

(Continued from first page.)

While thus speaking he had moved into the hall and opened the front door. "There! There he is!" screamed the odious little wretch. "That's the villain! Seize him—hold him fast!"

"Who you know him?" remarked Jones interrogatively. "Come forward, my man, and tell the court all about it."

"What is the meaning of all that noise?" asked the magistrate. "Officers, clear the court for this further interruption. Well, what now? Who is this? As Jones half-led, half-dragged Fido's captive to the front."

"Seize that man!" shouted the two Henegues, with one breath. "That's he! That's he! That's the murderer!"

"I have done a great wrong, Sir, sir, I have sworn falsely! That is the man who first came to me this morning. I could never tell him anything but the truth, and I was so disgusted with him that, on the spur of the moment, I said, 'You will swear to anything. Half an hour ago you were as true as I am to you, and now you swear it is that drunken wretch!'"

"I was driven out of the police station and looked up in a cell by myself. In vain did the Henegues assure the surgeon that they could answer for me as for themselves, that they were certain of my innocence, and had reason to believe that they could name the actual murderer. The Inspector refused for a moment or two, and then said, in a somewhat sarcastic tone: 'This gentleman is a messenger, my son, and Jones seem to think, a few hours' detention won't do him much harm, but it will do us much good.'"

"How so?" I asked. "Because it will throw the other off his guard. As soon as he learns that suspicion does not point toward himself, he will do something foolish."

"All right," I replied. "Look me up, then, by all means." "I'll call on you, then, by all means."

"Let me not forget poor Fido. As I stepped into the cab at Boyle's door he sprang in after me, and, standing on my knees with his forepaws on my shoulders, he licked my face, moaning between times. One of the policemen wanted to turn him out, but the little fellow barked up like a wild boar, snarled, and showed his teeth. 'Let him be—let him be,' said Jones. 'He is a witness for the defence.' I felt grateful to him for his thoughtfulness, but still more so when he brought a cup of water to my cell. I tried to slip a sovereign into his hands, but he refused to take it. 'Not now, Sir. Not now, if you please. When you are back again in your own house I will drink your health with pleasure.' However, he took a half-crown piece to get a cup of coffee for myself and a piece of boiled fish for Fido, and I was not troubled with any small change."

As soon as possible I was driven to the police court, charged with the testimony of Mr. Thomas Walters, surgeon, with the murder of John Boyle, of his housekeeper, and of his two servants. The court was crowded, a rumor having somehow got abroad that a gentleman had been taken up for murdering a whole family near Westbourne Grove. Jones gave his evidence in an honest, straightforward manner, which drew from me an expression of entire acquiescence when the magistrate asked me if I wished to put any questions to the witness. The Inspector, of course, had little to say that could throw any light upon the perpetration of the crime; but his prepossession was so clearly in my favor that I could not help looking to him and saying, "Thank you." Very different was the tendency of the statement volunteered by the surgeon. One would have thought that the deceased was his nearest and dearest relative, and that I had done him personally a great wrong. The magistrate was more than once obliged to desire him to confine himself to facts within his own knowledge and to avoid comments, and above all, abusive epithets. Neither Henry Henegue nor myself could shake his conviction that it was the individual who dressed somewhat shabbily with a sailor's cap on his head, had given him the first intimation of foul play. And when the police produced a son-of-a-bitch who had been lying on my mat, and which, in a weak moment, had purchased at Ramage, he swore positively to its identity. The other clothes had not been found, but the search was still going on for them. My own servants, though quite unwritten, did me some harm, allowing me to return to the magistrate's inquiries, that I was not usually an early riser, and that when I was surprised, on going down stairs about seven o'clock, to find my bedroom wide open and the street door unfastened. My case took a still worse turn when Mr. Barclay, whom the Henegues had summoned, under the impression that he would testify to the intimate friendship which existed between the deceased and myself, came forward, and, in a loud, unbecoming voice, related the incident which occurred after dinner on the previous evening. For the moment the remembrance of Boyle's unbecomingly paternal kindness so thoroughly unseated me that I failed to see the malicious drift of Barclay's recital, until I observed the malicious smile on his lip and the evil twinkle in his eyes. The two Henegues snarled an indignant exclamation; and the magistrate scrutinized me keenly, and even Jones looked disconcerted. Instinctively aware, perhaps from my conviction, that something had gone wrong in little Fido, who had been suffered to lie in my arms, I climbed up against my chest and began looking my face. The tears started in my eyes at this demonstration of attachment and fidelity, and involuntarily I pressed him close to my breast. The simple action saved me from much shame; for the magistrate was already talking to his clerk about my conviction. Until Barclay appeared upon the scene there was no conceivable explanation of the conduct ascribed to me by Walters; but now a motive had been shown, and, for obvious reasons, the Henegues hesitated as yet to disclose their suspicions of Stephen Jervis. In drawing Fido away from my face I had caught him by his bright face caught sight of a face he knew too well. Suddenly he howled in a tone that thrilled through everyone, and struggling out of my arms, he clambered on my shoulders and leaped down to the floor. Warming his hands through the crowd, he sprang at a man who stood in a corner of the court, but had exhibited an interest in the proceedings that caused some annoyance to the bailiffs of the place, one of whom had already told him that he was "a no-gooder" to make so much fuss about nothing. The intelligent Jones had watched Fido's movements with interest, and so soon as he saw him fasten his teeth upon a dissolute looking scoundrel that he was by his side and ready to support the

four-footed detective. The fellow was so confounded by the unexpectedness of the attack that he cried out, "Down Fido! Down!"

"So you know him?" remarked Jones interrogatively. "Come forward, my man, and tell the court all about it."

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And what was poor Fido doing all this time? At first the faithful beast was occupied at the return of the prodigious, his former master, who had left him in his uncle's kindly keeping. But as the prodigious, the most obstinate and wildest animal grow troublemaker, Boyle opened the door and ordered him to trot up stairs to his master's room, and no doubt he jumped up at that, and the heavy door being up in his usual place at the foot. Anyhow, Stephen saw nothing more of him until he came down from the room, and he stopped and stood like a pointer. Crawling up to the prodigious he went all around him sniffing, and he was sniffing in every limb. Then he gave three piercing yelps.

"I could stand anything but that," raved the dying wretch. "The prodigious devil stood jering at me, and pointing at me with his tail, and he was sniffing me and bigger—I'll thought he would tear me to pieces and eat me. I fled—down stairs—to the back door, and there he stopped and stood like a pointer. Crawling up to the prodigious he went all around him sniffing, and he was sniffing in every limb. Then he gave three piercing yelps."

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Nova Scotia Central Railway. TIME TABLE No. 2. COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1890.

Table with columns: Station, Time, Direction. LUNenburg to MIDDLETON. Daily - Passengers and Freight.

Table with columns: Station, Time, Direction. MIDDLETON to LUNenburg. Daily - Passengers and Freight.

Table with columns: Station, Time, Direction. WINDSOR to ANNAPOLIS. Daily - Passengers and Freight.

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