

A

MAGICIAN'S TOUR

UP AND DOWN AND ROUND ABOUT
THE EARTH.

BEING THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THE AMERICAN NOSTRADAMUS.

HARRY KELLAR.

EDITED BY HIS FAITHFUL "FAMILIAR,"

"SATAN, JUNIOR."

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GIFT

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TO
THE HONORABLE MR. FREDERIC CONDÉ WILLIAMS
OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MAURITIUS,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY
THE AUTHOR

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A MAGICIAN'S TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

START IN LIFE.

“Come lithe and listen, gentles, to me,
And I'll rede ye a lay of grammarye.”

So years ago sang good honest Thomas Ingoldsby, the venerable and good humored pillar of the Anglican Church, whose words have delighted generation after generation since the worthy Dean himself was laid away with his forbears in the odor of sanctity. That which is to follow in these pages is not indeed a tale by any means as gruesome or hair-raising as the legend of the Spectre Drummer Boy of Salisbury Plain, or that of Blondie Jacke of Shrewsbury; it is merely the simple narration of certain incidents in the life of an American “Wizard” who, whilst honestly confessing that he is not in league with any spirits whatever, red or white, black or gray, goes on night after night producing illusions that either Nostradamus, or Ruggieri, or even the awful Merlin himself would assuredly have been unable to do, with all their charms and incantations. Added to this the subject of this sketch, having circumnavigated the globe a baker's dozen or so of times, has had a good many perilous adventures by flood and field, the relation of some of which may serve to while away an idle hour to such of his countrymen and women who happen to chance upon this screed in the hap-hazard reading of light literature. It may be

surmised that this "yarn" can be commenced without any one feeling that awful necessity of prosecuting it to the bitter end, which accompanies the perusal of the ordinary every-day novel. It is like a modern farce—you can begin at the end or in the middle, and the effect is equally pleasing.

The above is intended as an ingenious means of deluding people into reading a preface, who would "skip" it directly if the word "Preface" were printed on the top in big letters. But as a junior devil I am naturally of an antic disposition, and so may be easily imagined to be sitting on my reader's shoulder grinning, and girding, and mopping, and mowing heartily at the success of my device.

Being after all a good natured devil, and not desirous of anything but fun and true enjoyment of mankind, I will at once seriously begin what I have to say, which is to tell what I know of the life and adventures on this planet of the master whom I have served so long and so faithfully, and whose obedient "familiar" I am.

Well, then, my master's name, that is the name by which he is known to all, even to good people down here (or up here) is Harry Kellar, who is known wherever the English language is spoken, and in a great many places where it is not. Of course, everybody in these United States is perfectly aware of the bitter controversy that has raged for many years amongst very learned pundits, as to whether Kellar is an actual, ordinary, every-day man, with a bald head and an amiable disposition, as he appears to the casual observer, or whether his plump and pleasing person is merely an attractive mask which covers the foul proportions of an intimate chum of the monarch of the place we never mention. The way in which the strife on this question continues, and occasionally waxes more and more dangerously virulent, amuses me, as I of course happen to know amongst the multitude of things

with which I am acquainted, that Harry Kellar came into the world in the way usually adopted by ordinary mortals. He was in fact born in the little Town of Erie, in Pennsylvania, in the scorching days of the summer of the year 1849. Thus he was manifestly too young to be one of the California pioneers, who were by tradition bound to arrive in the land of El Dorado in the fall of '49, or the spring of '50 at latest, but he has all the same picked up some of the stray nuggets which he found lying loose around there on the occasion of his several visits. My master chose this obscure town to be born in with set purpose. All great men are born in out-of-the-way places, as no doubt you have noticed. You, yourself, who read this for instance, unless, as is not impossible, you, worshipful sir, are a royal personage and so born "in the purple" under palace roof, reflect fame upon the comparatively remote place where you first opened your baby eyes upon this lunatic world.

My master's father was a sturdy early settler of Erie. In fact he lives there yet. He was a quiet, honest, law-abiding creature, whose aspirations for his boy consisted in educating him as well as he knew how, and giving him a trade. Fancy, *a trade* for such a one as my master, a being who would not quail even in the awful presence of great Hermes himself! The notion was absurd, but the good man, Papa Kellar, wasn't to be blamed. How should he know by instinct the mighty destiny of his offspring? So he apprenticed him to a village compounder of drugs. Heavens! what fun he had, and what a life the druggist led. He didn't know the properties of all the drugs by intuition, but he soon learned them, though it was rather an expensive study in more ways than one. He found out quickly how to compound one of those draughts they so commonly send us labelled "*haustus catharticus, etc.*," and was accounted a very promising youth. He wasn't satisfied with the daily routine of his work at Dr. Squills' drug store, but was

forever making surreptitious experiments, which occasionally were attended with serious results. For instance, one day he charged a copper vessel with soda and sulphuric acid, and the result was a terrible explosion, that knocked a hole through the office floor overhead, and very nearly sent one of the proprietors heavenward. This experience, and the sharp reminder he received from his employer, convinced him that the drug business was neither healthful nor profitable to a youth of his bent, and he decided to shake the dust of Erie from off his feet. There is a good deal of dust in Erie. The Fates and an accommodating freight train were propitious, and within the next few days Erie had lost a druggist's apprentice, and New York City had gained a newsboy. Young Kellar did not long remain on the streets of New York, however. He wasn't of the material which is content to vegetate even in the Metropolis. His bright face, his energy, and his winning way soon attracted the attention of Rev. Robert Harcourt, an English clergyman, whose kind heart prompted him to take a personal interest in the little Arab. It was a turning point in young Kellar's career. He went with the good clergyman, and was finally adopted by him, and taken away to Canandaigua, N.Y. Mr. Harcourt became very much attached to his young *protégé*. He placed him under the care of a competent private tutor, with the intention of preparing him for the Church. Mr. Harcourt's intentions were good, but his hopes were not destined to be fulfilled. The youth had no ambition to take holy orders. He felt restless under the restraint that was imposed upon him. He wanted liberty, freedom; he wanted to see the world. No parent could have been kinder to him than was his adopted father, but the attempt to force his inclinations had the effect of making the career that had been chosen for him more distasteful than it otherwise would have been.

Young Kellar had seen an occasional sleight-of-hand performer, and the wonders which these wandering

illusionists performed inspired him with the desire to go and do likewise. He decided to become a prestidigitateur, if possible; and when a healthy, hearty, clear-headed boy comes to such a determination, the world is apt to be the gainer. Soon after this he saw an advertisement in a Buffalo paper, to the effect that the Fakir of Ava, a well-known conjurer, wanted a boy to travel with him, and learn to be a magician. This was touching fire to lightwood. Young Kellar was in a blaze of excitement in a moment. He determined to apply for the place, and with him, even then, to decide was to act. He at once set out for Buffalo, and went to the Fakir's residence, a magnificent country-seat about two miles out of the city. When he entered the yard, the Fakir's little black-and-tan dog jumped at him in a friendly way, and showed great delight at the meeting.

The Fakir soon appeared, and after he had talked with the boy for a short time, said: "I have had about one hundred and fifty applications for the place, but that little dog has shown great animosity to every boy that entered the gate until you came. You are the first one he has made friends with. I will give you a trial."

Of course there are plenty of people who will think that all this was mere chance, and the Fakir (who, by the way, was not in the least like one of the tribe who go by that name now-a-days, and are to be found by the score on Union Square, New York), would have taken any other nice, chubby-faced boy that might have happened to suit the fancy of the black-and-tan dog. You and I, dear reader, know better, and are quite aware that the whole business was arranged by that peculiar "Kismet," or supernatural power, that guides the uncertain footsteps of embryo nineteenth century magicians.

Anyhow, in this way my master began his career, as a sort of acolyte or imp to that celebrated necro-

mancer, known as the Fakir of Ava. To this day he cherishes the memory of that little black-and-tan dog, as that of a very dear friend. In speaking of this eventful period of his life, Mr. Kellar long afterward said: "I have never had occasion to regret the step I then took, for the dear old Fakir, who is now (1886) living in retirement in Detroit, Mich., is, and always has been, one of my best and truest friends."

After having traveled for several seasons with the Fakir, and with him visiting nearly every part of the United States, my master concluded to start out on his own account. He told the Fakir what he intended to do, and the kind old man gave him a good outfit of apparatus, at the same time saying: "There is no use advising you not to go on the road, since you are determined to do it. So go forth, and may you prosper." The neophyte went forth, but did not prosper to any great extent for some time.

He made his first essays in small towns in Michigan, barely earning money enough to pay his expenses. He pluckily kept going, however, until he reached South Bend, Ind. There he met a man named Baily, who made a proposition to act as his manager. The new-found friend was plausible and smooth-spoken, and an agreement was speedily arrived at. Baily took charge of the box-office, and left town between two days, taking with him the entire receipts, and leaving poor Kellar without money with which to pay the bills. The result was that the sheriff attached all of his apparatus, and left him with nothing but the clothes he wore.

Our magician now knew for the first time what it was to be "stranded" in a strange town. But he was not the kind of a man to give up. He walked out of South Bend in a snow storm, and followed the railroad track to a station called Salem Crossing. There he boarded a freight train, and the conductor kindly allowed him to ride free to Chicago. Once in the



THE BULL FIGHT, HAVANA.

Garden City, he proceeded directly to the Chicago & North-Western Railway station, and got on a passenger train bound for Milwaukee. His intention was to "work" the conductor for a free ride, but that individual was obdurate, and he put the crest-fallen magician off the train at Rose Hill, one of Chicago's burying grounds.

There was a significance in this fact that would have had a depressing effect on most people, but Kellar had no intention of laying his magical ambition in the grave just then. He settled down for a walk to Waukegan, and after many weary hours' tramp through the snow, during which he counted the telegraph poles along the line, and discovered that there were just twenty-seven to the mile, he arrived safely, but foot-sore and weary, at his destination. He immediately called on the proprietor of Phoenix Hall, and after a pleasant chat with him, flattered his vanity by praising the brilliant fancy that had led him to pitch upon the name "Phoenix," for a place that had been built over the ashes of another hall. The proprietor became very gracious, and purred softly like a cat, when the conjurer proposed to hire the hall for the next two nights. The old fellow did not forget to mention, however, that his rule was to have the rent strictly in advance. Mr. Kellar was once more very complimentary, and it was finally agreed that the question of rent should stand over until 8 o'clock on the evening of the first performance. My master was young in those days, and sanguine, and felt sure that by that time there would be enough money in the box-office to pay the rent. He then went and ordered a quantity of flaming hand-bills, announcing the show, and thereafter called on the state assessor to arrange about his license. At that time, (1867) a United States license of \$20 per year, or a proportionate sum for a fractional part of a year, had to be paid by every entertainment of that kind. My master gave the assessor a number

of free tickets, and ascertained that the license for the portion of the year still to run would be about \$4. Of course he was just as well able to pay \$4,000. However, he put a bold face on the matter, and asked the functionary to make out the receipt. The assessor was very busy at the time, and asked the magician to call in the afternoon. This suited the case exactly. My master told the assessor that he would be rushed to death with work up to the very moment of his appearance, and he asked him to send his collector to the box-office on the evening of the entertainment. In view of the number of free tickets he had accepted, the assessor could not well refuse, and so that matter was settled.

But all was not plain sailing yet. Upon returning to the printing office for his hand-bills, a bill for \$10 was handed to him, with the reminder that they always received pay in advance. My master told the proprietor that he hadn't a cent in the world, but that he had good prospects, and was honest. The Waukeganer was a little bit incredulous, but even at that advanced age—he was at that time only nineteen—my master could with ease perform the curious feat known as “talking the hind leg off a donkey,” and so he soon gained his point, and the announcements, and started out to stick them up all over the place himself. No one seemed to suspect that the smooth-faced youth was agent, proprietor, and artist rolled in one.

There was at the hotel a very persevering lightning-rod man, who was selling shares in a new company that had been started for the purpose of manufacturing a copper-pointed lightning-rod. The shares were nominally fifty dollars each, and he had found quite a number of subscribers, the most enthusiastic of them all being the landlord of the hotel. This agent offered four shares in his concern for the first night's receipts, saying that the shares would soon be above par, and that there would be a good profit on the investment.

Kellar said he didn't care to sell out for stock in this company, although he had no doubt it would be a good investment, but that if the agent would give him two shares and sixty dollars in cash, he would hand over the first night's returns. To these terms the lightning-rod man consented. About this time, Mr. Kellar considered a bird in hand worth a million in the bush. He sold the two shares to the landlord for fifty dollars, which sum, together with the sixty dollars in cash he had before received, made him feel that he was the richest man in the world. He certainly was then one of the happiest. He immediately called on the printer and paid his bill with all the dignity of a millionaire. He next went to the assessor's office and paid the license, and he also paid the hall rent for the two nights in advance.

Up to this time it had not occurred to him how he was going to give the entertainment, his time having all been taken up in arranging the business matters. Now that everything looked bright, he prepared for the performance. He procured some tin disks from the tinsmith for the "Aerial Treasury," got a pack of cards for card tricks, ordered two tin cups for the coffee and milk trick, procured three candle boxes, and covered them with white paper so that they looked quite neat, and in place of strips of blue and white paper used saw-dust, of which there was an abundance in the hall. He arranged an ordinary champagne bottle for the bottle trick, and used a small kitten instead of a Guinea pig. In this way he managed to provide quite an interesting entertainment.

In one of his tricks he borrowed a ring, apparently destroying it. He then produced an envelope addressed to some prominent person in the audience, and inside this envelope would be found another envelope addressed to some one else, and so on for ten or twelve changes, each cover, of course, being smaller than the one enclosing it. The very last envelope contained

the borrowed ring, perfectly restored. On this occasion, he had obtained the names of several prominent persons, which he wrote on the envelopes prepared for the trick. When he asked to borrow a ring, a very pretty little lady, with snapping black eyes, handed him a small band with a solitaire diamond setting. He made a few remarks about some conjurers using cumbersome apparatus, whereas he depended entirely on the dexterity of his hands to accomplish his wonders. He scorned to use apparatus (for the best reason in the world, he had none to use), and calling a small boy on the stage, he gave him what appeared to be the borrowed ring. There was no scenery, and at the back of the stage there were three windows. Under these windows flowed a stream of water. Mr. Kellar told the lad to throw the ring out of the window into the stream. He then produced the prepared envelopes. The first name was called. A gentleman stood up, opened the flap, and read the name on the next cover, and so the package passed to about ten different persons. Of course when it came to the last one, Mr. Kellar intended to say, "There you will find the borrowed ring." Imagine his surprise and delight, when, on the last name being called, the little lady who had so kindly loaned the ring, arose. He told her to open the envelope and she would find her ring within. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the magician was greeted with rounds of loud and prolonged applause. The lady belonged to one of the first families of the town, and it was without pre-arrangement that she loaned her ring, and that her name appeared on the last envelope. Mr. Kellar didn't know who the persons were that were on his list for the trick. He only knew that they were in the audience, as he had requested the doorkeeper to give him the names of some of the leading people in the hall, and Miss W's appeared among the rest. It was the best trick

he ever performed, and it brought him a crowded house for the following night.

He had a heavy pocket, a light heart, and was in high spirits at the favorable turn his fortunes appeared to have taken. Of course all this good luck was to be set down to the credit of the young lady with black eyes. She was his "genius of the ring."

CHAPTER II.

THE BULL FIGHT.

From Waukegan, my master went to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, where he met the Davenport Brothers & Fay. Spiritual Mediums. He joined them, first as assistant, then as agent, and afterwards as business manager. He travelled with them over the greater part of the United States (including California) and Canada, over the Continent of Europe, through Russia, via Riga, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Nijni-Novgorod and Odessa; thence back again to the United States. In the summer of 1871, he piloted them through Texas. They travelled all over that State in wagons. There was no railroad beyond Hearne then, and their route was from Galveston to Houston, Columbus, San Antonio, Austin, Lampasas Springs, Dallas, and Shreveport, and thence by boat down the river to New Orleans.

From Lampasas to Dallas the road ran through a very wild country, and there had been considerable trouble with the Comanche Indians in that section. They had made several raids on the cattle ranches. One morning as my master was quietly jogging along (two days in advance of the company) over a rolling prairie, he heard whooping and yelling behind him, as

if pandemonium had broken loose. He turned, and to his horror, saw three Indians riding toward him from different directions. They were coming on at full tilt, and when they saw him whipping his horse, they yelled all the more. He had no arms, and he felt that the chase would very likely be a short one. He expected every moment to have a bullet crash through his skull, and he was mentally picturing himself scalped and left as food for the vultures. Suddenly, at the top of a rise, he saw a large herd of cattle, and a number of white cowboys, who took in the situation at a glance. They had a hearty laugh at Mr. Kellar's expense, for the Indians were also cowboys, belonging to the same gang, and they had been scouring the country in search of stray cattle. He was a long time in getting over his agitation, and his poor pony was so injured in his breathing, that he was never good for anything afterward.

In the spring of 1873, Prof. Fay and Mr. Kellar left the Davenport Brothers, and formed the combination known as "Fay & Kellar." They travelled through Canada that summer. In the fall they took a tour through the Southern States, going through Florida to Key West, where they were "stranded" for lack of funds. There Mr. Kellar became acquainted with Captain McKay, the proprietor of a cattle steamer running from Tampa, via Key West, to Havana. He also became intimately acquainted with Capt. Cushing, U. S. N. Captain McKay offered Mr. Kellar a passage to Cuba, telling him that there was a splendid opening for him there, and promising that if Mr. Kellar could make no satisfactory arrangements, he would bring him back to Key West. Mr. Kellar went with him, leaving Mr. Fay at Key West awaiting results. Upon arriving at Havana, Mr. Kellar called on Senor Albisu, and made a contract with him for a tour of the entire Island of Cuba, to play in the principal theaters. Mr. Kellar sent for Fay and the baggage, and they com-

menced operations at the Albisu Theater, in Havana. The Lucca-DeMurska Opera Company were then singing at the Tacon Theater. The Kellar & Fay receipts the first night were over \$3,000. The Governor General occupied a box, and paid for it like a man and a soldier, and this doubtless contributed much to the success of the venture.

At this time my master was not familiar with the Spanish language. He knew German well, and had a fair knowledge of Latin, but these accomplishments did not help him much among the descendants of the Old Castilians. The usual way in such cases is to hire an interpreter, but the man available for the work, demanded three hundred dollars a night, and in other respects, seemed to imagine himself the principal feature of the show. Then came out that spirit of splendid independence, which animated Kellar's ancestors at Concord and Lexington. He could not brook the idea of giving himself up altogether to the mercies of an interpreter, who might not, improbably, say all sorts of things that, to put it mildly, would be directly contrary to the facts. He determined to be his own interpreter. Being always apt in this regard, he had all his speeches written out in good colloquial Spanish, and carefully committed them to memory.

His knowledge of Latin assisted him materially, in at once comprehending what he was talking about. As a matter of fact, this scheme added to the attractiveness of the entertainment. His Spanish was good enough to make every person in the audience understand him, and it was at times bad enough to be very funny. It was not long before he could speak the language fluently. Thereafter Mr. Kellar always depended upon himself to do his own talking. Whenever he finds it necessary to address an audience, with whose language he is unfamiliar, he recalls his Cuban experience, and gets out of his difficulty in the same way. He now speaks with perfect ease North American,



FOREST SCENE IN PERU.

See page 44.

English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Fiji, Tamil, Mahratta, Arabic, and of course Pennsylvania Dutch. Besides these, he has enough knowledge of Scandinavian, to get along with an audience in Stockholm, or Copenhagen; is entirely at home with the peasants in Brittany, and has a sufficient acquaintance with the Romaic, to enable him to pass for a Romany Rye.

While in Havana, Mr. Kellar attended a bull fight at the Plaza de Torros. The Plaza is an enormous circular building, or coliseum, with an immense ring in the center, and seats ranged in tiers around the sides, like a circus. It was a magnificent afternoon. The sun shone brightly; the intense blueness of the sky was flecked with fleecy white clouds, and the faintest suspicion of a breeze toyed lightly with the costly laces of the dark-eyed Cuban beauties. The Plaza was crowded with the elite and fashion of the city. It was super-crowded by the throng of the lower classes, whose eager faces testified to their love of the national sport.

They had not long to wait. Precisely at the hour named for the beginning of the sport, the *Juez*, or Judge, gave a signal, and a clamorous bugle-call summoned the *Torreros*. A gay looking lot they were, tricked out in their bright and gaudy costumes. Some were mounted on horse-back, armed with sharply pointed poles, others were on foot, and brandished flags and banderillas.

They salute the judge and audience. All retire save the mounted *picadores*. A large gate is clumsily flung open. There is an instant's pause, then dashes into the ring an enormous Spanish bull. Around the Plaza runs a murmur of admiring applause. What a superbly magnificent brute! A tawny massive head, strong, sturdy shoulders, and madly enraged, wicked eyes! He hesitates a moment, then throws up his head, as if in disdain of the gaping multitude, and

makes a wild dash at one of the horsemen. The picador quickly wheels his sorry looking steed to one side, and receives the bull with his pointed pole. 'Tis only an insignificant prick, scarcely drawing the blood, but it thoroughly maddens the enraged animal. He turns so rapidly that the picador has no chance of escape. A savage, headlong dash, and the unfortunate horse is disemboweled, and the rider thrown heavily to the ground. He is evidently injured, for he makes an awkward effort to arise. Poor devil! He will never again flaunt his gaily decked lance. A mad rush, a low, shuddering sound, a human being is tossed high in the air, and the white horns of the bull flash to the bright sunshine the red life blood of their victim. The excitement is intense. The vast audience has risen to its feet, and as the body of the picador falls limply to the ground, their pent-up feelings find a vent in savage "Bravo Torro," "Bravo Torro!" ("Well done, bull!" "Well done, bull!")

The animal looks wonderingly around, as though satisfied with its bloody work. The pause is taken advantage of. Man and beast, dead picador and dead horse are drawn from the ring. The ground is cleaned. The audience resume their seats, and the sport proceeds.

A very sprightly looking youth now bounds lightly into the ring. In his hands are two sticks, barb-pointed, and frilled with white paper. With a stick in either hand, he walks up directly in front of the bull. The animal gazes curiously at this new adversary, seemingly at a loss what to make of him. But only for an instant. The massive head is lowered, and the animal dashes madly forward. The youth flinches not an iota, and just as one imagines that the bull is upon him, he steps nimbly to one side, and adroitly, but oh! how firmly and accurately, implants his sticks, one upon either shoulder of the animal. Then he sends a

quick but graceful salute to the beauty and fashion ranged above him, and runs for shelter behind one of the many safety shields that surround the ring.

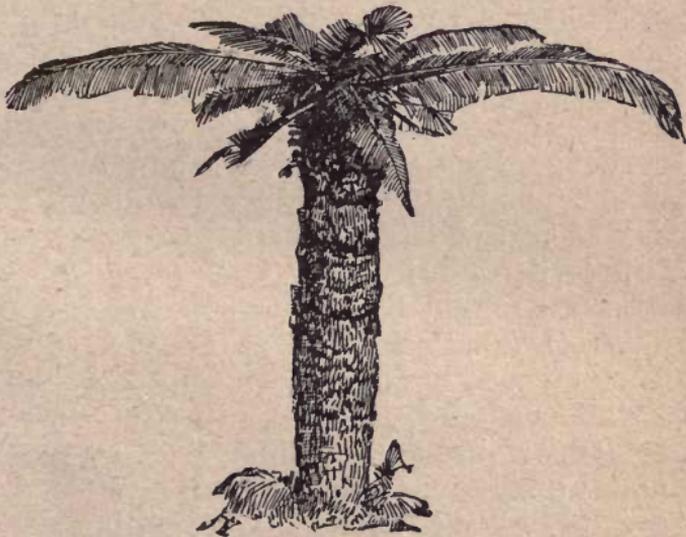
Now comes the *matador*. He is conscious that the eyes of the city are upon him. His head is thrown high in the air, his bearing is proud and erect, and he carries his sword with the grace of a Roman gladiator. In his left hand is a red flag. The bull eyes his new foe distrustfully. He is no longer on the aggressive. But the *matador* knows his quarry. He brandishes his red flag across the bull's eyes. He gradually works the animal into a fierce passion. It dashes at its tormentor. But the *matador* quickly steps aside, leaving the bull to toss the flag high over its horns. This baiting is repeated for a few times. Then the audience, wearying of such harmless sport yell loudly, "kill, kill."

Now the *matador* almost imperceptibly draws himself together. He approaches the bull, stands directly in front of him, and waves the tantalizing red flag. The bull hesitates at this new form of attack. The delay is fatal. With a sudden lunge the *matador* thrusts his unerring sword between the shoulders of the animal, the blade passing through the heart and out on the other side of the body. The huge beast falls on its front legs. The massive head is thrown up once in a last proud defiance, then falls, and the dark blood spurts in torrents from the gaping wound. The crowd yells itself hoarse with delight. And the *matador* retires, the proudest man in that vast course.

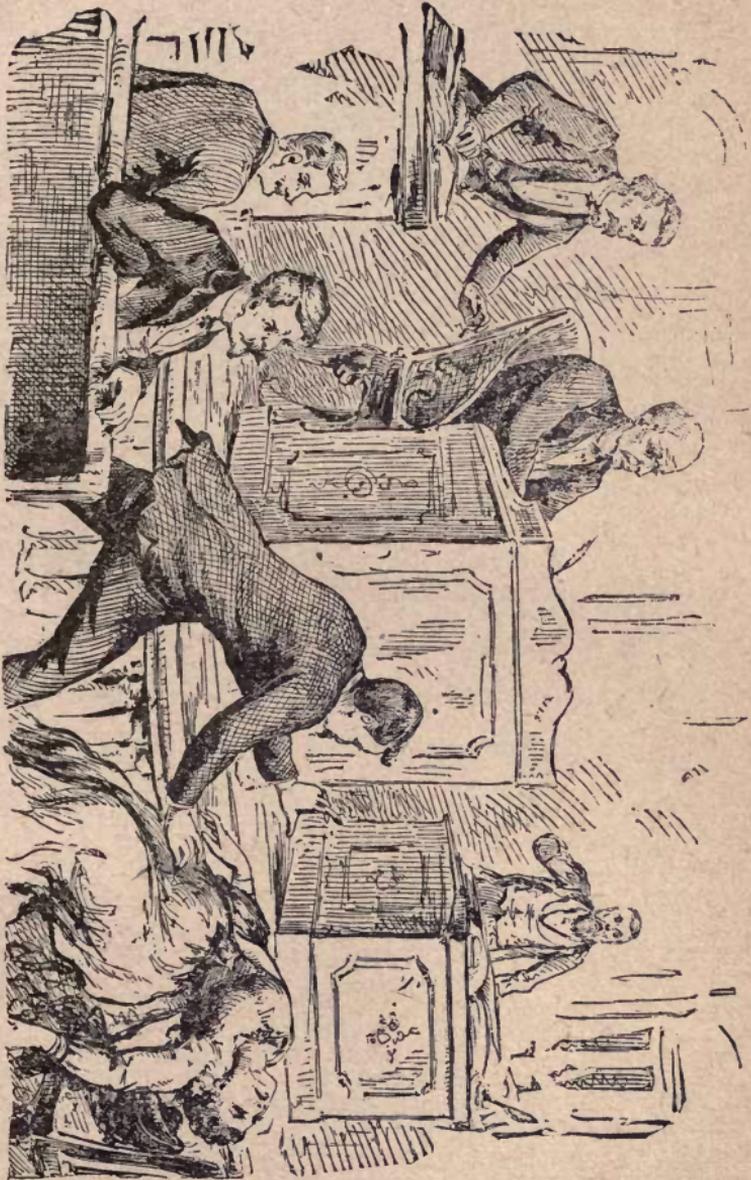
Four splendid mules, gaily caparisoned, with many colored ribbons braided in their manes and tails, are now brought into the arena and fastened to the dead beast. They drag it once around the course, and every neck is craned to get a glimpse of the *torro*, which fought so hard for its life. Then, amid blowing of

bugles, the mules and their load disappear, the ground is cleansed, room is made for, and the crowd await, the next victim.

Bull fights take place in Havana every Thursday and Sunday afternoon.



THE PALM TREE.



HER HAND RELAXED AND SHE FELL FROM THE WITNESS CHAIR.

See page 113.

The District Attorney was on his feet in an instant.

“This is without precedent—”

“That’s true,” assented Mr. Wright, parenthetically.

“I say it is without precedent,” repeated the District Attorney, waving his arms like a windmill. “Here comes an attorney and asks for delay that he may present evidence to prove that his client is guilty—to which the client very naturally objects. And what kind of testimony is it? Why it’s as ridiculous on its face as an old woman’s ghost story. I hope Your Honor will not grant an adjournment.”

“But the Court will,” said Judge Blackwood, with a promptness and decision that almost took the District Attorney’s breath away. “It will not do,” he continued, gravely, “to scoff at things we can not understand, especially when there is a life at stake,” and the adjournment was granted.

Wheeler was so weak and nervous when he reached Mr. Wright’s office that he begged permission to go into the private room and lie down. Mr. Wright’s explanation to the Court, in which he had shown that Miss Menton had caused him to do a murder, had unmanned him. He dared not think

of it, and yet the lawyer's words echoed and re-echoed through his brain.

"Now do you see why I did not want to tell Wheeler?" said lawyer Wright to Mr. Ellersly when they were alone. "I knew that a man of his impulsive, nervous nature would be quite certain to act just as he did when the secret was revealed. We can never make him believe that he committed that murder, and that very fact strengthens our case with the court and jury. To-morrow I will read the confession."

"Thank God there's light ahead," said Mr. Ellersly, fervently. "But poor Wheeler! It will blight his life."

"That's where you are mistaken," answered Mr. Wright. "It will not blight his life a whit more than it will mine."

CHAPTER XIII.

A BURNING DESIRE FOR REVENGE UPON THE MAN WHO HAD ROBBED ME OF MY LOVE.

When the Denman murder trial was resumed on the following day there were half a dozen scholarly-looking men occupying seats within the railing. "Those are the experts," said a *quid nunc* in the audience, and those who heard him looked at the scientific gentlemen with much the same interest they would have exhibited in viewing a collection of Bengal tigers.

When Mr. Wright arose and began to unfold a roll of manuscript the audience held its breath, for the promised confession, the strangest of all confessions ever known in the annals of crime of the great city of New York, was about to be read.

"This," said Mr. Wright, "is the statement of Helene Menton, made *in articulo mortis* on the twelfth day of December of this year — the day before yesterday. The unhappy woman since that time has gone before that higher Court where all may hope for mercy. Let us hope that she may

receive it. She died at 12 o'clock last night." Mr. Wright continued: "The confession reads thus:

“ ‘Believing death to be at hand, I, Helene Menton, as an act of justice to an innocent man, and in the hope of forgiveness through this act, solemnly declare that I am morally guilty of the murder of Paul Denman. That the world may not judge me too harshly let me relate the story of my life:— I will tell why I was moved to be revenged upon the man who robbed me of happiness and honor, when they were almost within my grasp, after long years of misery and neglect. I was born in Paris on the 30th of June, 1856. My mother, who, at the time of her marriage was a dancer of some renown in the theatrical world of Paris, died when I was five years old, leaving me to my father's care. Even my earliest recollections are sorrowful and bitter. I craved affection but could not find it. My father was cold in his nature. I saw but little of him, as most of his time was devoted to his studies. When I was eight years old I went with him to India. We spent three years there. I was left to the care of nurses most of that time. My father had a craze to solve the mysteries of occultism. It never occurred to him that the nature of his child was

worthy of investigation. From India we went to England. Russia soon offered attractions to him. So it was, up to my twentieth year we were constantly journeying from one country to another. His associates were mostly scientific men. It made no difference what a man's moral character was; so long as he was a scholar my father's house was always open to him. I grew to womanhood in an atmosphere of cynicism, selfishness and materialism. I never knew a truly good woman in my life. I have never known the refining influence of home. My surroundings have been without sentiment, without love, and without a tinge of moral color.

“And yet the woman's heart within me did not wither in this unhealthy atmosphere. I had vague longings for a life that was not cold, hard and selfish. I believed that I deserved a kinder fate. My hopes seemed about to be realized when Paul Denman thrust himself into my life. We had been living in Paris about five years. Those five years had been full of misery to me. It would have been better for me had I left my father's house and sought refuge in a convent. Once I thought of doing so; but my father had destroyed my faith in religion, by his cold and logical arguments, and I turned back to the old life without hope.

“The society which I met at our house in Paris — I could not call it home — was gradually killing what little sentiment and tenderness there was left in me, when I met the Count Ludwig. He was brought to our house by one of my father’s friends — a German. He was the first man I had ever met since I had become old enough to understand human motives who seemed to have an honest respect for me. He talked to me of those things of which I had so often thought in my lonely misery — of home life, of his mother, and once I found myself weeping as I listened to his description of the beauty and goodness of his sisters, and the happiness of one of them in her preparations for her approaching marriage to a man she loved and respected. These were the first tears I had shed since childhood. My grief deeply moved the Count. His sympathy was sweet to me and I poured out to him the story of my unhappy life. “Poor child!” said he, and he took my hand and pressed it kindly. From that moment I loved him with a love that women who have had affection all their lives could not understand. I worshipped him.

“He became a constant visitor at our house. I held myself aloof as much as possible from the

others who came almost nightly. My father put no restraints upon his guests. They played at cards, drank till late into the night, and came and went as they pleased. This was my father's idea of hospitality. It amused him to see men get drunk, and he would laugh heartily when they lost their money at cards. He never joined them at the gaming table. My love for the Count ennobled my aspirations, and I hated my surroundings with a bitterness stronger than ever. To my great joy I soon discovered that my affection for the Count was reciprocated. The bliss of the moment when he took me in his arms and kissed me — the first kiss a lover ever imprinted upon my lips — comes back to me now, and I am happy, even in these my dying moments. I was to be his wife, an honored wife — and a Countess. I will not deny that the position I would secure in society by marrying Ludwig increased my desire to become his wife, and influenced me almost equally with my love for him, in naming an early day for the wedding.

“ I was to get out of the meshes which had held me all my life. I was to live among good people, to be respected — a Countess. Women who have never known what it is to be without the respect of the world — to be unknown and neglected — can not

appreciate how great was the joy which possessed me when I saw the way opened to an honored place in society. I was to have been married to the Count in December — five years ago. In November Paul Denman was brought to our house by a young art student — a forward young man who had called only once or twice before. Denman was one of the coarsest men I had ever met. He did not have even the superficial refinement of the professional *roué*. He presumed that because it was not difficult to be introduced at our house, and because of the unconventionality of the life we led, that I was entitled to little better treatment than the shameless women of the streets. I directed the servants not to admit him if he should call again. He came on the following night. The servants carried out my commands, and he turned from the door, cursing me and every one in the house. I think he was drunk that night as well as the night before.

““ A few nights later, on returning from the opera with the Count, happy in his society and in the prospect of our approaching marriage, we stopped at a *café*, as was our custom after the play or opera. This man Denman occupied a seat at a table near where we sat. I had not told Ludwig of the insult he had offered me. I dared not. Denman seemed

bent upon showing me that he despised me. He stared at me so contemptuously and insultingly that Ludwig noticed it, and before I could entreat him not to pay any attention to him he had crossed to where Denman sat. They quarreled. Ludwig was the smaller man of the two, and Denman, the coward, took advantage of his physical power; he knocked him down. The Count challenged him. I begged him not to fight with so low, so base a man, but I could not change his purpose. I prayed that night for the first time since my childhood. I might have known that such prayers as I could offer would not be answered; I had no right to expect it.

“ ‘I never looked upon the face of Ludwig again. He fell by the hand of a man his inferior in courage, in honor, and in manliness. Perhaps it was his fate. My father had a passing interest in my grief. He searched all Paris for Denman, but could not find a trace of him. Two years later we came to New York. My father was born here, but was educated abroad, and had no love for his native country. We live here very much as we did in Paris, though my father’s associates in New York are of a better class, morally, than those who gathered around him there. I had drifted back into the old life. If anything I grew harder, more

indifferent than ever, without hope of happiness, but with a burning desire for revenge upon the man who had robbed me of my love, and cheated me of a place among good women. Can I be blamed? What else was there for me to live for?

“I was leading this miserable existence when Mr. Wheeler — who, next to the Count, I admired more than any one I had ever met — brought Denman to our house. He did not know whom he was to meet. He trembled under the glance I gave him. His conscience made a coward of him. From that moment I devoted my every thought to devising some means of revenge. Nothing but his life would satisfy me. I encouraged him to return. I knew his weakness, and seemingly lowered myself to the level on which he had placed me. I had not yet thought of a way of wreaking my revenge. I had only one desire; that was, to kill him. I believe it would have resulted in my doing the deed with my own hand had not a novel means presented itself. The method which I used suggested itself to me after a conversation I had with Prof. Ryse. He described to me how the investigations of hypnotism had been carried to such an extent in Paris as to prove beyond a doubt that an impression could be conveyed to a person, while in the

hypnotic state, which could be re-awakened at any time that might be determined upon by the operator. He showed me the report of a case in which a man who had been hypnotized had been directed by the person who hypnotized him one week from that day and hour, to take off his shoes and stockings and walk barefooted for a hundred yards. The experiment was a success. The Professor pointed out the danger of the abuse of this strange power—a murder might be done by its aid, he said.

“ ‘My mind acted quickly. I decided to try this powerful agent, with which I was familiar in a general way. I never thought of Mr. Wheeler as a subject until he himself suggested it in a playful way. I can not comprehend how I consented to make *him* a partner to my crime. The opportunity suggested itself sooner than I had expected. On the night of the 6th of November there were a number of guests at our house; among them Paul Denman, Mr. Wheeler, Dr. Grip, Mr. Landis, Colonel McPhister, and his friend Judge Blackwood. The conversation turned upon psychology, and Prof. Ryse, who has made hypnotism the subject of thoughtful study and investigation, began to

describe the advancement which had been made in it.

“I felt guilty even in the contemplation of the act, and was fearful that Professor Ryse would go on to say that it was possible for a murder to be done through its power—as he had suggested to me.

“I was not unfamiliar with the method of producing the hypnotic trance. I would have known how to do it without Professor Ryse’s directions. To every one in the room but myself the hypnotising of Mr. Wheeler was a pleasing experiment—nothing more. My first attempt failed. I had not intended that it should succeed. It was my purpose to be alone with Mr. Wheeler. I succeeded in getting the other members of the company to leave the room. Mr. Wheeler was perfectly willing to be hypnotized. He suspected nothing, feared nothing.

“I could not have found a better subject. In a very few moments he had, by following my directions and gazing fixedly at the small object I held in my hand—a golden bullet—prophetic instrument, which I had borrowed from Colonel McPhister—passed into the hypnotic state. It was

then that I called the guests in. I caused Mr. Wheeler to do a few of the things which are in the alphabet of hypnotism. I could not resist the temptation to mentally describe the scene at the *café* in Paris, which led to the loss of my lover, the blasting of my hopes—and to this crime. Mr. Wheeler repeated the words aloud. I could see that it struck fear to Denman's heart, and I enjoyed it with a savage satisfaction.

“I was in doubt as to whether I could convey an impression to Mr. Wheeler mentally that would be active after I should arouse him from his trance. So, pretending that there was a great deal of mystery connected with the process of bringing him out of the sleep, which I did not care to explain, I asked the company to leave the room. They did so. It was in the moment that they were absent that I repeated aloud, and with all the impressiveness I could assume, these words: “At three o'clock, get a knife and plunge it into Paul Denman's heart.” I said these words three times. Poor Mr. Wheeler repeated them after me, as innocently as he would have repeated a prayer. Then I awoke him from his trance, and the party dispersed. Suddenly, the thought entered my mind that it was impossible for

Wheeler to carry out my directions, because he would doubtless be asleep at that hour. I had never heard that an impression could be retained and put in execution if the subject were in a natural sleep at the time when that impression should suggest itself to the mind. This doubt brought with it the hope that my wicked plan would fail. I began then to realize how awful it was to make a murderer of this innocent man who trusted me. The deed was done as I had ordered it: it was done at the hour I had named, as the autopsy proves. Henry Wheeler is as innocent of the crime as a babe unborn. I am the murderess, as much so as if I had with my own hand driven the dagger into Paul Denman's heart. The persons whose names I have mentioned in this, my dying confession, who were present when I hypnotized Mr. Wheeler, will attest the truth of my statement as to what took place at my house. I am about to die. I am not sorry that Denman was murdered. I feel that the only crime I committed was in making Mr. Wheeler the instrument. By the friendship he once professed for me I beg his forgiveness. I was heartbroken and desperate when the means was placed in my hands to destroy the man who had, without cause,

robbed my life of the only hope and happiness it had ever known, and I could not resist the temptation to employ it. I die; glad to quit a world which has been so hard to me. Henry Wheeler is no more responsible for the death of Paul Denman than is the inanimate knife which penetrated that bad heart.' ”

CHAPTER XIV.

“NOT GUILTY.”

During the reading of the dying confession of Helene Menton, the voice of Mr. Wright was the only sound that broke the stillness of the court room. It created a profound sensation, not only among the spectators, but among the jurymen.

Mr. Wright proceeded to prove by Mr. Ellersly and Johnson the correctness of the document which he had just read, after which Prof. Ryse was called, and the taking of what has come to be called “expert” testimony was begun. Prof. Ryse first described what had taken place at the Menton house on the night of the murder, corroborating the testimony of Miss Menton in every detail, so far as it related to what was done in the presence of the guests.

“You are sure that Mr. Wheeler was hypnotized by Miss Menton, are you?” asked Mr. Wright.

“There is no doubt of it.”

“Do you believe it possible for an impression to have been conveyed to him while he was in the hyp-

notized state that would impel him to commit an act after he should be brought out of that state?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think it possible for this crime to have been committed as set forth in Miss Menton’s confession?”

“Yes.”

“Please tell the jury something of the general characteristics of the hypnotic power.”

“Hypnotism,” began Professor Ryse, “is not yet thoroughly understood. The uses to which it may be put are more numerous than even the most advanced scientific men dreamed of five years ago. The hypnotic condition, as nearly as it can be defined, is almost a counterpart of somnambulism. It is a well established fact that the sleep-walker has absolutely no remembrance in his waking moments of what he has done in his somnambulistic tours. It is so in hypnotism. It has been proved, by frequent experiments, that a man may be hypnotized on a certain day and have a train of thought awakened in his mind by the operator, and then be suddenly restored to his normal condition. A week later, say, the same man is again put into the hypnotic trance. It is quite likely that he will at once take up the subject which the operator had

suggested to his mind when he was in the same condition a week before, and continue it until the operator directs his thoughts into other channels. It has been proved, too, that the operator may convey impressions to his subjects, which, under a command given to the subject at the same time, will emerge from the registering ganglia of the brain at a day and hour, even weeks distant, and be as potent as if the subject were still in the hypnotic sleep before the operator."

"What kind of memory would you call that?" asked Mr. Wright.

"That can only be conjectured. Some writers claim that it is purely cerebral memory. There can be no doubt that the spinal cord may be educated to perform the functions of cerebral memory. I believe that actors have unconsciously cultivated medullary memory. By its aid they are enabled to repeat lines of a part without conscious volition. However, wherever the place of retention of an impression may be, there can be no question but that it is retained. I see no reason to doubt that the crime was committed through the hypnotic power, in view of the statement of the operator."

The celebrated Nurgson, the French physiologist, could not give his testimony in English, and

it was with some difficulty that the court interpreter made clear some of his technical phrases. He began by describing the immediate effect of the hypnotic influence. Said he:

"The first step is to put the subject into a profound sleep—a state of complete unconsciousness. His mind is a blank. He has no thoughts save those which are suggested to him by the operator. He is as if in a dreamless sleep; dead, for the time. As I have said, mental activity is awakened only by the operator. In the ordinary biological condition the subject has his eyes open and seems to know what is taking place; but in the complete hypnotic trance his eyes are almost invariably closed. He seems to be in a torpor. His bodily movements are slow, and his mind, even under the immediate direction of the operator works laboriously. There is an appearance of stupidity about him.

"Some subjects are more susceptible than others, though nine persons in ten may be hypnotized. The chief requisite is a willingness to submit to the influence. The subject must be in a state of mental abstraction; from that state he passes by imperceptible stages into the hypnotic condition. He becomes, as has been well expressed

by an English writer, a mere statue of attention, a listening, expectant life; a perfectly undistracted faculty. While in this expectant condition, anything that is suggested to the subject is magnified; joy is doubly joyful; fear is doubly fearful. Every sense is exalted. The subject's whole being, his entire sensibility seems to live in each faculty of perception, as it is aroused to action. Even his physical strength is increased; his muscles will stand a strain that would lacerate them if he were in his normal condition. Men who are incapable of lifting a hundred pounds can be made to lift twice that weight. Persons have been known to perform feats while under the hypnotic influence which they would not dare even attempt in their usual state.

“Hypnotism is really an artificial sleep. What takes place during the time that a person is in that sleep may be likened to the dreams that one has in his natural sleep of which he has no recollection — unconscious cerebration. There is nothing supernatural about it. There can be no doubt that it is a dangerous power. Properly used, however, it may be made of incalculable benefit to mankind. Patients on whom operations were to be performed have been hypnotized and the operation done with-

out pain to them and without their knowledge. It is the most powerful of all anæsthetics, and altogether harmless in its effects. Its value in medicine is just beginning to be understood. Just before I left Paris an experiment was made in the *Salpetriere* Hospital, which was more wonderful than the exhibition of the power of hypnotism which this case affords. A woman who had been hypnotized was placed in a chair on one side of a screen; a dumb woman suffering from hysteria was seated on the other side. A large magnet was placed near the hypnotized dumb woman, and by its aid a magnetic current was established between the two women. Speech was almost instantly restored to the dumb patient; and the other, when awakened from the hypnotic condition, was dumb. She was unable to utter a sound for several hours, but in a very short time recovered the full use of her organ of speech.”

“But do you believe that an impression conveyed as you have described, could be put in execution while the subject was in his natural sleep?” asked the District Attorney.

“It is not impossible.”

“Have you ever known of such an instance?”

M. Nurgson admitted he had not. He added:

“No man can say to what extent hypnotism may be carried. It is one of the most powerful agents mankind possesses. The world is only awakening to its uses.”

“If murders are to be done by its aid it is better that the world continue in ignorance, I think,” remarked the District Attorney.

Other scientific gentlemen were called. They all testified to the admitted existence of the hypnotic power, and in various ways described its attendant phenomena. They asserted their belief in the possibility of the commission of a crime by a hypnotic subject at the command of a wicked operator.

The District Attorney had no testimony to offer. He had not been able to find a scientific man in New York who was willing to go upon the stand and deny the existence of the hypnotic power, or the possibility that a crime might not be committed by its agency. Thus the trial of Henry Wheeler was brought to a close, so far as the taking of testimony was concerned.

The District Attorney knew that he had lost his case; he read it in the faces of the jury, in the manner of the Judge, and there could be no doubt in his mind as to where the sympathy of the spec-

tators lay. His argument was brief. He showed that it had been proved that Wheeler was found in the room with the body of the murdered man, and with the doors locked; that there had been a quarrel between the prisoner and the deceased on the night before the crime was committed, and that there was presumptive evidence of the existence of jealousy on Wheeler's part, creating a sufficient motive for the crime. He sat down, feeling that he had done his duty.

“I leave the case of my client as it stands,” said Mr. Wright. “The dying words of Helene Menton, and the testimony of these eminent men, versed in the science of the mind have, I believe, convinced the jury that Henry Wheeler is not responsible to his God, nor to the law, for the commission of this act. The scientific gentlemen, who have described this strange power, have told you so. If they can not be believed in a matter of this nature, who can? If they do not know, who does?”

In charging the jury Judge Blackwood felt it to be his duty to lay particular stress upon the importance of the “expert” testimony. “We live in a progressive age,” he said, “and it will not do to set aside those things which our minds can not at first fully grasp. My name is mentioned in the

confession of Helene Menton. It is true that I was present at her house on the night before Paul Denman came to his death. I feel it to be my duty as a Judge, irregular as it may seem, to assure you that on that night I saw indisputable evidence of this strange power. Now, if you believe that Helene Menton told the truth in her dying words, it will be right for you to accept the testimony of the scientific gentlemen who have explained the known extent of this power, and acquit the prisoner at the bar."

"Thank God for a Judge who is not afraid to aid justice," said Mr. Wright to himself.

The jury retired. It had been absent not more than ten minutes when a tipstaff announced that it was ready to report. The jurymen filed in and took their places.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the Judge.

"We have," responded the foreman. He handed a slip of paper to the Clerk who read, aloud:

"Not guilty."

A cheer went up from the audience. No attempt was made to restore order. Wheeler was hurried away by Mr. Wright and Mr. Ellersly. Seated in

the lawyer's office, Mr. Ellersly said with pride, as he glanced at Wright:

“Didn't I tell you, Wheeler, my boy, that Jack would get you out of your troubles?”

“To him and that noble woman I owe my life,” replied Wheeler with feeling.

“What noble woman?” asked Mr. Ellersly in surprise.

“Miss Menton, of course. It was a grand sacrifice; only a noble woman could have made it.”

“What are you talking about?” said Mr. Ellersly sharply. “If this noble woman had not died as she did you would have been hanged. There was no sacrifice about it. Most people confess their crimes before they die.”

“You are mistaken in your opinion of Miss Menton,” replied Wheeler calmly. “She had committed no crime. I believe she made that statement to save my life, not because it was true. I am as sure in my heart of that as I am that I did not commit a murder.”

“Who did then?” asked Mr. Ellersly, beginning to fear that his friend had gone daft.

“Denman died by his own hand.” Wheeler seemed to be annoyed that Mr. Ellersly should believe that Denman had been murdered.

CHAPTER XV.

“THINK OF THE AWFUL VENGEANCE SHE WREAKED THROUGH YOU.”

The Menton house was closed — indeed, it was the Menton house no longer. With its beautiful hostess cold in a new-made grave, with the wonderful laboratory of Julius Menton denuded of its furnaces and retorts, and their owner over the seas in Paris, ending his degenerate days in selfish oblivion, it suggested only a memory of the days agone. But the drawing room in which Miss Menton had held her *salons* seemed to retain the old atmosphere.

When Julius Menton advertised the sale of his furniture, Henry Wheeler hastened to buy it; and when old Menton moved out Wheeler moved in, much to the surprise of his friends, who thought he should be the last man in the world to take up his abode there. Mr. Ellersly protested vehemently. He could not comprehend how Wheeler could voluntarily surround himself with the associations which lingered around the place.

“You might as well go to an insane asylum at

once,” he said. “The memories of this place will drive you mad.”

“They will be sweet memories to me,” Wheeler answered, simply.

And so they were. He placed his easel in the old drawing room, and his working hours were spent there. He believed he could feel the presence of the woman who had spent so many sad and bitter moments within its walls. The only grief he had was for the loss of her society. In his dreamy moods he could imagine himself listening again to her voice, and he could see the outlines of her superb form. He erected a monument over her grave, and revered her memory with a tenderness that was almost hallowed. At times, his friends feared that the shadow which had fallen upon his life had unsettled his mind, and yet there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he was unhappy. Though more thoughtful than of old, yet he was as frank and cheerful as ever. He was not in need of their sympathy.

He rarely thought of Denman, and when he did it was without tenderness. The friendship which had once existed between them was not perpetuated in memory. He sometimes felt that he owed it to

Miss Menton to despise the man who had caused her so much misery.

He painted as he had never painted before, and he wrote with a new virility. His character seemed to be more stable, his individuality more intense. He made a name for himself. Perhaps his strange history had something to do with bringing him into prominence, for anything or anybody who is unlike anything or anybody else is quite sure of attention from the world these days. However that may be, Wheeler had more commissions than he could fill. Thus he had entered a new life. The mystery of Paul Denman's death had been a turning point in his career.

One day, five years after the trial, Mr. Ellersly, still hale and genial, though whiter of beard and hair, sat in Wheeler's studio, watching with interest the development of a picture under the artist's brush. They had sat for some moments in silence. Mr. Ellersly looked long and thoughtfully at a life-size, half-length painting in oil which hung upon the wall immediately opposite the artist's stool. It was an idealized portrait of Miss Menton — a truly wonderful work in its poetic treatment.

"Henry," asked Mr. Ellersly, suddenly, "why do you have that picture hanging constantly before

you?” nodding toward the portrait. “Doesn’t it give you the blue devils when you look at her, and think of the awful vengeance she wreaked through you?”

“Why should it?” asked Wheeler, turning from his work, seriously but with evident irritation.

“Of course it should not,” replied Mr. Ellersly, quickly and apologetically, “for you are not responsible for the act; but doesn’t it call up unpleasant memories?”

“My dear Mr. Ellersly,” said Wheeler, “I can never forget the kindness you have shown me, nor the true friendship and aid you gave me when I most needed sympathy and help. But I must beg of you not to speak of this matter as if it was I who killed Paul Denman. The thought is repulsive to me and equally as absurd. I have never talked with you on this subject — that is, I have never told you what I believe, what I *know*.

“Let us admit to start with that Miss Menton despised Denman. It is possible that in the bitterness of feeling which the wrongs he had done her engendered, she may have attempted to take her revenge in the way she described in her confession. This may be possible; but I do not believe it. She would never have made me a party — even an inno-

cent one to a crime — to a murder. However, admit that she did intend that I should do a murder. Does it follow that I did it? Not at all. If she had directed me to fly across the East River I believe those experts would have sworn that it was not impossible for me to have done it. The theory on which I was cleared of the charge of killing Paul Denman was ridiculous. I am very sorry that Miss Menton's confession was ever introduced. It placed me in an awkward position. I could have been cleared by showing that Denman killed himself. We were all frightened at the time. For myself I know that it was impossible to think clearly. But I can see it all very plainly now.

“Wright should have shown that there was no motive to connect me with the crime; that there was absolutely no reason why I should have killed Denman. We were not rivals, and I was never jealous of him, simply annoyed, at first, because I could not learn what the relation had been between Denman and Miss Menton in Paris. The fact that I was discovered in the room with the doors locked could have been used to my advantage, for a murderer does not give the alarm to notify the world of his crime, and call in witnesses to prove that he is the guilty man. The whole theory is wrong.

“I am convinced that Denman died by his own hand. There was no murder about it. He was morbid and full of strange fears that night, as he himself confessed to me. Probably remorse so preyed upon his mind as to suggest the ending of a useless life. The jury could have been made to see this. Wright’s theory and his experts were unnecessary. If I committed that crime, don’t you believe that in all the years that have passed some sudden thought would have come to me—some re-awakened impression that would bring back the deed to my mind? There would be a something that would tell me that it was really I who killed Paul Denman. I have never had such a thought—never the vaguest kind of impression. On the contrary, my belief that Denman committed suicide grows stronger every day. I am a reasonable man; I am in health; my brain is not affected, and I can understand a proposition as clearly as most men. Therefore I refuse to believe that I could commit a murder under any influence and not know it. A thousand experts could not make me think otherwise. I shall believe as I do now to my dying day.”

And he did.