"No!" was the sharp rejoinder. "I'm set myself nowadays. I have a bad cold."
"But what is this I hear? You have your eye on another party suspected of being Mrs. Clemmens' murderer?"

The District Attorney bowed unesally. He had hoped to escape the discussion of this embject with Mr. Oreut.

"Verris," he pursued, in a voice he strove hard to keep steady, "we have always been good friends, in spite of the many tilts we have had together before the court. Will you be kind enough to inform me if your suspicions are founded upon evidence collected by yourself, or at the instigation of parties professing to know more about this nurder than they have hitherto revealed? Mr. Ferris could not fail to understand the true nature of this question, and out of pure friendship, answered directly?

"I have allowed myself to look with suspicion upon this Mansell, because the facts which have come to light in his regard are as criminating in their nature as those which have transpired in reference to Mr. Hildreth. The evidence of such witnesses as will have to be summoned before the grand jury is of a character to bring open humiliation, if not seeret grief, upon persons fer whom I entertain the highest esteem."

"You say that so strangely, I feel forced to put another question to you. If what I have to ask strikes you with any surprise, remember that my own astonishment and perplexity at being constrained to interrogate you in this way, are greater than any sensation you can yourself experience. What I desire to know is this. Among the witnesses you have collected against this last suspected party, there are some women, are there not?

The District Attorney gravely bowed.

"Ferris, is Miss Dare amongst them?"

The District Attorney gravely bowed.
"Ferris, is Miss Dare amongst them?"
"Oroutt, she is." With a look that expressed his secret

mistrust the lawyer gave away to a sudden burst of feeling.

"Forris," he wrathfully acknowledged,
"I may be a fool, but I don't see what she can have to say on this subject. It is impossible she should know any thing about the murder; and, as for this Mansell—"He made a violent gesture with his hand, as if the very idea of her having any acquaintance with the nephew of Mrs. Clemmens were simply preposterous.

"The District Attorney, who saw from this how uttorly ignorant the other was concerning Miss Pare's relations to the person named, felt his embarrassment increase.

increase.

"Mr. Orentt," he replied, "strange as it may appear to you, Miss Pare has testimony to give of value to the prosecution, or she would not be reckened among its witnesses. What that testimony is, I must leave to her discretion to make known to you, as she doubtless will, if you question her with sufficient consideration, I would have given up my office with pleasure, so keenly do I feet the embarrassment of my position and the unhappiness of yours. The evidence she has to give in this mutter makes the case against Mansell as strong as that against Hildreth, and it would be the duty of any public prosecutor to recognize the fact and act accordingly."

Mr. Orentt surveyed Mr. Ferris with a peculiar leak.

"Are you sure," he inquired in a slow, ironical tone, "that she has not succeeded in making it stronger !"

The look, the tone, were unexpected, and greatly startled Mr. Ferris,

secret anxiety. Int the wary lawyer had already repented this unwise betrayal of his own doubts. Meeting his companion's eye with a calm-ness that amazed himself, he remarked, in-

stead of answering :
"It was through Miss Dare, then that
your attention was first drawn to Mrs.

Clemmons' nephew ?"

"No," discisimed Mr. Forris, hastily,
"The detectives already had their eyes
upon him. R.t. a hint from her went far toward determining me upon pursuing the matter," he allowed, seeing that his irlend was determined upon hearing the truth. "Se then," observed the other, with a

dorn dryness that recalled his manner at the har," the opened a communication with you herself?"

It was enough. Mr. Orouth dropped the arm of Mr. Ferris, and, with his usual hasty how, turned shortly away. If Imogene Pare, out of her insune desire to free Coverence Hildreth from the suspicion that oppressed him, had resorted to perjury and invented evidence tending to show the guilt of another party and remembering her admissions at their last interview and the language she had used in her letter of farewell, no other conclusion offered itself-well, no other conclusion offered itself-till he had seen her before he proceeded to an interference that would separate her from himself by a guilt still greater than that which already existed between them? Into Mr. Oroutt, while a prey to unwonted passions, had not yet lost control of his reason, and reason told him that impulse was an unsafe guide for him to follow at this time. In all his quick walk home but one mad sentence formulated itself in his brain, and that was: "She loves him so, she is willing to purjure herself for his make."

Even the sight of his books, his papers, and all that various paraphernolia of work and study which gives character to a lawyer's library, was insufficient to restore his mind to its usual condition of calm thought and accurate judgment.

Miss Dare, who had refused to see him at

first, came into his presence with an expres-sion that showed him with what reinctance she had finally responded to his peremptory message. But in the few heavy moments he had been obliged to wait, he had schooled himself to expect coldness if not absolute

What is this you have been doing, Imogene:"
A flish, such as glints across the face of a marble statue, visited for a moment the still whiteness of her set features, then she

Mr. Oroutt, whom flott your house f told you I had a wretched and unhappy

told you I had a wretched and unhappy duty to perform, that, when once accomplished, would separate us forever. I have done it, and the separation has come; why attempt to bridge it?

The demon jealousy had gripped him again, and the words that came to his lips were at once bitter and masterful.

"Imagene," he cried, with as much wrath in his tone as he had ever betrayed in her presence, "you do not answer my question. I ask you what you have been doing, and you reply, your duty. Now, what do you mean by duty? Tell me at once and distinctly, for I will no longer be put off by any roundabout phrases concerning a matter of such vital importance."

This repetition of his words

Mansell."

"You—you do not understand," came from her white lips. It is Mr. Hildreth who is perfectly innocent, and not——" But here she paused. "You will excuse me from saying more," she said. "You, as a lawyer, ought to know that I should not be compelled to speak on a subject like this except under eath."

"Imagene!" A change had passed over Mr. Oroutt. "Imagene, do you mean to affirm that you really have charges to make against Craik Mansell!"

"What I have to say is the truth," she murmured. "I have not manufactured any thing."

"Imogene," he slowly responded, "if, as you say, you are in possession of positive evidence against this Mansell, how comes it that you jeopardised the interests of the man you leved by so long withholding your testimens."

"Shall I tell you?" she replied, "You "Shall I fell you? she replied." You will have to know some time, and why not now? I kept back the truth," she replied, advancing a step, but without raising her eyes to his, "because it is not the aspersed Hildreth that I love, but..."

Why did she pause? Mr. Oroutt's expression became terrible.
"Hut the other," she murmured at last.

"Hut the other," she murmured at last,
"The other!"

"What other!" he cried, setzing her by
the hand. "Name him. I will have no
further misunderstanding between us."

"Is it necessary!" she asked, with bitterness. "Will heaven spare me nothing!"
Then, as she saw no relenting in the fixed
gaze that held her own, whispered, in a
hollow town: "You have just spoken the
name yourself—Craik Mansell."

"Ah!"
Incredulity, anger, perplexity, all the

"Ah!"
Incredulity, anger, perplexity, all the emotions that were seedling in this man's troubled soul, spoke in that simple exclamation. She was the first to speak.

"I know," said she, "that this avowal on my part seems almost incredible to you. A woman who spends a month away from home makes acquaintances which she does not always mention when she comes back, I saw Mr. Mansell in Huffalo, and grew to esteem him, for the first time in my life I found myself in the presence of a man whose nature commanded mine. Life, which had stretched out before me with a somewhat monotonous outlook, changed to a panoramastretched out before me with a somewhat monotonous outlook, changed to a panorame of varied and wonderful experiences, as I listened to his voice and met the glance of his eye; and soon, before he knew it, and certtinly before I realized it, words of love passed between us, and the agony of that struggle began which has ended—Ah, let me not think how, or I shall go mad!"

"So you loved another man when you came back to my home and listened to the words of passion which came from my lips.

words of passion which came from my lips, and the hopes of future bliss and happiness that welled up from my heart?"

"Yes," she whispered, "and, as you will

remember, I tried to suppress those hopes and turn a deaf ear to those words."

"Yet you brought yourself to listen to those hopes on the afternoon of the murder," he anguested, ironically,

"Can you blame me for that?" she oried, remembering how you pleaded, and what a revulsion of feeling I was laboring under?"
A smile bitter as the fate which leamed before him, and scornful as the feelings that secretly agigated his breast, parted Mr

Oronte's pale lips for an instant.

"You have not told me what evidence you have to give against young Mansell?"

Her answer came with brevity:

"No; I have told Mr. Ferrie; is not that

nough :"
Hut he did not consider it so. "Ferris is Hut he did not consider it so, "Ferris is a District Attorney," said he, "and has demanded your confidence for the purpose of justice, while I am your friend. The action you have taken is peculiar, and you may need advice."

Struck in spite of herself, moved perhaps, by a hope she had not allowed herself to contemplate before, she locked at him long and carnestly.

"And do you really wish to halp me?"

and earnestly.

"And do you really wish to help me?"
she inquired. "Are you so generous as to forgive the pain, and possibly the humiliation, I have inflicted upon you?"

It was a scarching and pregnant question, for which Mr. Orentt was possibly not fully prepared, but his newly gained control did

not give way.

"I must insist upon hearing the facts before I say anything of my intentions," he averred. "Whatever they may be, they cannot be more startling in their character than those which have been urged against Hildreck."

"Int they are," she whispered. Then with a quick look around her, she put her month close to Mr. Oronti's ear and

whispered:

"Mr. Hildreth is not the only man who, unseen by the neighbors, visited Mrs. Clemmens' house on the morning of the murder. Craik Mansell was there also."

"Craik Mansell! How do you knw that?
Ah," he pursued, with the scornful intonation of a jealous man, "I forgot that you was lovers."

The sneer, natural as it was, perhaps, seemed to go to her heart and wake its fiercest indignation.

"Hush," cried she, towering upon him with an ominous flash of her proud eye, "Do not turn the knife in that wound or you will seal my lips forever. I affirm that Craik Mansell visited his annt on that day, because the ring which was nicked up on

Craik Mansell visited his aunt on that day, because the ring which was picked up on the floor of her dining room—you remember the ring, Mr. Oroutt?"

Remember 14? Did he not? All his many perplexities in its regard crowded upon him as he made a hurried bow of

neon him as he made a hurried bow of acquiescence.

"It belonged tohim," she continued, "He had the diamond reset for me—it had been his mother's. Only the day before, he had tried to put it on my inger in a meeting we had in the woods back of his aunt's house. But I refused to allow him."

"You—you had a meeting with this man in the woods the day before his aunt was assaulted," echoed Mr. Oroute, turning upon her with an amazement that swallowed up his wrath.

"Yes."

"Yes."
"And he afterward visited her house?" "And dropped that ring there?"
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."

Starting slowly, Mr. Orentt walked to the other side of the room. When he returned it was the lawyer instead of the lover who stood before her.

"Then, it was the simple fact of finding this gentleman's ring on the floor of Mrs. Clemmens dining room that makes you consider him the murderer of his aunt?" he asked, with a tinge of something like irony in his tone.

asked, with a tinge of something like irony in his tone.

"No," she breathed rather than answered.

"That was a proof, of course, that he had been there, but I should never have thought of it as an evidence of guilt if the woman herself had not uttered, in our hearing, that tell-tale exclamation of 'Ring and Hand,' and if, in the talk I hald with Mr. Manself-

Why do you stop me?" she whispered.

"I did not stop you. Go on, Incounce. What did this Manuell betray? I—I cale as a father might," he added, with some dignity and no little effort.

But her foure had taken alarm, or her oution been aroused, and she merely said:

"The five thousand dollars which his sunt leaves him is just the amount he desired to start him in life."

"Did he wish such as amount?" Mr. Oroute saked.

"Very much."

"And acknowledged it in the conversation he had with you?"

"Yes,"

"Imagene," declared the lawyer, "if you do not want to insure Mr. Manuell's indictment, I would suggest to you not to lay too great stress upon any talk you may have held with him."

"The innocent is to be saved from the alternate measure what the fate of the

"The innocent is to be allows, no matter what milty may be,"
"Are these all the fact

"Yes," she avowed—" all."
With a look of relief, slowly smoothing out the deep furrows of his brow, Mr. Orentt, for the second time, walked thoughtfully away in evident consultation with his own thoughts.
"Speak," she impetuously cried. "Tellme what you think; what have I to ex-

pect."

Hut he shook his head.

"Wait," he returned; "wait till the grand jury has brought in a bill of indictment. It will, doubtless, be against one of these two men; but I must know which before I can say or do anything."

"And do you think there can be any doubt about which of these two it will be?"

"There is always doubt," he rejoined, "about anything of every thing a body of men may do. This is a very remarkable case, Imogene," he resumed, with increased sombreness; "the most remarkable one, perhaps, that has ever come under my obsombreness; "the most remarkable one, perhaps, that has ever come under my observation. What the grand jury will think of it; upon which party, Mansell or Hildreth, the weight of their suspicion will fall, neither I nor Ferris, nor any other man, can prophesy with any assurance. The evidence against both is, in so far as we know, entirely circumstantial. That you believe Mr. Mansell to be the guilty

believe Mr. Mansell to be the quilty party."

"Believe," she murmured; "I know it."

"That you believe him to be the guilty party," the wary lawyer pursued, as if he had not heard her, "does not imply that they will believe it too. Hildreth comes of a bad stock, and his late attempt at suicide tells wonderfully against him; yet the facts you have to give in Mansell's disfavor are strong also. However, a few weeks will determine all that, and then..." Pausing, he looked at her, and, as he did so, the austerity and and self-command of the lawyer vanished out of sight, and the passionate gleam of a fierce and overmastering love shone again in his eyes. "And then," he oried, "then we will see what Tremont Orcott can do to bring order out of this chaos."

"Oh, generous..." she began.

Hut he stopped her before she could say more.

more, "Wait," he repeated, "if I should succeed. "But there he, himself stopped

words, perhaps. "No," he cried, "I will say no more till we see which of these two say no more till we see which of these two men is to be brought to trial." And, pressing her hand to his lips, he gave her one last look in which was concentrated all the secret passions which had been called forth by this hour, and hastily left the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The town of Sibley was in a state of excitement. The Grand Jury was in session, and the case of the Widow Clemmens was before it.

was before it.

The name of the man lastly suspected of the crime had transpired, and both Hildreth and Mansell had their partisans. Indeed, the ignorance felt on all sides as to the express reasons for associating the name of Mrs. Clemmens' nephew with his aunt's murder added much to the significance of the house Conjectures are and the last of the significance o the hour. Conjectures were plenty and the wonder great, but the causes why this man, or any other, should lie under a suspi-cion equal to that raised against Hildreth at the inquest was a mystery that none

But what is the curiosity of the rabble to us? Our interest is in a little room far rethe young daughter of Proressor Darling kneels by the side of Imogne Dare, striving by caress and entreaty to win a word from her lips or a glance from her heavy eyes.

"Imogne," she pleaded,—"Imogne, what is this terrible grief? Why did you have

to go to the court-house this morning with papa, and why have you been almost dead with terror and misery since you got back? I have seen that something dreadful was weighing upon your mind. Cannot you speak, dear? Words will do you good."

"Words!"

Oh! the despair, the bitterness of that single word! Miss Darling drew back in

dismay.

"Helen," she resumed, "you are happy. Don't stay here with me, but go where there are cheerfulness and hope."

"But I cannot while you suffer so. I love you, Imogno. Would you drive me away from your side when you are so unhappy?"

happy!"
"Helen, some griefs are best borne alone.
Only a few hours now and I shall know the worst. Leave me,"
But the gentle little creature was not to

But the gentle little creature was not to be driven away. She only clung the closer and pleaded the more earnestly:

"Tell me, tell me!"

"Helen," she cried, " what do you know of earthly anguish? A petted child, the favorite of happy fortune, you have been kept from evil as from a blight. Terror with you is but a name, remorse an unknown sensation. Even your love has no depths in it such as suffering gives. Yet, since you do love, and love well, perhaps you can understand something of what a human soul can endure who sees its only hope and only love tottering above a gulf too horrible for words to describe a gulf, too, which her own hand—But no, I cannot tell you. I overrated my strength.

She sank back, but the next moment started again to her feet; a servant had opened the door,
"What is it!" she exclaimed; "speak,

"Only a gentleman to see you, miss."

"Only a — "But she stopped in matvain repetition of the girl's simple words.
She quietly smoothed her hair and adjusted the lace at her throat, and then catching sight of the tear-stained face of Helen, stooped and gave her a kiss, and went to the parlor, where she encountered Mr. Oreutt.

A glance at his face told her all she wanted to know.

"Ah!" she gasped, "It is then—"

"Manuell!"

word. Mr. Oroutt steed a couple of pacin

"Is it among the possibilities that you could ever again contemplate giving yourself in marriage to Craik Mansell, no matter what the issue of the coming trial

matter what the issue of the coming crass
may be?"

A shudder quick and powerful shook her
whole frame for a moment, but she answered, steadily:

"No; how can you ask, Mr. Oreutt?,"

"Then," said he, "it will be no treason
in me to assure you that never has my love
been greater for you than to-day. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show you,
any deed I can perform for your sake, I am
ready to attempt it, Imogene.

"Would you be willing to go to him with
a message from me?"

"Yes," he returned; "even that,"

"Then," she cried, "tell him to save the
innocent, I had to betray the guilty, but in
doing this I did not spare myself; that
whatever his doom may be, I shall share it,
even though it be that of death."

"Imogene!"

"Will now tall him?" she saked.

"Imogene!"
"Will you tell him?" she asked. "Do you mean to kill yourself?" he de "I feel I shall not live," she gas

ejaculated.

"I—I shall try to endure my fate."

He gave another long, long look.

"So this is the alternative you give me?"
he bitterly exclaimed. "I must either save this man or see you perish. Well, I will save this man—that is, if he will allow

A flash of beauty such as he had not perceived on her countenance for weeks transformed its marble-like severity into something of its pristine beauty.

"And you will take him my message also?" she cried.

"If I am to approach him as a lawyer willing to undertake his cause, don't you see I can give him no such message as

appiness to save the innocent."
"I will tell him whatever I can to s your pity and your misery."

And she had to content herself with this. In the light of the new hope that was thus unexpectedly held out to her, it did not seem so difficult. Giving Mr. Orcutt her hand, she endeavored to thank him, but the reaction from her long suspense was too much, and, for the first time in her brave young life, Imogene lost consciousness and fainted quite away.

CHAPTER XXV.

MONG TELESCOPES AND CHARTS.

Gouverneur Hildreth was discharged, and Craik Mansell committed to prison to await Horace Byrd, who no longer had any motive for remaining in Sibley, bethoughthim of a certain question he had not put to

Seeking him out, he prepounded it. "Rickory," mid he "have you ever discovered in the course of your inquiries where Miss Dare was on the morning of the

"Haven't I, though! It was one of the very first things I made sure of. She was

at Professor Darling's house on Summer avenue."

"At Professor Darling's house!" Mr. Byrd felt a sensation of dismay. Professor Darling's house was, as you remember, in almost direct communication with Mrs. Clemmens' cottage by means of a path through the woods. He stared uneasily at his colleague and said:

"It is train time, Hickory, but I cannot help that. Before I leave this town I must know just what she was doing on that morning, and whom she was with. Can you find out!"

"Can I find out!"

The hardy detective was out of the door.

The hardy detective was out of the door before the last word of this scornful repetition had left his lips.

He was gone an hour. When he returned he looked very much excited.

"Well!" he ejaculated, breathlessly, "I

have had an experience. Horace Byrd could scarcely retrain his

"I went to Professor Darling's. There is a girl there I have talked to before at the back gate. Odd how such girls will talk! She told me in three minutes all I wanted to "Do get on," interrupted Mr. Byrd.
"When did Miss Dare come to the house on the morning Mrs. Clemmens was murdered, and what did she do while there?"

dered, and what did she do while there?"

"By 10 o'clock or so, I believe, and she sat, if she did sit, in an observatory at the top of the house, to study astronomy with Professor Darling's oldest daughter."

"And was Miss Darling with her that morning? Did they study together all the time she was in the house?"

"No; Miss Dare had to study alone. Hearing this, I had a curiosity to view the observatory, and being—well, not a clumsy fellow at softsoaping a girl—I at last succeeded in prevailing upon her to take me up. Byrd, will you believe me when I tell you that we did it without going into the house?"

"What?"

"What?"
"I mean," corrected the other, "without entering the main part of the building. The professor's house has a tower, youknow, at the upper angle toward the woods. The tower has a special staircase of its own. It is a spiral one, and opens on a door below that connects directly with the garden. We went up these stairs."

"You dared to?"
"We want up the stairs entered the

"We went up the stairs, entered the

observatory—"
"It is not kept locked, then?"
"It was not locked to-day—saw the room, which is a curious one—glanced out over the view, which is well worth seeing,

over the view, which is well worth seeing, and then—"
"Well, what?"
"I inquired when Miss Dare came down from this place on the morning you remember. She answered that she couldn't quite tell. Miss Tromaine came to the house that morning, and wanted to see Miss Dare, ordered her to go up to the observatory and tell that lady to come down, and then she went, but to her surprise did not find Miss Dare there, though she was sure she had not gone home."

"And did you ask her nothing more? Say nothing about the time, Hickory, or or inquire where she supposed Miss Dare to have gone?"

"Yes, I asked her all this."
"And she replied?"
"Oh, as to the time, that it was some where before noon. Miss Dare, saying she had an engagement at 12 which she did not wish to break,"

ume, for, at I o'clock or thereabouts, all saw her pass in the horse car on her way back to the town."

"Hickory, I wish you had not told me this just as I am going back to the city."

"Wish I had not told it, or wish I had not gone to Professor Darling's house as you requested?"

"But you spoke of seeing Miss Where did you run across her?" "Do you want to hear?" "Of course, of course," "Of course, of course,"
"But I thought..."
"Oh, never mind, old boy; tell.

"But I thought—
"Oh, never mind, old boy; tell me the
whole now."

"I will tell you. I was about to leave
the observatory and go below when I
thought I would cast another glance around
the curious old place, and in doing so
caught a glimpse of a huge portfolio of
charts, as I supposed, standing upright in a
rack that stretched across the further portion of the room. Somehow my heart misgave me when I saw this rack, and, scarcely
conscious what it was I feared, I crossed the
floor and looked behind the portfolio. Byrd,
there was a woman crouched there—
woman whose pallid cheeks and burning eyes
lifted to meet my own, told me only too
plainly that it was Miss Dare. I don't
think I ever felt just as I did at that instant. The look that came into her face
paralyzed me. But she did not say much;
she merely rose, and, turning toward me,
exclaimed: 'No apologies; you are a detective, I suppose?' And when I nodded,
she merely remarked: 'Well, you have got
what you desired, and now can go.' And I
went, Byrd, went; and I felt puzzled. The
only thing I am sure of is, that Mansell's
cause has n't been helped by this day's job,
and that if this lady is asked on the witness
stand where she was during the hour every
one believed her to be safely shut up with
the telescopes and charts, we shall hear

"What?"

"Well, that she was shut up with them, most likely."

CHAPTER XXVL

" HE SHALL HEAR ME!"

The time is midnight, the day the same as that which saw this irruption of Hickory into Professor Darling's observatory. Miss Dare is standing before a table with a letter in her hand from Mr. Orcutt and it ran

"I have seen Mr. Mansell, and have engaged myself to undertake his defence. When I tell you that out of the hundreds of cases I have tried in my still short life, I have lost but a small percentage, you will understand what this means.

understand what this means.

In pursuance to your wishes, I mentioned your name to the prisoner with an intimation that I had a message for you to deliver. But he stopped me before I could utter a word. 'I receive no communication from Miss Dare!' he declared, and, anxious as I really was to do your bidding, I was compelled to refrain; for his tone was one of hatred and his look that of ineffable scorn."

This was all, but it was enough. Imogene had read these words over three times, and now was ready to plunge the letter into the flame of a candle to destroy it. As it burned, her grief and indignation took words:

"He is alienated, completely alienated," she gasped; "and I do not wonder. But," and here the full majesty of her nature broke forth in one grand gesture, "he shall hear me yet! As there is a God above, he shall hear me yet, even if it has to be in the open court and in the presence of judge and

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GREAT TRIAL. In the room of the hotel sat our two de-

tectives. They had just come from the It was Hickory who spoke at last.
"Well, Byrd?" was his suggestive

"Well, Hickory?" was the quiet reply. "What do you think of the case so "I think that it looks bad." "Your sympathies are evidently with Mansell." "Yes," was the slow reply. "Not that I think him innocent, or would turn a hair's breadth from the truth to serve him."

"He is a manly fellow. Do you remember the peculiar straightforwardness of his look when he entered his plea of 'Not guilty."

when he entered his plea of 'Not guilty."

"Yes," returned Mr. Byrd.

"Have you noticed a certain curious air of disdain that he wears?"

"Yes," was again the short reply.

"I wonder what it means?" queried Hickory, carelessly, knocking the ashes out of his pine. of his pipe.
"How should I know?" remarked the other, tossing his stump of a cigar into the fire. "Mr. Mansell is too deep a problem

"And Miss Dare too?"
"And Miss Dare." "The day that sees her on the witness stand will be interesting, ch?"
"It is not far off," declared Mr. Byrd.

"I think she will be called as a witne

to-morrow."

"Have you noticed," began Hickory,
"that it is only when Miss Dare is present
that Mansell wears the look of scorn I have
just mentioned."

"Hickory," said Mr. Byrd, surveying his
colleague squarely, "I have noticed this.
That ever since the day she made her first
appearance in the court-room she has sat
with her eyes fixed earnestly upon the
prisoner, and that he has never
answered her look by so much as a
glance in her direction.

answered her look by so much as a glance in her direction.

Hickory settled himself back in his chair, and remarked dryly:

"Perhaps I am not much of a judge of human nature, but this quiet ignoring of her presence seems a little too dignified for a criminal facing a person he has every reason to believe is convinced of his guilt."

"If he displays contempt, it is because he is of the sort to feel it for the woman who has betrayed him."

has betrayed him."
"You make him out mean-spirited, then as well as wicked?"

"I make him out human. A man who lets his passions sway him to the extent of committing a murder for the sake of satisfying his love or his ambition, is not of the unselfish cast that would appreciate such a sacrifice as Miss Dare has made. If our suppositions are false, and the crime was not committed by him, his contempt needs no explanation."

"Just so!"
"What makes, you think Miss Dare will.

"Just so!"
"What makes you think Miss Dare will be called to the witness stand to-morrow?" he asked Hickory.
"Well I will tell you. The prosecution has advanced to its point by definite stages. First, witnesses were produced to p. we the existence of motive on the part of the accused, all of whom united in unqualified assertions of the prisoner's frequently-expressed desire for a sum of money sufficient to put his invention into practical use. Next, the amount necessary for this purpose was covered by the legacy bequeathed him by his aunt. Evidence was produced to show that she had by her will made him her heir. Motive for the crime being thus established, they now proceeded to prove that he was in Sibley at the time of the murder. What remains? To connect him with the murder itself, by some strong link of circumstantial evidence, such as the ring provides. And who is it that can give testimony regarding the ring?

Miss Dare.



Old English Condition Powder

by all the best horse owners and breeders in the county. Rain or shine it won't hurt any animal. It tones up the animal, purifies the blood, makes the hair sleek and

25 cents Each, or 5 for One Dollar. A. HIGINBOTHAM. - Druggist.

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Nails, Glass and Putty, Building Paper, Barb, Buckthorn and Plain Fence Wire.

Spades, Shovels and Rakes. Paints, Oils and Glass, Varnishes and Brushes.

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The great trial was in progress and the curiosity of the populace of Sibley knew no bounds.

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Now in full blast, and dry Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, &c., guaranteed, with prices right. Parties intending to build should call and inspect our work before buying elsewhere,

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Is determined to make a big offer for the trade in the above lines, and therefore, during the month of December everything in this store will be reduced in price. Remember Silverware at NET COST, it is unuecessary to enumerate articles and prices. Everything is marked in plain figures and a startling reduction will be made on the present prices. Our stock never was as large as now and is second to none in the county. Our prices have always been as low as the lowest, but this sale for December will outstrip any previous figures. To be convinced call and see us. Next door to the Daly House, Kent Street.

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N. B.—Please bear in mind all repairs in our line done as usual.