

room of the court house—Hester, her children, Jeanette, Amy, and the poor father of the murdered man, and the supposed fratricide. The evidence was fearfully strong. The nurse who told of the interview between the two brothers, the neighbor who had seen them both take the path to the Oliff, the position of the corpse, which must have fallen from that terrible height, the flight of the murderer, all were confirmation of the prisoner's guilt.

It was the third day of the trial. The evidence against the prisoner had all been given in, and the counsel arose for the defence. He spoke of the love that had always existed between the brothers, and that, on coming home and finding his wife married again, the prisoners only impulse had been to flee and never return. His words fell on doubting ears. Witnesses for the defense were called. None answered. The judge turned to give the charge to the jury, when shrill childish voice was heard above the hum of the court.

"Oh let me in; please let me in; I know all about it! I saw it all; I did indeed!"

"Admit that child," said the judge, and the prisoner raised his head, while Amy sprang from Hester's side to the door to listen.

Harry, who had been pale, immovable from the first, now looked up with a faint flush. If any one had seen all, he would be declared innocent. The jury caught the hopeful look and exchanged significant glances.

The usual questions were put to this new witness, a girl of about fourteen, but she appeared frightened and stupid.

"Let the child tell the story her own way," said the judge, seeing the eagerness and fear quivering in her face. "Now, child, speak."

"Oh, if you please, sir, I was on the Cliff, awaiting for somebody to say good-bye 'cause I was going to Liverpool the next day, when I saw Mr. Harry Hartley come upon the Oliff. I was awful scared, because I thought it was his ghost, being as he was dead, and I kept quiet; and pretty soon Mr. George he came, too. As soon as Mr. Harry saw Mr. George, he screamed out: don't come near me; for God's sake do not tempt me to become a Cain.

These's the very words, sir; I remember them exactly; then he turned and run away. Well, Mr. George—he walked up and down, a-talking to himself quite loud." "What did he say?" Once he said, it was Harry she called, not me; not me! she loves him only. And after awhile he said; Hester, I will come between you and happiness no longer and then—then he jumped right off the Cliff. I saw him, and I ran home." "Why did you not come here before?" "Please, sir, I was in Liverpool and I did not know about it 'till day before yesterday. I came as quick as I could."

The most rigid cross-examination could not make the girl vary the story one jot. The jury retired, and the verdict was given, "Not Guilty! Amy heard the words ringing through the court house. Saved, Hester, saved, she sobbed. Hester never moved. Her eyes glaring forward, her hands clenched, she seemed deaf to every voice, until Hester, my wife! fell upon her ear. Then with a loud cry, she sprang to her feet, and was clasped in Harry's arms. "Forgive me," she sobbed. "I do; I do; my letters went wrong and poor George always loved you, my wife!"

Harry's story was soon told. He had remained until the last upon the burning ship, and then, lashed to a spar, had flung himself into the water. Picked up by a vessel the next day, he had been carried to China, where he remained, waiting for an opportunity to return home in a good position on a vessel.

He had written often to Hester, but the letters had never reached her. When he found her married again, he had gone to Liverpool, maddened, only thinking to leave England for ever.

The news of his brother's death had stunned him, and the trial coming on almost immediately after, he had not seen Hester until his acquittal.

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THE study of bee culture is of no earthly use to a man who has the hives.—*Pittsburg Despatch*.

A WELCOME RELIEF.—Sea Captain: "There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we shall all be dead!" Seasick Passenger: "Thank Heaven!"—*New York Weekly*,