

TO THE BITTER END.

A Tale of Two Lives.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A JOURNEY.

I sprang from my couch and hastened to her side. I hurried by my clothes and cried aloud for help. The farmer's wife, who was our temporary hostess, came clattering upstairs in her huge sabots, and after her came one of the other sisters.

"Sister Agnes has fainted," I explained, as they opened the door. "What can we do for her? Have you brandy?"

They hastened to her side, and applied many restoratives, of which I knew nothing, but for a long time without effect.

"I must fetch a doctor!" I cried. "Where can I find one?"

The sister took out her watch.

"Dr. Leneuil will be here in a few minutes to see you, monsieur," she remarked. "Better wait for him. Will monsieur lift her on to the bed?"

I did so, and by and by signs of life began slowly to reappear. The sister looked at me doubtfully.

"Monsieur will pardon me," she said, "but if our dear sister's sudden illness had anything to do with him, would it not be better for him to retire for a while, that she may not see him when she first opens her eyes? If monsieur does not mind?"

I turned away and left the room.

After a while our hostess came down with the news that Sister Agnes had recovered and was asking for me.

I went upstairs at once, and when I stood by her side, I was shocked to see the change which a few hours had made in her appearance. She beckoned me close to her side.

"Ask me no questions," she said hoarsely, grasping my coat-sleeve with her thin, nervous fingers. "Ask me no questions, but get ready to go a journey with me tomorrow. You will?"

"I will, Sister Agnes," I answered softly. "Wherever you choose to take me."

CHAPTER XIX.

M. DE FEURGET DESIRES A SON-IN-LAW.

Three days—three long, dreary days—and no news of Bernard. He has not been to see me, he has not even sent a message. What can it mean—this silence? Were those few minutes on the balcony only a sweet dream, a vision, a freak of the imagination? How idle to ask it! Are not my lips still burning with the fire of that long kiss, and are not his passionate words still ringing in my ears? I cannot even think of him without feeling again some faint remembrance of that exquisite thrill of happiness which passed through me like lightning when I knew that he loved me and I felt myself clasped for one short moment in his arms.

Something must have happened to him! I know it. He would never leave me like this without a word or a message after what has passed between us.

Our little household is quite disorganized. Not only am I in a state of mind bordering upon distraction, but there is something more than usually strange about my father's behaviour also. Strange to say, too, his quietude seems to proceed from the same cause as mine—Lord Alceston's disappearance. I am more than convinced that the secret trouble—which seems to be weighing on his life, and of which I dare not speak to him—is in some way connected with Bernard's appearance here. I know that he has been going down to the hotel where Bernard stayed, continually trying to find him; but, alas! he has never succeeded! What does he want with him? He can know nothing yet.

My father has just returned from another fruitless visit to the hotel, and he has brought with him an old man, a servant of Lord Alceston, who has just come from England to him. They went straight into the library, and were talking together for a long time. Then I went down to see if there was any news, for I could bear the suspense no longer. He has no news, he can tell us nothing. It seems Bernard left the hotel suddenly, without saying where he was going, three days ago.

Mr. Carlyon called yesterday, and as he saw me at the window and came straight in, I was compelled to see him, though I could scarcely keep still for nervousness. He knows no more than any of us what has become of his cousin.

"Bernard's all right," he declared. "He knows how to take care of himself; and besides, he's awfully fond of these mysterious disappearances. Goes in for them regularly, you know, when he's bored, and saves all the bother of saying good-by."

Was he bored here, I wonder? I think not. I had a great mind to tell Mr. Carlyon, but he looked so moody and different from his usual self that I scarcely liked to. And then, perhaps, Bernard would not have liked it.

My father knows everything. I could not help telling him. He came in softly when I was—in tears, I am afraid; and he asked me so kindly and yet so eagerly that I could keep it to myself no longer.

When I had told him I felt better. For a long time he made no remark; it seemed almost as if my story had fallen upon deaf ears. But I knew that it was not so. "Mon pere, you are not angry?" I asked after a while. "This does not displease you?"

"Angry!" He stopped opposite my chair, and his voice was shaking with feverish emotion. "Marie, nothing else in the world would be so welcome to me as this. Nothing else could bring me so much peace. God grant that it may come to pass!"

I looked at him wonderingly. It was a rare thing to see him so much moved. What could it mean?

"Are you so anxious, then, to get rid of me, mon pere?" I asked falteringly.

"It is not that, child!" he cried, with a sudden vigor in his tone. "I owe Lord Alceston a debt which I can never pay. I have sinned against him, and my hand cannot undo what it has done. Through you alone can I make reparation. Remember this, and if he comes for you, be a good wife to him all your life, and your father will bless you."

"Does he know of this debt?" I asked.

"Not now; but he will know. When I die he will know, and that will be soon—very soon."

He turned away and left me without another word.

In about an hour's time he sent for me again into the library. I went hurriedly, hoping to hear news of Bernard. But he never even mentioned his name, nor did he refer to his strange words to me in our re-

cent conversation. He commenced talking calmly about something else.

"You remember what I told you about M. d'Aubron and Mr. Carlyon on the night of their first visit here?" he said.

I nodded assent.

"About M. d'Aubron playing cards so much, and being a bad companion for Mr. Carlyon?"

"Yes. Well, I find that I was right. Things have turned out very much as I expected. Carlyon has been led on by D'Aubron to play cards night after night, giving I. O. U.'s always in payment—for, of course, poor Carlyon always lost after the first night or two. Now the crisis has come. M. d'Aubron has dropped some pretty plain hints that he would like some of the I. O. U.'s taken up, and Carlyon, who has already considerably exceeded his allowance, is almost beside himself. I heard about him at the Casino reading-room this morning, and I went to see Carlyon at once."

"What has Mr. Brown been doing?" I asked.

"He is supposed to be looking after Mr. Carlyon, is he not?"

"That is one of the worst features of the whole matter. Mr. Brown himself has been led on to play by that artful scoundrel, and he himself is deeply involved. In fact, both he and Carlyon are ruined unless something can be done."

I remember how pale and distraught Arthur Carlyon had seemed, and I felt a moment's remorse for the selfishness of my own grief.

"Can nothing be done?" I asked.

"That D'Aubron ought to be punished."

"There is just one hope," my father continued thoughtfully. "I remember many years ago a somewhat similar case, of which I was a witness, and which has given me an idea with regard to Carlyon's trouble."

"Do you think that M. d'Aubron has played fairly?" I asked.

"My father looked doubtful.

"I cannot say; but I am going to try and find out."

"How?"

"They are both coming here this evening, and after I had asked D'Aubron I said that I feared he had found it dull on his previous visit, and told him that if he cared to bring a pack of cards up with him we might have a quiet game of whist. He fell in with it at once, and I have no doubt that he will do so. I shall watch the game closely, and, of course, if I see the slightest sign of unfair play I shall know how to act."

"Does Mr. Carlyon know?"

"Yes, of course I told him. A most unsuspecting boy he is! D'Aubron has made a complete fool of him. When I suggested this thing at first, he was quite indignant. Even now that he has consented to it, he laughs at the idea of there being any unfairness in D'Aubron's play. But we shall see."

M. d'Aubron, Mr. Carlyon, and Mr. Brown have arrived together. I have pleaded indisposition, and have seen nothing of them. I could not bear it.

They have finished dinner, and I can hear their voices in the library. How loudly they are all talking, even my father, and his voice is usually so low. Now they are quieter. I suppose that they have begun to play cards.

I am going to my room to try and sleep. I am afraid that it will be no use, for my temples are burning and my brain seems on fire. Will he come to-night, I wonder? Good-night, Bernard, my love, good-night! If I may not call you by your name I can at least write it! Good night, my love!

CHAPTER XX.

NEILLSON IS SUSPICIOUS.

Mystery seems only to lead on to mystery. I am in a hopeless maze, groping about in vain for a gleam. I have discovered strange things, but they are like an unpeeled puzzle in my hands. I cannot put them together. I cannot see to what they lead.

Who was the woman who ordered that bracelet at M. Rouzet's in Paris? What was her object? And how did she know where the former ones had been made? I can see only one step before me—to verify the death certificate of Mlle. Cecile. True, she herself has confessed it to be forged; still it would be satisfaction to discover by what means she obtained it.

On leaving Paris I came straight here in search of my master, not doubting but that he had with him the certificate. How changed I must be! At first he did not know me. Can I wonder at it when I look in the glass and see my wrinkled face and snow-white hair?

The sudden shock of seeing my poor young master again so much altered, and the disappointment of hearing that the certificate was irretrievably lost, made me feel dizzy and faint for a while. When I came to myself he had gone, and left only a hastily scrawled line or two for me, saying that he would be away no longer than three days and that I was to wait here for him.

A strange thing has happened. A visitor has just called to see my master, and has been referred to me. I was walking up and down the room when he entered. I looked up and saw M. de Feurget!

"Neillon!" he exclaimed in a low, disturbed tone. "You here, and with Lord Alceston?"

"Yes, monsieur," I answered simply.

"I—I thought—"

"You thought that I was in hiding," I interrupted.

"Yes. Has any one else been accused? I understood that there was a warrant."

"There was. There is now, I suppose. But I have convinced my master of my innocence, and I am not afraid of capture. You will not betray me?"

"Of course not; of course I shall not. It is no business of mine."

I gather from M. de Feurget's appearance that he has grown old before his time, and that he is in ill-health. He is evidently very nervous, for this sudden meeting with me seems to have upset him completely.

He looks at me in a strange, dazed sort of way, as though he were afraid of me, and I can see his limbs shaking. Why should my presence have such an effect upon him?

He stayed for more than an hour, talking aimlessly and looking often toward the door as though he hoped my master would come. When he rose to go he professed to take pity upon my loneliness and ill-health and offered to take me with him to his home. I was on the point of refusing when

I changed my mind. I did not understand M. de Feurget's agitation at seeing me or his anxiety to see my master. Recent events have made me suspicious. What I do not understand I suspect. I decided to go with M. de Feurget.

When we arrived at M. de Feurget's villa I had a shock. It was the old home of M. d'Augerville and his daughters, which, alas! I had known so well.

There was another surprise for me. We met his daughter in the garden, and when I saw her I had to stop and gasp for breath. She was so like Mlle. Cecile that at first I thought that it was all a dream—a nightmare. But it was no dream, and when she smiled I saw that this young lady was sweeter-looking even than Mlle. Cecile—more English-like. Then it all came to me like a flash. I remembered that M. de Feurget had been engaged to marry Mlle. Cecile's sister Marie. I asked after her, and he answered me strangely, almost roughly. She was dead, he said. I dare say that it was not a very happy marriage. Once or twice it occurred to me in those days that she seemed to care more for my master than for this man. Perhaps it was so. It was not a happy marriage. He looks as though he had known nothing but trouble all his life.

His interest in my master is strange. He asked me many questions about him, curious questions, too, and he has tried to get me to talk about that night; but I cannot.

M. de Feurget's manner seemed to me to grow more and more mysterious. He was like a man with a secret—as though he had some fierce trouble hanging always over him. There is another thing which perplexes me. He keeps recurring to that awful subject, although I beg him not to talk of it. It seems to possess a sort of morbid fascination for him. It is very strange.

Toward evening some gentlemen arrived, dressed for dinner, and my host had to leave me for a time. While he was engaged with them I slipped quietly away and hurried down to the hotel to inquire about my master. He had not returned, nor had anything been heard of him. I had made up my mind that as M. de Feurget had guests I would stay at the hotel and not return to the villa that night. But when I tried to settle down there I found it impossible. I was restless and ill at ease. Some vague instinct—a sense that something was happening there—kept my thoughts fixed upon M. de Feurget and the villa upon the cliffs. Constantly I felt urged to return at once, and at last I yielded. I slipped quietly out of the hotel, for it was late—past midnight—and made my way up the winding path bordered with rhododendrons to the villa.

CHAPTER XXI.

M. DAUBRON AT BAY.

I entered the grounds of M. de Feurget's villa by a small private gate which had been left, by some chance, open. The greater part of the house seemed wrapped in darkness, but the light was streaming but from the room on the ground-floor which M. de Feurget had shown me as his library, and the French windows were standing half open.

To act the spy seems a mean part, but the end which I had in view was of sufficient magnitude to obscure all such considerations. I could have given no real reason why I connected M. de Feurget in my mind with that end, but somehow his mysterious manner and mode of questioning me had filled me with vague suspicion.

I crossed the lawn softly and took up a position behind a shrub, from which I could see into the room. There were four men there—M. de Feurget himself, Mr. Carlyon and his tutor, Mr. Brown—seated round a table; but just as I arrived they all rose, leaving several packs of cards scattered carelessly about all over it. To judge from their faces something had happened. There was the young English gentleman, Mr. Carlyon, sitting apart with his hands in his pockets, and a very ill-assumed look of indifference on his white face. There was the older gentleman making no effort at all to conceal his dismay, M. d'Aubron leisurely smoking a cigarette and looking quite cool, but a little exultant; and, lastly, there was M. de Feurget sitting by himself a little apart, with a curious look upon his face which I could not quite understand. He was the first to break a silence which seemed as though it had been a somewhat prolonged one, and by his manner I guessed that something was going to happen.

I saw M. de Feurget throw away a cigarette and advance to the table.

"Any one interested in card tricks?" he asked quietly.

"D—n card tricks!" muttered young Mr. Carlyon savagely. "I beg your pardon, M. de Feurget," he added, looking a little ashamed of himself. "I didn't mean to be rude; but it was rather an unfortunate question, wasn't it?"

No one else had taken any notice of the question. M. de Feurget nodded sympathetically to Mr. Carlyon, and then drawing his chair close to the table, he leaned over it and collected a pack of cards in his hands. M. d'Aubron looked at him curiously, and I thought seemed a little disturbed.

"Gentlemen," he said suddenly, in an altered tone—so altered, indeed, that every one looked at him immediately—"will you kindly give me your attention for a minute or two?"

Every one's eyes were riveted upon him. M. d'Aubron, who was sitting just opposite, seemed to me to turn a shade paler, and the long white fingers which held his cigarette were certainly shaking.

"We have all been heavy losers to-night, I believe, except M. d'Aubron," he continued. "That is so, is it not?"

There was a vigorous assent from Mr. Brown, and a slight, weary nod from Mr. Carlyon. M. d'Aubron shrugged his shoulders unweasilly.

"La fortune de la guerre," he remarked, with an attempt at levity in his tone. "Your turn to-day—mine to-morrow."

"I think not," M. de Feurget replied quietly.

M. d'Aubron looked up quickly, and turned a frowning face toward his host.

"I do not quite understand that remark, monsieur," he said haughtily.

M. de Feurget shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"No? I will endeavor to explain it, then. One might play with you, M. d'Aubron, for a very considerable time—with these cards—and the fortune of war, as you call it, would not change."

M. d'Aubron maintained his composure admirably, but he was very pale. Mr. Brown and Mr. Carlyon had drawn a little nearer to the table and were listening with bated breaths.

"At the risk of your finding me very dull,

monsieur, I must still confess that I fail to understand you," M. d'Aubron declared in a clear, unshaken tone.

"I will be still more explicit, then," was the calm reply. "It is necessary! You hold, I believe, Mr. Carlyon's I. O. U.'s for forty-eight thousand francs and Mr. Brown's for nearly six thousand."

"I do not remember the amounts; but if I do, what of it? How does it concern you?"

"You also claim to have won from me to-night," M. de Feurget continued, disregarding the interruption, "about four thousand francs, of which I have given you a memorandum. I have to request you to tear those documents up at once."

An electric start of surprise ran through the little circle. M. d'Aubron rose from his chair livid with rage.

"M. de Feurget," he exclaimed in a low tone, shaking with passion, "if this is a joke on your part you are carrying it a little too far, let me tell you. What the devil do you mean to insinuate?"

"Nothing. I mean to insinuate nothing," was the quiet reply. "I prefer a plainer mode of making myself understood both by you and by your victims. These cards which I hold in my hand, brought here so kindly by you in case I might be ill-provided, are marked cards, every one of them. You are a swindler, and you know it!"

An awful spasm passed across M. d'Aubron's face, and the coldness of demeanor which he had hitherto preserved left him suddenly.

"It's a d—d lie!" he cried in a low, choking tone. "It's a conspiracy between you three to get out of paying your debts. Give me the cards."

He stretched out his hand, but M. de Feurget shook his head and passed them quickly behind his back to Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "be so good as to examine the pattern on the back of these cards on the top right-hand corner."

Mr. Brown and Mr. Carlyon both bent eagerly over them.

"They are most certainly marked," the former declared, his voice shaking with excitement. "The suit and quality of the card are produced in miniature among the pattern. The idea is ingenious, but most palpable."

"And if they are, how dare you suppose that I know anything about it?" M. d'Aubron exclaimed, making great efforts to assume a dignified position. "The cards have been changed—very likely by one of you," he added insolently.

M. de Feurget rose from his chair quite calm and pointed to the door.

"In the face of your winnings, M. d'Aubron, and—forgive me—your past reputation, any doubt as to your guilt is quite out of the question. You will oblige me by leaving this house and the neighborhood at once. In fact, if you remain in the vicinity another twenty-four hours, to-night's event shall be published in the Casino. Go!"

"I deny what you impute to me altogether, and I stand upon my rights as a nobleman and a gentleman!" M. d'Aubron declared in a low, passionate tone.

"Your accusation is an insult, and I demand satisfaction for it!"

"You shall have the satisfaction of being kicked out of this house by my servants if you do not take yourself off at once!" was the quiet reply.

Quick as lightning M. d'Aubron leaped across the table and struck his accuser across the mouth. M. de Feurget, wholly unprepared for the blow, reeled back and nearly fell. But M. d'Aubron's triumph was a short one. He had scarcely recovered his position when Mr. Carlyon, who had leaped up immediately he had seen the threatened blow, quietly knocked him down with a thorough British left-hander.

He rose to his feet slowly and wiped the blood from his mouth.

"Mr. Carlyon, you at least shall answer to me for this," he said.

"When you please," was the fierce reply.

"You're a d—d scoundrel, D'Aubron, and a coward, too, to strike a blow like that; but I'll fight you."

M. de Feurget turned suddenly round.

"I have changed my mind," he said quickly. "M. d'Aubron, I claim the prior right."

"You shall have it," was the low stifled reply. "The sooner the better."

M. de Feurget came slowly to the window and looked out.

"I agree with you, M. d'Aubron," he said. "The sooner the better. What do you say to now? The light is only indifferent, it is true, but the disadvantage will be mutual. I can find a quiet spot and provide weapons. Mr. Brown will not object to be your second, I dare say, under the circumstances."

"The present time will suit me admirably," M. d'Aubron answered eagerly. "Will Mr. Brown do me the favor?"

Mr. Brown rose with a dignity for which one could never have given him credit. I looked at him in surprise, scarcely recognizing him.

"I most emphatically decline to be associated with M. d'Aubron in any manner whatever," he answered coldly. "Apart from that, I will be no party in anything so antagonistic to my principles as a duel; and, further, even were I a fighting man I would decline having anything to do in so preposterous an affair as a duel between a gentleman—a man of honor—and a swindler."

There was a momentary silence. M. d'Aubron seemed for a moment to be on the point of striking the speaker. With a great effort, however, he restrained himself and turned away, shaking with passion.

"It is of no consequence," he said. "I have a friend in St. Marieu whom a summons from me would bring here at once. If one of M. de Feurget's servants could bring a note from me?"

M. de Feurget bowed.

He addressed the note, and it was despatched.

In the absence of a second, M. de Feurget," he said, "may I waive the ceremony and inquire from you what weapons you choose?"

"I am indifferent, but I prefer swords," M. de Feurget declared.

I saw an evil smile light up M. de Feurget's face as he turned away. Then they all came out together on to the lawn, close to where I stood, so that I held my breath for fear of being discovered, though indeed my hiding-place was secure enough.

"It will be dawn in an hour," M. de Feurget remarked, looking steadily toward the east. "Perhaps it is as well that we have to wait. What do you say gentlemen, to some coffee? and in the meantime I will ask you to excuse me for a few minutes. I have a letter to write."

There were silent murmurs of assent, and

the four men stepped back again into the library.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Silence of the Great Plains.

We speak of darkness which can be felt. Similarly we may speak of silence which can be heard, and this is another impressive element of an experience of the plains. On the sea, except in calm, and in the forest and among the places of human habitation, there is always sound, even at night; but on the treeless plains, in the midst of normal activity, there is silence as of the grave. Even a hurricane is comparatively inaudible, for there are no waters to dash, no forests to roar, no surfaces to resound, while the short grasses give forth no perceptible rustle; and there is something awful in the titanic rush of contending natural forces which you can feel, but cannot see or hear. The wind may sweep away your breath on a current of sixty miles an hour, and the clouds may rush through the sky as in a tornado, but no sounds confound the ear. A winter blizzard, which carries on its frigid breath destruction to life, which blinds the eyes, and which drives the particles of ice and snow with cutting force against the frozen cheek and through all but the heaviest fur clothing, is comparatively inaudible, and the traveler appears to himself to struggle vainly with an implacable, ghostly force which fills the whole creation. When, also, nature is undisturbed in tranquil summer mood, and the sky is blue and flecked with fleecy clouds floating far aloft, all sounds seem to have died out of the world, and a mantle of silence enfolds everything. Partaking of the predominant natural sentiment, man becomes silent also; he ceases to talk to his mates and becomes moody and taciturn. The merry song of the voyager, re-echoing between wooded shores, the shout, the joke of the cheerful traveler here are stilled—stilled you might almost say—by the immeasurable muffle of silence. Here are no woods to give back the answering shout, and the crack of the rifle is insignificant. The cry of the passing wild-fowl in the darkness, as you lie awake in your tent at midnight, comes to you with a weird, faint, far-away sound as if heard in a dream, and even the rare thunder breaks impotently on the continent of silence. If a comrade is lost, and you wish to make some sign to direct him to the camp, no noise which you can make with voice or firearms will be of any avail, for such noises will penetrate only a few rods at farthest. By day the only resource is a flag on some elevation or a smoke of burning grass; by night rockets must be sent up as at sea, or, if these have not been provided, firebrands from the camp-fire may be thrown up with some hope of success. No one can know, until he has experienced it, the longing which takes possession of one who has been for weeks practically separated from speaking men, once more to hear the sounds of common life, the roar of the city streets, the sound of bells, and even the crowing of the cock in the early dawn.—[Century.

British Labor M.P.'s.

Mr. James Keir Hardie, the Labor member for South Westham in the new Imperial House of Commons, appears to have a considerable capacity for making a fool of himself. He went to the House on the opening day in a capacious wagonette filled with women, and with a life band playing the "Marseillaise." He was dressed in a working-man's clothes, and both his cap and coat were decorated with big rosettes. Naturally the merry-andrew show was greeted with cheers and laughter by the crowd that had gathered in the palace yard to watch the arrival of members. The House of Commons has a pretty effective way of dealing with cranks, and Mr. Hardie will probably be a good deal less eccentric before the end of the session. He will learn that he can serve his constituents better by dressing like other members, leaving the "Marseillaise" to Frenchmen, and showing a proper respect for the chamber to which he has been elected. It is not at all necessary for a Labor member to mark himself as differing from his associates on the floor. The opposite policy should be adopted if he really desires to do his best for the labor cause. To make his mark in legislation, he must first acquire weight in the House, and the least likely way of doing this is to pose as a crank. The true pattern for an effective representative of labor interests is found in Mr. Thomas Burt, member for Morpeth, who for the past eight years has been the mouthpiece of the Northumbrian miners in Parliament. Mr. Burt won the ear of the House and made himself a living force there by a line of conduct widely different from that which Mr. Hardie appears to have adopted. He disarmed criticism instead of exciting it. He showed that a man who had worked as a coal miner could be at heart, and in all the essentials, as true a gentleman as there was in the chamber. And he did this without at all impairing his position as a plain man of the people, who kept the rights and claims of the working classes ever in mind. Courteous, conscientious and patriotic, self-respecting and respected by all, Mr. Burt can do more for the advancement of a labor bill than could be accomplished by a hundred charlatans of the pattern set by Mr. Keir Hardie in his triumphal march to the House of Commons.

A Lame Defense.

The latest defense of Col. Streater, the Pennsylvania colonel, charged with inhuman brutality in the treatment of a private in his regiment, is simply ridiculous. The substance of it is that the weight of the soldier's body did not rest on his thumbs; but if this is so for what purpose was he strung up? The man was being punished and it would have been no punishment at all to simply tie his thumbs together and raise his hands above his head. That would have been a degradation perhaps and an annoyance, but it could not be called a punishment, and it is very evident that the colonel intended a punishment and a severe one. The new defense is contradicted, moreover, by the testimony of those whose opportunities for witnessing what took place were quite good as those of the captain who now comes forward to the defense of the colonel. It is contradicted by the action of the surgeons who ordered their released because of his inability to stand the torture to which he was subjected. Fortunately the ultimate decision in the case is not to rest on the bare statements of anybody prejudiced or unprejudiced. The brutal colonel has been invited to defend his conduct in the courts, an action for damages having been brought against him by his victim. The result of such a suit will do more to settle the truth of the matter than reams of declamation from partisans on either side.