PUBLIC MEET STAR OF THE SEA HA

At 8 O'clock.

The Quaker

By JOHN LAURENCE, in Pearson's neighbour, Mrs. Hart.

Weekly.) One cold afternoon in December, some years ago, two neighbours in morrow, Mrs. Hart," said one.

to see me. He generally comes down Ashley. on the first of the month."

"He's a fine gentleman," went on

Mrs. Hart's reply was peculiar. tray him!"

quickly forgot her neighbour's strange tion. Both were to be recalled to her in her death throes, evidently suffer- been able to say why the unfortunate lowance. mind, however, far sooner than she ing such dreadful agony that she was Mrs. Hart had died with such sudthought, and in a way which was to incapable of speech. mind as long as she lived.

Slayer of Slough. lit a candle and walked with it to her front gate. The noise she felt ley, certain came from the house of her

Traced by a Detective.

cottages near Slough were chatting. gate a stranger, in the unmistakable ing her scream. He was dressed in "It will be New Year's Day to- dress of a Quaker, came hurrying black like a Quaker." along the path. He was a agitated A detective immediately made in-"So it will, Mary," replied the and his hands were trembling so, that quiries, and found that the suspected "I was not in Slough yesterday," he pect my old master will be coming gate. It was opened for him by Mrs. cover his tracks. He had taken the I did not leave town all day."

Mary Ashley. "He's a Quaker, isn't white face of the stranger, as she held fields back again to Slough. Then he the dead woman, so he faced the forward and proved that on the very

"He's married, but I'll never be- to her question nor thanking her for soon be lost among its teeming popu- "I live at Berkhamsted, where I sufficient prussic acid to kill half a made this fiend determine that he people eat apple pips, however, the She said it so fiercely and seemed appeared into the darkness there had been rapid and efficient, and the unfortunate woman was in my serso agitated that Mary Ashley begged came another broken scream from discovery that the unknown Quaker vice two years ago, and I have made her to calm herself. With an abrupt the cottage, and Mrs. Ashley hurried had travelled to London was made her an allowance since she left me. "Goob-bye," however, Mrs. Hart through the open door with no fur- before the train actually arrived at She was a very bad woman and alturned and entered her own cottage. ther thought, for the moment, for the Paddington. A telegram was suffi- ways threatening me that if I didn't however, gave no indication which Mrs. Ashley was not of a very in- stranger, though she instinctively cient to ensure that a detective met send her money she would do away would serve as a clue to the motive

A terrible sight met her. Mrs. man.

"Mrs. Hart told me yesterday that she expected a visit from her master," she said. "And I am sure that he was the man I saw hurrying to Just as she reached the latter's the gate when I ran out after hear-

e was unable to unfasten the cottage man had taken certain precautions to replied, "I don't know anybody there. bottle into her glass of stout, was with his relations bus into Eton immediately after leav- But a night in the cells quickly mitted suicide. Unfortunately, for "I am afraid my neighbour is ill?" ing the cottage, and from there he caused him to realise that it was him, however, and fortunately for his return to England, and though she said, looking inquiringly into the had been seen walking across the useless to deny that he had known the course of justice, a chemist came ostensibly only his servant she was treated with certain powerful acids, had taken an express to London situation boldly in front of the coron- day of the murder the accused man had two children. He, however, hurried past, neither where, he evidently hoped, he would er, and he told the following story: had come into his shop and bought opening the gate for him. As he dis- lation. Luckily, the police inquiries am well known and respected. This dozen people.

Almost precisely twenty-four hours fore he arrived the unfortunate wo- who had been called in gave it as his

gins.

The Quaker's Story.

He proved to be a man named John Tawell, and his reply to the charge that he was wanted in connection only made the case against him at soid polescipe. Of solutions of polescipes, the polescipes acid, having the pole once stronger.

distive nature or a gossip, and she knew he was her neighbor's master. the train and shadowed the suspected with herself. I went down to see her for the crime. During the interval on the day of her death to tell her I between the inquest, however, and trial which has become famous, not than half an hour to make up their

denness, and therefore there was no was there, and before I could stop her Berkhamsted. leave its ghastly impression on her Mrs. Ashley quickly called her justification for accusing the shadow- she poured something out of a small Many years before he had to defend people who were convinced that the was sentenced to death. neighbors to fetch a doctor, but be- ed man of murder. But the doctor bottle into the stout and drank it." himself against the charge of forging law was hanging an it locent man. He did not explain, however, why, a cheque, and had been compelled to The story was not only believed in by

evening, Mrs. Ashley heard a stifled on the scene, but the only person had been poisoned, and acting on the immediately hurried out for assistscream. It was pitch dark, and she who was able to throw the slightest hint the suspected man was arrested ance instead of taking the first train druggist and chemist, returning to who ought to have known better. light on the tragedy was Mrs. Ash- the following day by Inspector Wig- back to London after pretending he was going to Eton.

At the inquest evidence was given on a grand scale.

amined the dead woman were able to a potential murderer. trying to make out that she had com- woman.

Sin and Deceit.

round the neck of the murderer, who,

later, between six and seven in the man was dead. The police were soon private opinion that the dead woman if his story were true, he had not leave England. Me went to Aus- the man in the street, but was back- tablished in fashion.

which soon showed the Quaker in a No one suspected the grave-looking, of apples of which she had eaten a very unfavorable light. wealthy Quaker, who had a reputation number. Tawell asserted that she First of all, the doctors who ex- for uprightness, of being a forger and had been poisoned by eating the ap-

acid poisoning. Of course, Tawell, however, lay hidden an amazing story the ingeniousness of this defence by his statement that the dead wo of sin and deceit, the only detail of Prussic acid can actually be manuface man had poured something out of a which became public was that dealing tured from apple pips.

would get rid of his former mistress pips seldom get broken up, and in any by hook of crook. At his trial it was case the acid in the stomach is the shown that a few months before he wrong kind. Slowly the noose was tightening had attempted to poison her, but had It was this half-truth that even defailed.

Apple-pip Poison.

anner, and still stranger declara- Hart was lying on the floor writing During those few hours no one had could not make her any further alwhich threw a lurid light on the but for its plausibility. So plausible the world would not poison them of "She had a glass of stout while I amazing career of the Quaker of in fact was this story, that it was anybody else. Common sense tries firmly believed in by thousands of umphed over ingenuity, and Tawel

England to buy a splendid house in Briefly, the defence was this: Regent's Park, where he entertained Shortly before her death the murdered woman had received a large box ples, the poison, prussic acid, having

> with the dead | But where the defence broke down was in this way:

To get the poison from the pips the latter have to be broken up and come from a dozen apples would be But the constant fear of discovery too small to do any real harm. When

ceived the experts for the defence who asserted that the theory put forward by Tawell was perfectly reasone Tawell put up a defence at his able. It took the jury, however, less

The collar is once again firmly

MUTT AND JEFF-

MUTT'S SENSE OF HUMOR ISN'T AS HIGHLY DEVELOPED AS JEFF'S.

By Bud Fisher.

