

Ayer's Pills

Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers**. 50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. F. HALL & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sale of a Kiss.

A pretty story is told of a fascinating English actress, whose name is not mentioned. Being desirous of assisting a certain charity in the provinces, she offered a kiss to be put up to auction. The bidding was brisk and had advanced in three leaps from two guineas to thirty, when, without further parley, the round sum of eight hundred pounds was offered. There being no higher bid, the kiss was knocked down by the auctioneer to a colonel in one of our line regiments, who came forward to meet the blushing young lady. But to the surprise of all present, the colonel introduced a dear little fair-haired boy, explained that it was his grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him, whereupon the actress took the child in her arms and discharged her debt with interest. The charity, a local one, in which the colonel took a keen interest, was the richer by eight hundred pounds for the granddad's generous whim.

Washing Day in Madrid.

Ten thousand women souse and beat the linen of Madrid in the scant waters of the Manzanares every day. Not an article of clothing is elsewhere washed. No other than these Manzanares laenderas are permitted to labor as laundresses, and for three miles up and down the stream they work in groups. Each lavandera brings her own huge roll of bread, and perhaps a bit of cheese; and just before noon they breakfast in great wooden sheds on salt fish, potatoes and coffee, with a measure of red wine, duplicating this meal as a dinner at four in the afternoon. They eat like animals, and the moment their food is disposed of the tinkle of the guitar is heard, and any kindly disposed passer may dance with them until the thirty minutes allowed them for food and amusement have expired. On these occasions every dance, girls of eighteen and women of eighty, and the scenes along Manzanares are very picturesque and interesting.

Knowledge Came Handy.

One day during Dr. Newman Hall's pastorate of a church in Yorkshire, he was chatting with a farmer about the best method of self-defense when attacked by a savage dog.

"Take off your hat and hold it in front of you," advised the farmer. "The dog will at once bite the rim. Then kick violently under your hat, and the distance being exactly that of your leg, the toe of your boot will strike the lower jaw of the dog, who will at once go off in great pain."

The very next day Dr. Hall was crossing a field when a fierce dog ran at him. There was no refuge near. He had no stick. He remembered his lesson. In an instant the dog rushed howling round the field, and the grand old dissenter, with a slight wound in his hat, went his way.—Youth's Companion.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 78,463]

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhoea. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived."

"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—MRS. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.

"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor."

"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—MRS. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST PT. PLEASANT, N. J.

A Case of See-Saw.

Lady—Here! you promised to saw some wood if I gave you something to eat.

Tramp (from Boston)—Your indiscriminate use of the English language is positively painful, madam. I have fulfilled my obligation to the letter, inasmuch as I saw the wood immediately after finishing my dessert while gazing in the direction of the wood pile. Bon jour, madam.



AUNT HANNAH'S SECRET.

CHAPTER V.

"Who has the key to the attic of the house?" asked the detective, when they had descended from the piazza.

"Miss Hattie, master; she asked me for it yesterday morning."

"Is there more than one?"

"No, master, only one."

"Come round here on the east side of the house. Is that you, Calban?"

"Yes, Mars Lang, it's Calban."

"No one has left the house, save those you know?"

"No, Mars Lang."

"Now, Hannah, who murdered your master?"

"I don't know that, Mars Lang."

"You do know who rang the door bell; but do you mean when Robert Campbell sounded it?"

"No, Mars Lang, no. I didn't know Mars Robert was in the house till after I heard de bell; but he must have been, for it was he that went to de door, and not five minutes after, when I went to de door of de library, dar he stood, with de bloody knife in his hand, and Mars Herman 'cusing him of murderin' master."

"Was that the first you knew of his being in the house?"

"Wait, Mars Lang. I had been dozin' in de kitchen. Millie had gone upstairs to bed, and when I wake up I thought I'd see if ole master had gone to bed, and put on de lights in de hall. You see, I knowed, unce Duke had gone to bed, so I passed through de dining room and out into de hall. Somehow, I happen to look up. I spose I was lookin' at de hangin' lamp; but I seed someone standin' on de stairs, about five steps down. Da had on a long white night gown. At first, I thought it was Miss Hattie; but then I seed it was too tall and big for her, and de hair on her head was too black and short. I was jest about to speak when de person on de stairs bent over, sideways like, and reached out one arm, and wid de hand seized hole of de wire dat leads to de bell at de lower end of de hall and pulled it. He pulled it several times, and as he was bent over, I saw his face."

"It was the face of Herman Craven?"

"Yes, Mars Lang, and he was as white as death. I didn't know what to do. A tremblin' seized me, and I was that skeered I lak to tell down. Suddenly, I heard ole master's voice, and someone started for de door from de library. I thought it was ole master. Mars Herman had dodged back upstairs, and I ran through de dining room and into de kitchen."

"Then you did not see Herman Craven descend the stairs?"

"No, Mars Lang. Mars Herman was in his night shirt, and he ran back after he had pulled de bell wire."

"Did he see you, Hannah?"

"I can't be certain; but I don't think he did, Mars Lang."

"If he did, your life may be in peril, not that he would fear your testimony, but that you might give me information. You must be on your guard, and watch him closely. You must never be alone—never leave the house by yourself. He must have committed this murder."

"How could he, Mars Lang? I hadn't been back in de kitchen no time when I heard a groan. I ran back to de dinin' room door, and was standin' there tremblin', when Mars Robert pushed open de front door and ran in. He was bare-headed, and I dodged back, as he entered de library door. The next thing I heard his cry: 'Help! Murder!' then I hear Mars Herman knock on Miss Hattie's door and call her, and saw them come down stairs together."

"Robert Campbell, you say, pushed open the front door and ran in? It must have been unfurnished, then."

"The door was standin' ajar, Mars Lang, lak he left it, when he went out to see who was dar."

"Then you do not think Herman descended the stairs after you saw him pulling the wire, until after the murder had been committed?"

"No, Mars Lang, he hadn't time."

"Do you know when Herman entered the house to-night?"

"No, but I know he was in de library, and I was in de dinin' room, when he passed through de hall and went up to bed."

"How long was this before he pulled the wire?"

"Oh, a long time, Mars Lang, before I was dozin'—perhaps an hour."

"Did you hear loud voices, as though your master and Herman were quarrelling to-night?"

"No, Mars Lang. Ole master nebber quarrel. He say what he mean, but he nebber quarrel, and I heard no loud voices until I heard Mars Robert's cries of 'Help! Murder!'"

"For a moment the detective stood there in the darkness, in thoughtful silence. Suddenly he said: 'You know, Hannah, that it would not have taken Herman Craven long to run down the stairs, strike that blow and dash up them again.'"

"I know that, master; but he couldn't have done it. If he had already been down stairs when de bell sounded, and hid in master's room, or in de library, he might have had time after Mars Robert went to de door to have killed ole master and dashed up de stairs before I heard that groan and got back to de dining room door. He didn't run up after that."

"You forget," said Sellars, "that if he is the murderer of your master he was down stairs at the time you heard that groan."

"He couldn't have been, Mars Lang. Mars Herman is not the murderer of ole master."

"Why did he pull the wire and sound the bell? He must have known that Robert was in the house, and it must have been for the purpose of calling him to the door."

"Either he or ole master, Mars Lang. He must have thought I had gone to bed."

"Yes, either Campbell or your master. You say that when you finally advanced to the library door Robert was standing with the bloody knife in his hand?"

"Yes, and right over ole master's body, as though he had just pulled the blade from his breast. There was blood on his hand and sleeve, and horror on his face. Mars Herman denounced him as master's

murderer, but Mars Robert did not kill ole master. He was not in the house when that blade was driven in his heart and I heard that cry."

"Did you see anything of a bag of coin when you entered the library, Hannah?"

"Nothing, Mars Lang."

"Has Herman any personal friends, whom he sometimes brings to the house? Young men, probably?"

"No, Mars Lang; none have ever accompanied him here."

"Do you think your master had a high regard for his nephew?"

"He take him in when he come to him, Mars Lang, because he was his sister's son; but ole master had no use for his father, who led Miss Mattie a sorry life, and broke her heart before she died. I don't think he had much use for his son."

"You don't think he would have given him his daughter's hand in marriage?"

"Never! He know Miss Hattie love Mars Robert, and I often hear him praise Mars Robert up."

"Well, that is all to-night, Hannah. Not a word, you understand, to anyone of our conversation. If Herman speaks to you, do not seem to doubt the guilt of Robert Campbell. To your mistress, say that I will see her to-morrow. Tell her further, that if she has suspicions, to keep them to herself. I do not think she believes Herman guilty; but she must try and act as though she believed the right party had been apprehended. Tell her that Robert Campbell, though in custody, is under the protecting care of Lang Sellars. Now can you return to the house without your absence having been noted by Herman?"

"Easily, Mars Lang."

"Then do so, and watch closely. Do not sleep alone. Your young mistress will have many lady friends here in her trouble. Keep Millie as near you as you can. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mars Lang," said the negress, and she had started along the side of the house for the rear entrance when the detective called her back.

"Are Adam, the coachman, and Herman on friendly terms?" he asked.

"Adam rather see the devil than Mars Herman," said the negress. "Mars Herman 'spect more of ole master's niggers than he do hisself."

"I understand," said Sellars. "That is all," and as the negress again started off he joined Calban.

"You can go home now, Calban," he said. "It must be 3 o'clock in the morning."

"I 'spec it is, Mars Lang," said the negro, as he made off in the darkness.

"Another mystery to unravel," muttered the detective, as he passed out the gate. "Herman Craven's hand must have guided the keen blade of that sheath knife, notwithstanding the fact that Hannah states that it could not have been he. Not a drop of blood on his spotless garments. A stain on his white hands, but a stain on his guilty conscience. Whether or not he struck the blow, his was the head that planned the murder. He pulled the wire and sounded the bell that for a moment left the coast clear. Campbell was the one man he wished removed from his path. But the bag of coin? Clearly he had a confederate, and that confederate struck the blow and escaped with the coin. Why, Herman had no knowledge of the fact that Campbell was to be there with the coin to pay that note to-night—I mean last night, now—until after he had entered the house and the banker had informed him in the library—and then he did not know that he would bear with him a bag of coin. Not a living soul witnessed that blow, save the one who struck it—not even Herman Craven—unless, perchance, he struck the blow. Hannah alone saw his blanched face when he pulled that wire, and her oath would not be admissible in a court of justice. Lang Sellars, you have solved some intricate cases. Solve this, and bring the murderer or murderers of Banker DeRosette to justice. Humph! Not a doubt of it!" the detective exclaimed aloud.

"Why," he thought, "I can place my hand upon my conscience, and on the formulator of this tragedy. Now for the evidence that will condemn him. Now for the unknown accomplice—if he had one—and the bag of coin. I wonder," he thought, suddenly coming to a full halt, "if I have his full motive. Was this murder planned after he had arrived at the house last night, and was his sole object to get possession of that money? If so, he had a confederate, sure. He might have acted a much larger sum from the bank. Ah, yes, but certain detection would have followed. One thing is certain: The object was to get rid of Banker DeRosette. I think that had been determined in your mind before to-night, Herman Craven, and if before to-night, why, then the securing of this bag of coin was no part of your motive; but Robert being there with his bag of coin was a circumstance, though not counted on, yet to be taken advantage of, and shrewdly the matter was managed. The banker is murdered, the bag of coin disappeared, and the man who stood in the nephew's way is in the custody of Sheriff Cobb—presumably a murderer. And I am left to solve the mystery that surrounds the taking off of a good man. I wonder if Mr. DeRosette left a will, and what that document will reveal? A little time will tell; and now for the grieving mother and sister of the innocent victim of circumstances, who is pacing with anxious strides the floor of a cell in the county jail."

Sellars had reached the widow's residence on Walnut street.

A bright light shone forth from the front windows, and as he stepped on the piazza a low moaning sound reached his ears from within.

"Poor souls," he thought. "I will soon dispel your agonizing fears, and ere long, I trust, restore to you your son and brother." And he rang the door bell.

CHAPTER VI.

Roger, an old family servant, to whom the detective was well known, opened the door, and as he saw the tall form of Sellars before him, the exclamation: "Thank God!" fell from his lips.

"Your mistress and her daughter know of the murder, and that Robert is held in custody of the sheriff?"

"Yes, Mars Lang, yes; Sheriff Cobb brought Mars Robert here, before he take him to jail. There was a scene, Mars Lang, a scene, and my old mistress and Miss Jennie is distracted. Dat boy ain't no murderer, Mars Lang. I trot him on my knee when he was a chile, and I oughter know. Rascality don't run in de Campbell blood, Mars Lang."

"Tell the ladies I am here, Roger, and ask them—"

At this moment the sitting room door opened and Jennie Campbell stepped into the hall, with a handkerchief to her eyes.

"What is it, Roger?" she asked.

"One who has called to bid you banish all fear as to any peril your brother may be in because of this sad case," said the detective, as he advanced towards her. "Lang Sellars."

"Oh!" cried Jennie. "The great detective. But—but Robert said that even you believed him guilty of that terrible crime—that you remarked that Sheriff Cobb had apprehended the guilty man. Surely, surely, sir—"

"It is sometimes necessary, Miss Jennie, to direct suspicion from the perpetrator of crime, in order that they may deem themselves secure, and in their fancied security to let them rest until they are thoroughly entangled in the network of their own crime, and a chain of evidence be woven about them that will leave no doubt as to their guilt when they are arraigned before a bar of justice. Such a case is this. So, though seemingly I acquiesced in Sheriff Cobb's opinion and approved of your brother's apprehension, I assure you that even then I was fully aware that he had an innocent man in custody. Robert Campbell was not the murderer of Alvin DeRosette."

"Bless you, sir! Bless you! Your assurance will give my mother comfort that the words of no other could. Not but that she knows Robert to be innocent, but that you, a man whose fame as a detector of crime, and who, it is said, reads men's lives, their motives and their thoughts, in their eyes and features, as we ordinary people would in a printed book, have pronounced him innocent. Please come to my mother, sir."

"You flatter me, Miss Campbell," said the detective, as he followed her.

"I can scarce speak unmerited words of flattery, sir, of the man who saved the life of Herbert Russell."

The mother of Robert Campbell sat bowed in grief in a rocker near a table in the center of the room—the most bitter grief she had ever known, for her loved son lay incarcerated in Wilmington jail, and the foul crime of murder was charged against him.

"Mother!" exclaimed her daughter, "here is one who will drive away your agonizing fears, one who will assure you of my brother's innocence."

"If I could have the assurance of one man alone in all this broad land," said the widow, "that he believed my son innocent of a foul crime of which I know him to be not the perpetrator, my heart would be comforted. But alas, he also has condemned my boy. You know of whom I speak, daughter—the great Southern detective."

"Madam," said Sellars, deeply moved, "he whom you indicate, from motives now known to your daughter, or partly so, it is true, did seemingly approve of the apprehension of your son, but let me assure you that in his heart there rests not a single doubt of your son's innocence. To assure you of that fact, and in a measure relieve you of anxiety, he is here."

At the first sound of the detective's voice Mrs. Campbell had raised her tear-stained eyes to his face, and now a deep sob burst from her breast, and for a moment she seemed choking with emotion; then recovering in a degree her composure, she extended one hand to the detective.

"The Lord be praised!" she exclaimed. "Lang Sellars! With him assured of my boy's innocence, with Robert under his protecting care, all is well. My daughter, we have nothing to fear. We will banish our tears and moans. God bless you, sir!"

(To be continued.)

EDWARD THRING—HEAD MASTER

A Most Remarkable Man in the Science of Education.

Soon after the death of Edward Thring, thirty-four years head-master of Uppingham School, a member of Parliament said to his biographer:

"Thring was the most remarkable Christian man of his generation. Because he was the first man in England to assert openly that in the economy of God's world a dull boy had as much right to have his power, such as it is, fully trained as a boy of talent, and that no school did honest work which did not recognize this truth as the basis of its working arrangements."

lars before him, the exclamation: "Thank God!" fell from his lips.

"Your mistress and her daughter know of the murder, and that Robert is held in custody of the sheriff?"

"Yes, Mars Lang, yes; Sheriff Cobb brought Mars Robert here, before he take him to jail. There was a scene, Mars Lang, a scene, and my old mistress and Miss Jennie is distracted. Dat boy ain't no murderer, Mars Lang. I trot him on my knee when he was a chile, and I oughter know. Rascality don't run in de Campbell blood, Mars Lang."

"Tell the ladies I am here, Roger, and ask them—"

At this moment the sitting room door opened and Jennie Campbell stepped into the hall, with a handkerchief to her eyes.

"What is it, Roger?" she asked.

"One who has called to bid you banish all fear as to any peril your brother may be in because of this sad case," said the detective, as he advanced towards her. "Lang Sellars."

"Oh!" cried Jennie. "The great detective. But—but Robert said that even you believed him guilty of that terrible crime—that you remarked that Sheriff Cobb had apprehended the guilty man. Surely, surely, sir—"

"It is sometimes necessary, Miss Jennie, to direct suspicion from the perpetrator of crime, in order that they may deem themselves secure, and in their fancied security to let them rest until they are thoroughly entangled in the network of their own crime, and a chain of evidence be woven about them that will leave no doubt as to their guilt when they are arraigned before a bar of justice. Such a case is this. So, though seemingly I acquiesced in Sheriff Cobb's opinion and approved of your brother's apprehension, I assure you that even then I was fully aware that he had an innocent man in custody. Robert Campbell was not the murderer of Alvin DeRosette."

"Bless you, sir! Bless you! Your assurance will give my mother comfort that the words of no other could. Not but that she knows Robert to be innocent, but that you, a man whose fame as a detector of crime, and who, it is said, reads men's lives, their motives and their thoughts, in their eyes and features, as we ordinary people would in a printed book, have pronounced him innocent. Please come to my mother, sir."

"You flatter me, Miss Campbell," said the detective, as he followed her.

"I can scarce speak unmerited words of flattery, sir, of the man who saved the life of Herbert Russell."

The mother of Robert Campbell sat bowed in grief in a rocker near a table in the center of the room—the most bitter grief she had ever known, for her loved son lay incarcerated in Wilmington jail, and the foul crime of murder was charged against him.

"Mother!" exclaimed her daughter, "here is one who will drive away your agonizing fears, one who will assure you of my brother's innocence."

"If I could have the assurance of one man alone in all this broad land," said the widow, "that he believed my son innocent of a foul crime of which I know him to be not the perpetrator, my heart would be comforted. But alas, he also has condemned my boy. You know of whom I speak, daughter—the great Southern detective."

"Madam," said Sellars, deeply moved, "he whom you indicate, from motives now known to your daughter, or partly so, it is true, did seemingly approve of the apprehension of your son, but let me assure you that in his heart there rests not a single doubt of your son's innocence. To assure you of that fact, and in a measure relieve you of anxiety, he is here."

At the first sound of the detective's voice Mrs. Campbell had raised her tear-stained eyes to his face, and now a deep sob burst from her breast, and for a moment she seemed choking with emotion; then recovering in a degree her composure, she extended one hand to the detective.

"The Lord be praised!" she exclaimed. "Lang Sellars! With him assured of my boy's innocence, with Robert under his protecting care, all is well. My daughter, we have nothing to fear. We will banish our tears and moans. God bless you, sir!"

(To be continued.)

EDWARD THRING—HEAD MASTER

A Most Remarkable Man in the Science of Education.

Soon after the death of Edward Thring, thirty-four years head-master of Uppingham School, a member of Parliament said to his biographer:

"Thring was the most remarkable Christian man of his generation. Because he was the first man in England to assert openly that in the economy of God's world a dull boy had as much right to have his power, such as it is, fully trained as a boy of talent, and that no school did honest work which did not recognize this truth as the basis of its working arrangements."

When Thring became head-master of Uppingham, a "laurel free grammar school" founded in 1594, it had twenty-seven pupils. On his departure from his life-work the school numbered over four hundred pupils. The schoolmaster, as he called himself, had a passionate conviction that education was, in a special sense, a work of God. That conviction was his starting-point for school work.

One night he had the gratification of hearing a statement that cheered him greatly because it disclosed the formative influence of his teachings. A gentleman, lecturing in the schoolroom on "Education," told an anecdote illustrative of the value of a teacher's influence.

A boy, traveling on foot in France, full of spirit and life, had been asked by his companions to start early on Sunday to have a long day. The boy refused. Being pressed, he said:

"No, I will not do it; the head-master will not like it."

The other boys laughed, and said that the head-master was five hundred miles away; his excuse was nonsense.

But their jeering did not change his purpose. Then the lecturer turned round toward Mr. Thring, and said:

"That boy was from Uppingham; that head-master was you, sir."

The school cheered. The head-master, greatly moved, rose and said, "I am sure you will all thank the lecturer you must feel what I feel deeply. I thank the school for giving one such boy. I think there are many such boys among you."—Youth's Companion.

lars before him, the exclamation: "Thank God!" fell from his lips.

"Your mistress and her daughter know of the murder, and that Robert is held in custody of the sheriff?"

"Yes, Mars Lang, yes; Sheriff Cobb brought Mars Robert here, before he take him to jail. There was a scene, Mars Lang, a scene, and my old mistress and Miss Jennie is distracted. Dat boy ain't no murderer, Mars Lang. I trot him on my knee when he was a chile, and I oughter know. Rascality don't run in de Campbell blood, Mars Lang."

"Tell the ladies I am here, Roger, and ask them—"

At this moment the sitting room door opened and Jennie Campbell stepped into the hall, with a handkerchief to her eyes.

"What is it, Roger?" she asked.

"One who has called to bid you banish all fear as to any peril your brother may be in because of this sad case," said the detective, as he advanced towards her. "Lang Sellars."

"Oh!" cried Jennie. "The great detective. But—but Robert said that even you believed him guilty of that terrible crime—that you remarked that Sheriff Cobb had apprehended the guilty man. Surely, surely, sir—"

"It is sometimes necessary, Miss Jennie, to direct suspicion from the perpetrator of crime, in order that they may deem themselves secure, and in their fancied security to let them rest until they are thoroughly entangled in the network of their own crime, and a chain of evidence be woven about them that will leave no doubt as to their guilt when they are arraigned before a bar of justice. Such a case is this. So, though seemingly I acquiesced in Sheriff Cobb's opinion and approved of your brother's apprehension, I assure you that even then I was fully aware that he had an innocent man in custody. Robert Campbell was not the murderer of Alvin DeRosette."

"Bless you, sir! Bless you! Your assurance will give my mother comfort that the words of no other could. Not but that she knows Robert to be innocent, but that you, a man whose fame as a detector of crime, and who, it is said, reads men's lives, their motives and their thoughts, in their eyes and features, as we ordinary people would in a printed book, have pronounced him innocent. Please come to my mother, sir."

"You flatter me, Miss Campbell," said the detective, as he followed her.

"I can scarce speak unmerited words of flattery, sir, of the man who saved the life of Herbert Russell."

The mother of Robert Campbell sat bowed in grief in a rocker near a table in the center of the room—the most bitter grief she had ever known, for her loved son lay incarcerated in Wilmington jail, and the foul crime of murder was charged against him.

"Mother!" exclaimed her daughter, "here is one who will drive away your agonizing fears, one who will assure you of my brother's innocence."

"If I could have the assurance of one man alone in all this broad land," said the widow, "that he believed my son innocent of a foul crime of which I know him to be not the perpetrator, my heart would be comforted. But alas, he also has condemned my boy. You know of whom I speak, daughter—the great Southern detective."

"Madam," said Sellars, deeply moved, "he whom you indicate, from motives now known to your daughter, or partly so, it is true, did seemingly approve of the apprehension of your son, but let me assure you that in his heart there rests not a single doubt of your son's innocence. To assure you of that fact, and in a measure relieve you of anxiety, he is here."

At the first sound of the detective's voice Mrs. Campbell had raised her tear-stained eyes to his face, and now a deep sob burst from her breast, and for a moment she seemed choking with emotion; then recovering in a degree her composure, she extended one hand to the detective.