

# GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

## CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Saville of the Court is not a pleasant woman. People are generally rather afraid of her, and like many unpleasant people, she usually gets her own way. Her present idea is to marry her only son, Sebastian, to her niece, Barbara Saville, an arrangement perfectly agreeable to every one except Barbara herself—Barbara, with her eyes, witching Irish beauty, the beauty of a fair skin and blue eyes, with very dark lashes and dark hair, a face at once charming and provoking.

But Barbara's present mood is a little bit too firm for her aunt, and Sebastian has felt his cold blood grow warm beneath the disdainful smile of his cousin.

Sebastian is not a pleasant looking man—tall and dark, with a heavy, cynical face and eyes that look cruel. In the whole of Leicester there is not such a pretty girl as Barbara Saville, who lives at the Court with her aunt, and has done so for several years. Lately Mrs. Saville has put on the screw a little, for Barbara is twenty, and it is time Sebastian married and settled down; but Barbara tip-tits her pretty eyes and tosses her dusky head, and says that to live at the Court all her life would kill her.

It is indeed, a gloomy spot, falling into decay, surrounded by dark, neglected woods, and a dark, sullen river flowing through the park. Mrs. Saville's husband has lived here on his day, driven a coach with eight horses, and generally made havoc of his patrimony. Card playing ended what his eight horses had begun, and his only son, Sebastian, is a poor man. Barbara is an only child, too. Her father has an appointment in Tasmania, and Barbara is supposed to have a fortune. Mr. Saville had sent her to be educated in England, and then to live at the Court, where the charming family arrangement of a marriage between the cousins was an open secret.

The time is November, when all day long the trees drip moisture, and the fields are soaking and sodden, while the long straggling street of Portraver is one sea of mud. It is worse than usual today, for a heavy rain is going on, and the fair takes place in the street. The foot-paths are crowded with cattle, and masses of panting, terrified sheep are crowded into groups. Young horses led by halteres are being paraded up and down, and the footpaths being unrelenting, pedestrians are forced to find their way in the middle of the street, ankle deep in mud, amidst the confusion of carts and horses, and animals of all sorts and kinds.

Walking briskly through the crowd, with an air of being thoroughly used to it, comes Barbara Saville, dressed in a smart skirt of Domagil tweed, with a Norfolk jacket and a tweed cap on her dark hair. She carries a walking stick, and her bright face wears a half-smiled, half-contemptuous expression as she looks at the hurrying crowd. She has reached the market square, and here the fair is at its height, and bargains are going on briskly. Barbara looks pityingly at the scared, timid cattle driven to and fro with each roughness. And strange contrast, just beside the drove of cattle, heedless of the turmoil around, stand a little group, a preacher, with uncovered head, preaching the Gospel of Christ to the heedless multitude. It is a strange scene, and Barbara's face grows thoughtful. The rough faces of well-to-do men and women, the patient cattle standing by, and those most humble creatures the subdued beggars, more used to blows than kindness.

Then through the crowd comes a young man, and he is head and shoulders over every one. His hair is gold—very soft—and waved in short, crisp curls. His fair mustache covers a smooth, firm mouth, and the eyes that look out from his face are purple as sapphires, and full of light now as they meet the maiden, glad recognition in hers.

"Hello," says the young man, "what are you doing in this crowd?" Barbara's face is a study of pleased surprise.

"I'm just walking in from the Court to see my letter to father," she replies. "And her best eyes smile brightly as she holds out her hand to him.

"George," she whispers. "You don't know Aunt Julia—she would freeze me with a look; but if father says yes, then she can't say anything."

"But, my darling, how can I wait?" urges the young man. Barbara sighs.

"Aunt Julia would write out horrid things to father," she says. And her fingers just touch the rough tweed sleeve beside her. He laughs.

"Oh, yes; she could say a lot against me, I know. I am in debt, and I don't run a couple of horses at the Courtyard, and lost a lot, too; and my dear old mother will go about pouring out her woes to Mrs. Saville, and making me out to be a black sheep; but I'm not that, Barbara. I've you to work for now, and I'll chuck the whole thing up. I'll have one more plunge, and then, if I win, and the luck's bound to come my way now, I'll pay up all round and marry you, my darling, with a clean page."

So hopefully he speaks, who could doubt him? Certainly not Barbara. "You are my good angel, sweetheart," goes on the man, bending his fair head. "I know I've made a mess of my life; but it will be all different now. You won't mind being a poor man's life, will you, darling?"

"I shouldn't mind anything with you, George," she whispers, her beautiful face aglow with feeling. "That's my brave little woman! I've not got much, you know, Barbara. The Grange comes to me at the mother's death, and she allows me two hundred a year. I wish now I had got a profession—a wistful expression of regret softening his eyes as he speaks.

The only son of his mother, and she as a widow. "Ah, what a story those simple words contain! George Bouverie is his mother's idol, and sorely she moans over her darling's shortcomings. Her views are not his views, and she regards with horror his increasing infatuation for horses racing, a taste that is a crime in the eyes of Mrs. Bouverie.

To please her, George sold his race-horse, but took to betting, a fact that need not be known to any one but himself. Only to Barbara he has poured out his remorse and regrets over himself and his backsliding. To please her he will give up everything, and Barbara is content.

"I wish I could ask you in to lunch," she says naively, as they reach the gloomy entrance gates of the Court, heavily shadowed with giant cypress trees, and dark moss grows on the pillars and the stone griffins surmounting them.

Immediately after luncheon, it is such a long drive to Barrystown. "Need I go?" asks Barbara, looking bored.

"My dear, I wish it," Mrs. Saville says decidedly, and turns to George. "How is your dear mother? She looked but poorly, latterly."

"I think she is all right," George replies, standing on the faded hearthrug in his careless grace. Altogether the Court and its inmates are gloomy—all except Barbara, whose clear young voice rings through the rooms.

Luncheon is announced, and Mrs. Saville rises and puts her jewelled hand on the arm of George Bouverie. "You and I will lead the way," she says, with a slow, unpleasant smile. "Those two young people like to take care of each other."

As they pass across the great vaulted stone hall Mrs. Saville looks up at the golden-haired young man at her side and whispers: "You must not covet forbidden fruit, Mr. Bouverie; and I think, for your own sake, it would be well not to come too often to the Court. Your mother knows my wishes for Barbara."

The blood surges to the very roots of his hair. "I understand you, Mrs. Saville," he says, in a very low voice; "but has not Barbara a right to choose?" There is a passionate pride in the whispered words.

"Barbara must be kept out of temptation," Mrs. Saville rejoins as they enter the dining room. But George Bouverie's eyes are full of triumph, for has not Barbara made her choice already? He flashes a glance at her as they take their places, and Barbara's shy, lovely eyes meet his for a brief second.

Everything at the Court is damp and mouldy. The great dining room has the atmosphere of a vault. A very small fire burns in the grate, and a seedy-looking butler shambles round the table with his satellite, a bearded youth imported from the stables, breathing hard and walking round on tiptoe with awful and elaborate carefulness.

The dining table is large; but there is very little on it—an alarming expanse of tablecloth and not much else. Sebastian, fixing his eyes glassily, gravely carves a minute portion off a joint, so small it will hardly go round. The butler very carefully pours out a very minute portion of sherry into George Bouverie's glass, while the scalded lad from the stables travels laboriously round with vegetables.

## LATEST FROM SOUTH AFRICA

### Record of the Last Six Days at the Front GIVEN IN CONDENSED FORM.

Nineteen British Killed in Battle with Dewet's Commando at Rhenoster—Gen. Botha Falls Back to a Stronghold on the Delagoa Railway.

British attacked Botha near Pretoria and the fight was still on when Lord Roberts, hearing of the interruption of his communications to the south, had to hurry back and make arrangements for re-opening railway. Methu-en's column, re-enforced by troops under Kitchener, attacked Dewet's commando at Rhenoster and dispersed the Boers with nineteen casualties.

Tuesday, June 14. Gen. Botha abandoned his position east of Pretoria and fell back to a stronghold on the Delagoa railway.

Friday, June 15. The Times' Lourenco Marques correspondent says that President Steyn and not President Kruger objected to proposed surrender after British entry into the Transvaal. De Wet attacked a reconstruction train north of Rhenoster river.

Sunday, June 17. Roberts' dismissal of Natal volunteers and consent to withdrawal of regulars for China indicates near end of Boer war.

Monday, June 18. The Boer commandoes are retiring on Middleburg, followed by the British cavalry and artillery, occasionally shells reaching the rear guards. The Boers are destroying the bridges and burning the veldt behind them, carrying off provisions and cattle and leaving the country barren.

Other advices from Machadodorp say that the Boers have an abundance of arms and ammunition, with dynamite and oxen, and that they are preparing heavy wagon trains for a retreat to the Lydenburg district, where the chiefs, notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, are determined to make a stand.

Mrs. W. E. Gladstone Dead. Mrs. Gladstone, widow of William E. Gladstone, the English statesman, died at 5:40 p. m. Thursday. Mrs. Gladstone was unconscious about seventy-two hours. By courtesy of the dean of Westminster, and in accordance with arrangements made in 1898, the funeral will be held in the abbey. The interment will probably take place June 19, being of as private character as possible.

Omaha Broker Kills Hackman. C. H. King, a stock broker living in North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, shot and killed James Flood, hackman. The tragedy occurred while passerby were numerous on their way to church, and almost a panic resulted. King was found in Council Bluffs later and arrested. Mrs. King says there was some difficulty between the hackman and her husband over the fare to the railway station. Flood was intoxicated.

Bad Eggs for Mormons. W. G. Miles, Jr., of St. George, Utah, and Hugh Roberts of Logan, Utah, two Mormon elders who went to Corbin, Ky., from Williamsburg, were assaulted with bad eggs by a crowd of young men while they were attempting to preach on the public

streets. While this was going on two or three unidentified men pulled revolvers and threatened to shoot if the Mormons were molested. The crowd at length dispersed without trouble. The Mormons say they will attempt to preach again, and they have asked police protection.

Captured Confederate Flags. One of the features of the Iowa encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Davenport was the address of National Commander Albert D. Shaw, who declared himself on the mooted question of the return of the captured confederate battle flags. He said the majority of the soldiers believed the time not ripe for such action. The banner that was furled at Appomattox represented a dead past, and should not be brought into view again in this generation. Gen. Madison B. Davis of Sioux City was elected department commander.

Played Toll, But Hit the Boy. Robert Hoelsie, 12 years old, and Gordon Collier, aged 9, played William Tell at St. Louis Friday with almost fatal results. The boys got a revolver, and for awhile amused themselves flourishing the weapon in Wild West fashion. Then they remembered the story of William Tell, using part of a brick instead of the apple. Collier fired at the brick, but hit his companion in the right cheek, inflicting a wound that is serious.

Landslide Causes Bad Wreck. In Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday five persons were painfully injured and fifteen or twenty others were hurt by the wreck of the Carnegie accommodation on the Panhandle railroad. All of the injured were able to go to their homes except James Keenan, an employe of the Pennsylvania company, who was sent to the Mercy hospital. He will recover. The accident was caused by a landslide from Mount Washington, over 100 tons of rock and earth toppling over on the train.

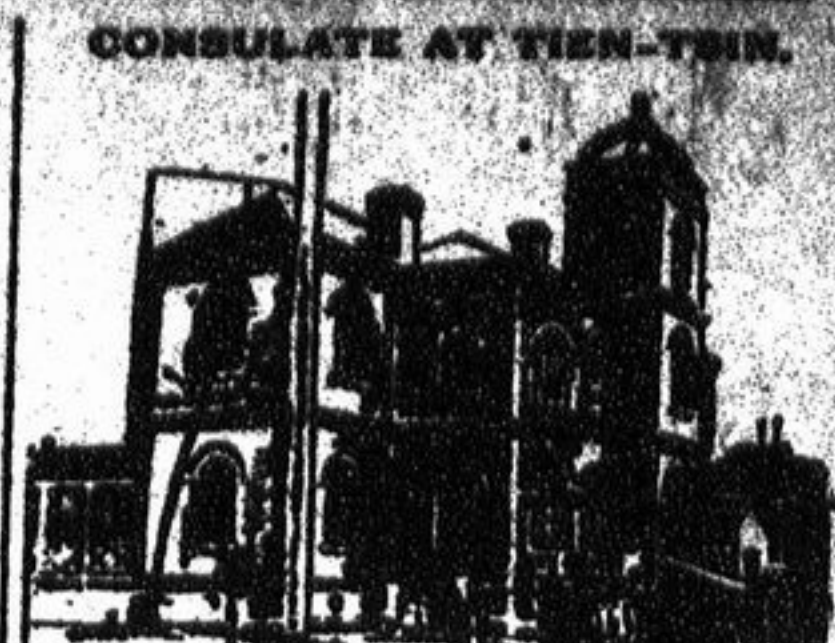
Dock Strike May End. The London dock strike, involving 10,000 men, will probably be amicably settled by the London chamber of commerce, whose offer to arbitrate has been accepted by the strikers. They demand full recognition of their trade union and increased wages. The strike is not yet old enough to have its effect seriously felt, and public interest is so engaged in affairs abroad that it has scarcely caused comment.

Lightning Kills a Fine Horse. At Vandalla, Ill., during a storm, W. J. Lynn of Hurricane was leading a fine stallion into the barn when the horse was struck by lightning, killing it instantly. Mr. Lynn's arm was turned perfectly black from wrist to elbow, but he suffered no other ill effects from the shock.

Elect Barnes President. At Jacksonville, Ill., the trustees of Illinois college met in annual session and selected the Rev. Clifford W. Barnes of Chicago as president. Dr. Barnes is but 35 years old, but comes with the highest recommendations. He graduated from Yale in 1889.

F. N. Musser's Liberal Gift. F. N. Musser, a well-known lumberman and banker of Muscatine, Iowa, presented the Public Library association with a building, to be constructed by him at a cost of \$30,000.

King Alexander's tour through Serbia has done much to unite political parties.



Marines are guarding American property in the city, which is threatened with attack by a large force of "Boxers."

United Workmen's Election. The Supreme Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, at Sioux Falls, S. D., concluded the election of officers, the following being elected: Supreme Judge, C. R. Matson, Chicago; supreme watchman, A. B. Jones, Wilmington, Del.; supreme medical examiner, Dr. D. H. Shields, Hannibal, Mo. Trustees—Thomas Liggett, Montreal, Canada; Ed Danforth, San Francisco, and A. F. Bleach, Columbus, Ohio. Past Supreme Master Workman A. W. Walker of Illinois and Past Supreme Master Workman William H. Jordan of California were appointed to fill vacancies on the board of arbitration.

Indians Expect the Messiah. The Ponca Indians living in northern Oklahoma have started on a six days' ghost dance, and the Sac and Fox tribe in southern Oklahoma is just completing a week's ghost dance celebration. The Indians are dancing in accordance with the famous ghost-dance religion to which they adhere. They say the Messiah is coming shortly, and will fulfill the promises made by Wavoka in 1890. These promises were that if all the tribes would forsake what the whites have given them and engage in the ghost dance he would cause all the dead Indians to return to life and kill off the whites.

Divorced to Be Remarried. At Wabash, Ind., within the last five days six persons, three couples, who have been granted divorces by Judge Saively of the Wabash circuit court have been remarried. When the judge granted the application of Mary Ward for a separation from Austin Ward he informed her that he expected his decree to hold and hoped that it was not her intention to remarry if he granted her application. Mrs. Ward said her mind was fully made up and that she never again would wed Austin.

Four or Five Men Murdered. At Norton's bay four of a party of five men have been murdered and a fifth is wandering in the wilderness. The party consisted of Oliver W. Scott of Tacoma, Dr. A. A. Keyser, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. W. Wright of San Francisco, T. B. Haines of San Francisco and George Beckhoff, Minneapolis. The men found gold in abundance and it is supposed fought over it. Haines was the sole survivor.

Ohio Negro Dies Aged 123. James Reddick, believed to be the oldest man in Ohio, if not in the United States, died in the Columbus infirmary, aged 123 years. He was born a slave in Virginia in 1777. Among documents he had showing his age was a certificate of a sale of himself as a slave, dated Aug. 6, 1800, in which he was described as a stout negro, 23 years old. His blind widow, aged 90, survives him.

Relief Column in Battle. A report from Accra says the relief column has been engaged near Moinsa hills, but sustained few casualties. The wounded from the front are expected to arrive from Prahua soon. Capt. Ellis, with the western African frontier troops, while advancing from Fumso to Kwisa, lost one man killed and a corporal and six men wounded.

Finds Death in Niagara Rapids. A girl who registered at Niagara Falls as "Mabel Williams, Philadelphia," threw herself into the Whirlpool rapids Monday. Telegrams from Allentown show the girl to be Gertrude Roth, 20 years of age, a sister of Mrs. Charles N. Wagner there. It is supposed a quarrel with a Lehigh university student led to her taking her life.

One Bolt Kills Four. Tom Jenkins, Peter York, Harry Davis and Peter Wiggins, all colored, employes of the Merrill-Stevens Engineering company, were killed by lightning at Jacksonville, Fla., Thursday, while at work under the steamer Commodore Barney, hauled out on the ways at South Jacksonville. Fourteen other men were shocked, some of them seriously.

Iowa Bankers Elect Officers. At Des Moines the fourteenth annual convention of the Iowa Bankers' association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. B. Huxford, Chicago; vice-president, C. B. Mills, Sioux Rapids; secretary, J. M. Dinwiddie, Cedar Rapids; treasurer, L. F. Harlan. Resolutions were adopted favoring the repeal of the federal bankruptcy law.

Twenty-Three Persons Lost. British Guiana mail news received at Kingston, Jamaica, reports another river boat accident on June 10, when a boat with twenty-three persons was precipitated over the falls of Cayana river and dashed to pieces. All hands were lost.

Grain Elevator Destroyed. The Union grain elevator, Kansas City, was destroyed by fire. Loss over \$100,000. The building was valued at \$70,000, and it contained \$30,000 worth of wheat, all of which was destroyed.

## ONE FEATURE OF THE ST. LOUIS STRIKE.



TROLLEY WIRE AND STREET OBSTRUCTIONS ON JEFFERSON AVENUE, NEAR UNIVERSITY STREET.

Pressmen Opposed to Strike. The twelfth annual convention of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of America was held at Milwaukee. About 150 delegates were in attendance. In his annual address President J. H. Bowman said it should always be the policy of the organization to avoid strikes. The most important matter that the convention will be called upon to consider will be the proposed agreement between the typographical union, the bookbinders and the pressmen.

George Medill Kills Himself. George D. Medill, cousin of the late Joseph Medill of Chicago, and brother of ex-Mayor T. J. Medill of Rock Island, Ill., committed suicide near Milan, Ill. The body was discovered a short distance above the town by dogs belonging to William Tayson. Their barking attracted the owner's attention, who notified the coroner. The man was dead and the revolver with which he killed himself was lying beside him.

A Third Eye. In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; today a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position. In the dim past the ear flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists. Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organs. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

BAR'S Mischance. "Erisicon," said a Maryland justice, "you have been found guilty of stealing a pig belonging to Col. Childers. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?" "I has, sah," answered the prisoner, as he rose up. "It's all a mistake, judge—all a mistake. I didn't dare reckon to steal from Colonel Childers. What I was arter was a hawg belonging to Major Dawson, an' 'bout ten minutes ago I got mixed up and do something found in meast in my cabin an' evins to bodder me till I come out 'n' fell 'n' lik de ole we-man for not keepin' better watch at de doak."—New York Tribune.

Army officers stationed in this country are all anxious to receive details to the military schools in the different states. Several of these details have been recently made. As they are all under the control of the president, it generally takes some little influence to obtain one.