MRS.E.D.E.N. TA NOVEL

SOUTHWORTH

client, since the name of Mr. Cars

nove had not been mentioned. If the

dying man clung with a death-grip to

the prisoner, he clung to him only as

his preserver. The deportment of Cassi-

nove when discovered at the bedside of

Sir Vincent Lester was not that of de-

tected guilt; he exhibited no agitation

except a benevolent anxiety to procure

medical assistance for the wounded

man. Neither could there be any ade-

quate motive on the part of Mr. Cas-

sinove for the perpetration of so hein-

ous a crime. The enmity said to have

been observed between the prisoner

alleged enmity, therefore, existed only

fied concerning it. And, finally, Mr.

up to the very hour of his arrest, had

been distinguished for the love and

practice of truth, justice and benevo-

lence, and they formed the most over-

charge that had been brought against

him. He would undertake to establish

by unquestionable testimony every

point that he here advanced. And he

hoped and believed that the jury, after

the prisoner before leaving their seats.

to the stand the Rev. Henry Watson.

trifling sufferings. And here the vener-

verely tested and brightly illustrated.

physician, among whom was Colonel

an earnestness and even solemnity

not those of a guilty man.

that made a great impression.

who was administering the oath.

many instances of that kindness.

and taught me to reverence him."

witnesses for the defense.

The cross-examination of the lad

only brought out this testimony with

And here closed the examination of

The senior counsel for the prisoner

arose and addressed the jury in a

the evidence, strengthened by sound

logic, illumined by clear reason, and

vocate sat down amid murmurs of ad-

fered. The counsel for the Crown said

accused him as his assassin. That was

the fact proved by more than a dozen

eyewitnesses; the fact that could not

be explained away by any ingenuity of

sophistry, and upon that convicting

fact the prosecution would rest its

dropped her face in her hands; but

herself, she looked up in time to meet

calculated rather to move the sympa-

The judge resumed his seat, and the

jury, in charge of the deputy sheriff,

of mortality seemed to fill the room.

benefit of that doubt.

case. And he resumed his seat.

Here Laura turned very pale,

warmed by burning eloquence.

And here rested the defense.

the boy said:

increased force.

miration.

triumphant vindication!

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

(Continued from last week.) whom she dreaded coming in contact, as a refined and sensitive nature must dread collision with a thoroughly coarse and vulgar one.

These later bitter sorrows, that had so crushed Laura's heart, had discrowned her of much of that queenliness of spirit and of manner that had once commanded homage from all who approached her. Perhaps, also, Mrs. Brown was much too obtuse to be impressed by anything more subtle than material agency. Be that as it may, since Laura had fallen into arrears for her lodging, she had suffered much from the coarse insolence of her landlady, and hence she shivered with apprehension when she rang the bell that was to bring this animal to her never owe me less," said the woman,

The landlady entered-a tall, stout, vulgar woman, with a red face, bloated cheeks and small, watery eyes. She eninsolent air, demanding harshly: "What do you want?"

had before you ask for more." you will be kind enough to bring me fore the hour that the prisoner was to the coffee."

you has had."

diment rings ain't no call to want down beside him on the cot, money," said the woman, fixing her piggish eyes upon the brilliant that Cassinove, assuming a more cheerful the young duchess had given Laura as countenance than his sad heart war-

part with the gift; but now time press- face. ed, she had great need to take refreshon to comfort Cassinove. So she drew be firm?" the ring from her finger and handed it "Firm as a rock and true as steel to the woman, saying:

ity until I pay you, only bring me the cretly breaking. The promptitude with which Laura and then opened the door to admit Dr.

offered the ring excited the suspicions Clark and the officers who had come to of the woman, who, like all vulgar na- conduct him to the courthouse. tures, piqued herself upon being Dr. Clark greeted Laura and Cassi-

know, and not worth twopence." turning it about in the morning sun- of her venerable friend, as on the pre-Hight until it burned and flashed until ceding day. the living rays of light leaped from its They found the space in front of the

diment, for what I know; but, even so, building. how did you come by it? Them as wisits jailbirds is to be suspicioned; er than on the preceding day, crowdand I never received no stolen goods ed, in fact, to suffocation. in my life."

commanding tone, that enforced good old doctor, as he supported Laura obedience even from that stolid crea- toward the upper end of the court.

bonnet, and though very feble, went calm, above the crowd of faces turned cownstairs and walked the short dis- up to him in morbid curiosity or cruel tance to Giltspur street, where she re- vindictiveness. He looked before him membered to have seen a pawnbroker's toward the bench, and saw that the shop, kept by one Issachar. The rude brow of the judge was stern; toward speech of the landlady had done her the jury-box, where the faces of the this service-it had suggested the jurors were very grave; he glanced to means of relieving her present necessi- the right, where the witnesses for the ties, that would never else have pre- defense seemed sorrowful and despontime she might have grieved to part prosecution appeared confident and with her ring, and blushed to enter a vindictive. And then from all these pawnbroker's shop, but now heavier bloodthirsty or despairing faces his her whole soul. She entered the shop, the beautiful, pale brow of his devoted let-eyed man stood behind the counter. tained by the proximity of the vener-"How much will you give me for able Dr. Clark. this ring?" said Laura, advancing and

laying it upon the counter. "Eh; mine shole, vere did you get the prisoner, arose to open the defish?" exclaimed old Issachar, poun- fense. cing upon the jewel, and glaring upon it with ravenous eyes.

I have a right to part with it!" "Do you want to shell it?" asked the his cause. pawnbroker, with difficulty concealing "No, only to pledge it. How much

will you advance me upon it?" mush, either, now I looksh at it," said Issachar, recovering his composure

and craftiness. are willing to advance upon it."

"Eh, mine tear shole, monish is very scarsh. I will advance five pounds on

W------The ring was worth an hundred guineas, at least, but Laura was far too much oppressed with trouble to chaffer with the fellow, so she said: "Give me the money, and a receipt for the ring, so that I may redeem as soon as I can."

Issachar immediately handed her the money and a ticket, and eagerly took and locked up the ring, which hoped would yet revert to himself. Laura left the shop, returned to her lodgings, and rang again for the landlady. That animal sulkily made her ap-

pearance. "How much do I owe you?" inquired Laura. "Two-pun-ten, and I reckon you'l

"Here are three pounds. Bring me the change and my coffee immediately. The woman obeyed, and soon set tered with a swaggering walk and an before her lodger a comfortable break-

Without removing her bonnet, Laura "A cup of coffee, if you please," an- hastily drank a cup of coffee, ate swered Laura, with a low voice and morsel of bread, and then, feeling somewhat refreshed, put the mask of "You'd better pay for what you has a cheerful countenance over her sorrowful heart, and proceeded to the "I will certainly pay you for all if prison. She reached the cell a little bebe conveyed to the court. The gover-"I'll not do it until you pays for what nor was with him, but retired as soon as his wife appeared, leaving the un-"I have not a penny in the house happy young couple the solace of few moments' private conference.

"Then, you've no business to be in "How did you pass the night?" inthe house yourself. But them as wears quired Laura, affectionately, sitting "Well, dear love, very well," say

murmurs of surprise from the spectaranted. "And you, Laura?" At another time Laura, for the sake "I slept until quite late this morntors, whom his evidence had seriously of the giver, would have hesitated to ing," she said, evasively, smiling in his impressed in favor of the prisoner. borated the testimony of his predeces-

"That is right. To-day, dear love, ment and proceed at once to the pris- must decide my fate. Can my true wife

Never doubt me," replied Laura, cour-"Here, take it and keep it as secur- ageously, although her heart was se-He pressed a kiss upon her brow,

nove with great kindness. And then, "No, I'll not take it; it may be a as it was near nine o'clock, the party piece of glass set in brass for what I set out for the session-house. prisoner walked between the two offi-For answer Laura held the ring out, cers, and Laura leaned upon the arm

courthouse thronged with people, who "Well, then, and it may be a real were trying in vain to press into the

They found the courtroom much full-

"As I am to be examined to-day for "Very well, then be good enough to the defense, my dear, I may sit beside leave the room," said Laura, in a calm, you, and take care of you," said the As before, Cassinove was placed in

Laura then put on her mantle and the dock, where he stood pale, firm and sented itself to her mind. At another dent; to the left, where those for the sorrows and keener anxieties absorbed eyes turned for rest and comfort upon where a little, dark, hook-nosed, gim- wife, as she sat close to the dock, sus-

The crier called silence in the court and Mr. Fulmer, the junior counsel for

This advocate was young, ardent, enthusiastic, eloquent and armed with "No, matter, so that it is mine, and perfect faith in the innocence of his client and the consequent justice of

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He began by reviewing the address of the Crown's counsel, and pulling to pieces with great ingenuity the enormous mass of testimony raised against "Eh, mine tear, it ish not wort sho his client. It was all circumstantial evidence at best, he said; a mere mountain of fog, that could not stand for a moment before the clear sunlight of "Very well; name the sum that you his client's irreproachable character. The dying declaration of the agonized and distracted man, upon which such great stress had been laid, could not be distorted into an accusation of his the weapon of secret murder in his hand, held arrested in the grasp of

wife? How bore they this hour Life—death—in the trembling bal-

ance of fate! Life death! Oh, God! if it should be life—what an infinite deliverance! what an overpowering rapture of joy! But if it should be death?

As the long-drawn agony of this hour grew heavier with every slowly-passing minute, Laura became whiter, colder, and more oppressed; her face seemed marble, her hands ice, her breath and the deceased was not proved by gasping; she was upon the verge of

any overt act on the part of either; the "For the love of God, a glass of wine for my wife, quickly!" exclaimed Casin the opinions of those who had testisinove, leaning over the dock, and addressing an officer of the court. Cassinove's whole life, from childhood

The man kindly hastened away in search of the required restorative, and presently returned, bringing a glass of brandy and water-there was no wine

whelming refutation of the heinous to be got. Dr. Clark placed the glass at the lips few drops, after which she gently push- let him die, when a word from me ed it away, saying: "Thank you, it is over now; I will not let my courage fail again; no, l

hearing this testimony, would acquit dear Cassinove." And she sat up. For, in view of Mr. Cassinove's irreproachable character, the slight foundation of the charge brought against now, for the sudden low murmur and him, and the strength of his cause, he room announced some event of suwould venture to claim for his client

not only an honorable acquittal, but a preme interest at hand. She looked up, and her heart paused Merely to show the line of the de- in its pulsations; her brain reeled, and fense, I have given this sketch of the her sight failed, as she perceived the having to give information againstadvocate's opening speech—a skeleton black group of the jury solemnly reoh, my God!—against the husband of that he filled out and clothed with all entering the court. The scene receded my youth—the father of my children! the wealth of his legal acumen, and all from her senses; the voice of the But there is a law of righteousness the richness of his burning eloquence. clerk sounded distant and dreamy as above all the laws of nature, and that At the close of his speech, he called he asked the question: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you

The venerable pastor advanced, and agreed upon your verdict?" being duly sworn, testified that he had "We have," responded the solemn

Ferdinand Cassinove stood up and street, and muttering to herself, moment, and had always known him look upon the jury." as distinguished for perfect integrity, confronted the twelve men who held thought her drunk or mad. pure conscientiousness, and, above his fate in their hands, and fixed his eagle eyes firmly upon the face of the all, for a fervent benevolence that had often moved him to acts of great self- foreman.

The clerk of arraigns spoke: sacrifice to save others from even jury, is the prisoner, Ferdinand Cas- take her to Berwick street. It was at able pastor related several instances sinove, guilty or not guilty of felony with which he stands charged?" the densest, poorest and most crowded in which he had seen those qualities of conscientiousness and benevolence se-There was an instant's pause, in portion of London, which you might have heard the beating of the hundreds of hearts in that stopped the carriage at the entrance He withdrew from the stand amid

voice, dropped the word of doom: Dr. Clark, the next witness, corrosmothered shriek, and then the si- until she paused before a tall, threesor as to the excellence of the prislence fell deeply, as before. oner's moral character, and also to his

Then the voice of the judge arose: appearance and manner on the night of "Ferdinand Cassinove, have you aught to urge why the sentence of the this house with a pass-key, carefully the murder, which, witness said, were Many other witnesses corroborated

the statement of the clergyman and the | you?" Cassinove advanced to the front of Hastings, who gave his testimony with the dock, and answered: "Yes, my lord; it were unjust to one chamber, the middle room the parlor who bears my name, as well as to my and the back room the kitchen. The young Percy Lester was called own conscious integrity, to let that sen-

toward every creature, and he gave mit; but that the circumstantial evi- ting bread at the table. dence has misled them into the con-When examined on the subject of viction of a guiltless man, I must in- quired the man, throwing his hat upon Vincent Lester, I said it at the com- chair. tween the deceased and the prisoner, mencement of my trial; I say it now; "There was only a coolness between I shall say it in the hour of death, and my father and Mr. Cassinove; but Mr. on the day of judgment! My lord, I Cassinove did not hate my father; he have done." And with a grave inclinaalways respected and admired him, tion of the head, Cassinove resumed Bailey.

his seat. A murmur of admiration, doubt, and compassion ran through the crowd. But above this arose the voice of the crier: "Let there be silence in the court while sentence of death is pronounced

powerful speech, made up a review of fell upon the breathless assembly. The judge then put on that solemn part of the judicial insignia, that badge of doom, the black velvet cap, and rose And at the end of an hour the ad- from his seat. The prisoner was also directed to stand up. Cassinove once more arose, and advanced to the front

of the dock. The judge addressed him: There was no rebutting evidence of-"Ferdinand Cassinove, after a care Thugsen, angrily. that they were not disposed to ques- ful and impartial trial, you have been tion the previous good character of convicted by a jury of your peers of Ruth. the prisoner in order to prove him the beinous crime of willful murder. It capable of committing that crime becomes, therefore, my painful duty to woman has lost her wits!" exclaimed which it was already abundantly pronounce upon you the sentence of Thugsen, with a light laugh. proved that he had committed. They the law. But before passing it, I would had nothing to do with the prisoner's admonish you that however you may lost my wits! Would to Heaven that I past life; they took him up from the insist upon your guiltlessness, the had! I know what I am saying! I know must cast it off. Justice must be done! moment of his perpetration of the weight of the evidence against you, and that Cassinove is innocent of the crime The innocent shall be cleared!" said felony that had placed him at the bar; the atrocity of the crime with which for which he is condemned to die, by and they would only recall the atten- you have been convicted, leave you not knowing too well who is guilty," said tion of the jury to that indestructible the slightest hope of pardon in this Ruth, solemnly. mass of evidence which neither the world. And I implore you, in view of logic of the learned counsel who had the short space that remains, to lose Speak, woman-speak at once!" exjust preceded him, nor the eloquence no time in seeking, by repentance and of the talented advocate who had open- confession, that Divine mercy which is ed the defense, had been able to move. never refused to the penitent sinner, There stood the convicting fact as firm however darkly guilty. The sentence of before him as pale as death, firm as as ever—the prisoner discovered in the court is that you, Ferdinand Cas- fate; and, placing her hand upon his the very attitude of assassination, with sinove, be taken from hence to the chest, and looking him full in the face,

the dying man, whose very last words be there hanged by the neck until you be dead, and may God, in His infinite goodness, have mercy on your soul." And the judge sat down, overcome Cassinove bowed to the bench, and then turned to see how his wife bore this decree of doom. She was standing you know that?" Then, suddenly reup, pale and still, with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to the face of her husband. The agony of suspense only for an instant; then recovering was past now, and the calmness of

thence to the place of execution, and

death seemed already to overshadow Cassinove's anxious gaze with a smile "The blow has fallen, love; it is all The judge rose to charge the jury. He summed up the evidence on both over!" murmured the deep-toned voice sides, characterizing that of the prose- of the young man. "Yes, it is over; we must die! Well, cution as strong and irrefutable testi-

mony, and that of the defense as an what matter, since we are alone in the affecting expression of feeling and world, and shall leave none behind to opinion on the part of the witnesses, mourn our loss! We will die!" "Yes, we; for I have neither the pow-

"God give you both, sweet wife, with have been culpably weak, so weak, inguided by reason rather than sympa- nove.

case, if a single doubt of the prison- death." er's guilt disturbed their judgment, he enjoined them, in the name of justice All that enables me to endure this hour and humanity to give the prisoner the is the firm conviction that I shall not ed Thugsen.

The officers, who had considerately and nameless crime that shocked the held back while this little by-scene was whole civilized world from its proretired to another room, to deliberate going on between the husband and upon their verdict.

As the door closed upon the last re- oner. At Laura's urgent entreaty, Cassiceding figure, a dread silence fell upon the crowded courtroom. The shadow of nove requested that she might be perthe scaffold seemed to lower darkly mitted to accompany him to the prison, over the scene. A stifling atmosphere and the request was immediately

Among the spectators in the courtroom, who had awaited in the greatest anxiety the result of the trial, was the poor little dark-eyed woman, whom we have known as the Widow Russel, but who was, as has since been shown, the

wife of the miscreant, Thugsen. She had remained closely veiled, and carefully concealed in an obscure corner of the courtroom, whence, unnoticed, she had watched the progress of the trial. When the verdict of the jury was rendered it was her half-smother ed shrick that broke the breathless silence of the room.

After the sentence of death was pro nounced, and before the crowd began to disperse, she crept out, in a sort of horror of amazement, and bent her tottering steps toward Giltspur street, murmuring, as she went along:

"Guilty! Death! Oh, Heaven! to suspect what I suspect; nay, to know what I know, and to let him die! To let him of Laura, and forced her to swallow a die-so young, so good, so guiltless! To would save him! It would be murder! I should have his death and hers, too, for she would not survive him, on my will not indeed, Dr. Clark. I will not, soul! I, too, should be a murderershould become a murderer by merely She had need of all her firmness living with a murderer! Should catch blood-guiltiness as one catches the plague, from contagion! It must not be! cannot rest as the confidante of crime! The innocent life shall not be sacrificed through me! "But, then, the unnatural horror of

"This evening I will tell him all I

know, and give him the opportunity of acting right! Then, if he does not, I must deliver him up to justice! I must oner, from his infancy up to the present "Look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, do it! It will kill me, but I must do it!" Those who saw her reeling along the

At length, half conscious of the suspicious glances turned toward her, the distracted woman stopped an empty hackney coach that was passing by, "How say you, gentlemen of the and entered it, telling the driver to some distance from the Old Bailey, in She pulled the check-string, and

hall, and then the foreman, in a broken of the street. She alighted, paid the fare, dismissed the carriage and proceeded on foot There was heard a woman's half- up the narrow and over-crowded street, storied, red brick house, in rather better preservation than those in its immediate neighborhood. She entered court should not be pronounced upon locked the door, and turned to another door on the right of the front passage, that admitted her into a suite of three rooms; the front room being the bed-

She laid off her bonnet and shawl to the stand, and again every head was tence pass without protestation. And in the front chamber, went into the lifted, and every neck strained, to get | though what I have to advance will not | parlor, and set the table for dinner, sight of the youngest son of the mur- affect that sentence in the least degree, and then proceeded to the kitchen to dered man in the witness-box on the or delay my death for an hour, still, prepare the meal, for there seemed to part of the prisoner; and murmurs of for that lady's sake, as well as for my be neither servant nor child on those sympathy moved the crowd as they own, I must repeat here, at the close premises. This small, solitary woman gazed upon the lad standing there in of my trial, what I pleaded at its com- appeared to be the only denizen of this his deep mourning, with his earnest mencement, and say that I am not great, lonely house. Yet this was realyoung face upturned towards the clerk guilty of the death of Sir Vincent Les- ly not so, for when an hour had passed ter, so help me God, at this, my utmost | there was the sound of a key turning What the boy had to say was not need! That the judge and the jury in the lock of the street door, followmuch, and yet it made a very great im- have performed-conscientiously per- ed by the entrance of a man, who faspresion, for he spoke with a fervent, formed-their duty, in accordance with tened the door after himself, and adearnest, loving faith in the prisoner's the amazing weight of the circumstan- vanced along the passage into the parinnocence, and his unvarying kindness tial evidence against me, I freely ad- lor, where the little woman stood cut-"Well, Ruth, is dinner ready?" in-

the enmity alleged to have existed be- sist. I am guiltless of the death of Sir a side table and sinking into an arm-"No, Robert; the soup will need to simmer half an hour longer."

"You've been out." "Yes, Robert; I've been at the Old "And what the demon had you to do at the Old Bailey?" asked the man,

losing somewhat of his habitual good temper and courtesy. "I have been seeing a guiltless man tried for willful murder; I have been

hearing an innocent man condemned to And a silence like that of the grave die the death of a murderer!" said Ruth, solemnly. "The deuce! The jury were quick about their work! Is he sentenced?" "He is sentenced to die for a crime

of which he is perfectly innocent." "Innocent! innocent! what the foul fiend do you mean by harping upon that word? How the demon do you know that he is innocent?" inquired "By knowing who is guilty," replied

"No, Robert Thugsen, I have not

"Who the demon, then, is guilty?

claimed Thugsen, desperately, starting up and confronting her. She arose from her seat, and stood

place from whence you came, and from | she said: "Robert Thugsen, He started back, appalled, as though

the angel of destruction had suddenly risen before him. He gazed upon the accusing spirit, faltering forth the words:

"How? What! how the demon could covering his self-possession, and with it his consummate hypocrisy, he burst into a loud laugh. He threw himself into a chair, exclaiming:

"Oh, you are mad! mad as a March hare! You shall have a strait-jacket and a shower bath." "Do not mock my words, or your own position," she said, sinking again into

her seat. But as he continued laughing and rubbing his hands as in the highest enjoyment of an excellent jest, she resumed, gravely: "Yes, I feel that you have a right to laugh me to scorn, a reason to despise

the jury, whose duty it was to be er nor the will to survive you, Cassi- me thoroughly, for you know that wherever you have been concerned I accordance with facts rather than opin- many years of earthly usefulness and deed, as to suffer myself to be drawn ions. But after hearing and well weigh- happiness, after this restless heart into a labyrinth of deepest guilt, not, ing the evidence on both sides of this and brain of mine shall be calmed in indeed, as an active agent, for that "What can the fool mean?" interrupt-

"I mean this. After the unnatural

priety; that made you the outlaw of nature as well as of society; from the charge of which you fled the world for years, giving yourself out as dead; after all this I had the folly to receive you back again; yes, though at first I fied from you, as you had fied from your kind; though I hid my chil-

CHAPTER XXXIII.



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dren from you, as I would nave his them from a lion or leper; though fear, and horror, and loathing struggled desperately with the old affection, yet when you sought me I received you back again, and in doing so plunged my soul in the deepest guilt, by loading it with all your subsequent crimes." "Crimes, woman!" exclaimed Thugsen, sternly,

"Yes, crimes! You need not glare at me with that ferocious glance. I am not frightened; I am too far gone in conscience that goad me to speak as I do, and to act as I must, hurt me more than all you could say or do," said Ruth, with the firmness of despair.

"What crimes are there that you dare to impute to me?" demanded Thugsen, in the low, deep, stern tones | of concentrated and suppressed pas-

"The assassination of Sir Vincent Lester, the cruel deception of the young Duchess of Beresleigh, the deadly peril of the guiltless Ferdinand Cassinove, about to die for your deed, and the awful sorrow of his innocent young wife. Heavily, heavily press this guilt

While she spoke, his aspect gradualv changed. With much effort he restrained his emotions, and assumed a calmness he was far from feeling. When she had ceased to speak, he

"You have charged me with these crimes. What reason or authority have you for doing so?" "Your own words."

"My own words?" "Your own words."

"What the fiend do you mean by

"Robert Thugsen, the conscience that sleeps throughout the day, awakes at night. When all your other senses are (Continued on page 11.)

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