

ELECTRIC FLASHES

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

M. LABORI IS SHOT

DREYFUS' ATTORNEY PROBABLY FATALLY INJURED.

Two Men Rush from a Narrow Lane and Fire a Single Shot which Takes Effect in the Counsel's Back—A Paris Sensation.

Dreyfus' Counsel Shot.
Rennes, Aug. 14.—Two men ambushed Maitre Labori, counsel for Dreyfus, and one shot was fired, hitting Labori in the back. M. Labori fell in the roadway. He is still alive.

Maitre Labori left his home alone for the court about 6 o'clock this morning. His residence is situated in the suburbs of the town, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Lycee, the route being along a solitary road beside the River Vilaine. He had reached a point half way on his journey when two men, who had evidently been lying in wait for him, rushed out of a narrow lane and one of them fired a single shot from a revolver. The murderers were only a couple of yards behind their victim and the bullet struck Maitre Labori in the back. The wounded man uttered an agonized cry and fell flat on his face. The murderers immediately fled through the lane from which they had emerged and both escaped.

At 7:30 it was announced that the bullet had entered the stomach; that there was no outward bleeding, and that the physicians believe that M. Labori will die from the wound.

A later story has it that M. Labori was shot in the temple by a man who fired a revolver at him outside the court, and that the miscreant was arrested.

SHOT TO KILL.

Two Denver Policemen Killed by a Volunteer.

Denver: Two police officers were murdered here Sunday by a recruit belonging to Company L, Thirty-fourth Volunteer Infantry, now stationed at Fort Logan. Three soldiers had been raising a disturbance in a saloon and officer Tim Clifford was asked to keep his eye on them. He followed them for an hour or so and was about to accost the soldiers when one of them turned on him, placed the muzzle of a revolver in his breast and sent a bullet through his heart. Clifford expired almost immediately. All three of the soldiers then started to run, but two were overtaken and captured. The one that did the shooting, however, continued running, with Officer W. E. Griffith on a bicycle in pursuit. He shot at him twice, the soldier returning the fire, mortally wounding Griffith. He died a few minutes later while being conveyed in an ambulance to the station. The entire police and detective force of the city was sent out after the man, and searched without getting any trace of the double murderer. His two companions, who are now in the city jail deny any knowledge of the murderer, but from other recruits who saw the three together during Saturday evening, it was learned that the name of the man who did the killing was Wellington C. Llewellyn, and that he came from Globe, Arizona. A reward has been offered for him, dead or alive. There was talk of lynching should he be taken alive, but this seems to have died out.

A PARIS SENSATION.

New Conspiracy to Overthrow the French Government Uncovered.

Paris: A semi-official note issued Monday morning says:

"A certain number of arrests were made yesterday as the result of a magisterial inquiry and by virtue of article 89 of the penal code regarding conspiracy organized for the purpose of accomplishing a change in the form of government. The persons implicated belong to groups of royalist youths and the Patriotic and Anti-Semite leagues.

"At the trial of the Neully barracks affair the facts relating to that incident alone were used as the basis of prosecution, but searches were then made and documents seized which led to the discovery of an organization dating back to July, 1898, and of a plot to seize the Government by force. The documents leave no room for doubt, either in regard to the existence of a plot or as to the chief actors therein. After a very close watch indisputable proof was obtained that the same groups were preparing for a fresh attempt at an early date, the proof being such as to enable disturbances to be averted by immediate measures. The investigation of the affair was intrusted to Fabre, the examining magistrate."

ANOTHER TOWN TAKEN.

San Mateo Is Occupied by American Troops.

Manila: A reconnaissance Aug. 12 by troops of Gen. Samuel B. M. Young's brigade, with the object of discovering the whereabouts of the enemy near San Mateo, northwest of San Juan reservoir, about ten miles from Manila, resulted in the occupation of San Mateo. The American loss was three killed and thirteen wounded, including a lieutenant of the Twenty-first Infantry. Twenty-three of the enemy are known to have been killed.

Agreement Is Reached.

Vancouver, B. C.: According to Hong Kong advices an agreement has been reached between Great Britain and the Chinese Government that the United States shall have an exclusive settlement at Hankow.

Trouble with Boers.

London: The St. James Gazette says all shipping companies under charter to the admiralty have been notified to hold all transports in reserve for immediate dispatch of troops.

STATE OF NEBRASKA

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN A CONDENSED FORM.

State Auditor Allows Claim of Chicory Company for \$17,840.23—About \$12,000 of This Sum Due Producers of the Beets.

Chicory Claim Is Allowed.

State Auditor Cornell has allowed the claim of the American Chicory Company for \$17,840.23, the amount appropriated by the last Legislature. This claim has been hanging in the balance in the Auditor's office for several weeks, but no action regarding it was taken because of an uncertainty as to whether it was the intention of the Legislature to benefit the chicory beet producers or the manufacturer. According to the terms of settlement the money allowed will be paid to E. E. Balch of Omaha, who will distribute a portion of it among the producers who have sold beets to the company. The chicory company, which operates factories at Omaha and Fremont, has been buying beets from producers under an agreement whereby it was to pay each person from whom it has purchased beets \$1.50 additional for each ton bought, conditional on the appropriation by the Legislature. The price per ton is \$10.50 and the chicory company has paid \$9 for each ton purchased. A record of all persons from whom beets have been purchased has been kept and the additional \$1.50 per ton will be distributed by Mr. Balch. Between \$12,000 and \$13,000 is due the farmers under this agreement.

KILLED BY A LIVE WIRE.

Four Firemen Meet Sudden Death at an Omaha Blaze.

Four firemen lost their lives in a blaze on an upper floor of the Mercer building, at Eleventh and Harney Streets, Omaha. The fire in itself was insignificant, the fatalities resulting from contact with a live wire. When the fire had been brought under control the firemen set to work to lower the big extension truck upon which they had been working. Suddenly four men were working at the crank, lowering the ladder with agony a moment and then fell to the pavement, apparently lifeless. In lowering the ladder it had come in contact with a live electric light wire, carrying a current of 2,000 volts. The injured men were at once carried into an adjoining building and doctors used every means known to revive them. One of the men revived in a few minutes and saying he was all right started to walk away. He had only gone about fifty feet when he dropped dead. Another showed signs of reviving, but when only partially rallied sank back and expired. The other two never at any time showed any signs of animation and were doubtless dead when picked up. Two other men were severely shocked.

Epworth Leaguers Protest.

The Nebraska Epworth League Assembly, in session at Lincoln, adopted resolutions on the army canteen as follows: "The Nebraska Epworth Assembly, 7,000 strong, representing a constituency of 50,000, condemns the infamous decision of Attorney General Griggs in nullifying the act of Congress abolishing the army canteen and appeal to President McKinley to exercise his authority as Commander-in-Chief to carry out the will of the people, as expressed by Congress, and protect our soldiers from the injury and outrage inflicted on them and their families by the shameful blot on our military system which is more destructive to life and character than fever, famine and war itself."

Driver Falls Under Wagon.

A sad accident occurred a few miles southwest of McCook in which Harvey Kay Ludwig, a young man, lost his life. He was driving an ice wagon to the city, following another team similarly loaded. About 200 rods from the ice house he in some way fell from the wagon, the ponderous load passing over his body, killing him instantly. No one was on the wagon with him and so the manner of his death is unknown, the driver ahead only being aware of the terrible accident when the driverless horses reached him.

Double Tragedy at Arapahoe.

Workmen repairing the high school building at Arapahoe brought to light a double tragedy. In one of the rooms was found the dead body of James Bloodworth, a revolver tightly clasped in one hand. Lying partly across his body was that of Miss Grace Cooper. Both had been shot through the temple. A note signed by both of them stated it was a case of suicide and gave the position to their love affair as the cause.

Creamery Manager Decamps.

C. E. Ingalls, who recently came to this State from Illinois and established the Chadron creamery, has decamped, taking with him about \$3,000 which belonged to the creamery company. Since his departure the plant and sub-station have been closed and the farmers who invested in cows for the purpose of furnishing milk for the creamery have suffered considerable loss.

Insect Kills the Hoppers.

The farmers in the vicinity of Trenton are somewhat encouraged in the corn crop, as the hoppers seem to be leaving; also a great number are found dead, supposed to have been killed by an insect.

Street Fair at Lexington.

The business men of Lexington have decided to hold a "street fair" the last week in September, beginning Monday the 25th, and closing on the 30th with a grand carnival at night.

New Postoffices.

Postoffices have been established at Cary and Hewitt, Sioux County, with Harriet R. Grove as postmaster at the former place and Christopher H. Grewell at the latter.

Had His Hand Nearly Amputated.

Will Hill, a carpenter of Hastings, had his left hand nearly amputated by a saw, and it was thought for a while that he would bleed to death.

Black Leg Among Cattle.

A few weeks ago George Meisner shipped from the west to his ranch near Shelton a large lot of cattle, mostly yearlings, and in the past week blackleg in a serious form has made itself felt and several of the animals have died. The disease is being checked with the aid of medical science.

Gibson People in Accident.

The family of Frank Blew of Stratford were killed in the trolley car accident on Aug. 6. Blew and his wife and two children, Maud, aged 3, and Melvin, aged 5, formerly resided at Gibson, this State.

PRaise THE FIGHTING PARSON

First Nebraska Soldiers Declare that Mailley Is a Hero.

Stories of the heroism of Chaplain Mailley of the First Nebraska Regiment, are reaching this State since the boys went into camp at the Presidio. "The chaplain did more fighting than preaching when we were away," said one of the boys. "He was always on the firing line with a rifle whenever there was any fighting going on, and he was the quickest to show up with chickens when it was over of any man in the regiment. We always used to wonder how he could find so many chickens. When things would quiet down for two or three days, then Chaplain Mailley would disappear from the regiment, and you could always find him in the hospital cheering up the sick and wounded. He was all right, our chaplain was. The boys all liked him."

The chaplain's version has not been heard, but his fame has gone before him, for he found an invitation to lecture in Nebraska in the mail received on the Hancock before disembarking, which he accepted on condition that the regiment is mustered out of service. "They can't get me to say anything so long as I am a soldier," he says.

Damage Suit to Be Brought.

The trouble which will arise on account of the fire department tearing down three buildings belonging to Frank Label at Wymore, under instructions from the mayor has only begun. The buildings were partially destroyed by fire last February, and as they were frame the city council refused to allow Mr. Label to repair them and recently passed a resolution instructing the city attorney to have the buildings condemned and torn down. This, however, had not been done, and Mr. Label put a force of men at work repairing the buildings. This so enraged the mayor that he ordered out the fire department and was himself the leader in tearing the buildings down. It is very likely that the city will have to pay for the fun its mayor enjoyed.

Quarrel Among Partners.

Sam Pope, a gambler, was shot by E. Jerome, another gambler, at Jerome & Pope's place, in Fremont, and he will probably die. Pope was shot five times, one bullet entering just below the right shoulder, one on the right side, one at the center of the back to the left of the spine, one at the base of the right shoulder blade and one fractured the bones of the right arm. The two men had formerly been partners and the shooting was the result of a quarrel while setting up.

Keim Surrenders Himself.

Ex-Deputy United States Marshal Keim surrendered himself to Deputy United States Marshal Cooley at Beatrice and appeared before the United States Commissioner, J. E. Cobrey, Jr., to answer the charge of extortion professed against him by United States Attorney W. S. Summers. Keim pleaded not guilty and waived examination. Defendant was bound over on three separate counts, \$500 on each. He gave bail.

Kissing Bug at Decatur.

A bug answering the description of the kissing bug was caught at James Neary's place in Decatur. His daughter was sitting on the porch reading when a large bug struck her on the cheek. She hastily brushed it off. The bug was secured and it answers in every way the description of the kissing bug. It has been sent to the State entomologist for examination.

Hilton's Bondsman Must Pay.

The case of the State against Frank Hilton at Blair is closed and the bondsman paid over the claim of the State, amounting to over \$7,800. In defending their case the bondsmen have spent about \$1,200. All along Hilton has been saying he would settle with the State, but when the bondsmen made the demand on him he said he could do nothing.

Uses Kerosene to Light a Fire.

Mrs. August Valbricht, living seven miles north of Newman Grove, met with a fatal accident. In lighting a fire with a full can of kerosene, the can exploded. She was burned almost to a crisp and died in less than six hours after the accident.

Mutilated in a Machine.

Frank Humphrey, an employe of the King Press Drill Company of Nebraska City, was caught in a machine with which he was working and one of his feet was so badly lacerated that amputation was necessary.

Stung by a Rattlesnake.

Mrs. Geo. A. Byrne of Meade was called to Valley on account of her son Freddie having been stung on the foot by a rattlesnake. For two days the little fellow's life hung in the balance, but at the present time the danger is past.

Stockman Drowns in a Whirlpool.

Alga Arhus, a prominent stockman, was bathing alone at Butte and was drowned in a whirlpool. Death evidently resulted from cramps.

Nebraska Short Notes.

Ashland proposes to hold a harvest home picnic this fall.

Neligh stores have tried early closing and find it a success.

Senator Giffert of West Point was run down by a horse, fracturing his collar bone and injuring him seriously.

John Abbebler, a plasterer, fell from a scaffold at Columbus and suffered a fracture of the bone in his left thigh.

The new drinking fountain presented to the city by the Fairbury Women's Club has just been erected in the Court House Park.

The best wheat average reported in Clay County is that of Ambrose Carlson, Verona—twenty-five acres averaging twenty-nine bushels to the acre.

It is quite probable that the Lincoln County Agricultural Society will hold a fair during the month of September, probably from the 19th to the 23d.

Work has commenced on the new High School at Blair. When completed Blair expects to have one of the finest high school buildings in the State.

There is talk among the local tennis players at Superior of getting up a tournament in the near future. Only home players will be allowed to enter the contest.

Knox County is out of debt and has money in the treasury.

The Saline County fusion conventions have been called to meet at Friend on Friday, Aug. 18, at 11 a. m.

The case of the State against Gertie Russell, charged with infanticide, was submitted to the jury at David City and in three hours the jury returned with a verdict of acquittal.

York's fine auditorium and theater, the largest in the State and the pride of York, will be opened about August 21. Eighteen hundred dollars' worth of seats are sold for the opening night.



CHAPTER II.

At a quarter after ten Robert Campbell left the express office with a small canvas bag under one arm containing twelve thousand five hundred dollars in gold, and made his way towards the residence of the banker, which was an imposing structure standing on the corner of Market and Sixth streets.

"Smooth sailing at last," he thought, as he passed hurriedly down Front street to Market. "I shall leave the residence of my possession, and I trust with Mr. DeRosette's consent to make my sweetheart my bride. Now, this money I could use for the balance of the five years; but why pay eight hundred a year if it can be avoided? True, there is a way that I might retain it and I think run little risk, but I must be cautious—I have not nerve enough to try it. When I get back from Baltimore I will have time to think the matter over. There will be other opportunities, and perhaps better ones."

Thus soliloquizing, the young man hastened on up Market street, and at exactly half after ten the sounding of the door bell announced to the banker his arrival.

Mr. DeRosette was seated in the library reading a novel. The bedroom door stood wide open, and so did the door leading from that to the bathroom beyond. The two windows of the library, as well as those of the chamber, opening out on the lawn on the east side of the house, were raised to admit the slight breeze that was borne westward from the ocean, seven miles away, and yet, so warm was it that the banker had discarded his coat and sat in his shirt sleeves.

"Aunt Hannah, the door!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he heard the signal; but noticing that there was no response from the sable Hannah, he muttered: "Dozing, probably," and passed through the parlors out into the hall and opened the door himself.

"Come in! Come in, Robert. I am all alone. I think the servants, even, have gone to bed, as none responded to the bell. I presume Hattie would have remained below if I had informed her I was looking for you, but you know late hours for young people cause dull eyes the next morning, and then I thought that perhaps you would not desire her to be present. Herman entered the house not ten minutes ago. I presume he would have been in the library yet but for the fact that I told him you were coming to take up your note, and that there was a private matter about which we were to confer. He looked much annoyed—nay, excited. Do you know, he had the audacity to ask my daughter's hand to-day?"

By this time the two men had reached the library.

"I am not surprised," said Robert. "I had surmised that he would, and imagined what your answer would be. I know Miss Hattie has no affection for him."

"Ah, ha, all bestowed on you, I suppose!"

The young man's face flushed. "I think, sir," he said, "that if I am so fortunate as to gain your consent, I possess a sufficient quantity of her regard to be able to induce her to become my wife."

"I have not been blind, Robert. I have seen the trend of matters for some time, and I shall be quite content to trust my daughter's happiness to you. I am satisfied that you love each other. You have proved your ability to take care of a wife, even though adversity frown on you. I give you my consent freely, my boy."

"Oh, thank you, sir. I shall leave for Baltimore with a light heart, and now for the other matter. I must not keep you up later."

"Oh, as for that, it is not yet eleven; but on your own account, if you must leave at four. You will not be gone long, I trust?"

"I shall be home Saturday evening, four days only; and now for the note. This bag contains the coin, twelve thousand five hundred dollars. You can see the express seal is still intact. Give me credit for such sum as remains above the amount of the note and interest."

"Certainly, my boy, with pleasure, since you ask it; but you might as well have kept it. Hattie, as you know, is an only child, and the prospect is that between you, you will handle all of Alvin DeRosette's coin one of these days; that is, a small legacy that will go to Herman Craven, to whom a larger one, I think, would prove a curse, and remembrances to servants."

"God grant that the years before you are called away, Mr. DeRosette, may be many," said the young man, with deep feeling. "Wilmington could ill afford to lose you, and notwithstanding my love for dear Hattie, there would be a void that could never be filled."

"Well, well, we must all go, my boy; but I will try and remain with you awhile yet, and when I die you must take the helm at the bank. I founded that institution, and I desire it to live after me."

Here the banker pulled open a drawer of his desk, withdrew therefrom the note, and after writing across the face of it the words: "Satisfaction received in full, this eighteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven," to which he affixed his signature, handed it to Robert with these words:

"Keep it as a memento of what you accomplished in two years."

"I will give it to Jennie, to paste in her scrap book," was the reply.

"Let's see," said the banker, "that will leave seventeen hundred dollars to be placed to your credit. I might give you a receipt for that."

"No, no! It is needless!" exclaimed Robert. "Merely pass it to my credit to-morrow, and now I bid you good-night. He was interrupted by a jingling of the doorbell.

"Why, who can this be at this time of night," said the banker. "Robert," he continued, "you are younger than I am. Will you see—confound the sleepy servants!"

The young man hastened to the front door; sprang back the catch, and opened it.

Darkness alone confronted him.

"Who is here?" he asked.

Naught but silence.

"It is very strange. I surely heard the bell. Let me investigate," thought the young man, and leaving the door ajar he stepped out on the broad piazza.

He hastily passed from one end of the same to the other, but encountered no one. "I cannot understand it," he exclaimed as he descended the steps to the gravelled walk. "What could have been the object? Some one bent on mischief, perhaps."

Robert stood for a moment with one foot on the lower step and the other on the walk, listening.

Suddenly he heard a sound as of a smothered groan behind him. He hurriedly ran up the steps, pushed open the door, and in a moment's time stood in the library.

A cry of horror broke from his lips. Still seated in his chair was the form of the banker; but his head had dropped over to his left shoulder. His glaring eyes were fixed on vacancy, and a look of horror was on his livid countenance.

He had sunk lower in the chair. A rivulet of blood was tracing its way down his shirt front, dyeing it red, and the handle of a sheath knife stood there, the keen blade buried in his bosom.

"Help! help! There has been murder done! Help! help!"

In an instant he had seized with his right hand the bloody haft of the knife, while with his left he endeavored to restrain the body from sinking to the floor.

"Help! help!" He drew the weapon forth, the red blood dyeing his sleeve as he did so.

"Uncle Alvin! Uncle Alvin! Oh, tell me! Tell me!"

There was a groan, a twitching of the limbs, a contortion of the features, and a dead man slid from the chair to the blood-soaked carpet of the library.

"Oh, God, what fiend has done this deed?" cried Robert, as he bent over the still form on the carpet.

A piercing cry answered him, and Hattie, who had been roused by the cries and hastily descended the stairs, sunk on her knees by the side of her murdered father.

At the same instant Herman Craven rushed into the room.

A cry of horror broke from his white lips as his eyes fell on the scene before him.

"Merciful God! My uncle murdered! You, Robert Campbell, you standing over his lifeless remains, and with that reeking weapon in your hand? Fiend! Assassin! I see it all! Maddened by his refusal to give you his loved daughter's hand in marriage, you have taken his life. Stand back from my loved cousin's side, or, red-handed as you are, I will attack you. Oh, my loved uncle! It was your death cry that roused me from my slumbers!"

"Herman Craven!" cried Robert, as he straightened to his full height, "has this terrible scene crazed you? You cannot believe the words you have uttered to be true; but rouse the servants and send for help. The assassin must not escape."

"Nor shall he, Robert Campbell. You are the murderer here! Little did I dream what my uncle's cries foretold!"

"Murdered! And by you, Mars Robert?"

Old Uncle Duke, who had entered the room, walked to the side of his young mistress, who was caressing the dead form of her father.

"It was I, Herman Craven, who answered the summons of the door bell. I had been here for a half hour; was here by appointment, as you know, to take up my note. I brought with me a bag of coin and received it canceled ere the door bell rang. I—"

"Where is this bag of coin?"

"Why, there upon your uncle's desk, where I placed it."

"There is no bag of coin there! Villain, you plotted well!"

"No bag of coin there? Robbery has then been added to murder. Your mistress, Hannah, your mistress?"

Aunt Hannah stood in the door leading from the library to the banker's chamber. Her mulatto face was of an ashen hue and she was shaking as with palsy.

"Dead! Dead! My own darling papa! Murdered, murdered!"

The cries of poor Hattie were frantically resounding through the house.

sounded his voice as he sped away in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

Hardly had the outer door closed behind Herman Craven when Hattie regained consciousness, and with a long drawn sigh her eyes opened.

"My poor darling," exclaimed Robert, as he placed one hand upon her brow.

Seemingly in very terror she recoiled, and the cry escaped her lips: "Oh, God! Murdered! My dear father murdered! And—and by the man I loved!"

"Oh, Hattie, my darling!" exclaimed Robert. "You cannot believe me guilty of this terrible crime?"

"The poor girl threw her hands before her eyes as if to shut out some horrid vision as she sobbed: 'You were standing over him, Robert, with the bloody weapon in your hand, when I, followed by Herman, entered the room. How—how could you have murdered my father, who loved you well? No, no, I will not believe it—and yet Herman accused you.'"

"Hattie, dearest, a suspicion of the one who loves you is unworthy of you. Not five minutes before I found that fatal blade driven to his heart he had consented willingly to our marriage. I loved your father. Ask yourself if I could have murdered him."

"No, no, I will not believe it. Forgive me, dear Robert. But the knife? How came it in your hand—and blood—blood on your hand and sleeve?"

"I had just withdrawn it from your father's bosom, dear. I called on him at the bank to-day and made an appointment to see him here to-night after ten o'clock. I brought with me a bag of coin, and had paid a note he held. I have it cancelled in my pocket. Just as I was about to take my leave the door bell rang. Your father, remarking that it was a late hour for callers, requested me to see who was there. I opened the door. Darkness confronted me and nothing more. I walked the length of the piazza and called out, 'Who is here?' but received no response. I descended the steps, wondering at the strange occurrence; for a moment stood with one foot on the lower step, the other on the walk. Suddenly I heard a stifled groan emanating from the house. I ran up the steps, hastily entered the library, and my heart stood still at the terrible sight that confronted me. I cried out, 'Help! Murder!' and withdrew the sheath-knife from your father's bosom. One gasp, and he slid from the chair to the carpeted floor, a corpse."

"Oh, my father, my father! Then it was not his voice I heard."

"You did not hear the pealing of the door bell, dearest?"

"No, Robert. I—"

"Fly, Mars Robert! Fly! You got no time to tarry here. You'll hang, Mars Robert, hang, jus' lik' you'd killed ole master. A nigger can save you. Go, Mars Robert—go!"

It was Aunt Hannah who had re-entered the room, who had spoken.

"Are you crazy, Hannah? The murderer of your master must be brought to justice."

"Ain't you see, Mars Robert? The evidence of Mars Herman will condemn you. The young missie saw you with the bloody knife in your hand. Mars Herman will swear that your cries were the cries of my poor ole master. Fly, Mars Robert, while you have time. I know you is not the murderer of ole master; but fly!"

"Yes, yes, Robert!" said Hattie, quickly. "I feel that you never dreamed of this terrible crime; but Hannah has told the truth. Oh, my darling, and now—now that I have only you, and the fair girl twined her arms about him."

"Poor dear," said Robert, "you are agitated, and little wonder. Robert Campbell shall be found by your side, even though he stand in danger of the gallows, and the murderer, the assassin, or your father shall meet death on the gallows. Herman Craven may not be guilty of this murder, but on my soul I believe he is. He has doubtless gone in search of an officer with the intention of denouncing me."

"No, no," sobbed Hattie. "My cousin surely would not murder one who has been so kind to him. He could not have committed the crime. Immediately after I heard the voice, which I supposed was my father's, crying 'Help, murder!' Herman knocked on my door and exclaimed: 'Your father, Miss Hattie; your father!' He had but just left his room. I had thrown my wrapper on, and together we descended the stairs."

"The murder had already been committed, dear, when you heard those cries; but, ah, I have it."