

SELECT STORY. The Judge's Daughter, OR A STRUGGLE WITH DESTINY

[CONCLUDED.]

He then noticed that it was the prisoner, Harry Winchester. In a few moments he discovered that he had been robbed, and, remembering how rudely the prisoner had jostled him, he reluctantly ordered a policeman to arrest him on suspicion.

On being cross-examined, he said he was positive it was the prisoner who had so hastily brushed past him. He saw him plainly, and knew him at once. The police officers who had conveyed Harry to the station, corroborated his testimony as to finding the pocket-book upon Harry's person. After the examination of several more witnesses, which elicited nothing of importance, the witnesses for the defence were placed upon the stand. Their testimony did not throw any light upon the case, merely going to show the previous good character of the prisoner.

Mr. Shirley complied with the request, and soon they were at Judge Raymond's door, and Harry was once more ushered into the gorgeously furnished parlor. Wait there, said Judge Raymond, in a voice of emotion, until I send you a gift for your acceptance.

Kate Raymond was sitting alone in her own room, her thoughts, we may be sure, were none of the pleasantest. How could she know that Harry was to be so honorably acquitted, and how could she be happy when so dark a cloud hung over his life? Her mother came to her, just before dinner, to induce her to go down.

Your father has returned, my dear, she said, smiling brightly, and has brought company to dinner. I do not wish to see company, mother. I do not feel like it, she replied, with a sigh. But you must, my dear, for appearances' sake, if nothing more.

My name is Harvey West. Know the prisoner, also Mr. Fisher. Have never had any business relations with the prisoner. Do not know anything against his character.

At the close of his testimony, what a change was apparent in the faces of the assembled people! Lawyer Blank looked crestfallen and disappointed, while George Fisher's face was perfectly livid with mingled rage and fear.

Lawyer Blank struggled through a short speech, admonishing the jury not to attach too much importance to the testimony of a man whose character was as black as any that ever dwelt within prison walls.

Cheer upon cheer rent the court-room, and Harry was borne from the room by the admiring and enthusiastic people. The court adjourned, and Judge Raymond hastened to Harry's side and grasped him cordially by the hand.

At first Harry's brow clouded, and he stepped haughtily back; but ere Mr. Raymond had concluded, his angry feelings melted away, and with sincere gratitude and pleasure he accepted the invitation.

Now, judge, I don't consider this quite fair, he said, laughingly. I had made every calculation to have Harry dine with me to-day, but I see you have monopolized him.

Mr. Shirley complied with the request, and soon they were at Judge Raymond's door, and Harry was once more ushered into the gorgeously furnished parlor.

He was dressed almost too expensively and gaudily not to be thought a dandy, but again in looking in his handsome face, and noticing his fine figure, one could not doubt him to be a gentleman.

Yes, George, I must stay with my brother. My duty tells me that. It has been a terrible trial for me to decide between you. Love pleading one way and duty another.

As she finished speaking, the fair face of the girl became pale with anguish, and her hand was pressed upon her heart as if to still its wild pleadings.

Happy Kate! leaving once more upon the arm of her dearest friend, her past anxiety's and sorrows melted into oblivion. Happy Harry! Clasp his heart's best love in his arms.

After dinner was over, the whole party retired to the drawing-room, and Mr. Shirley satisfactorily explained how he had discovered West, and the part he had taken in the robbery.

Jealousy, returned Judge Raymond, gravely. Suppose we had married our only daughter to him, Lucia!

The next day, when the arrest of Mr. Fisher for conspiracy and perjury began to be talked about, it was found that he had fled sometime during the night, taking all available property with him.

For five years it continued thus. He deceived me as to the extent of the sacrifice he was making. At last I graduated, and returned home. My brother welcomed me warmly, but feared I would never be happy in the little farm-house. It was a trial, George; but I determined never to let him know I was anything but happy.

Kind reader, my tale is ended. There is no more to be told, excepting that Harry, placed in a lucrative position by Judge Raymond, was finally enabled to fulfil his long-cherished plan of assisting his parents in return for the many acts of kindness and self-denial they had performed for him.

A Sister's Love.

The beautiful valley was stretched in all its loveliness as far as the eye could see. The Sabbath stillness was broken only by the murmur of the brook; even the birds had hushed their glad songs, and flown home to their nests.

Why don't she come? he growled, as he traced various words in the sand with his cane.

He was dressed almost too expensively and gaudily not to be thought a dandy, but again in looking in his handsome face, and noticing his fine figure, one could not doubt him to be a gentleman.

My duty is here. God help me to discharge it faithfully.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

Ethel, comfort my husband; care for my poor children; let them never miss their mother.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

Ethel, comfort my husband; care for my poor children; let them never miss their mother.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

and to them both I was always the pet, the darling. He was always as a father to me, and his wife as a mother. I saw you, George. God only knows how much I loved you.

George, you have heard me; do you wish me to leave my brother—to disregard that prayer?

For a moment George Hambleton stood irresolute. He honored the beautiful girl for the sacrifice she was making, but his native selfishness was not to be overcome.

Ethel, you certainly have some reason for the course you take; but you decide between your brother and the man you promised to marry.

George Hambleton regarded her intently. He loved beautiful Ethel Foy as much as he could love anything except himself; and now it seemed he loved her more than ever before.

Why don't she come? he growled, as he traced various words in the sand with his cane.

He was dressed almost too expensively and gaudily not to be thought a dandy, but again in looking in his handsome face, and noticing his fine figure, one could not doubt him to be a gentleman.

My duty is here. God help me to discharge it faithfully.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

Ethel, comfort my husband; care for my poor children; let them never miss their mother.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

Ethel, comfort my husband; care for my poor children; let them never miss their mother.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

do you think she loves this man—this stranger?

I am sure I don't know, Earnest. Ethel is very proud. She would never love any one who is not her equal in every way.

Ethel, you certainly have some reason for the course you take; but you decide between your brother and the man you promised to marry.

George Hambleton regarded her intently. He loved beautiful Ethel Foy as much as he could love anything except himself; and now it seemed he loved her more than ever before.

Why don't she come? he growled, as he traced various words in the sand with his cane.

He was dressed almost too expensively and gaudily not to be thought a dandy, but again in looking in his handsome face, and noticing his fine figure, one could not doubt him to be a gentleman.

My duty is here. God help me to discharge it faithfully.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

Ethel, comfort my husband; care for my poor children; let them never miss their mother.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

Ethel, comfort my husband; care for my poor children; let them never miss their mother.

George Hambleton hastened to the village. His thoughts were by no means enviable. Besides the pain of losing Ethel, his pride was humbled.

Twilight had settled upon the earth as George Hambleton reached the village. As he passed by a little cottage, a young girl, who was reclining on a couch by the window, called,—

Ethel, comfort my husband; care for my poor children; let them never miss their mother.

Advertisement for 'The Star' newspaper, including subscription rates and agent information.