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**A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE;  
OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?**

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll  
O'Donoghue."

**CHAPTER X.**

Margaret did not see her cousin after  
her interview with Plowden, until they  
met at breakfast the next morning,  
and Hubert's manner was as repellent as  
it had been on the previous day; but  
she, recalling the counsels of her  
confessor, strove not to be affected by  
it, and she put into her manner such  
affectionate kindness as well-nigh de-  
stroyed his self-erected barrier of cold-  
ness. It was the same when they met  
at lunch, and at dinner, immediately  
after which he came down dressed to  
go out.

"Shall you remain out late?" asked  
Margaret, following him to the door.  
"Yes; I am going to the club," and  
without looking at her he hurried  
forth.

She looked after him, watching until  
he had turned the corner, and then her  
eyes sought the clear evening sky, and  
her lips moved in prayer. She could  
pray now—she could turn for relief  
and hope to one unfailing source.

She busied herself in the sick room  
all the evening until Madame insisted  
on her retiring, and then she ascended  
to her own apartment to watch for  
Hubert. She could not rest while he  
was out; now that *Roquelare* seemed  
to be so closely upon his track.

Midnight struck and he had not re-  
turned; it was not his custom to re-  
main so late at the club. Her heart  
beat wildly and her breath came thick  
and hard.

Kneeling by the open window, re-  
gardless of the frosty air which blew  
sharply against her face, she mingled  
prayers and tears for the poor unhappy  
criminal.

A form was coming down the street,  
a form erect and lithe like Hubert's  
but with a much more rapid step than  
he was wont to have. It hurried  
to ascend the stoop, but without wait-  
ing to see further she flew below, and  
was in time to open the door just as the  
stranger's hand had sought the bell.

It was Plowden—Plowden strangely  
agitated, and looking frightfully pale  
as he came into the light of the hall.  
"Something has happened to Hubert,"  
she gasped, "tell me quickly."  
"Calm yourself," he whispered,  
"and for your aunt's sake, take me  
where there can be no fear of eaves-  
droppers."

She led him to the darkened parlor.  
He left the door partly open that the  
light from the hall might enter, and  
gave her a scrap of paper whispering:  
"Read, but for your aunt's sake,  
make no outcry."

She read with burning eyes:  
"I have cast my burden down at  
last—*Roquelare* has seized me—come  
to me in the morning; Plowden will  
conduct you, but keep everything from  
my mother until it can be gently  
broken to her."

She made no outcry; she only stood  
holding the paper fast and looking at  
Plowden in a helpless, bewildered way  
as if she were utterly broken by the  
intelligence he had brought. She had  
fancied she was strong. Since her  
confession she had repeated to herself  
that should the worst happen she was  
prepared to meet it; but now at the  
mere tidings of that which she had  
daily feared she was as weak as an in-  
fant. How could she give him up? How  
could she endure to have him pay the  
penalty of his crime even though that  
penalty should be a long imprisonment.

"The tale had riveted us all, but  
Hubert, beside whom I sat, visibly  
started at times, and once he half rose  
as if to contradict, or defy the speaker;  
but the speaker had so engrossed the  
attention of all that Hubert's motion  
was unperceived save by me.

"I pulled him back into his seat,  
and whispered him to be careful.  
"During the tale the speaker's eyes  
had not once turned to Hubert, but  
when he had concluded he bent a full  
penetrating look upon him. In the  
awed silence which followed that  
strange tale, and before I could suspect  
what your cousin might do—before I  
could try to prevent his action, he had  
risen, and, extending his hand over  
the table, he said slowly and dis-  
tinctly:

"I am the murderer of whom the  
gentleman has spoken—I, Hubert  
Berno, confess myself to be the mur-  
derer of Cecil Clare."  
Plowden again paused, for that white  
face lifted to his, frightened him; it  
was so white, so rigid; but the pale  
lips motioned rather than said:  
"Go on!" and he resumed:

"That unexpected confession seemed  
to have paralyzed everybody but him  
who had drawn it forth. He rose, and,  
standing directly opposite to Hubert,  
said, looking round at the startled faces  
about him:

"I am Bertoni, the lawyer, and one  
of the secret detectives of *Roquelare*.  
Many of you will recognize me better  
in a few moments, and removing a  
thick, curling wig, and beard  
and whiskers of the same hue he stood  
fully revealed as the lawyer with whom  
I had been connected in the investiga-  
tion of the murder of Cecil Clare.

"Hubert, as if overcome by some  
reaction of feeling, sank into his chair,  
and Bertoni, pointing to him, said:  
"You have made a confession; there  
are a score of witnesses to testify  
to this confession. You cannot escape  
your doom now."  
He signaled to one of the members  
of the club, who hastily left the room.

"I saw the signal and the ready  
obedience it obtained, and I knew that  
Bertoni was not the only agent of

*Roquelare* in the club, for that society  
has its members everywhere—members  
who are pledged to assist each other  
in the pursuit and arrest of any criminal.

"There was a scene of wild excite-  
ment. All had started to their feet,  
and one or two of those nearest to  
Hubert had drawn aloof from him as if  
they feared the proximity might bring  
danger to themselves. Others crowded  
about him asking an explanation, and  
tendering their sympathy; he made  
no answer, only sat looking straight  
before him till he who had been des-  
patched from the room returned, accom-  
panied by two officers.

"Then Hubert rose and said he was  
ready to accompany the officers, asking  
only to be permitted to write the mes-  
sage which I have brought to you."  
Bertoni would not lose sight of him  
for a moment—he accompanied him in  
the carriage which was hastily sum-  
moned, and Delmar and I, equally  
anxious to learn all that we could,  
jumped into a hack and followed.

"At the prison gate we were allowed  
a parting word. Hubert pressed my  
hand hard and said:  
"Tell my cousin to have no anxiety  
about me, but to give all her care to  
my mother—that is all, Miss Calvert."  
All? was it not as much as earth  
had to offer her of anguish? She re-  
leased his coat from her convulsive  
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obedience it obtained, and I knew that  
Bertoni was not the only agent of

unto death, but a record of the  
struggles and hidden agony of eigh-  
teen long months. I knew then how  
far beyond my reach you were, not  
only for time, but for all eternity; so I  
forbore to speak as I have spoken to-  
night. I felt that the time would come  
when I could so speak; for, from the  
wild and unguarded remarks which  
your cousin sometimes made, I learned  
that *Roquelare* was in pursuit of  
him, and I knew what that meant.

"Now that you are aware how much  
I know, will you trust me—trust me  
fully, knowing that I ask no reward,  
that I claim not a particle of the affec-  
tion you have given to your cousin?"

She extended her hands, trying to  
speak the burning words of gratitude  
which came up from her full heart,  
but the tears which had refused to  
come before choked her utterance.

"You knew, and yet have not be-  
trayed!" she said, brokenly, at last.  
"Betrayed! sooner would I have  
cut my tongue out."  
For a moment he seemed to labor  
under some fierce excitement. He  
trembled violently and his hands  
clasped Margaret's with a painful  
pressure.

A clock in an adjoining room struck  
3—3 o'clock Sunday morning. The  
sound seemed to calm Plowden. He  
said, quietly:  
"We both need rest—you to recruit  
your energies that you may bring  
something like comfort to that poor  
follow a few hours hence, and I that  
I may thank how I can best help him.  
My position has made for me many  
and powerful friends—all that their  
interest can do shall be brought to  
bear on Hubert's case. Also it will be  
necessary to make some arrange-  
ments before I see you again, in order  
that you may be admitted to him with-  
out delay. So, for the present fare-  
well, and be of good cheer."

He pressed her hands respectfully  
and went cautiously forth, Margaret  
accompanying him to the door.  
"At 9," he whispered, "I can  
scarcely be here before." She bowed  
her head, and he departed.

When she had closed and locked the  
door as noiselessly as she had opened  
it, she paused, looking carefully about  
her, and listening for any sound.  
Nothing disturbed the grave-like still-  
ness save the ominous ticking of an  
upper hall clock, and she went forward  
again smiling bitterly as she remem-  
bered the little need of caution now.

The secret had been flung abroad  
and the name of Hubert Bernot  
coupled with the epithet of *murderer*  
would soon be in every mouth. And  
then all the anguish born of that  
thought came again upon her. It re-  
qu coast an hour of cruel wrestling with  
giant doubts and fears that sprang up  
like giants in the mind of the grief-  
stricken creature—an hour of prayer  
directed to Heaven for strength  
and help that her whole form was con-  
vulsed with their fervor, before she be-  
came sufficiently calm to think col-  
lectively of her duties in this sad emer-  
gency.

At last, exhausted by the excitement  
she had undergone, she rested her  
head against the *prie-dieu* on which  
she knelt, and slumbered soundly un-  
til the bright light of the morning  
woke her.

Oh, the wretched awaking to what  
at first seemed but an ugly, ugly  
dream: the sharp and rapid recollec-  
tion of the anguish already under-  
gone—the cruel realization of the an-  
guish that was yet to come! It was  
almost insupportable, and she felt that  
if she were still a renegade from her  
religious duties, despair would have  
paralyzed every faculty. As it was,  
her suffering, while keen, was not  
hopeless; for though hope might die  
here, it would surely bloom hereafter.

The breakfast bell sounded, and  
directly after there was a knock at  
her door.  
It was Annie Corbin.  
"I knocked before, Miss Margaret,  
when it seemed as if you didn't hear  
the first bell, but you didn't answer;  
and I knocked at Mr. Hubert's door,  
but he didn't answer either, and it  
frightened us a little."  
"Did you alarm my aunt?" asked  
Margaret hurriedly.

"No, Miss; we thought it better not  
to, until we'd know further."  
Margaret gave a little sigh of relief  
and pressed her hand to her forehead.  
Sooner or later the servants would  
learn about Hubert either through the  
papers or otherwise; still she deemed  
it better to try to conceal all from  
them until some plan could be made  
with regard to her aunt, lest she might  
by any accident receive untimely  
news of Hubert's imprisonment.

So she said, quietly:  
"Mr. Bernot spent last evening with  
some friends and he has not returned."  
On her way to the breakfast room  
she entered Madame Bernot's apart-  
ment.  
When the affectionate salutations  
were exchanged, which always passed  
between the invalid and her niece,  
Margaret said:  
"Hubert was called away unex-  
pectedly, last evening, and he will be  
obliged to remain away for a few days.  
He desired me to bear his apology to  
you, and his affectionate remembrance;  
he felt that you would exempt him  
from all charge of neglect of you, since  
it was duty which enforced his hurried  
departure."  
And he was right, my own dear  
boy; great as my affliction is for him,  
greater still is the pleasure, indeed I  
might say the triumph, it affords me to  
know, that not even his mother whom  
he loves so dearly, comes between him  
and duty."

She lifted her eyes to the picture.  
"I thank you, O my God, for having  
given me such a son!"

Margaret bent her head to hide the  
blush of shame at the cruel deceit  
which she was practicing on this salt-  
like mother, and she sought the first  
opportunity of hurrying from the in-  
valid's presence. Her solitary, cheer-  
less, and well-nigh unstarted breakfast,  
was scarcely finished, when Plowden  
was announced.

"I thought you would prefer not to  
take your own carriage," he said, "so  
I have taken the liberty of ordering  
the cab which brought me, to re-  
main."

"You were right," she said, grate-  
fully, "for that would have spread the  
news at once among the servants," and  
waiting only to put on her bonnet and  
cloak, she hurried out with him, utterly  
unconscious that the very fact of ac-  
companying a gentleman in a strange  
conveyance, and that gentleman Plow-  
den, was sufficient of itself to create  
perplexity and suspicion among the  
domestics.

John McNamee scratched his head in  
troubled thought, and Hannah Moore  
dropped the spoon with which she had  
been basting a huge piece of venison,  
and gazed abstractedly into the fire.  
The other servants had gone about  
their usual avocations, so the pair were  
alone in the kitchen.

"I don't like the looks of things,"  
said the coachman—"I feel queer,  
somehow, for something tells me Mr.  
Hubert's in trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" asked the  
cook, sharply, rising from her low  
position in front of the fire.  
"I don't exactly know, I'm think-  
ing that you look queer to see Miss  
Calvert going out in a common hack.  
It can't be to church they're going, for  
sure he's no Catholic."

"He is a Catholic," burst suddenly  
from Hannah Moore; then she became  
very red in the face, and, as if to hide  
her confusion, she turned hastily to  
attend to some culinary duty.

McNamee looked at her with an ex-  
pression of wonder, and he continued  
to look as if surprised had deprived him  
of speech.  
"What's the matter with you,  
John?" she asked, stooping before the  
fire again, and resuming her basting.

"This is the matter with me," he  
said, crossing to her, and laying his  
hand on her shoulder, as if in think-  
ing that you show something more  
than the rest of us. Just now it flashed  
on me what you said at the inquest,  
over a year ago, to that same Mr.  
Plowden when he was examining you,  
that maybe if he pressed you too far,  
you'd tell things about other people,  
and now you seem to know he's a Cath-  
olic. I'm only putting this and that  
together, Hannah, and thinking that  
if you know anything that isn't good  
about him, you ought to put that  
young creature on her guard. Sure  
it's plain he's saying his addresses to  
her."

"The cook was crying."  
"Oh! John, John!" she said, rising  
again, and wiping her face with her  
apron, "I do know something, but I  
promised at a death-bed never to tell  
it. There is something that is not his  
fault, and there is something bitter  
and cruel that rests on his soul. But  
perhaps he's repented, and will make  
Miss Calvert a good husband. Don't  
tell any of the others what I've been  
saying, and maybe I can think of a  
way to put her on her guard, without  
breaking my word to the dead."  
She turned sadly to her work, while  
John, wearing a very grave face, re-  
paired slowly to the carriage-house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Jews.

The superior of the Jesuit Fathers in  
"priest-ridden" Austria has taught  
our Orange brethren in the United  
States a saving lesson, if they have the  
grace to learn it. In no country in  
Christendom is the feeling against the  
Jews so strong as in Austria. The  
storm that has been gathering for  
years burst during the last election,  
when the anti-Semitic candidates were  
returned in a large majority. The  
enemies of the Jews—it must be con-  
fessed there was strong local pro-  
vocation—invoked the aid of press and  
rostrum, and an over-zealous priest  
joined in the hue-and-cry. His super-  
ior suspended him from his sacred  
functions, saying, in explanation of his  
course:

"I am thoroughly convinced that  
politics should have no place in the  
pulpit. The rights of the Church are  
certainly sacred to us, and we mean to  
defend them at all times; but I will  
always veto attempts to preach politics  
from the pulpit, because the priest  
should stand above all party move-  
ments. I also do not like to see Chris-  
tians judge others on account of their  
race. To oppose any one because he  
is an Israelite or a heathen is alto-  
gether un-Christian. A true Chris-  
tian will respect the religious convic-  
tions of others. It is the duty of the  
priest and the Christian to assist ear-  
nest searchers after truth in their en-  
deavors, but