

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

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T. Fitzgerald Malloy

Author of "The Dis of
Destiny," "An Excel-
lent Knave," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

The murmur of a restless crowd, the shuffle of feet, the noise of jurymen taking their places, the whispering of newspaper reporters, the quick tread of policemen passing to and fro, the rustle of lawyers' papers, and the banging of doors ceased, and absolute silence fell upon all as Olive Dumbarton took the place assigned to her in the coroner's court. In front of the unhappy woman, who was dressed in black and heavily veiled, sat her solicitor, George Coris, beside her George Bostock, with Dr. Quave and his daughter and the servants were in an adjoining room, it being considered desirable that each witness should be examined out of the hearing of the others.

After the preliminaries, including the calling of the roll of jurors, the statement regarding the cause of his death given by Dr. Quave, the coroner addressed the jury. These proceedings, he said, were held to inquire truly not only how David Dumbarton came to his death, but likewise to enable the jury to decide, if possible, by whom that death had been caused.

Unhappily, they were all aware on whom it was that the gravest suspicion had fallen. It would be idle not to suppose that each and every one of them did not know some of the circumstances of the case either by means of the press or in other ways, and it was probable they had discussed the matter. But he knew perfectly well that now they had ceased to be irresponsible members of society, and that a sworn jury to decide if this were a case to be sent to another court, they would have no difficulty in dismissing from their minds all they had heard or read.

He would lay before them as briefly and plainly as possible the statement of this case. But before doing so he would have to go back some years previous to the date of this tragedy.

The deceased, David Dumbarton, had some eighteen years ago married a lady about five years his senior. Through their domestic life began in happiness, it was soon overclouded by misery, solely owing to the habits and disposition of the husband. After a period on which it would be too painful to enter, David Dumbarton deserted his wife, only to strive to regain her when she had earned independence and fame by her industry and talents. This project she opposed, not only for her own sake, but for that of her child. A compromise was then arrived at between husband and wife. For a certain sum he consented that a legal separation should be granted her, and having received this he left England, promising never more to molest her.

Unfortunate for himself, this promise was not kept, for after a little more than five years' absence he returned to London and immediately wrote a letter which would be read in the course of evidence, a letter, as they would see, which contained more of a demand than a request. Whether an answer had been made to this or not, had yet to become known.

The next principal fact was that on the night of the 21st of September, David Dumbarton entered his wife's house in the Hoxton road, St. John's Wood, and was there found dead at her feet, they being the sole occupants of the room where the tragedy occurred, while the knife which had undoubtedly caused his death was seen in her hand. They would hear the evidence, and it would be for them to decide whether the case should be sent to another court or not.

Before the examination of the witnesses began, plans of the house where David Dumbarton met his death and of the garden surrounding it, were submitted to the jury, the draughtsman giving his testimony as to their accuracy.

Then Olive Dumbarton was called, when summoning her strength to suppress her emotion and wear a semblance of composure, she rose and went forward. As she stood before the coroner, her limbs trembling, her head reeling, she was acutely aware of the stimulus of excitement caused by the prospect of catching sight of her countenance as she drew back her veil, and of hearing her voice as she gave her evidence. She was conscious that all eyes were watching her, and many lips whispered comments on her; that the faces stretched forward appeared cruel in the hungry eagerness of their morbid and vulgar curiosity.

In a low tone, and without hesitation, she answered the questions addressed to her by the coroner, in this manner telling the story of the scene which ended in her husband's tragic death. Then came the queries that touched the case more closely, to all of which she replied simply, clearly, ingeniously.

She was not aware that many lips were unrolled on the night in question. The servant had directions to keep it fastened. She had allowed the window of her room to remain open because she had felt the night oppressive. Her first impression of the man who bore her husband's name was that he was mad or drunk. She had not fled from him, as she had not presence of mind or courage for such an action. He had seemed terror-stricken, but had not said he had been pursued, nor did he mention any name. She could not tell why he had called out to her for mercy, unless in his delirium he had mistaken her for the person who had wounded him. She did not remember hearing any other footsteps save his own, or seeing any person or persons in the garden. She had not replied to his last letter, nor had it been her intention to give him further help.

Cross examined by her solicitor, she stated she had no reason to suspect her husband would have visited her on the evening of the tragedy; nor had she, previous to drawing it from his breast, ever seen the knife which had caused his death. She had screamed on first seeing a man whom she believed was a stranger in her room, but had afterward been too much overcome by fright to call for assistance.

The maid was next summoned, who deposed to hearing her mistress cry out as if she had been struck, and soon after to hearing a man's voice call for help, whereupon she had rushed to the room from where the noise proceeded, there to see Mrs. Dumbarton with a knife in her hand bending over the deceased, who was lying on the floor. Witness then ran out of the house in search of a policeman with whom she returned.

Veronica, pale and trembling and unable to suppress her tears, described in a voice scarcely audible, the terrible scene which had met her sight on entering the study. Martyra, the policeman who had been called in by the maid, gave his evidence. Dr. Quave, who followed, declared that on examination of the deceased he had found life to be extinct. Then came Detective Inspector Mackworth, who stated he had found the knife previously seen in the hands of the person suspected, and

described the traces of footmarks left by the deceased in his passage across the garden and into the room where he had been subsequently found dead. He added that the strictest scrutiny had failed to discover the foot marks of a second pair of feet. Had the deceased been followed through the garden, no trace of his pursuer had remained behind.

These witnesses having been cross examined by Mrs. Dumbarton's solicitor, he proceeded to state his defence; and he, being recognized as one of the cleverest men in his profession, the jury settled itself to hear him with expectation and interest.

The case before them, George Coris said, in a low earnest voice, and with plain impressive manner, was one of the most extraordinary that had ever come before that or any other court; extraordinary not merely because of the interest it had created, but because of the circumstances under which the crime had been committed and of the suspicions which these same circumstances cast upon an innocent woman. Inasmuch as none of those who gave evidence had actually seen the blow dealt to the deceased by which he had lost his life, their testimony was therefore entirely circumstantial.

Now, evidence in order to carry conviction should not only be plain, direct and clear, but it should be incapable of any other reasonable solution than that which it was brought forward to sustain and the evidence just tendered was not of that description; it was, as he would show, capable of, and in harmony with, an explanation to this mystery other than that which suggested itself at present. There was no need to dwell upon the unhappy married life led by the deceased and his wife, save to point out the vicious career he followed—a viciousness which, doubtless, became the agent of his death, though the perpetrator of his murder was other than the woman on whom suspicion lay.

If a man could not only alienate the affections, but injure, deceive and abandon his wife, his best friend, the mother of his child, how badly could he behave towards others of her sex? He had for years led a wandering and misguided life among companions as reckless as himself; and what was more probable than that he had been guilty of one of those crimes which the law is slow, if not powerless, to punish, but which, touching men on the tenderest points of their affection and of their honor, they are sure to avenge.

Here was the probable key to the mystery surrounding the crime. Some man who considered himself injured beyond endurance had sought and found revenge for his wrongs. It was lawful to presume that while approaching his wife's house the deceased had met with the avenger, when to seek help and refuge, David Dumbarton had rushed through the garden and into the presence of his wife, who on his asking for aid, had drawn from his breast the knife with which an unknown hand had fatally stabbed him.

The whole bearing of the case would point to such a conclusion, and to the guilt of one of those who were the unhappy victims of suspicion. As she had stated she neither knew or suspected that he would call upon her that evening. Had he desired to have an interview with her there was no reason why he should not have come to the hall door instead of rushing across the grass and flower beds to enter by an open window.

Then, as regards the knife by which the murder had been committed. The servants, in their cross examination, had sworn that they had never seen it before the night of the tragedy. It was surely impossible to think the weapon had been bought and secreted by this lady for the purpose of assassinating her husband at such a time and under such circumstances as would favor the deed. No, the knife belonged to the person who had struck the blow, to avenge himself for wrong perpetrated by the deceased.

Indeed, there was not sufficient motive apparent for suspecting this injured woman of committing this horrible act. Nothing could have been more easy than for her to have ob-



A Great Difference.

He—I was bound and gagged by bandits.
She—Were they like the bandits in comic opera?
He—No; the gags they used were all new.

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Through Campaign Literature. She—She is suing for a divorce. He—I thought they were so happy? She—So they were until he ran for that office, and then she found out, through reading his opponent's campaign literature, what a villain he was.

tained a divorce had she so wished; freedom by causing his death. Mrs. Dumbarton was a woman of blameless life, and all who knew her could bear witness that hers was not the wicked, depraved and malignant heart that had conceived and carried out such a crime.

There was no necessity to say more to any enlightened body of men. He had pointed out the gross improbability, he might add, the utter impossibility of such a deed being done by such a woman; the lack of evidence to support so serious an accusation; the inadequacy of motive on her part; and he would ask the jury, as men of judgment and as lovers of justice to return a verdict which would free this suffering lady from the inconveniences, the humiliations, and the foul suspicions of which unhappy circumstances had made her the victim.

George Coris sat down at the conclusion of his speech with a sense of satisfaction at having done his best for his client, but likewise with the knowledge that his speech was weak and that his plea was inconclusive. At the request of a jurymen, the maid was recalled and questioned regarding the voices she had heard on the night of the tragedy, but she merely repeated what she had already stated, and no further light on the deed was forthcoming.

The coroner then summed up the evidence. The jury, he stated, must dismiss from their minds all inadmissible statements made by the solicitor for the person suspected. They had heard the evidence, and they ought to find a verdict independent and dependent on their conclusions. He would recall to their minds the chief points of the evidence given. And he then dwelt briefly but forcibly on the persecution the suspected person had endured at the hands of an unprincipled man, on his demand for money; his entrance to her house, where he was discovered murdered, the instrument by which his life had been taken being noticed in her hand. The supposition that an unseen and unknown avenger had caused the death of David Dumbarton, had, so far as could be ascertained, no foundation in fact.

Evening had come before he had finished his remarks and the jury had retired to consider their verdict. Gas flared in the court, poisoning the case, and the jury, who had been in the room, officers looked jaded. But the interest which had begun to flag in the public mind now suddenly revived, the silence was broken by whispers; the court, which had perceptibly thinned at four o'clock, became suffocatingly crowded.

Olive Dumbarton, sensitively conscious to all that went on around her, preserved a calmness that she felt was unnatural; her emotions were frozen; the light of her eyes seemed to stand still. Those around her, George Bostock, her solicitor, Dr. Quave, betrayed their excitement by their restlessness and by the anxious manner with which they regarded her. It was a relief to her and to her friends when the jury heard their footsteps without a quickening of her heart throbs, and saw without a flutter of hope the look of satisfaction they wore at having come to the end of a troublesome duty, for she knew full well the verdict they would return, and foresaw the fate they cruelly awaited her. That which was to her probably a matter of life or death was to them an exciting incident in the motony of their daily lives.

In another moment the foreman of the jury stood up and they were ready to hear their opinion that David Dumbarton had met his death by being stabbed in the breast, and that the fatal blow had been struck by his wife.

The verdict was received in profound silence, broken by the coroner's voice as he proceeded to explain the difference between murder and manslaughter, with a view to helping them in their decision as to which form of the crime had been committed by Olive Dumbarton. Manslaughter was unlawful act of killing another without malice aforethought, or implied, and was either voluntary or involuntary, while murder was the unlawful killing of one creature by any means with malice aforethought, and with a settled purpose to revenge. The evidence they had heard must be the best guide to their decision. If it was their opinion the deceased had, in backing his demands for money, or through characteristic brutality, used violence which resulted in an act on his wife's part of self defence, or if they considered the fatal blow was given during one of those paroxysms of passion which, while the frenzy lasts, stills the voice of reason, and renders its victim reckless of the consequences of his or her deed, then they must return a verdict of manslaughter.

Without quitting the box, the jury gave it as their opinion that the case before them was one of manslaughter. The coroner then, turning toward the black robed, immovable figure which was the center of all observation, said: "Olive Dumbarton, the jury have acquitted into the cause attending the demise of your husband, and have come to the conclusion he met his death at your hands. It is, therefore, my duty to commit you to the next assizes, to be held at the Old Bailey, there to take your trial upon that charge."

On this George Coris applied that his client might be liberated on bail, when the coroner said he would accept bail in two sureties for the appearance of the accused so charged with manslaughter, more to insure the fine.

And the necessary formalities, having gone through, Olive Dumbarton was led from the coroner's court and driven home by George Bostock; Veronica sitting beside her, clinging to her, holding her hand, the girl's eyes fixed upon her mother's immobile face; Olive Dumbarton herself, weighed down by a sense of impending woe, heavier to bear and darker to meet than death itself.

CHAPTER VII.

On recovering from the dull stupor caused by the death of her husband under circumstances so appalling, at a moment so unexpected, and by the terrible suspicion which had fixed itself upon her, Olive Dumbarton began to look with calmness such as she could command upon her situation, and to brace herself toward meeting the inevitable. Being a woman who had already suffered much in the course of her existence, her spirit was seasoned to trial.

She had known alternate light and darkness, happiness and woe. Her girlhood had basked in sunshine; her married life had made her taste the bitterness of disappointment, the pang of grief. Then, after struggle and despair came success and independence, a state of freedom from anxiety and delicious calm which might eventually have reached the heights of happiness, had she not been when looked for least, but this horrible charge having been made against her, the heaviest and cruellest blow a wife and mother could know, it was her determination, not for her own sake so much as for her child's, to combat it with all her strength and power. She had no hope, and she was at present, and helpless as she was at present. The courage which had strengthened her in the heaviest hours of her past life was with her now, and would sustain her to the end.

(Continued Next Week.)

BIBLES IN MANY TONGUES.

Translated into 450 Languages—Its Enormous Circulation.

Century Magazine: Three hundred million copies of the bible have been printed in a century.

The British and American bible societies alone circulate some 8,000,000 copies a year. Forty per cent. of the cost is recovered from sales.

Often the payments are made in curious substitutes for money, such as cowry shells in Uganda, copra and arrowroot in New Hebrides, swords, daggers, sandals, amulets, straw hats, pieces of silk, eggs, butter, rotten cheese, dogs' teeth, seabirds' eggs and other picturesque circulating material. Occasionally, even Bibles are stolen.

Something like 2,000 colporteurs and bible women travel in all manner of outlandish places "by" railroad, cart, stage, boat, bullock wagon, sleigh, bicycle, wheelbarrow, on mule, jirrikisha, or afoot," to distribute bibles.

Bibles must be packed in water-tight parcels to be landed through the surf in Micronesia; they are made up in fifty-six pound packages to fit the coolies' backs in Annam.

A century ago the bible was printed in forty languages. It is now printed in 450, and new ones are being added every year. Sometimes languages are practically made by the bible—so to say, it is the first book printed in some obscure tongue, so rude that it does not even contain words enough to express thought.

Take, for example, the translation just made for the Shesha tribe in East Africa. They had no word for Supreme Being, or home, father, heaven, house and other ideas equally fundamental. Other recent translations have been made into Mare, Persian, Urdu, Labrador-Eskimo, Kongo-Baldo, Wedan, Fang, Madarese and Nogu.

And there are said to be on the borders of the Indian empire alone 108 languages in which there is no Christian scripture printed.

Editing Billboards.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Among the many suggestive and interesting communications which have been received by Herald is one who prays for a censorship over the billboards. He contends that many of the illustrated posters, advertising plays of an extremely sensational character, are corrupting to the mind of the citizen. He would not be permitted to go to play-houses where such monstrosities are actually produced, at least have the opportunity to gaze on the illuminated advertisements, getting false ideas of life and treading the impression that they are restrained from attending something which is delightful. Many of the billboards of the city are not only amenable to this objection, but are offensive to people generally. The are blotches on the common symmetry of the city, and they are the indecencies which have been at least partially eradicated from the public places, but not much better.

The difficulty is said to be in drawing the line of censorship. Who shall say what is proper and what is not? How are men to agree on what is credible? One way would be to appoint a censor under the provision of law, and leave him to exercise his own supreme judgment—some one whose head would not be turned by the gushing praise of the moralists and who would not care a rap for the denunciation of the sensationalists and the third-class showmen.

City authorities have power in such things and sometimes they accomplish wonders without distinct authorization. They have somehow stopped the defecation in the street cars by merely threatening people with signs. They can remove obstructions from the sidewalks, take down signs and do a great many other things under the general scope of the law. They can interdict indecencies on the billboards, and, no doubt, they can prohibit billboards altogether "if they've a mind to." By the way, that might be the best way to get rid of the inflammatory pleure nuisance.

Something New.

McFlub—Our preacher has got a great scheme. He's going to open—
Sleeth—A model saloon, I s'pose.
McFlub—No; he's going to open—
Sleeth—A moral gambling hell?
McFlub—I tell you he's going to open—
Sleeth—Well, what's he going to open?
McFlub—His church afternoons.

Mrs. Winslow's BOOTHING STRENGTH FOR CHILDREN: softens the gums, reduces inflammation, all teeth pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Too Choice.

Chicago News: "Look here!" exclaimed the irate house holder. "Don't you know gas comes out of the furnace you sold me?"

"Well, what do you expect to come out of a cheap furnace?" demanded the stove dealer. "Electric lights?"

Pile's Cure for Consumption is the best medicine I have ever found for coughs and colds.—Mrs. Oscar Tripp, Big Rock, Ill., March 26, 1901.

"Our Heroes in Black."

Richmond Times-Dispatch: In recording the death of Albert Comfort, the oldest colored man in Spottsylvania county, our Frederickburg correspondent relates that during the war, when rations were scarce, this noble colored man borrowed a team and wagon, went to Fredericksburg and secured supplies from the federal troops on the ground that they were intended for needy colored people, but in point of fact he made his perilous journey on behalf of his mistress and her children, of whom, in the absence of the white men of the family, he was the protector. This was done at the risk of his own life, for before he reached home he was arrested, court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, but upon the plea of prominent citizens of Spottsylvania the war department relented and set the noble prisoner free.

This was no exceptional black man. He was a type. There were thousands upon thousands of other black men like him throughout the length and breadth of the southern states, loyal and devout to the families who owned them, choosing bondage, such as it was, and affliction great as it was, with old miss and the children rather than the pleasures of freedom at the north to be obtained by desertion. The war produced many heroes among the men and many heroines among the women, and it is right that their glorious deeds should be recorded, and that their praises should be sung. But never to be forgotten in that struggle are the Albert Comforts, whose faces were dark, but whose hearts were pure and whose loyalty and fidelity were equal to any sacrifice. We should like to see in every state of the south a monument to the memory of these devout hros in black.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton goods; well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Wash and Mix Colors. PUTNAM DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

THE PILLS THAT CURE RHEUMATISM

Mrs. Henry Story, of No. 532 Muskingum Ave., Zanesville, Ohio, says: "My husband suffered from rheumatism so that he could hardly stand. His back hurt and he had such pain in his left arm that he could not rest night or day. The doctor did him no good and it was not until he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he was helped. Six boxes cured him completely and he has not had an ache or a pain since. We think the pills are the best medicine in the world."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

cure rheumatism because they make new blood. It would be folly not to try a remedy with such a convincing record of cures.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. G. W. Fooks, of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, Sheriff of Wicomico County, says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak, was short of breath and was troubled with blotting after eating, and my limbs were



badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared, and I was soon entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Yes, indeed!

Puck: The pessimist—"It costs a great deal more to live nowadays than it used to."
The optimist—"Well, it's worth it."

900 Drops

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. FLETCHER, NEW YORK.

Facsimile Signature of Dr. J. C. FLETCHER, NEW YORK.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

35 Drops 25c, 100 Drops 50c.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.

THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

10c, 25c, 50c.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

BARGAINS

These 19 properties are the best in our great list. I must be sold in 60 days. Some will trade. Write for full description to Walker & Marble, or Southern Guaranty Investment Co., Sioux City, Ia.

100 Acres, well improved, Berensford, S. D., \$55,000.
24-room furnished Hotel, Holstein, Ia., \$8,500.00.
Finely improved 16 acres, with good house, barn and 800 bearing fruit trees, Holstein, Ia., \$5,000.00.
Improved building and residence, \$2,100.00; stock farm than visible, Cushing, Ia., \$1,500.00.
Improved 160-acre farm, Board County, Neb., \$2,500.00, and two lots, well improved, Leeds, Ia., \$2,100.00.
300 acres, Murray County, Minnesota, \$50,000, and large corner store building, with barn and two lots, Galva, Ia., \$5,000.00.
9-room house with barn, fruit, etc., in good South Minn. town, \$1,800.00.
Improved 160-acre farm, Board County, Neb., \$2,500.00, and two good houses and lots, \$2,200.00, also 3 tracts, \$200.00, \$100.00, \$100.00.
Good 12-room brick house and 4 lots, excellent for chicken ranch, Leeds, Ia., \$1,400.00.
Good Great Mill with lots for feeding and cribbing, Sioux City, Ia., \$1,500.00.
House, barn, fruit and 3 lots, Sioux City, Ia., \$2,800.00.
Barn, fruit and 3 lots, Sioux City, Ia., \$2,800.00.
Fine Water Mill, Iowa machinery, with 4 acres, two houses, barn and sheds, Mayers, Ia., \$5,000.00.
Fine stock of Drugs, Books and China, excellent location, good trade, Charter Oak, Ia., \$12,500.00.
Elegant 12-room modern residence with large lot, fine city, very fine, Minneapolis, Minn., \$12,500.00.
Restaurant stock and fixtures, with hotel accommodations, Milford, Ia., \$2,000.00.
2-acre lot, good location, Sioux, Neb., \$2,000.00.
Corner lot on city, center of town, Sioux, Neb., \$125.00.
Very complete stock of Restaurant goods; excellent location, See City, Iowa, \$1,300.00.