GUILTY OR INVOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER. ※

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

hand on Mrs. Bouverle's. "We may prepare for the very worst. After the judge's charge they will bring him in guilty. My poor friend, it will be more than you can bear. Come with me now."

The mother's head is bowed, her lips form a faint "No." Then with an effort she raises herself and looks steadfly at her sen, who must know himself that his cause has been lost.

His counsel sits with bent head and moody face. There is a mystery in the Portraven bank robbery that even he cannot fathom, unless, indeed, the aptly described by the judge as he thundered out to the jury the sin of the poor.

There is not long to wait. The jury come back to their box with their wisely and well," muses Barbara, litminds made up.

"Quilty!"

crowd as the wind sighs and waves over a field of corn-a wave of feeling that makes itself feit. Then, for the arst time, despair, dark and terrible, whitens the prisoner's face. He hears his mother's broken utterance of his name, and his eyes turn to her with a passion of regret; then he nerves himself to receive his sentence.

Even Sebastian Saville turns cold as be listens.

The judge is a stern judge, and determined not to let the prisoner's position stand in the way of being made an example of. Five years' penal serv-Stude is the least he can give-five years in which this hardened sinner will have time to repent. Before he pronounces the sentence he delivers a bomfly on the sin of gambling, the yearly increasing sin of betting on evsty race. He points out how, in this case, it has brought the prisoner at the har to temptation and sin, and finally to the awful position in which he now stands. And then the dreadful sentence five years' penal servitude; and George Bouverie, white as death, like a man going to the scaffold, goes from the dock out of the sight of his fellow

His mother's eyes, dry with an agony that is tearless, gaze after him. "Will they let me see him?" she says

* Bttle wildly. "My son, my darling!"

Ay, were he the sinner the trial has proved him to be, he is here still, the mother-love is his in spite of all.

"I will try and arrange an interview," Dr. Carter says huskily. "My poor friend, nothing I can say can comfort you. There, there, try and fight off the faintness; let me take you into the air."

Sympathetic voices whisper, "She is his mother," as the doctor pushes his way out through the crowd, half carrying Mrs. Bouverie, who feels as if her heart were breaking.

They had told her not to hope, that the Crown was sure of a conviction. but the hope had not died till the words five years' penal servitude fell on her ears. Up to that moment the mother had believed in some proof of George's innocence being produced.

It is all over now. He has been led away a free man no longer, to live out a lifecous nightmare of days and weeks and years, crushed, ruined and diagraced; and he had said he was innocent!

It is the same evening; but the glad, bright morning has turned to rain, and the drops race down the window Manage. Sebastian Saville sits opposite his mother at the other end of the long dinner table. His face bears an expression of satisfaction. They are discussing the all-absorbing topic of the bank robbery.

"The judge charged dead against him." Sebastian says, filling his wine "The jury was not ten minutes

out of their box." Mrs. Saville, as usual, regally attired in matin and lace, smiles half disagree-

"It is very fortunate it was all over before Barbara's return. She will hardby care for going on with her farce of engagement now."

"Hardly!" sneers Mr. Saville, leanback in luxurious contentment Even Barbara wouldn't be mad ough to wish to marry a convict!" Then he stands up and strolls over to window. "What a wet night! negent we try and forget the Bouthe episode. What do you say to our althe Barbara to London, or abroad, somewhere? She'll get over it soon

very good suggestion," Mrs. Sareturns. "I am sorry for Mrs. everie, of course, but for her unincipled son I have no pity. It will with yourself, Sebastian, to win Barbara. I think a tour on the conent would be the best plan. Being curaing, we could not go to any and the Court would be de-

ding just now for Barbara." While mother and son are amicably neing over Barbara's future, Barrealf is sitting on board a

homeward bound steamer, her face full Dr. Carter, terribly agitated, lays his of hope as every throb of the screw brings her a moment nearer to seeing George again. Her father's death had been a shock, but hardly in one sense a grief; for she had not seen him since her childhood and retained only a very faint memory of an austere, silent man who seldom spoke to her. She has been told that she is rich, that her father's will has left her everything completely and unconditionally. She may marry whom she chooses. The news of so much wealth had come as a surprise on Barbara; she can hardly

realize it yet. In her deep mourning she sits on a prisoner is the hardened criminal so | deck, with grave, steady eyes looking over the tessing waves, and thinking of George. What a surprise it will one law for the rich and another for be to him to find he is to have a rich

"I will help him to use this money tle dreaming that behind prison bars the man she loves is living through Every one expected it, but yet a the first awful days of his sentencethrill as of horror shudders over the days when despair clutches at the heart, when the terrible realization of the horror of the life breaks down the manhood, when even trust in the mercy of God seems but a mockery.

CHAPTER IX.

"Have you quite made up your mind to resign?"

Mr. Kelly, the bank manager, puts the question to the cashier, who has asked for an interview, and has announced his intention of resigning his post at the bank.

an answer to Mr. Kelly's question, Mr. Grey lifts his eyes from the contemplation of the carpet.

"Yes, sir, I have made up my mind. have never been the same since that day. Every time the bank door opens my heart beats. It has affected my health, Mr. Kelly-indeed it has!"

"In that case you had better go," says the manager. "What do you think of doing?"

"I have a brother in America; he will get me work," Mr. Grey says, rather evasively. "And, Mr. Kelly, I never told you that I am a married man. My wife was beneath me in poaition, and I kept it secret. It is chiefly to please her I am going to America."

"Well, I hope you will get on," replies Mr. Kelly, "but you have a good berth here, and would be likely to get | put an extra spoonful of oil in my a raise."

"I know all that; but my wife is extravagant: I give ber all my salary. Oh, you don't know what an anxiety it all is!" explains the cashier, glancing round with his frightened gaze.

"You don't look well, Mr. Grey, and I am sorry your marriage is an unhappy one. Perhaps you are wise to emi-

grate, after all." The interview is ended, and Mr. Grey goes back to his work, a crushed. depressed looking figure. He is nervous and starting at every sound. He has never been the same since the attack made on him at the time of the little to eat. This story is told by a robbery; the shock left him a perfect | Chicago paper, evidently on the au-

passes the bank. Mr. Grey sees it Nikola Tesla once had when in Mr. driving by as he looks over the wire blind of the bank window. It is the carriage from the Court, with two men on the box in faded claret livery, and in it are seated Mrs. Saville and her son, en route for London, to meet Barbara on her return from Tasmania. The Court is to be half shut up, and | condition that he "would work." Tesla the few servants remaining in charge are to be left on board wages, for it is not Mrs. Saville's intention to return until the marriage between Barbara and Sebastian has taken place,

Three days later Barbara herself stands before her aunt, with blazing blue eyes looking out from the whiteness of her face. She has landed only this morning, and Sebastian met her, and brought her straight to the hotel where his mother is staying.

Mrs. Saville, with heartless callousness, has told her niece of the bank robbery, and the crime and punishment of George Bouverie.

Anger and pity swell the girl's heart to bursting. George in prison! Words seem to choke her. She cannot speak, but stands with her hands locked to- know, and I wish you would order gether, staring at her aunt.

Sebastian regards her critically.

"My dear Barbara, Bouverie was always a bad lot," he says calmly. "Tolerably good looking, I grant you, but quite unprincipled. He was bound to come to grief." Barbara turns slowly.

"You are not speaking the truth,

and you know it!" she cries, with sudden passion. "It I had only known, if and full of pain. Mrs. Saville, in her sable draperies

sweeps across the room.

"My dear child, try and be thankful that you have escaped without having | cially common as the results of poor your name mentioned with such man. Not a soul knows of any foolish nonsense between you."

firmly. "I was engaged to George Bouverie when I left home, I am engaged to him still!"

There is pride and determination in the young face. Mrs. Saville gives a short laugh. "You will have plenty of time, dear, fest your constancy and his. Five

years is a good slice out of a life, and they say convict life has a degrading influence. Where are you going, Barbara?"-as, with one wounded, indignant look, Barbara moves towards the door.

"I am going to save George," the girl says, her voice rising with a kind of triumphant ring. "I shall cross over to Dublin tonight. No, Sebastian, do not say one word. I am going to prove George Bouverie's innocence."

"I fear you are attempting an impossible feat," snears Sebastian, a dull flush spreading over his face.

Barbara, with her hand on the door, lifts her glorious eyes.

"He is innocent. It was I who lent him the money. I forced him to take it, and it was for my sake he kept silence. Oh, I see it all now!" she cries, with a little irrepressible sob. "If I had been there it could never have happened! The hundred pounds was mine, only he was too honorable to make my name public!"-a loving, tender look sweeping over her face.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS. Something Useful May Be Learned from

an Actress' Experience. One of the most admired of American actresses, both for her grace and comeliness, has been divulging some of the secrets by which she has preserved her beauty. "Vigilance." she says, "is the first requisite. I am ever on the alert and when I discover traces of fatigue or any other beauty-destroying symptoms in my face or figure I set about remedying it at once. I don't attempt to be anything but a professional woman during the theatrical season. I don't receive and I don't go to other people's houses I simply haven't time, and I don't make it. My mode of life is very simple. I sleep nine or ten hours as a rule-never less than eight. I eat regularly and heartily, and avoid everyt'ing that would be apt to give me indigestion. Indigestion is a powerful foe to beauty, a greater foe than age, as great even as worry. I walk every day, rain or shine, and I wear a corded corset waist and stout flat-heeled boots. I try not to worry, no matter what happens, and I never tire myself unnecessarily. My method is so very simple few women would care to try it. It has no balms or diets, and I don't even go in for fancy baths. A warm bath at night and a cold bath in the morning are good enough for me. On Sundays I don't have to go to the theater, but I don't devote it to lolling or receiving visitors. I have my usual amount of exercise and then devote most of the day to manicure and hairdresser. When one's hair is five feet long and very thick it is not an easy task to have it shampooed. How do I keep the same weight all the time? Why, by vigilance and determination. If I gain a pound I immediately stop drinking water at meals and give up sugar for a while. If the bones in my neck begin to show I eat bananas and cream and salad. It's so simply, but, of course, it precludes much pleasure."

INVENTION AND APPETITE.

Great Thinkers Are Sometimes Great Enfers.

Sometimes the ability to meet a prolonged and highly productive mental strain is curiously linked with the ability to digest a hearty meal; which is another way of saying that great thinkers are sometimes great eaters. This may be especially the case where great thinkers have really had very thority of Mr. Tesla himself, of a A carriage rolls down the street and somewhat amusing experience which Edison's employ. Mr. Edison had a laboratory in Paris, and to this establishment, when a student, Nikola Tesla went to ask for work. The laboratory was in charge of a foreman named Fulton, who told Tesla that he would employ him, but only on the said he would, and he old, to such purpose that for two days and nights he did not close his eyes. At the end of the first fortnight he had not had forty-eight hours of sleep. The foreman here intervened and ordered the young man to rest. "We have both been under a strain," he said. "Let us go and get a good meal." He took Tesla to a restaurant, and ordered one of the biggest and thickest steaks that could be bought anywhere. It was enormous. With it there were various garnishings, which made for the two men a hearty meal. But when they had finished it, something in the young student's look led Mr. Fulton to say: "Is there anything else you would like? You are out with me, you anything you want." Tesla looked around vaguely for a moment, as if making up his mind, and then said: "Mr. Fulton, if you don't mind, I would like another steak!"-Youths' Companion.

As to the Teeth.

Sound teeth not only add to one's comfort, but they prevent disease, Many diseases of the eye, ear, and cavhad only known!"-her eyes wide littes of the head are traceable to unsound teeth, and there is not a disease to which the body is liable that is not aggravated by an unhealthy condition of the teeth. Eye diseases are espeteeth. These affections may vary from a simple dimness of sight to total blindness, the symptoms, however, "It was no nonsense!" Barbara says | usually disappearing when the teeth are attended to. Poor teeth are, moreover, a common cause of indigestion, for good digestion can take place only when the food is thoroughly masticated, and this demands sound and healthy teeth. Proper care of teeth during childhood often means prevention of much trouble later in life.-

An Anarchist Assassin Shoots Him Through the Heart.

SHOTS ARE FIRED.

The King Falls Back and Dies in Few Minutes-His Majesty Hud Been Distributing Prizes at a Gymnastic Competition-Was Being Cheered by the Populace When Attacked.

King Humbert of Italy has been assassinated. He was shot at Monza, Italy, Sunday evening by a man named Angelo Bressi and died in a few min-

tribution of prizes in connection with a gymnastic competition. He had just entered his carriage, with his aid-decamp, amid the cheers of the crowd,

new queen, was the Princess Helena, one of the seven daughters of Prince Nicholas, the ruler of the little principality of Montenegro. She was born in the royal palace in Cettinje in 1873.

Humbert's Dally Life. From early youth Humbert subjected himself to the severest personal regulations, and for whatever he can be blamed he can never be said to have failed in any duty because of his love of luxury or his disinclination for physical fatigue or discomfort. was always, winter and summer, up and at work at 5 o'clock in the morning. He performed everything, down to the smallest personal duty, for himself with military exactness and was business man whose time is precious not keeping other men of affairs wait-The king had been attending a dis- ing. Unless there was some accident or some unavoidable delay over which he had no control, or unless he was accompanied by the queen, who is notoriously behind time, Humbert ap-

tentious of the royal residences of Hisrope, was the home of the king's family. It is a series of long, plain, narrow buildings, ranged about a courtyard on the top of the Quirinal bill. Externally it is without any pretentions to architectural effect; it is plain! and even ugly. The greater portion of the place is taken up by state apartments. These occupy three sides of the palace. The king was a Catholic, of course, but not a specially devout one. He went to mass once a year. The queen is the devout member of the royal family, and for her sake. the pope, after having long withheld his consent, permitted mass to be said at the quirinal in a little room which as punctual in all engagements as a her majesty has set apart for daily worship. The state apartments moand who realizes the importance of nopolize so much space that there is very little room left wherein the king; and queen might have even that small! share of privacy which falls to the lot of monarchs. Indeed, the king had but two rooms, his bedroom (with connecting dressing-rooms) and his study, while the queen has but three. Add to these the private dining-room, and there are only six rooms the royal family can call its own.

the most inconvenient and least pre-

New King a Student.

The new king of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, prince of Naples, is about 5 feet tall. He has always been afflicted with disease. He walks with a limp and can barely mount a horse without assistance. He was born Nov. 11, 1869, and is not quite 31 years old. He is a great student, especially of electricity. He has the greatest admiration for Edison, and two years ago talked of visiting this country to see the American wizard at work in his own laboratory. The new king is splendidly educated. His first governess was an English woman, from whom he learned to speak English as perfectly as Italian and with whom he used to drive in a royal carriage every day to Villa Barghese, courteously responding with his little hand to the salute of the military and of the loyal population. From the earliest years of his life his mother ruled the young prince very strictly, wishing his education to be thorough and complete. His father, then Prince Humbert, and his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel, were, however, more indulgent with him. Prince Victor was placed at an early age under the tuition of Colonel Osic, a severe and enlightened officer who, besides being a thorough soldier, is a distinguished Latin and Greek scholar.

Citizens Figiet Burgiars.

Citizens at midnight engaged in a street fight with a gang of robbers who had attempted to rob the bank of Richmond, Kan. Several shots were exchanged and it is thought one robber was wounded. Bloodhounds have been put on their trail. The robbers had blown the safe door into the street and the noise of the explosion brought a crowd to the scene. No money was

May Be Father's Crime.

While going home from Lampasas, cause of the consequently excusable Texas, to his farm in company with his father, Winifred Shipp, a young man, was shot and killed. A coroner's jury stand beneath, no wind too piercing today made an investigation, and on the evidence adduced William B. Shipp, the father of the boy, was arrested and The Palace of the Quirical, one of lailed on a charge of murder.



HUMBERT, KING OF ITALY, VICTIM OF AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

when he was struck by three revolver | peared invariably the moment he was

shots fired in quick succession. One expected. Two seasons ago, when his

pierced the heart of his majesty, who life was attempted by an anarchist

who sprang into his carriage as he was

driving to the Russian embassy, the

attempt avoided and order restored,

the king ordered his attendant to pro-

ceed in haste to the destination, and

upon his arrival made a formal apol-

ogy for the delay, not mentioning the

failure to come up to time. No sun

was too scorching for Humbert to

for him to brave without a thought.

Home of Italy's Raier.

fell back and expired. The assassin was immediately ar-

rested and was with some difficulty saved from the fury of the populace. He gave his name as Angelo Bressi, describing himself as of Prato, in Tus-

Assassin Saved from Lynching. The murderer cynically avowed the

The prize distribution took place about 10 o'clock.

The news of the terrible assassination of King Humbert did not arrive at Rome until after midnight. Sig. Saracco, the premier, immediately summoned a meeting of the cabinet, and the ministers will start at the ear liest possible moment for Monza.

The prince and princess of Naples were on board the Yola, yachting in the Levant.

Angelo Bressi, the assassin of King Humbert, according to a special dispatch from Rome, is an anarchist.

Life of King Humbert L. King Humbert 1. of Italy is the fourth Humbert, or Umberto, in descent from the dukes of Savoy. He was born at Turin March 14, 1844, the oldest son of Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, and Marie Adelaide, daugh ter of the Austrian Archduke Rameri, viceroy of Lombardi. He was marfied in 1868 to his cousin, Margaret of Savoy, by whom he had one son, Prince Victor Emmanuel, who is mar-

ried to Princess Helene of Montenegro. Humbert I succeeded to the throne of Italy on the death of Victor Emmanuel Jan, 6, 1878, and he plunged at once into the tempes ous affairs of the kingdom with a zest that promised individual greatness that has not been fulfilled.

His brother, Amadeo, the ex-king of Spain, lives at the old homestead palace in Turin. His eldest sister is the wife of Prince Napoleon and his youngest sister is the mother of the king of Portugal, who translated Shakespeare into Portuguese.

Italy's New King and Queen. Vittorio Emmanuelo Fernandino Maria Gennaro, who succeeds his father to the throne of Italy, was the only son of King Humbert. He was born Nov. 11, 1869, and has the reputation of being a liberal, scholarly and soldierly man. He is a general in the Italian army and a patron of art and literature. He is a chevalier of the Order of the Golden Fleece and a Knight of the Garter. His wife, Italy's

VICTOR EMANUEL, THE NEW KING OF ITALY.

Novel Election Bet Made.

At Coldwater, Michigan, Arthur the chambers of the La Paz Williams, proprietor of a livery barn, and George Stebbins have made an up-to-date election bet. If Bryan is elected Williams is to support Stebbins' mother-in-law during the remainder of her natural life. Should McKinley be re-elected, Stebbins is pledged publicly to twist the tail of a vicious mule belonging to Williams once a day for three weeks, or until the twister is disabled permanently. | ished in an attempt to go down from The agreement is backed by a forfeit. the surface and save his comrades.

Mine Horror in Mexico. Fire broke out in one of mines at Matehauaia, state of San Luis Potosi, and it spread so rapidly that many miners were entombed and perished. Eleven bodies have already been brought to the surface and near twenty miners are missing. An effort was made to send down a rescuing party from the surface, but the terrific heat made it impossible. Ramon Gomez, foreman of the day shift, perPastor Dodges Bevenue.

Rev. Joseph E. Mast, a divine at Middlebury, Ind., purchased liquor in barrel lots to avoid paying the retail price for whisky, then disposed the same to members of his flock in small quantities. The scheme has been successfully practiced for some years, but Revenue Collector Gaunt unmasked the preacher. He will be forced to bur a dealers' license and to pay for all back transactions. The government stamps on the barrels were found uncanceled.