

his wife. He was put through a long series of questions by the prisoner's counsel. Many of them seemed aimless and thoroughly irrelevant. The attorney was allowed wide scope by the court. He questioned the foreman very closely, carefully, and at great length, on all the processes in the manufacture of bleaching powder, the position of the "still" in relation to the other retorts, their structure, the workmen, their implements and habits, in fact, nearly everything he could think of about the chemical works. When about to finish with his apparently all but aimless inquiry, he asked the foreman another careless question. Like a great many of the lawyer's other questions, it had no apparent meaning to judge, jury, or to the majority of others in the room, probably to the lawyer himself, even; but to one it meant everything. Then he waved Walter down as it was answered. Despair showed plainly in the latter's face.

As Walter stepped down from the box, however, the significance of his reply clutched his consciousness. He turned deathly pale, gripped the railing of the box an instant, and then staggered blindly to his seat beside the chemical expert. He gasped a few words to that individual. A flood of light flashed swiftly across the latter's intelligence. The expert instantly sought the lawyer's side.

The young foreman quickly recovered himself and darted a reassuring and confident glance at the fair prisoner's inquiring gaze. Then his eyes rested fixedly upon the lawyer. Up to this time that person had no intention of calling the chemical expert. The information he had elicited about arsenic was to be locked up in three bosoms. It could only do his case harm. He was fumbling with his notes when he felt his gown plucked, and, turning, saw the chemical expert, asking to be put in the box. The man was evidently deeply moved, as if something unusual had stirred him, so the lawyer immediately complied. Walter's agitation and the expert's solicitation pointed the way for the first question. It was shot swift, straight and direct:

"What killed Amos Byrne?"

"An iron shovel," came the answer.

Judge, jury, spectators leaned forward, astounded. It was Walter Hart's answer, repeated, to the lawyer's last query to him.

It had always been the custom to clean out the "still" with two wooden buckets, two workmen being employed. One worked below scooping up the debris and carrying it to the top of the ladder and the other going down outside to empty it, exchanging pails at the top. It was a coincidence, but a fatal one, that, on the day Byrne had been sent below, he had used an iron shovel.