


AUNT HANNAH'S SECRET.

By H. E. Scott

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
 "When did Herman take the carriage out last?"
 "The night befo' de murder, Mars Lang, and he didn't hab any ob dat crowd wid him. He lef de carriage in front ob Willise's drug store, on de corner ob Market and Front streets, and tell me to wait. He walk off towards de Carolina Hotel, and when he come back dar was a man wid him I nebber saw befo' dat I knows of. He was taller and heavier dan Mars Herman, and older, too. He had a grayish mustache and wore a beaver hat. Both of dem was smokin' cegars, and dey got in de carriage."
 "Drive out Market street, Adam, Mars Herman say, and I did."
 "Did you catch this party's name?"
 "I heard Mars Herman call him 'Stephens.' I spec' dat's his name. Well, I drive past de house, and I hear Mars Herman say, 'dar's where my Uncle Alvin lives.'"
 "Lives now? Mr. Stephens say. 'Yes, now,' says Mars Herman, and de ratlin' ob de wheels drown de rest. When I got 'bout six blocks beyond de house Mars Herman say: 'Drive back, Adam, and I drive back de same way. Goin' back, I heard dat man ax Mars Herman what kind ob game dey run at de 'Planters Rest.' Mars Herman say: 'A pretty stiff game, sometimes.'"
 "Oh, Mr. Stephens say, 'dey play's fer high stakes in Baltimore. Dars de place fer high rollers.'"
 "He did."
 "Yes, Mars Lang. Well, dey lef de carriage at de same place I pick dem up, and Mars Herman give me fifty cents and say: 'You go home, Adam. I will walk, and as I drove off dey was goin' towards de hotel.'"
 "Herman is liberal with money, is he not, Adam?"
 "Mos' ebery night when he keep me out he give me a quarter or half dollar."
 "I see! I see!" and de detective ran his fingers through his hair. "Would you know this man Stephens if you saw him again, Adam?"
 "Know him, fer true, Mars Lang. He speak quick and short, and he eye mighty sharp lak. Oh, I know him!"
 "What time was it when you drove home?"
 "It wan' late. I spec' 'bout nine o'clock."
 "You don't know what time Herman Craven came home, or whether he was alone?"
 "No, Mars Lang. I wen' to bed directly I got home; but I wen' up to get Mars Herman's shoes, to black dem, in de mornin', and dar was no one but him dar."
 "Last night you did not have de carriage out?"
 "No, Mars Lang; but Mars Herman was downtown. I saw him go out de gate after supper. I don't know what time he get in."
 "He carries a night key to the front door, I suppose?"
 "Certain!"
 "Here there was a rap on the door leading into the hall."
 "It's me, Lang," replied Mrs. Sellars. "Hannah is waiting to see you."
 "Yes, yes, in a moment, wife. You may go now, Adam. And remember, not a word to a living soul that you have been here, or that you have had any conversation with me—not a hint! And notice particularly when you are downtown if you see that man Stephens again. I will send Calban for you when I want you again. You may be of great assistance to me, and you shall not go unrewarded."
 "Golly, Mars Lang, all de 'ward I wants is to see de man what murder my ole marster hanged, and Mars Robert Campbell turned loose, kaze I know Miss Hattie's sweetheart nebber murdered ole marster."
 "You may earn a greater reward than the satisfaction of seeing a guilty wretch hanged, Adam—perhaps your freedom—who knows?"
 "The detective had been rolling up the bloody shirt, and here he handed it to Adam with the words: "Take your shirt; the stains on it indicate indeed that 'fowl murder has been committed.'"
 "Dat's so, Mars Lang," said the negro, grinning. "Chicken murder. I's guilty ob dat, and you's got a witness agin me in de nex' room."
 "As the door closed behind Adam, Calban admitted Hannah.
 "Did you cook chickens for dinner yesterday, Hannah?"
 "Yes, Mars Lang."
 "Who killed the chickens, and when, and where?"
 "Why, Adam, just back of de kitchen, yestidy mawnin'. He chop dar haid off wid de hatchet."
 "Are you sure, Hannah?"
 "Deed I is, Mars Lang. De fool nigger let dem chicken bloody his shut all up, and I tell him, 'Who's gwain wash dat shut?'"
 "Did you ever see or hear of a man named Stephens, a friend of Herman Craven's, Hannah?"
 "I nebber did, Mars Lang—nebber. If he got friends, dough, dey nebber comes to de house."
 "Is Miss Campbell yet at the De-Rosette residence?"
 "No, she gone home, poor chile."
 "Do you think Herman is suspicious of you in the least?"
 "No, Mars Lang, I ain't think so."
 "Well, I wish you to watch his movements as closely as you can, also to note if he is absent from the house nights, and who enters the house between this time

and that of your master's funeral. I wish also to see Uncle Duke. You can find an opportunity to tell him to call here at this hour to-morrow night. Caution him not to be observed in doing so. Keep a close mouth. Good night."
 "Good night, Mars Lang." And in a moment more the detective was the only occupant of the office. On a strip of paper he made this memoranda:
 "Planters Rest."
 "Carolina Hotel Register."
 "Uncle Duke."
 "Mr. Stephens."
 "By all means—Mr. Stephens," mused the detective, as he rolled the strip of paper into a ball and cast it in a waste basket.
 "Calban's clue," he laughed, "while being one of a fowl murder, was not one tending to lead to the perpetrator of the foul murder of which, perhaps, Mr. Stephens may have a guilty knowledge."
 CHAPTER XI.
 Twenty minutes after Hannah had taken her departure from the detective's office Sellars entered the door of the Carolina Hotel.
 It was nearing eleven o'clock, and he found but two men present in the office—McLain, the night clerk of the hotel, and Dolby Browning, one of the conductors of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.
 The detective passed through the office into the barroom, where he purchased a cigar, lighted it and sauntered back into the office.
 "Good evening, gentlemen," he remarked, as he strode forward to the counter on which the register was lying.
 "Good evening, Mr. Sellars," responded the two men.
 "Not much transient custom nowadays, I suppose, Mack?"
 "Very little," replied the clerk, "nor do I suppose we can look for more before fall."
 "I should judge not," said Sellars, as he bent over the open register.
 "One, two, five, seven, nine. Why, you had fifteen arrivals to-day."
 "Yes, but half of them are drummers," said the clerk; "they get half rates, you know. There is not much money in them."
 "Well, they will bring you other custom later."
 "True enough, Mr. Sellars; that is the inducement for giving them half rates."
 "Yesterday you had even a greater number, twenty-four. I declare, I see few names here that I have not some knowledge of the parties."
 Here the detective turned back a leaf of the register.
 "The 17th, twenty-one guests. Ah, here is the name of my old friend, Jo Anson of Tarboro. Why, here's Norment of Lumberton and Caldwell of Duplin. Yes, and Sam Grady and Col. Hoyt of Charleston. Next comes Stephens—C. A. Stephens of Baltimore. It's time for me to stop now, for I have no recollection of that name. To be sure, there are plenty of Stephenses—Virginia, for instance, is full of them; then there are the Stephenses of Cumberland, the Stephenses of Wake and Craven. I wonder if C. A. Stephens is one of those?"
 "I think not," said the clerk. "I have no recollection of having seen this Stephens before. He was only here a short time. Arrived on the morning of the 17th and left on the night of the 18th. He may have been a drummer, but I think not, as he did not ask for drummer's rates and had no baggage with him."
 "He was not a drummer then," said Sellars, with a laugh, "but he may have been an employer of drummers."
 "He made a trip down with me," observed Browning. "I have no recollection of having seen him before. He is not a drummer, and if he left on the night of the 18th he must have gone out with Borden. He had the night run that trip."
 "He looked rather like a sporting character," observed the clerk, "but I presume he was a Baltimore business man. Craven, the cashier of the 'Cape Fear Bank,' seemed to know him; at least I noticed them talking earnestly together on the night of the 17th. By the way, that was a sad affair of Mr. DeRosette's taking off."
 "Terrible, Mack! Terrible! It was a shock to the entire community."
 "And to think that Robert Campbell should have committed the murder! Why, he is the last man I would have suspected, and I heard Sheriff Cobb say there was no doubt of his guilt."
 "Sheriff Cobb is a very shrewd man—a very shrewd man," said the detective.
 "I understand that the prisoner had the audacity to call you into the case. It reminded me of your call in the Mulberry case."
 "Very like! Very like!" said Lang. "Cobb got the start of me this time."
 "I am sorry for Campbell's mother and sister," observed the night clerk.
 "Yes, and I," said Lang. "Well, good night," he added, "I must be going."
 "Good night, Mr. Sellars."
 "So much for Mr. C. A. Stephens," thought Lang as he left the office. "He arrived in Wilmington on the morning of the 17th. Mack observed him in close conversation with Herman Craven that night, and the same night Adam drives the two past the banker's house. You may be straighter than a string, C. A. Stephens, but I must know more about you. You left the hotel on the night of the murder—presumably left the city the

same night. The north-bound train left for Baltimore at ten o'clock. At that hour the banker was a living man. I must interview Borden when he comes down the road. Poor Campbell! I believe every word of his statement. It is late, but the mother and daughter are looking for me. I must drop in and give them a word of cheer. I can't be going there much in the light of day."
 This the detective did, and when he entered his own home the clock was striking the hour of twelve.
 CHAPTER XII.
 At the appointed time on the night of the 20th Uncle Duke was admitted to the presence of the detective. But the old man could give no information that Sellars deemed material. It was evident that he knew less of the cashier's life, associations and career after banking hours than did Adam.
 He occupied a room on the lower floor of the house back of the bath room, and usually was sound asleep by nine o'clock at night. That had been the case on the night of the murder, and he knew nothing of the terrible deed that had been committed until he was aroused by the commotion that followed it.
 He had never heard of a party by the name of C. A. Stephens, nor had he ever known Herman Craven to bring a companion into the banker's house.
 The night following his conversation with Uncle Duke the detective met Conductor Borden at the Carolina Hotel and in a discussion which he brought about in regard to the traffic of the road, he gradually led 'round to the number of passengers that the various conductors carried over the road on their trips. In the meanwhile the hotel register was open before him.
 "The transfers from the Manchester road form the bulk of the passenger list going north now," said the conductor, "but on my last trip, the night of the 18th I had a goodly number from Wilmington."
 "Yes," said Sellars, turning back the leaves of the register. "I notice quite a number of arrivals on the 17th and 18th. It is so hot here now that they do not tarry long. I suppose you carried them all back up the road with you. I see that those that arrived on the 17th are nearly all checked as having departed on the night of the 18th. Jo Wallace, and Hoyt, and Caldwell, and Turner, and Stephens. By the way, I wonder what family of Stephenses this C. A. Stephens belongs to?"
 "I declare I don't know," said Borden. "He came down the road with Browning, I believe. If he left the city on the night of the 18th he did not go over the road with me. He may have gone south. Grady and Hoyt went that way back to Charleston, I suppose."
 The 22d of the month the remains of the banker were consigned to the grave, and a vast concourse of people was present in the cemetery when the last sad rites were spoken.
 All eyes were seemingly bent on the form of the bereaved young daughter, who, in the anguish that wrung her heart, clung, strange to say, not to the arm of Herman Craven, who seemed to shudder and grow pale as the clouds of earth rolled in upon the coffin, but to the arms of two women who were seemingly scarcely less agitated than herself—the mother and sister of the man who lay in jail accused of the damnable crime of the banker's taking off.
 Many there were who looked on this scene with surprise, but none with a deeper feeling of annoyance than Herman Craven and Sheriff Cobb.
 To Sheriff Cobb's cold nature it was inexplicable that the daughter of the murdered man should seek consolation of the mother and sister of his murderer.
 To Herman Craven's mind the circumstance boded not the easy fulfillment of his wishes. "Wait!" he thought. "Wait!"
 Lang Sellars, as he stood some yards away, leaning against a stately pine, his tall form towering above all others, thought as his keen eye rested on the figures before him: "There will be a tie that will bind you yet closer together. Wait!"
 It was ten o'clock on the 23d day of the month, and gathered in the spacious parlors of the residence of the late banker were the five directors of the "Cape Fear Bank" and a goodly number of those who in his lifetime had been close personal friends.
 Seated at one side of the front parlor near an open window, and with Jennie Campbell beside her, was the banker's daughter, and very beautiful, yet sad, she looked, clad in the habiliments that told of her bereavement.
 A number of ladies were seated near them, and ranged against the wall opposite them were the family servants.
 Herman Craven sat near a center table conversing with the old attorney of the bank, who presently arose to his feet. In a position from where he could at will scan all features sat the great detective.
 "I have been requested," said the lawyer, "by the daughter of our late friend, by his nephew and by the directors of the bank of which he was the honored president, to read to those here present his last will and testament. The instrument is embraced in this package of papers just handed me by the cashier of the bank, Herman Craven."
 Here Attorney Dobbs removed the rubber band and withdrew from the package the banker's will.
 (To be continued.)
 An Exhibit on Wheels.
 "Henry, when we move I want an open van."
 "Our stuff may get rained on."
 "I don't care; I want the neighbors to see what lovely furniture you buy or me."
 Fiddle-tty Not a Good Fit.
 He, Froude says: "Human improvement is from within outward."
 She—Isn't it queer that those words occurred to me the moment I first saw you in your new spring overcoat?
 Fame Old Yarn.
 "The very first time I mounted my wheel I went right off like an expert."
 "Break anything?"

WHAT IT COSTS TO MARRY.
 Only a \$5 Bill Is Needed to Defray the Necessary Expenses.
 Marriage is one of the cheapest of luxuries if one reckons only the outlay required for the payment of the preacher or magistrate who performs the ceremony and the cost of the license in such States as require licenses. Any minister, priest or preacher of the gospel in the United States may solemnize marriages, and in many States judges for one or more classes of courts may officiate. In all save half a dozen States, too, justices of the peace have the privilege of officiating at the highly important function.
 In some parts of the United States the person performing a marriage ceremony must have personal knowledge of the identity, names and residence of the parties, and inasmuch as such laws are enforced in some of the Western States where young people frequently drive long distances to be married, the stipulation has on occasion caused more or less inconvenience. In most of the States two witnesses are required to be present at the solemnization of a marriage, although in some States a single witness is sufficient. There is still in force in Pennsylvania an old law which prescribes that twelve witnesses shall be present, but this exacting is seldom if ever enforced. Perhaps the strangest stipulation of all is that which appears in the laws of Tennessee, and is to the effect that the validity of a marriage shall be in no wise affected by the omission of the baptismal name of either party in the license and the use of a nickname instead, provided the parties can be identified. Any person conversant with the conditions prevailing in the mountain districts of Tennessee will appreciate the wisdom of this unique proviso.
 Common supposition is to the effect that the fee for performing the marriage ceremony is dependent entirely upon the generosity of the bridegroom, and it will doubtless, therefore, surprise many persons to learn that in several States the law has a hand in the matter. In the old dominion, for instance, there is a statute which provides that the person solemnizing a marriage is entitled to a fee of one dollar, and that "any person exacting a greater fee shall forfeit to the party aggrieved \$50." In West Virginia it is stipulated that the fee be "at least one dollar," and the Idaho law says that "the fee shall be \$5, or any other greater sum voluntarily given by the parties to such marriage." In sixteen States of the Union a wedded couple may obtain a more or less elaborate certificate of their marriage.
 MISS GOULD AN OFFICIAL OF THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

 MISS HELEN GOULD.
 Miss Helen Gould, who has accepted her appointment as member of the Board of Lady Managers of the St. Louis World's Fair, is the most distinguished member of the family of the late Jay Gould.
 People Who Wear the Kilt.
 The wearing of the kilt is a custom religiously observed in the smartest society in Scotland. Many peers and some wealthy commoners who are chiefs of clans take special pride in the national costume. The Duke of Sutherland and his sons, the Duke of Argyll, and his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, Lord Kinnoull, and entitled chieftains, such as Cameron of Lochiel or The Mackintosh—all these and many more—wear the Highland dress when in Scotland. A gentleman of high degree dons a kilt of a plainer tartan for morning wear and for shooting, and in the evening, when he dresses for dinner, he puts on his full dress tartan, with sporran and richly jeweled dirk.—London M. A. P.
 Sweet Revenge.
 While the British matron moans as each successive British youth is led captive to the altar by American girls, her Canadian niece is avenging the English cousin. She has swept across the boundary line and descended upon the professional young woman of the United States. While the Canadian girl is now prominent in all professions in the States, her greatest distinction has been won in trained nursing. In the most noted training schools and the finest hospitals the Canadian trained nurse is in places of responsibility.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Maud—I'd hate to think that you'd throw yourself at Fred. Mamie—Why not? He's a good catch.—Harlem Life.
 Parke—Wiggson married a widow, didn't he? Lane—Yes. Parke—I wonder how he likes her former husband?—Puck.
 Clarence—Did my proposal surprise you, Clarissa? Clarissa—Indeed it did, Clarence; honestly, I didn't expect to get it without hinting for it.
 Contractor—You won't sell me a car-load of bricks on credit? Dealer—No. Me an' my bricks are very much alike. We're hard pressed for cash.
 Smith—What makes so many people crazy to get into society? Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?—Detroit Free Press.
 Husband—I wonder what we shall wear in heaven. Wife—Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks.—Smart Set.
 Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist? Subject—Neither. I'm a furniture mover.—Brooklyn Eagle.
 "Blumber is getting poetical. He says there is something very rhythmical in the click of a typewriter's keys." "Blumber has a very pretty typewriter girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 "That great Italian tenor told me he had a mattress stuffed full of the laurel wreaths that have been given him." "A mattress full? Then he ought to retire on them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 "She caught a thief in the house and chased him four blocks," said the admiring friend. "Isn't it strange," replied the sarcastic rival, "how some girls are always after the men?"—Chicago Post.
 "Wheeler seems to be stuck on that new doctor of his." "Yes, he's up to date. When Wheeler was sick in bed the doctor said, 'Oh, we'll have you on your pedals again in a few days.'—Philadelphia Press.
 "Couldn't she induce him to stay at home?" "No, not even by offering him all the comforts of the club." "What was his argument?" "That the main comfort of the club was that it was the club and not home."
 "This gold mining business is being overdone," said the small speculator, with the air of one who knows it all. "That's so," replied Sharpe. "There's one mine that is sure to go to the wall." "What's that?" "Kalsomine."—Indianapolis Press.
 "Now," said the doctor, "if you wish to escape a return of the grip, you must take every precaution to avoid getting your feet wet." "All right, doctor," said the grateful patient. "Shall I wear rubber shoes when I take a bath?"—Baltimore American.
 "You haven't explained how you came to have Mr. Smith's chickens in your possession," said the judge. "I'm trying to think, yer honor," replied the accused; "give me time." "Very well," replied the judge, blandly, "six months."—Cincinnati Enquirer.
 Mamma—Tommy, do stop that noise. If you'll only be good I'll give you a penny. Tommy—No, I want a nickel. "Why, you little rascal, you were quite satisfied to be good yesterday for a penny." "I know, but that was bargain day."—Philadelphia Times.
 "It takes all kind of people to make a world," said Willie Washington. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "Life is full of paradoxes. For instance, I have often wondered why it is that the freshest young men invariably make the stalest remarks."—Washington Star.
 Professor—If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do? Medical Student—Give him something to make him sick, and then administer an antidote. Professor—Don't waste any more time here. Hang out your shingle."—New York Weekly.
 Solicitous: Mother—Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny—Where by th' ole mill watchin' a man paint a picture. Mother—Didn't you bother him, Johnny? Johnny—Naw. He seemed to be real interested in me. Mother—What did he say? Johnny—He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time and you'd miss me.—Harlem Life.
 "You are convicted of bigamy," remarked the judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "Now," continued the court, "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows." Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept. "I shall sentence you to prison for two years. What are you grinning at?" "I thought," smiled the prisoner, through his tears, "you were a-going to turn me loose."