

The Snake Scotched AND Justice Done.

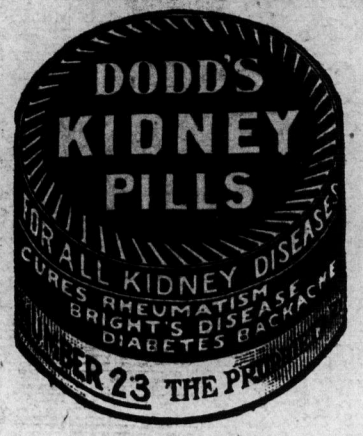
CHAPTER XXIX. She shook her head. "No, sir." Talbot, who had listened with an unmoved face, stirred in his seat to attract her attention and shot a warning glance at her. "Why did you leave your situation—the one you went up from here to fill?" "I—I was not happy; I did not like it," she answered in a low voice. "Try to speak a little louder," said Mr. Selby, encouragingly. "You have nothing to fear—while you speak the truth, the whole truth, you know. Where was that situation?" "In—In St. John's Wood," came the reply, still less audible. Mr. Selby's eyes glinted and he scanned her keenly. "St. John's Wood," he said, very softly and soothingly. "What was the address and the name of your mistress?" Fanny's lips twitched and she raised her eyes appealingly to the bench. "Am I obliged—must I answer?" she asked, pitiously. "I've told all I know, and sorry I am to have to tell it. I—I wouldn't do to Mr. Ralph an injury, he knows I wouldn't! He was always kind to me—oh, I wish I never gone! Must I answer?" "You must answer," said Lord Sainsbury, gravely. "Yes; why should you be afraid?" said Mr. Selby, gently. She gave them the name of the house, then faltered and paused. "The name of the mistress?" asked Mr. Selby, gravely. "There—there was none," she said at last. "I—I—it was my own house—it was not a situation." There was a stir in the court, and the people looked from one to the other in surprise and dawning suspicion. Talbot glanced towards the magistrate's entrance as if the idea of escape had flashed across his mind, but he checked it and sat motionless, his sallow face set in an impassive calm. "So you did not go to a situation. Did you tell your people that you were going to a house of your own?" "No!" came from trembling lips. Mr. Selby paused. He knew that he was going to reveal a story of sin and shame, but he could not help himself; his client's life was at stake, and the truth must be extracted from her. "You were not rich enough to own a house; who took it for you?" She covered her face with her hands and dropped in the box as if weighed down with shame. "Oh, I need not answer, I need not tell!" she moaned. "You must answer," he said, rather sternly. "You lived in this house at St. John's Wood as the mistress; who was the master?" There was a profound silence, broken only by the breathing of the excited crowd. "Come," said Mr. Selby, "tell us quickly. The sooner you answer the sooner you will be allowed to go."

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Wait! If their worship will permit you shall write the name of the gentleman who took the house for you." The magistrates conferred a moment, then Lord Sainsbury said: "We think that will be sufficient." The clerk took a piece of paper from the box and put a pen in the shaking hand, and Fanny after a glance towards the end of the bench where Mr. Talbot Denby sat, wrote a name. The clerk took the paper from her and handed it to Mr. Selby. He did not start as he read the name; did not look up for a moment, but his eyes glinted as they had done when Fanny mentioned "St. John's Wood," and his lips tightened. He stood for quite a minute, his eyes fixed on the paper, then he handed it up to the bench. The magistrates drew together over the paper, they exchanged glances, and their eyes were directed, as if by one impulse, to Mr. Talbot Denby. Not a word was spoken for a moment or two, then Mr. Selby said in a grave voice: "You swear that this is the name of the gentleman?" Fanny inclined her head. "Why did you leave St. John's Wood?" asked Mr. Selby. Her face worked and her voice was broken by sobs. "We—we quarrelled. He—he told me he was tired of me, and—and I went. He offered me money, but I wouldn't take it. I had some, and I—took a room in the coffee house, where they found me! Mr. Talbot knows it's the truth!" Unwittingly she had let out his name. There was a movement in the crowd. It swayed to and fro, and, as every eye sprang at him as it were, Talbot rose to his feet. His face was white to the lips, but he curved them, with an insolent sneer. "I take it that the girl wrote my name on the paper," he said, slowly and contemptuously. "I will not stoop to deny the accusation. It is not the first time a loose woman has endeavored to shelter herself behind an innocent person." Fanny's face burned with passionate indignation. "Does he—does he deny it?" she asked, as much in amazement as indignation. "He knows it's true. He persuaded me to go with him, he promised me—and I believed him—believed him! Oh, it's the truth!" She turned to Mr. Selby, and the bench with clasped hands. "Look at him, look at his face! It was Mr. Talbot Denby who took me away!" The crowd surged towards the spot where he stood, and muttered threateningly, for Fanny Mason had been the belle of the locality and many of the young men present had paid court to her. As they looked from her to him they remembered her as a pretty, light-hearted girl; and now— Ralph stood sternly, regarding the scoundrel—his cousin!—then swiftly his eyes went towards Veronica. She read their meaning instantly, and rising quietly went to the witness-box and took the wretched Fanny by the arm and led her out of court. The earl had sunk back and covered his face with his hand. The magistrates gazed straight before them with disgust and indignation plainly expressed on their faces. Talbot Denby looked round for a moment or two, then with a scornful, defiant shrug of the shoulders he walked to the private entrance and disappeared. Some of the people made for the door at the same moment but the policeman kept them back. There was some noise and confusion, and when the clerk had sternly called for silence the case was resumed.

Burchett was put into the box to prove the finding of the knife; the other evidence for the prosecution was taken, but Mr. Selby seemed to pay little or no attention. He sat with his head resting in his hand, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall as if he were lost in thought, and it was with a start he replied to the question of the bench. "Do you call any witnesses, Mr. Selby?" "Yes, Miss Veronica Gresham." The earl started and flushed painfully, the audience drew together and, for the moment forgetting Fanny's disclosure and Mr. Talbot Denby, turned their eyes upon the witness-box with breathless eagerness. There was some delay, then Veronica, having passed Fanny over to her mother with fervent beseechings for her forgiveness for the erring girl, entered the court and stepped into the box. She was pale, but never had she looked more lovely than she did that day when she stood forth in the public eye to bear witness for the man she loved. Her eyes, calm and sweetly serene, swept the court, then rested upon Ralph with a brave, tender smile that brought the tears to the eyes of more than one of the women looking up at her. Ralph met the look with answering tenderness and love but with something of reproach. He had prayed that this ordeal might be spared her, but now that she had met it his heart was overrunning with pride and gratitude. Amidst an intense stillness, Mr. Selby said gently, but in a curiously absent-minded way: "Miss Gresham, you are aware that the prisoner left the court suddenly and, as the prosecution state, without sufficient, ordinary reasons. I will not ask you any questions, but let you make your statement unaided. You with the other witnesses, are sworn to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." "Yes," she said in a low, but perfectly distinct voice. Then, in accents that faltered with love and modesty, she told the story of Ralph's avowal in the arbour, her acceptance of his love, and the earl's intervention. "And Lord Denby—the court stirred suddenly at the 'Lord Denby'—promised to leave the Court in answer to the earl's appeal to him?" "He did," she replied. "He acted nobly, as he always has done and always will do." There was a sound of applause, and a woman's voice was heard to murmur: "Ah, she loves him true, does Miss Veronica! 'Tis clear!" then she looked in the direction of the voice, and a smile, proudly sweet, shone in her beautiful eyes. "I have another question to ask, Miss Gresham: Were you out on the night of the murder—the night Lord Denby left the Court?" "I was," she answered, but with a somewhat startled air. "For what purpose?" he asked, setting his lips as if, though she was Miss Gresham, of Lynne Court, he could not spare her. The blush stained her face again. "To see Ralph—Lord Denby," she said, her head still erect, her eyes downcast. "To see him—why?" "To tell him that I could not remain at the Court if he went; to—trier voice broke for a moment—"to ask him to marry me and take me with him." Again there was a sound of applause, and the same woman's voice said: "Teacher Cured of Barber's Itch." Barber's Itch is a form of Ringworm, which, when once started, is most annoying and unsightly, and most difficult to cure. But you can cure Barber's Itch and keep the skin wonderfully soft and healthy by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment. Just read what this teacher has to say about the healing power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Mr. Chas. C. Poirier, Upper Carleton Place, N.B., writes:—"Two years ago while teaching at Shippegan I caught Barber's Itch. A friend told me Dr. Chase's Ointment would cure me, as it had him. "Not only was I cured by that single box, but it also cured two of my pupils, and this too quickly to be believed. One of them, a girl, had a running sore on the chin, which the doctor had tried in vain to cure. The other had a sore on the ear; water running out of it all the time. I can certify to the cure of those cases." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60¢ a box, at all dealers, or Edman & Sons, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



plause, and the same woman's voice said: "Ah, there's a brave woman for you! She stood by her man!" "Silence!" cried the clerk; but Veronica's eyes went to the woman again. "You did not see him?" asked Mr. Selby. "No," she suppressed a sigh—"he had gone." "And you left Lynne Court the next morning?" "I did," said Veronica in a low voice. "Why?" "Because I could not go on living a life of ease and luxury while he was fighting the world—I went to find him." "And you found him—" "As he was saving a little child from burning, at the risk of his life." A hoarse cheer arose, but was instantly suppressed. "One question more, and the last," said Mr. Selby, with sudden sternness: "Did you see any one else that night?" "Yes," she answered, with a questioning look. Why was he asking the question? "Where?" The word came almost sharply. "Between the west wood and the house." "Who was it?" asked Mr. Selby, leaning forward, his eyes flashing from her to the bench. Veronica's eyes went towards the chair where Talbot had been sitting. "Mr. Talbot Denby!" Mr. Selby bowed to her as a sign that she might leave the box, then he turned swiftly to the bench. "I call Mr. Talbot Denby!" The usher repeated the name aloud; it was caught up by the crowd, the policeman at the door shouted it, and it was heard by Talbot himself, who stood in the doorway of the magistrates' entrance. He started and his face went pale and he half turned as if about to obey the summons; then, as if impelled by a sudden fear, he turned away again and quickly passed round the corner of the building. The Lynne Court carriage was standing there, and he got in with an affection of weariness. "To the Court, please," he said to the footman. No response came to the repeated shoutings of the name, and presently the inspector addressed the bench. "Mr. Talbot Denby is not to be found, your worshipship." "I ask for a remand," said Mr. Selby. Lord Sainsbury inclined his head. As it was given Veronica moved towards the dock, and the crowd sympathetically made way for her. Ralph held down his hands to her and she caught at them. "You should not be here, ah, you should not be here!" he murmured, as they took him away. (To be continued.)

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Here and There.

S. A. CITADEL.—Last night the S. A. Citadel was filled with people who attended the service held there. The speaker was Mrs. Ensign Hargrove. Stafford's Liniment for sale by T. McCarthy, Water Street West.—sept14,tf. NAME OMITTED.—The name of Mr. Martin McCarthy, Riverhead, \$2.00, was inadvertently omitted from the list of the Belvedere Orphans' Collection. Stafford's Liniment for sale by Mr. Nugent, New Gower St. sept14,tf. DESERTER CAUGHT.—Saturday night the police arrested a seaman who ran away from the barque, Minnie. The deserter was put on board to-day. OPERATED ON.—Elsie Andrews of pellet was operated on at the Hospital for appendicitis on Saturday. She is doing well considering the dangerous nature of the operation. Buy Stafford's Liniment for Mrs. Hamilton, Carter's Hill. sept14,tf. PATIENT DISCHARGED.—A lad named Barrett, of Old Perfection, who was operated on at the General Hospital was discharged from the Institution on Saturday. THE VERY NEWEST thing in Eyeglasses can be had at TRAPNELL'S, Eyesight Specialist.—sept9,tf. CABLE SHIP GONE.—The cable ship Minnie left Port at 8.30 Saturday night for the Flemish Cap where she will remain a fortnight, the cable repairing, thence going to Halifax. Automatic Eyeglass Holders are a great convenience—60c, and upwards at TRAPNELL'S, Eyesight Specialist.—sept9,tf. SQUID PLENTIFUL.—Squid were very plentiful at Holyrood Saturday and a banker baited there. Others are expected there to-day as this necessary are about in abundance. ORGANS.—The famous Needham Organ—sold in tens of thousands of homes. Eight styles to select from. Call and see them. CHELSEA WOODS, Sole Agent for Nfld.—June27. HOLDING SOCIABLE.—Wednesday evening the young people of George Street Church will hold a social in aid of the Sunday School Library and it promises to be an unqualified success. Eyeglasses and Spectacles of all combinations, Artificial Eyes, all sizes and colors, Motor Goggles, Eyeshades, etc. All can be had at TRAPNELL'S, Eyesight Specialist.—sept9,tf. PARTRIDGE VERY PLENTIFUL.—Sportsmen who were out around the Broad Cove Branch Saturday report birds very plentiful there and secured good bags. Some of the successful ones returning by Saturday's express. A POOR FISHERY.—People who arrived yesterday's train from that section say that the fishery this year about Burnt Point, Bay de Verde, has been very poor. This was especially so for haddock and line cod, though trap men will "clear the bread box." FURS SHIPPED.—A hundred and fifty cases of fox and marten skins and fifty boxes of walrus hides, which were brought from Hudson Bay stations on the Labrador by the S. S. Adventure, were shipped on the S. S. Stephano to New York on Saturday. A GOOD TRIP.—The first arrival at Bay Roberts from Labrador occurred last week when Skipper Reuben Roberts came from Labrador with 3000 qtls. He is generally high liner and is a most fortunate man. He has been "trolling the funny deep" for over 40 years. EPWORTH LEAGUES MEET.—Tonight in the basement of Cochrane St. Church a united missionary meeting will be held by the Epworth Leagues. The meeting will commence at 7.45 and addresses will be given by Rev. J. W. Bartlett and Miss Ida Horwood. Special singing will be in evidence during the evening and a collection will be taken up for the Forward Movement Fund. OBJECT TO SIZE LIMIT.—At the session of the Shell Fish Commission held last Wednesday at Charlottetown, P. E. I., evidence was taken relating to the lobster and oyster industry. The lobster men were unanimously opposed to fixing the size limit. Opinions differ regarding any alterations in the traps, and it is contended that the season should be shortened if more protection is needed. DANCE FOR DISASTER FUND.—On Wednesday night a dance will be held in the British Hall, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Marine Disaster Fund. Considering the object of the affair should be largely patronized. The C. C. C. band will supply the music and this in itself ought to prove an attraction. During the course of the dance tea will be served. This part of the programme is being looked after by a number of philanthropic ladies. BETTER FOR CURING.—Capt. Barbour of the Fogota reports that since Friday the weather north has been fine and every lake, beach and lawn was filled with cod being dried under the rays of the sun. To cure the catch was the main point watched last week and little attention was given to fishing. As over the country a deal of fish had been spoiling but a continuation of present weather conditions will save the situation. Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia. MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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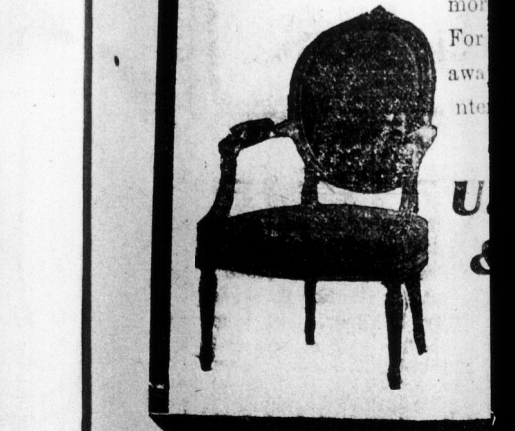
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