npon you?"
"The detectives," she murmured; "that rough, heartless fellow they call Hickory." And, in a burst of indignation, she told how she had been practised upon, and what the results had been upon her belief, if not upon the testimony which grew out of that belief.

The lawyer listened with a strange apathy. What would once have aroused his fercest indignation and fired him to an exertion of his keenest powers, fell on him exertion of his keenest powers, fell on him now like the tedious repetition of an old and wornout tale. He scarcely looked up when she was done; and despair—the first perhaps, she had every really felt—began to close in around her as she saw how deep a gulf she had dug between this man and herself by the inconsiderate act which had robbed him of all hope of ever making her his wife. Moved by this feeling, she suddenly asked;

" Have you lost all interest in your client, Mr. Creuti? Have you no wish or hope remaining of seeing him acquitted of this

"My client," responded the lawyer, with hitter emphasis, "has taken his case into his own hands. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt anything further in his

"Ah?" he scornfully langhed, with a quick yielding to his passion as startling as it was unexpected, "you thought you could play with me as you would; use my skill and ignore the love that prompted it. You are a clever woman, Imogene, but you went too far when you considered my forbearance

" And you forsake Craik Mansell in the hour of his extremity ?"
"Craik Mansell has forsaken me."

This was true; for her sake her lover had thrown his defence to the winds and rendered the assistance of his counsel

unavailable. Seeing her droop her head abashed, Mr. Creutt dryly proceeded:

"I do not know what may take place in court to morrow," said he:

"It is court to morrow," said he aft difficult to determine what will the outcome of so complicated a case. The District Attorney, in consideration of the deception which has been practiced upon you, may refuse to prosecute any further; or, if the case goes on and the jury is called upon for a verdict, they may or may not be moved by its peculiar aspects to acquit a man of such generous dispositions. If they are, I shall do nothing to hinder an acquittal: but ask for no more active measures on my part. I cannot plead for the lover of woman who has disgraced me."

This decision, from one she had trusted so implicitly, seemed to crush her. timplicity, seemed to crush new.

(Ah. she murmured, "if you did not believe him guilty you would not leave him

He gave her a short, side-long glance, half mo king, half pitiful.

'If," she pursued, "you had felt even a passing gleam of doubt, such as came to me scovered that he had never really admitted his guilt, you would let no mere mistake on the part of a woman turn you from your duty as counsellor for a man on trial for his life."

His glance lost its pity and became wholly mocking.
"And do you cherish but passing gleams?"

he sarcastically asked.
She started back. "I laugh at the inconsistency of women," a cried. "You have sacrificed everything. he cried. Four nave savenness wan you even risked your life for a man you really believe guilty of crime; yet if another man similarly stained asked you for your compassion only, you would fly from

him as from a pestilence. But no words he could utter were able to raise any emotion in her now. "Mr. Orentt," she demanded, "do you believe Craik Mansell innocent?"

His old macking smile came back.
"Have I conducted this case as if I believed him guilty?" he asked.
"No, no; but you are his lawyer; you are bound not to let your real thoughts appear. But in your secret heart you did not, to which he is linked by so many oriminat-

But his strange smile remaining un-changed, she seemed to waken to a sudden doubt, and leaping impotuously to his side, laid her hand on his arm and exclaimed: Oh, sir, if you have ever cherished one hope of his innocence, no matter how faint or small, tell me of it, even if this last dis-

closure has convinced you of its folly!"

Giving her an icy look, he drew his arm slowly from her grasp and replied:
"Mr. Mansell has never been considered guilty by me.

" Never."

" Not even now?" " Not even now."

It seemed as if she could not believe his

And yet you know all there is against him; all that I do now !" "I know he visited his aunt's house at or

after the time she was murdered, but that is no proof that he killed her, Miss Dare." ," she admitted with slow conviction, no. But why did he fly in that wild way when he left it? Why did he go straight to Buffalo and not wait to give me the inter-

view he promised?"
"Shall I tell you?" Mr. Oroutt inquired, with a dangerous sneer on his lips. "Do you wish to know why this man the man you have so loved the man for whom you would die this moment, has conducted him self with such marked discretion?" "Yes," came like a breath from between

Imogene's parted lips.

Well, said the lawyer, dropping his words with cruel clearness, "Mr. Mansell has a great faith in woman. He has such faith in you, Imogene Dare, he thinks you are all you declare yourself to be; that in the hour you stood up before the court and called yourself a murderer, you spoke but the truth; that— "He stopped; even his scernful aplomb would not allow him to go on in the face of the look she wore.

"Say say those words again!" she gasped. "Let me hear them once more. He thinks what?"

He thinks what?"

"That you are what yo proclaimed yourself to be this day, the actual assailant and murderer of Mrs. Clemmens. He has thought so all along, Miss Pare, why, I do not know. Whether he saw anything or heard anything in that house from which you saw him fly so abruptly, or whether he relied solely upon the testimony of the ring, which you must remember he never acknow. which you must remember he never acknow-ledged having received back from you, I ledged having received back from you, only know that from the minute he heard of his aunt's death his suspicions flew to you, and that, in spite of such suggestions as I and that, in spite of such suggestions as I felt it judicious to make, they have never suffered shock or been turned from their course from that day to this. Such honor, concluded Mr. Oreutt, with dry sarcasm, does the man you love show to the woman who has sacrificed for his sake all that the world holds dear."

world holds dear."

"I—I cannot believe it. You are mocking me," came inarticulately from her lips, while she drew back, step by step, till half the room lay between them.

"Mocking you?" Miss Dare, he has shown his feelings so palpably, I have often trembled lest the whole court should see and understand them."

"You have trembled"—she could scarcely speak, the rush of her emotion was so great any on have trembled less the whole court should see he suspected has of this sales."

"Tes,"
"Then," she crieft, "you must have been convinced, —Ah!" she hurriedly interposed, with a sudden look of interposed, with a sudden look of distrust, "you are not amusing yourself with me, are you, Mr. Oroutt? So many traps have been laid for me from time to time, I dare not trust the truth of my best friend. Swear you believe Craik Mansell to have thought this of me! Swear you have seen this dark thing lying in his soul,

"Will confront him myself with the question, if I have to tear down the walls of the prison to reach him. His mind I must

"Very well, then, you do. I have told you," declared Mr. Oreutt. "Swearing would not make it any more true."
Lifting her face to heaven, she suddenly

"O God!" she murmured, "help me to bear this great joy!"

The joy tone, the fierce surprise it expressed, started her at once to her feet.
"Yes." she murmured, "joy! Don't you see that if he thinks me guilty, he must be innocent? I am willing to perish and be innocent? I am willing to perish and fall from the ranks of good men and honorable women to be sure of a fact like this!"
"Imogene, Imogene, would you drive me

"Craik, are you guiltless, then?" she was saying. Is the past all a dream! Are we two nothing but victims of dread and awful circumstances? Oh, we will see; life is not ended yet! And with a burst of hope that seemed to transfure her into another woman, she turned toward the lawyer with the cry: "If he is innocent, he can be saved. Nothing that has been done by him or me can hurt him if this be so. God who watches over this crime has His eye on the guilty one. Though his sin be hidden under a mountain of deceit, it will yet come forth. Guilt like his cannot re-

"You did not think this when you faced the court this morning with perjury on your lips," came in slow, ironical tones from her

companion.
"Heaven sometimes accepts a sacrifice," she returned. "But who will sacrifice himself for a man who could let the trial of one he knew to be innocent go on unhindered?

tones from the lawyer's lips.

"If a stranger and not Craik Mansell slew Mrs. Clemmens," she went on, "and nothing but an incomprehensible train of coincidences unites him and me to this act of violence, then may God remember the words of the widow, and in His almighty power call down such a doom—"

She ended with a gasp. Mr. Oreutt, with a sudden movement, had laid his hand upon

" Hush !" he said, " lot no curses issue rom your mouth. The guilty can perish without that.'

Releasing herself from him in alarm, sho drew back, her eyes slowly dilating as she noted the dead whiteness that had settled over his face, and taken even the line of life

from his nervously trembling lip.

"Mr. Oroutt," she whispered, with a selemnity which made them heedless that he lamp which had been burning lower and lower in its socket was giving out its last fitful rays, "if Craik Mansell did not kill the Widow Clemmens, who then did:"

Her question or was it her look and one seemed to transfix Mr. Orcutt. But it was only for a moment. Turning with a slight gesture to the table at his side, he fumbled with his papers, still oblivious of the flaring lamp, saying slowly:

I'I have always supposed Gouverneur Hildreth to be the true author of this

Converneur Hildreth " Mr. Orentt bowed. "I do not agree with you," she returned, history shows, but something is it the Breat lawyer, Mr. Orcutt. voice of God in my breast! tells me that Gouverneur Hildreth is as innocent as Craik Mansell, and that the true murderer of Mrs. Clemmens ... Her words ended in a shriek. The light, which for so long a time had been flickering to its end, had given one startling flare in which the face of the man before her had flashed on her view in a ghastly flame that seemed to separate it from all surrounding objects, then as

suddenly gone out, leaving the room in total as of rushing feet was heard, then the window was pushed up and the night air came

moaning in. Imogene had fled.

Horace Byrd had not followed Hickory in his rush toward the house. He had preferred to await results under the great tree which, standing just inside the gate, cast its mysterious and far-reaching shadow widely over the wintry lawn. He was, therefore, alone during most of the interview which Miss Daro held with Mr. Oreutt in the library, and, being alone, felt him-self a proy to his sensations and the weird-ness of the situation in which he found

with which Miss Dare had at first inspired him, he was by no means without feeling for this grand if somewhat misguided woman, and his emotions, as he stood there awaiting the issue of her last desperate attempt to aid the prisoner, were strong enough to make any solitude welcome, though this solitude for some reason held an influence which was anything but enlivening, if it was not actually depressing,

to one of his ready sensibilities.

The tree under which he had taken his stand was, as I have intimated, an old one. It had stood there from time immemorial, and was, as I have heard it since said, at once the pride of Mr. Orcutt's heart and the chief ornament of his grounds. Though devoid of foliage at the time, its vast and symmetrical canopy of interlacing branches had caught Mr. Byrd's attention from the first moment of his entrance beneath it, and pre-occupied as he was, he could not prevent his thoughts from revorting now and then with a curious sensation of awe to the immensity of those great limbs which branched above him. His imagination was so powerfully affected at last, he had a notion of leaving the spot and seeking a nearer look-out in the belt of evergreens that hid the crouch-ing form of Hickory; but a spell seemed to emanate from the huge trunk against which he leaned that restrained him when he sought to go, and noticing almost at the same moment that the path which Miss Dare would have to take in her departure fan directly under this tree, he yielded to the apathy of the moment and remained where he was

Soon after he was visited by Hickory.
"I can see nothing and hear nothing,"
was that individual's hurried salutation. She and Mr. Orontt are evidently still in the library, but I cannot get a clue to what the library, but I cannot get a cine to what is going on. I shall keep my watch, however, for I want to catch a glimpse of her face as she steps from the window." And he was off again before Byrd could reply. But the next instant he was back, panting

and breathless,

"The light is out in the library," he oried; " see shall see her no more to-night."

But scarcely had the words left his lips when a faint sound was heard from the region of the piazza, and looking up the path, they saw the form of Miss Dare coming hurriedly toward them.

To slip around into the deepest shadow cast by the tree was but the work of a moment. Meantime, the moon shone brightly on the walk down.

ment. Meantime, the moon shone brightly on the walk down which she was speeding.

path.
"I cannot let you go thus," he said, pausing beside her on the walk directly under the tree. "If you command me to save Craik Mansell I must do it. What you wish

Craik Mansell I must do it. What you wish must be done, Imogene."

"My wishes should not be needed to lead you to do your duty by the man you believe to be innocent of the charge for which he is being tried," was her carnest and strangely cold reply.

"Perhaps not," he muttered, bitterly; but—ah, Imogene," he suddenly broke forth, in a way to startle these two detectives, who, however suspicious they had been of his passion, had never before had the opportunity of seeing him under its control, "what have you made of me with your bewildering graces and indomitable soul? Before I knew of you, life was round of honorable duties and serene pleasures. I lived in my profession, and found my greatest delight in its exercise. But not such that it is control, "what have you made of me with your bewildering graces and indomitable soul? Before I knew of you, life was round of honorable duties and serene pleasures. I lived in my profession, and found my greatest delight in its exercise. But not such the same expression as those who waited for movement to the part of Mrs. Clemmens; and had it not been for the sight of Imogene Dare sitting immovable and watchful on the farther side of the bed, he might almost have imagined he was transported back to the old scene, and that all this new horror which he was laboring was a dream from which

" What now ?" she asked "I seem "-he said, and the hard, cold selfishness that underlay all his actions, selfishness that underlay all his actions, however generous they may have been in appearance, was apparent in his words and and tones,—"I seem to forget everything, even my standing and fame as a lawyer, in the one fear that, although lost to me, you the one fear that, although lost to me, you hall yot live to give yourself to another."

Of the tie that and nearer and nearer the beloved form as the weariful moments sped by, did not presume to interpose her grief or her assistance between the burning eye of Imagene and the immovable form of her stricken brother.

The hush that lay upon the room was as to give myself to Craik Mansell," was her steady reply. "you have only to recall the promise I made you when you undertook "Is there

"Yes," said he, "but that was when you

yourself believed him guilty."

"I know," she returned: "but if he were not good enough for me then, I am not good enough for him now. Do you forget that I am blotted with a stain that can never that I am blotted with a stain that can never be effaced? When I stood up in court to-day and denounced myself as guilty of crime, I signed away all my chances of future happiness."

There was a pause; Mr. Orcutt seemed to be thinking. From the posi-

tion occupied by the two detectives his shadow could be seen oscillating to and fro on the lawn, then, amid the hush of night— a deathly hush—undisturbed, as Mr. Byrd afterward remarked, by so much as eracking of a twig, his voice rose quiet, yet vaguely sinister, in the words:

"You have conquered. If any man

suffers for this crime it shall not be Craik the words could leave his mouth, a sudden strange and splitting sound was heard above their heads, then a terrifying rush took place, and a great limb lay upon the walk where but a moment before the beautiful form of Imogene Dare lifted itself by the

side of the eminent lawyer.

When a full sense of the terrible nature of the calamity which had just occurred swept across the minds of the benumbed detectives, Mr. Byrd, recalling the words and attitude of Imogene in the face of a similar, if less fatal, catastrophe at the hut, exclaimed under his breath:

"It is the vengeance of heaven? Imogene Dare must have been more guilty than we

of strength, and the assistance of many hands, the limb was at length raised, it was found that, although both had been pros-trated by its weight, only one remained stretched and senseless upon the ground, no reader of human hearts, as all my past and that was not Imogene Dare, but the

CHAPTER XXXVIII

UNEXPECTED WORDS. " Mr. Orcutt dead ?"

"Dying, sir."
"How, when, where?" "In his own house, sir. He has been struck down by a falling limb." The District Attorney, who had been roused from his bed to hear these svil tidings, looked at the perturbed face of the messenger before him—who was none other than Mr. Byrd—and with difficulty res-

trained his emotion. "I sympathize with your horror and sur-prise," exclaimed the detective, respectfully. Then, with a strange mixture of embarrass-ment and agitation, added: "It is considered absolutely necessary that you come to the house. He may yet speak—and—and—you will find Miss Dare there," he con-cluded, with a peculiarly hesitating glance and a rapid movement toward the door.

Mr. Ferris, who, as we know, cherished a strong feeling of friendship for Mr. Orentt, stared uneasily at the departing form of the "What do you say?" he repeated. "Miss Dare there, in Mr. Orcutt's house?" The short "Yes," and the celerity with which Mr. Byrd vanished, gave him the

appearance of one anxious to escape further Astonished, as well as greatly distressed, the District Attorney made speedy preparations for following him, and soon was in the street. He found it all alive with eager citizens, who, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were rushing hither and thither in search of particulars concerning this sudden calamity; and upon reaching the house itself, found it well nigh surrounded by an agitated throng of neighbors and

by an agitated throng of neighbors and friends. Simply pausing at the gate to cast one glance at the tree and its fallen limb, he made his way to the front door. It was immediately opened. Dr. Tredwell, whose face it was a shock to encounter in this place, stood before him, and farther back a group of such favored friends as had been allowed to enter the house. Something in the look of the coroner, as he silently reached forth his hand it salutation, added reached forth his hand it salutation, added to the mysterious impression which had been made upon Mr. Ferris by the manner, if not words, of Mr. Byrd. Feeling that he was losing his self-command, the District Attorney grasped the hand that was held out to him, and huskily inquired if Mr. Orcutt was still alive.

The coroner, who had been standing be-The coroner, who had been standing before him with a troubled brow and lowered eyes, gravely bowed, and quietly leading the way, ushered him forward to Mr. Orout's bedroom door. There he paused and looked as if he would like to speak, but hastily changed his mind, opened the door and motioned the District Attorney in. As he did so, he cast a meaning and solemn look towards the bed, then drew back, watching with evident anxiety what the effect of the scene before him would have upon this new witness.

upon this new witness. upon this new witness.

A stupefying one it seemed, for Mr. Ferris, pausing in his approach, looked at the cluster of persons about the bed, and then drew his hand across his eyes like a man in a maze. Suddenly he turned upon Dr. Tredwell with the same strange look he had himself seen in the eyes of Byrd, and said, almost as if the words had been forced from his lips:

"This is no new sight to us, doctor; we have been spectators of a scene like this before."

That was it. As nearly as the alteration

and as, in the agitation of her departure, she had forgotten to draw down her veil, they succeeded in obtaining a view of her face. It was pale, and wore an expression of fear, while her feet hasted as though she were only filled with thoughts of escape.

Seeing this, the two detectives held their breaths, preparing to follow her as soon as she had passed the tree. But she did not pass the tree. Just as she got within reach of its shadow, a commanning voice was heard calling upon her to stop, and Mr. Orcutt came hurrying, in his turn, down the path. same as that which he had encountered months before in a small cottage at the other end of the town. On the bed a pallid, senseless, but slowly breathing form, whose features, stamped with the approach of death, stared at them with marble-like rigidity from beneath the heavy bandages which proclaimed the injury to be one to the head. At his side the doctor—the same one who had been called in to attend Mrs. Clemmens—wearing, as he did then, a look who had been called in to attend Mrs. Clemmens—wearing, as he did then, a look of sombre anticipation which Mr. Ferris expected every instant to see culminate in the solemn gesture which he had used at the widow's bedside before she spoke. Even the group of women who clustered about the foot of the couch wore much the same expression as those who waited for movement on

of reawakening consciousness. Even his sister, who, if weak of mind, was most certainly of a loving disposition, seemed to feel the force of the tie that bound Imogene to this pillow; and, though she hovered nearer and nearer

The hush that lay upon the room was unbroken save by the agitated breaths of Is there no hope ?" whispered Mr. Ferris to Dr. Tredwell, as, seeing no immediate

prospect of change, they sought for seats at the other side of the room. No; the wound is strangely like that which Mrs. Clemmens received. He will rouse, probably, but he will not live. Our only compart is that in this case it is not a

murder." The District Attorney made a gesture in the direction of Impgene. "How came she to be here?" he

Dr. Tredwell rose and drew him from the "It needs some explanation," he said and began to relate to him how Mr. Orcutt

was escorting Miss Dare to the gate when the bough fell which seemed likely to rob him of his life. Mr. Ferris, through whose mind those old words of the widow were running in a way that could only be accounted for by the memories which the scene within had awakened—" May the vengence of heaven light upon the head of him who has brought light upon the head of him who has brought me to this pass! May the fate that has come upon me be visited upon him, measure for measure, blow for blow, death for death! —turned with impressive gravity and asked if Miss Dare had not been hurt.

But Mr. Tredwell shook his head. "She is not even bruised," said he.
"And yet was on his arm?"

"Possibly, though I very much doubt it."
"She was standing at his side," uttered the quiet voice of Mr. Byrd in their ear: "and disappeared when he did, under the falling branch. She must have been bruised, though she says not. I do not think she is in a condition to feel her injuries."

"You were present, then," observed Mr. Ferris, with a meaning glance at the detective. "I was present," he returned, with a

look the District Attorney did not find it "Is there anything you ought to tell me?"
Mr. Ferris inquired, when a moment or so later the coroner had been drawn away by

"I do not know," said Byrd. " Of the conversation that passed between Miss Dare and Mr. Orcutt, but a snort portion came to our ears. It is her manner, her actions, that have astonished us, and made us anxious to have you upon the spot." And he told with what an expression of fear she he told with what an expression of fear she had fled from her interview with Mr. Orcutt in the library, and then gave, as nearly as he could, an account of what had passed between them before the falling of the fatal limb. Finally he said: "Hickory and I expected to find her lying crushed and bleeding beneath, but instead of that, no sooner was the bough lifted than she sprang to her knees, and seeing Mr. Orcutt lying before her insensible, bent over him with that same expression of breathless are and that same expression of breathless awe and expectation which you see in her now. It

oks as if she were waiting for him to rouse and finish the sentence that was cut short by this catastrophe." "And what was that sentence?" "As near as I can recollet, it was this: If any man suffers for this crime it shall

not be Craik Mansell, but --- ' He did not have time to say whom."
"My poor friend?" ejaculated Mr. Ferris,
"cut down in the exercise of his duties! It is a mysterious providence—a very mysterious providence!" And crossing again

to the sick room, he went sadly in. He found the aspect unchanged. On the pillow the same white, immovable face; at the bedside the same constant and expectant watchers. Imogene especially seemed scarcely to have made a move in all the time of his absence. Like a marble image watching over a form of clay she sat silent, breathless, intent—a sight to draw all eyes and satisfy none; for her look was not one of grief, nor of awe, nor of hope, yet it had that within it which made her presence there seem a matter of right even to those who did not know the exact character of the

bond which united her to the unhappy Mr. Ferris, who had been only too ready to accept Mr. Byrd's explanation of her conduct, allowed himself to gaze at her unhindered.

Overwhelmed, as he was, by the calamity which promised to rob the bar of one of its most distinguished advocates, and himself of a long-tried friend, he could not but feel a long-tried friend, he could not but feel the throb of those deep interests which, in the estimation of this woman at least, hung upon a word which those dying lips might utter. And swayed by this feeling, he unconsciously became a third watcher, though for what, and in hope of what, he could scarcely have told, so much was he benumbed by the suddenness of this great catastrophe, and the extraordinary circumstances by which it was surrounded.

And so one o'clock came and passed.

And so one o'clock came and passed.

It was not the last time the clock struck before a change came. The hour of two went by, then that of three, and still, to the went by, then that of three, and still, to the casual eye, all remained the same. But ere the stroke of four was heard, Mr. Ferris, who had relaxed his survey of Imogene to bestow a fuller attention upon his friend, felt an indefinable sensation of dismay assail him, and rising to his feet, drew a step or so nearer the bed, and looked at its silent occupant with the air of a man who would fain shut his eyes to the meaning of what he sees before him. At the same moment Mr. Byrd, who had just come in, found himself attracted by the subtle difference he obserbed in the expression of Miss Dare. The expectancy in her look was gone, and its entire expression was that of awe. Advancing to the side of Mr. Ferris, he glanced down at the dying lawyer. He at once saw what it was that had so attracted and moved the District Attorney. A change had come over Mr. Oroutt's face. Though rigid still, and unrelieved by any signs of

that of the man they knew, but a strange face, owning the same features, but distin-guished now by a look sinister as it was unaccustomed, filling the breasts of those who saw it with dismay, and making any contemplation of his countenance more than painful to those who loved him. Nor did it decrease as they watched him. Like that charmed writing which appears on a blank charmed writing which appears on a blank paper when it is subjected to the heat, the subtle, unmistakable lines came out, moment by moment, on the mask of his unconscious face, till even Imogene trembled, and turned an appealing glance upon Mr. Ferris, as if to bid him note this involuntary evidence of neutron emissions. involuntary evidence of nature against the purity and good intentions of the man who had always stood so high in the world's regard. Then, satisfied, perhaps, with the expression she encountered on the face of the District Attorney, she looked back; and the heavy minutes went on the property were the heavy minutes went on, only more drearily, and perhaps more fearfully than

Suddenly—was it at a gesture of the physician, or a look from Imogene?—a thrill of expectation passed through the room, and Dr. Tredwell, Mr. Ferris, and a certain other gentleman who had but just entered at a remote corner of the apartment, entered at a remote corner of the apartment, came hurriedly forward and stood at the foot of the bed. At the same instant Imogene rose, and motioning them a trifle aside, with an air of mingled entreaty and command, bent slowly down toward the injured man. A look of recognit on answered her from the face upon the pillow, but she did not wait to meet it may be a second to the same triple of her from the face upon the pillow, but she did not wait to meet it, nor pause for the word that evidently trembled on his momentarily conscious lip. Shutting out with her form the group of anxious watchers behind her, she threw all her soul into the regard with which she held him enchained; then slowly, solemnly, but with unyielding determination, uttered these words, which has one there could know were but a repetino one there could know were but a repetition of a question made a few eventful bours ago: "If Craik Mansell is not the man who killed Mrs. Clemmens, do you, Mr. Oreatt, tell us who is!" and, pausing, remained with her gaze fixed demandingly on that of the lawyer, undeterred by the mothered exclamations of hose who witessed this scene and missed its clue, or found it only in the supposition that this last great shock had unsettled her mind.

The panting sufferer just trembling on the verge of life, thrilled all down his once elect and nervous frame, then searching her face for one sign of relenting, unclosed his rigid lips and said, with emphasis: "Has not Fate spoken!"

Instantly Imogene sprang erect, and, amid the stifled shricks of women and the muttered exclamations of the men, pointed at the recumbent figure before them, saying: "You hear! Tremont Orcutt declares upon his deathbed that it is the voice of Heaven which has spoke in this dreadful calamity. You who were present when Mrs. Clemmens breathed her imprecations on the head of her murderer, must know

what that means. Mr. Ferris, who of all present, perhaps, possessed the greatest regard for the law-yer, gave an ejaculation of dismay at this, and bounding forward, lifted her away from the bedside he believed her to have already

"Mad woman," he cried, "where will your ravings end? He will tell no such tale to me." But when he bent above the lawyer with the question forced from him by Miss Dare's

words, he found him already lapsed into that strange insensibility which was every moment showing itself more and more to be the precursor of death. The sight seemed to rob Mr. Ferris of his last grain of self-command. Rising, he con-fronted the dazed faces of those about him

with a severe look. "This charge," said he, "is akin to that which Miss Dare made against herself in woman has become crazed she no longer

knows what she says." But Imogene, strong in her belief that the hand of Heaven had pointed out the culprit for whom they had so long been searching, shook her head in quiet denial, and simply saying, "None of you know this man as I do," moved quietly aside to a dim corner, where she sat down in calm expectation of another awakening on the part of the dying

It came soon—came before Mr. Ferris had recovered himself, or Dr. Tredwell had had a chance to give any utterance to the emo-tions which this scene was calculated to

seeming to see no one, not even the physician who bent close at his side, Mr. Orcutt lifted his voice again, this time in the old stentorian tones which he used in court, and clearly, firmly exclaimed : "Blood will have blood!" Then in lower

and more familiar accents, cried : "Ah, Imogene, Imogene, it was all for you!"
And with her name on his lips, the great
lawyer closed his eyes again, and sank for
the last time into a state of insensibility. Imogene at once rose.

"I must go," she murmured; "my duty in this place is done." And she attempted to cross the floor. But the purpose which had sustained her being at an end, she felt the full weight of her misery, and looking in the faces about her, and seeing nothing there but reproba-tion, she tottered and would have fallen had not a certain portly gentleman who stood near by put forth his arm to sustain her. Accepting the support with gratitude, but

scarcely pausing to note from what source it came, she turned for an instant to Mr. prise you must have heard the revelation which has just come from Mr. Orcutt's lips. So unexpected is it that you cannot yet believe it, but the time will come when, of all be found worthy your full credit : that not Craik Mansell, not Gouverneur Hildreth, not even unhappy Imogene Dare herself, could tell you so much of the real cause and manner of Mrs. Clemmens' death as this

Divine instice And merely stopping to cast one final look in the direction of the bed, she stumbled from the room. A few minutes later and she reached the front door; but only to fall against the lintel with the

"My words are true, but who will ever believe them?"
"Pardon me," exclaimed a bland and fatherly voice over her shoulder, "I am a man who can believe in anything. Put your confidence in me, Miss Dare, and we will see—we will see."

Startled by her surprise into new life, she gave one glance at the gentleman who had followed her to the door. It was the same who had offered her his arm, and whom she supposed to have remained behind her in Mr. Orcutt's room. She saw before her a large comfortable-looking personage of middle age, of no great pretensions to elegance or culture, but bearing that within his face which oddly enough baffled her understanding while it encouraged her trust. This was the more peculiar in that he was not looking at her, but stood with his eyes fixed on the fading light of the hall lamp, which he surveyed with an expression of concern that almost amounted to pity. Startled by her surprise into new life, she

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