POOR DOCUMENT

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THE POWERS AND MAXINE

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CHAPTER XVI.

Diana Undertakes a Strange Errand.

If I had not been tingling with anger against Lisa, who had seemed to enjoy saying needlessly cruel things to me, perhaps I would have been utterly discouraged when she pricked the bubble of my hope. She had made me realise that the plan I had was useless, perhaps worse than useless; but in my desperate mood I caught at another. I would try to see Ivor, and find out some other way of helping him. At all events he should know that I was for him, not against him, in this time of trouble.

Perhaps this new idea was a mad one, I told myself. Perhaps I should not be allowed to see him, even in the presence of others. But while there was a "perhaps" I wouldn't give up. Without waiting for a cooler or more cowardly mood to set in, I almost ran out of my room, and downstairs, for I hadn't taken off my hat and coat since coming in.

I had no knowledge of French law, or police etiquette, or anything of that sort. But I knew that the French were a gallant nation; and I thought that if a girl should go to the right place, begging for a short conversation with an accused man, as his friend, an interview—probably with a witness—might possibly be granted. The authorities might think that we were engaged, for all I cared. I did not care about anything now, except seeing Ivor, and helping him if I could.

I hardly knew what I meant to do at the beginning, by way of getting the chance I wanted, until I had asked to have a motor-cab called for me. Then, I suddenly thought of the British Ambassador, a great friend of Uncle Eric's and Aunt Lilian's. Uncle Eric had already been to him, but I fancied not with a view of trying to see Ivor. That idea had apparently not been in his mind at all. Anyway, the Ambassador would already understand that the family took a deep interest in the fate of Ivor Dundas, and would not be wholly astonished at receiving a call from me. Besides, hearing of some rather venturesome escapades of mine when I first arrived in London, he had once, while visiting Uncle Eric, laughed a good deal and said that in future he would be "surprised at nothing an American girl might do."

I told the driver to go to the British Embassy as fast as he could. There, I sent in my name, and the Ambassador received me at once. I didn't explain much, but came to the point immediately, and said that I wanted—oh, but wanted and needed very much indeed—to see Ivor Dundas. Could he, would he help me to do that?

"Ought I to help you?" he asked. "Would Mountstuart and Lady Mountstuart approve?"

"Yes," I said firmly. "They would approve. You see, it is necessary."

"Then, if it's necessary—and I believe you when you say that it is," he answered, "I'll do what I can."

What he could do and did do, was to write a personal letter to the Chief of Police in Paris, asking as a favour that his friend, Miss Forrest, a young lady related through marriage, to the British Foreign Secretary, should be allowed five minutes' conversation with the Englishman accused of murder, Mr. Ivor Dundas.

I took the letter to the Chief of Police myself, to save time, and because I was so restless and excited that I must be doing something every instant—something which I felt might bring me nearer to Ivor.

From the Chief of Police himself, who proved to be a most courteous person, I received an order to give to the governor of the gaol or prison where they had put Ivor. This, he explained, would procure me the interview I wanted, but unfortunately, I must not hope to see my friend alone. A warder who understood English would have to be present.

So far I had gone in the wild venture without once thinking what it would be to find myself suddenly face to face with Ivor in such terrible circumstances, or what he would think of me for coming in such a way now that we were no longer anything to each other—not even friends. But a kind of ague-terror crept over me while I sat waiting in an ugly little bare, stuffy reception room. My head was going round and round, my heart was pounding so that I could not make up my mind what to say to Ivor when he came.

Then, suddenly, I heard the sound of footsteps outside the door; and when it opened, there stood Ivor, between two Frenchmen in blue uniforms. One of them walked into the room with him—I suppose he must have been a warder—but he stopped near the door, and in a second I had forgotten all about him. He simply ceased to exist for me, when my eyes and Ivor's had met.

I sprang up from my chair, and began to talk as quickly as I could, stammering, and confused, hardly knowing what I said, but anxious to make him understand in the beginning that I had not come to take back my words of yesterday.

"We're all so dreadfully sorry, Mr. Dundas," I said. "I don't know if Uncle Eric has been here yet—but he is doing all he can, and Aunt Lilian is dreadfully upset. We're staying on in Paris on account of—on account of this. So you see you've got friends near you. And I—we're such old friends, I couldn't help trying as hard as I could for a sight of you to—to cheer you up, and—and to help you, if that's possible."

I spoke very fast, not daring to look at him after the first, but pretending to smooth out some wrinkles in one of my long gloves. My eyes were full of tears, and I was afraid they'd go splashing down my cheeks, if I even winked my lashes. I loved him more than ever now, and felt capable of forgiving him anything, if only I had the chance to forgive, and if only, only he really loved me and not the other.

"Thank you, a hundred times—more than I can express," he said, with a faint quiver in his voice—his beautiful voice, which was the first thing that charmed me after knowing him. "It does cheer me to see you. It gives me strength and courage. You wouldn't have come if you didn't—trust me, and believe me innocent."

"Why, of course, I—we—believe you innocent of any crime," I faltered.

"And of any lack of faith?"

"Oh, as for that, how can—but don't let's speak of that. What can it matter now?"

"It matters more than anything else in the world. If you could say that you will have faith!"

"I'll try to say it then, if it can give you any comfort."

"Not unless you mean it."

"Then—I'll try to mean it. Will that satisfy you?"

"It's better than nothing. And I thank you again. As for the rest, you're not to be anxious. Everything will come right for me sooner or later, though I may have to suffer some annoyances first."

"Annoyances?" I echoed. "If there were nothing worse!"

"There won't be. I shall be well defended. It will all be shown up as a huge mistake—another warning against trusting to circumstantial evidence."

"Is there nothing we can do then? Or—that we could urge others to do?" I asked, hoping that he understood that I meant one other; Maxine de Renzie.

I guessed by his look that he did understand. It was a look of gloom: but suddenly a light flashed in his eyes.

"There is one thing you could do for me—you and no one else," he said. But I have no right to ask it."

"Tell me what it is," I implored.

"I would not, if it didn't mean more than my life to me," He hesitated, and then, while I wondered what was to come, he bent forward and spoke a few hurried words in Spanish. He knew that to me Spanish was almost as familiar as English. He had heard me talk of the Spanish customs still existing in the part of California where I was born. He had heard me sing Spanish songs. We had sung them together—one or two I had taught him. But I had not taught him the language. He learned that, and three or four others at least, as a boy, when first he thought of taking up a diplomatic career

They were so few words, and so quickly spoken, that I—remembering the warder—almost hoped they might pass unnoticed. But the man in uniform came nearer to us at once, looking angry and suspicious.

"That is forbidden," he said to Ivor. Then, turning sharply to me. "What language was that?"

"Spanish," I answered. "He only bade me good-bye. We have been—very dear friends, and there was a misunderstanding, but—it's over now. It was natural he shouldn't want you to hear his last words to me."

"Nevertheless, it is forbidden," repeated the warder obstinately, "and though the five minutes you were granted together are not over yet, the prisoner must go with me now. He has forfeited the rest of his time, and must be reported."

With this, he ordered Ivor to leave the room, in a tone which sounded to me so brutal that I should have liked him to be shot, and the whole French police force exterminated. To hear a little underbred policeman dare to speak like that to my big, brave, handsome Englishman, and to know that it would be childish and undignified of Ivor to resist—oh, I could have killed the creature with my own hands—I think!

As for Ivor, he said not another word, except "good-bye," smiling half sadly, half with a twinkle of grim humour. Then he went out, with his head high: and just at the door, he threw me back one look. It said as plainly as if he had spoken: "Remember, I know you won't fail me."

I did indeed remember, and I prayed that I should have pluck and courage not to fail. But it was a very hard thing that he asked me to do, and he had said well in saying that he would not ask it of me if it did not mean more than this life.

The words he had whispered so hastily and unexpectedly in Spanish, were these: "Go to the room of the murder, alone, and on the window balcony find in a box under flower-pots, a folded document. Take this to Maxine. Every moment counts."

So it seemed that it was always of her he thought—of Maxine de Renzie! And I, of all people in the world, was to help him, with her.

As I thought of this task he'd set me, and of all it meant, it appeared more and more incredible that he should have had the heart to ask such a thing of me. But—it "meant more than his life." And I would do the thing, if it could be done, because of my pride.

As I drove away from the prison, a kind of fury grew in me and possessed me. I felt as if I had fire instead of blood in my veins. If I had known that death, or worse than death, waited for me in the ghastly house to which Ivor had sent me, I would still have gone there.

My first thought was to go instantly, and get it over—with success or failure. But calmer thoughts prevailed.

I hadn't looked at the papers yet. My only knowledge of last night's dreadful happenings had come from Uncle Eric and Lord Robert West. I had said to myself that I didn't wish to read the newspaper accounts of the murder, and of Ivor's supposed part in it. I remembered now, however, that I did not even know in what part of Paris the house of the murder was. I recalled only the name of the street, because it was a curiously grim one—like the tragedy that had been acted in it.

I couldn't tell the cabman to drive me to the street and house. I must search the papers, and find out from them something about the neighborhood, for there would surely be plenty of details of that sort. And I must do this without first going back to the hotel, as it might be very difficult to get away again, once I was there. Now, nobody knew where I was, and I was free to do as I pleased, no matter what the consequences might be afterwards.

Passing a Duval restaurant, I suddenly ordered my motor-cab to stop. Having paid and sent it away, I went upstairs, and asked for a cup of chocolate at one of the little, deadly respectable-looking marble tables. Also I asked to see an evening paper.

It was a shock to find Ivor's photograph, horribly reproduced, gazing at me from the front page. The photograph was an old one, which had been a good deal shown in shop windows, much to Ivor's disgust, at about the time he returned from his great expedition, and published his really wonderful book. I had seen it before I met him: and as it must have been on sale in Paris as well as London, it had been easy enough for the newspaper people to get it. Then came the story of the murder, built up dramatically. Hating it, sickened by it, I yet read it all. I knew where to go to find the house, and I knew that the murder had been committed in a back room on the top floor. Also I saw the picture of the window with the balcony. Ivor was supposed—according to Girard, the detective—to have tried in vain to escape by way of this high balcony, on hearing sounds outside the door while busy in searching the dead man's room. Girard said that he had seen him first, by the light of a bull's-eye lantern, which he—Girard—carried, standing at bay in the open window. There was a photograph of this window, taken from outside. There was the balcony: and there was the balcony of another window with another balcony just like it, on the adjoining house. I looked at the picture, and judged that there would not be more than two feet of distance between the railings of those two balconies.

"That would be my way to get there—if I can get there at all," I said to myself. But there was hardly any "if" left in my mind now. I meant to get there.

By this time it was after five o'clock. I left the Duval restaurant, and again took a cab. The first thing I did was to send a petit bleu to Aunt Lilian, saying that she wasn't to worry about me. I'd been hipped and nervous, and had gone out to see a friend who was—I'd just found out—staying in Paris. Perhaps I should stop with the friend to dinner; but at latest I should be back by nine or ten o'clock. That would save a bother at the hotel (for Aunt Lilian knew I had heaps of American friends who came every year to Paris), yet no one would know where to search for me, even if they were inclined.

Next, I drove to a street near the Rue de la Fille Sauvage, and dismissed my cab. I asked for no directions, but after one or two mistakes, found the street I wanted. Instead of going to the house of the murder, I passed on to the next house on the left—the house of the balcony almost adjoining the dead man's.

I rang the bell for the concierge, and asked him if there were any rooms to let in the house. I knew already that there were, for I could see the advertisement of "Chambres a louer," staring me in the face: but I spoke French as badly as I could, making three mistakes to every sentence, and begged the man to talk slowly in answering me.

There were several rooms to be had, it appeared, but it would have been too good to be true that the one I wanted should be empty. After we had jabbered awhile, I made the concierge understand that I was a young American journalist, employed by a New York paper. I wanted to "write-up" the murder of last night, according to my own ideas, and as of course the police wouldn't let me go into the room where it happened, the next best thing would be to take the room close to it, in the house adjoining. I wanted to be there only long enough to "get the emotion, the sensation," I explained, so as to make my article really dramatic. Would the people who occupied that room let it to me for a few hours. Long before bed time, they could have it back again, if I got on well with my writing.

The concierge, to whom I gave ten francs as a kind of retaining fee, was almost sure the occupants of the room (an old man and his wife) would willingly agree to such a proposal, if I paid them well enough for their trouble in turning out.

Would three louis be enough? I asked. The concierge—whose eyes brightened—thought that it would. I knew by his look he would take a large commission for managing the affair, as he quickly offered to do; but that didn't matter to me.

He confirmed my idea that it would have been hopeless to try and get into the room of the murder itself even if I could have borne it, saying that the door, and window too, had been sealed by the police, who were also guarding the house from curiosity seekers; but he added that I could see the shut window from the balcony of the room I was going to hire.

I waited for him, and played with his very unattractive baby, while he went upstairs to make enquiries. He was gone for some time, explaining to the people; but at last, when my patience was almost too far strained, he came back to say that Monsieur and Madame Nissot had consented to go out of their room for the evening. They were dining at the moment, however, and Mademoiselle must be pleased to wait a few moments until they finished the meal, and gathered up a few things which they would carry to a neighbor's: books, and work for their hours of absence, the concierge politely suggested. But that was to save my feelings, no doubt; for I was sure the husband and wife meant to make a parcel of any valuables which could possibly be carried off by an unscrupulous American journalist. Also, they stipulated that payment must be made in advance. This I agreed willingly. And then—I waited, waited. It was tedious, but after all, the tediousness didn't matter much when I came to think of it. It would be impossible to do the thing I had made up my mind to do till after dark.

CHAPTER XVII.

Maxine Makes a Bargain.

We looked everywhere, in all possible places, for the diamond necklace, Raoul and I: and to him, poor fellow, its second loss seemed overwhelming. He did not see in glaring scarlet letters always before his eyes these two words: "The Treaty," as I did—for my punishment. He was in happy ignorance still of that other loss which I—I, to whom his honour should have been sacred—had inflicted upon him. He was satisfied with my story, that through a person employed by me—a person whose name could not yet be mentioned, even to him—the necklace had been snatched from the thief who had stolen it. He blamed himself mercilessly for thinking so little of the brocade bag which I had given him at parting, for letting all remembrance of my words concerning it to be put out of his mind by his "wicked jealousy," as he repentantly called it. For me, he had nothing but praise and gratitude for what I had done for him. He begged me to forgive him, and his remorse for such a small thing, comparatively—wrung my heart.

We searched the garden and the whole street, then came back to search the little drawing-room for the second time, in vain. It did seem that there was witchcraft in it, as I said to Raoul; but at last I persuaded him to go away, and follow his own track wherever he had been since I gave him the bag with the diamonds. It was just possible, as it was so late, and his way had led him through quiet streets, that even after all this time the little brocade bag might be lying where he had left it—or that some honest policeman might have picked it up. Besides, there was a cab in which he had come part of the distance to my house. The bag might have fallen on the floor while he drove: and there were many honest cabmen in Paris, I reminded him, trying to be as cheerful as I could.

So he left me. And I was dreadfully tired; but I had no thought of sleep—no wish for it. When I had unlocked the door of my boudoir, and found Ivor Dundas gone, as I had noped he would be, the next hope born in my heart was that he would by-and-bye come back, or send—with news.

Hour after hour of deadly suspense passed on, however, and he did not come or make any sign. At five o'clock, Marianne, who had flitted about all night like a restless ghost, made me drink a cup of hot chocolate, and actually put me to bed. My last words to her were: "What is the use? I can't sleep. It will be worse to lie and toss in a fever, than sit up."

Yet I did sleep and heavily. She will always deny it, I know, but I'm sure she must have slyly slipped a sleeping-powder into the chocolate. I was far too much occupied with my own thoughts as I drank it to please her, to think whether or no there was anything at all peculiar in the taste.

Be that as it may, I slept; and when I waked suddenly, starting out of a hateful dream (yet scarcely worse than realities), to my horror it was nearly noon.

I was wild with fear lest the servants, in their stupid but well-meant wish not to disturb me, might have sent important visitors away. However, when Marianne came flying in, in answer to my long peal of the electric bell, she said that no one had been. There were letters and one telegram, and all the morning papers, as usual after the first night of a new play.

My heart gave a spring at the news that there was a telegram, for I thought it might be from Ivor, saying he was on the track of the treaty, even if he hadn't yet got hold of it. But the message was from Raoul; and he had not found the brocade bag. He did not put this in so many words, but said, "I have not found what was lost, or learned anything of it."

From Ivor there was not a line, and I thought this cruel. He might have wired, or written me a note, even if there were nothing definite to say. He might, unless—something had happened to him. There was that to think of; and I did think of it, with dread, and a growing presentment that I had not suffered yet all I was to suffer. I determined to send a servant to the Elysee Palace Hotel to enquire for him, and despatched a man immediately. Meanwhile, as there was nothing to do, after pretending to eat breakfast under the watchful eyes of Marianne, I pretended also to read the newspaper notices of the play. But each sentence went out of my head before I had begun the next. I knew in the end only that, according to all critics, Maxine de Renzie had "surpassed herself," had been "astonishingly great," had done "what no woman could do unless she threw her whole soul into the part." How little they knew where Maxine de Renzie's soul had been last night! And—only God knew where it might be this night. Out of her body, perhaps—the one way of escape from Raoul's hatred, if he had come to know the truth.

Of course, the enquiry at the hotel was not for Ivor Dundas, but for the name he had adopted there; yet when my servant came back to me he had nothing to tell which was consoling—rather the other way. The gentleman had gone out about midnight (I knew that already), and hadn't returned since. My man had been to the Bureau to ask, and it had struck him, he admitted to me on being catechised, that his questions had been answered with a certain reserve, as if more were known of the absent gentleman's movements than it was considered wise to tell.

The servant had not been long away, though it seemed long to me, and he had delayed only to buy all the evening papers, which he "thought that Mademoiselle would like to see, as they were sure to be filled with praise of her great acting." It was on my tongue to scold him for stopping even one moment, when he had been told to hurry, but he looked so pleased at his own cleverness that I hadn't the heart to dash his happiness. I would, however, have pushed the papers aside without so much as glancing at them, if it hadn't suddenly occurred to me that, if any accident had befallen Ivor, news of it might possibly have got into print by this time.

When I had read what happened—how he was accused of murder, and while declaring his innocence had been silent as to all those events which might have proved it, my heart went out to him in a wave of gratitude. Here was a man! A man loyal and brave and chivalrous as all men ought to be, but few are! He had sacrificed himself to the death, no doubt, to keep my name out of the mud into which my business had thrown him, and to save me from appearing in Raoul's eyes the liar that I was. Had Ivor told that he was with me, after I had prevaricated (if I had not actually lied) to Raoul about the midnight visitor to my house, what would Raoul think of me?

Ivor was trying to save me, if he could; and he had been trying to save me when he went to the room of that dead man, though how and when he had decided to go I know not. If it were not for me, he would be free and happy to-day.

My conscience cried out that the one thing to do was to go at once to the Chief of Police and say: "Monsieur, this English gentleman they have arrested cannot have committed a murder in the Rue de la Fille Sauvage, between half-past twelve and one last night, for he came to my house, far away in the Rue d'Hollande, at a quarter past twelve, and didn't leave it till after one o'clock."

I even sprang up from my chair in the very room where I had hidden Ivor, to ring for Marianne and tell her to bring me a hat and coat, to bid her order my electric brougham immediately. But—I sat down again, sick and despairing, deliberately crushing the generous impulse. I couldn't obey it. I dared not. By-and-bye, perhaps. If Ivor should be in real pressing danger, then certainly. But not now.

At four o'clock Raoul came, and was with me for an hour. Each of us tried to cheer the other. I did all I could to make him hope that even yet he would have news of the brocade bag and its contents. He, thinking me ill and tired out, did all he could to persuade me that he was not miserable with anxiety. At least, he was no longer jealous of Godensky or of any man, and was humbly repentant for his suspicions of me the night before. When Raoul is repentant, and wishes to atone for something that he has done, he is enchanting. There was never a man like him.

At five I sent him away, with the excuse that I must rest, as I hadn't slept much the night before; but really it was because I feared lest I should disgrace myself before him by breaking down, and giving him a fright—or perhaps even by being mad enough to confess the thing that I had done. I felt that I was no longer mistress of myself—that I might be capable of any folly.

I could not eat, but I drank some beef-tea before starting for the theatre, where I went earlier than usual. It would be something to be busy; and in my part I might even forget for a moment, now and then.

Marianne and I were in my dressing-room before seven. I insisted on dressing at once, and took as long as I could in the process of making up; still, when I was ready there was more than half an hour to spare before the first act. There were letters for me—the kind that always come to the theatre—but I couldn't read them, after I had occupied myself with tearing open the envelopes. I knew what they would be: vows of adoration from strangers; poems by budding poets; petitions for advice from strange girls and young men who wanted to go on the stage; requests from artists who wanted to paint my picture. There were always such things every night, especially after the opening of a new play.

I was still aimlessly breaking fantastic seals, and staring unseeingly at crests and coronets, when there came a knock at the door. Marianne opened it, to speak for a moment with the stage door keeper.

"Mademoiselle," she whispered, coming to me, "Monsieur le Comte Godensky wishes to see you. Shall I say you are not receiving?"

I thought for a moment. Better see him, perhaps. I might learn something. If not—if he had only come to torture me uselessly to please himself, I would soon find out, and could send him away.

I went into my little reception-room adjoining, and received him there. He advanced, smiling, as one advances to a friend of whose welcome one is sure.

"Well?" I asked, abruptly, when the door was shut and we were alone. He held out his hand, but I put mine behind me, and drew back a step when he had come too close.

"Well—I have news for you, that no one else could bring, so I thought you would be glad to see—even me," he answered, smiling still.

"What news?" But bad, of course—or you wouldn't bring it."

"You are very cruel. Of course, you've seen the evening papers? You know that your English friend is in prison?"

"The same English friend whom you would have liked to see arrested early last evening on a ridiculous, baseless charge," I flung at him. "You look surprised. But you are not surprised, Count Godensky—except, perhaps, that I should guess who had me spied upon at the Elysee Palace Hotel. A disappointment, that affair, wasn't it? But you haven't told me your news."

"It is this: "That Mr. Ivor Dundas, of England, has been on the rack to-day."

"What do you mean?"

"He has been in the hands of Juge d'Instruction. It is much the same, isn't it, if one has secrets to keep? Would you like to know, if some magical bird could tell you, what questions were put to Mr. Dundas, and what answer he made?"

Strange, that this very thought had been torturing me before Godensky came! I had been thinking of the Juge d'Instruction, and his terrible cross-examination which only a man of steel or iron can answer without trembling. I had thought that questions had been asked and answers gven which might mean everything to me, if I could only have heard them. Could it be that I was to hear, now? But I reminded myself that this was impossible. No one would know except the Juge d'Instruction and Ivor Dundas himself. "Only two men were present at that scene, and they never will tell what went on," I said aloud.

"Three men were present," Godensky answered. "Besides the two of whom you think, there was another: a lawyer who speaks English. It is permitted now-a-days that a foreigner, if he demands it, can be accompanied by his legal adviser when he goes before the Juge d'Instruction. Otherwise, his lack of knowledge of the language might handicap him, and cause misunderstandings which would prejudice his case."

He paused a moment, but I did not reply. I knew that Ivor Dundas spoke French as well as I; but I was not going to tell this Russian that fact.

"The adviser your friend has chosen," Godensky went on, "happens to be a protege of mine. I made him—gave him his first case, his first success; and have employed him more than once since. Odd, what a penchant Mr. Dundas seems to have for men in whom I, too, have confidence! Last night, it was Girard. To-day, it is Lenormand."

This was a blow, and a heavy one; but I wouldn't let Godensky see that I winced under it.

You keep yourself singularly well-informed of the movements of your various proteges," I said—"as well as those of your enemies. But if the information in the one case is no more trustworthy than in the other—why, you're not faithfully served. I've good reason to know that you've made several mistakes lately, and you're likely to make more."

"Thanks for the warning. But I hope you don't call yourself my 'enemy'?"

"I don't know of a more appropriate name—after the baseness that you haven't even tried to hide, in your dealings with me."

"I thought all was fair in love and war."

"Do you make war on women?"

"No—I make love to them."

"To many, I dare say. But here is one who won't listen."

"At least you will listen while I go on with the news that I came to tell?"

"Oh, yes, I confess to being curious. No doubt what you say will be interesting—even if not accurate."

"I can promise that it shall be both. I called on Lenormand as soon as I learned what had happened—that he'd been mixed up in this case—and expressed myself as extremely concerned for the fate of his client, friends of whom were intimate friends of mine. So you see, there was no question of treachery on Lenormand's part. He trusts me—as you do not. Indeed, I even offered my help for Dundas, if I could give it consistently with my position. Naturally, he told me nothing which could be used against Dundas, so far as he knew, even if I wished to go against him—which my coming here ought to prove to you that I do not."

"I read the proof rather differently," I said. "But go on. I'm sure you are anxious to tell me certain things. Please come to the point."

"In a few words, then, the point is this: One of the most important questions put by the Juge d'Instruction, after hearing from Mr. Dundas the explanation of a document found on him by the police—ah, that wakes you up, Mademoiselle! You are surprised that a document was found on the prisoner?"

(To be continued.)

OLD I. C. R. DEPOT AT MONCTON GUTTED BY FIRE

Building Occupied by Two Departments of the Railway

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16—The building at the west end of the I. C. R. yard formerly used as an Intercolonial depot, was badly gutted by fire, which broke out about 4 o'clock this afternoon. The fire was well underway when noticed by J. D. Steeves, and despite the best efforts of the I. C. R. fire brigade which made a prompt turn out and an efficient fight, the building was practically destroyed.

The building is occupied at present by the offices of the yard master, Geo. Bleakney, superintendent of trackmasters. All books and papers relating to freight cars in the yard were in the office of the yard master, and were carried to safety by clerks. The telegraph instruments were saved as well, but it is expected that a quantity of tools owned by the men in Mr. Bleakney's department will be lost.

The fire started around one of the chimneys, the building being heated by stoves.

When the firemen arrived on the scene, the flames had a good hold on the building and dense clouds of smoke were pouring from the windows, while the flames had burst through the roof in several places. The firemen put up a good fight but the flames had wrought much damage by the time they were under control.

Cape Breton Student Wins Championship.

Kingston, Ont., Oct. 15.—H. N. McKinnon won Queens University championship here at the athletic sports this afternoon and also broke the record for throwing the discus at ninety-eight feet two and a half inches. McKinnon is a science student from Cape Breton.

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HANGING JUDGE SPORT AND WIT

Character Sketch and Stories of Lord Brampton

A REMARKABLE FIGURE

The Most Popular of Judges, Though Feared -- At the Bar He Was a Terror in Cross-examination--How He Handled Hostile Witnesses -- His Part in the Tichborne Trial.

But for the obituary notices accompanying the anonuncement of his death, not many people would have realized that in the passing of Lord Brampton England had lost one of the greatest judges of the nineteenth century, one whose name for thirty years was a household word throughout the land. Sir Henry Hawkins, or "Hawkins," as he was familiarly called, was not only the most noted judge of his time, but also the most popular, and the most feared. A more remarkable figure, indeed, never adorned the British bench. Merciless in his punishment of crime, especially that of murder, he became known as "the hanging Judge," and yet at heart he was one of the most humane of men, and off the bench a most genial companion. His detestation of criminals was equalled only by his love of animals, and, while he would hang a man unmoved, he could not bear the sight of a dog being cruelly treated. Terribly severe in his manner when the occasion demanded, he was yet the soul of humor. People thought him heartless but secretly admired his fearlessness; and when they were not shuddering at his sentences they were laughing at his wit. These conflicting impressions of the man and judge were traceable to his possession of a combination of qualities not usually associated in one individual.

A Man of Varied Interests.

Sir Henry Hawkins was a man of varied interests. A great lawyer and an upright judge, he was also, in the words of a famous contemporary, "a seer of men and things, a distinguished member of the Jockey Club, a good sportsman, and man of the world." Above all he had what too many judges lack, a remarkable knowledge of human nature. As a matter of fact his reputation as the "hanging judge" would be more difficult to substantiate than the qualities that made him popular. Severe he undoubtedly was, but it was because he regarded criminals, and particularly murderers, as the enemies of society. "I was never hard to a prisoner," he once wrote. "The least circumstance in mitigation found in me a hearty reception, but cruelty in man or woman, an unflinching judge." A guilty prisoner knew that if "old Hawkins" was on the bench it was all up with him. But while hardened criminals quailed before his lash and were visited by condign punishment, there were occasions on which Sir Henry's humane and human qualities lightened the gloom of court room tragedy and proved him to be a man of the most genuine sympathy.

A Terror in Cross-examination.

Called to the bar in 1843, Hawkins quickly earned a reputation as a lawyer gifted with extraordinary powers as a cross-examiner. In that capacity he had scarcely an equal in the profession and many stories are told of how he scored off witnesses. His manner of cross-examination was pretty accurately described in his "Reminiscences." "When I came across a really good rogue," he wrote, "I played him as though I had hooked a salmon. I let him have a little line now and then and a little air, and then he would take a plunge into deep water. But he never got away if I could help it." It was seldom that he had the worst of an encounter with a witness, but on one occasion he nearly met his match.

Irritated by the coxcomb airs of a witness named Phillips, the manager of a circus, who affected the style and appearance of a military gent with formidable moustache waxed at the ends, Hawkins resolved to "take him down." "Now, Captain Phillips," he began, involuntarily putting his fingers to his chin, which then and always was bare. "I'm not a Captain Phillips," indignantly protested the witness, and then he added, "but we are not all as barefaced as you, Mr. Hawkins." The lawyer was disconcerted, but only for a moment. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Phillips," he retorted, "the circus whip has made you smart and you have done justice to your teacher." Affectation of any kind Hawkins could not tolerate and if a witness showed any signs of it so much the worse for him.

Hard on the Expert.

He had not been long in the profession before he observed that as a class experts in handwriting who were frequently called upon to give evidence were disposed to be vain of their powers. He accordingly resolved to make an example of one of these infallible guides at the first opportunity, and this is how he did it. Handing the expert six slips of paper, each of which was written in a different kind of writing, the lawyer asked him to examine them closely.

"I see, Mr. Hawkins, what you are going to try to do—you want to put me in a hole," said the witness, as, after much polishing of his glasses, he perused the slips.

"I do," replied Hawkins, "and if you are ready for the hole, tell me: Were those six pieces of paper written by one hand at about the same time?"

"No," was the confident reply. "They were written at different times and by different hands!"

"By different persons, do you say?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then you are in the hole," remarked Hawkins, "for I wrote them myself this morning!"

When there was really no substantial defence to a case Hawkins used the weapon of ridicule with great effect. He was once retained by the defendant in a slander action founded on the fact that his client had pointed his thumb over his shoulder and asked another man, "Do you know him? That's Joe Smith." Counsel for the plaintiff was Mr. Joseph Brown, Q. C., who eloquently sought to make out that the defendant meant that plaintiff was a rogue. Hawkins got up and turned Mr. Brown's speech to ridicule in two or three sentences.

"Gentlemen," he said, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at his opponent, "do you know him; do you know Joe Brown?"

There was a roar of laughter, counsel for the plaintiff turned red, and the jury there and then returned a verdict for the defendant.

It was in the famous Tichborne case, however, that Hawkins made his name as a cross-examiner. The whole case from the commencement of the chancery proceedings down to the beginning of the trial had been a comedy of blunders, and it was not until Hawkins' cross-examination of Baigent, Orton's friend, that the truth came out. Even the claimant was moved to admiration, and the story goes that when he saw J. L. Toole, the celebrated actor, taking a seat in court, he remarked: "There's Toole come to learn actin' for Arry 'Orkins." It was during the Tichborne trial, too, that Hawkins got even with Sir John Coleridge who, having been appointed attorney-general, was disposed to stand on his dignity. Sir John had succeeded Sir Robert Collier under circumstances that were regarded as somewhat "fluky." In the course of the Tichborne trial he took occasion to protest, "as head of the English bar," against something or other, whereup Sergeant Ballentine, who was along with Hawkins, got up and observed: "True, Sir John is head of the English bar—by an accident." "Yes," chimed in Hawkins, "a Collier-y accident."

A Power on the Bench.

Offered a judgeship in 1874, Hawkins declined to give up his practice, but two years later, when the offer was repeated, he accepted it, and became a judge of the exchequer court, with the title of Sir Henry Hawkins. His first great trial was the celebrated Penge murder case, and it was said at the time that the great sensation which that case caused was almost overshadowed by the realization that "a new power had come upon the bench." It was in consequence of his stubborn refusal to be swayed by public sentiment in his conduct of the trial that Sir Henry was dubbed "the hanging judge," and the name stuck to him throughout his long career. One of his characteristics was his outspokenness, and when he went on circuit the newspapers devoted more space to his observations sometimes than to the evidence. While some judges on circuit discoursed to the grand jury on foreign relations, turnips or the state of trade, Sir Henry had frequently something to say about the miserable condition of the quarters assigned to his majesty's judges.

On one occasion he congratulated the jury, "not only on there being so few prisoners, but also on the fact that you are not holding an inquest on our bodies."

Sir Henry was very impatient with long-winded counsel. One oracular "wig and gown" had been cross-examining a witness for an hour and a half, and was commencing to put another question at the stroke of 4, when the court usually adjourned. "Tomorrow morning, Mr.——, at 10.30," quietly observed Sir Henry, "we will hear the remainder of that question, and the whole of the answer." And with that he closed his books and retired, leaving counsel to take the hint.

The Judge and His Dog.

A lover of animals, Sir Henry had for years, as his constant companion, a fox terrier named Jack. It accompanied him on all his travels, and sometimes even sat on the bench beside its master.

"Gorblime Jemmy! see 'im. The ole bloke's been poachin' again. See what he's got," exclaimed a costermonger when he saw the judge entering the court one morning with his dog and a brace of pheasants.

As a sportsman Sir Henry was well known to all frequenters of the great race meetings, where his reputation as a judge exerted a salutary influence upon the "crooks." The "welcher" was so terror-stricken by the knowledge that he was to be tried by him that he was moved to confess the crime with which he was charged. "Why," he said, "it's that 'Orkins as is to try me, and he's a member o' the Jockey Club; he'll warn me off every course in the kingdom."

Sir Henry had no great respect for parsons, who irritated him by their obsequiousness. Asked by one of the "cloth" whether he had any favorite motto, the judge replied that he had three. The first was "Never fret;" the second, "Never say anything you think will be disagreeable to other persons," and the third, "Never do anything which you feel will be disagreeable to yourself." The parson expressed himself delighted with these sentiments, and added: "I should be delighted, my lord, to put your advice into practice at the earliest opportunity." "That will be on Sunday at 12 o'clock," dryly replied the judge.

One for the Scottish Judge.

Always quick to seize an opportunity for a joke, Sir Henry once caused a hearty laugh at the expense of Lord Campbell, who, like most Scotsmen, was very jealous of his country's language. Council in a case in which a brougham had collided with an omnibus kept pronouncing brougham as if it were spelt with two syllables. Campbell, after correcting him two or three times, at last go angry, and said: "Mr. ——, there is a way in Scotland we have of calling things by their right names, but we're in England, and I would observe that the name of the noble and learned lord was not Broug-ham, but Brougham. It is Saturday afternoon and in addition to its being inelegant to call things by their wrong names it is a reason why it should be called as if spelt Broom. It would just save a syllable which is altogether wasted, and would shorten the proceedings."

Shortly afterwards Campbell asked a witness which course was pursued by the omnibus. Hawkins had been waiting his opportunity and he remarked. "My lord, as we all desire, with your lordship, to get away it being Saturday afternoon, would your lordship see any objection to calling that vehicle a 'bus? We would save two syllables more." Even Lord Campbell saw the joke.

Retiring from the bench in 1898 Sir Henry was in the following year elevated to the peerage, with the title of Lord Brampton, and "Arry 'Orkins," as he was called by the costermongers, was known no more.

Rev. Dr. John Potts Dead.

Toronto, Oct. 16.—Rev. John Potts, D. D., LL. D., general secretary of education of the Methodist church in Canada, passed away at 7 o'clock this morning at the age of sixty-nine. The death of Dr. Potts ends a career of a half century in the ministry and removed one of the most prominent and most gifted of the men in the Canadian Methodist church.

Liberal Won't Run.

London, Ont., Oct. 16—(Special)—The London Conservatives nominated Thomas Beattie for the commons last night. The labor candidate is J. D. Jacobs, and the Liberals will probably make no nomination.

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