



THE CRIME OF THE BROKER'S OFFICE. BY W. MOTT.

CHAPTER XX. Stuart Harland anticipated finding his man in the rear apartment of the restaurant, and he meant to remain there as long as the fugitive did. The young man had no thought that he was venturing into peril.

Stuart Harland appeared in the rear room he was set upon, and overpowered by the men assembled there. Stuart saw too late that he had walked into a trap, and although he battled desperately, he was dragged down a flight of steep stairs, through a dark passage and into a cellar-room.

The young man's captors dashed him down heavily upon the earthen floor, and as he lay partially stunned they hastily retreated and secured the door of the cellar behind them.

Stuart regained his feet and threw himself against the door, striving to open it, but all his efforts in that direction were vain, the door would not yield. He could not open it.

Listening intently, he recognized Marion Oakburn's voice, and he heard her prayer and the words that proceeded it.

"She is innocent. Now I have the proof. That simple prayer, addressed to Him who reads the secrets of all hearts, is a proof positive of her innocence," said Stuart, mentally.

Distinctly he heard Marion utter the words: "Father in heaven, Thou knowest that I am innocent!"

Stuart had resolved to inform Marion of the presence in the chair, and he was about to pronounce her name when the door opened and four of his captors entered.

The young man was seized and dragged to a rear apartment of the cellar, where he was left to solitudes and gloomy reflections.

The proprietor of the place had just thought that possibly Stuart might communicate with the captive in the room over the apartment to which he was first consigned, and that was why he so inconspicuously changed the young man's quarters.

When Stuart was dragged to the cellar the supposed assassin fled.

On the night of Stuart's capture by Marion Oakburn's father, the man who had brought her letters to Stanmore appeared at the latter's hotel again.

Stanmore had liberally fed this man, and he had agreed not only to guide his patron to the prison, but also to assist in accomplishing her escape.

The night was dark, and everything seemed to favor Stanmore's project. He followed his guide with implicit confidence, and the latter conducted him straight to the house in which Marion Oakburn and Stuart Harland were both held captive.

The building was a long, narrow structure, and on each side of it there was a vacant lot.

The room in which Marion was imprisoned was on the ground floor in the rear of the house.

In this room there was but one window, and this was protected by heavy outside wooden shutters, which were closed, and thus secured by a number of iron spikes, so that Marion had found it impossible to open them.

Stanmore's guide was thoroughly informed as to the habits of the inmates of the house; he informed that gentleman that at the hour when they reached the rear of the dwelling it would be safe to force open the blind, and attempt to enter Marion's room through the window, for just then "the game" played in the rear of the restaurant proper would be in full progress, and all the men about the premises would be assembled there.

Stanmore's companion, in anticipation of what was to be done, brought with him a small iron crow-bar and a steel chisel.

With these implements he set to work to open the blinds on the window of the room occupied by Marion Oakburn, and Stanmore assisted him.

"Donald! Oh, why did I not suspect the truth. My heart was drawn to you first, and I have since then regretted as though about to faint, but Stanmore folded her in his arms."

"At last, my darling, after all these years of separation we are reunited," he murmured.

"But only to part," Judith Kregde has denounced me. Oh, Donald, I am accused of murder," answered Marion, in a voice of horror.

"But it is a base lie. We will prove it so," Stanmore rejoined encouragingly.

"Miss Oakburn," said Paxton in a kind, gentle tone. "I am as ever your true friend, but justice in this case, united with duty gives no choice. The truth of the mystery of your fate must be discovered, or an innocent man may yet lose his life. I allude to Stuart Harland, who has been charged with the murder of your father, and who is now in the hands of the law."

"Do not despair; you shall be saved. I am wealthy now and I will expend all my fortune if necessary, to establish your innocence," Stanmore whispered in Marion's ear.

"Mr. Stanmore, I trust you will not judge my motive unjustly; I only seek to do what is right," said Paxton.

As he spoke he took a forward step. At a critical moment a man forced his way into the room, and the group of policemen, at Paxton's back about the door.

The new arrival was Stuart Harland. He had succeeded in liberating himself from his prison in the cellar, and from without the door which he was passing steadily unaware of the presence of the police, he had heard all that had just been said.

He comprehended Marion's peril, and he felt a thrill of joy in the thought that it might be given him to save her.

"Hold! Stuart cried. "I was the one to first confirm Judith Kregde's accusation of Marion Oakburn, but I now declare that I know she is innocent!"

"Do you mean that? Explain!" cried Paxton in amazement.

Stuart then in a few words explained how he had been captured and imprisoned, and in conclusion he repeated Marion's colloquy which he had overheard, and the opening words of her prayer.

"She would not call upon her Creator to bear witness to a lie. The last shadow of a doubt has vanished from my mind now. She is innocent, and it would be cruel to subject her to the ignominy of arrest, even as a measure of compelling her to speak," said Paxton, and he added:

"While a shadow of doubt was in my mind I felt it my duty to arrest you, as I have said. Pardon me, I am glad my purpose was not consummated before this information was received."

Then he addressed a few words to his men.

There was some further conversation, and then the party left the house, and Stanmore escorted Marion to the house of a kind, motherly old lady, who, for her lover's sake, agreed to receive Marion as her daughter. The poor girl wept bitterly, unaware of the presence of the police, she felt a premonition of approaching illness.

The recent experiences through which Marion had passed had proved too terrible for her to endure without evil consequences, and she felt the fire of fever in her veins as she told Stanmore that she had been seized and chloroformed in her own house by Judith and her brother, and that she knew no more until she was taken to a hospital and left a captive in a strange house.

Meanwhile Levi Kregde and Judith were exulting over the turn affairs had taken.

Kregde believed he was safe now that Judith had denounced Marion, and since the police with their hands had been shot off had discovered in her hand the wretched means to a suicide Marion.

Upon the occasion of Judith's next visit to Levi's cell, the rascally janitor asked her the following question: "Do you really think Marion killed her father?"

"Yes," answered Judith, confidently.

"You are all wrong," said Levi with a cunning leer. "I don't think Marion killed her father. An coming close to Judith, he added in a strident whisper: 'In fact, I know she did not kill him.'"

Judith was intensely excited, and seizing Levi's arm she hissed: "Then you killed him?"

"No, you are wrong again. I've a little secret, Judith, and I'm keeping it."

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS. First Legal Hanging in Washington County—Two Murderers Executed—Weather Crop Bulletin—Crazy Deed of Charles Jones, a Love-Seeker Swain. From Far and Near.

FOLLOWING is the last weather crop bulletin of the Illinois weather service: The temperature of the last week has been below the normal amount of the State. At the central office the daily deficiency was 10 degrees. Cloudy weather prevailed. In the extreme southern counties and western half of the central division the amount of rainfall was above a seasonal average. In the other counties from which reports were received the rainfall was below.

It would be difficult to find a prouder, happier community than was that of Cairo, the "Egyptian City," Monday, a government warship, the Concord, one of the famous "White Squadron," was "come in," "conceded" to anchor in ten fathoms of water immediately in front of the city, and was boarded by the Reception Committee, headed by Chairman O'Hara, Capt. W. P. Halliday, and Mayor Thomas M. Halliday. The "Concord" was met by the Commander White. Representative Cronin delivered the welcome address, which was gracefully responded to by the Commander. All the water craft in the harbor were brought into use as ferries, and the "Concord" was surrounded by thousands of people visited the first seagoing vessel that ever came so far up the Mississippi.

CHARLES JONES, aged 24, Anna Devan, aged 15, Julia McFarland, aged 17, all of Eden, went to Sparta, on their way back to Eden, Jones produced a 38-caliber revolver and said to Miss Devan: "Will you marry me?" "Yes, right now," she replied, "if you give me the revolver." "You lie," replied Jones. "You promised me this before, and afterward went back on me, and now I intend to kill you." He then fired two shots into the air, and then shot the head and the other in the back, killing her instantly. Julia McFarland jumped from the cart, and Jones followed. He walked a short distance from where he had shot Miss Devan in the cart, shot himself in the arm, and fell dead. The horse became frightened and ran off with Miss Devan's body in the cart. It was stopped two miles away.

DAVIS and Henry Dickerson are dead. They were executed in the Nashville jail-yard at 11:25 o'clock Saturday morning for the murder of Marcus Dittsch, a Russian Jew peddler, at Richview, Washington county, the night of Dec. 26 last, and the ends of justice have been speedily met. A breakfast of beefsteak and eggs was furnished them. Dickerson ate heartily, but Davis sparingly. They then dressed themselves in new suits furnished by the State. The condemned men were left to themselves and spent the time in prayer until the arrival of Revs. Thompson and Orr. The time in jail was devoted to prayer and consultation. Just before the black caps were put on, Davis said to Dickerson: "Be cheerful and say 'Amen' to the Lord." "Farwell, gentlemen," said the black cap as drawn down he said: "Oh, Lord, save me; oh, Jesus, save me." Davis prayed long and with a loud voice for grace to give away the fears. The condemned man were left to themselves and spent the time in prayer until the arrival of Revs. Thompson and Orr. The time in jail was devoted to prayer and consultation. Just before the black caps were put on, Davis said to Dickerson: "Be cheerful and say 'Amen' to the Lord." "Farwell, gentlemen," said the black cap as drawn down he said: "Oh, Lord, save me; oh, Jesus, save me." Davis prayed long and with a loud voice for grace to give away the fears. The condemned man were left to themselves and spent the time in prayer until the arrival of Revs. Thompson and Orr. The time in jail was devoted to prayer and consultation. Just before the black caps were put on, Davis said to Dickerson: "Be cheerful and say 'Amen' to the Lord." "Farwell, gentlemen," said the black cap as drawn down he said: "Oh, Lord, save me; oh, Jesus, save me." Davis prayed long and with a loud voice for grace to give away the fears.

CAPT. WILLIAM M. MURPHY, an old soldier, died at the Halliday House, Cairo, after a prolonged illness, aged 56 years. He was prominent in the local politics a few years ago, and a leader of the Republican party.

THE Supreme Court remanded the decision of the Appellate Court in the case of The People vs. James M. Bridges, Bridges a year or two ago was arrested for selling fish in Sand Prairie Lake, a body of water owned by the State and owned by one Jacob Miller, in Sangamon County. The lake is but a short distance from the Sangamon River, and in times of high water is connected with the river, although at the ordinary stage of the water it is not connected, and was not at the time of the seining by Bridges. Bridges contended that the lake being wholly on land owned and controlled by a private individual, and not a part of the State, the permission of that individual to fish in the lake, there had been no violation of the law; and that the law, if it did apply in such a case, was unconstitutional. The Circuit Court of Sangamon County held in favor of the violation of the law. The case was appealed to the Appellate Court, and there the decision. The Supreme Court now reverses the decision of the Appellate Court, holding that the State has the entire jurisdiction of laws for the protection of fish, has jurisdiction over all lakes or ponds which are connected part of the time with a running stream, whether or not such lakes or ponds are connected with the stream owned by private individuals. It is held that the fish in such a body of water, having gotten there during the time the pond or lake was connected with the stream, are much the property of the people though they were in the stream itself.

AT ALTON the water is 2 1/2 feet above low-water mark. The Illinois glass works and the flouring mills will be compelled to suspend operations. If the river gets higher, all the main levees guarding thousands of acres of growing wheat have less than two feet to spare.

FRED TOVEY, a young Mt. Vernon boy, aged about 12 years, was killed by the cars at the depot in Alton, Ill., and in stepping out of the way to allow a passenger train to pass, stepped in front of a moving switch engine. His body was mangled in a most horrible manner. His head was in the arm being severed from his body.

HE (at 11 p. m.)—There's one thing I'd do, Miss Smithington, if I were rich. She (wearily)—What is that, Mr. Lingerly. He (sympathetically)—I'm so sorry, Mr. Lingerly, that you are not rich.

THE DISTANCE WE MOVE IN A YEAR.

The circumference of the earth's orbit is about 612,399,593 miles, that of the moon about 1,509,493 miles.

This match trust has gone to pieces. That is one good thing about trusts, and their tendency to go to pieces.

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