MRS. E. D. E. N.

A NOVEL

SOUTHWORTH

"It is the power of the truth spoken.

and not of the speaker," said the doc-

tor, humbly. "And now, my child, you

must take care of yourself. You must

"Doctor, it was not to talk of my-

"No, my child; I have not had an

hour's leisure, except early in the

morning or late in the evening, just be-

will make the leisure, and surely see

"He is fearfully changed, doctor;

"But you are all to him-his guar-

"I am his betrothed. I do all that I

his sister-or his wife," added Laura

"Well, my dear?" said the doctor,

"Oh, doctor, that I were only his sis-

ter, or his wife, that I might have the

privilege of being with him always,

so that he might never more feel deso-

late and alone in his sorrow. Doctor, I

cannot be his sister, but-" She

hesitated, and again her pale cheek

doctor, finishing her sentence.

"You might be his wife," said the

"I promised to be so long ago. Doc-

tor, if instead of coming into Newgate,

Ferdinand Cassinove had come into an

inheritance, the first use he would

have made of his property would have

been to ask me to share it with him.

Doctor, have I not the same right to

"My child, I know not what to say

"Doctor, listen to me farther. This

privilege that I crave would be the

greatest possible consolation to me,

and-take notice, doctor-the only

possible chance of safety to Cassi-

"The only chance of safety to Cas-

"Yes, doctor, his only chance of life

"My dear Miss Elmer, explain your-

"Listen, then. In the confusion and

distress that immediately followed the

discovery of the murder of Sir Vin-

cent Lester, I was overlooked or for-

gotten. At least, I was not summoned

as a witness before the coroner's in-

quest. There were, perhaps, witnesses

in plenty without me, who testified

directly to those fatal circumstances

that were deemed quite sufficient to

convict Cassinove. And I was glad to

be left out. But now the continual gos-

sip of the people and the press, con-

cerning the tragedy at Lester House,

brings my name more and more into

the affair, and under the notice of the

authorities. They hint at a cause of

that murder that makes my cheeks

burn and my heart shudder. I live in

the daily dread of being subpoenaed to

testify as to this cause on the ap-

proaching trial. But if I bore this re-

lationship to him, doctor, I would not

be compelled to give evidence against

ly affect Cassinove?"

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One-third of a housekeeper's life is spent in her kitchen.

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"But would your evidence so serious-

"It would put the seal upon his fate.

"Miss Elmer, my child, tell me what

this testimony is, that I may judge of

its importance. You may confide in

me with perfect safety, for I shall

never repeat your words; and even if

I were capable of such a breach of

'hearsay' is no legal evidence."

confidence, it could do no harm since

"It was a fierce and deadly quarre

between Ferdinand Cassinove and Sir

Vincent Lester on the evening prece-

rests in this relationship."

sinove!" echoed Dr. Clark, in extreme

Elmer, in a lower tone.

seeing her hesitate.

flushed.

may for him, yet not enough; I cannot

self, but of Cassinove, that I requested

Author of "Self-Raised," "The Deserted Wife," "The Bride's Fate," "Retribution," "Ishmael," "The Wife's Victory," Etc., Etc.

piety to doubt."

seen him lately?"

Continued from last week.)

Tor have brought this trouble upon us! profese visits us all with a trial in which you have the hardest part to Sear, and we the duty of making it as Elmer, earnestly. 11 23 possible," concluded her grace, Canterly pressing the hand of Rose. In an hour from that time the rethat as though no impending calamity not neglect needful food and rest, and

formered darkly over their heads. That night, for the first time since her arrest, poor Rose retired to bed crasquilized. And the next morning all you to come to me to-night. Have you Los for knew that the duchess dowa-33 soon as she heard in Paris of arrest of her daughter-in-law upon sestain her through the approaching fore the prison doors are opened, or serminal charge, had hastened home that was arranged to be com-

mesced on the fourteenth of May. the woe of this world there is him." precedes a trial for life, and no despair you will be pained to see him; he has anxiety so intense as that which so seep as that which follows the sen- grown so thin and pale from his long cases of death.

Buch an anxiety now held the soul of prison. And he is so desolate, doctor; Zarera Elmer in a state of tension to can any man be more desolate than which a physical torture by the rack he is? Think of it!—friendless, poor, have been as nothing. Such a and in prison, without father, mother, despair loomed darkly before her. All sister, or brother, without a friend in strong hopes that had supported the wide world, save only methe first days of Cassinove's She hesitated, and her pale cheek imprisonment had utterly given way flushed. sunk beneath the weight of imgen ling doom.

Darker and heavier lowered the shaover the devoted head of the She had done all that was possible,

and had failed of doing any good. The warrant that she had caused to se issued for the arrest of Thugsen, Roberts, alias Rayburne, had served upon him. Indeed, that sterious individual, far from avoidthe officers of justice, had purposeif thrown himself in their way, giving Manaelf up, "to have the thing over cace for all," as he laughingly declared. had been taken before the Bow wheet magistrate, by whom he had best very carefully examined; but in the absence of any positive evidence serinst him, he was discharged-a re-

the first. Laura Elmer's latest hope went out the discharge of this man, whom So heart she believed to be guilty of murder for which Cassinove was share his adversity?" oried Laura, with about to be tried. She knew Cassinove a burst of tears. to be guiltless, but she had no longer say faith in the necessary security of to you," said the good physician, in macence. She could only remember painful perplexity. often the guiltless seemed fated suffer, and shudder at the inscrudisble mystery.

that he evidently foreseen from

and as the day for the trial apgreach, without casting any new light the dark secret of the murder, mar anxiety deepened to despair. Yet : ser anguish was confined to her own flowam, or confided only to her venerable friend, Dr. Clark.

One evening, after taking leave of cassinove, and hearing the door lockand upon him—a sound that always self." struck like a death knell upon her ear burried home to her lodgings, and atched a note to the venerable passician, entreating him to call on her at his earliest convenience. The good doctor waited upon her the

enma evening. Me was shocked to notice the change that had passed over her queenly perand in the few days that had elapsed since he had seen her last,

The emaciated figure, the pallid fice, looking paler still in contrast to the large, dark eyes and ebon locks, the look and attitude of mute despair, seached his heart.

Miss Elmer," he said, in a gentle, serental tone, advancing towards her. "Doctor, this is very kind; sit down," replied, rising and placing a chair him. "Doctor," she continued, as seems as he was seated, "I wished to speak to you particularly this even-She hesitated in embarrass-

"Dear child, speak on; but try to the some hope and comfort to your Beart."

"Hope? Comfort? Ah, doctor, when suspense verges so near despair, is it set better to know and confront the worst at once? Methinks there would the same relief in that as in death." Despair is sinful, my child. You and I selfere young Cassinove to be guilt-And believing him to be so, we must believe that he will be acquitted, which is equivalent to believing in

housekeeper's care.

engine obeys the hand of the engineer.

ding the murder of the baronet," said Laura, in a low and shuddering voice. "I see, I see, my poor child! I see it all! Tell me how I can serve you. What would you have me to do?"

"Decter, you are a Christian gentle man-you believe in effectual prayer and in providential guidance. Go home, me, dear," replied Miss Elmer. and reflect on all that I have told you. Put away all worldly thoughts and all I happen to be here to support you, Lord for direction; and to-morrow, when you visit Cassinove, you will know what to say and do," replied Laura Elmer, with sweet gravity, and she arose as if to close the interview. He also arose. He looked at her- plied Miss Elmer. beautiful, pale statue that she seemed

-and taking her hand, replied: the justice of God, which it were imcomfort you, Good-night." And he "You speak like one of the patriraised her hand to his lips, and dearchs of old. I grow strong and hopeful while I listen to you," said Laura parted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The next day Dr. Clark had an interview with Cassinove in the prison and pointed out to him that the only course to prevent Laura giving evidence was to make her his wife. Cassinove at first demurred, but the

it would be for the best. And then he took his leave for a short time to make the arrangements for the strange marriage. First he called at the lodgings of

Miss Elmer, whom he found dressed as swered Laura Elmer, gravely and firmif for a walk. "My carriage is at the door,

take you there," said the doctor, artand close confinement in that dreary fully. "I thank you; I was just going; I am

all the halls and passages to the cell they came to the question, "Who nature of homicide in general, and of of Cassinove, saw her enter, and then giveth this woman to be married to this murder in particular, wherein he withdrew to procure the special li- this man?" cense. Then he called upon Cassinove's "I do," said the venerable Dr. Clark, hypocrisy and cowardice. Wherein the old pastor, the Rev. Henry Watson, of taking the hand of the bride and plac- prisoner, young in years, but old in St. Matthews. He found the good old ing it in the hand of the bridegroom. man in his study, and in a private interview, explained to him the service the ring was required, there was no be all that I might be to him were I

for which he was wanted. an unshaken faith in the innocence of Cassinove, was the Rev. Mr. Watson, ing a circlet of diamonds from her the pastor, who had known him in- finger, offered it for the purpose, saytimately from childhood up to matur- ing: ity. So after a little hesitation at the strangeness of the service required of blem of truth." him, and after being assured by the doctor that there were good reasons | the vows were made, the prayers offerwhy the marriage should be solemn- ed, the benediction bestowed, and the ized, the good man yielded to his the marriage ceremony concluded. faith in Dr. Clark and in Cassinove, and though greatly mystified, consent- and earnestly breathed good wishes, ed to go and perform the ceremony.

In the meantime Laura Elmer had newly-married pair together. passed into the cell of her betrothed. Cassinove was sitting just where the doctor had left him, on the side of his to her lodgings. She had soon good reamattress, with his hands clasped to- son to know that her marriage had not gether, and his head sunk upon his taken place one hour too soon. breast. He looked up as Laura entered, and rising, extended his hands to her, preparing to come out, a sheriff's offi-

can you surmise what Dr. Clark has to be a subpoena, addressed to Laura been saying to me this morning?" to say it," replied Laura Elmer, with to appear upon a certain day at the noble truthfulness, as she placed both | Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey,

her hands in his. "And are you my beautiful preserver, tion in the case of "The Crown versus prepared for the sacrifice which, indeed, I fear it is doing a great wrong | willful murder of Sir Vincent Lester, to ask of you?"

"It will be no sacrifice on my part. It is the only possible way to save ing: yourself from an unjustly-inflicted death, and me from a fatal remorse." "Alas! Laura! when I first met and worshiped you-when I first dared to dream of the joy of making you my

own-this was not the sort of bridal I Elmer?" pictured to myself!" said Cassinove, with a deep groan. "No, my own; you thought of conquering fortune, and laying it at my

feet and of lifting me to a position may have the mistake corrected?" higher, if possible, than that from which I fell. This is what you planned for me. And because you planned it, and because it pleased Heaven to dis- Cassinove, and therefore incapacitated appoint your generous plan, here am from giving evidence on his trial," said at your side, as willing-oh, yes-as | Laura, gently. willing to share your sorrows as ever I should have been to share your joys," said Laura, sitting down beside him. "Oh," groaned Cassinove, "if my

guiltiness is no plea to heaven or earth in my behalf, surely this woman's goodness must be! Surely, for her sake, God will bring light out of this great darkness! Heaven will not leave her to suffer!"

Thus they conversed together until their conference was interrupted by the opening of the cell door, and the appearance of the warden, who ushered in a lady closely velled, and re-

The lady threw aside her veil, and disclosed the sweet face of a friend. "My dearest Rose!" cried Laura Elmer, rising to embrace her. "The Duchess of Beresleigh!" ex-

claimed Mr. Cassinove, in surprise. "Yes, it is I, my friends, come to see you once more. Indeed, I should have come sooner, but I have been ill; and oh! in so much trouble. You have heard about it, Miss Elmer?"

"Yes, sweet Rose! I heard, and I should have gone to you, but sorrows -such dark sorrows as ours-make us selfish, I fear," said Laura Elmer, as her heart smote her for the neglect of this gentle friend. "I could not expect you to come,

dear Miss Elmer. Dr. Clark, who attended me in my illness, told me-" the part of a Sister of Charity to a and Cassinove awaited his summons to lonely prisoner so zealously as to the courtroom. leave her no time to bestow upon her friends," said Cassinove, regretfully. "Something like that, indeed. But I

consider such duties as sacred as fully to exonerate Miss Elmer. I fully expected to find her here, and I am glad to have found her." dreary prison hours. But I am here to- creature on trial for his life, as if it

I am pleased that to-day, of all days, you should be present," said Laura Elmer, gravely. The young duchess looked from one to the other for an explanation. "You are here involuntarily to wit-

ness a marriage," said Laura Elmer. Rose looked more perplexed than be-"Miss Elmer does not wish to be called as a witness on my approaching

trial. To prevent this, she is about to bestow upon me her hand. Tell me, ing between two police officers. madam, for you are a disinterested judge, am I not doing a great wrong to accept so vast a sacrifice?" said Cas-"But I do not understand," said

"She would immolate herself for the bare chance of saving my life," began in deep mourning, and leaning on the Cassinove; but Laura gently placed arm of the venerable Dr. Clark. her hand before his lips to stop his | Laura was accommodated with earther speech, and turning to the seat near Mr. Cassinove's counsel. duchess, briefly, and in a low voice, Dr. Clark unwillingly took his place explained the urgent necessity for the immediate marriage. the Crown

-You are right, dear Laura; I feel that you are quite right, although not one in a hundred would think it right, and not one in a thousand dare to do it even if they thought so," said Rose,

earnestly. "I am pleased that you agree with "And I am very much pleased that conventional ideas. Think only of jus- dear Laura! You required a woman's tice, faith and mercy. Pray to the presence, now, did you not? Say so, to please me, dear Laura."

"I can say so with great sincerity, sweet Rose, I did, indeed, need the presence of some woman friend, and I am most happy to have yours," re-

Once more they were interrupted by the opening of the cell door and the "I will, my child, I will; and may the entrance of Dr. Clark and Mr. Watson, Lord guide my thoughts and direct and who were ushered in by the turnkey, who immediately withdrew. Dr. Clark recognized the Duchess of

Beresleigh with surprise and pleasure, bowed, and presented the Rev. Mr. The little party quite filled up the

narrow cell "The officers of the preson seem to think that you are holding a levee this morning, Cassinove, and are probably wondering what it is about. I did not think proper to volunteer an explana-

good doctor easily persuaded him that tion," said Dr. Clark, cheerfully. "Young lady," said the minister, approaching Miss Elmer, and speaking in a low voice, "is this step that you are about to take well considered?" "Yes sir, it is well considered," an-

"In the name of Heaven, then, I must child, and if you are going to visit our proceed. Stand up, if you please," said prisoner this morning, I will gladly the minister, opening his book. Cassinove arose, and led Laura Elmer before him.

Dr. Clark took his place beside Casan instant," said Miss Elmer, joining by Laura Elmer.

ring forthcoming. Good Dr. Clark had Now, among the very few who had entirely forgotten that little necessity. "Keep it, dear Laura, it is the em-

> The ring was placed upon her finger; After the cordial clasping of hands, their friends departed, leaving the

> At the usual hour for closing, Laura took leave of Cassinove, and returned The next morning, while she was

cer was shown into her room, who ser-"Oh, Laura! oh, my guardian spirit! | ved her with a document that proved Elmer, spinster, and ordering her, un-"Yes, yes, mine own, for I sent him | der peril of certain pains and penalties, as a witness on the part of the prosecu-Ferdinand Cassinove, charged with the baronet." Laura read it, and returned it, say-

"This does not concern me. My name is not Elmer, neither am I a single

"Then will you be good enough to "Nowhere, I presume; I, who once

bore that name, have now another." "Then, madam, will you be so good as to tell me your new name, that I said the officer, taking out his tablets. "You need not give yourself that trouble. I am the wife of Ferdinand

The officer looked at her in surprise, and then muttering that he would see deeds of hatred." about it, departed. And Laura Elmer went on her way to the prison, where she found Fer- acts of mutual annoyance." dinand Cassinove in close consulta-

tion with his counsel. The latter arose with a smile to greet the lady, saying: "My client has just told me of the ceremony that took place here yesterday morning. I had already learned that a subpoena was out for you this morning, one day too late. You have achieved a great stroke of diplomacy, madam, and saved my client."

"If anything can save him in such extremity," murmured Cassinove, under his breath. "When does the trial come on, sir?"

inquired Laura of the lawyer. "To-morrow, madam."

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was the morning of the day of the trial-the trial, par excellence, of the session-the trial of the tutor, Ferdinand Cassinove, for the murder of his employer, Sir Vincent Lester, one of the oldest baronets of England.

All London was talking of formed the subject of conversation at every breakfast-table, every office and every shop in the city, as well as at the chambers of Messrs. Clagett and Fulmer, counsel for the prisoner, and "That Miss Elmer was performing at the cell at Newgate, where Ferdin-

At an unusually early hour, a crowd, composed in part of the most respectable citizens of London, collected in front of the Old Bailey to await the

opening of the doors. As soon as the doors were thrown open, this crowd pressed into the court-"I am here every day, dear Rose, to room as into a playhouse, to witness lighten as much as possible these the agonizing spectacle of a fellowday for an especial purpose. Therefore, had been a play got up for their entertainment,

> At ten o'clock the judges entered the courtroom, and took their places on

And soon after the order was given to bring in the prisoner. All eyes were now turned in the direction of the door through which the prisoner was expected to enter. And in a few minutes Ferdinand Cassinove made his appearance, walk-

His step was firm, his carriage erect, his glance keen, and his bearing proud. His face was pale only in contrast to the darkness of the ebon locks that waved around his lofty brow, and the sable suit of clerical cloth that formed his usual costume.

Behind him walked Laura, clothed among the witnesses on the part of

And Ferdinand Cassinove was ushered into the prisoner's dock. He looked around himself, over the sea of faces upturned to his; no friendly look among them; the hundreds of eyes fixed upon him; no kindly glance from them. Curiosity, horror and vindictive ness was the expression of the multi-

Wearily, despairingly, Cassinove turned from this black array to look upon the group of witnesses for the defense, who were seated on his right hand. They were very few in number -consisting of his venerable pastor, his old schoolmaster, and his old nurse, all come to testify to the excellence of his character from his childhood up. With these Cassinove was astonished to see old Colonel Hastings, dressed in deep mourning, and looking worn and wasted as though from illness. Cassinove beckoned Mr. Fulmer, his junior counsel, and inquired: "How came Colonel Hastings hither?"

"He presented himself this morning as a voluntary witness for the defense. He has just arrived from Baden-Baden, where his constitution received a terrible shock in the death of his only and "The death of his son? Mr. Albert

Hastings? When did he die?" inquired Cassinove, in surprise. "About a month ago."

"Was he long ill?" "In body, not an hour. In mind, always, I fear! He blew his brains out after losing fifty thousand pounds at a card table in Baden-Baden. It has broken his father's heart, as you may see. The old man was ill for many days after the castastrophe, and has only

just arrived in England, to serve you,

if he can, he says." The attorney-general proceeded to open the case for the Crown by stating quite ready, and need not detain you sinove, and the young duchess stood at large the facts attending the murder for which the prisoner at the bar The marriage ceremony was com- had been indicted, commented severe-He took her to the prison, through menced with the usual formulas. When ly as he progressed upon the atroclous said were all the vices of ingratitude. crime, had heinously murdered his own When they reached the point where benefactor-not in broad daylight, face to face with his intended victim-no! but "in the dead waste and middle of the night," when all the household, But the young duchess, hastily draw- save himself, had sunk to innocent repose, the cowardly assassin stole to the bedchamber of Sir Vincent Lester, and there, in that scene of stillness, in that hour of darkness, while the victim lay helpless in sleep-"innocent sleep"-plunged the dagger into the

> "Clara, Lady Lester." And there was a general rising and craning of necks to catch a glimpse of the baronet's widow, as she moved from her seat among the witnesses and went forward to take the stand, where her stout, black-robed, deeply-veiled form stood revealed to all eyes.

The clerk then called the name of

heart of his benefactor.

After having the oath duly administered to her, she was requested to look at the prisoner, and turned to meet the full, dark eyes of Cassinove fixed with a look of anxious integrity upon her. This was the first time she had seen him since the night of the murder, and his expression of countenance evidently surprised her. Cassinove and Laura both wondered what Lady Lester would have to testify in regard to the murder, when they

knew that her ladyship had slept soundly through the whole of the tragic scenes of that fatal first of October. It was known when she began to speak. "I am the widow of the deceased. I know the prisoner at the bar; he filled the situation of tutor of our younger son, and resided in our house for near-

ly twelve months." "Can your ladyship inform the jury tell me where I can find Miss Laura | what seemed to be the state of feeling between the deceased and prisoner? inquired the counsel for the Crown. "At first the deceased and the prison-

er seemed to entertain for each other as cordial a friendship as could possibly exist between persons of unequal rank and age. Gradually, but evidently, that friendship cooled, until, at length, it changed to a bitter enmity." "Will your ladyship tell the court how this enmity exhibited itself?"

"In many daily acts of mutual an-"Your ladyship will please be specific and instance some of these stated

"In the first place, Sir Vincent Lester very much disliked the attentions paid by Mr. Cassinove to a young person residing in the capacity of governess in our family. And, though Mr. Cassinove was well aware of Sir Vincent's disapprobation, he not only persisted in those attentions, but augmented them-

Here a titter ran through the crowd mingled with murmurs of "Very natural," "Quite right," etc.

The crier called "Silence!" and the examination of Lady Lester proceeded. "This was one of the ways in which the prisoner annoyed the deceased. Will your ladyship tell us now, in what manner the deceased annoyed the

prisoner?" questioned the counsel. "By throwing every obstacle he could in the way of Mr. Cassinove's conversation with the governess."

"What motive do you suppose the deceased had for this course of conduct toward the prisoner?" This question was challenged, ob-

jected to, and ruled out. The counsel put it in another form, and inquired: "What was the cause of this hatre

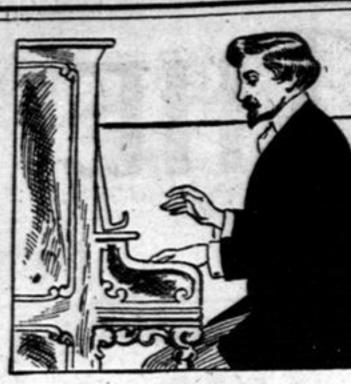
Here, even the cold, calm Lady Lester reddened, as she replied: "I can testify with certainty only to

the enmity; the knowledge of its cause belongs only to Him who seeth the secret heart of man." "But what then does your ladyship suppose to have been the cause?"

This question was also objected to and ruled out. And after a close crossexamination, that elicited nothing more than a reiteration of the first testimony, Lady Lester was permitted to

withdraw. Sir Ruthven Lester was now called to the stand, and duly sworn. After which he corroborated the testimony of his mother, but added nothing new. The next witness called was Soper, the valet of the late baronet. He testified that on the evening preceding the murder the deceased had come down from the schoolroom in a great passion, saying that Cassinove had deeply offended him, and should not remain n the house another twenty-four hours; witness attended deceased to his chamber, and waited on him until he got into bed, when he said, "If I live until morning, I will turn that fellow out of doors." Witness then closed and secured the window shutters, so that no one from without could possibly enter the room, and left his master to repose. That was the last time he saw deceased alive.

Cross-examination elicited no further testimony, and Soper was directed



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while this witness was being examined, Laura had contrived to move nearer to Cassinove, and now sat at | the corner of the dock, where she might easily converse with the prisoner, for she knew what was next coming, and wished to be beside him to comfort him by word and look.

Watson, the butler, was now called to the stand. Again there was a lifting of all heads and craning of all necks to get sight of this most important witness, who was most interesting as the first discoverer of the murder. Being regularly sworn, he said:

"My name is John Watson. I have lived as butler in the service of the deceased for the last twenty years. I know the prisoner at the bar, who has been tutor at Lester House for the last twelve months. I had observed for the last few weeks the state of enmity between the prisoner and the deceased. On the night of the murder, I was sitting up late in my office, adjoining the pantry, engaged in making out my accounts, when, it might be about two o'clock in the morning, I was startled by the cries of 'murder! murder! murder! murd--' four times, only the fourth time the word seemed strangled in the throat of the one that cried, and then followed a deep, ominous silence. I threw down my pen, and rushed upstairs, toward my master's room, whence those cries seemed to have proceeded; I burst open the door, and found my master, wounded and dying, yet grappling with a death-grip the collar of the prisoner, who stood over him with a blood-stained, dripping dagger in his hand. As soon as my master saw me he exclaimed, feebly: "'Seize him! Seize him! He has

murdered me, the villain!" "And by this time the chamber was filled with my fellow-servants, who had been roused by the cries of murder, and hurried to the spot as quickly as they could spring from their beds and throw on their clothes.

(Continued on page 11.)

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