

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

Copyright by E. Fitzgerald Molloy.

CHAPTER VI.

The murmur of a restless crowd, the shuffling of feet, the noise of jurymen taking their places, the whispering of newspaper reporters, the quick tread of policemen passing to and fro, the rustle of lawyers' papers, and the banging of doors ceased; an absolute silence fell upon all as Olive Dumbarton took the place assigned to her in the Coroner's Court. In front of the unhappy woman, who was dressed in black and heavily veiled, sat her solicitor, George Coris, beside her George Bostock, with Dr. Quave and his son. Her daughter and the servants were in an adjoining room, it being considered desirable that each witness should be examined out of the hearing of the others.

After the preliminaries, including the call of the roll of jurors, the identification of the deceased, and the statement regarding the cause of his death given by Dr. Quave, the coroner addressed the jury. These proceedings, he said, were held to inquire truly not only how the man David Dumbarton came to his death, but likewise to enable the jury to decide, if possible, by whom that death had been caused.

He would lay before them as briefly and as plainly as possible the statements

served a calmness that she felt was unnatural, her emotions were frozen, the tide of her life seemed to stand still. Those around her, George Bostock, her solicitor, Dr. Quave, betrayed their excitement by their restlessness and by the anxious manner with which they regarded her. It was a relief to her and to her friends when the jury once more entered the court.

In another moment the foreman of the jury declared that they were unanimous in their opinion that David Dumbarton had met his death by being stabbed in the breast, and that the fatal blow had been struck by his wife.

The verdict was received in profound silence, broken by the coroner's voice as he proceeded to explain the difference between murder and manslaughter, with a view to helping them to their decision as to which form of crime had been committed by Olive Dumbarton.

Without quitting the box, the jury gave it as their opinion that the case before them was one of manslaughter. The coroner then, turning toward the black-robed, immovable figure which was the center of all observation, said:

"Olive Dumbarton, the jury have inquired into the cause attending the demise of your husband, and have come to the conclusion he met his death at your hands. It is, therefore, my duty to commit you to the next assizes, to be held at the Old Bailey, there to take your trial upon that charge."

CHAPTER VII.

It was late one evening—while Olive Dumbarton and her daughter were in the drawing-room, when Valerius Galbraith was announced. Both started at sound of his name, and, looking up, kept their eyes fixed on him with something of surprise in their expression, for even in that first glance they saw how changed was the man before them from him who had parted from them little more than a week before.

The freshness and buoyancy which had been his chief characteristics had given place to an expression of pain and anxiety; his prominent blue eyes, which had ever sparkled with pleasure, were now clouded by grief; lines were for the first time visible in his face, that sedulous care of his personal appearance which formerly gave the impression of elegance was now conspicuous by its absence, and he looked every year of his age.

"Olive!" he exclaimed, grasping her extended hand in both his own.

"I knew you would come back, and I am glad you have," she said.

"Of course I returned the moment I heard of—of this terrible affair," he replied.

"I sent a telegram to Paris the day after it happened."

"I had left by then. It was in Brindisi I first read of his death. You can imagine the shock I received. I have hardly slept since. Then I came back as soon as I could, and only reached town a couple of hours ago."

"I suppose you have heard all?"

"All that the newspapers could tell me."

"About the Coroner's Court and the verdict?" she said, in a troubled voice.

"Yes, yes," he answered, struggling with his emotion. "It's terrible to think that you should suffer thus—you who would not injure any living thing; you have already endured so much."

"Tell me, Valerius," she said in a hesitating voice, "did you at first, even for a moment, think I was guilty?"

"You guilty?" he cried out. "Never, never! I knew you were innocent."

"It makes me almost happy to hear you say so, to know that my friends don't believe me guilty. You are aware, of course, that circumstances are all against me?"

"So I gather. But let me hear all."

"There is little to tell that you have not already read," she began by saying, and she went over the details of the case which were ever present in her mind, dwelling on the narrow compass which surrounded the case, and seemed to fasten the guilt upon her.

"Then there's no absolute clew?"

"Not that I know of, at least," Olive Dumbarton replied.

"Except the knife," suggested Veronica.

"The knife?" Valerius repeated, turning toward the girl.

"I had forgotten that," Olive remarked. "Mackworth, the detective, hopes it may help him to discover the owner."

"But is there nothing else to go upon?" he asked.

"Nothing at present," Olive answered, and something in the sound of her voice and in the expression of her face betrayed the depths of that despair to which at moments she was driven.

"Ah, Olive," he said suddenly and vehemently, as if carried away by an irresistible impulse, "if you had listened to me long ago, how much pain might you and I have been spared; how much happiness might we have known?"

"Valerius!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Forgive me. I don't know what I am saying to-night. I did not mean to blame you now, least of all, when you suffer most. I cannot control myself to-night, but I will leave you at once. God knows I have no desire to add to your vexations. Good-night."

"Good-night," she replied, holding out her hand.

As he took it in his own a quiver passed through his frame. He turned from her almost abruptly, but before he reached the door Veronica entered and said:

"Doctor Quave cannot come to-night, mother."

"Very well, dear."

"But Quinton is here," Veronica said, somewhat shyly, "and says he would like to see you, mother."

"In the dining-room."

"Ask him to come here. You remember Quinton Quave?" Olive said to her cousin as Veronica quitted the room.

"Yes, very well."

"He has taken his degrees and gives great promise of being a very clever doctor. He and his parents have been most kind to me since—since that terrible night."

Valerius remembered that Dr. Quave and his son were among the first who had come upon the scene of the tragedy, and he felt interested in seeing the young man, with whom, on his entering the room, he shook hands.

(To be continued.)



"It is, therefore, my duty to commit you."

The deceased, David Dumbarton, had some eighteen years ago married a lady about five years his junior. Though their domestic life began in happiness, it was soon overclouded by misery. After a period on which it would be too painful to enter, David Dumbarton deserted his wife, only to strive to rejoin her when she had earned independence and fame by her industry and talents. A compromise was then arrived at between husband and wife. For a certain sum he consented that a legal separation should be granted her, and having received this, he left England, promising never to molest her.

Unfortunately for himself, this promise was not kept, for after a little more than five years' absence he returned to London and immediately wrote a letter which would be read in the course of evidence, a letter, as they would see, which contained more of a demand than a request.

The next and principal fact was that on the night of the 21st of September David Dumbarton entered his wife's house in the Hoxton Road, St. John's Wood, and was there found dead at her feet, they being the sole occupants of the room where the tragedy occurred, while the knife which undoubtedly caused his death was seen in her hand. They would hear the evidence, and it would be for them to decide whether the case should be sent to another court or not.

Then Olive Dumbarton was called.

In a low tone, and without hesitation, she answered the questions addressed to her by the coroner, in this manner telling the story of the scene which ended in her husband's tragic death. Then came the queries that touched the case more closely, to all of which she replied simply, clearly, ingeniously.

The maid was next summoned, who deposed to hearing her mistress cry out as if she had been struck, and soon after hearing a man's voice call for help, whereon she had rushed to the room from where the noise proceeded, there to see Mrs. Dumbarton with a knife in her hand bending above the deceased, who was lying on the floor. Witness then ran out of the house in search of a policeman, with whom she returned.

Veronica, Martin, the policeman, Dr. Quave and Detective Inspector Mackworth having been cross-examined by Mrs. Dumbarton's solicitor, he proceeded to state his defence; and he, being rec-

ognized as one of the cleverest men in his profession, the jury settled itself to hear him with expectation and interest.

The case before them, George Coris said, in a low, earnest voice, and with plain, impressive manner, was one of the most extraordinary that had ever come before that or any other court; extraordinary not merely because of the interest it had created, but because of the circumstances under which the crime had been committed, and of the suspicions which these same circumstances cast upon an innocent woman. Inasmuch as none of those who gave evidence had actually seen the blow dealt to the deceased by which he had lost his life, their testimony was therefore entirely circumstantial.

There was no need to dwell upon the unhappy married life led by the deceased and his wife, save to point out the vicious career he had followed.

If a man could not only alienate the affections, but injure, deceive and abandon his wife, his best friend, the mother of his child, how badly could he behave toward others of his sex? He had for years led a wandering and misguided life among companions as reckless as himself; and, what was more probable than that he had been guilty of one of those wrongs which the law is slow, if not powerless, to punish, but which, touching men on the tenderest points of their affection and of their honor, they are sure to avenge.

Here was the probable key to the mystery surrounding the crime. Some man who considered himself injured beyond endurance had sought and found revenge for his wrongs. It was lawful to presume that while approaching his wife's house the deceased had met with the avenger, when to seek help and refuge David Dumbarton had rushed through the garden and into the presence of his

FEATS OF DEPRIVATION

There are three men alive who have gone without food for thirty-three days, and one who has denied himself any nourishment for forty-five.

The latter record holder is Herr Sacco, who has publicly fasted in Vienna for forty days and nights, in London for forty-five and in Paris for forty-two. Inclosed in a ventilated glass chamber, so as to be under observation all the time, watched day and night by witnesses, he took no food for 1080 hours. In that time the average man would have taken about one hundred, and thirty-five men would have died.

However, this is not a real record for complete abstinence. For Sacco allows himself plenty of mineral water and cigarettes, which are in his contract.

WITHOUT FOOD AND DRINK!

Going entirely without food and drink is a very different thing, and the average strong man's limit, before death overtakes him, is under six days. The record for a trained "faster," allowing nothing at all to pass his lips during the trial, was made at San Francisco in 1896 by John Culpepper, a British subject, who was most carefully watched during the fast. He undertook, for a stake of \$1,000, to hold out for ten days, with \$250 for each day over that limit. He did not give in until the end of the eleventh day, and it is not likely that any human being will ever hold out so long again.

The greatest length recorded of enforced starvation, by ship-wrecked men or castaways, belongs to an Irish seaman named Mulcahy, who was cast adrift in an open boat alone, at the foundering of the bark Pamela, in the Pacific, eight years ago. It is certain that he had no food or water with him, and he was picked up seven and a half days later by an American ship.

SLEEPLESS FOR SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE HOURS.

Existing on food and no liquid is a very different thing from taking liquid and no food, as Sacco did. The former trial is the more difficult of the two, and the record time for which any man has held out in such a case is fourteen days. Cramer, a German, did it once at Munich.

The average length of time during which an ordinary person in a healthy state can go without sleep is seventy-four hours, and this has been found the limit that men can reach in emergencies, such as disasters at sea and imminent peril that make it absolutely necessary not to relax vigilance. Between seventy and seventy-five hours is the record, and the toughest man can keep awake no longer, and will fall asleep, even though his life depends on wakefulness.

A Frenchman named Deroulede, in one of the Paris hospitals, is recorded to have suffered twenty-eight days and nights of complete wakefulness, but at the end of it he died of exhaustion, and so the record cannot stand. There is one man, of twenty-nine years, now living in England, who has never slept since he was born; his case has frequently been described in the papers and by doctors, but this example is strictly a "freak," and cannot be compared with ordinary records.

Fidgety people will regard with horror the achievement of Angela de Silva, a Spanish girl who, partly for stakes and partly as an advertisement, remained in a sort of cage at the Argyle Rooms in London, some nine years ago, for fifty-five days and nights without moving hand or foot, or changing her position, seated on a chair. She was attended and fed by her sister, and various wagers having been made on the performance, she was kept a watch over, day and night, by independent witnesses.

WORSE THAN PENAL SERVITUDE.

There is no great merit in the performance, perhaps, but it is an exceptionally trying one. The notable point was that the lady was not in a trance of any kind, but in full possession of her senses.

Trances are very different affairs, and the principal one recorded lasted nine weeks. The subject was an English lady, Miss Naomi Smythe, of Norton, who lay in a state of complete unconsciousness during the whole of that time, and was visited by over a dozen distinguished medical men interested in the case. Nourishment was artificially given, as the trance naturally caused much anxiety for the life of the patient, who, however, was finally restored to consciousness and recovered. In this case life remained almost suspended throughout the nine weeks.

But apart from trances, all Europeans are easily beaten at the game of remaining motionless, by an Indian fakir or "holy man," named Chundra Dalf, of Benares, who was strapped in an upright position to an open framework, eighteen years ago, and has never moved a limb or been released from his bonds to this day. He is daily fed and tended by his "disciples."

WHERE MAN BEATS ANIMAL.

All warm-blooded life is supposed to perish in a temperature of 85 degrees below zero, and the majority succumb a long way short of that. A strong man, if sufficiently clothed, may just exist at such a temperature, but only just. However, a Russian named Karkoff, in one of the few experiments of this kind tried, actually survived an artificial temperature of 90 degrees in the St. Petersburg laboratories, after several Arctic species of animals had proved themselves unable to stand it. In the Arctic regions the lowest natural degree of cold ever registered is 74 degrees below zero. In such cold as this a piece of iron will burn the flesh as if the metal were white-hot.

Too Much to Say

"For goodness' sake, Dorothy," exclaimed mamma impatiently, "why do you talk so much?"

"I guess," replied the little girl, "it's because I've got so much to say."

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railway engine was called "she." Sandy replied, "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle."

NEW IN SUMMER ORNAMENTS

Belt Buckles of Carved Rose Gold a Novelty

They Give a Smart Touch to the Summer Costume—Silver Collar Slides and Sets of Enamelled Studs for Tailored Waists—Season's Vogue of Chatelaine Bags.

Among the things which add a smart touch to the summer wardrobe is the belt buckle and back ornament made this year of rose gold colored almost to a deep orange tint, shading toward old rose. These buckles, clasps and ornaments are designed in beautifully carved patterns representing roses and other flowers and in conventional designs.

The other day a woman who hung over a counter on which these goods were displayed, trying in vain to decide between two equally beautiful sets, finally ended in talking both.

One had a back ornament fully five inches tall by two and one half inches broad and a double front clasp less than three inches tall and about four inches wide, both done in a rose leaf design. The other set had a front clasp about two inches deep and five inches broad, and a back ornament of irregular shape almost four inches square, both in a raised design dotted with miniature roses.

A second smart adjunct useful as well as ornamental, is the collar slide of silver, as thin almost as the featherbone which they replace. The slide is finished at the ends with a tiny rhinestone or pearl screw head, which alone appears on the right side of the collar. Thus, supposing half a dozen slides are used to hold up one collar, a row of pearls or rhinestones will appear at the top and bottom of the collar.

Lest He Go Hungry.

Miss Mary S. Anthony, who is continuing the work of her distinguished sister, the late Susan B. Anthony, said recently apropos of marriage:

"It is selfishness, boorish selfishness, that, more than anything else, lies at the root of unhappy unions. Sometimes it is the wife who is the selfish one. Sometimes it is the husband. I think you'll agree with me, though, that it is the husband more often than the wife."

"A happening of a day or two ago pre-

Sets of shaded enamelled studs are provided to finish the front and cuffs of the new white tailored blouse waists. There are green, blue, pink and mauve studs, and unless the smart summer girl sticks to a distinctive color, the better plan is to have a set of each, so that the ruling color in her hat and parasol may be matched in her studs.

Silver chatelaine bags have sprung into a vogue somewhat puzzling, considering the comparative cheapness of the metal. A woman in showing her purchase the other day—a five by six inch bag, which cost \$45—explained that a gold bag, jewel mounted, such as she ordinarily carried in town, did not go well with summer morning costumes.

We sell almost as many of the German silver as of the real thing, and to persons of wealth, too," said a clerk. "They cost only about one-quarter the price of the finer silver bags, they wear well and look almost as smart. The kid lining in most of them is adjustable, and may be removed and cleaned."

A novelty in metal collars designed after the fashion of the strings of pearl dog collars, is made of perhaps twenty or thirty strands of flexible silver chain as slender as fine wire, fastened at the front, back and sides against very narrow, two and one-half inch long silver bars. One inch wide jeweled collars worn with collarless waists are considered almost a necessity by some women. Few real jewels are used in these collars, the better liked varieties showing gold of open work pattern, alternating with oblongs and squares of colored stones.

sents a vivid and sad picture of too many marriages.

"An old couple came in from the country with a big basket of lunch to see the circus.

"The lunch was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed a crowded street the husband held out his hand and said:

"'Gimme that basket, Hannah.'

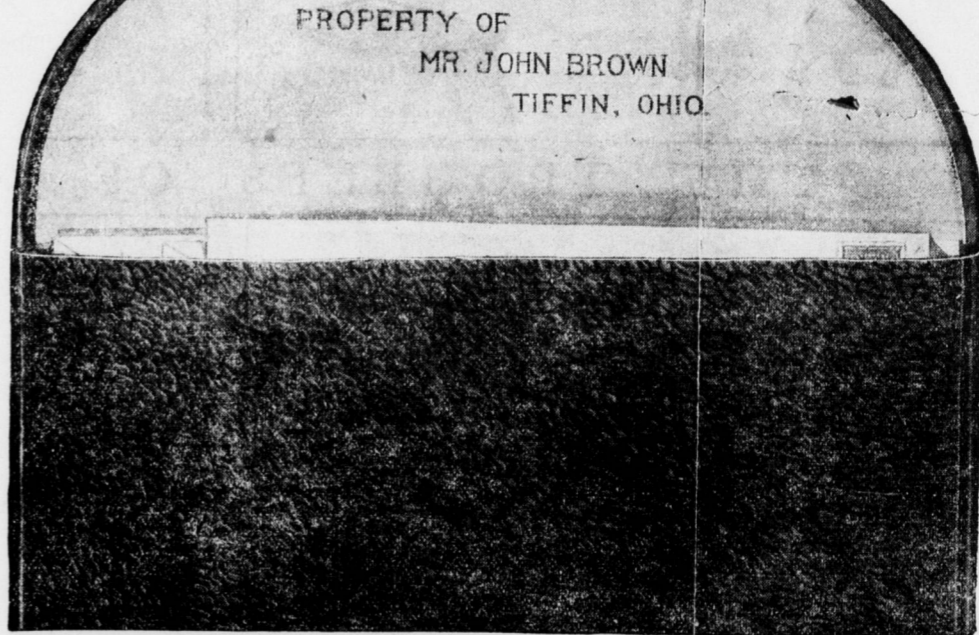
"The poor old woman surrendered the basket with a grateful look.

"That's real kind o' ye, Joshua," she quavered.

"'Kind?' grunted the old man. 'Gosh, I wuz afraid ye'd git lost.'"

With Your Name Printed on it

Just the Thing for Valuable Papers



FREE FIVE THOUSAND POCKET BOOKS

I Am Going to Give Them Away

I PUBLISH the greatest Farm Paper in the World—"The Metropolitan and Rural Home." Before I was a publisher, I was a farmer. Now I am intensely going. Sometimes I even think farming beats publishing.

And now—just to show you how I feel toward farmers, I want to give five thousand of them each one of these Pocket Books. If you are a farmer, I want to give you one. I want to give you one of these Pocket Books so you can show it to your friends and say, "My friend Ellis, publisher of the greatest Farm Paper in the world, gave me this." Then you and your friends will think of me and my paper—"The Metropolitan and Rural Home"—that goes to half a million farmers every month, and you will say among yourselves, "That Ellis must be all right. I want to read his paper and see what he says in it." These Pocket Books, I am going to give you, if you were me and I were you. They are just the thing to carry with you as money. They fold up flat and fit your inside coat-pocket—just the kind of Pocket Book every man likes to own.

Now you don't pay anything for the Pocket Book. It's FREE. I send it to you postpaid and don't ask you a cent. But to show that you are willing to be just as liberal with me as I am with you, I want you to send me 20 cents for The Metropolitan and Rural Home for a year. Now don't say, "that's what I expected." Wait a minute and read the rest. You haven't got to the most liberal part of my offer yet. Read this announcement all through. I would do as much for you, if you were me and I were you. If you will do as I ask, I will have your name and address printed on the inside of your Pocket Book, so, if it gets lost, it will be returned to you at once. When I send it to you, I will also send you some sample copies of The Metropolitan and Rural Home and I will continue to send the paper to you for three months. Then I'll back you 50 cents and stop your subscription and you may keep the Pocket Book for your own offer.

A Great Big Illustrated Magazine FREE

mind you, The Metropolitan and Rural Home is a great big Magazine Paper. It is printed in clean, plain type on nice paper and there are lots of pictures every month. I just mention these things because they are extras—i.e. the stock, dairy and farm news, and good stories, that make my paper the best farm paper in the world.

If you don't tell me at the end of the three months to stop the paper, of course, I'll keep your subscription—enter your name as a regular subscriber and send you The Metropolitan and Rural Home for a full year.

Now I'm sorry I haven't got more of these Pocket Books, but there are only 5,000 to give away, so you'll have to hurry a little if you want one. They are such good Pocket Books, that they'll go like wild fire and you ought to stop right here, fill in the order blank and mail it to me at once, so as to be sure and get one of these Pocket Books. I put that blank in here so you needn't hunt for paper and ink, unless you want to. Use a lead pencil, fill out the blank, enclose twenty cents (stamps or silver) and mail it to me just as quickly as you can. Do it right away, so the Pocket Books won't be gone when I get your subscription.

CHAS. E. ELLIS, Publisher,
22-24-26 North William Street
Metropolitan and Rural Home Subscription Dept. 153,
New York City

FREE POCKET BOOK BLANK

Sign This and Send to Me At Once

C. E. Ellis, New York. Dear Sir: Send me The Metropolitan and Rural Home for a year unless I tell you to stop it at the end of three months. Also send me one of those FREE Pocket Books with my name printed on it. I enclose 20 cents (silver or stamps) which you are to return to me if I tell you at the end of three months to stop my subscription to your paper. Yours truly,

Signature _____ Name _____ Address _____ Town _____ State _____