes up the knife.

"Doctor Heath, will you look at this? The doctor steps promptly forward and

receives it from his hand. "Did you ever see that knife before?" "I can't say, sir," turning it curiously in his hands, and examining the spots upon the blade.

"Did you ever see one like it?" "Yes, sir." "Did you ever own one like it?" "I do own one like it."

"Are such knives common?" "They are—to the surgical profession." "Do you own more than one knife of this sort?" "No, sir."

"Did you ever own more than one like this?" "Not at the same time." "Then you have lost a knife like this?" "No; but I have broken two."

"When did you last see deceased alive?" "Not since our encounter on the street; that was a week ago. I should think, perhaps longer."

"Who witnessed that affair?" "Mr. Vandeyck was with me; the others were strangers."

"That is, all Doctor Heath." "Lawyer O'Meara comes next; his testimony is brief, and unimportantly given. He adds nothing new to the collected evidence.

Nance comes the man Rooney, and he rehearses the scene at "Old Forry Road," sparing himself as much as possible. "We didn't really think he'd go to Doctor Heath," he says in conclusion.

"We all called it a capital joke, and agreed to go out and look him up after a little. He was reeling drunk when we went to his place, and he was almost on the floor on the way. After a while, an hour perhaps, we started out, half a dozen of us, with a lantern, and went along the road he had taken, and we were almost to Health's cottage, looking all about the road as we went. When we did not find him, we concluded that he had gone straight home, and that if we waited longer the laugh would be on us. So we went back, and agreed to say nothing about the matter to Burrill when he should see him, and if we were almost to Health's house?"

"How near did you come to Doctor Health's house?" "Very near, sir; almost as near as we are now."

"But you were in the opposite direction." "Just so, sir; we came from the town." "Did you hear any movements, any sounds of any sort?"

"Nothing particular, sir; we were making some noise ourselves." "Did you meet any one, either going or coming?"

"No, sir; but a man might easily have passed us in the dark on the other side of the road." "Five men confirm Rooney's statement, and every word weighs like lead against Clifford Health."

John Burrill left the saloon to go to Doctor Heath's house; in drunken bravado, he would go at night to disturb and annoy the man who had, twice, in public, chastised him, and on each occasion uttered a threat and a warning; unheeding these, he had gone to brave the man who had warned him against an approach—and he has never been seen alive since; he has been found dead, murdered, hidden away near the house of the man who had been seen to go about the cross my path, rest assured I shall know how to dispose of him."

These words distinctly remembered by all three of the women who witnessed the rescue in Nance Burrill's house, and repeated by each one in turn, and the entire scene is rehearsed.

Nance Burrill is called upon, and just as she comes forward, Mr. Lamotte beckons the coroner, and whispers a few words in his ear. The coroner nods, and then he looks at the witness, and says, "You are sworn, and all alike eagerly, expecting to hear her rehearse the story of her life as connected with that of the dead man. But all are doomed to disappointment. She tells the story of the rescue in her cottage, much as did the others; she repeats the words of Clifford Health, as did the others, and she turns back to her friends, leaving the case against the man who had been her champion, darker than before."

Raymond Vandeyck is called; he does not stir from his position beside his friend, and his face wears a look of defiant submission. "Ray," says Clifford Health, quietly, "your silence would be construed against me; go forward and tell the whole truth."

"Then he obeys the summons; but the truth has been drawn from him by hard labor; he will not help them to a single fact. For example—

"What do you know concerning this case?" "Nothing," he says, shortly. "Did you know that man," pointing to the body of Burrill; "in his life?" "I had not that honor."

"Ah—you have seen him?" (Continued on 4th page.)

General News and Notes. A Wonderful Flesh Producer. This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food.

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