

THE FAIR STORE

Very cordially thanks the public for the generous patronage accorded it during the year 1895, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same during 1896.

Wishing one and all a happy and prosperous new year, we remain,

Very respectfully yours,

THE FAIR STORE.

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.]

"Mr. Mitchell," said Mr. Barnes, "why did you object to my looking into this case?"

"I never show my jewels to strangers. It is wrong to tempt people."

"You are impertinent, sir! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I regulate my life by rule. This is one of my rules, and though I do not doubt your honesty, you are a stranger to me and so come within the operation of my rule."

"Your cool impudence will not avail you in this instance. These are the stolen jewels."

"Indeed! Do you discover that, as you claim to have detected the thief, simply by looking at them?" Mr. Mitchell assumed that sarcastic tone which had several times irritated the detective.

"Have done with child's play," said Mr. Barnes. "I have a list of the lost jewels, and this case, with its contents, accurately matches the description. What is more, this list in your possession is the facsimile of the one which I have in my pocket."

"Ah, now we come to tangible facts and leave the realm of psychology," said Mr. Mitchell, leaning forward, with evident interest. "Let me understand this. You have a list of the stolen jewels. That paper is a facsimile of the one here. The description, too, tallies with the case and jewels. Is that right?"

"That is quite right. Now can your remarkable inventive faculty fashion a story to meet this emergency?"

"Mr. Barnes, you do me an injustice. I am no romancer. That is the difference between myself and the criminal class, with which you deal. Those poor devils commit a crime and depend upon a sequence of lies to clear themselves. On the contrary, I follow this rule, 'Refuse to answer all questions, or else answer truthfully.' Now, in this case there are some points as puzzling to me as to yourself. One of them is how you can possibly have a duplicate list of my jewels—for these are mine, I assure you."

"Here is the list," said the detective, taking it from his pocket and comparing it with the other, "and, by heavens," he continued, "the writing is the same!"

"That is interesting. Let me look," said Mr. Mitchell. With which he arose, walked around to the other side of the table and stood leaning over the detective. "You see, I do not ask you to let me take your paper from you. You might suspect that I would destroy it."

Mr. Barnes handed both papers to him without a word. Mr. Mitchell bowed as he took them and returned to his seat. After a moment's careful examination he handed them back, saying:

"I agree with you, Mr. Barnes. The writing is the same. What deduction do you draw from that fact?"

"What deduction? Why, I found this description of the stolen jewels in the pocket of a dress belonging to Rose Mitchell."

"What? Do you mean to say that she was the woman who was robbed?" The blank amazement upon Mr. Mitchell's face disconcerted Mr. Barnes, for if he did not know this, the mystery seemed deeper than ever.

"Do you mean that you did not know it?" asked Mr. Barnes.

"How should I know?" This caused a silence. Both men stopped a moment to consider the situation. At length Mr. Barnes said coldly:

"Mr. Mitchell, I am under the painful necessity of placing you under arrest."

"Upon what charge?"

"Upon the charge of having stolen jewels, and perhaps of having murdered Rose Mitchell."

"Are you in a hurry to take me with you?" asked Mr. Mitchell coolly.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because if not I should like to ask you one or two questions."

"You may do so."

"First, then, as the robbery was committed on a moving train, will you tell me how you supposed it to have been accomplished, since the passengers were searched?" Mr. Barnes had his own idea on this subject, which he did not choose to tell. He thought it well, however, to pretend that he had still another theory. At least he could observe how Mr. Mitchell received it.

"As you say, all were searched. The first was Mr. Thaurer. Nothing was found. Let us suppose a case. This man Thaurer was in the same carriage with the woman Rose Mitchell. When the train stopped at New Haven, suppose that he took the satchel, left the train and passed it to you through the window of your section, thinking that only his carriage would be searched. After his own examination he left the train at Stamford. Why may he not have tapped upon your window and have received back the satchel?"

"That would make him my accomplice. You are wrong. I do not know the man at all."

"Once only—at a gaming table. That is why I was displeased to see him in the home of my intended. Passing the robbery, then—for despite my denial you may think your explanation correct, and a jury might agree with you—let us come to the murder. Do you suppose a man would make a wager to commit

a crime and then go to the extreme of killing a woman?"

"I do not. But, having committed the robbery, and then having discovered that this woman, who, you say, has blackmailed you, had actually taken an apartment in the same building with your affianced, you may have gone there to urge her to leave and have killed her to save yourself."

"Plainly you do not know me. There is one point in what you say which is interesting. Did I understand that this woman had an apartment in the Thirtieth street building?"

"Certainly, and you knew it."

"You are mistaken. Let us return to the jewels. You think that these are the missing gems. If I prove to the contrary, will you agree not to place me under arrest?"

"With pleasure," said the detective, feeling safe in the idea that what Mr. Mitchell offered to do was an impossibility.

"Thank you! That gives me my freedom, in exchange for which courtesy I promise you all the assistance in my power in finding the murderer."

"Which, Mr. Mitchell, touched an electric button, and when it was answered sent a message up stairs asking Mr. Charles to come down. In a few moments that gentleman appeared."

"Mr. Charles," said Mr. Mitchell, "would it be possible for me to enter these vaults without your knowledge?"

"It would be impossible for any one to enter here without my knowledge."

"You keep my key, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have I ever taken it out of this building?"

"No, sir."

"Then you think it impossible that I should have been able to have a duplicate key and to have entered here without your knowledge?"

"An utter impossibility, sir."

"Can you remember when I was here last?"

"Certainly. It was about two weeks ago, when you told me that you were going to Boston."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Charles. That is all."

Mr. Charles retired and Mr. Mitchell looked at Mr. Barnes with a smile, saying:

"You see you are wrong again. The jewels were stolen yesterday morning, and I have not been to this place since, and therefore could not have placed them in this box. Are you satisfied?"

"No. If you were able to commit the robbery on the train while I watched your section all night, and to have succeeded in getting the jewels away although you were searched, you are ingenious enough to have found a way of getting here without the knowledge of Mr. Charles. Or, he may be paid to lie for you. I feel too sure that these are the gems to be so readily convinced to the contrary."

"So you did watch me that night. Well, I am sorry you had so much trouble. I must give you further proof. Very good. Examine these."

He took out a package of letters and from them extracted a bill of sale, dated five years previous, in which was once more an accurate description of the jewels and case. In addition there was pinned to a receipt from the New York custom house for the duties paid, which paper was also dated back. This was evidence which Mr. Barnes could not refute. Plainly this particular set of jewels belonged to Mr. Mitchell.

"That is sufficient. It would be folly to arrest you when you could show these documents to any judge and be released. At the same time I shall not forget the coincidence of these two lists, and that one of the buttons."

"By the way, Mr. Barnes, would you mind saying where you found that button?"

"In the room where the woman was murdered."

"No wonder you valued it. I am surprised that you should have presented it to Miss Remsen." There was a twinkle in Mr. Mitchell's eye which annoyed Mr. Barnes, but he made no reply. Mr. Mitchell continued:

"In consideration of your not placing me under arrest, Mr. Barnes, I will give you a hint. I made that wager with my friend Randolph yesterday morning—that is to say, Dec. 2. I have until Jan. 2 to commit the crime about which the bet was made. Should you come to the conclusion that I am not guilty of either of those now engaging your attention it might enter your head that I still have a crime on hand, and it might pay you to watch me. Do you catch the idea?"

"There is little danger of your committing any crime during the next month without my knowing it," said Mr. Barnes.

"Now let us change the subject. Do you see this ruby?" taking a large ruby from the case before them. "I am thinking of having it set as a present to Miss Remsen. Will she not be envied when she wears it?"

CHAPTER VII.
MR. RANDOLPH HAS A FIGHT WITH HIS CONSCIENCE.

Upon leaving the vaults Mr. Mitchell and the detective parted company, the former going down to Tiffany's, where may think the ruby, with instructions as to how he wished it set. On the following morning Wilson's report to Mr. Barnes stated that Mr. Mitchell had spent the

afternoon at the Union League club and had accompanied his fiancée to a private ball in the evening.

On the morning of the 5th, as Mr. Mitchell was dressing, a card was brought to him which bore the name of his friend, Mr. Randolph, and that gentleman a few minutes later entered. Mr. Mitchell was cordial in his greeting and extended his hand, but Mr. Randolph refused it, saying:

"Excuse me, Mitchell, but I have come to see you about that wager I made stupid enough to make with you."

"Well, what of it?"

"I did not suppose that you would go so far."

"So far as what?"

"Why, haven't you read the papers?"

"No; I never do. I am above that class of literature."

"Then, with your permission, I will read one to you."

"Go ahead; I am all attention." Mr. Mitchell seated himself in his most comfortable armchair, and Mr. Randolph, without removing his overcoat, sat in another. Taking a morning paper from his pocket he read the following:

"The inquest upon the body of the mysterious woman found murdered in the Thirtieth street apartment house was resumed yesterday at the coroner's office. Mr. Barnes, the well known detective, testified that he had been upon the Boston express at the time of the robbery of the jewels; that he had an interview with the woman at which she gave the name Rose Mitchell and made an appointment with him at her residence. He called at the time agreed upon—9 o'clock on the morning of the 3d—and discovered her lying in bed with her throat cut. One singular fact brought out by the detective's testimony is that the woman's name had been deliberately cut from every garment. This may indicate that Rose Mitchell is an assumed name."

"The doctors who performed the autopsy declare it as their opinion that the woman was attacked while she slept. Otherwise there would have been more blood stains found, as the jugular vein and carotid artery were both cut. They think that the assassin used an ordinary pocketknife, because the wound, though deep, is not very large."

"A curious story was obtained from the janitor. The woman Mitchell had been in the home about three weeks. She was not a tenant, but occupied the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Comstock, who are absent in Europe. The woman gave him a letter purporting to be written by Mrs. Comstock, instructing the janitor to allow the bearer to occupy the apartment until suited elsewhere, and also asking that the janitor's wife would see that she had proper attendance. The janitor did not doubt the authenticity of the letter, but it now appears from the testimony of a relative of the Comstocks, who is well acquainted with Mrs. Comstock's writing, that this letter is a forgery."

"After a little further evidence of no special importance the inquest was adjourned until today. It is plain that the detectives are all at sea in this case. A startling piece of evidence has now been obtained by a reporter which may serve as a clue. It is no less than the discovery of the lost jewels. It will be remembered that Mr. Barnes was on the train and ordered that the passengers should be searched. Nothing was found, from which it seemed safe to presume that there were two persons connected with the theft. One of these secured the plunder and handed it through a window of the car to his accomplice outside."

A reporter went over the route yesterday, beginning his investigation in New Haven. He went the rounds of the hotels, endeavoring to discover if any suspicious person had been noticed in the city. At one of the last which he visited, which is about five minutes' walk from the railroad depot, the clerk remembered a man who did act strangely. It seems that this man came into the hotel at about noon on the 3d, registered, asked that his satchel should be placed in the safe, went out and was not returned since. The reporter at once guessed that this was the missing satchel, and so stating, the chief of police was sent for, and in his presence it was opened. In it was found a red Russia leather case containing uncut jewels of such size and luster that one can well believe that they are worth \$100,000, as claimed. That these are the missing gems is plainly indicated by the fact that the jewel case has the name of Mitchell stamped upon it. Unfortunately there was nothing about the satchel or in it which gives any clue to the thief himself. The clerk, however, remembers him distinctly, and from his description the detectives hope soon to have him under lock and key."

"What have you to say to that, Mitchell?"

"Why, it is just that kind of thing that made me give up reading the newspapers—a sensational description of a mysterious robbery and murder. Yet if one reads the papers he must submit to that almost every day."

"Do you mean that this particular case has no interest to you?"

"Why should it interest me? Because I happened to be on the train and was compelled to submit to being searched by an order from a blundering detective?"

"There is more reason than that for attracting your attention. Any man with a grain of sense and with the knowledge

of your wager must see your hand in this."

"In which, the robbery or the murder?"

"My God, I don't know. You and I have been the best of friends ever since we first met. I have stood by you and believed in you in spite of all that your enemies have said against you. But now—"

"Well?"

"Well, I don't know what to think. You bet me that you would commit a crime. In a few hours there is a robbery, and a little later a woman is killed in the very house where the Remsens lived. It is known—there is another account in another paper here—it is known that you were in that house for an hour after 11:30 at night and that while you were there a woman was heard to scream from that apartment where the corpse was found. Then here they find the jewels, and the case had your name on it."

"The woman's name, you mean. The paper made that deduction, I think."

"That is true. I did not think of that. Of course it was her name, but don't you see I am all muddled up and excited? I came here to ask you to say outright that you have had nothing to do with this thing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

ALL COMPETITION DESTROYED.

"The Overland Limited," a New Train Chicago to San Francisco.

The fastest train in the world, distance considered, will run via the Union Pacific System.

Commencing Nov. 17th, the Union Pacific will run a through train daily from Council Bluffs to San Francisco and Los Angeles, making the run of 1,864 miles in sixty hours and thirty-five minutes.

U. P. TIME CARD.

Taking effect November 17th, 1895.

EAST BOUND—Eastern Time.

No. 2, Fast Mail.....Departs 9:00 a.m.

No. 4, Atlantic Express.....11:30 p.m.

No. 6, Local Passenger.....6:30 a.m.

No. 28, Freight.....7:10 a.m.

WEST BOUND—Western Time.

No. 1, Limited.....Departs 2:33 p.m.

No. 3, Fast Mail.....11:05 p.m.

No. 17, Freight.....1:00 p.m.

No. 23, Freight.....8:00 a.m.

No. 5, Local Passenger Arrives.....8:00 p.m.

N. B. OLDS, Agent.

FRENCH & BALDWIN,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA.

Office over N. P. Nat. Bank.

GRIMES & WILCOX,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA.

Office over North Platte National Bank.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON,

Assistant Surgeon United States Army,

Member of Pension Board,

NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA.

Office over Straits's Drug Store.

A. P. KITTELL, F. H. BENSON.

KitteLL & Benson,

IRRIGATION ENGINEERS.

Prospective schemes investigated. Unprofitable schemes not undertaken. Surveys, Maps, Estimates and reports made, and construction superintended.

Office in North Platte, North Platte, Neb.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb.,

December 24, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on January 10th, 1896, viz:

HENRY P. SONNENBERG, who made Homestead Entry No. 14,839 for the Southwest quarter of Section 14, Township 14 N., Range 26 W., El. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William A. Greig, Aaron S. Greig, Harry M. Bowman, and George E. Gardner, all of Willard, Neb.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb.,

December 12th, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on January 10th, 1896, viz:

JAMES A. KERR, who made Homestead Entry No. 16,015, for the Southwest quarter of Section 24, Township 14 N., Range 26 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Edward Jackson, John M. Grandstaff, J. A. Dameron and Lyman Gardner, all of Moorhead, Nebraska.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb.,

December 12th, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof before the Register and Receiver at this office in North Platte, Neb., on Friday, the 17th day of January, 1896, on timber culture application No. 11,636, in township No. 9 north, range No. 26 west. He names as witnesses: N. D. Moore, C. D. Dawson, E. E. Dunham, M. M. Eason, all of Fairman, Nebraska.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NORTH PLATTE.

MARBLE: WORKS,

W. C. RITNER,

Man'fr of and Dealer in

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES,

Curbing, Building Stone,

And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery work.

Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and estimates freely furnished.

E. B. WARNER,

Funeral Director.

AND EMBALMER.

A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock.

NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA.

Telegram orders promptly attended to.

Leave orders at Newton's Store.

GEO. NAUMAN'S

SIXTH STREET

MEAT MARKET.

Meats at wholesale and re-

tail. Fish and Game in

season. Sausage at all

times. Cash paid for Hides.

CLAUDE WEINGAND,

DEALER IN

Coal Oil, Gasoline,

Crude Petroleum and

Coal Gas Tar.

Leave orders at Newton's Store.

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