

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Something must have happened. People are running. There is a little crowd round the bank, and a policeman is pushing his way through. What can it be? Sebastian joins the crowd, and the people fall back and make way. Mr. Saville is a magistrate, and every one stands aside to let him pass.

In the bank itself a small, eager crowd are peering over the counter at a strange scene within. The bank manager is stooping over a prostrate figure—the body of the cashier, limp and insensible.

That there has been an outrage is plain to the commonest understanding. The floor is strewn with papers, and a stool is overturned. There must have been a desperate struggle before the young man was overpowered. The place is a regular wreck. At first the general opinion is that the cashier is dead—murdered, most probably. There is a heavy, faint odor of some drug.

Mr. Kelly, the bank manager, lifts an aghast face. "It must have been very quickly done! I had not left the bank ten minutes! I was at my lunch, and when I got back I found Grey like this!"

"Has any one gone for a doctor?" Mr. Saville puts the question as he stands looking down on the livid, insensible face of the bank clerk.

"Give him air; open his collar," he says, and glances around on the scene of confusion—the money lying on the floor, the books, the—

Sebastian stoops suddenly and picks up a cheque off the floor. George Bouverie is scrawled across the back of it. Without a word he hands the cheque to the bank manager, remarking:

"Mr. Bouverie may be able to throw some light on this. I met him coming out of the bank about a quarter of an hour ago. He can at least say if everything was right then."

"Where is Mr. Bouverie now?" "Gone home, I fancy. He was wiring off a large sum of money at the postoffice when I met him."

Mr. Kelly turns white as his eyes meet those of Sebastian. "I do not know if anything has been taken," he says very low, still chafing away at the limp hands of Mr. Grey. Then the doctor hurries in and makes an examination.

"The man is not dead; he has been chloroformed."

This is the verdict, and the news goes out to the little knot of people outside. Not only has the cashier been chloroformed, but the bank has been robbed. So far has been ascertained by a hasty examination.

It is a very clever robbery, evidently well planned and carried out successfully during the time the manager was at his lunch. Nothing further can be known till Mr. Grey recovers consciousness. The cashier, who is a very uninteresting young man, becomes all at once an object of excitement and discussion, and through the length and breadth of Portraven the news goes like wildfire.

CHAPTER VI.

"It was a very near thing indeed," the doctor says, when at last he succeeds in restoring Mr. Grey. "This young man has a weak heart, and very little more would have finished him."

As it is, the cashier lies limp and livid from the effects of chloroform, by whom administered it were hard to say.

Sebastian Saville watches eagerly, hungrily, while Mr. Grey's dazed senses come back, and he casts terrified glances round.

"There, now you are all right," says the bank manager nervously and impatiently.

He is anxious to find out if the cashier can give any account of the assault upon him, any clue to the perpetrator of the outrage.

A couple of policemen stand by. Mr. Grey's eyes turn towards them almost apprehensively.

He must have got a terrible shock to be so unnerved and shaken.

"Now, Mr. Grey, try and give us some account of this mystery. You must know something," Mr. Saville says. "Every moment's delay gives the thief time to get off. It seems from the hasty inspection made by Mr. Kelly that over a hundred pounds have been taken."

The injured man's lips writhes, and a damp sweat stands out on his forehead; he lifts two shaking hands.

"He tried to murder me!" he gasps almost incoherently. "I was all alone, and he sprang over the counter!"

"What?" asks Mr. Saville, with desperate earnestness. "Quick! do you know who it was?"

The cashier's face turns ashen; he has not yet recovered by any means. His eyes rove anxiously round.

"Mr. Grey, you are losing time," the manager says. "It is of the greatest importance that your statement should be made perfectly clear."

"I will tell all I know," the young man whispers with difficulty. "You had gone to your lunch, Mr. Kelly. It was very quiet about two o'clock, a time very few people are about. I was writing in the ledger when the bank door opened and a man came in. He had a small bag in his hand. He presented a cheque for payment; it

was for five pounds. He said he would have it in gold, and I turned to get it for him. This is God's truth, Mr. Kelly. In a second he sprang over the counter, seized me by the collar, choking me. We struggled desperately, but I could not call out—I was choking. And then he stuffed a handkerchief soaked with chloroform in my mouth. He held it there. I do not know any more."

He shivers as he speaks and covers his ghastly face with his hands.

Sebastian Saville bends forward. "Who was the man?" He asks the question intently, earnestly—

Mr. Grey lifts his head. "It was George Bouverie."

"I knew it," Mr. Saville says quietly. "I saw him coming out of the bank, and immediately after dispatch money by telegraph. It was a bold robbery indeed. Now, Mr. Kelly, what are you going to do?"

Mr. Kelly's face looks grey with terror. "I cannot believe it!" he exclaims. "George Bouverie! The thing seems to me impossible, Mr. Grey!"—fixing stern eyes upon the drooping figure of the cashier. "Do you swear that Mr. Bouverie drugged you and robbed the bank? Before God, is this the truth?"

"Yes, it is the truth; I am prepared to swear it!" The cashier's tones are steady enough now. He looks Mr. Kelly straight in the face. "I did not know the bank was robbed; I only know for certain that George Bouverie attacked and drugged me."

"He has been financially embarrassed," Mr. Saville says. "He has been in desperate straits for money!"

"I know," admits Mr. Kelly reluctantly, remembering a passionate request from young Bouverie to be allowed to overdraw his account. But, still, from money difficulties to a bank robbery was a wide and awful gulf.

Mr. Grey is examined and cross-examined; he sticks to his statement in an unshaken manner.

"This is terrible!" groans Mr. Kelly. "To think young Bouverie should sink to an act of burglary! It will kill his mother!"

Mr. Saville prepares to depart. "It is sad indeed; but that young man is steeped to the lips in turf transactions more or less discreditable. I suppose you will have a warrant made out immediately!"

He lowers his eyes to conceal the look of triumph. Branded as a criminal, Barbara can no longer think of George Bouverie!

The bank manager sighs and passes his hand across his forehead. "I suppose it will have to be done," he says slowly; "but, Mr. Grey, I could almost believe you the victim of a hallucination!"

Sebastian laughs. "Hallucination can not chloroform a man or rob a bank."

"I mean," said Mr. Kelly, "that he might have been mistaken—he might have fancied it was Bouverie."

Mr. Saville holds out the cheque he had picked up on the floor of the bank.

"This is conclusive evidence. This is the identical cheque Mr. Grey was giving gold for at the moment he was attacked. I cannot see the slightest loophole for doubt. I myself can swear to having met George Bouverie running hastily down the steps of the bank, carrying a small bag, and ten minutes after saw him handing in a pile of gold at the postoffice. Let him account for that money being in his possession."

Mr. Grey sits white and listless, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands.

"I feel ill," he says, looking at the doctor, who has turned his back and stands in pale consternation.

George Bouverie a thief! Impossible! The doctor has known him since he was born, and now to hear that he has sunk so low is appalling! He feels stunned; yet, he remembers the young man's altered look of care that sat so oddly on the young face. During those anxious weeks of Mrs. Bouverie's illness he had noticed George, often finding him sitting moody and depressed.

"Poor, poor lad; if he had only made a clean breast of it to me!" says kindly old Doctor Carter to himself. "I would have helped him only too gladly."

But facts are facts, and within an hour two constables are driving rapidly towards the Grange on an outside car, and one of them holds a warrant for the arrest of George Bouverie.

The warrant is signed by two magistrates, one of which is Sebastian Saville, who never in all his life stood his name with such alacrity before, for the downfall of his enemy is complete!

CHAPTER VII.

The evening sunlight is slanting across the lawn, making a glory of the dancing daffodils; and the birds are holding a concert that commenced with the dawn this morning. Such a tender, loving spring evening.

The sun shines in at the windows of the Grange, and one shaft rests lovingly on the fair head of George Bouverie.

Mrs. Bouverie looks at the sunshine and at the face of her handsome son, and smiles at the peace. Her own eyes are very tired and sad.

She is very happy this evening. Between her and George stands a table, and George is laughing and pouring out the tea, desperately particular as to sugar and cream, waiting on his mother with gentle courtesy.

Her pale cheeks have taken a pink tinge, soft as the blush on a girl's face. She wears lilac ribbons in her slimy lace cap, and lace ruffles fall over her slender hands.

In upon this homelike scene stalks a trouble dark and horrible.

The maid, with a pale face, opens the door and stands trembling, looking from her mistress to the face of the young man who is so calmly helping himself to a second cup of tea.

"Well, Mary, what is it?" he asks, gaily tossing a lump of sugar to a fox-terrier sitting at his feet.

"Oh, Mr. George, I don't know!" stammers the girl. "It is something dreadful, sir. There is a sergeant and a constable in the hall!"

George lays down his cup, but no idea of the truth rises in his mind.

"The bank robbed? That is odd! But I am not a magistrate. What do they want me for?" he says. "I'll just step out and ask the sergeant what it means."

But before he can leave the room there is the sound of a little confusion in the hall, and Doctor Carter, with a grave, desperate face, hurries in and goes straight to Mrs. Bouverie.

"My dear old friend, there is some monstrous mistake! There, don't get frightened, the whole thing is impossible—a travesty of justice, that's what it is, a driving idiot making a statement like a lunatic! You'll set them right in ten minutes, George, won't you?"—a shade of anxiety creeping into his voice.

"What is it?" asks Mrs. Bouverie, sitting up, pale and trembling. "Doctor Carter, what is it all about?"

He pats the trembling hands he holds. "My dear lady, leave it to George. It is all nonsense—the blundering Saville and that fool of a bank clerk!"

"But I don't understand! What has my son to do with it?" asks Mrs. Bouverie, getting frightened.

"Sure, I'm telling you!" cries the doctor, his natural tongue getting the upper hand. "It seems some one drugged the clerk and robbed the bank and the fool, dazed with chloroform, has saddled the crime on George!"

"On me?" George exclaims, a flush of indignation dyeing his forehead. "How dare any one say such a thing!"

"They have dared!" retorts the doctor furiously. "Mrs. Bouverie, George can explain everything; you mustn't excite yourself. George, my boy, you were at the bank this morning?"

"Yes; I cashed a cheque," George says, his face growing stern.

"Yes; afterwards Saville saw you wiring off a hundred pounds—your money, of course; but you've just got to tell them that. And, look here—"

Doctor Carter stops short at the look that has come over the face of George Bouverie—a stricken, conscious look.

"A hundred pounds! Oh, George, what does it mean?" cries his mother, weeping now in her fear.

George gives one look at her, and then his eyes meet the troubled, inquiring gaze of the doctor.

"My boy, my boy, surely you'll set it right!" the old man stammers.

George Bouverie's face is as white as death. He touches Doctor Carter on the arm. "I will go and speak to the sergeant," he says, in a hard, cold voice.

(To be continued.)

Greek to Her.

An exchange quotes the following conversation between husband and wife. She suddenly addresses him: "What are you reading so absorbingly?" "It's a new Scotch novel," "Oh," cries the wife with enthusiasm, "I'm so fond of those dear dialect things! Do read me a little!" "Can you understand it?" "Can I understand it?" she repeats, loftily. "Well, I should hope anything you are reading need not be Greek to me!" "No, but it might be Scotch." "Well, go on, read just where you are." "Ye see, Elsie," said Duncan, doocely, "I might hae ma'ir the matter wi' me than ye wad be sperin'. Aiblins ma een is a bit drizzilt, an' I'm hearin' the poolish thuddis' in ma ears, an' ma tongue is clavin' when it sud be gaein'; an' div ye no hear the dririn' o' ma hairt; an' feel the shakin' o' ma bond this day gin I gat a glimpse o' ye, sair hirplin' like an auld mon? Div ye nae guess what's a' the steer, hinner, wi'out me gaein'! It ma'ir words!" "Stop! Stop! For goodness' sake! What in the world is the creature trying to say?" "He is making a declaration of love." "A declaration of love! I thought he was telling a lot of symptoms to his doctor!"

Snapping War/Seaton.

Senator Shoop and Genl. Wppa Hunton were swapping war stories the other day, and the talk ran upon great losses in a single battle. "My regiment," said Gen. Hunton, "had been reduced from its full complement to 200 men when it participated in Floret's charge at Gettysburg. How many men of that regiment do you think came out of that charge alive?" Senator Shoop could not guess. "Only ten," said Gen. Hunton.

Tags on Children.

The children of the poor in Japan are always labeled, in case they should stray away from their homes while their mothers are engaged in domestic duties.

The French color manufacturers are not credited with one new product this year, while the Dutch, Swiss and German are fully represented with a dozen or more.



China is an absolute monarchy, but the emperor spends his life inside the sealed walls of the Forbidden City, and not one Chinaman in a hundred thousand ever looks upon the imperial face. Again, in spite of the absolute character of the monarchy, there is, according to the Chinese law, a body called the Tu-ch'a-yuen, or board of public censors, which is independent of the supreme government and, theoretically at least, higher in authority. Theoretically, again, the supreme direction of the affairs of the empire is vested in the Chun Chi Ch'u, otherwise known as the privy or grand council. The practical administration of the laws is under the charge of the Nei-ko, or cabinet, a body which consists of four members, two Chinamen and two Tartars, with the assistance of two members of the Great College of Confucius, whose duty it is to see that nothing is done by the cabinet which is not in strict accordance with the sacred books. Under the cabinet, again, are seven boards of administrators, each of which is presided over by a Chinaman and a Tartar jointly. These boards have the work of government divided among them as follows: 1. The board of civil appointments, which has charge of all the civil officers in the empire. 2. The board of revenues, which has charge of all financial matters. 3. The board of rites and ceremonies, which has charge of enforcing the laws and customs of the empire. 4. The military board. 5. The board of public works. 6. The board of criminal jurisdiction. 7. The admiralty board, which makes its headquarters at Tien Tsin. Equal in authority with these is the board of foreign affairs, or Tsung-li-Yamen, which

treasurer, the subcommissioner, and the literary chancellor. Each province is divided into departments, ruled by prefects, and each department into districts, with a district ruler over each. Each town and village has also its separate government, with a complete set of officials, so that the officeholding class in China is large and extremely influential. The gradations of rank among Chinese officials are clearly defined, and each man is directly responsible only to his immediate superior. Thus the village governor reports to the district ruler, and he in turn to the governor of the department. The departmental governor reports to the governor general of the province, who may remove him at will or even cut off his head. The whole administration, therefore, hinges on the eighteen provincial governor generals, or viceroys, and those positions are in the greatest demand. A village official who wishes to keep his place finds it a good plan to make large gifts to the district ruler, and therefore levies large taxes on the people. The district ruler finds it good policy to hand over most of what he gets in this way to the departmental chief, and the latter passes it on to the governor general of the province. To be appointed governor general of a Chinese province is therefore equivalent to a gift of a large fortune, the amount depending only on the avarice of the viceroy in power. A wise Chinaman greatly prefers to serve his country as a provincial governor general or viceroy than as member of the grand or privy council, the "perquisites" of which positions are small. This form of administration makes it clear why the body of Chinese officials

with the conviction that we are right, and that those who oppose us are wrong? When Washington stepped forth at Yorktown to receive—
But no matter. The hall was empty when he wiped his brow and sat down, two hours and twenty minutes later.

Prince Ching.

Prince Ching, leader of the counter revolution in North China, and political rival of the monstrous Prince Tuan, is now looked upon as the hope of the foreigners in Peking, or of such of them as have survived the atrocities of the Boxers. He is a great and pow-



PRINCE CHING.

erful prince, and seems to be a friend of the whites. He is now in Peking at the head of the Manchu garrison in that city. These forces number about 10,000, and numerous Chinese are flocking to the standard of the new leader. Ching is the uncle of the late emperor, Tsai-Tien, who was the poisoned the other day by the order of Tuan. He is the great-uncle of the heir apparent, who was chosen last winter by the empress dowager. He was president of the Tsung-li-yamen before the government was sundered by the revolt of Tuan and his followers.

A Trust Solution.

The manufacture of binding twine by the inmates of the Kansas penitentiary, it is said, has been a success. In Kansas, as in other states, the trades unions were opposed to the employment of the convicts in labor that would come into competition with that outside of the prison walls. Yet it



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PEKING.

has as members all the members of the grand or privy council. As for the mysterious emperor, he spends his life in the Forbidden City, into the central portion of which no man may enter. There he lives, surrounded by the members of his harem and by the enormous number of from 2,000 to 10,000 slaves. Massive walls and the even more formidable barriers of Oriental etiquette shut him off entirely from the rest of the world. When on rare occasions he goes out to worship at one of the temples or to visit one of the palaces in the vicinity the streets along which he and his retinue will pass are cleared and freshly paved, while the houses and other buildings along the line are barricaded and the fronts covered with huge mats, so that no vulgar eye may look upon the great lord of the sun as he is carried along



THE FORBIDDEN CONCERNION IN PEKING.



INTERIOR OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



KIOSK ON IMPERIAL LAKE, PEKING.

in a magnificent sedan chair. Only once in a number of years, when the emperor goes out into the country, where it is practically impossible to barricade all the roads, does the average Chinaman have an opportunity to get even a glimpse of his imperial master.

There is no law of hereditary succession to the Chinese throne, it being left to each emperor to appoint his own successor from among the younger generation of the imperial family. As the emperor commonly has a number of wives and children the practice opens opportunity for an endless amount of intrigue and chicanery. The manner in which the present emperor, Tsait'ien, came to the throne is an example in point.

The whole Chinese empire is divided into eighteen provinces, each ruled by a governor-general, who is responsible directly to the emperor for the entire administration, political, judicial, military, and financial. Each governor general is assisted by a council and by a number of minor officials, such as the

is the most corrupt and unscrupulous in the world.

The Spellbinder.

"Fellow citizens," he said, "I don't intend to keep you long. [Cheers.] I have only a few words to add to those that have already been said. [Cries of "Hurrah!"] I know you do not care to listen to any further speechmaking after the eloquence that you have heard here this evening. [Tremendous applause.] You are tired. [Cheers and cries of "Good!" "Good!"] It is unnecessary for me to go back over the glorious history of our party. [Enthusiastic outburst lasting eleven minutes.] I will not weary you with a repetition of the arguments that you have heard before. [Hats tossed in the air; handkerchiefs fluttered and wild yells from all parts of the hall.] But, my fellow citizens, the principles for which we are fighting today are those for which our fathers fought before them. Who among us can calmly analyze this matter without arising

was realized that the life of idleness led by the unemployed prisoners was of advantage neither to the state nor to the men themselves, and in fact worked serious harm to both. The idea was hit upon of employing them in the manufacture of binding twine, that industry being in the grasp of a trust that charged the farmers of Kansas exorbitant prices for the necessary article.

At the beginning the twine was put on the market at three cents a pound below the trust price, and then both sides cut their prices until the Kansas farmers saved five cents a pound.

Wisdom in Wives.

David Starr Jordan does not think that a college training unfits a woman for the severer discipline and humbler duties of matrimony, and he says that the half-educated woman is exposed to more dangers and is more susceptible to the "higher foolishness" than is her better balanced and more brassy sister.