

# STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER VI. Cont.

"Nothing easier. I thought I told you he still professes the greatest affection for the prisoner, and the most intense desire to save him. He volunteered his evidence to my solicitor. The Crown had to extort it from him. We know of his having seen his master at Laburnham Lodge a fortnight before they did. His statement to us is more damning far than his evidence in court was. He has kept back several things that tell against the prisoner. In fact, my main terror in cross-examining him is that he may blurt them out, if he is pressed."

"I can understand that. It's damnably clever of him, if I am right in my suspicion. Have you had any talk with him yourself?"

"Twice. He professed himself specially anxious to see me; to help me, if he could, in the defence. He seemed quite friendly and frank, and answered every question freely. I tried, in anticipation, every device of cross-examination, but could not shake his evidence in the least."

"I wish I could get a chance," Ardel said. "He spoke half-unconsciously, but the earnestness and confidence with which he spoke nettled Trevor, a little, for Trevor was reputed to be one of the keenest cross-examiners at the inner bar."

"I did my best, and failed," he said shortly. "You can have your chance, if you like."

Ardel ignored the first half of the sentence in the eagerness with which he caught at the other half.

"Do you really mean that? How and when can I see the man?"

"I cannot be quite sure, of course. But I believe that the fellow would come at once if he were sent for. He still keeps up the pretence—if it is a pretence—of friendliness to the prisoner."

"That's a lie, anyway. He hates the prisoner. Twice to-day I saw hatred smouldering in his eyes when he glanced toward the dock."

"That may be; but he sticks doggedly to the pretence. Even the prosecution, I am certain, believe it. His last word to our solicitor was, that he would come to us wherever and whenever he was sent for, and truthfully answer any questions we wished to ask him."

"Send for him at once, Trevor. I hope to keep him to his promise in a way he hardly anticipated when he gave it."

"Certainly, if you wish it. But, pardon my professional vanity, Ardel, I cannot feel quite certain that your cross-examination will succeed when mine has so signally failed."

"Cross-examination!" cried Ardel in surprise. "I don't purpose employing any cross-examination. I will pluck the truth from his heart by a much quicker and more certain process—a process that cannot fail."

"You mean hypnotism, Ardel?"

"I do mean hypnotism. I will make the man lay his very soul naked before us, with whatever lies and plottings may be hidden there."

"But can you do this thing? Are you quite sure?"

"Sure as a long unfeeling experience can make me. I never yet met man, woman, or child whom I could not constrain to unquestioning obedience. I can force the very soul, as you would call it, from the body. I have done it for a brief space, leaving the husk pulseless and lifeless." Trevor half forgot his case, fascinated by the intense earnestness of the other's face and voice.

"If this be true, Ardel, then surely

you must confess, for you have proved it, that there is a life after death, that the soul can live severed from the body."

"No, Trevor; there is no thought, memory, or consciousness outside the body. In the interval I have spoken of life is suspended. It is a pause of blank oblivion. This is not hearsay merely; I have tested it by self-hypnotism. There can be no thought, or motion, or sensation except through the mechanism provided by brain or senses. The disembodied spirit that can think without brain tissue, see without eyes, and hear without ears, is a myth. But I am not so sure that the transference of life, the grafting of an old life on a young body, is impossible."

Trevor could only stare at him with questioning eyes.

"Life," he went on, "is like the flame of this candle." He took a long wax candle in his hand as he spoke. "It can have no existence apart from the wick and the wax. I may quench or shelter it, as I choose. But at best it can only burn its allotted time, and then flame and wick—like body and soul—will flicker out together into darkness. But the flame may be shifted. The taper just kindled may take its light from the taper that has burned to a glimmer, and so I believe it is in the power of hypnotism to swap bodies, the old for the young; and so alone the flame of life may be made to burn beyond its normal and allotted span."

He broke off abruptly with a shiver, almost, it seemed, of horror, at his own thoughts.

"You are to blame, Trevor. You have started me on my hobby, and I have galloped straight away from the urgent business in hand. When can I see this man Weevil?"

"What place and hour would suit you best?"

"Any place—any hour; the sooner the better; here, to-night, if possible."

"I think it is possible. But"—after a long pause—"do you think it is quite fair, Ardel?"

"Is what quite fair?"

"Is it quite fair to bring this man here on false pretences, to make believe to trust him, then to take advantage of his confidence to subject him to a power which will lay his very soul bare?"

"Why not?"

"Well, if you don't feel it yourself, I cannot explain."

"Then I don't feel it. It does not hurt my sense of honor in the least."

"It does mine. It rasps my conscience."

"Yes, your lawyer's conscience, Trevor; your artificial conscience. It is contrary to professional etiquette; it's out of the regular routine; there is no precedent for it; so your lawyer's conscience is in trouble. But we cannot allow forms and precedents to stand between this young man and his right to live. Look the thing squarely in the face. Judge it, as you lawyers say, in substance and in fact. We do this fellow Weevil no wrong either way. If he is truthful, we vindicate his truth; if he is, as I believe him to be, a malignant perjurer, we detect the perjury and save his victim."

Trevor could find no answer to this curt reasoning, though he still felt squamish about the task set him. Lawyers have so got into the habit of playing the game according to the rules, they persuade themselves it is better to lose by rule than win without it, no matter how high the stakes.

Not without a half-conscious hope that he would not come, John Trevor wrote a brief note to Robert Weevil, which was delivered by Ardel's private hansom.

But he came. In an hour the hansom was back with the man inside. When he was ushered onto the smoking-room, where the two friends sat, he looked, if possible, more stolid and composed than he had looked in the witness-box.

While he and Trevor spoke together for a moment or two, Ardel sat back in the shade, watching intently. His face was pale to the lips with suppressed excitement, and his eyes glowed like a cat's out of the gloom, as if fire were kindled behind them.

"This is a bad business, Mr. Weevil," Trevor began, a little nervously.

"A very bad business, sir," the other answered, with a side glance at Ardel; "a heart-breaking business, Mr. Trevor. I was in his service nine years, man and boy, and in his father's before him. It is cruel hard on both of us that he must die by the word of my mouth. All because the hot temper that was always in the family got the better of him once too often."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Do you mean by my denying the facts, Mr. Trevor?" There was not a trace of resentment in his voice, only solid determination. "I'm afraid not, sir. I daren't do it. I'd not be believed if I did. Besides, as you know, I have only told what was dragged out of me. I know a lot I haven't told."

"I believe that," said Ardel abruptly, moving so that the light fell full on his face.

Weevil was startled by his sudden words. Instinctively his eyes met Ardel's burning gaze and were caught and held by it. Their wills wrestled. In Weevil's face there was surprise at first, which slowly changed to fear as the spell worked upon him. Fear in its turn faded away to unconsciousness. His eyelids drooped over the eyeballs, as though to shield them from the glare.

Ardel touched his forehead lightly with his finger-tips. "Sleep," he said, in a low voice, and the man lay back in his chair in a profound sleep.

The silent struggle had lasted only for a moment, but it was fierce while it lasted. Ardel rose up the victor, but drops of sweat stood out on his forehead.

Trevor watched the scene with an interest painfully intense, the Queen's counsel in him still revolting against this "grossly irregular proceeding."

"Is he asleep?" he whispered softly, as if fearing to waken him.

"So fast," Ardel answered, "that a cannon shot beside his ear would not trouble him now. His will and self-consciousness are asleep, and every other faculty of his mind and body is my slave."

"Is it fair? Is it fair, Ardel?" asked Trevor, still doubtingly.

"Fair or unfair," retorted the other sternly, "I shall use my power to the uttermost to extort the truth and save the innocent. Can you hear me?" he went on, turning to the man that lay motionless in the chair, his face shining white in the electric light.

The expression of stolid dullness had fallen like a mask. He wore a look sinister and cunning.

"Can you hear me?" The clear voice reached his brain, where reason and self-consciousness no longer stood on guard.

Slowly the answer came back: "I'm listening. What do you want of me?"

"I want to ask you about the trial—about Edgar Wickham."

"Yes, yes; Edgar Wickham who murdered poor Bessie Blythewood, poor Bessie! But I'll take care he'll swing for it." The voice was full of malignity, but it had the unmistakable ring of truth.

"Murdered poor Bessie Blythewood!" Ardel and Trevor looked at each other in blank dismay; here was truth with a vengeance.

But the passions of the sleeping man were stirred, though his will slept, and his thoughts showed themselves in words without further questioning. "Yes, I call it murder," the voice went on; "just as much murder as if he put the pistol to the poor girl's head and pulled the trigger. He drove her to her own death, and it's God's justice he should die for it. He broke her heart by his treachery; a girl that was a thousand times too good for the insolent, cold-blooded puppy."

"How he hates him!" said Ardel to Trevor: "I told you so. He loved the girl Bessie Blythewood himself. That is his secret. There is the devilish rage of jealousy in his voice."

Then in the sleeping man's ear he said, "Whose hand fired the shot?"

"How do I know? What do I care? Her own, I dare say. But Wickham, curse him! drove her to it, and Wickham shall hang for it."

"You have perjured yourself to hang him?"

A low, malignant chuckle broke from the lips of the sleeper. "It was well done. Judge and jury swallowed it sweetly. Who could doubt the word of the simple, faithful servant who was so sorry to hurt his young master?—his sweet young master, who broke the heart of the best girl that ever drew breath, and struck the faithful old servant across the face when he dared to speak of

it. I think I've come even with him at last."

"Get the facts, Ardel, from him," whispered Trevor eagerly, the lawyer's instincts now keenly alive in him and his scruples gone.

"When you climbed into the window at Laburnham Lodge, what did you really see?" queried Ardel.

"What I swore I saw—poor Bessie Blythewood lying dead on the carpet, her golden curls all dabbled with blood."

The voice faltered, the lips twitched; plainly the ghastly sight was again before him.

"What else did you see?"

"A revolver lying on the floor beside her."

"His revolver?"

"No; hers."

A quick glance passed between Ardel and Trevor, who had seated himself at a writing-table.

"Hers? do you mean Miss Blythewood's?"

"Of course. A pretty little thing with an ivory stock chased in silver. I had seen her play with it a hundred times. She used to shoot with it on the lawn; it made scarcely any report."

"Go on—what did you see or do more?"

"I took up the revolver; one of the barrels had just been discharged."

"Was it warm, as you swore?"

"No; not warm, but fouled. A small table had been overturned by the girl's fall; there was a paper lying on the carpet. It was an unfinished letter in her writing. I just glanced at it, and then I knew in one moment how her death came."

"How?"

"By her own hand, my poor girl! by her own hand; but he drove her to it."

"What was in the letter? can you remember?" Trevor was writing furiously.

"I can remember every word. It was very short:—'My sweetheart, I forgive you; good-bye. Life is not worth living without your love. I'm horribly afraid of death, but it is better than this misery.' That was all, it was enough. At that moment my rage mastered me, and I swore he should die, and he shall. The whole thing came to me like a flash. I had my master's revolver in my pocket. I had stolen it and practised with it. I meant to use it if he struck me again. But the rope will do my work safer and surer."

"What did you do next?" The question was sharp and stern. The answer came obediently.

"I dropped his revolver on the floor, slipped hers and the letter behind a row of books on the cabinet, and was back at the window in a moment."

"Was he body still bleeding when you entered the room?"

"I did not notice."

"You swore it was."

"I thought of that afterwards." (To be continued.)

## UNPREJUDICED REMARKS.

People most careful of not stepping on other people's toes oftenest have their own trampled upon.

It is a trite saying that the rolling stone gathers no moss. It is equally true that the one which is always stationary gathers little else.

Laughter is good medicine, but some people so overdo the matter of following the prescription that he who hears them has no doubt as to the truth of the old adage.

Some men who wrap themselves in the cloak of self-righteousness have scanty covering.

He who hugs a sorrow to his heart crowds out of his life just so much of God's light and cheer.

Don't waste too much time in bewailing the sins of others until you are sure you are rid of your own worst faults.

We have seen some shaggy dogs that were awfully ugly, but they were friendly and we liked them. The most beautiful people in this world are not always the most companionable and pleasant.

Men who wait for some tide of popularity to carry them into public favor usually make shipwreck of their lives before they reach any comfortable haven.

WHAT COLOR EYES ARE YOURS?

A Russian savant lays claim to a discovery for detecting criminals. According to M. Karloff, the scientist in question, you can tell a criminal by the color of his eyes. Murderers and thieves have maroon or reddish-brown eyes, tramps light blue, and so forth. M. Karloff has classified eyes into families, and has drawn up rules which he declares to be infallible. Honest folk have dark grey or blue eyes.

## FLYING FROGS.

The flying frog is found in Borneo. It uses an expansive membrane on each of his feet in sailing from tree to tree. The webs enable him to do this in the same way as the wings of the modern flying machines enable their inventors to remain for a time in the air.

WHERE WATER ASCENDS.

In White County, Ga., there is a mountain stream which runs up hill, at a steep incline, for almost half a mile. It is supposed to be the continuation of a siphon, which has its source in a spring at a higher elevation, at the opposite side of the mountain.

## KIDNEY TROUBLES

CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

Sufferers from This Disease are in Great Peril and Should not Experiment With Other Medicines.

From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.

The kidneys are the most important organ. They must filter every drop of blood in the body. If the blood is weak the kidneys cannot do their work, so the blood is left unfiltered and foul, and the kidneys are left clogged with poisonous impurities. Then come the backaches that mean fatal kidney disease. Don't neglect that backache for a moment. Strike at the root of the very first symptoms of kidney trouble by enriching the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that makes the blood rich, red and health-giving.

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Seaforth, Ont., has proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the most obstinate case of kidney trouble. To a reporter of the Sun he freely gave the particulars of his case: "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about two years," said Mr. Holland, "sometimes the backache which accompanied the trouble would be so severe that I would be unable to work, and I have often suffered severely for weeks at a time. I tried a number of medicines said to be a cure for kidney trouble, but I found nothing to help me until on the advice of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills soon began to make their good work felt, and after using them for about a month every vestige of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had a single symptom of the disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a great blessing to me and I am always glad to say a good word in their favor."

As a curative medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never yet been equalled. They build up the blood and nerves, give new strength and enable the body to resist disease. Among the complaints cured by these pills are rheumatism, nervous disorders, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, anaemia, lung troubles and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Don't take a substitute at any price—only the genuine pills can cure.

AND NOW IT IS WALL PAPER.

"Wall papers are unhealthy," says a physician. "They destroy the porosity of walls. If I had my way nothing but whitewash would be used all over the world. Wall paper closes our walls' pores, and thus, to a certain extent, does us harm. Walls, you see, should be porous, like our clothes, like our skin. Clog up the pores of our skin and we die. Close up the pores of our clothes and we would soon discard them, for they would be insufferable. But we are used to the clogging of our walls' pores, and therefore we no longer notice the inconvenience of it. Some people argue that wall papers are porous. My answer is that they may be porous when they are new, but as soon as they get damp the pores fill up, and once filled there is no way to open them again. Have porous walls, I say, and, to have them, substitute for wall paper whitewash."

Why it is a Dangerous Time For The Little Ones.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every infant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies as is shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:—

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing did her any good until I gave her the tablets. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and good. I can strongly recommend the tablets to other mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent postpaid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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## She Nursed the Sick And Ruined Her Health

For Months Mrs. Myles Lay a Helpless Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Gradually Grew Weaker and Weaker.

Mrs. John Myles, Sr., of South Woodlee, Essex Co., Ont., is well known throughout the surrounding country because of her work among the sick and suffering and it was on account of over exertion in this regard that her health broke down and she lay weak and helpless, a victim of nervous prostration. Doctors could not help her and she resolved to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As a result she has been thoroughly restored and by recommending this treatment to others has been the means of bringing back health and happiness to many a wretched and discouraged sufferer from diseases of the nerves.

Mrs. Myles, writes:—"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was confined to my bed with what the doctors said was nervous prostration. My stomach was very weak and I could not sleep at all for any length of time. Nervous shills and trembling would come over me at times and I seemed to be getting weaker and weaker all the time. There were also pains on top of the head which caused me much suffering and anxiety. After using half a dozen boxes of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I began to gain in weight and to feel stronger. Since then I have been gradually restored to health and in looking back can say that the improvement has been something wonderful. I used in all forty boxes of this preparation and feel it a duty as well as a privilege to recommend it to all who are suffering from nervous disorders. Several persons at whom I have described my case have used it and been cured and I am sure that I owe my present good health, if not life itself to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Nervous prostration and exhaustion, headaches, dyspepsia, dizzy and fainting spells, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, feelings of weakness, depression, and despondency are overcome by this treatment, working, as it does, hard in hand with nature. Though gradual, the results are all the more certain and lasting, and by noting your increase in weight, you can prove to your satisfaction that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added. Fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

After using half a dozen boxes of

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## Dr. Chase's Ointment