Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Decima had left the cell—taking all the light and warmth with her, as it seemed to Gaunt—he sat on the bed, with his face in his hands, thinking of every word she had said, recalling the sweet face with its new expression of sadness and resignation.

He asked himself why Fate had sent him across her path, why heaven permitted one of its angels to suffer as she had suffered, simply through loving him.

Alas! this kind of question is not only futile but recoils upon the questioner. Why the innocent should suffer with the guilty, why the woman should suffer through her love for the man, are the [illegible], which remain unanswered, even by theologians, who are supposed to know everything.

Gaunt was so [illegible] in thinking of Decima that he could scarcely turn his attention to his own affairs, though, in all truth, they were grave and serious enough.

Mr. Belford brought Sir James, the great counsel, the next morning, and they went over the whole story and examined the evidence with a minuteness which wearied Gaunt. Perhaps he permitted this weariness to be seen, for Sir James [illegible].

[illegible]

"Castle" had touched the public in its tenderest part—its sentiment. It argued that a man who could so cheerfully risk his life for his fellow-men ought certainly not to be hanged, though it should be proved that he did kill his wife in a fit of passion.

So the court was crammed, and the sentiment which animated those present was that of sympathy with the accused, and the feeling grew much stronger when Lord Gaunt stepped into the dock. Gaunt was a good-looking man, but he possessed that which is more valuable to a man than regularity of feature—that peculiar air which we call "distinguished," and which always impresses the individual or the crowd.

He was pale, of course, but he was perfectly calm, and, though grave, did not appear at all anxious. Every eye was turned upon him, and he met the concentrated gaze—that gaze which fills most of us, even under the most favorable circumstances, with nervous terror—Gaunt met it quite steadily. Only for one moment did his eyes falter and the expression of his face change; it was when his eyes rested upon the sweet, pale face of the girl who, clad in Quakerish simplicity, sat beside Lady Pauline in an inconspicuous part of the court.

Decima met his gaze, saw the color rise to his face, then leave it again; saw his lips twitch as if with a sudden pang of pain, and her own eyes filled with unshed tears, and her own lips quivered. He turned away instantly, as if he could not bear to see her there, and she understood.

The venerable judge on the bench had been a friend of Lord Gaunt's father, amongst the titled and distinguished people present were many who knew Gaunt personally; all of them knew him by repute as a famous traveller and a man absolutely without fear. The women sighed as they looked at him; the men exchanged glances of pity.

"Mistakes are made in heaven. Oh, are they?" remarked one man to another. "Just look at that chap! I suppose there isn't a better fellow in the world than Gaunt. I was at Eton with him, and I've known him all my life. He's as straight as a dart, and he's the pluck of the very devil. He wouldn't hurt a fly in cold blood, and he thinks nothing of risking his life for some bounder on board the same ship. And yet that fellow's whole life is made miserable because he stood up before a parson [illegible] or twelve minutes and remarked that he took a certain woman for his wife. Not only is his whole life made miserable, but he's going to be scragged, because, driven [illegible]—well, mad, I dare say—the woman [illegible] an end to her."

"Yes," assented his friend [illegible] every [illegible] New Woman is going to abolish it [illegible] I shall vote for her all the time. I suppose there's no doubt of Gaunt's having done this?"

The other man shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said. And it was the general opinion.

The attorney-general rose to open the case for the Crown. There is no need to trouble the reader with a word of his speech or account of the witnesses and the evidence, for nothing new, nothing that had not already been produced at the inquest, was advanced.

The attorney-general was neither bitter nor vindictive, but his speech was necessarily a strong argument for the conviction of the prisoner, and all who heard it, even before the witnesses were put in the box, felt that the case was black against Gaunt, and as the evidence was skilfully marshalled by the prosecution, even the most [illegible] Sir James, the counsel for the prisoner, was in possession of some very strong evidence in defence of the prosecution, the verdict would be one of guilty.

The interest, keen enough at starting, increased as the trial proceeded; women grew pale, men frowned and leaned their heads upon their hands, or folded their arms and bit their lips, as they listened to the story of the chance meeting of husband and wife, and the murder of the latter.

Gaunt stood erect, with his hands resting lightly on the edge of the dock, or, now and again, he leaned against the partition with folded arms. He was not indifferent as to the result of this wordy war between the legal gentlemen who were fighting for and against him, but he was thinking not so much of the coming verdict, but of the white-faced girl who sat with tightly compressed lips and downcast eyes, which now and again she raised to his with a glance of infinite compassion and infinite sorrow.

The short day was drawing to a close, or, rather, the light in the badly windowed court was fading, when the case for the prosecution closed. As the last witness left the box, the audience—for they resembled the audience in a theatre in the closeness of their attention and their eagerness to grasp every detail—the packed crowd drew a long breath.

Just below the dock stood a little group of Gaunt's friends. They were Bobby and Bright and Mr. Lang. They all turned and looked up at Gaunt with a smile which they endeavored to make encouraging; but Gaunt saw behind the smile their anxiety and apprehension. The attorney-general and Mr. Boskett, between them, aided by the evidence, had for the present convinced the jury of the prisoner's guilt.

Sir James rose with his well-known air of quiet assurance and complete confidence in his client's innocence; and he spoke as if no man in his senses, certainly not the twelve intelligent gentlemen in the jurybox, could for one moment be induced to believe that such a man as Lord Gaunt could be guilty of so cowardly a crime as the murder of a defenceless woman—even though that woman was his wife.

It was a magnificent speech, and it brought tears to the eyes of many of the listeners. But though the jury might feel inclined to weep at the eloquent description of Lord Gaunt's ruined life, wrecked by his unfortunate marriage, Sir James's speech had not, they felt, disposed of the evidence against the prisoner.

Sir James called witness after witness, and they one and all testified to the noble character of the prisoner, and declared their conviction that he was incapable of the crime with which he was charged. The evidence intensified the sympathy of the court, but alas! it did not prove Lord Gaunt's innocence. Everything that could be proved in his favor was brought forward by Sir James; but how little it was, how small it appeared against the black mass of evidence which the attorney-general had brought against the accused.

Two men, standing not very far from each other in a corner of the court, felt as if the verdict had been already pronounced; and both their faces flushed with the anticipation of vindictive satisfaction.

Both Mershon and Morgan Thorpe were thirsting for that one word "Guilty," and as they glanced at the grave face of the foreman of the jury they could almost fancy that the word, the fatal word, was already forming on his lips.

Gaunt himself was convinced that there was no hope.

As the attorney-general began his reply to the defence Gaunt drew himself up and gripped the edge of the dock firmly.

If Lady Pauline would only take Decima away!

As if she had heard his unuttered prayer, Lady Pauline said in a low voice:

"Come away now, Decima."

But Decima shook her head, and her hands strained together still more closely in her lap.

What was it the attorney-general was saying, "knocking," as one of the barristers whispered—"knocking with every word a fresh nail in the prisoner's coffin"?

"The evidence against the prisoner is overwhelming. The unhappy woman was stabbed in his rooms. She was found covered by his coat. The weapon with which the deed was done was his. No one else, no other man, entered that awful room that night."

At this point of his terrible eloquence he had paused; for there had come from the back of the court a hoarse and derisive laugh.

The attorney-general repeated the last words.

"No other man entered that room that night."

The laugh was repeated also.

The attorney-general stopped and looked round indignantly; the usher cried "Silence!" The judge looked up sternly from his notes, and some of the ladies laughed hysterically. There was a confusion at the back of the court, from which the strange sound had proceeded. A man's voice, thin and broken, yet penetrating, came across the crowded room as if he were addressing the judge.

The judge held up his hand.

"Silence!" he commanded. Then, as the silence fell, he said: "What is the meaning of this disturbance? Bring that disorderly person forward!"

A policeman, drawing a man with him, pushed his way through the crowd. The man was pale and emaciated, and the effect of his pallor was increased by his red hair and bloodshot eyes.

"Trevor!" exclaimed Thorpe under his breath.

"Mad, poor!" thought Gaunt. "He has gone dead! What will they do with the poor fellow?"

But if Jackson were mad, he concealed his insanity with admirable tact. Of all present, he was the most calm, saving perhaps the judge and the prisoner.

"Why have you made this disturbance?" asked the judge.

Trevor looked up at the bench and then round the court.

"I laughed," he said—his tone was respectful enough, but it was suggestive of a kind of sullen contempt—he was breathing painfully, and his head was thrust forward as if he were too weak to stand upright—"I laughed at the attorney-general's speech," he continued. "He said no other man besides Lord Gaunt went into the room that night; and I happen to know that one did."

Sir James rose quickly and turned to Mr. Belford.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

Mr. Belford shook his head.

"I cannot tell you," he replied, with agitation.

The judge held up his hand to still the murmur which had arisen.

"Do you offer yourself as a witness?" he asked.

Trevor nodded and coughed. He got into the witness-box amidst intense excitement.

The attorney-general rose.

"My lord, I need scarcely say that I am quite ignorant—that I know nothing of this person or the evidence he is about to give."

Sir James rose.

"My lord," he began, in anything but his usually self-possessed manner, "I am as ignorant of this person and his evidence as my learned friend; but my client, the prisoner at the bar, is desirous that the truth, and all the truth, shall be told respecting this terrible tragedy."

There was a murmur of applause which was instantly suppressed.

"I myself will examine the witness," he said. "But perhaps it will be still better that we should permit him to make his statement."

The two eminent counsels bowed in concurrence.

Trevor leaned against the witness-box, his eyes fixed on the royal arms just above the judge's head. His face wore an expression of sullen, almost stolid resignation. As he had entered the box he had glanced at Gaunt, but had glanced only, and had not looked toward the dock since; indeed, he seemed indifferent to everything—the crowded court, the excited faces, the majesty of the law, represented by the stern-faced judge, utterly indifferent to everything around him.

"You say," said the judge, "that a man, other than the prisoner, entered his rooms at Prince's Mansions the night of the murder. Tell us what you know of the case; and remember that you are upon your oath."

(To be continued.)

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BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

053

HON. GEORGE H. PERLEY.

Few Better Equipped For Position of High Commissioner.

There are two processes of climbing to the top in politics. One is a quick process, the other is slow. In the quick process, the thing that counts most is a "magnetic personality." It is a great thing to have in a democracy as extended as ours; but nobody has just been able to tell just what it is or how to acquire it. It is a gift of the gods, and the dramatic instinct is an important part of it. To be able to dramatize your personality—that has been the secret of many an illustrious public career from the days of Joseph Howe and John A. Macdonald to the days of Wilfrid Laurier and Richard McBride. The great popular favorites have been men of that stamp.

The other and slower process is the process of hard work, of attention to detail, of political efficiency. It is the secret of the success of such men as White, Fielding, Pelletier, Barrell—of the majority of the front benchers, indeed, in the present House of Commons.

George Halsey Perley, member without portfolio in the Borden Administration, and the most-talked-of man to succeed Lord Strathcona as High Commissioner in London, has achieved his success not by means of a magnetic or dramatic personality, but by means of attention to detail, and general political efficiency. He never drops stitches. He is never caught napping. The political compass he rarely leaves out of sight. He is said to be the most faithful and observant reader of Hansard in the present Parliament. He has acted as Prime Minister, Minister of Finance, Minister of Trade and Commerce, and Minister of Railways by turns, and even administered as many as three of the heaviest departments at the one time. But his personality has never appealed to the imagination of the country, and he has gone ahead, term after term, in the Commons, carefully and laboriously attending to the duties that came his way, emerging very slowly from political obscurity.

His Appeal Small.

Even since it became known that he was one of Premier Borden's closest advisers Perley's personality seems to make very little appeal to the Ottawa correspondents. They are quick to write up every man in Parliament who achieves a moment's notoriety or has any personal peculiarities. More has been written for instance about "Andy" Broder's witty yarns, and E. Norman Lewis' red tie in the past two years, than about Perley in all the ten sessions that he has served in the Commons.

Yet few men have had more to do with shaping the destiny of the Conservative party during the past few years than George H. Perley.

George Halsey Perley was born 57 years ago—he doesn't look more than 45—under the Stars and Stripes. His boyhood was spent in New Hampshire, and his early education was received at one of the "little red school houses on the hill," which figured so often in the political campaigns of the State in those days. At the age of 16 his father—who was one of the largest lumber operators on the famed Ottawa—brought him to the capital, and he attended the Ottawa Grammar School, which was then situated not five minutes' walk from the Parliament Buildings, in whose halls he was destined to play such an important part. He next went to Harvard, and was graduated from that famous seat of learning at the age of two-and-twenty. After a few short years spent in travel he returned to Ottawa, and settled down as one of the big business and financial men of the community.

Entered Into Politics.

In 1900 he essayed into politics as the Conservative standard bearer in Russell, the seat now held by Hon. Chas. Murphy. The election of 1900 was not a very successful one for the Conservative party, and Mr. Perley was no exception.

Hon. Geo. H. Perley.

The following year there was a bye-election in Argenteuil, Que., and again Mr. Perley stood for the Conservatives with the same result. Two defeats in quick succession are enough to discourage the average man. Not so with Mr. Perley, however, and two years later—the elections of 1904—he contested Argenteuil again and was returned.

Although not what would be called a good debater, he nevertheless made his influence felt within his party by his keen, cool judgment, his attention to the merest detail, his great business insight, and his genius for organization. He was made chief whip of the party, and so well did he perform the arduous duties of that trying position, that when the crisis of 1911 was reached to him was entrusted the work of supervising the national organization. The result is now an interesting chapter of Canadian political history.

For the position of High Commissioner, few are better equipped. He is a student of Imperial affairs. He knows conditions in Canada from Yarmouth to Prince Rupert. He has had wide political and administrative experience. He is closer and more in sympathy, perhaps, with Premier Borden than any other man mentioned for the position. He has great business insight, culture, and a standing in the business and financial world.

And last, but by no means least, he has the large, private income which is absolutely necessary to maintain the dignity, and the social life, which are necessary portions of the life of a Canadian High Commissioner at the heart of the Empire.—M. Grattan O'Leary, in Toronto Star Weekly.

Roads in Scotland.

Tourist—Where does that road lead to, my boy?

Scotch Boy—A'm no shair.

Tourist—And that one?

Boy—A dinna ken.

Tourist—And that one?

Boy—A canna tell ye.

Tourist (to himself)—Great Scott! What names they give to places in this benighted country!

What the world doesn't know is how some people exist—or why.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Baked Beans.—One quart navy beans; wash good. Add a piece of salt pork and onion. Boil two hours, until soft. Add one-half can tomatoes, two tablespoons molasses. Bake one hour. Ready to serve.

Leftover Fish Cakes (economical and good).—Cold boiled potatoes cut in halves lengthwise may be used. Cover with boiling water, add a little salt and let boil rapidly about five minutes, drain and press through a ricer. If the directions be followed this will be equal to fresh boiled potato. Add leftover, cooked fish of any kind, picked into bits. There should be at least half the bulk of the potato in fish; more will do no harm. Add also salt and pepper, half a teaspoonful of each to a pint of material, any leftover drawn butter or white sauce, or, failing this, one or two tablespoonfuls of butter and a little milk. Beat thoroughly. Do not have the mixture too moist. Shape in the hands into flat, round cakes. Dip these on both sides into sifted flour. Fry in a little hot pork or bacon fat until browned on one side, turn and brown on the other.

Graham Crisps.—Mix two cups of graham flour with one teaspoonful of salt and one cup water. Roll out rather thin. Cut into rounds. Put a layer on a greased pan, brush with melted butter and put on another layer. Pinch edges together, brush again with butter, prick clear through both layers in several places and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Beef, Italian Style.—Take two pounds of rump, flank or neck beef; trim off all rough edges, wipe with a damp cloth, and place in a deep dish. Add a sliced carrot, turnip, onion and a slice of fat salt pork, add one cup water, one teaspoonful salt and one-half teaspoonful pepper, cover tightly, place in a moderate oven three hours. Place the meat on a platter, add one tablespoonful tomato catsup and one teaspoonful mustard to the browned juices in the dish and pour over the meat. Serve with boiled macaroni.

Apple Cake.—Stew two pounds of cooking apples with as little water as possible and one cupful sugar. Put one-fourth pound of bread crumbs in a tin in which a little lard or dripping has been melted, and let them brown lightly in the oven. Take an ordinary cake tin, then line the bottom and sides with a thick layer of the crumbs. Next put in a layer of the apple, then crumbs, and so on until tin is full. Bake in a quick oven half an hour, and when quite cold turn out and serve with whipped cream poured over the cake. This is always eaten at Christmas in Denmark and is called "peasant girl with veil on."

Toast Dishes.

Codfish on Toast.—Creamed salt codfish served on thin slices of toast makes a very palatable and dainty dish.

Eggs on Toast.—There are various ways of preparing eggs on toast. An easy way is to dip slices of toast quickly in salted hot water; place in serving dish and place scrambled, poached or creamed eggs on top of toast.

Vegetables Served With Toast.—Toast served with vegetables adds much to their food value and digestibility. Dip the toast quickly in boiling water and sprinkle lightly with salt. Place in serving dish and turn vegetables over it. Peas, succotash, beans, spinach, cauliflower—in, fact, almost all vegetables are made more tasty and healthful if served on toast.

Milk Toast.—Heat a quart of milk to boiling point. Add tablespoon butter. Mix tablespoon flour into half cup milk and stir into it hot milk, adding teaspoon salt. Pour over slices of toast and serve hot. This makes a fine dish for breakfast on a cold day. It supplies all the nourishment needed and is easier to digest than meat or other heavy food. Some like a little nutmeg grated over it.

Stews as They are Made in Syria.

Cut one pound and a half of red mutton in pieces the size of a walnut; boil them until they are fairly tender. Brown a finely chopped onion in a saucepan with one-quarter of a pound of butter; add the meat, and fry well. Cut fine three pounds of cabbage,—or break into small pieces the same amount of cauliflower,—season with salt and pepper; add to the prepared meat either vegetable, cover with water, and cook over a moderate fire until the vegetable is done. Just before removing from the fire add a little lemon juice.

To make this stew with string beans, prepare the meat as for cabbage or cauliflower. String three pounds of beans, and break each bean into two pieces. When the onion becomes almost black, add the beans, and, stirring them occasionally, cook them for about five minutes, or until the beans become slightly yellow and soft. Season with salt and pepper, add enough water to cover, and cook well, stirring frequently, and adding more water if necessary. Some Syrians use tomatoes in preparing this dish, which they add when they add the water.

To make the stew with carrots, prepare the meat as for cabbage, cauliflower, or string beans. Wash and scrape a pound and a half of carrots, cut them into slices, and fry with butter until they become red. Add the carrots and a little cinnamon to the prepared meat. Cover with water, and cook well.

All of these dishes are generally served with boiled rice.

Useful Hints.

Buttermilk will insure much softer and lighter hot rolls than plain milk.

If a glass jar refuses to open, set it top down in an inch or two of hot water.

When bacon is good and sweet, the lean is firm and bright, and the fat quite white.

If potatoes are being cooked for salad, boil them with the skins on. They will be less soggy.

Sandwiches made of chopped sweet peppers are delicious for the school lunch basket.

If you want to keep fruit cake moist for a long time, put a piece of bread in the tin box with it.

A velvet hat can be kept in good condition by wiping it with a piece of black stocking after brushing.

When making sauce, remember that one ounce of butter and half an ounce of flour will thicken one cup of liquid.

To keep celery crisp for several days, first clean it, then wrap it in a soft cloth and lay it on the ice in the ice box.

Children's patent leather shoes will not break and sear so badly if after wearing they are wiped with vaseline.

Keep the medicine closet in apple-pie order, then if you happen to want anything in great haste you can find it without delay.

To prevent old potatoes from discoloring, put one or two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk into the water in which they are boiled.

After washing a China silk dress do not hang it out to dry, but roll it up in a towel for half an hour, then iron on the wrong side.

To test linen, moisten the goods with the tip of the tongue. If it is linen, the wet spot will immediately show through the other side.

When a pillow case begins to wear it should be unstitched at the bottom and folded so that the old side seam goes down the middle.

If you open a can of peaches and find them fermented, do not throw them away. Heat them over, sweeten a little and make them into pie.

Carbonate of soda will remove the most obstinate of mud stains. Rub off with a cloth or flannel dipped in the soda, then press well on the wrong side of the material with a warm iron.

Soft Job.

"What are you doing now, Bill?"

"I'm collecting."

"Collecting what?"

"My thoughts."

"Gosh; you always were lucky in striking an easy job."

Worn Out.

"Those are rather tough looking patent leather shoes you are wearing," suggested the critical friend.

"Oh, they were all right originally," replied the wearer, "but the patent has expired on them."

The Grafter.

Ryan—"Has he a trade or a profession?"

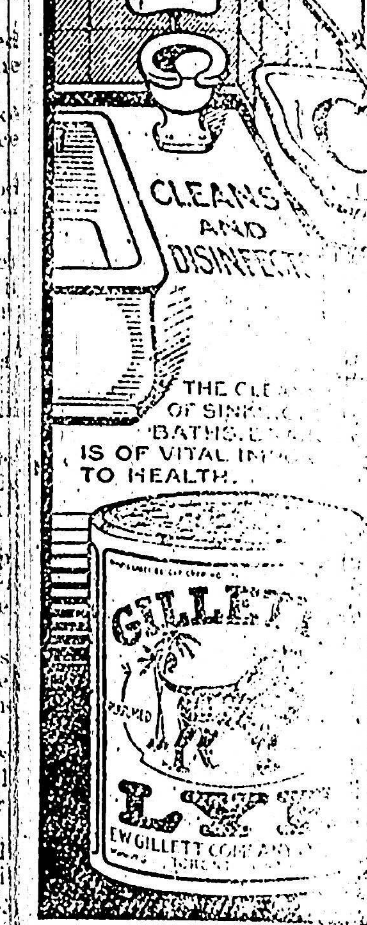
Bryan—"Neither. He has a cinch. He makes money without working."

No Talk Lost.

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms."

"No; but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."

A young couple doesn't consider three a crowd—after the honeymoon.



... Through the S[illegible]

Undoubtedly [illegible] glass, [illegible] course of time [illegible] other purposes [illegible] which it is [illegible] to time the [illegible] surgeon, however [illegible] far more vital [illegible] It was found [illegible] younger surgeons [illegible] which he operated [illegible] in the matter of [illegible] ing their hands [illegible] The regulation [illegible] cesses of five [illegible] rarely was [illegible] so, the exercise [illegible] difficult to estimate [illegible] great surgeon [illegible] by installing a [illegible] wash-basin. [illegible] surgeon now [illegible] soap and [illegible] cleanses his [illegible] is tainted [illegible] soap and [illegible] [illegible] washed in [illegible] five minutes [illegible] Another sterilizer [illegible] sand glass stands [illegible]

Slinging.

"Er—ah, beg pardon [illegible] haven't you lost [illegible] gan the would-be [illegible]

"No, I haven't [illegible] lady with a dog [illegible] bably her you're [illegible]

"The advantages [illegible] overrated," said a man [illegible] perienced it. "The [illegible] that poverty brings [illegible] good points. Well [illegible] the roads [illegible]"

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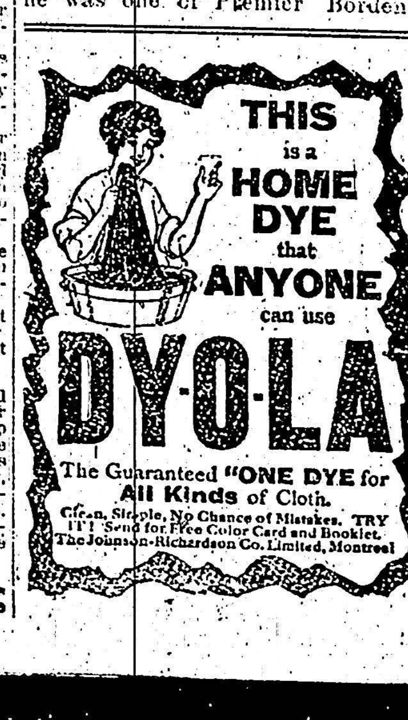

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