



THE CRIME OF THE BROKERS OFFICE.

W. E. MOTT

one of his eyebrows, I think. That's the best I can do for you in the way of a description. I know only had a glance at him," replied the watchman.

"This account of the man seen at the office door accords with the description Stuart Harland gave of the man who took his overcoat," said the detective.

"Mr. Paxton, I presume," said Stanmore. "Yes, sir, at your service," responded the detective.

"I have a note of introduction for you," said Stanmore, and he presented a letter, which Paxton read, after which he arose and shook hands with the old gentleman warmly.

"Stannore's introductory letter was written by the Chief of the New York City Police, and it stated that the bearer, Richard Stanmore, Esq., was the writer's personal friend.

The letter concluded in these words: "Any assistance you may render Mr. Stanmore will be duly appreciated by myself and well remembered by the gentleman in question, who is a man of vast wealth.

"The letter was duly signed. "Mr. Paxton," said Stanmore, "I have informed myself in the case of the murder of my old friend, John Oakburn, and I desire to especially engage you to solve the mystery of his fate."

"I am already working up the case on my own account," replied Paxton, "I will add an incentive which will perhaps not be ill-advised. Find the assassin of John Oakburn, and secure his conviction and I pledge myself to pay you the sum of \$25,000 cash, the day the work is done," said Stanmore.

"That is a small fortune; I am yours," said Paxton. "Good, and now I wish to give you a few items of information," continued Stanmore, and he went on till Paxton had discovered that the marked money was in the possession of Pratt and Weeks.

"Previously to his appearance at Garrison's office, and before he knew that the money was missing from the broker's office, Pratt and Weeks would have changed to be in Pratt & Weeks' office and he saw the latter counting a large sum of money and noted, without thinking of the significance of his discovery, that each note was marked with a small red circle. Pratt and Weeks told Paxton that John Oakburn was marked."

"We must get hold of the marked money; I'll take out a search warrant," said Paxton.

"No," said Stanmore, emphatically, "I object to that. I know the devilish cunning of those scoundrels. They would find a way to get the money beyond your reach the moment you presented yourself with your warrant of search—if, as I suspect is the case, they have not already cunningly secreted the money. No, no, Pratt & Weeks must not know that anyone possesses the knowledge that they have the stolen money. Eventually, however, I pledge you that they shall be made to pay out the stolen money under circumstances which will make any attempt at concealment on their knowledge that it was stolen futile."

"Perhaps some stratagem may accomplish that. I fancy you have no love for Messrs. Pratt & Weeks," said Paxton regarding Stanmore curiously.

"I love Justice," said Stanmore; "Levi Kedree, Mr. Garrison's janitor, is a man upon whom suspicion may rest," answered Stanmore, and he went on to tell how he had seen Kedree come out of the private entrance of Pratt & Weeks' office and the reasons he had for suspecting that he was a spy employed by Pratt and his partner to watch Garrison.

"Such suspicions Stanmore entertained from the moment when he knew that Kedree was listening at the door of the interior department of Garrison's office."

"At this moment the conversation between Stanmore and Paxton was interrupted. A man whom the detective recognized as a night watchman employed on the premises of Garrison's office was situated, entered.

has been merely a business transaction. I have loaned you a sum of money; you have given me valuable Colorado property as security for the loan. You have not shown any gratitude. Rather should I be grateful to you for the opportunity to block one of those villainous games. I'll crush those vipers yet!" answered Stanmore.

"His last words were uttered in a fierce voice of intensity, and Garrison felt that in him the Wall-street villains, Pratt & Weeks, had a dangerous foe.

Stanmore pressed Garrison's hand, and a moment later he had left the house into which he had brought hope and joy.

"To his promise," said Stanmore, "the Garrison residence promptly at six o'clock that evening, but, acting upon his master's instructions, the servant refused to admit him.

Pratt left the door fuming with rage and vowing vengeance. "Who is that fellow, however, upon returning to his office to learn that during his absence Jason Garrison had called and settled his indebtedness in full.

"Where did he get the money?" demanded the irate schemer, "answered the watchman in reply, "I don't know. My scheme has failed. With the father in my power and the lover in prison charged with murder, I meant to bring the girl to my terms," muttered Pratt, and after a moment's reflection he went to his room.

"But the game may not be entirely lost yet. Edna Garrison may not be beyond my reach after all."

Pratt's motive for wishing to fasten the crime of John Oakburn's murder on Stuart Harland is clearly discernible now. The conspirator regarded the young man with all the hatred such a nature as his could feel for a successful rival. He had determined to wed Edna Garrison. Stuart was an obstacle in his way to be removed. But Pratt was one who was driven by greed, by mercenary motives, and it was remarkable that he should seek to wed the daughter of a ruined man.

Stuart Harland received a visit from Paxton the day following that which witnessed his interview with the broker and with his betrothed.

Harland, of course, preserved profound secrecy regarding the motive for his secret journey on the night of the murder, but he told Paxton of the suspicion regarding Levi Kedree which had occurred to him. He also related the incident of his discovery of the money in the chest at the door of the private office.

Paxton gained no further information from Stuart, and he left the young man after assuring him that he could rely on him to make every possible effort to detect the assassin's assassin and thus prove his innocence.

That same day Paxton's auxiliary, who was shadowing Levi Kedree, reported that the fellow was constantly in secret communication with Pratt & Weeks, and further, that he had learned that the treacherous janitor had been plotting a spy at Garrison's office for a long time.

"You have done well, Sayer. I am getting considerably interested in this Levi Kedree, and I'll relieve you from duty and take the place of his shadow. I will be in your office, and if he leaves Garrison's office to-night," said Paxton to his agent.

The latter assented, glad of one night off duty. The office of Jason Garrison had been reopened, as usual, on the day following that in which the money was traced to Pratt & Weeks, and business was being transacted there as heretofore. Thanks to an advance of funds made by Stanmore, in addition to the cheque which liquidated Pratt & Weeks' debt to Garrison, he was enabled to go on with his business.

Levi Kedree still served as janitor. Previous to John Oakburn's murder the janitor who swept the office after business hours had always turned the keys over to the old cashier when his work was done, but now since money was to be kept in the office, Levi Kedree was allowed to retain the keys, that he might open the office in the morning and arrange it for the business of the clerks.

That night after the clerk had left "Garrison's," Paxton, very cleverly disguised, sauntered by the building, and, seeing his agent on the watch near by, he signaled him to be off, for he had seen Kedree enter the office, and he meant to begin shadowing him when he came out.

Darkness had fallen when Kedree appeared on the street. The janitor cast a swift glance up and down the street, but he did not observe anything that should excite his attention. He saw the shadows of an arched door directly opposite.

As though assured that he was unobserved, Kedree darted into the passage where the detective had discovered the footprints in the soft earth under the rear window of the broker's office.

Paxton stole across the street to follow Kedree, and just at that moment Richard Stanmore turned an adjacent street corner and the two men came face to face.

SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE

HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EXCLUDED FROM HOSPITALS AS INCURABLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Chas. Quant as Investigated by an Albany (N. Y.) Journal Reporter—A Story of Surpassing Interest.

[Albany, N. Y., Journal, March 4.]

SARATOGA, March 4.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga County of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morrilton, N. Y. and Brockville, Ont.

The story was to the effect that Mr. Charles A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the Evening Journal reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. And so he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story, and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen.

It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of 400 people, delightfully located near the center of the town of Galway, in Saratoga County, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry, the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him, and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship. For Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by Mr. Quant, in reply to a query if Mr. Quant were at home and was at home he said, "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the Journal reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication.

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is native of Ontario. I am now about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was a traveling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and that I was getting very nervous when I walked. Finally, and received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts and pads, and also used many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good."

"Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear he had purchased. "In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but only received no benefit from my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it. I had only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up my business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment of Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Humphreys told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me, and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. H. H. Humphreys' skill, and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost con-

trol of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were loose food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day with red-hot irons, and after a few days they put fourteen more burns on my chest and back with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that a regular course would relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Beneficence, had after four years of constant suffering, been pronounced incurable by some of the best eminent Canadian physicians before pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and his case was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper in each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from their use. The cold baths were no longer so severe, my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now after the first four boxes of the pills—at a cost of \$4—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 40 pounds; I have a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they have saved my life, and the doctors had given me up as incurable."

"Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from chronic dysentery, was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schuler, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured."

"Mr. Quant had also tried faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Brooklyn, N. C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian Church; Prof. Jas. E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edwin Crouch, and many other gentlemen to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of the cure, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had suffered for so long a time as a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease. This is the greatest satisfaction to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Dr. Quant, indeed the reporter to make further inquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer, and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, and many others of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific remedy peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases of general debility, worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature."

"On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Morrilton, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the dozen) at 50 cents a box, or boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes them a most valuable and comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment."

How Do You Pronounce Them. Nalad—nay-yad. Naif (masculine)—nah-ef. Naive (feminine)—nah-ef. Natively—nah-vee. Nape. The nape. Nas-cent, not nay-sent. Nas-ty. Broadway the a.

National—nash-un-al, not nay-shun-al. The first marking is that of all the orthopistats except Webster, and his mode of pronouncing the word is not even permitted in the later editions of his dictionary.

Nationality—nash-un-al-ty. Nature—nat-er. Nausea—naw-she-ah, not so-ah. Nauseous—naw-shus. Nav-ty. Navy. Near-east, not ist. Neurologis—nek-ro-jo-ik. Neurology—nek-ro-logy. Neutrine—nek-tar-in.

G. F. should make only two syllables of military in the first case, and in the second both the l and the o long.—Boston Globe.

No Business to Think at All. A Russian press censor permitted the following item to appear in a Moscow paper: "It is our opinion that Russia needs no more news of the war. For this the censor was suspended for three months and the editor fined \$300."

An Utter Slave. "Goodness, John, how queer baby looks. I believe he is going to have a fit." "By George, I believe you are right. Where's my camera?"—Indianaapolis Journal.

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