

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Something must have happened. People are running. There is a little crowd round the bank, and a policeman is pushing his way through. What can it be? Sebastian joins the crowd, and the people fall back and make way. Mr. Saville is a magistrate, and every one stands aside to let him pass.

In the bank itself a small, eager crowd are peering over the counter at a strange scene within. The bank manager is stooping over a prostrate figure—the body of the cashier, limp and insensible.

That there has been an outrage is plain to the commonest understanding. The floor is strewn with papers, and a stool is overturned. There must have been a desperate struggle before the young man was overpowered. The place is a regular wreck. At first the general opinion is that the cashier is dead—murdered, most probably. There is a heavy, faint odor of some drug.

Mr. Kelly, the bank manager, lifts an athen face.

"It must have been very quickly done! I had not left the bank ten minutes! I was at my lunch, and when I got back I found Grey like this!"

"Has any one gone for a doctor?" Mr. Saville puts the question as he stands looking down on the livid, insensible face of the bank clerk.

"Give him air; open his collar," he says, and glances around on the scene of confusion—the money lying on the floor, the books, the—

Sebastian stoops suddenly and picks up a cheque off the floor. George Bouverie is scrawled across the back of it. Without a word he hands the cheque to the bank manager, remarking:

"Mr. Bouverie may be able to throw some light on this. I met him coming out of the bank about a quarter of an hour ago. He can at least say if everything was right then."

"Where is Mr. Bouverie now?" "Gone home, I fancy. He was wiring off a large sum of money at the postoffice when I met him."

Mr. Kelly turns white as his eyes meet those of Sebastian.

"I do not know if anything has been taken," he says very low, still chafing away at the limp hands of Mr. Grey. Then the doctor hurries in and makes an examination.

"The man is not dead; he has been chloroformed."

This is the verdict, and the news goes out to the little knot of people outside. Not only has the cashier been chloroformed, but the bank has been robbed. So far has been ascertained by a hastily examination.

It is a very clever robbery, evidently well planned and carried out successfully during the time the manager was at his lunch. Nothing further can be known till Mr. Grey recovers consciousness. The cashier, who is a very uninteresting young man, becomes all at once an object of excitement and discussion, and through the length and breadth of Portraven the news goes like wildfire.

CHAPTER VI.

"It was a very near thing indeed," the doctor says, when at last he succeeds in restoring Mr. Grey. "This young man has a weak heart, and very little more would have finished him."

As it is, the cashier lies limp and livid from the effects of chloroform, by whom administered it were hard to say.

Sebastian Saville watches eagerly, hungrily, while Mr. Grey's dazed senses come back, and he casts terrified glances round.

"There, now you are all right," says the bank manager nervously and impatiently.

He is anxious to find out if the cashier can give any account of the assault upon him, any clue to the perpetrator of the outrage.

A couple of policemen stand by. Mr. Grey's eyes turn towards them almost apprehensively.

He must have got a terrible shock to be so unnerved and shaken.

"Now, Mr. Grey, try and give us some account of this mystery. You must know something," Mr. Saville says. "Every moment's delay gives the thief time to get off. It seems from the hasty inspection made by Mr. Kelly that over a hundred pounds have been taken."

The injured man's lips writhe, and a damp sweat stands out on his forehead; he lifts two shaking hands.

"He tried to murder me!" he gasps almost inarticulately. "I was all alone, and he sprang over the counter!"

"Who?" asks Mr. Saville, with desperate earnestness. "Quick! do you know who it was?"

The cashier's face turns ashen; he has not yet recovered by any means. His eyes rove anxiously round.

Mr. Grey, you are losing time," the manager says. "It is of the greatest importance that your statement should be made perfectly clear."

"I will tell all I know," the young man whispers with difficulty. "You had gone to your lunch, Mr. Kelly. It was very quiet, about two o'clock, a time very few people are about. I was writing in the ledger when the bank door opened and a man came in. He had a small bag in his hand. He presented a cheque for payment; it

was for five pounds. He said he would have it in gold, and I turned to get it for him. This is God's truth, Mr. Kelly. In a second he sprang over the counter, seized me by the collar, choking me. We struggled desperately, but I could not call out—I was choking. And then he stuffed a handkerchief soaked with chloroform in my mouth. He held it there. I do not know any more."

He shivers as he speaks and covers his ghastly face with his hands.

Sebastian Saville bends forward.

"Who was the man?" He asks the question intently, earnestly—

Mr. Grey lifts his head.

"It was George Bouverie."

"I knew it," Mr. Saville says quietly. "I saw him coming out of the bank, and immediately after dispatch money by telegraph. It was a bold robbery indeed. Now, Mr. Kelly, what are you going to do?"

Mr. Kelly's face looks grey with terror.

"I cannot believe it!" he exclaims. "George Bouverie! The thing seems to me impossible, Mr. Grey!"—fixing stern eyes upon the drooping figure of the cashier. "Do you swear that Mr. Bouverie drugged you and robbed the bank? Before God, is this the truth?"

"Yes, it is the truth; I am prepared to swear it!" The cashier's tones are steady enough now. He looks Mr. Kelly straight in the face. "I did not know the bank was robbed; I only know for certain that George Bouverie attacked and drugged me."

"He has been financially embarrassed," Mr. Saville says. "He has been in desperate straits for money!"

"I know," admits Mr. Kelly reluctantly, remembering a passionate request from young Bouverie to be allowed to overdraw his account. But, still, from money difficulties to a bank robbery was a wide and awful gulf.

Mr. Grey is examined and cross-examined; he sticks to his statement in an unshaken manner.

"This is terrible!" groans Mr. Kelly. "To think young Bouverie should sink to an act of burglary! It will kill his mother!"

Mr. Saville prepares to depart.

"It is sad indeed; but that young man is steeped to the lips in turf transactions more or less discreditable. I suppose you will have a warrant made out immediately?"

He lowers his eyes to conceal the look of triumph. Branded as a criminal, Barbara can no longer think of George Bouverie!

The bank manager sighs and passes his hand across his forehead.

"I suppose it will have to be done," he says slowly; "but, Mr. Grey, I could almost believe you the victim of a hallucination!"

Sebastian laughs.

"Hallucination can not chloroform a man or rob a bank."

"I mean," said Mr. Kelly, "that he might have been mistaken—he might have fancied it was Bouverie."

Mr. Saville holds out the cheque he had picked up on the floor of the bank.

"This is conclusive evidence. This is the identical cheque Mr. Grey was giving gold for at the moment he was attacked. I cannot see the slightest loophole for doubt. I myself can swear to having met George Bouverie running hastily down the steps of the bank, carrying a small bag, and ten minutes after saw him handing in a pile of gold at the postoffice. Let him account for that money being in his possession."

Mr. Grey sits white and listless, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands.

"I feel ill," he says, looking at the doctor, who has turned his back and stands in pale consternation.

George Bouverie a thief! Impossible! The doctor has known him since he was born, and now to hear that he has sunk so low is appalling! He feels stunned; yet, he remembers the young man's altered look of care that sat so oddly on the young face. During those anxious weeks of Mrs. Bouverie's illness he had noticed George, often finding him sitting moody and depressed.

"Poor, poor lad; if he had only made a clean breast of it to me!" says kindly old Doctor Carter to himself. "I would have helped him only too gladly."

But facts are facts, and, within an hour two constables are driving rapidly towards the Grange on an outside car, and one of them holds a warrant for the arrest of George Bouverie. The warrant is signed by two magistrates, one of whom is Sebastian Saville, who never in all his life signed his name with such alacrity before, for the downfall of his enemy is complete!

CHAPTER VII.

The evening sunlight is slanting across the lawn, making a glory of the dancing daffodils; and the birds are noddling a concert that commenced with the dawn this morning. Such a tender, loving spring evening.

The sun shines in at the windows of the Grange, and one shaft rests lovingly on the fair head of George Bouverie.

Mrs. Bouverie looks at the sunshine and at the face of her handsome son, and smiles as she gazes. Her own eyes are very sweet and patient.

She is very happy this evening. Between her and George stands a tea-table, and George is laughing and pouring out the tea, desperately particular as to sugar and cream, waiting on his mother with gentle courtesy.

Her pale cheeks have taken a pink tinge, soft as the blush on a girl's face. She wears lilac ribbons in her filmy lace cap, and lace ruffles fall over her slender hands.

In upon this homelike scene stalks a trouble dark and horrible.

The maid, with a pale face, opens the door and stands trembling, looking from her mistress to the face of the young man who is so calmly helping himself to a second cup of tea.

"Well, Mary, what is it?" he asks, gaily tossing a lump of sugar to a fox-terrier sitting at his feet.

"Oh, Mr. George, I don't know!" stammers the girl. "It is something dreadful, sir. There is a sergeant and a constable in the hall!"

George lays down his cup, but no idea of the truth rises in his mind.

"The bank robbed? That is odd! But I am not a magistrate. What do they want me for?" he says. "I'll just step out and ask the sergeant what it means."

But before he can leave the room there is the sound of a little confusion in the hall, and Doctor Carter, with a grave, desperate face, hurries in and goes straight to Mrs. Bouverie.

"My dear old friend, there is some monstrous mistake! There, don't get frightened, the whole thing is impossible—a travesty of justice, that's what it is, a drivelling idiot making a statement like a lunatic! You'll set them right in ten minutes, George, won't you?"—a shade of anxiety creeping into his voice.

"What is it?" asks Mrs. Bouverie, sitting up, pale and trembling. "Doctor Carter, what is it all about?"

He pats the trembling hands he holds.

"My dear lady, leave it to George. It is all nonsense—the blundering Saville and that fool of a bank clerk!"

"But I don't understand! What has my son to do with it?" asks Mrs. Bouverie, getting frightened.

"Sure, I'm telling you!" cries the doctor, his natural tongue getting the upper hand, "it seems some one drugged the clerk and robbed the bank and the fool, dazed with chloroform, has saddled the crime on George!"

"On me?" George exclaims, a flush of indignation dyeing his forehead. "How dare any one say such a thing?"

"They have dared!" retorts the doctor furiously. "Mrs. Bouverie, George can explain everything; you mustn't excite yourself. George, my boy, you were at the bank this morning?"

"Yes; I cashed a cheque," George says, his face growing stern.

"Yes; afterwards Saville saw you wiring off a hundred pounds—your money, of course; but you've just got to tell them that. And, look here—"

Doctor Carter stops short at the look that has come over the face of George Bouverie—a stricken, conscious look.

"A hundred pounds! Oh, George, what does it mean?" cries his mother, weeping now in her fear.

George gives one look at her, and then his eyes meet the troubled, inquiring gaze of the doctor.

"My boy, my boy, surely you'll set it right?" the old man stammers.

George Bouverie's face is as white as death. He touches Doctor Carter on the arm. "I will go and speak to the sergeant," he says, in a hard, cold voice.

(To be continued.)

Greek to Her.

An exchange quotes the following conversation between husband and wife. She suddenly addresses him:

"What are you reading so absorbingly?" "It's a new Scotch novel." "Oh," cries the wife with enthusiasm, "I'm so fond of those dear dialect things! Do read me a little!" "Can you understand it?" "Can I understand it?" she repeats, loftily. "Well, I should hope anything you are reading need not be Greek to me!" "No, but it might be Scotch." "Well, go on, read just where you are." "Ye see, Elsie," said Duncan, dolefully, "I might hae mair the matter wi' me than ye wad be spierin'." Ailbinn ma een is a bit drizzlit, an' I'm hearin' the pooleses thuddin' in ma ears, an' ma tongue is clavin' when it sud be gaein'; an' div ye no hear the dirlin' o' ma hair; an' feel the shakin' o' ma hond this day gin I gat a glimpse o' ye, sair hirplin' like an auld mon? Div ye nae guss what's a' the steer, hinny, wi'out me gaein' it mair words?" "Stop! Stop! For goodness' sake! What in the world is the creature trying to say?" "He is making a declaration of love." "A declaration of love! I thought he was telling a lot of symptoms to his doctor!"

Swapping War Stories.

Senator Shoup and Gen. Eppa Hunton were swapping war stories the other day, and the talk ran upon great losses in a single battle. "My regiment," said Gen. Hunton, "had been reduced from its full complement to 200 men when it participated in Pickens' charge at Gettysburg. How many men of that regiment do you think came out of that charge alive?" Senator Shoup could not guess. "Only ten," said Gen. Hunton.

Tags on Children.

The children of the poor in Japan are always labeled, in case they should stray away from their homes while their mothers are engaged in domestic duties.

The French color manufacturers are not credited with one new product this year, while the Dutch, Swiss and Germans are fully represented with a generous quota.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

COMMON DUTIES AND REWARD

THE SUBJECT

Addressed to the Tilters and Strugglers on Life's Difficult Highway—Heroes and Heroines of Our Times—The Heroes of Heaven.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfisch.] Text, II Timothy II, 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness."

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged—those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations, and seraph and rapt spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sickroom. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastille; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor or to put the foot into a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever, yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatism and excruciating neuralgias they have gone and through bodily distress that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sickroom taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

Heroes in Sickness.

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted. But to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is or to have the whole garment thrown back on you, to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve—ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle! The great battlefields of our civil war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes of the heroine! Bless God for them!

Reward of Devotion.

You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Melrose abbey. I suppose in some respects they are the most exquisite ruins on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey. The tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription, most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that, because of anything we have done for God or the church or suffering humanity that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

John Brown's Prayer.

John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah," said Claverhouse, "look out if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven. And as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this bleas'd morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature—may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy but faithful servant. Amen."

He arose and said, "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you, and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said, "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think better of him now." Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had scepters and crowns and thrones, and they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe, woe, woe!

The Heroes of Heaven.

What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you? I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you do not

know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed his disciples on Sabbath morning to go into the grain field and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man, "I have been going and now an old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement. O troubled soul, O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

TEST BUTTER BY PHOTOGRAPH

Process by Which a Spurious Article Can Be Surely Detected.

State Chemist J. A. Hummel has hit upon a new scheme which he thinks will surely bring the butterine dodgers to time. By a combination of nickel prisms, microscopes and a lensless camera with a sensitive plate Mr. Hummel has developed a plan which must show the difference between butters and pseudo butters to every amateur eye at a moment's glance. Thus, it is hoped, the photographs will carry weight with a jury where chemical formulae failed. When asked to explain the process of examination by photographic methods Mr. Hummel said: "The simple fact to be considered is that pure butter as made in the dairies or at the creamery contains only amorphous fat. Any heating process such as is followed in renovation and running in of milk immediately generates fat crystals. In the meat fats added to cotton seed oil are very thick. Now, all we need to do is to place a sample of suspected butter in a glass slide and then under the microscope. We put one prism above and one below in such a way that the light rays cannot pass through, according to a law of physics. Now we push the tube of a camera directly over the head of the microscope and insert a plate at the other end. No direct light, you see, can pass through—that is, as long as these two prisms are properly placed. But, according to the laws of light, as soon as we get a third prism such as a crystal, which, you know, is of prismatic shape, the light again finds its way through. Consequently, if the butter is free from crystals no direct rays and only a dull translucent light will pass through, while otherwise bright and dark spots will come together and form the peculiarly shaped picture you see in the oleomargarine sample. The proof is simple, absolute and convincing.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

MIND OVER MATTER.

In This Instance It Failed to Bring About Any Results.

"I suppose it was wrong," said a well-known member of the Detroit bar with a grin, "but I couldn't afford to let the opportunity pass. My wife has become a convert to the mind cure fad, and for the last month I have heard nothing but the power of mind over matter. I said little, hoping that she would soon tire of it and drop it. But I was doomed to disappointment, for the longer she harped on it the worse she became. This morning she discovered that a water pipe was leaking, and she went at it with that universal woman's tool, a hairpin, with the result that she only made the hole larger and caused a small jet of water to be shot into the room. Clapping a finger over the hole to stop the flow of water, she called loudly for me, and when I appeared on the scene I took the situation in a glance. 'What is the matter, my dear?' I asked. 'There is a hole in the pipe!' she gasped, 'get a plug while I hold the water back.' 'There is no leak there if you will only think so,' said I, soothingly. 'Put your mind on it and remove your finger.' 'John Henry' she began, but at that moment her finger slipped and a jet of water hit her in the eye, and the valuable remarks that she was about to make were lost for all time. 'John,' she snapped, 'can't you see that the wall paper will be ruined if I let go?' 'Well, my dear,' said I, ignoring her question, 'it is time I was going down town, besides I am afraid that if I remain here I may interfere with the calm, reposeful working of your mind. Convince yourself, my dear, that there is no leak and remove your finger.' With that I left her. I took the precaution, however, to send up a plumber; but from what I heard when I left I am afraid her mind was far from being in a reposeful mood.—Detroit Free Press.

The Postal Card Fad.

The postal card fad, which is so virulent in Europe to-day, has not yet reached this country, and the indications are that it will never amount to the craze here that it has already become abroad. All sorts of views can already be had, and there is scarcely a noted spot in the country, from Niagara Falls to Mammoth Cave, which has not been reproduced on the cards available here. But the demand for them continues slight.—New York Sun.