POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

The Man in The Basement

By BARON PALLE ROSENKRANTZ

(Copyright 1907 by Palle Rosenkrantz. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lokken, July 6, 19—.

Dear Friend and Fellow-investigator:

This is an important document. Amy No. 1 has arrived. Bless the child, she's a darling. She came alone. I did not care to leave my prisoner, though Mr. Weston seems to have accepted the inevitable. The probate court has made no sign at present, but no doubt it will come to-morrow, as there is a sort of sessions to be held here. However, this pales by the side of what I am going to tell you.

Mr. Weston was summoned after lunch. Miss Amy stayed in my room to receive him. He came and was identified as—strange though it may seem—Mr. Weston. I begin by telling you that, because this in a letter, not an exciting novel. Both you and I would have staked our heads that he was Major Johnson—he is Mr. Weston. So she is his wife.

You don't believe it. I was inclined to doubt it; but when the door opened and he entered, Miss Amy got up and held out her hand with a natural and friendly: "How do you do, Mr. Weston?"

I don't suppose I cut a very sagacious figure, and I renounce the attempt to give a detailed account of what passed; it was not so very amusing either.

The lady came in a carriage from Vraa, as she should; she asked for me, as she should. When we came into my room she told me that she had had your letter and understood that it was necessary she should come. She had seen Mr. Armstrong, who, however, told her that he had received a telegram from Mrs. Weston saying she was coming to London, and therefore had to stay where he was. She had then started alone. She understood, as I said, that she had to come. Now she only wanted to know why she had to come. To this I replied that she would soon see that. Then I sent a message to Mr. Weston, looking forward to seeing the major exposed. Mr. Weston came, and Amy said: "How do you do, Mr. Weston!"

Well, that's really all there is to tell you.

He was more sensible than usual; they agreed that they had something to talk about, and I felt not very sure of my position. For the fact is that my part is played out. Miss Derry thanked me for what I had done for her, and virtually gave me to understand that she did not want me any more. Mr. Weston was beastly polite to me. He is slipping out of my hands. And what the devil am I to do? Sitting here and looking like a fool doesn't suit me. It's plain that our guess was utterly wrong. But can you tell me why that blackguard Throgmorton went about with Mr. Weston's letters from the same Amy in his pocket book?

We must evidently turn our thoughts to the man in the cellar.

Mr. Weston declared that he would appear before the probate court. He is quite sure of himself now, the beast.

And Amy No. 1?

I shall confine myself to reporting facts; to tell you the truth, I'm a little sick of hypotheses, otherwise I might feel inclined to make a good many about Amy No. 1. Is Amy No. 2 any better, I wonder? All the same these good people had better take care; I'll not let go of them.

That's enough for to-day. Send me some instructions. Yours,

JENS KOLDBY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Telegram

London, July 8.

To Dr. Jens Koldby, Lokken.

Weston, alias Johnson, must be secured, if necessary with help of police. Miss Derry in collusion with him.

NIELSEN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Armstrong was rather nervous. Nielsen let Mrs. Weston do the talking; he had greeted the agent politely, as a stranger, and not a word had he said to Mrs. Weston about his acquaintance with Armstrong.

And on his side Armstrong had not let fall even so natural a remark as that he knew Nielsen. It was evident that the agent was determined to feel his way and to talk a good deal less than was his wont.

They were all three sitting in the agent's little office in Gloucester road.

Mrs. Weston spoke:

"This gentleman is a friend I have met in Denmark—Mr. Nielsen; he has promised to help me about the inheritance. As you know from my telegram, my brother has unfortunately lost his life in Denmark, and since he, as you know, held a power of attorney from us, we are now in an embarrassing position. This gentleman knows Mr. Weston, and knows that I have a separate estate and that I wish to act for myself. We therefore ask you, Mr. Armstrong, to explain how things stand. You may speak quite frankly, as though you were speaking to me."

Mr. Armstrong bowed:

"If I understand rightly, this gentleman is a lawyer and well acquainted with your affairs?"

Mrs. Weston spoke very clearly, dwelling on her words:

"Mr. Nielsen knows Mr. Weston and me from Denmark, and only from Denmark; Mr. Nielsen knew my brother, but only slightly. What I ask you to do, is merely to tell Mr. Nielsen and me the position of my late brother's affairs. Nothing more."

Mr. Armstrong threw a sharp look at Nielsen.

Nielsen bent his head without speaking.

"I could have wished that Mr. Weston were also present," said Armstrong, rather doubtfully.

"I do not desire his presence," said Mrs. Weston "All I desire is full information as to my late brother's affairs."

Mr. Armstrong cleared his throat.

"As you wish, Mrs. Weston. Let us begin with the house in Cranbourne Grove. I may presume that for many reasons it will interest Mr. Nielsen. As perhaps you are aware, Mr. Nielsen is the tenant of your house in Cranbourne Grove."

Mrs. Weston looked up in surprise. "Mr. Nielsen?"

Nielsen nodded.

"I am the tennant of a house in Cranbourne Grove, No 48, I and my friend the doctor, whom you know. If the house you told me about in South Kensington is No. 48 Cranbourne Grove, then I am your tenant, Mrs. Weston."

Mrs. Weston blushed and said with some hesitation:

"It surprises me."

Mr. Armstrong felt firmer ground under his feet.

"It can scarcely surprise Mr. Nielsen; Mr. Nielsen took the house from me, and I told him it belonged to Mr. Weston."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Armstrong; you told me it belonged to Major Johnson. You said Major Johnson had bought it of Mr. Throgmorton, and possibly you mentioned Mrs. Weston's name, or only Mr. Weston's. Do you remember?"

Mr. Armstrong looked sharply at Nielsen.

"You remember, perhaps," he retorted, "that you pressed me closely on the subject of a young lady's—Miss Derry's—application to you; you remember, perhaps, that I gave you Major Johnson's address, that I told you the major was probably staying with Mr. Throgmorton. You also remember, perhaps, that you wrote to Miss Derry and asked that lady to go to Denmark with me in connection with the death of Mr. Throgmorton. You will admit in any case that I have reason to be surprised at seeing you here as Mrs. Weston's representative when Mrs. Weston must be aware that I, as her late brother's man of business, have a claim to her confidence."

"Have you finished, Mr. Armstrong?" asked Nielsen pleasantly.

"I wish to know what Mrs. Weston has to say to that," was the agent's peevish answer.

Mrs. Weston raised her handkerchief to her lips with a little nervous gesture. Then she said:

"Keep to the point, Mr. Armstrong. It ought not to surprise you that Mr. Nielsen has not spoken to me of these things, since he has only met my brother, Mr. Weston, and myself in Denmark, and not Major Johnson. I am glad to hear that Mr. Nielsen has my house, and it does not surprise me to learn that my brother, who could not go straight, thought good to instruct you to tell the tenants that the house belonged to Major Johnson. You have been an accommodating agent to my brother, and for that reason I tell you plainly that I do not wish to employ you."

"Is that a challenge, madam?" asked Mr. Armstrong, rather red in the face.

"That is my intention. You can take it as you please. Mr. Nielsen has my confidence. You have not."

"Has Mr. Nielsen your full confidence?" asked Mr. Armstrong doubtfully,

"Yes," was the answer.

"Even after you have learned that Mr. Nielsen, without saying anything to you, has requested Miss Derry to go to Denmark?"

"I do not know Miss Derry," said Mrs. Weston; "and I take no interest in that lady. You were speaking of the house in Cranbourne Grove; will you be good enough to continue? You are aware that Miss Throgmorton, my father's sister, left it to me; that I gave my brother power to manage it, and that he misused that power. You know that, don't you? You know that Major Johnson did not purchase the house, but that I respected the agreement you had drawn up, and that I allowed you to manage the house nominally for my brother, so as not to bring legal difficulties upon him. Now he is dead, and now I call upon you to give me your accounts."

"You shall have them," said Mr. Armstrong. "I shall have a statement drawn up; no one shall accuse me of irregular business methods."

"So much the better," said Mrs. Weston. "Then my brother's creditors cannot touch the house?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well; and my bank shares?"

"Are also untouched—of course, with the exception of those your brother hypothecated by means of what you are pleased to call a forged signature."

"Who has those papers?" asked Mrs. Weston.

"Miss Derry has bought them," said Mr. Armstrong hastily.

"Ah!" Mrs. Weston again put her handkerchief to her lips. "You and Miss Derry seem to be good friends. Who is Miss Derry?"

"Mr. Nielsen introduced her to me, madam—he is sure to know her better than I do; your new legal adviser will be able to give you all information about the young lady."

Nielsen nodded.

Mrs. Weston continued calmly:

"Then it is unnecessary to dwell any longer on that. Will you be good enough to have my statement got ready, and Mr. Nielsen will go through it with me. My brother, then, was quite insolvent?"

"You know that, madam—that is, I have here Major Johnson's power of attorney to collect certain amounts for the major; some amounts have come in, and according to the arrangement they should have been sent to Mr. Throgmorton to his address in Denmark. I have now learned that the major is not in Denmark, and do not know what steps I am to take with regard to all the matters that concern that gentleman."

"I know nothing about Major Johnson," said Mrs. Weston sharply; "nor do I wish to be mixed up in his affairs. Major Johnson does not concern me. I wish to have a settlement with you. The rest you must arrange with—with the police, or with Mr. Weston."

Mrs. Weston had risen.

"Shall we go, then, Mr. Nielsen?" she said.

Nielsen also rose.

Mr. Armstrong followed them to the door.

"I wish to speak to you, Mr. Nielsen," he said.

"That depends upon Mrs. Weston," said Nielsen decisively. "I am her lawyer and shall act only according to her wishes. Do you wish me to confer with Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. Weston?"

The lady looked at the agent, with a smile. "I am sure Mr. Armstrong will understand why I have no confidence in him; but I have not the slightest reason for deterring others from honoring Mr. Armstrong with their confidence. You must do as you please, Mr. Nielsen. Only I think you ought to talk over with me what we have just heard; and if you agree with me, we ought to go to the house in Cranbourne Grove; as the house is mine and you have taken it, we are both at home there."

Nielsen held the door open for her.

"I may possibly look in on you this afternoon," he said.

"Pray don't put yourself out for me," said the agent.

He had evidently decided to take a high hand, but he had no further chance of making himself disagreeable, since Mrs. Weston and Nielsen left him without more words.

Armstrong was not very well pleased with the visit. Mrs. Weston was nervous, and Nielsen—Nielsen was not without a certain feeling of curiosity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Madam Sivertsen was not a person easily moved. Her face, as a rule, was without expression—fat and peaceful. She beamed as she opened the garden gate to Nielsen; it was the broad, happy smile of her native land, the smile that seems poetical when you meet it in the guise of national songs, and, in any case, it was honestly meant.

She started a little on seeing the elegant strange lady. But Nielsen smiled and said: "This is my landlady."

"Ah," said Madam Sivertsen, relapsing into apathy. "It is the lady who belongs to the house."

"It is," said Nielsen.

Madam Sivertsen stepped aside, and down the flagged pathway came, with a proud air of proprietorship, and its tail at an angle of forty-five degrees with its body, the domestic animal, the cat.

The national smile appeared again on Madam Sivertsen's broad features.

"Yes, Mr. Nielsen, you may be sure puss has improved."

Madam Sivertsen turned to the lady and said, with an indulgent air of goodwill, in English: "You must know, madam, that this cat really belongs to you; the gentlemen call it 'Amy's puss'; it was like a hungry ghost when it crawled out from the wall here—it is my fault that 'Amy's puss' has become so fat and sleek. Eh, puss?"

Puss purred.

"Puss really owes me her life and liberty. For I must tell you I set her free from the cellar under the dining room, where she was shut in," said Nielsen in a resolute tone. He stood a little to Mrs. Weston's side and observed her carefully.

Mrs. Weston was deathly pale and trembling.

"Shall we go in?" said Nielsen to her.

Puss graciously stroked her back against the strange lady.

"Mr. Nielsen," said the lady, "I am not very well—I think—I mean, I had better take a cab and go to the hotel—I am really not quite well."

Madam Sivertsen glared at the lady.

Nielsen lightly laid his hand on her arm and said, half in a whisper:

"I insist on your staying here—you understand, I insist."

A flush came over her face; then she turned pale again, but Nielsen almost forced her into the front door. He opened the door of the drawing room, and she

Madam Silvertsen glared at the lady.

entered mechanically and took a seat in an armchair by the empty fire-place.

Nielsen was standing before her.

She hid her face in her hands and began to weep. Nielsen kept silence.

At last she looked up through her tears, turned her beseeching eyes upon him in despair, and whispered:

"So this was it—you have hunted me like a wild animal—you, Mr. Nielsen, whom I trusted, the only person I trusted in the whole world."

This made as it were, a tug at Nielsen's heart; he seemed to have a vision of the doctor's keen face with its sarcastic smile. Had the moment arrived? Was this a confession?

"Mrs. Weston," he said, "I don't understand you.—I have not hunted you like a wild animal. I am ready to help you now as before; but I demand one thing—frankness!"

She wept silently, her whole frame shaken by sobs.

"Mrs. Weston," repeated Nielsen, "be frank; whatever has happened. I shall not desert you—but I insist on frankness."

She looked up.

"Later—later—I can't now—let me go home, let me rest; I am only a woman, this is too much for me. If you want to kill me, then kill me—but don't stand there staring at me. I swear to you, I am innocent—I am innocent——"

Nielsen took her hand and looked at her, more warmly than Dr. Koldby would have thought appropriate to the situation.

She stood up and threw her arms round his neck.

"Save me, help me, take me away from this place. I love you—do you hear? I will be with you always, I will always be yours—I love you——"

And Nielsen felt her cheek, wet with tears, against his, felt her burning lips against his own.

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her tears away.

Madam Sivertsen was displeased—very displeased; and she became still more so when Nielsen told her that he wanted Dr. Koldby's room got ready for the strange lady. Madam Sivertsen had been engaged to keep house for two gentlemen!

But she was a person of experience, and knew how to obey orders. And Nielsen was evidently not in the mood to be contradicted.

The same afternoon the "couple" moved into Cranbourne Grove. Madam Sivertsen had to get everything ready for the strange lady.

And she did so—but when twilight fell she made herself comfortable in her cabin and took puss on her lap.

"Pussy," said she, 'now we have got a lady visitor. Now our time is over—our good time is over. Oh, how true it is that we women are the cause of all the trouble there is in the world!"

For Amy's cat was also a lady.

CHAPTER XXX.

48 Cranbourne Grove, July 15, 19—.

Dear Doctor:

I don't miss you—let me begin by saying that, so that you may be perfectly clear about the present situation. I have met my fate, as you put it, and if you like you may call me Amy's cat. I love Amy, and Amy loves me. The first of these two facts you know already—the second you must take my word for. You were my judge—my intellectual superior, cool and sagacious, as you are. So now I send you a report of the examination of the accused, Amy Weston, made by me; you are to judge of the evidence and declare yourself in agreement with me in the conclusion I have arrived at as examining magistrate. But first I will permit myself a review of the case, so as to give you its bearings; and I beg you to bear in mind these remarks when you settle down to the study of the documents. It has been a very complicated case, and its different stages has given us occasion for many deliberations in common. Circumstances have obliged me to take the final steps alone; I have completed the inquiry, and the case now awaits its judicial settlement.

But let us, nevertheless, recapitulate it—as it stands, before the enclosed final examination has cleared it up.

The case has two sides, a theoretical one and a practical. It rests upon a fact. On May 4 we two found in the cellar of 48 Cranbourne Grove the body of a full-grown man; the face was unrecognizable, there were few, or indeed, no means of identifying the body. On the other hand, there was no doubt whatever as to a crime having been committed. I understand the word crime in its techinal sense, an illegal action, whereby one or more persons have encroached upon the legal privileges of another in such a way that the community regards itself justified in stepping in and punishing the deed.

The theoretical side, then, is this: Was it our duty, looking upon ourselves simply as human beings, to call in the organized forces of society, in this case the London police, and place the prosecution of the matter in their hands?

We debated the question and came to the conclusion that the matter did not concern us, and that we were within our rights in leaving it alone.

But at the same time we agreed that the case interested us in its human aspect, and that this was an instance where we could follow up the case from a purely human standpoint, without having recourse to the forces of society, and could determine by means of our inquiry whether the ordinary conception of crime was applicable here. Thereby we should be able to spare all those who would necessarily be exposed to unpleasantness by the normal prosecution of the case; we could exclude the public, which only does mischief in such matters; we could go straight ahead, without following up all the side paths which the authorities have to take into consideration. Finally, we could stop whenever it became apparent that the conditions for calling in the aid of public justice were fulfilled, or, on the contrary, were absent. We kept in view the possibility that there might not be a crime in the strictest sense of the word.

We have attained our object. As you will see from the documents, the case is now completely cleared up; it is a matter of taste whether you choose to call the deed that has been accomplished a crime or not. The question for you to decide is, whether we shall allow the public authorities to step in, or whether we shall settle the case, as one may say, out of court.

The practical side of the case is different. We found the murdered man, we found the cat, which informed us that it belonged to a certain "Amy." We found two Amy's, Amy Derry—Major Johnson's Amy—and Amy Weston—my Amy. We tracked out the trio, Weston, Throgmorton, and the major. We trusted in Miss Derry and kept her outside the case; we kept Mr. Armstrong outside the case, in spite of the suspicion to which his connection with the trio was bound to give rise. We followed up the trio and found the second Amy. Then the powers above mixed themselves up in the affair, stirred up a storm in the North Sea and put Throgmorton out of the game. To be sure, we are not certain of his identity. We looked upon Major Johnson as the murdered man and the other two gentlemen as his murderers. We made a mistake. It was not long before we saw that the man who called himself Mr. Weston must be the major. He is the major, and Mr. Weston is the murdered man, who lies in the cellar here, covered with lime.

That will cause you no surprise. The murderer's name you will find out from the enclosed. All I want to insist on now is that we have accomplished our task in a practical way. We have established the "crime"—let us call it by the technical name—with unfailing sureness. We have discovered first the murderer and then the murdered man; in this case there is no further riddle, all is cleared. For society, that is, for the police and the courts, there is only one thing to be done, namely, to lay hands on the guilty person.

We have arrived at our result without making any arrest, without the hearing of witnesses, without interfering with anybody, and we have achieved this result in the interval between the 4th of May and the 15 of July—an interval which under the circumstances is very creditable.

If we now compare our theoretical experiences with our practical, we find that by the method we have chosen we have achieved a result which is excellent from the practical point of view. Theoretically the case is less satisfactory. All the circumstances which made us hesitate at the outset are still present—or, in any case, a great part of them. Mistakes and inconvenience caused to the guiltless—that is, to those who had nothing to do with the case—have certainly been avoided, but the main question still remains, and it is this that I will try to formulate in such a way that you may give your judgment in the case. My question to you then is as follows:

Is there any reason which compels us to lay this case before the constituted authorities and demand their judgment upon it?

I put the question clearly, so that it can only be answered by yes or no.

In conclusion I will add: In the course of my investigations and of the events that have occurred while we were following up our clues, I have become, in a legal sense, disqualified. Theoretically this amounts to a defeat for us, as it shows that the individual is, on account of hereditary tendencies and the whole nature of mankind, unfit to represent the forces of society. There is nothing new in this, but I want to call your attention to the fact. As far as I can see it, it is one of the unsolved problems of existence, how the interests of the person—the ego—are to be reconciled to those of society—the others; we meet this question in all the relations of life, and I do not hesitate to declare that, in agreement with the famous philosopher, Liebnitz, I should be disposed to attempt a solution of the question by saying that in every action the ego must be the chief consideration. But by laying the question before you for decision, I, in any case, give proof of my honest wish to regard the matter also from an altruistic standpoint. With this introduction I leave you to study the documents, which I have tried to keep as near to reality as possible, so that you may be able to judge the situation quite impartially; I have represented the judge and the accused as they appear, so that the examination is a true picture of what took place.

For the sake of comparison I have kept to the technical form—only the witnesses are wanting; I could not very well call in Madam Sivertsen, and Amy's cat would have been useless as a witness, though she has been a most useful document in the case.

Awaiting your answer, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

HOLGER NIELSEN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Transcript of examination held at 48 Cranbourne Grove, South Kensington, in the county of London, in the matter of finding the body of an unidentified male person in the cellar of the said house on the 4th of May of the present year.

July 12. The court was constituted at 7.30 o'clock in the evening and was composed of Holger Nielsen as self-appointed magistrate, without witnesses. There appeared, free from restraint or compulsion, Amy Weston, who deposed that she was born on the 1st of March, 18—, in Trinidad, daughter of the late Dr. Charles Throgmorton and his wife, Cecily Jones, also deceased. The parents died while the witness was a child; she received her education from a sister of her mother's in Trinidad. At the age of seventeen she came to London and was received into the house of her father's sister, Miss Jenny Throgmorton, who owned the house in Cranbourne Grove, where the court was held. She and her brother, John McGregor Throgmorton, three years older than herself, were the only children. The brother had completed his education at the technical college in South Kensington, and received an appointment in the engineering department of the Great Western Railway Company. The deponent describes him as an untrustworthy and dissipated man, who caused her and her aunt continual trouble. Finally he was dismissed from the service of the railway company, and opened an electrical engineering business in Lambeth, in partnership with one James Weston, who had been a schoolfellow of his. Weston, whom the deponent describes as an active and energetic man, who seemed to have good prospects, was a frequent visitor at the house in Cranbourne Grove, as his influence on Throgmorton appeared to be a favorable one. The deponent's aunt was generally considered to be well off, and often gave it to be understood that she intended to leave her property to her niece. It was probably this and the instigation of her brother that caused Weston to show the deponent marked attention; she was then twenty-two, and her aunt led a very quiet life, so that she had little opportunity of meeting people and forming judgments about them. Therefore, when Weston, after an acquaintance of six months or so, proposed to her, she accepted him; not, indeed, because she loved him, but because she felt attracted by him and wished to change her state of life—as she herself expressed it.

Questioned by the magistrate whether she had never felt love for anyone, she answered decidedly in the negative—but added that the magistrate was the first and only man she had ever loved, and that she felt this love would last till the end of her life.

At this point the magistrate adjourned the inquiry for a few minutes.

The evidence having been read over and confirmed, the examination proceeded at 8.30 o'clock.

In answer to the magistrate, the deponent admitted that the first years of her married life might be described as happy in the ordinary sense of the word. Her husband showed her all possible consideration, and her brother behaved well. The business prospered. Then this business, carried on by the two brothers-in-law, suffered a check; they miscalculated the cost of a contract for public work and incurred such severe losses that they were obliged to suspend operations. They succeeded in avoiding bankruptcy, but from this time forward they had to struggle with such serious difficulties that they used frequently to hint at the desirability of her aunt's death. They threw themselves into all kinds of indefensible speculations, which sometimes brought in a profit and sometimes a loss; and Weston's conduct became marked by the same irregularities as Throgmorton's. The relations between husband and wife became cool, and there frequently occurred between them scenes that threatened serious friction.

This ended in the deponent leaving her home in the autumn of 19—, and going to stay with her aunt, who was seriously ill and needed her care. About this time Weston and Throgmorton made the acquaintance of Major James Johnson of the 27th Lancers, who was seconded for special service in London. The major was a young man of means, engaged to a young lady, Miss Derry, daughter of a prominent London business man; he was trying to increase his income, which suffered from his gambling propensities, and by means of an agent, Mr. Sydney Armstrong, the newly formed syndicate of three became involved in a building speculation in a western suburb of London, which ended in a scandal, since the three speculators had considerably overstepped the limit of legitimate operations and had caused heavy losses, especially to a number of persons of small income.

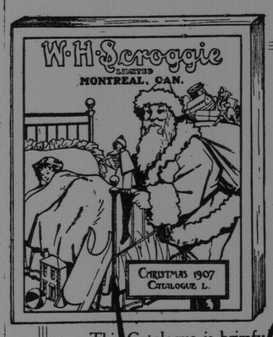
Major Johnson was immediately dismissed from the army; Weston and Throgmorton had to submit to an inquiry, which, however, led to no result, as their transactions were not indictable in law. Mr. Armstrong's name was never mentioned in public. The deponent knew that this occurrence resulted in Miss Derry's parents informing Major Johnson that they must insist on the breaking-off of his engagement to their daughter; but the deponent is at the same time aware that the young lady, in spite of this, retained a warm inclination for the major, which is all the more inexplicable to the deponent, as she herself has always felt repulsion for this man. Weston and Throgmorton were not long in squandering the money made by the building scheme, while Johnson, on the other hand, had luck at racing, and as the deponent's aunt died just then, and Weston came to the deponent, begging her pardon and promising better behavior for the future, besides showing her much kindness at the time, she consented to live with him in the house where the court was sitting.

This, however, she soon regretted. Major Johnson now, became a constant visitor to the house. Quite apart from the feeling of dislike he inspired in her, she was all the more disinclined to tolerate his presence on account of the impression she had that he was trying, in a very unbecoming way and with highly reprehensible designs, to force his society upon her.

In reply to the magistrate the deponent testifies that she has never entertained other feelings for Major Johnson than those here described, and that, although he has long pursued her with an attachment altogether incomprehensible to her, she has always repulsed him with loathing.

This declaration of the deponent gave rise to a short adjournment of the examination, which, nevertheless, on account of the importance of the matter, was soon resumed.

(To be continued.)



Xmas Gifts!

Our Xmas Catalogue has just been mailed. If you have not received a copy, write for one at once. Say which you wish, English or French edition.

This Catalogue is brimful of suggestions for Xmas at a saving price—something useful and appropriate for every member of the family and friends. Order to-day. Get first choice and make sure of goods being delivered on time.

Read Our Great

FREE DELIVERY OFFER

and save all transportation charges.

Our Guarantee: We guarantee satisfaction with every purchase or refund money promptly and in full. Remember we take all the risk.

Write for copy of this Catalogue to-day and send us a trial order.

MAIL ORDER DEPT. W. H. Scroggie Limited MONTREAL, CAN.

SUSSEX OPPOSITION PREPARE FOR BATTLE

Delegates Elected to County Convention Tuesday Night

Meeting to Be Held at Hampton Early in December -- G. W. Fowler, M. P. and W. W. Hubbard Deliver Addresses.

Sussex, Nov. 26—A meeting was held here this evening by the local opposition for the parish and town of Sussex, for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the Kings county convention early in December at Hampton. The meeting was largely attended, many coming from all over the parish. Dr. G. N. Pearson presided, and E. A. Charters, the secretary, took the minutes. On the meeting being called to order the following delegates were elected:

Sussex town—M. W. Doherty, David McNutt, Seth Jones, J. H. Jeffries.

Alternates—Dr. J. J. Daly, N. W. Eveleigh, John J. Ross, Jas. Gregory.

Sussex parish—Robert Wilson, Mr. Jamieson, Geo. Dysart, Herbert Jones, John Mills, Douglas Friers.

Alternates—Oscar Campbell, Beverly Hall, Chas. Brannan, Theodore A. Long, King McFarland, Jas. McCarthy.

Chairmen for outlying districts—Chas. McNutt, Jeffries Corner; Samuel Lisson, Markhamville; Walter Staplesford, Ward's Creek; Isaac P. Gamblin, Apohaqui; John Wilson, Campbell Settlement; W. W. Stockton, Upper Corner.

On motion, after the election of the delegates, the following were elected as a central committee:

Dr. G. N. Pearson, chairman; S. A. McLeod, vice chairman; Wm. D. Turner, secretary, and E. A. Charters, assistant secretary.

After the transaction of business a number of speeches were made. W. W. Hubbard, the provincial organizer, was present and made a stirring speech. After scoring the present government for its mal-administration he outlined the success the opposition were meeting with in the different counties in the way of organization work.

Geo. W. Fowler, M. P., was the next speaker. Among others who addressed the meeting were J. A. Murray, mayor; Geo. B. Jones, of Apohaqui; N. W. Eveleigh, M. H. Doherty, Dr. G. N. Pearson and Wm. D. Turner.

STEAMER MONTCALM STRUCK A ROCK

Went Ashore at Point Maurien and is Leaking Badly, But She Reached Quebec.

Quebec, Nov. 27—The government steamer Montcalm, which ran ashore at Point Murier, several hundred miles below Quebec, returned to port this morning and was put into dry dock to be surveyed. The damage she sustained is principally aft, and is not believed to be as serious as was at first supposed, for she traveled under her own steam at the rate of thirteen knots an hour.

The Strathcona, which went down to her assistance, placed two additional pumps aboard, and it has been found necessary to keep these continually operating in addition to the regular pumps of the Montcalm.

The experience of the Montcalm has served, in one sense, a beneficial purpose as the hitherto unknown rock, which she struck, will now be placed on the chart and mariners will in future be in a position to avoid it.

The marine department says the Montcalm will be repaired as quickly as possible, and it is hoped she will do winter service.

"Good morning, Herr Tippler. I should be glad to know when you are going to pay for that typewriter you had from me some time ago."

"What? I pay for it? Why, when I bought it you told me it was such a good one that it would pay for itself."—Lustige Blaetter.

DOUBLE FUNERAL OF MOTHER AND SON

Many Paid Last Tributes to Mrs. Sarah and George Crocker, Who Met Such a Tragic End in Colorado.

Derby, N. B., Nov. 26—The double funeral of Mrs. Sarah Crocker and her son, George F. Crocker, took place at Derby today, Nov. 26. Interment was made in the Derby Methodist cemetery.

The pall-bearers for Mrs. S. Crocker were G. R. Parker, John Betts, Hon. J. P. Burchill, James Robinson, M. Amos, and L. W. Flett. The pall-bearers for G. Crocker were Clifford Crocker, H. Crocker, S. Amos, W. Robinson, E. Allison and E. Graham.

The deceased leave behind Randolph Crocker, Mrs. George F. Crocker, Rober Fleming, Mrs. J. Johnston, J. F. Johnston and many other relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

George F. Crocker left Derby two years ago and took charge of a cattle ranch for his uncle in Broomfield (Colo.) While out on the lake he met with an accident and was drowned. His mother, who had gone out to spend the winter at his home, on being told of the sad event, died about half an hour afterward from the shock. The bodies were embalmed and brought home.

Their lives were such that by their sterling qualities they had made many friends and their loss will be keenly felt in the future. The Rev. J. F. Romley officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr. Colquhoun of Millerton; Rev. H. C. Rice, of Newcastle, and the Rev. G. Gregg, of Bay Verte.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE!

A Solid Gold Lady's or Gent's Watch costs from $25.00 to $40.00. Don't throw your money away. If you want a Watch that will equal for time any Solid Gold Watch made, send us your name and address at once, and we will promptly send you Eight Boxes of our famous Vegetable Good Hope Pills to sell at 25c. a box [these are our regular 50c. size]. A grand remedy for all weak and impure conditions of the Blood, Indigestion, Constipation, Nervous Disorders and Rheumatism. A splendid tonic and life-builder. When we have received the $2.00 in payment for the pills, we will then at once send you by mail prepaid a genuine American movement Watch, with a complete guarantee. Our pills are easily sold, and we intend by our liberality to introduce them into every home. Don't miss this chance of your life to secure one of these standard watches. Write us to-day.

GOOD HOPE REMEDY CO. DEPT. 8 MONTREAL, CAN.