

## The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 14 page.)

In France, they complain of too much red tape in the police department. Let them supply us with their superabundance, we have too little.

While Corliss "investigates," the mayor delivers an impromptu oration; and Mr. Craig, of the Argus, takes down, according to his own light, the out of his inner consciousness, the Argus man evokes an idea, which Corliss is not slow to adopt and use as his own.

"I suppose they will have a detective down as soon as possible," says Mr. Craig, as Corliss lays one ruthless hand on the overturned chair. "If I were you, Corliss, I would leave everything exactly as I find it for the benefit of whoever works the case."

Corliss slowly lowers the chair to its former position, and turns upon Craig a look of offended dignity.

"What do you suppose I intended to do?"

"Umph!" retorted Craig, with a disapproving sniff. "I rather thought you intended to sit down in that chair."

Turning his back upon the flippant young man, so sadly lacking in respect for the "powers that be," Corliss resumed his investigations. He has read, in many novels and sensational newspapers, vivid descriptions of similar examinations, and he goes to work with a will, in the fashion. He scrutinizes the window, the open blind, the cut pane, the hangings within and the down-trodden shabby without, he darts out, and darts in, he peers under every thing, over every thing, into every thing; he inspects, over and over again, the furniture, the walls, the safe, from which the treasure was actually taken; and raps and sounds it as if in search of some private receptacle that the thieves had overlooked. Miss Wardour never found out. He goes down flat upon his stomach, and scrutinizes Miss Wardour's scrupulously clean carpets, in search of a footprint in the dust that is not there.

While he performs these feats, the other follows him about solemnly, and full of wondering admiration; and the man of the Argus scribbles, and chuckles and grins maliciously.

Meantime, there have been other arrivals at Wardour Place; and Constance, leaving the inspectors to their own devices, is standing in her drawing-room, talking earnestly with a broad-shouldered, handsome man, who looks much surprised at the tale she is telling.

"How unfortunate," says the man, "the table beside him. 'I came here to speak of our river excursion, and lo, in the midst of a sensation.'"

Constance laughed.

"And surrounded by forlorn females," she supplemented. "Aunt Honor won't be able to get a night in a week, although she looks so bright."

Miss Alston, who is seated at the farthest window, half buried by the lace draperies, and looking steadily down the road, pops out her head to retort.

"It's time to look fierce; don't I know that those Vandals in the next room are in sympathy with the burglars?"

Constance laughed easily.

"They can't do much harm, auntie; the burglars did not leave a trace. I am positive of that." Then turning to her new comer, "I am very glad you came just now, Doctor Heath; you may help me with your advice. I have seen my lawyer, Mr. O'Meara; but, for some reason he does not come."

"Oh! I am sorry for that; he would be sure to know how to proceed, and who to employ. Doctor Heath you are of course acquainted in the city; tell me a good man, a really good one. I intend to spend no expense in hunting these robbers."

"And these diamonds?" from behind the curtain.

"Aunt Honor, you are like the ghost in the pantomime; come out and be one of us."

"I won't."

"Very well, then; but seriously, Doctor Heath, if I can't trust but the one, let it be the robbers. Do you know I have a fancy that if we caught them or him, it would put an end to some of our very long; but, don't you think we have more than our average of crime?"

"I had not observed, Miss Wardour," said the woman of a year while the jeweler, was a heavy loss. Within the year, three banks in this vicinity have been robbed. Last summer, Mark Olson, a farmer, drew from the bank seven thousand dollars, intending to purchase land, half way between W— and his home he was waylaid, knocked from his horse, robbed, and left in the road senseless. I could name to you no less than seven private residences that have been burglarized within the past ten months, and if I related to you the circumstances attending each robbery, you would be satisfied, as I am, that in every case, the robbers knew their ground, and did not work at random."

"And you have noted each of these events accurately, Miss Wardour, and yet, were not—warned?"

"I have noted all these events, Doctor Heath, and yet—have been robbed."

"Doctor Heath holds his eyes upon the floor, and remains silent, thinking no possibility of reading his thoughts in his face. It is a fine face, however, and Miss Wardour must be pained if she takes advantage of this temporary distraction to gaze full at him for one moment.

The close cropped thick brown hair, displays a well shaped forehead, is broad and full, the eyes large, dark gray and capable of almost any expression; usually they look out from his handsome face with a half-contemptuous indifference to all things, that leads one to fancy those eyes may have a history; this may or may not be the case. Doctor Heath came to W— less than two years ago, with a personal certificate of merit from the first of the great New York physicians, brought out the practice of a broken down old resident doctor, fitted up a handsome office and settled down to his business. He hired a small cottage as a place of residence, installed a deaf old woman as housekeeper and maid, all work, and lived a quiet bachelor life, riding a good horse, smoking a good cigar, and growing in favor with polite W— society.

"And this is absolutely all that W— can tell concerning Dr. Clifford Heath. What was his past, whence he came, what the length of his purse or pedigree, no one knows. People have tried to find something—of course—but Doctor Heath has a wonderful way of setting aside the hints of the curious, and he ignores the right of W— to know his private history, with a cool indifference that is as exasperating as it is effective.

As he thinks, Miss Wardour watches; but no change comes over the calm, smooth shaven face, every feature expressing firmness and strength, and nothing more.

"And so you want an able officer to take this business in hand, Miss Wardour," says Clifford Heath, "shaking the fragment of cambric, 'lying like a dead man's face; and the vial, on the little right hand beside my bed. Aunt Honor was rapping for admittance, and when she had made me comprehend the situation, we decided that it was best to say nothing of this. What seems strange is, that I was administered with such care; I am affected by the smallest quantity of the drug, and an ordinary dose would have put me under medical treatment. I could not have left my bed, as she had given me as much as would serve only to stupefy Aunt Honor there."

"No," interrupted Mrs. Alston, once more from her window. "It would have been worse than that; I think an overdose of chloroform would kill Constance. It seems as if they knew just how much to give."

Was it fancy, or did a troubled look rest for a moment in the eyes of Doctor Heath, and on his countenance a shade of pallor?

"This is, to my mind, the most serious case of the affair," he said gravely. "Mrs. Alston is right; an overdose of that drug would be fatal to you. Your life has been jeopardized. I agree with you, according to his own light, the out of his inner consciousness, the Argus man evokes an idea, which Corliss is not slow to adopt and use as his own."

"I suppose they will have a detective down as soon as possible," says Mr. Craig, as Corliss lays one ruthless hand on the overturned chair. "If I were you, Corliss, I would leave everything exactly as I find it for the benefit of whoever works the case."

Corliss slowly lowers the chair to its former position, and turns upon Craig a look of offended dignity.

"What do you suppose I intended to do?"

"Umph!" retorted Craig, with a disapproving sniff. "I rather thought you intended to sit down in that chair."

Turning his back upon the flippant young man, so sadly lacking in respect for the "powers that be," Corliss resumed his investigations. He has read, in many novels and sensational newspapers, vivid descriptions of similar examinations, and he goes to work with a will, in the fashion. He scrutinizes the window, the open blind, the cut pane, the hangings within and the down-trodden shabby without, he darts out, and darts in, he peers under every thing, over every thing, into every thing; he inspects, over and over again, the furniture, the walls, the safe, from which the treasure was actually taken; and raps and sounds it as if in search of some private receptacle that the thieves had overlooked.

While he performs these feats, the other follows him about solemnly, and full of wondering admiration; and the man of the Argus scribbles, and chuckles and grins maliciously.

Meantime, there have been other arrivals at Wardour Place; and Constance, leaving the inspectors to their own devices, is standing in her drawing-room, talking earnestly with a broad-shouldered, handsome man, who looks much surprised at the tale she is telling.

"How unfortunate," says the man, "the table beside him. 'I came here to speak of our river excursion, and lo, in the midst of a sensation.'"

Constance laughed.

"And surrounded by forlorn females," she supplemented. "Aunt Honor won't be able to get a night in a week, although she looks so bright."

Miss Alston, who is seated at the farthest window, half buried by the lace draperies, and looking steadily down the road, pops out her head to retort.

"It's time to look fierce; don't I know that those Vandals in the next room are in sympathy with the burglars?"

Constance laughed easily.

"They can't do much harm, auntie; the burglars did not leave a trace. I am positive of that." Then turning to her new comer, "I am very glad you came just now, Doctor Heath; you may help me with your advice. I have seen my lawyer, Mr. O'Meara; but, for some reason he does not come."

"Oh! I am sorry for that; he would be sure to know how to proceed, and who to employ. Doctor Heath you are of course acquainted in the city; tell me a good man, a really good one. I intend to spend no expense in hunting these robbers."

"And these diamonds?" from behind the curtain.

"Aunt Honor, you are like the ghost in the pantomime; come out and be one of us."

"I won't."

"Very well, then; but seriously, Doctor Heath, if I can't trust but the one, let it be the robbers. Do you know I have a fancy that if we caught them or him, it would put an end to some of our very long; but, don't you think we have more than our average of crime?"

"I had not observed, Miss Wardour," said the woman of a year while the jeweler, was a heavy loss. Within the year, three banks in this vicinity have been robbed. Last summer, Mark Olson, a farmer, drew from the bank seven thousand dollars, intending to purchase land, half way between W— and his home he was waylaid, knocked from his horse, robbed, and left in the road senseless. I could name to you no less than seven private residences that have been burglarized within the past ten months, and if I related to you the circumstances attending each robbery, you would be satisfied, as I am, that in every case, the robbers knew their ground, and did not work at random."

"And you have noted each of these events accurately, Miss Wardour, and yet, were not—warned?"

"I have noted all these events, Doctor Heath, and yet—have been robbed."

"Doctor Heath holds his eyes upon the floor, and remains silent, thinking no possibility of reading his thoughts in his face. It is a fine face, however, and Miss Wardour must be pained if she takes advantage of this temporary distraction to gaze full at him for one moment.

The close cropped thick brown hair, displays a well shaped forehead, is broad and full, the eyes large, dark gray and capable of almost any expression; usually they look out from his handsome face with a half-contemptuous indifference to all things, that leads one to fancy those eyes may have a history; this may or may not be the case. Doctor Heath came to W— less than two years ago, with a personal certificate of merit from the first of the great New York physicians, brought out the practice of a broken down old resident doctor, fitted up a handsome office and settled down to his business. He hired a small cottage as a place of residence, installed a deaf old woman as housekeeper and maid, all work, and lived a quiet bachelor life, riding a good horse, smoking a good cigar, and growing in favor with polite W— society.

"And this is absolutely all that W— can tell concerning Dr. Clifford Heath. What was his past, whence he came, what the length of his purse or pedigree, no one knows. People have tried to find something—of course—but Doctor Heath has a wonderful way of setting aside the hints of the curious, and he ignores the right of W— to know his private history, with a cool indifference that is as exasperating as it is effective.

As he thinks, Miss Wardour watches; but no change comes over the calm, smooth shaven face, every feature expressing firmness and strength, and nothing more.

"And so you want an able officer to take this business in hand, Miss Wardour," says Clifford Heath, "shaking the fragment of cambric, 'lying like a dead man's face; and the vial, on the little right hand beside my bed. Aunt Honor was rapping for admittance, and when she had made me comprehend the situation, we decided that it was best to say nothing of this. What seems strange is, that I was administered with such care; I am affected by the smallest quantity of the drug, and an ordinary dose would have put me under medical treatment. I could not have left my bed, as she had given me as much as would serve only to stupefy Aunt Honor there."

"No," interrupted Mrs. Alston, once more from her window. "It would have been worse than that; I think an overdose of chloroform would kill Constance. It seems as if they knew just how much to give."

Was it fancy, or did a troubled look rest for a moment in the eyes of Doctor Heath, and on his countenance a shade of pallor?

"This is, to my mind, the most serious case of the affair," he said gravely. "Mrs. Alston is right; an overdose of that drug would be fatal to you. Your life has been jeopardized. I agree with you, according to his own light, the out of his inner consciousness, the Argus man evokes an idea, which Corliss is not slow to adopt and use as his own."

"I suppose they will have a detective down as soon as possible," says Mr. Craig, as Corliss lays one ruthless hand on the overturned chair. "If I were you, Corliss, I would leave everything exactly as I find it for the benefit of whoever works the case."

Corliss slowly lowers the chair to its former position, and turns upon Craig a look of offended dignity.

"What do you suppose I intended to do?"

"Umph!" retorted Craig, with a disapproving sniff. "I rather thought you intended to sit down in that chair."

Turning his back upon the flippant young man, so sadly lacking in respect for the "powers that be," Corliss resumed his investigations. He has read, in many novels and sensational newspapers, vivid descriptions of similar examinations, and he goes to work with a will, in the fashion. He scrutinizes the window, the open blind, the cut pane, the hangings within and the down-trodden shabby without, he darts out, and darts in, he peers under every thing, over every thing, into every thing; he inspects, over and over again, the furniture, the walls, the safe, from which the treasure was actually taken; and raps and sounds it as if in search of some private receptacle that the thieves had overlooked.

While he performs these feats, the other follows him about solemnly, and full of wondering admiration; and the man of the Argus scribbles, and chuckles and grins maliciously.

Meantime, there have been other arrivals at Wardour Place; and Constance, leaving the inspectors to their own devices, is standing in her drawing-room, talking earnestly with a broad-shouldered, handsome man, who looks much surprised at the tale she is telling.

"How unfortunate," says the man, "the table beside him. 'I came here to speak of our river excursion, and lo, in the midst of a sensation.'"

Constance laughed.

"And surrounded by forlorn females," she supplemented. "Aunt Honor won't be able to get a night in a week, although she looks so bright."

Was it fancy, or did a troubled look rest for a moment in the eyes of Doctor Heath, and on his countenance a shade of pallor?

"This is, to my mind, the most serious case of the affair," he said gravely. "Mrs. Alston is right; an overdose of that drug would be fatal to you. Your life has been jeopardized. I agree with you, according to his own light, the out of his inner consciousness, the Argus man evokes an idea, which Corliss is not slow to adopt and use as his own."

"I suppose they will have a detective down as soon as possible," says Mr. Craig, as Corliss lays one ruthless hand on the overturned chair. "If I were you, Corliss, I would leave everything exactly as I find it for the benefit of whoever works the case."

Corliss slowly lowers the chair to its former position, and turns upon Craig a look of offended dignity.

"What do you suppose I intended to do?"

"Umph!" retorted Craig, with a disapproving sniff. "I rather thought you intended to sit down in that chair."

Turning his back upon the flippant young man, so sadly lacking in respect for the "powers that be," Corliss resumed his investigations. He has read, in many novels and sensational newspapers, vivid descriptions of similar examinations, and he goes to work with a will, in the fashion. He scrutinizes the window, the open blind, the cut pane, the hangings within and the down-trodden shabby without, he darts out, and darts in, he peers under every thing, over every thing, into every thing; he inspects, over and over again, the furniture, the walls, the safe, from which the treasure was actually taken; and raps and sounds it as if in search of some private receptacle that the thieves had overlooked.

While he performs these feats, the other follows him about solemnly, and full of wondering admiration; and the man of the Argus scribbles, and chuckles and grins maliciously.

Meantime, there have been other arrivals at Wardour Place; and Constance, leaving the inspectors to their own devices, is standing in her drawing-room, talking earnestly with a broad-shouldered, handsome man, who looks much surprised at the tale she is telling.

"How unfortunate," says the man, "the table beside him. 'I came here to speak of our river excursion, and lo, in the midst of a sensation.'"

Constance laughed.

"And surrounded by forlorn females," she supplemented. "Aunt Honor won't be able to get a night in a week, although she looks so bright."

Miss Alston, who is seated at the farthest window, half buried by the lace draperies, and looking steadily down the road, pops out her head to retort.

"It's time to look fierce; don't I know that those Vandals in the next room are in sympathy with the burglars?"

Constance laughed easily.

"They can't do much harm, auntie; the burglars did not leave a trace. I am positive of that." Then turning to her new comer, "I am very glad you came just now, Doctor Heath; you may help me with your advice. I have seen my lawyer, Mr. O'Meara; but, for some reason he does not come."

"Oh! I am sorry for that; he would be sure to know how to proceed, and who to employ. Doctor Heath you are of course acquainted in the city; tell me a good man, a really good one. I intend to spend no expense in hunting these robbers."

"And these diamonds?" from behind the curtain.

"Aunt Honor, you are like the ghost in the pantomime; come out and be one of us."

"I won't."

"Very well, then; but seriously, Doctor Heath, if I can't trust but the one, let it be the robbers. Do you know I have a fancy that if we caught them or him, it would put an end to some of our very long; but, don't you think we have more than our average of crime?"

"I had not observed, Miss Wardour," said the woman of a year while the jeweler, was a heavy loss. Within the year, three banks in this vicinity have been robbed. Last summer, Mark Olson, a farmer, drew from the bank seven thousand dollars, intending to purchase land, half way between W— and his home he was waylaid, knocked from his horse, robbed, and left in the road senseless. I could name to you no less than seven private residences that have been burglarized within the past ten months, and if I related to you the circumstances attending each robbery, you would be satisfied, as I am, that in every case, the robbers knew their ground, and did not work at random."

"And you have noted each of these events accurately, Miss Wardour, and yet, were not—warned?"

"I have noted all these events, Doctor Heath, and yet—have been robbed."

"Doctor Heath holds his eyes upon the floor, and remains silent, thinking no possibility of reading his thoughts in his face. It is a fine face, however, and Miss Wardour must be pained if she takes advantage of this temporary distraction to gaze full at him for one moment.

The close cropped thick brown hair, displays a well shaped forehead, is broad and full, the eyes large, dark gray and capable of almost any expression; usually they look out from his handsome face with a half-contemptuous indifference to all things, that leads one to fancy those eyes may have a history; this may or may not be the case. Doctor Heath came to W— less than two years ago, with a personal certificate of merit from the first of the great New York physicians, brought out the practice of a broken down old resident doctor, fitted up a handsome office and settled down to his business. He hired a small cottage as a place of residence, installed a deaf old woman as housekeeper and maid, all work, and lived a quiet bachelor life, riding a good horse, smoking a good cigar, and growing in favor with polite W— society.

"And this is absolutely all that W— can tell concerning Dr. Clifford Heath. What was his past, whence he came, what the length of his purse or pedigree, no one knows. People have tried to find something—of course—but Doctor Heath has a wonderful way of setting aside the hints of the curious, and he ignores the right of W— to know his private history, with a cool indifference that is as exasperating as it is effective.

As he thinks, Miss Wardour watches; but no change comes over the calm, smooth shaven face, every feature expressing firmness and strength, and nothing more.

"And so you want an able officer to take this business in hand, Miss Wardour," says Clifford Heath, "shaking the fragment of cambric, 'lying like a dead man's face; and the vial, on the little right hand beside my bed. Aunt Honor was rapping for admittance, and when she had made me comprehend the situation, we decided that it was best to say nothing of this. What seems strange is, that I was administered with such care; I am affected by the smallest quantity of the drug, and an ordinary dose would have put me under medical treatment. I could not have left my bed, as she had given me as much as would serve only to stupefy Aunt Honor there."

"No," interrupted Mrs. Alston, once more from her window. "It would have been worse than that; I think an overdose of chloroform would kill Constance. It seems as if they knew just how much to give."

Was it fancy, or did a troubled look rest for a moment in the eyes of Doctor Heath, and on his countenance a shade of pallor?

"This is, to my mind, the most serious case of the affair," he said gravely. "Mrs. Alston is right; an overdose of that drug would be fatal to you. Your life has been jeopardized. I agree with you, according to his own light, the out of his inner consciousness, the Argus man evokes an idea, which Corliss is not slow to adopt and use as his own."

"I suppose they will have a detective down as soon as possible," says Mr. Craig, as Corliss lays one ruthless hand on the overturned chair. "If I were you, Corliss, I would leave everything exactly as I find it for the benefit of whoever works the case."

Corliss slowly lowers the chair to its former position, and turns upon Craig a look of offended dignity.

"What do you suppose I intended to do?"

"Umph!" retorted Craig, with a disapproving sniff. "I rather thought you intended to sit down in that chair."

Turning his back upon the flippant young man, so sadly lacking in respect for the "powers that be," Corliss resumed his investigations. He has read, in many novels and sensational newspapers, vivid descriptions of similar examinations, and he goes to work with a will, in the fashion. He scrutinizes the window, the open blind, the cut pane, the hangings within and the down-trodden shabby without, he darts out, and darts in, he peers under every thing, over every thing, into every thing; he inspects, over and over again, the furniture, the walls, the safe, from which the treasure was actually taken; and raps and sounds it as if in search of some private receptacle that the thieves had overlooked.

While he performs these feats, the other follows him about solemnly, and full of wondering admiration; and the man of the Argus scribbles, and chuckles and grins maliciously.

Meantime, there have been other arrivals at Wardour Place; and Constance, leaving the inspectors to their own devices, is standing in her drawing-room, talking earnestly with a broad-shouldered, handsome man, who looks much surprised at the tale she is telling.

"How unfortunate," says the man, "the table beside him. 'I came here to speak of our river excursion, and lo, in the midst of a sensation.'"

Constance laughed.

"And surrounded by forlorn females," she supplemented. "Aunt Honor won't be able to get a night in a week, although she looks so bright."

## C. WARMUNDE

IS OFFERING

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY.

Silverware &amp; Novelties.

during the holidays at low prices. Give him a call.

We are glad to welcome visitors, pleased to show our goods and ready to make close prices to all.

WARMUNDE, EXPERIENCED WATCHMAKER.

Pollen Corner, Chatham, N. B.

## Desirable Property for Sale.

Situated in Newcastle adjoining the grounds of Harkins. A colony and owned by the Harkins family. It contains a good dwelling house, large farm, and a large body of water, and is in good condition.

The property will be disposed of at private sale. For terms and particulars apply at the residence, Newcastle, April 18, 1897.

## SEED WHE T.

The Subscriber has for sale

200 Bushels Russian Feed Wheat,

grown by himself. Its yield on his farm,

last year, was 40 bushels per acre.

51 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

It is a very early maturing, ripening quickly and being

well adapted for the soil of this section. It is of the

time of sowing, Price \$1.40 per bushel, cash, or \$1.40

payable Sept. 1st.

GEO. P. SEARLE.

## FOR SALE.

An engine lathe 80 inch and 30 inch swing, elevat-

ing rest, screw cutting etc.

Apply to

JAMES NEILSON,

Canada House Chatham, N. B.

## Comfortable! Stylish!

Dry! Latest

Ah! Out!

Yes, I Feel Comfortable.

My feet are dry—and how they are fitted!

I have therefore, to express my satisfaction

over a discovery, which is that

Messrs. M. &amp; J. HICKEY

know more about the foot &amp; shoe business than

any other dealers in Chatham. That accounts for

the fact that they have no stock from which they can

Fit You Out

with just what you want.

THE RANGE OF THEIR STOCK IS

Well Illustrated

JUST AFTER

A Prospective Bride

had made her purchase last Saturday, which included

different styles of fine lace and self-closing boots,

and slippers, as well as a pair of fairy slippers for

her little sister.

An Angler

of repute came in and asked for strong walking-boots.

A Barnaby Rake

Lumberman

who had just bought a few pairs of driving boots,

thought he could help the sportsman out by sug-

gesting a purchase which he said that he had made,

and that he would be glad to show them to him.

Reply stating full particulars to

P. S. MACNUTT &amp; CO.

St. John, N. B.

The Chatham

Incorporation Act.

For Sale at

25 CENTS.

The Grocery War is still going on, and we are in the

front ranks, and prepared to defend ourselves against

prices, no matter how low.

(Cane) Granulated Sugar, . . . . . 26 lbs. for \$1.00.

Bright Yellow " . . . . . 32 " " "

Tea, . . . . . 13, 15, 18 and 25c per lb.

Choice Blend Tea, . . . . . 25c. per lb.

Oolong " . . . . . 45c. "

Porto Rico Molasses, . . . . . 40c. per gal.

Coffee, C. S. . . . . 39c. " lb.

" P. G. . . . . 30c. " lb.

Canned Corn, . . . . . 7c. or 4 for 25c.

" Tomatoes, . . . . . 7c. or 4 " 25c.&lt;/