

# Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES, Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc. COPYRIGHT 1908, THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

Light suddenly went out, and darkness swooped upon the town and the courtroom. Hubbub arose—people stood up in their places. The judge's gavel pounded viciously, and his stentorian voice bellowed for order. "Keep your seats, everybody!" he commanded. "Mr. Clerk, get some candles. This court is not yet adjourned."

Felder. We can't make you responsible for lunatics. The court stands adjourned. Felder had been among the last to leave the courtroom. He was discomfited and angry. At the door of the courthouse Dr. Brent slipped an arm through his. "Too bad, Tom," he said sympathizingly. "I don't think you quite deserved it."

"Put myself in your place? I wish to God I could!" Fate—or was it God?—had taken him at his word. He had been hurled like a stone from a catapult into Hugh's place—to bear his knavery, to suffer his dishonor and to redeem the baleful reputation he had made.

Whatever he was it was not that. At college he did what he did too openly. That was his failing, not caring what others thought. He despised weakness in others. He thought it none of his affair. So others were influenced. But after he came to see things differently from another standpoint—when he went into the ministry—he would have given the world to undo it.

Jessica left the jail with despair in her heart. The hope on which she had fed these past days had failed her. What was there left for her to do? Like a swift wind, she went up the street to Felder's office. She groped her way up the unlighted stair and tapped on the door. There was no answer. She pushed it open and entered the empty outer room, where a study lamp burned on the desk.

The recurrence of the name jarred and surprised her. Hugh had dropped it—an old keepsake of the friend who had been his beau ideal, his exemplar and whose ancient influence was still dominant. He had clung loyally to the memento, blind in his constant liking, to the wrong that friend had done him. She looked at the date. It was May 28. She shuddered, for that was the month and day on which Dr. Moreau

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"It should be he immolating himself now, not you."

had been killed. The point had been clearly established today by the prosecution. To the original owner of that cross perhaps the date that had come into Hugh's life with such a sinister meaning was a glad anniversary.

Suppose he had lost it on the hillside himself? She snatched up the paper again. "Who has been for some months on a prolonged vacation"—the phrase stared sardonically at her. That might carry far back—she said it under her breath, fearfully—beyond the murder of Dr. Moreau. Her face burned, and her breath came sharp and fast. Why, when she brought her warning to the cabin had Hugh been so anxious to get her away unless to prevent her sight of the man who was there, to whom he had taken her horse? Who was there



Deluged the itinerant.

Well, Hugh Stires is not only the Reverend Henry Something-or-other, but he is that man too! The crack brained old idiot would have told the tale all over again only the crowd hustled him. There he is now," he said suddenly as a light sprang up and voices broke out on the opposite corner. "The gang is standing by. I see your friend Barney McGinn," he added, with a grim enjoyment. "I doubt if there are many converts tonight."



### Chapter 28

AS Harry stood again in the obscure half darkness of his cell it came to him that the present had a far-reaching significance; that it was but the handiwork and resultant of forces in his own past. He himself had set Hugh's feet on the red path that had pointed him to the shameful terminus. He had gambled for Hugh's future, forgetting that his past remained, a thing that must be covered. He had won Hugh's counters, but his own right to be himself he had staked and lost long before that game on the communion table under the painted crucifixion.

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