

way."

"You see," said Mr. Clemens, turning to the writer, "he cannot let me tell his story in my own way; if he would, I could clear him from every sign of a suspicion, but he will not allow me to do it."

Finding it somewhat unsatisfactory work trying to get at the facts from Mr. Clemens, a request was made for a statement by Mr. Cable, which was replied to by a suggestion that the bell boy be asked to give his

#### Authority for the Information

which had caused all this inquiry, the origin of the suspicions of the writer having been inadvertently made known in the course of the conversation. The bell boy could not be found. The above concise statement of facts gives all the details necessary to form a conclusion regarding the suspicions aroused by the utterances of the ubiquitous bell boy, but fortunately another member of the city staff of the HERALD was an eye-witness of the scene which unquestionably gave rise to the bell boy's charges. His testimony is, therefore, appended.

"I was just driving in from the track; been exercising Dolly, you know (all the city staff of the HERALD keep a trotter to ride away their leisure), when down at the end of the water front side of Beacon street I saw two men following a poor, bedraggled woman in a very suspicious way. The poor creature could hardly stand, and yet the men simply watched her, neither offer her an arm. I pulled up and gave Dolly a walk, in order to see what was up. One of the men had on a loose flannel coat and looked very suspicious, the other I immediately recognized as Mark Twain. The fellow in the flannel coat, seeing he was watched, skunked off on a side street in a hurry, but Mark Twain stuck to the woman with such an air of determination that I began to feel alarmed. Presently back drove the man in a flannel coat in a close carriage with all the curtains drawn down, and when opposite the train—I mean Mark and the woman—he stopped, and then a struggle ensued with the woman to force her into the carriage." "Police?" did you say? No, not a policeman within gunshot, and though everybody appeared shocked at the outrage, nobody interfered. Finding it impossible to carry out their designs, the flannel coat young man in a hurry drove away, deserting Mark Twain and leaving him to bear the burden of all the suspicions of the passers-by. You would have laughed, though, to see what a dance that woman led Mark Twain through, stopping and turning and compelling him to do the same, while passers-by looked on amazed at the scene."

Just as the story was being told, one of the other local men strolled into the room and, after listening a while to the narrative, interrupted it by saying: "See here,

#### What Kind of a Yarn

are you spinning? Know anything about it? Why, of course I do, just saw the woman down at the Tombs. Poor, crazy girl; tried to commit suicide; done it, too, if it hadn't been for Mark Twain and another fellow; forget his name. They saw her near the river just after she had been pulled out from one attempt to drown herself. They were afraid she would try it again and so followed her and stuck to her like gum death, till they found a policeman. The other fellow hunted half over the East Bay district for a police officer, taking a carriage at that. They couldn't get her into the carriage until they finally found an officer who