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# The Snake Scotched

—AND—

# Justice Done.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

(Continued.)

"Oh, Mr. Selby, a proverb at such a moment!" she breathed, with piteous reproach.

"I know—I know; but we lawyers must be careful. Until the bench has heard the evidence I would not risk telling Ralph—Lord Denby—that he was safe. But I told him enough to give him hope. Though I need scarcely have done that. Have you noticed—what a noise they make, and how excited they are!" he broke off, looking round at the seething crowd. "I can scarcely make myself heard—have you noticed that he has been the most hopeful, the most confident of all of us?"

"Is there anything I haven't noticed?" she said, in a low voice. "It is because he knew that the truth would pre—"

"Oh, proverbs at such a moment!" he murmured, smiling, and with a very fair imitation of her voice. "You see I'm so happy that I can joke, Miss Veronica—"

"Silence!" called the clerk.

Veronica stole back to her place beside the earl, who sat with his hands resting on his stick, his white head bent as if he were unconscious of the crowd, the noise, and the excitement. But as the prisoner was ushered into the dock the old man raised his head and looked—with what love, and remorse, and pride!—at the handsome face, the "clear, just" eyes.

For the first time since his arrest Ralph's face looked strained, as if he were feeling the suspense, the delay.

His eyes went from his father to Veronica, and something in hers made his own flash and his face glow with colour.

The crowd was not stilled into silence until Mr. Selby rose; then you could have heard a pin drop—if it could have dropped between the packed people.

He was almost as pale as the prisoner had been when he entered the court, and for the first time his usual calm and steady voice wavered.

"Your worships," he said, "when the court adjourned yesterday, I was calling as a witness Mr. Talbot Denby." He paused a moment, then went on with deep solemnity. "He could not be found. Since then he has been summoned to another tribunal and has appeared before another Judge. He has quitted this mortal scene, and with his disappearance my task is over." Ralph uttered a faint cry. "I leave the case from this moment in the hands of my old friend, Mr. Graham, who represents the crown, and, I may add, the interests of justice."

He sat down, the crowd moved restlessly and impatiently, and a man was heard to say complainingly: "Why doan't 'e let 'im free to once!"

Mr. Graham rose. He, too, was pale and very grave.

"Your worships," he said, "I am grateful to Mr. Selby for leaving to me the task of clearing up the mystery of this painful case. I will not take up the time of the court by addressing you, but will call—"

"Let him free—let him free!" shouted the crowd, but it was quieted by the clerk and the police, and one after another the witnesses, the boy who found the bodies, and Doctor Campbell, who proved the death of master and man, passed through the witness-box. Then, as the crowd grew almost unmanageable, Lord Saintsbury entered and in low, but clear tones read Gibbon's confession.

It was listened to with an almost intolerable impatience, the people looking eagerly from Ralph, who stood gripping the edge of the dock, to the earl and Veronica.

"'Nough said!" shouted a woman. "Let 'un go! Let the young lord free; he've been there in that shameful place long enow!"

Old Lord Sebrow, who acted as chairman of the bench that morning, held up his hand and at length succeeded in obtaining silence.

"The crown withdraws the charge, Mr. Graham?"

"Yes, my lord, with sincere regret that it should have been made—"

"Silence, please! Ralph Farringdon—" said Lord Sebrow.

"Lord Denby! Lord Denby!" shouted the crowd.

—"Ralph Farringdon, otherwise Lord Denby," said the old lord, making himself heard with difficulty, "it is our pleasant duty to tell you that we find the charge made against you is not even, in fact, we know that you are innocent of the crime of which you are accused, and we discharge you. You leave this court with a character unstained as far as this case is concerned, and we echo the regret expressed by the prosecutor for the crown."

Ralph bowed his head.

"I thank you, my lord," he said in a low but clear voice, and his eyes went straight to Veronica.

His words had been almost drowned by the roar of the crowd which, disregarding the injunctions of the police, now swayed towards the dock with outstretched hands. One or two of the persons nearest to him seized his arms, and, before they could be prevented, had lifted him bodily from the shameful place and, setting him on their shoulders, bore him into the open air.

Here they were received by the mass of people, who had been unable to get into the court, with an outburst of cheering that was well-night deafening. The Lynne carriage was drawn up opposite the magistrates' entrance, and the persons — there were women amongst them— who were carrying Ralph placed him in it, and the mob pressing round it threw up their caps and shouted triumphantly. No doubt not a few of them forgot that he was no longer Ralph Farringdon the gamekeeper, "one of themselves" as they put it, and were under the impression that his acquittal and liberation represented a triumph of the "massess" over the "classes." Another reason for their excessive joy may be found in the fact that Ralph had been a favorite with all—excepting the poachers—and that before the charge of murder he had already been a popular hero in consequence of his rescue of Ada.

"Thank you, that you!" he said. "I'm as glad as you are that I've been cleared of this charge—"

"Aye, cleared, sure enow!" said a voice, indignantly. "But how would it 'a' if t'other as did it had na met his fate?"

The words struck a note that the speaker had not contemplated, for they recalled the fact that Ralph's cousin, the nephew of the old man who was then coming towards them, lay dead at Lynne Court. A silence fell as suddenly as that when a mill-wheel stops. A hand had been stretched out from the blue either to snatch Ralph from mortal peril, but at the same time it had dealt out to the guilty an awe-inspiring punishment.

So in comparative sience they made way for the earl and and Veronica. Ralph leapt from the carriage and clasped his father by both hands, and they looked into each other's eyes for a moment; then Ralph took Veronica's hand and raised it to his lips.

At this the enthusiasm of the crowd, which had not been extinguished but was only smouldering, blazed up again and a cry of sympathy ran through the serried mass. Ralph assisted the earl and Veronica into the carriage, and the old man stood erect—a striking figure at that electric moment—and held out his hand. There were many there who had borne the great Lord Lynborough no great good will. He had been a hard, if a just, landlord; he had never shown the least sympathy with the people on his lands, the stranger within his gates; he had lived the life of a morose recluse. But as they stared at him they were one and all conscious that the man—old as he was—had changed. The austere face had softened, the hard eyes were aglow with a novel sympathy, the once haugty frown had gone and the thin lips, which many had never seen but with a cynical sneer, quivered with emotion. They moved once or twice as if he were speaking, but the words were inaudible, but at last those near him heard him murmur:

To be continued.


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## Why Who's Who.

BY H. L. RANN.

When W. Aldrich retired from the United States senate, in order to collect his thoughts and cool his fevered brow, which had become considerably het up over passing events, he left a large, pink hiatus in that body which has not been filled by anything except roll calls and parts of speech. For Nelson W. was not merely a cog. He was the entire performance.

Far be it from us to suggest that Nelson W. was a boss. Compared to him the average political boss would look like a penny-ante game in the Waldorf-Astoria. No, Nelson W. had a system. His system was to learn more about a piece of pending legislation or a pending piece of legislation, whichever you prefer, than anybody else in congress knew, and then crush the opposition with cold facts and the party whip. Just before a piece of legislation began to pend, Nelson W. would retire to his study and read all that had been said about it the last time it pended. He burned the midnight oil so much a kilowatt while many of his colleagues were struggling to get past with a split flush.

It got so that whenever the senator from Rhode Island arose to refute somebody, he became a 30 to 1 shot. He was known as the greatest refuter in congress until one day Senator J. P. Dolliver of Iowa got up and exploded some of Rhode Island's choicest views concerning the wool tariff. From that day to this, whenever Nelson W. meets a sheep, he calls for a cold towel.

Aside from telling the senate how, when, where and why it should vote on any given proposition, Nelson W. has made one of his best life-sized bogies we have had in recent years. Nobody visited Washington without clamoring to see his hoofs and horns. When Nelson W. and "Uncle Joe" Cannon happened to get together, which they very seldom did, for the looks of the thing, people claimed that they threw off more brimstone than a match factory.

Senator Aldrich retired just in time to avoid being impaled by the bull moose or trampled on by the elephant. He is now a plain rural citizen and can walk down town without having anxious mothers call their offspring in from the street. Meanwhile, the senate has been trying to get somewhere without any head, although several are in training.

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**The Cute M**

**And The Cute Man's Cousin The Town.**

The Cute Man's cousin is a load of fish, and yesterday they took a stroll down tow in the sights.

The Cute Man's cousin is much sought after class. th stores "pricing" before they fish out, but not being able the Cute Man to accompany cut out "pricing" yesterday.

The Cute Man's cousin wa dazed with the sights in t stood open-mouthed and gaz fleeting automobiles as they s Wonderful machines, said Man's cousin. They must co of money, and I suppose they owned by Government memb managers and insurance age

Quite a lot of 'em are owne kind of people, said the Cute now and again the poor doc living from hand to mouth second-hand machine at a and a few of our fish dealer to get one on the long credi They could never afford it way, you know, as there's in trading in fish. Just then Man's cousin started to c street, but the snort of a big nearly knocked him off his and he again took to the sid

A fellow should make his have all his business settled the Cute Man's cousin, be come to St. John's in those d 'tis simply shocking the w blooming machines travel town, and, oh, the smell t behind them; why 'tis no w Hospital is filled to overflo there's so much sickness in

My dear fellow, says the you shouldn't talk like th

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