

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT  
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## THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.

Marmonte was a walled town in a province of France. In one of the houses near the ramparts lived a carpenter named Benoit. He was a sober man, who said little. He had followed several trades, had been a soldier, traveled a great deal, and had many adventures, but he never spoke of them, the town people thought he had nothing good to tell. The only person that he was at all cordial with was an old soldier named Trappe who had saved his life in battle. This man was a great talker and Benoit suspected him of being a knave. He had set up a barber shop in a street near by. One evening he called on Benoit to ask him to drink a bottle of wine at the Chevrol Noir, with two old comrades who had served in the same regiment. At first Benoit refused; but when Trappe told him it was the anniversary of the battle in which he had saved his life, he accepted, and insisted upon paying the score. When he arrived at the cabaret he found two ill looking fellows whom he had never seen before. They sat drinking together in the public room until nearly twelve o'clock. Benoit, after spending more money than he had ever spent before at an inn in Marmonte, made them good night and went home, followed by Trappe, who was talking loudly, up to the room where Madame Benoit and her son were. Trappe laughingly forced them to drink two glasses of wine with him. Benoit, annoyed; walked to the window, and when he turned around, was astonished to find Trappe gone. He remembered this afterwards, but thought little of it at the time, he was so sleepy with the wine. He then fastened his doors and went to bed. The next morning he was astonished to find his shop door ajar, and on going to his lumber loft, that the window was open. He said nothing, for it was not his custom to talk about what he did not understand. On going to his work, he found the whole town in excitement, and talking about a great robbery that had been committed during the night. He soon perceived, too, that he was avoided, and many cast strange glances at him. Then he overheard a neighbor say:

"I noticed Benoit's shop open last night after eleven o'clock a most unusual circumstance—no light—no fire."

He passed on, so Benoit heard no more, but his suspicions were aroused. He knew Trappe did not leave his house until all were asleep, and that he had opened the door to the robbers. He remembered the wine, too. He went to the barber's shop. "Trappe," said he, "thou hast saved my life, I shall say nothing."

The next day Trappe disappeared. From this time proofs seemed to accumulate against Benoit. The police found the tracks of the robbers from his roof to the ramparts. A silver spoon belonging to a family who had been robbed of their plate, was found under the window of the lumber loft. Benoit was arrested and brought before the court. He was asked by the judge if he left the door and window open.

He answered, "No."

"Then," said the judge, "do you know who did open them?"

"No," replied Benoit; for he did not know that Trappe had done it. "Do you suspect any one?"

"No, Monsieur. As I am suspected unjustly, I have no right to suspect others."

In short, he answered every question honestly, without incriminating Trappe. The judge finding no proof against him was obliged to set him free.

It was evident to him, however, from the manner of the discharge and the talk of the people, that he was still suspected. He showed no emotion, but went quietly home. After embracing his wife and son, who were transported with joy to see him again, he said to the latter: "Sylvester, you will hear every word that I say, and I am acquitted, I am no less than a knave. Be not daunted, this will not last forever."

His wife was frightened at what he said, but did not believe it. She went out to talk with her neighbors. Some turned their backs and would have nothing to say to her, others looked at her in pity, and shrugged their shoulders as if to say: "Poor woman! it is not her fault."

Others declared to her what they thought. After defending her husband warmly, she returned home weeping, and saying that she would live no longer in Marmonte.

"If I go away," said Benoit, I shall leave a bad name behind me."  
"But what good will it do you to stay in this place?" asked Madame Benoit.  
"I mean to recover my good reputation," answered he.  
"But you will lose all your customers," said she.  
"No," said Benoit, "for I will be the best carpenter in town."  
"There are others quite as good as you, what will they do to make yourself better than they?"  
"By taking the most difficult work and trying to make it perfect."  
Benoit had work on hand when he was arrested. He hastened to finish it. He did it so well, so promptly and so reasonably, that the firm continued to employ him in spite of their bad opinion of him. He arose two hours earlier than usual every morning, and retired later; he labored diligently, so as to hire fewer workmen, and be able to work cheaper, although he furnished the very best material and workmanship. Thus he not only kept his old customers, but acquired new ones. He knew the people thought ill of

## THE SCANDAL'S LAWYERS.

COURT-ROOM VIEWS OF THE LEGAL WORKERS IN THE TRIAL.  
MR. EVARTS, MR. BEACH, GEN. TRACY, JUDGE FULLERTON, EX-JUDGE PORTER, GEN. PRYOR, MR. SHEARMAN, EX-JUDGE MORRIS.—A Sketch of Their Peculiar Points.

The following description of the great Beecher-Tilton lawyers, given by the New York Sun during the progress of the trial cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

Next to the two men pitted against each other in the great scandal, their wives and Mr. Moulton, head is given by the attendants of the trial of Mr. Beecher to the lawyers engaged in it. Their words are listened to and their movements watched with the eager attention that may be supposed as given by the witnesses of a full fight. Significance is given to everything they do no matter how trivial. If Mr. Beach whispers to Mr. Fullerton that there is a speck on the end of his nose, or Mr. Everts asks Mr. Shearman what day of the week it is, the observers in the gallery are certain that a new device has been conceived or a change of plan consulted about. These legal gentlemen, too, although they make their demeanor a matter of mimicry, certainly know that they are combatants in a struggle watched by the world, and that their reputation as lawyers are as deeply involved as are the fates of their clients. The relative strength of the opposing forces is daily discussed. The latest bouts between them being usually the facts from which varying deductions are made. There are eight of the lawyers leaving out those who do routine work and are not likely to gain prominence in the trial. These are Messrs. Everts, Porter, Tracy and Shearman for Mr. Beecher, and Messrs. Beach, Fullerton, Pryor and Morris for Mr. Tilton. As to comeliness, the plaintiff's array are eminent, Mr. Beach, Mr. Fullerton, and Mr. Morris being without rivals in the opposition except Mr. Tracy. As to brains, that involves an opinion which can better be formed after the coming weeks of struggle. Each will get a chance to show his ability in his strongest line, the decision of work having been made as a theatrical program casts the parts in a play "to the full strength of the company."

MR. WILLIAM M. EVARTS  
The senior counsel for Mr. Beecher, Mr. Everts, with the fame of connection with national litigation and policy, is seemingly the most self-conscious lawyer in the two groups. On about every day in the first week of the trial he demanded more room. When the tables had at last been arranged according to his plan, he still frowned, and looked as though he wanted to put everybody at a yet more respectful distance. He is old, thin, straight, and has such a face as would wrench the properties belonging to anybody but a lawyer of the old-school pattern. His nose, large and aggressive of outline, is inclined to be neighborly with his chin. His head is shapely, but not large. He wears no beard, and his hair is dark and rather short. His clothes will be shabby before long if he doesn't get a new suit. To sum up his appearance, his own tactics, his sort of language, he is half-way between a wizen-faced, musty old gentleman and one of the fine, precise, yellow veterans who have won in portrait galleries since men were stocks three inches broad. Mr. Everts wears such a neckerchief now, and a blue cloak with a broad velvet collar. His voice comes up from somewhere in his depths as though hoisted out of a cellar where he had a great deal more of it stored away, and there is an interval between the opening of his mouth and the outcome of any sound. It is like watching a wood-chopper from a distance, and seeing the fall of the ax and the stroke coming an instant later. In manner, he is quick and testy, but he does not waste time in purposeless bickerings. He apparently expects to gain every point that he makes, and takes it hardly when he fails, dropping into a chair and throwing one thin leg over the other with a quickness that half makes one listen to hear his bones rattle. His diction is almost perfect, and he speaks slowly and distinctly, no matter how much stimulated by opposition or anger. He interrupts frequently that would disturb a less-tempered man than Judge Neilson. He has a word in his own vocabulary which he uses when he is stubbornly during the examination of Mr. Moulton, their hot encounters being the spice of the trial.

MR. WILLIAM A. BEACH.  
The senior counsel for Mr. Tilton has never held a judicial position, yet since his coming to New York from Troy, a few years ago, he has been generally called Judge Beach. He is the embodiment of dignity in his court room demeanor, and is a large man, with the outward indications of great mental and physical vigor. His features are striking and full of character marks. His long, straight hair and the whiskers that hide his chin, are white. They were bleached from jet black to white in a few short weeks, about three years ago. It was no sudden stroke of fright or grief that made the change—he only stopped dyeing. He is an oldish man with the vitality of youth. Next to Mr. Beecher he has the strongest face in the court—one that would be inconspicuous behind a counter, or anywhere out of consequential scenes. He is unceasingly attentive while Mr. Moulton is under examination, and is so familiar with the scandal matter that, when Mr. Fullerton occasionally misreads a word in a letter, he quickly corrects him from memory. His manner is dictatorial and aggressive in the extreme, but he stops short of impetuosity. The little speaking that he has done in the trial has been beyond doubt better

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