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Caddell's Callous Crime

(By JOHN LAURENCE in Pearson's Weekly.)

George Caddell had a number of those qualities which, properly used, lead to success. He was good-looking and clever, and was a great favourite with most of the people he met. His cleverness led him to become a doctor, and certainly Dr. Caddell was in good demand by his patients, for his mere presence did more to make them feel well than the medicines of other doctors.

"George is all right," said a friend of his once; "but he's got no moral courage."

The friend had hit on the one great weakness of George Caddell. Despite his cleverness and his good looks he was a moral coward, and many a little thing had told his nearest friends so; but it wasn't till he had started well on his career with every prospect of success that this trait in his character was to prove fatal to him.

Loved a Doctor's Daughter.

How many men have committed crime of all kinds from theft to murder, and who have faced amazing risks, even that of a shameful death on the scaffold, because they have not had the moral courage to face the troubles they have, usually brought on themselves!

George Caddell, who was born at Broomsgrove in Worcestershire, like many men with brains, decided to try

his luck in London. He was lucky in more senses than one, for he became an assistant to a Dr. Randall, who was not only a Worcestershire man, and therefore had with his young assistant a common bond of friendship, but who had an exceedingly charming daughter.

Before many months were out the two had fallen violently in love with one another, and the bond between Dr. Randall and his clever assistant soon became a closer one still. Caddell's prospects were now rosy, for as assistant to his father-in-law it was merely a matter of time when he stepped into his shoes, and took over a large and ready-made practice. For him there were none of those weary years of waiting for patients who fought shy of young and inexperienced doctors. Everything was made smooth for him, till a great blow fell on the happy household.

Engaged to a Pretty Dressmaker.

After hardly a year of married life, George Caddell's young wife died with great suddenness, and in the first great shock of his life the bereaved showed his lack of moral fibre. Instead of settling down with a determined courage to carry on for the sake of his patients and his father-in-law, he tried to drown his grief in death till things became so bad that he was compelled to leave London.

Away from the scenes and friends

who had reminded him continually of the wife he had left, George Caddell seemed to pull himself together, and he obtained a post as assistant to Dr. Deane of Lichfield, and there the tragedy happened which opened in the bright sunshine of a new love and ended in the dreadful doom of the scaffold.

Not far from Dr. Deane's house lived a lonely little dressmaker, named Elizabeth Price. An orphan, with no relations in Lichfield, she was extremely good looking, and it was not long before she attracted the attention of Caddell who obtained an introduction to her. She, in her turn, was attracted to the handsome and clever young doctor, and in a very short time the two became engaged, and were looking forward to the happy day when they could be married.

"Why don't you start on your own somewhere, George dear?" asked his sweetheart one evening. "I am sure you could do ever so much better than working for another man."

"But I might have old Deane's practice when he retires," replied her lover. "That would be ever so much better than building one up."

The fact of the matter was George Caddell simply hadn't the moral courage to run the risk of starting whilst building up his own practice. "He'll probably sell his practice," replied Elizabeth Price; "so that he can have something to leave to his daughter. She's not likely to marry, you know."

After he had parted from his sweetheart that evening, George Caddell spent some time thinking over his future prospects. Though clever he was lazy, and if it must be said, unscrupulous provided there was little chance of being found out. He had already begun to look upon his employer's practice as his own in the future, and it had not struck him that there was a chance he might not get it.

His sweetheart was quite right about his employer's daughter. She was not, to put it bluntly, good looking or charming enough to attract most men; but nevertheless, her father was hoping she would get married, and it was here that George Caddell saw his opportunity. If he married his employer's daughter he would not only be certain of the former's practice, but he would come into the little nest Dr. Deane had undoubtedly saved against the time when he would no longer be able to work.

The Lure of Riches and Success.

From thinking about it to putting the idea into practice was not a very great step, especially as he lived in the house of his employer, and had therefore constant opportunities of meeting his daughter.

seem so unattractive after all, and before long George Caddell was once more engaged.

But the engagement brought its inevitable consequences. He had less time to share with Elizabeth Price, and he at first successfully pleaded that the number of his patients was increasing so that he could not spare the time to get away. A mutual friend, however—with that peculiar kindness mutual friends have—invited her one day that her lover was much too fond of the company of his employer's daughter for a man who was supposed to be in love with another woman.

That evening George Caddell knew that he had got, at last, to face a crisis in his life, moral courage or no. He knew it as soon as his sweetheart spoke.

"George, dear, what is this I hear about Miss Deane?"

"What have you heard?" replied her lover.

"That you are too much in her company to spare time to see me."

"Nonsense, little sweetheart," replied Caddell, slipping his arm round her waist and kissing her. "You mustn't believe every story you hear. We shall be getting married shortly and have a home of our own, and then you won't have anything to worry about."

A Workman's Gruesome Discovery.

Each time, however, that he met his sweetheart he began to dread more and more that time when he must tell her he intended to throw her over. Every time he said to himself he would tell her and every time he put it off till the next meeting because of that fatal lack of moral courage of his.

Caddell came at last to dread each interview, and after one in which she had threatened to tell his employer of their secret relationship if he did not marry her, he spent a sleepless night thinking what to do.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," came upon him with terrible force and, driven into a corner, he decided that the situation which appeared to him so desperate called for desperate measures.

That following Sunday afternoon Caddell and his sweetheart were seen by several people on the road leading towards Burton-on-Trent, and apparently on the happiest of terms with one another. They were seen to leave the high road and to be crossing a field together, and that was the last seen of Elizabeth Price alive.

George Caddell arrived at his employer's house late that night, and it was evident that he had been drinking more than was good for him, a fact which made Dr. Deane feel very amazed, and one which he had occasion to remember a short while after.

On the following morning a tragic discovery was made in a field near Lichfield by a working man. A woman apparently asleep under a hedge, he passed struck him as so unusual that he stepped closer, to find that she was not asleep but murdered. Her throat had been cut and her hands were all cut and blood-stained.

The Murderer Pays the Penalty.

The police, who were quickly on the scene, found, thrown among the long grass, a blood-stained knife, and it was in attempting to ward off the attacks of her assistant that the poor girl, Elizabeth Price, had had her hands so badly cut about.

The police inquiries rapidly led them in one direction—to George Caddell.

A close search of the scene of the crime brought to light a surgical instrument. This instrument, as well as the blood-stained knife, both belonged to the accused man. Letters from him, in the poor little dressmaker's lodgings, only too clearly showed the motive for the murder.

Finally it was shown that on the Sunday evening Caddell had dined in at the public house, and while drinking heavily there had met a friend.

"How are you and Miss Price getting along?" asked the latter.

It was then that Caddell made a remarkable reply.

"I think some harm must have come to her," he said; "I saw her walking along with a stranger a short while ago, whom I didn't like the look of."

The fact, of course, was that the murderer was already conceiving his story, ready to throw the blame of the murder on some stranger and shift it from himself.

But George Caddell's story was of no avail. It took but a few minutes for a jury to find him "guilty," and fewer still for the hangman to send him to account for his crime before the Greatest Judge of all.

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