

have marvelled at it, but I did not mean to convey the impression that he was himself an impostor. My language may have been too strong."

"I think it was," said Margaret coldly. "And I do not think you have improved it. I want to make an explanation just here, or a confession. I myself am one of those dupes. I believe in the man whom you call an impostor, believe in him with all my soul; and if you would like to know what first opened my eyes to the sin of the course you pursued with regard to him, it was the unparalleled cruelty that you officers of the law not only permitted toward the prisoner, but helped on. Also, it was the farce that you called a trial. Why, Mr. Masters, a boy of ten could laugh at the folly of calling it 'justice,' when you broke almost every law in your code to hurry it through. As I watched these things, and studied and weighed them, I said to myself, 'They are not punishing a traitor; they are trying to get rid of a man whom they fear and hate.' And my eyes were very widely opened. I am one of the 'traitors.'"

"Thank God!" exclaimed David Holman, springing to his feet. "The joy of this outweighs all the suffering I have had." As he spoke he went over to Margaret, and, bending down, kissed her earnestly.

Then, while their dumfounded guest seemed trying to decide what could be said next, the elder