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THE LIFE

OF

NELLIE C. BAILEY

OR A

ROMANCE OF THE WEST.

WRITTEN BY

MARY E. JACKSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPY OF OSAWATOMIE."

TOPEKA, KANSAS:

R. E. MARTIN & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1885.

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PREFACE.

That "Truth is stranger than fiction," was never more fully verified than in the many romantic and dramatic incidents in the life of a Kansas girl, Nellie C. Bailey. Nor is the author aware that any writer of fiction has yet been able to carry an imaginary heroine through as many trying and dangerous adventures in the same length of time.

This book, though written in the form of a romance, is by no means a fiction; the material which composes it is mostly based on sworn testimony. The characters are all REAL, and a few of the names only are fictitious, made so for prudential reasons.

It is a settled principle of jurisprudence, that the accused must be considered innocent until proved guilty. But this rule is usually reversed by the public. Whenever a person is accused, especially of some heinous crime, the public generally attach more or less guilt to the character of that individual, though proven to be innocent.

More particularly is this the case in the accusation of Nellie C. Bailey. As soon as she was arrested, the news was telegraphed all over the United States and Great Britain, that she

PREFACE.

had murdered an Englishman in order to get possession of his property.

Now, how many of those who read that telegram, or saw her picture in the *Police Gazette*, or in some other illustrated paper of the day, know that after she had an imprisonment of fifteen months; after all the influence that wealth could bring to bear against her, and after almost every act of her life had been scented out by a gang of detectives hired by a rich British association. after all this, I say, how many know that the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." in less than fifteen minutes. Now the real objects in the publication of this book are, to enable the public to judge correctly of the guilt or innocence of Nellie C. Bailey, and to remunerate her in some measure for her great loss and suffering, and not to screen her from just censure for her fickleness in her love affairs.

As for the literary merits of the book the author claims none. Only a few weeks have been given her to do the work, and she has scarcely had time enough to get the materials together in a very crude form. But if the book accomplishes its objects, she will, indeed, rest satisfied.

MARY E. JACKSON,

May 1, 1885.

Topeka, Kansas.

TO THE ATTORNEYS FOR NELLIE C. BAILEY,

HON. J. W. ADY, Newton, Kansas,

AND

HON. W. E. STANLEY, AND T. B. WALL, Wichita, Kansas.

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED THIS VOLUME.

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THE LIFE
OF
NELLIE C. BAILEY.

CHAPTER I.

NELLIE'S EARLY LIFE.

“Maiden, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Then, why stand with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields elysian.”

ONE fine morning in May, the pupils of the Rockford Seminary, in Illinois, were thrown into quite an excitement by the unexpected arrival of a new scholar. “Who is she?” “Where is she from?” could be heard in whispers all over the room. To stop this confusion, the teacher brought her forward, and intro-

duced her to the class as Miss Nellie Benthusen, of Halstead, Kansas.

At recess, the subject of the new arrival was fully discussed. "So we have a specimen from the Grasshopper State!" exclaimed one.

"Yes, indeed," said another, "and you will find that she will reign supreme, too, for whatever comes from Kansas, always takes the premium. But as she is so pretty and fairy-like, she is sure to be petted and spoiled."

Now, reader, I have introduced to you the heroine of this book, the famous Nellie C. Bailey.

Nellie C. Bailey, *nee* Benthusen, was born September 19, 1862, in the town of Algonquin, McHenry county, Illinois. Her parents were of German and Scotch descent. In 1871 they moved to Kansas and took up a homestead in Harvey county, near the thriving village of Halstead.

How Nellie spent her time up to her introduction at the Rockford Seminary, I will attempt to relate.

The first summer they lived on the farm. Her father purchased some horses. Among them was a pale-sorrel mustang pony, with black mane and tail.

After several unsuccessful attempts to make this animal (named Selim) work, and after as

many successful runaways, Mr. Benthusen gave him to Nellie. When she first took charge of him, she considered him not more than half-civilized. The days spent in training him, she regards among the happiest of her life. When not attending school she was almost constantly on Selim's back, and ere long became noted as an equestrienne. She would often ride for hours, alone, over the beautiful prairies, and when she would dismount, as she frequently did, to gather strawberries or wild flowers, Selim would stand quietly by her side; and sometimes when she went for the cows, she would give chase to a coyote that would be lurking near the herd.

But, as you will soon learn, "a change came o'er the spirit of her dreams."

When she returned from the seminary, she was no more the plain, frolicsome girl of the prairies, but the fashionable and richly-dressed Miss Benthusen, who soon became the acknowledged belle of Newton, the city in which her parents then resided.

While at the seminary, Nellie formed the acquaintance of a handsome, intelligent young man, by the name of Alvin Lakeside. Their friendship soon ripened into love. Nellie soon bid adieu to her lover and her many friends at Rockford, and returned to her parents in Kan-

sas. As before stated, her parents had left the farm and moved into Newton. In a short time Alvin Lakeside came to Kansas, and located at Newton. He and Nellie spent a great deal of time together, while he bestowed many beautiful gifts upon her. As "lovers have many eyes upon them," Madame Rumor stated that Nellie was soon to be Mrs. Lakeside and the occupant of the new residence which Alvin was erecting. What a bright future lay before her!

Alvin Lakeside was a firm, sober, industrious and intellectual young man, with no besetting sins to mar their future lives. But, since "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate," we know little of what awaits us in the future. The bright sunshine of their lives was soon to be overshadowed by dark clouds. August 17, 1879, was the day set for the wedding. Happy was Alvin in looking forward to the time when he could call Nellie his dear wife. Preparations had already begun for the wedding, when, to his great surprise, he received a note, containing the following cold and icy words:

"MR. LAKESIDE: Our engagement is at an end. I enclose your ring. Good-bye, NELLIE."

Shannon Bailey, a wealthy money broker of Newton, sought Nellie's hand and heart, and pressed his suit very urgently, being greatly

aided in his efforts by her parents, who were very anxious to grasp him as a glittering prize.

On the afternoon of August 9th, he called on Nellie, and pressed his suit so earnestly, that she told him to call again at six o'clock, when she would give him a definite answer.

After he had gone, she wrote the note to Alvin, and then sought a quiet retreat, to meditate upon the hasty action, which, she feared, would cause her regret. She was casting aside Alvin, whom she truly loved, for one whose sole attraction was his wealth. So deeply engaged was she in thought that the hours passed unheeded, until aroused from her reverie by her mother's voice. She returned to the house to find Mr. Bailey awaiting her decision.

At eight o'clock of the same evening, they were married at Nellie's home, by Rev. S. S. Merrifield, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Newton, and the marriage announced in the city papers.

They soon went to housekeeping, and Nellie had almost everything that the heart could desire, for Mr. Bailey was very liberal with his money, and as he was determined that she should love him, he provided for her generously.

All went well with Mr. Bailey until he sold out in Newton and went to Canton, to establish himself in the banking business. Nellie

remained in Newton a short time, visiting her friends, while Mr. Bailey was making the necessary arrangements for their establishment in the new home.

One evening while calling on her friend Mrs. Weaver, an English lady, she was introduced to Clement Bothamley. After leaving the house she gave no thought to the man or his name, little dreaming how the simple circumstance of their meeting should affect her future life.

Shortly after, she joined her husband at Canton. The banker and his pretty wife were received with marked attention. But the clouds soon began to gather. Nellie was young, just past eighteen, and loved society; while Mr. Bailey, being much older, naturally loved a quiet life. Near them lived a meddling woman, who pitied Mr. Bailey, and who, as a news gatherer, gave him all the items she could possibly pick up: How a certain young man met Nellie at the gate, when she came home; how another one smiled on her, etc. Mr. Bailey considered himself an injured man; his pride was touched, and he determined to leave the place. The bank was sold, and Mr. and Mrs. Bailey commenced their travels over the West, first going to Kansas City, Mo., where they remained only a short time, and then started to San Francisco.

CHAPTER II.

IN ENGLAND.

IN the Autumn of 1878, in one of the fine parks in Kent, a lady and a gentleman suddenly met face to face, and both were startled at this unexpected meeting. After a moment's pause, the gentleman said:

"Are you here, Hattie! Where did you come from, and where are you going?"

She answered: "I came here two weeks ago: I live at Cloverside."

He then inquired: "What! in the old house where you lived years ago, when you promised to be my wife?"

He stepped towards her as if he intended to take her to his arms again, but she motioned him away, saying:

"Stay in your place, sir. You have no claims upon me, nor I upon you. You left me for gold; you cast me aside, and took another to your arms, not for love, but for wealth. I was left to make my way in this cold, unfriendly world, alone. I tried to forget you. I supported myself by teaching, until I met one that loved me truly, and was worthy of my heart and hand.

I gave him both. We were married, and lived happily. But now he is sleeping beneath the waves of the Indian Ocean, and I am left with two little children to support. I came here two weeks ago, to take some rest, supposing that you had gone. The agent told me that the estate had changed hands. I rented the old house."

The gentleman stood with folded arms, looking at her. He then said:

"I, too, am almost penniless. I have lost all, and have two little girls to support. You said 'I married for gold.' You were right, but I shall never get much of it. Since you have come, I will go away soon, and I will never return." As he drew nearer, he added in a subdued tone, "Yes, I will never return."

She asked: "When and where are you going?"

He answered: "I do not know, yet. If I go, my family will be provided for better than they will be if I remain. Then I shall be free again, and can go where I please."

He spoke the last words in a very affecting manner, as if he was deserted by every friend on earth. He knew what chord of the lady's heart to touch. When she saw him in distress, the memory of other days came suddenly upon her, her early love for him took possession of

her heart, and the thought that she was still loved by one once so dear to her, almost overcame her.

They parted, and the next evening met again, but not as before. They are lovers now. Seated side by side, they seem lost to all the world. Happy in the present, they are planning for the future. As time passed swiftly on, each day brought them nearer in their plans, and all was nearly completed, when one evening a lady, accompanied by two girls, came near their retreat. The children caught sight of the two, and running forward, exclaimed, "Papa! papa!" but paused when they saw that the lady by his side was a stranger. Joining their mother, they retraced their steps to the mansion.

Touched with a feeling of guilt, the father and his companion hushed the voice of conscience, as the guilty do, by blaming others with their misfortune.

After the wife and children had disappeared, the lady said: "I think your wife is very homely. I don't see how any man could love such a woman."

The gentleman made no immediate reply, but putting his arms around the lady, and drawing her to him, kissed her, saying: "She is not so pretty as my Hattie."

The forsaken wife returned home almost

broken-hearted, and wept for hours. She had married because she loved, and her husband had professed the same love for her, but only for a short time after their marriage. He soon grew indifferent toward her. She was not a beauty, yet she was a fine-looking, intelligent lady, was highly accomplished, and well qualified to appear at the Queen's table. She was a true woman, of whom any king or lord might be proud. She did not seek simply to please men, but to do her duty toward every person. Her two little girls were superior to any that appeared in the drives, and the father knew it, but he could not be contented. Dissipation was destroying all his better qualities and hurrying him on to ruin. She knew all this, but could not be persuaded to leave him and go to her relatives. She loved him, and would cling to him to the last.

He was a handsome man, and of noble descent. But what is nobility or wealth, when the heart is so hardened, and vice is installed as king, reigning supreme with a most despotic sway.

The wife and mother was to remove to another home. In a few days after the scene in the park, the mansion was vacated and the family took up their residence in London.

The pretty woman whom we saw in the park

had disappeared. Whither she had gone, no one knew. One day the father came, and kissing the two children good-bye, told them he was going to America, and did not intend to return.

What a shock to his devoted wife! She had given him the last penny of her wealth, and was now dependent upon friends for support. She had been a kind and faithful wife, while he had proven himself so cruel, so unjust to her.

Closely she watched the papers. At last she observed the names of Mr. and Mrs. Millick, who had sailed from Liverpool to America.

Then she knew that he had gone, yet she had some hope that he would return again. She said: "They will not live together one year. I shall live to see them reap their reward." And she was correct. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

They landed in New York, and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Millick. From there they went to Chicago, and then disappeared.

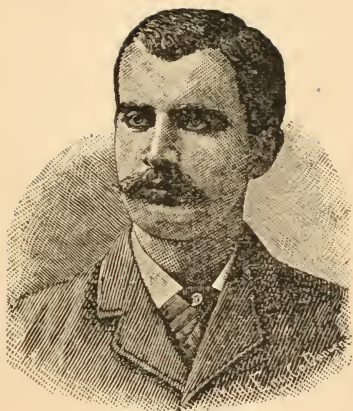
CHAPTER III.

CLEMENT BOTHAMLEY.

“This life a theater we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.”

IN March, 1880, the citizens of Newton, Kansas, were considerably excited because of the arrival of a wealthy Englishman, by the name of Bothamley, said to be a lineal descendant of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. This personage said he had crossed the ocean to seek a fortune in America; that he had once been very wealthy, but had lost a greater part of his possessions by becoming surety for two of his brothers, yet he had saved enough to take a new start in this country. He said his immense landed possessions in England had been sold to his brothers' creditors, but he expected to own greater ones in America. He also said that his wife had cheerfully given up all her friends in England, and had come with him to America, that he might be able to retrieve his fortune.

This was about all that the inquisitive people could learn concerning the Englishman's affairs,



CLEMENT BOTHAMLEY.

but the display he made astonished most of the citizens of Newton. He purchased a fine residence, and tried to transform it into an old English mansion. His wife lived a rather secluded life, seldom appearing in public.

Bothamley was a very handsome man, about twenty-eight years of age. He possessed fine business qualifications, and was highly intellectual, but his face bore unmistakable marks of dissipation.

His wife was lady-like and refined in her manners, and graceful in her movements. Her wardrobe was said, (by the few who had an opportunity of knowing,) to be very fine and costly, and mostly new. Her diamonds, with few exceptions, were from the Churchill family. She had a fine locket, inside of which was the portrait of Lady Churchill. She was not vain or boastful, but she appeared to be hiding some deep secret, by adroitly turning the conversation when reference was made to her old home in England.

Bothamley appeared to be restless, whether in the office or on the street: he would glance at every person who passed him: sometimes his eyes would follow a person quite a distance, and then he would turn away with a shade of disappointment on his face. Perhaps, if he could have looked into an orange grove in

Florida, he might have seen the object of his search, and have been more at ease.

They had only been in Newton about three months, when a change took place in that mansion. Death stepped across the threshold, and took the wife and newborn babe. Three days after the birth of the child, the mother summoned the husband to her bedside, and said: "Clement, I am dying. Take care of my child. You know all."

The husband turned away from the bed to hide the tears in his eyes.

The attending physician heard and saw all that passed between them. "*You know all.*" sank deep into his heart.

Friends and neighbors did all in their power to assist in the sad rites of the burial of that beautiful woman. Her remains were robed in a beautiful shroud, and laid away in the silent tomb, and three days after, the babe was placed by her side, and Clement Bothamley was left alone in his home, without a relative this side of the Atlantic, so far as he knew. A fine monument was erected to the memory of Hattie Bothamley and babe, wife and child of Clement Bothamley.

Mr. Bothamley soon sold his property in Newton, and bought a ranch of six hundred and forty acres near Sedgwick City. He pur-

NELLIE C. BAILEY.

chased horses, cattle and sheep to stock it with. A neat house was built, and a family was placed in it to board all hands employed on the ranch. Mr. Bothamley was a good business man, a shrewd trader, and possessed so much English stubbornness that he generally accomplished whatever he undertook. Some of his time was spent in looking through the western part of the State for a better location for his stock. He wanted to get away from Newton. He informed some of his employes that he was going to Texas about August 21st, 1883, and that his sister Bertha was coming to live with him and accompany him to Texas. He made this statement on the first day of June, and preparation was begun for the journey and for the reception of his sister on her arrival. One room in the house was fitted up elegantly for her, and he went to Valley Center on the ninth of June, and brought his sister home.

Bertha spent most of the time in the house. Sometimes she would take horseback rides. Three or four times she went with Mr. Bothamley to Wichita.

She was rather pretty, and graceful in all her movements. She wore large, dark eyeglasses to shade her eyes, and a mask of white cloth, with eye-holes in it, to protect her face from the Kansas sun.

Mr. Bothamley was ill a greater part of the time, and the men employed attended to the preparations for the journey. The day set for starting was August 21st. Everything was in readiness by that time.

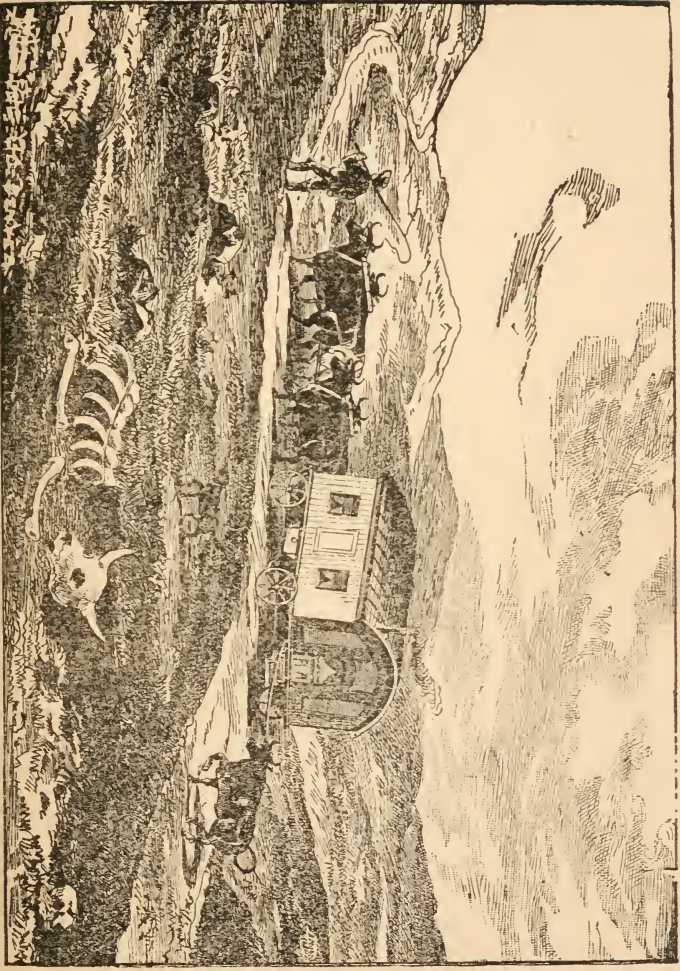
During the time, Mr. Bothamley deeded all his property to one Sarah A. Laws. His sister signed the papers transferring the Bothamley estate to her.

To make the journey as pleasant as possible for Bertha, Mr. Bothamley had a car built on wheels, and drawn by two yoke of oxen. It was handsomely furnished, expressly for her accommodation.

Mr. Bothamley had a spring wagon covered and furnished with a pair of single bed springs, mattress and blankets, making a comfortable resting place for himself. The two young men who were to accompany them, were to sleep under the wagon.

There were about two thousand five hundred head of sheep to be driven, and Bertha was the general manager. A pony was selected for her, and she had petted a beautiful shepherd dog until he claimed her as his mistress. So, with her pony Freak, and her dog Queeny, Bertha was ready to start for the "Lone Star State."

The day before they were to start, a stranger rode up to the gate and asked for Mr. Botham-



ley. Bertha grew deadly pale and turned away. She knew that horrid-looking man; every deed of her life rushed through her mind. He talked a few minutes with Mr. Bothamley, and then rode away. Bertha knew he was searching for her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY.

AN American, while traveling in the north of England, in 1879, stopped for dinner at a way-side inn, which was kept by an elderly lady. While partaking of his meal, the hostess received a letter draped in mourning, and noticing the tears running down the old lady's cheeks, he asked what sad news it contained. She replied: "It comes from America, and gives an account of the death and burial of my only child, Hattie." He did not catch the last word, and only learned that her daughter had died at Newton, Kansas.

As he passed out, he noticed two small children, a boy and a girl, playing near the door. Their dress and appearance told him plainly that they belonged to "High Life," and that

there must be some mystery connected with their sojourn in this obscure and lonely place.

That American traveler was Clarence Lane, who belonged to the United States Secret Service. He had been in Newton, Kansas, often and had several acquaintances there. Among them was Nellie C. Bailey. He became acquainted with her at his home in Rockford, Illinois, and it was at his residence that Nellie and Alvin first met. Nellie found two true and influential friends in Mr. and Mrs. Lane.

When Clarence heard the name of Newton, he thought of the little Kansas beauty, and he determined to stop there as soon as he returned home. It was not until the summer of 1882 that he met with an opportunity to visit Kansas.

One pleasant evening, Mr. Lane, a fine looking gentleman, stepped off the train at Newton, and was driven to the best hotel in the place. The next morning he inquired for a Mr. and Mrs. Millick, but no one could give him any information regarding them. He then made inquiry for Clement Bothamley, and was told by the clerk of the hotel that Bothamley, after the death of his wife, had sold his possessions in Newton and gone to live upon a ranch.

Clarence wandered out to the cemetery, and there he saw the name of "Hattie Bothamley,

wife of Clement Bothamley," engraved upon a tombstone. He said to himself: "I know it all now, and it is not worth while to go farther."

While standing there, he saw an old lady approaching. He recognized her in a moment, and turning into another path, he allowed her to pass. Without noticing him, she went to the monument, read the inscription, and knelt down beside the mound.

He afterward met the same lady in Kansas City, but did not make himself known to her. She had come from the Old World to see the last resting place of her only child.

On the train, at St. Louis, a gentleman and lady occupied a seat near her, and when the gentleman learned that she was going to England, he became very anxious to hear of his native land, as he had been away from there a great many years. His home was in Kent, and he made many inquiries concerning the Bothamley family. She told him that the aged mother was still living, and that two of the sons came to America years ago, and had never been heard from: that Clement Bothamley had married her daughter, and was now living near Newton, Kansas; that her daughter had died some time ago, and that Clement was now left alone.

After he had learned the daughter's name he

said nothing more, for he knew all about her, and what had taken place at Cloverside, but he kept his own secrets. He said his home was in Florida, where he had a large orange plantation, and that he should never set foot on the shores of Great Britain again.

The gentleman and lady proceeded on their way to Florida. When they arrived at home, Clarence Lane was awaiting their return. Clarence and the Englishman were intimate friends, and it was Clarence who first learned the history of his early life, and what brought him to America.

The Englishman was a descendant of the Churchill family, but no one knew it except Clarence Lane. He had come to consult his friend concerning some affairs of the Churchill estate. They talked of the mystery, and Clarence explained all he had gathered in the past four years. Part of the mystery the Englishman had guessed, but some of it still remained unexplained. Said Clarence: "You need not try to find it all out. This world is a mystery, the best you can make of it. The more I see of it, the more I am convinced of the truth of this assertion."

He showed some papers that a Kansas lady had placed in his hands the previous week. She was married and had a family. Her hus-

band was a fine business man. They moved in the best society, but there was a mystery about the lady that could not be explained. She did not know who she was. Those papers showed that in the fall of 1860 a plainly dressed woman called at a boarding house in Chicago, and engaged board and room for herself and young babe. She told the lady of the house that she was keeping the babe for a friend. One morning about two weeks after her arrival her room was found open, and the woman gone, but the babe was there, and an envelope containing twenty-five dollars was found, addressed to the lady of the house. She kept this pretty black-eyed little girl a few months, and then turned it over to the care of a wealthy family. The family adopted her. She was given a fine education, and at eighteen years of age was highly accomplished. Her foster parents concealed her adoption until she was seventeen, when it was accidentally made known to her. This discovery made her very unhappy. At the time she was engaged to a gentleman who belonged to "high life." She broke the engagement, reasoning thus: "I do not know who I am, and perhaps my parents were of the lower classes. I will not marry." She grew despondent, and her friends sent her west. The climate and change of scenery seemed partially to restore her for-

mer joyous spirits. She came home, engaged to the man she afterwards married. She was a Southern beauty, and there were some indications that she was of Spanish descent.

“And now,” said Clarence, “she has employed me to search for her parents. She has several times met a lady whom she greatly resembles, and has noticed that that lady always watches her so intently that she has conceived the idea that she is her mother. So I have been investigating the matter. I have traced the lady to Macon, Georgia, and found that she is the daughter of a wealthy planter. When she married an artist, her father disowned her. Her husband died in Chicago about one year after their marriage. He left her in destitute circumstances, and as she had no way to earn her livelihood, trusting the nurse to find a home for the babe, she went back to her parents. The existence of the little babe was never made known to them. Two years later she married again, and is now immensely wealthy. But why has she disowned that beautiful being, who would almost give the world to call her mother? Besides, there is quite a fortune in Paris for her child, from her husband’s estate. Now, why, after all this, does she still cling to this terrible secret? But I intend to ferret it all out.”

Clarence folded up his papers and put them in his pocket. The Englishman looked away into distance, and said: "Yes, life is a mystery."

Clarence Lane returned to his home in Rockford, and found a lady visitor at his house. She said:

"I came to stay awhile, and don't you tell that I am here."

One day, in passing by the mantel, Mr. Lane saw a letter which had been closed by a royal seal, but mailed at Wichita, Kansas. To have some fun with his wife and visitor, he put the letter in his pocket. Being suddenly called from home, he thought no more of the matter until he had been gone several days, when accidentally putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out the letter, and as the seal had been broken, he thought he would see what the letter contained. On reading it he was startled, and could scarcely believe what he read. "This thing must be stopped as soon as possible," he exclaimed. He immediately posted a letter to his wife, but Mrs. Lane did not receive it until her visitor had left for Elgin and St. Louis. So Mrs. Lane had no opportunity to correspond with her.

CHAPTER V.

NELLIE'S TRAVELS.

NELLIE and Mr. Bailey spent the time very pleasantly for a few weeks in San Francisco, and no one was more greatly admired than Nellie while at the hotel. Those who were not acquainted with them, supposed that she was Mr. Bailey's daughter, and they often spoke of her in that way. The last day of their stay in the city, Nellie was looking out on the piazza in front of her, and saw a well known form. She exclaimed: "Look, Shannon, there is old Pat Maguire!"

Mr. Bailey turned his head, and sure enough, there stood the old ruffian, apparently watching the scenes before him, but quietly observing whatever was to be seen in the parlor.

Nellie felt that he was watching them, and knew that he had some evil purpose in view. Her heart ached, she knew not why, but a strange foreboding of approaching evil had settled on her mind. Although she did not see him again during the trip, she could not forget him.

They left San Francisco for Oregon, on board a steamer. Nellie, for the first time in her life,

was on the ocean, with nothing to break the monotony but the sight of some dozen or more great whales, spouting water and floundering around, as if in sport. The captain said it foretold a storm, and sure enough, it came that evening with great fury. Not like the Kansas cyclone, that soon loses its force, but it continued during the greater part of the night, though when the morning came, the sea was calm, and great sea lions were sporting in the ship's wake. Nellie saw the sun rise, apparently out of the waters of the ocean. But she was not happy. There was a sadness and gloom settling over her that she could not cast off, and as the time passed she grew more and more discontented.

They traveled over the greater part of Oregon, and returned by the steamer "State of Oregon" to San Francisco. A Jewish bridal party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Lesby, came on board. The gentleman was foreman of a large clothing house in Portland, which was owned by a firm in San Francisco. Mrs. Lesby had relatives in both of these cities. While on the voyage she was taken seasick, and Nellie took care of her, and became her constant companion. She noticed that Mr. Lesby appeared restless and unhappy. He would walk back and forth on the deck for hours. Sometimes

he would stop and look down into the deep water a moment, and then resume his walk. He shunned all company and acquaintances. Mrs. Lesby would say: "What is the matter with Walter? He is so changed."

When they landed at San Francisco, a fine dinner was awaiting them at the Palace Hotel, ordered by the bride's relatives. Before dinner was served, Mr. Lesby kissed his wife good-bye for a moment, and ran down to the firm for which he was working. He spent about two hours with his employers, then started away in an excited manner, exclaiming: "You will be sorry for this!"

Instead of proceeding to the hotel, he entered a rear room in the building, and turning the key which had been left in the door, shot himself. Hearing the report of the revolver, the manager and three of the employes rushed to the room, burst open the door, and found Walter Lesby dying, with the deadly weapon in his hand.

A messenger was sent to the hotel for his bride. She heard the quick steps, and supposing it was her husband, she arose, expecting to meet him. The door was thrown open, and the boy asked if Mrs. Lesby was present. She answered: "Yes, I am Mrs. Lesby." He immediately answered: "Your husband has shot

himself." The bride fainted and fell, and two days passed before they were able to restore her to consciousness.

The death of Walter Lesby caused a great deal of excitement in the city. He had been foreman of the firm a great many years, but just before his marriage had fallen short in his accounts. Without notifying him, they had sent a man to take his place at Portland, who had left San Francisco the same day that Mr. Lesby left Portland. He went to see the firm, and pleaded with them to restore him, and allow him to make up what he was owing them, but they sternly refused. He left them in despair, with his hopes blasted. He was cast out without a dollar, and without a line to enable him to obtain work, and feeling thus disheartened, he determined to put himself out of the world. His employers wept over him as though he was their own son, but their sorrow came too late. Walter Lesby had suicided, and his wife was left a broken-hearted widow.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey returned to Kansas City, and from there they traveled over the North and West, stopping for some time in Dakota. Here Nellie determined to leave Mr. Bailey. He gave her four thousand dollars, and told her to go home for one year, and by that time she could be content, or not, to live with him again.

Mr. Bailey left for Canada, and Nellie went home. When she arrived at Emporia, Mr. Bailey lost sight of her, but he learned from a conductor that a fine-looking gentleman came on board of the train at that place and seated himself by her side. He noticed their earnest conversation, and saw the gentleman take a ring from his watch chain and place it upon the engagement finger of the lady's hand. Nothing could be learned of Nellie for some time.

But there was one who always kept in sight of her, viz: Old Pat Maguire. He saw the whole proceedings, and was in high glee over what was transpiring. The seat in front of them was occupied by an old lady, who turned suddenly around when she heard Nellie call the gentleman by name. The couple paid no attention to her, but she continued to watch them as closely as she dared without seeming to be rude.

When the train had arrived at Newton, the elderly lady inquired of the gentleman if he could tell her where Clement Bothamley lived. His voice trembled, and in a tone scarcely audible, he answered her in the negative. He looked at the old lady in surprise, but in a moment he knew her, and turned suddenly away, for fear she would recognize him. But she had already satisfied herself as to his identity.

She took a cab and was driven to a private boarding place. The next morning she inquired for Clement Bothamley, and was told that he had left Newton, and was living on a ranch some distance from there. On her way to the cemetery, Clarence Lane stepped aside to let her pass.

After Nellie had been missing a few weeks, she again made her appearance at Elgin, Illinois, as Mrs. Bailey, a guest of Mrs. Taylor. She was elegantly dressed, and when she appeared in society, she was considered quite a beauty. Her letters came regularly, and were addressed in care of Mrs. Taylor. One day a letter came that caused Nellie to become very restless. A few days after, she bid adieu to her friends in Elgin, and took the train for St. Louis, where she disappeared again. About two months later we find her in Newark, New Jersey, again, the belle of the city, bedecked with costly jewels. She spent several months there, and being in need of money, she placed her gold watch and a diamond ring in exchange. While in Newark she received a letter containing the news of Mr. Bailey's death. The letter was mailed at San Francisco, though the last account she had of him was from the mining districts. This letter troubled her very much—more than she was willing to tell. She con-

sulted a clairvoyant, but received no evidence of the truth of what was contained in the letter.

She next went to Wisconsin, and visited several places in that State, and at Waukesha she stayed with her cousin, Mrs. Sweet. There, to her horror and dismay, she saw Pat Maguire, and felt conscious that he saw the startled look she gave him. He passed on quietly, and she, almost out of breath, hurried on her way.

Why should she tremble at the sight of that horried man? She had committed no crime. She had left Shannon Bailey because she could not love him. She had married to please her parents, who were now displeased because she was hiding away from him and his friends. But now, old Pat will carry the news back to Newton.

Time passed on, and once more Nellie found herself a belle. Among the many persons she met, was Robert Reese. Like herself, he was fond of society, so they spent much of their time together. As Nellie's cousin did not approve of her receiving Reese's attentions, she went to board with a Mrs. Austin.

One evening in April, while attending a party, Reese proposed a walk. Nellie accepted, and as they were passing the residence of a friend, her companion bantered her to go in and get mar-

ried—just for fun—to spite her cousin, and to take every one by surprise. They both went in, and the marriage ceremony was performed, all for the sake of a good joke. She then went to her boarding place, and told Mrs. Austin all about it. She enjoyed it very much, as Nellie had always made a confidante of her, and she knew that Nellie did not care for the man with whom she was keeping company.

A few days after this piece of nonsense, Nellie was called away, by letter, to Kansas. Bidding adieu to Reese, Mrs. Austin, and her many friends, she started for Kansas. When she had arrived at Chicago, she telegraphed to both the parties that she was so far on her journey.

At St. Louis she was met by the same gentleman who has been referred to as meeting her at Emporia. They took dinner at the Planter's House, and in the parlor of that hotel entered into a solemn engagement, which was to be kept a profound secret.

From there Nellie again disappears, and her parents can learn nothing of her.

Clarence Lane, after having traced her to the many places where she had been visiting, could learn nothing more than that the jewels she had left at Newark, New Jersey, had been sent C. O. D. to Wichita, Kansas.

CHAPTER VI.

BOTHAMLEY STARTING FOR TEXAS.

IT WAS bright and warm on August 22, 1883. All was bustle and hurry at the Bothamley ranch. The car was loaded with Bertha's two trunks, her cot, the dishes and cooking utensils. The spring wagon containing Bothamley's bed, had an extra box put under the seat, filled with bottles of all sizes, containing iodine, morphine, and other medicines. Some smoking tobacco and a few pipes also helped make up the contents of what once had been a cracker box. Two yoke of oxen were hitched to the car, which was quickly taken out into the road, by the side of the spring wagon, drawn by a team of nice ponies. Veters, a boy fifteen years old, sat on the seat in front of the car, and drove the oxen.

Bothamley started out on horseback, thinking the journey overland, and the camping out would perhaps be a cure for the rheumatism. Bertha and Dodson were to drive the cattle and sheep. While the boys were collecting the sheep, Bertha mounted her pony for a ride. She took the Wichita road for some miles at a full

gallop. She wore her large glasses and white muslin over her face, as a protection from the sun, while a wide hat shaded her almost as well as a parasol. She passed several wagons loaded with wheat. At one of these she came to a full stop. When she saw the old man driving it, her hand loosened its hold on the rein, but she caught it again, and turned the pony toward home. When she turned to go back, she noticed that the old man was watching her, and seemed to be following. She related to Bothamley what she had done and whom she had seen, but he only laughed at her for being so foolish, and she soon recovered from her fright. They started out, and traveled four miles the first day, Bothamley and Dodson driving the sheep in the rear of the teams.

The boys unhitched the teams and fed them, while Bertha prepared supper, and they partook of their first meal, as campers do, out in the open air, by a smoking wood fire.

The cold dew began to fall, and the sheep lay down to rest. When the cattle wandered too far away, the shepherd dogs would bring them back. At last all was settled for the night.

Bertha put away the cooking apparatus, and went to her car, but she could not sleep until the day began to break. Old Pat Maguire and the man in the wagon had made her nervous

and afraid. The two young men, or boys, as Bertha called them, slept under the wagon, on blankets. At last the day dawned, and breakfast was prepared and eaten while the animals were grazing. Then another day's journey was commenced.

In the afternoon Mr. Bothamley was sick and unable to sit up. The sheep moved slowly, the ponies followed the car, and Mr. Bothamley was lying on his bed. That evening he seemed to be worse than he had been since Bertha had arrived.

The first week they only traveled a few miles each day. Mr. Bothamley grew so much worse that Bertha tried to coax him to go by rail to Texas, and let the boys take the stock through, but he refused, and became very irritable. She arranged the car for him to ride in. She waited on him almost constantly, giving him medicine, and bathing his wrists and ankles many times during the day and night. He would not go back for medical treatment, but kept urging them on.

When near Mt. Hope he became alarmingly worse, and Bertha sent for a physician—a Dr. Dwight. He gave Bothamley some medicine to alleviate his sufferings. The next morning found him no better, and they drove into Mt. Hope, where Dr. Dwight insisted that he should

stay until he was able to travel. They stopped there one day, and Bertha then proceeded, leaving Bothamley in the care of Dr. Dwight.

They traveled about eighty miles, and then Bertha left the boys to go on with the sheep, while she returned to Mt. Hope for Bothamley. When she arrived there, she found him not much better, and she concluded to remain with him a few days. She coaxed, begged and entreated him to send some man with the boys, and let her remain with him until he improved, and then both go through by rail. But it was of no use, for Bothamley, true to his native stubbornness, knew that he was able to travel, and insisted upon going. Dr. Dwight tried to persuade him to heed Bertha's advice, but he would not. They left Mt. Hope on September 25th, and in two days overtook the boys and the sheep.

Bothamley was again installed in the car, and Bertha took her place in the saddle, to drive the sheep, and they moved slowly southward. At Caldwell, Bertha mailed a letter she had written before leaving Sedgwick. At that place they bought provisions enough to last them several weeks.

Bothamley was almost delirious with pain, and dose after dose of morphine was administered to him, but to no purpose. He declared

often that he was tired of life, and Bertha sat by and tried to comfort him. She cried and begged of him to return, and said she would take care of him. The roads were bad, and it rained every few days. Bertha began to grow weary of her work. It was fast telling on her. She was getting thin and care-worn, but tried to conceal her discontent and suffering from Bothamley.

October 6th was Sunday, and they only proceeded a few miles. Bertha was in the saddle all day, and when night came on they halted near a small stream called Hackberry, in the Indian Territory. They had stopped for the night, and while Bertha attended to the sheep, the boys prepared supper at the car, about half a mile distant from the sheep. When supper had been prepared, Dodson attended to the sheep, and Bertha returned to the car to see why it could not be brought up with the sheep.

Vetters said the oxen behaved very badly, and Bothamley had been screaming because he was jolted; the tinware was making so much noise that he could not stand it to go another rod. Vetters unhitched the oxen, and left the car standing in the middle of the road.

Bertha got Bothamley's supper, and then he asked to have his bed made on the floor, as he felt so tired he could not sleep on the cot. She

arranged his bed, bathed his wrists and ankles, and then returned to see how the sheep were doing. She felt uneasy, because the car was so far away. While she was gone, Bothamley shot his 45-calibre Colt's revolver twice. She fired her small pistol in reply, and then went to the car and found Bothamley lying on the bed she had prepared for him. As he wanted to reload his revolver, she handed him the ammunition, and after reloading he laid the revolver on a trunk near his bed. She then lit the lantern, and put it outside the car, on the seat where Vettors sat while driving.

Bothamley took his usual dose of morphine, after which Bertha wrapped her shawl around her and lay down on the spring cot, and went to sleep.

About ten o'clock she was awakened by something walking around on the outside of the car. She spoke to Bothamley, and he cocked his revolver and went to the window.

She asked: "What is it, Clement?"

He answered: "It is only that spotted calf that has come here from the herd."

As he lay down, complaining of his rheumatism, he said:

"I thought it was an Indian."

They talked of the Indians, and of the long trip before them, and at last Bertha said she

was so tired and sleepy, that they had better stop talking and go to sleep.

A few hours passed, when suddenly she was aroused from her slumber by the loud report of a revolver. She sprang to her feet, almost deafened by the noise, and called to Bothamley, but received no answer. She soon found herself outside the car, calling the boys, who were about half a mile away. She could not tell the direction, as the night was so dark and gloomy. After going quite a distance, something sprang toward her, causing her to jump backward in great fright. She thought it was a wolf, but in a moment she found it to be her shepherd dog. She followed him, calling for help as loud as she could. The boys answered her, and came running to meet her. She exclaimed:

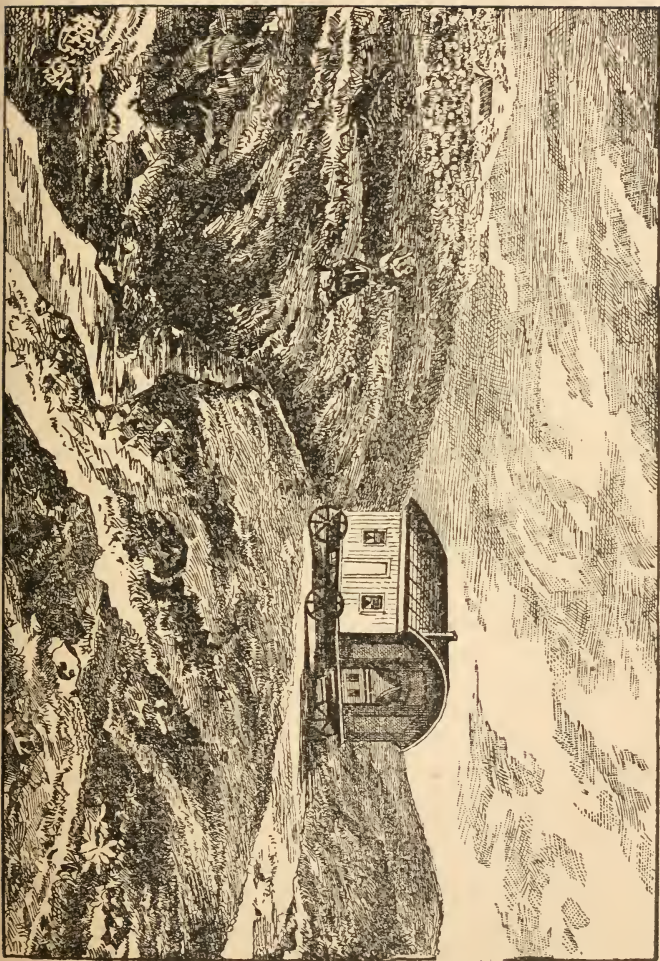
“Go to the car, quick: something awful has happened!”

She then sank upon the ground.

Vetters took a pony, and rode to the car, but soon returned, without having made any discovery.

Dodson sent him back, but he soon returned, with no more information than he had brought the first time.

Dodson then went himself, and took the lantern inside of the car, where a terrible sight met his eyes. His employer lay dead, with the



blood still running from the bullet hole in his head.

He returned and told Bertha what had happened.

During all this time Bertha sat on the grass, crying.

A terribly trying situation was that of these young persons, none of whom were scarcely above the age of childhood. Away in the heart of the Indian Territory, on that dark and dismal night, surrounded by wild beasts and savages, many miles from any friend or acquaintance, it was not strange that Bertha wrung her hands and cried—that her heart almost failed her when she took in her surroundings.

She had tried to persuade Clement to go by rail, but he was obstinate, and refused, claiming that the camp life was all the medicine that he needed.

Bertha thought of some wagons that had passed them the evening before. She sent Dodson after them as fast as possible, and in two or three hours he returned, accompanied by several men.

They washed the body and laid it out, and then arranging the spring wagon, they placed the corpse in it and drove to Skeleton Ranch, about twelve miles distant, to bury it.

Bertha accompanied them, riding in a wagon

with one of the men, while another man drove the team attached to the wagon containing Bothamley's remains.

When they arrived at the ranch, a rough coffin was procured, and the remains of Clement Bothamley, nicely dressed, were placed therein, and on the following day buried.

There were present at the burial eleven men and four ladies, one of the latter Bertha. Thus one of England's boasted nobility was laid in the "narrow house," surrounded by the graves of American outlaws and tramps.

Mr. Collins and Mr. Donaldson, the two men who assisted in the burial, asked Bertha what she thought of doing. She told them she did not know, as she was alone, all of her folks being in England. Mr. Donaldson remarked that she had better write to them. Bertha said she would write to her mother at Liverpool, and say that he was accidentally shot. She did not know what to do about the stock. She said she had an interest in the sheep, and besides, Bothamley was her brother.

The men advised her to go to their ranch, some two or three days' drive from there, and remain there until they returned. She followed their advice, and she and Dodson drove to where Vettors was with the sheep.

They proceeded to wash the clothes and clean

the car, so as to be ready to pursue their journey. Bertha was not able to do much, as she had not recovered from the shock she received on that fearful night. The thought of being alone in such a wild country, with only two boys—her friend and protector gone from her forever—quite overcame her. Her health and strength were fast failing her.

They started on their journey, intending to go to Collins' ranch. They traveled on Friday until about noon, when they camped and remained over night.

On Saturday they did not start out, and about two o'clock in the afternoon a company of six men, heavily armed with rifles and revolvers, rode up and surrounded their camp, informing them they were prisoners, arrested for the murder of Clement Bothamley.

They were separated. Bertha's hands were tied with a strong rope. Dodson was heavily shackled, and better tied. They were taken back to Wichita.

Bertha recognized Pat Maguire among this band. He snatched her gloves off, and would have taken the rings from her fingers, if another man had not interfered in her behalf.

That was old Pat, now Deputy United States Marshal!

The oaths and vile language poured out upon

the heads of those three innocent persons by their captors, was a true index of the character of the men who brought them back.

Bertha's white hands were securely bound, and she was closely guarded. She had laid aside the mask of white cloth and eyeglasses before they arrived at Mt. Hope, on their way down, while Bothamley was still living.

When the officers arrived with their prisoners at Wichita, there was great excitement among the citizens.

CHAPTER VII.

THE IMPRISONMENT.

IT IS seldom that the killing of an individual causes such a commotion in a community as was produced by the death of Clement Bothamley.

When the Bertha Bothamley was recognized as Nellie C. Bailey, of Newton, the excitement became intense.

The prisoners, Nellie and Dodson, were taken from Caldwell to Wichita by train, while Veters was taken to Newton by the party having in charge the remains of Bothamley. They

had taken a metallic coffin with them from Caldwell, had disinterred the body at Skeleton Ranch and carried it to Newton, where they buried it beside the wife and child.

Nellie and Dodson were taken to the county jail, where Nellie was placed in a room upstairs, while Dodson was locked in a cell.

During this time, one Hollister had possession of the trunks. For four days the prisoners were not allowed to speak to anyone except an officer in charge. Hollister, by threats and oaths, compelled Nellie to sign a deed transferring the land from Sarah A. Laws back to the Bothamley estate. Having succeeded in this, he then offered her freedom, if she would surrender the jewels. This she absolutely refused to do, and finding that he had accomplished all he could by threats, he gave her permission to see her friends.

She had employed Hon. W. E. Stanley, of Wichita, as her attorney. She had to wait six weeks before she was granted a hearing.

All this time Hollister was busily engaged in hunting up witnesses and securing evidence to convict both the prisoners. The prosecution claimed that Nellie and Dodson had conspired against Bothamley, and murdered him to get possession of his outfit, which they intended to share upon their arrival in Texas, but when the

examination took place, it was proven conclusively that Dodson had nothing whatever to do with the death of Bothamley, and that he had never met Nellie, nor had any acquaintance with her, until they started on the trip to Texas. He, notwithstanding, was held in a bond of five hundred dollars, to appear as a witness for the United States *vs.* Nellie C. Bailey.

Hollister had one very important witness present, whom he did not use. A brief history of this witness will be given elsewhere.

Nellie told her own story, and when the preliminary trial had closed, the two boys were released, and Nellie's bail was fixed at ten thousand dollars.

Commissioner Sherman thought she was able to pay it, but when the grand jury brought in an indictment for murder in the first degree, Nellie was held in custody and taken to the Topeka jail, where she was kept ten months.

During the time she was there, she had a very severe sick spell, and was taken to the residence of Mr. Curtis, the jailer, where, by the constant care and kind nursing of Mrs. Curtis, she slowly recovered, and was then sent back to Wichita, to spend the last five months of her imprisonment in the care of the Sheriff, Mr. Fisher.

During these five months she was not closely confined, but had the privilege of going about the house, and down into the city.

While she was passing her time in jail, her friends were hunting up the proofs of her innocence. But the prosecution was a determined party, consisting of the United States Government and the British Association, combined.

Pat Terréll, of Topeka, was selected as their agent, and he began his work in earnest. He followed her in all her travels, and left not a stone unturned. He traced her through all her travels with Bailey, and from the time they parted, to the day of her trial, and thought he had sufficient evidence to convict her.

The main evidence consisted of a bunch of love letters he had collected in his long search, but they only proved Nellie's ability as a letter writer, or at most, as possessing a kind of monomania for that business.

Perhaps, could he have possessed all of Pat Maguire's information, coupled with his own energy, (both being Irishmen,) he *might* have succeeded, under United States pay, in gaining a conviction for his friends (the British Association,) under whose auspices he was appointed.

On the first arrival of the prisoners at Wichita, the news was carried to most of the civil-

ized countries of the world that Nellie Bailey had murdered an Englishman. Newspapers of all classes hastened to obtain the history of this new desperado of the West—this female “Jesse James.”

In less than a week after her arrest, the *Police Gazette* had her life published. She had been hunting a fortune, and had already put two men out of the way, and now old Bothamley was her last victim.

Peck's Sun had a fine young man drugged, married and robbed.

The Chicago papers had her making the boys dig a hole, near the ditch where the car stood, dump the body in, quickly cover it up, and then start for Texas.

Some one wrote to the *New York Sun*, from Wichita, stating that she had told the boys, on the night of the tragedy, to bring men from a camp near by, who stayed until daylight, then examined the corpse, and after asking many questions, left them and went on to Wichita. Nellie then had the boys bury the “old Englishman” right there, and the trio started again for Texas; that Nellie was his wife, and not his sister, and that everything belonged to her.

Kind reader, we see how reporters wield the pen. We perceive how they scatter their wonderful stock of information to the four winds

of heaven. What a sensation they caused!

But from the witness stand different stories are heard. The facts were bad enough. Nellie was in prison; her aged parents almost sank beneath this terrible and unexpected disgrace. Her father, a brave soldier in the civil war, was quite overcome by the direful situation of his child. He had borne many trials and troubles through life, but this one blow seemed more than he was able to bear. Her mother was completely prostrated by this dreadful news.

Nellie bore up in good spirits, and attended to the selection of her attorneys, and passed through the ordeal of her trial with a great deal of courage.

The following item is copied from one of the Wichita papers on the morning after the preliminary examination:

“A BAD BREAK.”

“That was a ‘bad break’ Nellie made yesterday afternoon, when she revealed the secret of the dead man, who had confided in her while living. She said that Bothamley felt that he could trust her, and he confided the secret to her. Yesterday she betrayed the dead woman and man, by telling the secret in open court, when she could just as well have kept it in the grave of the dead. We watched her closely

during the examination, and we were in hopes she would say: 'No, let the secret remain with me and with the dead.' Had she said this, the crowd would have been ready to have carried her out of the court room in honor, and have awakened the city with applause. But no; the woman who lies buried by the side of Bothamley, was betrayed by him, and he by Nellie Bailey, to whom he had confided the great secret of his life and of his soul. Why can we not let the dead bury the dead. Love and confidences, promises and pledges, vanish when once the eyes close in death. Heaven and earth take a step forward, and we are forgotten."

Letters came to Nellie from various places, to encourage and keep her from being downhearted during her long confinement. These were letters of love and friendship, telling her not to despair; that a better day was coming.

The following is a sample. It came to her jailer at Topeka, Kansas:

EAST OAKLAND, CALA., }
March 16, 1884. }

Captain R. M. Curtis:

SIR: Will you be so kind as to inform me as to the fate of Nellie C. Bailey? As she and her husband made their home at my house two years ago, when she conducted herself

with most decided circumspection, my wife and I feel a hearty interest in her welfare. An early reply will greatly oblige,

Yours, respectfully, ASA HOWARD.

Those who had at first spoken disparagingly of Nellie, began to look at the other side of the case.

Bothamley had lost many friends, and but few had any regard for him where he had lived. His evil doings were coming to the surface. They would not lie buried with him, and the citizens of Newton began to look with disgust upon that high marble monument that had been erected to the memory of Mrs. Hattie Bothamley.

Nellie's trunks were opened, every article of dress was closely examined, and the jewelry brought forth. The trunks, sheep, cattle, ponies and car were seized by the officers. The next thing was to decide who rightfully could claim the property.

Nellie claimed the trunks and their contents, and a part of the sheep.

The British Association laid claim to it all: Nellie was not the wife of Clement Bothamley.

While steps were being taken to decide the case by law, Clement Bothamley's brother unexpectedly dropped in upon the conflicting parties, and the aspect of affairs changed.

He resided in Florida. According to his evidence, Clement Bothamley had nearer heirs than brothers and sisters. He had a wife and two little girls in England. These persons were the legal and rightful claimants to Bothamley's property. He had brought the money belonging to his wife, and with it had purchased that fine residence at Newton. He had left his native land in disguise, to bring a woman to this country with him. Yes, the Mr. and Mrs. Millick were Clement Bothamley and Hattie Millick, widow of Captain Millick, deceased.

This statement, made by Bothamley's own brother, caused a flutter of excitement.

The British Association, to which Bothamley belonged, is a little empire formed within the limits of the United States, formed to protect Englishmen in their rights in this free country. The association was very willing that the United States should furnish the money to carry on the prosecution against Nellie C. Bailey, but when they were fearful about the *sheep*, they asked the assistance of the British Minister at Washington.

It may here be remarked that although there are many Englishmen who, in common with other foreigners, have a kind feeling toward our government, and are proud to be called American citizens, there is another class, that

seek to carry the British empire with them, that come here to monopolize our public domain, and take advantage of laws made to help our poor citizens, foreign and native, in obtaining homes. And, in case of difficulty with the English government, there are enough of this class, to which Bothamley and his associates belonged, to form a dangerous enemy on our American soil.

CHAPTER VIII.

PAT MAGUIRE, THE DETECTIVE.

Although to laugh was not his way,
And yet at times he would display
A kind of sarcastic or fiendish grin,
When telling how he took his victim in.

PAT MAGUIRE, who has since become so famous as a detective, once kept a small boarding house in the city of New York. Perhaps I had better say that Pat was kept by the boarding house, and Peggy, his wife, kept the house.

Be this as it may, one morning before Pat had recovered from his accustomed drunk, he fancied that Peggy did not obey him as readily

as usual, and thereupon kicked her under the dining room table. Now, for some unaccountable reason, after years of the most brutal treatment, Peggy "got her Irish up," and, picking herself up, she snatched her scanty wardrobe together, and sallied forth into the "wide, wide world."

This little episode brought Pat to his senses. He had been idle so long, that he did not take kindly to work. His first thought, "I'll be a policeman," succeeded, and he found but little trouble in getting a place in a city where many of the offices are either held, or are at the disposal of his class.

"Ah," said Pat, a few days after his appointment, "I shall always prefer carrying the club to carrying the hod."

It is not the desire of the author to make known his exploits farther than in that he has acted in concert with the enemies—the prosecutors, or rather, the persecutors, of Nellie C. Bailey.

The first step taken against Nellie was on the morning after her marriage with Bailey, and it was in this way:

When Alvin Lakeside placed the returned ring on his watch chain, Charley Palmer, Alvin's friend, being acquainted with all the particulars in the case, said to him:

"If you will not defend yourself, *I* will have revenge."

Charley was an ordinary railroad man, belonging to the class known as "rough," but good-hearted, and he made up his mind that Nellie and Bailey should suffer for the injury done to his friend.

As he sauntered out into the street, the one thought uppermost in his mind was how to obtain revenge. When he unexpectedly met Pat Maguire, he said to him:

"Pat, I have some work for you to do."

Pat listened, while Charley related the story of Nellie's treatment of Alvin. After a moment's pause, Pat said:

"Leave it all with me, and after I am done with Nellie, if you don't say that you and your friend have been amply revenged, it shall not cost you anything. I shall report my progress to you every month, and perhaps give you a little foretaste."

After drinking together at the nearest saloon, the pair parted.

Pat's early habits while in the East, have already been mentioned, and, rest assured that his character lost none of its roughness by his coming West. He was employed as a railroad detective—that is, a spy upon the lower officers and train men—and in this capacity, it must be

said, Pat was a success. In addition to his duties as a railroad detective, he had a great many private affairs. He was so low and coarse in his organization, that he took great delight in searching out social scandals. So he commenced work against Nellie in about this way:

He would make assertions and insinuations about the character of "the little flirt," as he called Mrs. Bailey, to his rough companions and saloon associates, for well he knew the character of the men who lounge around such places, and how they like to retail scandal, especially if it is about those who hold their heads above this low rabble. By pursuing these tactics Pat succeeded, in a few weeks, in watching Nellie whenever she appeared on the streets, and in repeating the slang of the villains, one to another.

But Pat did not accomplish much until after Mr. Bailey had moved to Canton. Then he succeeded in having the news carried to the good-hearted Mr. Bailey that his wife was flirting with some of the young men of the city while they were playing at cards or lawn tennis.

Mr. Bailey scolded, and Nellie cried. But she was young, and did not perceive her danger, nor the object of those who had been carrying the news to her husband. This was a conspiracy against her happiness, headed by Pat Maguire.

She, like most pretty women, loved to be flattered and petted. Her enemies understood her weakness in this respect, and had not much trouble in carrying out a scheme that brought about the separation between herself and husband. Had she treated them with contempt and scorn, they would not have dared to interfere in her affairs.

Nellie felt as if some great evil would overtake her, when she saw Pat Maguire in San Francisco, for she conceived the idea from his actions that he was watching her with some malicious intent. When she saw him again in Wisconsin, the sight of him made her shudder. She felt confident that he had some evil design, but what it was, she could not determine. He had been watching her very closely, and reporting progress to Charley Palmer, thinking that he was thereby gaining the esteem of Alvin Lakeside, and that Alvin would assist him in obtaining a certain Deputy United States Marshalship. But for once he had made a mistake in his man. Pat, although a good judge of human nature, could not comprehend the principles that govern and influence such a man as Alvin Lakeside. Though deeply wounded by the treatment he had received from Nellie, he did not harbor any ill feeling toward her, and the more he learned from Charley of the doings

of Pat, the more he despised and loathed him. Though Pat had failed to procure his desired position, still he had gained a good deal of information that might eventually prove useful to him.

He learned that Nellie had been in St. Louis, but had gone farther west. The jewels had been redeemed, and a strange woman had been seen in Wichita, closely veiled. His keen eye soon detected her, although in disguise. She saw him, and thought Shannon Bailey had employed him to watch her, but in this she was mistaken.

Old Pat kept his own counsel, as he wanted to learn all he could about her. He had often consulted Charley Palmer, and had kept him well posted. But all that Alvin Lakeside said was: "Those who sow the wind, must reap the whirlwind."

He was content to look after his own affairs, without disturbing those of others.

Thus Pat found that Alvin Lakeside was not the person from whom he might expect a position, and all his scheming and trouble would be lost, unless he could turn his information to some other use.

While yet undecided what course to pursue, he received a letter from the Secret Service, worded as follows:

ST. LOUIS, June 11, 1883.

DEAR SIR: There is something in your vicinity that needs looking into, perhaps. Is there a beautiful lady missing? What I have to say is this:

Some days ago there came to this house a gentleman who seemed to have no business in particular, and who appeared so restless and uneasy, that I felt sure there was something wrong. He watched the trains very closely, and one day he returned with a young lady. The two, after dinner, seated themselves in the parlor, and I determined to watch them, and to gain all the information possible about them. I secreted myself behind a screen, and although they talked in a low tone, it was perfectly audible to me. The man was entreating the lady to accompany him as his sister, and he would make all of his property over to her, and thus prevent his wife and children from getting any of it. The lady assented to this, but said she would have to be perfectly disguised, as she was so well known in those parts. She spoke of one Shannon Bailey, and said she thought he was still in Canada, as she knew he was not dead. They were discussing methods how to find him, so as to be certain as to his being still alive. He told her he had revealed to her all his past life, and wished her to place all confidence in him—to heed his plans, and they would come out all right when they got into Texas. He is some demon in human form, snatching away some young wife or daughter by his deceit and flattery.

'Tis my opinion that he intends to get the lady away from her friends, and get her money if he can, and then desert her. Why not, inasmuch as he has already deserted his wife and children?

The lady was elegantly attired, and wore diamonds and other costly ornaments.

They left on a train going west, and by their conversation, they belong to Newton, Kansas. Please give the matter some attention, if possible. I may, in time, give you some work.

Respectfully,

C. B. CARMEAN.

Planters House, St. Louis, Mo.

Pat had, ere this, ferretted out the case, and was now satisfied that he was right. "Now," said he to himself, "since 'knowledge is power,' I think I shall make some money yet, Marshalship or no Marshalship, for I have a powerful knowledge of this matter."

Putting the letter in his pocket, he mounted a horse and started for Sedgwick.

When Pat rode up to Clement Bothamley's ranch, he comprehended the situation at the first glance. Bothamley was scheming for the purpose of getting Nellie's money. He knew that the sister Bertha was the missing girl described in the St. Louis letter.

When the news reached Wichita of the death of Bothamley, Pat told part of his story, and it was instrumental in setting the authorities to

work. He was with the officers and helped to arrest Nellie. He knew all the time who she was, and tied the rope around her wrists, but kept his own secret, well aware that she would be recognized when they reached Wichita.

She knew him, too, and was sorely tormented by the man who had followed her through all of her wanderings like an evil genius, and she felt relieved when at Wichita she was removed from his sight.

When the recognition took place at Wichita, Pat seemed to enjoy the surprise as much as any of the bystanders. He said to himself:

“Alvin Lakeside will be fully avenged, although he does not seem to appreciate my services.”

Pat was much elated at the thought of the prominent part he would take when the trial came off.

He was one of that class that draw most of their pleasure and happiness from the suffering and misery they inflict upon others. But his enjoyment of notoriety at Nellie's trial was simply in anticipation, as the next day after his arrival at Wichita he was called to Dodge City on some business, and was killed by a cowboy whom he was seeking to arrest.

He was buried in the “boot burying ground,” that being the name of the cemetery where the

remains of those who "die with their boots on" are deposited, and a board was placed at the head of his grave, marked "Pat Maguire."

No hand has ever touched it since he was laid there; no wife or child has ever visited the grave; no friend has ever shed a tear for him, and should his soul ever ascend from purgatory, it is hardly likely to be by any contribution or assistance from Nellie Bailey.

The news of his death was telegraphed on the following day:

"Old Pat Maguire is dead. You will not be troubled by him any more." "A FRIEND."

Not many days after came a telegram saying:

"Nellie, old Hollister is dead."

Yes, Deputy Marshal Hollister was killed while attempting to arrest some parties at the town of ———.

No wonder Nellie felt relieved upon hearing of the death of these two men, for they had been her worst enemies.

CHAPTER IX.

ALVIN LAKESIDE.

“ His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man.' ”

—*Shakspeare.*

ALVIN LAKESIDE had disappeared from Newton, but he could be seen in the town of Rockford, Illinois, almost any day, walking about with a careless and indifferent mien, and even those who were not very close observers could see at a glance that he was suffering mentally, and that some great disappointment or misfortune had befallen him, and was preying upon his mind.

Yes, Alvin Lakeside was sad. He had met with an unexpected and terrible disappointment, and was vainly trying to conceal from his friends the mental agony that was secretly undermining his health and destroying a bright and happy future.

Indeed, Alvin's early life had been a very sad one. He was a man of exquisitely fine feelings and a kind disposition.

His father died when he was young, and he being the oldest of a family of five children, had to largely assist in supporting them. His

mother was a selfish and cruel woman, and of that English disposition that drove, scolded and found fault with everything that he did, and, at times, made life almost a burden to him. If he had not possessed by nature more than the usual amount of love and kindness, all his generous feelings would have vanished long before he reached manhood. If he received a kind word from his mother, it was when he had done something that she thought no one else could do, or something that redounded to *her* glory and gratified her selfishness.

He consumed the midnight oil in obtaining an education, for he had not much spare time. His harsh treatment became worse and worse, until it was scarcely endurable. The other sisters and brothers soon began to imitate their mother, and instead of manifesting gratitude for his brotherly kindness and his care of them in their early years, they treated him with contempt and as an inferior.

This made him wretched, and finally, at the age of twenty, he decided to try his fortune among strangers. He found such friendship, kindness and appreciation among them as he had never received from his own kindred.

Possessed of amiable and obliging qualities, he soon had many true friends, who were willing to assist him in case he might stand in need

of help. He had made great progress in his studies, and gave promise of becoming one of the most intelligent men of the age.

Although much of his time was devoted to study, in the few years that had elapsed since he left home he had acquired considerable property. When he met Nellie and had become acquainted with her, life began to be brighter for him. It seemed that new energy had been given him by reason of his love for the little Kansas girl, who seemed to appreciate and to reciprocate his affection.

After she left Rockford, bidding adieu to his friends and relatives, he followed her to Newton, and the reader has been made acquainted with what took place there.

But his noble and manly nature did not desert him here. After receiving that terrible shock, and after having all his anticipated happiness so suddenly destroyed, he refused to countenance the revengeful proceedings that Charley Palmer had commenced in his behalf.

It is not strange that neither Charley nor Pat could appreciate such nobleness of character, but it is strange that many, professing Christianity, forget that forgiveness of injuries is a Christian virtue, and would not hesitate, as Alvin did, to wreak vengeance upon the man who came between him and his betrothed.

Alvin tried to shake off the gloom that had settled upon his mind, but with his present surroundings he could not. He thought a change of scene would prove beneficial to him, and therefore traveled over the western portions of the United States, and then returned to Rockford, to visit his old friends in his native town.

One morning as he was walking along the street, he stopped at a news stand and bought a copy of the *Kansas City Journal*, containing an account of the arrest of Nellie C. Bailey, together with a short sketch of her life. For a moment he was startled. He then read the article through, and learned where Nellie had been, and why she had disappeared from Newton. If she had been there, it must have been in disguise, for no one knew where she was during her long absence. He felt sorry that she had met with so great a misfortune, but he had learned to love another, and expected soon to settle in life. The house he had prepared this time was not located at Newton, but in California.

There was something about his countenance that plainly told of disappointed love, which time had not yet effaced.

The one whom he will lead to the altar is Miss Gracie Wingard, a resident of a beautiful town in central Kansas. She is now attending

school, and when her course is completed in the languages, they are to be united in marriage. He is anxiously waiting for that time to come.

The busy bodies of Newton had been discussing the probable cause of his absence, and had finally decided that he had found Nellie, and eloped with her.

When the news of her arrest first reached Newton, many believed that Alvin was the victim, and that he had been decoyed away for that purpose. Others supposed that he had gone away because he loved her, and did not wish to meet her, not knowing that she had been absent for years. One day, to their great surprise, he appeared in Newton, and received warm greetings from his old friends. He spent a few days there, and then went to Wichita to visit Nellie.

He was informed by the jailer where he could find Nellie, and when he entered her room she was seated at a small table, writing letters. She arose, and her cheeks grew pale as she extended her hand to him. It was their first meeting since that unlucky day when she returned his ring.

Alvin took a seat, and talked of the past, and of the Bothamley tragedy. She told him of the evidence she had already obtained, and of her plans for getting more. She also told him that

she was suffering, and that she had no hopes of a speedy trial, as the Government and certain persons had employed detectives to try to get sufficient evidence to convict her, and that it might be years before she would be given a chance to prove her innocence.

Alvin found Nellie sad and discouraged, and her suffering was both bodily and mental. He felt sorry for her, but not being able then to give her any assistance, he bade her farewell.

The morning after Alvin visited Nellie there appeared in one of the morning papers a notice of his visit, and in it an allusion to the fact that he had been a former lover of hers. This item reached the ears of Gracie Wingard, and of her parents. In a few days he received a note, asking an explanation. Like most men, he became somewhat angry, and he sent a hasty reply, saying:

“If you cannot trust me now, you never can.”

Gracie received the letter, and laid it away, unanswered.

Alvin grew restless, but he was too stubborn to give an explanation, for he felt it was wrong for her thus to doubt his sincerity, and Gracie was determined not to ask again.

He went to California, and by so doing the course of true love did not run smooth, and both became very unhappy.

One year passed, and the day dawned that was to have been the wedding day. Gracie, who had scarcely closed her eyes during the night, arose early, and attired in a light gray dress, with a few autumnal flowers in her hair and about her throat, donned her hat, and started for a morning walk. She passed the depot and followed the highway a few rods, then took a path leading into the grove. She scarcely took notice of where she was going, nor did she heed those who passed her. Her thoughts were all of the past, and of what had taken place; of blighted hopes, and of Alvin's neglect in not writing to her. This was to have been the happiest day of their lives—the day on which they were to be united as one—but how different, thought Gracie, as she wandered slowly along, her mind filled with these sad thoughts.

She was looking at the bright autumn leaves and flowers, and was trying to divert her mind from the unwelcome past, when suddenly there appeared in the path before her a family of full-fledged quails running along, and one by one they kept dropping into the grass. When the last one had disappeared, the mother bird set up a cry of "Wifey, wifey, wifey," and the male bird answered her with "Bobwhite, bobwhite, bobwhite," while the young ones called

aloud in such confusion that Gracie did not hear the approach of footsteps, but stood looking for the invisible mother bird, who was calling for bobwhite some distance away.

Gracie turned and walked along in the same direction she had started, without looking back, and searching for some new amusement, she was not conscious that any human being was near her.

Soon after she had passed the depot, a very genteel-looking young man came down the steps and hurried after her. Three of Gracie's classmates, who were starting out on a hunting expedition, while at the depot waiting for the west-bound train, observed the gentleman pursuing her, and determined to watch him. At first he hurried on as if he meant to overtake her, then slackened his pace, but seemed to watch her every movement. Her friends kept close to him without being observed, and when Gracie stepped aside to gather some wild roses, the stranger overtook her, and stood in the path watching her.

After she had gathered both hands full, she stepped back toward the path without looking up, when suddenly raising her eyes, she saw a gentleman attentively watching her. She gave a scream, and fell to the ground in a swoon. The stranger instantly advanced, and while at-

tempting to lift her, the young men rushed at him and ordered him to step aside. They then raised the fainting girl, and she was soon restored to consciousness.

Meanwhile, the stranger stood silent, hidden from the girl's sight. As soon as she was able to speak, she exclaimed:

"I saw Alvin Lakeside! Where is he?"

When she arose from the ground, with the assistance of one of the young men, she caught sight of the stranger, who stepped forward to greet her. Unmindful of those present, he took her in his arms, and covered her face with his kisses. At length she freed herself, and stood before the astonished young hunters, with a smile on her still pale face, and asked:

"Where did you all come from?"

They explained their part in the affair in less time than it takes to write it.

Alvin then related that he had just arrived, and seeing Gracie taking a walk, he had determined to overtake her, and as she did not appear to take any notice of him, he waited to let her know of his presence, lest he should give her a fright.

The hunters led the way out of the grove, and just as they emerged from it they saw the train pulling out from the depot, to their great disappointment.

Alvin and Gracie walked slowly to the depot, where the boys stood, and Gracie invited them to call at her father's residence at eight o'clock that evening, as she had something to tell them, and besides, she wanted to give them a treat for coming to her rescue.

Great was the surprise at the Wingard residence, when the lovers made their appearance.

After the salutations were over, Gracie informed her parents that she and Alvin would be married that evening, as this had been the appointed wedding day for more than a year, and soon all was bustle and excitement in making the necessary preparations for the wedding that evening.

The young gentlemen called at her father's residence, as Gracie had directed, and she detailed them as "gentlemen of honor," to take charge of the invitations, and to decorate the church.

They went to work with cheerful hearts and willing hands, while Mr. Wingard ordered supper at one of the hotels in the city.

Gracie's *trousseau* had not been prepared for the occasion, because she had not expected any such occurrence. A dressmaker was summoned and her wardrobe overhauled, to find a suitable costume.

Green, cardinal, red, black and maroon dresses

of silk, satin and velvet, were brought forth.

The dressmaker said:

“Ah! Don't wear that red silk and velvet, or you will always be unhappy, and your constant wish will be, ‘I wish I was dead.’ Yes, it is a dark red, almost brown, but you can't wear it. I like the blue the best, and you will always be true. Here is a dark blue satin, richly trimmed with lace; yes, you must wear this.”

This somewhat loquacious and superstitious personage, after replacing the numerous other dresses, remodeled the chosen one.

What a happy surprise to all. Alvin had arrived in town the night before, and had only intended to make a short call on Gracie, but as it was late, and they had neither seen or heard from each other for a year, he rather dreaded the meeting. He still loved her, and had determined to see her once more, while she had secretly borne her disappointment, hoping that he would return.

Yet, despair had almost taken possession of her heart, and she was indeed very unhappy, and had gone out on that bright morning to shake off the gloom that preyed upon her spirits, thinking that in the open air she could breathe more freely, that some ease might be brought to her aching heart. The incidents of the morning have already been related.

Long before the appointed hour for the marriage ceremony, the church was crowded with invited guests and spectators. The happy pair standing beneath an arch of natural flowers, made indeed a most beautiful picture. They were both very neatly, but not extravagantly dressed. Gracie had never appeared more beautiful than she did on that evening.

After the ceremony, the happy couple, accompanied by near relatives and invited guests, proceeded to the hotel to partake of the banquet that awaited them. They left on the midnight train for their new home on the Pacific slope. They were indeed happy, and especially Alvin, whose life had been so dark and gloomy, though Gracie's, until the last year, had been bright and sunny.

Their home, though not a grand one, was neat and cosy, and by Gracie's management, became one of the happiest. She enjoyed a retired life, and entered upon her housekeeping duties with a zest, having willing hands and an earnest heart. She had but little time for games or amusements after her work was done, and having read the dailies, she would practice music, that she might always be ready to play for Alvin, whose life and happiness seemed a part of her own.

Long may they live to enjoy their home and

the society of each other, and thus prove a worthy example to thousands who are becoming miserable through discontent and idleness.

CHAPTER X.

CHARLEY PALMER.

CHARLEY PALMER has already been brought to the reader's notice in connection with Pat Maguire, as one of Nellie's enemies.

Charley, under the pretext of avenging Alvin Lakeside, conceived the plan of separating Nellie and Mr. Bailey. Pat Maguire was to do the scheming, and Charley Palmer was to furnish the money, as he certainly did. One thing is sure: Pat did not keep watch over her so long for nothing, but how much he received from Charley, and afterwards from Mr. Bailey, no one knows. What Charley's real object was, can only be surmised. Probably he was himself in love with the little beauty. It is not reasonable to suppose that he was actuated solely by a desire for revenge.

When the news of the separation reached him, he was greatly pleased, and said he had value received for all the money he had paid Pat. Perhaps this was true, as he had a "come easy, go easy" way of dealing in money matters that his friends did not exactly understand, and Alvin had lost all confidence in him.

Perhaps a short history of his subsequent career may throw some light upon his real character.

Charley went west in the summer of 1883, and located at Silver City, Colorado, ostensibly to go into the mining business, but it soon became apparent that his attention was mainly directed to dealing in horses.

Charley had been brought up by good and kind parents. They gave him a liberal education, and furnished him money to establish himself in business. but being naturally a rowdy and spendthrift, he soon got rid of all that his parents gave him, and commenced drifting farther and farther west, but at all times seemed to have plenty of money.

The mode he adopted of recruiting his stock after having sold one lot, is not new among horse dealers in the Far West.

In company with three or four associates who were adepts in this manner of recruiting, he would leave the city and be absent some-

times several weeks, and then return with perhaps twenty or thirty horses, sell them, and bring on a fresh supply. Thus Charley was doing a thriving, and, to those not in the secret, an honorable business, and no one suspected him of doing anything wrong. His liberality and genial disposition made him many friends. Though somewhat dissipated, this did not prevent his enjoying the best society in a mining district, and he seemed to be on the highroad to fortune.

Time passed, and winter came, and Charley, with his pockets full of money, ceased to buy and sell horses. Indeed, all business ceases at the commencement of winter in a mining district, save gambling, if that can be called business. Drinking, dancing and carousing continue until spring, and when disputes and little differences of opinion occur, the revolver is the sole arbitrator, and supplies the places of both judge and jury. As might be expected, Charley spent most of his time at the gambling table.

One day, while engaged in a game of poker in a saloon, a stranger entered. The bystanders noticed that a sudden change came over Charley's countenance. He soon recovered, however, and continued the game, and those playing with him did not notice anything unusual in his manner or conduct.

When the game ended, Charley suddenly left, going to his room. He informed his host that he had received a telegram calling him east, but would return in a few weeks. In less than two hours after the stranger had entered the saloon, Charley Palmer had disappeared from the city.

The stranger conversed a short time with one of the loungers, and then went in search of the office of a justice, and made known his errand. He said he was the owner of a large stock ranch, and during the past summer he had lost a great many horses, but could not get any trace of the thieves. Not long since one of his employes was in the city, and saw one of the missing horses, and that brought him there to look up the matter. Accidentally stepping into a saloon, he came upon a clue which, if followed out, would lead to the detection of a gang of horse and cattle thieves who had been preying upon the ranchmen for a considerable time.

“From the change that I saw pass over the countenance of Charley Palmer,” he continued, “he is one of that band of robbers and thieves. He was at my place several times the past summer. He said his home was at Newton, Kansas, and that he was in search of a good location for a small stock ranch. As he appeared

to be a very agreeable and intelligent sort of a fellow, I gave him all the information I could on the subject, but now I am convinced of what his real object was, and I want a warrant for his arrest."

The justice seemed thunderstruck, and begged the ranchman to go slow, for Charley Palmer was one of the first men of the place.

"I care nothing about what may be his standing among the people in this city," said the ranchman. "In my estimation he is a horse thief, and I shall not change my opinion until he proves himself clear."

The justice, after some more equivocation and delay, seeing that the ranchman was in earnest, finally issued the warrant for the arrest of Charley, but he was nowhere to be found.

The object of the dilatory justice had been accomplished, and Charley Palmer was no more a resident of Silver City.

The ranchman returned home convinced that Kansas is not the only State where the roughs and thieves elect their own officers. He came back in a short time, bringing with him a posse of his own men. After searching several days, he recovered six of his horses, four of them having been bought of Charley.

As for Charley, no more was heard of him until some time in October, 1884. One day, as

Nellie and a lady friend stepped out of the sheriff's office at Wichita, she met Charley face to face. She recognized him at once, although he was dressed in the garb of an Indian. She informed the authorities, but he had disappeared before any one could be found to take the matter in hand. That night a girl about thirteen years of age disappeared, and it was some time before any trace of her could be found. At last the news reached her parents that she was in the Indian Territory. An officer was sent there to bring the fugitive back. He discovered her, and, to her great surprise, took her prisoner. But greater still was the surprise of the officer when told by Angie Moore, (for that was the girl's name,) that an Indian girl was there, bearing the same name as the officer, and that she was once a white girl.

"How old is she?" asked the officer, becoming excited by the girl's story.

"About twenty-five years of age," was the reply.

"My God!" exclaimed the officer, "she is my child, stolen from me twenty-one years ago."

No time was lost in bringing the long lost girl forward, and John Ellison stood face to face with his child.

"Mary," said Mr. Ellison to the astonished

young woman before him, "I am your father, and you were once whiter than this girl by my side. You were stolen from us. The grief and anxiety caused by your loss, soon brought your mother to her grave."

She stood for a few moments as if in a deep study, and then said, for she could still speak English very well, having had much intercourse with the whites:

"I remember that I once had another home, in another land, but where, I cannot tell. The people were white, and very different from those with whom I have since lived."

She was quite pretty, although her life with the Indians had changed her complexion, and in dress and appearance she was an Indian maiden.

Her father remained several days, and tried in vain to persuade her to go home with him. The Indians seemed willing, or at least offered no objections to Mary's return to her own people. At last, finding all efforts to induce her to return voluntarily fruitless, her father hired two white men to assist him, and the would-be Indian woman was taken by force to her home in Kansas. She seemed to be content while on the journey, but as soon as they had reached their place of destination, she became disconsolate. A sudden change seemed to come over

her mind, and all the arts of persuasion, and all inducements that kind friends could think of, were tried, but to no effect. She remained a few days, and then disappeared. Search was made, but she could not be found.

Some weeks later, her father received a letter from the Indian Agent, stating that she had found her way back to the people she liked the best. The father, thinking it useless, made no more effort to reclaim her.

Such is the power of education, surroundings and associations over the minds of the young. Had that child been brought up in our ways, and had she been accustomed to the comforts and intelligence of civilized life, no power on earth could have compelled or induced her to adopt the life of an Indian squaw, of all situations in life the hardest and most degrading.

“Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined,” is an old but a true saying, and parents should carefully watch over the education and training of their children when young, for that is the only time in their lives that lasting impressions can be made, and if you desire that your children may become honorable men and women, and consequently, useful members of society, you must train them when young with that object in view.

You may sometimes fail, as Charley Palmer’s

parents did, but this seldom happens. If you neglect the proper education of your children, they may not choose, like Mary Ellison, the life of an Indian, but they may choose some course of life a great deal more dishonorable.

The parents of Angie were overjoyed at sight of their child, who had been absent only a few weeks, but it was different with Mr. Ellison. His daughter had been absent so long that he had almost forgotten her. Although it had afforded him great pleasure at thus finding his lost child so unexpectedly, yet, after he found that she could not be reclaimed from her savage mode of life, he did not receive much comfort from the discovery, except the knowledge that his lost child was still alive.

Mr. Ellison lived in northwestern Minnesota when the child was stolen. He was planting corn in the spring of 1864. The field was some distance from the house, and the little girl, then four years old, was sent to take her father some water. The field was near the public road, and the child had performed her task with great promptness for several days. One day she did not come at the usual time, and the father becoming alarmed, started for the house to learn the cause, but before he reached it, to his horror he found the little tin pail that she used to carry lying by the roadside, and on

the fence near by hung her gingham bonnet.

Forebodings of what had happened came into his mind in an instant. He rushed to the house and found that she had been gone for some time, and that a party of Indians had passed a short time after she had left. The mother had gone to the gate, to see if she was in the highway, but not seeing her, supposed the child was with her father in the field. She went back to her work, and thought nothing more of the Indians until her husband came home with the little one's pail and bonnet.

The father and mother, almost frantic with fear and grief, ran up and down the road, calling the child, but could find no trace of her.

The neighbors, who were few and far between, were summoned together, and an extended search made, but not a clue could they obtain of the fate of the missing child.

The party of Indians that had passed the house were followed and overtaken in camp. "They had seen no pale-faced papoose," and they protested their innocence so strongly, that the white men returned home, convinced in their own minds that the Indians had not kidnapped the child, but that she had been carried off by some wild beast.

The father did not look at the matter in that light, but thought he would find some traces of

his child that would lead to her recovery, and when not at work, was constantly riding over the prairies, or with his gun on his shoulder, was carefully searching the woods. He continued this search for several years, and during that time he buried his wife. He finally gave up all hopes of ever seeing his child, sold out, and came to Kansas.

Mary told her father that she still remembered all that took place when she was stolen. She had heard so much about the Indians, and was so afraid of them, that the moment she saw them, she had dropped her pail and started to run to her father, but a big Indian on a pony caught her before she had gone far, tied a silk handkerchief over her face, hung her bonnet on the fence, and wrapped a blanket around her, and handed her to a squaw. All this seemed to have taken but a moment of time.

The squaws then left the main road and followed bypaths, taking her with them, while the hunters kept the highway, but when night came they all met, and camped together.

“As soon as we arrived in camp,” she continued, “the handkerchief was removed from my face, and the squaws took me to a stream near by, undressed me, and gave me a thorough washing. They put my clothes into the creek, and piled stones and mud upon them. They

took some oil from a can, and rubbed my body with it thoroughly, put an Indian dress on me, and painted my face a lead color, with red on the cheeks, and this was repeated every day for a long time. I did not understand the object of all this ceremony. If I had, I would have been assured of safety. I was being adopted into the tribe. It may seem strange, but the incidents of my capture are as vivid in my mind as they were on that day, while of things that occurred several years subsequent, I have but a faint recollection. Perhaps it was the excitement that caused those incidents to be so indelibly impressed upon my memory. I have lived most of my life with the Indians, and although they are not of my kindred, I love them better than I do any other people, and I expect to remain and die with them."

The father was greatly shocked at this declaration, and felt that it would be difficult to induce her to give up her Indian mode of life.

About the first of December, the sheriff of one of the counties west of Wichita called at the residence of Mr. Ellison with a posse of men. The sheriff and Mr. Ellison were old acquaintances, and the latter prevailed upon the party to stop over night, as it was getting late. During their conversation the sheriff made his business known. He was going to the Indian

Territory to arrest some white men who made their headquarters at a certain agency, and disguised as Indians had stolen many horses from the people of his county, besides committing other depredations. They had a detective at the agency, who had succeeded in "spotting" the thieves, and were going down to arrest the rascals, and take them back with them. Mr. Ellison was asked to accompany them, and he gladly complied, as it would give him a chance to visit Mary.

The next morning the party started for the agency, and arrived there on the evening of the second day. Mr. Ellison found Mary, who received her father very kindly, and told him she was married only a few days before to a white man named John Bowman.

"He is absent just now," she said, "but will be home in the morning, and I am so glad you have come, as I want you to see my man, for although he is white, he makes a good Indian."

She finished with a hearty laugh, and was so cheerful and happy. Poor creature! Little did she dream of the terrible trial that awaited her on the morrow.

The morning came, and the sheriff commenced his work. Some of the guilty parties, when they heard of the presence of the sheriff, fled or concealed themselves, but with the aid

of some United States troops who were opportunely present, several of the fugitives were overtaken, and others dragged from their hiding places and brought to the agency. During the day they secured quite a number of prisoners, who were securely bound and very closely guarded during the night.

Just before starting the next morning, Mary, who had come to bid her father good-bye, discovered her husband, John Bowman, among the prisoners, he having been placed there at his own request, as will be hereafter explained. The frantic ravings, the cries, and the almost deafening screams of that young wife, when she saw her husband among the prisoners were truly heartrending, and the company greatly sympathized with her. The husband tried to quiet her by telling her he was innocent, and would be back in a few days, but to no purpose. The father then proposed that she go along as far as his home. To this she gladly assented, and soon the whole company was on the way to Kansas.

On the evening of the second day they were at the residence of Mr. Ellison, and stopped there over night. That evening it was agreed between the sheriff and Mr. Ellison that Bowman was to remain with his wife, who on their arrival was taken dangerously ill, caused by

great mental suffering and her anxiety about her husband.

The sheriff explained to Mr. Ellison why Bowman was arrested.

“This same man some time ago was captured out in my county in the disguise of an Indian. Although there was no evidence to show that he had committed any crime, yet he would have been lynched, but for my timely interference. He promised me then that if I would protect him, he would ‘give away’ the party of horse thieves that made their headquarters at the agency, and you see he has been as good as his word this time. His arrest was only a ‘blind’ to keep his associates from suspecting him as their betrayer.”

The next morning the sheriff left with his prisoners. In bidding good-bye to Mr. Ellison, the sheriff said he hoped he would not only be able to reclaim his daughter from the wild Indian life she had been leading, but also Bowman from being a thief.

“I will try,” replied Mr. Ellison, “but I have little faith in either.”

It was several weeks before Mary fully recovered. Bowman soon confessed that his real name was Charley Palmer, but did not wish to be known by it.

“The best and most hopeful quality I find

about Charley, is the love and kindness he displays toward his wife," said Mr. Ellison, speaking to an intimate friend. "As for Mary, I feel hopeful. She says she is going to try to be a white squaw, just to please me and Charley. 'If I can't,' she sometimes says, and then darts out of the house like a wild woman, to show me how quickly she could go back to the Indians. She is attending school, and seems to be doing well, considering the short time, only about two months. She is very fond of dressing, and appears proud of herself when she is dressed neatly. I feel proud of her, too, and so glad when I see the Anglo-Saxon blood making its appearance on her cheeks. If I can only succeed in keeping her away from her Indian friends a few years, she will become disgusted with their manner of life, but not till then shall I feel that Mary is safe."

"As for Charley, I cannot hope for much. A natural born rowdy, we might say, and since he left home, his associates have been even worse than himself. But I mean to try, for the sake of my child. He is now married, which is not a bad change, for through his love for his wife lies the hope of his redemption. If I can control her, and get her into my way of thinking, she will, in a great measure, control him. So, in redeeming my own child from barbarism, I

may possibly be the means of reforming one who has heretofore been a thief and desperado. I have given him a team of horses, and the use of part of my farm. If he will try, he may yet become an honorable and useful man, but his future course time alone can determine."

Now, reader, I have given you the character of another one of Nellie's enemies—an enemy without any especial cause. We meet with many such through life. Persons who hate, and try to injure us, without cause or provocation. Their actions and conduct may be accounted for on the theory of total depravity, but in no other way.

In giving the characters of Nellie's enemies, I have been necessarily compelled to give the dark side of Western life, and what has been said of Silver City, is at times applicable to most of the other Western towns and cities. The thieves manage to keep some of their friends in office, as was the case at Caldwell, Kansas, where Ben Wheeler and his chums controlled the city government, and when any of their friends were arrested, they assisted them in making good their escape.

The people sometimes become exasperated, and apply to Judge Lynch for redress of their grievances.

CHAPTER XI.

AGAIN IN ENGLAND.

WHILE Nellie C. Bailey was imprisoned in her cell, and detectives were searching her trunks for evidence upon which to convict her for the murder of Clement Bothamley, they found a letter addressed to him, bearing the stamp of a foreign country. Upon opening it they read the following:

LONDON, ENG., August 11, 1882.

Clement Bothamley:—

DEAR HUSBAND: After years of waiting and anxiety, I have at last learned where you have gone and whom you took with you.

Oh, the many years of waiting, Clement, and the longing for your return; the intense desire to know your whereabouts, and what you were doing. All this has almost worn my life out. I am weary of life, and I would gladly welcome death, were it not for our dear little girls, but I suppose you are also sad now.

I have heard all; you took a woman with you. Yes, Clement, you persuaded Hattie Millick to flee with you, and to leave her little orphan children to the care of her aged mother. And, far away on the Western plains, she lies buried, with an infant by her side.

You called her your wife. What will be your reward? You have "sown the wind, and you must reap the whirlwind." Now, Clement, as you are free, do come home while your health still permits you. Come home, and I will forgive you, and will be the same kind and loving wife that I was before. Come to your two little girls, who watch every incoming sail, thinking it may bring their dear papa home.

So we have watched and waited, until the weary days have grown into years of sorrow and despair.

You know that I have been a true and faithful wife. I gave up to you all my inheritance, and when it had disappeared, I did not censure or upbraid you. Do not be afraid to come. No one, save Hattie's mother and myself, knows anything about the matter, and you can safely trust the secret with us.

Come, come, while you can, lest some great misfortune befall you, or sickness overtake you, and we never see your face again.

Maud and Mabel send their love to you.

From your loving wife,

JENNIE BOTHAMLEY.

Mrs. Sarah Greenwood, the mother of Hattie Millick, after her arrival home, went to a large trunk filled with letters and took one out. It had a curiously-shaped seal, conspicuous on the envelope. At length she unfolded the large sheet and read it over several times. It read thus:

LONDON, May 19, 1879.

MY DEAR MADAM: Yours of the 4th inst. is at hand, and it has been carefully read. The receipt of it was to me a source of great surprise and regret. Of regret, that we should become acquainted under such deeply humiliating and troublous circumstances. I am satisfied, from what I glean from your letter, that you, in some degree at least, apprehended the terrible blow that has fallen on both of us.

How I suffer, no one can tell. You, in some degree, can forgive your child for what she has done, but I can never forgive her for the great wrong she has done me. Your daughter has committed a very heinous crime. Indeed, her sins are manifold. She has become a depraved and fallen woman. She has brought disgrace and sorrow upon you, her aged mother, and has trampled you beneath her soiled feet. Yes, all this has been done to her mother, who gave her being and nourished her, and brought her up in the fear of the Lord, and gave her mental acquirements and accomplishments, that she might be of use to the world and an ornament to society. All these she has thrown aside, to become a degraded and dishonored woman.

Nor is this all. She has made her fatherless children worse than motherless. She has left them a tarnished name, as their only inheritance. She has left them without a friend save you, her aged mother, to care for them. Yes, she has left them as a burden on the one she should provide for and nourish, instead of bring-

ing her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

It pains me, dear madam, to be compelled to speak so harshly of your only child, but the half has not been told. She has destroyed my happiness; she has made my home desolate, and my children fatherless: she has taken my husband from me, the man who had sworn before God and man to be my comforter and my protector. I feel that "my soul is dark," and that I am not only making the wounds of my own heart deeper, but that I am causing you, a fellow sufferer in this terrible tragedy, needless pain. Let us try to be more reconciled to our fate, and submit more willingly to the chastisements of our Heavenly Father.

Bring up those little orphans in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and you may yet live to receive the honor and reward from them that you failed to receive from your own child. But if you should be called away from your helpless charges, commend them to "Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry."

If you should receive any information, please write to your sincere friend,

JENNIE BOTHAMLEY.

Slowly the old lady folded the letter, and replaced it in the trunk.

"Poor woman," she thought, "three years have passed since I received your letter, and now I am prepared to answer it. I can tell you all—all that I have seen and heard."

The old lady having made the foregoing re-

marks to herself, gathered up her writing materials and seated herself at an old-fashioned desk, ready to commence her sad task. She had not written many letters since her youth, and this made the present undertaking a difficult one.

While sorely perplexed about what to write, her little grandson, not quite five years old, came up, and noticing that she was in trouble about something, said:

“Let me help grandma write.”

She took him in her arms and kissed him. While thoughts of the past rushed into her mind, tears began to flow freely, and when the little fellow saw how his grandma wept, he put his arms around her neck and kissed her, at the same time trying to comfort her by kind and soothing words. This entirely unnerved her, and she broke forth in a flood of uncontrollable grief. She held the child in her arms until he fell asleep.

By this time she had become more composed, and wrote an answer to the letter she had received three years before. Having sent it to the mail, she went about her work with a more contented spirit.

It would seem from her letter that she did not possess the selfishness common to mothers, or she would have been somewhat gratified that

her child had escaped disgrace by being buried as the wife of Clement Bothamley. It appears that the old lady viewed it in a different light, as will be seen by the letter, which forms part of this chapter.

The reception of the following letter was the direct cause of Mrs. Greenwood addressing Mrs. Bothamley at that particular time:

NEWTON, KAS., October 17, 1883.

Mrs. S. Greenwood:—

DEAR MADAM: Having learned your address, I write to inform you of the fact that your late daughter's husband, Clement Bothamley, was murdered or accidentally shot, while on his way to Texas. He was accompanied by two young men, and a young widow, named Nellie C. Bailey. I cannot give you any of the particulars at this writing. If he has heirs there, will you be kind enough to communicate the same to me. Respectfully,
M. J. SMITH.

She read the letter, and then hastily wrote another one to London, enclosing the one she had received, and posted them.

When these letters arrived at the elegant mansion of the millionaire in London, a neat little woman read them, while tears fell fast upon their pages.

All was over now. She was a widow. Her husband, Clement Bothamley, was dead. But when or where he was killed, she did not know.

She bowed her head and offered a short prayer that she might be able to bear this new and terrible affliction.

While thus engaged, a stranger, an American, was announced, who desired an interview with Mrs. Bothamley.

She folded the letters, and entered one of the spacious parlors to meet the stranger.

“An American,” and the words made her heart beat with renewed pulsations.

The gentleman introduced himself as Clarence Lane, of Rockford, Illinois, United States of America.

She invited him to be seated, and at the same time she took a seat near a life-sized portrait of a handsome young man. Mr. Lane observed that she had been weeping, and from the tender glances she cast upon that picture, he received the impression that she had heard the sad news. He recognized the picture as a true likeness of Clement Bothamley, before he had become dissipated.

Mr. Lane told the lady his business in such plain, easy language, that it in some degree seemed to take the harshness from the subject. He produced the letter he had with him, and the injured wife recognized the writing of her husband, and with eyes blinded by tears, she read the following:

WICHITA, KANSAS, July 18, 1882.

Nellie Bailey:—

DEAR NELLIE: Yours of the 15th inst. is at hand. I am anxious to meet you again, my love. These long days are monotonous to me, but if you were here, they would pass only too quickly. Yes, Nellie, I am lonely and down-hearted, but the thought that we shall soon be permitted to pass our lives together, cheers the desolate life out on these plains. I would be so happy, so contented, my darling, if you were here.

Come to me, now, my little Nellie, my birdie, and gladden this poor, miserable life. Yes, I want you to come. I have a secret to tell you, the one great secret of my life. Meet me at St. Louis, on August 22d, and I will confide to you all my past life.

The ring that I placed on your hand binds my pledge with the earnest desire to call you mine. Don't forget, my darling, to be at St. Louis on August 22d. Yours, lovingly,

CLEMENT BOTHAMLEY.

The feelings of that deserted wife can be better imagined by the reader than they can be described by the writer, as she read the pouring forth of such tender vows of love by the man whose death she was now mourning.

He had been false to her once, but the reading of that letter caused her more pain than all the first blow she had received, when he ^{nat} _{croy-}

sented his family to go with the one who now lies buried on the plains of a foreign land.

The heart-broken woman handed the letter back to her visitor, with the others she had just received from the old lady. While Clarence was reading these, she went into the library and brought another, saying:

“This is one I received from the old lady some time ago.”

Clarence unfolded it, and saw it was from Hattie’s mother, written after her visit to Newton, and read as follows:

RIVERSIDE, ENG., September 20, 1882.

Mrs. C. L. Bothamley:—

DEAR MADAM: It has been a long time since I have heard from you and your children. I sent you a note that I received from America, stating that my daughter Hattie was dead, but I could hardly credit it, and to find out the truth of the statement, I gathered up enough money to carry me to America and back. I found Newton, Kansas, and the grave of my erring child. She lies buried—and an infant by her side—as the wife of Clement Bothamley. She died soon after their arrival there. I paid a visit to her grave, and I read with mine own eyes the inscription: “Hattie Bothamley, wife of Clement Bothamley.”

My heart ached, and I felt more keenly the shame and disgrace that Hattie had brought real^e than I had ever felt it before. When I

saw that falsehood engraved on that marble monument, to remain there for ages, hiding from the world the crime that Bothamley had been guilty of. I was greatly shocked.

I met him on the train and recognized him, but he did not take notice of me. I sat in the seat in front of him and a young woman to whom he was paying very strict attention. He took a small ring from his watch chain and placed it on her finger, with the freedom of one free from all matrimonial ties and engagements.

I listened attentively, and I know they are preparing to live together. I could hear him urging his suit, and boasting of his great wealth and the grand style they would live in, and how he had kept his poor, beloved Hattie. But he never said a word about you and his children. I felt very indignant, and would have exposed the infamous villain in his scheme of decoying another victim into his arms, could I have done so without exposing at the same time my own dead child's shame and disgrace. He is a vile and dishonest man, and you ought to rejoice that you are free from his contaminating influence.

You spoke very harshly of my daughter in your letter to me, but it did not offend me, for I sympathize with you in your trials and sufferings, but since you have learned of the vileness and treachery of the man who has made our homes desolate and your own children, as well as Hattie's, orphans, the man so depraved that he seems to live only for the purpose of destroy-

ing conjugal happiness, and of decoying unsuspecting females into his vile clutches, rejoicing in the number of his victims, after all this, I think you can in some degree forgive my child.

I did not court his acquaintance. I only requested him to direct me to a friend of Clement Bothamley, and he turned quickly away. And my dear madam, let me advise you to dismiss all hopes of his return to you and to your children. A man so destitute of moral principle and of natural affection, nothing short of the power of the Almighty can ever bring to repentance, or give him the reward that his many crimes so richly deserve.

Yours, in suffering and sorrow,

MRS. S. GREENWOOD.

When Mr. Lane had read the letter, he remembered the old lady in that obscure village in northern England, those bright, beautiful children he had seen in the doorway, and the impression they had then produced on his mind, and how afterward he had met the old lady at Newton, at the grave of her daughter.

He now told Mrs. Bothamley of the tragedy in the Indian Territory, and that Nellie Bailey was now in prison, awaiting trial for the murder of Bothamley; that Nellie's statement that he had a wife and two children in England, had been disputed, and that the object of his visit was to obtain legal evidence upon that point.

He also told her that they were on their way to Texas, when Bothamley was killed; that he aimed to get a divorce, and that he had so arranged his property that she would be deprived of her legal rights, if the fact of her existence should ever come to light.

Mr. Lane visited the old lady again, and saw those beautiful children once more, but there was no mystery now about their sojourn in the lonely home.

They are Hattie's orphans, that she left to accompany Bothamley to America.

Mrs. Greenwood gave him Mrs. Bothamley's letter, already referred to at the beginning of this chapter.

Clarence Lane returned immediately to his native country, in search of the Englishman in the orange groves of Florida, but found that he had already made himself known at Wichita as the brother of Clement Bothamley, and that he had verified Nellie's story, and was waiting for the trial to begin.

But a long term of imprisonment awaited Nellie, before she was permitted to prove her innocence. Over fifteen months she endured the sufferings and injustice of prison life. At last, January 16, 1885, was set for the commencement of her trial, and it will long be remembered by the citizens of Wichita as the

most interesting and exciting trial that has ever taken place in that city.

Clarence Lane was in Canada, on business so urgent that he could not be present at the trial, but he discovered another brother of Bothamley who had read the account of the tragedy in the papers, and had written to Wichita, but had received no reply. He did not know Clement was in America until he read of his death.

Clarence sent the letters he had obtained in England to Nellie's friends at Wichita; also, the one from Bothamley to Nellie, which he had found at his own residence while she was visiting there.

Mrs. Lane left her home, as scores of others had done who were acquainted with Nellie, to be present at Nellie's trial.

CHAPTER XII.

BEN WHEELER.

WHILE time seemed to be passing very slowly with Nellie, in prison, it was not so with her enemies outside, for they were very busy hunting up evidence to convict her, and the prosecutors must have used a great deal of money

to have inspired such zeal and activity among their agents.

As a specimen of the kind of men employed to aid in convicting Nellie Bailey, we shall bring to the reader's notice certain parties.

One gloomy night, some months after the tragedy, three men sat in a small office at Caldwell, discussing very earnestly some secret project. At last one of them said in a less subdued tone of voice:

"I will give you fifty dollars if you will do what I want you to do."

"All right," said the one addressed, "what is it?"

"I want you to repeat this for me when I am ready."

"Then repeat your story," answered the second party.

"Well, then, it is this: I want you to swear that Nellie Bailey and William Dodson were living as man and wife while Bothamley was staying at Mt. Hope."

"With all my heart," replied the one addressed, and the money was placed in the hands of a third person.

The person thus bribed was no other than Ben Wheeler, City Marshal of Caldwell.

A few evenings after the above incident four men were in consultation in the same office.

They were Ben Wheeler, his deputy, Brown, and two cowboys.

The next morning Ben Wheeler appointed another deputy, and taking Brown and the two boys with him, went in search of a murderer for whom, he said, there was a great reward offered, and who was supposed to be among the Indians.

They had not been gone many days, when the citizens of Medicine Lodge were thrown into great excitement by the daring attempt of four men to rob one of their banks in broad daylight. Two of the bank officers were killed. Four armed men rode up directly in front of the bank building, where two of them dismounted, and leaving their horses in care of their companions, went into the bank and shot the president and cashier.

The report of the revolvers brought the citizens in haste to the bank, while the strangers hurriedly remounted their horses and galloped away at full speed.

On entering the building the citizens became almost frantic with rage at such daring and unprovoked murders, having no parallel except in some of the deeds of Jesse James and his fiendish outlaws.

In a short time three hundred men were well armed and mounted, and in hot pursuit of the

murderers. They followed them into the Indian Territory, where they surrounded and captured all of them, and brought them back to Medicine Lodge. Here they were recognized as Ben Wheeler, Marshal of Caldwell, Brown, his deputy, and two cowboys belonging to the same place. They were heavily shackled, put into the jail, and a strong guard placed on the outside.

The next morning a crowd gathered about the jail, and driving the guards away, burst open the door. When the first man stepped in front of the cell door, Brown, though manacled, managed to get a revolver that he had concealed in his boot, and commenced firing, with fatal result to one man. The mob then poured in volley after volley, until Brown was fairly riddled with bullets. The others were taken out and hanged, their bodies filled with bullets, and then sent to their friends at Caldwell.

Imagine the feelings of the citizens of Caldwell when the remains of their city officers were returned to them in this mutilated condition. No doubt, after they learned the particulars their sentiments changed.

Thus ended the careers of Ben Wheeler and his band of desperadoes. Now, reader, this Ben Wheeler was the important witness that Hollister withheld. This was the witness whose

evidence was to convict the little woman; this was the witness who was to receive the fifty dollars. What was the object of thus bribing witnesses with United States money? Was it to aid the cause of justice?

The reader must be already aware that Bothamley was, at first, thought to be without heirs, and that Nellie Bailey held a claim on the estate. If she could be gotten out of the way, certain other parties would become possessors of the Bothamley property. Why should the prosecutors be so persistent and determined to obtain a conviction? Why hire false witnesses, if there was not something else besides the demands of justice in view?

CHAPTER XIII.

NELLIE'S PARENTS.

CLARENCE LANE had traced Nellie to Wichita by the jewels that had been sent there from Newark, New Jersey, but here she was entirely lost sight of, and all his endeavors to find her proved unsuccessful.

Her father used all the means in his power to obtain some information concerning her, or

some clue by which she might be found, but no one could tell him anything about his missing child.

She had so completely disguised herself that she could pass her friends and acquaintances without the least danger of being recognized. She saw her father the day she rode out, only a few hours before starting for Texas, but he gave her no notice except a passing glance.

The old homestead was very lonely when the day's work was done and those anxious parents sat and talked of their missing child. One year had passed since she had visited them, and six months since they had received any tidings from her.

For months they waited and watched, with hopes of receiving some news of their lost one. They tried to comfort each other with vain surmises, until their sources of hope had almost failed them, when one evening they were quite shocked by the arrival of a telegram containing the news that Nellie had been arrested for the murder of Clement Bothamley.

Mr. Benthusen read it aloud, and the mother sank back in her chair in a swoon. Assisted by Uncle Joe, a negro servant, Mr. Benthusen carried her to the bed, and laid her upon it. She lay unconscious for several hours, but at last slowly recovered from the terrible shock. She

was unable to leave her bed for several weeks, and, of course, could not visit Nellie.

The next morning after receiving the telegram, Mr. Benthusen took the first train to Wichita, and was met at the depot by Hon. W. E. Stanley, Nellie's attorney.

Mr. Stanley is a gentleman highly esteemed for his moral and religious principles, and is a great Sunday School worker. He took Mr. Benthusen into his carriage and drove to the jail. He calmed the old man's mind by giving him all the particulars of the tragedy, and even before they had reached the jail Mr. Benthusen felt that his child was innocent.

Entering the jail, Mr. Stanley conducted him up to Nellie's room. The door was open, and as they stepped in, she sprang forward to meet her father, weeping bitterly. The father took her in his arms, and seated himself, with his child in his lap. He remained with her many hours, and returned home in better spirits.

The mother had recovered somewhat, and was able to sit up part of the time.

Nellie's father, assisted by her attorneys and Clarence Lane, commenced searching for evidence both for and against her. All they could find against her was that she had allowed Bothamley to persuade her to take that unfortunate trip to Texas. In this she had done wrong, or

at least acted very indiscreetly. On the other hand, there was an abundance of evidence to prove her innocent of the great crime for which she had been arrested.

Nellie's parents worked faithfully on the farm, and lived sparingly, in order to save all they could to assist her.

The British Association held her trunks, not allowing her to take out anything except a change of clothing. Her father and her attorneys replevined one trunk, but the one that held the silver plate and diamonds was kept by the association. Mr. Phillips, president of the association, had administered in the name of the Bothamley heirs.

Mr. Benthusen, Nellie's father, spent many sleepless and anxious nights, but tried to hide his doubts and fears in regard to the safety of his child from the mother, because the shock of this terrible disaster had greatly unnerved her, and she was almost an invalid.

Nellie's father had been a soldier, and had had various experiences in the ups and downs of life. He was personally acquainted with the following circumstance:

Three ruffians had been brought from Texas in order to swear against an innocent person accused of murder in the first degree. Those villains, who had perhaps never been within a

thousand miles of the place before, were taken by the prosecuting attorneys six or eight times to the place where the murder had been committed. It was in a lonely and unfrequented spot, several miles from any house. They located their camp beside a spring, just out of sight of the place where the crime was committed. They were drilled by the attorneys, all three together, and then separately, so that there might be no discrepancy in their testimony. The defendant's principal witness, by whom he intended to prove an alibi, was bribed with the sum of four hundred dollars, and one night was put aboard a train that carried him on his way rejoicing. When the trial was called, these three men swore positively that they saw the defendant kill James Harman. They described the locality and all the surroundings where the murder was committed very accurately, showing the jury where they had stood, and when they described the cruelty and barbarity the defendant had practiced on his victim, the spectators became greatly excited, and many were heard to say that if the defendant was acquitted, he would be lynched before morning. All this occurred during the direct examination, but when the witnesses were cross-examined, two of them passed unblushingly through the searching and scrutin-

izing investigation of the defendant's lawyers. The third became embarrassed, and on some frivolous plea was permitted to leave the room. After waiting a short time, the court, wishing to proceed with the trial, sent for the witness, but he was nowhere to be found. Upon search being made, it was discovered that all three had disappeared. Probably they had gone to some place of safety that had been previously arranged for them in case there was any hitch in the programme.

Why, asks the reader, all this trouble and expense? It is easily explained, in a few words. There was the sum of forty thousand dollars to be divided among certain parties if the defendant could be put out of the way. Was it any wonder, with this and many similar instances called to mind, that Mr. Benthusen was greatly distressed about the safety of his child, knowing, as he did, that the money of the United States was being used to employ detectives and bribe witnesses. Nellie could not be convicted by direct evidence, but the hope of the plaintiff was in procuring and establishing circumstantial evidence against her. If the reader thinks Nellie's father was wrong in his suppositions as to the means that would be employed to prove her guilty of the crime, let him read the chapter on Ben Wheeler.

Mr. Benthusen received many encouraging letters urging him to be of good cheer, as some of Nellie's worst enemies had met their reward. He received a letter from Captain Curtis, jailer at Topeka, saying: "Nellie is a good girl."

Nellie, also, received many letters that helped to make him feel more cheerful, and to look at things in a more favorable light. Besides, his constant outdoor labor helped to call his attention from the all-absorbing subject, the safety of his only daughter.

But how different was it with the mother, who could not move about the house without seeing something to remind her of Nellie.

There were boxes of toys, the playthings of her childhood, books and pictures, recalling her girlhood, cast off dresses, half-worn gloves, ribbons and the other articles used in later years. Her letter box was opened, and the letters re-read by her mother. They were the letters of friendship, written by her friends while she was at school. A package tied carefully, and laid away, told that its contents came from one who once held a sacred place in Nellie's heart. The mother replaced the package without untying it. They were Alvin's letters to Nellie, written during their engagement.

Nor did this box contain all the relics of by-gone days. In Nellie's room hung a picture of

Alvin that she had left. Those sad, dark eyes seemed to haunt the place, and well might the mother shun them, for they awoke a feeling of remorse and guilt. She remembered that she was instrumental in persuading her daughter to desert Alvin, and to marry Bailey. This was the rock upon which Nellie's happiness was wrecked; this the starting point in her discontented and wayward life.

How long will it be before parents will cease to trifle with the happiness of their children by inducing them to barter love for gold. They surely should know that money is no equivalent for the affection of the heart, and that the bonds of the law cannot join hearts that are not in sympathy. Love is the only sure guide that a woman has in entering the matrimonial relations. It is true, mistakes are sometimes made, but these are exceptions.

It seemed impossible for the mother to touch anything about the premises without being reminded of her dear imprisoned child. Whether in the yard, the garden, the barn or the field, she would find some trace of Nellie. There were currant and rose bushes she had planted; a calf she had once petted and called her own; sheep and chickens that once belonged to her; and in the center of the field stood the cottonwood tree she planted before going to Rockford.

One day her father plowed up a beautiful bush that had attracted her attention, and she carefully replanted it. It grew to be a large shade tree, and was known as "Nellie's tree." Whenever the father stopped in its shade to rest, his thoughts would turn to his child, and his fears and anxiety would become so intense that his spirits sank in deep despair.

Now, these things may appear trivial to the reader, but be it remembered that they are the links in the chain of affection that help to bind us to our dear distant relatives and friends, and even the wayward child that has wandered from the home of its early childhood is almost persuaded to return when it thinks of the "Old oaken bucket that hangs in the well."

"Uncle Joe" is an old colored man who has been living a great many years in the Benthusen family. Nellie took great delight in tormenting him in various ways. Sometimes she would wrap herself in a sheet and hide in some dark, secluded place, where Uncle Joe passed while doing his chores after night. When he saw the "spook" he would rush towards the house greatly terrified, until Nellie's ringing laugh would call him back, to repay her for these tricks. He would find dead snakes, toads and tortoises in his path, ready to pounce upon him, and sometimes she would place them in a

barrel or bin in the barn, where she knew he would unsuspectingly put his hands on them, while she would conceal herself near by to enjoy the sport.

But in all her trials and troubles, Uncle Joe was her best friend and comforter. He always contended that she was innocent. He would tell her parents how good and kind she was to every living thing, and how she assisted in taking care of sick neighbors. Joe would say:

“Why, Nellie is too good and kind to harm anything.”

In enumerating the many things dear to Nellie, Selim, the pony, was forgotten. There he stood in the barnyard, no one to play with him or pet him. He seemed to realize the absence of his friend, and to understand that something had befallen her.

The autumn of 1883 passed, the winter came, and the old homestead was, indeed, sad and dreary, with the mother sick, and Nellie far away. Spring came and went, yet no hope of Nellie's return.

Another autumn came, and found her still in custody. At last, during the winter, the time for her trial was set. As that time drew near, the anxiety of the parents increased, but Joe would tell his dreams, and assure them that Nellie would come out all right.

Joe seemed so strong and determined in his faith, that at times they felt almost persuaded that he was inspired. Soon friends and relatives began to arrive from almost every part of the United States. That country residence was filled with guests whose countenances showed the deep grief and anxiety that saddened their hearts.

The day before the trial commenced, Nellie's father, accompanied by Mrs. Taylor, of Elgin, Illinois, Mrs. Tichenor, of Newark, New Jersey, and Mrs. Sweet, of Waukesha, Wisconsin, took the train for Wichita. Mr. Fisher, the sheriff, received them kindly, and Nellie was once more surrounded by her friends.

Her mother was sick, and unable to attend the trial, but Uncle Joe was left to console and encourage her, and I often think that if Job had been fortunate enough to possess one such comforter as black Joe, instead of the many he had, he could more easily have borne his afflictions, and the sooner have been humiliated before his God.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNCLE BLACK JOE.

"Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
 Far, far away,
 Der's wha' my heart is turnin' ebber,
 Der's wha' de ole folks stay;
 All up an' down de whole creation
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de ole plantation,
 An' for de ole folks at home."

CHORUS.

"All de world am sad an' dreary,
 Ebery wha' I roam,
 Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary
 Far from de ole folks at home."

UNCLE BLACK JOE had been in the employ of Mr. Benthusen several years. Like most of the old persons of his race, he was once a slave.

In 1836, a wealthy planter of Georgia became suddenly ill and died, without leaving a will. He had owned a great many slaves, and among them was a mother and two children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively ten and eight years.

Shortly after the death of this planter, a sale was announced in the papers, and when the day arrived a great number of slave traders, (those dealers in human flesh and blood,) were present to bid on the slaves, and to examine them, the same as they would any live stock.

The mother and children were sold to different parties, and thus separated, the mother going to Virginia, while the children were both taken to New Orleans and put into the slave pen, with hundreds of others.

They spent most of the time in crying, as they were very unhappy. Their old master had been kind to them, and as their mother was a good cook, they had fared well, and were contented until this misfortune had come upon them. After remaining a few days in that horrible place, they were put upon the auctioneer's block, and again sold to the highest bidder.

The trader took the cash, and delivered the property to the purchasers. Joe was taken to Arkansas, while his sister, having been sold to another person, was taken to the rice fields of Florida. The separation and isolation of this family was thus complete.

And the mother—did she live and endure all this? Yes—

“For life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow breaks its chain.”

She became almost frantic with grief when she parted from her children. Amid her cries and piercing shrieks they bore her away, and the only sympathy she received were kicks and cuffs, accompanied with the gruff command to “Keep still, and don't make so much noise.”

She was taken to the plantation of her new master, without the least shadow of hope that she would ever see her children again. She dared not complain; she could only live and endure in silence.

Ten years passed, then another ten, and she heard of the enthusiastic efforts of Old John Brown in behalf of her race, and a few years later she learned, though Brown was hung, his soul was still "marching on."

Then came the civil war, and President Lincoln declared the black man free. The young reader may ask what were the arguments in justification of this nefarious traffic. About the same as those used at the present time in defense of another iniquitous traffic that is carried on all over the land:

First—Personal rights. The slave holder had paid his money for the slave, and consequently had the right to use him in any manner that he chose.

Second—The bible sanctioned it. Many books have been written by eminent divines to sustain this argument.

Third—If the slave trade was abolished, the internal commerce of the South would be destroyed, and many of their cities left desolate. What would New Orleans be, if her slave pens were taken from her? Besides, it would be

treating the Southern members of Congress with great injustice to remove the slave pens from the District of Columbia. They stood in need of body servants, and what would they do if denied the right to bring their slaves with them? Moreover, they held themselves to be men of honor, and it might be necessary, some time, to sell a slave in order to pay a debt of honor, incurred by *losing a few games of poker*.

Nor were these the only grievances of which the Southern members had to complain. For a long time it had been customary for slave dealers, near the close of the session, to bring a lot of the finest and most beautiful mulatto girls to sell to members of Congress and other rich planters of the South, to carry home with them for housekeepers. It did seem hard, after a Southern member had served his country so faithfully and used his talents so conspicuously in the cause of human rights, to be denied the privilege of investing a part of his well-earned salary in the purchase of a yellow girl.

The reader must not suppose that the foregoing statements are exaggerated because they are not exactly in Southern phraseology.

Nor is this quite all. The officers of the different missionary societies had been quietly informed that if the rights of slavery were not protected, those societies need not expect any

more aid from the South. Those donations had hitherto been very munificent, and many instances could be cited where single ladies had sold slaves and invested the proceeds in some missionary project. The officers of those societies, being "wise in their own generation," kept silent lest the cause of Christianity should suffer.

To redress imaginary grievances, the South took up arms. They prayed to the god of war, and to the God of peace, they called on Mars, and they called on Jehovah, but all to no purpose. If we cannot call them "honorable men," we can, at least, give them credit for being valiant.

This desperate struggle continued for four years, and the entire continent trembled beneath the tread of the contending armies. The outside world looked on, seemingly with great satisfaction.

Our Canadian neighbors exclaimed: "Now, the Americans have the opportunity of producing some great characters." But they did not think we possessed the material. Notwithstanding, from the lowliest walks of life arose the greatest and noblest character of modern times.

The London *Punch*, after having caricatured Lincoln in every imaginary form during the

war, acknowledged his greatness in a number of stanzas. We give the first:

“He had been born a destined work to do,
And lived to do it, four long suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then, he heard the hi-ses change to cheers”

We took a leather dealer from his shop, and the world does not deny what we claim for him, that he is the “greatest General of the age.” And without doubt there never will be a time when we shall not have sufficient material, hidden from view, among the common people, to meet any emergency that may arise.

It so happened in this contest that “right” and “might” were on the same side. The result is known. The black man, from being a chattel, was transformed into a human being, and endowed by the constitution with all the rights and privileges of a citizen of the United States.

The slave traffic could not be carried on without the separation of families, but after the war had been in progress a few months, the separation became more general. The slave-holders sent their slaves as far from our troops as possible, for safety. The slaves got within the Union lines whenever an opportunity presented itself, and were sent north. At the close of the war fully one-half of the slave population was scattered throughout the

free States, or was under the protection of the Union army. As soon as it was safe, there commenced a retrograde movement to search for old friends. Husbands and wives, parents and children, began searching for each other, while some returned merely to see the home of their childhood. For, with the black man, "My old Kentucky home," is no myth, but a living reality, and no other race possesses as much social and home attachment as the negro does.

After the war, Joe's mother made her way back to Georgia to live with her old mistress on the plantation, without having the least idea of what had become of her children. Joe found his way into Kansas at the very commencement of the war, where he was kindly received. Most of the able-bodied men went into the war, and this left a good opening for those who wanted work. Joe found plenty of work, and saved quite a sum of money. After peace was established, and he saw the blacks returning to their homes, Joe felt a strong desire to visit his early home, and in company with others he started for the "Sunny South." When he reached Georgia, and saw that desolate track made by Sherman in his "March to the sea," he felt what he had never before realized, the meaning of "fire and sword." But it

was not only within this belt, sixty miles in width, that Joe saw the dire effects of war, for wherever he went, on every hand, he beheld ruin and desolation, and when he reached the immediate neighborhood of his early home, the destruction was more complete. Where once stood stately mansions, nothing remained but heaps of ruins, and in many cases the huts of the negroes had shared the fate of the planters' homes. Joe found himself a stranger; he had not met a single person whom he knew. Many objects were familiar, but no faces. He observed a great change in the location of the houses of the blacks. Formerly they clustered around the mansion, but now they were scattered about over the plantation, each family working separately, and each striving to earn a livelihood. Joe heard many complaints about their crops being taken from them, because they had not performed some part of the contract, of which they were ignorant. On some occasions men had been arrested under the pretext that they had been stealing, and were sent to serve a term in the chain gang. Their terms of service sometimes lasted a year.

Many perished during the winter from want of clothing, being often compelled to work bare footed on the roads, when the ground was frozen hard. The truth of the matter is about this:

The slave-holder believed in the "Dred-Scott Decision," and that the negro had no rights the white man was bound to respect, and he still feels that he has a right to his labor, but cares nothing for his health, since he has no money invested in him.

Joe saw and recognized the old cabin where he once lived, but no person was visible. On looking about, his heart leaped for joy, as his eyes rested upon the old, familiar objects. He felt sure that his mother was not far distant, as the room looked so natural, with everything arranged just as it had been in the olden time. There stood the bed in its accustomed place, and the broom in the same old corner. Joe waited a short time, and seeing no one, went to the plantation house and knocked at the kitchen door. It was opened by an old black woman, whom Joe recognized as his mother, but she could not see much resemblance between the tall man before her, and her laughing, bright-eyed boy, who had been taken from her so many years ago.

Oh, the joy and excitement in that kitchen! The mistress came in to learn the cause, and was made acquainted with the startling fact—that Joe had returned. He was the only one of the twenty children sold at that sale, ever heard from.

As soon as the surprise of the unexpected meeting was over, Joe seated himself and commenced a series of inquiries about his friends and playmates, but the mother had been absent almost as long as the son, and, consequently, could not give him much information. He remained for some time with his mother, long enough to be convinced that the South, though naturally the home of the black man, was not the place for him under the existing "reign of terror."

There are only a few favored places where black children have any opportunity of obtaining an education. In the cities and towns there is more wealth, and the people are better able to support schools, while in many rural districts the white people have very little education, and seem to act on the principle of the "dog in the manger." They throw every possible obstacle in the way of the blacks, and seem afraid that the darkeys will get the start of them.

All these things soon convinced Joe that the South was no place for him. His mother thought best to remain where she was, sure of a home. Her mistress was paying her some wages, and was very kind to her. Joe, after promising that he would try to find Mary, and that he would write often, bade his mother

good-bye, telling her he was going back to Kansas, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

After Joe's return to Kansas, he worked and saved some money, and seemed determined to find his sister Mary. However, after Nellie's arrest, he felt under obligations to remain with Mr. Benthusen, if for no other purpose than to assist and comfort his benefactors.

Just at the commencement of the trial, Clarence Lane, the detective, came to Mr. Benthusen's to look after some of Nellie's papers. While waiting for a train, he had a talk with Joe about the lost Mary. The detective took the name of the man who bought her at New Orleans, and after gaining all the information he could, "Now," said Mr. Lane, "I shall find your sister without your having to tramp all over Florida."

One argument often and persistently used in defense of slavery, is that the negro is a descendant of the monkey. This is still an open question, and the probabilities at present are that the whole human family will be involved in this terrible disgrace. Many eminent divines and scientists are discussing it. If they arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, the reader shall have the benefit of it in a second edition of this book.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRIAL.

THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT reconvened on the afternoon of January 15, 1885, at Wichita, Kansas, and Nellie C. Bailey, charged with the murder of Clement Bothamley, came into the court room in charge of an officer, accompanied by three female relatives—Mrs. D. C. Tichenor, of New York, Mrs. James Taylor, of Elgin, Illinois, and Mrs. Eugene Sweet, of Waukesha, Wisconsin.

The appearance of Nellie C. Bailey in court, developed a curious interest in the court room, all present being eager to get a glimpse of the pretty little woman, who has become so widely known in this country, and whose name has been heralded over the land in connection with the death of Clement Bothamley.

George F. Benthussen, father of the accused, a plain looking man, about fifty years of age, dressed in a common suit, with a Grand Army badge prominently displayed on the left breast of his coat, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, was present, as was also Mr. Andrew Bailey, brother-in-law of the prisoner. Nellie Bailey

was dressed in a suit of plain black, and wore a fur cap. She is a *petite* brunette, of splendid form, small forehead, high cheek bones, long jaw, thin lips, firm chin, medium nose, low at the bridge, and dark hazel eyes, rather frank in expression. Her form is well developed, and her movements are graceful. She has black hair, and strongly marked eyebrows. Her carriage is dignified, and altogether, she might be called a very prepossessing young woman of twenty-three years of age.

Hon. C. G. Foster was the presiding judge.

United States District Attorney James R. Hallowell, and Charles Hatton, assistant, were the attorneys for the prosecution.

Messrs. Stanley and Wall, of Wichita, assisted by Hon. J. W. Ady, of Newton, were the attorneys for the defense.

During the examination of persons drawn as jurors as to their competency to impartially judge upon the guilt or innocence of the defendant, she sat with her counsel, her father at her side, and closely scanned the faces of the jurors, consulting frequently with her father, who also manifested a deep interest in the proceedings, studying with care the faces of the men who were to be entrusted with the duty of condemning his daughter, or of letting her go free.

With the greatest care was the examination of the jurors conducted by Col. Hallowell and by Mr. Stanley, and their scrutiny was such that twenty-five jurors were excused, and the venire was exhausted, -without a panel having been secured.

The court adjourned at half-past five o'clock in the evening, to meet at nine o'clock the next morning.

The court room was packed the next morning with an eager mass of humanity, elbowing each other to obtain good positions.

Nellie, who was the center of attraction, was seated between her counsel, Hon. J. W. Ady, of Newton, and Hon. W. E. Stanley, of Wichita, while her father and two female relatives sat near her. The principal members of the Wichita bar, together with a number of visitors from different parts of the State, occupied seats inside the railing and about the desk.

The jurors selected were named as follows: Uriah Coy, C. J. Daigon, Charles Goodyear, Levi Gunn, W. W. Hays, W. F. Henderson, C. D. Hutchings, T. H. Lynch, George J. McKeen, K. C. Morrow, Warren Schofield, William Shutt.

Attorney Hatton, for the prosecution, arose, and in a very solemn manner began to present the case on behalf of the Government. He entered very minutely into the details of the case,

stating every point that the Government expected to prove. He dwelt upon the several entangling matrimonial alliances into which the defendant had entered; he traced her eventful career, and recounted her connection with Bothamley, the deceased; he told how she had assumed the names of Bertha L. Bothamley and Sarah A. Laws; how she had separated from her husband in Dakota; how she made her first acquaintance with Bothamley; how she went to Wisconsin, and married Robert Reese; how she left him, telling him she had business in Kansas by which she would become possessed of \$18,000, after getting which she would return to him; how she came to Kansas, and in company with Bothamley visited Wichita, and assuming the name of Sarah A. Laws, received a deed of Bothamley's property, and how she made arrangements with Bothamley to go to Texas. He narrated the events that followed, up to the time of her arrest by the United States Marshal on her way to Texas, after the tragedy; what had occurred after her arrival in Wichita; and how she surrendered the jewelry and the deeds to the estate of the deceased Bothamley.

Hon. W. E. Stanley followed for the defense, and claimed that by far the greater portion of the allegations were utterly false; that it would

be found that there was a lack of proof in nearly all of the leading points recounted by the prosecution; that the defense would show a totally different state of facts. He referred to the marriage of the defendant with Mr. Bailey, and their separation in Dakota, by which she became possessed of \$4,000; how Bothamley had lived at Newton, with a woman whom he had brought from England, where he had deserted his lawful wife; that all the people at Newton who knew him, the British Association, of which he was a member, included, were led to believe this woman was his wife; how Nellie, before going East, gave Bothamley a large sum of money, and received the jewelry; how she left part of the jewelry in the East, and had it follow her by express to Wichita; that Bothamley was with her when she received it; how he confided to her the great secret of his life, telling how he married the woman in England because she inherited a large fortune. He explained about Sarah A. Laws, telling Bothamley's plans to get his property out of his own name, lest his wife should come from England and claim her share of it; how the deeds were all made out, and the aliases assumed at the dictation of this man. He entered into the details of the arrangements to go to Texas, where he intended to make Nellie his wife. He men-

tioned the marriage with Reese, in Wisconsin, and characterized it as a joke; that Reese was in court, and would so testify. He said that before starting out for Texas, Nellie had confided all their plans to a friend, stating that she had the utmost confidence in the man, and that she, of all persons, had the least motive for killing him. He said Bothamley was afflicted, in body and in mind; his relation with the woman in England preyed upon his mind; that he had said, in the presence of a doctor at Mt. Hope, while he lay there sick, that he intended to take his own life; that Mrs. Nellie Bailey had urged him to go to Texas by rail, and let the boys drive the sheep. He traced them to the scene of the tragedy, and entered into a minute account of the momentous events that followed Nellie's arrest and return to Wichita; how she was surrounded by brutes in the guise of officers; how she was denied access to all of her friends and relatives, and that under threats and intimidation she was induced to surrender her jewelry and deeds. He said that \$3,500 of her money was invested in the sheep; that she and every one else thought Bailey was dead, but it has been ascertained that he is still alive. He said that if the Government, in its management of the case, should compel him to put his client upon the stand, she would relate strange

things concerning Bothamley and her connection with him, and everybody would then be convinced of her innocence.

Judge Foster charged the jury to be careful not to converse with any one about the case, nor to listen to any person discussing it. The case was important, and it excited wide interest. The local papers would probably publish a part, or it may be, all of the testimony, and make comments thereon; it would therefore be better for them not to read the local press.

The District Attorney called off the names of witnesses, until about sixty were gathered inside the enclosure. After this formidable array had been sworn, the jurymen answered to their names.

The court building had been condemned, and it was absolutely dangerous to proceed while such a throng was present, hence the Judge ordered that the court be cleared of all who could not obtain seats.

A vast number of persons filed out, and the first witness was sworn, and his testimony was given:

Wesley Vettors.—My age is fifteen years. I lived at Newton eight years; came there from Ohio; was born in New York. I knew Nellie Bailey, Bothamley and Dodson. I first met

Bothamley at Doty's ranch. I worked for him at his place, about two miles from Sedgwick City. He had a section of land, and 2,500 head of sheep. I worked for him the month of November, 1882, and I went to work for him again in May, 1883, and remained with him until the time of his death. Nellie Bailey came to the house some months later. Bothamley told him he was going to meet his sister Bertha at Valley Center, whither he went for her. There were six rooms in Bothamley's house, and Nellie occupied one while she remained there, until they left for Texas. She ate at the table with Bothamley and the family. Bothamley was sick part of the time. Nellie stayed about the house; sometimes she took a ride. It was in June that Bothamley told him he was going to Texas. In August they left for Texas, and at Mt. Hope Bothamley was taken sick, and he stopped there, while they started on with the sheep towards the Territory. When they got a little ways below Caldwell, Nellie went back to Mt. Hope. He returned to camp on the Polecat, and they camped there until Nellie and Bothamley came on. Nellie was gone after Bothamley four days. It was half-past four o'clock in the afternoon when we went into camp before the night of the tragedy. It was about eighty miles south of Caldwell, and

twelve miles north of Skeleton Ranch. Dodson wanted to go on further. There was a ditch in the road, and the oxen did not want to cross, and Bothamley wanted to stay there. Nellie and Dodson were on ahead with the sheep.

This witness stated what has already been given about the location and arrangement of the car. The remainder of the boy's testimony was unimportant, only that Nellie had tried to induce Bothamley to go by train, and that Bothamley had told witness he wanted to go to Texas so as to get more range, and to get away from Newton.

Cross-examination of Vetter.—Bothamley was sick with the rheumatism while I worked for him. He was sometimes confined to his bed. He was crippled in the legs and feet. He was a nervous and excitable man, and would fly up when things went wrong with him. He was particular about his bargains. He told us he was going for his sister when he left us, and when he brought this defendant, he said she was Bertha Bothamley. Bothamley occupied the parlor in the old home at Sedgwick. He represented her as his sister upon all occasions. He told me the first month that I worked for him, that he was going for his sister. He complained of people crowding upon his grazing

ground in Harvey county, and said he could not get along with the people, and had to pay damages so often. He was taken ill before we had reached Mt. Hope. He had to be carried into the house there. After we had gone on, I was sent back to see how he was. Nellie wanted him sent by rail from Caldwell, if possible. I went back from Kalamazoo. Nellie and Bothamley came back in a buggy. He was so lame he could not proceed for two days. At Polecat Nellie and Dodson went back to Caldwell for provisions, and to forward a deed to Newton, at Bothamley's command. After they had gone it was discovered they had forgotten the deed, and Bothamley said it would have to be sent back from Fort Reno. We stayed quite a while at Polecat, on account of Bothamley's sickness, and he was afraid the sheep would get footsore. From Polecat we traveled several days, a distance of thirty-five miles, before he was shot. I heard Nellie twice beg him to go back and go by the train with her, and let us go on with the sheep. He was determined, and said he would go through overland. I sometimes gave Bothamley medicine. He used St. Jacob's Oil, and took morphine. I heard Nellie beseech him not to take morphine. I saw her crying about him, and his condition. After the death of Bothamley, we heard Nellie hallooing to us,

“boys!” in the distance, and a shepherd dog was running back and forth. I was awakened by her, and went to meet her. She was crying, and when she approached she fell down, and exclaimed: “Go to the car, quick; something awful has happened!” I gave her a blanket to rest on, and went to the car. I rode around it, and up to it. I was excited, and had no gun, and did not want to risk my neck in there. She made me go back the second time. Dodson got upon the pony and went to the car. He said Bothamley was dead. Nellie cried all the time, and told Dodson to go and find Donaldson, and if he could not find him, to go on to Skeleton Ranch and carry the news of the tragedy there. Nellie always slept with her dress and shoes on. Bothamley said he did not want to cross the creek; he had had enough jolting in coming up that far. He always carried a big revolver. I heard Nellie beg him to put the pistol away in the trunk. On that trip, and once before, he put the pistol to his face, and Dodson took it away from him. On one occasion he had his own and Nellie’s pistols, fooling with them, and Dodson put them out of his reach. I heard him once say: “Give me that pistol, and I’ll kill myself.”

I asked: “What the d—l is the matter with you; are you cracked?”

He got mad at me for asking that question.

Vetter recalled by the Prosecution.—Bothamley always spoke of the sheep as his and Nellie's. An old man in the court visited him at Newton to take his evidence down, and also took him to the Territory to examine the ground, and paid him for it.

A part of the direct evidence of Vettors.—I saw the pistol with which Bothamley was shot. It was out in the grass, covered all over with blood, and it was loaded, except one barrel. I found the ball in the car afterwards. It got shook out and lost. I saw Nellie and Collins talking. Nellie had her dress and shoes on when she came to us. She did not have her hat on. She carried a small Smith & Wesson pistol. I took the cartridges out, and put it in my pocket. There was a spotted calf about the car on the night of the tragedy. We left the car after dark to go to the sheep. I drove the car during the day. Nellie rode horseback, sometimes by the car, and sometimes with the sheep. I found Nellie's pistol belt the following morning, but do not remember where I found it.

J. W. C. Donaldson.—I lived at the time of the tragedy in the Indian Territory, about one hundred and ten miles south of Caldwell. I was in the cattle business, and saw the parties

the day of the tragedy about eighty miles south of Caldwell. Dodson came after me the next morning, and told me that Bothamley was dead. It was about three miles from where he was to the car, and about three-fourths of a mile from Hackberry creek. The wound was about the size of a silver dollar. There was powder on the eyebrows. The ball entered below the right eye, and came out at the lower left side of the back of the head. I washed the corpse, and laid it out. (Having been shown the pistol in court, he said it was the same kind of a pistol that made the wound.)

Donaldson recalled.—I washed and laid out Bothamley in a little tent that Dodson put up; I told him to put it up. I asked Dodson how this happened. I threw the bed clothes out of the car. Collins came up and examined the body after it was put in the tent, and he talked with Nellie. I took the body to Skeleton Ranch, and Nellie traveled with Collins in a buggy. At the funeral Nellie appeared very much distressed. Dodson, myself and two or three other men dug the grave. We made the coffin out of dry goods boxes. I don't know who selected the place for the grave. After we had dug the grave, I went on to Caldwell. The body was cold and stiff, and so were the limbs, when I dressed it.

Ralph P. Collins.—This witness testified to about the same as Donaldson. He told about the burial at Skeleton Ranch, and stated that Nellie told him she did not know what to do. He said Nellie was lying on the cot in the car, crying. She said Bothamley and herself were brother and sister. He told her to telegraph to her folks in England. She said they had no friends in this country, and there was no place to take the body. She said she would rather bury the body there, and she could return for for it some time. Suggesting that the body could be taken back to the settlements by stage, she did not assent to it, but said she would write to her mother in England.

Cross-examination of Collins.—I told her I thought I could find a purchaser for her sheep. She did not know what to do. She said she had put her money in with her brother in the business of starting a ranch. Mr. Donaldson said to me the first morning that the man had killed himself. In talking with her, I told her I had a ranch, and I would give her all the assistance that I could. She seemed inclined to go to Texas, but she started for my ranch, which is on the direct road to Texas from the car camp, and while on the way she was arrested.

Robert Reese recalled.—Nellie and I were mar-

ried at the home of a justice of the peace. We had been to a party, and we went from there to a justice's residence. We did not take any one with us, and we had no license. We did not think there was anything serious about it at the time. It was done more for sport than for anything else. I did not understand that she was to come back to Waukesha, for she told me that she never would. I proposed to Nellie to get married. I think Nellie left Waukesha on the fifth of June. She said she was going to Newton, Kansas. In her postal she meant Bailey, not Bothamley. I never heard of him, until I read of him in the papers.

W. H. Phillips.—I reside at Newton, Kansas. I was acquainted with Bothamley. He came to my home, at Florence, with his wife. He stayed there about four weeks, and had some twenty trunks with him as baggage. He left during my absence. I next saw him at Newton. He was a member of the British Association at Newton. I was administrator of the estate of Bothamley. There was turned over to me as administrator, six hundred and forty acres of land, jewelry, a car, an old buggy, fifteen hundred head of sheep, and a pony. I was present when a trunk was opened, and Nellie Bailey took out a dress. Bothamley was an Englishman. I never knew him to be

sick. I did know about his temper. The British Association is for the benefit of the British people who come to this country. The woman represented at Florence was not his wife. Bothamley's legal wife is in England. I have done a great deal against Nellie Bailey. I have taken very much interest in the case, and have furnished witnesses for the prosecution. The British Association took steps with the British Minister at Washington to have the sheep turned over to him. Bothamley had no bank account. I now know that Bothamley had a wife in England. The poorest dress in the trunk was of silk, satin or velvet. I know Pat Terrill was employed to hunt up evidence for the case, but the British Association was not instrumental in getting him appointed. The articles in the trunk have all been replevined from me by the defendant in a suit.

Mrs. Phillips then followed her husband as a witness, her testimony having the same general bearing, except that she stated that the silver plate in the trunk at Florence was in the name of Millick, and that it had belonged to Mrs. Millick in England.

Mrs. Sweet.—I reside in Waukesha, Wisconsin. The defendant came to my place in February, 1883, and left in June. I am a relative of hers. She had two trunks, and plenty of

fine dresses and jewelry. Mrs. Austin lived near me. She and Nellie were very intimate while the latter visited me.

Witness was here shown a letter, which was identified as Nellie's. It was to Mrs. Austin. It was held by the defendant's attorneys, and was written just before starting on the trip to Texas. The letter was offered as evidence, but District Attorney Hallowell objected to it.

Mr. Ady read from "Greenleaf on Evidence" to show that it was proper to prove that Nellie had kindly feelings towards Bothamley.

Mr. Stanley insisted upon the reading of the letter.

Judge Foster was inclined to think the letter was admissible.

The prosecution tried hard to keep the letter out of the evidence, but it was read by Mr. Stanley, in spite of the efforts of the prosecution.

It is as follows:

"WICHITA, August 16, 1883.

"MRS. AUSTIN—DEAR FRIEND: Yours of the 18th of last month was received, and its contents perused with pleasure. I presume you began to think I had forgotten you, by neglecting to answer your letter earlier. But such is not the case. On the contrary, my thoughts many times a day fly back to your home, where

I spent so many pleasant days. My time has been wholly occupied in preparing to start for our trip across the country to Texas. It is quite a task, Mrs. Austin, to get ready for such a journey, but we are now ready, and expect to start on the 21st of this month. I wish you could see our outfit. Clement has spared no pains nor money in fitting it up. It is a nobby one, I can tell you. We have a 'car' built on wheels, with one room. It is fitted up in fine style. We have two yoke of oxen to draw the car, which will only be in use when we camp. We have a cow with us, also. Clement and I each have a riding horse, and I will ride horseback all the time. We have 2,200 sheep. Two young boys will accompany us—one to drive the car, the other to drive the sheep. We expect to have a delightful time, and it will be so romantic. We will go right through the Indian Territory. I want to visit the Indian camps, and see how they live. I will write you a description of Indian life when I visit them, and give an account of our trip in general.

“Mrs. Austin, no one has recognized me yet in Harvey county, notwithstanding I am well known. I am only fifteen miles from where father lives, and have not seen any one of our family. That seems hard, I know, to be so

near pa and ma, and not let them know I am in the country. But I have reasons for doing so which I cannot explain; not on my own account, but Mr. Bothamley's. There are some things connected with Clement's affairs that require this to be kept secret for a while. No one knows where I am but you, Mrs. Austin, and I trusted and confided in you, feeling sure you would keep the matter to yourself till we were ready for the world to know we were married. If pa and ma knew where I was, and what I was going to do, they would raise objections at once. And Mrs. Austin, no one on this earth can prevent me going with Clement. I can trust him, and know I am safe, and I have all the confidence in the world in him, feeling assured all will come out right in the end.

Clement acts so honorably with me in every respect, that I am willing to risk all with him. Clement says he will come with me next summer, and make you a visit. You and Mr. Austin will like him, I know, for he is splendid company, and is lively, and is so nice. He is real good looking, and is stylish and highly educated. Of course, I think he is perfection. He is very fond of traveling. We will not live on our ranch, but put a family on it to look after the stock. We expect to make lots of money when we get started in Texas,

and Clement expects quite a sum of money from England in the spring. I am not afraid but what Clement will always make me a good home, and be good and kind to me. I think by the first of January we will have everything settled up so I can write to pa and ma, and tell them I am married, and who to, and where I am. Clement says so, providing we get thro' to Texas as soon as we expect, and I think we will.

“Mrs. Austin, I told Clement about the marrying affair in Waukesha, and told him how it happened. I told him about going with Robert, and he said he didn't expect me to not go out in company any. He said he wanted me to go in company, and try and enjoy myself while I was away. He said he had all the confidence in the world in me, and could trust me anywhere. Clement laughed when I told him, and said the worst of the joke was on the young man. He said if it was really legal, I could easily get a divorce in Texas. Clement said he would consult a lawyer when we got there. I declare, Mrs. Austin, that was such a foolish trick for me to do, even in fun. But I did not know Spencer was a justice of the peace when we went in. I am always doing something in fun, that turns out to be serious. But now I am going to settle down to the stern

realities of married life; no more flirting for me.

“I have had an awful restless disposition, and been dreadfully discontented for the last four years, notwithstanding I have been traveling so much, and had everything money could buy. But, Mrs. Austin, money cannot buy contentment nor happiness in this world alone. No one has ever known what made me so discontented, nor ever shall. But now I am perfectly contented and happy, and will enjoy life. Clement has a disposition like my own, and is a man I can live happily with. When we once get settled, so pa and ma know where I am, and can come and see me, I shall expect you and Mr. Austin to come and see us, as you promised me you would. We will be there to see you next summer, Clement and I, sure. Do not worry about me, Mrs. Austin, for I am in safe hands with Clement. There is no danger in going through the Territory. I will write to you as often as possible.

“Did little Florence receive the ring we sent her? Clement thought she would be pleased with it, and so I got it. He selected it. Does Robert ever ask where I am? If he does, Clement says tell him Nellie is married and gone to Europe, or some other seaport. This is the last you will hear from me till we are in the

Territory, as we will start in a day or two now. Give my kind regards to all inquiring friends. Clement sends his best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Austin.

“With my love to you, and kind regards to Mr. Austin, I am, as ever, your loving

“NELLIE.”

“Direct your letter to me as follows: ‘Bertha L. Bothamley, Fort Reno, Indian Territory.’

“Good-bye.”

Cross-examination.—Nellie went to live with Mrs. Austin about the middle of May. I objected to Reese coming to my house, knowing that Nellie had not been divorced from Bailey. She went to Austin’s to stay, and was married to Reese. It was a sham marriage, to spite me and others. I never heard her mention the name of Bothamley. She received letters frequently from Sedgwick, Kansas, with a seal with the letters “C. B.” in old English. She told me, and I heard her tell Reese, that she had no divorce from Bailey. She told me she would never live with him again. She had traveled considerable, and she said she had been to California. I do not remember where she said she parted from Bailey.

Dr. Dwight.—I reside at Mt. Hope, Sedgwick county. In 1883, Bothamley and his outfit came to my place. I went out a mile and a

half, and treated him for sciatica, and the next morning he came along in his car, and stopped with me. The others stopped a day or two, and then went on. The defendant returned for him. I heard her say that Bothamley should go by train to Caldwell. I did not consider Bothamley's mental condition sane. He used opiates, and he repeatedly asked me to take his revolver and shoot him, or give him something to put him out of the way. If he thought he would never get well, he said he would put himself out of the way, as he had suffered so long. He was sometimes out of his head, by reason of the opiates. He was hardly well when defendant came back and took him away. He was very anxious to go on with the team.

Miss Nancy Hull.—I resided with Dr. Dwight at Mt. Hope in 1883. When Clement Bothamley was stopping there for treatment, Mrs. Dr. Dwight and I waited on him. He seemed discouraged and down-hearted. He said if he did not get better soon, he would send a bullet through his head. He said this to me. I was there when Nellie Bailey came back. She tried to coax him to go by rail. He was bound and determined to go through in a buggy. She besought him to stay, and she would stay with him, and when he got well they would go by



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rail to Texas. She would hire another man to help take the sheep through. He had a revolver while at Dr. Dwight's, and while talking about putting a bullet through his head he would handle it. Nellie Bailey wanted me to go with them to Texas. She offered me two dollars per week. Bothamley was there four weeks. His joints were swollen, and he suffered a great deal. He took a great deal of morphine. He stood in the door one day, and shot at a mark. When he handled the pistol, he would whirl it around and around and hold it up. He said his sister "Birdie" had put in \$3,500 in the outfit.

Mrs. Dwight.—I reside at Mt. Hope, and am the wife of Dr. Dwight. Clement Bothamley was at our place in August, 1883. Miss Hull was with me at that time. Bothamley seemed to suffer a great deal of pain, and was downhearted and worried considerably because he could not be with the sheep. He spoke several times about shooting himself. He said his life was worth but little, anyhow, and when he heard the doctor out shooting at a mark, he said he wished the doctor would use him for a target. When he left, he could hardly walk. He could barely walk across the room.

B. K. Brown.—I resided in Wichita in 1883. Bothamley then bought a revolver of me. (The

witness identified the revolver on the table "as the one.") Just before he bought the revolver he accidentally discharged it, and it came near striking one of my clerks. He told me about it as I came into the store, just after the accidental discharge of the weapon.

John W. Weaver.—I reside in Newton, Kansas. I knew Clement Bothamley in 1880. He was sick at that time. He stayed at my house from July, 1880, to February, 1881. I am an Englishman, so was Bothamley. Lizzie Taylor was housekeeper for Bothamley before he came to my house. I got acquainted with the defendant in 1879 at Newton, before she married Shannon Bailey. While Bothamley was at my house, the defendant was introduced to him there, after her marriage with Shannon Bailey. Bothamley was not a great deal of trouble to me. He had rheumatism in his knees, and he got me frequently to go down to the ranch for him, as he was not able to attend to the ranch.

Mrs. Weaver, wife of the preceding witness, testified to the substantial facts given by her husband.

William Dodson.—I reside at Sedgwick. I was engaged in driving the herd for Bothamley on October 7, 1883. I was with the outfit when we went into camp the evening before

Bothamley's death. Nellie came to us in the morning, scared and excited, and said something terrible had happened at the car, and asked me to go quickly and see what it was. She said she didn't know what it was. I went to the car, and found Bothamley dead on his back, on the bed made for him. His left hand was on his breast, his right hand was raised, and the revolver was lying on the bed near his hand. The revolver was stained with blood. When I returned to the herd, Nellie was crying, and she seemed to be greatly distressed. When she came to us, she said her face and ear was hurt, and she thought she was shot. I lit a match and looked at her ear to see if it was hurt. Wolves were howling around there, and the night was dark and cloudy.

The witness here described the scenes at the funeral.

Cross-examination.—I began work for Bothamley when we started on the trip. I worked for him a day or two before we started. In speaking of the contemplated trip, he said his sister was going along. When we left, Bothamley had a pistol in his belt. I don't remember whether the defendant had or not. At Hackberry creek the car was further from the sheep than at any time previous. Veters and I heard the signal shots. I do not know where

Nellie was when the shots were fired. I took supper at the car. Nellie was with the sheep; the rest of us were at the car. Bothamley was in the car. I sent Vettters the second time to see what was the matter in the car, and he got no answer. I then mounted the horse, rode to the car, got off there, and saw Bothamley lying dead. It was light when I returned to where Nellie was. She was crying. I saw her shed tears. I remained at the car camp some three days. Vettters and I worked under Nellie Bailey's directions. I cleaned up the car. I do not remember what was done with the pillow that was under Bothamley's head. I washed some of the blankets. I think I emptied the feathers out of a pillow slip that was soiled with blood. I don't know where I threw it. I washed the things at the spring. We returned from the funeral on the night of the eighth of October. I washed up the bed clothes on the tenth. We were there three days. When we left we went south, following the road. Vettters drove the car, and I drove the sheep. I don't recollect that the defendant helped me start the sheep. She rode horseback. I think we made six or seven miles in one day's drive. When we were arrested, I don't know where Vettters was. I did not push the door in the officer's face. I was sitting down, and the de-

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fendant was sewing. I did not know at the time that she was not Bertha Bothamley. I had seen the defendant before starting on that trip. I knew Bothamley before starting out. I did not communicate to any one after I left the car camp that Bothamley was dead. I was in Commissioner Sherman's office a year ago in this city, and I talked to Mr. Sherman and Pat Terrill. I don't remember the conversation that was had after returning from the funeral. When we were going to Collins' ranch we were arrested. We were fifteen miles from the ranch. From what I heard, we intended to remain a day, and I do not know what was to be done after that.

Mrs. Tichenor.—I live at Newark, New Jersey. The defendant was at my home in 1882, and she left in 1883. She had very handsome bracelets, one large and one small, set with diamonds and precious stones, and other jewelry to correspond, and some silk and velvet dresses and a black velvet basque. I don't remember that she bought any clothing, except a black satin cloak, fur trimmed, quilted lining, and ornaments on the back. She had some silverware. She came to my house on October 3d, 1882, and she left February 14th, 1883. She said she came from the West. I did not know that she was married until she came to my

house. She said her husband's name was Bailey, but she had not seen him since in the spring. Nellie received many letters from some one. They bore a seal, but I don't know what the letters were on the seal. I had the jewelry in my possession. I can't remember of having seen any trade mark on the articles. She told me that her husband, Mr. Bailey, gave her the jewelry.

Re-direct examination.—I was brought here by the Government, and I am Nellie's aunt.

Dr. Dwight recalled.—I had frequent conversations with Mr. Bothamley at my house. He said he had received money from his sister, and they owned the sheep jointly. The defendant wanted Bothamley to go to Texas by rail, and let the men go with the sheep.

The defendant was then sworn, and for two hours she stood before that vast assemblage. She held the thread of her testimony with perfect calmness, without conflicting with that of other witness.

At the close Judge Foster allotted two hours for each side for the attorneys.

Mr. Hatton, of Wichita, opened for the prosecution. Mr. Ady, of Newton, followed for the defense.

Mr. Ady's address to the jury is given in full in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARGUMENT OF J. W. ADY, ATTORNEY FOR DEFENDANT, IN
IN THE CASE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA VS.
NELLIE C. BAILEY, IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT
COURT, AT WICHITA, KANSAS, JANUARY 20, 1885.

“If the Court please, and the Gentlemen of the Jury:

“Fairness is a jewel, certainly, whether found in public or in private places. The gentleman who has preceded me said that he desired to be fair. Taking his good pretense at his own word, I supposed he would be fair. I had even ventured to suppose in so great a cause we might expect fairness as a matter of right. Let us see if the prosecution has been entirely fair.

“In a charge so grave as this, involving, as it does, life and death, the prosecution ought in common fairness, before the mouth of the defense is finally closed, to lay before the jury some intelligent theory upon which the Government asks men to found a belief that defendant had committed such an awful deed, for it is the nature of the human mind, even in the commission of crime, to go about it with method and usually with motives of vengeance or gain. The most abandoned wretches seldom do mischief out of mere wantonness only.

“Has the Government up to this hour, after a labor of fifteen months, during the long course of this trial, either in evidence or argument ever suggested to you any such thing? If so, what? Is it theory that Nellie C. Bailey, the defendant in this case, slayed Bothamley that she might enjoy with all the world what he owned? Or is it the theory that she slayed him that she might enjoy his property with Robert Reese? Or is it the theory that she slayed Bothamley that she might enjoy the property that he possessed with Shannon Bailey? Where is the theory of the prosecution in this case? It has not yet, at the end of sixteen months, since the defendant was brought before the public, it has not yet materialized or made itself manifest.

“Gentlemen of the jury, you will discover in this case that no intelligent theory of guilt has yet manifested itself before this jury, and why? Because there is no theory of guilt in this case. There is but one theory in this case, and all of the evidence, all of the circumstances, all of the actions of the defendant, all of the terrible results, agree with that theory, and that is the theory that Bothamley slayed himself. Counsel suggested that he was disposed to be fair; counsel suggested that every promise that he had made to this jury in stating his case has



HON. J. W. ADY.

been realized in evidence. Where is the evidence to show that the defendant in sending the deed to Harvey county for record, dated the letter which she wrote in the vicinity of Caldwell, at Fort Reno, as he said? He had to acknowledge, after fifteen months in which to prepare his case, that he was mistaken. Another thing, gentlemen of the jury, where is the evidence in this case that when the defendant started away from Waukesha she made any promise to Reese that she would return to him, and returning, bring back the sum of eighteen thousand dollars, which she expected to realize out of "*a business*" in Harvey county?

"When that fact was suggested to the jury, it seemed to my mind that it would give them a theory in the case. The evidence totally and absolutely fails upon that proposition. There is no evidence upon it.

"I want you to be governed by the rule that what is not proven in a criminal case, does not exist. We have no right to make any presumptions, unless it be something that necessarily follows from that which has been absolutely proven. We have no right to bank on suppositions; to bank on suggestions to bring into the case prejudice of any kind. The jurors in this case, at the opening of it, promised that they would try it upon the

law and evidence, and render their verdict accordingly. That, gentlemen, is all we ask. We don't come before you in this case to beg a verdict, but we come before you, gentlemen of the jury, to show absolutely and beyond all question, that the defendant is not only not guilty, but that she has shown herself to be innocent beyond a reasonable doubt. Counsel profess to be fair. Counsel have had at their back the power of the Government of the United States; counsel have had at their back the treasury of the United States; counsel have been aided and assisted by detectives whenever they demanded it; they have been able to scour this Union from one end to the other to discover some evidence, and what have they laid before this jury? Not a solitary circumstance. Mark what I say. Not a solitary circumstance tending to show that the defendant killed Bothamley, but which also tends to show that Bothamley killed himself. After having all of this vast opportunity for preparation, the jury had a right to expect that if there was any evidence abroad in the land against Nellie C. Bailey, the defendant in this case, that it should be brought before them. Then, I say, gentlemen of the jury, that especially in this case, what is not proven by irrefutable proof does not exist, and the jury must so maintain

it. Counsel desire to be fair, yet after all these vast opportunities for preparation, after going through the farce of this trial, after having been offered every chance that could possibly be afforded to men on this earth to show that the defendant was guilty, they were not content until they had humiliated her. When they could not, by all their power, affect her statement upon the stand, I say that they were not content until they had humiliated her by asking her upon the stand if some member of her family, some kith or kin, had not been in the penitentiary. As a caption of monumental meanness in the trial of causes, I place that. There was no excuse for it. It was brought out by a pretense upon the cross-examination of the witness, and then the offense was added to by referring to it upon the argument that was made in the opening of this case before this jury. Gentlemen of the jury, I say that such a thing ought to be spurned by every honest juror, and by every honest man. It is all that any of us can do in this world to account for our own faults, without being charged with those of others. It is about all we can do to bear our own burdens, without taking up all of those of our kith and kin.

“This, gentlemen of the jury, is a sample of fairness. This, gentlemen of the jury, is a fair

sample of this prosecution. Having failed to gather anything in the case anywhere to convict this defendant, they were not content until upon her final examination upon the stand they gave her a slap in the face before the people.

“It is a great principle, gentlemen of the jury, that any citizen put upon trial, no matter how high or low, shall be presumed to be innocent until guilt is proven beyond a reasonable doubt. It is a great principle that no citizen can be convicted of a crime until he or she have had a full, fair and complete trial before a jury of their countrymen.

“This, gentlemen, is the defense of all of us. This is the one thing for which even the guilty criminal may feel grateful, even though he may have to go to the gallows.

“In the trial of a criminal case it sometimes becomes necessary to resort to circumstantial evidence. It is necessary in this case. I am not going to argue to you that the Government shall be called upon to bring some one who saw that crime committed, if crime it was; it is absolutely impossible. Away on yonder prairie, without any inhabitant about; no one in the vicinity but the boys, half a mile away; in the night time; in the darkest hours of the night, when all humanity is asleep, Clement

Bothamley comes to his death in the confines of that narrow car; no one about him but the defendant in this case. She is arrested, and charged with his murder.

“In such a case, positive proof is impossible. But how about circumstantial evidence? It is not to be presumed that because we try the case by circumstantial evidence, we shall be satisfied with less proof, and with less amount of conviction, and render a verdict upon a less amount of evidence, than we would if it was positive evidence, but the circumstances upon which the citizen's life is to be forfeited must be so absolute, so conclusive, that the same conviction is produced in the minds of a jury that would be produced if some one would swear to it positively. Gentlemen of the jury, this is the rule: That you must have a chain of circumstances which, being interpreted, say that the defendant is guilty of this crime. That chain of circumstances must not be susceptible of any other conclusion, for, if this chain of circumstances may be made to agree with another supposition, to agree with the hypothesis of her innocence, or if the circumstances can be explained in any other way than with the idea that she killed Bothamley, then she must be discharged. That is the absolute rule. It is a rule without an exception.

“It is not enough that the circumstances agree with her guilt, but they must absolutely discard every other proposition. How about the circumstances in this case? If we start with their starting, the first circumstance that the Government might be supposed to introduce, and go through until the death of Bothamley, is there a continuous chain of circumstances which point unerringly to defendant as the murderess of Bothamley, and which cannot be explained upon any other hypothesis? Gentlemen of the jury, before entering upon the discussion of these circumstances. I wish to state this proposition, that you may take all of the actual circumstances from beginning to end, and every one of them as they were dropped from the lips of the witnesses for the Government, or within a short time thereafter, were explained by the Government itself.

“In 1878 or 1879, Clement Bothamley, an Englishman, abandoned his lawful wife and two little children in England, and ran off to America with a mistress. He located at Newton, Kansas, and passed this mistress as his wife. He bought a fine house, and put out the reputation that he was wealthy. He lived with this mistress magnificently a few months. After a few months she gave birth to a child; immediately after she died—gentlemen, re-

member, died of fright! Shortly afterwards the babe died. Bothamley was stricken with rheumatism, not temporary, but something fixed in its nature, that stayed with him. He then took up his abode with Mr. Weaver, with whom he lived several months. Nellie C. Bailey was the daughter of a plain farmer living near Halstead. Her maiden name was Nellie C. Benthusen. In 1880, I believe, 1879 or 1880, she married Shannon Bailey, a money broker at Newton. In 1880, having before visited at Mr. Weaver's, she visited at Mr. Weaver's one day, and met Bothamley there. This was the first time they came together. They were introduced, and visited together during the day; she met him again once more, and then went away to Canton. She stayed there some time with her husband. They had trouble; he sold out his business there, and they wandered over the earth for a considerable space of time. The result of it all was that they parted. The Government tells you that when they parted he gave her four thousand dollars in money. She meets Bothamley again when she is returning home; meets him at Emporia. Having heard that she had had trouble with her husband, he began talking with her. Now, 'in a few minutes,' says this fair prosecution, 'he asked her to correspond with him.' The evidence is that

they rode from Emporia to Newton together. Is that a few minutes? They sat in the same seat, and talked together. She told him that she was not going to live with Bailey any more. After they got to Newton, he wanted to come to see her. She told him her father's folks were strict, and he must not do so. He wanted to correspond, and she agreed. Before they parted he put upon her finger a ring, and it is there to-day. They did begin the correspondence, and she went to Illinois on a visit, and the correspondence was kept. These letters came from Sedgwick, with a red seal upon them. Bothamley was corresponding with her, and she was not compelling him to correspond, because she was in Illinois, and he in Kansas. After a little while she makes an entry in the little book. She says it is some of her foolish scribbling, and there, for the first time, in 1882, she signs her name as Bertha Bothamley. There was beginning to be an understanding between them. They had a long correspondence; she had received a good many letters from him; she leaves Illinois, and meets him at St. Louis. I don't suppose she compelled him to meet her there. I reckon he went there of his own accord. They went to Valley Center; I don't suppose she compelled him to come back to his ranch; he

was willing, or he would not have come; if he was not, he might have called the police, and defended himself against this evil woman; but they come here; he takes her to his ranch; he introduces her as his sister Bertha. I don't suppose he was compelled to do it. While you may make a bird fly, you can't make a bird sing. While she might compel Bothamley to go, she could hardly make him introduce her as his sister. She stays there some considerable time, four weeks, I believe. After she is there, he tells her all his troubles. He tells her that he ran away from England; he tells her that those he left in England are well provided for; he wants to keep away from that wife, and that the woman he had in Newton was not his wife; he wants to form an engagement with the defendant; it culminates in that way; he loads her with rich presents; this jewelry, these fine diamonds, these elegant things we have heard so much about on this trial. Was it anything strange that he should? They belonged to the woman he had at Newton. Was there anything unreasonable that he should give them to Nellie? He did, anyhow. She had them with her; he brought her to Wichita to have her dresses made over; she went East upon a visit to her relatives; upon that trip she had that fine clothing and jew-

elry; that is proven beyond all question of doubt; after her return, a portion of it was received back here. There are Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Sweet, Mrs. Tichenor, Mrs. Rich, and Mr. Reese, all testify to the fact that she had these things. Their testimony all goes to prove that she had those things upon that trip, a year before she and Bothamley start upon their trip. Now she says in her story before this jury that when she was at his place in September, 1883, they agreed upon this marriage, and agreed to make the trip out of this country, he to get his divorce and then be married. Is there any other proof to support that proposition? Do you remember the testimony of young Vetter? It was that in 1882, about September, October or November, 1882, Bothamley came to Doty's ranch, down by Halstead, and hired him to work for him; that he went and worked in the months of November and December, 1882; that while so working, Bothamley told him that he had made up his mind to go to Texas or New Mexico, and asked witness if he would go with him. Clement Bothamley had ample cause for wanting to go to Texas or New Mexico. He did not have sufficient range, he had trouble with the people, and he desired to hide away from his English wife.

“After staying with him some little time at

the ranch, Nellie made her visit in the East. On this trip she carried these jewels with her, wore them, showed them, pledged a part of them to borrow money. And this visit was made by and with Bothamley's consent. It was to cover the period of many months, while he prepared for his trip across the plains to their future home. She visited friends in New Jersey and New York, and thence journeyed to Wisconsin. Here she met with Robert Reese, and had that odd *fiasco*. That was a foolish episode, but how does it affect this case? She might marry Reese in earnest or in jest, and and still not murder Bothamley. It seems he bantered her while at an evening party, and she, never to be outdone, accompanied him before a man who proved to be a justice, and a ceremony was gone through which both concerned intended as a joke, but which they later heard was a formal, and may be, binding marriage. But upon any theory of this case, that marriage, good or bad, is totally immaterial. She stayed at Waukesha till in June, 1883. During all this time she had been corresponding with Bothamley.

“On June 7, 1883, she left Wisconsin on the receipt of a letter from Bothamley to go to his ranch near Sedgwick City, and now, says counsel upon the other side, she writes a number of

letters, which he has read to the jury, that the jury must have thought that she was expressing the honest sentiments of her heart. But, gentlemen of the jury. 'She has,' says he, 'come and admitted upon the stand that it was all stuff, or taffy, or a falsehood.' Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant should be hung (?)

"If the writing of foolish letters is to become a capital offense in this country, what, in the name of God, will become of our statesmen?"

"She returned to Valley Center. There he meets her, but before that, and before it is impossible for her to be present to exercise that magical influence over him, which they will try to argue about. When she was away; not there at all; when she is on her road to Valley Center, what does he say about it? He tells Vetter that he is going to Newton to get his sister. He goes, and at night returns with the defendant, whom he introduces to the witness as his sister Bertha. Now, gentlemen of the jury, there will no doubt be a good deal of talk to you about those false names which she went under for a long time, and under which she signed these papers, and I want you to remember this fact, and then I don't care how much they talk about it. *All these false names came out of his own head.* When you examine the

matter, you will see that every one of them was the work of Bothamley, and then, gentlemen of the jury, you must believe the plain, simple statement of the defendant upon the stand. It was all his own scheme, and all an attempt upon his part to put his property beyond the reach of his wife in England.

“Why, having done a thing like that, having abandoned his lawful wife in England, it is a fact that must turn up on whatever shore he had lived. It is the thing that must always make him afraid. It is the spectre from which he would always flee, imagining that every man is a witness against him, and knows what he has done; imagining that every moment the hand of justice will fall upon him, and in his ignorance supposing that that woman might come and take all he had away. That is what he is trying to evade. He must have those deeds. It is on the 16th of August, says Mr. Hatton, that the defendant did some very fine acting. Now, gentlemen of the jury, it is said in the testimony, and by the Government’s witnesses, that Bothamley was a hard man to deal with; that he was particular about financial transactions. He owned a section of land. How could the defendant get that land away from him without his consent? How could she get a deed purporting to convey that pro-

perty to her, without his consent? Only by forcing him to sign a deed, or by forging the deed herself. She didn't force it. On the contrary, he came before the notary, and the latter says she didn't bulldoze him, but he signed it of his own free will.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, it will never do to hang a person upon the idea that Bothamley didn't know what he was signing, or upon the idea that she had bulldozed him into signing it. That won't do at all.

"He signs that deed himself. When she comes to make the deed from Sarah A. Laws to Bertha L. Bothamley, and there is difficulty about recognizing her with the notary, he posts off to find a man who can recognize him as Clement Bothamley, he then and there declaring that she is Sarah A. Laws. Gentlemen of the jury, I said a moment ago that as to both of these fictitious names you would find the lie in his mouth first. Is it not so? He told Vetter that the woman was Bertha Bothamley, his sister. He ran off to find a man to recognize him, that he might recognize her to the notary as Sarah A. Laws. If Bertha L. Bothamley and Sarah A. Laws are bad features in this case, they belong to the dead, and not to the defendant.

"Leaving that transaction, they started to

go out of the country. When they started out she had a mask upon her face. Is there any explanation of that circumstance except that she murdered Bothamley?

“How is this? Here is Bothamley in Harvey county. Nearly everybody knows him, and a great many know her. They are in the midst of people who know both of them; they are trying to get away secretly; he wants the boys to continue under the idea that this woman is his sister; he wants to get out of the country; he wants the woman to go away with him as his sister; they are going in the direction of Mt. Hope; they are to pass over a good stretch of country in Harvey county; it is not unreasonable that there may be somebody that will know her; it is not unreasonable that he would request her to place that mask over her face; nor is it unreasonable that any woman starting out in the scorching sun of August in this country to travel with sheep, would put something over her face to save it from being sunburned. Why, they have taken the trouble to prove that she stayed very closely in the house while about Bothamley's place. All the more reason for seeking to defend her cheeks against the burning rays of an August sun. Can you hang the defendant in this case upon a proposition of this kind? Does that become

an absolute circumstance against her? When they reached Mt. Hope, Bothamley got sick, and she went away and left him there. Having been gone a while, she came back to get him before he had recovered sufficiently to go on with safety on this trip. Another bad circumstance!

“I suppose she forced him to go; I suppose she compelled him in some way to go; suppose that by the magic of her presence he could not resist. How about the fact, and does it come from Nellie’s statement?

“Why, it is proven by witnesses that are unquestioned, that on the contrary, she didn’t want him to start out from Mt. Hope, but used all the arguments she could to persuade him to stay there until he was fully recovered, and then to go by way of railroad from there to Texas, instead of crossing the country at all. If the Government had any theory at all in this prosecution, that is bottomed on any sense at all, it must be bottomed upon the idea that she had planned the killing of Bothamley in the Territory long before she started out.

“If she had made up her mind to kill him in the Territory; if she had possessed herself of this property with this view; if all she was waiting for was to get him into the Territory to perpetrate this deed, will any human being

explain to me why she had argued with him to stay there until he had recovered, and then go by railroad to Texas? Gentlemen of the jury, that fact is proven by irrefragable testimony. Proven by Miss Hull, proven by Dr. Dwight, by Mrs. Dwight, and the majority of the testimony shows beyond all possibility of doubt that all that time Nellie Bailey had no thought in her head of committing any crime upon the person of Bothamley. If she had not conceived it then, and even if she did conceive it afterwards, then you must lay aside all these preceding circumstances as nothing at all, as they were done without design. Do we get the full force of the proposition? If she tried to persuade him not to go across the Territory, but to go around by railroad to Texas, then, gentlemen, she had no design at that time to kill him in the Territory. That being true, all these circumstances about deeds, all this possessing herself of jewelry, all of this foolishness of Reese, must be explained exactly as she said. Gentlemen of the jury, in the name of these witnesses who have testified to that fact that she used every argument to get Bothamley to go around by railroad to Texas, instead of going across the Territory, I say in the name of all that evidence, you must cut away from this consideration everything that transpired prior

to that time, because she was then innocent and without design. Either Miss Hull swore to a falsehood, either Mrs. Dwight sat upon the witness stand and perjured herself, or else the defendant was at the time without design, because here is a fact inconsistent, directly at war with the idea that she had plotted upon the life of Bothamley. Gentlemen of the jury, we may fairly say that all prior to this is cut from the case. From now on, can we get another chain of circumstances upon which any jury, with even a barbarian's sense of justice, can be justified in finding the defendant guilty? They start in their buggy from Mt. Hope; they come up with the boys after a couple of days. During that time she has passed a couple of days and nights with Bothamley; he has not been murdered; he is spared; they go on. On the night of the seventh of October they are at Hackberry creek. Now, for the first time upon that trip the sheep are kept at quite a distance from the car; quite a distance apart; the boys with the sheep, and Nellie and the deceased in the car, are a good distance apart; that for the first time on the trip.

“That indicates design, does it? That indicates that she had brought about that separation in order that she might murder him without the other parties being present? That is

the worst argument we can put upon this circumstance — that they were kept apart for the first time on the trip. At nightfall she is driving the sheep. She stops and comes back to the car, and it is half a mile away. What does she do? Does she do what a person would do, who wanted the car and sheep to remain separated that night? Not by any means. The witness of the Government, Vetter, comes forward and relates that she tried to get Bothamley to take the car to where the sheep were. Not only that, but her last request was that he and Dodson move the sheep back. Bothamley refused to go further. He had been suffering with terrible pain, and refused to go a foot further that night, and as a last argument, she asked Vetter when he got over there to move the sheep back, so that they would be together, as she was afraid to stay that night alone with Bothamley, in the condition he was in. Vetter goes over, and when he gets there he finds that the sheep have laid down, and that they could not be got back.

“Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, therefore in advance of any design of hers, but against her will, against her suggestion, against her request, against her argument, the car and the sheep remain apart that night.

“Vetter leaves them late in the evening. So

far as the Government is concerned, that is the last that is seen of Bothamley alive. He is left in the car with the defendant. He is lying upon the floor, with his head to the south, and running full width of the car at his head is the cot upon which the defendant may have rested. The last that any of the Government's witnesses saw is that Nellie is left there with the defendant on the evening of the seventh; but in the night time, at just what hour they don't know, they hear a scream upon those wild prairies, they see a dog running back and forth, and after some search, find the defendant. She is crying and excited, bewildered with horror and fright. What is the first thing she cries out to the Government's witnesses: 'Go to the car, quick; something awful has happened!'

"If any other woman had been in the car that night, and the like had occurred to a dear one, as it did to the deceased in this case, and she had ran out upon the prairie, the first inspiration when she reached those boys would be to say: 'Go to the car, quick; something awful has happened.'

"Finally, Vetter, excited, runs for his horse, and goes to the car; goes around it, and calls, and calls; all is silent and dead, and he rides back in fear and says 'that he can get no response.' Still she says: 'Go to the car,

quick; something awful has happened.' He goes again, and with the same result, precisely. When he returns from his fruitless errand the second time, Dodson then goes, and being possessed of more courage, it being more light, too, he comes into the car and finds Bothamley dead. He is lying upon his back, his left hand across his breast, his knees convulsively drawn up, and *his right hand pointing directly to the wound.*

"He comes back, and there, in the solemn breaking of morn, he kneels down before this woman, still believing in her innocence; he kneels down before this defendant, whom he believes to be the deceased man's sister, and saying, 'Now, don't get excited,' says 'Clement is dead.' What did the defendant do? Propose to go to the car? Propose to secrete the body? Propose to get with all speed? Do anything that a guilty woman would have done? No, sir. But, without proposing that any of them shall go to the car, she says: 'I remember that a stranger passed this way the night before. Go, quick, and see if you can find him.' Willing to entrust the dead body of the deceased, willing to trust her fortunes, willing to trust the interpretation of all these awful marks with a stranger she had seen but once before. What would your wife, or mother, or

sister have done under the same circumstances? Just exactly what the defendant did in this case. Would have sent for that stranger the minute the thought entered her head. Gentlemen of the jury, I declare any argument, any theory that says that all of these things were the cautious work of guilt, to be an absolute and unfounded falsehood. Defendant must not only be a splendid actress, but she must be better than the best. This plain farmer's daughter must not be only a Lucretia Borgia, but she must be better than the best that has ever yet adorned the stage of tragedy, in order to have acted all of it, and acted it so wisely, because every motion, because every act, because every word is the unvarnished eloquence, the unvarnished naturalness of innocence. Yes, you have explained everything so far; you have suggested one thing against another so far very successfully; but how are you going to explain these facts?

“Mr. Hatton says after the death of this man she pretended to love, she told such villainous lies. What did she tell? She told that she was Clement Bothamley's sister. Whose lie was that? I have a remembrance that it was Clement Bothamley's. I have a remembrance that it had always been so. It is my recollection that the boys supposed she was Botham-

ley's sister. Gentlemen of the jury, what better would it have been if she had told the truth. Would it have brought Bothamley back to life? How would it have bettered matters? Here were these boys, supposing her to be the sister of their employer. This was her shield and protector. Here was a shield under which she marched with these men. She was the sister of Bothamley. She told no lie that had not been told from day to day, and from time to time, and almost year after year prior to that time, and which they believed, and the development of the dark secret would not have altered matters a particle. The next day she sent the deed for record; she sent the deed right while he was being prepared for burial; she had that deed before; before he had turned it over to her. He didn't want that deed recorded until he left Kansas, because he didn't want it made known to the British Association that he had parted with that section of land. He told her to take it and mail it on her last trip to Caldwell, and she forgot it. Not her testimony, but Vetter's; not her witness, but the Government's. He had directed her to take it to Caldwell, and she had forgotten it. Is it possible that if she had been scheming to get his property that she would have stupidly forgotten the very thing she was after?

“She had all the opportunities in the world to record it, and didn’t record it. The fact of sending that deed was nothing unnatural. Bothamley said they could not record it until they got to Reno. So much about the deed. Gentlemen of the jury, I desire to declare that this woman who is charged with the murder of Bothamley on the plains, had everything to gain by his being alive, and the sequel has shown that she had everything to lose by his death. What has she got to-day that is his? Has not she defended this case without anything, and the administrator, representing the heirs of Bothamley, has reduced everything to his possession? I say, that if she had desired to possess herself of the property of Bothamley, the time had not yet arrived. There is no motive discoverable in this case. She had everything before. She had a half interest in the sheep. He told Miss Hull so; he told Mr. Dwight so; he told Mrs. Dwight so; the defendant testified so; he said to Vetter that she had an interest in the sheep. He always spoke of them as ‘our sheep.’

“Gentlemen of the jury, there is but one question in this case, and that is murder or suicide. I have contended that all the facts and circumstances in this case were as reasonable upon the idea of suicide as upon the idea

of murder, and more so. Now, gentlemen of the jury, suicide is not an ordinary crime to commit. It is something that people do not usually commit, and we must not presume that Bothamley committed suicide unless he had great cause. How about it? We find him a few years ago, abandoning his lawful wife and two little children in England; we find him making up with a mistress; we find her dying a few months afterwards *of fright*; we find the little child born at that time, dying a few days afterwards; we find a terrible disease seizing upon Bothamley, and holding him firmly in its grasp, like some avenging fiend, until the day of his death; we find Bothamley from time to time threatening to commit suicide; we find him proposing to Dr. Dwight to give him something to end his life; we find him fondling with a six-shooter, and telling how he could shoot himself; by the testimony of Miss Hull, by the testimony of Dr. Dwight, by the testimony of Mrs. Dwight, by the testimony of Vetter, by the testimony of everybody, we find that he was a nervous, excitable man; we find that at all times he was taking a great deal of medicine, and at others a great deal of morphine; we find him declaring that if he was always to continue in that diseased condition, suffering with rheumatism, which racked his joints day

and night, he would take a six-shooter and put an end to his life. This was not in jest. Sometimes in jest, sometimes half insane, sometimes clearly in earnest. We find him careless in the use of firearms. I say, we find him making love with and fondling firearms. Yonder he is in the car, on the wild, lonely prairie; no one in the car but this woman, who is his last love on earth; he has cut loose from everything else in the world. Bothamley lies there in his car, and she upon the cot; they talk, and talk, and talk about their troubles, his troubles, and the trip to Texas; she says she is so weary; she falls asleep, and leaves him muttering in the darkness; the only creature who is left to console him, broken down with her own trials and sleeping, leaves him to agony and to fate. Bothamley lies there in his car; there, in the grasp of that awful night, he gets to thinking over the history of his past; his pain keeps him awake; his agony is his conscience's goad; he gets to contemplating his awful crime. He is wrought up gradually; he hears a noise about the car; he struggles up from his bed of pain and looks out of the window, and sees nothing but a calf; he lies down with difficulty; his joints are stiff with rheumatism, and with difficulty he falls down upon that bed of pain and remarks: 'I thought I would never get down.'

“The only person for whom he had any cause to live; the only person who is left to console him falls to sleep again; it is then presumably ten o’clock. Bothamley lies there trying to sleep, but with the pain, agony, and conscience he has, it is impossible to sleep; he lies there in solitude and thinks and thinks; gradually the immensity of his crimes grow upon him; there, in terror of imagination, he perhaps sees the woman he had led to the altar, and sworn to love and protect until death should part; there, in agony, he perhaps sees the little children, pressing little hands upon his cheeks, repeating the blessed name. “papa, papa.” There, in agony, he sees the mistress that he took up with; leaving the country of his birth, with all of its endearments, all of its affections, going away to America, across the deep waters; he sees her after the few months of crime, *dying in fright!* Again, he sees the child of his illicit love perishing away; his conscience is poisoned by such thoughts. A thousand furies mock him, and dear, upbraiding ghosts glare at him through the awful gloom. Awakened from this frightful reverie by the pinch of pain; gasping in the very grip of utmost agony; he bethinks him of that pistol, his last companion, sole anodyne of grief like his, he seizes on it, it was but a foot away, and inflicts that awful wound, and

in a moment frees himself of all this pain, remorse and agony. Everything agrees with the theory that he committed suicide. In the silence of death, his hands and fingers point out the real offender. This work on medical jurisprudence, (holding one in his hand,) says: 'The hands of the dead body in some cases will be found with the pistol so firmly clasped that the fingers must be sawn or broken away in order to get them loose.' This is almost infallible evidence of suicide. Gentlemen of the jury, take that pistol, take it and hold it as a man would to shoot himself. You will observe that where held in this way—with the thumb on the trigger, that it is not clinched with the same firm grasp that it is when held with the finger on the trigger. In case of instant death, under the theory that we advance, the fingers might have to be cut away, to free the weapon; if held, (so), but, if held in this position, (so), as we claim it was in this grave instance, it is not so clinched, and it would fall away as this pistol fell, and the hand of the dead would remain pointing out the real author of the terrible deed.

"Gentlemen, I say that the facts and circumstances in this case not only prove that Nellie C. Bailey didn't kill the deceased, but they also prove irrefragably to my mind, and it seems to

me must prove to the mind of every unprejudiced man, that Clement Bothamley, there in the thick darkness of that awful night, did what he so often contemplated and threatened, —*killed himself by his own hand.*”

CHAPTER XVII.

JUDGE FOSTER'S CHARGE TO THE JURY.

The following is Judge Foster's charge to the jury:

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.—The defendant, Nellie C. Bailey, stands charged with the high crime of murder. It is averred that on or about the 8th day of October, 1883, within the Indian Territory, attached to this judicial district, she did feloniously, wilfully and of her malice aforethought, with a pistol loaded with powder and leaden ball, shoot and mortally wound Clement Bothamley, in and upon the head, of which mortal wound said Clement Bothamley instantly died. A murder is defined by the common law as an unlawful killing of a person with malice aforethought, and malice aforethought

means, that the act has been attended with such circumstances as are ordinary indications and evidence of a wicked, depraved and malignant spirit, regardless of the social duties and obligations, and deliberately bent on mischief, and in general any formed and premeditated design of doing mischief, may be called malice aforethought. Malice may be either express or implied by law. Express malice is where one person kills another with a deliberate mind and premeditated design, such design being evidenced by extrinsic circumstances, such as lying in wait, antecedent menaces, former concocted schemes to do the party bodily harm and to commit the offense. Malice may be implied from any deliberate, cruel act committed by one person against another, although it be sudden and unaccompanied by the extrinsic evidences usually attending express malice. It matters not, however, whether the act is done with malice express or implied, so the malice exists, and the question whether the act is done with malice must be determined from the manner and circumstances under which it was done. Every rational person is presumed to intend the ordinary natural consequences of his own acts, and hence, if a person wilfully and deliberately shoots and wound another with a leaden bullet, from which wound the person dies, the

law presumes the intent to kill, and if the act is done under circumstances as evince a formed and premeditated design to commit the act, the law presumes and implies it was done with malice aforethought.

“In this case in order to find the defendant guilty, it must appear and be shown from the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt that the accused gave the deceased, Bothamley, the gun-shot wound charged in the indictment; that she gave the wound with malice aforethought, and that the deceased of the wound came to his death. I apprehend from the evidence in this case the first proposition. Did the accused give the deceased the gun-shot wound? is the most difficult, and the one which will demand your most serious and careful consideration, for should you find she did give the wound, that she fired the shot, which the evidence shows passed into and through the head of the deceased, I apprehend that you would find but little difficulty in deciding the question of malice and the cause of the death.

“You are called upon to reach a verdict in this case upon circumstantial evidence alone. No human being, so far as the evidence shows, except Clement Bothamley and defendent, Nellie C. Bailey, were present or witnessed the shooting. It was done in the dead hour of night

within the vehicle used by these parties on their journey and out upon the open prairie in the Indian country and far from any habitation. It is very frequently the case that crimes if proven at all must be proven by circumstantial evidence, and circumstantial evidence may be, and often is, as satisfactory and convincing as direct proof. Witnesses may be mistaken, or may forget or swear falsely to occurrences coming under their observation, but a circumstance when established by evidence is a fixed fact, more or less important as it tends in a greater or less degree to point out the truth. But in order to warrant a conviction on circumstantial evidence each fact necessary to the conclusion sought to be established must be proven by competent evidence; all the facts must be consistent with each other, and with the main facts sought to be proved, and the circumstances taken together must be of a conclusive nature, and leading as a whole to a satisfactory and inevitable conclusion, and produce in effect a reasonable and moral conviction, that the accused and no other person, committed the offence charged.

“If you have a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant you have to acquit. A reasonable doubt is not every doubt, for there may be doubts that are unreasonable. It may be

defined in this way. After you have given due consideration and weight to all the evidence produced and the facts and circumstances proven, if there is in your minds a want of an abiding conviction of the defendant's guilt you must acquit. If the killing of Clement Bothamley was a murder, there is evidence tending to show that it was a most cruel and well-nigh fiendish act, and if the defendant committed the act neither her sex or condition can shield her from the penalty of an outraged law. The law has clothed this woman with the presumption of innocence, and before you can find her guilty that presumption must be dispelled by the evidence.

“In this case the theory and charge of the government is that Nellie Bailey gave the fatal shot that took the life of Clement Bothamley; that she did the deed deliberately and with premeditation, and that she had a motive in doing it, the motive of gain; a purpose of possessing herself of the real and personal property of the deceased. The theory of the defense is that the fatal shot was fired by the hand of the deceased, either voluntarily or involuntarily; either by accident or design. These two theories should receive your most painstaking and careful investigation in the light of the evidence. You are not to jump at conclusions.

You are to consider the time, the place, and all the circumstances; the probabilities and evidence tending to support or overthrow either one or the other theory. A very pertinent subject of inquiry is the existence or non-existence of a motive for the defendant to commit the crime charged, for it is unusual for a person to commit a heinous offence without some motive. On this point the prosecution has offered evidence to prove that Clement Bothamley was possessed of considerable real and personal property; that previous to his death the defendant had managed to get the real estate into her own assumed name; that after his death she recorded the deeds of conveyance, and had his sheep and other property, and was making her way to Texas with it when arrested. These transactions the defendant offers evidence to explain. She claims that Bothamley for certain reasons desired to put his real estate out of his own name, and that in taking the deed of the ranch she acted under his directions, and that the reason for her holding onto the sheep and other property was that she had an interest in them as part owner; that she had put nearly three or four thousand dollars of her own money into the property. The defendant offers other evidence to show that the deceased had a motive and good cause for taking his own

life. This evidence bearing upon the motives of the parties and the conduct of the defendant both before and after the death of Bothamley, as well as on the night of his death, are important and demand your careful consideration. You are to determine and decide the credibility of the witnesses giving evidence in this case. You have the right to discredit the testimony of any witness in whole or in part if you consider it unworthy of credit, and in determining the weight to be given to the testimony of a witness you may take into consideration the interest of the witness in the result of this case; his means of knowledge as well as his inclination to speak the truth; the witness' manner on the witness stand and the consistency of his story, and any other matter legitimately bearing on the credibility of his testimony. If you believe any witness has wilfully sworn falsely to any material fact you may discredit his whole testimony. The law holds that a witness who has shown himself capable and willing to deliberately falsify the facts is not entitled to belief in a court of justice, and you are not compelled to analyze his testimony, separating the false from the true, but you may cast it all aside if you choose to do so. Gentlemen, you may take the case and decide it."

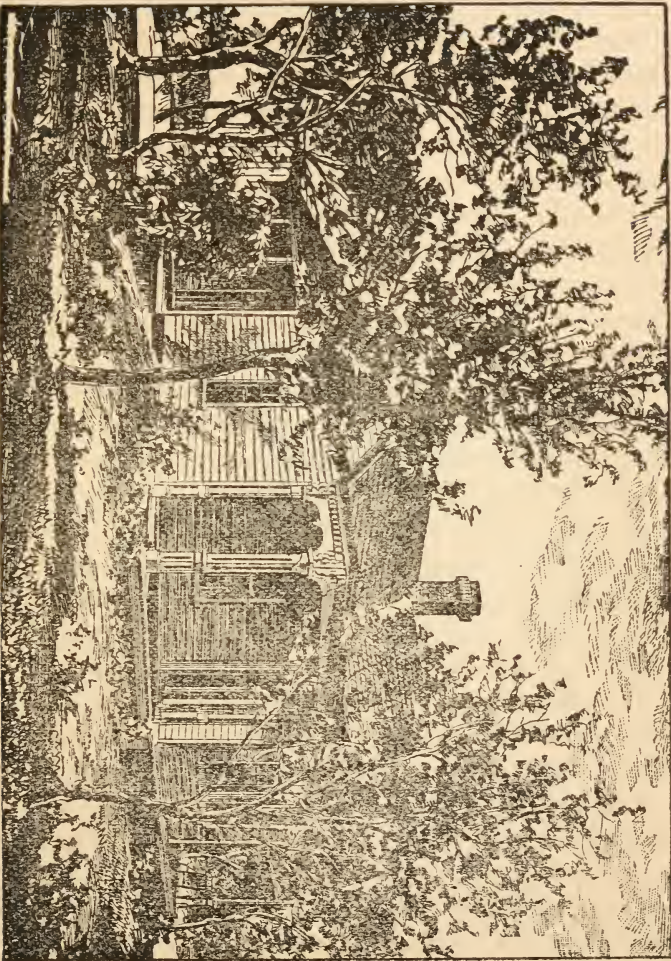
The jury retired at 3:30 p. m., and inside of fifteen minutes brought in a verdict of not guilty. The announcement of the verdict was received with applause. Nellie Bailey then shook hands with each of the jurors, and expressed a desire that they get their pictures taken in a group, as she would like to have it. She was congratulated by all her friends and many strangers. Her counsel were also congratulated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NELLIE AT HOME.

THE crowd was so excited after the announcement of the verdict that they would gladly have carried Nellie in triumph, on their shoulders, out of the court room.

She was very weak and nervous after the terrible ordeal which she had passed through during the last few days. And oh, how homesick she was! She had not visited the home of her childhood since the summer of 1882. She and her father, with her other relatives, took the first train for Halstead.



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Sad and weary she proceeded on her journey. When she arrived at her destination, and stepped from the cars, another crowd of cordial friends had gathered to greet her, and her remaining strength was almost exhausted by the hearty hand-shaking she received. She was then driven to her home on the farm.

It was not the prodigal son this time, but the wayward daughter, returning to her dear, sick mother, whose illness had been occasioned by fear and anxiety for the safety of her child. It is true, Nellie did not suffer for food like the prodigal of old, but on the contrary fared sumptuously, and, no doubt, had many good times; yet, after all this, what must have been the feelings of that daughter, when she once more looked on the scenes of her early childhood, where the happiest part of her life had been spent, and clasped in her arms that dear wearied mother. Leaving the reader, who is already acquainted with the attending circumstances, to imagine the joy and rapture of the meeting between the mother and the child, we will try to describe another scene, not less happy—at least on the part of one—that of the meeting with old Uncle Joe.

When Nellie stepped into the kitchen after greeting her mother, Uncle Joe was just coming in with an armful of wood. He threw it

down and exclaimed, "La! la sakes! God bless the chile!" and clasping both of Nellie's hands he kissed them many times, and poured out innumerable blessings upon her. He had been in good spirits through her trial, and firmly believed that Nellie would be acquitted. One night, just after the trial began, he dreamed that she had been proven innocent; and jumping up, he dressed quickly, came down stairs, and calling to Mrs. Benthusen, told her that Nellie was coming home. "I seed her in my dream coming, and she was dressed in white. I seed Mr. Bothamley and he told me she was good, and that he was so tired of life, he took that pistol and killed himself. I seed him and talked to him; he came right up to my bed; I could almost touch him; I could see the hole in his head, and the blood running all over his face. I knowed our little Nellie was not so bad as to kill that man."

Mrs. Benthusen felt greatly relieved by Joe's dream, for there was such an earnest confidence in his faith that the most incredulous could not help being somewhat influenced by it. Now it was this unbounded belief in surrounding spiritual help that sustained and consoled the blacks, in their trials and scourgings during the days of bondage, who amid all their tortures felt that kind spirits were hovering

over them. For this very cause, they lived and increased under the most cruel and debasing system of oppression, the world has ever seen.

It was not long after the return of Nellie to her home that Joe received word from Mr. Lane, that his sister Mary was living in Florida and doing well. Joe immediately commenced preparing to make her a visit. He has been a good and kind friend to others, may he meet with the same blessing and kindness in his endeavors to bring together the mother and her two children after their long separation.

How foolish it seems for a sensible woman, and one who possessed such an affectionate heart, to leave her parents, especially such nice parents as Nellie had—for Mr. Benthusen is spoken of as one of the kindest and best of men—to follow a man of doubtful character.

Why, we say, should Nellie give up her parents for such a man as Clement Bothamley, a man who had been guilty of so many crimes; had made so many hearts ache, and had made so many homes desolate?

But Nellie is not the only foolish woman that has lived since "Mother Eve" lost her beautiful home in the garden by trying to better her condition. Each day brings to us a record of some human failure. Thousands of happy families are destroyed yearly by restlessness

and discontent caused by idleness. It has been said that the devil has less trouble with this class of persons than with any other, because they do his work without his personal supervision. But it is not necessary to enter into any theological discussion; let us be guided by our own observation of what is constantly occurring around us. This idle and restless disposition, in many children, is often cultivated at home. Mothers, through mistaken kindness, instead of requiring their children to assist them, too often neglect the most important part of their education, and make slaves of themselves, vainly imagining that they are giving ease and happiness to their sons and daughters by so doing; the consequence is, they become men and women without having acquired any fixed habits of industry and without having formed any plans for an active and useful life; this is more especially true in regard to the girls. A mother has a pretty daughter, she is proud of her; indeed, what mother is there who is not proud of her beautiful child, and she determines to make a lady of her. Unconsciously, she cultivates in the mind of her child a love of dress and show, and a dislike for useful labor and home life.

The result is, when she arrives at womanhood she has no inclination to work, and if she

had, she would not be able to do it, because she had never been taught. Nor is this all; the mother don't want her to work, as she has educated her to be a lady, and she directs her energies toward procuring for her a suitable husband. Love is not taken into the account at all, the husband must have the means to support his wife in idleness and style, and ten chances to one, before the mother completes her arrangements, the daughter will elope with the hired man, (if they are able to keep one.) And why, because the daughter is restless, with no desire for useful employment, yet, is ready to do almost anything to create a sensation.

If Nellie's mother had kept her child at work during her early life, what a comfort and consolation she might have been to her parents in their old age. Nellie possessed natural attractions and ability, and had she been trained to despise frivolity, and her feet led into the paths of usefulness, she would have ignored Shannon Bailey and his wealth, and would have married the man she loved and been happy to share his little home, and would to-day be a happy and contented wife. But since it is useless to bewail the past, and say, "it might have been," let us look forward to the possibilities of the future.

Nellie is still quite young, and with the wis-

dom gained by the bitter experiences of the past, may yet be able to add to the proof of her innocence the fact that she is a true and noble woman.

“O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?”

CHAPTER XIX.

SHANNON BAILEY.

IT WAS a pleasant evening that the young people had passed at the elegant residence of Judge Matthews in Akron, Ohio, but at the close of the festivities two of the participants became angry with each other.

Dora Matthews, the only daughter of the Judge, determined to tell her suitor what she thought of him for the indifference with which he had treated her during the evening.

He came at last to her when the guests were leaving. Dora was sensitive about what she

considered ill treatment, and her suitor, who was Shannon, was also very spirited and quick tempered.

“Well, Mr. Bailey, since you have treated me so coldly of late, and since you seem to pay so much attention to Miss Perkins, I don’t feel under any obligations to receive any more calls from you,” said Dora.

“Indeed, Miss Dora,” replied Mr. Bailey, “I was not aware that I was treating you in an unbecoming manner, by trying to entertain your invited guests. I saw that you looked as cold as an ice berg, but could divine no reason. Now I know it all; you were jealous of Miss Perkins, while I thought I was doing you a service in my efforts to render your company happy.”

Without another word, and without giving Dora any chance to reply, Mr. Bailey snatched up his hat and left the room.

Mr. Bailey was highly respected by the business men of Akron. He owned quite a number of shares in the Akron bank, in which he, at that time, held the office of cashier. The next morning he handed in his resignation, which greatly surprised all his friends, and before night had disposed of all his property in Akron.

Without letting any one into the secret of

his intentions, he took the westward bound train at midnight.

Dora went to her room and sat at the window, gazing, apparently at the stars, but in reality, so absorbed in her reflections that she saw nothing.

As soon as her lover had gone, her anger gave place to remorse. She saw plainly that she had been too hasty, and that Shannon had only been acting the part of a gentleman. It was nearly morning before she retired, but she never closed her eyes. Her conscience told her that she should acknowledge her fault; but her pride seemed to say, that it would be too humiliating. So, without having arrived at a settled conclusion with regard to her future course in the matter, she arose and dressed for breakfast.

The next morning after Mr. Bailey's departure, there was a rumor abroad that he had been murdered, as he was missing, and it was known that he had received a large sum of money the day before. By noon, the excitement became intense, when it was known that his most intimate friends knew nothing of his whereabouts. The authorities were notified late in the evening, and detectives set to work, but no trace of him could be found. After several weeks of search, the detectives said that if he had left

the city, he must have been in the most perfect disguise ; and having become acquainted with the circumstances of the love affair with Dora Mathews, they were of the opinion that he had committed suicide.

If the citizens of Akron had been well versed in Shannon Bailey's disposition and love affairs, they would not have been very greatly alarmed by his sudden and unexpected departure ; for it is a remarkable fact that whenever he got into trouble, and "the course of true love did not run smooth," he invariably sold out and sought a new location.

When the news reached Dora that the detectives believed that he had committed suicide, she suddenly was stricken with remorse, shut herself up in her room, refusing to see her most intimate friends. Her mother, noticing the change that had come over Dora, pressed her for an explanation, but failed to receive any satisfactory reply. Things went on in this manner for several months, the Judge being absent on professional business.

On his return home he found his daughter greatly reduced in flesh, and deathly pale. He told her plainly that she must disclose the cause of her grief, and give him a correct statement of the case.

She told her father she was suffering re-

morse for her treatment of Shannon Bailey, which she feared had caused him to commit suicide.

“Oh, pshaw!” said the Judge, “is that all? Although I am not an expert detective, I can find Bailey in a few days.”

Knowing Bailey’s propensity for the banking business, and thinking it not reasonable for a young man, seeking his fortune, to go east, he commenced sending telegrams to the different banking houses of western cities.

On the second day he received a telegram from a bank in Bloomington, Ill., stating that a young man by the name of Shannon Bailey resided in that city; that he had been there only a few months, and was a broker.

When the Judge came in with the dispatch, Dora was lying on the couch. As he read it to her, she sprang to her feet, clapped her hands, and shouted with all the energy she possessed; then sank back on the couch and sobbed like a child.

Her father became alarmed at the violence of her excitement; but presently she raised herself up, exclaiming: “Oh, papa! why don’t you quit being Judge, and turn detective? I verily believe no one could excel you.”

Although the Judge was somewhat elated over his exploit as a detective, he was over-

joyed when he saw the roses return to his dear Dora's cheeks.

Shannon Bailey remained in Bloomington several years, and by his close attention to business, acquired a considerable fortune, and had gained the esteem and confidence of all the influential citizens—himself, one of society's brightest ornaments.

He resolved never again to allow himself to fall in love ; at least, until he became a millionaire.

The night he left Akron he was so completely disguised as a tramp, that the conductor came to him when they reached the first station, with the expectation of having to put him off the train ; but the tramp gave the conductor a dollar, remarking that he "would ride that out, and by that time perhaps it would be light enough to walk."

Bailey put on this disguise, not to get away from his friends, but from certain parties that he felt confident were watching for an opportunity to rob him, and he was fully convinced that he was right, when he recognized several of the party on the train ; but as they did not know him, after a few stations were passed, the suspicious characters left, and when daylight came Mr. Bailey threw his disguise aside, and appeared once more as a gentleman.

He stopped in several cities, but he did not find a location that he liked until he reached Bloomington.

Perhaps he would have remained there until the present time, had it not been for a little incident, over which he had no control, and which changed the whole course of his future life.

A few weeks previous to Mr. Bailey's departure from Bloomington, there appeared in the aristocratic society of that city a Princess Alice Montague, of the "house of Hanover;" a near relative of Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada. She came with letters of introduction from some of the most distinguished family of Chicago.

She stated that her object was to visit the western portions of the United States, during the absence of the Marquis and Princess Louise, who were making a tour through the southern states, with the intention, also, of visiting the Bermuda islands.

She had heard so much of the rough society of the west, that she desired to know the truth of the many stories she had heard since she came to Canada, and she was determined to see for herself. So far she was highly pleased with the aristocracy of the west, and could see

no difference between it and the same class in Canada.

She greatly desired a visit to Dodge City, and said that she must see a cowboy before she returned home. She would be delighted to see a Comanche Indian, but did not expect to get so far west this time.

There were grand receptions given, and the aristocracy of Bloomington was in a flutter of excitement over Princess Alice. She was intelligent and communicative. She seemed to be as well versed in the history of the United States as she was in that of Great Britain. She was sorry there was no titled nobility in this country, yet, she believed, so far as she had become acquainted, that there were no people more deserving of titles of nobility than those of America. She blamed the British government for not enforcing the principles contained in Locke's Grand Model, during colonial times. She believed, if all the various orders of nobility set forth in that instrument had been early established, that the nobles would have held the people to their allegiance to the mother country. Her entertainers agreed with her, probably, without having much idea of the laws expressed in the Grand Model.

The morning papers announced that the train going north would contain a coach filled with

Comanche Indians, also, one of cowboys. The news created quite a sensation, moreover, it afforded the Princess a fine opportunity to gratify her curiosity. A meeting was called as early as possible to make arrangements for introducing the Princess to the wild men of the west.

They consulted their noble guest as to the manner in which the visit should be conducted. At her suggestion, it was decided to meet at the residence of Judge Miller, and march in a procession to the train. It would she thought be better to walk than to go in carriages, as it would give the common people a better chance to witness the display, "and you Americans should learn that it is by such management that we nobles make the people reverence us," said the Princess. When the time came, the procession formed, the Princess, with her escort, Shannon Bailey, whom she had chosen, standing at the head of the column.

It was a bright day, and as that procession moved towards the depot, it was a grand sight, in fact the grandest ever seen on the streets of Bloomington. The sparkling and glistening of jewels and the rustling of silks astonished the spectators, all, save the street boys—those unmannerly rascals—who, every now and then would call out, "picnic!" "picnic!"

Just as the head of the column reached the locomotive, and turned to go toward the coaches, Charles Graham, the engineer, sprang forward and exclaimed, "What in the name of the devil are you doing with my wife!" Thrusting Bailey aside, he seized the Princess and forced her into the express car, telling Joe, the expressman, to take charge of his property, and he would pay charges C. O. D. at Chicago.

Never before had the aristocracy of Bloomington met with such a sad and mortifying calamity. The crowd about the depot shouted, while the entertainers of the Princess beat a hasty retreat. As for Bailey, while he was in nowise responsible for the occurrence, yet his nature was so sensitive that it almost crazed him, and it was several days before he was able to attend to business.

When the train reached Chicago, Charlie jumped from his engine and went to the express car, his whole frame shaking with anger, but when he saw Joe laughing as though he would split his sides, and Alice looking pleasant and contented, he was perplexed and astonished, and did not know what to think of such strange conduct, after what had occurred only a few hours previous. As soon as Joe recovered from his laughter, he began explaining the whole matter. "Why," said Joe, "Alice is all

right, she has played the best trick that has ever been played on the American aristocracy. She has been down at Bloomington personating a Princess." After Charlie understood the case, he himself could not help laughing, but said it was not a very prudent act for a married woman. "Well," said Alice, "if you had staid on the western run, I intended to try the hospitality of the 'upper ten' of St. Louis; but you came back and spoiled all the fun, just as I had learned how to play Princess. Charles went home a wiser and happier man.

The next morning the Chicago papers were at a premium; the news had reached there and people were anxious to get the particulars. Before noon the next day Alice was visited by dozens of news gatherers, but she told them plainly that she did not intend to be interviewed, and that Charlie had told her before he left to shoot the first reporter who came about the premises. She said she would write out a statement of the facts and give it to the press, but she did not intend to be misrepresented. In a few days she sent the following statement to the Chicago papers: "What is known as 'high society' is so exclusive that it matters not what the worth and intelligence of a laboring man's wife may be, she cannot en-

ter therein. On the other hand, if a woman's husband is a millionaire, it makes no difference about her intelligence and moral standing—provided she is not an outcast, she is not excluded from that same high society.

So a number of the working men's wives got their heads together, with the determination to learn something about the manners and ways of aristocratic society.

The question was, "How can we get behind the scenes?"

It was agreed that the best plan would be for one of the company to go to Bloomington disguised as a Princess, belonging to the household of the Marquis of Lorne.

A committee was appointed to procure a letter of introduction from the Marquis, for Princess Alice, to the aristocracy of the United States, in which the Marquis expressed a hope that she would be kindly received.

The letter was procured, but how, I am not at liberty to tell. The finest outfit in the way of jewels that could be found, was hired for three weeks, with the understanding that if the Princess' debut proved a success, the jewels were to be retained until she visited other cities in the west. The public know the rest, and my decision is that the aristocrats are no better in morals, neither are they more in-

telligent than the laboring classes, and are a great deal more disloyal to our government.

ALICE GRAHAM,
Ex-Princess."

Shannon Bailey left as soon as he could arrange his business affairs, and went to Newton, Kansas. With what transpired there, the reader is already acquainted.

The day Nellie's trial began, two strangers arrived in Kansas City and took a room in one of the principal hotels. One was Clarence Lane, the detective, well known at police headquarters; the other seemed to be an entire stranger, who was apparently engaged with Lane in working up some case, as they were hourly getting telegrams, and receiving by express the Wichita daily papers. They were to all appearance very much interested in some affair which was going on in Wichita.

On the evening of the 17th Mrs. Lane received a telegram from one of Nellie's attorneys, containing these words: "We have beaten them." The reader may ask what the prosecution was trying to do. Why, they were trying to make the impression on the minds of the jury that Nellie had also put Bailey out of the way, because he could not be found. Had they searched as closely for him as they did for that

bunch of love letters to Reese, perhaps they would have been more successful.

Why did they not send Pat. Terrell to Dakota in quest of Shannon Bailey, instead of sending him to Topeka, as they did, to see Nellie, and ask her where she left him. This was the extent of the search made for the missing banker.

Not a very available plan for finding a murdered man, to ask the person accused of killing him, where she had left him.

Pat. Terrill said on the witness stand that Nellie told him when he visited her in the Topeka jail, that she left Bailey in Desmet, Minnesota. Pat. had just left the witness stand when a note was handed to one of the attorneys for the prosecution. There was a sudden change on the part of the prosecution. What was the cause? It was a telegram opened by mistake. The dispatch was for the defense, and was about as follows:

KANSAS CITY, January 17, 1885.

I am here, and ready to come at any moment.

S. BAILEY.

Yes, Shannon Bailey was the stranger who was with Clarence Lane in Kansas City. He was there waiting for the prosecution to bring forward against Nellie the charge of his mysterious disappearance; then he was ready to

step forward and protect her. What a sensation was prevented by the carelessness of that messenger, whose mistake caused the trial to close without the appearance of Shannon Bailey.

We shall now explain to the reader, why Mr. Bailey was in Kansas City during Nellie's trial:

Soon after her arrest, Nellie's council thought it very probable, since Bailey's whereabouts were not known, that she would be charged with murdering him, and advised that a detective be sent in search of him. Nellie gave Clarence Lane all the information she had concerning him, which was very little. Mr. Lane succeeded in finding him, and when the time came brought him to Kansas City, so as to have him on hand, in case his evidence was needed to prove the innocence of the little woman whom he once called his wife.

In a few minutes after the verdict of "not guilty" was read in the court room, in Wichita, and before the shouts of the spectators had ceased, Clarence Lane received a telegram announcing Nellie's acquittal. He felt very happy over the result, and proud of what he had done for his friend. The next morning Shannon Bailey took the train for Saint Paul, Minnesota.

When Mr. Bailey and Nellie separated, he

gave her four thousand dollars and she came home, while he remained in Dakota and went into the mining business. He was a man who always gave his undivided attention to whatever business he was engaged in.

After Nellie had been gone some time, not receiving any word from her, he became anxious, and wrote to Pat. Maguire to look after her. Bailey was not aware that he was hiring the same man who had been employed by Charlie Palmer to bring about the separation which had already taken place between himself and Nellie. Pat. readily entered into this new engagement, and kept Bailey posted about Nellie and Bothamley.

Sometimes he lost sight of her for months, which was the case when he unexpectedly received that message from St. Louis about the missing girl, which gave him a fresh start. By this time he had lost all trace of Bailey, but he felt sure that Nellie's connection with Bothamley would end in some terrible disgrace. He lived long enough to see his predictions fulfilled, but not long enough to give to the world the vast amount of information, or rather scandal, which he had collected about Nellie Bailey.

Unfortunate man, to be killed before he had accomplished his purpose!

Mr. Bailey stayed for some time in the mines, happy and contented.

The men with whom he was associated said they had not the least idea he had ever been married, or even had a sweet heart, judging from the coldness with which he treated the opposite sex.

All at once he became restless, and said he was going to visit his old home in Ohio.

This is the first time Mr. Bailey has ever been known to make a change in his business affairs without there being a woman at the bottom of it. There may prove to be one in this case, although she has not yet made herself known.

However, it was about this time that Nellie received the letter stating that Shannon Bailey was dead; but who the author was she was never able to find out.

Shannon Bailey disappeared from the West, and the next we hear of him he is at his old home at Akron, Ohio. He suddenly and unexpectedly made his appearance at the residence of a friend.

He had been absent so long, and had changed greatly, so much, that few of his friends recognized him at first sight. They had heard of his marriage with the little Kansas beauty, and that was about all they knew of him since he left, several years ago.

In all his personal affairs, Shannon Bailey was very secretive, never disclosing anything concerning either his business or pleasure to even his most intimate friends. If any one was curious enough to question him about what he considered his own business, he looked upon it as the greatest insult.

He had been in town several days, when he unexpectedly met Dora.

They had never heard a word directly from each other since they parted on that memorable night, many years ago. Bailey had never written to her, and she had never asked a question about him since her father read that telegram to her. She had given up, feeling glad the separation came so soon, and that she was again free. But when she met him face to face, she almost forgot herself; in a moment her pride came to her relief, and she spoke to him in a careless, indifferent manner, as though it was an every-day occurrence to meet him.

Her life had been passed quietly since he had left, with few changes; but now he had returned, and some of her old friends and acquaintances would be on the watch to see what effect the surprise would have upon her, but they could not discover any change in Dora.

She passed on with perfect indifference, and

Bailey did not see her any more during his stay, which was not long. He was on the look-out for a good business location.

Some weeks afterward, Dora learned, through the papers, that Shannon Bailey had opened a bank in Franklin, Ohio.

One morning, while he was very busy in his office, an old friend entered, and after heartily shaking hands, and making a few commonplace remarks, the visitor said: "I learned a few days ago that you married a Kansas girl."

"I did," replied Mr. Bailey, very abruptly.

But not noticing Mr. Bailey's manner, the friend continued: "Where is your wife?"

"I sent her to her mother, some time ago, but I do not know where she is at present."

"Did you see this item in a Wisconsin paper?"

Bailey took the paper, read the item:

"Mrs. Nellie C. Bailey, the wife of Shannon Bailey, is here visiting her cousin, Mrs. Sweet."

"I had not learned of her being in that place," said Bailey; "but I knew of her being in New Jersey, visiting, and it was the last time I heard of her."

The friend perceived that Mr. Bailey was becoming nervous, and did not want to continue the conversation any longer, so the subject was dropped.

Some time after Bailey was informed of the marriage of Nellie and Reese. He said to himself: "I am at last free."

Some months passed, when he again visited Akron, and the first one he called upon was Dora Mathews.

She treated him as coldly as usual, but he was determined to talk to her, and slowly the haughty looks began to grow milder, and when he took his leave, two hours later, they were good friends.

Every day, while he remained in the city, he found it convenient to call on Dora Mathews. At first their meetings were cold and formal, at least, on Dora's part; but it was not long before he perceived that her old love for him was returning, for, indeed, she had never loved any one else.

He thought he was free.

Many pleasant evenings they passed together; but there came a change.

One morning in Autumn, the papers contained an account of the arrest of Nellie C. Bailey, wife of Shannon Bailey, of Newton, Kansas, for the murder of Clement Bothamley, at Newton.

The truth suddenly flashed upon him, that she was still his wife, and that the Reese affair was only a sham.

This was the worst calamity that had ever befallen him, and although he had suffered many sad disappointments during his life, none ever so completely overcame him as this; and true to the instinct of his nature, he determined to leave before the news reached Dora.

Silently he arranged his business, and without saying a word to any one, he again disappeared.

When Dora heard of his sudden departure, she was greatly excited; but when, in a few days, she learned of the arrest of Nellie, it was all plain to her, and she determined to nerve herself to endure this second trial, without the suffering she had borne through years before. Time passed, and the United States grand jury found a bill against Nellie for the murder of Bothamley, and she was sent to the Topeka jail. The papers also accused her of the murder of Bailey. Detectives were searching for him, but not a trace of him was to be found. He had taken refuge in Manitoba, among the traders, and it was only by a stray paper picked up now and then, that he received any news from Kansas, or learned anything about the proceedings of the prosecution against Nellie.

He spent the first six months in Manitoba, then returned to St. Paul. Spring coming on, he found business very brisk, and opening a

money loaning establishment, was almost forgotten by his friends, while he quietly worked away. He made few acquaintances outside of his business relations.

Six months more passed, with both the prosecution and the defense still hunting for him. One day, as he sat alone in his office, a familiar face appeared before him, and the new-comer called his name. He sat for a moment like one stupified, and scarcely knew what to do or say. He was found at last. Clarence Lane stood before him.

As soon as he could arouse himself, he welcomed his old friend. Clarence stayed with him two days, and Bailey gave him the particulars of his separation from Nellie, and also a history of his life.

He was willing to appear in Nellie's behalf, which he prepared to do, as the reader already knows.

At the close of this romantic chapter, perhaps the reader will expect a wedding; but a strict regard for truth compels the writer to leave Shannon Bailey as at first, after all his ups and downs—in love with his first love, Dora Mathews.

CHAPTER XX.

HATTIE MILLICK.

WE WILL now go back to old England, and give the reader some account of the early life of Hattie Millick, who lies buried by the side of Clement Bothamley in a foreign land.

When a child, at school, she was kind, gentle and greatly beloved by her associates, but when she became a woman, she was vain and selfish, but being very pretty and lady-like, she gained admittance into the society of the rich and noble families. She was greatly flattered and admired on account of her personal appearance, and soon began to look with disdain on her former friends, and to treat them as inferiors.

It was during her school days that she met Charles Millick, and soon their friendship had ripened into love. After leaving school, many years passed before they again met, because Charley, being a sailor, was absent on a long voyage. When at last they met, it was in the brilliantly illuminated parlors of the Bothamley mansion.

They were both surprised and startled by the changes time had wrought upon each. Hattie

was elegantly dressed, and so graceful in her movements that she was the center of attraction, while Charley, dressed in his sailor's uniform, was much admired.

They merely recognized each other that evening, for Charley soon felt that Hattie had ceased to love him, as she looked so lovingly and admiringly on the face of another. He did not speak to her, and before the guests began to leave, he became restless and showed plainly that he was jealous of his rival, Clement Bothamley. He silently withdrew, without the least intimation to any one that he had ever been acquainted with Hattie Greenwood. All were surprised at the sudden departure of the young Captain.

Hattie's mother was a widow, with a small income, who had lived for some years on the Bothamley estate, with Hattie, her only child. Mrs. Greenwood was very proud of her beautiful daughter, and had expended all the money she could possibly spare upon her education. Hattie was acknowledged by all the most accomplished lady in Kent.

Her mother was determined that she should marry some one in "high life," which was a decision very agreeable to her daughter, who, disregarding her love for Charley, had entered into an engagement with young Bothamley.

The mother seemed anxious for the day to come when she would see Hattie installed as mistress of the Bothamley mansion. But she was doomed to bitter disappointment.

Clement had of late spent a great deal of time in London, where he had formed the acquaintance of a Miss Jennie ——, who, he learned, was the possessor of a large amount of money, besides being the only heir to an estate valued at two million pounds sterling, which she would come into possession of at the death of her uncle.

This fortune was a great temptation to Clement, as the Bothamley estate was considerably in debt at this time, and money was badly needed, so it took but a short time to decide between Hattie, with only her beauty and accomplishments, and the heiress, with all her wealth.

Jennie, though not pretty, was a good and a true woman. In the qualities of the heart she was much Hattie's superior.

Clement determined to seize the glittering prize at once, and as his attentions were well received by Jennie, they were married before Hattie and her friends had any intimation of the affair. The news created great excitement among the people in the vicinity of his home. On Hattie it fell like a thunderbolt, and for

weeks and months she was prostrated by the shock, but as soon as she was able to travel, she and her mother left the Bothamley estate, and never again caught sight of Clement until years afterward, when they met in the park.

With that meeting the reader is already well acquainted.

This was the first of a series of villainous acts which rendered the life of Clement Bothamley so notorious, and his death so appropriate.

Hattie had no alternative, but to bear her misfortune in silence. Bothamley was far her superior in rank and standing in society, but her inferior, both in natural and acquired ability. He had the advantages of a noble birth, and of money, to sustain him; she had neither; so, without any disgrace to himself, he might trample her beneath his feet.

Soon after the Greenwoods were settled in their new home in Liverpool, Charley called upon them, and was very kindly received both by Hattie and her mother.

Although she was still suffering from the terrible disappointment, for she loved Bothamley dearly, she feigned cheerfulness, for she felt that she stood in need of a true friend, and knew if she could once more gain Charley Millick's affection, she might yet have a happy home. So she showed him great kindness and

deference, and he left in good spirits, feeling confident that Hattie did not care much for Clement Bothamley after all. Had he better understood the intensity of woman's love, he would have known how little her judgment controls her feelings; that when once her heart is given to another, it will take years to resign the object of its affections.

Charley became a frequent visitor, and after nearly a year's courtship, they were married.

Charley Millick was a sea captain, with a considerable fortune, perhaps equal to Clement Bothamley's, and besides he was a much better man. Some evidence of his wealth may be found in the testimony given by Mr. Phillips at the trial. They had a nice home, richly furnished, and Hattie often accompanied her husband on short voyages. Captain Millick was a very kind and indulgent husband, and his wife was happy and contented.

A little girl came to brighten their home and make more sunny that lovely residence, which was already cheerful with the love of husband and wife.

Charley was not physically very strong, and disease took hold of him, and after several months of suffering, death released him from pain, while Hattie was left to mourn his loss. Soon after his death her son was born. She

had now two helpless children to care for, and although she was left in possession of considerable property, yet lacking business tact and qualifications, she was obliged to trust her affairs in the hands of agents, who proved to be very dishonest, and it was not long until she was compelled to part with her home. In fact, nothing was left but her household goods and a small amount of ready money.

She, with her children, went to live with her mother in a quiet place in the suburbs of London. They did not remain there very long, however, for Hattie read in a paper that the Bothamley estate had changed hands, and that the former owners had taken up their residence in London.

So Hattie determined at once to return to Cloverside, as she very much desired to see again the home of her childhood. She had conceived the idea that she could support her children better there than elsewhere. Though it was contrary to her mother's wishes, she had her own way, and in a few days was settled in her old home.

The reader, who is already acquainted with the sequel, may discover in this move the hand of fate, or destiny, so little do we know how our present actions will affect our future. Be this as it may, it is certain that the return to

Cloverside determined the course of Hattie's future life.

Only a few days elapsed after her return, until she met Bothamley in the park. After their first meeting she returned home pale and excited. Her mother, noticing the change, inquired the cause. Hattie said she supposed the walk was too much for her strength, as she had not been accustomed to walking.

What a sudden change had come over her! The first day of her arrival at Cloverside, she said, was the happiest of her life. Her new home was elegantly furnished, and her silver plate was fine. She was thus enabled to live in grander style than any of her neighbors. Her plans for the future were arranged in this way: Her mother was to take care of the children while she was out teaching, so they were sure to get along nicely. But in one short hour all had changed, and Hattie Millick was miserable.

The next day she visited the park again, like the silly fly in the fable, to listen to Clement Bothamley's wily, flattering words, and she returned to her home smiling and happy. Yes, happy, because she thought she was loved by the one who had always had her entire affection.

Without one moment of reflection she trusted

this man, and believed all he said to her. Yes, believed this unprincipled villain, who had once deserted her to marry another for her money, and now, when he has wasted her fortune, returns to Hattie, with his former words of love, to lure her from home and happiness.

Such is the strange, infatuating power of love over woman's mind.

Hattie kept her arrangements with Bothamley from her mother, and some time afterward the Bothamleys left Kent. Cloverside was vacated.

Hattie found a beautiful, though an obscure cottage inn, and settled her mother, and left her little fatherless children to be cared for by the same mother who had spent the prime of her life in striving to make a lady of her ungrateful daughter.

The silverware was packed in trunks and sent to a bank, under the pretext of selling it. She took her money and clothing, went to London, and from there to Liverpool. Writing to her mother from the latter place, she told her she had an opportunity to obtain a good situation in a short time.

Her mother received a few letters from her, and they then entirely ceased. Mrs. Greenwood grew uneasy, and continued for some

time to write, but her letters were all returned. Not until she received that letter from Bothamley that Hattie was dead, did she know with certainty what had become of her child.

True, Jennie Bothamley accused Hattie of the crime of decoying her husband away to America, yet neither had any positive evidence. It appears that Hattie gave the trunks containing the silverware, together with all her money, to Bothamley, or at least he took them in charge, and that the silverware is now held as a part of the Bothamley estate, and that Hattie's children will be denied any share in what unquestionably belongs to them.

When we take into account the kindness and care of Hattie's mother for her, how she devoted the best days of her life to training and educating her daughter, and then take into consideration Hattie's treatment and conduct toward that mother, the desertion of her own fatherless babes, we feel under the necessity of pronouncing her an ungrateful, unnatural and hard-hearted woman, a fit associate for the man she followed to America.

But the mother—how different! After all her toiling and suffering, with scanty means trying to support Hattie's children, when she heard of the death of her dishonored child, denied herself the comforts of life that she might

raise money sufficient to enable her to cross the ocean to plant roses and evergreens on the grave of her ungrateful child.

CHAPTER XXI.

NELLIE'S FRIENDS.

IN conclusion, Nellie desires to return her most sincere thanks to all her friends for the kind assistance and sympathy she has received from them, and since she cannot name each personally, she will notice more particularly those with whom she became acquainted after her arrest. First, is Mrs. Capt. Curtis, wife of the jailor at Topeka. At one time during the ten months which she spent in charge of Capt. Curtis, Nellie was very dangerously sick. Mrs. Curtis took her to her residence and cared for her the same as if she had been one of the family, gave her medicine, nursed and comforted her, and was almost constantly at her bedside until she recovered. Nellie says Mrs. Curtis is the best woman she ever knew. She is kind to all her neighbors, a fond and loving wife and a gentle and devoted mother. If all were as good by nature and practice as Mrs. Curtis, there

would not be much reason in calling this a wicked and selfish world.

Of Sheriff Thomas, of Shawnee county, she speaks in the highest terms. Although he was in office but a short time before she went to Wichita, she says: "He is so kind, pleasant and genial for a man in his office, an office usually filled by ruffians, or at least by cruel and hard-hearted men, who have very little regard for those under their care." But perhaps the cruel treatment which she received from the party who arrested her, makes her have such an unfavorable opinion of sheriffs, marshals and deputy marshals in general.

To Sheriff Fisher and family, of Wichita, she feels under great obligations. They took great pains to make her comfortable and happy during the time she stayed with them.

Mr. Fisher, a cousin of the martyred President James A. Garfield, is a noble-minded man, surrounded by a bright and happy family.

Miss Mattie, the oldest daughter, is a student in the State University at Lawrence, and was not at home but once during Nellie's stay with the family, so Nellie did not have much intercourse with her, but little Helen, who attends a public school in Wichita, took great interest in Nellie's welfare, and could not be induced to attend school during the trial, so anxious was

the child about the fate of her friend Nellie. Although only six years old, she could understand all the proceedings of the court. When Mr. Hatton, one of the attorneys for the prosecution, said anything disrespectful of Nellie, or anything that might seem derogatory to her character, little Helen would put her arms around Nellie's neck, and tell her to pay no attention to what Mr. Hatton was saying, for she believed him to be a very bad man.

Little Donnie, a sweet girl of only two years and the household pet, was Nellie's constant companion through the day. To Nellie she was the best company she could find. One day, to have a pretty picture, her parents had Donnie's picture taken, with her little dog lying on her lap, with her little chubby arms around the dog's neck. For the happiness the little child brought her, Nellie desires that the name of Donnie Fisher be enrolled as one of her friends.

During the trial Mrs. Fisher entertained Nellie's friends, and tried to make everything as pleasant as possible, to keep her cheerful and at ease.

Dr. E. B. Allen, our present Secretary of State, was Nellie's attending physician during her severe illness at Wichita, and took great interest in her welfare.

Judge Asa Howard, of East Oakland, California, wrote many letters in her behalf, the first one of which will be found in another chapter. Nellie and Mr. Bailey spent some time with the Judge and his family during their travels in California, and they had formed such a high estimate of Nellie's character and worth, that when they heard of her arrest they were greatly shocked and surprised, but they did not lose their faith in her, but set about immediately to give aid and assistance. They had been her friends in prosperity, and were not ashamed to be her friends in adversity. Such nobleness of soul as displayed by Judge Howard and many other friends, was truly refreshing to Nellie during those fifteen months of doubt and anxiety. While vindictive enemies were meeting their just rewards, and their numbers were becoming less, her friends were increasing. And such friends, too; well may Nellie be proud of them.

Let the reader compare her friends with her enemies, and what a difference of characters. Sheriffs Thomas and Fisher, and Dr. Allen and Judge Howard, against Pat Maguire, Hollister, Ben Wheeler and Charley Palmer. It is well for Nellie that her friends were noble-minded men and women, for her enemies were a set of notorious thieves and desperadoes.

Of the many friends who have assisted her since the trial, are Mr. and Mrs. Wilhite, of Wichita. They have given her much assistance in disposing of books, and in many other things have been a great help to her, and to them she returns her most sincere thanks.

Mr. Austin and wife, of Waukesha, Wisconsin, rendered her much valuable assistance, and were true and unwavering friends during her imprisonment. Mr. Austin edits a paper in Waukesha. Nellie gives them her sincere thanks for their kindness to her while she resided with them, as well as for the great interest they manifested in her welfare when misfortune overtook her.

Mrs. E. M. Packer, who resides in Wichita, is another of Nellie's friends. She has been very kind and obliging.

Though all of Nellie's relatives were good and kind to her, she wants especially to mention Mrs. Johnson and son. They have shown her great kindness and consideration, and Nellie feels under obligations for many favors.

After seeing so much kindness and disinterested friendship as has been shown toward Nellie during her imprisonment, we are inclined to believe that the world is not so bad, after all, as many bad people think it is, nor can we endorse what the poet says:

“What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.”

CHAPTER XXII.

INCIDENTS OF NELLIE'S LIFE.

WE omitted many incidents of interest, not knowing how much space the trial would take up, and finding that we had more room than we anticipated, we shall devote this chapter entirely to incidents.

“Of my home in Illinois I remember very little,” said Nellie, “and my only sorrow in leaving it was caused by being compelled to part with my old cat. He had come a stray to our house, and we called him ‘old Dan Kit.’ He was indeed a famous cat, and soon became a great favorite in the family. He had black ears and tail, his body being as white as snow. He caught a great many ground squirrels and rabbits, and when he had brought his game home, as he almost invariably did, he would carry it to my mother and lay it at her feet. Then he would come to me to hold him, while he took a nap. Whenever he was spoken of he would answer with a mew, and seemed to understand what was said to him. A pane was purposely left out of a window in the kitchen, that Dan might come in or go out at his pleas-

ure, and so great had power of habit become, that if Old Dan was out on the kitchen porch, and desired to take a hunt, he would first come in and jump through the window, before taking a start for his hunting ground, and on two or three occasions it was noticed that Old Dan had got some distance from them, and returning without paying attention to any one, walk into the kitchen, jump through the window, and proceed as if nothing had happened. So much for the power of habit over even a cat. Or maybe he was like some people, a believer in luck, and so conservative, and thought he would not succeed if he did not jump through the same hole every time before setting out on his hunting expedition. In deciding all such cases the right of private judgment belongs to readers, and a majority will doubtless be found on the side of habit.

Nellie says that of all her pets, except Selim, Old Dan was the most near and dear to her. I remember seeing him in the window watching us when we drove away in the buggy for the train, the day we started for Kansas. We left nothing else that I cared for. When I saw Old Dan looking after us, and as I thought so sorrowfully, I could not refrain from crying, and when years afterward I visited my old home, it was more the desire to learn some-

thing about the fate of Old Dan that prompted me than anything else. Everything seemed dismal, and when I could not learn what had become of my dear old cat, I turned sadly away, and have never since cared to see the home of my childhood, which I once thought so lovely and bright.

After they came to Kansas, Nellie had a pet raccoon, which she called Bob. She kept him chained to a shade tree in the yard, with a little kennel near by for him to sleep in. One night by some means never fully accounted for, Bob set himself free, and next morning about a half a dozen of Mother Benthusen's hens were found dead in his domicile, among them Nellie's speckled hen, which she called Beauty. This, says Nellie, was my first great trouble in childhood. When I saw poor Beauty with her throat cut, I remember that I sat on the doorstep and held Beauty in my lap, and while I caressed her and smoothed down her feathers with one hand I had to use the other to wipe the tears from my eyes. I remember how I wished that sneak-thief Bob was dead, and when a neighbor man offered to kill Bob I objected, saying it would do no good, since my pet hen was already dead. So Bob was kept chained.

One night Mr. Benthusen heard a noise in the

dining room, and thinking perhaps that there might be burglars in the house, he took his revolver and went down stairs, leaving the door partly open. Nellie hearing her father go down, went to her room door and opened it, to hear what her father was doing. She heard him say, "who is there?" and no reply. And she held her breath as he repeated the question, but no answer came, but a slight noise in one corner of the room indicated the whereabouts of the supposed burglar, and Mr. Benthusen discharged his revolver in that direction. He heard the fellow beat a hasty retreat, and in a moment a piercing scream from Nellie brought her mother to her room, and Mr. Benthusen ran up stairs at the same moment, revolver in hand. "Some one ran into the room just now," said Nellie. All was still as death. Mr. Benthusen lit a match, and Nellie and her mother stepped into the hall. "Get out, you scamp, or I will kill you right here," said the father. "Don't shoot here," shouted Frank. Just then the match went out, and Nellie screamed again. "Who is it?" asked Mrs. Benthusen. "It is Bob, the pet coon," said Frank, laughing. A light was brought, and sure enough there was Bob. On examining the doors below it was found that Bob had crawled through the transom over the kitchen door.

The next summer Nellie had another scare, which came near proving fatal. After wheat harvest, and Mr. Benthusen had stacked his wheat, and having a little leisure time concluded to spend a few days in Newton, on some business. He cautioned Nellie and her mother to beware of tramps, before he left in the morning. About ten o'clock Nellie was in the yard, when she saw some one coming toward the house with something on his shoulder. She ran into the house and told her mother that a tramp was coming. Her mother was not alarmed, but she listened to Nellie's whims just to keep her quiet. They had the shotgun already loaded up stairs. Nellie brought the axe with her into the house when she first discovered the tramp. The doors were securely fastened, and Nellie and her mother were tolerably well prepared to stand a siege. They were not long in getting up stairs. They heard the front gate open. "There he comes," whispered Nellie, and in a few moments there were knocks on the front door. "He is a tramp," again whispered Nellie, "how loud his knocks." Then rappings began on the kitchen door. "He'll break in," sobbed the little frightened girl. In a short time they heard the gate shut again, and looking, they saw one of their nearest neighbors. Softly they went down stairs, and

there by the kitchen door sat the pitchfork and spade which Mr. Benthusen had loaned only a few days before. By the time Nellie had quieted her nerves, she saw two men cross the stubble field towards the stacks of wheat. She ran up stairs to watch them. They sat down in full view of the house. Nellie could see them, and sat watching them until dinner was ready. She ate a few mouthfuls, and then went up stairs and continued to watch, but the wind soon commenced blowing furiously, and the dust compelled the men to change to the opposite side of the stacks. Nellie went down stairs, but continued to follow her father's advice, and watched the tramps until night. And as Mr. Benthusen was not expected to be at home, all the doors and windows were securely fastened. They went quietly to bed, feeling lonely and somewhat fearful. Nellie, who had been all day so excited and nervous, was so completely exhausted that she soon fell asleep, but the child's feelings and forebodings seemed in an instant to be transferred to her mother. Mrs. Benthusen could not sleep, and all the stories that she had ever read or heard about families being murdered by tramps came vividly into her mind. She thought of the men that Nellie had seen at the stacks. What business could they have there if they were not

tramps? Just as sleep was about getting the better of her fears, and she had closed her eyes, she heard the front window raised. She slipped noiselessly out of bed, and put the window up, directly above. It was done so noiselessly that it did not alarm those below, and when she looked down she saw two men, one standing near while the other was going through the open window into the front room. "What do you want," shouted Mrs. Benthusen. Nellie sprang out of bed and seized the axe, and said, dash this on them, which was no sooner said than done, but who threw it they never could decide, but it had the desired effect all the same, and the tramps beat a hasty retreat. They sat by the window until daylight. Nellie was sick and not able to come down stairs. Mrs. Benthusen found the tramps had left the chisel, which they had used in breaking the catch to the window. It was many weeks before Nellie recovered from the terrible shock she received in the fight with the tramps. But this was the turning point in Nellie's life from timid childhood to reckless and daring girlhood.

As Byron was a child of the ocean, so was Nellie of the prairie, and loved to skim over its vast and billowy expanse on the back of Selim, with a delight not less pleasing than

his, when he sported with old ocean's breakers far and near.

She had many hairbreadth escapes. On one occasion, while pursuing a coyote, she came near being thrown into an old well, twenty feet deep. Tall weeds had grown so thick around it that it could only be observed on a near approach. Selim, going in full lope, when stopping so suddenly, threw Nellie at least ten feet over his head, and landed her on the other side of this old well, and it was lucky for Selim that he possessed the quality so peculiar in the pony, of stopping suddenly. An American horse would have fallen in. Nellie gathered herself up, and went to Selim, who was standing there with perfect indifference, biting the tops of the tall weeds. It was a long time before Nellie told her parents about her narrow escape, for fear of having some of her privileges curtailed.

It is wonderful how careless and thoughtless the early settlers of Kansas were in their practice of digging wells and leaving them uncovered.

At another time Nellie made a narrow escape from being drowned. Her father being sick, her mother sent her to a neighbor's, some three or four miles distant, on an important errand. The clouds were gathering for a heavy rain

when she left home, and just as she reached the place of her destination it commenced raining, and soon poured down in torrents. She had Selim put in a stable. Just as the shower had ceased, she ordered her pony brought, saying that she could not get home for a day, if she did not cross the creek before the water in the smaller streams reached it, and she knew how uneasy her mother would be if she did not get home before night. So starting at full gallop, she soon reached the creek, but the water from the swollen brooks was there first, and the creek seemed already like a river. She paused a moment in astonishment at the mighty change that had taken place within the last few hours; but it was only for a moment, for she felt time was precious now, and that she must get home if possible, for her mother's sake. She turned back a few rods, and then went toward the head of the creek. She passed many streams filled to their banks with muddy water, madly rushing down from the hills above. She knew of a place where the creek was broad, and had a rock bottom. She urged the pony forward, and when she arrived there she found nothing more than she had anticipated: a broad and rapid stream, but her object in coming here was to have a smooth bottom in case she could ford, and if she had

to swim Selim, the low bank on the opposite shore would afford a safe egress from the stream, and she knew she would find both at this place. So, after letting her horse rest while she examined the saddle, and finding the girth all right, she again mounted Selim; turned his head toward home, gave him the rein, closed her eyes, and he plunged into the raging stream. She knew by the easy movement of the pony that he was swimming. Her feet were in the water, and it seemed a long time, but she feared to open her eyes lest her head might become dizzy. At last she felt the pony's feet strike bottom. She opened her eyes, and found Selim wading the over-flowed bottom, fully a half a mile from where he started in, and considerably lower down the stream. When they reached dry land she patted Selim on the neck and called him a "brick," and was soon on the way home. When she arrived there, her mother gave her a scolding for being so reckless, and not waiting until the creek could be crossed in safety. But the idea of waiting was never a factor in Nellie's calculations. When she decided that a thing ought to be done, she did it without waiting.

I have said that Nellie lost all her timidity when she passed from childhood to girlhood; but this is not altogether true, for she had a

kind of a morbid dread of Indians and tramps, and this was a constant source of torment to her.

She was with her mother in the garden one day, when a large Indian unexpectedly appeared before them. Nellie gave a loud scream and bounded into the house. Her mother called to her: "Come back! It is only Snowbird, and he won't hurt you."

Snowbird was a large Pottawatomie chief, who often stayed with them. He had tried many times, and in a great many ways, to get Nellie to be his friend. He gave her many presents, such as beautiful shell beads, and other nice Indian ornaments; but he never succeeded in gaining her confidence and friendship. And not until she was grown, could she be induced to come into a room where an Indian was, and seemed to have as much aversion for them as an Irishman has for a snake.

Next to love for riding was the pleasure she took in exhibitions and theatrical performances.

At school she always had to take the lead in declamations and exhibitions, and she actually composed some very good dialogues, and altered others so as to make them more entertaining. In all enterprises of this kind, she was chosen leader without a dissenting voice, and

during the time she attended the country school, she was a great favorite with all, and very much flattered, but this did not seem to spoil her in the least.

Her mother took great pains in dressing her. She was as pretty in her new lawn as she was in silk, but she never assumed the air of a superior, and was always the same "Nell," and greatly beloved by her associates.

"Although but a child," says Nellie, "I had many lovers at our pleasure parties ; but I was no flirt. I had my heart set on one. He was some older than I. He was very handsome, I thought. He had black curly hair, and blue eyes. His were not common blue eyes, but blue eyes that sparkled. He seemed to me so noble in appearance. It was my first love, and very ardent, and I thought Jamie Coleman almost perfection ; but I lost him about two years before I went to Rockford. He went west, and died out there, and was buried on the plains. Two or three comrades watched beside him in the little tent, and tenderly cared for him, and when he died, buried him in a small grove near a little brook, and that is all that is known about the last resting place of Jamie Coleman, once so near and dear to me."

"The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade."

CHAPTER XXIII.

INCIDENTS IN PAT MAGUIRE'S LIFE.

IT WAS not the intention of the writer, as already stated, to speak of this noted character, only so far as his acts concerned Nellie C. Bailey, but finding that there will be some space to spare, and thinking that the reader would be glad to learn something more about the most active and persistent of all Nellie's enemies, the news of whose death afforded her such great relief, I have concluded to give a short account of his most celebrated exploit, namely, the detection and arrest of Mrs. Lindsey, the millionaire shoplifter of New York.

Some time about the year 1875, the detectives and police of Philadelphia and New York were greatly perplexed about some wholesale shoplifting that had been carried on for several months in both cities, the stealings already amounting to many thousands of dollars. The last article that was stolen was a valuable wedding dress, worth several hundred dollars, and was taken from a fashionable millinery shop in Philadelphia, only a few hours before it was to have been delivered to the owner.

This created great excitement, and a description of the dress was sent to the police headquarters of all cities near, but no clue could be obtained of either dress or thief. This shoplifting was commented upon by the press, and the police and detectives were denounced as either abettors or incompetent, but this did not solve the mystery.

One evening while this subject was under discussion at headquarters, Pat Maguire made the remark that if he was relieved from active service, he would bag the game in less than a month. If he failed, he would not charge the city anything for his services during the time. This proposition, coming, as it did, from a new recruit, caused a great laugh among experts, and afforded them much merriment, but Pat was not to be deterred by ridicule. He persisted, and after some hesitation his request was granted.

Pat had already thought the matter over, and had arrived at the conclusion that the thief belonged to "high life." He reasoned thus: If the shoplifter belonged to any of the lower grades of society, some of the many articles stolen would have found their way into some of the places where stolen goods are bought and sold. In this case not one of the numerous articles stolen has been recovered.

The greatest difficulty he had to encounter was in gaining admittance into those "lordly" mansions up town, but Pat had formed a plan already by which he meant to gain admittance into any of those fine dwellings.

It was known to him that most of those fine residences have Irish servant girls from basement to garret, and through and by them he intended to gain access to any room in the house.

His work was to get into the confidence of these servants.

One Sunday morning found Pat at one of the Catholic churches, the first one he had attended for years. He chatted freely with the Irish girls, asking them how long since they came to America, if their mistresses allowed them to entertain their friends, about the habits of their mistresses, etc.

He pursued this course with the servant girls for several weeks; he attended all their parties, and worked almost day and night.

At the end of the first month there were few women in the city that had Irish servants that he did not know their dispositions and habits. Pat was very devout, and talked a great deal about the Holy Father and the Catholic church. So great a change had come over him that his old friends had noticed it, and one Friday while

Pat was eating dinner at a restaurant, one of his old chums said to him:

“Pat, what mean trick have you done? I have observed all my life that when an Irishman does a real mean thing, he invariably gets very devout, attends mass, and abstains from eating flesh on certain days. For my part, I used to go to the priest to have my sins forgiven, but as soon as I got rid of one batch, it was not long before I had more on hand, so I have concluded to let them run over until I reach purgatory, and then let my friends pay for the whole lot at once.”

“Yes.” replied Pat, “that exactly agrees with what the priest told us last Sunday. I can’t give his exact language, but I will give the substance. He said there are a set of Irishmen in this city who are turning infidels. They join all the secret societies they can get into, and spend their money in assisting John Kelly to carry the elections, but never a cent do they give the Pope, when they know the poor old man is almost turned out of house and home. But these men expect the church will carry them through, and if they get into purgatory, they expect their friends will buy them out.

But I tell you, my Catholic friends, this thing is played out. Such men will never be switched off at that way station, but they will

be run straight on to fire and brimstone."

Pat was glad of this opportunity to display his loyalty to the church before so many Irish waiting girls, who looked very pleasantly on Pat, but looked scornfully at Mike, his chum, and turned up their noses. I beg the girls' pardon, as nature almost invariably does this job for the Irish girls without their assistance, and would have turned Pat's nose, had it been long enough to take a turn, but it was not. What there was of it was left to stick straight out on his face.

Pat having now gained all the knowledge he thought necessary about the servants and mistresses of the marble palaces up town, the next thing on the programme was the selection of the place at which to commence operations.

After due consideration he concluded that the residence of Mr. Linsey, of the firm of Linsey & Briant, bankers, was upon the whole the most favorable place, and that Miss Maggie Magathey, the chambermaid, would be his most efficient assistant in carrying forward his schemes against her mistress, Mrs. Linsey.

Having thus decided upon his plan of operations, he lost no time until he had gained a private interview with Miss Magathey, and commenced telling her about the lonely life he was leading, and how he had been treated

by Peggy. He said another man had come between him and his dear wife, and that Peggy had gone off with that man after all his kind treatment of her, and left his home desolate, and often, when on the piers, he thought of throwing himself off, and thus ending his life; he would have done it, but he knew he would be sinning against his own soul and the holy Catholic church.

He soon saw that his wily words were having the desired effect on the simple-minded maid, and he found no difficulty in arranging for another meeting, with the promise to show him through the fine mansion. The sign to display when the mistress was absent, was agreed upon.

Pat went home, feeling happy and confident of success. He went direct to headquarters, and commenced examining the descriptions of the many stolen articles. Well he knew if he succeeded in finding one of the many things described, though not sufficient to warrant an arrest, it might give a clue to something that would.

He spent most of his time up town, not far from the Linsey mansion, and about ten o'clock on the second day after the first interview, he saw the welcome signal, and hastened to meet his Maggie and have her fulfill her promise to

show him through the elegant mansion. She met him in the hall with smiles and kind salutations, such as only an Irish girl knows how to bestow on her lover. Forthwith they commenced their tour of inspection, and for hours up stairs and down stairs they passed through suites of gorgeous rooms. So great was the display of wealth, that even Pat, who had been in many fine rooms, was greatly astonished, but he did not let this in the least interfere with the object of his visit. He hinted that he would like to see what was in that fine case of drawers.

“Why, Patrick,” said Maggie, “do you think I have been so long in this house and not know how to get at things?”

Putting her hand in a pocket, she drew out a bunch of keys, opened one of the drawers, and handed Pat a fine gold necklace. He examined it closely, and his feelings can better be imagined than described, when he found that it answered in every particular the description of one at headquarters. She replaced it and then locked the drawer.

They then seated themselves on a sofa near by, to rest a little and converse about the world in general, and the treatment of hired girls in particular. After they had about exhausted this subject, they arose to go down stairs, and

Maggie complaining of fatigue, Pat took her hand to assist her. At the foot of the stairs, still holding her hand, Pat said:

“Maggie, dear, you have the softest hand I ever felt. It’s a pity to have such nice hands spoiled by drudging around for rich people.”

She blushed, or at least she intended to blush, and said:

“Now, Patrick, you flatter me.”

“Not a bit,” said Pat; “I always thought that Peggy’s hands were nice, but they were nothing to compare to yours. I took so much care of them, and wouldn’t let her do any rough work to soil them, and after my being so good to her to be treated so. Bad luck to the woman for causing me so much sorrow and trouble.”

Maggie saw tears in Pat’s eyes, or thought she did.

After taking a kind farewell from Maggie, Pat walked leisurely and very thoughtfully, considering the present aspect of affairs. “I have now sufficient evidence to arrest a hired girl with perfect safety, but not quite enough for the mistress. Rich people are very touchy, and the officer who does not treat them with due respect is sure to lose his head. My plans are working very satisfactorily, and I don’t think it policy to bring on a crisis when it is so much safer to await new developments. I

think I can make some new developments on my next visit."

The above was about the substance of Pat's soliloquy on his way to headquarters after his second visit.

The next two succeeding days Pat watched the Linsey residence, and found no signal. He became restless and uneasy, and his mind was filled with forebodings lest the mistress had discovered his designs by some thoughtless words of Maggie, or more probable, by information given by Bridget, the cook, as he had observed her watching them closely, and that she appeared very cross and snarlish. He had attributed this to that spiteful feeling so common among girls when one has a beau and the others have none. He now saw things in a different light. His neglecting to gain her friendship and the assistance of Bridget, might cause the failure of all his plans by arousing the suspicion of the mistress. Bridget is a link in the chain of coming events that must not be any longer neglected. This will compel me to attend mass once more; fortunately to-morrow is Sunday, and I shall not have to wait long.

I must first see Maggie, and make her acquainted with the object I have in my visit to Bridget, so that I may not arouse her jealousy. I have her perfectly under my control. She

wants to marry, and thinks I am desperately in love with her. So in managing her I have only to keep down her jealous feelings. I can find out from Maggie Bridget's leading traits of character, and ascertain if I can her blind side. Most people have a blind side. To one of my profession this is very important, especially in making the first move against the person upon whom you have some design.

Thus Pat soliloquized on the Saturday after failing to meet Maggie. His mind was filled with doubt and anxiety, and when he arose he felt very much as he did on that memorable morning when he kicked Peggy under the dining table, but after getting out into the open air his gloomy feelings left him, and the future looked more bright and promising. If Bridget had not somewhat thwarted his plans; if he could get only one private interview with her, everything would be lovely again. So he walked toward the Catholic church, feeling that this would be the last time he would be compelled to attend mass, and before another Sunday came around he would be successful in capturing the shoplifter.

When he arrived at church he saw both the girls, but did not want to let Bridget see him speak to Maggie, so he had to wait some time before he had a favorable opportunity.

He asked her what had happened over at her house, and she told him that Bridget had been carrying news to the mistress, and that the mistress is very angry, and says she will discharge me if I suffer you to come into the house again.

“Oh! how I wanted to kill the nasty hussy. She is trying to disgrace you, Patrick, my honey, and I told the mistress so, and just because you didn’t come to see her instead of myself. I believe the mistress begins to think so too. I can tell things on her that would make any decent woman blush, and I will if she don’t hold her dirty, lying tongue. She told the mistress that you had served a term in Sing Sing, and that you were a low down thief, and that she knew your folks in the old country, and they were all thieves before you. I was so vexed at her that I told the mistress that it was a lie; that you were native born; that your father had been several times alderman; that I knew your folks, and that they are all away up in society. I was bound not to be outdone by the lying strumpet.”

“Oh! how mistress did rave when she heard that I had taken you up stairs. She had been complaining all the morning of being sick, but if she did not climb those stairs on the double quick, there is no use saying so. She was gone

a long time. When she came down, she appeared more calm, but told me that if ever I allowed that dirty Irishman to come on the premises again, she would have us both sent to the lockup."

"What does Bridget talk most about?" asked Pat.

"Talk most about?" repeated Maggie. "Why, when she is not lying, and telling dirty stories about some poor girl, she is bragging about her cooking, and telling how she is going to manage things when she gets married, and goes to keeping boarding house down town."

"Maggie, you don't know how badly I want to get you out of that house, away from the low company you are compelled to keep, and drudging around and spoiling your pretty hands, and that for people who are not your equals. I scarcely slept any last night. My feelings told me you were having a serious time with Bridget. And now dear, if you won't act foolish, but let me have my own way with Bridget, I can get you out of that house before the week's gone. You know, Maggie, that we are under the necessity of having the mistress absent, but also Bridget, before we can complete our arrangements. I have a plan that I think will keep Bridget absent for three or four evenings, but don't display the signal ex-

cept both are absent. Now pet, don't get jealous, and cause a sensation, if you hear me talking to Bridget in the kitchen to-night; remember the happiness of both of us depends in a great measure on how things are managed during the next few days. I see she is starting home, and I must have a talk with her on the way."

He soon overtook her. "Miss O'Shaughnessey I believe," said Pat. "My name is Maguire, and I want to talk a little business with you. I have been thinking about starting a boarding house down town, but have not yet succeeded in engaging a good cook, and without one, my boarding house will be a failure."

"Just so," said Miss O'Shaughnessey.

"Hearing so much talk at the different eating houses, about Mrs. Linsey's cook, I got an introduction to Miss Magathey at the Catholic church, and supposing her to be the cook, I paid her a visit, and found that she is only a chambermaid; yet she tells me she is a cook by profession, and is only doing chamber work at present waiting to get employment as a cook. She is very anxious to engage her service to me."

"The conceited and dishonest little hussy! She couldn't cook a meal a dog would eat, and, besides," said Miss O'Shaughnessey, "her char-

acter is not good, and the character of the cook has a great deal to do in the success of a boarding house."

"I know that," said Pat. "I have had too much experience in the eating house business, not to know a good cook at sight. I can tell them by their build. You may not believe me, but I knew that Miss Magathey was no cook at first sight. She is too tall and slender. She might try all her life, and she would never become even a passable cook. And now, Miss O'Shaughnessey, not that I want to flatter you, when I tell you your form — so short and thick — is the most perfect that I have met with during the many years of experience in the business. It is the *beau ideal* of a good cook; and I would have selected you from a thousand applicants. So all that's needed now, is a chance for a private interview; and since, as I understand, Mrs. Linsey has forbidden my coming on the premises, it may be somewhat difficult?"

"Not at all," said Miss O'Shaughnessey. "It was all Mag's fault. She knew well enough that the mistress did not allow strangers to be taken into those upper rooms, but she is so vain, and likes to show off, and make people believe all that wealth and finery piled up there belongs to her. Oh! the mistress was so

awful mad when she found out that Mag had taken you up there; and Mag will have to leave just as soon as mistress can find another girl to take her place. But in this case it does not matter whether Mrs. Linsey wants you here or not. I always take the liberty of bringing any one I want to in my kitchen. This is one privilege I never expect to give up. So you come round back of the house, but not too near, at 10 o'clock exactly, and I'll meet and conduct you in."

So Pat, after giving her fat chubby hand a good squeeze, bid Miss O'Shaughnessey good day, went in search of something to eat, for in the morning, after passing such a wretched night without sleep; he did not feel like eating, and since he had not had time.

The reader must not think that because Nellie called him "Old Pat" so often, in other chapters of this book, that he was really so old. It was more in contempt of the man, than his age, that he was so called, for at the time we are writing, he was not yet thirty-five—in the prime of life, the time that men are usually able to exercise the greatest influence over the mind of women.

Ten o'clock came, and found Pat at his post. In a few minutes after, Bridget appeared, and conducted him into the kitchen. She then put

down all the blinds and locked the door leading to the hall. Then, with the key in her hand, she seated herself near Pat, and the evening chat was commenced by Pat asking Bridget how long it was since she came from the old country.

She answered by saying about three years, and that she thought sometimes of going back and establishing a boarding house, if she did not succeed in getting one here soon.

This was bringing the subject of meeting before the house without any preliminaries, but Bridget could not well help it, it was uppermost in her mind, and whatever is uppermost in a woman's mind, she is sure to talk about.

As for Pat, he was very glad the subject was brought up so soon, since he had lost one night's sleep, and this far into another, and was desirous of bringing this meeting to a close just as soon as he had accomplished the object for which the meeting was called. So he commenced by how uneasy he had been ever since, for fear she would change her mind; and now to hear Miss O'Shaughnessey talk about going back to the old country really made him feel sad, when there are so many good openings for boarding houses in this city, especially when good cooks can be obtained. "That was my greatest difficulty I found in

keeping boarding houses. I got along while my wife staid with me. She was a good cook ; in form, almost exactly like you. She only lacked some of the fine points which you possess."

"Is your wife dead?" asked Bridget.

"Not that I know of," said Pat ; "but she deserves to be dead, for the way she served me. She ran away with a fellow named Mike Flanagan."

"What kind of a looking man was that Mike?" asked Bridget.

"He was a very tall man, with large, sandy whiskers, his nose turned to one side, and about thirty years old. I understand he did not stay long with my wife before he left her."

"Well, I declare ; if he is not the same Mike Flanagan that has been trying to shine around me.. You may bet I'll scout him the next time he comes sticking his crooked nose about me."

"But," said Pat, "this is not talking business."

There was a noise about the door leading into the hall. Bridget took the key, that she still held in hand, and put it into the key-hole. "I believe that nasty thing is trying to peep in to see who is here. Oh, she thinks she is cute."

Then taking her seat nearer Pat, he moved

his chair a little, and so the two were close together.

Pat said he was willing to take her in as a full partner, in the boarding house, on account of the great value she would be as a cook, for with such a cook there was no possibility of a failure, and then giving her hand a good squeeze, "if we agree, and you consent, I shall be willing to take you into closer relationship."

After a short pause, and she making no reply, he continued: "I see but one in the way of success, and that is the revenge Maggie may take when she learns that I have taken you in as a partner, and left her out. I wouldn't have thought it, but a friend, while we were eating supper together, this evening, told me the history of the girl. He says she is a desperate character.

He says that while she was employed in a hotel in Jersey City, she had a little difficulty with another servant, when Maggie caught up a large carving knife, and would have cut the girl to pieces if the other servants had not come to the rescue. So you see, my dear Bridget; the first thing to do is to get on good terms with that girl, for if we cannot in some way get her reconciled, it is of no use to commence keeping boarding house."

"I think I can manage her. If I can't, Mike

can, for she is dead in love with Mike, and that is one cause of her being so spiteful toward me. I will try, myself, first, to get on good terms with her. If I can't I'll send Mike, but I don't like to, because Mag will boast that she has taken Mike Flanagan away from me. Goodness knows I want to get rid of the crooked-nose brute; but I don't want Mag crowing over me. I think by saying some sweet things and flattering her, and speaking of what nice hands she has, that there won't be any need of calling on Mike for help."

"I think so, too," said Pat. "And now, Bridget, dear, I will tell you what I want you to do this coming week: Spend all your spare time down town, searching for a good location, for a boarding house. My business is such that I am compelled to be in Jersey City most of the week. That won't matter much, as you are as good a judge of a suitable place as I would be, and when you find one and that exactly fills your eye, don't stand, but engage it immediately, and I will be with you Saturday night, sure; and don't neglect to conciliate Maggie, much depends on your success in this direction.

Pat rose to leave.

"Why, Patrick, my honey;" said Bridget, "don't think of leaving without tasting some

of my pie and cake;" and forthwith, some that she had held in reserve for him, was set out. He ate and smacked his lips, and declared that he had never eaten such delicious things before.

A noise was heard in the hall again.

"It's only Mag climbing up, to try and see through the transom; but she will be disappointed. I thought of that before night, and stopped that peep hole. Oh, the nasty, jealous thing. She tried the same trick once before, when Mike Flanagan was here, and got well paid for her trouble, for just at the time she thought she would see something, she toppled over the chairs on which she was standing, and nearly bursted her silly head. Law sakes; I could never bear that crooked nose thing to come within ten feet of me."

Pat went home feeling both happy and sleepy, and he was soon in the land of dreams. When he awoke next morning, he felt in good spirits. He had dreamed of seeing an angel standing on the steeple of a temple, holding a trumpet in one hand and a scroll in the other. On the scroll the word "Fame" was written in large golden letters. He knew this as a good omen, and a sure sign of success. He proceeded up town, and passed his time smoking, and occasionally taking a glass of beer, but he

never suffered himself to get far from the Linsey residence.

A little past one o'clock, the signal was displayed, and Pat hastened to meet Maggie. She met him at the door with a smiling countenance, and immediately told him some unwelcome news. She said Bridget had employed old Mrs. Flanagan to take charge of the kitchen during her absence.

"Now," she said, "we will be compelled to keep very quiet, and spend our time in a part away from the kitchen, for, if we are discovered by that old hag, she will cause us more trouble than a dozen Bridgets. Is not the saying that the course of true love never runs smoothly, being fulfilled in our case?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Pat. "When I got Bridget out of the way, I thought our troubles were at an end. Now we have a worse customer on our hands. I really feel discouraged, Maggie, dear."

"Never, Patrick, my honey. If we can only manage to keep out of the old thing's sight this time, we have nothing to fear next time. She is very much afraid of ghosts and witches, and after you are gone, I will tell her about what I have seen in this house. I can tell her stories that will make the old thing's gray hairs stand on end, and they are all true,

only they did not happen in the day time."

"That's it, that's it, give her a good dose," said Pat, and appeared greatly elated by her new scheme for getting rid of the old woman.

"Well, Patrick, I want you to dine with me to-morrow. As soon as Bridget comes, I will scare her off, and we will go into the kitchen. You shall have a chance to test Bridget's cooking—that is, if the mistress don't come back, and I hardly think she will. From what I can learn, she has gone to Baltimore."

"All right," said Pat, "if we have time, but I rather apprehend that to-morrow will be a very busy day with us—that is, if you will agree to my proposition."

"What is it?" asked Maggie, in great haste.

"It is this: That you will go with me to-morrow; I want to give you an introduction to Judge Farety; you used to know the Faretys in the old country, didn't you, Maggie?"

"Indeed, I did. A lousy set they were, too, but it won't do to tell him so. I know him—that is, I have seen him through the keyhole. He often visits here, and he seems very much 'stuck up.'"

"So he is," said Pat, "and it is by flattering the rich, and doing their dirty work, that he is enabled to hold his present position."

"I don't know so much about that, Patrick.

I have never been much among fine people, only as a servant, and I am afraid I shall appear awkward."

"Oh, never mind that," said Pat, "so you are dressed fine; I was thinking that perhaps there might be some difficulty about dressing."

"I think not," said Maggie. "Patrick, I want you to come up stairs, and see how you think it will suit. I have had it on several times, and it fits so nicely."

So up stairs they go, and Maggie took out her keys and unlocked a large trunk, and held to Pat's astonished eyes the very identical dress which the detectives and police of two cities had so long searched for in vain, and Pat so much desired. He said afterwards that was the happiest moment in his life. And yet he did not betray any sign of emotion, except that peculiar grin spoken of elsewhere. He answered by saying, "that's the very dress you need, and won't it make the judge open his eyes? He will be so polite and condescending I really fear I shall become jealous, lest he will try to take you from me."

"You need not make yourself uneasy about that," said Maggie. "I know the family too well ever to get into his clutches, even if he is judge. Though the dress belongs to mistress, she need never know anything about it. And

that necklace, how will it do, Patrick?" said Maggie.

"The necklace, by all means, and everything you think suitable. I want you to have it to say, that you were dressed once just to suit yourself. Pile it on then, plenty of it, and you know how to get it. Pile it on, I want to astonish Judge Farety for once. And by the way, I must get a fine carriage for you to ride in.

"Oh! will you, Patrick? You are so kind."

"A carriage, by all means. It would not do for you to go tripping along the street with all that finery."

"I know it wouldn't," said Maggie. "Patrick, you are so thoughtful and considerate."

Pat knew very well it would never do to take that girl out on the public street, after she had the privilege of piling on all the finery that her heart desired. She would attract more attention than Forepaw's street show.

It was not his custom to pay out money for livery rigs, but in this he felt it to be an absolute necessity, and he wanted to keep her hid from public view, as much as possible.

They were now ready to go down stairs. Instead of complaining of fatigue, as she did on the last visit, Maggie seized Pat's arm, saying that she would pay him for his trouble on the former occasion. When they reached the foot

of the stairs, Pat said to Maggie, "How did Bridget behave towards you this morning?"

"Oh! she was so kind and loving. When we met this morning she kissed me, and said she was sorry for telling mistress what she did, and would try to get the mistress reconciled to me, and all that kind of stuff. I understood her all the same. She has always been telling what she was going to do when she was married. Now she has made up her mind never to marry, and thinks of becoming a nun. I felt like spitting in the old squab's face, when she came honeying around me this morning, and would have done it but for your sake, Patrick. I remembered what you told me about keeping on good terms with her. She never mentioned your name, but said she would speak a good word to Mike Flanagan, if I wanted her to. The old goose, does she think I want to marry a snipe with a crooked bill! Patrick, what was all that smacking about, just before you left last night?"

"Why, you jealous minded girl. Did you think I was kissing the old squab? By my soul, I would as soon kiss a mud turtle as her. Why, Maggie, I was only tasting her pies and cakes, and indeed they were good, and I was very hungry. I had lost my appetite, through the weariness and anxiety of the last few days,

and had neither eaten nor slept much, but when I found I had silenced the old enemy's battery, I felt so happy to think the last obstacle was removed that stood in the way of our future happiness, and I ate very freely of the many delicacies that Bridget set before me."

"Well, I thought," said Maggie, "if all that smacking was caused by kissing, that you must be very fond of that kind of exercise."

"Indeed I am, when my Maggie is near," said Pat.

Now reader, draw your own conclusion about what was going on during a short suspension in the conversation.

Then Pat commenced saying: "Maggie, as soon as I am gone I want you to go down to the kitchen and give old Mother Flanagan a lesson on ghostology, and then a review in the morning, so as to keep the subject fresh in her mind, and then commence dressing, and making preparation for the interview with Judge Farety. It wont do to keep the carriage standing waiting, it might create suspicion and cause a failure of the whole thing."

"Oh! don't be the least uneasy, Patrick, my honey; I'll be on time. What I am going to tell old Mother Flanagan is this, and it's the truth. You see Dick Mulligan was away up above the marble floor, painting pictures on

the ceiling. There is another name for that kind of work; do you know what they call it, Patrick?"

"Frescoing, I believe, but I am not certain," said Pat.

"Well, it don't matter about the name," said Maggie. But that was what Dick Mulligan was doing, when from some cause or other he lost his footing, and came down head foremost on that marble floor, and smashed his brains out and broke his neck, and when they took him up to carry him out his head was all hung to one side and his brains running out on that marble floor, and the stains of Dick Mulligan's blood are still on that floor, and if that room was not so near the kitchen I would take you and show you the stains of Dick Mulligan's blood on that marble, and you would know what I tell you is so. But if that old hag was to get eyes on us, all our arrangements for visiting Judge Farety would be worse than useless. She is a terrible meddlesome old thing, and spends most of her time in gadding around, peddling scandal.

"By all means let us keep out of her sight," said Pat, "if we get her on our hands all our plans for the future will be totally ruined. The very thought of the old hag makes me shudder."

“You are right, Patrick, but Dick Mulligan’s blood is on that floor, all the same. And we girls have tried time and again to wash those stains off, and I prayed the Virgin Mary to assist me, but after all my washing, scrubbing and praying, the blood of Dick Mulligan is still there. Patrick, there is a curse resting on this house, and I am going away very soon. I told Mr. Linsey about those stains on the marble, and that there is a curse on his house, and that there will some terrible calamity come upon the family, and the ghost of Dick Mulligan will continue to haunt this house as long as his blood is on that marble floor. And I told Mr. Linsey to go out and get the priest to come and sprinkle those blood stains with holy water, and pray over them, and then those stains would disappear, and then the ghost of Dick Mulligan would leave them, and not till then. But Mr. Linsey only laughed, and said that those stains were in the marble when the slabs were put in that floor, and he did not want them taken out even if they could be prayed out, and as for the ghost of Dick Mulligan he was not afraid of it. Dick was a good man, and the ghosts of good people would not hurt anybody. I told the priest what I had said to Mr. Linsey, and he said that I was right, but it was useless talking to Americans about ghosts

and witches. They are so curious; I have told them about all the ghosts that I myself have seen, and all my mother and grandmother have seen, but they only laugh at me. Patrick, how I wish I was away from this unlucky house.

You will get me away tomorrow, wont you? The ghost of Dick Mulligan will bring trouble in this house before tomorrow night. Dick was a countryman of ours, and I hardly think he would injure us."

"You are right," said Patrick, "I have seen Dick many and many times in the night, and he never tried to injure me. I don't know what he might do in the daytime. I never saw him in the daytime."

"Now," said Patrick, "it is time I was leaving, and Maggie dear you go right down to the kitchen, while the story is fresh in your mind, and give it to old Mother Flanagan red-hot, and you will not be disturbed by her tomorrow."

"I will, my dear," said Maggie.

"Good bye," said Pat, "mind what I told you, pile it on, pile it on." And Pat was soon on his way to police headquarters.

Thus far Pat had kept his plans and movements to himself, but now it had become necessary that Mr. O'Brien should know what he had been doing for the last few days, in order that

certain occurrences might be on hand at the proper time. So he told Mr. O'Brien all of his plans, and just when to send for certain parties, but did not want Judge Farety to know anything about it until the last hour, and Mr. O'Brien agreed to carry out Pat's instructions.

Morning came, and the long wished for day was on the boards. Pat was in no hurry to go up town, for he knew that Maggie could not possibly get ready before two o'clock, the time agreed upon. But what he dreaded most, was that the girl would keep piling on her ornaments, and not be ready at the appointed hour. At one o'clock he had his carriage ready, and sauntered around smoking and watching the Linsey residence. At last he saw the welcome signal floating from the Linsey mansion. He called to the driver, and in a few minutes he drove in front of the hall door. Maggie soon came down those marble steps, and Pat helped her into the carriage and quickly closed the door. The driver, when he first caught sight of her, exclaimed "Holy Moses, that beats the Great Mogul." Poor simple-minded girl, she had piled on finery to her heart's content, and she felt so happy, little thinking that wily and unfeeling Irishman was driving her into the trap he had set for her many weeks. On the way she tried to talk to Pat, but he seemed in-

different. She at last laid her hand on his forehead, the same hand that only a few days previous he had praised and kissed. She asked if his head ached. He said no, he never felt better in his life. She tried to tell him how badly she had frightened old Mother Flanagan. He paid no attention to her. He was thinking about that scroll he had seen in the angel's hand. The reader might think he was a changed man, but he now had only assumed his proper character; he was once more Pat Maguire. Maggie, poor thing, she was too happy to think about anything except the finery she had on.

They soon arrived before the office of Judge Farety. Pat soon hurried Maggie into the room. The Judge seemed greatly astonished, but said nothing.

Pat opened the proceedings by saying: "Your honor, I have brought my sweetheart before you, and it is what no other policeman ever did in this city, but you know the majesty of the law must be sustained."

Maggie, who did not exactly catch the meaning of what Pat was saying, took it for an introduction, and said: "Judge, I knew the Farety's in the old country, and a nice, decent family they were too. You and your Jamie look as much alike as two black-eyed"—

She was interrupted by the judge, who said, "You had better wait and see how we get along with our new acquaintance before we talk much about old acquaintance. Judge Farety was very sensitive on this point, and did not like to hear anything said about his poor relatives. He was now moving in the highest society, and the least reference to his low origin made him nervous. So he quickly demanded of Pat, "What he brought that girl here for?"

"For stealing the dress she has on from her mistress," said Pat.

"Who is her mistress?" demanded the judge.

"Mrs. Linsey, wife of Mr. Linsey, of the banking firm of Linsey & Briant."

"Is it possible," said the judge. "The Linseys are such grand folks ; I often visit there. Indeed, it is too bad."

By this time Maggie began to comprehend the real state of affairs. The truth flashed into her bewildered mind that she was a prisoner before the Police Judge, and that Pat had decoyed her under the pretext of giving her an introduction to Judge Farety, for this purpose and no other. Her lips began to quiver, her bosom began to heave and swell not unlike a bellows, and all the colors of the rainbow passed over her countenance in quick succession, but at last her face became a deep red,

the warm of all colors, and then she commenced to hurl at Pat some of the most scathing and abusive epithets, from an angry woman's mouth so direct and pointed, that even Pat, the cold and insensible villain, seemed to quail and tremble under the heavy and telling blows that fell in quick succession upon his devoted head, and whenever the judge tried to silence her, she would tell him about his dirty, lousy relatives in Ireland, which made him drop his head. At last the reaction began to take place, and soon her temperature got below 212 degrees. Her tears began to flow, and then sobs succeeded.

Judge Farety said it was time this disgraceful scene was stopped, and the girl sent to prison, for it would be necessary to hold her until Mr. Linsey could be had as a witness, which could not be possible until some time tomorrow evening, and as it would not do to send the girl to prison with all that finery on, the errand boy had better be sent to the Linsey residence for her own clothes. The boy was called, and said he knew where the Linseys lived.

"Tell Bridget to send me my working clothes, she will know where they are," said Maggie. "You will find her in the kitchen. If she asks anything about me, which she is sure to do,

tell her Judge Farety's wife is very sick, and the judge wants me to take care of her: that the judge sent you."

"Yes," said the judge, "tell her I sent you," humoring the girl's cunning.

Maggie continued, "I don't mean that old squab shall know anything about the trouble that my pug-nosed Irish beau has got me into, indeed I don't."

And when Pat said he hardly thought Bridget had yet returned home from "sniping," the thought that she was not alone in her misery called forth a loud laugh from Maggie, which exploded like a rocket, but before the sound had died away she was again crying and sobbing.

When the errand boy returned he brought the wrong satchel. He brought Bridget's clothes instead of Maggie's. The boy said that Bridget was not there, but he found an old lady sitting on the steps, and he had to argue with her before he could get these. And when he did, she was so scared that she snatched the first satchel she came to, and ran out. She said she had been seeing the ghost of Dick Mulligan walking around with his head hanging all on one side and his brains dripping down, and if Bridget didn't come soon she said she would leave.

Now this mistake made a great deal of trouble

between the judge and Maggie. She declared that she would not wear the dirty strumpet's clothes, and the judge gave her to understand if she did not take the finery off, he would call in some woman and have it taken off by force. So finding that no indulgence or mercy would be shown her, she went to the room pointed out to her, and in a short time the fine things that Maggie had piled on in the morning, and which she had now piled off, were brought in, and the judge's office looked like a jewelry store and a millinery shop combined. The reader no doubt would be glad of a list of the different articles which Maggie had piled on, but to tell the plain truth I do not know their names, and if I did it would require as much space as it does to print the delinquent tax list.

About one o'clock on the following day an officer brought Maggie again before Judge Farety. She looked pale, and her haggard countenance told plainly what the poor girl had suffered since the day before. The sight of that innocent and simple-minded Irish girl was enough to have melted the heart of a demon. She had on one of Bridget's dresses, which on Maggie was nothing but a Mother Hubbard, cut off at the knees. She took a seat, and tried to hide her limbs by drawing her feet under her, sobbing at the same time.

It was not long before Mrs. Linsey made her appearance, decked out with all the finery, like Maggie the day before.

Judge Farety met her at the door, escorted her in, and seated her so that she would face the throne he sat on. He passed her simple compliments, that we will not disgust the reader by repeating. After all this ceremony was over, she looked around, and seeing the poor girl curled up in one corner of the room, she opened fire, and commenced pouring out upon her all the vile epithets and mean names she could think of, the Judge agreeing with her in everything.

She said it was plain that even Pat, as mean as he was, did not relish such proceedings in a court of justice, and was glad after seeing the conduct of the Judge, that he had withheld his great secret.

Mrs. Linsey gave a full history of her trouble with hired girls. She said she wanted him to deal with this one in a way that she would remember it.

The Judge said he would, to the full extent of his authority, and authority might be extended a long way by a Police Judge.

It was plain to see that this tirade of abuse about hired girls had begun to arouse Maggie. She threw the sun bonnet off her face, which

already indicated 212, and her safety valve began to tremble. It would not be long before she would be compelled to let off steam. And sure enough, she did so. While Mrs. Linsey was telling her story about hired girls stealing flour sacks, the Judge remarked that he did not know what they did with such things.

This brought Maggie to the exploding point. She undoubled herself, stretched her legs, stuck her arms farther through the Mother Hubbard, and said:

“I can tell your honor what we do with them. We make underclothes of them, and very good ones they make, too, better than your poor old ragged mother had on the last time I saw her.”

This silenced the Judge.

Then she turned on Mrs. Linsey with:

“You old strumpet, don’t you remember the time I caught you and John Dunn in a certain room. You old hag, if you don’t keep that dirty mouth of yours shut, I will tell things on you that will send you to Sing Sing.”

By this time Maggie had risen to her feet, her eyes like balls of fire. She evidently had on a full head of steam. She stuck her arms farther through that old Mother Hubbard, and the sight of that wronged and infuriated Irish girl made Mrs. Linsey tremble.

Mr. O'Brien entered the room, and Maggie sat down. He took the Judge to one side, and talked to him for some time. When the latter again took his seat, his appearance had greatly changed. It was very plain to be seen that Pat's great secret was about to be revealed, as he was very restless, getting up and sitting down again, and biting his finger nails. Then the Judge said:

"Mrs. Linsey, I suppose you are willing to swear that this is your dress?"

"Of course I am."

"Then arise and be sworn:

"You do solemnly swear that this is your dress?"

"I do."

The Judge then discharged the Irish girl.

Maggie then arose to go, her face still showing that she suffered from internal heat. As she was passing out, she said:

"Good-bye, Judge; you look just like your brother Jim, only Jim is the best looking."

"Shut up, you saucy imp," said the Judge, "or I will give you thirty days for contempt of court."

Mrs. Linsey then exclaimed:

"Why, Judge, by releasing her, you will let her go home to steal something else from me before I can get there. It is strange how stuck

up and mean an Irishman will get after he is helped to an office. I want my dresses, so that I can follow her home. I know she will steal something else."

"Now, Mrs. Linsey, I want you to be very positive about this dress," said the Judge.

"Why, Judge, how insolent you have got," replied the lady; "do you think I don't know my own dress—the very dress I wore last season at Long Branch, when General Grant gave a great ball.

The General led me to the table, and my husband escorted Mrs. Grant. Mr. Linsey will help you into another office, you unprincipled Irishman."

"Why I want you to be positive, is because there is a lady here from Philadelphia who also claims it," said the Judge.

Mrs. Linsey fell to the floor, exclaiming:

"Oh, my poor husband, what will he do! Oh, what will my poor husband do!"

The Judge ordered her carried out of the room, and the two ladies from Philadelphia were brought in. They had been waiting in another room for Mrs. Linsey to swear to the dress.

Mrs. Graham, the milliner, and Mrs. Johnson, *nee* Miss Grant, the young lady for whom the dress was made, came forward and identi-

fied the dress, and it was given into their possession.

Now, reader, let me take you to the Linsey mansion.

It is now in possession of the officers, searching for stolen goods, and groups of men are all around with lists of stolen goods in their hands.

Mr. Linsey is sitting on the steps of his mansion, perfectly dazed, and looking into empty space, occasionally exclaiming:

“Is it possible! Is it possible!”

The two Irish girls are out in the kitchen, still dressed in each others' clothes, so unbecoming and ridiculous, and looking at one another with eyes like the two enemies in Byron's “Dream of Darkness.”

Old Mother Flanagan is peeping around the corner, looking for Dick Mulligan's ghost.

Mrs. Linsey is in the station house, crying:

“Oh, my husband, my poor husband, what will he do!”

Pat Maguire is strutting about headquarters with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, the only happy one of all those concerned in this terrible tragedy.

If any detective ever heard the trump of fame, Pat did on the morning after the trial, when the newsboys were crying:

“*Pat Maguire and the shoplifter!*”

CHAPTER XXIV.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF CLARENCE LANE.

CLARENCE LANE, who has taken such a great interest in the welfare of Nellie C. Bailey, is just as devoted to others needing his aid and assistance. One of these is the mother of Hattie Millick. She has the entire burden to bear in the education and support of Hattie's two children. It is well known that Captain Millick left enough money and other valuables to have given the orphan children ample support, but it was squandered by the mother, and what was left by her connection with Clement Bothamley became a part of his estate.

Where did Bothamley get twenty-one large trunks, well filled with valuables, sufficient to fill a large baggage room, when he first came to Florence? From the Millick estate.

These trunks, according to the testimony of Mrs. Phillips, contained much valuable silver plate marked "H. J. Millick."

The British Association claims them; Mr. Phillips, as administrator of the Bothamley estate, claims them. The fact being established that Bothamley left a wife and two children in England, must upset the claim

made by the British Association, but Nellie set up a claim for a part of the trunks and their contents, but the rights of the children of Hattie Millick in all this claiming and counter-claiming have never been taken into consideration.

Now, if the children of Hattie had what was justly due them, it would greatly assist the poor grandmother in her endeavor to support these orphans.

The testimony in the trial of Nellie C. Bailey proved conclusively that these trunks were filled with the goods of Hattie Millick on leaving England, and seeing that no attention was being paid to the rights of Hattie's children in the litigation about these goods, Clarence Lane has taken the matter in hand, with the determination to see that justice be done to these orphan children by the parties who held these goods. He has visited the grandmother and children several times. They are in very destitute circumstances.

The last time he was there, he said, the children were very plain but neatly clad, and the kind old lady was seated at her sewing. She has changed very much during the last few years, and is growing old and feeble very fast. The care of the children is a great burden to her in her present feeble state of health and

with her limited means. They have to be fed, clothed, and their education attended to, and there is no one but the poor old grandmother to look after all these things. If the parties now trying to get possession of what rightfully belongs to those orphan children, could only look into that little cottage in the north of England and see what he had seen, said Clarence, their hearts would be softened by the sight, and they would no longer withhold from those children what is so justly their due.

“I spent one entire day with the family,” said he, “and tried to bring some sunshine into that desolate home. I bought some presents, as well as clothing, for the children, and gave the old lady assurances of getting her some means and sending it to her from America. It does seem so hard and unjust when it is known that the children of Bothamley are living in the grandest style and surrounded by luxury and wealth. She appeared so thankful for what I had done, that I feel amply paid.”

Among his many acts of kindness, none more fully illustrates the character of Clarence Lane than his unselfishness towards Oscar Hunter, a young man from Kentucky, who came to one of the new and thriving towns of Kansas.

He had learned his trade in Cincinnati, and came to Kansas when about twenty-one years

of age. He settled down, and went to work as soon as he could get ready, and worked almost day and night. Cents grew into dollars, and in a year or two, people began to say:

“Oscar Hunter will soon be a rich man, and he has no bad habits.”

The young ladies of the village seemed very desirous of making his acquaintance, but he paid very little attention to their advances.

After having resided in that town over two years, he had not yet spoken of his past life, or revealed any of his plans for the future, but kept steady at work. He had written one letter to the Secret Service. The postmaster had learned this much by observation. In a few days a stranger made inquiry at the postoffice for Oscar Hunter. Oscar closed his shop, and dressed himself in his best suit, and ordering a horse and buggy, drove away with the stranger.

This stranger was Clarence Lane, and the following is what Oscar related to him:

“My name is Oscar Hunter. I was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and I am twenty-three years old. Of my parents I know very little. I was about two years old when my father died. I can remember seeing him as he lay in his coffin, and that is about all I can recall of my father. In a few days after his burial, my mother quit housekeeping, and I was sent to

my father's brother until my mother could get ready to go to housekeeping again. I had a baby sister one year younger than myself. My mother took this baby with her. Its name was Jessie. Mother went to New Orleans, and did not return for me. She married soon after going there, and I have never seen her since. I resided with my uncle until he died. I was in my sixth year then, and my aunt was left almost penniless. She was compelled to give me up, as she had children of her own to provide for. I was taken by a farmer, and resided with him until I was fifteen. I could neither read nor write. I knew that there must be some exertion on my part to obtain an education, and to accomplish this I had to leave the farm. Accordingly I watched my chance and slipped away, and soon found myself in Cincinnati, where I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith. After I was there some six months, I began to attend night school. My master was a good, open-hearted Pennsylvanian, and he assisted me very much by furnishing me books and other little articles I needed. I remained with him until I came to Kansas. After I had learned to write, I wrote to my aunt, and received several letters from her, but she did not know anything about my mother and sister. I want you to find them, and to find out why my

mother deserted me. I have been so troubled about this. I cannot tell what it means."

Clarence took the address of Oscar's aunt, and started on his errand, and a few days after his ride with Oscar he found her, and introduced himself. He did not let her know that he had ever met Oscar, but that he had heard of him. From the aunt he learned that there was some mystery connected with the death of Mr. Hunter. That he was sick only a few hours, and although his wife was suspicioned of poisoning him, it was hushed up, and she went away, and soon afterward married Judge Quail, of New Orleans.

Clarence learned that Mr. Hunter had considerable property, and that it was disposed of after his death. He learned that Mrs. Hunter seemed to hate her first-born, and that there was no warm place in her heart for him, and that she was glad of an opportunity to get him out of her sight. He was the likeness of his father, and it was plain she was not in love with her husband.

Clarence had learned this much of the secret history. He went to New Orleans, and there he found Mrs. Judge Quail and daughter at a grand ball. They were gorgeously attired, and both looked very handsome. He saw that vain and proud mother bedecked with costly jewelry

and diamonds, sitting in a satin-covered chair, entertaining some high-bred Southerners, while her daughter was holding a group of admiring lovers spell-bound by her excellent performance on the piano.

In a few days Clarence had managed to get slightly acquainted with them, and at last an opportunity came for him to ask Mrs. Quail a few questions. She was startled as if a flash of lightning had passed before her, when Clarence Lane asked her where her little black-eyed boy was. She turned deadly pale, and then faltered out some inaudible words before she could regain her self-possession:

“How dare you approach me with such a subject? I have but one child, and she is here.”

Roused by her cold-heartedness and deception, he replied:

“You had a sweet little boy, two years old when his father died.”

She looked at him in utter astonishment, and said:

“Why do you come now to shadow my life? I have tried to forget the folly of my youth.”

“Madam, you should have said the crimes of your youth.”

She gasped for breath, and the tears filled her eyes. She arose to leave, looking like an-

other woman. A great change came over her. She was subdued. The proud, haughty woman was gone, and a sad and crest-fallen one was in her place.

Clarence had been almost rude in his conversation with her, but she had escaped without having revealed a single item, but he was determined to tell her the facts, and in a few days he called at the Quail residence.

To his great surprise he was admitted to the drawing room.

Mrs. Quail soon appeared, pale and care-worn, and when Clarence told his errand, she seemed prepared for the ordeal. She asked about Oscar, and how he was prospering. She was horrified to hear what he had undergone to achieve what he had, when one diamond in her ear-ring would have saved her child all these years of hard labor and struggling for a livelihood.

There sat the proud and haughty sister, not even taking notice of the conversation.

Clarence told the mother that Oscar must have his part of the Hunter estate, and if it could not be had one way, it must be another. She promised to compromise with him without making any trouble, and Clarence went on to Louisville, to ascertain the true value of the property there.

It seems that Mrs. Quail consulted her proud

husband and daughter, and Oscar Hunter was summoned to appear before them.

Attired in his best suit, Oscar went to New Orleans, accompanied by Clarence Lane. They sent in their cards, and in a short time they were seated in one of the magnificent parlors, one sofa costing as much as Oscar could earn in a year by the strokes of his hammer. We can better imagine than describe his feelings as he sat there awaiting the coming of that unnatural parent. He glanced about the room to learn if he could see a portrait of his father, but none could be seen, and he leaned back in his chair, looking at two fine portraits hanging before him upon the wall—a beautiful woman of twenty and a noble looking man of perhaps thirty. He knew that lady was his mother, and the gentleman was surely her husband. At that moment the gentleman entered. He cast a glance at the two strangers. Clarence introduced himself and Oscar. At the sound of the name of Oscar Hunter, he turned white with rage, and turned on his heel and flung the door wide open, bidding his guests depart, while he poured forth one oath after another on the young man claiming to be the son of his wife.

They took their departure without making any reply. Clarence was the first to speak, but

Oscar was lost in thought, so he did not hear the first words spoken by his partner, but he spoke his own thoughts aloud. "Why did I survive my father, to be left homeless and friendless? I wish I could die even now," exclaimed the forsaken man. Mr. Lane looked at him, and saw he was deathly pale. Clarence Lane made no answer to his remarks, and they walked on in silence.

Once at their hotel and in their room, Oscar threw himself on the couch and drew a deep sigh of anguish, while Clarence put his feet up in the window and looked out in the distance, absorbed in deep thought. "I'll have them yet," said he, "I will make that old Bob Quail fly from me yet." He waited until afternoon to hear from the Quail family. No tidings came, and he called on an attorney, and the matter was to be settled in a few days. Mrs. Quail would not give any definite answer to the questions asked her, and suit was brought at once. During the time that intervened between the visits there at the residence, Oscar had not been able to get a glimpse of his mother or sister.

The city papers contained the notice of the suit, with remarks concerning the new arrival. An imposter, some said; another said, scene in high life. When the time appointed for the

trial arrived, the court room was crowded to its full capacity. Many years had elapsed since such a throng had assembled in that magnificent building. It was those of high social standing, and members of the bar, that formed that immense throng. The plaintiff was called upon the stand and sworn. What a deathly stillness reigned throughout that room, as the young man gave in his testimony. He told the same story he had related to Clarence Lane, of his early life, and up to that time. His honest, bright eyes and gentle manner won the entire throng. When he left, the applause given him was repeated, and groans and hisses greeted the proud, disdainful mother, who was the next called upon, she being the defense. She was unable to utter a word, and swooned away. She was carried out, and the prosecution went on with their evidence, which went on to prove who Oscar was, and his parents too. His father was of Welsh descent, and his mother was of English birth, her maiden name being Bothamley. She too was a descendant of the Churchill family. Witnesses testified to the facts of the unhappy life Mr. Hunter lived. His wife married him, expecting a vast fortune from his father's estate, but misfortune stepped in the way and she was disappointed. She grew desperate in her charges against him.

Abusing him in every way her evil tongue could find language to express her hatred, and as soon as she had him out of the way, she disposed of her child as has been stated before, and never returned to see a friend or correspond with a single person. She had sold the estate through agents, and left to be forgotten. But murder will out, and after nineteen years of pleasure she is brought to meet part of her punishment here. What had that child done? She hated it because she despised its father, her husband.

Several days were taken up by the trial, and great interest was taken in behalf of the young man. His mother was not able to attend, and each day his proud, disdainful sister sat in the same seat without moving an inch for any one, or even looking at her brother, as he sat between his friend, Clarence Lane, and his attorney. He was far her superior in appearance, and in his eyes could be read the true man.

The trial closed, and Oscar's claim was established. His mother still disowned him, and he left worn out with grief and excitement. He had suffered more than any one could know. The harsh treatment he met with made him suffer. But his inhumane mother had darkened more than one life. Her husband, Mr. Quail,

had become uneasy since he had learned of the cold selfishness of his wife and her people. He knew, that if she had deserted one for wealth, there was no reason why she should not forsake him too. He felt keenly only part of what Oscar was suffering, and he bitterly regretted what he had done to add another drop to the cup of that almost overflowing one. Judge Quail had been an active man all his life, had made scores of enemies and none did he wish to recall, nor did he give them a second thought, but his treatment towards Oscar was cutting his heart-strings deeper than he was willing to admit.

He had made some apology to Clarence Lane, but he could not summon courage to approach Oscar, although he passed him often on the street and in the court room. What the sister said or did in the case no one knew, as she remained perfectly rigid and immovable during the whole time. She treated every one with the same contempt, showing that she was superior to any, and none dare approach her, and at last Judge Quail saw the true side of the story. He had opened his eyes to the fact that he was tied by a band holding him a prisoner, and was at the mercy of his captors.

When the trial closed, and judgment was given Clarence, the judge settled the question,

by accepting security for Clarence's claim, and quiet reigned once more where the storm had burst a few weeks before.

The mother had too much pride to be kept out of company. She sallied out with her diamonds and jewels flashing in the soft light, but her heart of adamant was broken to some extent. She had lost part of the power she had exercised over her husband. She saw the change and felt its power, although he had not uttered a word. The subject was scarcely ever mentioned between them.

When the time came to make the final settlement, Oscar did not return to the place where he had been so shamefully treated. His attorney made the return for him, and he was spared the pain of looking upon the face of her who brought him into the world and then disowned him. He returned home a sadder and wiser man. He had formed a great attachment for Clarence Lane, and well he might. He had never met with such a true friend, and one with so little selfishness within his heart. He would say to Oscar, "Never worry; just bide your time."

Some few years passed, and Oscar had laid aside the hammer and taken up books.

He had made rapid progress in law, and when admitted to the bar, had proved himself

worthy of the profession he had chosen.

Oscar had fallen deeply in love with a young lady in Cincinnati, before he left there to come to Kansas. She was the only sister of his foreman. She was a bright, intellectual lady, a teacher in the public schools. She was a true woman, and returned the deep love Oscar had for her. When he left her she promised to be true, and gave him a handsome ring, which he wore upon his fourth finger, and the ring which he placed upon her hand was never taken off on any occasion. Unlike most young ladies of her age, who must have the company of young men, if the one they have promised to be true to was absent for a time, it was not so with Hattie Smith. She built her castles in a distant land within her lover's humble home. She had not been informed of the change in his domestic affairs, nor of the step he had taken in the road that leads to the nation's head, until she received a paper from his county, containing an article in regard to his being a bright young man, who bid fair to rise above the common level. She read the paragraph, and laid the paper away as though it was a common occurrence. She had learned to be a fine housekeeper, and was ready for any work laid out before her.

The time came for Oscar to come for her,

and she was well prepared. Her brother gave her a fine wedding dinner, and she left for her new home, accompanied by the chosen one of her heart. She found that an elegant home was all ready for her, and never was there a happier pair of young married people than Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hunter. A few years passed, and Oscar Hunter was known throughout the state, and it was only a short time until he was called to Washington to attend to legal business for the state. It was not long before he was among the higher class in the nation's capital, and the name of Oscar Hunter spread through every part of the Union. But during all this rapid rising of his, he had not heard from his only living relatives until one morning, after his arrival in Washington, he read of the marriage of his sister to a young attorney of Cincinnati, one of the most wealthy men of the west. They were to make Washington their home. In Oscar's bosom, there was a feeling of keen revenge that justice calls for, and it was not long before there was a sensation in the city.

Lawrence Fane, his sister's husband, had suddenly died, and she was accused of giving the fatal drug. She was put under arrest, and the counsel sent for Oscar to assist them. Here he was perplexed. No one knew she was his sis-

ter. He thought of her haughty and disdainful manner, but also gave her credit that within her heart there might be some tender feeling for her deceased husband.

After holding a long conversation with the attorneys employed, he knew she was guilty of the crime, and refused to take part.

The trial was long and tedious, but the evidence went to prove without doubt that she was guilty, and the mysterious death of her husband was talked of by those who knew the family at that time.

Mrs. Hunter had poisoned her husband because he was not rich, and Mrs. Fane had drugged Mr. Fane so she could marry a society man. The mother was present during the trial, and on the second day caught sight of Oscar, and recognized him as he sat among the members of the bar. She bent forward, and whispered to her daughter. They shrank from his gaze, and never lifted their eyes again in the direction of his seat.

They had met with their just reward. Mrs. Fane was led past him by the officer having her in charge, on her way to prison to serve a life sentence. She had no one but her mother to mourn her fate, as her stepfather had long since gone to Europe and had never been heard from. No one but his family knew of his in-

tended journey, and no one saw him go, or had heard of him since he was gone.

After the death of Lawrence Fane a new light broke in upon the minds of the people of the neighborhood where Judge Quail resided in New Orleans, and detectives were set to work to ferret the case out. Two weeks proved that they were correct in their suspicions. They searched through the elegant mansion, and far down beneath the kitchen basement, buried in an old-fashioned chest, were the remains of Judge Quail. They were so decomposed that they could only be recognized by the long black beard, and one little finger had a joint missing that corresponded with the missing man.

Another man sent to his last resting place, and his wife the cause of his death.

Mrs. Quail fainted away, and when she had recovered her senses, declared that she was innocent of any knowledge of the crime, and that the servants had murdered her husband away from home.

She was bound over to the court, and gave a heavy bond for her appearance. When wanted she could not be found, and since the death of Clement Bothamley, it is believed she has committed suicide. It is certain that she had murdered two men, both having been her superiors

by far, mentally. It was her stately pride that carried her through society. It was not that she had no mental ability, but men, like women, are ruled by fashion. They are blinded by the gay, fashionably-attired belles.

Clarence Lane and Oscar have searched in vain for the missing woman, but so far they have failed to get the slightest clue.

The bondsmen paid her bail money, amounting to thousands of dollars, and but very little of the vast estate is left. . Oscar had that made over to his imprisoned sister, that she might have something to support her, if she is ever permitted to go free. It is sure she inherited her mother's nature and principles. It was a family trait. It was in the hearts of those women to care nothing for the partners they had chosen for life, and well might Oscar be proud that he was like his father. He is still living at Washington, and has the esteem and confidence of all who know him, and not many of the hundreds that know him, guess at the great trials he has undergone.

CHAPTER XXV.

NELLIE'S COUSIN.

NELLIE has been praised for her beauty, fairy-like movements and winning manners, but Rosa Cobean is far her superior in every way. Rosa is a resident of Southern Kansas. She resides with her parents on the banks of a beautiful stream. Their home is not a costly or an elegant one, but a neat, handsome white cottage, surrounded by trees and flowers. It is a home of culture and refinement. Rosa's life, like that of her cousin, has been one of romance, but different in every respect. She is three years older than Nellie, and is nearly twenty-six. She was born in New Jersey, and came to Kansas in 1874. She was one of the first music teachers in the village near by, and was the organist for the little church. What a pretty face was behind that organ, and the sweet, soft strain of music that floated out through the open window was sweeter than was ever heard before from that music-box. Many a non-church goer paused to hear the melody, and often to take a peep at the pretty musician.

Among those who often paused and admired

the beautiful being, was the leading attorney of the town, Frank Holton. He entered in at last, and became one of her admirers. Their acquaintance ripened into love, and they were engaged. Rosa was not a flirt, nor fickle. She was true as ever woman could be. They were happy and contented in their hopes for the future.

Mr. Holton was building up a good business and his home was being furnished for the reception of his bride, for they were to be married in a few weeks. He was to visit his mother in New York before his marriage, as they were to spend their honeymoon on the Pacific coast. He left his business in the hands of his partner, and bidding his friends good-bye, he started on a short visit to his old home. He had promised Rosa to write every day until he started for home. Two weeks passed, and the letters came telling what he had done, and how he had spent the day. One day the letter did not come as usual, and the next it failed, until several days passed without her receiving any word, and she was not uneasy until the time for his arrival home. Then the days grew longer to her, and days grew to weeks and then to months, and no tidings came of the missing man. Rosa grew pale and careworn, and at last sickness came. In a word, for weeks the

frail creature lingered between life and death. At last she rallied and slowly regained her health, but her life was a wreck. Her gay spirits were gone. No clue could be obtained as to the fate of Mr. Holton. He was last seen in New York city the day he posted the last letter to Rosa. His people had not spared money or time in searching for him, but the days had counted two years when the news came that he was living. No one believed the story. Rosa said she did not believe he was dead or that he was untrue, but there was a mystery she could not explain.

In spite of all the entreaties of her parents, she made up her mind to go herself and search for him. The news brought was that a farmer near Des Moines, Iowa, was the missing Frank. Rosa was not long in going there, and when she arrived at the little station her heart failed her. She had intended visiting him at the house, but she could not summon courage to carry her through. She ordered a carriage and drove to one of the neighboring houses, and there made the acquaintance of the lady of the house. From her she learned that Frank Holton came there at the same time that Frank Holton was missing. He was a very quiet man, and seemed to be scarce of means. He had purchased a piece of land, and was improving

it slowly. He slept in his own house, but took his meals at a farm house near by. He was absent at that time, and no one knew where he had gone, only that he left his place and stock in the care of a friend until he returned.

Rosa knew by the description given her that the man was Frank Holton, and wondered as to what it could all mean. His conduct was not sane. She came to the conclusion that he had lost his reason to a great extent for some unexplained cause, and almost wild with excitement, she returned to her home, leaving her address and postage money with the neighbor, with instructions to write to her as soon as she received tidings of him. She brought back the information she had gleaned from the neighbor, and the friends and relatives of New York were notified. They went at once to the farm in Iowa, and came away convinced, as Rosa was, that the hermit farmer was Frank Holton, but no trace could be found, and as Rosa had left that mysterious farm, so did his brother.

Time began to count up by weeks since the return of Rosa. One afternoon when she was out walking through the woods on the banks of the stream near her father's residence, she heard the footsteps of some one approaching. She did not know who it was, nor did she pause a moment to catch a glimpse, until they were

by her side. She gave utterance to a moan and fainted away. When she recovered consciousness, she was alone. She did not know how long she had laid there, or where the stranger had gone. She only knew that Frank Holton had passed by her and looked down kindly into her eyes, as he used to do in the time long past. She told her story when she returned to the house, but no one seemed to credit it, as they thought she was so nervous that she was only startled by some one passing along the foot-path, going up or down the stream on some errand, and as Mr. Holton had been absent so long, he would be changed in appearance so that she would not recognize him.

Rosa knew better. She knew the man who passed her in the woods was her absent lover. He carried a shotgun and a cane, was neatly dressed, and paused a moment to look at her as he passed. She would not acknowledge that she could be mistaken, and search was made. No one could be found, and the neighbors said Rosa was losing her mind, but they were convinced she was not mistaken after a few days had passed.

One day a farmer came in, and stated that the missing lawyer had spent two days with him while shooting ducks on his premises. He told the farmer that he had once lived in the

village, but did not expect to return to it, as the people were all false to him.

Rosa was roused again. She came to the conclusion that some one had done her a wrong; that some one had been falsely representing her to Frank Holton, and he had lost all confidence in her. She sent for his brother, and another search was made, but no clue to the whereabouts of the hunter was obtained.

Rosa passed the most of her time watching and waiting and walking about through the parks and groves, when the weather would permit, hoping to see him, but he came not. She had long ago given up her place at the church organ. She had lost all taste for her one talent. She could no longer entertain her friends, or be entertained by them. She was constantly looking away into the distance for some one she saw in her mind, and she never grew weary of waiting. She did not seek to find some amusement, nor did she try to forget her trouble by seeking new friends. She retired late, and cried herself to sleep. She arose early, and read the newspapers, hoping to see one name mentioned, but not a word met her anxious eyes. Letters came every week from his people, but they were still waiting to hear from parties who were ferretting out the case. He had not been seen or heard from about his

farm since he had left it, and his reappearance at his old home proved that he was still living. The large rewards offered for his identity were in vain. He had disappeared as mysteriously the last time, as when he left New York. It was thought by every one who had become interested in the case that he had become insane, and to Rosa it was almost heart-rending. She could see him wandering along the muddy streams and on the steep banks, where his life was in danger, as his feet were unaccustomed to the hunters' paths. Summer was gone, and autumn had been succeeded by winter. The snow was covering the leafless trees, and the cold wind was sweeping over the prairies.

Rosa sat by the window, looking out upon the dreary scene. All was cheerful within.

Rosa was a fine housekeeper. The fire was burning brightly in the grate, and the beautiful plants gave the pretty sitting room the appearance of a tropical scene. She looked about her, and thought how pleasant all would be if she could only find the object of her search. As she sat there in a deep reverie, a letter was brought to her. She hastily broke the seal, and found one of her old letters to Mr. Holton enclosed. Not a single line had been traced to give the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the sender, or why it was sent. The envelope

bore the postmark of Ottawa, Canada. She wrote to his brother, and sent the envelope, but entertained little hope of ever finding him alive if he was wandering about over the world without a friend to assist him in trouble or sickness.

Oh, the waiting and the anxiety! It was almost unbearable to the tender-hearted woman. She was dependent upon her father for support or she would pass a part of her time in traveling. But there she must sit, and keep all fresh in her mind until her life was almost a burden to her. She was at the window or gate, looking for some one, when not engaged at the house work.

Spring came, and one of her neighbors was going to California, accompanied by his invalid daughter, and he solicited the company of Rosa. She declined at first, but her parents urged her and she consented to go. With a deep feeling of regret she left her home in sunny Kansas for the delightful climate of the Pacific coast.

Rosa grew deeply interested in her young companion, Sadie Green. Although they had lived near each other for years, they had made but little effort to become acquainted until they had started on this journey. Sadie was a sweet girl of eighteen, and very intelligent, but consumption had been seated for some time in

her lungs, and she was growing weaker every day. Her father thought a change would help her. They had a pleasant journey over the land by train, but the ocean voyage was severe on both the young ladies. They went from San Francisco to the southern part of California. Sadie was almost helpless, and was confined to her room for months. Rosa was her constant companion and nurse, and within a few weeks Sadie was better able to walk out. The beautiful orange groves and delightful climate fast helped to improve her health. Rosa began to be more cheerful. Change of scenery and new faces made her at times forget the long looked for lover.

She did not forget him, but she had so much to think about in her new home, and the responsibility of taking care of Sadie, made her mind drift away on other subjects. Not a week passed that she did not write home to her parents and to Mr. Holton's people, asking in regard to him, but no tidings came. Among the new acquaintances, was a fine looking young man of a highly respectable family. The family had lived there for years, and every one spoke in the highest terms of Clark Williams, that being the name of her new found friend. Each day found Sadie improving, and Rosa and Clark Williams were left alone a greater

part of the time, as Sadie was in company with her father. They had passed many pleasant hours together, and Clark Williams was deeply in love with the little Kansas Rose, as he named her. Not so with Rosa. She only cherished in her heart one as an ideal, and he was lost to her, but she expected to see him again, and the only chord of her heart that was drawn towards Clark Williams was true friendship. She found in him a genial, good hearted brother. They were both fond of music, and Rose renewed old pastime songs with him. The ballads she used to sing for Mr. Holton, she rehearsed again, and they were the best she sang. The tender chords of her heart were touched when she touched the keys of the piano. When she was left alone the image of Frank Holton came before her. She saw the fond expression in his eyes toward her the day he passed her in the woods. She knew he was still living, and loved her the same as he did when she had promised to be his wife. No one else could win the heart that she had given to him. The last word she spoke to him the night he started for New York, was: "I will wait for you always," as he kissed her lips for the last time. "Shall I marry some one else, after such a sacred pledge?" said she to her friends, "No never." When Clark Williams asked her why

she could not become his wife, she related to him the history of her past life, and that she was true to him still who had claimed her in youth. Clark Williams urged his suit, but Rosa was firm in her decisions, and said "No." When the time came for her to leave her new home, she was sorry to part with Clark Williams. The thought of the tender ties overruled all sympathy she had for her new friends. Sadie was not to leave her new home for some months, and Rosa was to return alone. The distance was slowly passed over by the anxious girl, who grew so homesick after starting for home. When she arrived she found the same old familiar faces, and not one missing. There was a rumor that Mr. Holton had been in the town. Two men who once knew him, saw and conversed with him on the street one Sabbath morning. He was standing on the sidewalk near the church during the services. "Who is it playing?" he asked of one of the men. They told him. "I knew it was not my angel Rosa." In a few moments he disappeared, and was not seen until the next Sabbath evening, when he was seen standing under the window listening to the music, and disappeared as suddenly as he had before. Rosa was glad in her own heart that she had returned a free woman. She watched and waited for him to come again, but

she was destined to be disappointed each time. No one saw or heard of him again. Like some spirit he went away. Rosa dreamed in her day dreams that he had missed her at her accustomed place at the organ, and had given her up at last to him, and that she would never hear of him again. It was the greatest mystery ever known in that section. The superstitious believed he had been murdered, and that his spirit was still haunting the place most dear to it while here on earth. Rosa knew better. She knew his mind had wandered from some unexplained cause, and if he could be found perhaps reason would return. While all this was weighing her down with anguish, the news came of Nellie's arrest. "Trouble comes double," said her mother. They had looked and waited so long for Frank Holton, and now a new excitement and a deep trouble had come upon them. During the time Nellie was imprisoned, she saw and recognized Mr. Holton on the streets of Topeka. She sent word to Rosa's parents, but he was missing again. Nellie met him and did not speak to him, fearing she might be mistaken. She turned and looked back. He too had stopped, and lifting his hat bowed and made inquiry after Rosa. Nellie told him where Rosa was, and before she could ask a question he was gone, lifting his hat as politely as he

ever did. He was neatly dressed, and had the appearance of being in some business where the sun did not touch him. He again appeared in the vast throng at Nellie's trial. He was gone in another second. Rosa become so anxious about Nellie, she did not dare to look for him. When the dispatch came saying "Nellie is free," Rosa knelt down and thanked God for being so gracious to her in her hour of need. Never did she offer up such an outpouring of a grateful heart as on that day. The next day brought her tidings of the missing man. It was a letter from the hospital in St. Joseph, Mo., asking her who Frank Holton was, and saying that he was very sick with brain fever. With that letter came one from Clark Williams, telling her that he was intending to pay her a visit in a few weeks. She threw Mr. Williams' letter aside, and began to make arrangements to go to St. Joseph. She was soon ready, and, accompanied by her father, they took the first train. They told no one of the letter, but hurried on their way. We can only imagine the great suspense Rosa was in until she set foot on the depot floor at her journey's end. They drove out to the hospital, and her father went in. He soon returned, telling her it was true he was there, and she was conducted to his couch. Sure enough, there lay the object of

her devoted heart, entirely unconscious of her presence. Her father, Mr. Cobean, telegraphed to Mr. Holton's relatives and two of his brothers came. They removed him to a private residence before they arrived. Rosa almost gave way to her feelings as he talked to her in his delirious dreams, begging her to come to him and bathe his aching head. He talked of strange places and strange names at his new home in Iowa, and his plans for the future. For several days he talked and raved, caused by fever in his head. The medical men held a counsel and decided to examine his head closely, after they had learned of his strange conduct for some years past. They had treated him for the fever, but no change could be detected, and they began to watch him more closely, and shaving his head there was found a small bump, as though the skull had been broken at some time. The place was cut open, and there buried in the bone was the sharp edge of a white limestone. The piece was about one-twentieth of an inch long. The moment it was taken out the sick man opened his eyes and looked about him. He held up his hand and asked for his ring. On being informed that they did not know anything about it, he denounced them as thieves and robbers, and not until Mr. Cobean and Rosa were

brought in, would he be convinced of what he had been doing. He had passed so many years as though he had been asleep. He thought he had been in New York, and had been taken in by a gang of thieves. Of what he could remember, he was passing a high building, where the masons were arranging some stones and chipping some off. He felt one strike his hat. It seemed almost large enough to knock him down. That was all he could remember of New York city, but said he, "I had such a long dream. I went to some distant country, and I had a little home and had bought a nice little pony for Rosa. I went away to find Rosa, but she was gone. I went back to my little farm, but I could not find it. I searched and paid a man to help me find the place, but I could not get a trace of what was mine, and I went to a land far to the south, where the trees grow so tall, and were loaded with tropical fruits. I worked there as a laborer, and saved up my earnings and went again to find my lost home. I bought me a gun in a strange city which I came to, and I hunted game as I came north. I sometimes staid out all night, and the rain would not let me sleep. I had my valise with me, and often I made a pillow of it. It had Rosa's letters in it, and I went past where Rosa lived.

I saw her, but she did not speak to me. I went away to stay until she was in a good humor. I went to the lakes, and crossed them. I thought I would write to Rosa, and tell her to come to me. I lost my satchel there, and all her letters that were in it. I had one in my pocket. I sent it back to her to keep for me, as I was going into the thick woods to work. I was afraid it would be lost, too. I worked there a long time. I was homesick, because I could not hear from any one I ever knew, so I quit work one day, and started out to find some friends. I walked through the mud and waded streams, until I came to where Rosa lived, but she was gone. I went to the same church where she used to play, but she was gone, and an old lady was in her seat at the organ. I went away, and cried with grief. I thought she was dead, and I went to the cemetery to find her grave, but she had not been buried there, and the next Sabbath day I returned to the church to see if she had returned, but I was again disappointed. I saw a man whom I had met somewhere. I asked him about Rosa. He said she had gone to California. I wanted to find her, so I started out towards the setting sun. I traveled a long way, but became so tired that I stopped to rest, and worked for a man for money to take me on the train. I

worked so hard that I became sick, and no one came to nurse me. I was so sick that I took the ring Rosa gave me and sold it to a young lady to get water for me to drink. I do not know where that little town is. It is on the side of a high mountain, in a country I had never seen. That girl's name was Jennie. She said she would give me the ring back when I got well, and one day when I was away from the house, taking a walk, I thought I would go back to that little home that I had bought. I walked on, and passed through many towns. I did not know their names. It seemed to me they were in a beautiful land, diversified by beautiful valleys and hills, but not like any place where I had ever lived. I walked abroad one day, and met Rosa. I spoke to her, but she did not answer me. I looked at her, and she turned away. I watched for her, but I did not see her again for a long time. I was looking for my home and the girl I had left. I traveled, oh, many miles, but I never came to the same towns or villages. I met one man whom I had seen somewhere. He was once a banker. He told me that he was now out of business. I told him I had a few dollars left, and I would share with him. He said that he was not in need of money, but of a home. He said he once had a pleasant home, but it was

now all lost to him, and that he was left to wander over the world without a single friend. I said I was looking for my home, that I had left. He asked me concerning my home, and while I was telling him, he listened very attentively some minutes, and then said: 'You are Frank Holton?' I answered in the affirmative. He said that my folks were hunting for me. I answered him by saying that I had no people. I had forgotten that I had any one but Rosa to look for. He then asked me if I was once a lawyer in some city or town. I said 'no.' It seemed that I had forgotten so much that I could not tell him anything about my past life. It seemed I was some one else all the time, and the time seemed so long since I met that man. I knew my head was aching badly while I was trying to talk with him, and he told me to go home to my folks, as it was the best thing I could do. He gave me this paper."

Looking into his vest pocket, he took out a crumpled note and gave it to Rosa to read. It was to Nellie C. Bailey, Wichita, Kansas, telling her to send the bearer of the note to his friends, as he could not find them, but no name was at the bottom to give any clue to its writer.

"I went to see that woman, but she was in a crowded house, and I could not get to her. I saw her sitting near the stand, dressed in deep

black. I knew she was Rosa's cousin. I waited very long for her to come out, but I went away without speaking to her. I went back the next day, and it was like the first. I could not find standing room. I went away, and never returned. I was afraid of the people. They would look at me as though I had committed some terrible crime, and even the policemen would look at me from head to foot, as if there was a thousand dollars on me. I have seen them take a good look at me, and then turn their backs on me, take out a pack of photograph cards and look at them to see if they had one to suit my appearance. Once I saw two of them together. They had both taken a glance at me, and I saw them put their cards together and their heads. I knew they were looking at me, and I left in a hurry. I was afraid they would take me for some other man, and wanted to get away. I kept away from the towns."

"How did you come here?" asked Rosa.

"I do not know. All I remember is that I was sick, and could not rise from my bed one morning, and they brought me here."

Rosa told him to rest for a time, and he turned his face from her and fell asleep. For hours he slept, and when aroused he would mutter a few words, and then fall again into a deep slumber.

Rosa and her father watched beside him with anxious care. She felt that her life would be brightest towards the close if Frank Holton survived, but he was growing weaker each day, and she lost all hope of his recovery, and grew faint-hearted again.

Yes, he was dying. Slowly he sank, until life was nearly extinct, when he aroused one day from his unnatural slumbers, and asked for Rosa. She was not at his bedside, and he gazed wildly about. She was summoned, and he smiled upon her, and held out his thin, emaciated hand to her. She took it, folded her left arm around his neck, and laid her cheek against his, while her eyes filled with tears.

“Rosa,” he said, “I am better, and I am going to get well at last. I have been sick a long time, and now I shall go home soon.”

He grasped her tighter, and his head fell over on her shoulder, and he breathed his last after a long life of wandering and suffering.

The piece of stone had injured his head and made him insane, and he had wandered about for years, until his health had failed him. He had been cured of that disease, when another and more fatal one, in the form of a fever, took possession of him.

Rosa was heart-broken. She could not be persuaded for some time that he was dead, as

he had been lost once before and brought back to her. She could hardly be made to believe that he had been taken away, to return to her no more in this life.

Arrangements were made to take him to his home in New York, but Rosa begged his brother to take him to her home, and the request was granted.

In the cemetery beneath a beautiful weeping willow they dug his grave. On that April day and in that same little church his remains were placed, and the little organ breathed out sad music over one who had been a listener to its music many years ago. No band played a dirge as they lowered him to his last resting place, but the mourners who followed the pall bearers were true mourners—Frank Holton's parents and his brother, and of all who were most sorrowful was his broken hearted and faithful Rosa. The grave was strewn with flowers and mosses, until all the fresh earth was hid from view. The flowers were tokens of friendship and esteem from those who knew him when he was living among them, as a noble and generous man. And as for Rosa, every one took particular care to let her see she was alone in her sorrow for the dead. She looked like a mournful yet a beautiful picture, as she stood at the head of the grave leaning on her father's

arm. She wore a heavy black silk, trimmed with folds of crape, and from her hat hung a veil of deep mourning, which fell gracefully about her slight form, and she appeared more beautiful to those who knew her than she had ever been before, and her anguish and sorrow was so plainly and painfully visible as they looked on that true and devoted woman as she stood looking into the grave where the idol of her young life was lying, that there was not one eye in that assembly that did not pay its tribute of tears. When the last rites had been paid to the departed friend and neighbor, and all had left, and Rosa was alone with her father at the grave, he drew her away, and urged her to calm her mind. She had done all she could do. Every day she visited that mound, and placed some token of love upon it, until it was a bed of choice and beautiful flowers. She would sit at the window, and look for hours toward the cemetery, with a saddened countenance. The passer by would almost stop when he beheld that sweet face so pale and careworn. Nellie has had her share of trouble, but it was not like that Rosa has suffered. Nellie lost her heart in searching for wealth, and Rosa's wealth was the one she loved, regardless of the gold he had. Rosa staid at home at work with her hands, assisting her mother

in household duties. She has no desire to leave her pleasant home for fashion's gilded palace.

Nellie is an active little body, ready to do her part in gaining the goods of the world. If she is compelled to look out for herself, she will take "old time by the forelock." She goes on attending to the sale of her book, and the trials of the suits she entered against the Bothamley estate, for the money and other property she claims as her own, the British Association and as the administrator of Bothamley's estate. They keep putting the trials off, causing delay of the publication of her book by withholding her means. She has made a great struggle to overcome all obstacles in regard to her, and has at last succeeded in placing before the public an account of her romantic life, and the income she will receive from it will probably make her independent, with the claims she holds against the Bothamley estate. She has put aside in a great measure the remembrance of her former trials and sufferings, and engaged in active business.

She is young and pretty. She loves fashionable people, and is stylish herself. She will not sit down and wait for death to take her out of the way, but she has too much to do to even stop and think what the world will say.

If she had hid away and kept herself from

public view, half the world would have believed her guilty. On the other hand, some will say she is too bold, she has come out to make her name more popular than it once was. Nellie lives to enjoy what she can of this life. As stated before, she makes her home at Halstead, with her parents, but she does not wish for them to support her. She is always busy. Her kind and pleasing manners makes her many friends, among her new acquaintances.

Rosa has led such a different life from that of her cousin Nellie. And of her the world can say no harm. She is not in anybody's way. She does not seek to destroy the happiness of any one else. She kept her heart for the one worthy of her hand. She loved her young lady associates, and they loved her because she was not selfish. But on the other hand, what will she do if misfortune should visit her parents, and rob them of their savings? She has not earned enough to buy herself a cheap muslin dress, independent of the direction and oversight of her parents, and how could she take up the heavy burden of supporting her aged parents, if by chance it fall to her lot? She has not the training and experience to be able to struggle alone in this cold and selfish world. And yet she is a pure and good woman, but would be almost helpless should misfortune

overtake her. The brothers of Frank Holton offered her Frank's property, but she refused to accept of it, and they took it under their care. His real estate in Kansas had become valuable, and had been well handled by the friend that he was connected with at the time of his disappearance. The property was disposed of, and a fine monument erected to Frank's memory. The home in Iowa was visited. Had poor Rosa visited that place she would have found many a little Relic to bring back the old love, with a deeper feeling of sympathy for the one who was lost so long. They were letters he had written to her, and sealed them, but did not know where to send. It seems that to remember the names of persons and places was his greatest difficulty, during his year of insanity. He had his home neatly arranged and comfortable too. His household pets were still there. The parrot would call out that Rosa wanted her supper, the pretty white dog greeted the strangers with a welcome wag of the tail, while the old maltese cat sat on the front porch, and bathed her eyes and then closed them, one at a time, to see what it all meant, so many strangers coming. The family having the place in charge had taken good care of it, and kept his books and papers as he had left them. They gave the parrot to Rosa, and the tender love

notes he had left. Of him the neighbors spoke in the highest praise. He was so industrious and honest. He did not do much of the hard work, but hired it done. He had a great deal of writing for different firms, and kept his farm up by skillful management. Never perhaps did any one suffer so much, and then die before he was conscious of what he suffered. The property was sold and his pets taken home to his mother. She had hoped that he would live, and when learning that he was lying so ill at St. Joseph she said he would not live, but had come back to die. She was in delicate health, and could not attend him in his last illness, and so was his only sister, Miss Nettie Holton. She was just recovering from an attack of fever, but as soon as her strength would permit she hastened to Rosa, and to visit the grave of her brother. Their meeting was a sad but an affectionate one. Rosa was sitting on the porch, her eyes dimmed with tears, and did not see the cab that had stopped at the front gate, nor the pretty little girlish form that alighted and came softly up the walk. The first she knew was the rustling of female attire near her, and a sweet voice said, "Rosa, I'm Nettie," and Rosa was held a prisoner in Nettie's arms, while tears bathed the cheeks of both. They had known each other for years, by corresponding.

When Nettie learned of Frank's and Rosa's betrothal, she wrote a letter of welcome to Rosa, and called her "sister," and after the mysterious disappearance of her brother, Nettie kept up the correspondence with Rosa, through all the weary weeks and months that had intervened between his disappearance and his death. To Rosa Nettie is dearer than any other living person. They roamed through the woods and gathered wild flowers for two months, and then Nettie returned home. The parting was almost heart-breaking to Nettie. The last tie seemed to be severed when Nellie left her. She had often received letters from Williams in California, and answered them as she would those of a brother, but by letters she received from Sadie that Williams is her constant companion, I hope she writes to Sadie that you and Williams write me in the same letter, the church has no organist, but Rosa says no, to their pressing invitations to take it again. "I have lived the youth of my life, and now I want to be alone." And we bid adieu to the broken hearted girl, and her many friends we have made the acquaintance of in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NELLIE'S ANCESTORS

WHEN Nellie went east to keep away from Shannon Bailey, she visited the old homestead in New Jersey, where her father was born. It had been the property of the Benthusen family for one hundred and fifty years.

Nellie found her grandfather sitting in one of the large, old-fashioned parlors, and near the grate, where a bright blaze of wood gave the room a cheerful appearance, as the air was chilly and damp. She walked in and introduced herself. She had never seen her grandfather, and he looked at her in great surprise.

"You are Frank's daughter," said he, holding the small white hand in his, looking steadily at her for a moment; "I should have known you, if I had met you in England. You are so much like Martha Foster's picture," and he led Nellie to a large parlor, the walls of which were covered with costly paintings.

"There," said he, "is my mother's sister, Martha Foster; you look like her, very much like her, indeed."

Nellie looked at the beautiful being on the

canvas, and felt flattered that she was like one who had been so famous in her time.

The old man looked from Nellie to the picture, until he was convinced that she was just like the one in the painting, and then led her back to the fire, and rang for a servant to come and show Nellie the best chamber, telling her to come down soon, as he wanted to relate to her about Martha Foster.

Nellie found herself in the chamber once occupied by Martha Foster for a long time. The home had belonged to the Benthusen family for generations. It was a grand old place, and was dearly loved by its occupants for the bright associations it had always had in its history. It was built by a brother of Robert Barclay in the year 1738. James Mercer, who was one of the brave soldiers of 1776, purchased the estate, and through him it came into the hands of the Benthusens, a family of Germans of good property and of the higher class of working people.

John Benthusen, the great grandfather of Nellie, married Mary Foster, sister of Martha Foster. When the Revolutionary War broke out, John Benthusen left his home and joined Washington. He was in the division under General Mercer, and when that General fell mortally wounded at Princeton, John Benthusen was the first comrade at his side. The

army at Valley Forge was grateful to John Benthusen, who proved himself to be a brave and kind-hearted comrade and soldier, buying with his own means large supplies of clothing for the suffering soldiers of Washington's army.

Nellie soon made her toilet and descended to the cozy parlor, to hear of Martha Foster. The old man drew a seat near to him, and told her if she wanted to hear him tell about that great woman, she must listen attentively, as it was a long story, and he was getting so feeble that he could not talk long at a time if interrupted.

Nellie sat down by the white-haired old man, and he began his story.

She could not remember all that he told her, but he said:

"I know you are a Benthusen, by that picture," and he looked again at Nellie, "but you can never be the heroine that Martha was."

"You know it was war times when she lived, and she was so brave and good," he continued. "She was the sister of my mother. Their father was a Highlander, and of one of the best Scotch families. He was a soldier in the English army against the French and Indians, and being disabled, was honorably discharged. His wife had died, and left him those two little girls to bring up. They attended the schools at Philadelphia, and at the opening of the Revolution he died,

leaving his daughters alone on this side of the Atlantic, without a relative to assist them.

“They had a small estate, but no means of support. Mary was betrothed to John Benthussen, and the wedding was hurried on. The sister was taken into the family, where she began her work.

“My father said he could remember so well how she began her work. It was when Washington camped at Morristown. There was news brought in that a squad of British soldiers were at a small town about eight miles from the residence of Benthussen. Washington had sent a scout to see if it was true. When the soldier reached the Benthussen mansion, he was taken very ill, not being able to go further on his errand. Knowing his whereabouts, and who he was with, he called Martha to his bedside, and asked her to find some one he could trust to go in his place. Martha told him she did not know of any one, but if he would trust her, she would go. He told her to be careful and not run into danger. The girl (she was only sixteen) hastened to her room, and soon returned equipped for her journey. The snow was deep, and the weather about as cold as it ever was here. She was wrapped in a heavy coat belonging to the cook. Her face was hidden by a veil, and when she took her seat in the little cutter, she looked

like some old servant woman going to market. She was driven to the town by the errand boy, who waited in the cutter until she purchased the articles she had written on a piece of paper. She had to have groceries, dry goods, meat, and medicines, so you see she had to go over all the town to find those articles, and had an opportunity of seeing most of the inhabitants before leaving. When she arrived, the first man she saw was a British soldier, and she soon learned that the town was thronged with them. She gathered all the information she could concerning them before she left, and returned home as quickly as possible, to relate what she had learned to the sick soldier. He wasn't able to leave his bed, and Martha offered to go in his stead to Morristown, Washington's headquarters. Equipped with his papers and a letter from the sick man to his commander, Martha set out again. She was attired as a fashionable belle on her second trip that day, and when the light cutter flew along the high road, those who saw her supposed she was on her way to attend a ball at Morristown, given by some of the wealthy citizens for the army officers.

When she sent up to the commander, he was astonished that the returns should be brought in by a lady, but when he met the little girlish

figure, he was astonished at the childish face and its extreme beauty.

“‘She is more than a beauty,’ he said to one of his officers; ‘words cannot express the pure, angelic loveliness of her features, and her fairy-like movements, and she is not conscious of her beauty, nor a flirt. — She is a noble girl,’ continued the commander, as he drew up the order sending out a company to rout the ‘red coats.’

“Martha returned home the next day, with the blessings of the commander following her to her cheerful home, and for some weeks the soldier remained at the house, too sick to return. Martha took care of him until he was able to return. During his stay in the house, an Indian came, begging for something to eat. When it was given him, he handed her a note addressed to ‘Martha Foster.’ She hastily read the note, and found it was from a neighbor who was a Tory in principle, informing her that the British had learned that a soldier was in her sister’s house, and that they intended to pay them a visit that day. Martha had the soldier to secrete himself in a large wardrobe, which she locked and put the key upon a shelf. She knew that the pretended Indian was only a friend disguised as such.

“That afternoon the yard was filled with British soldiers, and a thorough search was

made through the house, but it was fruitless, and they rode away, fully convinced that the soldier had gone. When the soldier returned to his camp, Martha sent a letter asking for work in the hospital. She was appointed head nurse, and kept her place during the year. She was the most efficient worker there. The sick were gladdened by her presence, and by the careful way in which their medicines and food were prepared; their beds were arranged more comfortable, and their letters were written more neatly by the little Jersey beauty. But she was not to stay there any longer than that year, 1776-7.

“In the spring of that year the Marquis de Lafayette came, bringing with him Baron de Kalb, the great German veteran. No sooner had he met the little American beauty than he asked for an introduction, and they soon became fast friends. Martha was a pure-minded woman, with an unusually active mind, and the German saw in her more than the beauty of her face and her graceful movements. He said that she was an engineer of the first class, without any training, and forthwith she was installed as his confidential clerk, and she remained with him and his command, with some of the wives of the American officers, until a change was made with the army from Morris-

town. Washington disposed his army so as to watch Gen. Howe, who seemed to hesitate whether to advance upon Philadelphia or to march by the valley of the Hudson. Men were needed by the American army as spies, and as the calling was a perilous one, not many would assume the task. Martha offered her services, and was accepted. She donned the attire of a farmer's daughter, and entered the British army at the head of Elk river, near Chesapeake bay. She had a basket of fruit to sell, and several times during the day entered the lines, carrying the open basket, with the finest of peaches and pears. Her beauty and retiring manners put the officers off of their guard, and they chatted away in the expected movement the army was to make. She took every word that was said, and by nightfall she knew that they were to advance upon Philadelphia. She was so indisposed that night, she had to leave the good old farmer and his wife, whom she had engaged to work for through the summer, and go home. She gave the farmer her earnings during the week to take her to Morristown. She arrived there about midnight. The next day Washington marched out with his men to Chad's Ford, on the Brandywine. The British commander was puzzled to know who had betrayed his plans."

“She then entered Philadelphia as a teacher. She had taken a select school of pupils in the languages from the wealthiest classes. Some were Tories, and some were of the British officers at Germantown. She was a careless listener, and silence is the road to knowledge. She learned again of the intention of Gen. Howe to capture some ports in the Delaware which prevented the British fleet from coming up the river, Washington having waited for an opportunity to make a blow at Germantown. Who let him into the secret of their movements? It was the little German teacher. She passed the winter in Philadelphia, and so did the British army. She could scarcely suppress the feelings that would rise in her heart when she would see the royalists enjoying all the luxuries that opulent city could afford, while her own people were living in rude huts, their only shelter, often destitute of food, and without blankets for the cold nights, and suffering for want of sufficient clothing to keep them warm, and the snow marked by the blood of their bare feet, as they marched. These hardships made the American soldiers cling closer than ever to the ties of brother, at the present time.”

“Martha was sent to investigate that intrigue against Washington known as the ‘Conway

cabal.' She went into it with a brave heart. She knew what Washington and his men were suffering at Valley Forge. She knew Washington was struggling against every obstacle to keep his army together, and the intrigue was set on foot to remove him from the chief command. When it became known, so great was the storm of indignation that burst from the army, the state legislatures, and the people, that the instigators of the movement cowered, ashamed or afraid to own the part they had taken in it. But they were more indignant at the one who had betrayed them. No one had the least suspicion of the pretty little dressing maid being the leader of the movement. The little maid had scarcely ever spoken, and she had shunned the company of men. No one could ever suspect it was a little girl who wrote the true facts of that intrigue to Washington, and was answered by him to the American people in one of the plainest letters ever written by the commander of a nation's army."

"Spring came, and on the 27th of June, 1776, a little milkmaid came into the camp of the American troops under command of Washington. She was seen talking to some of the officer until the chief came in. She handed him a note, and disappeared beyond the guards. The next day Washington pursued the foe at

Monmouth Court House, and the English were roughly handled. The little maid was missing. No one had seen or heard from her, and her sister was growing uneasy concerning her safety, when a letter was received from her. She was visiting in the beautiful valley of Wyoming, and in a few days the news came of that shocking barbarity perpetrated by that infamous Colonel, John Butler, who at the head of a thousand Tories and Indians, devastated that settlement, sparing neither age nor sex. The inhabitants had received warning the day before. A beautiful Indian girl had made her appearance, selling beaded moccasins. She stopped at every door, and where she met with an opportunity she told them to beware of the pale face and the red man, that they would come and kill all the people, but they did not heed the warning of the maid, and not until the enemy was at the door, did they remember the words of the precursor. She had spent weeks in the family of one of those officers, and started alone and on foot to warn those people. She had traveled back on the same road, and was taken to her friends in Philadelphia, who gladly received her. Winter was coming on, and she was tired of being away, and determined to spend a few weeks at home, but she was disappointed, for there was a work

for her in the city. There were traitors to be hunted out from among the aristocracy, and she was determined to do the work. Some one had to enter the family circles. With a faint hint or two as to who the parties were, she began the arduous task. She went into one family as a governess, and soon had the insight of family affairs, the coming in and the going out. She took notice that on certain days of the week the doors between the nursery and parlors were closed, and no one was allowed to leave the house at that time. Vinie, as she called herself, listened attentively to the movements in the parlors, and when the footsteps began to recede she went to her room upstairs in the third story, and there she saw the British officers, whom she knew personally, attired in citizens dress, enter a closed carriage, and were driven rapidly away. She hurried down with a bottle of camphor, and went to her lessons. She was asked in to play for the family that evening. She was a fine pianist, and as she played and sang for her superiors, as they supposed, she saw a crumpled note lying on the side of the piano case, but had no way of picking it up at that time, but carelessly brushed her sleeve against it and brushed it further out of sight to a careless observer. She was so anxious to obtain the note, that she could

scarcely sleep that night. The next day was the same to her. There lay that note, and she was so anxious to know its contents, and she must secure it before the men came again, for if it was of any value to her she must have it before it was missed by them. The night before they had been accustomed to visit the house from all appearances, Vinie took her favorite piece of music with her, and when through playing laid it directly over the secreted note, and on going out she picked up the music and caught the note between her fingers. She tightened her grasp upon it until she was out of the room, and not until she thought every one in the house was asleep, did she dare to unroll the piece of paper.

‘Just think of that girl, alone in the hands of her enemies. If she was known to them, with no one to protect her! These thoughts passed through her mind as she shaded the lamp to read the prize, if it were to prove so. It was strait, and she read the contents. it was a list of items from some spy within the ranks of the American army, giving the British every movement. She put it in the folds of a heavy shawl, and was soon asleep. The next morning she was compelled to go to the post-office, and throwing the shawl carelessly around her shoulders, she tripped down town. She

met two or three whom she had known in Morristown, and sped on her way as though she was at home. The letter was posted, and she returned to the duties of the day. That afternoon the doors were closed as usual, but Vinie did not leave her work. She went on busily, not hearing the commotion, and hoarse loud tones, and then, when the doors were opened, the mistress of the house was crying bitterly, and wringing her hands in great distress, saying, as the governess entered: 'Oh! Vinie, the Americans have taken my father and husband from me. There they go, see those villains of soldiers?'

"Poor Martha Foster trembled in her shoes as she saw and recognized those soldiers. She knew one to be her sister's husband, and the other a foreign officer of Washington's staff, and they had four men in charge, dressed in citizen's garb."

"'What is the cause of this?' asked the girl, innocently.

"'Carelessness,' said the lady. 'One of those men dropped a note I gave him, and some one picked it up on the sidewalk, and now I am ruined.'

"The brave hearted girl felt as though she had done wrong, although she knew every turn taken to weaken the enemy was that much

force added to the aid of the Colonies. She tried to console the distracted woman, but she could not find courage to speak the words she wished to, and as her heart was not in sympathy with the traitor, she sought the nursery again, but she was called out by the lady, to keep her company.

“‘I want you to stay with me until I send you away,’ said her employer.

“‘Vinie, as they called her, had to take charge of the house and be the companion of its proud and haughty mistress, who had become one of the humblest of women. She had meddled where she had no business, and was now reaping the tares instead of the golden grain. The day passed, and night brought no tidings of the absent men, and the wife and daughter became inconsolable. She knew her husband and father would be hung as spies, and begged of Vinie to go and plead for them. She promised that she would, and the next day the little governess waited on the American commander, and was granted an interview. She returned with the message that the men would be kept in camp until the British gave up some of the American citizens they were holding. The little teacher conversed with the prisoners, and returned with a light heart. But trouble was brewing for her. In her absence some one had sug-

gested that Vinie was the Morristown spy, and when she had told all the news she had picked up for the deeply grieved woman, she was startled by the question from the one she had done so much to console:

“Do you know Martha Foster, the Morristown spy?”

“I have read of her, and have seen her picture often,” answered the girl. “Why do you ask?”

“I was told to-day that you are Martha Foster, and have caused me all this trouble.”

“Go bring your witnesses to prove I am she, and I will bring mine to prove that I am only Vinie Lee.”

“These words baffled the lady, and she said:

“I told them you are too frail and delicate to be such a notorious character as Martha Foster.”

“The little governess was shocked to hear Martha Foster called ‘notorious,’ but she did not answer the last sentence. She thought for a moment of where she had been and what she had done. By those who knew her personally, she was looked upon as she should have been, but her name had reached beyond those who knew her, and she was looked upon as one devoid of all lady-like principles. The conversation was turned upon other subjects, and

the matter was soon forgotten by the lady of the house, but the governess could not so easily get it off her mind. The next morning she packed her trunk, and soon the old four-wheeled stage coach was carrying her to Morristown, leaving the lady of her last acquaintance to procure some one else to teach her children or take them in hand, and leaving the political field for those who had the discretion to keep their families out of trouble. Martha went home—this was her home—and remained here some three months, resting and visiting her sister, and then came the echoing of the cannon at Egg Harbor, and once more the pretty girl left her home and went to Washington's camp. It was in the autumn of 1778. But little change had taken place, and some one was to be sent to the French government with a sealed package. Washington conversed with Martha upon the subject, and decided to send her. She entered upon the task by getting her wardrobe together, and three weeks later her arrangements were made, and she sailed for a foreign land, accompanied by two or three ladies and gentlemen who were going on private business. Silas Deane, Arthur Lee and Benjamin Franklin had preceded her some months before, and when she arrived at the French capital, she was met by the three com-

missioners and escorted before the French throne. Attired in her richest dress, with no ornaments save a pearl necklace, she stood before the French monarch, Louis XVI., who received the trembling girl with a genial smile, as she delivered to him the package entrusted to her by the chief of the American armies. Standing there by the side of Franklin, she looked like a Queen by the side of that sage, of whom men imagined they saw in him a sage of antiquity come back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns, as said a celebrated French historian, and the lady by his side looked like one of the fairies of the South.

“She spent most of her time during her stay in the capital at the court. She was gifted with superior powers of language, and was always ready with her sparkling wit to delight those she entertained. At the court balls and parties she was the acknowledged belle, but she only had her mind set upon one thing, and that was the success of her country. When she bade adieu to that capital and returned home, she little surmised that she would again return to it some day to ask the pardon of a great and good man, whom his country saw fit to imprison. She came home loaded with precious gifts for her suffering country. Among them

was a ship loaded with arms and ammunition for the American army. The French government thus secretly was aiding the Colonies, although afraid to risk a war with its old enemy, Great Britain.

“Martha made Philadelphia her home for some time, and there made the acquaintance of Emanuel Lentze, the noted painter, who put upon canvas that magnificent scene of ‘Washington at Princeton,’ and that of ‘Lafayette in Prison. Of Lentze she said he was grand in appearance, though of German birth, and that he was purely American in his manner and disposition. He had lost the German traits of character.”

“Who painted that picture of her in there?” asked Nellie.

“It was Lentze when in his youth. It was a grand picture then, and he had a good subject, too.”

“Who does the picture belong to now?” she again asked.

“It is mine,” answered the old man. “It was the property of John Benthussen, and he left it to be handed down through the family, and it is never to be removed from this house.”

“Was this all Martha Foster done?” asked Nellie.

“No,” said the old man. “She was not idle

a moment until the close of the war. She was a dispatch bearer for the great Baron Steuben, and was the most efficient to be found. She was generally attired as a farmer's daughter, or as a servant, and so retiring when in the company of the opposite sex, that no one could find a word of disrespect to utter against her. She stood out so pure, free and useful, that the soldiers all knew the dispatch bearer as 'Little Kittie Dale,' and there hangs in the art gallery at Philadelphia a grand picture of 'Little Kittie Dale,' painted by Copley. You must go and see 'Little Kittie Dale,' Nellie. She is so innocent and so intelligent looking. There sits her market basket by her side, on an old log, and she is secreting some papers in the lining of her hat, while she is looking back toward a dense wood, as if expecting some one to come out, or some one is secreted there watching her. She was the pet of all who knew her, and yet, Nellie, she was good. She never loved but one man, and I will tell you of him after I relate to you other deeds of her bravery. Even old General Wayne, rough man though he was, became a different person in her presence. 'She is the only earthly angel I have ever seen,' said he to one of his staff officers one day, as she rode off after delivering to him a message from the commander-in-chief, a few days before the

taking of Stony Point. Gen. Anthony Wayne was right, I think, for she was neither proud or vain, nor was she selfish or ill-tempered, which spoils so many of our pretty women.

“The night Wayne marched over mountains and through deep morassy ground to take a fort opposite Stony Point, she carried the order from General Washington to Wayne to remove all the stores and arms and destroy the works. It was midnight when she passed the outposts, and just as she came up with the General and his staff, the battle commenced. She delivered the message, and amid the whir of bullets rode out of the lines. That night she wore a boy’s cap and overcoat. She was too modest even to put a man’s hat on to disguise herself until that night. Some time after that she came home to spend the winter. It was known as the ‘Hard Winter.’ Washington and his troops were encamped at Morristown. Then came the revolt of the Pennsylvania troops, and the frauds practiced by some of the officers, which made the gloom of the winter darker and more discouraging than had been the real war. Martha soon sailed again for Europe, with a package from the hands of Robert Morris, the financial agent of the General Government. Through Morris’ exertions, you know, times began to brighten up, and men looked forward to the

close of the war at that time. Martha came home sick, and remained there a short time.

“The armies were changing. General Greene had superceded Gates, and was sending out troops to the western part of the boundery. Among the young officers was a cousin of General Morgan’s, Colonel John York. York was sent to Washington with some message, and on his return was entertained here at the home of John Benthusen, by his wife and sister. The young officer was well entertained by the patriotic women, and as he was detained often in making the journey back and forth from one place to another, he found it convenient to stop at the residence here, and to Martha it was a pleasure too, for she liked to converse on the various topics of interest concerning the war, and she soon began to grow anxious for his coming. She was watching the highway often unconscious of what she was doing, thinking of the gallant young officer who rode away not many days before. After many calls, and after spending the first night in this house, Colonel York began a correspondence with his new acquaintance, Martha Foster.

“‘I have their letters here, I will show them to you some day,’ said the old man to Nellie, breaking in upon the story he was relating. “They became friends, and at last he persuaded

Martha to promise to become his wife. They were to wait until the close of the war.

“Colonel York was of English birth, but was brought up in this country, and had all the true patriotic principles of his adopted country well imbosomed within his heart.

“Martha had met so many men, and been flattered by them, but to that young man she had given her heart. She knew he was not rich in this world’s goods, but he was noble in appearance, and still he had a mind well stored with knowledge. Martha was proud of that man, you may be sure, but he ceased to write, and two weeks passed with the deepest suspense and anxiety on her part, when the news came of General Greene’s retreat across North Carolina into Virginia, closely followed by the British.

“Colonel York was missing, and many weeks passed before tidings came of him. There came to General Greene one day an Indian girl bearing a scrap of paper, on the one side the words, ‘I am still living,’ on the other side, ‘John York.’

“General Greene sent the note to Martha, who had asked so meekly for any information concerning Colonel York, and learning where the note came from, she determined to see him once more if alive. She knew if he was with

the Indians he was in great danger, and if in the hands of the English, they would not take care of him if he was sick or disabled. She went immediately to General Greene, and he gave her a paper to carry her through his lines to the pickets of the British army. She entered the army of the enemy with a message for Lord Cornwallis from General Greene. Cornwallis heard her through, and taking a sheet of paper, wrote a few lines upon it, and placed his seal on it. Martha took the pass Cornwallis gave her, and retraced her way back to the American lines. She was permitted to take Colonel York's horse, a noble black steed by the name of 'Chester.' Mounted on Chester's back she started out among the Indians and British Tories, to learn the fate of her lover. When scolded for undertaking such an arduous task, she replied, 'I can save him. I can do so much for a fellow being. If I cannot find him, life is nothing to me.'

"General Greene had sent out scouts to search for him, and had failed to find any trace of him. It was well understood that he was wounded in the skirmishing, but no one knew when, or where he was left.

"'Little Kittie Dale,' as she was known, sat upon the back of this noble steed, and rode out of camp in search of the missing man.

“‘She did not do all this in one day,’ replied the old man to Nellie’s question, “How long was she in getting ready?”

“She was a week in getting started out. She did not go to the Indian villages, but to the wigwams in the outskirts of the settlements. She was growing so weary and hungry towards sundown the second day she was out, when she saw Chester prick up his ears, and in a few seconds he stopped perfectly still, and she bent forward and listened. The notes of some small musical instrument came floating to her ears, and Chester shook the whole surrounding forest with a loud neigh. She urged him on, and there beneath the wide spread branches of an elm, was a small wigwam, and it seemed to be crowded with Indian women and children, who were listening to the music of a French pocket harp. When she drew nearer, Chester neighed and pranced for a few seconds, until the little rider on his back was in danger of being entangled in the branches of the tree. The residents of the forest came out to see the pale faced squaw, and gathered about her in perfect simplicity. The music had ceased, and in a few seconds the musician made his appearance at the door, leaning on a cane. There the soldier stood, and how the little woman ever dismounted she does not know, but she was soon

clasped in the arms of her lover. Chester fondled over his master's shoulder, and caressed his hands, while the dusky matron and maids looked on in amazement at the doings and conversation of the two pale faced people.

“Colonel York must return with his little preserver, and giving the squaw who had taken care of him, his gold sleeve buttons and harp, he mounted Chester, and taking the brave girl up behind him, they rode away, amid the cheers of the Indians. Colonel York went to his parents in Virginia, to be under good medical treatment, for he was wounded in the left side, so as to disable him from the duty of a soldier's life. But he only grew weaker, and in a few months the family sent for Martha, and when she came to that bedside the soldier had breathed his last. The long suffering was over, and once more a young life was left a blank. The funeral over, Martha returned home, so pale and sad that you would not have known she was the same brave woman of two years before.

“Then was the time Washington was concentrating his troops at New York, with those of the French under Rochambeau, for an attack on that city. Washington sent for the little dispatch bearer. She was glad to get away from this lonely place, and repaired to Wash-

ington's headquarters. The commander sent her to find out the plan of the British at New York.

“Clinton, the British commander, was watching the American forces, divining that they intended to attack Yorktown. For some time she was busy with her work among the British, but what she did to keep from being surprised as a spy, she did not write in her diary. She was almost every time a teacher or ladies' maid. She says she learned that Sir Henry Clinton, and that traitor Arnold, were divining an attack upon Yorktown. Arnold was to be sent with a body of Tories and Hessians, to Connecticut, to draw away the American forces from Yorktown. We all remember the terrible massacre of Colonel Ledyard and his men, by that infamous traitor.

“Martha could not reach Washington in time to save those men, but Sir Henry Clinton was left till the last of the British generals, who held his command until the articles of peace were signed. She says of him ‘that she despised him from the first time she saw him.’ Of the French she spoke in the highest terms. It was the Marquis de Lafayette and his family that brought her before the foreign courts. You know that after the close of our war, Lafayette returned to his own country, and after

some years was thrown into prison. She was then visiting in London. The news of the imprisonment of the Marquis de Lafayette in 1792 was filling the heart of every American with sorrow and grief. He had come to them in their hour of darkness and need, and what could they do for him while he was confined in that Austrian prison, where the rain pattered down upon him in that dismal dungeon, where the rays of the sun were not allowed to enter. There, upon a bed of rags and straw, nine feet below the surface of the earth, was stretched the form of that noble man. And to the Americans, whose freedom he had fought for, it was a question how to reach him. Martha Foster was in London, and setting out for Paris she consulted Mr. and Mrs. Monroe. There in one of the French prisons was Madame Lafayette and two of her children. Mr. Monroe insisted that something must be done for the family of our benefactor. Accordingly Mrs. Monroe set out, accompanied by her friend, Martha Foster, to visit the authorities at court, and have leave granted them to visit the wife of Lafayette. The elegant carriage, bearing the coat of arms of the American minister, drove up, and the two ladies descended, and waited upon the officials. Martha pleaded with them for the liberty of the wife of the French officer. They

promised her to attend to it soon. But what suspense was the prisoner and her friends in. None but an American girl, unknown, and the friend of a person in prison, would have dared to approach that austere band of cut-throats at the head of the European governments at that time. None but America's brave daughter would have dared to have mentioned the name of Lafayette or his family within the walls of the court. What did they do. Mrs. Monroe and her young companions paid Madame Lafayette a visit. The carriage of the American ambassador stops at the door of the keeper of the prison, and the ladies alight. They entered, and Mrs. Monroe asked for the Marchioness Lafayette. The keeper was astonished, and going to the cell, he informed his prisoner that she was wanted above. She expected each day would be her last, as the executioner's axe was taking the heads of her friends on every side. It was with the assistance of her keeper she was able to climb the steps, and when in the parlor, where she expected to meet her sentence, and be carried out to the guillotine block, to her great surprise there stood an American lady, waiting to take her in her outspread arms and kiss her. She was Mrs. Monroe. The heart-broken lady broke down, and wept over the respect shown her. Being as-

sured that she had all America as her friends, she grew calmer, and when the carriage drove away she returned to her cell with brighter hopes for the future. Martha was aroused beyond all power to hold her tongue, for the first time in her life, and it was well for her and her friends that the officers of the French court did not hear what she had to say about Madame Lafayette's imprisonment. She left Mrs. Monroe in Paris, and repaired to the Austrian capital. What could she do among a set of such rough men as were wont to be at such a place, and at such times? She did not have the politeness of the French nation to deal out pleasant words to her, whether they came from the heart, or were only spoken through courtesy. The gruff old German, with his breath well perfumed with lager beer, met her, and asked way down in his throat, what she wanted, before she had time to take out her papers, showing the nature of her errand. She was almost startled and confused at the manner in which she was received, but she could not turn back, and composed herself the best she could. She was granted an interview with the Marquis, there in his prison cell, and conveyed to him the tidings of the promised safety of his wife and children by the French government. She spoke to him of the feelings towards him and

his family in America, and how anxious the people were to have him among them again, to show to him the respect and gratitude they cherished for him. That was the only ray of sunshine that fell in that cell during his confinement, which lasted five years.

“Martha returned home loaded with honors won abroad. She was courted and flattered at the foreign courts. She left a good name wherever she went, and the whole civilized world was ready to bow at her feet. When she returned to Morristown, she visited the grave of her soldier lover, and had a monument erected to his memory, at her own expense. She was paid by the government for the service she had rendered it during the Revolutionary war. She told her sister one day that she only wished to live to see Lafayette return to America, and she was counted her wish.

“To-morrow,” said the old man, “I will show you the relics of the Revolutionary War, and the presents she received abroad.”

Nellie retired that night, filled with wonder and admiration for that distant relative of whom she had heard so much within the last few hours.

Her father had spoken of Martha often, and of the fine painting of her from the brush of Copley, but Nellie had never dreamed that one

with such a plain name could have been so famous.

The next day Nellie must hear more of the great woman, and see the beautiful presents. They visited the picture again. Such a lovely and sweet face. There was nothing harsh or ill-bred about it. The artist's work was fine, and finer still was the subject which he had represented. They looked at it long, and Nellie could trace her own features to some extent in the face before her.

They went to the large kitchen, and there she was shown the mode of preparing a meal in those days.

"My mother and Martha were both good cooks," said the old man. "Martha could bake the best bread ever eaten. They were not like you young ladies of to-day, fishing for some man to keep you without work, and buying all you eat from the bakery. No; they baked their own bread and made their own butter, browned the coffee they used, and raised the yellow-legged chickens. They were the women who owned this house, and made it the most pleasant home in the State of New Jersey. I tell you, Nellie, women are getting lazy; they are getting restless, and out of that grows sin. I know women were better then than they are now. They all want to have white hands and

small feet now. It is a disgrace for a young lady to wear No. 4 shoes nowadays. Don't you know it to be so? Here are Martha's slippers, as she left them. I have them put back, when they are taken down during house cleaning. You see she did not pinch her toes; here are the broad-toed, thick-soled slippers, No. 4, and when she came to prepare a meal, you didn't see her limping or moving as though she had just escaped from some steamboat accident or railroad smash-up, and she done a great deal of cooking. She always prepared the meals set before strangers. I feel so badly that we cannot have those days back again, but they are gone, like those who lived to bless us at that time. Here are Martha's muffin tins, and this is the bowl that she beat the meal in when she could not buy it at the store. This is the old-fashioned crane that has hung here ever since the house was built, and here are the skillets and lids, and the frying pan with its long iron handle. There are the cooking utensils that belonged to the famous beauty. She was not fond of being called pretty, and was not easily flattered. She was the most industrious woman I ever knew," continued the old man, as he led the way upstairs into the large chamber where Nellie had slept the night before.

"Martha didn't have any carpet on the floor,

but just costly matting about the furniture, but I always liked to see a nice warm carpet, and had this put down a few years ago."

To Nellie it had the appearance of having been put down only a few months, as nowadays the carpets must be torn up twice during the year. The furniture was elegant and massive, and must have been very costly at the time it was in style.

"Here," said the old man, "is the closet that Martha hid that sick soldier in." and opening the door, he showed a small room hung full of clothing of very rare materials.

"These are the dresses Martha wore. When she went away the last time she had on a blue cloth. It was very nice, they said."

"When did she die?" asked Nellie.

"I do not know. She may be living yet. I will tell you more about her to-morrow. Now here in this old oaken chest are some of her keepsakes. This is the little harp by which she found Colonel York at the Indian wigwam. After his death she grieved so much for him. I went with her, and she gave them some pieces of gold for it, rolled it up in this white silk handkerchief, and laid it away here with the many other presents that he made her. This is a diamond ring he gave her when they were first engaged, and this is a necklace Baron de

Steuben gave her when she left his writing desk. She was a fine writer, and especially a copyist, and made good wages. This is her pen, the long goose quill inserted in a beautiful holder made of gold and set with pearls. Here is a linen handkerchief she wore around her neck when at her household duties. This pin is a present from Louis XVI., of France, when she visited the French court to obtain aid for the American government. It is in the form of a cross, set with a beautiful diamond. It is just as she left it, sticking in the same place. This block of wood is a piece of the throne upon which the King of France was seated when she saw him first. She obtained it after he was executed. This is a letter from Madame Lafayette after her release, and her first visit to her husband in the Austrian prison. Here is a bunch of letters from her most noted friends, among them Washington and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Monroe.

“There,” said the old man sadly, “are the letters from Colonel York. They are bound with a blue satin ribbon, and then bound in black. They are the best written letters I have ever read. They should be published for the benefit of the young people of to-day. This package contains her answers to them. See what a fine hand she has written the answers

in. This jaunty little cap is the one she wore when they knew her as 'Little Kittie Dale.'

It was a turban of English make, lined with dark red silk, and the ear-laps were made in with the cap. The silk edge around it was not soiled or worn.

"This is the dress she wore when she went into Clinton's camp. It was dark calico, and cost seventy-five cents per yard. There are some of the pebbles she picked up in the cell where Lafayette was imprisoned. They are to show how little respect the Austrians had for those whom they considered their enemies. That poor man slept on the floor of his cell, covered with straw. Only a thin layer of straw and some old rags made his bed for five years. This is a piece of pencil she picked up on the streets the day the news came of the treaty of peace. She had two large note books, full of closely written notes. Many an author has read them, and used them as references. This is a goblet the French Minister made her a present of while she was in Paris. It came from the royal table. Here are chests full of household ornaments that were presented to her in this country and across the sea, while this one contains all kinds of silverware that she purchased while abroad. Here is a silver cup, lined with gold, given her at some fair,

with the pet name 'Little Kittie Dale,' inscribed upon it."

The old man had now grown tired of showing the articles that had once been Martha's and talking about what she had done in assisting the soldiers of 1776.

It is true she was a brave and noble woman, thought Nellie, but he has not told me when she died, or where she was buried. The old man took Nellie through the mansion, with its massive doors and long halls, where a stranger's foot seldom treads. There alone he lives, with two or three servants to do his work and take care of him in his declining years.

"I would like to go west," said he; "I would like to see the broad rolling prairies, but I have been too ailing for the last twenty years to go so far from home."

He took his seat again at the grate. The andirons were fine and costly. The front of them stood two feet above the grate, and were curiously wrought, and the mantel was of fine white marble, brought from the Old World. Nellie reclined in the old chair, once so grand, and compared the home where her father was brought up with her home in the West. Would she exchange the bright, happy and cheerful homestead for that grand old mansion, so dark and gloomy in its surroundings?

"Nellie, I am glad you have come," said the old man. "It has been so long since I have seen any of my kin. They all follow the setting sun, and never think of me. I have lived here ever since your grandmother died, and I want some one of my family to come and have a home with me."

"I must hear more about Martha Foster," said Nellie.

"Well," said the old man, "where did we leave off?"

"You spoke of Lafayette, and his coming to America."

"Yes, yes," continued the old man, "Martha stayed here with my mother, and oh, so much she was doing all the time. She was with Mrs. President Madison and some other ladies when the British took the capitol, and I remember how excited she was when she came home. It had been then three months since she left. It was Sunday night, and all the clerks were busy packing up valuables in the capitol. Only a few hours had passed before the panic-stricken people began to cross the Potomac bridge, leaving the city, while on the other side came the red-coated soldiers of the British army.

"It was on August 24, 1814, and the day had been extremely hot, and as the King of Day disappeared, the dust and heat seemed to grow

more intense, and everybody rushed from their homes to seek shelter across the Potomac river. As they left the city, the roads were lit up by the light of the burning buildings. The enemy had applied the torch, and the citizens knew they would be homeless ere the morrow's sun.

“Martha said she never passed such a night as that was, out on that highway, without any shelter, and the clouds looming up against the sky showed signs of a storm. It came before the break of day. The worst storm that had ever come upon Washington. It was a terrible hurricane. It tore the boughs from the trees above their heads, and laid them at their feet with a crash, while the quilts they were wrapped in became saturated with the heavy rain until they could no longer be kept around their bodies, and they sat down under the trees, waiting for their time to die. The road was one sheet of water, and the wind was carrying large pieces of timber and pebbles along in its course. The glare of the light from the burning buildings in the city grew dim as the rain increased, and when the storm had abated, they could not see the glimmer of a single light where they had left their homes, and where slept the nation's foe. They sat there in silence until day dawned, and they could see to travel. They walked five or six miles

before they could get a bite of bread and meat to appease their rising appetites. They had been waiting for the catastrophe for several days, and had eaten scarcely a morsel, but after the storm, and knowing that most of the citizens had escaped without bodily injury, felt their appetites returning. But they were not joyous, by any means. They could see with their spy-glasses that the capitol and all the other public buildings were destroyed. They went out about ten miles, and begged a place by a kitchen fire to dry their clothing. Their trunks had gone somewhere in the country, they did not know where; they were hauled away in a large wagon.

“Martha would tell us all this when we were small children. For weeks they had to depend upon the charity of the farmers, until the red-coats were driven out of the city. Martha was with entire strangers. She had lost herself among the throng, and could not find those with whom she had started away from the city. There were a good many women and children with her during the storm, and those she had never seen. She said she had been through the forests alone, where only the Indians and wild beasts roamed at their will, and she had been in the enemy’s camp, where she expected to be detected every moment as a spy,

but none of her experiences were as dreadful as that night the capitol of the United States was burned.

“The British suffered too by that hurricane. They were unaccustomed to the heavy forests of America, and the intense heat almost prostrated them, and when the storm broke upon them they sought shelter wherever they could find a retreat. They broke ranks heedless of all their leaders could do, while some were killed by flying timbers, and some were killed by buildings falling on them, where they had sought safety. The roofs were taken off of houses, and carried like sheets of paper through the streets. Many citizens were killed too, and it seemed to be sent on the British for destroying that town, where it did not benefit them in the least. They wanted to trample us down again. They had not forgotten some of the battles they lost in the Revolutionary war, and were taking revenge. They were discouraged after that storm. They said the very elements were against them; that the God of battles had forsaken them.

“Martha always made her home in Washington after it was evacuated by the British, until she went away. When Lafayette came, she was one of the committee to receive him at Morristown. You know that was a glorious

time for the old soldiers, and those who took part in the struggle for liberty, to show to the world that they were true to those who had befriended them in their hour of need. My mother said she never saw Martha appear so queen-like as on that day, and when she met the Marquis on the speaker's stand, the large concourse of people kept applauding them for some time; for every one knew she was the American lady who had visited him in prison away in that foreign land. There is a gold medal in one of her trunks, that the government gave her for that daring deed.

“The day Lafayette came here to Morristown, the roads were decked with arches of flowers, and the plat from where he stood was one bed of flowers. But when he was gone, all Martha's work seemed to be done. She was getting along in years, and had nothing to live for. She made several trips to Europe, and there was a great ado among the Americans, when she went to any of their large cities, but she grew tired of the flashy show of the world. She went to the grave of Colonel York one day, and worked most of the day arranging the flowers, and came home with a sore throat. She was an old woman, but she looked to be near thirty when she was near seventy. She retired that night, and the next morning she

was missing at the breakfast table, and when the servant was sent to her room, she was found dead. The people came from every place almost to attend her funeral. When Colonel York was buried, they brought him here to Morristown, because he wanted to be buried near his fellow soldiers, and with Martha by his side. They laid her away in a white winding sheet, and with a laurel wreath on her brow, and as the procession started the old town clock began to strike. It had not given a stroke for many years until that very day. It did not stop until it had counted sixty-six, her age, and then it stopped and has not given another stroke since.

“Nellie had heard the last of her noted relative from the old man. He picked up his pipe and began to smoke, while Nellie wandered out on the broad verandah, and thought of the times long past, and of the great woman who had called this same place home. She went back to the parlor, and her grandfather was waiting to tell her another story of these early times.

“When the French began a war among themselves, Talleyrand fled from France to England, and from England to America. You know he was missing about the same time Lafayette was, from their country. Lafayette took a

wrong road, and the Austrians made him a prisoner. There came to my father about that time a stranger, and asked for the landlord. Mother invited him in, to await father's return from town. When he came in, mother noticed he was dressed in the finest of cloth, and his bearing and accent were of the pure French. When father came in, he handed him a large card, upon which was writing in French. Father took it and read it, and rising up from his seat the two men shook hands. The stranger remained with us for some time. I was only a little child then, but I can see that man walking around like a caged tiger. He never worked any, and had plenty of money. Father called him Mr. Taylor, and when we went to church he would go to town and sit on the doorsteps of the postoffice and read until we came by, and then he would get in the carriage and ride home again. He staid with us for some months, and then left one day just as mysteriously as he appeared. Dinner was on the table, and when the bell rang he did not come in, and in looking about it was plain he had left. Father said he would be back some day ; that he had business in Washington city. Months passed by and he came again, and passed the winter with us. He had nothing to occupy his time with, but to cut the sticks of

kindling up, which were piled in the corner near the grate here. I knew mother would scold about it when he was out. She would say an American would find something to do, before they would sit in the house all winter through with nothing to do; that they would get out and find some employment. But these old men from the Old World thought they were too good to help themselves. When spring came he went away, and we never saw him again, and mother said she could not learn anything about him, only that he was a noted Frenchman, who had come to seek shelter among the American people. And years afterward father received this gold headed cane, with a note thanking him for all his kindness and hospitality shown to the donor, Talleyrand. You see father knew all the time who our guest was, and would not disclose the secret after he was gone, and if the cane had never come we would have never known what had become of our guest."

Nellie bid adieu to her aged grandfather in a few days, and went to Newark to visit an aunt, Mrs. Tichenor. She found her aunt in a large, commodious house of modern style, and she, too, lived alone, with only the servants for company.

Mrs. Tichenor was a very feeble woman, hav-

ing just health enough to keep alive, and that was all. Nellie found her aunt's home to be very lonely, and she could not ride out with her, had to go out alone a great deal. She was seated in a one-horse buggy one day, driving along a lane some miles from her aunt's residence, and stopped to get a drink of water at a farm house near the roadside. An aged lady came out and brought her a glass to drink out of. As she handed the glass to Nellie, she exclaimed:

"You are a sister of Martha Foster!"

Nellie told her she was a distant relative, and that was all.

"You look just like Martha did," continued the old lady. "I have seen her so often, and she was always the same friendly woman one day as she was the next time you met her. I am glad you have come to take her place."

But Nellie had nothing to do, as her kinswoman had, and she felt as though she was walking on holy ground when she heard that Martha had been there, in that same place. She felt proud that her ancestors had been of some use to the world. If she could not attain to what they were, she would try to do the best she could. Thus she mused, as she slowly rode back to her aunt's home in Newark.

THE END.



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