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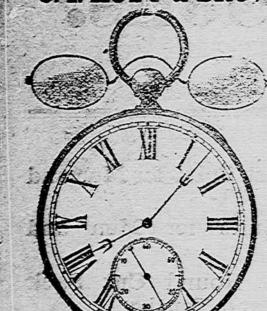
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Estate of Mrs. Catherine D. Mc-Dowell, Dec'd.

RICH, OND, VA., Doc. 15, 1885. - I have taken three boates of Switts Specific, for secondary blood pot on. It acts much better than potash or THL APPLY to the Judge of Probate any other a medy I have ever used.

B. F. WINPIELD, M. D. of Sumter County on the 24th day of foresher, 1888, for a final Discharge as a free tor of aforesaid Bet. te.

JAMES McDOWELL, Book on Cor agious Pleod Poison mailed free. All druggists : Cl S. S. S. The Swift Specific Co., Drewer L Atlanta, Ga. Mew York, 756 Broadway.

SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1888.

Grady on the Race Problem.

We read with much interest and watched with much care the speech of Henry W. Grady delivered at Dallas, Texas, on Saturday, the 27th. The occasion was the State Fair. The Georgia orator, to our mind, struck the key note of the situation when he braced himself, in all earnestness and truth, to deal with the race issue as one constant and irrepressible factor in our industrial, as well as our social and political outcome. We see less treacle and more manly vigor than we have hitherto had from Mr. Grady's lips. This is a big, broad issue, and Mr.

Columbia Register.

Grady faces it with becoming manhood. It was no trick of oratory for Mr. Grady to apostrophize the imperial State and proper that he should realize that he was speaking to a people who will, in all probability, hold in their hands at no distant day the destiny of this great This powder never varies. A marvel of country: A brave, manly, practical, purity, strength and wholesomeness. More vigorous, active and generous people, conomical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude | who to-day have in their keeping a terof low test, short weight, alum or phosphate ritory 57,000 square miles greater than powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAK- all Germany. Over two million people, in Powders. N. Y.

all Germany. Over two million people, from their convictions. But we cannot who have come from every State of the who have come from every State of the CATARRH Union, and largely from every civilized country of Christendom, occupy this vast and fruitful land, the seed corn of

Accepting an indissoluble Union as a fixed fact of our Federal civilization, Texas as an indissoluble State within that Union, and with whose social and industrial make-up the race issue is incorporated, possibly for all time, must exercise a controlling influence in adjusting the relations of the races on practical terms. Texas, therefore, has the power and the territorial wealth, the high matchood and readiness of purpose to play the greatest part of any State of this point it sends forth a poisonous virus this Union in the adjustment of sociointo the stomach and through the digestive political conflicts arising out of the race

A particle is applied into each nostril and on us with ominous meaning. Mr is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists : by Grady thus had the very audience beall, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROS., fore him whose children and grandchildren are to be the chief actors in the solution of the tremendous questions knocking at our doors for solution. We think Mr. Grady handles the subject Thursday, Nov. 29th, Designated by with great manliness and at the same time with tender benevolence. The orator says:

'I shall be pardoned for resisting the inspiration of the presence and adherspeech-for there are times when fine words are paltry, and this seems to me to be such a time. So I shall turn away from the thunders of the political battle upon which every American hangs intent, and repress the ardor that at this time rises in every American heart-for there are issues that strike deeper than any political theory has reached and conditions of which partisauship has taken and can take but little account. Let me, therefore, with studied plainness, and with such precision as is possible—in a spirit the is broader than party limitations, and deeper than political motive-discuss with you certain problems upon the wise and prompt solution of which depends the glory and prosperity of the

Union-in a Republic against the integrity of which sword shall never be drawn or mortal band uplifted. Why is one section held separated from the

rest in alien consideration? * * * * * Why should a number of States, stretching from Richmond to Galveston, bound together by no local interests, held in no autonomy, be thus combined and drawn to a common centre? * * If it be provincialism that holds the South together, let us outgrew it; if it be sectionalism, let us root it out of our hearts, but if it be something deeper than these and essen-AND HAIR, tial to our system, let us declare it with frankness, consider it with respect, defend it with firmness and in dignity abide its consequences. What is it then that holds the Southern Statesthough true in thought and deed to the Union-so closely bound in sympathy

'It is that the future holds a problem in solving which the South must stand Special Attention Given to Orders alone; in dealing with which she must come closer together than ambition or despair have driven uer, and on the outcome of which her very existence depends. This problem is to carry within her body politic two separate races. equal in civil and political rights and nearly equal in numbers. She must carry these races in peace-for discord means ruin. She must carry them separately-for assimilation means debasement. She must carry them in equal justice-for this she is pledged in honor and gratitude She must carry them even unto the end, for in human prob- thirteenth.

ability she will never be quit of either. * * * Set by this problem apart from all other peoples of the earth, and her unique position emphasized rather than relieved by her material conditions, Will practice in adjoining it is not only fit but it is essential that she should hold her brotherhood unimpaired, quicken her sympathies, and in Collecting made a specialty, the light or in the shadow of this surpassing problem, work out her own sal-

> alone ' Here, paying a just tribute to the was a man buried in Pickens County. when he saw Fitzgerald disappear, "if he street, thence passed on to Evelya street be a connectioned day," she chirped cheerily faithfulness of the colored man under He was dead, and they were putting isn't a fool I don't know who is, to go about god along Spring street, until Brian's cab to hereal, "the of course bein' a great swell bondage and during the war, Mr. him away. In digging a grave for in the very clothes he were when he pelished stopped at the corner of Collins street, and in 'is own place, 'cli 'ave a nice airy vault, Grady passes on to his condition as a him they dug through three feet of Whyte off, and think he wou't be recognized. Gorby six him alight and dismiss his cab which will be far more comfortable than a

> was all the sweeter because the hands imported from Vermont. Although taking a seat on the Esplanade, "I suppose money a light one, but over which he had no road and range the bell, "a pullin at the bell was all the sweeter because the hands from Vermont. Although that you was the sweeter because the hands from which the shackles fell were stain
> from which less of a single crime against the help-less ones confided to his care. From ed from Philadelphia. Although iron appeared. Then he saw Madge and Brain ide want into the gordona cod saw Brian this root, imbedded in a century of was in the bills within a hundred feet come out on the vermada, and heard Mas some distance about of him, within a month kind and constant companionship, has of his grave, the nails in his coffin Featherweight's shrill verse singuing which it was bright avocablebt, and he constant companionship, has spring some foliage. As no race has been held in such unresisting bondage, been held in such unresisting bondage, was hard wood in the same forest, manto make was ever hurried with such swiftto make was ever hurried with such swiftto make the same forest, manto make the same for a minute or so
> "You nearly to set the bell down," said the
> for a minute or so
> the same forest and picks that dug
> to make the same forest to set the same for a minute or so
> "Ah!" said Gorby to himself, relighting at a house near Cause Memorial characteristics.
>
> The said Gorby to himself, relighting at a house near the same forest to set ness into power. Into hands still his grave were imported from Cincintrembling with the blow that broke the nati. The truth is that his own county, his pipe. "your conscience is a similar you, is much to Mr Corby's redef, who, bond the lamber of breath found shackles, was thrust the balle. In less as rich or richer in patural resources than twelve months from the day he than any in the State, furnished noth- disappeared one by one, bleck figures in the the shadow, however, and saw Fitzgerald walked down the furrow a slave, the ing for that funeral but the hole in the moonlight, after kisses and hardensking, give one final look around before he disapnegro dictated in legislative halls, ground and the corpse. He was clothfrom which Davis and Calhoun had gone ed in shoes from Massachusetts, a suit forth, the policy of twelve common- from Chicago, a shirt from Cincinnati, opened the gate and held out his band.

* * * From the known inca- furnished nothing but the marrow in pacity of that day, has the pegro far his bence and the blood in his veins'

advanced? Is he a safer, more intelligent citizen now than then? Is this mass of votes, loosed from old restraints, inviting alliance or awaiting opportunity, less menacing than when its purpose was plain and its way direct?

'My countrymen, right here the South must make a decision on which very much depends. Many wise men hold that the white vote of the South should divide, the color line be beaten down and the Southern States ranged on economic or moral questions as interests or belief demands. I am compelled to dissent from this view. The worst thing, in my opinion, that could happen is that the white people of the South stand in opposing factions with the vast mass of ignorant or purchasable negro votes between.

'We must accept as a necessity the clear and unmistakable domination of of Texas as he did. It was becoming the white race, dominating not through violence, through party alliance, but through the integrity of its own vote and the largeness of its sympathy and jutice, through which it shall compel the support of the better classes of the colored race. * * * * In political compliance, the South has evaded the truth and men have drifted escape this issue. It faces us wherever we turn. It is an issue that has been and will be. The races and tribes of the earth are of Divine origin. an imperial, social power within the Behind the laws of man and the decress of war stand the law of God. * * * * * * * * *

'Standing in the presence of this multitude, sobered with the responsibility of the message I deliver to the young men of the South, I declare that the truth, above all others, to be worn unsullied and sacred in your hearts, to be surrendered to no force, sold for no price, compromised in no necessity, but cherished and defended as the covenant of your prosperity, and the pledge of peace to your children, is that the white race must dominate forever in the organs, corrupting the blood and producing issue no less than others, now setting in superior to that race with which its su-South, because it is the white race, and premacy is threatened.' [Great cheer-

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

the President for Thanksgiving Day.

By the President of the United States: Constant thanksgiving and ing to-day to a blunt and rigorous gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy, which have followed them since the day he made them a nation and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness He has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness He has not visited with swift punishment our shortcomings, but with gracious care He has got that girl with the steam whistle voice to warned us of our dependence upon His forbearance and has taught us that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His precious gifts.

In acknowledgment of all that God bas done for us as a nation, and to the end that on an appointed day the united prayers and praise of a grateful country may reach the Throne of Grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set Why the South? In an undivisible apart Thursday, the 29th day of November, instant, as a day of thanks giving and prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land. On that the Esplanade, some of whom stopped and day let all our people suspend their or- listened to Julia's shrill notes, which being dinary work and occupations, and in mellowed by distance, must have sounded their accustomed places of worship, rather nice. One man in particular seemed with prayer and songs of praise, render stared over the fence at the house. Brian thanks to God for all His mercies, for and Madre talked of all sorts of things, but the abundant harvests which have re- every time Madge looked up she saw the man warded the toil of the husbandman during the year that has passed, and for asked. the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and he went on indifferently, as the man moved their marts of trade and traffic. Let us away from the gate and crossed the read on give thanks for peace and social order music, I suppose; that's all.' and contentment within our borders, Madge did not say anything, but could not and for our advancement in all that help thinking there was more in it than the adds to national greatness. And mind- music. Presently Julia ceased, and she proful of the afflictive dispensation with posed to go in. which a portion of our land has been in a comfortable seat, smoking a cigarette. visited, let us, while we humble our- "It's nice enough here." selves before the power of God, acknowledge His mercy in setting bounds rising. "You stop here and finish your to the deadly march of the pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow-countrymen who moonlight meanwhile. Yes, the man was have suffered and who mourn.

And as we return thanks for all the one of the seats, and kept his eyes fixed on blessings which we have received from threw away his eigarette and shivered the hands of our Heavenly Father, let | sugnity us not forget that He has enjoined upon us charity, and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the Curse Whyte, "I wish I'd never set eyes upon poor and needy, so that our tribute of him." praise and gratitude may be acceptable

in the sight of the Lord. Done at the city of Washington on the 1st day of November, 1888, and the year of the independence of the the sent was one of the eleverest of the Mel- any attempt to hide it." United States the one hundred and bourno detectives.

In witness whereof I have bereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed

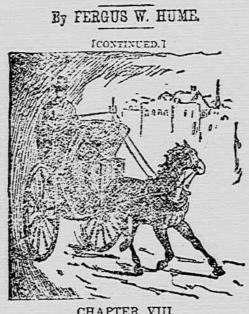
GROVER CLEVELAND. By the President T F. Bayard, Secretary of State.

Why the South is Poor.

Speaking of Southern progress, vation in the fear of God-but of God Henry W. Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution, says: 'The other day there freeman He says:

I rejoice that when freedom came to the negro after years of waiting, it

a hat from Lynn, and his own county



CHAPTER VIIL BRIAN TAKES A WALK AND A DRIVE. When the gentlemen entered the drawing room a young lady was engaged in playing one of those detestable pieces of music called morceau de salon, in which an unoffending air is taken and variations embroidered on it

and demi-semi-quavers. Brian quickly found his way to Madge's side. The talk drifted on to the subject of Whyte's death. "I never did like him," she sa'd, "but it

till it becomes a perfect agony to distinguish

the tune amid the perpetual rattle of quavers

was horrible to think of him dying like "I don't know," answered Brian, gloomily; "from all I can hear, chloroform is a very

"Death can never be easy," replied Madge, especially to a young man so full of health and spirits as Mr. Whyte was." "I believe you are sorry he's dead," said

Brian, jealously. "Aren't you?" she asked in some surprise. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," quoted Fitzgerald; "but as I detested him when alive, you can't expect me to regret his end." Madge did not answer him, but glanced

quickly at his face, and for the first time it struck her that he looked ill. "What is the matter with you, dear?" she asked, placing her hand on his arm. "You are not looking well."

"Nothing - nothing," he answered hur-

riedly. "I've been a little worried about

business lately; but come," be said, rising,

"let us go outside, for I see your father has

vent out on the veranda with Fitzgerald.

as Julia wailed out, "Meet me once again,"

with an ear piercing shrillness. "I'd much

to meet her again, one interview would be

Madge did not answer, but leening lightly

over the high rail of the vermida looked

out into the beautiful moonlight night.

There were a number of people passing along

to have taste for music, for he persistently

"What does that man want, Brinn?" she

"What man?" asked Brian, starting. "Oh,"

feel easy in his mind, and he would have felt

Esplanade. "He won't stay long away from

han up tall I find out where he lives."

hearty voice, '/come down soon again."

into the house like a shadow.

under such strict surveillance.

There was no one in the carriage except sometimes of talking to himself.

certain, he won't come between Madge and one else ever will."

rising out of his seat, he walked to the other end of the carriage and threw himself on the cushions, as if desirous of escape from him-

suspecting me?" he said aloud. "No one The girl with the steam whistle voice was Julia Featherweight, the sister of Rolleston's the police can't possibly bring forward any evidence to show that I was. Pshaw!" he inamorata, and Madre stifled a laugh as she went on, impatiently buttoning up his coat. "I am like a child, afraid of my shadow-the What a shame of you," she said, bursting into a laugh when they were safely outside; breath of fresh air, as he said himself-I am "How I pity them," retorted Brian, grimly.

quite safe." rather listen to our ancestral banshee, and as Melbourne station he stepped out on to the

"Ah!" said the detective to bimself, as he to the footpath, "he's taken up with the

"Why?" asked Brian, who was lying back "I must attend to my guests," she answered, cigarette," and with a gay laugh she flitted Brian sat and smoked, staring cut into the certainly watching the house, for he sat on

the brilliantly lighted windows. Brian a pleasure going after a chap like you infruit, and ain't got any brains to keep their "Could any one have seen me?" he muttere. rising uneasily. "Pshaw! of course not, and the cabman would never recognize me again.

the seat, and then, with a shiver, passed into | turned up Powlett street, at which Mr. the warm, well lighted room. He did not | Gorby exulted.

Mr Gorby had been watching the Frettiby | without his boot, for the cab in front kept | ready." mans.on the whole evering, and was getting | driving on, through an interminable maze of rather annoyed. Mereland did not know streets, ontil it seemed as if Prian was de swered Mrs. Sameson, hospitably, with a Brian's movements and trace him home.

mansion, he was in evening dress, with a up to a pretty good page. They were in hand or man, of whom any woman would heht coat over it, and also hel on a soft hat. | Pitzrov by this time, and then both cabs | barroul. "Well, I'm dashed?" cjaculated Mr. Gorley, turned out of Gertrude street into Nicholson

Velbourne am't Paris or Loadon, that he can man He then walked down the street and close, stuffe grave, even the it has a toreb-

sounded weight and an earthly to the stillness I distinguish fit were did to be built and the

Ramlet, "fat and seart of breath," found

leaving Brian outside, and walked back to murder. If it fits into the time he got out of "Ah!" said Gorby to himself, "if you only knew what I know, you woukin't be so pre-

cious kind to him." Brian walked, strolled along the Esplanade, and then crossing over, passed by Gorby and walked on till he was opposite the Esplanade hotel. Then he lighted a cigarette and walked down the steps on to the pier. "Suicide, is it?" muttered Mr. Gorby to

himself, as he saw the tall, black figure striding resolutely on, a long way ahead came through the Venetian blinds, be fell "Not if I can help it." So he lighted his into a sort of aneasy doze, haunted by horpipe, and strolled down the pier in an ap parently aimless manner. He found Brian leaning over the parapet

at the end of the pier, and looking at the glittering waters beneath, which kept rising ment. Then the cab went over a precipice, and falling in a dreamy rhythm, that soothed | and he fell from a great height down, down, and charmed the ear. "Poor girl! poor girl!" the detective heard him mutter as he came up. "If she only knew all! If she"--At this moment be heard the approaching step, and turned round sharply The detective saw that his face was ghastly pale in the moonlight, and his brows wrinkled angrily.

by following me all over the place?" "Saw me watching the house," said Gerby to himself. "I'm not following you, sir," be his face looking at him from the mirror, old said aloud. "I suppose the pier ain't private and haggard looking, with dark circles round property. I only came down here for a breath of fresh air." Fitzgerald did not answer, but turned

out, as Gorby paused. "What do you mean

sharply on his heel, and walked quickly up the pier, leaving Gorby staring after him. "He's getting frightened," soliloquized the detective to himself, as he strolled easily along, keeping the black figure in front well in view. "I'll have to keep a sharp eye on him or he'll be clearing out of Victoria." Brian walked quickly up to the St. Kilda station, for on looking at his watch be found be would just have time to catch the last train. He arrived a few minutes before it started, so, getting into the smoking carriage at the near end of the platform, he lit a cigarette, and, leaning back in his seat. watched late comers hurrying into the station. Just os the last bell rang he saw a man rush along, who seemed likely to miss the train. It was the same man who had been watching him the whole evening, and Brian

felt confident that he was following him. Hs comforted himself, however, with the thought | cricket; and being dressed in a faded brown that this pertinacious follower would lose the | silk, what with her voice and attenuated train, and, being in the last carriage him- body, she was not unlike that noisy insect. self, he kept a lookout along the platform. expecting to see his friend of the Esplanade standing disappointed on it. There was no came over her stony face as she saw his appearance of him, however, so Brian, sinking back into his seat, cursed his ill luck in not having shaken off this man who kept him | shrill voice, as she placed her burden on the

"D- him!" he muttered, softly. "i expect he will follow me to East Melbourne. and find out where I live, but he shan't if I

he was in that humor which comes on men "Murdered in a cab," he said, lighting a fresh cigarette, and blowing a cloud of

smoke. "A romance in real life, which beats Miss Braddon hollow. There is one thing me again. Poor Madge!" with an impatient sigh. "If she only knew all, there would not be much chance of our marriage; but she can never find out, and I don't suppose any

Here a sudden thought struck him, and

"What grounds can that man have for knows I was with Whyte on that night, and fellow on the pier is only some one out for a

All the same he did not feel easy in his mind, and when the train arrived at the platform with a shiver and a quick look round, as if he expected to feel the detective's hand on his shoulder. He saw no one. however, at all like the man he had met on the St. Kilda pier, and with a sigh of relief, left the station. Mr. Gorby, however, was on the watch, and followed him at a safe distance along the platform. Brian left the station and walked slowly along Flinders | hands. After remaining in this position for street, apparently in deep thought. When he got to Russell street he turned up there. and did not stop until he came close to the Burke and Wills monument, in the very Sampson had heard, and she soon came into place where the cub had stopped on the night of Whyte's murder.

stood in the shadow on the opposite side or it, are you? i wouldn't, if I were you-it's back all day."

Fitzgerald stood for a few minutes at the corner and then walked up Collins street. When he got to the cab stand, opposite the Melbourne club, still suspecting he was followed, he hailed a hansom and drove away in the direction of Spring street. Gorby was rather perplexed at this sudden move, but without delay he hailed another cab and told the driver to follow the first till it stopped. "Two can play at that game," he said, settling himself back in the cab, "and I'll get the better of you, clever as you are-and you are clever," he went on in a tone of admiration, as he looked round the luxurious hansom, "to choose such a convenient place for a murder; no disturbance and plenty of time for escape after you had finished, it's stead of men who tamble down like ripe

While the directive thus soliloguized his ab, following on the trail of the other, bad turned down Spring street and was being driven rapidly along the Wellington parade in the direction of East Melbourne. It then

"Ain't so clever as I thought," he said to still less so had be known that the man on himself. "Shows his nest right off, without

looking through his transfoor in the roof of bein' a special kind. I ave, which my mother "If he's that pretty girl's lover, I'll wait the hansom, "'ow long's this 'ere gamen good showed me 'ow to make, 'avin' been taught till be leaves the house," argued Mr. Gorby to larst. My less is knocked up less, and "a by a loly as she mused thro' the scarlet fever, to himself, when he first took his section the blessed old legs a givin away under 'ma" the bein of a weak constituction, she died "Go ont go on" answered the detective, seen never, bein' in the abit of contractin' The calenan's opinds were mised by this any disease she might chance on." her, and once he leaves the house I'll follow | menationally; "I'll pay you well." When Brian made his appearance early in | and by dint of coaxing and a liberal use of | went over to the window and watched him the evening on his way to Mark Frettiby's | the silk, he managed to get his faded horse as he walked slowly down the street-a tail,

Then the guests came out of the house and himself rather exhausted. He kept well in Shortly afterwards Brian came down the poared into the house. Then Mr Gorby, like path with Frettlby by his side and Modge the Robber Captain in "Ali Baba," took care hanging on to her father's arm. Frettlöy | Jul stock of the hoase, and fixed its locality and appearance well in his mind, as he in tended to call at it on the morrow

"Good-night, Fitzgerald," he said, in a "What I'm going to do." he said, as he "Good-night, Bryan, dearest," said Madge, his landlady when he's out, and find out kissing him, "and don't forget to-morrow,"

Then father and daughter closed the gate, | what time be came in on the night of the Rankin's cab I'll get out a warrant, and arrest him straight off."

MR. GORBY IS SATISFIED AT LAST.

CHAPTER IX

kept tossing and turning, or else lying on his back wide awake, looking into the darkness and thinking of Whyte. Toward dawn, when the first faint glimmer of morning rible dreams. He thought he was driving in a hansom, when suddenly he found Whyte by his side, clad in white cerements, grinning and gibbering at him with ghastly merriwith the mocking laughter still sounding in his ears, until he woke with a loud cry and found it was broad daylight, and that drops of perspiration were stending on his brow. It was no good trying to sleep any longer, so, with a weary sigh, he erose and went for his tub, feeling jaded and worn out by worry "What the devil do you want?" he burst | and want of sleep. His bath did him some good, as the cold water brightened him up and pulled him together. Still he could not belo giving a start of surprise when he saw

"A pleasant life I'm going to bave of it if this sort of thing goes on," he said bitterly; "I wish to G-I had never seen or heard of Whyte."

He dressed himself carefully, however, for Brian was a man who never neglected his toilet, however worried and out of sorts he might feel. Yet, notwithstanding his efforts | the whole time. This so astonished Mr. to throw off his gloom and feel cheerful, his landlady was startled when she saw how haggard and wan his handsome face looked

in the searching morning light. She was a small, dried up little woman. with a wrinkled, yellow face, and looked so parched and brittle that strangers could not bein thinking it would do her good if she were soaked in water for a year, in order to soften her a little. Whenever she moved she crackled, and one was in constant dread of secing one of her wizen looking limbs break off short, like the branch of a dead trea. When she spoke it was in a hard, shrill voice, like a She crackled into Brian's sitting room with The Argus and coffee, and a look of dismay altered looks.

"Dear me, sir," she chirped out in her table, "are you took bad?" Brian shook his head. "Want of sleep, that's all, Mrs. Sampson

he answered, unfolding The Argus. "Ah! that's because ye ain't got enough blood in yer 'ead," said Mrs. Sampson, wisely, himself, on which he felt a sense of relief, for for she had her own ideas on the subject of health. "If you ain't got blood you ain't got sleep."

Brian looked at her as she said this for there seemed such an obvious want of blood in her veius that he wondered if she had ever slept in all her life. However, he said nothing, but merely intimated that if she would leave the room be

would take his breakfast. "An' if you wants anythin' else, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, going to the door, "you knows your way to the bell as easily as I do to the kitchen," and, with a final chirrup, she crackled out of the room.

Brian drank his coffee, but pushed away the food which was before him, and then looked through The Argus to see the latest reports about the murder case. What he read made his cheek turn even paler than it was, and he could feel his heart beating

tered, rising and pacing restlessly up and down. "I wonder what it can be? I threw that man off the scent last night, but if he suspects me there will be no difficulty in him finding out where I live. Bub! What nonsense I am talking. I am the victim of my own morbid imagination. There is nothing to connect me with the crime, so I need not be afraid of my shadow. I've a good mind to leave town for a time, but if I am suspected that would excite suspicion. Oh, Madge! my darling," he cried, passionately, "if you only knew what I suffer, I know that you would pity me-but you must never know the truth -'Never! Never!" and, sinking into a chair by the window, he covered his face with his some minutes, occupied with his own gloomy thoughts, he arose and rang the bell. A faint crackle in the distance aunounced that Mrs. the room, looking more like a cricket than

called out to her from there: "I am going down to St. Killia, Mrs. Samo the street. "You're going to have a look at | son," he said, "and, probably, will not be

"Which I 'opes it 'ull do you good," answered the cricket, "for you've eaten nothin', an' the sea breezes is miraculous for makin' you take to your victuals. My mother's prother, bein' a sailor, ' wonderful for 's stomach, which, when 'c done a meat, the table looked as if a low cuss - 1 gone over it." "A what?" asked Fitzgerald, buttoning his

"A low cuss!" replied the lan. lady, in surprise at his ignorance, "as I've read in 'Oly Writ, as 'ow John the Baptist was partial to 'em not that I think they'd be very fillin', tho', to be sure, 'e 'ad a sweet tooth, and ate oney with 'em " "Oh! you mean locusts," said Brian, now

"An what else?" asked Mrs. Sampson, in lignantly; "which, the not bein a scholard, I speaks English I 'opes, my mother's second cousin avin' 'all first prize at a spellin' bee, the 'e diel early through brain fever, 'avin' crowled is 'ead over much with the diction-

"How unfortunate." He was not listening to Mrs. Karpoon's remarks, but was think ing of an arrangement which Madge had made, and which he had forgotten till now. "Mrs. Sampson," he said, turning round at the door, "I am going to bring Mr. Frettiby and his day thier to have a cup of afternoon to a here, so you might have some

Assem as Firz erald had gone Mrs. S.

"What an awful thing it are to think 'e'll

As the gentleman at the door, who was researcher them Mr. Gerby, did not hear her, he, of coerce, did not reply, so she hurrfed down the stairs, emelling with langer at the

and wrinkled face to the view of the detec

"I'm very sorry," answered Gorby, meekly.

"I'll kneck next time." "Oh, no you won't," said the landlady, tossing her head, "me not 'avin' a knocker, an' your 'and a-scratchin' the paint off the door, which it ain't been done over six months by my sister in-law's cousin, which 'e is a painter, with a shop in Fitzroy, an' a won-



Gorby quietly.
"He do," replied Mrs. Sampson, "but es gone out, an' won't be back till the arter-

noon, which any messidge 'ull be delivered to

'im punctual on 'is arrival"

"I'm glad he's not in," said Mr. Gorby. "Would you allow me to have a few moments' conversation?" "What is it?" asked the cricket, her cart

osity being roused. "I'll tell you when we get inside," enwered Mr. Gorby. The cricket looked at him with her sharp little eyes, and seeing nothing disreputable in him, led the way upstairs, crackling loudly

Gorby that he cast about in his own mind for an explanation of the phenomena. "Wants oiling about the joints," was his conclusion, "but I never heard anything like

Mrs. Sampson took Gorby into Brian's sitting, and, having closed the door, sat down and prepared to hear what he had to say for

tho', to be sure, your bill might come down on him unbeknown, 'e not 'avin' kept it in mind, which it ain't everybody as 'ave sich a good memory as my aunt on my mother's side, she 'avin' bin famous for 'er dates like & 'istory, not to speak of 'er multiplication' tables and the numbers of people's 'ouses." "I am an insurance agent," he said rapidly, so as to prevent any interruption by the

his life in our company. Before doing so I want to find out if he is a good life to insure; does he live temperately? keep early hours? and, in fact, all about him." "I shall be 'appy to answer any inquiries which may be of use to you, sir," replied Mrs. Sampson; "knowin" us I do 'ow good & insurance is to a family should the end of the be taken off unexpected, leavin' a widdle.

regler, an' be'aved like a gentleman." "Does he keep good hours?" said Mr. "Allays in afore the clock strikes twelve," answered the landlady; "tho" to be sure, I uses it as a figger of speech, none of the

"Is he always in before 127" asked Mr. Corby, keenly disappointed at this answer. Mrs. Sampson eyed him waggishly, and a smile crept over her wrinkled little face. "Young men, not bein' old men," she replied, cautiously, "and sinners not bein' aints, it's not natural as latch keysshould be

should let's latch key git rusty, tho', avin' & good moral character, 'e uses it with moder-"But I suppose you are generally asteep

home?" "Not as a rule," assented Mrs. Sempson; 'bein' a 'eavy sleeper, and much disposed for bed, but I 'ave 'card 'im come in arter 12, the last time bein' Thursday week."

Thursday week was the night when the nine der was committed. ever. Brian had gone into his bedroom and

> "And the time was?" asked Mr. Gorby, "Five minutes to 2 o'clock," replied Mrs.

Mr. Gorby thought for a moment. Cab was hailed at 1 o'clock-started for St Kilda about ten minutes past-reached grammar school, say at twenty-five minutes past-Fitzgerald talks five minutes to cabman, making it haif-past-say, he waited ten minutes for other cab to turn up, makes it twenty minutes to 2-it would take another twenty minutes to walk up here-that makes it five minutes past 2 instead of before-confound it? "Wes your clock in the kitchen right?" be

"Well, I think so," answered Mrs. Sampson. "It does get a little slow sometimes. not 'avin' bin cleaned for some time, which my nevy bein' a watchmaker I allays 'ands it over to 'im "

"Of course it was slow on that night," said Gorby, triumphantly. "He must have come in at five minutes past 2-which makes it

was ten minutes wrong?" "Oh, it was, was it?" asked Gerby, engerly. "I'm not denvin' that it wasn't," replice Mrs. campson; "clocks aim tallays to be re lied on more than men an' women; but it won't be envilling a rin hs insurance, will it. as in general 'e's in afore 127 "Oh, all that will be quite safe," answered

"Yes, it is," replied the landledy; "but 'e furnished it 'imself, bem' of a luxurus turn of mind, not but what 'is taste is good, tho' far be it from me to deny I elped 'im to seect; but 'avin' another room of the same to ot, any friends as you might 'ave in search if a 'ome 'ud be well looked arter, my references bein' very 'igh an' my cockin' tasty,

Here a ring at the front door bell called Mrs. Sampson away, so with a hurried word to Gorby she crackled down stairs. Left to himself. Mr. Gorby arose and looked around the room. It was excellently furnished, and the pictures on the wall were all in good taste. There was a writing table at one end of the room under the window, which was covered with papers.

out of Whyte's pocket, I suppose," said the detective to himself, as he turned over some

derful heve to color." walked slowly back to Malbourne, "is to see | derin neve to color. walked slowly back to Malbourne, "is to see | "Does Mr. Fitzgerahl live here?" asked Mr.

it, and she looks as if she'd snap in two, she's "I 'ope it ain't bills," she said. "Mr. Fita gerald 'avin' money in the bank, and everythin' respectable like a gentleman as 'e is. cricket; "and Mr. Fitzgerald wants to insure

which, as I know, Mr. Fitzgerald is a gold to be married soon, an' I 'opes 'e'll be 'appy tho' thro' it I loses a lodger as 'as allays poic

clocks in the 'ouse strikin' but one, which is' bein' mended, 'avin' broke through over-

made for ornament instead of use, and Mr. Fitzgerald bein' one of the 'andsomest men' in Melbourne, it ain't to be expected as 's

when he comes in late?" said the detective; "so you can't tell what hour he comes"

"Ah!" Mr. Corby drew a long breath, for

"Bein' troubled with my 'cad," said Mira Sampson, "thro' 'avin' been out in the sm all day a-washin'. I did not feel so partial to my bed that night as in general, so west down to the kitchen with the intent of getting a linseed poultice to put at the back of my 'ead, it being calculated to remove pain, as was told to me, when a nuss, by a doctor in the horspital, 'e now being in business for hisself, at Geeling, with a large family; avin' married early. Just as I was leavin the kitchen I 'eard Mr. Fitzgerald a-comba in, and, turnin' round, looked at the clock, that 'avin' been my custom when my lace 'usband came in the early mornin', I bein's preparin' 'is meal."

minutes to get to East Melbourne and five

"Makes what right?" asked the landlady. sharply. "And 'ow do you know my clock

the detective, delighted at having obtained the required information. "Is this Mr. Fitzgerald's room?"

"It's no good looking for the papers he took

lerters, 'as I don't know what they are, and couldn't tell them if I saw them; but I'd like to find that missing glove and the bottle that held the chloroform-unless he's done away with then.. There doesn't seem any sign of them here, so I'll have a look in his bedroom." There was no time to lese, as Mrs. Sampson might return at any moment, so Mr. Gorby walked quickly into the bedroom, which opened off the sitting room. The first thing that cancht the detective's eve was a large photograph of Madge Frettlby in a plush frame, which stood on the dressing table. It was the same kind he had already seen in Whyte's album, and he took it up with

CONTINCED ON POBERS PAGE