Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXXI .-- (Continued).

"I am glad you have come to see me so con," she said. "It is only right that ou should know, at the earliest possible coment, that my niece desires to with draw from her engagement to you, Mr. Mershon."

Mershon started from his chair, and reddened.

"To-morrow, I shou'd imagine; I can ascertain"

"To senough to hang any man," broke in Mershon. "When's the inquest?"

"To-morrow, I shou'd imagine; I can ascertain."

"Do so. And, see here, brief one of the sharpest common-law barrieters. Get the best Old Bailey man you can, and let him represent me at the inquest."

Mr Gileby nodded and waited.

"If that man Gaunt did it, he ought not to get off," continued Mershon, avoiding the lawyer's eyes. "He's a swell, a 'noble lord,' and all that, and they—his friends—will move heaven and earth to get him off. Now, I say that it would be a miscarriage of justice if—they succeeded. A man who'd shoot a woman in cold blood is—er—er—cupit to be hung."

"Certainly, certain y." nesented Mr. Gilsby. "But I want to helb. Get the best man you can, and let him appear at the inquest, and—and see that there's no attempt to hoodwink and bamboozle the jury. See?"

The sharp city attorney did see. He nodded, and rang a bell.

"Boekett is our man, Mr. Mershon," he said, quietly. "I'll brief him. And you think lord Gaunt is guilty?"

"T'm sure of it." snapped Mershon. "I'm staying at the Grand," he added, as he flung on his hat and left the office.

Mr. Gilsby looked at the closed door thoughtfully. It opened again sundenly, and Mr. Mershon entered.

"You've got all thoce bille of Mr. Deane's, haven't you?" he inquired.

"You've got all thoce bille of Mr. Peane's, haven't you?" he inquired.

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"And now, did you notice anything peculiar in Lord Gaunt's manner when he passed you in the corridor on his way out?"

"And now, did you notice anything he seed you in the corridor on his way out?"

"And now, did you noti

"Right. I may want to recover on them.
May want to do so all in a hurry. If I
wire 'act,' you'll drop down on Deane.
Sec?"

ed. "Is Miss Deane here?" asked the coro-

ner.
Mr. Boskett rose with the leisurely air which marked his terrible keenness.
"I appear for Miss Deane, sir," he said.

"I doubt your locus standi," interrupted he coroner, "but go on."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Boskett. "I have at present only to state that Miss Deane is very ill and quite unable to behere. She is, in fact, unconscious, and I produce the doctor's certificate."

He handed it in and sat down. The coroner read it, and nodded gravely for the witness to proceed.

Mershon.

Mershon started from his chair, and reddened. to—to break it off!"

With her usual directores and strict regard for truth. Lady Pauline are sweeted.

"My nice does not love you."

Mershon's pallor was etartling. Then hanghed unesaily.

To this I understand." he said "Sheal to amy you will be usual directores and strict reaming and cut up about it. Well, so I am: but it won't make any difference to me. Of course, I don't like it; no many and cut up about it. Well, so I am: but it won't make any difference to me. Of course, I don't like it; no man, and the hand and some fellows would want to draw back; but I'm not that kind of a man. Tell becic that I stand by want to man. Tell becic that I stand by war, and the way Jane need not trouble, and—and some fellows would want to rooms, or whether she expected to see him or not. Just tell her that, Lady Pauline.

You had been any man and her work why hand Decima promised to marry a person who was not even a gentlemon?

I'will tell my nice what you say, cere you that it will not have the effect upon not marry you, Mr. Merhon."

He reddened and plucked at his gloves. "She—she was off her head—she didn't know what she was saying when she told what he was saying when she told come up to London all of a sudden. He reddened and plucked at his gloves. "She—she was off her head—she didn't know what she was saying when she told come up to London all of a sudden. He reddened and plucked at his gloves. "She—she was off her head—she didn't know what she was saying when she told come up to London all of a sudden. He reddened and plucked at his gloves. "She—she was off her head—she didn't know what she was saying when she told come up to London all of a sudden. He reddened and plucked at his gloves. "She—she was off her head—she didn't know what she was saying when she told come up to London all of a sudden. He was right. His fealuses arose and tore at him, vulture the come of the contrast of the contrast of the was right. His fealuses arose and tore at him, vulture the con

"And you did not see Miss Deane leave the Mansions? She might have left a few minutes after the deceased had en-tered?"

few minutes after the deceased had entered?"

"Yes, sir; I think she must, because I didn't see her go afterward; and, of course, I was waiting to be run for to let the visitors out as usual."

"And miss Deane asked for her brother and not for Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I'm sure the young lady doesn't know anything about it. She is the sweetest—"

The coroner stopped her again, and Mr. Boekett, with an encouraging smile and a glance at the jury, murmured audibly: "No one suspects her!" Then, a cud, he said: "Now, tell me, you found the inner door of the drawing-room locked? On the bedroom side?"

"Yes, sir."

"And no one entered the drawing-room, so far as you know, after the deceased? You must have heard them—"

Sir James rose.

"Really, that is scarcely a fair question," he said.

"We want all the information we can get." remarked Mr. Boskett, hlandly.

"He knows something," whispered Mr
Belford to Sir James. Sir James did not
move a muscle. Jane hesitated, and looked distressed.
"Come, speak out," said Mr. Boskett,
gently and persausivey, and Jane. with
a kind of sob, said:
"There—there was blood on his wristband."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The inquest was held on the following day. The roman was crowed with lawysery reporters, and as yof the curious public as could force and squeeze their way in. Not for many years had so sensational and "interesting" a murder been committed, and the world was watching the developments of events and watching the developments of events and watching the could not satisfy. And some of them, it must be admitted, had done their best short, and charmingly inaccurate blographies of Lord Gaunt had appeared, together with portraits hideously uninked. Some of the sketches of his life rooresented him as a man who had spent most of his days in the society of savages, and was therefore just the man to commit a peculiarly ferocious murder. Their way into the room, and it was some minutes before they could reach the solitor's table, where Mr. Relford, the head of the firm of Gaunts lawyers, was sitting beside the famous coursel, Sir James, you see, Mr. Berford in dad to hight. "We've get Sir James, you see, Mr. Berford in the famous coursel, sir James Lee town of t

"It was murder, foul and cowardly murder—"
"Silence!" said the coroner, sternly.
"Confine yourself to a statement of what
you actually know."
Sir James rose.
"You say, Mr. Thorpe, that, so far as

you are aware, your sister did not know the whereabouts of Lord Gaunt?"

"She did not; I swear it."

"You knew she was going to Prince's Mansions the night of the 6th?"

Thorpe hesitated. Could he venture to deny it? As he paused, Sir James carelessly picked up a blue paper from the table, and Morgan Thorpe's eyes dropped.

"I knew it."

Sir James handed him the bill.

"This was found in the pocket of the deceased. It is a bill, unsigned, for two hundred pounds. Can you explain ...

Thorpe glanced at Bobby, and his face went white.

"My-my poor sister was in want of money. She-she thought Mr. Deane would lend it to her—" His voice grew inacdible. Boody hung his head as every eye in court was directed to him.

"May I take it that you sent her on this errand?" said Sir James.

Morgan Thorpe raised his head and stared at him insolently.

"You may take it as you please," he said, defiantly.

"That is sufficient," said Sir James, gravely.

Mr. Boskett rose.

"One moment, Mr. Thorpe. Were you aware of the real name and rank of the deceased's husband? Oh, don't hesitate, please!" he added, with the first note of sharpness in me voice; and Thorpe nod
"Yes? And you kept your knowledge from your sieter?"

"Yes? And you kept your knowledge from your eister?"

Thorpe looked round like a hunted animal seeking for some mears of escape.
"I-I did. I thought it best."

Mr. Boskett turned his glittering eyes upon him.

"Did not Lord Gaunt undertake to pay you a sum of money to keep his identity secret? Answer, please."

The reply was scarce y audible.
"Good. Now, Mr. Thorpe, you remember a certain scandal in Paris in the summer of 18-? A scandal in which a lady was concerned. Was not that lady your sister?" Said Morgan Thorpe; and Mr.

ter?"
"Yes," said Morgan Thorpe; and Mr. Boskett turned to the jury.
"I regret to have to allude to this mater, but I desire to show the cause of Lord Gaunt's desertion of his wife."
"Not desertion!" said Sir James, quickiv.

"Not desertion!" said Sir James, quick"y.
"Scparation, if you like!" said Mr. Boskett. "In a word, Mr. Thorpe, did not Lord
Gaunt separate from his wife because he
discovered certain facts in connection
with her life before her marringe?"
Morgan Thorpe moistened his lips.
"It any one has been saying—" he began; but the coroner interrupted him.
"Paintul as this question must be to
you, Mr. Thorpe, you must answer it."
"Well, yee—so he said," replied Thorpe.
"And these facts you concealed from
him? Did you conceal from him this other
fact, that you had suffered three months'
imprisonment for fraud committed two
years before you made his acquaintance?"
"Where did he get all this?" saked Sir

years before you made his acquaintance?"
"Where did he get all this?" seked Sir
James, testily, of Mr. Re ford, while the
court was waiting on Thorpe's reply.
"If I am to submit to having all my
past life raked up for the amusement of
a crowd—"panted Morgan Thorpe
"Answer, sir!" said the cororer, sternly; and Thorpe's livid lips formed the
"Yes."

of satisfaction.

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The was scarced was on his feet in a moment, but Thorpe had got his answer out before he could be stopped.

"Yee, I did!" he said, with a suppressed cargeress. "Gaunt was a violent may noor sever the hottest-tempers of the stopped him; but it was fool late. The jury had got the impression in Bosket had desired to, give demand the dectors who had been summoned after the discovered him; but it was fool ate. The jury had got the impression of the street of the str medicine in Italy. It was only after she had been permitted to enter the College of Medicine in Rome by only giving her initials to the authorities, who believed her to be a male student, was she permitted to pursue her studies. She originated her unique method of early,

finished, turned their eyes upon the jury with hungry impatience.

The jury did not leave the box, but gathered together and whispered for a few minutes, then pronounced the verified for the pronounced the verified for the pronounced the verified for the second effect would be to the following the following form of the pronounced the verified form of the pronounced the verified form of the pronounced the verified form of the pronounced the pronounced the verified form of the pronounced the pronou

Walking upstairs backward was cases of heart weakness."

ate a 'stair-rush' a man might be, Patient-"He told me to come The crowd listened with breathless at tention to every word, and when he had he would have to moderate his pace and see you, sir!

"The second effect would be to They found Edward Barnard Gaunt, Earl of Gaunt, guilty of wiful murder of his wife Laura.

Mr. Bright rose white and trembling.
Bobby let his head fall in his hands. Some one touched him on the grim, and looking up, he saw Merehon beside him.

(To be continued.)

"The second effect would be to relieve the strain f om the ordinary walking and climbing muscles (those on the front of the thigh), and to press into service those on the back of the leg, which ordinary lily do no work in climbing stairs. The total result, therefore, might be a saving in muscular wear and tear through a more economical distribution of effort. This, of course, would also be of value in

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Patient-"I went to see the chem-Dentist-"And what idiotic ad-



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