

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The doctor, in answer to his unspoken appeal, goes with him to the hall. "Are you going to arrest me?" George whispers hoarsely, looking grey and haggard.

"Yes, they've got a warrant! George, you are innocent, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am innocent," he returns, in a dull sort of way. "My poor mother, you'll stand to her, doctor?"

"George! oh, my son!" His mother's arms are round him. She has heard every word. Her voice is full of agony—an agony that is like a sword in her heart.

"Mother, my poor mother!" The man's face works as he holds her to him tight.

"God bless my soul!" shouts the doctor, "what are we coming to when a man like Saville can act on a trumped-up pack of rubbish? My dear Mrs. Bouverie, don't let this worry you, it is all a wretched mistake! George, man, say you can set it right!"

There was no shame in the eyes of George Bouverie. A kind of proud light leaps into them for a moment; then he puts his mother gently into the doctor's arms, saying softly:

"Whatever happens, believe I am innocent." Then he turns to the sergeant. "Now, then, I am ready to go with you."

Mrs. Bouverie does not see the crowning act of disgrace as her son walks out of his own home a prisoner into the goodly light of the setting sun. She has fainted, and lies back with closed eyes, unconscious of the young golden head, that, for the first time in his life, George bows with shame.

He gets up on the car, with white lips and a stony face. His eyes are fixed and show no wavering. And, before night falls, all Portraven stands at its doors discussing the bank robbery and the arrest of Mr. Bouverie; while the cashier lies in his lodgings, and turns his face to the wall, a limp heap of shuddering humanity.

His landlady hurries to tell him that Mr. Bouverie has been taken. Mr. Grey only shivers and buries his chattering teeth and leaden face in the bedclothes.

It is Doctor Carter who, with tears in his eyes, breaks to Mrs. Bouverie the terrible intelligence that her son has been brought before the magistrates and committed for trial on the charge of robbery and murderous assault.

"He never did it," sobs the old man; "but it looks very black against him. Poor lad! He wouldn't say where he got the money he was wiring off to that scoundrel, the bookmaker, and that went dead against him; and that fellow Grey stuck to his story. He swore it was George who attacked him—he swore it through thick and thin. On the face of evidence like that the magistrates had nothing to do but send the case for trial; but I can't believe it of George—I can't indeed!"

Yet the doctor is wavering. Facts are stubborn things and honorable men have become thieves and criminals before now. Mrs. Bouverie lies worn out with grief and anxiety.

"Would I had died for thee, my son!" she moans, as David did, and can take no comfort. Her boy, her idol, sent to prison, condemned already in the eyes of the world. Yet her faith has never wavered. George said he was innocent, and God in His own good time will make that innocence clear.

"Then there was that awkward bit of evidence about the chloroform," the doctor goes on, examining and sifting every bit of evidence. "Dale, that chemist, swore that George had bought that chloroform for the destruction of a diseased cat."

"That was true," Mrs. Bouverie lifts her heavy, tear-wet eyes for a second. "Yes; but George couldn't say he had used the chloroform, and that told against him. Saville jumped at that point."

"My poor cat died. She was a pet, and she was caught in a trap. To spare my feelings, George said he would give her chloroform. She was dead before he got back from Portraven, and afterwards he said he had thrown the bottle away. Oh, Doctor Carter, you know my boy is innocent! These hideous doubts must be dissolved! I feel so weak, so heartbroken, so friendless!" sobs the poor lady; "and my poor George was so happy just before this happened—engaged to Barbara Saville, and looking forward to going out to Tasmania."

The doctor draws a long whistle. "That accounts for the milk in the cocoanut—that sour-visaged Saville means to marry the girl himself. It is as plain as daylight now. That is why he is so dead against George!"

Mrs. Bouverie clasps her trembling hands and bows her grief-stained face.

"George in prison! Doctor Carter, God only knows my agony! My poor, poor boy, weak as he may have been, but criminal never!"

Doctor Carter tries to comfort and console her.

dead in Tasmania? He was killed—kicked by a horse; and that poor girl Barbara will only have to turn round and come home again. I met Sebastian on his way to send her a telegram."

"Poor child, poor Barbara! and she was to have married George!" sighs Mrs. Bouverie.

"So she will, so she will," Doctor Carter says abruptly. In his heart he thinks: "That poor lad will get his five years as sure as God made little apples; and Barbara isn't likely to stick to a man with the taint of prison on him!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The assizes are going on, and the county town is full of barristers and attorneys; and all interest is centered on the Portraven bank robbery case, for the man to be tried is a gentleman, a member of one of the oldest families in the county.

Mrs. Bouverie is staying in the same hotel as the judge who is to try her son. She will stay near George to the last; and Doctor Carter, fuming and fussy, has taken up his quarters at the Royal Arms too. He is beginning to lose heart. The evidence is so dead against George, and the great counsel engaged can wring nothing from the silent lips of the prisoner. With a sad, stern face of George confronts him, but refuses to speak—refuses to account for the money that had been in his possession that day. He will make no defense whatever, beyond declaring his innocence. His counsel is in despair. Without doubt the jury will bring in a verdict of guilty.

Worn out with great anxiety, Mrs. Bouverie lies on a sofa in a private room of the hotel. In the garden below the windows great bunches of lilacs scent the air, and the light breeze rustles the golden sprays of laburnum; but the mother's eyes see them not. She can only think of her boy within the cold, gray walls of the jail waiting for his trial. Mr. Saville is in the town too, with a look of satisfaction on his face; also Mr. Grey, the cashier, who, they say, has never recovered from the shock of the assault on him. He starts at every shadow, and looks a miserable, haunted individual.

In vain Dr. Carter tries to persuade Mrs. Bouverie not to attend the trial. It will only be needlessly distressing, he urges. And his inmost conviction is that George will be found guilty. Mrs. Bouverie is firm. "My place is beside my son," she says, struggling for calmness.

So the warm spring days go by, with the world flooded with sunshine, and every field and tree in its new dress of vivid green, everything bright and beautiful; only the stern, unhappy face of the man awaiting trial, while mother prays to Him who pities this sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, talking her trouble to the foot of the cross and laying it there. Oh, the shame, the misery, and the pity of it all!

And the day dawns for the trial of the bank robbery. Dr. Carter makes one more desperate effort.

Mrs. Bouverie, you are not strong enough to stand this. I promise to send you word every half-hour as the case goes on. Besides, it would only distress poor George to see you."

"Dr. Carter, you mean well, but I must go. I will be very brave," Mrs. Bouverie says, looking at the doctor's kindly face with eyes that are dim with tears and want of sleep.

"It will kill her, poor soul!" Dr. Carter says, half aloud.

Crowds are flocking to the courthouse. It is an exciting case. The counsel retained for George is in the depths of despair. He cannot see the chance of an acquittal unless some wonderful evidence turns up, which is not likely, at the eleventh hour.

Mr. Grey, the cashier, is prepared to identify George Bouverie as the man who attacked and drugged him.

The case is not very exciting after all. In vain Mr. Jarvis cross-examines Mr. Grey; he sticks to his statement without wavering. Limp and ghastly looking he is, but firm; and yet he never once looks at the pale, set face of the man in the dock, who holds his golden head up bravely. Once once, when the judge says:

"Edward Grey, look at the prisoner in the dock. Do you swear that is the man who attacked you in the Portraven bank?"

"Then only the witness looks for a second into the steady eyes of George Bouverie—eyes that look true as steel. "That is the man," he says, with such conviction that George Bouverie's counsel groans.

Mrs. Bouverie sits immovable, her hands in her lap, a small, pitiful figure crushed to the earth with a sorrow that is so terrible and so strange.

Mr. Saville, with an assumed air of reluctance, steps into the witness box, but every word he utters tells dead against the prisoner. It is he who brings to light George Bouverie's financial difficulties and racing proclivities, and the jury prick their ears, and into their twelve intelligent faces comes a look that shows they have found out the reason why. There is not one of the 12 good men and true who has the faintest doubts of their

verdict when Mr. Sebastian Saville, still with the manner of one having done an unpleasant duty, steps down from the witness table.

George gives him one look—a look of deep and bitter anger and contempt. Mr. Dale, the chemist, adds his quota to the mass of evidence, and the chloroform is accounted for.

The crowd of persons listening to the case come to the conclusion that George Bouverie must be a very wicked young man indeed, in spite of his noble figure and kindly head. He is nothing better than a common thief. And public sympathy goes with the bank clerk, whose nervous system has been shattered.

Truly it had been a bold robbery indeed, and an example should be made! To walk boldly into the bank, choosing a moment when there was no one present but the cashier, and to immediately chloroform him and make off with a hundred pounds was the act of a villain!

Dr. Carter's face grew longer and longer as the case proceeds. Mr. Jarvis makes but a lame defense. Mrs. Bouverie turns an agonized face on the doctor, and whispers, with white lips:

"It is going against him, and yet he is innocent."

Dr. Carter is trembling visibly. "Let me take you away," Mrs. Bouverie. "My dear lady, be guided by me. I'll let you know the instant it is over."

But she shakes her head, her poor, sad eyes seeing only the figure in the dock, the man with the handsome, miserable face, that gets paler and more desperate as the case goes on. He glances at his mother once, with a world of sorrowful pity in his gaze, and his self-control deserts him for a moment.

The judge is summing up, and every sentence, every clear, cutting word tells against the prisoner. It is a scathing speech, in which the jury are entreated to lay aside any thoughts of the prisoner's position, of his youth, only to remember that a hideous crime has been committed; and he begs them to do their duty fearlessly, conscientiously before God, and faithfully between the Crown and the prisoner at the bar.

Sebastian Saville draws a long breath as the judge sits down. George Bouverie is as good as condemned; there is not a chance of an acquittal now. The jury file out of the box. (To be continued.)

ANAGRAMS ON NOTED NAMES.

Some Transpositions Expressing Facts in Men's History.

Anagrams that transmute the names of well-known men and women are often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than these announcements, evolved from two great statesmen's names when the reins of power changed hands: Gladstone, G leads not! Disraeli, I lead, sir! Quite as happy is the comment on the devoted nursing of Florence Nightingale, whose name yields "Flit on, cheering angel." Among those that are most often quoted we may mention Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo;" Charles James Stuart, "Claims Arthur's Seat;" Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" "What is truth?," answered by "Est Vir qui adest" ("It is the man here present!); Swedish Nightingale, "Sing high, sweet Linda;" David Livingstone, "D. V., go and visit Nile;" the marquis of Ripon (who resigned the grand mastership of Freemasons when he became a Romanist), "R. I. P., quoth Freemason;" Charles Prince of Wales, "All France calls: O help!" Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, baronet, "Yon horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal here," and many shorter specimens, such as telegraph, "great help;" astronomers, "no more stars," and "moon starers;" one hug, "enough;" editors, "so tired;" tournament, "to run at men;" penitentiary, "nay, I repent;" Old England, "golden land;" revolution, "to love ruin;" fashionable, "one-half bias;" lawyers, "sly ware;" midshipman, "mind his map;" poorhouse, "O sour hope;" Presbyterian, "best in prayer;" sweetheart, "there we sat;" matrimony, "into my arm."—Chambers' Journal.

Breaking Horses in South Africa.

The way in which horses are broken to saddle in South Africa is one which I have never seen practiced in any other country, says a writer. It is charmingly simple, and has its good points as well as its bad ones. It consists of tying the head of the neophyte close up to that of a steady horse by means of a cord connecting the respective headstalls worn by these animals. After they have both been saddled and bridled, the "schoolmaster" is first mounted, and then another man gets on the young one, who is powerless to buck, rear, or run away on account of his head being fixed. Besides this, the fact of his being alongside another horse gives him confidence, and, no matter how wild he may be, he will learn in a short time to carry his burden and regulate his pace according to that of his companion. As he settles down quietly to work, the connecting cord may be gradually loosened out until at last it can be taken off altogether.

Funny Man's Wife.

"Here's the clockmaker come to fix our sitting room clock," said the funny man's wife; "won't you go up and get it for him?" "Why, it isn't upstairs, is it?" replied he lazily. "Of course it is. Where did you think it was?" "Oh, I thought it had run down."—Philadelphia Press.

LITTLE INDIAN BIG PAPOOSE



In the mountains west of the big gorge lived the tribe of Cappa Tom, and the chieftain of the tribe, Singing Water, was proud of his 500 braves, who were tall and lithe and strong and mighty hunters; and he was proud of the buxom squaws and the fat papooses in the mountain camp. No enemy in the region for a hundred leagues about dared give battle to Singing Water, for the fame of his braves had spread even to the great forest on the north and the marsh lands on the south.

Once upon a time, so the legend says, Singing Water found among the children in the tepees a poor little papoose, a shrunken diminutive dwarf child, of whom the other Indian boys made sport and forbade him their amusement; so "Little Injin" would sit cross-legged apart from his fellows, and watch them at play.

Chief Singing Water sent for him one day, and to the trembling, shrinking, little figure before him he grunted words of disapproval, and with a frown on his face he spoke to "Little Injin."

"Ha! Little Injin. You good not at all. You very small! You crooked like manzanilla tree; you sick like dying squaw; you ugly like stinking fox; you can no fight, you can no hunt. So, ugh! You go old squaw; you grind acorns, you make fires, you cook, like squaw. Little Injin, you no good."

When the words were uttered a change came over the face and form of Little Injin. He stood as erect as



his crooked limbs would permit, and with a set, stern face and an angry voice he dared answer Singing Water.

"Big chief, you say Little Injin no good. Little Injin sick; Little Injin crooked; Little Injin ugly; Little Injin no fight; Little Injin no hunt; only grind acorns and make fires for squaw. Little Injin no more stay with you; Little Injin go far off; you see Little Injin no more!"

He hobbled away from the presence of Singing Water, and that night he left the camp, and through the long hours until the dawn of another day he limped along the path that led to nowhere in particular. By the light of the moon he crossed the creeks and the small streams, and the stars pointed him a way over the hills and through the valleys.

Finally Little Injin reached the summit of a high mountain, and lay down to rest his tired limbs. He was faint and sore; and could not eat the berries that grew in abundance on the mountain slope, he could not sleep, for his eyes would constantly fill with tears. He lay there for a long time, a sobbing in his throat, a patter of tears falling on his moccasins.

Then a good spirit came on the mountain top, and touched him lightly on the shoulder. It was like a woman's touch—like his mother's, back in the land of Singing Water.

"Little Injin, what for you cry?" said the good spirit; and the lad hid his face in fright, and his sobs only increased.

"Little Injin, no get scared," reassured the good spirit. "You no be afraid of good spirit, but say what for you cry."

Little Injin dried his tears and between his sobs he said:

"Great chief of my people, no like Little Injin; he say me too little; he say me too sick; he say me too crooked; he say me too ugly; he say me no fight, he say me no can hunt, he say me no good. Me go away."

"But Little Injin must go back to his people," said the good spirit; "you must speak to them and tell the chief and his braves that you are going far away to live in big valley, where you will find pretty squaw. Then some years more papoose will come, and he will grow big and strong. Then he will go back to your people, and make big chief and his braves all afraid of him. You go now, Little Injin, back to your people in the mountain."

Some days later Little Injin reached his old home, and following the directions of the good spirit he talked to Singing Water and the braves, and he told them what he proposed to do.

They laughed him to scorn and declared that in all the land Little Injin could find no squaw. But, determined to follow the advice of the good spirit, Little Injin now left his people, and he journeyed to a valley far in the east, where he met an Indian girl who became his squaw. Then came a papoose to Little Injin, and he grew and he grew, until he was over six feet tall and had the strength of a bear and the fleetness of the deer. All the other Indians in the valley became afraid of him, and he was soon known far and wide as a great hunter and a mighty man when at war.

Then the good spirit again called on Little Injin and said to him:

"Little Injin, you go now back to your people. Take your son, the big Injin, and tell him to call all his braves in the valley and go with you with their bows and arrows, their beads and war paint, to fight the Indians of the mountain."

The Indians of the valley marched upon the long journey to the mountain the very next day. Meanwhile a bad spirit, in the form of a woodpecker, from his nest in the mountain, saw the valley Indians approach across the plain. So he flew as fast as he could to the camp of Singing Water, and he warned him and his people. "The big Injin and his braves from the great valley are coming to make war on you, and I warn you not to run but to fight them. You can easily whip the big Indian and his braves."

The next day a great battle was fought between the Indians of the mountain and those of the valley; and the legend tells the result in these few words: "Mountain Injin no run away; he fight valley Injin. Valley Injin hear kill Mountain Injin; he strong, he brave, he not sick, he not crooked, he not ugly. He fight like wild cat; Mountain Injin he say got enough fight; he smoke peace pipe. Very well, Valley Injin he stay in mountain; he no go home; he send for Little Injin, now old man, to come back to his people. Then Valley Injin make Singing Water pay money—Injin money; make him grind corn; make him cook; make all Injins of mountain cook same as squaw; while Valley Injin he hunt, he fish, he fight. Little Injin—very old Injin—he now big chief; he laugh, he cry no more; he see his big papoose; he smile; he much happy Injin now."

India's Idols.

The number of India's idols is said to exceed 333,000,000. Every village has its special idol, and frequently more than one Brahma is the supreme god, and appears in three forms—Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer. Each of the three is supposed to be married, and thus there are six deities which are supreme in India. Vishnu the preserver, the most worshipped, is shown black, and with four arms. His wife, Lakshmi, is the goddess of prosperity and good luck. Very different are Siva and his wife. He is the destroyer, and is represented as a man powdered over with ashes and wearing a tiger-skin. A necklace of human skulls decorates his throat, while he carries a club or trident, surmounted by human heads and bones. China and Japan have immense numbers of idols, many of their temples being full of them. One Japanese temple at Sanjusangendo has so many that, if placed in line, they would extend for not less than half a mile. Many of the Chinese are said to spend from 20 to 25 per cent of their income on idol worship.

The Coaster Brake.

The innovation known as the coaster brake is decidedly popular. Back pedaling is exceedingly tiresome, and coasting has steadily declined by reason of the obvious inconvenience of using the plunger brake, operated by the foot. With the coaster brake one can slide down a hill without removing his feet from the pedals. It requires but a few moments to become used to the new brake, and soon the sense of complete control of the wheel is felt and a comfortable feeling of security is imparted, which has never hitherto been experienced. The coaster brake will be especially popular in this city, where so many hills are encountered. Nearly all the brakes of this kind on the market are operated by rollers, controlled by springs, are simple in construction and easily attached to any wheel.

Meat in Vladivostok.

Butchers in Vladivostok have resolved to raise the price of meat. Their reasons are the usual stock arguments on such occasions; but they appear a trifle funny when it is recalled that one Chinese merchant who imported a thousand slaughtered cattle into Vladivostok some time ago was not allowed to discharge his cargo for three weeks. When landed the meat had to be corned in order to save it, and the unfortunate purchaser was compelled to buy barrels to preserve his importation, and incur additional expense. Vegetarians are amused at the situation, but meat rises in price.

Chicago's Invariably Pleasant Day.

The weather office records in Chicago show that the 25th of April has been clear in that city for twenty-five years past, not a drop of rain having fallen there on that day since 1875.

BIDDY BOYCOTT'S MISTRESS.

New York Servant Revenges Herself Upon Unkind Employer.

The New York servant has found a way of revenging herself upon an unkind mistress. The plan is not original but it works satisfactorily. It explains why some women can only keep a servant for a few days. The scheme is simple. The departing domestic writes her opinion of her employer in some hidden nook or cranny, either in the kitchen or in her own room. The new domestic finds this communication. She profits by it. Inquiry at an employment agency on Sixth avenue revealed that this scheme was generally practiced. "It is no more than could be expected," said the manager of the agency, "that a girl who leaves a place in a rage against her mistress, as many of them do, should want to have a word to say to the next servant that comes in. It's an easy matter to leave a line where the newcomer will find it. One woman told me that on the wall at the head of her servant's bed she found a pencilled line. 'The mistress here has got such a temper she'd make your hair curl. My, but she's fussy and mean.' A spot often utilized is in the neighborhood of the clock, but perhaps the most unique one of all was written on a slip of paper and pasted in the bottom of the wash bowl. In-going domestics have learned to look for these communications now. A girl I sent to a place the other day came back in a few hours. When I asked her what was the matter, she said: 'I didn't like the missus' references. 'They wasn't as good as mine.' I knew what she meant and I told the housewife in question that she had better rub out the notice that her departing maid left. The plan was perhaps suggested by the Chinese servants in San Francisco. Their method was to leave a few hieroglyphics under the kitchen sink. The new celestial invariably looked there the first thing. If the signs were favorable to the lady of the house he stayed, if not he left without any explanation. It has only recently, however, come into vogue among New York domestics, but it is already a popular practice."—New York Journal.

BARBER GOT IT MIXED.

He Falls Miserably in Telling the Collar Joke.

Henry Lamm, an attorney of Sedalia, told a story at the reception to the Missouri Bar association last night which caused a great laugh. Mr. Lamm was called on to make an impromptu speech. He said: "This is taking an unfair advantage of me. I have a paper in my pocket which I am to read at the meeting tomorrow. It is a very dry paper and it will take me an hour to read it. If I am given the slightest encouragement I will read it right now. That will be one on you, wouldn't it? And that reminds me, I was in Texas recently and there they have a new joke. A man asks you, 'Have you heard the story about the two dirty collars?' You are supposed to answer, 'No.' And then the man says, 'That's one on you.' A Dutch barber who had been sold on this joke concluded to try it on the next customer who came into his shop. So as he was getting ready to shave the next caller he asked him: 'Haf you heard dot story about the two dirty collars?' 'No,' answered the customer. 'Vell, dot's one you got on.'—Kansas City Star.

As in a Looking-Glass.

When Livingstone was in South Africa his looking glass afforded the natives endless amusement. They were always asking for it, and their remarks were sometimes simple, sometimes silly, and sometimes laughable. "Is that me?" cried one. "What a big mouth I have!" said another. "I have no chin at all!" deplored a third. "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves," was the proud comment of a fourth. "See how my head shoots up in the middle," joked a fifth, and so on, the company laughing boisterously at the different remarks. While the doctor was thought to be asleep a man took a quiet look in the mirror. After twisting his mouth about in a variety of ways he said to himself: "People call me ugly, and how ugly I am, indeed!" However, he might not have been so refreshingly candid had he known the eye and ear of the missionary were both on the watch.—Detroit Free Press.

Young Men Exercise Wit.

A Philadelphia restaurant proprietor hung out a large blackboard sign, the other day, with the announcement, "You can't beat our 15-cent dinners." A young man of humorous turn of mind came along, stopped and smiled. He waited until none of the employees was watching, and, taking out his handkerchief, he erased the letter "b" from the word "beat." Another young man managed to eat a dinner at that restaurant without paying for it, and then mailed the proprietor a letter telling the facts and asking this question: "Who says I can't beat your 15-cent dinners?"

For Flashlight Pictures.

Powder for flashlight pictures is replaced by gas in a new invention, which has the gas stored in a jar, with the flame in position to ignite it when the jar is opened by pressure on a pneumatic bulb, the latter also operating the shutter of the camera.

Kipling Coming to America.

Rudyard Kipling, according to London announcements, is to visit the United States next autumn. The author says he does not lay his former illness against the American climate.