The Canadian Champion.

A NEWSPAPER OF HALTON INTERESTS.

TERMS:—
$1.00 per year in advance.

OFFICE
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

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Travellers' Guide.

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GOING NORTH: 5.02 A. M., 1.52 P. M. GOING SOUTH: 10.00 A. M., 6.08 P. M.

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GOING WEST: 3.14 a. m., 3.21 p. m., 5.03 p. m.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY
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—AT—
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THE JUDGE.

"Well," murmured Jeanne softly, "I am sure you must have felt dreadful. I have been sorry for you all the time, and as I know that Miss Margaret, and I'm afraid you'll find it hard to understand what made us do the why we have. Yet I assure you we had the most particular reason. But if you have time and will come with me now, we will go to it."

A cab was called and the judge bade Jeanne enter it. The poor girl did so with many secret misgivings. Her poor little heart was fluttering so that she could hardly conceal it. But once inside, the mood of her companion seemed to change. His manner became kind and he assumed a phase of quiet interest in Jeanne. Had she searched for a word to describe it she would have chosen timidity.

"Can you give me no hint of what made Margaret leave me?" he asked, bending over to look in Jeanne's distressed face. "Is she angry with me because I cannot sympathize with her wishes in the matter of Mr. Leiter?"

"Why, of course, he minds that a great deal," telepathically replied the frightened girl. "It is hard on poor her to be placed in a position where she must be false to both of you and under the circumstances that is hard to do. But that was not the reason, no."

Looking up just then Jeanne saw that the face of the judge had grown very white indeed; and in his eyes was a glassy look, such as she had seen in her little brother's face once when a snake twined round his bare leg. He clasped his hands in front of him with a womanish movement.

"Why in God's name did she do it then?" he said so low that Jeanne could barely catch the words above the rattle of the cab. "It was not that she was afraid of something?"

"Why," assented Jeanne, shrinking into the far corner of the seat, "I think she was afraid—a little."

"Of what, child? Of what could she be afraid in her father's house?"

"That is what I do not know," whispered the little damsel, with cold lips. "And I do not think she exactly knew either."

"But why," went on the judge in the same strained voice, "and with the same terrible gaze, "did she say that she was going one place and then go another? Why did she conceal her abiding place from me, of all persons in the world?"

"That," said Jeanne, answering with brevity born of the moment, "I cannot tell. We acted under advice."

"No!" cried the judge, sitting upright and gazing at the girl with hot eyes, "do not tell me that! No one told her—she is not listening to"—he stopped suddenly. His face took to itself a look of alarm, different in its quality from that which had distorted it a moment before. When he spoke again his voice had returned to its natural tone, except that it was full of sadness.

"You do not suppose that she had forsaken her father for others, do you?" he asked piteously. "She is all I have in the world. You know that. For years I have only lived for her. You do not think that she has ceased to love me, do you?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Jeanne, taking one of his hands in hers with a rush of daughterly pity. "You would never think so if you could see how she has mourned for you every night since we have been away, and heard how often she has asked me if I thought she was doing very wrong. She had to make excuses to herself constantly to keep up her courage. She kept consoling herself by saying that it would not have been right to bother you, when you had so much on your mind, and that in a little while she would be able to go home and you would never know the difference."

"But I cannot understand," pleaded the judge, "try hard as I can, I am not able to understand why, if she loves and trusts me still, she should have wished to keep her place of living concealed from me."

"Well," said Jeanne, leaning forward confidently, "it is a mysterious thing, and Miss Margaret and I cannot make it out at all, though we have talked and talked about it."

"What is a mysterious thing?" inquired the judge.

"Why the reason that we ought to leave the house—leave home, you know. We could not understand, ourselves, but we were almost made to go. I really ought not to tell you so much. I fear I have got Miss Margaret in a great deal of trouble. And, O! you will explain to her will you not, so that she will not be offended with me? I could not stand it to have her vexed."

"You are a good little girl," said the judge, pressing the very small hand that lay in his, "and I am sure no one, least of all Margaret, could be vexed with you."

Well might the judge look in astonishment at the dark little house, and the sign of the Misses Browne; well might he wonder at the sight of Margaret pinning a sleeve to the arm of a corpulent lady who had come to the dressmaking parlors with the intelligence that she must be made to look thin; well might he wonder at the figure of an overgrown youth who kept up a jaunty promenade before the house, yet carefully avoided looking at it, as if he were quite ignorant of its existence.

Margaret looked up from her task to meet the troubled eyes of her father. In that gaze was a world of reproach to her heart. With a word of apology to her patron, she bounded into the hall, shut the door, and laid her head against that of her father—a place where it had laid in peace and comfort so many hundred times. There is something about this contact of a familiar face that brings with it the most consummate peace that the world can offer. The recognized perfume of the skin, slight, but discernible and dear, the warm touch and all that it conveys to the mind of love, the permeating magnetism of the contact, go to make up an indescribable whole of exceeding comfort. Margaret's slow tears fell on her father's shoulder, while he trembled with the joy of having her safe in his arms again, with the silken hair in his eyes, the lovely hands pressing his neck, the voice he had listened to with delight for so many years, murmuring again in his ear. No questions were asked then, no excuses made. Both felt that it was enough for the moment that they were together once more. Margaret had to go back to the corpulent lady and finish the sleeve. It took but a moment, and with a parting injunction that she wished her arm to be slender, the visitor took her 230 pounds out of the room. Jeanne sat in a corner where she could face Margaret and made mysterious signs which interpreted meant: should she go or should she stay? Had she done wrong or right? If wrong, would she be forgiven? To these questions she received answers also in the silent language that women understand so well. She was to stay; she had done right and if she had done wrong she would have been forgiven. Margaret wanted the support of her little friend's presence. She hoped that she might catch inspiration for her answers from her quicker wit. Never before had their flight appeared to her in such a bad light. She had been at once absurd and cruel and the most way in which she had taken the advice of another was preposterous. To think that she should have deceived her father on the word of a man whom she had not seen a dozen times! She grew starved with shame at the thought of it.

But the very thing happened that the least expected—an incredible thing! The judge asked only that they would return to his house.

Not any inquiry did he make, nor a reproach. It was unbelievable, and yet not so unbelievable as what followed. For the Misses Browne to be publicly seen in his hands and thought worthy, while the two girls exchanged mystified glances. Then he said that perhaps, under the circumstances, it would be as well for them to remain where they were for a time. The trial would soon be on, and Margaret might find it pleasanter to be where no one would know of her identity.

Margaret and Jeanne could do nothing but stare. Suddenly a terrible suspicion seized Margaret.

"Of course, papa," she whispered, going up to him and laying one hand softly on his cheek, "you are not displeased with me? This is not a way of saying that you do not want me to come home any more?"

"Bless you, no!" cried the judge, with one of his old time accents of candor. "Come back to-morrow, to-day, whenever you will, and never leave it or me! Do you think I would let my little daughter go out of my life because she took it into her head to be a bit adventuresome and eccentric! I was up to all sorts of tricks when I was young, and I suppose girls are not materially different from boys. No, I mean what I say. Stay here till the trial is over. Here you have plenty of work and new scenes to keep you occupied. I like your plack. Stay if you like, daughter."

And still no questions, no expression of astonishment, of distress! He seemed to feel no astonishment that she, a lady by birth and habit, should play at dressmaking in a shabby genteel neighborhood. He actually passed over what must have seemed to him the most unaccountable freak, without comment! Margaret by a strange perversity was almost hurt. She would rather have been censured.

In a little while he even arose to go. But first he held Margaret in his arms for a little while, and stroked her hair, and talked to her softly, as he had been in the habit of doing for nineteen years. Then he kissed her, told the little damsel to keep a careful eye on his girl and let no harm come to her, and putting a roll of bills on the table, departed. The girls never moved from the positions he left them in, till they heard the front door close, and then the gate.

"Well!" said Margaret.

"I should say so," assented Jeanne, "but at least we can get out the sewing we have on now. I was afraid for a time that our professional reputations would suffer." And she sat down to work on the infant's wardrobe.

That afternoon Pond came in, looking especially elegant in a new spring overcoat, which Jeanne insisted that he had paid too much for, to his hardly-concealed annoyance. Was he always to be made ridiculous before Margaret?

When he heard of the morning's incident he sprang to his feet with a startled face.

"Then you must find a new place to-morrow," he cried.

"No we must not," said Margaret quietly.

"I have had enough of running away from my father. There is to be no more of it, Mr. Pond, even to please so valuable a friend as yourself—no," anticipating his next remark, "not even to please Harry."

"How did your father find out that you were not at the marshes?" inquired Pond.

"Oddly enough," exclaimed Margaret. "I did not think to ask him."

"Where has he been conducting his searches for you? I wonder if he informed the police of your disappearance?"

"I don't suppose he did, or he would have spoken of it."

"How long do you think he has known it?"

"I did not ask. You must think I was stupid, and I was. I sat numb with astonishment that he did not reproach me."

"Why do you think he refrained? Did he have no curiosity concerning your motive?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I thought he might have some idea of the reason I left—which is more than I have—and so he avoided the subject. He always has spared me as much as he could."

"You positively refuse to move, Miss Barthwait?"

"Positively, Mr. Pond."

"Very well. I have much business today, Miss Barthwait, and must hasten."

He made his adieus, and Jeanne accompanied him to the door.

"It really cost you more than it ought," she said, by way of good bye, giving a hasty pat to the coat.

"What a torment she is," Pond remarked to the next lamp post. "No man could love her more than an hour at a time."

That night he who made his way along Walnut street might have noticed two men pacing round and round the block where the Misses Browne had hung out their sign. These men wore the clothes of citizens, but concealed under coats were dark lanterns, and on the lapels of their inner coats were detectives' stars.

CHAPTER XVII.

DAYS evil and days good pass with equal rapidity. The trial was about half through. Twelve hours to a day of dread and twelve to a night of wakefulness—only twelve. Margaret could hardly believe that they held no more.

She did not see her father, but she heard of all he did and said through the papers. Pond called for a moment almost every evening. Harry seemed to have lost all his melancholy, and the jaunty spirit of happier days had returned to him.

"It is all over," he said to Pond. "I have fought the fight with myself. I will die. It will be easier for her that way than the other in a little while—women's wounds must heal, Pond. But I know she loves me now. Balzac says somewhere: 'To a wounded heart, silence and shadow.' Well, I talk and I rejoice in you and all other pleasant things because I have not a wounded heart."

"You are acting like a fool," Pond would cry angrily. "Worse you are committing a crime."

"I am only sinning against myself," Harry would protest.

"That is not true, sir. You are going to kill her, I tell you. Worse, you are going to leave a ravening monster free to work his hellish—"

"Now don't, Pond," Harry would interrupt with a little affectation of weariness. "Whatever you do, Dennis, don't be melodramatic."

"Could I have better excuse?" Pond would cry.

"There is no excuse, my dear boy. To be a perfect gentleman, it is necessary to yawn and look bored even on your own scaffold." He used this tone of persiflage always now. Nothing could make him serious. In the old moments he wrote verses to Margaret. For the most part, they were merely love ballads, and they were never spoken to the situation of Harry and his poor little sweetheart. They were evidently written simply for love of writing and of Margaret. The morning of the day that the closing speech of the prosecution came, Margaret received the following surlyworded verses, written on odd bits of envelope and paper:

ROSE OR THORN!

Is love a rose, or is it but a thorn?
When you are with me, dear, it is a rose
Whose beauty is a perfumed dream of bliss;
When you are gone, heart's joy, I feel the thorn.
Is love a rose, or is it but a thorn?

Love unreturned must ever be a thorn;
Love that is only words—a scentless rose.
Pluck out the thorn and cast it in the dust,
Or wear the rose and make believe 'tis sweet;
Love unreturned must ever be a thorn.

And the man who wrote this was on trial for his life! The deep windows of the court room admitted but little light, and the flaring gas jets seemed to accent rather than lighten the gloom. The court room was crowded. The aisles between the seats and the margin of space about the wall was filled with a swaying mass of humanity. There were as many—or almost as many—women as men present, and the interest they took in the prisoner was evidently deep. Harry had entered court with what looked to be an almost eager air. It was but his natural manner, but this the lookers-on did not know, and they jumped at the conclusion that his acquittal must be near and certain. His cheeks were carefully shaven, his brown moustache correctly trimmed. His abundant brown hair combed up from his brow after the fashion of the day. A suit of dark gray diagonal with a coat of rather severe cut, gave him an air of freshness that most men sacrifice to the doleful black which convention dictates. The shining linen, the hat carried with a certain grace, the keen eye, in which a glint of humor lay, the pose of the head that was so characteristic, all combined to give him the appearance of a man who was about to pass a pleasant day.

Yet as he entered the room he met with many dark looks. The jury had no glances of sympathy to cast his way. McCook sat with his brow furrowed with an all-embracing frown. He looked cast down and dispirited as well as vindictive. There are men that make hearty villains. They work their revenges with a wholesome enjoyment. They are simply savages, who follow their instincts regardless of the fact that they live in the midst of a complex system of laws. But McCook took no pleasure from his acts of viciousness. To be sure, no one could have the right to call him vicious on this particular day. He was about to perform a duty for the State in a manner as thorough as possible. This, to the common observer, was but his duty.

But had any of those observers been able to look into his heart, they would have seen that it was the task of all others that he desired to perform. Thus, by a mere state of the mind, was a performance which might have been a duty suddenly transformed into a crime. He was not displeased with the brave front that Harry carried. He believed that it would be taken for hardihood by the jury. And it was.

Roger Brisbane, Harry's counsel, thought exactly the same thing. But he had not the courage to face the indignant gleam that he knew would flash from Harry's eyes if he told him to play the part with more regard for its requirements. How could he go to that professional scoffer who had sharpened his pen against the most powerful men in the nation, who was trained to opposition, and say: "My dear fellow, you look in too good condition. Your case will stand a better chance, if you do not carry your head so high. Is it necessary to have such a nonchalant carriage, or imperative that your eyes should shine in the manner they do? Try to look subdued and anxious, my boy, for your own sake. There is something abnormal about your present condition."

To all this Harry might have replied, if he had taken the matter seriously, which he probably would not:

"My condition may be normal or not, but it is a common one in men placed as I am. If you will take the trouble, my dear Mr. Brisbane, to read Executioner Sanson's accounts of the French Revolution, you will perceive that among the condemned of high birth and hereditary bravery, there was a common feeling of something amounting to exaltation. When they knew that life was practically at an end, they took it as they had all other matters in life—graciously. They had theatricals in the dark prison rooms, they set up a rivalry of merry speeches, they invented new compliments for each other, some of which have become immortal; they made an epigram of everything, and they presented themselves at the reception room of Madame la Guillotin with the same grace that they had formerly shown in the salon of the great Austrian. I am sure that I must die. Under certain circumstances it is the easiest thing a man can do. These circumstances are now mine. And since I must die I wish to be as charming as possible in the meantime. I am not a thoughtless man, nor a flippant man, but I am not going to worry about the future when my worrying will do no good. I pray no less heartily for carrying a brave front. God cannot think any more of a man for whining. He knows a gentleman when he sees one, as well as the rest of us, and He prefers a gentleman to a coward. What ever comes I must be myself, and I refuse to put on the expression and the habiliments of woe to please those twelve unfortunate fellows who will shortly be obliged to condemn an innocent man."

Judge Barthwait felt his terrible position, that was painfully evident from his face. He was about to try for murder the nephew of his dearest friend. If that dead friend had had warning of his death, he would have placed his beloved lad in the hands of the man who might now be obliged to pronounce the death penalty upon him. Was it any wonder that he turned a slow and fearful gaze upon him as he entered the court room, or that he shuddered to see him so free of glance, so self-assured, so intrepid! Was it any wonder that as the evidence drew near its end, and all the damning facts stood arrayed before the judge, and before those twelve solemn men, that once something like a sob shook the form of the poor old man? Who could be surprised to see him drop his head in his hands, as if the throbbing was more than he could stand! Who could demur at the lack of judicial dignity that made him groan aloud, and look at Harry with infinite pity?

That Harry saw and felt it was evident from the glances he returned. He seemed to be sending messages of courage from his eyes to his friend. Two or three times it seemed as if his lips were making the motion of words intended for the judge.

"Do not fear," they appeared to say. "All will be well. Do not fear. Remember, Margaret."

As soon of that long, long day two young women passed their way in at the door leading from the ante-room. The Sheriff knew them and found them seats where they would be screened from the crowd. Both of them were veiled, but from under the hat of one appeared a knot of brown hair with glints of gold in it; from beneath the hat of the other protruded a mop of brilliant curls. On the breast of the taller one was a bunch of English violets. Their tender perfume sent its sweet message all over the room. They said:

"Far away from this dark room there are the quickening fields of spring, where the robins are building. The ground is giving out its strong, familiar scents; the air is musical with beloved and homely sounds. The rivers are swelling into a sudden majesty, and everywhere there is order, and sanity, and beauty and joy. Think of it all and throw off this horror. Leave this room with its terrible story of disease. For crime is disease, and it is contagious. There is nothing here that it will not hurt you to know, nothing that will not bring pain and degradation. If you would be entertained, go out to those fragrant fields; if you would find something worth your contemplation, go watch the roll of the April clouds."

The scent crept to Harry's nostrils. His eyes sought the source of that perfume, and found the violets. Then his heart gave a leap of mingled pain and love. The message the violets brought to him was: "They signify thoughts. She is thinking of me with love and tenderness. Can I do less than die for her peace?"

"There may be as much courage displayed in enduring with resignation the sufferings of the soul as in remaining firm under the showers of shot from a battery," said Napoleon the first.

Harry stood now under belching fire, but he did not flinch. And yet there was his love—his love!

Roger Brisbane thought best to make his defence brief. He dwelt upon the love known to exist between the dead man and the prisoner. He made a point of the perfect sanity that all agreed belonged to Harry Leiter. He spoke of his known disregard for money, and added to this the statement that he could at any time have had all he desired. Mercenary motives had never been attributed to him even in the slightest extent. Would such a man murder his benefactor and kinsman for money which he could have at any time, and for which he did not care? He emphasized the manner in which Harry had returned to the house after the murder. A guilty man would not have done this. The very fact that Mr. Leiter refused to account for the time between the hour of separation between the murdered man and himself and the hour of his return was an additional proof of his innocence. A guilty man would have a specious story prepared. As Mr. Leiter was a man who made his living largely by the writing of stories, plays and opera libretos, it was certain that his reason for not preparing a story was not lack of imagination. No man was better calculated than he to prepare a convincing tale. It was his trade to deal in plots. Would he neglect to create a story in a matter that concerned his life. No one would pay a man of his wit so poor a compliment as to insinuate that he could be so stupid. The prisoner had every reason for wishing to live and a man of his happy temperament would certainly not imperil his life and cast a horror over it by an unnecessary crime. He was betrothed to a beautiful young woman, he was popular in society, a leader in Bohemia, a man whose name was rapidly becoming well known, his income was large, his health perfect, his habits good and his nature gay. Was this a man to commit the most revolting crime in the history of the city? He might be said to be a jester by profession. What had such a man to do with tragedies? All his life he had been distinguished by a peculiarly affectionate nature. Was it likely that he would suddenly become a monster? Without motive, could he be transformed into a demon? Last of all, he wished to call the attention of the jury to his face, and to ask if that was the face of a man who had committed a crime? A criminal shrank from the gaze of others. This man was a man who had a habitually candid gaze, and whose glance was keen and commanding. If the jury wished to fix a black crime upon a young man of such an open nature, who had never had even a peccadillo laid at his door, he was sorry for them. They knew that hundreds of innocent men had perished because of circumstantial evidence, and that too late those who convicted them had lived to suffer the torments of remorse. Let not this jury be guilty of such a crime. He asked it for their own sakes.

But even as he closed, Roger Brisbane knew he had failed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW minutes after he had taken his seat, Brisbane received a note subscribed on the outside: "Important—immediate." Tearing it open, he read:

"I have evidence that will clear the prisoner. I have long been possessed of it, but have been kept silent by Leiter. He made me swear that I would keep still, and I shall incur his lasting enmity and contempt by speaking. But I cannot see him murdered for a strained sense of duty. I know that it is out of order to listen to a witness now, and there are particular reasons in addition to the usual ones why the court may refuse. Yet you must make the effort to get a hearing for me. I am Dennis Pond, reporter for the Chronicle. I have done nothing but work on this case since the murder. If you cannot get me a hearing we must have a new trial. There are exceptions which I see could be taken, even with my slight knowledge of law. But, of course, I do not mean to make suggestions. I know Leiter has not taken you into his confidence. He could not without betraying the man he is trying to protect at the cost of his own life. I dare say you have thought him the common young aristocrat. He is a hero. I speak the truth, sir, when I say that I can clear him. It is at a terrible price—God only knows what a price to me. But it must be done. I can read Leiter's fate now in the faces of the jurors. And by the time McCook shall have finished, there will not be a ghost of a chance left. I am culpable, I know, for withholding my information, but Leiter overruled me. Say nothing to him now. Only try to get me a hearing before the speech for the prosecution begins.

"DENNIS POND."

Roger Brisbane acted upon the advice. There was no time to lose, no opportunity for enquiring into the nature of the proposed evidence. He knew that his client was lost as matters now stood. There was, therefore, nothing to lose and everything to gain.

He begged to address the court for one moment. A witness had presented himself who claimed that he was able to bring evidence that should establish the innocence of the prisoner beyond all doubt. Therefore, against the order of procedure in criminal practice, he prayed the court to listen. The chain of circumstantial evidence now existing against the prisoner had little value, and he believed that twelve men could not be found who would be so unjust as to condemn a fellow creature on such grounds. Yet, that his innocence might be established beyond all doubt, he begged the court to waive the usual plan of procedure and give the State the opportunity of sifting the evidence. This was a court of justice, and when justice came knocking the door could not be shut in her face.

Without taking time for consideration, the court replied to the prayer. And the reply was a refusal. "It is the judgment of the court," said Judge Barthwait, rising and leaning heavily against the desk, "that the case should not be interrupted at this point for further evidence. Were valid and valuable evidence to be had, it should have been produced in its proper place. It was not. In the present case the State did not intend to fasten guilt where it did not belong. But, in the judgment of the court, no evidence could be admitted now. The defence had ample for obtaining a future trial, should the evidence not be considered just, and the exceptions taken sustained."

Another oath was brought to Brisbane. "The exceptions will never be sustained. Can you send word to Judge Barthwait that this case will be tried in the newspapers to-morrow morning. That will bring him to terms."

"DENNIS POND."

To this Pond received a reply by his messenger:

"I do not understand what you mean by bringing Judge Barthwait to terms. I certainly shall not insult him by sending such a message as you suggest.

"R. BRISBANE."

"Very well," wrote back Pond. "I will send him the message myself."

Meanwhile McCook had arisen for his speech. He did not once glance at Harry, or at Margaret, whose presence he was aware of, or at the judge, who also avoided looking at the popular attorney. Upon the jury alone did McCook fix his peculiar and powerful eyes. He had a head that suggested that of an eagle. The nose was slightly hooked, the lips thin, flexible and fascinating, the hair inky black, and much longer than fashion dictated. A great wave of it drooped over the forehead, and swayed back and forward as he talked. The lids hung slightly over the eyes, and from under them the black orbs burned with a fierce lustre. Though a man of a cold manner ordinarily, McCook could thrill himself and his listeners with his magnetic force. He could handle a jury in a manner peculiar to himself, and he was guilty of the vanity of desiring to do this merely because of the exultant pleasure that the consciousness of this power gave him. He used compliment adroitly, and his manner was the perfection of courtesy when he addressed himself to the jury. His speech was carefully prepared. Some of its methods were cheap, but they were disguised by his warm eloquence.

He began by picturing the love the murdered man had lavished upon the prisoner, and pictured the life the prisoner had led. His friends were actresses, wandering musicians, men who made their living by their wits, and he met them principally at the restaurant, the fashionable saloon and the green-room. What unsuspected habits of vice was it not possible for a young man to get into so surrounded? Who could tell what pernicious influence, what overwhelming temptation might be brought to bear upon a character amiable and yielding? It was not necessary to tell an experienced body of men like that before him that actresses were expensive friends, and that they were at the bottom of many crimes. As for the evidence, the jury had heard of the quarrel between the murdered man and the prisoner the night of the crime. The reluctance with which the trusty old servant had given that evidence stamped it as true. He had told them also—and he was corroborated by the detective who examined the house early in the morning—how the windows had all been found secure. The murderer had not entered a window. The locks on the doors had not been tampered with, as they would have been if the murderer had entered a door. The prisoner had remained from home all night. Why? That was a question to which he could not give a satisfactory answer. Being a man not used to vicious deeds, what more natural than that he should have rushed horrified from the scene of his crime, and only found courage to return in the afternoon of the next day. He refused absolutely to tell where he had been in the meantime. It was very probable, was it not, that he had been with the person who prompted the crime? He admitted that the young man did not have the face of a criminal, and he firmly believed that this had been his first crime. But he had a face of excessive amiability. Those who had studied human nature knew that such a face marked a dangerous person; for while a man of that character might not originate crimes, he proved a facile tool in the hands of others.

But the attorney progressed slowly. He went into details that the ordinary man would have seen no bearing in. He dilated upon the character of the prisoner until it stood out in perfect legibility before the listeners. He begged the jury to mark that no professional criminal would have mutilated his victim as the murdered man was mutilated. That marked the frenzy, the madness of the novice in crime, who felt the taste of blood for the first time and became suddenly crazed from the exaltation of it. As he dilated upon this possible mood, its effects and its causes, the cold spring twilight closed in, the court adjourned and the speech for the prosecution was to be concluded in the morning.

Margaret's heart had hardened toward her father when she heard him refuse to accept the evidence of the witness who had come at the last moment. She felt that he was against Harry. She knew that the jury was prejudiced against him, and she read McCook's relentless determination in his face. It grew more and more difficult for her to preserve her calm, and though she would have liked to have raised her veil and sent Harry one cheering glance, she could not sufficiently command her features to do it. There was nothing but misery and despair in that face, and that was no sight for Harry to see. Two or three times her head swam so giddily that she feared she would fall. The arm of the little damsel was around her lovingly, and the voice of the little damsel was whispering hopeful words, but they did not bring much comfort. A great yearning for help came over the poor girl. She suddenly felt bereft of all friendship.

Her father was soon to pronounce the death sentence upon her lover. Her old companion stood earnestly pleading for the downfall of his friend. Mrs. McCook had come to listen to the triumph of her son. All the friends that had sought her and flattered her were far away now. Not one of them had even thought to write her a comforting note. The deep despair of youth settled upon her. Wild thoughts foreign to her healthy nature began to rush through her distracted mind. Try as she could, it was not possible for her to banish the thought of the waters where they rush around the great north pier. The sound swelled in her ears, the beauty of those waters, blue, fleecy and white, dazzled her eyes. So deep, so swift, so certain, so beautiful were they! What better servant could eternal rest find? Shutting her eyes, she dropped her head on the shoulder of her little friend and let the stern music bellow in her ears, while all else slipped far away and life seemed a panorama of shifting shadows. On the verge of unconsciousness she was aroused by a touch on the shoulder. A messenger stood by her with a note.

"My dear Miss Barthwait (it ran), I am about to do a terrible thing.

Harry must die unless I do. I will save his life, but strange as it may seem to you now, by doing so I shall forever sacrifice your friendship, which is dearer to me than you can ever know. I will tell you something which I should have always considered but for the present emergency, and I only tell it to you now, that you may know what it costs me to do the work I must to-morrow. I have loved you, Margaret Barthwaite since the first time that I looked into your true eyes. This love has not been impertinent, because it has not been ambitious. I have never had the thought that was false to Harry. All that your love has revealed to me, all that I have suffered and enjoyed—for even a hopeless love has its pleasures—will make life significant to me as long as I live. When I voluntarily give up your friendship, then, you may know that I do so at the utmost cost to myself. More, I break my word, given honorably and on my truth as a man and a friend. But I take the cost of this, too. Harry must be cleared. Everything else falls into nothingness. Forgive me if you can. Say nothing to-night to any one, as you value Harry's life, though Harry may be less to you in the future. Poor girl, poor girl! My heart bleeds as I think of you. I wish it were possible for me to save you all this misery. Yet I have never met a woman so calculated to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. God bless and keep you through all dark ways! May His spirit shadow you with palpable love and tenderness!

"DENNIS POND."

The people were leaving the court room. As the excited crowd moved heavily out, Margaret saw Pond in the midst, lifting his hat to her with a mournful gesture. She bowed low in return. Harry had been taken quickly away. The judge was already in his ante-room. She followed him, and touched him on the arm. He looked down on her with a startled glance, but pressed her hand warmly.

"I am going home with you to-night, papa," she said.

"Best not, Margaret. Go back to your own nest, daughter. I shall not be good company to-night."

"Papa, do not send me away! I want you terribly. My heart is breaking, papa. Let me come with you?" Yet, even as she spoke, she shrank from him. She did not want to go with him. But she meant to use her influence. She had confidence that her tears might yet soften the judge toward Harry. No moral qualms withheld her. She was not afraid of interfering with justice. To begin with, she believed Harry innocent, and in the second place, she loved him. Women have no compunctions about interfering with the course of justice where one whom they love is concerned. Justice always seems like more or less of a superstition to them.

She got the judge to yield at last and sending the little damsel back to Walnut street, the rode home in the carriage with her father. The judge had never been more fascinating, and yet at all times he was a man who compelled attention. There was a combination of suavity and authority in his manner and a beauty of diction and intonation in his conversation that made it impossible not to listen to him when he was present.

As the two rode home together the judge drew the curtains of the carriage and, wrapping his arms around his daughter, gave himself up