

would be one universal feeling of indignation raised upon me. The woman is detested for what she has done, and receives no pity. A poor little harmless sleeping child! says the public. And when it demanded—as it naturally would demand—upon what grounds I had acted, I should have none to give. No, it would damage me too much.”

“Stand it, stand the damage,” pleaded Colonel Devereux, pushing his hair from his brow. “Sir, I *dare* not let her suffer; whatever may be the consequences, consent to risk them. At the worst, they can be but trifling—none at all to you personally: a little passing wonder, a little blame from the cursed press.”

“If this woman get off, every one that has suffered before her was murdered!” emphatically exclaimed Sir Archibald.

“What if they were? But none too many have suffered lately, sir,” continued the colonel. “Let this one be reprieved after the example of the others: you can begin to draw the line with the next one. If she suffers, I shall have her family upon my back, demanding retribution. It is hard to say what horrible stories will not be concocted and blazoned forth to the world. I could not remain to face them.”

“Whom have you to thank for all this?” harshly demanded Sir Archibald Devereux.

“Myself, I suppose you wish me to say,” returned the son.

“I do. You have been a bad man all your life, Theodore; and unless you change wonderfully, you will die a bad one. You have brought me trouble always; I suppose you will bring it until I am in my grave. What evil possesses you?”

“Whether good or evil possesses me, it is my own lookout,” was Tody Devereux’s sullen answer, for he had a mortal enmity to being told of his faults; “and that is not the consideration now. Sir, you *will* save her?”

“Leave me,” returned Sir Archibald. “I will reflect upon it.”

“It does not need reflection, and there is no space for it,” he persisted. “I don’t understand the routine of these things, but if her Majesty has to be seen, it will be a race with time. To-morrow is Sunday morning, and they are beginning to erect the scaffold.”

“Theodore!” impulsively repeated Sir Archibald Devereux, “I would sooner have cut off my right hand than have heard this.”