

THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT

(he turned and faced the judge) 'I summon, in the name not of mercy, but of justice, the lover of Antoinette Lapine, whose daughter's life stands in jeopardy this day, because of his abandonment of her.

"Thrilled by his passionate appeal, I saw a strange look come suddenly over his face and fix his gaze in an indescribable realization of a sudden revelation. I looked at the same moment at the judge, and I saw the whole terrible truth suddenly sweep over him like a flood. His head stretched forward. His staring eyes were fastened on the prisoner's face. His bloodless lips moved. 'Antoinette Lapine!' he whispered. His sins had risen up against him. His face was the hue of death. It was his own daughter, harlot and murderess, who stood at his bar."

My friend ceased speaking, and, before any of us could interrupt him, he had put his pipe in his pocket and turned to the door, saying quietly: "Good-night, gentlemen."

"But, Colonel, what did the judge do?"