

# DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

"I should not reach Tewnham in time for the trial seemed to haunt her unceasingly. It was for this reason she so promptly refused to lie down and go to sleep. She feared that, on her eyes closed, she would, from sheer exhaustion, sleep for hours, and so miss the morning train. She was ever picturing the horror of that poor unknown man being led from the dock, with the death sentence ringing in his ears.

So the time which elapsed before we started for Tewnham was spent in the hotel. I bespoke rooms by telegram, sent wires to my relatives in London, and made an apology for a meal; in fact, what we could get at that time of night was of itself little more than an apology. We sat all but silent, watching the hands of the clock, which told us how fast the precious moments were passing away. We saw the gray morning struggle with, and at last conquer, the yellow gaslight. We heard the hum of traffic growing louder and louder in the streets below us. Then we turned to make what may be rightly called our last adieu. Who could say that to-day my wife and I might not be parted forever!

While at the hotel I tried to obtain the file of the Times. I wanted to look back and see if I could find the account of the proceedings against this unlucky William Evans. I had, of course, never appeared before the lesser tribunal, and I could see the account of his appearance should be able to judge as to the strength of the case against him. But the file was not forthcoming. Perhaps it did not exist, perhaps the sleepy-eyed Tewnhamer had not understood what I wanted; so, still in the dark as to why suspicion should have fallen upon this innocent man, we left the hotel and drove to Liverpool street station.

At 9 o'clock our journey was ended. We stood on the platform of Tewnham railway station. My poor wife wore a thick black veil, so her face I could not see; but I knew it was as pale as death. Now and again her hand, which rested on my arm, pressed it convulsively. I think we were the most unhappy pair on the earth.

We were even denied the time for any more farewells or expressed regrets. The hour was chiming from the old cathedral tower. The business of the courts, I knew, always began at 10 o'clock, and considering the crowd which would assemble, I felt sure that unless we proceeded at once to the Shirehall our chance of gaining entrance would be but a small one. I hailed one of the cabs which were waiting outside the station.

As I did so I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder and heard a rich, pleasant-sounding and not unfamiliar voice exclaim, "Dear North, as I'm a sinner!" That any one should at this moment address Basil North in a friendly way seemed almost inconceivable. I turned around almost angrily, and found myself face to face with an old friend. He was a barrister named Grant; a man four or five years my senior, but one with whom, before I forsook the society of my country, I had been on intimate terms. I had not seen him for a considerable time; but had heard, casually, that he was making great strides in his forensic career.

In spite of my distress I returned his greeting and grasped his hand warmly. After all it seemed a relief to find that I had a friend left in the world. "What brings you here?" I asked. "The only thing that could bring me to such a place—circumstance. I have an important case on to-day. That's the worst of a place so near to London as this one. One is tempted to spend the nights in town, which means getting up at an unwholesome hour in the morning. But you! Why are you here? I heard you were as rich as Midas, and living abroad in luxury."

"I have been abroad for some time. I hope to go back again very soon." "Happy man!" he ejaculated. I could scarcely keep the bitter smile from my lips as I thought how ill applied were his words. As he spoke he glanced at Philippa, whose grace and beauty, I felt, defined the concealment attempted by thick veil and sombre garments.

"But what brings you to this sleepy old town?" continued Grant. I hesitated for a moment. Then, thinking that truth, or at least half truth, was the best, told him I had come down to witness the trial for murder. "I should doubt your getting into court," he said. "The moral interest excited around about here is, I am told, very great. The sheriff is besieged by applications for tickets."

"Couldn't you help me? The fact is, I have a particular reason, not mere curiosity, for wishing to be present at this trial." "I don't think I can," said Grant. "Does your wife—the lady wish to go with you?" "My cousin—yes," I said, seeing that he expected an introduction. He raised his hat and made some courteous and pleasant remark to which Philippa, to my surprise, replied in a calm and fitting way. Grant knew I had no sister. I called her cousin because I had a wild hope that, if the worst happened, I might be able to conceal the true relationship in which we stood, and so be permitted to give evidence on her behalf. I trusted my wife would guess that I had a good reason for this deception.

"Try and manage this for me, Grant," I said so earnestly that my friend made no further demur. "Take me in your cab, and I will see what I can do."

During our drive to the Shirehall I asked Grant what he knew about the impending trial. "Nothing," he said, frankly. "I hate murder cases—hate even to read about them. Of course I know that Sir Mervyn Ferrand was killed and hidden in the snow for days and days. But I know no more."

on the right-hand side of the court. Philippa, with her thick veil falling down to her chin, and so defying recognition, sank wearily into her seat. I placed myself beside her, my hand crept under the black she wore and held her hand.

Surely, it was all a dream—a dreadful, realistic dream! I should wake and find myself under the great orange tree in that courtyard in gay Seville, my half-smoked cigar and the book which I had been lazily reading lying at my feet; my mother opposite me, laughing at my somnolence; and Philippa's grave dark eyes looking with calm everlasting love into my own. I should wake and find the cool of the evening had succeeded to the glare of the afternoon. We should walk through the narrow streets, lounge in the Alameda, wander through the glowing Alcazar gardens, or drive out miles and miles over the fertile smiling plains. Or I should even wake and find myself nodding over my fire in my lonely cottage, the stolid William the only human creature within hail; Philippa's return, the sweet dream, the dreadful discovery, the flight, Seville, the marriage—all, all a dream!

In a kind of stupor—the temporary reaction, I suppose, consequent upon such fatigue and trouble—I gazed around me, and wondered where I was. What is this great empty building, lit from one side by large clerestory windows raised boxes on either side of the building—of ecclesiastical design! What are these dull gray vacant walls, that lofty ceiling, crossed and cut into small squares by rafters. This led floor, on which feet fall all but noiselessly! What are those small raised platforms all but adjoining them, and all but adjoining that paneled structure at the end facing me? What are these rectangular blocks, which project overhanging carved cornices? Let me wake and find myself amid the flowers, orange trees, the fair sights and surroundings of our Spanish home.

No! I had but to turn my eyes to the centre of space in which we sat to know that I am dreaming no dream; that we must wait here and learn our fates. That oblong wooden enclosure with high sides, topped by a high iron railing, brings reality back to me. It is the prisoner's dock. At an hour's time a man will stand there. He will be brought up those stone steps which lead to it from below, the topmost flag of which I can just see. He will stand there for hours. And leaves the dock, declared innocent or guilty, will our lives be declared happy or miserable.

My hand holds my wife's yet closer; for the last minutes which may be ours to spend together are slipping by so fast, so very fast! Some clock under the balcony marks half-past nine. The all but deserted court begins to assume the appearance of a waiting-parlor. Policemen and other officials pass to and fro, some arranging papers, some replenishing ink-bottles, and solicitors who will sit in judgment on the cases. Some one, with what seems to me a bitter irony, places a magnificent bouquet of flowers on either hand of the judge's vacant chair. What have flowers in common with such a scene as this? Flowers, too, which are so beautiful enough to recall to my mind the fair Spanish home, which, maybe, we shall see no more. Flowers in this den of sorrow! Rather should every seat, every bench, be draped in black.

Now the doors of each side of the court open, and remain open. I hear a shuffling of many feet. People in a continuous stream pass through the entrance, and bend their way to the portion of the court allotted to the general public. So fast, as thick they come, that in ten minutes this space is thronged almost to suffocation. Philippa and I pressed closer and closer to each other, as every inch of the bench on which we are seated is appropriated. The court is full.

Created by respectable-looking, well-dressed people, who wear a distinction, as I heard, by favor of the sheriff. Yet, respectable as they are, each man, each woman, rushes in eagerly and strives for the best available seat. And for what reason? To see and hear a poor wretch tried for his life? In my bitter mood I look with hate on those sensation seekers. I hate them even more when I think that their morbid craving for excitement may be satisfied with such food as they little expect; and I clinch my teeth as I picture the scene at that moment when Philippa, in a moment of immovable resolution, rises, and makes her effort to proclaim her own guilt and the convicted man's innocence. Although I strive to force the picture from my mind, by telling myself that justice cannot err, that the man will be acquitted, yet again and again the dread of the worst seizes me, and I into every face in that crowd, which may, by and by, be gaping, with looks of wonder and curiosity, at the woman I love!

As in a haze I see some faces which are familiar to me. A number of gentlemen enter and seat themselves on the benches which counsel usually occupy. Some few of these I know by sight. They are country gentlemen from the neighborhood of Rodling, who are now called to serve on the grand jury. I see also the thin-faced, hawk-like-looking woman who calls herself Mrs. Wilson. I am thankful that she takes a seat in front of us and does not see us. She, like ourselves, must know that an innocent man is this day about to be tried.

So for half an hour I sit, gazing now at the faces of people now at the empty dock and vacant bench in front of me; listening to the hum of voices which rises from the packed court; longing for the moment to come when this dreadful suspense may end; and yet that moment, and all that Philippa, in her black garb, close to me, unheeded by our neighbors, holding my hand. Hush! The door at the back of the bench opens, and at ten o'clock the minute the black-robed judge appears. He bows to the court, seats himself, and by his action signifies that he is ready to begin the business of the day. No trembling prisoner in the dock ever scanned the judge's face with more anxiety than I scan his lordship's at this present moment.

"An old man, too old, it seems to me, for such a responsible post; an amiable, pleasant-looking man—not, I venture to think, one who can bear the reputation of being a 'hanging judge.'" I breathe a prayer that he may this day be able to direct aright the course of justice. Hush! Silence in the court! Oh, my poor, sweet wife, let me grasp that hand yet closer, for the moment which for days and nights has never been absent from our minds has come! What will it bring us!

CHAPTER XV. THE BLACK CAP. There is silence, or all but silence, in the court. The buzz of suppressed conversation sinks almost to nothing—absolutely to nothing as the judge's marshal rises, and after gabbling through the mysterious proclamation which begins "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" declares the court open.

laced and, in batches of four, are rapidly sworn. The absurd proclamation against vice and immorality is read; much good it can do every one present! Then the clerk sits down, and the judge, forsaking his papers, begins his work.

He arranges his robes to his satisfaction, leans forward, and, placing the tips of his long, white fingers together, addresses—charges. I am told, is the right term—the grand jury in a pleasant, colloquial manner. I strain every aural nerve to catch the purport of his gib words. He is sure to say something about this important murder case. I shall, perhaps, be able to learn how it was that the man in the black she wore was charged. Alas! the judge is one who, by years of practice, has acquired the knack of using his voice only just so much as is absolutely necessary. The grand jury is close to him and can, no doubt, hear him; but to those who, like ourselves, are far away in the background of the court, his remarks are inaudible. All I can catch is a closing caution to the grand jury, to bear in mind that it is not within its province to determine the innocence or guilt of the prisoners, but to simply decide whether there is or is not sufficient evidence for the cases to go to trial.

The grand jury files out of court to conduct its solemn deliberations in the place appointed. The judge addresses a few smiling words to the sheriff and other magistrates who, by right or favor, occupy seats on the bench; then he returns to the perusal of his papers.

For the first time since we entered the court, Philippa speaks to me. "Are they trying him now?" she asks in a low, awed whisper, yet in a voice so changed that I know what the suspense is costing her. Briefly I explain the procedure of the law, so far as I know it. She sighs, and says no more.

More monotonous calling of many names, to which summons, however, another class of men respond. The common jurymen are now being called. Probably, to save time, twelve men are sent into the box, where they sit, some appearing to enjoy the dignity of the position, some with stolid indifference, others with acute unhappiness plainly manifested. I look at these men with scarcely less interest than I look at the judge. On them, or on some of them, our fate rests as much, perhaps more, than it rests on him. Those men are trying us—not only the man who will by and by stand in that rail-topped enclosure, into which we look down.

Twenty long, weary minutes pass by. All eyes turn to a wooden gallery in the right hand corner of the court. A door in the wall opens. The members of the grand jury emerge and seat themselves in the gallery. The foreman arms himself with a gigantic black rod, to which he attaches a paper, which is conveyed by this clumsy method to that busy gentleman, the clerk of assize. What idiotic foolery all this seems to me!

The clerk detaches the document, glances at it, and looks up at the gallery. "Gentlemen of the grand jury, you return a true bill against William Evans for murder." "We do," answered the foreman with shy solemnity. I grind my teeth. Fools! If men of culture and standing err like this, what can be expected from a common jury? It is well for me that I heard the caution just now given by the judge. I take such comfort as I can by thinking they have tried the evidence, not the man! What can this evidence be? Ah! we shall soon know.

The clerk turns, and addressing no one in particular, says: "Bring up the prisoner." Once more I set my teeth. I feel my wife's arm tremble; her hand grows cold. I hear a buzz, as of expectation, run through the crowded court. Every eye turns in one direction—toward the empty dock. For a moment a species of dizziness comes over me; objects swim before my eyes. The sensation passes away. I recover myself. The dock is no longer untenanted. In the centre, with a stalwart policeman on either side of him, stands the accused! The man who, if needs be, must be saved by such a sacrifice!

From my place, far back in the public gallery, I can, of course, see nothing more of the prisoner than his back. I gaze at this with intense curiosity, endeavoring to determine the station of the man who is now about to be tried for his life. I can but gather this much: He is tall and slight. His dress is of a semi-respectable nature, but seems to have seen much service. He might be anything from a broken-down clerk to a gentleman's servant out at elbows. I rejoice at his poverty-stricken appearance. Judging from his money will be welcome to him. Let the jury but assert his innocence, and I feel certain that the liberal pecuniary composition which it is my intention to note out will repay him a hundred times for the ordeal which he is undergoing.

Ordeal! Yes, it is the right word. It is easy to see it is a terrible ordeal to the poor fellow. No need to look at his face to be told that much. Even as he emerged from the cells below he seemed to quake with fear. Now he absolutely falls forward in the dock, supporting himself by grasping the iron railing which runs round the top. I notice that his fingers, as they cling to the iron bars, open and close convulsively. Every movement of his back and shoulders betrays fear and anguish of mind. His state is pitiable, so pitiable that one of his custodians places his hands under the wretched man's arm, and gives him the physical support which he so sorely needs. He bends his head as in shame, and I know that I can see his face it would be white as my own or my wife's.

In spite of the strain upon my mind I was able to wonder at the prisoner's hopeless demeanor. Although I had, as it were, torn my very heart out by the roots to insure this man's safety in the event of things going wrong with him; although I did not even now regret the course I had taken, I am bound to say that his cowardly behavior took away much of the sympathy which I should otherwise have felt for him in his unmerited predicament. It is, of course, very easy to say what one would do if in another's place. I certainly felt sure that, were I in that poor fellow's plight, that consciousness of my own innocence would give me strength enough to raise my head and face boldly at the judges, jurors and prosecuting counsel in the world. I was willing to make every allowance for the nervousness natural to such a position; but I gazed indignantly as I gazed upon that miserable, limp, half-standing, half-reclining form.

"Nothing—nothing but wait and hope," I answer. "Could you not go down and speak to him, or send a message in some way? Tell him not to be so wretched; that even at the last moment he will be saved; that the real murderer will confess and free him. Basil, you must do this!" "I cannot. I dare not. It will ruin us. Hush, dearest; be calm, and listen."

The reading of the indictment is now over. The clerk turns to the prisoner. "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" he asks, in a clear voice. Although every one in that court knows what the answer will be, there is a silence so profound that a pin might be heard drop. Every one seemed desirous of hearing the prisoner's voice. Even I, myself, lean forward, and strain every nerve to hear his plea.

There is a long, dead pause. It may be that the prisoner does not understand that he is expected to reply. It may be that his collapsed state deprives him of the power of speech. I notice that one of the policemen touches him on the shoulder, and whispers to him. Still for a moment there is silence. It is broken, but not by the prisoner. Philippa gives a low, soft wail, heard only, I think, by me.

"I can bear it no longer," she whispers. She snatches her hand from mine. She throws back her thick, dark veil and stands erect in the body of the court. I cast one glance at her pale but determined looking face, then bow my head upon my hands and wish that death might at that moment smite us both. All is over. I am conquered.

Even as I hide my face I see every eye in that thronged court turning to the tall, majestic, dark-robed figure which rises in the midst of that motley throng. Then, clear and loud, I hear her beloved voice ring out. "My lord, I hear her say. I raise my head at the sound."

She gets no further than those two words. "Order in the court! Order in the court!" is shouted so sternly and fiercely that she all but loses her presence of mind. She falters, she hesitates and glances helplessly around. I seize the moment. By sheer force I drag her back to her seat. I pray her by the love she bears me to wait in silence. I draw the veil over her face to hide it from the hundreds of curious eyes which are turned upon it. While so doing I hear the sharp mandate, "Turn that person out of court."

Had any serious attempt been made to put the order in force, I believe that Philippa would have resisted, and once more attempted to assert the prisoner's innocence and her own guilt—if it was guilt. Fortunately the policeman who draws near us to carry out the order is my friend of the morning who had accepted my gold. It may be, on this account he favors us. It may be, when a momentary disturbance subsides, and the perpetrator does not seem bent upon repeating it, that the expulsion is not insisted upon. It may be that Philippa's scolding the judge was looked upon as a solecism brought about by the excitement of a weak woman who was in some way connected with the prisoner. I suppose such a scene does sometimes occur; and, perhaps, if its repetition is guarded against, a humanly-minded judge will not deny the offender the sorry comfort of seeing her friend's trial to an end. Perhaps the judge who this day presides is unusually good natured and easy going. Anyway, our friendly policeman does not carry out his instructions and the court resumes its business.

But many curious looks are cast at the veiled woman by my side. I notice that the hawk-faced Mrs. Wilson turns in her seat and looks always at us; and, strange to say, I notice that the prisoner in the dock is still staring fixedly in our direction. The policeman take him by the arms; face him round toward the bench. Once more the solemn question, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" is asked.

A short excited pause. The prisoner answers. Well, I know what he says, although he speaks so faintly that I do not hear his voice. Strange to say, his answer seems to create considerable agitation. People who are near to him look back and whisper to those in the rear. A barrister turns in his seat and stares in a dumbfounded way at a gentleman behind him. This gentleman rises up fustily, and bustles round to the dock, where for a minute he seems to be engaged in earnest conversation with the prisoner. The latter shakes his head wearily and hopelessly. In an apparently highly-excited state the gentleman, whom I rightly judge to be solicitor for the defence, buries back, whispers to the barrister, and seems by his gesture to be washing his hands of some responsibility.

What does it all mean? Why do they not go on with the trial? The suspense is growing more than I can bear. Hush! The judge speaks. The excitement is spreading through the court. In spite of the warning looks of the authorities, people are whispering to each other. The judge is speaking earnestly to the prisoner. He seems to be explaining something, counselling something. Still the man shakes his head sullenly. What does it all mean!

Moan! The next solemn action; the next solemn words of the red-robed judge answer my question, and tell me that a thing has come to pass which never entered within the range of probability. Or have I been asleep? Has the trial been gone through, and the worst of the very worst, happened? No; five minutes ago I pulled Philippa back to her seat, and forced her to withhold her damning words. Even now my grasp is on her to prevent her from rising. Hush! Look! The judge places a square of black silk upon his head. The prisoner cowers down. He would fall were it not for the arms which support him on either side. A rustle of intense feeling runs through the court. Men catch their breath; women's eyes are distended. The sensation seekers are rewarded. Hark! The judge speaks. I can hear him plainly now, although there is deep emotion in his voice.

my love! Innocent! Innocent! This—this revelation of feeling is more than human nature can bear! "Order in the court! Order in the court! What is it? Who is it? Only a woman in a dead faint. She is borne out tenderly, lovingly, proudly, by a man who clasps his precious burden to a heart full of such rapture as few of his fellow creatures can ever have known. But let it also be hoped that few have ever endured such grief and anguish!

CHAPTER XVI. "WHERE ARE THE SNOWS THAT FELL LAST YEAR?" Although, while engaged in the labor of writing this story, I have many times regretted that I am nothing more than a plain narrator of facts and incidents, not a master of fiction, I think I have not felt the regret so strongly as at the moment when I begin this chapter. The sombre acts of the life drama in which Philippa and I played parts so painful, so full of grief, and even if brightened by a ray of joy, of joy fallacious and of uncertain tenure—these acts I have found little difficulty in describing; I had simply to throw my mind back to the pictures of the past and reproduce them in words. The task, whether well or ill done, was not a hard one.

But now, when in one moment and as if by magic, everything changed; when sorrow seemed to be simply swept out of our lives; when that poor wretch's abject confession of guilt, forced from him in some mysterious way, not only left our whole future bright and cloudless, but consigned to rest all the ghosts of the past, whose shadowy forms had hitherto dogged our steps and denied us the happiness rightly due to those who love as we loved; now I feel my shortcomings acutely, and wish my pen was more powerful than it is.

And yet a word will describe the state of my own mind as, when the last solemn words were spoken by the judge—spoken in a voice which showed emotion and distress at being compelled to condemn a fellow creature to death—I carried my fainting wife from the crowded, rocking court. The momentary sense of rapture passed away; bewilderment, sheer bewilderment, is the word for what was left. I could not think. All my reasoning faculties had left me. In fact, I believe that had Philippa not swooned, and so needed my mechanically given care, I myself should have fallen senseless on the threshold which an hour before we crossed, thinking we were going to endless misery.

I remember this much. As I laid Philippa on one of the hard wooden benches in the stone corridor I kept repeating to myself, "Innocent, my love is innocent; that man is guilty." I suppose this continual iteration was an endeavor to impress the tremendous fact upon my brain, which for a time was incredulous, and refused to entertain it. I threw up my wife's veil and bathed her face with water, which was brought me by a kindly policeman. Presently her eyes opened and consciousness returned; she strove to speak.

"Presence of mind was fast returning. "Dearest," I whispered, "as you love, me not a word in this place. In a minute we will leave it." She was obedient; but I knew from the wild look of joy in her eyes that obedience was a task for the utmost. She was soon able to rise, and then we walked, from the court, pushed our way through the crowd who waited in the street busily discussing the sudden termination to the trial, threw ourselves into a cab and in another moment were alternately weeping and laughing in each other's arms.

It was, however, but for a moment. The inn to which we drove was close at hand. There we were shown into a room, and were at last free to give the fullest vent to our pent up feelings. It would be absurd for me to attempt to reproduce our words, our disjointed exclamations. It would be sacrilege for me to describe the tears that we shed, the embraces, the loving caresses we lavished on each other. Think of us now! This course laid upon us by that awful night removed forever! Our secret kept, or secrecy, if still advisable, no longer absolutely needful. Philippa, in spite of all I had seen, in spite of all she had told me on that night when I found her a wild, distracted woman, in a storm the wildest that years have known, guiltless of her husband's death! Innocent, not only as she had in my eyes always been, but also, what was far more, innocent in her own eyes!

"Small wonder that for nearly an hour we sat with our arms twined around each other, and used few words which were more than rapturous exclamations of love and joy. There! I cannot, will say no more, except this; when at last we grew calmer, Philippa turned to me, and once more I saw terror gathering in her eyes. "Basil," she said, "is it true—it must be true?" "True of course it is."

"That man, the prisoner, could not have pleaded guilty when he was innocent?" "Why should he? It meant death to him, poor wretch." "But why did he confess?" "Who can tell? Remorse may have urged him to do so." Philippa rose and her next words were spoken quickly and with excitement. "No, I did not do it. The thought, the dream haunted me, but I did not believe it until I heard those men talk of the way he died. Then it all came back to me. The mad storm, the dead man over whom I stood; even then I don't think I actually believed it. It was when you told me how you found me that I lost all hope."

"Dearest, forgive me. I should have believed in the impossibility of the act even in your delirium, even if I had seen it done. Philippa, say you forgive me." She threw her arms around me. "Basil, my husband," she whispered, "you have done much for me, do one thing more; find out the whole truth—find out why this man killed him, how he killed him; find out, satisfy me that his confession was a true one; then, Basil, such happiness as I have never even dreamed of will be mine!" "And mine!" I echoed. I promised to do as she wished. Indeed, the moment I had recovered my senses I resolved to learn everything that could be learned. Once and for all I would clear away every cloud of doubt, although that cloud might be no bigger than a man's hand.

But Philippa must not stop in Tewnham. Her strange conduct during the trial, her fainting fit after it, were bound to have attracted the attention of those present. No doubt she was looked upon as a friend of the prisoner, who was overpowered by the sudden and awful ending to the case. Still, she must not stay at Tewnham. The next morning I again ran down to the place at which the trial was held. I learned the name of the convict's solicitor, and as soon as I found him at leisure requested the favor of an interview. I found him apparently a worthy, respectable man, but of a nature inclined to be choleric. I told him I called on him because I was much interested in the case of the convict William Evans. Mr. Crisp, that was his name, frowned and fidgeted about with some papers which were in front of him.

"I would rather not talk about the case," he said sharply. "Nothing for many years has so much annoyed me." "Why? Your client only met with his deserts." "True—true. But I am a lawyer, sir. Our province is not to think so much of deserts as of what we can do for a client. It is hard to try and serve a fool." "No doubt; but I earnestly understand your meaning." [To be Continued.]

**SHARP HOSSIERS.** More Fraudulent Township Warrants Discovered. INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 19.—There is considerable excitement here over a report that there is a large amount of township paper in circulation bearing the signature of Trustee Kitz, of this city. It is claimed that \$3,500 of them were among the assets of a bank at North Vernon, which failed last week. Mr. Kitz has filed an affidavit for publication saying that they are forgeries, as he has never issued such. Statements received up to a late hour last night indicate that no less than \$65,000 worth of the warrants are in circulation.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 19.—The latest development in the township warrant swindle comes from Morgan county. Jacob A. Shipley, trustee of Gregg township, in that county, was placed under arrest at an early hour this morning, under an indictment by the grand jury, charging him with issuing fraudulent warrants to the amount of \$5,536. Shipley was held in \$5,000 bond, which he was unable to furnish and he was sent to jail. These warrants were issued to R. B. Pollard, for school supplies, but as a matter of fact no supplies whatever were furnished. The arrest of Shipley is due to the exertions of Walter Stanton, of Stanton & Coffin, of New York.

**A Detective Suing for His Reward.** DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 19.—About one year ago the Pacific Express Company was robbed at Peru, Ind., the express messenger being gagged and valuables taken. A reward of \$1,500 was offered for the arrest and conviction of the robbers. Detective Pat O'Neil, of this city, was employed on the case and succeeded in bringing to punishment the perpetrators, D. W. Downer, Little Al, and Bert Lewis, the express messengers. Payment of the reward having been refused, E. Donnelly told brings suit for Detective O'Neil against the Pacific company for \$2,000 damages, being the reward with interest and expenses. The suit is a novel one, being probably the first of its kind.

**An Acquittal Expected.** BISMARCK, DAK., Sept. 19.—The summing up in the Marquis Demore case closed this morning. The court will instruct the jury at 2 o'clock and a verdict will probably be rendered this afternoon. An acquittal is expected.

FOR COUGHS AND CROUP USE  
**TAYLOR'S**  
**CHEROKEE REMEDY**  
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