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TALES OF THE JURY ROOM By Gerald Griffin THE ELEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE

sthruch

THE PROPHECY

It may be imagined what Morris's feelings must have been during this dialogue, in which he found he was reputed not only as the murderer of ergeant Robinson, but the leader about me and prime mover of the principal outwhich had occurred in Clare rages since the commencement of the disturbances. The large escort of horse and foot sent to accompany him to Ennis at the dawn of day, gave him a still more vivid impression of the importance attached to his capture, and it may be supposed the sensation created on his arrival in that town him know it." did not contribute to lessen it. Ever at that early hour, crowds thronged round the military to get a glimps of him—fingers were pointed from the shop doors and windows, and he heard persons now and then anxiously directing his attention. whisper to one another as he pas "The villins," continued the cobbler, "the villins, siz I, they'll not There's the man that killed along, "What a deter Sergeant Robinson !" mined looking scoundrel !" "What a ferocious dog !" This unlooked for give him time to get the clergy itnotoriety so paralysed every faculty, that he passed along in a kind of be wilderment, listening and gazing about as if all the stir and excite ment related to some other person, nor did his ordinary consciousnes return until he was lodged in a cold gloomy cell within the walls of the jail, where he was left sufficient time for undisturbed reflection.

The perilous condition of the counsome months had induced the try for government to send down a special commission for the immediate trial of such as were made prisoners, and their summary punishment if convicted. The court held its sittings and it not unfrequently hap daily, pened, that a person was indicted, tried, convicted, and executed before sunset, for an offence committed on the previous night, or perhaps on the very same morning. There appeared to be some prospect of this decisive manner of proceeding in the case of the unfortunate Morris. The court was open at the time he arrived in Ennis, and as soon as it was known that one of the murderers of Sergeant Robinson was taken, indictments were directed to be laid before the grand jury, that if true bills were found, the trial might take place immediately.

Morris, in the meantime, was lying upon straw in his gloomy cell, leavouring with what resignation he could to reconcile himself to the fate which, however innocent awful he well knew in such apprehensive times was awaiting him, when heavy footsteps at the door startled him. The key grated in the rusty lock, and as the door opened, and the dull beams of light from the barred window fell upon the form of the person who was entering, he recognized his old and detested tormentor, Wiley. They gazed upon one another silently, but with very different feelings, for some moments, when the humpback at length said in a compassionate tone, and with an air hanging's an asy death.' of feigned concern.

'God save ye, Morris." "If its the same to you, Misther Wiley," returned Morris, "I'd as live have the prayers of any one else. "May be so, aragal," observed Will, "may be so-why then, dear knows,

whatever you think about it, I'r your throuble." sorry for "Eveh. let me alone." Tis a bad business, I'm afeer'd,

Morris

so distressing. Howsomever, it'll a dog, when he was a boy. It was in never be said I desarted you in your vain that Morris corroborated his So I thought," said the humpback coolly, "I was afeerd, perhaps, them rascally peelers might be consailing misfortune, Morris. No - no - 1'11 it from you. Dear knows, 'twas when I was gettin up this mornen it come again, if I hear any news that think ud be plasen to you-sitch as me. The poor boy, siz I to the nature of the execution and myself, the vagabones will take things of that kind that you'd be him by surprise, if there isn't some friend wishen to know.'

to tell him of his danger, and the Morris raised his face from the rope that's preparen for him." straw in which it was buried, and looked suspiciously at the hump-"I'm much beholden to you, no doubt, returned Morris, as a cold creeping came over him, "but you back, whose countenance at the

moment presented an expression to may spare yourself any more trouble which it would have been difficult to give an interpretation. The eyes were staring, and all the feature "No throuble in life, Morris, not struggling and convulsed, as if with the laste," continued the imperturb able Will, "I couldn't have it on my an effort to subdue some almost irre sistible emotions. Having succeeded conscience, when I seen the information in composing it to an appropriate tions, and I knew your life was sworn away, to keep you in the dark about it. The dear lad, siz I to myself, expression of sympathy, he uttered faintly, (overcome apparently by his feelings, as he turned once more to sorrow a bit but he's as good "Good bye, Morris-good hung already-'tis a pity not to let the door.)

bye, a-ragal," and withdrew. Morris clasped his hands together "Tis asy enough with you, you compressed his lips firmly, and with much obvious efforts suppressed any unhanged vagabond," exclaimed the prisoner, continuing to gaze in stronger indications of the feelings the direction of his departed visitor excited by his reflections on the fate

with an indignant expression, which had been gradually kindling within the last few minutes, "'Tis aisy enough with you, earnen your blood noney—you destroyen informer—but your day will come yet. There was but little time for fur-

self, so they wont." "God help me Will," exclaimed ther reflection on the subject, when Morris, overcome at length, by the he heard a growing bustle outsideterrific anticipations against which he was endeavoring to contend, "I the tramp of military-the ground ing of arms-the loud voices of elieve I'm done for." "True for you, Morris," observed officers and police, and the locking and unlocking of doors. The sounds

Will compassionately, "twould be a sin to desaive you about it, there gradually approached his cell, the door was pushed in, and a crowd of isn't a man brought to the bar in policemen, with fresh prisoners, en tered. The latter were handcuffed these times but is found guilty, and then they're taken away to Cork for and the face and hands of one were transportation, or straight to execusoiled with blood. He looked de pressed and jaded as if some desper tion, as the case may be." ate struggle ; but his eye, as it wan

Would there be any hope of my being transported, Will?" inquired the unfortunate prisoner catching at dered round the dark vaulted dungeon to which he was about to be consigned, betrayed no expression of the alternative.

which the humpback was so

"Is it thransportation for murther! fear. Morris gazed on him with in tense interest for a few moments, as Al-li lu : what is it you're dramen if struck by some strange recogni

fell back in a burst of tears.

'Ove ! ove!

they'd shoot you instead."

'Murther ! murther !

be done about it."

Morris groaned deeply.

be hanged.

courageous body like you," said

tion ; a deadly paleness began to The humpback uttered these words in a tone of astonishment which completely extinguished all hope in overspread his countenance, his eyes grew fixed and staring, his jaw fell the heart of poor Morris. Pale and faint he had been sitting up on some his very breath seemed suspended. He remembered the last words of the straw in a corner of the cell ever humpback, for his early friend and since the entrance of his visitor. companion, Peter Nocten. stood be mustering what fortitude he fore him. possessed to support him during the Peter beheld Morris with equal as lialogue, but his timid nature was onishment, but gave no further

token of recognition than a look of unequal to the effort and unable any mute surprise before the police, prolonger to restrain his emotions, he ceeding to open the handcuffs, stood between them. A gentlemen in coloured clothes who accompanied Shame on you, Morris-shame on

"'tisn' the chief constable, and appeared to his unrelenting tormentor, sich a hard death afther all.' be a magistrate, immediately or "Ove ! ove ! ove !" were the only expressions that escaped the miserdered all the prisoners, including Morris, to be placed against the wall in a line, and the witnesses to be able prisoner in reply, as he employed nimself in clasping and unclasping then brought in to identify those who were engaged in the murder of his hands unconsciously. Sergeant Robinson at Clondegad. As "I had a cousin of my own," con-"that re soon as the former were arrayed, the tinued the humpback, covered afther the first time he was witnesses, a soldier of the 5th Regiment, a policeman and his wife, were hanged by being bled, and faix he

accordingly introduced, and protold me 'twan't so bad at all-and 'tis asier now I hear, since they're ceeded to examine their countenhung be the drop—you're standen this way on a floor like, the signal is ances and dress with great circumspection. It was a moment of deep given, slap goes the floor from under suspense, as they walked backward and forward slowly before the anxyour feet-down you go with a jerk and you're dead in a minit-Eyeh ious prisoners, now pausing as it caught by some faint recognition.

now passing to another and to "If its the disgrace you're minden. another. It appeared for a time, as may be as there's army law in the if they were wholly at a loss, and unable to identify any of them. At ounthry, if good interest was made length the policeman's wife made an with the judge or the government, unusually long pause before Morris, looked at his face steadily, and ob

serving that he was deadly pale and trembled visibly, she inquired who "Well, well, as you wish, Morristrembled visibly, she inquired who he was. On learning that he was a From that time out she had a cough, tis hard to please you about it. You never see a sodger's execution I suppose? There's a grave dug, as it servant of mine, said my entertainer, and heezing-like, and a bright color kem in her cheek, and she waisted

assertions. Both were listened to, with equal incredulity by the magiswhich equal interesting by the indiges trate, who, to all they were urging in denial, replied with a disbelieving smile, "oh no doubt !" "very well ;" "very ingenious ;" "hope it may

answer;" "must send you to trial for all that." Satisfied in fact that he had now got hold of the right men, he directed the removal of the other prisoners, and, the hand cuffs being eplaced on Morris and Peter, conigned them to their present place of confinement. When the door of the cell was closed, the party paused outside, and the prisoners distinctly heard the chief constable cautioning the jailor, " to keep a sharp look out, and before he locked them up for the night, to search closely for any instrument of self-destruction which might be concealed about their persons. Let that little desperado Moran," he continued, "be especially looked after, as from the position he holds among the Terry alts, it is most important he should be made an ex

ample of." 'The Lord purtect us." ejaculated Morris, " did any one ever hear the like ?' 'Tis all up with us," observed We have no more chance of Peter.

escape, than if the grass was growing nore. green over us this moment. Oh ! vo ! vo !

"Eyeh! What's the use of grieven? nay-be 'tis all for the better.' God help us," responded Morris faintly.

'I thought once. Morris, the world wasn't so dark as it looks to me, now," said Peter, "I had my cabin, my garden of piaties, and my acre of orn. I had the love of a little girl that hadn't her equals on this wide earth, and two little craythurs were playen like kittens about the floor with me. Oh ! mavrone, I was the happy man then Morris-and what am I now ?"

'Maybe you wouldn't suffer afthen all, eroo," replied his fellow-prisoner "Suffer, is it," ejaculated Peter, do you think I matter anything they can do to me now. No, no; I suffered whatever any crathur on this airth could suffer in the loss of all that wor near and dear to me, and death cannot frighten me now."

Was it to lose the wife you did agra ?" inquired Morris compassion-

ately. "The wife—the son—the daughter -all-all-Morris, and here I stand alone in the world, and leave it naked, as naked I come into it. I tould you I was happy and comfortable-wait, and I'll tell you the rest of the story, 'tis a short one. I held my little farm aisy, and paid the rint regular, until an election come in the country, and I voted against my landlord for the sake of emancipation. From that day out he never had the same face for me, and I knew well my ruin wasn't far off. There was an ould abatement he med me in the farm some years before when the times grew bad. This abatement he now brought agin me as an arrear. and ordhered me to pay up at wanst I couldn't do it, ov coorse, and got immediate notice to quit. On the following 25th of March, in could and the cabin was levelled before our faces. I made a shed against bank on the highroad with a few sticks and sods, and the neighbors. God bless 'em, sent us the piaties. But the could and the wet brought the fever to us, and my darlen wife and my poor Dinny died. The little girl, too, though she recovered for a

slipping the handle of a spade be-hind me, I pretended I was comen to give myself up—he drew back to let me pass, when suddenly I darted out and was lost in the pitchy darkness of the night; some of 'em fired after me, and others followed by the sounds of my steps. But when I thought they were a little asunder stopped on a sudden and stretched the first that come up wid a blow of the spade-tree. Three more I sarved in the same way, and the rest thought it better for 'em to give up the hunt. I got back again to my little darlen before long, and I'd give a hundred lives if I had 'em for the one look she gev me, when I come into her. Young as she was she understood all that happened to me, and put out her little mouth to kiss me, as I sat down by the bed. But her lips were cold, and the damp of death was on her forehead, and her eyes were glazen. I lifted her off the straw, wrapped the blanket about her, and thanks be to God, she died in my arms. I was as happy as

most at the mercy as if they were all again brought back to me. The sodgers were with me soon after, horse, foot, and police, but I had nothing now to fight for-I walked out of the shed quiet and asy-held hands stretched for the handcuffs. and never med complain

"Dear knows you wor to be pitied Peter," observed Morris, as the former concluded his story.

"Tis little to die afther what I suffered any way," rejoined Peter. I'm quite indefferent what they do to me. "So would I be," said Morris, "if it wasn't for its being so sudden a death entirely. I always had a misgiving,

somehow, about coming to a voyolent end, and the heavens be praised 'tis comen to pass when little expected it. must all die, sometime, "We

Morris, and what does the difference of a few days or years signify." Tis more nathural to die old for

all, Peter, and specially to die in one's bed. Oh mayrone ! to think of to-morrow mornen ! "Husht, you Muth-Dawn-let no one hear you.'

The conversation of the two friends vas interrupted by the return of the jailor, who, after closely examining their persons for concealed files or instruments of self-destruction, locked them up for the night. Peter, who was exhausted with his late continual watching and anxiety of mind, threw himself on a heap of straw which lay in a corner of the cell, and in a few minutes fell into a sound and quiet sleep. Poor Morris also lay down. The but not to rest or slumber. dread of a violent and sudden death, that horrid shadow which had haunted his existed from the cradle, now grew imminent and gigantic. But a few short hours, and the evil fate which from his earliest apprehension of danger, it had been his study to escape, would fall upon him in its most awful form. The light—the morning light, which visits the wakening world with the joy and rightness, will send its dingy beams into his cell, to tell him the scaffolding is erected for his execution, and stormy weather, the whole of us were turned out be the ditch side, arrival. He listened to the easy reathing of his companion, as he slept, and wondered. Then he thought of their boyish days-of the many happy years they had passed together d how little they had then anticipated the disastrous end they were of the long gone November eve, its eventful amusement, and above all, the terrific sketch which the old

might

Morris rubbed his eyes, and looked dubiously at him ! Moran

" That I may be blessed," said the humpback, " but 'tis wondering at you I am, to see you sleepen so sound.'

"Eych ! sound !" repeated the prisoner, " you doesn't know the night had.' 'Faix, may be so," resumed the

cobbler, thinken nathearly enough uv the mornen ! That I mightened. but I believe 'tis more distressin' te be in doubt and throuble about one's and, then to be certain sure of violent death."

' May be so," was faintly uttered in reply.

Well, well, don't be so down about it altogether. Morris. I did my en dayyours any way to get every infur mation for you, so as to make you asy in your mind. Your thrial is to be called on in about an hour, the jury is determined to find you guilty, and you're to be hanged in the morn ing, about 9:30 along with Pether."

Morris shuddered, but recovering t length, and turning to his inform ant, he ejaculated in an almost in audible whisper. " And is Peter found guilty ?

"Al-li-lu ! guilty, what else ? the jury never left the box ! I hard the sheriff afterwards giving others about both o' ye to the hangman, who is a partiklar friend, and would do anyhing to serve me. 'Jim.' siz I to him as soon as the sheriff was gone, have a favour to ax of you-and that is-to put the two poor fellows you'll have in hands in the morning, out o pain quickly, especially the little nan, siz I. Mr. Wiley made a slight pause

perhaps to give Morris an opportun ity of expressing his gratitude, but receiving no reply, continued : "'Never fear, Will,' says the hang-

man, 'I'd obleege you in more than that. If them boys,' says he, cuts a second caper, after the knot I'll tie, sav I'm'-Lord presarve us-'tis

he is I believe. dyen While the humpback was so vividly recounting his interesting conversa tion with the hangman, and the be

nevolent efforts h was making fo the advantage of his friends, he ob

served Morris' cheek and lips becom ing whiter, and his breathing deeper when suddenly a noise came in hi throat, a convulsive struggle took place, and he lay back as cold and nanimate as a corpse before him. It was just at this moment, said ay worthy host of Kilgobbin, and while the humpback was yet gazing with a look, in which the expression of the playful amusement he been indulging in, was blended with some slight signs of astonishment, entered the prison, accomthat I panied by a magistrate and the jailor should mention, he continued, that on ascertaining the nature of the crime, for which Morris was committed, I hastened to Ennis on the previous night, accompanied by Mrs. O'Kelly, to prove an alibi for him We were both ready to bear testimony to his having driven our jaunt ing car to the chapel on that morning, at the precise hour when the battle with the police and murder of the serjeant took place, and lost no time in making the fact known to the

nagistrates. The bills against all the prisoners, indicted for that crime. were already found by the grand jury. the witnesses in attendance and Morris one of the reputed leaders among the Terrvalts, was ordered up for imme diate trial. When, however, it was ascertained that persons of our rank

ated the disastrous end they were ow coming to. Again he thought forward with direct evidence of an alibi for the prisoner, it became a question whether such testimony, besides ensuring Morris's acquittal, dummy had drawn in the ashes. "I might have known," he muttered the witnesses in the trial of Peter APRIL 19, 1918

strange reality, than was poor Morris

I need not, I think, said my hos pitable entertainer, say a word more to convince you that the hero of my story had good cause for his aversion to the tormenting humpback, and that it is little wonder, even at this distance of time, his indignation should be so strongly revived by an

uncalled for visit from him. 'And now, gentlemen," said the eleventh Juror, "allow me to ob-serve, that however the executive or magistracy may reconcile to their consciences in disturbed times such suppression of evidence affecting the testimony of a crown witness, as I have described to you, I shall always, as a juryman, raise my voice against Though convinced the the practice. parties conducting a prosecution may be of the guilt of a prisoner, I hold it to be their bounden duty to bring before the jury all the important evidence which may have come to their knowledge, whether it make for or against him.

I entirely agree, gentlemen, with my friend who has just concluded his interesting tale," said another uror, " as I am sure you all do. The injustice of the practice could not be nore forcibly illustrated than in the instance he has placed before us. It was no apology for the magistracy that the policeman's wife did not designed ly swear false informations against Moran, but believed him to be the identical man who rode into Ballincally on the morning of the engagement, and was, she thence assumed. a principal in it. Admitting even that convictions were sincere, the jury in the subsequent trial, had her evidence come before then would have taken into account here rashness and recklessness in forming positive conclusions on very slight grounds

Such an atrocious proceeding as that," observed the political unionist, could never have happened if there had been a stipendiary magistrate there. A stipendiary would never have

'Order ! - order ! - order !" from several voices. The juror who had on a former oc-

casion excited the indignation of the last speaker, by his sneers at the mor ality of his countrymen, now started up in his turn equally enraged. cannot sit here, sir," he said, ing his inflamed looks at the Foreman, " and hear the virtuous magis tracy of this country traduced and calumniated-

'Order !--Order !"

"Gentlemen," said the Foreman rising from his chair, "I cannot per-mit the continuance of these obser vations on either side. They are a direct infraction of the understanding by which we hoped to maintain the harmony of the night; and I should deem myself unworthy to fill the proud situation which you have assigned me as your president, if I so far forgot my duty as to sanction the introduction of any subject which might lead to disagreeable discussion, and perhaps quarrels, among a company otherwise so happily associ

The observations of the chairman vere received with acclamation, and the two offended jurors slowly re sumed their seats, eyeing one another nevertheless, for a considerable time with looks of ill-restrained defiance.

"Come—come," exclaimed a good-humored looking personage at the foot of the table, who seemed more amused than interested in the alter cation, "a plague on all politics— let's have our story — I'll be hanged if I wouldn't at any time rather listen to a good story than the best speech of Sir Rob-(order! chair!) I beg pardon, gentlemen, I did not mean to infringe-but come, sir, (address

"Was it to bring me that comfort you're come to see me, Misther

'Wisha ! hear this now, and you not havin' in the whole country, a greater friend than myself. Many's the night you'd ha' been dragged out o' your hed he the armee, only for me. and you know that."

Well, well, no matter; sure I'm not saying agin it ; but if you're a friend of mine, as you're saying, you'll answer me one questhin. 'Gondhoutha ! why wouldn't I !"

· "Well then, tell me, for what erim is it I'm med a prisoner of in this way

'Al-li-lu ! is it that your axing me," exclaimed the cobbler, elevating voice in utter astonishment. 'Sure 'twas for the murder of th sergeant and the sodgers at Clondegad, wasn't it ?'

And who is it swears agin me about it," continued Morris quietly. whole counthry that was looking at you. I hear."

d nothing to do with it, Will! 'Nothing to do with it," iterated the humpback, in renewed astonish-ment, "eyeh, don't be afeerd, I'm not going to turn king's evidence again

'I'm saying nothen but the truth, as if I was at my death hour," re turned the prisoner solemnly.

"Murther! hear to this, now the fortunes the ould dummy tould Sure the whole world was looking at you, at the head of the Terry's fightfor us ?' ing like a lion all the ways from Ballincally to Clondegad. I hard a from woman myself say, she see you cuttin off the head of the sergeant at the latter ind, with one back-handed blow of your soord."

"It's no use my sayen a word one way or another, sure I know that." replied Morris, "but I wasn't there for all that."

Well, well, no matter, I don't want to pump you, dear knows there's evidence enough agin you whether you were there or not, and 'tis hanging matter you know that of coorse ?'

"Tis pleasant to be reminded of it at any rate, Mr. Wiley."

prisoner has his eyes bandaged, and namesake, Captain O'Kelly of Ballinvoher, whose servant she really did is med to kneel down by the edge of

it, and there's a body of sodgers, see, she unhesitatingly exclaimed he standen as it may be here, fire what was one of the murderers, and that they calls a volley upon him. He she remembered him well, as he was the man who rode back from the tumbles into the grave-they turn the sods over him and there's an fight to Ballincally that morning. end of the bizness. In hanging to do and hallooed the people to come ou

be sure there's a great deal in having and join 'em. Although Morris had a good hand, but of the two, I'd my previously entertained little hope of self prefer shooten, as the asyest death. If you wish Morris, I'll spake escape, this unexpected declaration of the woman quite astounded him. He stood silent and motionless as a to the chief to know if anything can marble statue before his accuser, and Morris started up on the straw, as

listened to the dialogue between her and the magistrate which followed if he had been struck by the galvanic battery, and seizing the humpback's without evincing any sign of animation. He was at length aroused from hands in his own, with a desperate energy of manner, exclaimed, "hear his trance by a singular incident. to me, Will Wiley, this once, and the While the female witness was mak heavens bless you. If you want to ing her deposition, the soldier of the 5th Regiment who accompanied her, was stating to the chief constable way whatsoever between me and my his inability to swear positively to end-let me live or die as God any of the prisoners, but mentioned pleases-I don't want to have any nore to say to you." "Eyeh! anything you wish that he shot one of his assailants in the back of the leg, as he was making a retreat, and suggested the pro-

there's no harm done I hope," re-turned the humpback as he moved priety of ascertaining whether toward the door, "good-bye, a gra ; but that's true," he continued, turn of them had a wound in that situation. An examination was immediing back as if something now had ately instituted, and as chance diroccurred to him, "I was near forected, Peter Nocten was the last who underwent the scrutiny. As soon as the leg was bared, the policeman getten ; do you remember the pleasant November eve we spent together long ago, when we were boys, and gave a loud cry of exultation, ex

claiming, "we have him, we him-here it is - the mark of the bullet." And true enough, there ap

peared in the fleshy part of the leg, "I just thought of it dear knows the marks of two wounds, one apparently where the ball entered, on account of the fortune she tould for you comen to pass this way-'tis and the other where it had passed so astonishen. I remember it as if 'twas only yesterday. She drew a gallows in the ashes for Peter Nocten out. The soldier and the policeman's wife also, now that their attention and another for you, betokening, as I tould ye at the time, that ye'd both was more particularly directed to Peter, though unable to identify his features, began to recollect the colour and quality of his clothes, declaring

Morris gave another groan. "Well, well, I'll hould my tongue sure—dear knows, one can hardly say that the most fierce and forward of a second word you take it to heart so, I'm blest if I'd come to see you at

the party wore precisely a similar description of dress. It was in vain that Peter declared his total innocence, or asserted that the marks were grew wild to think of laving the all, if it wasn't that I knew you had no other friend near you—'tis from wounds received by the bite of little craythur to die alone, and

away day after day ! Of if you were had no chance after what she fore to see her, Morris, and to think of what she was !'

Peter's voice faltered for a moment, and he appeared to struggle with some intense emotion, at length recovering himself he continued :

along, and lines of horsemen, and of Night and day I watched the swords and bayonets, and heads denselittle craythur, and got medicine for her, and gev her goat's milk be the ly crowded together, and all moving docthor's orders, and every whole towards a distant tree, from an arm of which something was swinging in happorth the neighbours said was good for her; but 'twas all of no avail. She grew worse and worse, the wind; sometimes he fell into a momentary doze, and dreamed that and had heavy paspirations on her, he stood upon a high place saw the

and was talking wild-like in her sleep at night, and the cough and the pain in the side wor killen. If you upturned faces of a gazing multitude. felt the cold fingers of a hideous muffled figure, which stood beside were only to see her, Morris, the little craythur looked up to me, after him, pawing about his neck, and springing up with a feeling of suffoa violent fit, 'twould go to your very heart. 'I wish I was in heaven. daddy,' she used to say sometimes, and her lip tremblin,' for then I'd have no more pain ! Well why, she upon him through the grating of the little window, though it was the last he might see, came almost like a re-prieve to him, after the horrors of grew so bad at last, I was obliged to such a night. The police arrived at give up the work and sit by the sod the prison at an early hour, and to of straw constant, minding her, not knowen the moment she's draw the his astonishment, it was announced to his companion, that he was to b breath. As I was watching this way last night, sometimes raising and settling her up when the oppression the first for trial that morning. Peter was accordingly led away to the court. 'ud come on her, sometimes fixing and Morris was once more left to his the sods closer in the covering over own gloomy reflections. her head, for the weather was wet

and stormy, 1 thought I heard the sound of footsteps, like the tramp of sodgers, between the gusts. I found I was right enough, for in a few minutes the shed in which we lay was surrounded, the door was thrown in, and a police officer stoopen down, desired me to come out surrender. He laughed, the ruffian, when I axed him what it was I done to make a prisoner of me, sayen I'd know shortly to my cost ; and when I pointed to my dying little girl, and begged of him to laive me until I'd get one of the neighbors to mind her in the morning, he presented a pistol, and swore he'd shoot me un-

less I came out without delay. I

After mature deliberation valueless. was deemed adviseable to distold for me. He turned, and turned charge Morris without trial, and apon the straw, and shut his eyes, proceed with the trial of the remainand tried to sleep or to think on some ing prisoners on the same evidence other subject; but horrid sights came before him, of men with their faces which would, by this management, overed, and carts slowly rolling

have known I

come before the jury unimpeached. Peter was accordingly at once brought up and convicted, while I obtained the order for the liberation of Morris, which occasioned my unlooked for visit to his cell at the critical moment I have been describing to

There was an exclamation of sur prise and horror from all of us, as we entered and beheld my wretched servant stretched on the straw, appar ently a lifeless corpse, with the humpsome evil demon a back seated like cation, startled his companion with his cry! The dawn which broke in he had merely fainted from apprehension, the degree of which from the timidity of his disposition, I could very well imagine. Although suffi-ciently indignant with the humpback, whose share in exciting the poor fellow's alarm I at once estimated, I could not resist the temptation which occurred to me at that moment of having him removed to his own room at Kilgobbin, before he recovered his consciousness. He was therefore carefully conveyed to a carriage

you.

which I had waiting at the prison He turned from the closed door, gate, and in a very short tin threw himself upon his miserable bed, and as he heard the last faint lying snugly wrapped up in blankets in the very bed which he had left so echo of Peter's retiring footsteps, unwillingly on the former night, to burst into tears. He felt they had answer the terrific knocking parted forever, that his friend would soon out of trouble, and much as at the hall-door by the police who arrested him. It was the most amus he dreaded the awful end which awaited him-almost wished to have ing scene in the world, when he bebeen himself the first sufferer. Worn gan to recover his senses, and to rec out with the cares and fatigues of the past night, and relieved in some sort people about him, to witness his utpast night, and relieved in some sort by the unrestrained weeping, to which ter bewilderment. The servants had he had given way, he at length fell directions to pretend total ignorance into a disturbed sleep. He knew not of all that passed, of his having ever been arrested, and even of any time how long it lasted, but on awakening, the first face which presented having elapsed since he went to sleep itself to his shrinking vision, was that of the humpback, who, seated quietly on the floor, was looking down on him with a curious air.

and others as to make it wholl ing the twelth Juror you please — nothing like a story for restoring harmony.

The eleventh Juror, hoping that his song might be forgotten, and feel ing indeed, that in the present humor of the company it would be a little out of place, turned his head aside and kept poring with intent looks upon the declining fire. His antici-pation was speedily realized, no one thought of the song, while the twelfth Juror at once answered the call made upon him, as follows :

TO BE CONTINUED

ONE PAGE IN A LIFE OF SACRIFICE A MEMORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexande

was a dark February night. The rain beat down mercilessly The lamps of the city were dimly seen through a steaming fog. The street cars seemed to plod along laboriously, as if the power-house were going out of commission; and the electric lights in the corner drug stores and hotels were dim and mist

Out towards the suburbs of a great city, a street car went its lone-some way that dismal night. A sol-itary occupant sat within. Even in the dim light his fine figure and handsome face were striking, but as he raised his head wearily his countenance was pale and tired, and his eyes were heavy. He wore a Roman collar, and when the con-ductor and motorman saw him pass they touched their caps with rever ence

Others seemed to know him, even on that dreary night, for when the car stopped and he sprang out, a policeman, with a glistening raincoat and dripping helmet, who was pass-ing along, called out :

A bad night, Father !" But the cherry answer came in a ringing voice :