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 drugging 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 dishonor."

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 clasp.

"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-flown 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 half 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 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 tearful 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 damps the ardor of their hopes. The man of law looks at Barbara's flushed, eager face with a dawning of comprehension.

"Quixotic," 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 money, but how are we to get over the facts sworn to by Mr. Grey when he identified Bouverie as the man who drugged 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.

"He must be set free!" she cries, looking eagerly at Mr. Jarvis. "Mr. Jarvis, I am to be his wife"—and how proudly she says it, as though she were glorying in the fact—"and I 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?"

Miss 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 Portraven, 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."

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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 shrinking, craven object, wailing 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. Remorse 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 at Barbara's tear-wet face. "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 her 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."—London Express.

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 "Whileaways."

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 Awhile Away." It was drawled 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 'whileaways,' 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 employes of the bank a picture of the suspected customer is instantly taken. The camera is also used for detecting frauds, an erasure on a check, which may not be visible to the eye, being clearly perceptible in a photograph.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BIBLE, THE SUBJECT ON LAST SUNDAY.

Good Accomplished Thereby an Evidence of Its Divine Origin—An Answer to the Cheap Agnosticism of the Present Day.

(Copyrighted, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)

Text, Matthew vii., 16, "Do men gather grapes of thorns?"

Not in this country. Not in any country. Thorns stick, thorns lacerate, but all the thorns ever put together never yielded one cluster of Catawba or Isabella grapes. Christ, who was the master of apt and potent illustration, is thus setting forth what you and I well know, that you cannot get that which is pleasant and healthful and good from that which is bad. If you find a round, large, beautiful cluster of grapes, you know that it was produced by a good grape vine and not from a tangle of Canada thistle. Now, if I can show you that this holy Bible yields good fruit, healthful fruit, grand fruit, splendid fruit, you will come to the conclusion that it is a good Bible, and all the arguments of the skeptic against it when he tries to show it is a bad book will go overboard.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Can a bad book yield good results? Skeptics with great vehemence declare that the Bible is a cruel book. They read the story of the extermination of the Canaanites and of all the ancient wars and the history of David and Joshua, and they come to the conclusion that the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Now, a bad book will produce a bad result; a cruel book will produce a cruel result.

Effect on Children.

What has been the effect upon your children of this cruel book? Or if you do not allow the book to be read in your household, what has been the effect upon the children of other households where the word of God is honored? Have they, as a result of reading this cruel book gone forth with a cruel spirit to pull the wings off flies and to pinion grasshoppers and to rob birds' nests? A cruel book ought to make cruel people. If they diligently read it and get absorbed with its principles that cause must produce that effect. At what time did you notice that the teachings of this holy Bible created cruelty in the heart and life of George Peabody, of Miss Dix, of Florence Nightingale, of John Howard, of John Frederick Oberlin, of Abbot Laurence? Have you noticed in reading the biography of these people that in proportion as they become friends of the Bible they became enemies to humanity? Have you not, on the contrary, noticed that all the institutions of mercy established or being established were chiefly supported by the friends of this book? There is the hospital in wartime. There are twenty Christian women. They are binding up wounds; they are offering cordials; they are kneeling down by the dying praying for their departing spirits. Where does the cruelty crop out? They have been reading the Bible all their lives. They read it every morning; they read it every night; they carry it under their arm when they go into the hospital.

Where does the cruelty of the book crop out? Is it in the gentleness of their step? Is it in the cadence of their voice? Is it in the sympathetic prayer they offer at the bedside of the dying? Your common sense tells you that a cruel book must produce cruel results. When you can make a rose leaf stab like a bayonet, and when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, and when you can poison your tongue with honey got from blossoming buckwheat, then you can get cruelty out of the Bible. That charge of the skeptics falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

The Charge of Infidels.

Again, infidels go on and most vehemently charge that this Bible is an impure book. You all know that an impure book produces impure results. No amount of money could hire you to allow your child to read an unclean book. Now, if this Bible be an impure book, where are the victims? Your father read it—did it make him a bad man? Your mother read it—did it make her a bad woman? Your sister fifteen years in heaven died in the faith of this gospel—did it despoil her nature? Some say there are 200,000,000 copies of the Bible in existence, some say there are 400,000,000 copies of the Bible. It is impossible to get the accurate statistics, but suppose there are 200,000,000 copies of the Bible abroad, this one book read more than any twenty books that the world ever printed, this book abroad for ages, for centuries—where are the victims? Show me 1,000. Show me 500 victims of an impure book. Show me 100 despoiled of the Bible. Show me fifty. Show me ten. Show me two. Show me one! Two hundred million copies of an impure book and not one victim of the impurity! On the contrary, you know very well that it is where the Bible has the most power that the family institution is most respected.

Again, agnostics go on still further, and they say the Bible is a mass of contradctions, and they put prophet against prophet, evangelist against evangelist, apostle against apostle, and they say if this be true, how, then, can that be true? Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, said he had discovered 30,000 different readings of the Scriptures, and yet not one important difference out of 30,000—only the difference that one might expect from the fact that the book came down from generation to generation and was copied by a great many hands. And yet I put before you this fact today, that all the Bible writers agree in the four great doctrines of the Bible.

What are those four great doctrines? God—good, kind, patient, just, loving, omnipotent. Man—a lost sinner. Two destinies—one for believers, the other for unbelievers; all who accept Christ reaching that home and only those destroyed who destroy themselves; only those who turn their backs upon Christ and come to the precipice and jump off, for God never pushes a man off, he jumps off. Now, in these four great doctrines all the Bible writers agree. Mozart, Beethoven, Handel and Hadyn never wrote more harmonious music than you will find in this perfect harmony of the word of God, the harmony in providence and in grace.

A Remakable Fact.

You must remember also that the authors of the Bible came from different lands, from different ages and from different centuries. They had no communication with each other; they did not have an idea as to what was the chief design of the Bible, and yet their writings got up from all these different lands and all these different ages and all these different centuries, coming together, make a perfect harmony in the opinion of the very best scholars of all lands. Is not that a most remarkable fact?

Again, infidels vehemently charge that the Bible is an unscientific book. In a former discourse I showed you that there was no collision between science and revelation, and I went from point to point in the discussion, but now let us have authority in this matter. You and I cannot give forty or fifty or sixty years exclusively to the study of science that some men give. Let us have authority in this matter.

Infidelity Non-Suited.

Now, I might, as infidels have failed to prove that the Bible is a cruel book, that the Bible is an impure book, that the Bible is a contradictory book, that the Bible is an unscientific book—I might move a nonsuit in this case of Infidelity, the plaintiff, against Christianity, the defendant, but I will not take advantage of the circumstances, for when the skeptic goes on to say that we are a gullible people, when he goes on to say, as he often does, that the greater the improbability, the more we like to believe it, when he goes on to say that the Bible is made up of a lot of manuscripts, one picked up here and another there and another from some other place and that the whole thing is an imposition on the credulity of the human race, I must reply to that charge.

The Bible is made up of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Let us take the New Testament first. Why do I believe it? Why do I take it to my heart? It is because it can be traced back to the divine heart just as easily as that aisle can be traced to that door, and that aisle to that door.

Jerome and Eusebius in the first century and Origen in the second and other writers in the third and fourth centuries gave a list of the New Testament writers just exactly corresponding with our list, showing that the same New Testament which we have they had in the fourth century and the third century and the second century and the first century. But where did they get the New Testament? They got it from Irenaeus. Where did Irenaeus get it? He got it from Polycarp. Where did Polycarp get it? He got it from St. John, who was the personal associate of the Lord Jesus Christ. My grandfather gave a book to my father, my father gave it to me, I give it to my child. Is there any difficulty in tracing this line?

On communion day I will start the chalice at that end of the aisle, and the chalice will pass along to the other end of the aisle. Will it be difficult to trace the line of that holy chalice? No difficulty at all. This one will say, "I gave it to that one," and this one will say, "I gave it to that one." But it will not be so long a line as this to trace the New Testament. It is easier to get at the fact. But you say, "Although this was handed right down in that way, who knows but they were lying imposters? How can you take their testimony?" They died for the truth of that book. Men never die for a lie cheerfully and triumphantly. They were not lying imposters. They died in triumph for the truth of that New Testament.

"Well," says some one, "now I am ready to believe that the New Testament is from the heart of Christ, but how about the Old Testament? Why do you believe that?" I believe the Old Testament because the prophecies foretold events hundreds and thousands of years ahead—events which afterward took place. How far can you see ahead? Two thousand years? Can you see ahead a hundred years? Can you see ahead five minutes? No, no! Human prophecy amounts to nothing. Here these old prophets stood thousands of years back, and they foretold events which came accurately true far on in the future centuries. Suppose I should stand here and say to you, "Twenty-five hundred and sixty years from now, three miles and a half from the city of Moscow, there will be an advent, and it will be in a certain family, and it wil be amid certain surroundings." It would make no impression upon you because you know I cannot foresee a thousand years or one year, or one minute.

The Infidels Harpoon.

The infidels have been trying to pull away the miracles, pulling away at the blasted fig tree, at the turning of the water into wine, at the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Can you show me a Bible from which one of these miracles has been erased? How marvelously the old books stick together! All the striking at these chapters only driving them in deeper until they are clinched on the other side with the hammers of eternity. And the book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed by the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What will be the use of the book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see him face to face. What will be the use of his photograph when we have met him in glory? What will be the use of the books of Revelation, standing, as you will, with your foot on the glassy sea and your hand on the ringing harp and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation amid the amethystine and twelve gated glories of heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprase and you and I standing in the chorus of 10,000 sunsets.

The Bible in Heaven.

But I do not think we will give up the Bible even at that time. I think we will want the Bible in heaven. I really think the fires of the last day will not consume the last copy, for when you and I get our dead children out of the dust we want to show them just the passages, just the promises, which comforted us here in the dark day of interment, and we will want to talk over with Christians who have had trials and struggles, and we will want to show them the promises that especially refreshed us. I think we shall have the Bible in heaven.

Oh, I want to hear David with his own voice read, 'The Lord is my Shepherd." I want to hear Paul with his own voice read, 'Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's march of the resurrection with the same trumpet with which he awoke the dead. O blessed book, good enough for earth, good enough for heaven. Dear old book—book bespattered with the blood of martyrs who died for its defense—book sprinkled all over with the tears of those who by it were comforted. Put it in the hand of your children on their birthday. Put it on the table in the sitting room when you begin to keep house. Put it under your head when you die. Dear old book! I press it to my heart, I press it to my lips.

"Where shall I go?" said a dying Hindoo to the Brahmitic priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation. "Where shall I go after I die?" The Brahmitic priest said, "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where shall I go then?" "Then you shall go into a singing bird." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where then shall I go?" "Then," said the Brahmitic, "you will go into a beautiful flower." The dying Hindoo threw up his arms in an agony of solicitation as he said, "But where shall I go last of all?" Thank God, this Bible tells the Hindoo, tells you, tells me, not where I shall go today, not where I shall go tomorrow, not where I shall go next year, but where I shall go last of all!

World's Most Rapid Readers.

Perhaps the fastest reader the world ever knew was Gladstone. He could read and digest a novel of 50,000 words, a scientific work as large or larger, a political treatise or history by merely glancing at the leaves as he turned them over. His eye and mind seemed to photograph with the rapidity of an instantaneous camera. His eye was the lens, his mind the sensitive plate. In his reading he was omnivorous to the last degree. The most rapid reader we ever had in this country was John G. Carlisle, former senator from Kentucky, speaker of the house, secretary of the treasury, and now legal representative of a giant trust, with headquarters in New York. Joe Blackburn, the most popular man in Kentucky, says that Carlisle is the most remarkable man he ever saw; that he can tell the contents of a book without looking at it, and give the synopsis of an argument on being told the name of the author.

Siam's Navy.

The Siamese navy consists of between forty and fifty vessels, the largest of which is a well-armored and capable vessel of 3,000 tons, named the Mahachakri. Nearly all the vessels are armed with quick-firing, modern guns, and are manned by native crews, who are strictly disciplined and have shown considerable adaptability as sailors. There are three or four English, Danish or German officers on each of the vessels of the fleet, the only American being Dr. Hayes of Baltimore, who is a surgeon on the staff of Admiral de Richelieu.—San Francisco Chronicle.

To Clean Straw Hats.

Sulphur and lemon juice rubbed into a white straw hat will remove the discoloration caused by sun and dust. Place weights on the brim while drying.