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AN ERROR OF JUSTICE

By BERTHA D. ALSOP

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The Lyons mail coach was bowling
 along over a road flanked on each side
 by a wood. Among the inside pas-
 sengers was a gentleman notable for
 a white wig. He chatted freely with
 the others, making himself generally
 agreeable, so that when he alighted
 at a village midway between Paris
 and Lyons he was greatly missed.

Not half an hour after he left the
 coach a man riding a black horse left
 a thicket beside the road, shot the
 courier of the mail, robbed him and
 made away with the booty in the di-
 rection from which he came.

Several of the passengers, hearing
 the shot, put their heads out of the
 window and saw the robber.
 "Great heavens!" cried one. "It is
 the gentleman who was riding with
 us a while ago. I would know him any-
 where, especially by his white wig."
 "And I would know him without the
 wig," said another.

The courier was dead, having been
 shot through the heart. His body was
 left at the house of a peasant, and the
 coach proceeded. Arriving at Lyons,
 the murder and robbery were reported
 and mounted police sent back to scour
 the country for the man in the white
 wig. He was found in the town at
 which he had alighted. A couple of
 gendarmes ran up to him and seized
 him while drinking a glass of wine in
 a cafe.

"What does this mean?" he cried.
 "You think to throw the police off
 the track by assurance," said one of
 the gendarmes. "You got off the
 Lyons mail yesterday at this village,
 rode ahead by a circuitous path, stopped
 the coach, shot the courier, robbed
 him and dashed away. What have you
 done with the plunder?"

"This is a mistake!" cried the man.

"You can prove the mistake before
 the magistrate. Come along."
 The magistrate asked the prisoner a
 number of questions as to his busi-
 ness, what he was doing on the mail
 and his name. He said that he was a
 wine merchant of Paris and traveling
 for the purpose of buying wine. His
 name was Jean Lesaurques. The mag-
 istrate upon a statement of the facts
 attending the crime concluded to send
 the suspected man to Lyons for trial.

Lesaurques was thrown into prison
 to await trial for murder and robbery.
 The driver of the coach identified him
 as one who had traveled inside for
 some distance and as the man who had
 committed the crime. Several of the
 passengers who had caught sight of the
 murderer testified to the same thing.
 Lesaurques claimed that on reaching
 the village where he had left the
 coach he had mounted a horse—black—
 and ridden out among the vineyards.
 Unfortunately he had not stopped to
 speak except with one vine grower,
 but as he would have had time to rob
 the coach and talk with this man af-
 terward an alibi was not proved.

The prisoner was convicted and was
 about to receive sentence when a wo-
 man rushed into the court and said
 to the judge:

"Your worship is about to send an
 innocent man to be guillotined. This
 man is not the murderer."

"How do you know that?" asked the
 judge.

"Because I know the man who plan-
 ned the robbery, and he told me all
 about it. The man who committed the
 murder is one Dubosq. The prisoner
 very much resembles him."
 "Where is this Dubosq to be found?"
 asked the judge.

"That question is not easily answer-
 ed. He is a professional criminal and
 the worst of the gang that conspired
 to commit this robbery."
 The judge thought for a time and
 then said:

"The testimony of this woman is not
 admissible. She admits that she has
 the confidence of the gang that did
 the murder. It is a very natural de-
 vice for them to send her in here to
 tell this story in order to save the mur-
 derer. This case must rest on the tes-
 timony of those who rode with the
 prisoner in the coach and those who
 saw him shoot the courier. Jean Le-
 saurques, have you anything to say
 why sentence of death should not be
 passed upon you?"

"This woman's story is doubtless
 true," replied the prisoner. "I never
 saw her before in my life. In reject-
 ing her testimony you are condemning
 an innocent man. This Dubosq will in
 time be captured, and it will then come
 out that he committed this crime."

Lesaurques died protesting his inno-
 cence.

Four years passed, during which
 several members of the gang who
 were implicated in the murder were
 captured, and it became known that
 there was such a man as Dubosq
 among them and the prime mover and
 executor of their crimes. Finally Du-
 bosq was captured, but he escaped.
 He was captured a second time, but
 the slippery eel escaped again. A third
 time he fell into the hands of the po-
 lice, and this time they held him.

Dubosq was tried for the murder for
 which Lesaurques had been executed.
 Some of the witnesses who testified on
 the former trial were present, and the
 judge ordered a white wig to be
 brought and placed upon the prisoner.
 The likeness between the two men was
 remarkable. Then those who had
 sworn that Lesaurques and the robber
 were the same person knew that they
 had sent an innocent man to death.

Dubosq was executed, and thus two
 men died for the commission of a sin-
 gle crime.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

By LEONARD MALLOY

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 Association.

"I saw Jenkins the other day," said
 Brown to the old customs inspector
 who had exposed more smugglers than
 any other man in the department.
 "and he told me to ask you the next
 time I saw you to tell me the romance
 of your marriage."

"Oh, he did, did he?" replied the in-
 spector, scowling, but in spite of him-
 self puckering up the corners of his
 mouth in a smile.

"Yes. He said there was quite a
 story connected with your courtship."

"Courtship be hanged!"
 "Oh, go on!"

Brown offered the inspector a cigar,
 telling him to light up. The bribe was
 accepted and the story given.
 "You know that tradesmen abroad
 are interested in learning ways by
 which their customers may evade pay-
 ing duties on goods, because if the
 goods can be got in free of duty it's
 very much easier for the tradesmen to
 sell them. Some of these people know
 more ingenious tricks for evading du-
 ties than the regular smugglers."

"Well, one day the boss called me
 into his private office and, taking up a
 letter a friend of his had received,
 read it to me. It was an offer of a
 Jeweler in London to deliver goods in
 America free of duty."

"How do you suppose it's done?"
 he asked me.

"I don't know," I replied.
 "I tell you what you do. Go over
 there, get in with the Jeweler and find
 out. I'll get you a letter of introduc-
 tion from his correspondent so that
 he'll feel obliged to show you some at-
 tention—perhaps invite you to his
 house. You can't find out anything in
 his shop, but you may run across
 something at home that will give away
 the trick."

"The result was that I took the next
 outgoing liner and within a week was
 in London. We had a good many
 trunks in storage held for some reason
 or other that had been all over Eu-
 rope and were covered with hotel la-
 bels. I had taken off a dozen of these
 labels and pasted them on my own
 trunk. I did this because I intended to
 appear as having been traveling on the
 continent. I delivered my letter to the
 Jeweler, an elderly man named Hicks.
 He received me very kindly and, as it
 was stated in the letter that I wished
 to bring home with me some jewels
 for my sister, offered to show me his
 stock at once. To this I replied that I
 was in no hurry and I would like to
 see something of London before my re-
 turn. As I expected, he offered to
 show me around.

"He took me to theaters, the Tower,
 the abbey and all that, but I didn't see
 the inside of his home. Then I began
 to ask him about his family—we had
 got pretty thick by this time—and he
 asked me to dine with him and his
 family. I met in this way his niece,
 who lived with him, and it wasn't long
 after that when I dispensed with the
 services of the Jeweler for a guide and
 took the niece. I was getting to that
 age when a man feels flattered by a
 young woman's attentions, and the
 first thing that I knew I was dead set
 on taking her back with me to Amer-
 ica. English girls, you know, have a
 very pleasant accent, and many of
 them can show the finest complexions
 in the world. Emily Robinson was one
 of that kind, and her kittenish ways
 were just the thing to catch an old
 bachelor like myself. She was glad
 enough to get a husband who would
 make her independent, and before I
 left London we were not only engaged,
 but married.

"Of course I felt guilty at trying to
 find out how her uncle got goods free
 of duty into America, but anyway I
 could only stop his doing it. I could
 not punish him, he being an English-
 man and in London. So I added mari-
 mony with his niece to a detective
 ruse with him. We were married a
 few days before the steamer sailed,
 and I bought about the same time
 \$10,000 worth of diamonds, which my
 uncle-in-law agreed to deliver in New
 York free of duty.

"I took my wife with me to my ho-
 tel, and the loneliness of the place was
 dispelled at once. She was very prac-
 tical and insisted on packing my trunk.
 I always hated that part of traveling
 and was glad enough to turn the mat-
 ter over to her. We dined the day
 before sailing with her uncle and aunt
 and had a very jolly time. When we
 reached home my wife put my good
 clothes on the top of the other things
 already packed in my trunk and lock-
 ed it. Then she began to look at the
 labels and said how she wished we
 had met before my tour instead of
 after it, as she would like to visit
 those places herself. I kissed her and
 promised her a trip just as soon as I
 could arrange to be again absent from
 business.

"When we reached home I told the
 boss that some diamonds were to
 come to us and we would have no
 trouble tracing how they reached us.
 My wife said the day after we got
 home that she didn't feel well and
 must ask me to unpack my trunk. I
 did so, and at the bottom found a box
 I didn't recognize. I opened it and
 was astonished to see the diamonds
 sold by my British uncle-in-law. They
 had been put there by my wife.

"I looked at her.
 "She burst out laughing.
 "You wouldn't wish me to go back
 on uncle, would you?" she said.
 "It was five minutes before I replied.
 Then I put my arms around her, with
 the remark, 'You're a jim dandy.'"



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