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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Author of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER II.

Sensational paragraphs headed the account of the strange murder in the numerous daily papers. Exciting descriptions of it filled many of the columns; a minute detail of the appearance of the dead man was given, and a large reward was offered for the discovery of the murderer.

But not a single clue was found. Margaret Calvert was summoned (as they had said she would be), and, bracing herself for the ordeal, she appeared at the inquest with a firm mien as though she were only entering her aunt's apartment.

The coroner requested the withdrawal of her veil, and she threw it instantly aside. Her face was very pale but her eyes seemed to enhance her loveliness. She was unattended, and the world hardened men wondered at her self-possessed manner, looking at each other with puzzled glances when she rose apparently quite unembarrassed, to tell what she knew of the murdered man. Her voice—that peculiar voice, so remarkably sweet, that her hearers could have listened to it for hours, was slightly tremulous at first, but it grew firmer as she proceeded.

"I knew him long ago," she said, "under distressing circumstances of which even you, gentlemen," bowing to her listeners, "I think can hardly compel me to speak. I have not seen him since, till I saw him dead; but he has not been forgotten, for there is something in my home which keeps up constantly a bitter memory of him. In a second issue of one of the newspapers of that day—the day on the early morning of which he was found murdered—I saw the account. The account described his appearance—I knew that it was not unlikely he would meet some such end—and I visited the morgue and found it was he."

She was interrupted by a question: "Why did you suppose him likely to meet such an end?"

"The girl paused for an instant as if to collect sufficient energy to make her voice sound with more force than she had hitherto put in it:

"Because he had neither pity, nor love, nor fear in his nature; and he was relentless and cruel—because he had darkened one home and broken one heart forever and ever."

She was trembling then;—so violently, that the hand which she raised to put back a stray curl shook visibly. In one part of the room, there was sitting a man who seemed to be as interested as those who were immediately concerned in the proceedings. Permission to occupy that place had been granted him because he had gone to the authorities that morning, and having shown the credentials which proved his right to legal practice in the city, said he desired to work up the case, having been the murdered man's friend, although he had not seen him for some time owing to his own long absence from the city. He had also stated that the dead man had no relatives and that for years he had been the recipient of an income which came to him annually from a bank in Germany and which in default of heirs to claim it, would by law revert to a charitable institution in the same country.

Margaret Calvert, though aware of the silent presence in another part of the room, had not directed any close attention to his person, even though she saw him change his position once in order that he might better hear her evidence. But while she stood trembling and hesitating whether to speak further of the dead man, the strange gentleman arose. Every eye turned to him, he stood so erect, so firm, so still.

Margaret, in a vague way wondered if he always assumed such an attitude, if his head was always poised in that noble manner, and if his eyes flashed so piercingly on everybody as they were doing on her.

He could not have been more than twenty-eight—his beardless, youthful face was proof of that, but every feature evinced the strength and sternness of his nature. He came forward, stood directly in front of the wondering girl, and raising his right arm, pointed at her, saying in a voice so strangely distinct that the sound seemed to linger after the speaker had ceased:

"I charge you, Margaret Calvert, with a knowledge of Cecil Clare's murder."

Had a bomb shell exploded amongst the gentlemen who composed the rigid, investigating committee, they could not have been more startled.

Margaret's manner while recounting her tale had somehow compelled them to believe in its truthfulness, and already they had begun to reject as absurd, the idea which one of their number entertained, that this young girl could in any way be connected with the murder; but the decided manner of him who made the charge, with the sudden faintness which overcame the girl on hearing it, was rapidly changing the prevalent opinion and leading them to think that the conjecture of their sage companion was correct.

She had lost all consciousness, and, but for the supporting arm of a gentleman near, she would have fallen. They were obliged to bear her to an adjoining room, and summon to her aid some of the female employees.

When she recovered it was only to find herself an object of professed suspicion; to hear herself already convicted of complicity in the crime by some unguarded tongue,—as one coarse looking official expressed it: "Their sweet looks of hers ain't to be trusted."

The case, interesting before from the mystery that surrounded it, became intensely so now from its seemingly close connection with this beautiful girl, and preparations were made for a rigid investigation.

The young lawyer who had preferred the charge against Miss Calvert was determined to pursue it, till, as he had heard to say, out of her own mouth should the murderer be convicted.

She was too important a person now to be suffered out of sight for a moment, and despite her passionate sobbing, her piteous entreaties, and the bribes she was tempted to offer in the hope of her watch, and the costly rings she drew from her fingers, she was sent to the house of detention as a witness.

She was permitted to send home however, and in a short time the trim, tidy little maid whom she addressed as Annie, returned with the messenger.

"Oh, Miss Margaret!" she cried with blanched lips, "what have you done?"

"Nothing!" she sobbed the half frantic girl. "They are detaining me as a witness for something; but oh, Annie, help me about my aunt—do something that she may not know I am out of the house—tell her that I am confined to my room, ill; anything that she may not know. Oh, I am so desolate, so frightened!"

Misery renders any companionship sweet. Dainty Margaret Calvert, who, while kind in her manner to the servants, yet always maintained a certain dignity before them, threw her arms about the maid's neck, and clung to her as if she were her sister.

The little domestic had a warm heart and quick sympathies. She was touched by this mark of affection and confidence from one so much above her in social station, and she hastened to assure the young lady that everything at home should be managed entirely to her satisfaction.

What a startling, exciting case it became! The astute young lawyer who had undertaken to find the murderer through Margaret Calvert, proceeded with his work in such a peculiarly systematic way of his own, proving so much and so clearly from little, odd, incidents collected by his unflagging energy, that many a time beneath the mask of calmness which by great effort the girl had assumed, she felt her courage utterly fail.

"I cannot save him," she thought, and, on leaving the witness stand she invariably burst into hysterical tears. The case reached its critical point; the sharp young lawyer had carefully wrought it up; and on a certain bright morning in the lanes of bright eyes, with the eager gleam of his attitude about him, he drew himself up in his firm impressive way, turned a triumphant look on the fair witness then under examination, and said in his startling distinct tones:

"There is a member of the family in which you reside—a young man—a son—he knew the murdered man, Cecil Clare. Where is this young man now?"

The girl knew that her face was like monumental marble; but that in a second it would be as red as a young belle's crimson fan flaunting near, and while the vivid tide swept suddenly over her cheeks, and brow, and neck, she looked steadily at him, and answered firmly:

"Travelling."

The sharp lawyer with his penetrating look, questioned again.

"When you, having seen an account of the murder in an evening edition of that day's paper, visited the morgue where at that time was this young man?"

Her face was pale again, and she drew herself up, and answered as firmly as before:

"Travelling."

She felt herself growing strangely bold—a feeling for which she could not

account unless it was produced out of the very thought of the imminent danger which threatened her cousin. She flushed no more from the sharp questions; she did not vary in the least from the statement she had first made; and the skillful lawyer found in Margaret Calvert a sharper witness than from her previous examination he had thought she would eventually prove to be.

The case was adjourned till subpoenas should be served on the domestics in the household of Margaret Calvert's aunt.

From the daily papers the help all knew the particulars of the strange case, and the connection of their young mistress with it.

At first it created consternation and horror. The coachman, on the morning after the detention of Miss Calvert as a witness, had read aloud in the kitchen, as he was accustomed to do on most days, accounts of the strange and wicked doings in the city, and the cook, suspending her work for a moment, requested him to see if there was anything more about the man who had been found murdered and taken to the morgue.

How had he skipped it? There it was on the first page, with the startling heading with which the sensational press prefaces its accounts of exciting events.

"SOME LIGHT THROWN ON THE STRANGE MURDER!" "ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF AN IMPORTANT WITNESS!" "VOLUNTARY ASSUMING OF THE CASE BY MR. CHARLES PLOWDEN, A STRANGE YOUNG LAWYER!"

Then followed an account of all that had happened on the inquest; the singular charge which Mr. Plowden had preferred against the lady-witness, with her name and her complete description.

The cook let the plate, which she held, fall, so great was the amazement and horror, while John the coachman stared blankly about him, and the other servants held up their hands and uttered sundry exclamations.

All had learned from little Annie on the previous evening that Miss Calvert was detained as a witness for something, and though they marvelled much at that, and sought to assist each other to a discovery by their various conjectures, no one dreamed that her detention had anything to do with this affair.

When the cook recovered her voice, she laid her hand on the coachman's arm, and said with her good natured face all aglow from indignation:

"Do you, John, think that young creature had anything to do with the like of that?"

"No!" said John emphatically, an opinion in which the help without exception heartily concurred; and each one of the kindly-feeling domestics assisted the little maid's efforts to keep from Madam Bernot all news of what was transpiring in the outside world—

an easy task, for no newspaper ever found its way into that sick room, nor the spiritual life, and the few—very few—who were ever admitted into that apartment, by tacit understanding, refrained from mentioning anything which bore the slightest relation to crime.

Indeed, her mind seemed to have voluntarily severed all connection with the outside world. Her son, his prospects, that which she desired him to become, were merged in the thought that all was in God's hands, and while she prayed for him with all the fervor of ardent affection, she never suffered herself to think of the worldly circumstances, or perils, or joys, with which he might be surrounded. She kept no account of dates—the very days of the week with her were merged into morning, noon and night. When Sunday came, her niece, or the attendant, acquainted her. She did not or would not remark the passage of time; and when, as on rare occasions it happened she was asked how long she was thus afflicted, she always referred the questioner to her niece, or the attendant, as she could not tell the exact time. So that which required most stratagem in the part of the servants was to tell her that she had never been in a court-room before, and that even now she was in some trepidation lest her appearance there should be derogatory to her character. Her ruddy complexion grew ruddier, and her embarrassment prevented her looking directly at anybody for some minutes.

Sharp Mr. Plowden, only made more determined and eager by his failure to extort from the previous witness sufficient to cause the issue of a warrant for arrest, on suspicion, of Hubert Bernot, changed the manner in which he had conducted all his other examinations, and came directly to that which he wished to elicit when he questioned Hannah Moore.

She had gained a little more courage, and had given her evidence, the same in effect as that of those who had preceded her, becoming bolder as she continued, and raising her voice with its rich-toned brogue, until it was distinctly heard throughout the crowded place.

While she was speaking there came a strange expression into the lawyer's face. It seemed to change its whole contour, to banish the hard, cold, firm look which struck even casual beholders, and to put into his eyes a wistful tenderness, a passionate longing. But his coming was so sudden, and its stay so brief, that no one observed it, and when Hannah Moore had ceased, and people looked expectantly at him, waiting his questions, he was the same cold, exact, professional gentleman he had previously been.

"When did you last see Mr. Hubert Bernot?" he asked, and for the first time the ruddy-faced Irish woman's

eyes rested fully upon his countenance. She appeared disconcerted for a moment, as if that full gaze into his face had paralyzed her. But the judge, and other important officers and even only curious beholders, attributed her hesitation and apparent embarrassment to another cause—that of not being able to give the same answer that her fellow-servants had done.

Sharp Mr. Plowden saw at once his chance for an advantage. He appeared to give that interpretation to her strange manner which he knew others were giving, and he repeated his question in a tone the triumph of which caused Margaret to lift her veil and look at him wasn't above speaking freely, that she wasn't good at remembering dates, but the gentleman could count back if he liked; it was as Annie Corbin had said, so many weeks and days ago. Mr. Bernot had come down in the kitchen that morning looking for the coachman, just in the same off-hand, pleasant way that he always had when he happened to be at home, and that he wasn't above speaking kind to the servants, and saving them trouble. And here Miss Moore's voice became slightly indignant.

Mr. Plowden bent another of his penetrating looks upon her, and said: "You affirm upon oath then, that the morning of—" mentioning the date—"was the last time upon which you saw Mr. Hubert Bernot?"

"I do."

"And you affirm also upon oath, that at no time afterward either with your sight or hearing, there occurred anything to make you think Miss Calvert's actions strange, or to make you suspect that Mr. Hubert Bernot had possibly not left home at all?"

There was a sudden buzz in the court, as if sundry examinations had burst forth together; but it was instantly checked.

Margaret impulsively threw up her veil, and while the convulsive feeling in her heart was betraying itself in her face, looked anxiously at the witness.

Hannah caught the look, a peculiarly earnest one, and she seemed to derive from it that of which no suspicion had previously entered her mind. She pretended to be seized with a fit of coughing that she might gain time to frame her answer; and all the while Mr. Charles Plowden's sharp eyes were fasted upon her face, and Mr. Charles Plowden's own countenance wore a look of triumph.

The witness replied at last, boldly and firmly as before, but in a very indignant tone:

"Nothing happened to make me think anything strange; and you'll make nothing of trying to pull out of me what I would not tell if it were there to tell, which it ain't; for I could speak of strange things about other people that might stop their questions."

She paused to take breath, and was about to proceed in her queer strain, but Mr. Plowden stopped her as not being pertinent to the question.

The judge leaned forward and said: "On your oath, do you know anything about anyone here present, which would help to clear the mystery of this murder?"

"I do not."

It was remarked that, after that Mr. Plowden hurried the examination to a close, asking but few more questions, and apparently careless of the replies.

Margaret Calvert breathed freer; the rapidly changing color in her cheeks had given place to a steady glow, and her eyes had a hopeful look. She felt almost bold enough to draw aside her veil, but prudence forbade, lest her emotion should again betray itself in her face.

The last witness called was Hannah Moore, the cook. She was a large formed woman whose round, ruddy face, indicated the good nature, and good-humor so characteristic of her country people. Her manner showed that she had never been in a court-room before, and that even now she was in some trepidation lest her appearance there should be derogatory to her character. Her ruddy complexion grew ruddier, and her embarrassment prevented her looking directly at anybody for some minutes.

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erect form seemed to assume a commanding height, and a cutting sarcasm in its distinct tones.

He described Madam Bernot as a picture of her sort; Margaret started, wondering which the invalid had been, and ended by saying that if her evidence must be taken in a guarantee to keep from her all knowledge of the case was adjourned till not's evidence could be obtained.

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