THE STORY OF A CRIME.

I was asked the other day how many cases I had known, in my long experience as a detective, of innocent people being convicted and punished for the crimes of others? My answer was: "Only one," and the case is well worth relating and reading.

I began my detective career in Canada, and in a locality where justice made swift work of evil-doers. I had been three years in the business, and had done some very fair work, when a very sensational case was put into my hands. Three miles from the city of B—— lived a retired merchant named Grafton. He had a fine mansion, elegant grounds and plenty of money, but his wife was an insane patient in his own house, and the only child, a boy of 19, was half idiot. Grafton was a silent partner in several concerns in the city, but spent four-fifths of his time at home. His wife was never seen, while the young man lived more like a wild animal than a human being, the greater part of his time being spent in the woods and fields, no matter what the weather. Grafton had as coachman, gardener and hired man a German about 35 years of age, who had been in the country about five years when I first saw him at the house. There were three female servants, and one of them was a girl 18 years of age, named Jennie Price, whose mother was a very respectable widow in the city. The girl was allowed to go home every other Saturday and always rode in with Fritz, the coachman, as he went to market, ran home for an hour or two, and then returned by the same vehicle. It was reported that Fritz was in love with and jealous of her Will Grafton, the half idiot, had also taken a "shine" to her, but his attentions were laughed to scorn by the pretty Jennie and her companions.

Now, then, in the afternoon of a certain 14th of July several weighty incidents occurred. Fritz received a letter with a foreign postmark, and was very much excited. He was seen running to the barn with the letter in his hand, and, ten minutes later, was heard shouting and storming to himself as if greatly enraged and excited. The servants said to each other that he must have received bad news, but none of them went to investigate and console him.

It was Jennie's day to go home, but Grafton was indisposed. Fritz suddenly disappeared, and Will was not allowed to drive the horses. The girl, therefore, decided to set out on foot, and take her chances of getting a lift on the road. She left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was to return by noon next day. Saturday night it was discovered that Fritz had left the house and locality, not even asking for his wages, while Will had set off on one of his erratic excursions, having been seen by the cook to pack up some provisions.

Jennie did not return on Sunday or Monday or Tuesday, and Grafton drove into town on Wednesday and sent a message to her house. She had not been home, and an investigation revealed the fact that none of her friends had seen her for two weeks. It was a case of "mysterious disappearance," and I came into it having little doubt that it would turn out like the majority of such cases. However, when I had learned that the girl was steady as well as handsome, and that everybody had perfect confidence in her principles, I went to the Grafton mansion to begin my search there. This was on Thursday morning, and it now seemed pretty plain that some calamity had befallen the girl. In an hour I learned all the incidents related above. Grafton was very anxious in the matter, telling me to spare no expense, but when I began to question Will, the young man turned on his heel and walked off, as if deaf and dumb. I, however, had a chance to look over him for a couple of minutes, and I made a note of several things. A button had been torn off his coat with such force as to tear the cloth. He had two scratches on the right cheek and one on the right hand. One finger of the left hand was tied up in a rag, and the cook, who tied it up for him, told me that something had bitten him severely.

It was a quarter of a mile from the house to the highway, with a carriage road running straight from the front door. The road was taken by any of the servants who were going to town on foot. By making a cut through a wood they saved at least half a mile in distance. The girl Jennie had been seen to take this path on that Saturday, and my search lay in that direction. The woods covered about ten acres, and were not underbrushed. The path was well defined, and was a romantic walk for a summer's day, the forest being alive with hares, squarrels and birds.

Half way through the woods the path traversed a dell about half an acre in extent. It was while crossing this that I got my first clew. Several feet to the right of the path was Jennie's parasol, and as I picked it up I found that it had been badly broken. While it was closed, as she would be likely to carry it through the woods, four ribs were broken and the handle loosened, and I felt certain that she had used it as a weapon of defence. Fifty feet further on, and right of the path, I found her handbag. Across the dell, in the thick woods again, I found a bow from her throat on a bush, and here the earth had been torn up and the bushes broken down to prove a struggle. It was one which must have lasted for some time and been fiercely contested, and I had no sooner looked over the ground than I knew that Jennie's dead body would be found somewhere in the woods. As to the locality, I soon found broken twigs—a bit of dress on a bush—heavy footprints in the rich soil, and other plain evidences of her being dragged or carried along through the undergrowth to a point twenty rods from the path. There, in an open space not more than twenty feet square, with a thicket on three sides, I found the body. Decomposition had set in, of course, and the odor greeted my nostrils before my eyes made the discovery.

That a murder had been committed there could be no doubt. The girl lay on her back, her feet drawn up, her clothing badly torn and in disorder, and while one hand clinched a stout stick, the other had a dying clutch on a coat button—just a match for those left on Will Grafton's coat. She had been choked to death, and was a horrible sight, her eyes stood wide open, her tongue out and a look of agony on her bloated face. I examined the finger nails and found blood and flesh under them, left there as she clawed the half-idiot's face and hand. On the ground was a tobacco-box, which he afterward identified and boldly claimed. A murder had been committed, and I had discovered the murderer; but I was not as enthusiastic over it as you may have imagined. He was the son of a millionaire and the father would spend his last dollar to save him. Riches control public opinion, and, in some instances, the verdict of juries.

After an examination lasting a quarter of an hour and having carefully gathered and preserved all possible proofs, I set out to bring the coroner and a jury. I had evidence enough to warrant me in arresting Will Grafton at once, but I felt that it would be safer to go slow and wait for the opinion of the jury. It was a matter of two hours before the officer and his jury arrived, and all had not viewed the body when Mr. Grafton and two or three others arrived in an excited state of mind and announced that Fritz, the coachman, had been captured, and had partially confessed to the deed. This news was, as you may imagine, a shock to me. I had not, in the first place, heard that the coachman was suspected, although he had gone off so hurriedly. Mr. Grafton had utterly refused to point the finger of suspicion that way during our talk in the morning, but had held to the theory that the girl had run off with some giddy companions to lead a less respectable career. His statement that Fritz was probably guilty so upset me that I kept my proofs in my pocket and gave the jury no hint. The inquest was adjourned until evening, and was then resumed at the house, while Fritz was present in charge of an officer. He had been arrested at a town thirty miles away, and attention had been first called to him by his attempt to commit suicide by drowning. When charged with the murder he did not deny it. When pressed to make a confession he uttered a groan of despair and replied:

"Maybe I did, for I have been crazy for four or five days. Let me go and kill myself."

When searched a few shillings in money and a pocket-knife and other articles were found on his person. He was free of wounds or bruises of any sort, and no buttons were missing from his garments. Before he was called to face the jury I began to grope for the cause of his flight. It could not be for the murder of the girl, for he was innocent. It must be on account of information received in that foreign letter. I went at once to his room in the barn, which no one had yet examined, and there I found the envelope intact, but the letter torn into twenty fragments and flung on the floor. I gathered up the pieces and pasted them together, and then had the clew to his actions. It was a letter from his mother in Germany, and it contained two pieces of important news. First, the mother, who was a widow, had been robbed of her every dollar by investing in some wildcat speculation on the advice of friends, and, secondly, the girl whom Fritz expected to return home and marry in a year had been wedded to another.

Fritz was made half crazy by the news, and his sole desire seemed to be to get out of the neighborhood as fast as possible. The coroner, Mr. Grafton and myself held an interview with him in private. The coroner was an ignoramus, and he was only too glad to surrender his official privileges to Grafton, who eagerly accepted them. It was plain from the start that he meant to catch poor Fritz in the toils.

"How could you do such a horrible thing?" he asked, as we were ready to proceed. "Tell us all about it."

Fritz began weeping.

"Did you kill Jennie because she refused to marry you? Yes, that was the reason. You lay in wait for her in the woods."

Fritz kept up a sobbing and moaning.

"I am sorry for you, and will do all I can for you, but the law must take its course. Perhaps the jury will say that you were crazy, and that you should not be punished. I hope it will, for you are a good man, and I don't believe you knew what you were doing. Well, coroner, have you any doubts of the prisoner's guilt?"

"None, sir."

"And you, Mr. ——?"

"I have very serious doubts," I replied.

"What? Haven't you been listening to the examination?"

"But he has admitted nothing."

"His actions bespeak his guilt as plain as day, and we shall now take him before the jury and press him until he admits the murder."

Before Fritz was taken into the room where the jury was sitting and many spectators were assembled, Grafton was permitted to interview him in private for half an hour. When questioned before the jury he said:

"I may be the one. I had a great trouble come upon me, and I don't know what I did or where I went. If it was me I am sorry."

On the strength of this the coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the girl Jennie came to her death at the hands of Fritz, and he was taken off to jail and a warrant sworn out. I felt certain that Will Grafton had killed the girl, and I expected to exhibit my proofs before the jury, but when I saw Grafton take the matter into his hands I realized that he suspected and was prepared to defeat me. The son Will was present during all the proceedings, and he wore the identical coat from which the button had been torn. Two of the servants informed me that he had worn the garment right along every day for six months. When I saw that the verdict of the coroner's jury was a foregone conclusion, and that Fritz would be held, I determined to hold my hand until a proper time. In my report of the case to my superior I simply mentioned that Fritz had confessed and been placed under arrest.

On the second day after Fritz had been sent to jail Grafton secured an interview with him on the excuse of providing him with a lawyer. In that interview he secured the following written confession:

I am now quite sure that I killed the girl. I got news in a letter which made me lose my head, and I remember meeting Jennie in the woods and thinking she was to blame for all my troubles. I don't want to live, and I shall plead guilty and ask them to hang me.

Three days later, when I guessed that the prisoner's despondency had vanished, and that the thought of the gallows would nerve him up to begin a struggle for life, I paid him a visit. I had been doing some good work in his favor.

"Fritz," I said, "you read your letter in the barn, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You tore it up after reading."

"Yes; I remember."

"You were about to go for one of the horses down in the pasture. When you left the barn you took a halter with you."

"I remember."

"You reached the lot, threw the halter into a fence-corner, and then started off by the old path leading to the cider-mill. When you passed the school-house you were bareheaded, and you had not been from home twenty minutes."

"I remember children shouting after me."

"I have followed you down that highway for twelve miles. Then you turned east by a red school-house, and I have traced you six miles further. I can show by the servants at the house that you were under their eyes when the girl left, and for an hour after. Then your letter came, and you ran to the barn to read it. Now, then, how could you have killed the girl?"

"I don't know; but, if I didn't, who did?"

"Whose knife is this?"

"That's William's."

"And this button?"

"Is off his coat."

I had all the proofs any lawyer would want to clear Fritz. I could prove that when he left the house he went to the barn, and from the barn he went in an opposite direction from the route the girl took. I had twenty witnesses who met him here or there on the highway for a distance of eighteen miles. Before leaving the jail I convinced him of his innocence, and in a moment life seemed precious to him, and he was ready to fight for his liberty. I left him to return to police headquarters, but had not traversed a square when a runaway horse struck me down, breaking an arm, three ribs, and fracturing my skull. For the next four weeks I was delirious off and on, and my head was just coming back to me when I heard that Fritz had been tried for the murder and found guilty. The news came to me through the cries of the newsboys on the street, and I at once suffered a relapse, and this time was on the threshold of death's door for many weeks. When I came back to myself I was weak and helpless, and my memory would not serve me. It was one day when I felt a desire to sit up, and when the details of the past came crowding into my brain, that I asked about Fritz. He had been hanged the day before!—*New York Sun.*

Old Clothes.

The old clothes of the great people of history, what an air of dignity they have, even in their decay. Nelson's old uniform, shot-torn and blood-stained; the hodden-gray coat in the library at Abbotsford; what associations they suggest! In what limbo, I wonder, is that yeomanry uniform of Sir Walter's about which his friend Pringle, of Whytband, used to tell so good a story? How they were in Paris together soon after Waterloo. Paris was very gay and crowded, the Emperor Alexander I. and a number of fire-eating Russians being there. The two Scotchmen were asked to some ball given in honor of the Czar, where uniform was *de rigeuer*, and Scott was rather in difficulties, till he bethought him of his old yeomanry uniform, in which he appeared. Being in the course of the evening presented to the Czar of all the Russias, who had no idea as to who he was, that great potentate asked Mr. Scott, with some interest, in what engagements he had taken part. He replied with ready wit: "La bataille de Cross-causeway, et l'affaire de Tranent." The Czar, too polite, or too proud to show his ignorance of these battles, bowed with a grave courtesy, and said no more.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Lesson in Botany.

"Say, I was in a predicament the other evening," remarked a middle-aged professional man this morning; "and all because I wanted to turn school teacher; you see I was endeavoring to impress upon my little girl the difference between the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; well, I was proceeding very nicely, as I thought, but I was treading on a pitfall. 'To what kingdom does the orange belong?' 'To the vegetable kingdom,' was the prompt answer. 'Now, to what kingdom does our hired girl belong?' 'To the vegetable kingdom.' 'Oh, no!' said I, 'that is not right.' 'Yes it is, pa; I heard you tell her she was a daisy, and they belong to the vegetable kingdom.' The very worst part of it was," said the fond parent, "that the little thing looked so mischievous I knew her answer was not nearly so innocent as it might appear."—*Elmira Gazette*

Siamese Definitions.

An old Siamese teacher, in trying to master English, wrote a list of definitions, from which we select for the entertainment of our young readers the following: Wig: hypocrite hair. Flattery: a good kind of curse word. Whiskey: sin water. Gold: a very good thing. Blew: a wind verb. Kick: a foot verb. Bow: a salute verb. Hop: a frog verb. Liar: a bad adjective of boy. Modesty: a good adjective of girl. Vine: a string tree. Cunning: a good word of philosophy man. Daughter: a girl-son. Bullet: a son of a gun. Sponge: water foam. Angel: God's boy. Large: an adjective of preacher. Preach: a missionary verb. Comfort: word of mother to crying child. Adulterate: a bad adjective of lying man. Admonition: word of Bible.—*Syracuse Christian Advocate.*

Good Advice.

"My son," said the old man, "do you remember what *Polonius* said in his parting advice to *Laertes*—'neither a borrower nor a lender be?'"

"Yes, father," replied the young man thoughtfully, "and I think *Polonius* was just about half right."

Omaha Man: "Well, how is Dakota getting along?" Dakota man: "I haven't seen any figures, but there must have been a big boom in immigration last summer." "You think so?" "Yes, indeed. The papers state that more people have been frozen to death this winter than ever before."

Sugar is put into cement to increase its strength.

STARVING THE TEETH.

What Foods Make Them Strong—Keeping Them in Order.

Teeth are just as easily starved to death as the stomach, said a lecturer before a Brooklyn audience the other night. The fact is that you and your fathers have from generation to generation been industriously starving your teeth. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains of all cereal foods that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime, and traces of other earthy salts, which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they cannot possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran, so-called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more and more fragile and weak. These flouring mills in Minneapolis are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine white flour, which is proving a whitened sepulchre to the teeth. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children, never allow any white bread upon your table. Graham bread is made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran, which contains the minute quantities of lime, is present. To make a good, wholesome, nourishing bread, take two bowls of wheat meal and one bowl of white or bolted flour, and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to Boston brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made out of rye meal and corn meal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on your tables, hot or cold, at least three times a week. The teeth should be cleansed at least five times a day. Without this, the particles of food, which contain acids and adhere, eat gradually into the enamel. Use castile or other good soap on the brush. Powdered chalk and castile soap make the best dentifrice. In brushing the teeth always brush up and down from the gum instead of across, or, close the lecture in the actual words of the lecturer, "Brush away from the gum and on the grinding surfaces of your teeth."

Great Deeds in Old Age.

(New York Home Journal.)

Suppose, then, we agree to call no man old till he is past 63. Let us set down the names of some of the illustrious people of the world who have prolonged their days of usefulness after that age. We shall make a table of them, and begin it with those who have died at 70—that is to say, with those in whom the springs of life have not stood still till they have had at least seven years of old age. It will be found, however, to be far from exhaustive, and every reader may find pleasure in adding to it from his own stock of information:

Age at Death.	Age at Death.
70—Columbus, Lord Chatham, Petrarch, Copernicus, Spallanzani, Boerhaave, Gall.	80—Plato, Wordsworth, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Kant, Thiers, Wm. Cullen.
71—Linnæus.	81—Buffon, Edward Young, Sir Edward Coke, Lord Palmerston.
72—Charlemagne, Samuel Richardson, Allan Ramsay, John Locke, Necker.	82—Arnauld.
73—Charles Darwin, Thorwaldsen	83—Wellington, Goethe, Victor Hugo.
74—Handel, Frederick the Great, Dr. Jenner.	84—Voltaire, Talleyrand, Sir Wm. Herschel.
75—Haydn, Dugald Stewart.	85—Cato the Wise, Newton, Benj. Franklin, Jeremy Bentham.
76—Bossuet.	86—Earl Russell, Edmund Halley, Carlisle.
77—Thomas Telford, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Beaconsfield.	88—John Wesley.
78—Galileo, Corneille.	89—Michael Angelo.
79—Wm. Harvey, Robert Stevenson, Henry Cavendish.	90—Sophocles.
	99—Titian.
	100—Fontenelle.

The wisest men and the best have been conspicuous for working to the end.

Some Good She Has Done.

Miss Faithful remarked the other day that the position of women had much altered for the better since the Queen came to the throne. Men are no longer allowed to beat their wives—that is to say, not with too large a stick—nor does everything belonging to a wife now become her husband's property; and the lecturer related how her friend, Sir John Bowring, used to say of the marriage service:

"With this ring I thee wed—that's sorcery; with my body I thee worship—that's idolatry; with all my worldly goods I thee endow—that's a falsehood."

And, indeed it seems to her marvellous that a man could keep his countenance while making such an assertion when he knew that at the close of the ceremony he could not only keep his own but take possession of all hers. Fifty years ago, she said, it was thought hardly seemly for a woman to write a book.—*London Truth.*

Centenarians in Ontario.

An interesting table in the report of vital statistics for Ontario just issued respecting the centenarians who died in 1885, shows that, of the whole number of 23, eleven, or nearly one-half, were of Irish nationality. One of these had reached the extraordinary age of 112. The next numerous class are the Scotch, five in number. The traditional longevity of the African race is confirmed by the fact that two out of the three American centenarians on the list were colored.

A Pointer for Young Men.

"Electrical engineering is the most promising field for a young man," remarked Dr. Ford, of the college, the other day. "I believe that in ten years the work now being done by steam will be done by electricity."—*Elmira Gazette.*

Two thousand one hundred and twenty-eight feet per second was the initial velocity of the 1,800-pound projectile fired twice with 1,000 pounds of powder from the new 100-ton gun intended for the British ship Ben Bow. The gun survived.

A TYPICAL CASE.

Small Wonder that the Young Woman Had St. Vitus' Dance.

(Dr. Wm. A. Hammond in the Popular Science Monthly.)

Not very long ago a lady of this city brought her little daughter, 12 years of age, to see me professionally. The child was on her way to school, and had with her a large satchel full of books. She was pale, tall and thin. The muscles of her face twitched convulsively, and she could not keep her hands and feet still. She was suffering from chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, and, in addition, had almost constant headache and other symptoms of nervous derangement. In the course of my examination I asked her to empty her satchel of the books it contained, and which, as she informed me, she had been studying that morning and the night before. This is the list:

1. An English grammar. 2. A scholars' companion. 3. An arithmetic. 4. A geography. 5. A history of the United States. 6. An elementary guide to astronomy. 7. A temperance physiology and hygiene (whatever that may be). 8. A method of learning French. 9. A French reading book.

Nine in all—nine different subjects of knowledge which that poor child was required to study between the hours of 3 in the afternoon of one day and 9 in the morning of the following day! Allowing one hour for dinner, half an hour for breakfast, an hour for undressing at night and dressing in the morning, an hour for going home and returning to school and eight hours for sleep (and less than this will not suffice for a growing boy or girl—it had better be nine or ten), and we have six hours and a half left in which to study nine different branches of learning. Now suppose either one of you ladies and gentlemen should retire to some quiet nook, and, with your well-developed and trained brains and experienced minds, should try to study nine unfamiliar subjects of knowledge in six hours and a half, would you think it strange if at the end of that time you should somewhat mix matters, and imagine that Hong Kong is the name of a lunar volcano, that the continental congress is one of the parts of speech, and that the ductus communis choledechus is situated on Passamaquoddy Bay? She showed no such confusion of ideas. She had studied her lessons well, but she had done so at the expense of her brain substance. In a little while, and English grammar, geographies and temperance physiologies would have been like the "subsequent proceedings" in Bill Nye's poem; they would have "interested her no more." I say that she had learned her lessons at the expense of her brain substance. This is no flower of speech, but a sober fact. A very simple examination enabled me to satisfy myself that she was living on her brain capital instead of her brain income. Her expenditures were greater than her receipts, and brain bankruptcy was staring her in the face.

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Virtuous Indignation.

"Shocking unprincipled lot, those 'bus conductors! One of them passed a bad sixpence on me a fortnight ago, confound him! I've not been able to get rid of it yet!"—*Punch.*

The Russian Empire is composed of fifty governments and provinces.

Whether times are good or bad and prices of produce high or low, rheumatism is almost sure to come with advancing years. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant is the most absolute cure known. Sold by druggists generally.

Philadelphia *Herald*: "If the weather doesn't soon put on a little more caloric steam heaters will have to be introduced into the baseball grounds."

Important to All

who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you free, full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All can do the work. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Grand success absolutely sure. Write at once and see.

The latest craze in St. Louis is decollete photographs. Two years ago the young ladies would have thought it "loud" to be taken in a low-neck dress or bust drapery. Somehow they all began to ask for that style this winter, and lately, says the *Globe-Democrat*, they have been taken in no other way.

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