

# The Mystery of No. 13.

Even after this convincing evidence of the prisoner's guilt, you held to your theory that a burglar had something to do with the business? "Yes. But after working continuously at the case I was reluctantly obliged to dismiss the idea, there was absolutely no evidence to support it."

"You did not even ascertain that the cobbler's assistant was Rose Dupont's lover?" "No."

"Then I congratulate Scotland Yard on you," said Mr. Lemaire, contemptuously, as he sat down. "But jurymen are usually plain men, who do not cultivate their imaginations, and who are apt to sift even facts to their extreme winning point, so that Mr. Lemaire's cross-examination appeared to them in the light of fireworks, that did no harm, if but little good."

Job Trushoes, the cobbler, was next called, not so much as a witness against the prisoner, as to offer rebutting testimony to the possibility of any person having got from his house into No. 13 that night.

Pushed into the witness-box against his will, and presenting as crabbed an appearance as a human being well could, he answered the questions put to him slowly and grudgingly at first, but presently got angry, and gave out his snarls quicker.

What he had to say had been largely discounted by Mr. Skewton, but he was made to relate in detail what hours his apprentice kept, and many other details, that made that young man appear an industrious and harmless creature who would not hurt a fly, and who, by no manner of means could have obtained entrance to the cobbler's house, unknown by the cobbler, that night.

But just as the cross old man was congratulating himself on his ordeal being over, Mr. Lemaire rose, and pounced upon him, like a spider on a fly.

"How long has Janin Pierrot been with you?" "I don't rightly remember. It might be a month—or two—or six."

"Take care, sir. How many months has he been with you?" "Three."

"You wanted an assistant, and he came to you to offer himself?" "Ay, he did."

"How came he to know you wanted an assistant?" "How do I know? P'raps you told him."

"And you took him without recommendation?" "P'raps I did, and p'raps I didn't."

"You took him without recommendation?" "Since you're so pressing, I did."

"Was a good workman?" "Good enough for me."

"Did a Frenchwoman call to see him?" "I don't encourage no petticoats about the place."

"I'm a bachelore, I am, thank the Lord!" "She did call?"

"One called yesterday." "Was that her first visit?"

"Women be such siggers nowadays, and dress so much a-like—how can I tell?"

Mr. Lemaire pressed the point—to his sorrow. "I tell 'ee," said Job, getting angry, "I never saw the woman—or did Pierrot for the matter of that—till about a fortnight ago, when she came in a hurry to get a shoe eased for a little child she had with her. And she never said a word to me, nor he to me."

Mr. Lemaire swallowed his chagrin bravely. "You knew she was maid to Mrs. St. George?"

"No." "You knew her name?"

"No. Neighbors told me afterward she came from No. 13, but her money was as good as any one else's so I wasn't going to turn it away."

"At what time did Pierrot leave off work?" "Six o'clock."

"He left at that time the night of the murder?" "He did."

"You remained in the house all the evening?" "Yes."

"You never once left the house?" "Job Trushoes hesitated, scowling and mumbleing his grizzly jaws."

"P'raps I did. For a matter of five minutes. To buy my supper beer."

"You left your door unlocked?" "Yes."

"Any one might have got in during your absence?" "Who wanted to get in?" snarled the old man. "I'd get nothing to steal."

"It was dark when you went out?" "Cat's twilight."

"Did you visit the attic that night?" "No, it's a lumber-room. What should I want there at night?"

Mr. Lemaire nodded his head several times. "What time did Janin come next morning?"

"Eight o'clock." "Did he look as usual?"

"A man don't change his face with his coat. I took no particular notice on him."

"Some inquiries were made at your house that day?"

"Yes, a passel of fools who turned the place upside down, and me and Janin inside out. But they didn't get much change out of either on us."

"He has come regularly to work ever since?"

"Never missed a day." "Seems cheerful?"

"Shoemaking don't want cheerful-ness, it wants skill. Janin stuck to his work, and didn't trouble about women, and murders, and such-like stuff. Lor, sir!" added the old wretch

with a grin, "you've found a mare's nest, and much good may it do 'ee!" So departed Job Trushoes; but Mr. Lemaire had made his point, viz., that Janin could easily have returned to the house, unknown to Job, have hidden in the disused attic and made his way comfortably enough into No. 13. Could—might have—but did he? The alibi was very clear.

And then the court adjourned for luncheon.

## CHAPTER XI.

There's none may lean on a rotten staff.

But him that risks to get a fa'."

Mr. Lemaire was in no worse plight than many a clever advocate had been before him, viz. having to make bricks without straw, and good, hard, convincing bricks, too, that would stand any amount of scanning and throwing about.

Yet, having decided to call no witnesses, as he rose after luncheon to reply, he bore so confident a bearing and had so easy an air of assurance, that Rose, sitting in a remote corner of the court, trembled with fear as she looked at him.

His very first words gave her good cause for terror, for he roundly stated, in a very fine and impressive manner, that the prisoner in the dock had no business there at all; for, that if the detectives had not blundered and misled justice, another man, and that the really guilty one, would be standing there in his place.

"The name of that man,"—and here Mr. Lemaire paused, and his scathing eyes found out the French woman where she sat, "was Janin Pierrot, Rose Dupont's lover, and Rose Dupont's confederate, the man whom she had assisted to get into the house, whom she had helped to depart, and who had shot Mr. Ross when discovered on the premises by that gentleman when he returned to the house after Mr. St. George had gone up to bed."

At this daring indictment, unexpected, startling, a bolt out of the blue, all eyes were turned on Jack, then on Rose, who, cowering as under a crushing physical blow, had crouched down with bowed head in her place every line of her figure a corroborating of her words. "That woman," said Mr. Lemaire, pointing a terrible finger at her, "laid her plans to mix with her mistress's night-draught, and had long ago arranged the signal by which she was to let her lover know when Mrs. St. George was sleeping downstairs, alone and unprotected, with the sapphires close at hand; and, in short, everything fell out precisely as she had hoped and intended—with one exception—the unexpected contingency of Mr. Ross's return. Mrs. St. George duly drank her draught, and went to bed and to sleep; a notoriously bad sleeper she slept right away from eleven o'clock that night until eight o'clock the next morning; Mr. St. George in due course went upstairs and also retired to rest, not, as that woman with the toothache had sworn, after Mr. Ross came in, but before."

"The coast was now clear, all was prepared for the thief, Janin Pierrot, and at the given time he stole safely and secretly into the house. Into the house, yes, but meanwhile, some one who had not been taken into the woman's reckoning came in with his latchkey, and in the act of undressing, hearing movements below, for which he could not account, probably the noise made by the man's getting through the window, descended quickly, and found himself face to face with an intruder, who, having come for plunder, was betrayed by personal jealousy and fear of consequences into murder. Mr. Ross always carried firearms; in this instance he carried a pistol belonging to Mr. St. George and it was natural enough that he should present the weapon he had with him at the man he found there under such desperate circumstances at such an hour of the night."

"That man," went on Mr. Lemaire, still with his eyes fixed on Rose's bowed figure. "Janin Pierrot, Rose Dupont's lover, alias the cobbler's assistant, snatched the pistol from Mr. Ross's hand, shot him dead with it, laid him at the very feet of the drugged and innocent woman, who had been betrayed by the maid, she had befriended and trusted, and too terrified to pause and secure the booty for which he had come, made his escape."

"If the woman up stairs stole down in the night and saw the hideous work her greed had wrought, she has proved herself of sufficient resource and resolution to go up again, and remain quietly there till the morning, when the discovery of the night's events would come about naturally and no suspicion attach to herself."

"So, indeed, things fell out, and we may be sure that when her poor mistress woke out of the drugged sleep, to find a murdered man only a yard or two away, the maid shrieked louder than the mistress and manifested ten times as much surprise and terror."

"And here," Mr. Lemaire turned and looked at Jack, "came in, apart from that poor young man's death, the most tragic, the most unfortunate feature of the whole case, and the one that so completely played into Rose Dupont's hands as left her mistress of the game. In the first-shock of the discovery husband and wife mutually suspected each other of the crime, the husband thinking the wife had killed his friend in defence of her honor, the wife believing that Mr. Ross had stolen into her room while she was asleep, been discovered there by her husband, and that in a fit of fury the latter had killed his friend, believing in her guilt, and left the dead man there to tell his own tale."

Mr. Lemaire removed his eyes from Rose, to glance at Jack, and thrilled with satisfaction at the success of his bold guess, while the eyes of all present, following his, found in Jack's face a living corroboration of his counsel's words.

To be Continued.

# THE MULE IN TIME OF WAR

## NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF HIM IN ACTION.

### American and Spanish Mules Working Side by Side in South Africa—Their Great Importance in War—Stands the Climate Better Than the Horse, and Much Easier Fed.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, says that the government has bought 15,000 mules, to carry troops and supplies from the coast to the scene of war. Of these 8000 or 9000 were bought in the United States, and several thousand of them are already in active service. The rest are on the way from New Orleans and Charleston. The remainder came from Italy and from Spain, and thus we see the Spanish and American mule laboring side by side against a common foe, writes a correspondent.

On general principles we may suppose that it was the Spanish variety of mule which was directly responsible for the great calamity at Nikolson's Nek, causing the capture of 1500 British troops and the death of several gallant officers. The thing never would have happened if the mules had not stampeded and run away with the ammunition. In a private letter an infantry officer wrote from Ladysmith some days previous to this disaster that a lot of unbroken mules had just been received, and he predicted that they would stampede the first time they got into action.

The mule was responsible not only directly for the one great reverse of the war, but it was the lack of him that delayed the embarkation of the 1st Army Corps and enabled the Boers to have a brief hour of triumph. The humble animal figures a bit in diplomacy, for the fact that he had not been bought when hostilities became certain was held to be adequate refutation of the charges that Mr. Chamberlain deliberately brought on war. Oddly enough, some of the same critics who had scored the government for preparing for war too previously afterward turned around and found fault because the government was not ready when the fighting really began—especially because that all-important War Office has bought and paid for mules worth about \$1,500,000. The latest mule quotation is \$100 a beast, and I am informed that the market is firm and that no difficulty whatever has been found by the government in getting all the mule help they want.

In fact, the War Office's representatives in Cape Colony have been gathering in all the miles in that neighborhood for the last six months, and got about 2000 there alone. More recently, however, no further back than three months ago, officers were sent to Europe and America mule hunting. The mules of course, don't know where they are going, and neither do the men who are taking them. Orders have been given them "Proceed to the Cape for instructions," but whether after they get there and drop anchor, they will be landed in that neighborhood or sent around to Durban or Port Elizabeth is an open question.

In buying these mules the officers have been careful as far as possible to get those that have been trained. This word "trained" suggests a possible mule curriculum, but it means merely those who have been in harness and done a bit of knocking about already—although, as my informant, an army officer, who knows mules from A to Z, remarked, "You get even a raw mule in front of a stout wagon with a couple of tons in it, and he can't do much harm."

These new mules are to be used only for transportation purposes—that is, for hauling the long "Cape wagons" ten or twelve mules to each—and none of them is destined to carry packs, the former function of the mule in war. None of the new recruits will be pressed into service as members of mounted batteries, either, for there are two mule companies that have been accustomed for years to act as flesh-and-blood gun carriages at the Cape. These last animals served their apprenticeship at the government barracks at Newport and have become used to the smell of powder, and are entirely blasé about having small CANNONS ON THEIR BACKS.

In fact, the mule is playing a bigger part in this campaign than any representative of his species ever did before, for, as my informant put it, "this is the biggest expedition sent out from England since the Crimea, and the use of mules in the Franco-Prussian war was only a fraction of what it is in this one. You see, it would be next to impossible to carry on our war in the Transvaal without the mule. We chose him for this expedition especially, because he will stand the climate of South Africa better than the horse. In fact, you get more out of the mule than you do out of the horse. Of course, he's slower, but then he's stronger, too, and he stands the work better. I fancy I know a 'bout' mules—I've handled 'em in India and in South America and at the Cape, too. We usually get twenty years' work out of a mule, and that puts the horse's record nowhere. Mules don't contract disease as easily as horses, but, on the other hand, when a mule does get some trouble he plays out faster than the horse does. Why, as far as we know, out of the 6000 mules now under observation, we haven't lost more than three. What do they eat? Oh, practically the same as the horse—

only a deal less than he requires." It is said that the trouble at Nikolson's Nek was due not so much to lack of soldierly qualities on the part of the mule as to mistaken or treacherous management on the part of the Cape boys, who were in charge of him, and that if some of the negro mule tenders from the South had arrived in time to accompany the expedition those 1500 men never would have been taken prisoners. Now, a friend of mine,

### A GERMAN SCIENTIST,

who has just come back from Johannesburg, make an unpalatable statement about these Cape boys, and I report it for whatever truth there may be in it. "There are two kinds of Cape boys," he said, "those who have studied with the missionaries and those who have not. It is a fact that in Johannesburg, and in the mines Cape boys who have not come under religious influence are greatly preferred. This is not saying anything against religion, but that the boys who have gone to missionary schools have learned just enough, as a rule, to become deceitful and untrustworthy. Get a Cape boy when he is in his natural state of ignorance, and you can usually depend upon him." At any rate, it is to be observed that most of the muleteers at Nikolson's Nek had been in the service of Boer farmers in the neighborhood.

The mule used for the mountain artillery ordinarily holds a much higher rank than the common, or garden, mule, and usually has special training and a carefully considered reputation for stability. It is his duty to help carry to high and difficult places the 7-pounder screw guns which are often used with deadly effect by the British. This screw gun is so called because it is in two parts, each weighing 75 or 100 pounds. Each half is strapped to a mule, and the two parts are joined together at the mountain top in a jiffy; the carriage is brought on the back of another mule, and others bring along the ammunition. It is expected that these mountain batteries will soon be more effective than ever, for much improvement has been made lately in the pattern of a

## THE MOUNTAIN GUN.

The mule has many advantages over the horse in the present campaign, especially because he has the reputation of being able to hang on to a precarious pathway by his ears where a horse could not be made to venture with any amount of urging. Except in mountain climbing, he carries ordinarily about 160 pounds, although, if well fed, he sometimes can take 300 pounds. He not only is much freer from disease than the horse, but his skin is so much thicker that the pestiferous tropical bug can not make life so much of a burden for him. Besides, he isn't half so fussy as a horse about what he eats or drinks. His usual rations in South Africa are 10 pounds of grain or 20 pounds of oat hay, with half an ounce of rock salt; that, however, in warm times are good, and if he has to work along on short rations he is as cheerful and contented about it as possible.

So it is that the humble mule is taking away nearly all the laurels in this war from his haughtier equine cousin. Gen. Trueman, in charge of the rations department, which is attending to all the purchases of mules and horses for the war, has been receiving more offers of horses for service in South Africa than he can accept. No horse under 5 or over 9 years is taken. Of the 2000 horses bought outside of those already reserved by the government, many have seen service in London on the street car and bus lines. One who doesn't know the London bus horse might draw a mental picture of a worn-out bag of bones, and that would be a gross libel, for the London bus horse is big, strong and sleek.

## PATRIOTIC TRADESMEN.

In view of the war in the Transvaal a London photographer announces his willingness to photograph sailors and soldiers in uniform free of charge, and to present a cabinet portrait to every one accepting the offer, while an instance of a man furnishing company gives notice that it will suspend payments for goods to all reserve men called out, and that in the event of any of its customers being killed during the war the company will forego the balance of the account and make a present of the whole of the goods to the widow or children.

## CLEANING PARIS.

Paris is said to be the cleanest city in the world. Every morning 2,000 male and 600 female scavengers, divided into 149 brigades, turn out to perform the toilet of the capital. The men work from 4 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, less two hours off for meals, or 10 hours a day. The women are engaged in the morning only.

## A DOTTING PARENT.

Willie—Johnny Smith's mother is awful good to him.  
Jimmy—What did she do?  
Let him have the measles the day school opened.

## COULDN'T BE DISPUTED.

Hoax—There goes a woman whose husband has had one foot in the grave for many years.  
Joax—Why, I thought he was dead.  
Hoax—So he is, but he was a one-legged man.

## POETICAL DREAMS.

Hasn't that poet a far-away look!  
Yes, I presume he is trying to see a square meal somewhere in the future.

## PRESUMABLY.

Nop, th' dog won't sleep nowhere else but on th' back-door mat.  
Kind o' dogmatic, ain't he!

## THE GOLD COAST COUNTRY.

Nothing About the British Colonies West Africa and Its History. An interesting visitor in this country at this time is the Rev. Mr. Hayford, a native of West Africa, a good English education and a pious clergyman. He is a comparatively young man, has very regular features, and wears a full beard. He has a soft voice and speaks in low, measured tones. He is visiting this country in the interest of his mission work. Mr. Hayford gave the following information about the Gold Coast and its people.

Between the African republics, Senegal and the British colony of the Gulf of Guinea, lies the interesting country known as the Gold Coast of West Africa. It is the site of its discovery in modern times, as asserted by the French in 1482, a fort in the town of Elmina, the first European settlement on the coast, in 1482; but the historian says that there is evidence that Portuguese navigators visited the coast before the discovery by modern Europeans. The gold mine in the heart of the rocks is worked up a gold vein. The French trade with the natives, exchanging hardware, cotton goods, etc., for gold. After Guinea was called the gold coast, because the first cargo made of gold got from that

part. The Gold Coast was created a colony in 1873, although as far as the seventeenth century it had practically a British settlement and up to this north it lies a famous for its warlike tribes, as well as for its wealth and industry of its former kings. The country was divided into a number of petty states, some of which were in connection with subjects of the State that Prince Henry of Portugal went to the coast, in 1482, and he was returning from the coast on, on its way to Kumasi.

## CAPITAL OF ASHANTEE.

The Gold Coast colony proper has three hundred and fifty miles of its greatest breadth being some hundred and fifty miles, but the land, recently annexed, is much extensive, and, with it, the colony is estimated, not less than 10,000 people. These are, for the most part, poor, for while their culture is different, their knowledge of agriculture is very limited, and they have none of the modern machinery, such as yokes and plows. Some Americans are acquiring gold concessions there, and people of the Gold Coast there are some comely physiques, some of them exceedingly attractive in their features. They are primitive in their ways, industrious, docile, and obedient in disposition. Mohammedanism has been introduced by the natives from the Sudan and among them who form the principal element of the intermarriage of the colony by intermarriage many of the natives are adopting the religion of Islam.

There was at one time a common belief among the natives, but the influence of teaching is making it less so. It is not practiced by the natives. Of the 3,000,000 people, however, not more than 100 are said to be Christians. The population of the estimated school population of 100 children in the colony, according to the returns, only 5 per cent are in attendance at the government schools. About 1,200 children attend the known as non-assisted

which it is often difficult to be estimated a foreigner, European, can, with care, keep fair and do good work on the West Africa; but his usefulness necessarily limited in a way. He could not be in his own country, natural environment. The work of evangelizing in West Africa, therefore, falls and falls upon the African himself, now, I am glad to say, and adapt in that work, and, in view of this fact, one of the chief duties of Christians in

## SMELLING CURE.

Experiments with the herbs have from time to time been made, and it has been found that germs of microbes are easily destroyed by various smells. The odor has been known to destroy in 35 minutes; cinnamon oil in 12 minutes; thyme oil in 45 minutes common wild-rose oil effective, while the odor of cloves has destroyed various forms in 55 minutes, and it is the most effective of all as an antiseptic. It is now being used in herbs which have been Egyptian mummies were the bodies more for their antiseptic properties than as mere ornaments of sentiment.

## CERTAIN.

—Now, if I order any thing, you, I want to be sure that you won't dun me, I understand. Can you suggest a way to avoid this? Well, you might pay me now, and the rest when they