

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"You will find it very hard to get any one to believe your story in the face of the cashier's sworn testimony," he says coolly. "My dear Barbara, Bouverie was proved guilty. He was tried for dragging the cashier and robbing the bank, and he committed the crime without a shadow of doubt. I dare say you were weak enough to hand him over a hundred pounds, but he robbed the bank as well."

"He did not!" breathes Barbara desperately, "and it was I who begged and prayed him to take the money. I was to be his wife; there was no harm in it, and it saved him from dis-honor."

Mrs. Saville takes Barbara's hand. "My dear, don't make a fool of yourself. We don't doubt that he took your money—it was exactly the kind of thing a man like George Bouverie would do, but he was guilty of the bank robbery as well. It is hard on you, Barbara, but he is not worth a regret."

Barbara's breath comes fast. Her eyes fill suddenly with tears at the remembrance of an interview between herself and George that had been solemn and almost sacred. He had knelt beside her, with his face sorely troubled, and she had prayed to God to give him strength to begin a new life, and give up the poison of the mania for gambling. Was it likely after that he would have committed the sin he was found guilty of?

She draws her hand from her aunt's grasp. "You are all against him—you and Sebastian most of all, but I will save him."

Barbara carries her point, and starts on her journey alone.

Sebastian shrugs his shoulders. "What a high-down piece of business! But I see now why she went out to Tasmania second class."

"Barbara is an idiot!" responds Mrs. Saville irritably. "I would like to lock her up! I suppose we may as well go back to the Court till she comes to her senses."

"Not so. You can settle anywhere you like, and when Barbara finds that her tragic explanation of George Bouverie and the hundred pounds won't get him out of prison I'll fetch her over myself, but let her do all she can now."

Barbara goes straight to the Grange. Who should she go to with her news but to George's mother? And never for a moment has she the slightest doubt that her story will unbar the prison doors and let George free. It was her money he had. She had brought it to him in a little bag, and made him take it; and now, with her pretty face full of sympathy and hope, she gathers poor, sorrowful Mrs. Bouverie in her arms, and while weeping, half laughing, tells the whole story. And no doubt crosses the mother's mind. Trembling with joy and excitement, she clings to Barbara, and the two women weep together, drawn to each other by the link of love that is between them.

"God bless you!" sobs Mrs. Bouverie. "I knew my boy was innocent, but what shall we do, I am so ignorant! Ought we not to go to the lawyer who defended his case? Come, Barbara! Oh, darling, you love him, too; do not let us lose a moment! We can go to Dublin this evening, and then—oh, surely tomorrow they will set him free!"

Neither Mrs. Bouverie nor Barbara have the slightest idea of the red tape and the endless formalities that can keep even an innocent man under lock and key.

Upon this fearful scene of excitement Doctor Carter enters. He pays many a visit to cheer up his old friend, and he alone knows of the calendar that is so full of sorrowful interest as across each day a trembling line is drawn, one twenty-four hours nearer the end of the time that is only beginning now.

He is fully as much excited as Mrs. Bouverie and Barbara, and, like them, sees no difficulties in the way. It is only when, in answer to an urgent appeal, Mr. Jarvis pays a late visit to the Hotel Metropole, where Mrs. Bouverie engages rooms, that a little doubt dampens the ardor of their hopes. The man of law looks at Barbara's flushed, eager face with a dawning of comprehension.

"Gentle," he thinks. "Now I know why Bouverie held his tongue. I thought there was something behind the scenes."

To Mrs. Bouverie he says: "This is most important evidence, I wish it had been produced at the time of the trial. It accounts for the facts sworn to by Mr. Grey when he identified Bouverie as the man who dragged him? That is the nut we have to crack."

The look of joy died out of Mrs. Bouverie's eyes, tears roll down her cheeks. "I thought this would have set him free," she murmurs, pressing her hands together.

And Barbara's face is full of sorrowful anxiety. "I must be set free!" she cries, "I must be set free! Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Jarvis, I must be set free!—and how can I be set free?—I thought the nut was cracked in the last—"

want to work for him—the color flooding her cheeks. "I have money—oh, more than I know what to do with! You will know what to do! Oh, you will help us, won't you?"

Mrs. Saville, I will do all that I can," the lawyer says earnestly. "If you wish to leave the case in my hands, I will do my very best. You may depend upon me."

After that the days go by in an agonized time of suspense and anxiety. It seems so hard to sit still and wait, so cruel not to be able to rush to George and tell him to hope. For, after all, there seems to be very little hope, for how are they to prove that George Bouverie did not rob the bank as well as take Barbara's hundred pounds?

Barbara stays at the Grange, and she is all energy and excitement. She will never rest till the whole case is brought to trial again, and Mr. Jarvis' policy of waiting is just what Barbara cannot bear to do.

The great lawyer has come to Port-raven, hoping to find out some clue, but there seems nothing to find out. Nobody can throw any light on the mystery till chance discloses what the brains of men have failed to find out.

Mr. Jarvis, walking down the street of Portraven, puzzling out the case that occupies all his thoughts, meets a sharp-faced-looking lad, who accosts him.

"You be the gentleman who is for Mr. Bouverie?" he says, touching his cap.

"Yes, my boy, I was his counsel," returns Mr. Jarvis, alert in a second.

The boy looks at him.

"I don't believe it were he took the money. I am the bank messenger, sir, and I see Mr. Grey taking a bag out of the chimney in the bank. It was this way, sir. Mr. Kelly was out, and I'm fond of reading, and there was a book Mr. Grey had, and I hid to get a chance to nab it, and I saw him with my own eyes taking down a wash leather bag the day before he left the office for good."

"And where is Mr. Grey now?" Mr. Jarvis asked sharply.

"Gone to Queenstown today to catch the steamer for America," the boy says, with a glance of cunning. "I told him I saw him take the bag, and I thought he might give me a fiver to say nothing about it, but he kicked me down stairs, and I don't care now if I tell on him or not."

Mr. Jarvis puts his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Come and tell Mr. Kelly what you have told me, but take care you tell the truth."

The whole case seems full of perplexity. Mr. Grey may have robbed the bank a second time; that remains to be seen. It is a mystery indeed!

"You can't get over the chloroform business," thinks Mr. Jarvis, "and the fellow positively swore it was Bouverie who did it. Still there seems to be a glimmer of daylight somewhere."

The Lucania is getting up steam, the tender is alongside, and the sun is shining brilliantly across the dazzling, sparkling water.

Mr. Grey, the cashier who had been the victim of the Portraven tragedy, stands on board with a grey, anxious face. His wife is beside him—a loud, flashy-looking young woman.

"We're just off," she is saying, when she catches sight of a look of horror on her husband's face. A police officer and a private detective are coming towards them. The late cashier is seized with trembling, and remains as if fascinated.

An arrest on board one of the outgoing American steamers is not a very uncommon occurrence. Mr. Grey and his wife are conducted on board the tender, and the Lucania steams on her way.

There is guilt on the face of the man who sits staring with wild, desperate eyes before him, deaf to the angry protestations of his wife.

Only once he speaks as he turns to her. "Hold your tongue! You brought me to this! It is all your fault!" Then he looks at the officer in charge of him. "I will make a clean breast of it—there is nothing else to be done."

And it is before Sebastian Saville he makes his confession, as he stands, a shivering, craven object, waiting for mercy.

Mr. Jarvis listens, with a well-pleased smile on his face. "I took the hundred pounds," Mr. Grey says, with sullen composure. "My wife thought of the plan; I was a tool in her hands. I stole the money, and that day, after I had cashed Mr. Bouverie's check, I tossed all the things about, and myself stuffed the handkerchief soaked in chloroform into my mouth. I swear I am telling the truth. I swore it was George Bouverie who had attacked me. I did not care who suffered for my sin. But, gentlemen," he cries, his agonized glance wandering round, "I am happier today than I have been for months. I have never known a moment's peace. Remove has been my curse day and night when I used to think of the man suffering in my place, and his eyes, as they looked me through and through, have haunted me."

Mr. Jarvis smiles to Sebastian's last words. "I think George Bouverie

will find a sweet compensation for all his troubles," he says, as he promises her to hurry on all legal formalities.

George Bouverie is innocent after all! Who can measure the mad anger in the mind of Sebastian Saville? In his rage and disappointment he says hard, bitter things, but Barbara does not care. Before long she meets her lover again, and, in the sunshine of his love, he forgets all the sorrow and shame and desperation that had been his lot.

With rare delicacy, Barbara has willed that his mother shall be with him first; that they two shall go to some haven till the first trouble shall have passed away. Afterwards she will go to him herself.

And so those two who have suffered and sorrowed meet together again, and Barbara once more looks into the face that still bears the shadows of the trouble.

"I am not fit for you!" the man groans.

But her eyes are full of smiles. "There is a great estate at Tasmania to be looked after, and it is waiting for its 'manager,'" she says.

THE END.

Great Cavalry Leader.

While Grant was cutting and selling cordwood, and Sherman was teaching school, there was a man in Memphis who was having no preparation whatever for war, and yet who was destined to make no end of trouble for these able soldiers. This was Gen. N. B. Forrest, whose life by Dr. J. A. Wyeth has recently been issued. Forrest was an uneducated man and belonged to that proscribed class in the south known as "poor whites." Moreover, he was still further handicapped in any effort to stand on an equality with men of position by having been a slave trader. But by native force and by a genius for action this unlettered man became the most successful cavalry leader in the south. He enlisted as a private, but before he really went into action had been made a lieutenant colonel. In this capacity he proved that he could move men through the country with a celerity most remarkable. He knew nothing whatever about the principles of war, and probably never read a book on the subject in his life. It is unlikely, indeed, that he ever read many books of any kind. He was essentially a man of action, and for more than three and a half years he kept the federal commanders guessing as to where he was and what he was going to do next. Toward the close of the war Forrest's wonderful capacity was appreciated in Richmond, and he was made a lieutenant-general and put in command of all the cavalry west of the Mississippi. It was too late, however, for him to do much. Hood's army had been all but destroyed before Nashville, Sherman was marching through Georgia, and Gen. James H. Wilson was after Forrest with the strongest cavalry command ever placed in the saddle. He defeated Forrest at Selma—the first time, by the way, Forrest had ever been completely beaten—and shortly afterward the war ended.—Saturday Evening Post.

Latest News from the Front.

At the war office the other day an elderly gentleman of somewhat choleric disposition was making inquiries after a relative in South Africa. Annoyed at the inability of the official to give him any tidings, he began to charge them with willfully keeping back intelligence. In the midst of his expostulations a telegram was handed him, and he immediately asked the official if it concerned South Africa. The official replied in the affirmative, but said it was not of public interest. Thereupon the old gentleman alternately raved and pleaded, till at last, to keep him quiet, the official consented, as a special favor, to show him the wire. It read as follows: "More nose-bags wanted at the front."

Few stoves in Uruguay.

Few houses in Uruguay are provided with stoves for heating purposes. No chimneys or fireplaces are provided, as a rule, one house recently built at a cost of \$14,000 having for its only chimney a stovepipe from the kitchen. Cattle graze in the open all the year round, but during the winter season, from April to October, the dampness is conducive to the spread of pulmonary troubles. Only one dealer in Montevideo sells heating stoves, and these are of American make. Oil stoves find some favor, as coal sells at from \$10 to \$14 per ton.

Stealing "Whilways."

At a church recently there was a song service, and one mother took her little five-year-old daughter to it. One of the selections was "I Love to Steal Awhilways." It was drawn out in the good, old-fashioned way to the end, and the little miss, after the first line, seemed to be lost in study. In the midst of the prayer that followed, she climbed up on the seat beside her mother, and in a stage whisper, asked: "Mamma, what are 'whilways,' and what do good people want to steal them for?"

Suspicious Visitors Photographed.

The Bank of France has an ingenious arrangement by which suspicious visitors can be photographed without their knowledge. Behind the desk of the cashier is a hidden photographic studio, and at a signal from any of the employees of the bank a picture of the suspected customer is instantly taken. The camera is also used for detecting frauds, an engraver on a check, which may not be visible to the eye, being clearly perceptible in a photograph.

Assassinations of the Century.

"Uneasy Rests the Head That Wears the Crown." —Shakespeare.

The assassination of King Humbert of Italy added another to a long list of murders that have stricken down sovereigns during recent decades. Most of the victims have been occupants of European thrones. South America's latest contribution was the killing of President Borda of Uruguay in 1897, while within a few days the report has come—and been denied—that the emperor of China had been slain. Europe's last assassination of a member of royalty was that of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria while she was traveling in Switzerland. The assassination of Empress Elizabeth of Austria at Geneva recently by Anarchist Luchini was the first successful attempt on the lives of rulers since June, 1894. President Carnot of

Capo d'Istria, Greece, Oct. 9, 1831. Castillo, Canovas del, premier of Spain, July 30, 1897. Cavendish, Lord Frederick, England, May 6, 1882. Carnot, president of France, June 24, 1894. Elizabeth Amelia Eugenia, empress of Austria, Sept. 10, 1898. Garfield, James A., president of the United States, July 2, 1881; died Sept. 19, 1881. Harrison, Carter H., mayor of Chicago, Oct. 29, 1893. Lincoln, Abraham, president of the United States, April 15, 1865. Mayo, Earl, Ireland, Feb. 8, 1872. Mehmet, Ali, Turkey, Sept. 7, 1878. Michael, prince of Servia, June 10, 1868.

Once a Man of Note. William A. Grosvenor, whose death in the east has caused but scant attention, was, thirty years ago, one of the most widely known editors in the United States. He reached the height of his fame and influence as editor of the Missouri Democrat (now the St. Louis Globe Democrat) in 1870, when, in conjunction with Carl Schurz, he organized the movement which led to the formation of the Liberal Republican party. It was in his little office, in the Democrat building, corner of Fourth and Pine streets, St. Louis, that he planned the campaign which began with the passage of the enfranchisement act by the Missouri legislature and the defeat and death of Horace Greeley.

Not Over Yet.

The Boer war has given rise to a peculiar discussion in Germany. Most of the devout Christians there have been praying for the success of the Boers, and the religious press of Germany has been practically unanimous in opposition to England. These newspapers and many clergymen urged that prayers be offered for the success of the Boer arms, and the suggestion was followed widely. The religious press predicted that the prayers would be heard and that they would be efficacious in bringing about the defeat of the English. But thus far the war has gone woefully against the prayers. Yet it is not over. Things may take a turn.—Ex.

Britain's Agent in China.

Sir Claude Maxwell Macdonald, British minister to China, is a noted British diplomat, a K. C. B. of the creation of 1898, and for several years has lived in the far east (China and Corea) as a diplomatic agent of the United Kingdom. He was educated at Sandhurst, and when a youth he entered the Seventy-fourth Highlanders. He won the brevet of major in 1882, and in that year served through the Egyptian campaign. He was in the Suakin expedition, 1884-5, and won the medal with three clasps, the Khedive's star and the fourth class Order of Osmanieh. For five years he was a diplomatic agent in Egypt.

In a study of American politics which appeared in a recent number of the London Chronicle it was pointed out that out of the twenty-five presidents of the United States all but one have been of British family origin. Fifteen, headed by Washington, came of English stock. Three, including James Munroe, had Scotch ancestors. One, Thomas Jefferson, inherited pure Welsh blood, while five others traced their lineage to Scotch-Irish ancestry.



THE ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA, MARCH 13, 1881.

France was stabbed at Lyons on June 24, 1894; Canovas del Castillo, prime minister of Spain and virtually ruler of the country while he was in office, was shot and killed at Saata Agueda on Aug. 8, 1897. All three assassinations were the work of men who loudly proclaimed themselves anarchists and their deeds the result of their convictions, and the assassins were all three Italians, a circumstance which immediately after the three assassinations caused a furore against that race in the countries which had suffered.

The final and successful attempt of nihilism on the life of Alexander III. of Russia occurred on March 13, 1881. Two bombs were thrown at the imperial carriage, the first by Rysakoff, the second and fatal one by Grenievitsky. The emperor was out to view the parade of the Marine corps. The event had been planned far in advance and nihilism had plenty of time to arrange what was to be a grand movement to end the czar's life. Mines were laid in streets through which the carriage might pass and adherents liberally supplied with hand bombs to throw in case the mines failed. As the carriage approached the bridge over the Catherine canal Rysakoff pressed forward through some workmen shoveling snow and threw the first bomb.

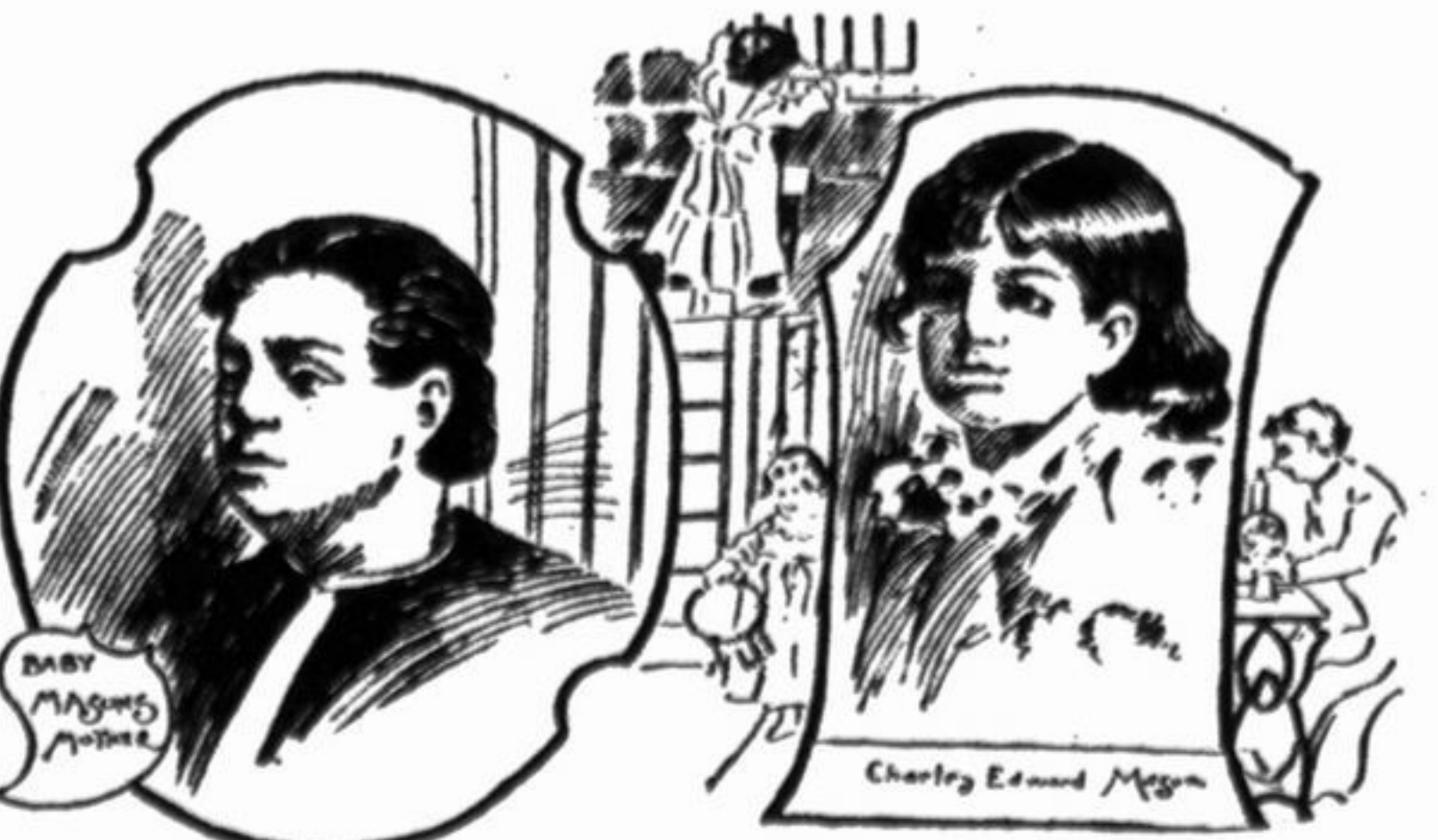
It fell behind the carriage, tearing out the back, and wounding two consacks. The emperor stepped out of his carriage, and as he did so the second bomb, thrown by Grenievitsky, fell and exploded at his feet, breaking both legs and penetrating his abdomen. The emperor died two hours after the explosion of the bomb at his feet. Fragments of the bomb killed and wounded people in every direction, the bomb-thrower himself being killed. This successful attempt was the result of a widespread plot in the Russian branch of anarchistic Europe. Five of the conspirators were hanged.

The killing of President Carnot of France at Lyons on June 24, 1894, and the assassination of Premier Canovas on Aug. 8, 1897, were still fresh in the memory of Europe when the third outrage in four years was committed at Geneva. President Carnot's assassin, Santo, rushed upon the president's carriage and plunged a poniard into the body of his victim, for which he lost his head. Goll, the assassin of Canovas, used a pistol on the Spanish premier at Santa Ague, a Spanish summer resort, and he also suffered death for his madness.

Following is a list of the assassinations of the century:

- Abdul Aziz, sultan of Turkey, June 4, 1876.
- Alexander III., Russia, March 13, 1881.
- Berri, Charles, duc d'France, April 12, 1820.
- Borda, J. Idiarte, president of Uruguay, Aug. 25, 1897.

Trying to Part Convict Mother and Child.



The entire state of New Jersey is in a turmoil about one small baby and its mother. The child is named Charles Edward Mason, after his father. It is a bright, chubby little youngster, and was born in the New Jersey State prison, not quite three years ago. The mother, Anne Mason, was at the time sentenced to serve five years in prison on her third conviction for theft. Now the philanthropists want to take the baby from her, give it a good home and make a useful citizen of the intelligent little fellow. The mother, however, insists upon keeping it, and prominent ministers say that she should have it, as if anything will lead to the woman's reformation this

child will do it, and it may be her salvation. The prison keeper also says it should be allowed to remain with the mother, but Governor Voorhees declares that the two should be separated at once and for good. There is no law that provides for an innocent child being kept in prison, and no law that enables the authorities to take it from her at present. The philanthropists say, however, that the woman is hopelessly degenerate, and if they cannot persuade her to give up the child they mean to find ways to take it from her. If they do, New Jersey may furnish one of the most unique legal battles of recent years.



THE KILLING OF PRESIDENT CARNOT AT LYONS, FRANCE, JUNE 24, 1894.