

THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER XLVIII.
RESPIRE.

Anderson heard the sounds also, and instantly the whole expression of the man changed from savage ferocity to cowering apprehension; the tear of Hexham overcame the craving to rid himself of a supposed tormentor. The hand with the knife dropped to his side; his head shrank between his shoulders, and he looked wildly round for a means of escape. Nessa, seeing her advantage, flew swift as thought to the door behind her, turned the key, opened it, and dropped fainting into Sweyn's arms as he stepped quickly to meet her.

"My poor child, what is the matter?" he asked.

"She made no answer; her head rolled back from his shoulder with the waxen hue on it which he had seen when he despaired of her life.

"There's been thieves in the place, sir; that's what's frightened the misses," exclaimed the sapient Johnson.

"Water, quick!" said Sweyn.

He carried her to the couch, in the consulting-room, and laid her there at full length.

Johnson returned with water, the maids following at his heels, and the cook peering in from the passage door.

Sweyn dashed a little water in Nessa's face and took other means to restore her, while Johnson, in a low tone, narrated all that he knew with regard to the visits of the "two pussans," to which the women servants listened for perhaps the tenth time, agape with curiosity.

As soon as Nessa showed signs of returning consciousness, Sweyn, with a sign, sent the servants away and raising Nessa into a sitting posture seated himself beside her, supporting her with his arm. She looked about her wildly, and finding him at her side clasped his hand and murmured eagerly:

"It is you, love!"

"Yes I; your husband, darling. Don't be frightened. There's no one to harm you. I am here. Don't trouble to think about it. I know all. A couple of pilfering thieves came into the place and sneaked out when they saw you protecting our goods and chattels. Well, that shows that they are not very terrible at any rate. There, now you feel stronger."

She pressed his hand for response. Her palm was wet her fingers icy cold, and she trembled violently. "You're cold, aren't you? We'll have a cosy hour in the big chair before dinner; is there a fire in the study?"

He rose as he asked the question as if he intended to go in and see. She clung to his hand, restraining him with almost frantic anxiety. He regarded her in silent perplexity.

"We won't go in there if you would wish not," he said. "You are shaken and unnerved by this imaginary danger. It will be better still if you lie down in your room for a little while. Let me take you up."

She assented to this silently and by gesture, for terror seemed to have deprived her of the power to speak. With overwhelming dread, she passed the entrance of the study on her way to the staircase. Only Sweyn's powerful arm sustained her trembling form. Her room was the first from the head of the stairs; and having placed her in her favorite lounge, turned back the bed-clothes and arranged the pillows; while she looked on bewildered and speechless. He lifted her up and laid her on the bed; then he covered her, talking with cheerful kindness the while. He sat down by the bedside continuing to chat until he noticed that her eyes closed. She was striving to control her tumultuous ideas, and decide what she ought to do.

Presently she noticed that he had ceased to speak, and opening her eyes she saw him going noiselessly toward the door. The idea that he was about to go down into the study where her husband waited with that horrible knife, brought a cry of terror to her lips; and when he turned quickly to find the cause, he found that she had thrown back the clothes and sprung from the bed.

"My dear, dear love, what is it?" he muttered, soothingly, as he ran back to her side and took her again to his breast.

"You—you must not go down there," she faltered.

"I will stay up beside you if you wish it," he seated her and himself upon the side of the bed, with a dawning conviction that something more than the cause attributed by Johnson underlay this unaccountable agitation.

"Darling," he said with gentle firmness, "you must tell me what has happened—what it is that—"

He stopped, for it was clear that Nessa was not listening to him—not even thinking of him. Her eyes were fixed on something near the window, whilst her bosom rose and fell quickly to the painful gasping for breath. What was it she saw there to alarm her, he asked himself, looking quickly in the direction of her strenuous regard?

Certainly the window curtain did bulge out, taking the form of a man's shoulder; he rose sharply, resolved by a movement to dispel her fears if this were the cause.

With a scream of terror she sprang up, and throwing herself before him clutched his hand, while she turned her bosom toward the man with the knife whom she knew well had taken refuge behind the curtain.

The peril was real enough, as Sweyn saw the next instant when the curtain was swept back and Anderson sprang out with the dissecting knife in his restless hand.

With the swift, decisive judgment of a man trained to meet sudden emergencies, Sweyn measured the danger and his own resources. Passing his left arm quickly round Nessa as she stood between him and the knife, he swung her to his side, and taking one stride forward, with his right hand seized Anderson's arm as he raised it to strike; then with his disengaged left, he grasped the man by the throat, thrust him back, and pinned him choking against the wall. It was done in an instant.

For a few seconds, Anderson, writhed and struggled furiously to free himself from the iron grip, and then, exhausted by the effort, purple in the face under the garrote he let the knife slip from his nerveless fingers. Nessa dashed forward, and flung it to the further end of the room; but the danger was past. As Sweyn relaxed his left hand, Anderson dropped to the ground like a lump of clay. Kneeling beside him, Sweyn glanced anxiously at Nessa.

"What shall I do?" she gasped.

"Fetch me the long bath towel. There's a

brave woman," he added, as she brought it quickly to him. "I might have known that you wouldn't give in while your help was needed. You see there's no danger now; the poor wretch is as feeble as a child. Double the towel; now lay it crosswise under his shoulders—a little lower—so. We must fasten his arms down for the present, in case of another outbreak. Are you there, Johnson?" he asked, catching the sound of a subdued cough in the passage.

"Yessir; I thought I heard a noise, sir."

"Quite right. You did. Come here and help me."

"Lord, sir, you've got one of the thieves there," said Johnson, in astonishment.

"You mustn't say that of a patient. Now then, lift him up on his feet. Have you been in the profession, Johnson, ever since you wore buttons, and not yet learnt the symptoms of this poor fellow's disease? There, now help him into the spare room, and stay with him till I come."

He talked in this strain with a specific object—making light of the affair to give Nessa confidence until his hands were free to minister to her wants. All the time he was occupied with Anderson he kept a keen eye on her, aware that her strength would give out as the excitement abated. He saw her totter to the dressing-table, and rest her hands upon it for support; she was swaying to and fro with closed eyes as he turned from Anderson.

"Now it's your turn, my brave little wife," he said, and taking her in his arms he carried her to the bed, and laid her down. She opened her eyes, and smiled at him faintly, but with ineffable love from her pillow, and then covered her face with her hands. From head to foot she trembled violently. Sweyn piled on the blankets, and put hot water to her feet; but for an hour nothing availed to subdue the convulsive quivering of her frame. She never spoke—never took her hands from her face.

It was no time to ask questions: Sweyn was concerned only for her recovery from the shock. He only left her side to go into the adjoining room, where Johnson was watching the exhausted madman.

"I've been to see my other patient," he said to her on his return with a view to soothing her and any remaining cause of agitation. "He is quite calm, poor fellow, and grateful for kind treatment. I suspect he has been in the hand of some one who doesn't understand the proper management of such sufferers. He is as reasonable as a man in his condition can be; but I can learn nothing from him with regard to his friends, residence, and general circumstances. He cannot even tell his name. An utter loss of memory is one of the chief characteristics of his disease. He seems absolutely at a loss to account for his unconscious who brought him. It's clear that he has friends. His dress, and the fact that he is not in an asylum, prove that. If I knew who they were, I could send for them at once. But as that seems beyond hoping for, I suppose I must communicate with the police."

Nessa pushed back the clothes in which her face had been buried, and looking up into Sweyn's face, with earnest entreaty, said:

"Must you do that?"

"Well, I suppose I ought to do it for the sake of my friends."

"But for my sake, don't," she pleaded.

He concealed the astonishment this demand created, and replied smiling:

"It was chiefly for your sake; I wished to remove him from the house. But if—"

"Wait till the morning—only till the morning, my darling," she prayed, catching his hand.

"With all my heart, if you wish it love." She kissed his hand, and her tears trickled down upon it—tears of joy and gratitude for this last brief respite.

CHAPTER XLIX.
STAVING OFF THE INEVITABLE.

Nessa only rose to make her toilette for the night with the aid of her maid. When Sweyn came up late in the evening and, bending over her anxiously, took her wrist in his hand she said:

"Don't be anxious about me, love; I am quite calm; the trembling has all gone." "Yes, thank God, you will do now. Your wonderful constitution is proof against every attack; but you need a quiet night, so we won't talk about anything."

"No, we will leave it all to tell to-morrow morning. It is early yet, isn't it?"

"Nine o'clock."

She smiled, making a mental calculation of the hours that yet remained before she must tell all, and lose this dear, dear friend forever.

"I have some stiff reading to do. Shall I bring my book up here?"

"Do, love. Bring the little table and your reading quite close to me. I will not say a word."

He disposed the lamp upon the table by her bedside as she wished, and drew his chair up so that he could see her face when she turned. Then he lowered the shade low and settled himself down to read. She drew by insensible degrees as near to him as it was possible and feasted her eyes upon that down-bent, thoughtful face which to her was the type of all that was beautiful and good in the world. He sat there reading for hours; she never made an audible movement; whenever he turned he found her eyes wide open, meeting his, and a smile broke over her face—the sweetest, saddest smile. Once he felt a touch upon his arm, and felt it again, and looking down discovered that her hand had crept out and touched the sleeve of his coat.

When midnight was past he said, half closing the book and shaking his head gravely:

"Not yet asleep, wife?"

"Not yet," she answered. "But I will try to sleep. Kiss me, my darling, before I close my eyes."

He knelt by the bedside, laid his face upon her pillow, and drew her toward him.

She closed her eyes resolutely, but he knew by her breathing, by her face still turned toward him, that she had not fallen asleep. Toward daybreak, indeed, he perceived that she was less composed than she moved involuntarily at times, and there were other signs of some mental agitation

which perplexed and troubled him. What project was she working out in her mind? He put out the light, and himself fell asleep. When he awoke, it was broad daylight, and Nessa was now unmistakably asleep, her hands folded below her chin, as in prayer. In the half light her hair looked black against the pillow; her face quite white against her hair.

Sweyn was seated at the breakfast-table in her dressing-gown, and Nessa came down in a knot. He detected something unusual in her manner; he felt a certain nervous rapidity of movement, a wavering look in the eyes, or dimly so steadfast and so calm in the regard.

"I hoped you would sleep for another hour," he said as they met.

"I am ashamed to be so late. And now I have hurried down like this because I felt so anxious to tell you what—what I did not tell you last night."

"Oh, about that poor fellow upstairs. I went in to see him just now. He hasn't woken yet, happily. Well, we can talk about him over a cup of tea."

"No dear, I want to tell you at once—before anything."

"Very good; we'll have it out at once. I talked about communicating with the police, and you asked me to wait till this morning; that's where we left off."

"Yes, we left off there because I could not tell you then what I must tell you now. He—the man—with her hands upon his shoulders she pressed her face close to him that he might not read the lie in it—he is my brother."

"Your brother?" he exclaimed, holding her from him at arm's length.

She made no reply, but dropped her head to escape his eyes in an agony of shame, believing that he had already detected her in this deliberate falsehood.

"Your brother?" he repeated, and then in a joyful accent, "why, this explains everything, my poor, tortured love! Your reticence with regard to the past, your shrinking dread, your mysterious embarrassment—everything. I understand now why you fainted in my arms; why you would not have me go into the study, or leave you in your room. After the attack I suspected that he had taken advantage of the servants and hid in the front room he came to above, but it was inexplicable why you had not told me of his being down there. Nor could I at all understand why you would not allow me to send him away from the house. All is clear enough now. You thought you ought to have told me that there was insanity in your family before I made you my wife. You found it still more impossible to stand before your conscience. Don't cry, my dear, and when he to his breast and kissed me. This very weakness that betrayed you into silence is but another proof of your love for me. It is indeed a terrible thing to be tainted with this terrible disease; but your brother's case is not so bad as you believe. If I know anything of madness, his disorder is the result of accident, and not inherited. Your blood is as pure as mine. Your father and mother are perfectly sane, aren't they?"

"They died while I was quite a little child."

"Your brother has not always been in this condition?"

"I cannot say. I have only known him a few months. Oh, do not ask me to tell you more!" she cried, impulsively, for it cut her to the heart to take advantage of his faith and generous love. "Promise me you will make me tell you no more."

"Not a word. There; sit down here and let me pour out some tea for you."

He kept his promise, and avoided speaking of her brother as much as possible, for painfully self-conscious, and she would not, could not, look him in the face. This perplexed him now that he had conceived the cause of her embarrassment removed.

One day he came to her with delight in his face.

"I have good news for you, dear," he said. "Dr. Channing has been here, and we have had a long consultation over your brother. He agrees with me entirely; that the primary cause of insanity in this case is present, and that the disease has grown to its present terrible proportions through neglect of the proper treatment. Your brother has not the appearance of an hereditary maniac; the symptoms all indicate a merely temporary arid derangement which we may confidently hope that your brother may be cured."

"I am glad that," Nessa said, gravely, without raising her head.

"I have asked Channing to bring Dr. Hewet. He, you know, is the greatest living authority upon mental disease. If he is of our opinion, that your brother may be restored to reason, all your distress will be at an end, my poor darling."

She made no reply. She could not even pretend to feel relieved.

Relief would have had still less cause for Sweyn had told her all that passed between him and Dr. Channing.

"We shall have to find out how long this has been coming on," Dr. Channing had said.

"I don't see how we're to do that," Sweyn replied. "My wife can give no account of him before a quite recent period, and in her present dangerously nervous condition I fear to press her for any explanation."

"Who has been his keeper?"

"I wish I knew. He's responsible for a deal, I think his name must be Hexham, or something like that; it is the only name my brother-in-law seems to remember, he and always speaks of him with fear."

"Hexham, Hexham," repeated Dr. Channing, reflectively, as he felt in his pocket for his notebook. "Why, that reminds me that a man with a name like that has been inquiring at Bartholomew's whether a man of unsound mind has been brought in there. I made a note of it at his request. Here it is. John Hexham, 25 G, Victoria Mansions."

"I'll hunt him up to-day," said Sweyn; and he went out in the afternoon with that purpose, but saying nothing about it to Nessa.

A few days after that, Dr. Channing brought his specialist, and they held an extraordinary consultation over Anderson. When they had come to a definite conclusion, Sweyn said his wife.

"You have to decide a very grave question, love," he said. "Our opinion is unanimous that your brother's reason may be restored. A tumor, probably the result of a blow, has formed under the cap of the skull. Dr. Hewet has determined its exact position. It presses upon the organ of memory, and is

the cause of all the terrible manifestations we have observed. If the tumor is allowed to remain, your brother must grow worse, and his sufferings be indefinitely prolonged. It is horrible to think what those sufferings may lead to before death ends them. But operation may be removed. By a simple and the disturbed organs will renew their functions. Not only reason but memory will come back to him."

"Memory?" said Nessa, in a voice that was hardly audible.

"Yes; events now perfectly obliterated from his mind may return to him."

"He may know me," Nessa said, in the same bated breath.

"Of course, an operation of this kind is not unattended with danger," Sweyn pursued, "disregarding his wife's suggestion; as Dr. Hewet, the danger is reduced to a minimum, and it is hardly greater than that of administering chloroform. Still, it is a small doubt the operation must be sanctioned by the patient's nearest relation. You are his nearest relative; and it is for you to decide whether or not the operation is to be performed."

"If I refuse, he will never know me," Nessa said to herself. "If I agree to it, he will claim me as his wife."

"You would like time to consider," said Sweyn; "time to think over the consequences."

"No; I have done that," she answered, still bending over the knitted and strained fingers in her lap.

"If the operation is successful, as I believe it must be, the difference to him will be the difference of heaven to hell."

"And for me," thought Nessa, "the difference of hell to heaven."

"Shall I say that you will give your decision to-morrow?" he asked.

"No; I will give it now. The operation shall be made."

And as Sweyn left the room with this sanction, she said to herself:

"The operation was performed with complete success. Anderson awoke as if from a horrible nightmare. The relief from pain was instantaneous; memory slowly, surely returned."

One afternoon Sweyn came to Nessa and said:

"He remembers his sister. He has asked to see you. Come."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Abolishing Grand Juries.

The people generally will commend the wise action of the Minister of Justice in seeking to ascertain the state of public feeling in reference to the abolition of the grand jury system before deciding what course he shall recommend to Parliament. The principal objection to the present grand jury system is the enormous expense it incurs without any corresponding benefit. In the earlier stages of English and colonial history the grand juries fulfilled very important functions, such as the institution of procedure and safety of jails and public buildings and the finding of bills of indictment against persons accused of crimes. But in consequence of the establishment of municipal institutions, boards of health, police magistrates and other judicial officers some what versed in law by whom accused persons were formerly secured by the grand jury are attained by other means and particularly by municipal machinery. The Government has not, however, formed any policy as to the matter, and the circular referred to has been issued with a view to bring out as far as possible from all persons best qualified to give information as well as the continuance of the system. The question is one which Senator Gowen, one of the most eminent jurists in Parliament, has frequently brought to public attention, his views being strongly in favor of abolition. Many conservative lawyers, however, think that so radical a change in the administration of justice is uncalled for and would be injurious at the present time. It may be noted that the grand jury system has never obtained in the North-west, and it is urged by the friends of abolition that the experience of the territories is altogether in favor of its abolition everywhere.

Attempt to Poison a Ship's Crew.

Letters received at Philadelphia from Japan state that two Malays, the steward and cook of the British ship Lizzie Troop, during her voyage out from Philadelphia to Japan, put a heavy dose of arsenic into the food, nearly causing the death of all on board. Both are Mahomedans, and are under arrest. The English Consular Court has been convened at Kobe, near Hiogo, at the instance of Captain Frownes, to try the accused. The steward, D. Diaz, and the cook, Charlie Tuoroan, have confessed that early in the voyage the thought occurred to Diaz that he had better murder the captain and the mate. He told Tuoroan what Allah had ordered him to do, and suggested that the poison should be used for the purpose. When the vessel passed Anjer Diaz filled the bread with arsenic. On the same day the captain, Mr. Frownes, and the mate were seized with vomiting, and were unable to help one another. Finally the captain suspected from the Malays' action that poison had been administered. Recourse was had to the stomach pumps, and the lives of the sufferers were saved. The crew testify that they heard the Malays agree to poison everybody on board and anchor the vessel near the Malay Archipelago, where she would be captured by their kinsmen.

A Contract.

The wastefulness and corruption of American city governments as compared with those of England is strikingly shown by the contrast between London, with four and a half millions of people, and New York, with one million and a half. The English metropolis expends \$25,000,000 annually, and the metropolis of America \$38,000,000. With one-third as many people it costs one-half more every year to govern New York than London. Yet the condition of the streets and of many other departments is vastly better in London than in New York. Allowing liberally for the high apparent cost of labor on this continent it is yet a municipal system that entails the expenditure of \$25.33 per head of the population annually, while another takes but \$5.55. There is room for reform in financial methods. Toronto, too, could stand a little improvement in the same direction.

An Age of Big Undertakings.

Big and little things alike crop up as a mania. This is an age of big tunnels and bigger canals. No sooner is the railway tunnel across the Detroit finished than another of the same kind is talked of. Then there are schemes at present on the tapis for the connection of England and Ireland by means of a tunnel, of England and France and of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. Turning to canals, we find that a scheme is afoot for the construction of a ship canal to bring Chicago and the North-west in direct communication with the Atlantic. The purpose is to connect the lakes with the St. Lawrence. Besides the independence of railroads, which will thus be secured for the great region at the North-west, the canal will go far towards bringing nearer together the commercial interests of Canada and the United States. Of course the permission of the respective governments must be obtained, but there can be small doubt that each will consent. The capital required can probably be had at any moment. An alliance of this sort will be conducive of far more good to each nation than can ever follow the partnerships for aggression and defence which are still part of the routine of monarchs' duties, or what they think are duties.

But important as the Great North Western canal promises to be, there are others under way which, if less in extent, are almost as useful. Among these might be mentioned the new water power canal on the Canadian side of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., with Lake Superior as a reservoir. The necessary permission was recently obtained from the Dominion Government. Local capitalists, assisted by the city corporation, have undertaken the project. The new canal is half a mile long. It traverses the section lying between St. Mary's River and the new canal now being built there by the Dominion Government. The canal will be 12 feet deep and 50 feet wide and will afford unlimited water power for manufacturing purposes. An English syndicate has offered to purchase the franchise, but no terms have been arranged. The energy which characterizes these undertakings in the new world is also bestirring the commercial centres of the old. It was recently announced that Paris is to build a ship canal to the Atlantic, by which she hopes to again be seaport and a mistress of the seas. But among the most interesting enterprises of the present time is mentioned the project now on foot to connect Rome with the Mediterranean by means of a ship canal to start from St. Peter's, outside the walls, and to be built in a direct line to the sea. It will be 12 miles long and terminate about 31 miles from the mouth of the Tiber. According to the U. S. Consul General, that part nearest the sea will constitute an outer port about 1,300 feet in breadth, and will be formed by two jetties, at the extremity of one of which will be a about 36 feet. The port proper will be about 4,600 feet long by about 2,000 feet wide, with a uniform depth of about 33 feet. The cost is estimated at \$19,300,000.

Trade with the West Indies.

It may be presumed that the interest which the New England traders are said to be taking in the mission of Finance Minister Foster, who has gone to the West Indies for the purpose of cultivating closer trade relations, is more than curious. At present the United States is far ahead of Canada in all the West Indian markets. The British possessions in the West Indies annually purchase from the United States goods to the value of \$16,000,000, or ten times as much as they take from the Dominion. The principal exports of the States to those islands are: Animals, \$307,000; bread and biscuits, \$297,000; corn and cornmeal, \$489,000; oats, \$90,000; wheat and flour, \$2,084,000; cargoes, \$79,000; chemicals and drugs, \$82,000; fish, \$96,000; hay, \$29,000; iron and steel, \$196,000; leather, including boots and shoes, \$118,000; musical instruments, \$15,000; oil cake, \$176,000; beef, \$231,000; dairy products, \$605,000; lard, \$118,000; and lumber and furniture, \$850,000. Some of these articles Canada could not supply, but agricultural products, fish and lumber, which make up the bulk of the exports, she can sell as cheaply as the States can. In view of these things, it is not likely that the merchants of New England will regard with satisfaction and pleasure the effort now being made to attract some of this trade to our shores. It will be well for them to understand, however, that Canada means business, and that if she does not succeed in securing a fair share of that trade it will be because she cannot.

A Council's Sympathy.

A woman was recently committed to prison in Charlottetown for unlawfully trafficking in liquor. The thought of a woman being so treated has raised the ire of the members of the city Council, who at their last meeting passed the following remarkable resolution: "Whereas, woman in all ages, savage and civilized, has been an object of love, affection, and respect; and, whereas, a woman in this city has been imprisoned for a breach of an enactment not supported by public opinion, and contrary to British freedom, justice and liberty; and, whereas, the breach of said enactment consisted in selling an intoxicating beverage freely used by all classes, from her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, who is Head of the Church and Defender of the Faith, to the humblest of her most loyal and most dutiful subjects; and whereas, the various Legislatures in the British dominions, exercising authority delegated to them from the people, legalize the importation and manufacture of such intoxicating beverages by imposing thereon a specific charge; therefore, Resolved that, in the opinion of this Council, imprisonment of a woman for a breach of an enactment is a destruction of individual liberty, opposed to the spirit of the age, and denounced by theologians and moralists of the highest standing as an act worthy of the days of the Star Chamber and Jeffreys."

The acceptance by Great Britain of the modus vivendi proposed by Portugal, may be regarded as the termination of a quarrel between two old allies from which neither had anything to gain. The hostilities which were several times on the eve of breaking out, would have proved disastrous to Portugal and would have brought neither honor nor glory to England, which in times gone by has contributed a vast amount of treasure and blood toward the maintenance of the integrity of the little Kingdom.