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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"That is the one thing, Lady Fielden, that I refuse to tell," she replied defiantly.

"But you know?" said Lord Fielden.

"Certainly I know; but I will never share my knowledge. You can do anything you please—imprison me, place me in a madhouse, kill me, if you will—anything; but my secret and his you shall never force from me. You cannot prove a single thing against me, I defy you!"

"We have your letters," remarked Lord Fielden; "and you must remember how they criminate you."

"I do not believe," she said, "that if you laid them before the most skillful lawyers in England, you could find a single damaging statement against me."

He feared that it was true, no matter what their own opinions of her might be. They could take no proceedings against her for anything she had written.

"It will be your wisest course," she said, "to let me go, or I may probably do what you are doing to me now—imprison you. I have warned you. If you keep me here until I die, what will you gain if I refuse to speak?"

"Unless you had something to conceal or something to fear, you would not have struggled so desperately with me in the park," declared Lord Fielden.

"I wanted to be free," she said. "I came over here in disguise, I wanted neither to be known or to know anyone. The plain fact of the matter is, I saw your advertisements, and I wished to know why I was wanted—what had happened. Foolishly enough, I left my home and came to disguise."

"Do you know why you are wanted?" asked Lady Fielden.

"No," she replied. "I am still in the dark about it."

Lady Fielden appeared surprised.

"During all these years," she said, "Sir Karl's name has been associated with the commission of a great crime, but the time has come when people refuse to believe him guilty of that crime, when his fair, young daughter here demands, in childlike, guileless fashion, proof of his innocence to give to the whole wide world."

Lola de Ferras smiled again the mocking, hateful smile for which Lord Fielden could almost have struck her.

"Innocence is a most charming quality," she said; "the difficulty in the present instance is to believe that it ever existed. I refuse to speak. I have not kept silence all these years to be compelled to speak now; there is no power which can force me to do so."

"Not if you have lost all womanly feeling," said Lady Fielden. "If pity, compassion, justice, and honesty are all dead in your heart, then is all appeal in vain, both for the living and the dead."

"I appeal to you, Miss de Ferras," cried Lord Fielden, "by the memory of that which on earth you loved most dearly, by your mother's memory, by your lover's memory!"

She held up her hand.

"It is all in vain," she said. "I will tell you what you will, no doubt think a very shameful truth. This moment, in which I see my enemies humbled before me, is one of the proudest and sweetest of my life. After that, have you anything further to say to me?"

It was Gertrude who spoke next, until now she had kept perfect silence.

"Let me speak to you," she entreated. "Dearest Lady Fielden—Harry, leave me with her; for my father's sake she will surely speak to me! Go and leave me alone with her."

CHAPTER XXXV.

As mother and son descended the stairs, it occurred to Lord Fielden that it might not be safe after all to leave Gertrude with Lola de Ferras; she was so violent that she was quite capable of doing her bodily harm. But he contented himself by pacing up and down beneath the window, where he would be within call of Gertrude if she had any cause for alarm.

As soon as the door closed behind

Lord and Lady Fielden, Gertrude went up to Miss de Ferras.

"Let me speak to you," she said. "You repulsed me yesterday; you will not do so to-day. They tell me that you loved my father very dearly, so dearly that your life was ruined for his sake. If that be the case, you must love me, for I am Sir Karl's daughter."

"You are also the daughter of Dolores, who stole him from me," was the sullen reply. "But for her, he would have been mine."

"That is all past," said Gertrude. "I do not know what your life has been, but no one could have been more unhappy than my mother. She is so sweet and true, so thoughtful and good, so well fitted to adorn a high position; yet, since my father's disappearance, she has been buried alive. Dear mamma, I have never seen her enjoy one moment's happiness. Have you no pity for one whose life has been wrecked through your instrumentality?"

"I have none for Dolores. She took from me the only treasure on earth for which I longed. Even now the mention of her name maddens me. I have no pity for my old rival, the white rose. I hate Dolores. Do not name her to me again."

"Then if you have no pity for mamma, have you none for me? You loved Sir Karl. I am his daughter; and, strange to say, although you have been our most bitter enemy, I cannot help lifting you and feeling a kind of sympathy for you because you loved my father."

For the first time, the defiant expression on Lola de Ferras's white face softened, and her pale lips quivered piteously. How long was it since any human voice had spoken kindly to her?

"You loved my dear father," went on the pleading voice. "They say that I am like him, that I have his eyes and hair, and that my voice resembles his. Look at me, and tell me if it be true?"

Lola de Ferras was seated in a low rocking chair by the window. Gertrude went up to her, touched with sudden emotion, and knelt down by her side.

"Look at me," she repeated, "and tell me if I have my father's eyes."

The pale face bent over her, the pride and hardness dying out of it as the unhappy woman met the clear, honest gaze of the sweet, loving eyes. Gertrude went on—

"I was a little child when my father left us, but I feel the deepest and most passionate love for him. I wish that I could remember him, that I had some recollection of his dear face, of his kissing me, of sitting on his knee; it would soften my pain. I cannot even go to his grave and sob out all my grief and longing there. I love mamma most dearly, but the deepest love of my heart is for my father. All these years," she continued, feeling that her companion's interest in her was aroused, "I have honestly believed him dead, but suddenly, and quite accidentally, I have discovered that death is not the cloud which overshadows us, but shame. My mother, who had kept the story from us, was compelled, through our meetings with Lady Fielden, to tell us the truth, but, while my mother, my sister, my friend, and the whole together believed my father guilty, judged and condemned him, a voice cried over louder and louder in my heart, that he was innocent, and that I must clear his name. It was as though by night and by day he called to me, 'Gertrude, my daughter, for long years all men have traduced me; come and prove to the world that I am innocent of the crime with which I am charged. Think you, who loved him, that in all the wide world no one believed in his innocence but I. I stand alone to do battle for him, and there is no one but you, who can help me. Mamma has told me everything—how you wrote to my father and begged him to see you, and how he went out to meet you. After that night he was neither seen nor heard of again; every one says and believes that he went away with you. I alone refuse to believe it.'"

"Why do you refuse to believe it?" asked the older woman in a low voice. (To be continued.)

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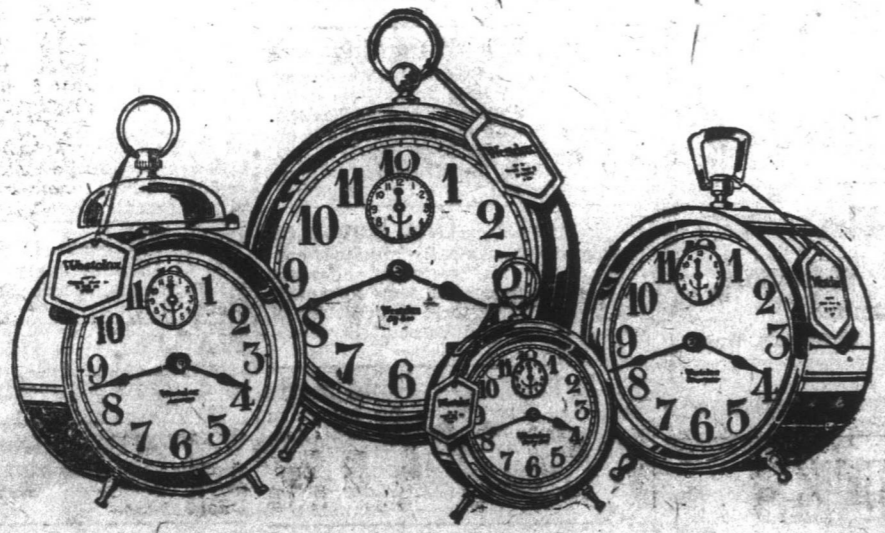
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Committed for Murder

Gunner Coleman Must Stand Trial For His Life for Fatal Shooting Bombardier Groves.

The preliminary examination of Gunner George Coleman, charged with the murder of Acting Lance Bombardier Groves at Fort Connaught on Thursday, July 17, was concluded before County Stipendiary W. B. MacDonald yesterday afternoon.

The first witness called was Dr. Allan W. Curry, of the staff at Camp Hill Hospital. He testified that he saw the deceased when he was admitted to the hospital. He was in a state of collapse and his body was covered with perspiration. There was dressing on one side of his body and the smell of his back was saturated with blood. Within an hour the man died.

There were four wounds one of these was on the right thigh. Another small one was in the lower right side of the head. The third was a large one in the left loin and which caused a fracture of the spine. The bullet which caused this wound penetrated to the back. The court then adjourned to Connaught Battery. The prisoner was also taken to the

Battery handcuffed to County Constable Worrell.

At the Battery, Major J. C. Lawson, M.C., R.C.A.M.C., testified that he was summoned to the Battery on July 17 at about 10 a.m. and on arrival had found the victim lying on his back in the hall of his home. He was still conscious but had lost a lot of blood. His evidence as to the location of the wounds coincided with that of Dr. Curry.

The next witness, Mrs. Anne Batley, wife of Gunner R. B. Batley, testified that about 9.40 on July 17, the defendant, who had his rifle in his hand, called at her house and asked "Where is Reg?" (Gunner Batley). "They are after me now, I guess," he said, and she asked him why. He replied: "I just shot Ritch, by which name they had known Groves. She asked him why he did it and he replied: 'He made a lot of trouble about me.' Witness said she had thought they were good friends and Coleman said he had no use for him. Coleman rose to leave at 10 o'clock. Witness noticed that his eyes were heavy and he stuttered over his words. She stated that she had asked him for his rifle, fearing

that he might fire it at somebody. He said: No, that he wanted it, but after she asked him again he handed it over and she laid it on the bed. Then he kissed her little boy and said: "It must be going to give myself up."

The examination then adjourned to the home of Mrs. Groves within the Battery and near the gate where the shooting took place. In a room there was Mrs. Groves, who is ill in bed, with a nurse and Mrs. Batley in attendance. The accused was taken in and his appearance greatly affected the sick woman and Major Lawson administered a stimulant. Mrs. Groves stated that she was outside the door of her house and saw her husband go to the gate in answer to the bell. She saw the prisoner and said, "My God, it's Coleman!" She called to her husband not to answer, but he kept on. She heard a shot and then a second, and called to her husband to run. Then she heard a third shot.

Asked whether she knew of any difficulties between her husband and the accused witness said that on one occasion on returning from Bedford, her husband said he was afraid to leave her alone in the house.

The Court then adjourned to the Court House where the Stipendiary Magistrate committed the accused for trial at the next sittings of the Supreme Court in October.

Coleman remained quiet throughout the proceedings and he now appears to fully realize the seriousness of his position. R. M. Fielding acted for the Crown, and J. E. Griffiths for the defence.—Halifax Academic Recorder.

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M. S. POWER, D.D.S.
(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, University of Pennsylvania, and Surgeon, a Philadelphia General Hospital.)
Feb. 1st

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