POOR DOCUMENT

poor little Hetty who was occupying his old room! He drew a deep breath. Thank heaven he knew at last where she was—

heaven he knew at last where she was—that she was safe.

Dr. North caught his arm again.

"Bessie Merrill is true as steel," he said.

"She's a brick, Clavering. All this time she has never let Hetty suspect that she has altered her opinion about her being innocent. She hasn't said a word—never let her know how she has changed, and Hetty doesn't dream that she is going out with Barker the lawyer's clerk, night out with Barker, the lawyer's clerk, night after night. She has nursed her as faithfully as though she still believed in her. Poor Hetty! She has gone through some hard times since she left Oldcastle, Claver-

She broke off again and made a quick movement toward the cottage, swinging open the little garden gate with impatient hands and stumbling up the little path

out of her trouble, and me out of mine.



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> at the bottom of it-I guessed then who had 'ticed her away, and would break her heart afore he had done with her. And you could guess—too, you know as there is only one in all Oldcastle as would hurt and deceive and lie to our still—oh, I think I shall never stop heart the fit in him live made him love me like I

The City of Despair.

She broke off. Geoffrey was leaning She broke off. Geoffrey was leaning forward eagerly, his face strained and anxious, as he stared up into her passionate, flashing black eyes.

"Go on, Bessie," he said huskily. "Tell me, tell me quickly."

She threw up her head again.

"You'll blame me, maybe," she said, "same as Ted did, but it seemed the best I could do for Hetty. There was no one

I could do for Hetty. There was no one else as ever tried to clear her, and I couldn't let be, I had to do summat. I couldn't sit still and hear 'em callin' her bad names. It drove me fairly silly to hear 'em, and so I set to work—"
"Tell me," said Geoffrey again hoarse-

"I took up with Barker. I ran after him, demeanin' myself and gettin' called bold and brazen for my pains. He sneered at me—too, thought I was a beauty he did at first, but"—a sudden fire played in her black eyes—"I got him," she went on with a quick laugh—"oh, I got him. He couldn't help hisself. I reckon I were a born actress. Anyhow, I won on him, and from sneerin' at me he got to admirin' me, and at last he got real crazy over me. real crazy over me.
"And all the time I were a-think' as it

were he as did the murder. I thought it were he without a doubt, and that he de-served the worst as I could do to him for

"What was it she said?" he cried. "Tell He's telled me at last, all he saw and all he knows. An' I've played with him, thinkin' him even a bigger scroundel than

