BOOK I. THE PROBLEM.

"A GREAT CASE."

I had been a junior partner in the firm of Veeley, Carr & Raymond, attorneys and counsellors at law, for about a year, when one morning, in the temporary absence of both Mr. Veeley and Mr. Carr, there came into our office a young man whose appearance was so indicative of haste and agitation that I involuntarily rose as he approached and advanced to meet

"What is the matter, sir ?" I inquir-"You have no bad news to tell me. I hope. "I have come to see Mr. Veeley; is

he in ?" "No," I replied; "he was unexpectedly called away this morning to Washington; cannot be home before tomorrow; but if you will make your business known to me-"

"To you, sir ?" interrupted he, turning a very cold, but steady eye jon mine; then seeming to be satisfied with his scrutiny, continued, "There is no reason why I shouldn't; my bustness is no secret. I came to inform him that Mr. Leavenworth is dead." "Mr. Leavenworth!" I exclaimed, falling back a step. Mr. Leavenworth was an old client of our firm, to say nothing of his being the particular friend of Mr. Veeley.

"Yes, murdered; shot through the head by some unknown person while sitting at his library table." "Shot! murdered!" I could scarcely

believe my ears. "How? when?" I "Last night. At least so we suppose.

am Mr. Leavenworth's private scoretary," he explained, "and live in the family. It was a dreadful shock," he went on, "especially to the ladies."

"They are all alone," continued he, "the Misses Leavenworth I mean-Mr. Leavenworth's nieces; and as an inquest is to be held there to-day, it is emed proper they should have some one present capable of advising them. As Mr. Veeley was their uncle's best friend, they naturally sent me for him, but he being absent, I don't know what to do or where to go."

'Well." I replied. "I am a stranger to the ladies, but if I can be of any assistance to them, my respect for their uncle is such-

The expression of the secretary's eye stopped me. Without seeming to wander from my face, its pupil had suddenly dilated till it appeared to embrace my whole person within fts

"I don't know." remarked he finally. a slight frown testifying to the fact that he was not altogether pleased with the turn affairs were taking. "Perhaps it would be best. The ladies must not be left alone-'

"Say no more," interrupted I; "I will go." And sitting down I dispatched a hurried message to Mr. Veeley, after which, and the few other preparations necessary, I accompanied the secre-

tary to the street. "Now," said I, "tell me all you know of this frightful affair." "All I know? A few words will do that. I left him last night sitting as

usual at his library table, and found him this morning, seated in the same place, almost in the same position, but with a bullet hole in his head as large as the end of my little finger." "Dead ?" "Stone dead."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed. Then after a moment. "Could it have been a suicide?" "No. The pistol with which the deed

was committed is not to be found." "But if it was a murder, there must have been some motive. Mr. Leavenworth was too benevolent a man to have enemies, and if robbery was in-

"There was no robbery. There b nothing missing," he again interrupted. "The whole affair is a mystery," "A mystery ?" "An utter mystery."

'We will defer our conversation,' said I. "Here's the stage." There was a great crowd in front of the house when we arrived there, and I had barely time to observe that it was a corner dwelling of unusual depth as well as width, when I was seized by the throng and carried quite to the foot of the broad stone steps. Immediately the door opened, and a face I recognized as that of one of our city detectives, appeared in the

"Mr. Gryce!" I exclaimed. "The same," replied he. "Come in, Mr. Raymond." And drawing us quietly into the house he shut the door with a grim smile on the disappointed crowd without. "I trust you are not surprised to see me here," said he, ding out his hand, with a side glance at my companion.

'No," returned I. Then with a vague idea that I ought to introduce the young man at my side, continutd, "This on-"the private secretary of the late Mr. Leavenworth," I hastened to add.

"O," returned he, "the secretary! The coroner has been asking for you

"The coroner is here then," said I.

"Yes; the jury have gone up stairs to view the body; would you like to rollow them?"

"Any pistol "No, sir."

"Any pistol "No, sir."

"No," said I. "It is not necessary. have merely come in the hope or eing of some assistance to the young adies. Mr. Veeley is away." "And you thought the opportunity too good to be lost," he went on; "just

so. Still now that you are here and as the case promises to be a marked one, I should think that as a rising young lawyer, you would wish to make yourself acquainted with it in all its details. But follow your own judg-

ment." I made an effort and overcame my repugnance. "I will go," said I.
"Very well, then," he replied, "fol-

But just as I set foot on the stairs I heard the jury descending, so drawing back with Mr. Gryce into the recess between the reception room and parlor, I had time to remark: "The young man says that it could not have been the work of a burglar."

"Indeed!" fixing his eye on a doorknob near by. "That nothing has been found miss-

"And that the fastenings to the house were all found secure this morn-

ing: just so." "He did not tell me that. In that case"-and I shuddered-"the murderer must have been in the house all night." Mr. Gryce smiled darkly at the door-

"It has a dreadful look !" exclaimed I. Mr. Gryce immediately frowned at the door-knob

And here let me say that Mr. Gryce, the detective, was not the thin, wiry individual with a shrewd eye that seems to plunge into the core of your being and pounce at once upon its hidden secret that you are doubtless expecting to see. Mr. Gryce was a portly, comfortable personage with an eye that never pounced, that did not even rest-on you. If it rested anywhere, it was always on some insignificant object in your vicinity, some vase, inkstand, book or button. These things he would seem to take into his confidence, make the repositories of his conclusions, but you—you might as well be the steeple on Trinity Church, for all the connection you ever appeared to have with him or his thoughts. At present then, Mr. Gryce was, as I have already suggested, on intimate terms with the door-knob. "A dreadful look," I repeated.

His eye shifted to the button on my

"Come," he said, "the coast is clear

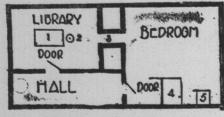
Leading the way, he mounted the stairs, but stopped on the upper land-"Mr. Raymond," said he, "I am not in the habit of talking much about this case every thing depends upon getting the right clew at the start. We have no common villiany to deal | served. with here; genius has been at work. Now sometimes an absolutely uninitiated mind will intuitively catch at something which the most highly thing should occur, remember that I his attendant physician, he could not am your man. Don't go round talking. but come to me. For this is going to be a great case, mind you, a great the remark of a juryman, observed case. Now come on."

"But the ladies?" "They are in the rooms above; in grief of course, but tolerably composed for all, I hear." And advancing to a door, he pushed it open and beckoned me in.

All was dark for a moment, but pre sently my eyes becoming accustomed to the place, I saw that we were in the library.

"It was here that he was found," said he; "in this room and upon this very spot." And advancing he laid his hand on the edge of a large, baizecovered table that together with its attendant chairs, occupied the centre of the room. "You see for yourself that it is directly opposite this door," and, crossing the floor, he paused in front of the threshold of a narrow passage way, opening into a room beyond. "As the murdered man was discovered sitting in this chair, and consequently with his back towards the passage way, the assassin must have advance ed through the doorway to deliver his shot, pausing let us say, about here." And Mr. Gryce planted his feet firmly ly upon a certain spot in the carpet, about a foot from the threshold before

mentioned. "But-" I hastened to interpose. "There is no room for but," he cried. "We have studied the situation." And without deigning to dilate upon the subject, he turned immediately about and stepping swiftly before me, led the way into the passage named. "Wine closet, clothes closet, washing apparatus, towelrack," explained he, waving



Library Table. 2. Chair. 3. Passageway. 4. Bed. 5. Shaving Stand. PLAN OF THE FLAT.

his hand from side to side as we hurried through, finishing with "Mr. Lavenworth's private apartment," as that room in all its elegance opened

Mr. Leavenworth's private apartment- It was here, then, that it ought to be, the horrible blood-curdling it that yesterday was a living breathing man. Advancing to the bed that was hung with heavy curtains, I raised my hand to put them back, when Mr. Gryce drawing them from my clasp, closed lying upon the pillow a cold, calm face looking so natural, I in-

voluntarily started. "His death was too sudden to distort the features," said he, turning the head to one side in a way to make visible a ghastly wound in the back of the cranium. "Such a hole as that sends a man out of the world without much notice. The surgeon will convince you it could never have beer inflicted by himself. It is a case of

deliberate murder." The coroner's inquest being now in session I felt a strong desire to be present, so requesting Mr. Gryce to inform the ladies that Mr. Veeley he-

ing absent from town, I had come a one of his partners, to render them any young man at my side, continued, "This is Mr. —, Mr. —, excuse me, but I do not know your name," I said the large parlor below and took my turning with a glance of inquiry to my seat among the various persons there

THE CORONER'S INQUEST. For a few minutes I sat dazed by the en flood of light that greeted me

frequent conversation with him, fact, knew him. His name was Hammond, and he was universally regarded as a man of more than ordinary acuteness, fully capable of conducting an important examination with the

necessary skill and address. As for the jurymen, they were, as I have intimated, very much like all other bodies of a similar character. But one amongst them all who seemed to take any interest in the inquiry, as an inquiry; all the rest appearing to be actuated in the fulfilment of their duty by the commoner instincts of pity and indignation.

Dr. Maynard, the well-known surgeon of Thirty sixth-street, was the first witness called. His testimony was mainly concerning the nature of the wound found in the murdered man's head. As some of the facts presented by him are likely to prove of importance to us in our narrative, I will proceed to give a synopsis of what he said.

Upon his arrival, he found the deceased lying on a bed in the secondstorey front room, with the blood clotted about a pistol wound in the back of the head; having evidently been carried there from the adjoining apartment some hours after death. It was the only wound discovered on the body, and having probed it, he had found and extracted the bullet which he now handed to the jury. It was the base of the skull, passing obliquely upward, and at once struck the medulla oblagata, causing instant death. The fact of the ball having entered the brain in this peculiar manner, he deemed worthy of note, since it would produce not only instantaneous death, but an utterly motionless one. Further, from the position of the bullet hole and the direction taken by the bullet, it was manifestly impossible that the shot should have been fired floor with Mr. Leavenworth?" bly the man himself, even if the condition of the hair about the wound did not completely demonstrate the fact that the shot was fired from a point some three or four feet distant. Still further, considering the angle at which the bullet had entered the skull, it was evident that the deceased must not only have been seated at the time, a fact about which there could be no dispute, but he must also have been engaged in some occupation which drew his head forward. For, in order here, of 45 degrees, it would be necessary not only for the pistol to be held

speak conclusively upon the subject without further examination; and to that he had not seen pistol or weapon lying upon the noor, or, indeed, any-into the room and Miss Eleanor fall where else in either of the above-men- ed away." tioned rooms.

I might as well add here what he afterwards stated, that from the osition of the table, the chair and the door behind it the murderer, in order Miss Eleanor, I didn't notice." to satisfy all the conditions imposed ipon or just within the threshold of room?" the passage way leading into the room beyond. Also, that as the ball was small and from a rifled barrel, and thus especially liable to deflections lips." while passing through bones and integuments, it seemed to him evident. that the victim had made an effort to raise or turn his head when advanced clusion being, that the footstep was an accustomed one, and the presence of its possessor in the room either known or expected.

The physician's testimony being ended the coroner picked up the bullet which had been laid on the table before him, and for a moment rolled it contemplatively between his fingers, then drawing a pencil from his pocket, hastily scrawled a line or two on a piece of paper and calling an officer to his side, delivered some command in a low tone. The officer taking up the slip, looked at it for an instant knowingly, then catching up his hat left the room. Another moment, and the front door closed on him, and a wild halloo from the crowd of urchins without, told of his appearence in the street. Sitting where I did, I had a full view from the window of the corner. Looking out, I saw the officer stop there, hail a cab, hastily enter it and dis-

> TIT FACTS AND DEDUCTIONS.

Turning my attention back into the oom where I was, I found the coroner consulting a memorandum, through a ery impressive pair of gold eye-glasses. "Is the butler here?" he asked. The coroner proceeded without hesi tation to interrogate him. "Your name, I am told, is Thoma

Dougherty." "Yes, sir." "Well, Thomas, how long have you "It must be a matter of two years

now, sir." "You are the person who first dis covered the body of Mr. Leavenworth?" "Yes, sir; I and Mr. Harwell." "And who is Mr. Harwell?" "Mr. Harwell is Mr. Leavenworth's

private secretary, sir; the one who did his writing.' "Very good. Now at what time of the day or night was it that you made this discovery?" "It was early, sir; early this morn-

ing, about eight.' "And where?" "In the library, sir, off Mr. Leavenworth's bedroom. We had forced our way in, feeling anxious about his no coming to breakfast,"

"You forced your way in; the door, then, was locked? "Yes, sir." "On the inside?" "That I cannot tell; there was no key n the door.' Where was Mr. Leavenworth lying

when you first found him?" "He was not lying, sir. He was seated at the large table in the centre of the room, his back to the bedroom door; leaning forward, his head on his "How was he dressed?"

"In his dinner suit, sir, just as he ame from the table last night."
"Were there any evidences in the com that a struggle had taken place?" "Any pistol on the floor or table?"

"Any reason to suppose that robbery had been attempted?"
"No, sir. Mr. Leavenworth's watch and purse were both in his pockets." ng asked to mention who were in the house at the time of the discovery, he replied: "The young ladies, Miss Mary Leavenworth and Miss Eleanor, Mr. Harwell, Kate the cook, Molly the

up-stairs girl, and myself." The usual members of the house 'Now, tell me whose duty it is to

close up the house nights?" "Mine, sir." 'Did you secure it as usual, last

"Who unfastened it this morning?" "How did you find it?" "Just as I left it." "What, not a window open nor

door unlocked?" By this time you could have heard a pin drop. The certainty that the murderer, whoever he was, had not left the house, at least till after it was opened in the morning, seemed to weigh upon all minds.

seen Mr. Leavenworth alive, he replied: "At dinner last night." "He was, however, seen later by some of you?"

Being now asked when he had last

Yes, sir; Mr. Harwell says he saw lying in the brain, having entered at him as late as half-past ten in the "What room do you occupy in this

> "A little one on the basement floor." 'And where do the other members of the household sleep?" 'Mostly on the third floor, sir, the

> ladies in the large back rooms, and Mr. Harwell in the little one in front. The girls sleep above." "There was, then, no one on the same "No. sir."

> "At what hour did you go to bed?" "Well, I should say about eleven." "Did you hear any noise in the house either before or after that time, that you remember?" "No, sir."

that the discovery you made this morning was a surprise to you?" "Yes, sir.'

Requested now to give a more detailed account of that discovery, he went on to say it was not till Mr. Leavenworth that a ball should enter the head of failed to come to his breakfast at the a man sitting erect at the angle seen call of the bell, that any suspicion arose in the house that all was not right. Even then they waited some very low down, but in a peculiar posi- time before doing anything, but as tion; while if the head had been bent minute after minute went by and he forward as in the act of writing, a man did not come, Miss Eleanere grew very the secrets of my profession, but in | holding a pistol naturally with the anxious, and finally left the room, sayelbow bent, might very easily fire a ing she would go see what was the ball into the brain at the angle ob- matter, but soon returned looking very much frightened, saving she had knock-Upon being questioned in regard to ed at her uncle's door, and had even the bodily health of Mr. Leavenworth, called to him, but could get no answer. he replied that the deceased appeared At which he and Mr. Harwell had gone to have been in good condition at the up together and tried both doors, and trained intellect will miss. If such a time of his death, but that not being finding them locked, burst open that of the library, when they saw Mr. Leavenworth as he had already said, sitting at the table, dead."

"And the ladies?" "O, they followed us up and came

"And the other one, Miss Mary, believe they call her?" "I don't remember anything about her, I was so busy fetching water for

"Well, how long was it before Mr. by the situation, must have stood Leavenworth was carried into the next "Almost immediate, as soon as Miss Eleanore recovered and that was as soon as ever the water touched her

"Who proposed that the body should be carried from the spot?" "She, sir. As soon as ever she stood up she went over to it and looked at upon by his destroyer; the fearful con- it and shuddered, and then calling Mr. Harwell and me, bade us carry him in and lay him on the bed and go for the doctor, which we did."

"Wait a moment; did she go with you when you went into the other room "" "No, sir." "What did she do?"

"She stayed by the library table." "What doing?" "I couldn't see; her back was to me." 'How long did she stay there?" 'She was gone when we came back.'

"Gone from the table?" "Gone from the room." "Hump! when did you see her again?" "In a minute. She came in at the library door as we went out." "Anything in her hand?"

"Not as I see." "Did you miss anything from the "I never thought to look, sir. The table was nothing to me. I was only appear in the direction of Broadway. | thinking of going for the doctor, though I knew it was of no use.'

Whom did you leave in the room when you went out?" "The cook, sir, and Molly, sir, and Miss Eleanore. "Not Miss Mary?"

"No, sir." "Would any other gentleman like to ask me anything?" No one replying, he threw a hurried glance of relief towards the servants at

his side, then while each one marvelled at the sudden change that had taken place in his countenance, withdrew with been employed in your present situa-tion?" an eager alacrity and evident satis-faction for which I could not at the moment account But the next witness proving to be

none other than my acquaintance of the morning, Mr. Harwell, I soon forgot both Thomas and the doubts his last movement had awakened, in the interest which the examination of so important a person as the secretary and right-hand man of Mr. Leavenworth was likely to create.

The coroner, to whom his appearance one way or the other seemed to be a matter of no moment addressed him mediately and without reserve. "Your name?"

"James Trueman Harwell." "Your business?" "I have occupied the position of private secretary and amanuensis to Mr. Leavenworth for the past eight

"You are the person who last saw Mr. Leavenworth alive, are you not?"

The young man raised his head with haughty gesture that well nigh trans-"Certainly not, as I am not the man

"I mean," the coroner exclaimed, eviently nettled that the young man had been able to draw such a conclu from his words, "that you were the last one to see him previous to his assassination by some unknown indi-

ther to hide a certain tremble that had seized him or by that simple action to gain time for a moment's further thought I could not then determine.

"Sir," he replied at length, "I cannot nswer yes or no to that question. In I probability I was the last so to him, but in a house as large as this I cannot be sure of even so simple a fact as that." Then observing the unsatisfied look on the faces around, added slowly, "It is my business to see

"Your business, oh, as his secretary,

He gravely nodded.
"Mr. Harwell," the coroner went on, 'the office of private secretary in this country is not a common one. Will you explain to us what your duties were in that capacity; in short, what use Mr. Leavenworth had for such an assistant and how he employed you?" "Certainly. Mr. Leavenworth was,

as you perhaps know, a man of great wealth. Connected with various societies, clubs, institutions, etc., besides being known far and near as a giving man, he was accustomed every day of his life to receive numerous letters. begging and otherwise, which it was my business to open and answer: his private correspondence always bearing a mark upon it which distinguished it from the rest. But this was not all I was expected to do. Having in his early life been engaged in the tea trade, he had made more than one voyage to China, and was consequently much interested in the question of international communication between that country and our own. Thinking that in his various visits there he had learned much which, if known to the American people, would conduce to our better understanding of the nation, its peculiarities and the best manner of dealing with it, he has been engaged for some time in writing a book on the subject, which same it has been my business for the last eight months to assist him in preparing, by writing at his dictation, three hours out of the twentyfour, the last hour being commonly taken from the evening, say from halfpast nine to half-past ten; Mr. Leavenworth being a very methodical man and accustomed to regulate his own life and that of those about him with almost mathematical precision."

"You say that you were accustomed to write at his dictation evenings? Did you do this as usual last evening?" "I did sir."

"What can you tell us of his manner and appearance at the time. Were they in any way unusual?" A frown crossed the secretary's

"As he probably had no premonition of his doom, how should there have been any change in his manner?" This giving the coroner an opportunity to revenge himself for his discomfiture of a moment before he said some what severely:

"It is the business of a witness to answer questions, not to put them." The secretary flushed, and the account stood even.

"Very well, then, sir; if Mr. Leavenworth felt any forebodings of his end, he did not reveal them to me. On the contrary, he seemed to be more absorbed in his work than usual. One of the last words he said to me was: "In a month we will have this book in press, eh Trueman?" I remember this particularly, as he was filling his wineglass at the time. He always drank one glass of wine before retiring. it being my duty to bring the decanter of sherry from the closet, the last thing before leaving him. I was standing with my hand on the knob of the hall door, but advanced as he said this and replied: 'I hope so, indeed, Mr. Leavenworth.' 'Then join me in drinking a glass of sherry,' he cried, motioning me to procure another glass from the closet. I did so, and he poured me out the wine with his own hand. am not especially fond of sherry, but the occasion was a pleasant one and I drained my glass. I remember being slightly ashamed of doing so, for Mr. Leavenworth set his down half full. It was half full when we found him this

morning.' Do what he would, and being a reserved man, he appeared anxious to control his emotion, the horror of his first shock seemed to overwhelm him here. Pulling his handkerchief from his pocket he wiped his forehead. "Gentlemen, that is the last action of Mr. Leavenworth I ever saw. As he set the glass down on the table, I said good-

night to him and left the room.' The coroner, with a characteristic mperviousness to all expressions of emotion, leaned back and surveyed the young man with a scrutinizing glance. 'And where did you go then?" he

asked. "To my own room." "Did you meet anybody on the way?" "No. sir." "Hear anything or see anything un-

The secretary's voice fell a trifle. "No, "Mr. Harwell, think again. Are you eady to swear that you neither met anybody, heard anybody, or saw any-

thing which lingers yet in your memory as unusual?" His face grew quite distressed. Twice he opened his lips to speak and as often closed them without doing so. At last with an effort he replied:

"I saw one thing, a little thing, too slight to mention, but it was unusual, and I could not help thinking of i when you spoke."

"What was it?" "Only a door half open." 'Whose door?" "Miss Eleanore Leavenworth's." His voice was almost a whisper now. "Where were you when you observed this fact ?"

"I cannot say exactly. Probably at my own door, as I did no: stop on the way. If this frightful occurrence had not taken place I should neves have thought of it again." When you went into your room did

you close your door ?"
"I did, sir." "How soon did you retire?" "Did you hear nothing before you

Again that indefinable hesitation. "Barely nothing."
"Not a footstep in the hall?" "I might have heard a footstep."

"I cannot swear I did." 'Yes, I think I did. To tell the a footstep in the hall, but it made no impression upon me and I dropped

"Sometime later I woke, woke suddenly, as if something had startled me, but what, a noise or move, I cannot say. I remember rising up in my bed and looking around, but hearing nothing further, soon yielded to the drowsiness which possessed me and fell into a deep sleep. I did not wake again till morning."

Tobe Consinued.)

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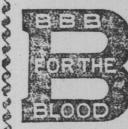
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