

## AN INTERVIEW.

The inquest had come and gone, and an indictment had been railroaded through by the active Grand Jury against the woman in black, when a reporter ran across George Weber, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, sought to learn something as to the future of the case. The subject was broached by the reporter's referring at once to the "quick, decisive, and thoroughly praiseworthy work done by the Grand Jury, which indicted Mrs. Robert during the afternoon on the testimony of Messrs. Weber and Juessen, and Dr. Miller.

"Yes. I succeeded in getting the woman indicted," replied Mr. Weber, "and in so doing accomplished the first step in carrying out the dying injunctions of my brother."

"Then your brother impressed upon you the duty of prosecuting this woman to the bitter end?"

"Yes; and we intend to do it."

"Do you recall, Mr. Weber, the words he used, when speaking on this subject?"

"I do perfectly. His dying request, delivered after he had made his will, and after Dr. Miller had told him he was going to die,—delivered in the presence of Dr. Miller, Col. Juessen, and Mr. Anderson,—was this; (he turned around to me and said): 'George, I don't want you to rest until you have brought to justice my direct murderer,—and my indirect murderer, Henry Greenebaum.' One step towards the fulfillment of that request has already been taken, and we don't mean to rest."

"How do you propose to act with regard to bringing to justice the indirect murderer, as your brother evidently believes Mr. Greenebaum to be?"

Mr. Weber gave no direct answer to this, and the inference was that, whatever his plans were, he proposed to keep them to himself until they took the shape of action.

"You may have heard," observed the reporter, pursuing another tack, "that an effort will probably be made to get this woman inside the protecting walls of the Insane Asylum before she can ever be brought to trial?"

"Where she will remain about a year?" he queried, scornfully.

"Of course."

"Yes, I have heard of that, and money will be lavished without stint to secure the end to which she and her backers are bent."

"She has no money herself, has she?"

"No; but the Greenebaum family have, and they are behind her, and the money will be forthcoming."

"You, of course, know, as you have already intimated, that the insanity dodge will be played?"

"Oh, of course. But I rather think we can show some things that will upset all there is in that. Apart from her coolness, her hypocritical words of assurance that she meant no harm to my brother—that she wouldn't injure him if she could—just before she shot him, we are in a position to show that for two or three weeks previous to the murder she was in the habit of taking target practice daily, for the purpose, of course, of getting prepared to fire the fatal shot with the certainty that it would strike her intended victim in the right place."

"How can you prove that?" queried the reporter.

"By a witness we have discovered."

"Any objection to giving the witness' name?"

"There are decided objections. We don't propose to show our hand at the start and give the other side a chance to spirit him away."

Mr. Weber's time—on which the reporter had already trespassed—was now up, and the conversation came to an abrupt end. But enough had been said to show that there was a deep purpose, unalterably fixed, to bring to justice the one or more persons directly or indirectly responsible for this latest deed of blood.