

THE EVENING NEWS.

Tuesday, March 21, 1871.

UNDER SUSPICION.

[CONCLUDED.]

A great crowd there was in the court room when the day came. Jamie was led in by the constable, and took his seat in the witness box, calm and collected, having been sitting by the side of home. Mr. Carman was seated near Jamie, and his fine face looked very anxious, while he observed by all his actions that he was deeply interested in the case.

Maggie and I had a seat together, but we scarcely spoke a word during the preparation for the trial. We might have been the whole day, but it came to an unexpected termination.

Mr. Millward was the first witness called. He told the assembly that he had at Jamie's former examination. I remember the scene well.

The District Attorney had asked the questions, and having finished, he said: "That will do."

Millward was about to leave the witness stand, when Mr. Carman spoke up: "We will cross examine the witness."

O, what a cross examination that was! And what an examination there was in court. The old Judge dropped his spectacles, and the District Attorney looked blank, as the jury scratched their heads, and the vast crowd kept still as mice, till the last witness had been called.

Mr. Carman had started out the whole crowd, and from the mouth of that witness he proved that Joseph Millward and his companions were the guilty party and they had been aided by many of the wealthy young men of the village, and before he had finished, the District Attorney jumped up and said: "May it please the court, we throw this case out."

Then Jamie was discharged forthwith, and the people gathered around to shake hands with him; but he hastened away from them, and found Maggie and me, and together we went to the cottage. I cast tell you all that followed; but our grateful hearts joined in thanksgiving to heaven for his deliverance.

Jamie could explain everything now. How Millward and Butler coming from the vestry of the church the night of the fire, and the smell of smoke, and their excited manner, told him plainly what their errand had been.

It was this terrible knowledge that had made him so nervous when he returned home. He doubted whether to divulge the secret or not. He came to the conclusion Monday night that it was his duty to make it public but Millward and Butler fearing this, had anticipated him, and when he came to town had secured Jamie's arrest. Then he had saw how useless it would be to make a charge against his accusers, and so resolved to let justice work out its own victory.

Six months later, Jamie and Maggie were married, and Lawyer Carman was present at the wedding, and he gave to Jamie a received bill for his services, which Maggie the first drew you ever behind.

Jamie still works in the factory, but to this day, no one has seen Millward and Butler in our neighborhood. It is in California that they're living. I'm told.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

In the spring of 1861, I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning, and immediately had a long conference with my client. The stolen mailing had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. These letters were given me for examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into court in the afternoon to wait for the trial. The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madeline. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look which we seldom find in a culprit. She had been weeping profusely, but, as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had taken a hundred dollars from a Mrs. Wesley, and as the case went on I found that Mrs. Nasby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's mistress. The poor girl declared her innocence in the widest terms, but circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress' room, and she was the only person known there. At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking man, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer," he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I answered. "There do save her! You certainly can do it for her in innocent."

"Is she your client?"

"Yes, she is," I replied, "but—but—"

"She is her counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her; and I'll give you all I've got. I can't give you much, but I can raise you something."

I reflected a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my gaze, and the volume of emotion I read in her glance resolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl, and asked if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. I then informed the Court that I was ready to enter the case, and was admitted at once. The next morning all the evidence had been adduced, and the people were I think for a moment's cessation that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Nasby nearly two years, and had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said her mistress had a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," the girl said to me, "and asked me about it. I said I knew nothing about it. That evening, I know Nancy Luther told Mrs. Nasby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the keyhole. Then they went to my house, and found twenty-five dollars in my drawer. But, I don't think it, and somebody must have put it there."

I then asked her if she suspected any one.

"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me because she thought I wanted to get away from her. This is the only reason I can think of."

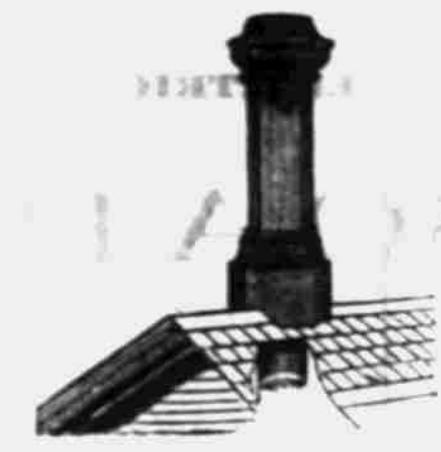
She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, some what like a tomboy, small eyes, a strong nose, and thick lips. I cast my glance at once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the real thief.

"Nancy Luther did you say that girl was the thief? I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me."

"Yes, sir."

"To be continued."

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