

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-sown 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 to go to the lawyer who defended his case? Come, Barbara! Oh, darling, you love him, too; do not let us lose a moment! We can go to Dublin this evening, and then—oh, surely tomorrow they will set him free?"

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

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

He is fully as much excited as Mrs. Bouverie and Barbara, and, like them, sees no difficulties in the way. It is only when, in answer to an urgent appeal, Mr. Jarvis pays a late visit to the Hotel Metropole, where Mrs. Bouverie engages rooms, that a little doubt 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. And she will never rest till the whole case is brought to trial again, and Mr. Jarvis' policy of waiting is just what Barbara cannot bear to do.

The great lawyer has come to Port-raven, hoping to find out some clue, but there seems nothing to find out. Nobody can throw any light on the mystery till chance discloses what the brains of men have failed to find out. Mr. Jarvis, walking down the street of Port-raven, 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 was 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 five, and say nothing about it, but he kicked me down stairs, and I don't care now if I tell on him or not."

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

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

The whole case seems full of perplexity. Mr. Grey may have robbed the bank a second time; that remains to be seen. It is a mystery indeed! "You can't get over the chloroform business," thinks Mr. Jarvis, "and the fellow positively swore it was Bouverie who did it. Still there seems to be a glimmer of daylight somewhere."

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

Mr. Grey, the cashier who had been the victim of the Port-raven 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, waiting for mercy.

Mr. Jarvis listens, with a well-pleased smile on his face. "I took the hundred pounds," Mr. Grey says, with sullen composure. "My wife thought of the plan; I was a fool 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 course 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.

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 mine-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 "Whiteways."

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 drawn out in the good, old-fashioned way to the end, and the little miss, after the first line, seemed to be lost in study. In the midst of the prayer that followed, she climbed up on the seat beside her mother, and in a stage whisper, asked: "Mamma, what are 'whiteways,' and what do good people want to steal them for?"

Suspicious Visitors Photographed.

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

INTO A WASHOUT

Thirty-Five Lives Blotted Out in a Wreck.

PASSENGER CARS CONSUMED BY FIRE

Pullman Passengers Alone Escaped the Death Harvest—Fire and Flood Add Horror to Accident—Collision On the Northwestern Road.

An Atlanta, June 25 special says: A passenger train on the Macon branch of the Southern railway ran into a washout one and a half miles north of McDonough, Ga., last night and was completely wrecked. The wreck caught fire and the entire train, with the exception of the sleeper, was destroyed. Every person on the train except the occupants of the Pullman car perished. Not a member of the train crew escaped. Thirty-five persons in all were killed.

Tremendous rains, of daily occurrence for the past two weeks, have swollen all streams in this part of the south and several washouts have been reported on the different roads.

Camp's creek, which runs into the Ocmulgee, was over its banks, and its waters had spread to all the lowlands through which the track runs. A mile and a half above McDonough the creek comes near the Southern's track and running alongside it for some distance, finally passes away under the road by a heavy stone culvert. A cloudburst broke over this section of the country about 6 o'clock last night and presumably shortly after dark washed out a section of the track nearly 100 feet in length. Into this the swiftly moving train plunged.

The train, consisting of a baggage car, second class coach, first class coach and a Pullman sleeper, was knocked into kindling wood by the fall. The wreck caught fire a few minutes after the fall and the coaches were burned except the Pullman car.

Every person on the train except the occupants of the Pullman perished.

Nearly the entire male population of McDonough went to the scene to render assistance, but little could be done by the rescuers, as the fire kept them at a distance. At daylight the bodies had been floated from the gorge were gathered up. One body was found a mile from the wreck and many were seen along the banks.

FIRST LOSS IN CHINA

Waller's Men Caught in Ambuscade Near City of Tien Tsin.

A Washington, June 24 dispatch says: The navy department this afternoon issued the following bulletin: "A telegram from Admiral Kempff, dated Che Foo, June 24, says: "In ambuscade near Tien Tsin, on the 21st, four of Waller's command killed and seven wounded. Names will be furnished as soon as received. Force of 2,000 going to relieve Tien Tsin today. (Signed) Kempff."

The secretary of the navy has ordered Admiral Remy to go with the Brooklyn to Taku and to tender to General MacArthur conveyance of any army troops which the Brooklyn can carry.

The dispatch came early to Secretary Long who hurried to the white house with it and laid it before the president. The determination was thereupon reached to order Admiral Remy, in command of the Asiatic Squadron, from Manila to Taku, that the situation may be dealt with direct instead of through the circuitous communication via Manila.

Fatal Collision.

A Green Bay, Wis., June 24 special says: A north-bound passenger train on the Chicago & Northwestern road, loaded with excursionists bound for the Saengerfest in this city, collided at 19:45 this morning, with a freight train, at Depece, five miles south of here. Eight persons were killed, one is missing, and fifty-three were injured.

The accident happened just as the passenger train was pulling into the station. A double-header freight was backing up, a side track to let the passenger by, but had not cleared the main track.

Holdup in Louisiana.

A Tullos, La., dispatch says: Passenger train No. 221, southbound, was held up by four bandits on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railroad, just north of Olla, La. Two men entered the express car and demanded all the valuables. The robbers only secured \$31. The sheriff and a posse are now in pursuit. The passengers were not molested.

Will Serve His Term.

It has been given out on the advice of B. D. Odell, chairman of the New York republican state committee, that Governor Roosevelt will not resign but will serve his term out. The vice presidential nominee has gone to Oyster Bay where he will go to Oklahoma to attend the rough riders' reunion.

Ammunition for the Orient.

A large shipment of ammunition has been sent from New York to China by way of San Francisco. The boxes that contained the ammunition filled three express cars which were in charge of United States government officials.

Gutenberg Anniversary.

The celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of John Gutenberg's birth has begun at Mayence, Germany, with the opening of the typographical exhibit.

LOSS OF QUARTER MILLION

Fire Sweeps the Business District of Pittsburg.

A Pittsburg, Pa., dispatch says: Fire in one of the principal downtown business districts caused a loss of \$250,000, involving eight buildings, containing many office tenants. The aggregate insurance will more than cover this amount. The fire was first discovered in the rear of the Eichbaum Printing company's establishment, supposedly caused by spontaneous combustion. In an incredibly short time the entire building was a mass of flames, and before the firemen could do much effective work had communicated to the Exchange National bank building and from there to the Husky building, adjoining. Simultaneously the fire extended to James Platt's saloon and restaurant, and A. M. Mordock's flower store on the upper side. Immense fire brands were carried by the wind to buildings in all directions and numerous incipient blazes resulted. Fortunately, however, the roofs of all the buildings in the district were soon manned by private fire brigades, who prevented the fire from spreading beyond the buildings named.

The principal losses are the Eichbaum building, owned by Whitney, Stephenson & Co., \$75,000; the Hussey building, owned by Mrs. Emma Alsop, \$30,000; Kurtz, Langbein & Swartz, artists' supply company, \$8,000; Duff's college, \$15,000; Pittsburg Coal company, \$7,500; Platt's saloon, \$5,000; Paulson Brothers, hatters, \$5,000; American Express company, \$5,000; and Holmes Electric company, \$3,000. The other losses are distributed among the office tenants, none of whom suffered to the extent of more than \$2,000. The Exchange National bank did not suffer much damage except by water.

WRECKED BY CLOUDBURST

Four Injured in an Accident on the Big Four Railroad.

The Big Four passenger train which left Indianapolis for Peoria was wrecked a few miles from Foster, Ind. The mail car, ladies' coach and sleeper turned over and rolled down an embankment. Four people were injured, among them H. H. Gould and wife of Peoria and Charles S. Miller, engineer. A cloudburst and subsequent heavy rain was the cause of the accident, the tracks being weakened on account of the heavy rain. The passengers lost considerable clothing and baggage. Many children were imprisoned in one of the coaches, and it took an hour and a half before all were gotten out. A relief train went the scene from Danville.

ORGANIZE AN ASSOCIATION

Mining Congress Transacts Important Business.

The International Mining congress at Milwaukee transacted the most important business connected with the congress, that of the adoption of the report of the committee on plan of permanent organization. The report provides that the name shall be the International Mining congress. Its objects shall be the fostering of fraternal relations among those engaged in mining and kindred pursuits in various countries and portions of the United States; the improvement of the mining laws of the United States and the establishment of a national department of mining.

MAKES DEMAND ON TURKEY.

United States Insists on Turkey Paying Sum Long Due.

Lloyd C. Criscom, United States charge d'affaires at Constantinople, has presented a fresh note to the Ottoman government insisting upon an immediate reply to the demand of the United States for a settlement of the indemnity in connection with the losses of Americans at the time of the Armenian massacre. Althogether vigorously phrased, the note is not an ultimatum. It is said, however, to have been a disagreeable surprise to the porte, testifying as it does to the intention of the United States government to pursue this matter of indemnity to the end.

Reunion of Blue and Gray.

A committee of prominent Atlanta, Ga., citizens are in Washington to invite President McKinley and his cabinet to Atlanta July 29 to attend a reunion of the blue and the gray. After calling upon the president the committee will go to Albany and secure if possible, from Governor Roosevelt, an acceptance of a similar invitation.

The reunion is to be held on the famous battlefield of Peachtree creek, and a genuine barbecue will be spread on the field over which the contending armies fought thirty-six years ago.

Found Dead at their Home.

John Whitehead, a farmer, and his wife, were found dead at their home seven miles south of Poseyville, Ind. It is thought Whitehead had killed his wife and then killed himself.

Children Perish in Flames.

The residence of Mrs. Collier at Thatcher, Arizona, was burned and five small children perished in the flames.

Five Miners are Missing.

Two hundred pounds of dynamite exploded in the Champion mine, at Champion, Mich., killing Noah Lark and injuring John Floyd. Five Finnish miners at work in the mine are missing and it is feared were killed by the concussion. Search has failed to find any traces of the men.

Roberts Cally of B. H. Roberts.

The jury in the case of B. H. Roberts, on trial at Salt Lake City for unlawful cohabitation, returned a verdict of guilty.

FAILS FOR HALF A MILLION.

Well Known Kansas Cattle Firm Files a Petition in Bankruptcy.

J. E. McNair of Ashland, Kan., and I. S. Alexander of Kansas City, Mo., of the firm of McNair & Alexander, cattlemen, with headquarters at Ashland, have filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States court at Wichita. Their liabilities amount to \$842,071.80, while their assets are less than \$6,000. The heaviest loser is the Hocker-Arnold-Woodson Brokerage company. They hold paper against the firm amounting to nearly \$300,000. The National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City and the Boatman's bank each were caught for about \$50,000.

Fort Scott Burglars on Bicycles.

Two burglars entered the home of E. C. Barr through a window, at Fort Scott, Kan., and got into a room occupied by Miss Agnes Barr, a young woman who is an invalid. She was compelled to crawl through the window onto the porch and threatened with death if she made an outcry. While one man stood over her from a dresser in her room, they were masked and rode away on bicycles.

Galena Marshal Killed.

Millford Parker, city marshal of Galena, Kan., was instantly killed by a live wire. A telephone wire broke, falling to the sidewalk, when Parker, using his cane to pick it up as he had done dozens of times before, pronounced it dead. When he took hold of it and walked a distance of several feet to wrap it around a post he suddenly gave a cry and fell dead. In pulling the wire over an awning it caused it to come in contact with a live wire.

Carter Broken in Health.

At Leavenworth, Kan., close confinement within the shops and cells of a penitentiary has proved too much for Oberlin M. Carter, ex-captain of engineers, United States army, and he is broken in health and spirit. He showed signs of giving way completely and a few days ago Warden McLaughry found it necessary to confine his employment and place of confinement at night.

Justice Marries Himself.

Justice of the Peace R. S. Bell and Sarah A. Miller were married at Wichita, Kan., the other day, the unique feature of the ceremony being the fact that Justice Bell himself tied the knot. He a-keed the bride the usual questions and interogated himself also. Good lawyers say that the marriage is absolutely legal, although there is not on record another case of the kind.

Arrested Seventeen in a Lawrence Joint.

Marshal Prentice of Lawrence, Kan., with fifteen city and county police force, raided Richard Schneek's joint and gambling rooms and arrested seventeen men who were there, besides capturing a large amount of liquor and gambling paraphernalia. The place had been running only four weeks.

Will Make Sugar at Fort Scott.

The Fort Scott Sugar and Sorghum Syrup Manufacturing Company of Iowa, has been granted a certificate by the state charter board giving it authority to operate a mill in Kansas. This company has a capital of \$60,000 and proposes to reopen the old sugar mill at Fort Scott.

Dies While Making Speech.

Captain Ira J. Lacoek, aged 68 years, fell dead while addressing a mass meeting at the court house in Hlawatha, Kan. He died from a stroke of apoplexy, and though physicians were present, died before they reached him.

A Galena Hotel Burned.

The Savoy hotel, an old landmark of Galena, Kan., was so badly damaged by fire that it is beyond repair. This was the largest wooden building in Galena, and within a few minutes' time the flames were almost beyond control.

Murder in First Degree.

E. F. Estelle, the noted burglar, safe blower, fugitive and murderer, was convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of Deputy Ed Roberts, of Dunlap, Kan. The jury reached a verdict in a few minutes.

A \$31,000 Fire at Caney, Kan.

The finest building in Caney, Kan., owned by J. H. Bartles and J. A. Henderson, and valued at \$20,000, burned June 17. The total loss is \$30,000, with \$20,000 insurance.

Haskell Institute Graduates Nineteen.

The annual commencement exercises of Haskell institute, the government Indian school at Lawrence, Kan., graduated nineteen students.

Hat Holder for Church.

An improved hat hanger for church pews holds a hat of any size rigidly in place, a bar being held in brackets at the rear of the under side of the seat, with a coiled spring stretched across the front; to pull out and allow the hat brim to be inserted.

What Is in a Watch.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt.

Tough.

Editor—I can't put that in this number because I've got so much stuff that won't keep. Candidate—Is it so bad as all that?