

that drowning was not the cause of death, for through his tunic they could trace the fatal stab of sword or dagger.

With blanched cheeks and a sharp intaking of the breath, the Mayor heard the lackey's account of the tragedy, for as he listened an awful fear seized him, one or two circumstances in the hurried recital and connecting his absent son with the crime just discovered, painfully obtruding themselves. "My God, can it be," his anxious heart asked, "that my guest has been slain by my own son?"

Ordering, as chief magistrate, a guard to proceed at once to the place, he made all haste to go there himself also, hoping against hope that rumor had exaggerated the occurrence. Unfortunately, he found the facts to be as reported by his servant. It was only too true; there before him on the shore and surrounded by a mourning multitude, lay the pierced and lifeless body of young Gomez—his cherished guest and the son of his old-time Cadiz friend. And, worse still, beside it were placed the sword and hat of his own son. Both had just been picked up by fishermen, the former on the strand and the latter floating at the wet dock. The finding of these on the scene of the tragedy and the mysterious absence of their owner were to a man of the Mayor's mental grasp facts of astounding significance. He had to face, he instinctively felt, the ordeal of his life—the struggle between his feelings as a father and his duty as a judge: his first dread surmise was correct—what he saw convinced him that his unfortunate son was the murderer. The ordeal left James Lynch Fitzstephen an altered man—altered save in one respect—the unalterable purpose, cost what it might, to be true to justice.

The guard had already come, and detailing the officer in charge with what assistance he required to remove the remains to his own house with the utmost possible respect, the Mayor accompanied them thither with bowed head and broken heart.

Forthwith taking into his counsel two of the civic dignitaries who were more particularly entrusted with the preservation of the peace, he unfolded to them the circumstances of the appalling event that had clouded their city, suppressing none, not even the unaccountable absence of his son or his own suspicion as to the identity of the culprit. He suggested that a search party be organized for the apprehension of his son. In vain were remonstrances and objection on the part of his colleagues against the sufficiency of the grounds for such a supposition. But forceful in character, as well as austere in sense of justice, he overcame all opposition and issued the necessary instructions for putting his suggestion into effect.

The town was searched, and the surrounding woods scoured for the fugitive. Every means known to an age in which the detective force and the telegraph were as yet in the realm of prophecy was exhausted. But, as if the grave had swallowed him, so had vanished every trace of the suspected murderer.

The funeral of the Spaniard was marked by every evidence of respect and mourning. Church and State joined in a tribute to his memory worthy of the ancient city in which he had met his death and of which he had been the guest.

But duty to the dead however nobly discharged, in no measure weakens, still less satisfies the demands of justice. So thought