

# AN UNSUSPECTED CRIMINAL.

While I was journeying through Denmark as a young man, my stay at Copenhagen was prolonged by the intense interest which I took in the following case, which for barbaric injustice and the severity of the penalty for the crime committed, exceeds any punishment that could be administered at the hands of a civilized community in modern times.

After having viewed the Danish capital, I began to explore the surrounding country.

In the course of my rambles, and while proceeding in the direction of Elsinore, I was overtaken by a sudden storm. The rain came down in such torrents that I was fain to look round for shelter; and observing a cottage through an opening in the trees I hastened to it.

My request for shelter was cheerfully complied with by Peter Jansen, the owner of the cottage; his wife kindly pressed me to take some refreshment, while her daughter brought me a seat. Being well acquainted with the Danish language, I entered into conversation with the good old man.

"You seem to be very comfortable here," said I.

"Yes, truly that I am," he replied; "I have reason to be contented with my lot; I have sufficient means for the support of my family; I have a good wife, a son to work for me, and"—continued he, looking at his daughter with a good-humored smile—"a daughter to plague me."

The old man went on to tell me that his son Joseph, who was daily expected home, was a sailor, and that his daughter, who was betrothed to a young sailor, a shipmate of her brother, was in the service of a lady residing near Copenhagen, who had permitted her to spend a few days with her parents. As soon, however, as the important business of preparing the winter provisions of the family was over, she was to return to her parents' house, when the wedding was to be celebrated. There was an appearance of so much worth and goodness about these simple people, that I willingly complied with their invitation to remain all night under their roof.

After having partaken of their frugal repast of rye-bread, milk, and eggs, I was conducted to a neat chamber, where I slept as soundly as a top till next morning. Soon after breakfast I took leave of my host, who would not accept of any remuneration from me, saying that if his sailor boy ever visited my home, I should repay what I had received in kind. This I promised to do; and, after having accepted an invitation to witness the marriage of Elise with Eric Polsen, I set out on my return to Copenhagen. I had not, however, proceeded far, when I heard someone running after me and calling on me to stop. I turned around, and was surprised to see Elise running up the hill, quite out of breath with the haste which she made to overtake me. I observed that she held something in her hand, which, on her nearer approach, I discovered to be my purse.

"Oh, sir!" cried she. "I was so afraid I would not overtake you. You left your purse on the table; and we were so vexed, for we did not know where to send it to you; and what would have become of you without your purse in a foreign land?"

"Why, my amiable Elise," I replied, "if all hearts were as good and kind as those I found under your roof, I should not have missed it much."

I pressed her to take a piece of gold, but she steadily refused, and, after reminding me of my promise to be present at her marriage, and expressing many good wishes for my journey, she returned home, and I pursued my way to Copenhagen, which, however, I soon after left on a tour through the country.

If returned to the capital a short time previous to the period fixed for the marriage of Elise, and my employment on arriving in Copenhagen was to purchase for her a quantity of bridal finery and some useful household furniture, and on a clear, fine morning I set out to visit my host.

On approaching the cottage I observed that an unusual stillness reigned around. The door was closed, and the curtain of the little window of the room which the family generally occupied was closely drawn. I feared that some evil had befallen them. I knocked softly, but no one seemed to observe it; so I lifted the latch and entered. But how were my feelings shocked at the scene which met my view! The good old man sat with his hands over his eyes, apparently overwhelmed with grief, his snow-white hair hanging in disorder around his face. His wife stood leaning over him, her eyes red and swollen with weeping, and a tall, hand-

some youth, in a sailor's dress, was pacing about the room, while big tears rolled down his sun-burned cheeks. I looked around for Elise; she was not there, and I doubted not that her parents were mourning her loss.

"My good friends," said I, advancing, "I sympathize in your affliction; this is a sad stroke for parents to suffer."

"You have heard, then?" said Peter, in a stifled voice.

"I have heard nothing," I replied; "but I find you in grief. I do not see your daughter; she has been taken from you. Lament not too deeply an early death; she has been removed, but, I trust to a happier country."

The old man groaned.

"Joseph," said he to the young sailor, "tell him your sister's state—I cannot."

"Although all Denmark were to pronounce her guilty, I will not credit it!" exclaimed Joseph, with impetuosity. "But what difference does it make?" continued he, dashing away a tear. "Who will believe me?"

A considerable time elapsed before the sufferers were sufficiently composed to inform me of the cause of their grief, of which I at length collected the following particulars:—

A few days after I had visited them, Elise returned to the family in whose service she was engaged. About this period her mistress, Madame Miller, began to complain of missing valuable articles of wearing apparel, which Elise, under whose charge the articles were placed, declared must have been stolen from the paddock in which the clothes were dried. The losses at first were few, and Madame Miller, after enjoining a more strict watch to be kept, passed them over; but this seemed only to embolden the culprit, and when damask napkins, laces, and many other expensive articles disappeared, madam became exasperated, and charged Elise with having secreted them. Elise protested her total innocence, but in vain. The articles had been especially committed to her charge; they had been put into the paddock to dry; this paddock, which afforded pasture for a cow, was surrounded by a wall so exceedingly high as to render it impossible that anyone would venture over it.

What made the affair appear still more against poor Elise was the fact that these thefts were committed in open day, the clothes never being left in the green after dusk, and also that the window of the laundry looked into the paddock; so that if anyone had come over the wall, Elise must have seen them.

Poor Elise could only declare that she put out the things to dry, that she had seen no person enter the paddock; but what became of the things, she knew not.

Matters were in this state when a small silver spoon disappeared; a servant recollected having seen it in Elise's hand, who said that she had been using it for making starch, and that she laid it down on the outer sill of the laundry window for a few minutes, while she went up to her mistress' chamber with some clothes, and that when she returned the spoon was gone. The servants all being examined swore that they had never gone near the window, and that no one but the family had entered the house, in short, everyone believed that Elise was secreting these things for her new household; she was charged with theft and committed to prison, and the time appointed for her trial was fast approaching.

You may well suppose how much I was distressed by this account. The silent affliction of the parents and the more stormy grief of the young and ardent sailor affected me deeply.

"My friends," said I, "do not despair. She is innocent."

As I said this, the young man wrung my hand.

## Thin Babies

often develop into weak, delicate, backward children; undersized, nervous, feeble, adults. Lack of nourishment is the cause.

**Scott's Emulsion** is the remedy. A little of it three or four times a day will do wonders. The pinched, sad faces become round and rosy; the wasted limbs plump and firm. If your baby is not doing well, try this great food-medicine.

50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "what a comfort it is to hear these words! But how shall we be able to prove her innocence?"

"I can declare what at least is presumptive proof, that she is incapable of committing this crime," I replied; and then I reminded them of the incident of bringing me the purse, and of her refusal to accept of the gold I offered her—circumstances which I hoped would weigh greatly in her favour.

My exertions to console these good people were not without effect, and they gradually became more composed. I learned from them that Joseph was to return next day to Copenhagen, to take every possible step to prove the innocence of his sister, and that Eric Polsen was already there, and eager to assist in clearing the name of his betrothed. The greater part of the night was spent in discussing on this melancholy subject. Early next morning I returned to the city, accompanied by Joseph; and I repaired without delay to the prison, where I was permitted to see my young friend, with whom I had a long interview. If any doubts of her innocence had arisen in my mind, her demeanour would alone have been sufficient to dispel them. Her ingenious countenance was indeed clouded by grief, but no secret feeling of guilt troubled her calm brow.

I conversed a long time with her, but without gaining any information which could lead to the discovery of the culprit. I learned that she was on the most friendly terms with all her fellow-servants; that they gave evidence against her with the greatest reluctance; and that they all bore the highest testimony to her character previous to the time at which these thefts were committed. I shall not dwell on the details of the trial; suffice it to say that the proofs of her guilt, upon the strongest circumstantial evidence that could be produced, appeared beyond a doubt. It was proved by the witnesses that the articles missing had been in Elise's hands the last time they were seen; and it was shown in an especial manner that the silver spoon, of which she was accused of robbing her mistress, had disappeared in such a way that no one else could have taken it. The unfortunate Elise could urge no defence that made any impression on her judges. In their opinion she was clearly guilty of the heinous offence of systematically stealing her mistress' property, and, according to the cruel laws of the country, was condemned to death.

I took on myself the painful task of breaking the afflicting intelligence to the parents; but the shock was so severe as to lay the good old man on a sick bed, from which it seemed more than probable that he would never rise. Joseph stifled his own grief, and strove to console and comfort his sister under this terrible stroke. But the grief of Eric Polsen was not to be controlled, and a brain fever was the consequence of the agonies of his mind.

I never allowed a day to pass without visiting the poor prisoner. Conscious of her innocence, she had never ceased to believe that this would be manifested till the fatal sentence put a period to her hopes; but she bore her affliction meekly, and courageously prepared to meet her fate.

The more that I saw of the unhappy Elise the more did I feel myself interested in her case. I perceived she was the victim of some extraordinary mystery which would sooner or later be cleared up, and establish her innocence; but, in the meantime, she would be put to an ignominious death, and it would seem little purpose to have her innocence proved after she had yielded up her life. With these impressions on my mind, I lost no time in trying to procure a delay of her execution, or a mitigation of her sentence, in which I was assisted by the humane clergyman who attended her in prison. Through the kindness of the British ambassador, I procured an audience of one of the principal men of the court. To this nobleman I communicated all that I knew and felt respecting Elise's case, the honesty of her family, and her own hitherto unimpeachable character, and besought him to procure for her the merciful interposition of the reigning prince.

"Stay but the execution for a few weeks," said I, "and I have no doubt whatever but the innocence of the young woman will, in that interval, be made apparent."

My urgent representations did not, however, seem to be of much avail; the baron was a courteous but a somewhat positive man; he did not like it to be supposed that he required anyone to suggest a line of policy which he should follow. Bowing me out of the bureau, he said he would think of what I had represented to him, and see what could be done. Elise's religious attendant was at the same time busy in another quarter, and we yielded ourselves to a faint hope that the execution would be staid, or the punishment altered. Day after day fled, yet each de-

scending sun shone upon Elise at the grating of her dungeon. Time flies on with frightful rapidity, when the moments are counted by those who are condemned to die on the scaffold. The eve of the day of execution at length arrived, and it harkens up my very soul when I recall to remembrance the horrible preparations which were making for the taking away of the life of one of the most simple and amiable creatures that ever breathed.

The fatal day dawned bright and clear, and as Elise, pale and hopeless, was conducted to the scaffold, the spectators were in tears. Her youthful and modest appearance, her sweet and ingenious countenance, and her air of resignation and piety, interested every heart; sobs and groans were heard through every part of the assembled multitude; women wept aloud and many a gray-headed man turned aside to dash away the large drops fell from his eyes.

The feelings of her brother almost baffled description. On first encountering the moving mass assembled to witness his sister's execution, Joseph looked around with an impression of fierceness and disdain; but, on meeting their sympathetic glances and seeing the tears that bedewed their faces, his countenance changed, and he appeared nearly suffocated by emotion.

The fatal moment at length arrived; the term of her earthly sufferings was about to close, when a sudden tumult arose at the extremity of the crowd.

I heard a confused murmur, which gradually increased in loudness. The sensation, as it soon appeared, was caused by the approach of an officer of the Government, bearing an order to release the culprit, a pardon having been granted in her favour, or rather, as it appeared, her innocence having been made apparent. From gloom and sadness all became suddenly joy and hilarious exclamation. I confess my inability to depict the scene which followed in a way it deserves to be portrayed; so let me explain, in a few words, the cause of so happy a termination to this singular drama.

Perhaps you may smile when I inform you that the true culprit, the only robber of Madame Miller's premises, was discovered to be no other than the cow which browsed in the paddock behind her mansion. Its voracity in seizing upon and swallowing articles, certainly ill-calculated to serve it for food, was discovered in time to save poor Elise's life. The animal was slaughtered, and in its stomach was found the spoon which had been carried off so mysteriously—a fact which explained everything else.

The news of this remarkable event, and the release of the deeply wronged Elise, were received by all classes of citizens with the utmost gratification. Crowds from all parts of the city—and, among the rest, Eric Polsen, who would permit no restraint on account of his recent illness—attended at the prison to congratulate the now fully acquitted Elise. A shout of joy met her ear as she stepped forth, hanging on the arm of her lover; the best men in the city shook her by the hand; her fortitude was the theme of every tongue; and when I departed from Copenhagen on my journey through Holstein to Kiel, I had the exceeding pleasure of leaving her comfortably married and restored to the affection of her parents.—Dublin Nation.

### "CARRY SUNSHINE WITH YOU."

A bright, fresh, sunny face is always inspiring, and it always denotes good health as well as a happy heart. Many faces that were once overcast with gloom have been made bright and sunny by Hood's Sarsaparilla which cures all dyspeptic symptoms, strengthens the nerves and tones up and invigorates the whole system.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills, the non-irritating cathartic. Sold by all druggists.

We should not imagine that little quarrels or unpleasant discussions over trivial matters are of no consequence. Too often they alienate those who loved each other in times gone by.



Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap:

5 Cents a Cake.

## Only a Woman's Story.

BUT IT WILL BRING HOPE TO MANY SILENT SUFFERERS.

Nervous Prostration—Heart Weakness—Agonizing Pains and Misery Such as Women Alone Endure Made the Life of Mrs. Thos. Sears a Burden.

Just a woman's story. Not strange because it happens every day; not romantic or thrilling, but just a story of misery and suffering such as, unfortunately, too many women endure in silence.

For several years Mrs. Thomas Sears, of St. Catharines, felt her illness gradually but surely gaining a firmer hold upon her system, and ultimately she almost despaired of recovery. To a reporter who called upon her, Mrs. Sears said:—

"What I have suffered is almost beyond description. My illness has been gradually growing upon me, and eighteen months ago I found myself almost helpless. My nerves were shattered, my heart weak and my entire system seemingly broken down. I had no rest night or day; the little sleep I did get did not refresh me. I was in constant agony, and only a woman can understand what I endured as I tried to do my household work. Any sudden noise would frighten me and leave me in a condition bordering on collapse. At times I experienced attacks of vertigo, and these seemed for a time to affect my memory. The least exertion would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. I had no desire for food of any kind, and yet I had to force myself to eat to maintain life. I treated with three different doctors and spent much money in this way, but without avail, and I was in a condition bordering on despair. I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in December, 1898, I consented to do so. I first got four boxes and noticed a change for the better after I had finished the second box. When the four boxes were finished there was a great change for the better, and I then procured another half dozen boxes. Before these were all used I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. There can be no doubt of my cure because months have passed since I discontinued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and during that time I have never felt the slightest symptoms of the trouble, and I cheerfully and strongly urge other women who are suffering to use this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will cure them, as it did me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all forms of weakness. The blood is vitalized, the nervous system is re-organized, irregularities are corrected, strength returns and disease disappears. So remarkable have been the cures performed by these little pills that their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization. Whenever you go you will find the most important article in every drug store to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

THE ORDERLY'S STORY.—Montreal, Nov. 15.—The orderly was telling the story. "I was never so scared in my life. But I had to sit up there on that grave and make a bluff that I wasn't afraid. My feet were so cold that they would have frozen snowballs."

"The old men deployed the company as skirmishers. The firing was so hot that they couldn't advance, but laid down behind a rice dike and kept a blazing away until the big guns could get up and drop a few shells."

"The old men fixes the men so they're all right. Then he goes and sits down on a grave on the hill just back of the company. Well, of course, he couldn't have got any place where the guggies could have got a better chance at him. But he just sits there, cool like, and lights a cigarette."

"Well, I'm the hot stuff orderly with a reputation to sustain. So I have to put up a big front and sit down behind him on the same grave and light a cigarette, too. The bullets come a-flying around there and dig up the dirt and went 'pop, pop' over-head and say, 'honest, the orderly was scared to death.'"

"But the old man puffs his cigarette and he says, 'Orderly, he says, 'I guess they are a-shootin' at us.' 'And the orderly, he says, 'Yessir, and you ought to have heard his teeth a-rattling.'"

"Then the old man says, 'Orderly, and I says, 'Yessir, 'We don't care, do we, orderly?' says the old man, and the orderly says, 'No, sir.'"

"He was just a-holding himself by the shoulders to keep from getting up and rolling down the other side of that hill."

"'Orderly,' says the old man, 'There ain't a bullet made could hit you or me, is there?'"

"'No, sir,' says the orderly, and his feet were so cold that they almost froze together."

"Then the guggies fired another vol-

ley and a bullet went through the old man's hat, and another one spun past the orderly's ear."

"'Orderly,' says the old man, 'Say, the orderly was so near dead by that time that he could just grunt. 'Sir,' 'Orderly,' says the old man, 'they didn't used to have bullets that could hit you or me, but I guess they're a-making a new kind now. We'll get off our perch, and the old man climbed down from the grave and you ought to see the orderly roll up and hug that rice dike. But cold yet? Say, honest, my feet won't thaw out until next summer.'"

—Chicago Tribune.

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Sweetness of spirit and sunshine is famous for dispelling fear and difficulties; patience is a mighty help to the burden-bearer.

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### Sale Prices!

Ladies' Black Equestrian Tights,

79c pair.

Children's fine Black Wool Mit-

tens, worth 25c to 35c pair, all

15c pair.

Ladies' Colored fine Wool Mit-

tens, were 35c to 45c pair, all

25c pair.

Ladies' fine Black Ribbed Wool

Vests, long sleeves, 90c each.

Children's small sizes, hand-made,

Heather mixed Wool Stockings,

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Small Ladies' Real Scotch Wool

Undervests, high neck and short

sleeves, \$1.25, for 85c each.

Very small sizes in Children's real

Scotch Wool Combinations,

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### MEN'S

All-wool Shirts and Drawers

Ribbed Shirts at 49c each.

Men's very fine and soft wool

Shirts and Drawers, Sateen finish,

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### CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer.

A Medicine Chest in Itself.

Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for

GRAMS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS,

COLDS, RHEUMATISM,

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25 and 50 cent Bottles.

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PERRY DAVIS'

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 395, Dame Marie Rosa Delima Trudeau, of the Parish of Longueuil, District of Montreal, wife of Pierre Vincent, farmer of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against him.

Montreal, 6th February, 1906; GLOBENSKY & LAMARRE.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 2481.

An action in separation as to property has this day been instituted by Dame Marie Adeline Victoria Bouthillier, of the Parish of St. Antoine de Longueuil, District of Montreal, against her husband, George Vincent, of the same place. Montreal, 12th February, 1906. GEOFFRION & MONET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

32-5

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