



CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Your opinion of Herman Craven seems to have changed."

"There is much, son, that we cannot understand. Above all else, we must not lose sight of the fact that Herman is the dead banker's nephew—his only sister's child. I did doubt the validity of that will, but ask yourself this question, 'Would a wealthy uncle do less than liberally remember an only nephew in his will?' Again, would he not be apt to name his daughter's only living relative her guardian? It is not strange that he had named him his administrator. The banker bade fair to live many years. Herman was under his guidance, and he no doubt hoped to see him come up to his standard of what he thought a young man should be, in which event he no doubt expected that the young man would one day become his son."

The two men here left the office, and the father made his way home, while fifteen minutes later the son entered the door of the widow's residence, where he found two women in tears.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" he cried, as he crossed the threshold. "You both promised to be brave. Remember Sellars saying, 'The darkest hour always comes just before dawn.'"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Jennie. "We have his word—his pledge!"

"And the pledge of Lang Sellars is never violated, my love!"

"His reward," said the widow, "shall not be measured by gold. We will ever cherish his memory in our hearts."

"And my reward, dear Mrs. Campbell?" "Yours, Arthur?"

"Mine, Mrs. Campbell! May I name it now—at least, the one I would ask? It is the hand and heart of the girl I love!"

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur! You have the heart now!" cried Jennie, as the young man folded his arms about her.

"And you have won the hand also," said the widow, with a smile that shone happily even through her tears. "My children's happiness is all I crave. God bless you both, and bring me back my boy!"

"And I may claim my bride?"

"When our great detective has fulfilled his pledge."

CHAPTER XX.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth every seat in the court room of Judge Fowler was filled.

There was no longer even standing room.

Wilmington's populace had turned out almost en masse to listen to the verdict of the jury in the case against Robert Campbell, charged with murder, and few there were who doubted what that verdict would be.

The prisoner occupied the box, as he had for several days previous, while seated just without the railing that separated him from the bar of the court was his mother and sister.

It seemed that the calm demeanor of the prisoner brought added confidence to the two women, who were earnestly conversing with him.

Within the bar were seated a number of attorneys.

To the right of the judicial seat was Attorney Robbins, while by his side sat Herman Craven, without a single cloud darkening his brow.

Slightly removed from them sat Mrs. Hammond, the wife of Director Hammond, Miss Steel, and the fair daughter of the murdered banker.

To the left, nearer the prisoner, were seated Lawyer Dobbs and his son.

The clerk of the court was already at his post and Sheriff Cobb stood directly behind the prisoner, while two of his deputies were leaning over the railing.

Coroner Field, who had held the prisoner for trial, was standing near the sheriff.

The low hum of voices resounded throughout the court room, and expectancy was beaming from all eyes as they were turned from time to time to the side door by which it was expected the judge would enter the court room.

As the last stroke of the clock died away the door opened and the judge advanced within the bar.

A moment more and he had mounted the bench and taken his seat.

The sheriff had advanced within the railing, and with his gavel he struck three blows on the corner of the clerk's desk, crying out as he did so: "Oyez, Oyez! This honorable court is now in session! Order, order in this honorable court!"

A dead silence succeeded the sheriff's proclamation.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "have the jury in the case against Robert Campbell agreed on a verdict?"

"They have, your honor!"

"Conduct them into court."

Sheriff Cobb passed without the railing and struggled through the throng to the rear end of the court room, where he knocked on the jury room door.

In a moment more his voice resounded through the room as he cried: "Make way! Make way for the jury! Make way! Make way!"

A space was opened, and down through it, with the sheriff at their head, marched the twelve men who, through one word of their foreman, would consign Robert Campbell to the gallows. At least, so expected a vast majority of those present in the court room.

The jury filed into the box, and each man stood facing the judge.

There was a solemn look on the faces of these men that caused a shudder to pass through the frames of a dotting mother, a loving sister and the bereaved daughter of the late banker, whose heart was in the keeping of the prisoner at the bar.

"It is all up with him," thought Herman Craven; nor thought he so alone.

The judge turned solemnly and faced the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have," responded Foreman Albright.

"What say you? Guilty or not guilty?"

Every neck was craned forward. Every eye was on the lips of the foreman. Would he never speak?

Ah, his lips move!

"We find the prisoner—"

"Hold! Hold! Make way! Make way!" Every attorney leaped to his feet.

Even the judge stood erect on his stand.

"Make way! Make way!" and strong arms were forcing a passage through the throng from the main entrance of the court room.

The prisoner, at the sound of that voice, regardless of the sheriff's deputies, had leaped to his feet, and standing erect, the first object that met his gaze was the head and shoulders of the great Southern detective, towering above all others.

"Make way! Make way!" And in an instant more three men marched within the railing of the bar—or rather the foremost one was thrust within by the hands of the detective, who followed.

This foremost party was of a goodly frame, being fully six feet in height. He was clothed in a fashionable suit of steel gray, a diamond stud glittered from his white shirt front, a heavy gold chain hung pendant from a button hole in his vest, and a beaver hat rested rather slantingly on his head.

His eyes were black and piercing, and a grayish mustache adorned his upper lip. On his thin lips was a scornful smile and his features were livid with either the emotion of hate or fear.

His gloved hands were before him, held there by iron shackles, and one hand of Sellars rested upon his shoulder.

The detective appeared as calm and collected as though he was at his home dandling his boy upon his knee.

All eyes were fixed on these two figures, and none noticed the frail looking man who, leaning on a stout cane, had followed in the wake of the detective.

The quick eye of Sellars had scanned all countenances, but now his gaze was riveted on an object of terror that had arisen in alarm to its feet at the first sound of his voice, but had sunk back to its seat with a groan when the handcuffed form had been thrust within the railing.

The object of terror was Herman Craven. He sat, a cowering wretch, with the pallor of death on his face, and his wild eyes gazing on the features of the manacled man.

A dead silence had succeeded the entrance of the three men within the bar.

The judge, who had been lost to his surroundings, now recalled himself to the duties before him, and his ire was apparently aroused.

"What means this unwonted disturbance of the proceedings of this court, Lang Sellars?" he demanded, in a loud voice, with his eyes fixed on the detective.

"It means, your honor," came in deep tones from the lips of Sellars, "that this jury shall be saved from the disgrace of pronouncing an innocent man guilty of the foul crime of murder—that this court shall be saved the ignominy of condemning to death one whose hand has shed no blood. It means that this wretch who you see before you is the murderer of Alvin DeRosette."

A glad cry escaped the lips of Robert Campbell's mother: "Saved! Saved! My boy is saved!" and mother and daughter were weeping in each other's arms, while from his box the arms of the prisoner were cast about them.

"Who is your prisoner?" demanded the judge, who appeared astounded at Sellars' statement.

"Stephen Abbott, a Baltimore gambler—C. A. Stephens, a traveling man—Stephen Craven, the father of the president of 'The Cape Fear Bank,' the cowering wretch seated there, who was his accomplice!"

"It's false! It's a lie! A wicked lie!" cried Herman. "I never saw the man before! Robert Campbell murdered my dear uncle! I caught him red-handed in the act!"

A scornful smile parted the lips of Stephen Craven, as he glanced contemptuously at his son.

"Here, your honor," exclaimed Sellars, "is a bag of coin—twelve thousand five hundred dollars in gold!" and he laid it on the desk before the clerk. "If you will read this missive, you will learn how I obtained it!"

"Let the clerk read it aloud, that the counsel may hear also," said the judge.

Sellars handed the letter to the clerk, who read as follows:

"Baltimore, Md., Sept. 22, 1857.

Dear Herm—Read effusion below and comply by first express. I am hard up, and can delay no longer.—Your Dad.

Up one pair of stairs, then pass in a door, Under the red brick chimney before, Where sits a young maiden in tears and alone,

I left that behind that caused me to groan.

Use very great care in removing the same,

And send its equivalent to a man with three names; Then have no delay, but make heiress your wife As soon as you can after one's lost his life.

Since one direct blow made you a rich man, You must not forget the villain who ran, For the fetters that bind us are stronger than steel, And danger has fled if your lips you will seal.

Two nights in a garret and one on the road, With shot bag behind, was a very big load, I guided the blade of the sheath knife, you see, And now there's a fortune for both you and me.

You jingled that bell at an opportune time, And can clasp in your arms an heiress divine, Gold satisfies me, you know very well, For sending the soul of a banker to hell—

P. S.—The bag of coin was a rich find, and one that came unexpectedly. That poor devil, R. C., made a fatal error entering the banker's residence that night. It will cost him his life, but it is better so. I feared to leave the house with the coin, and had every opportunity during the commotion below to place it where you will find it. Send its equivalent—quick! Address as before, Stephen Abbott, Baltimore, Md."

"That concludes the letter," said the clerk.

Exclamations of horror arose from all parts of the court room, but they were soon checked by the voice of the judge himself: "Order in court! Mr. Sheriff, you will preserve order!"

"How came that letter in your possession, Mr. Sellars?" asked the judge. "And to whom is it addressed?"

"That letter, your honor, arrived at the postoffice in Wilmington, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of September. The envelope bears the address 'Herman Craven, Wilmington, N. C.' On the left-hand corner appears the word, 'Personal.'"

"I—I never saw it! I know nothing about it!" gasped Herman. "There is a foul plot here!"

"Proceed, Mr. Sellars," said the judge.

"I had for some time suspected that Banker DeRosette was murdered by one C. A. Stephens, and that Herman Craven was an accomplice. I had requested Postmaster Grady to hold any mail that might arrive addressed to Herman Craven, marked 'Personal,' or out of the ordinary line that the bank usually received, for my inspection.

"On the night of the twenty-third I returned from a trip South. I had visited New Orleans, and had ascertained the fact that Herman Craven had lied to his uncle when he had stated that his father fell a victim to yellow fever two years previous to his (Herman's) arrival in Wilmington. The yellow fever had claimed no such victim in New Orleans as Stephen Craven.

"I at once came to the conclusion that Stephen Craven and C. A. Stephens were one and the same man, and before I left New Orleans I had formed the opinion that Stephen Abbott was the same individual.

"On the morning of the twenty-fourth Mr. Grady handed me this letter. After reading it I fixed up a dummy express package in his private office and consigned it by express to Stephen Abbott, taking myself the same train for Baltimore that bore the package. I was accompanied by Adam, the colored coachman of the late banker, who on the night of the seventeenth of August had seen C. A. Stephens and Herman Craven conversing together. In fact, who had driven them twice past the banker's residence in the DeRosette carriage on that evening."

"I—I never saw that man before! There is a conspiracy here to blast my character!" cried Herman.

"Proceed, Mr. Sellars," said the judge.

"Arrived in Baltimore, I took up my station in the express office with Adam near me, and at 11 a. m. on the twenty-sixth, when this man entered the express office, called for and obtained the package. I apprehended him. He fought desperately for his life, as you can see from this rent in my coat sleeve, caused by a thrust of his dirk, but I easily disarmed him, and he stands before you. On his person I found these letters. They were purloined from a package taken from a trunk in the attic of the late banker's residence, where the assassin had secreted himself, and where he remained for two days and nights after the murder.

"I had no trouble in obtaining a requisition from Gov. Elliott of Maryland to convey my prisoner from the State. We arrived here at 9:15 this morning. I found the bag of coin beneath the brick hearth before the fireplace in Miss DeRosette's room at her residence. Adam, of course, recognized this man as C. A. Stephens, the man he had driven out in company with Herman Craven, and although testimony of his would not be admissible, it will not be needed. I think I have stated enough to convince the court that Robert Campbell is an innocent man, and that the murderer of Alvin DeRosette stands beside me."

"Marvelous!" ejaculated the judge.

"I will say further," said the detective, "that even the sea has given up its dead, to show a motive on the part of Herman Craven for the foul crime, in which he was an accessory. Indeed, without his aid it could not have been committed.

"I encountered on the steamer, coming down the Chesapeake bay, one long since mourned as dead—a man who, though one of the survivors of the ill-fated Gossmore, has for months lain with a disordered brain in an asylum near Liverpool, England. As soon as he was sane and in a condition to travel he left England for America. He is yet frail and feeble, but your honor will have no difficulty in recognizing in the gentleman standing here," and the detective moved slightly to one side—"John D. Loyd, the surviving witness of Alvin DeRosette's will."

(To be continued.)

DANGEROUS TOLAUGH

ROYAL ATTENDANTS MUST COMMAND THEIR FEATURES.

Officer of the Czar Lost \$12,000 a Year and High Position on Account of Inopportune Mirth—Kaiser Also Is Touchy in This Regard.

It was awkward for the Czar's confidential adviser, Baron Endhoff, a few weeks ago, that he had not a quicker control over his features, for a laugh at the wrong moment lost him his high position and £12,000 a year.

While the royal suite was at Compegne, soon after the arrival, the Czar was tired, and a little irritable, by the effects of the long journey. While going through the big library, which was part of the great apartments prepared for him, he slipped on a wolfskin mat that lay on the highly polished floor, made a wild attempt to save himself, and clutched at one of his attendants.

He nearly brought himself and his standby to the ground, but he just managed to avoid a fall. The spectacle was rather ludicrous, especially in such a stately personage; and when the rather irritated monarch turned round he found his favorite Endhoff indulging in a grin of amusement, which he could not suppress.

The Czar, who detests levity on state occasions, spoke very sharply to the culprit, who, next day, was dismissed his post, and relegated to an assistant secretaryship, with plenty of hard work to do, and wherein he never sees the Czar at all. Although wealthy and of the oldest nobility, the baron dared not refuse the minor service. His former stipend was £12,000 a year.

But the Kaiser, on the whole, is the most dangerous person to laugh at, or before, and more than one person has "done for" himself in this way. So did the unfortunate Gough Milbanke find it—the clever but bluff Scottish colonial administrator. It was he who used to command the Sultan Abou Din's troops and manage the Arabian finances.

The Kaiser took him up, four years ago, as a guest, with a view to making use of him in the new "expansion" policy of the German Empire, and had decided to give him a fine position in the East, to guard German interests in China, at a princely remuneration, of course. The Kaiser sees to these things himself, and anybody who becomes one of his right-hand men is pretty well set up for life.

At one of the audiences given him at Potsdam, Milbanke was giving the Emperor the benefit of his experience and receiving his orders, when the Kaiser made a rather absurd suggestion as to eastern diplomacy, proposing to win the confidence of the Japanese and Kurile Islanders with presents.

Milbanke, bursting into a guffaw, asked the Kaiser if he thought the Japanese were Congo niggers, who could be bought over with a few glass beads and a flint lock gun? The Kaiser froze at once, wished Milbanke good-night, and never reopened relations with him.

The moral is, when you are chatting with a king don't forget he is a king, and dig him in the ribs. A still more amusing case of this kind was the mistake of another Scottish administrator, Duncan McVea, who was, next to McLeavy Brown, of Corea, the most famous of "wandering" governors. Scotland, by the way, supplies 80 per cent of the world's pioneer administrators, as well as its engineers.

McVea was dealing with that pleasant but touchy monarch, the King of Portugal, who had proposed to put the rather shaky government of the Cape Verde Islands into his hands, to set things going and pull the finances together. This would have been a big step, and meant some £25,000 a year to the famous adventurer; but he had too much of what Scotchmen are supposed to lack—sense of humor. At any rate, it was the ruin of the finest prospect he ever had.

The king became a little excited and irritated at the various common-sense objections that McVea, knowing what he was talking about, opposed to some of the monarch's plans, and though the king speaks admirable English as a rule, when excited it becomes a very odd mixture indeed. This, finally, so worked on McVea's feelings that he smiled audibly, with the result that he was promptly ordered away, and the Cape Verdes still lack a Scottish governor to look after their affairs.—London Answers.

Dowry of Brides.

In almost every country but America there are restrictive conditions in force with regard to the marriage of army officers. In Russia especially is this to be found, as no circumstances will permit the marriage of an officer under the age of 23, and not even between that and 28 years, unless the bride's dowry is a sum sufficient to allow him to keep his money for his personal use. The limit of this dowry is fixed by the government.

In the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to marry is limited by a fixed proportion in each grade, and when these totals are reached further marriages are prohibited until vacancies occur in the mar-

ried ranks. The Italian army regulations fix the limit of a bride's dowry, but the law is frequently broken, for it has been recently estimated that only about one-eighth of the marriages have occurred under the proper conditions. The other seven-eighths are attended with all the inconveniences of a marriage not recognized by the civil law.

GEN. GRANT AND HIS FATHER.

Elder Gentleman, Visiting His Son, Was Entertained by Gen. Dickie.

On the authority of the late Judge Dickie, for some time chief justice of Illinois, and during the Civil War chief of cavalry under General Grant while Grant had his headquarters at Memphis, the Chicago Times-Herald tells a remarkable story. It shows how General Grant once fulfilled his sense of honor in a matter in which he believed his own father was improperly concerned, without hurting his father's feelings.

While at Memphis Grant had received word that his father was coming to visit him. His staff might have perceived that the prospect of this visit did not please him, but it passed without comment. One night very soon before the date set for his father's visit, General Grant summoned General Dickie to him, and said:

"I have sent for you as a personal friend. My father is coming to visit me, and what I have got to tell you about that visit is not pleasing to me; but something must be done. Some of the money sharks and cotton speculators have gained an unwarrantable influence over him, and he is really coming down here to use his influence over me to gain favors for them.

"This cannot be. I do not wish to wound his feelings. I do not wish him to know that I understand the object of his visit. I have prepared a plan of action which I wish you to aid me in carrying out."

He then relieved General Dickie of duty as commander of the cavalry, and told him to devote himself wholly to Mr. Jesse Grant during his stay—to take him to his own tent and entertain him there, and above all to prevent the old gentleman from being alone with his son, General Grant, for an instant.

The general's father arrived, and was very much pleased to accept General Dickie's hospitality, not knowing what it involved.

General Dickie entertained him most hospitably, but stuck to him very closely. If the elder Grant found himself alone and hastened to see his son, there he found General Dickie.

Four or five days passed, and he had gained no opportunity for a private interview, and no chance to force one.

For nearly ten days he kept up the attempt, but had to go away at last without having accomplished his errand. When he was gone Dickie was restored to his cavalry duty. The subject was never again referred to between Grant and Dickie, but General Dickie, shortly before his death, told the story to a Chicago lawyer.

SURGERY OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.

They Evidently Have a Method of Treating Their Wounds.

That wild birds and animals possess a knowledge of surgery or something that answers the purpose is well known to those who are intimate with their habits.

An example of this in small birds was noted by an amateur naturalist last winter. He shot a specimen of the horned lark. On going to pick up the bird he was very much annoyed to find, as he thought, that he had shot off one of its legs. But on closer inspection it was developed that the loss was an old one, the right leg being off from the joint. The skin seemed to have been drawn over the end of the stump and had healed perfectly. The loss of this leg must have inconvenienced the bird considerably while on the ground feeding, but it certainly did not hinder its flying ability, for it was bowling along in good shape when shot.

That a bird of this size should survive the shock and the attendant loss of blood of such an injury is nothing short of marvelous. And there is no accounting for it, except that they have some means of treating such injuries.

Another case bearing on this was that of a three-legged deer on Long Island. He had been known by his trunk for several years before his fourth (which, according to report, occurred last season, although it is only a moral), and many of the hunters had made special attempts to kill this buck. The loss of the limb did not seem to interfere in any way with his fitness of foot, for he seemed able to outpace the best dogs on the island.

No one seemed to know how he had lost his leg, but lost it he had, and any one with even a crude knowledge of anatomy must know that without treatment of some kind to stop the flow the animal would have had to die.

It all goes to show, says the New York Times, that our feathered and furred friends of the woods have an efficient Red Cross system of their own.

Fig Iron Used in 1900. More than 27,000,000 pounds of pig iron were consumed in this country in 1900.