and glanced at her stealthily; she looked him straight in the face as if she knew him well.) A.—No, I do not.

Mr. Armstrong—Are you known by any other name except that of Ida Bush? A.—I don't know but what I may be. (This was said in a very snappish tone.)

Q.—What is it? A.—Turning up the floor—Ida Slifer.

Q.—When did you first come here? A.—Three years ago last August.

Q.—Where did you first go to live? A.—In an indifferent way in a private house (after a pause), with friends of mine.

Q.—How long did you stay there? A.—Three weeks.

Q.—Where did you go to live? A.—I went to Mary Fitzgibbon's.

Q.—Is she not also known by the name of Mrs. Slifer? A.—With the utmost politeness (bowing low and courtesying as a pupil from a dancing school).

Q.—When did you first see a letter signed William B. Caldwell? A.—Two years ago last July. The house was full, and people crowded around the witness stand, and I heard the screams which Ida's enormous, she spoke in a soft, gentle tone) It was like dropping honey.

Q.—Were you present when you received this first letter? A.—In Mrs. Slifer's house.

Q.—Who handed the letter to you? A.—Mrs. Slifer.

Q.—Can Mrs. Slifer read? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you know of that letter? A.—(with downcast eyes)—I burned it up.

THE CONTENTS OF THE LETTER.

Q.—State its contents? A.—(still with downcast eyes and an expression of intensely modest style)—He only wrote that he had heard that he were ladies there, and that he would like to come and see them.

Q.—What did you say in your answer? A.—(very reticently)—I told him he could come any time he liked.

Q.—Did you mention the hour at which he might come? A.—I think it was two o'clock.

Q.—Are you sure? A.—Yes, sir; 10 o'clock.

Q.—Did he come up at that hour? A.—Yes sir.

Q.—Was he very much reduced in dress at that time? A.—Yes, sir. (Laughter.)

Q.—You said 10 o'clock. I forgot to inquire whether you meant in the morning or in the evening. A.—In the morning. (Laughter. "Silence," cried the venerable officer.)

Q.—How many letters have you received from him? A.—I don't know.

Q.—What became of them? A.—(still with an expression of modesty) I tuned them up.

Q.—Were A. last spring? (She was confused.)

Q.—Look at this letter (handing a letter to her) all the letters you have received were in the same handwriting? A.—I think so, only some were wrote in ink.

Q.—Did he ever talk of going to Europe? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did he ask you to travel with him? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—In what character were you to travel with him? A.—After some hesitation—Sometimes as his sister, sometimes as his wife. (She put her lace handkerchief up to her eyes when she took it away a solitary tear was twinkling in one of those radiant orbs.)

Q.—How frequently did he come? A.—Quite often.

Q.—Did he ever make appointments by letter? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—State whether he ever used vulgar language in your presence? A.—He never did.

Q.—Was he not particular in that respect? A.—I don't know that he was.

Q.—Do you know that Caldwell was only an assumed name? A.—I did not.

Q.—Did not the other girls in Mrs. Slifer's house tease you about your "preacher" (objected to and ruled out.)

Q.—Was not Caldwell a frequent visitor at your Mrs. Slifer's house? A.—(after a long pause)—Yes, sir, I believe so.

SOMETHING ABOUT EDUCATION.

Q.—State if this man Caldwell did not caution you with particular solicitude to keep his visits a secret. A.—No, sir.

Mr. Parsons (laughing)—Particular solicitude, that's good. I like particular solicitude. Let me have the dictionary. (Laughter.)

Mr. Armstrong—This (her face suffused with red)—I thought the counsel on the other side wouldn't understand it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Parsons—I knew what it meant, only I thought you didn't from the manner in which you used it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Armstrong (with a bow)—Well, you're better at dictionary.

Mr. Parsons—I think not. (Laughter.)

Mr. Parsons—Oh, I'll use simpler language for the benefit of the counsel. (To the witness.) Answer my question. A.—I don't think he did.

Q.—In May, 1871, you moved into Dr. Lyons's building. Who occupied rooms with you there? A.—(softly)—A lady from Philadelphia.

Q.—What was her name? A.—Amanda Fitzsandle, or Maud Hudle—I don't know which. (Laughter.)

Q.—Did you ever tell Mrs. Slifer that he was frightened at anything? A.—He was frightened once when the door came open.

Q.—Did you ever tell Maud that William B. Caldwell was an assumed name for William A. Kerr? A.—I never did.

Q.—Did you ever receive a letter addressed to Maud and give it to Chief of Police Coder? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you ever say to Maud that you thought Caldwell was false to you? A.—Not until a gentleman to whom I described his appearance told you his name was Kerr? A.—I never did.

Q.—Did you ever point out Kerr on the street while you lived with Maud? A.—I never did, sir. (Laughter.)

Q.—Did you ever point him out in Dr. Lyons's building, or in any other building? A.—(in an indifferent tone)—Not in any building