



CHAPTER IX.

Jason Garrison's intense excitement was occasioned by the perusal of a brief article in the evening paper, which announced that James Sanborn had died suddenly at his residence in Albany, at ten o'clock that very morning.

"I am awed!" reflected the broker. "It was certainly something more than a mere coincidence, but James Sanborn was the man with whom Stuart Harland claimed to have had a business engagement on the night of the murder."

"The young man thus concluded his explanation. Then Garrison told him of James Sanborn's death. 'You are saved then after all, for no one can prove the cheque a forgery now. But I sincerely regret the death of my old friend. How uncertain human existence is,' said Stuart."

"True; but Stuart, I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am a penitent man. The experience through which I have passed shall serve me as a life-long lesson—one that will never be forgotten while I live," said Garrison.

"I will not conceal from you, Stuart, that I understand why you persistently refused to explain the real motive of your midnight visit to Albany."

"I was driven to desperation. I was mad, if you will, and then, too, I counted upon redeeming that cheque, and squaring the matter by the payment of an extra thousand or so."

"You have heard me speak of my Colorado property? Very well; I have put it up for sale. My agent announced that I could rely on receiving the price for which he had agreed to sell it—\$80,000 by the 23d instant."

"I knew that I had so perfectly imitated his signature that it would be impossible for any one except James Sanborn himself to detect it, and I think it probable he would not have suspected it had he seen the cheque, except for the fact that he would know he had not given a paper for any such amount."

"I knew that Sanborn would not see the cheque until he called on his banker to balance his account when it would be returned to him. I was also aware that he seldom had his account balanced and his cheque turned in more than once a month. I believed I should have ample time to fix matters with him even if my remittance of the purchase money from the sale of the Colorado claim was delayed. Yesterday I received the news of my Western success, and I thought property in Colorado could not be disposed of now—that the proposed sale had fallen through."

"Then discovery is inevitable and you are lost. I am sufficiently well acquainted with James Sanborn's character to comprehend that he would exact restitution or place you in a criminal cell. When I visited Albany on the night of the murder I was on my way to see James Sanborn in your behalf. You know he is an old and devoted friend of my family. But let me explain how I discovered that the cheque for seventy-eight thousand was a forgery despite your conviction that it could not be detected. As you know I was James Sanborn's private secretary for a year, and consequently I saw him sign every check with his signature that any one I know of. I examined the forged cheque after John Oakburn received it from you, and my suspicion was aroused, but I was not sure, for as you have said the imitation of the signature was wonderfully perfect. But chance decided the doubt. Half an hour later I met John Sanborn in the street in company with a friend. We talked for a moment, and he mentioned that you had importuned him for a large loan, but he assured me that he had declined to advance you any money whatever. I was shocked and confused and the presence of Sanborn's friend prevented me from speaking freely. I hastened back to our office determined to reveal my discovery to John Oakburn and prevent his presenting the forged check at the bank. But fate was against me. When I arrived at the office Oakburn was not there, and I was informed that he had gone to the bank. I started in pursuit of him but I did not overtake him as I hoped I should. On the contrary I met him returning with the money which he had received for the check. It would have been useless to tell Oakburn then, and so I held my peace. But I had resolved that Edna's father should not be disgraced, and I determined to see Sanborn and pledge my prospective fortune to pay the amount of the forged draft, and win his promise to keep the secret of your crime. I counted on Sanborn's friendship, and the fact that since he had a millionaire he could wait for his money without inconveniencing him. But I knew Sanborn was no

cred Judith Kredge, the Janitor's sister at her chamber door, Marion knew that she was in a position more cruelly trying than she believed could possibly have been the outgrowth of any series of episodes to which the fact of her father's murder and the attendant circumstances could have given birth.

Marion Oakburn feared Judith Kredge; there could be no doubting that. But why did she experience this terror?

And yet the guilty fear, it is said, and yet this noble girl was the last one at whom suspicion of wrong-doing of any kind would be directed, it seemed. But herein lies the mystery, herein a complication so strange and inexplicable that we know not of it, and which was destined long to perplex and puzzle Paxton, the detective, in the task of unravelling the mystery of John Oakburn's fate, which he had undertaken with all his heart.

On the evening following the murder Marion Kredge was seated in her sleeping room. She had turned the key in the lock, and she believed the door was secured.

With trembling hands, she unlocked and opened a trunk, lifted out the tray, and removed the contents of the receptacle beneath it until the bottom of the trunk was reached, and a strange-looking pistol of large caliber which was concealed there was disclosed to her view.

"I dread to touch it, and yet it must be gotten rid of," she muttered.

The next instant a startled cry escaped her lips as she felt a heavy hand on her shoulders, and through her mind flashed the thought—

"The secret is discovered! All is lost!"

Marion Oakburn had not secured the door as she supposed she had done, and Judith Kredge, who seemed to have devoted herself to the task of spying upon the cashier's daughter, entered the room in a stealthy manner, and crept to Marion's side. She it was who placed her hand upon the shoulder of the girl as she stood gazing into the trunk which she beheld the woman.

"Yes, and I saw the pistol at the bottom of that trunk."

"Yes, and it is not the first time. I saw you conceal it in your trunk on the night of your father's murder," answered Judith Kredge.

"Woman, what awful thought is in your mind?"

"You know well enough. You understood me when I told you you were in my power," replied the woman and then suddenly bending forward she hissed in Marion's ear:

"You killed your own father!"

"This was Judith Kredge's terrible accusation. Marion staggered to the couch with which the sleeping-room was provided and sank down upon it. But in a moment she started up again and confronted Judith Kredge with all the dignity of offended innocence.

"It is false! It is a lie; a base, a monstrous lie!" she cried.

Judith Kredge laughed mirthlessly.

"You see what evidence sent Stuart Harland to prison. How much stronger, how much more terrible is the evidence I can give against you," she said.

"Judith, you are doing me an awful wrong!"

"No, I saw you with my own eyes. I know you had just come from the office with your father's key and saw you called at my room and pretended you were so much alarmed because your father had not come home."

"And you who know me can believe such an awful thing of me?"

"It matters not how well you may play your part, Marion, I am not to be deceived. Girl, my evidence would hang you!"

Judith Kredge uttered the last words in a terrible voice.

"Do you mean to publicly accuse me?"

"Upon what? Speak plainly. Once and for all, you and I must clearly understand each other, Judith Kredge."

"It was made worth my while I might keep your secret," answered Judith Kredge, and there was a cunning glance in her eyes.

"Ah, you mean that I must bribe you?"

"Put it that way if you like."

"The two women gazed at each other in silence for a moment, and each was striving to read the other's most secret thought."

"Tell me your price," said Marion.

"You have three thousand dollars?"

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

This Priest Was Fighter—Bismarphen Schweinfurth in Serious Trouble—End of Salem's Famous Trial—Sensation in Adams County—Elopers Not Forgiven.

From Far and Near.

GEORGE HARDY, of Springfield, obtained a judgment for \$10,000 against the Big Four Railroad for personal injuries.

GOVERNOR FIFER issued a requisition on the Governor of Kentucky for Benjamin Martin, who is wanted at Metropolis for burglary.

LUDWIG BILMER and Felix Greig, employed in a Chicago livery stable, died from inhaling illuminating gas, accidentally turned on.

RETURNERS from the primaries held in Fayette County show that Edward Lane has defeated Judge Gilmore for the vote of the county for Congress.

Dr. F. B. ETC made Jacksonville a professional visit and was attacked at his hotel with acute gastritis and died in a short time. His home was in Wautoma, Wis.

The Odd Fellows had a big time at Jacksonville. The ladies of the Rebekah degree were introduced and invited to the banquet for the evening a grand banquet was served.

ADAM BIESER and Miss Anna Welker eloped from Mascoutah, and were married at Centralia. The old folks were bitterly opposed to the match, and when the runaway returned they were turned away without the parental blessing.

On the night of Oct. 18, Ross Locke, a printer of the Vandalia Union, shot Charles Stolle, who died two weeks later from the effects of the wound. Stolle was under the influence of liquor and was abusing Locke, it is claimed, when the latter shot him. Locke is a neighbor of the Stollers.

Petroleum V. Nasby. He is being tried at Vandalla.

At Salem the jury found a verdict of guilty in the conspiracy case against James T. McKibben and Joseph Lorden of Sandoval, and fixed a light and almost trivial punishment to his finding.

The exacting jail trembled nervously. "I feel that he is an honest man," she thought, "and I will trust him. Who can tell? The time may yet come when I shall be glad to remind him of the promise to befriend me in the hour of dire calamity."

There has been filed in the Cook County Circuit a franchise bill in the name of George W. Conroy, ex-Congressman, and James J. Conroy, ex-Congressman, and Francis Ward, alias an Apostle, and Francis Ward, alias an Apostle. Mr. Conroy, who lives at No. 114 North Kedzie avenue, Chicago, is a brother-in-law of the late Senator C. J. Folger, and is the father of the late Senator's children and children's affections, alleging that Schweinfurth, with his so-called Apostles, has been guilty of conspiracy and questionable practices in the carrying out of his designs.

The Adams County Supervisors have reinstated Mr. Bates as Superintendent of the County Jail. The County Jail causes great surprise and comment, in view of a report from an investigating committee which recommended Bates' removal. The committee reported that Supt. Bates had been guilty of abusing the inmates, that the food had at times been of a poisonous quality, that neglected, that the body of a dead man had been gnawed by rats, and that an insane negro had full charge of the male insane ward, and that he had frequently beaten the patients.

At Olney, two masked burglars entered the rectory of the Catholic Church, St. Joseph's Catholic Church, took \$3 from Housekeeper Fisher, and while one of the men covered her with a revolver, the other ascended the stairway leading to the room occupied by the priest, the Rev. Father J. B. Schweinfurth. The priest sprang to his chamber, but the burglar turned the bed covers over the burglar, extinguishing a lighted lamp carried by the latter. The robber fired his revolver, but the bullet failed to penetrate the blankets. A terrible struggle ensued, the burglar succeeded in throwing his assailant down the stairway. The heavy covers saved him from injury, and after rejoicing his companion the burglars jumped through an open window and escaped, followed by two shots from the priest's revolver.

TWO HUSBANDS men from Malden and Bloomfield, Mo., descended on the jail, at Cairo, during the night, took Amos Miller from the jail and hanged him to a convenient tree. There he hung until 9 o'clock the next morning. Miller was the desperate who was engaged in killing the Mayor of Cairo, when he was shot by Dexter, Mo. He was arrested at Malden and taken back to Dexter. Miller was a very bad man. He had lived in the Indian Territory since he was a young man until last year ago. He was a member of the nation and a man named Moore returned with him. It was believed they were members of a regularly organized band of horse-thieves and they were arrested. There was a robbery in the court-room when the men were being tried for horse-stealing. Miller and Moore fled to escape capture. Miller made his escape though shot through the wrist.

At Mascoutah, Philip Kolb, a farmer, held a birthday celebration for four days. One hundred relatives partook of the feast. His birthday was on Feb. 20, and he celebrated it for four days.

In the Circuit Court at Cairo, Judge Roberts presiding, ten criminal cases were disposed of. Nine candidates are ready for the Chester Penitentiary, with three more to hear from. Among those whose names are to be taken down by the antefield and the other for thirty-five years for killing her husband. All but one of the criminals are negroes.

JOHN T. HENRY, of Woodson, attempted to cross a railroad track in St. Louis, Mo., when he was run over by a freight train and so badly injured that he died in a few hours. He was 85 years old. He was one of the first settlers of Morgan County.

At Quincy, Edith Bollinger, 17 years old, was adjudged insane. Three weeks ago, in the absence of her parents, a number of friends went to her home for the purpose of giving a masquerade surprise party. The girls, in making preparations, invited the girl to sit at the table in her room, which left her devoid of reason.

MAMA—"My darling, don't you think you've eaten enough?" Maude—"No, don't know. Me ain't dot a very bad tummkachee yet."—Harper's Magazine.

Ten Thousand Men Wanted. Men who desire work can get it in the Red River Valley of Minnesota and North Dakota in the early spring. During the past season, owing to the large crops and scarcity of help, farmers were unable to thresh their wheat and do the regular fall plowing. Threshing machines have been running in various parts of the valley at least 10,000 men in addition to present help. The sons of farmers in the over-crowded East should consider this opportunity to get work and pay their expenses while investigating the chances in one of the finest agricultural sections of America. Many of the well-to-do farmers of the Valley began life there as laborers or renters. The land is plowed, seeded and harvested by machinery, and the large area awaiting cultivation requires an army of men. The soil is easily worked, and farmers wish to put in large crops. J. H. B. Grand Forks, N. D.; J. D. Jacob, Grand Forks, N. D.; H. W. Donaldson, Northeth, Minn.; or F. L. Whitely, St. Paul, Minn., for particulars.

Valuable Artesian Wells. The story of a town whose buildings are supplied with hot and cold water from artesian wells sounds like a flight of Oriental imagination. It is undeniably true, and such an embellishment would adorn the "Arabian Nights." Yet Boise City in Idaho is such a town.

Bad taste in the mouth or an unpleasant breath, when resulting from Catarrh of the overcoat, and the nasal passages which have been closed for years, are made free by use of Ely's Cream Balm. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in a newspaper. I at once procured the first day's supply and had no more bleeding. The soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget, formerly with Boston Journal.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 55 Warren St., New York.

Church of England. The total number of clergy of the Church of England is about 23,000. It includes the clergy of the colonies and those engaged in missionary fields, the total is swelled to 27,000.

CRAMER & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., will send, postpaid, for 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers and ten cents, any volume of "Surprise Series," (best authors), 25 cent novels, about 200 pages. Send 1 cent stamp for catalogue.

A COPPER rod projecting from the face of a cliff in Saline County, Missouri, indicates that at some date beyond the ken of man copper mining was carried on in that vicinity.

FRUITLESS BREAK UP YOUR GOLD by the timely Absorbent. Gives Relief at once. An old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throats, and a certain curative for Colds.

The town of Warren, Knox County, Mo., with a population of only 2,000 has thirteen secret societies, and another is being formed.

BEECHAM'S PILLS take the place of an entire medicine chest, and should be kept for use in every family. 25 cents a box.

TWO LADIES were elected members of Parliament during the reign of Edward III.

ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, in many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. NEW YORK, N.Y.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Insobriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address. This medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koening, of St. Louis, Mo. It is a natural remedy prepared under his direct supervision by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.



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LOUISVILLE, KY.

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This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

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