

Your part, Mr. Monk, in the latter month's events, I am not so sure about, and I do not intend to trouble myself about it any further.

It is sufficient for me to know that you have assisted in the attempt to conceal the criminal conduct of my brother's children. That there may be circumstances which render your conduct excusable, I know well enough; but at any rate, I do not see why we should meet or see each other again.

Yours truly,
BARTHOLOMEW FRICK.
Monk looked up from his notes. "Since then I have never spoken to old Frick."

"But you surely tried to get some explanation from him?"

"I tried, yes; but it was easier said

than done. Since that time he has scarcely spoken with any one, least of all with me. He is as obstinate as an old goat. But let me proceed, for the sooner I get to the end of these miserable reminiscences, the better.

June 28.—I spent the day in keeping my eye on the actor, Evelyn, and her mother—a difficult task now, since I have to manage without my trusted constable, and exclusively rely upon myself or some wretched hireling. Evelyn never goes out; she is said to be ill. Her mother enjoys greatly the rôle of martyr on her daughter's behalf. She is said to have received a considerable sum of money from old Frick. The actor continues his gay life. He seems to have a little money, but nothing extraordinary.

I have spoken with Mr. Howell. He behaves and speaks like a gentleman, but I have no belief in him. He expressed the greatest regret in having been mixed up in the case. Nothing could have persuaded him that it was not Evelyn he had photographed in front of the cupboard with the diamond in her hand. (Yes, but what does that help, when the hands of the clock and the dress tell another story.) He was going to England in a few days, he said, whatever the police might say or do. He would not appear in court; but they had, of course, his evidence from the last proceedings.

I asked what old Frick had to say against his nephew Einar. Mr. Howell said he could not understand; he had in vain tried to bring the old fellow round. Mr. Howell apparently speaks very openly; but I have learned nothing new from him. Does he know nothing? or does he conceal something?

July 5.—A whole week gone, and I have done nothing! The time draws near when the case will come again before the court, and every one seems to be of the opinion—though it is dreadful to have to write it down—that Sigrid will be found guilty.

I have written twice to Einar Frick in Hamburg, but have not received any reply, although by telegraphing to his hotel, I have found out that he has been there and has received my letters.

It seems as if I am beating my head against a stone wall.

I have been to the pawnbroker, Abrahamson. At first I only saw a hump-backed clerk, who stared at me with a devious smile, but afterward Abrahamson himself appeared. He said he had told everything he knew in court, and had no time to talk with me. It is very different now from the time when I was chief of the detective force!

The day before yesterday an important thing happened. The actor Frederiksen left by the night train for Copenhagen. I couldn't keep him back, and the police wouldn't stop him; and now I suspect that with him has disappeared one of the few possible chances of getting the robbery cleared up.

July 6.—All the morning papers announce to-day in big type the news that Evelyn Reiersen has committed suicide; she has hanged herself in her own room in her mother's house. All agree that she committed suicide while insane. After her arrest she had several times betrayed signs of insanity, which at last resulted in this deplorable act—so say the reports. All the papers speak in regretful terms of the event, and the *Truthseeker* and several other papers are untiring in expatiating upon the responsibilities which the "real culprit" and the police must take upon themselves for what has happened.

I hardly understand how I, in the long run, am going to hold out, powerless as I am, to do anything.

July 7.—I went to-day to Mrs. Reiersen's to see if I could possibly find out if the girl had left behind her any message or confession. As I had expected, however, I was received by the worthy dame with a shower of curses and abuse. It was impossible to do anything in that quarter.

Old Frick seems entirely overwhelmed by his niece's guilt, and does not allow her name to be mentioned. He has, however, engaged the best lawyer in

Christiana as her counsel. Will that be of any use?

July 9.—Only three days before the court meets, and not a step more forward! Yes, I have done something. I have spoken with the lawyer who will take up Sigrid's case. He confided to me that Sigrid had informed him that it was really she who had visited the pawnbroker that afternoon, to get him to lend her money on her trinkets; but she refused to explain how she wanted to use the money. The lawyer had impressed upon her that it was absolutely necessary that she should explain herself on that point, but the young girl was obdurate.

What can this mean?

What use could Sigrid have for four thousand kroners? and why couldn't she explain what she wanted them for? This has given me much food for reflection.

In the meantime, I asked the lawyer if he had taken note of the fact that the pawnbroker's time by the clock had made it impossible that Miss Frick could be back at Villa Ballarat at the time when the photograph was taken. According to the pawnbroker's account, she drove from there twenty-five minutes to six, and the clock in the photograph showed it to be twenty minutes to six. The way from Bishop Road to Villa Ballarat cannot be covered in five minutes.

The lawyer promised to prove this—but what could Sigrid want with four thousand kroners? What could she have to hide?

Monk closed his note-book.

Yes, thus far go my notes, and the rest is quickly told.

Three days afterward the case came before the court. I was myself called as witness, but my recollections of that day are very indistinct. I felt as if I were walking in my sleep or in the throes of a dreadful dream. If I had been the accused I should have acted calmly and with presence of mind. I am

sure. But I was not accused, though guilty of having been the cause of bringing the young girl whom I loved more than my life before a court of justice, and having her accused of having committed a despicable theft from her benefactor. It was some time afterward that I, through reading the accounts in the paper, got some idea of what had taken place that day in court.

Nearly all the witnesses who appeared against Evelyn were also summoned on this occasion. The evidence threw no new light on the case, so I do not think it necessary to go more than is absolutely necessary into the events of that terrible day.

When I gave my explanation of my visit to Mr. Jurgens, the public attempted to assail me with terms of abuse and derision. The judge soon called them to order, but I was subjected to the most offensive glances while I told the story of my own folly.

Sigrid did not attempt to hide her visit to the pawnbroker, but refused to explain for what purpose she required the money. On the other hand, she absolutely denied having set foot in the museum between five and half-past seven.

The public prosecutor in his address especially laid stress upon the following:

The accused had herself admitted that she, on the day of the robbery, had taken most unusual steps to become possessed of a large sum of money, but that she had not succeeded in this at the pawnbroker's. It was clear that it was of the greatest importance for her to obtain at least four thousand kroners that day, and that all other ways out of the difficulty seemed to be closed against her.

She was one of the few who could, without creating suspicion, go in and out of the museum where the diamond was kept.

Then there was the photograph taken by Mr. Howell of her standing with the diamond in her hand at twenty minutes to six that afternoon. That the photograph represented Miss Frick, although she denied having visited the museum during that time, there was no longer any doubt, after an examination with the magnifying glass.

Finally, there was the evidence of the late chief detective, that Mr. Jurgens at the beginning had declared he had bought the diamond of the accused. Only later had the old man, frightened by the detective's improper behavior, changed his statement.

These were, in brief, the chief points in the public prosecutor's address, and it is not necessary to add that after the evidence and his speech, there was scarcely a person in the court who doubted but that Miss Frick was guilty.

The counsel for the accused had no other defence than the point which I mentioned in my diary; but this he turned to account beyond all expectation. It appeared that the time when Miss Frick left the pawnbroker's could be substantiated to the minute, by the circumstance that the pawnbroker on this occasion had looked at his watch and asked his clerk if the time was not twenty-five minutes to six. The clerk had then lent out of the window, looked at the clock in the church tower, and answered in the affirmative.

The counsel had also examined the driver who had driven Miss Frick, and he perhaps forgotten to tell you that meanwhile I had been able to trace this person—and he could clearly remember that on this occasion he had driven at his usual pace, neither more quickly nor more slowly.

The counsel had, as experiments taken several drives with the same horse and carriage, and had found that the distance was never made in less than fifteen minutes, when driving at the usual pace, and at a more rapid pace not less than ten minutes.

He had thereby shown, he said, that if Miss Frick was the lady who had left the pawnbroker's at twenty-five minutes to six—which was now an established fact—it could not be she who had been photographed with the diamond in her hand at twenty minutes to six. That

the little clock in the elephant's head was right to the minute, had been proved by Mr. Frick's evidence.

The public prosecutor, in the reply, stated that it was a well-known fact that there was often a difference of several minutes in the clocks of the town.

The counsel maintained that such a great difference as would be necessary in such a case, at least ten minutes, was scarcely possible. Altogether, he utilized this circumstance to the utmost, and made his final appeal to the jury so impressive that when the jury retired, there was great uncertainty as to the result.

Here Mr. Monk opened his memorandum book and produced a newspaper cutting, from which he read the conclusion of the counsel's address:—"It would be foolish of me to maintain that I have proven that my client is not guilty of the theft of which she is accused. But I have the right to ask: Is there any one who believes that the public prosecutor has proved her guilt? I have, at any rate, shown that in order that the assertion of the prosecution may hold good, the young lady must have been in two places at the same time. If she had been at the pawnbroker's at the time when all the evidence went to show she was there, then she cannot be the person who was photographed by Mr. Howell with the stolen diamond in her hand."

"I admit that there is weighty circumstantial evidence against the young lady; but have I not also shown that there is also weighty circumstantial evidence in contradiction? All will agree that this is an unusual case. This robbery, which has now been twice before the court, in the form of two different charges against two different persons, will remain a mystery, whatever the verdict of the jury may be to-day."

"I venture to say, that whatever your judgment may be to-day, we shall to-morrow hear that half of the public ap-

prove of it, and the other half dis-

approve."

"The theft is, and will remain, a mys-

tery."

"Any one who was present at the former trial, will remember that when the case was nearly concluded, in fact, just before the jury retired, there was scarcely a person in court who was not convinced that the case was as clear as any could be, and that the conscience of the jurymen would not be troubled in any way by pronouncing a verdict of 'Guilty.' But an hour or two afterward all were agreed that they might with just as easy a mind pronounce a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' Might not the same thing happen to-day?"

"I am not so fortunate, it is true, as my colleague, who was the counsel for the defence on the first occasion. I have not, at any rate, succeeded in producing evidence which would compel the prosecution to drop the case,—but I have at least succeeded in showing that if the public prosecutor is correct in his statements, then my client must be a supernatural being!"

The counsel concluded with a passionate appeal to the jury on behalf of his client, and sat down.

"The jury consulted for three hours," continued Monk, and when they at last returned into court, their answer to the question of "Guilty or not guilty" was: "Not Guilty!"

A sigh of relief escaped simultaneously from Clara and myself, and Monk looked up with a strange melancholy smile.

"Yes, I understand. I felt just as you now feel when the verdict was made known. The first impression was one of infinite joy and relief; but it was not to last long. The verdict was received by the public with deep silence; and when Sigrid was liberated, and about to leave the court, she was received with hooting and hissing by the large crowd which in an incredibly short time had collected outside. Stones were thrown after her carriage, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the police got her safely away."

"How terrible!" said Clara. "How could any one have the heart to torture the poor girl any further. Did they believe then that she was guilty?"

"Guilty!" exclaimed Monk, with another melancholy smile. "I don't believe there were ten people in Christiania the next day who were not convinced that Sigrid Frick had stolen her uncle's diamond, and that there were dark pages in her life which were the cause of her being in need of money. Then, besides this, she was looked upon as the cause of Evelyn's suicide."

The next day the papers contained accounts of what had happened the day before in the court, and the trial was the general topic of conversation. No one seemed to doubt that Miss Frick was guilty. The suicide of Evelyn had especially tended to inflame the minds of the public. Most people were convinced that the cause of the suicide was, as I have already mentioned, the treatment to which she had been exposed while being accused of a crime of which she was innocent.

As one paper appeared a furious leader with the heading: "Is there one law for the rich, and another for the poor?" It dwelt at some length upon the position of the poor young girl in the service of the rich young lady. How the rich lady had stolen the diamond in order to use the money for—well, I will not repeat the words—how the poor girl was arrested by the police, driven out of her wits, and eventually to suicide. How the police, who apparently wanted to be on a friendly footing with the rich lady, tried to screen her guilt, and how richer had eventually succeeded in getting the wealthy criminal acquitted.

The result of this article was that a large mob preceded next day to Frick's villa, in the belief that Sigrid was still there, and broke all the windows, hooting and hissing all the time.

Old Frick naturally became furious, and, armed with his revolver and his sabre, he single-handed attacked the

mob which surrounded the house.

He was no doubt under the impression that he was followed by a force consisting of the coachman and the gardener; but these cautious warriors did not follow him further than the gate.

Fortunately, old Frick had forgotten to load his revolver, so no great mischief was done. He was at once surrounded and forced up against his railings. He managed, however, to use his sword, if not with dexterity, at least with such fury that it took some time before any one ventured to come near him.

He had succeeded in wounding several half-tipsy roughs, who attempted to close with him, when finally an ingenious young cattle driver caught up a garden seat and rushed at him, using this as a shield. Old Frick's sword got jammed in the seat; he was disarmed, and struck on the head with an empty bottle, and thrown to the ground. Some mounted police at last appeared on the scene, charged the crowd, and saved the old man, after which the mob dispersed quietly.

The blow which old Frick received on his head resulted in concussion of the brain. For several days he lingered between life and death, and has, since that time, owing to paralysis in his legs, not been able to leave his chair without assistance.

(To be Continued.)

SUMMING UP THE EVIDENCE.

Many Meyersdale People Have Been Called as Witnesses.

Week after week has been published the testimony of Meyersdale people—kidney sufferers—backache victims—people who have endured many forms of kidney, bladder or urinary disorders. These witnesses have used Doan's Kidney Pills. All have given their enthusiastic approval. It's the same everywhere. 30,000 American men and women are publicly recommending Doan's—always in the home papers. Isn't it a wonderful mass of convincing proof? If you are a sufferer your verdict must be "Try Doan's first."

Here's one more Meyersdale case: R. Rosenberger, Keystone street, Meyersdale, says: "For eight or nine years I was troubled by pains in the small of my back. The only medicine that helped me was Doan's Kidney Pills. From two to three boxes always made me feel all right. I recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to my friends."

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SERIOUS CANAL SLIDE.

The terrific slide the past week of probably ten million cubic yards of earth into the Panama Canal is a very serious situation and it will be months before the great mountain of earth can be cleaned out.

This great feat, of making the Panama Canal at a cost of \$300,000,000, was looked up sceptically by many who declared it would be impossible to prevent the slides and their predictions seem to, in a measure, be verified.

Others, who declared the land too porous to hold the water in the canal, have been shown mistaken in their calculations.

Colonel Goethals, the inspiration and backbone of all the great undertaking is still at the helm and as he has accomplished heretofore the almost impossible, may over come this greatest one of all.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD OF REFORMED CHURCH

The Pittsburgh synod of the Reformed church in the United States is holding its forty-seventh annual session in St. John's Reformed church, Evans City, Pa., starting Wednesday of this week and lasting until Wednesday of next week.

Last evening the retiring president, Rev. H. H. Wiant, of Berlin, preached the sermon.

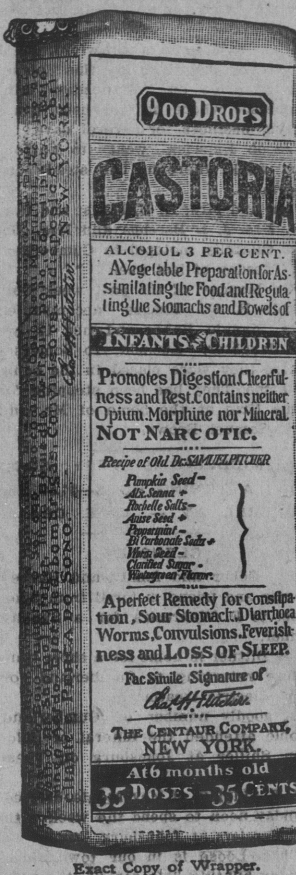
On Friday evening Dr. A. E. Truxal of Meyersdale had charge of the services.

There was a net gain in the membership of the synod of 663 during the year. The offerings were: Benevolence \$66,863; congregation purposes, 178,984—a gain in benevolence of \$13,213 over 1914. Present membership, 25,246.

The present officers are: The Rev. H. H. Wiant, president, Berlin, Pa. Prof. W. H. Kretschman, vice president, Meyersdale; corresponding secretary, Rev. J. W. Albertson, Jemmer; treasurer, Rev. C. L. Noss, Manor, Pa. stated clerk, Rev. J. Harvey Mickle, Johnstown, Pa.

SOMERSET STATION ABOUT COMPLETED.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad will open its new passenger station at Somerset in a few weeks. The interior is now being finished and walks are being laid about the building. When the station is completed, Somerset will have one of the best in this part of the country, considering the size of the town, of course. The work has been pushed rapidly during the latter part of the summer and little remains to be done.



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