Friday, July 1

struck dumb. He wan but all he could do was open mouth while, the t down her cheeks, she f door and down the stai Tht reporters, who he customed to varying the

customed to varying the the trial with sensati mention of the Peach missed her that afternocuting attorney was fin dress. A somewhat coldical man, he refrained, ment as well as by desivituperative eloquence characterized his assistand which the extraord

of the crime perhaps it that very temperance of made the unspoken t powerful and effective. fastidiously sensitive na to be handling the ther and his mental attitu

and his mental attitunance, of hardly conquered in the control of moral nausea—so aporter that he was consepathetic contagion. The beaded his forehead; hvously, as though his styoited, while he listened in the control of the contro

at one another, at the one but Manllyod. The scious of the presence close, still apartment hangman had entered

hind them. Shaw, too attorney, felt the swift ter. His ruddy, coarse down which the perspi

down which the perspi was set, graven with a of confidence, as tho had set upon his featu in the fire of Justice' and now betrayed not behind it, but the preter

to hide that fear. He, looked the criminal; sa vulgar unscrupulousnes ney's face none might for such a crime as

Drexler.

It was while they still the tremor of a crisis the blossom Girl noiselessl court room. People her, in the way they could be a control of the court for the court

lloyd's mother, as for sad and guilty right sad and guitty right upon that terrible stage take her seat among the slipped into the place assistant prosecuting just vacated; it brough

Manlloyd that sl touched him. She lo peaten with sorrow and her face there was a s radiance, an intensity o perience that changed transparent ecstasy of Manlloyd seemed not her entrance. At a word ney, who read in the j short a time they need tion, he had dropped hands; not in despair, borne down by a strain strong a nature must fee

morally unconquered.
When he lifted his hour later, as the jurors to the room, he saw thying on the table befo had slipped it there, we meet his eyes the momup, yet had done it so so steathilly if there or an action as self-in.

in an action so self-uncontrollable, that he

mechanically, as the place and the clerk of For pity's sake believ

do it, and let me speak
Then the Judge's vo
stillness. Its effortful
the court room.
"Gentlemen of the ju
arrived at a verdict?"
"We beare."

"We have."
"Do you find the accept guilty?"
"Guilty."

There was an instant ear in the court room merciful, modifying wo

It was death.

A frightful scream through the silence with dom of hysteria. The religious has been a struggler for the silence with domination of hysteria.

ing mass of muscles. all her complacence against so terrible a th In the confusion that prisoner's attorneys attorneys struggling woman, and instant the chief figur found himself neglecte by the arring

morally unconquered.

Drexler.

which the extraord of the crime perhaps ju

savagely thrust his blue pencil at a proof, as though merely to elide were not sufficient; he wanted to wound, too, the thing he disapproved. Then the door opened and again she stood

before him.
"I forgot to ask you, sir," she said, simply, "how shall I get the names."
A sneer of satisfaction, which he did not try to hide, bent Bowman's black

mustache down at the corners. This was the regulation procedure.

"You will station yourself at the cemetery gate," he said slowly, "and as each carriage come up jump in, tell the mourners you come from the News and want their full names.

News and want their full names. That's all."

She looked at him a moment, and his mocking, tired eyes, like black stars in a pool of leathery, wrinkled skin, met hers sarcastically. But no conception of his attitude could have come to her, for she stood a moment longer, as though considering the means he suggested, then bent head. "Thank you, sir," she said with provincial politeness, and went out, shutting the door behind her.

Bowman threw down his pencil and roared. The sound of his sardonic laughter brought the office boy in with a pretence of having heard a call, and "Has he? Well. I'll wait, then." she

laughter brought the office boy in with a pretence of having heard a call, and the two laughed together, the city editor with an open-lunged delight in his joke, the boy discreetly accompanying him.

They laughed again, and the office, with whom the joke had been shared, laughed with them, when the paper went to press that night without the names of those who had attended the funeral of Senator Andrew Hollingsworth. And they laughed even more heartlly when, two days later, the office boy piloted the girl through the local room, choosing the most roundabout route to Bowman's office, and giving the staff an indicating wink behind her back that betrayed her identity.

The said, eying her with contemptuous duriosity.

"Has he? Well, I'll wait, then," she said gently.

The boy stared, opened his mouth, shut if and went out with a long drawn whistle.

An hour later he came in again to say that Mr. Bowman had telephorned that he would not be back for a week; he had gone out of town.

She rose regretfully and followed him out into the local room, remembered there that she had taken with her an illustrated magazine that had lain on the city editor's desk, retraced her steps unguided to replace it and found Bowman just sitting down to his desk.

"How lucky!" she said, eying her with contemptuous

siving the staff an indicating wink behind her back that betrayed her identity.

"Miss Peachblossoms, sir," he announced, throwing Bowman's door wide open with a significant glance.

Bowman, who had been sitting listening to his star reporter's confession of utter failure in his attempt to interview the sensational murderer of the day, looked up preoccupled as she entered, his black brows knitted in thought. In his intense concentration he had for the moment completely forgotten the girl.

"I have brought you the names, sir," she said with a stiff little salutation that included Drake, the News special writer.

"Names?" repeated Bowman; "what names? Oh, Moses in Egypt!"

He looked from the paper she had laid on the desk to the girl standing beside it. He was weary of the joke—even her getting the names was not a unique ending to it—and his mind, baffled by difficulties, was ceaselessly searching for a way to get the thing he wanted, a pen study of Manlloyd, the murderer.

"Can't you bully Shaw, his attor—

Companies on the part of the first of the state of the st

"How lucky!" she said, smiling

"Of course, you know," he saw you grim good humor, "I can't compel you to do anything you don't want to do to do anything you don't want to do. grim good humor, "I can't compel you to do anything you don't want to do. And—and newspaper men don't kill anybody for news—except themselves. Tell me, were you with him long? An hour? Phew! The mother there? What's his opinion of the case? Sure he'il get off, eh? Would you mind speaking louder, I'm a little deaf. Yes, and you asked him what his theory of Drexler's death was. And what did Drexler's death was. And what did he say to that?"

The office boy, whom Bowman turned out bodily when he came to ask if he might show in a local millionaire, was amazed to see the two chatting pleasantly; the girl serious, simple, voluble, childlike; the city editor eager, absorbed, repeating all she said in a volce that was harsh and tense.

When she left an hour later, the boy, his eyes bulging with curiosity, ran after her with five gold pieces Bowman had sent her.

man had sent her. "But he does not owe me anything." said the girl putting her hands behind her with that childishness of gesture that suggested fear of phyical

"He says you're to take it anyway." the boy insisted, hastily pressing the money into her reluctant hands.

He was anxious to get back to the city editor's room, where Bowman, his black eyes glittering with satisfaction, had had sandwiches brought in for himself and his stenographer, who, between mouthfuls, read off his notes to tween mouthfuls, read off his notes to a typewriter, which notes Drake, seat-ed at Bowman's own desk, was already

The Peachblossom Girl, as she now called in the court room and the newspaper accounts of the trial. which she had become a promine figure, looked toward Manllyod toward morning the celebrated interview signed with her name appeared in the News, a world of entreaty in her eyes he had been weeping, her delicated to the state of the state o unfinished face was unconcealably unfinished face was unconcealably dis-figured by tears and as she bent her appealing gaze upon him involuntarily she clasped her hands in unworded prayer for forgiveness.

Across the heads of those who sat between Manllyod returned the gazo

In his deep set eyes, in his twitchin nostrils, upon his curling lips, draw back and showing his teeth, a fury c such hatred surged as betrayed hot strong a nature had been masquered in the transport of the strong and Marillov ing there. It passed, and Manlle gave his attention to the prosecut atterney's summary, then in progress
But the Peachblossom Girl under

stood; she had been adjudged guilty of lese majeste.

At noon she was at the News office. But the office boy knew when Bowman was not to be trifled with. "I tell you he 'ain't in," he said, when he found her waiting in tense anxiety in the anteroom. "He's gone to the country, an' he won't be back. Now.

in the antercom. "He's gone to the saw a willed spray of peach blossoms in his willed spray of peach blossoms in his hand.

III.

"Miss Peachblossoms, sir," announced the effice boy.

Bowman sprang to his feet. He



by the prying curiosi hostile eyes and the Metho

Montreal Witness: rell known English rament, on his scheme vast brotherhood Perks states that elet about May 1 mons of the Method at Westminster, osed shall be the rk has already cor last about nine month the contracts for the are being prepared, wi erection directly the ion directly the hed. It is expecte two years and a half the work will be complete Mr. R. W. Perks, M. ou a visit to Montreal, Witness' the following by himself in explass. scheme for forming a therhood of Methodists cribed in the Witness

him yesterday:

'It is now nearly to ventured to suggest to f the Wesleyan church mark the commencement teth century by raisin million guines for the guineas for the vork c nal and philanthro the people called Met know how earnestly indorsed that suggest what enthusiasm our n ieties carried that h umphant conclusion "The whole of that gether with a furthe

millions sterling which millions sterling which rund has to a large of means of evoking, has what I may, perhaps, and the machinery of closely federated religit "The question which myself, and which I ministers and the laity in all parts of the wormodern Methodism liv standard set for us h