

Mr. Greene walked in, took a seat, and said:—"Just the identical. It could not be better if he were playing into my hands. Ah! the boy did not go into the private office, I must lose no time, but listen; I hear someone talking. My word, what's that. I hear they want to corner the corn market." He just managed to get up, and get to his seat when Mr. Smith came out, and asked him into his office. "Well, Sir, what can I do for you?"

Mr. Green:—"I am broker, and I have some corn stock to sell."

Mr. Smith look at Mr. Jones rather suspiciously, wondering what to say.

Mr. Jones chimes in:—"Ve have vought near—ly all der corn in der varket."

Mr. Smith:—"Oh! you dam fool, I thought I told you before, not to say anything."

Mr. Jones:—"Vel I am sor—ry, but I thought per—haps der gent—le—man vight have some vore to sell."

Mr. Green thought it time to get to work:—"They have said quite sufficient to convict themselves." Mr. Jones got very excited by this time, so Mr. Green made a go for it. He pulled out his handcuff with one hand, with the other a revolver, and pointed it at them, and said:—"Well, you are the gentlemen I am looking for," and there was trouble. Jones and Smith tried to take the revolver away, but in doing so, the revolver went off accidentally and shot Mr. Smith, and killed him on the spot; Mr. Jones got so nervous he let the detective handcuff him quite easily; Mr. Green took all the important papers he could see, rang up the first police station, and asked them to send a man at once. They soon came and took charge of the place, their orders were not to let anybody in or out.

Mr. Jones on his way to the station said:—"That is trouble, I der tink dat you Eng—le—ish did not know anything, vut now I do."

Mr. Green did not say anything to the prisoner on their way to the station, but when he arrived, handled him over to the inspector.

Mr. Hole:—"Is this the man I sent you for?"

Mr. Green:—"Yes, yes."

Mr. Green made his statement as clearly as possible about the man that was shot accidentally.

Mr. Hole:—"Did you station any police there?"

Mr. Green:—"Yes, yes."

Mr. Hole:—"What is this man's name, Detective Green."

Mr. Green:—"Mr. Jones, otherwise Otto Zimmermann."

Mr. Hole to the prisoner:—"What is your right name?"