POOR DOCUMENT

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THE POWERS AND MAXINE

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CHAPTER XIV—(Continued.)

My heart gave a great bound, and I guessed in an instant why Lisa had brought me here, though how she could have learned where to find the house, I didn't know.

"Oh, Lisa!" I reproached her. "How could you?"

"It really was an inspiration. I'm almost sure of that now," she said quietly, though I could tell by her tone that she was trying to hide excitement. "You never saw that woman before, and yet you seem to know who she is. You jumped as if she had fired a shot at you."

"I know by the hair," I answered. "I might have forseen this would be the kind of thing you would think of; it's like you."

"You ought to be grateful to me for thinking of it," said Lisa. "It's entirely for your sake; and it's quite true, it was an inspiration to come here. This afternoon in the train I read an interview in 'Femina' with Maxine de Renzie, about the new play she's produced to-night. There was a picture of her, and a description of her house in the Rue d'Hollande."

"Now you have satisfied your curiosity. You've seen her, and her maid, and the garden wall," I said, more sharply than I often speak to Lisa. "I'm going to tell the driver to take us back to the hotel at once. I know quite well why you want to wait here, but you shan't—I won't. I'm going away as quickly as I can."

She caught my dress as I would have leaned out to speak to the driver. Her manner had suddenly changed, and she was all softness and sweetness, and persuasiveness.

"Di, dearest girl, don't be cross with me; please don't misunderstand," she implored. "I love you, you know, even if you sometimes think I don't; I want you to be happy—oh, wait a moment, and listen. I've been so miserable all day, knowing you were miserable; and I've felt horribly guilty for fear, after all, I'd said too much. Of course if you'd guessed I meant to come here, you wouldn't have stirred out of the hotel, and it was better for you to see for yourself. Unless Ivor Dundas came here with a motor-cab, as we did, he could hardly have arrived yet, so if he does come, we shall know. If he doesn't come, we shall know, too. Think how happy you'll feel if he doesn't! I'll apologise to you then, frankly and freely; and I suppose you would not mind apologising to him if necessary?"

"He may be in the house now," I said, more to myself than to Lisa.

"If he is, he'll come out and meet her when he hears the gate open. There, it's open now. The maid's unlocked it. No, there's nobody in the garden."

"I can't stop here and watch for him, like a spy," I said.

"Not like a spy, but like a girl who thinks she may have done a man injustice. It's for his sake I ask you to stay. And if you won't, I must stay alone. If you insist on going away, I'll get out and stand in the street, either until Ivor Dundas has come, or until I'm sure he isn't coming. But how much better to wait and see for yourself."

"You know I can't go off and leave you standing here," I answered. "And I can't leave you sitting in the carriage, and walk through the streets alone. I might meet——" I would not finish my sentence, but Lisa must have guessed the name on my lips.

"The only thing to do then, is for us to stop where we are, together," said Lisa, "for stop I must and shall, in justice to myself, to Ivor Dundas and to you. You couldn't force me away, even if you wanted to use force."

"Which you know is out of the question," I said, desperately. "But why has your conscience begun to reproach you for trying to put me against Ivor? You seemed to have no scruples whatever, last night and this morning."

"I've been thinking hard since then. I want my warning to you either to be justified, or else I want to apologise humbly. For if Ivor doesn't come to this house to-night, in spite of his embarrassment when he spoke about an engagement, I shall believe that he doesn't care a rap about Maxine de Renzie."

I said no more, but leaned back against the cushions, my heart beating as if it were in my throat, and my brain throbbing in time with it. I could not think, or argue with myself what was really right and wise to do. I could only give myself up, and drift with circumstances.

"A man has just come round the far corner," whispered Lisa. "Is it Ivor? I can't make out. He doesn't look our way."

"Thank Heaven were too far off for him to see our faces! I would rather die than have Ivor know we're here," I broke out.

"I don't think it is Ivor," Lisa went on. "He's hidden himself in the shadow, as if he were watching. It's that house he's interested in. Who can he be, if not Ivor? A detective, perhaps."

"Why should a detective watch Mademoiselle de Renzie's house?" I asked, in spite of myself.

Lisa seemed a little confused, as if she had said something she regretted.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she answered hastily. "Why, indeed? It was just a thought. The man seems so anxious not to be seen. Oh—keep back, Di, don't look out for an instant, till he's passed. Ivor is coming now. He's walking in a great hurry. There! he can't see you. He's far enough away for you to peep, and see for yourself. He's at Maxine de Renzie's gate."

It was all over, then, and no more hope. His eyes when they gave me the tragic look, had lied, even as his lips had lied last night, when he told me there was no other woman in this world but me.

"I won't look," I stammered, almost choking.

"Someone, I can't see who, is letting him in. The gate's shut behind him."

"Let us go now," I begged.

"No, no, not yet!" cried Lisa. "I must know what happens next. We are in the midst of it, indeed."

I hardly cared what she did, now. Ivor had come to see Maxine de Renzie, and nothing else mattered very much. I had no strength to insist that we should go.

"I wonder what the man in the shadow would do if he saw us?" Lisa said. Then she leaned out, on the side away from the hiding man, and softly told the driver to go very slowly along the street. This he did, but the man did not move.

"Stop before that house behind the wall with the creepers," directed Lisa, but I would not allow that.

"No, he shall not stop there!" I exclaimed. "Lisa, I forbid it. You have had your way in everything so far. I won't let you have it in this."

"Very well, we'll turn the corner into the next street, to please you," said Lisa; and she gave orders to the driver again. "Now stop," she cried, when we had gone half way down the street, out of sight and hearing of anyone in the Rue d'Hollande. Then, in another instant, before I had any idea what she meant to do, she was out of the cab, running like a child in the direction whence we had come. I looked after her, hesitating whether or not to follow (for I could not bear to risk meeting Ivor), and saw that she paused at the corner. She was peeping into the Rue d'Hollande, to find out what was happening there.

"She will come back in a moment or two," I said to myself wearily, and sat waiting. For a little while she stood with her long dress gathered up under her cloak: then she darted round the corner and vanished. If she had not appeared again almost at once, I should have had to tell the driver to follow, though I hated the thought of going again into the street where Maxine de Renzie lived. But she did come, and in her hand was a pretty little brocade bag embroidered with gold or siliver that sparkled even in the faint light.

"I saw this lying on the street, and ran to pick it up," she exclaimed.

"You might better have left it," I said stiffly. "Perhaps Mademoiselle de Renzie dropped it."

"No, I don't think so. It wasn't in front of her house."

"It may belong to that man who was watching, then."

"It doesn't look much like a thing that a man would carry about with him, does it?"

"No," I admitted, indifferently. "Now we will go home."

"Don't you want to wait and see how long Ivor Dundas stops?"

"Indeed I don't!" I cried. "I don't want to know any more about him." And for the moment I almost believed that what I said was true.

"Very well," said Lisa, "perhaps we do know enough to prove to us both that I haven't anything to reproach myself with. And the less you think about him after this, the better."

"I shan't think about him at all," I said. But I knew that was a boast I should never be able to keep, try as I might. I felt now that I could understand how people must feel when they are very old, and weary of life. I don't believe that I shall feel older and more tired if I live to be eighty, than I felt then. It was a slight comfort to know that we were on our way back to the hotel, and that soon I should be in my room alone, with the door shut and locked between Lisa and me; but it was only very slight. I couldn't imagine ever being really pleased about anything again.

"You will marry Lord Robert now, I suppose," chirped Lisa, "and show Ivor Dundas that he hasn't spoiled your life."

As she asked this question, she was tugging away at a knot in the ribbons that tied the bag she had found.

"Perhaps I shall," I answered. "I might do worse."

"I should think you might!" exclaimed Lisa. "Oh, do accept him soon. I don't want Ivor Dundas to say to himself that you're broken-hearted for him. Lord Bob is sure to propose to you to-morrow—even if he hasn't already: and if he has, he'll do it again. I saw it in his eye all to-day. He was dying to speak at any minute, if only he'd got a chance with you alone. You will say 'yes' when he does, won't you, and have the engagement announced at once?"

"I'll see how I feel at the time, if it comes," I answered, trying to speak gaily, but making a failure of it.

At last Lisa had got the brocade bag open, and was looking in. She seemed surprised by what she saw, and very much interested. She put in her hand, and touched the thing, whatever it was; but she did not tell me what was there. Probably she wanted to excite my curiosity, and make me ask. But I didn't care enough to humor her. If the bag had been stuffed full of the most gorgeous jewels in the world, at that moment, I shouldn't have been interested in the least. I saw Lisa give a sidelong peep up at me, to see if I were watching; but when she found me looking entirely indifferent, she tied up the bag again, and stowed it away in one of the deep pockets of her travelling cloak.

I was afraid that, when we'd arrived at the hotel, and gone up to our rooms, Lisa might want to stop with me, and be vexed when I turned her out, as I felt I must do. But she seemed to have lost interest in me and my affairs, now that all doubt was settled. She didn't even wish to talk over what had happened; but when I bade her good-night, simply said, "good-night" in return, and let me shut the door between the rooms.

"I suppose," I thought, "that the best thing I shall have to hope for after this, until I grow quite old, is to sleep, and be happy in my dreams." But though I tried hard to put away thoughts of all kinds, and fall asleep, I couldn't. My eyes would not stay closed for more than a minute at a time; and always I found myself staring at the window, hour after hour, hoping for the light.

CHAPTER XV.

Diana Hears News.

It seemed as if the night would never end. If I had been vain, and deserved to be punished for my vanity, then I was well punished now; I felt so ashamed and humiliated.

It must have been long after one when I went to bed, yet I was thankful when dawn came, and gave me an excuse to get up. After I had had a cold bath, however, I felt better, and a cup of steaming hot coffee afterwards did me good. I was all dressed when Morton, Aunt Lilian's maid knocked at my door to ask if I were up, and if she could help me to do my hair. "Her ladyship" sent me her love, and hoped I had rested nicely. She would be pleased to hear that I was looking well.

Looking well! I was glad to know that, though it surprised me. I stared at myself in the glass, and wondered that so many hours of misery had made so little impression on my face. I was rather paler than usual, perhaps, but my cheeks were faintly pink, and my lips red. I suppose while one is young, one can suffer a good deal, and one's face tells no secret.

We were to make a very early start, to examine the wonderful motor-car which Lord Robert West had advised Aunt Lil to buy. Afterwards, she and Lisa and I had planned to do a little shopping, because it would seem a waste of time to be in Paris, and bring nothing away from the shops. But when I tapped at Lisa's door (dreading, yet wishing, to have our first greeting over) it appeared that she had a bad headache, and did not want to go with us to see the Rajahs automobile. While I was with her, Aunt Lil came in, looking very bright and handsome.

She was "so sorry" for Lisa, and not at all sorry for me (how little she guessed!); and before taking me away with her, promised to come back after it was settled about the car, to see whether Lisa was well enough by that time for the shopping expedition.

The automobile really was a "magnificent animal," as Aunt Lil said, and it took her just two minutes, after examining it from bonnet to tool-boxes, to make up her mind that she should not be happy without it. It was a sixty horse-power and of world-renowned make; but htat was a detail. Any car could be powerful and well made; every car should be, or you would not pay for it; but she had never seen one before with such heavenly little arrangements for luggage, and lunch; while as for the gold toilet things, in a pale grey suede case, they were beyond words, and she must have them—the motor also, of course, since it went with them.

So that was decided; and she and I drove back to the hotel, while the two men went to the Automobile Club, of which Lord Bob was an honorary member.

If possible, all formalities were to be got through with the Rajah's agent, and the car paid for. At two o'clock, when we were to meet the men at the Ritz for luncheon, they were to let us know whether everything had been successfully arranged: and if so Aunt Lil wanted the party to motor to Calais in her new automobile, instead of going by train. Lord Bob would drive, but he meant to hire a chauffeur recommended by the Club, so that he would not have to stop behind, and see to getting the car across the Channel in a cargo boat.

Aunt Lil was very much excited over this idea, as she always is over anything new, and if I was rather quiet and uninterested, she was too much occupied to notice.

Lisa was looking miserably ill when we went back to her at the hotel, but Aunt Lil didn't notice that either. She is always nice to Lisa, but she doesn't like her: and it is only when you really care for people that you observe changes in them, when you are busy thinking of your own affairs.

I advised Lisa to rest in her own room, instead of shopping, as she would have the long motor run later in the day, and a night journey; but she was dressed and seemed to want to go out. She had things to do, she said, and though she didn't buy anything when she was with us, while we were at a milliner's in the Rue de la Prix, choosing hats for Aunt Lil, she disappeared on some errand of her own, and only came back just as we were ready to leave the shop. Whatever it was that she had been doing, it had interested her and waked her out of herself, for her eyes looked brighter, and she had spots of colour on her cheeks.

Aunt Lil found so much to do, and was sure we could easily carry so many things in the motor-car, that it was a rush to meet Uncle Eric and Lord Bob at the Ritz, by two o'clock. But we did manage it, or nearly. We were not more than ten minutes late, which was wonderful for Aunt Lil: and the short time that we'd kept them waiting wasn't enough to account for the solemnity of the two men's faces as they came forward to greet us.

"Something's gone wrong about the car!" exclaimed Aunt Lil.

"No, the car's all right," said Lord Bob. "I've got you a chauffeur too, and——"

"Then what has happened? You both look like thunder-clouds, or wet blankets, or something disagreeable. It surely can't be because you're so hungry that you're cross about a few minutes."

"Have you seen a newspaper to-day?" asked Uncle Eric.

"A newspaper? I should think not, indeed; we've had too many important things to do to waste time on trifles. Why, has the government gone out?"

"Ivor Dundas has got into a mess here," Uncle Eric answered, looking very much worried—so much worried that I thought he must care even more about Ivor than I had fancied.

"Of course it's most awful rot," said Lord Bob, "but he's accused of murder."

"It's in the evening papers: not a word had got in the morning ones," Uncle Eric went on. "We've only just seen the news, since we came here to wait for you; otherwise I should have tried to do something for him. As it is, of course I must, as a friend of his, stop in Paris and do what I can to help him through. But that needn't keep the rest of you from going on to-day as you planned."

"What an awful thing!" exclaimed Aunt Lil. "I will stay too, if the girls don't mind. Poor fellow! It may be some comfort to him to feel that he has friends on the spot, standing by him. I've got thousands of engagements—we all have—but I shall telegraph to everybody. What about you, Lord Bob?"

"I'll stand by, with you, Lady Mountstuart," said he, his nice though not very clever face, more anxious-looking than I had ever seen it, his blue wide-apart eyes watching me rather wistfully. "Dundas and I have never been intimate, but he's a fine chap, and I've always admired him. He's sure to come out of this all right."

Poor Lord Robert! I hadn't much thought to give him then: but dimly I felt that his anxiety was concerned with me even more than with Ivor, of whom he spoke so kindly, though he had often shown signs of jealousy in past days.

I felt stunned, and almost dazed. If anyone had spoken to me, I think I should have been dumb, unable to answer: but nobody did speak, or seem to think it strange that I had nothing to say.

"I suppose you won't try to do anything until after lunch, will you, Mountstuart?" Lord Robert went on to ask.

"No, we must eat, and talk things over," said Uncle Eric.

We went into the restaurant, I moving as if I were in a dream. Ivor accused of murder! What had he done? What could have happened?

But I was soon to know. As soon as we were seated at a table, where the lovely, fresh flowers seemed a mockery, Aunt Lil began asking questions.

For some reason, Uncle Eric apparently did not like answering. It was almost as if he had had some kind of previous knowledge of the affair, of which he didn't wish to speak. But, I suppose, it could not have been that.

It was Lord Robert who told us nearly everything; and always I was conscious that he was watching me, wondering if this were a cruel blow for me, asking himself if he were speaking in a tactful way of one who had been his rival.

"There was the engagement of Dundas' last night, which he was just going to keep when we saw him," said Lord Bob, carefully, but clumsily; "I'm afraid there must have been something fishy about that—I mean, some trap must have been laid to catch him. And, it seems, he wasn't supposed to be in Paris—though I don't see what that can have to do with the plot, if there is one He was stopping in the hotel under another name. No doubt he had some good reason, though. There's nothing sly about Dundas. If ever there was a plucky chap, he's one. Anyhow, apparently, he wanted to get hold of a man in Paris he couldn't find, for he called last evening on a detective named Girard, a rather well-known fellow in his line, I believe. It almost looks as if Dundas had made an enemy of him, for he's been giving evidence pretty freely to the police—lost no time about it, anyhow. Girard says he was following up the scent, tracking down the person he'd been hired by Dundas to hunt for, and had at last come to the house where he was lodging, when there he found Dundas himself, ransacking the room, covered with blood, and the chap who was wanted, lying dead on the floor, his body hardly cold."

"What time was all that?" enquired Lisa sharply. It was the first question she had asked.

"Between midnight and two oclock, I think the papers said," answered Lord Bob.

"Well, of course, it's all nonsense," exclaimed Aunt Lil impatiently. "French people are so sensational, and they jump at conclusions so. The idea of their daring to accuse a man like Ivor Dundas of murder! They ought to know better. They'll soon be eating humble-pie, and begging England's pardon for wrongful treatment of a British subject, won't they Eric?"

"I'm afraid there's no question of jumping at conclusions on the part of the authorities, or of eating humble-pie," Uncle Eric said. "The evidence—entirely curcumstantial so far, luckily—is dead against Ivor. And as for his being a British subject, there's nothing in that. If an Englishman chooses to commit a murder in France, he's left to the French law to deal with, as if he were a Frenchman."

"But Ivor hasn't committed murder!" cried Aunt Lilian, horrified.

"Of course not. But he's got to prove that he hasn't. And in that he's worse off than if this thing happened in England. English law supposes a man innocent until he's proved guilty. French law, on the contrary, presumes that he's guilty until he's proved innocent. In face of the evidence against Ivor, the authorities couldn't have done otherwise than they have done."

For the first time in my life I felt angry with Aunt Lilian's husband. I do hate that cold, stern "sense of justice" on which men pride themselves so much, whether it's an affair of a friend or an enemy!

"Surely Mr. Dundas must have been able to prove an—an—don't you call it an alibi?" asked Lisa.

"He didn't try to," replied Lord Bob "He's simply refused, up to the present, to tell what he was doing between twelve o'clock and the time he was found, except to say that he walked for a good while before going to the house where Girard afterwards found him. Of course he denies killing the man: says the fellow had stolen something from him, on the boat crossing from Dover to Calais yesterday, and that after applying to the detective, he got a note from the thief, offering to give the thing up if he would call and name a reward. Says he found the room already ransacked and the fellow dead, when he arrived at the address given him; that he was searching for his property when Girard appeared on the scene.

"Couldn't he have shown the note sent by the thief?" asked Aunt Lil?

"He did show a note. But it does him more harm than good. And he wouldn't tell what the thief had taken from him, except that it was valuable. It does look as if he were determined to make the case as black as possible against himself: but then, as I said before, no doubt he has good reasons"

"He has no good luck, anyhow!" sighed Aunt Lil, who always liked Ivor.

"Rather not—so far. Why, one of the bits of evidence against him is that the concierge of this house in the Rue de la Fille Sauvage swears that though Dundas hadn't been in the place much above half an hour when the detective arrived, he was there then for the second time, that he admitted it when he came. The first visit he made, according to the concierge was about an hour before the second: the concierge was already in bed in his little box, but not asleep, when a man rang and an English-sounding voice asked for Monsieur Gestre. On hearing that Gestre was away, the visitor said he would see the gentleman who was stopping in Gestre's room. By-and-bye the Englishman went out, and on being challenged, said he might come back again by-and-bye. After awhile the concierge was waked up once more by a caller for Gestre, who announced that he'd been before; and now he vows that it was the same man both times, though Dundas denies having called twice. If he could prove that he'd been in the house no more than half an hour, it might be all right, for two doctors agree that the murdered man had been dead more than an hour when they were called in. But he can't or won't prove it—that's his luck again!—and nobody can be found who saw him in any of the streets through which he mentions passing. The last moment that he can be accounted for is when a cabman, who'd taken him up at the hotel just after he left us, set him down in the Rue de Courbvoie, not so very far from the Elysee Palace. Then it was only between five and ten minutes past twelve, so he could easily have gone on to the Rue de la Fille Sauvage afterwards and killed his man at the time when the doctors say the fellow must have died. It's a bad scrape. But of course Dundas will get out of it somehow or other, in the end."

"Do you think he will, Eric?" asked Aunt Lil.

"I hope so with all my heart," he answered. But his face showed that he was deeply troubled, and my heart sank down—down.

As I realised more and more the danger in which Ivor stood, my resentment against him began to seem curiously trivial. Nothing had happened to make me feel that I had done him an injustice in thinking he cared more for Maxine de Renzie than for me—indeed, on the contrary, everything went to prove his supreme loyalty to her whose name he had refused to speak, even for the sake of clearing himself. Still, now that the world was against him, my soul rushed to stand by his side, to defend him, to give him love and trust in spite of all.

Down deep in my heart I forgave him, even though he had been cruel, and I yearned over him with an exceeding tenderness. More than anything on earth, I wanted to help him; and I meant to try. Indeed, as the talk went on while that terrible meal progressed, I thought I saw a way to do it, if Lisa and I should act together.

I was so anxious to have a talk with her that I could hardly wait to get back to our own hotel, from the Ritz. Fortunately, nobody wanted to sit long at lunch, so it wasn't yet three when I called her into my room. The men had gone to make different arrangements about starting, for we were not to leave Paris until they had had time to do something for Ivor. Uncle Eric went to see the British Ambassador, and Aunt Lilian had said that she would be busy for at least an hour, writing letters and telegrams to cancel engagements we had in London. For awhile Lisa and I were almost sure not to be interrupted; but I spoke out abruptly what was in my mind, not wishing to lose a minute.

"I think the only thing for us to do," I said, "is to tell what we know, and save Ivor in spite of himself."

"How can anything you know save him?" she asked, with a queer, faint emphasis which I didn't understand.

"Don't you see," I cried, "that if we come forward and say we saw him in the Rue d'Hollande at a quarter past twelve—going into a house there—he couldn't have murdered the man in that other house, far away. It all hangs on the time."

"But you didn't see him go in," Lisa contradicted me.

I stared at her. "You did. Isn't it the same thing?"

"No, not unless I choose to say so."

And—but you will choose. You want to save him, of course."

"Why?"

"Because he's innocent. Because he's your friend."

"No man is the friend of any woman, if he's in love with another."

"Oh, Lisa, does sophistry of that sort matter? Does anything matter except saving him?"

"I don't consider," she said, in a slow, aggravating way, "that Ivor Dundas has behaved very well to—to our family. But I want you to understand this, Di. If he is to be got out of this danger—no doubt it's real danger—in any such way as you propose, it's for me to do it, not you. He'll have to owe his gratitude to me. And there's something else I can do for him, perhaps—I, and only I. A thing of value was stolen from him, it seems, a thing he was anxious to get back at any price—even the price of looking for it on a dead man's body. Well, I think I know what that thing was—I think I have it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished at her and her manner—and her words.

"I'm not going to tell you what I mean. Only I'm sure of what I'm saying—at least, that the thing is valuable, worth risking a great deal for. I found that out this morning, while you and your Aunt were thinking about hats."

For an instant I was completely bewildered. Then, suddenly, a strange idea sprang into my mind:

"That brocade bag you picked up in the Rue d'Hollande last night!"

It was the first time I had thought of it from that moment to this—there had been so many other things which seemed more important.

Lisa looked annoyed. I think she had counted on my not remembering, or not connecting her hints with the thing she had found in the street, and that she had wanted to tantalise me.

"I won't say whether I mean the brocade bag or not, and whether, if I do, that I believe Ivor dropped it, or whether there was another man mixed up in the case—perhaps the real murderer. If I do decide to tell what I know and what I suspect, it won't be to you—unless for a particular reason—and it won't be yet awhile."

I'm afraid that I almost hated her for a moment, she seemed so cold, so calculating and sly. I couldn't bear to think that she was my step-sister, and I was glad that, at least, not a drop of the same blood ran in our veins.

"If you choose to keep silent for some purpose of your own," I broke out, "you can't prevent me from telling the whole story, as I know it—how I went out with you, and all that."

"I can't prevent you from doing it, but I can advise you not to—for Ivor's sake," she answered.

"For his sake?"

"Yes, and for your own, too, if you care for his opinion of you at all. For his sake, because neither of us knows when he came out of Maxine de Renzie's house. You would go away, though I wanted to stay and watch. He may not have been there more than five minutes for all we can tell to the contrary, in which case he would still have time to go straight off to the Rue de la Fille Sauvage and kill that man, in accordance with the doctors' statements about the death. For your sake, because if he knows that you tracked him to Maxine de Renzie's house, he won't respect you very much; and because he would probably be furious with you, unable to forgive you as long as he lived, for injuring the reputation of the woman he's risked so much to save. He'd believe you did it out of jealousy against her."

I grew cold all over, and trembled so that I could hardly speak.

"Ivor would know that I'm incapable of such business."

"I'm not sure he'd hold you above it. 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned' —and he has scorned you—for an actress."

It was as if she had struck me in the face: and I could feel the blood rush up to my cheeks. They burned so hotly that the tears were forced to my eyes.

"You see I'm right, don't you?" Lisa asked.

"You may be right in thinking I could do him no good in that way—and that he wouldn't wish it, even if I could. But not about the rest," I said. "We won't talk of it any more. I can't stand it. Please go back to your room now, Lisa, I want to be alone."

"Very well," she snapped, "you called me in. I didn't ask to come."

Then she went out, with not another word or look, and slammed the door. I could imagine myself compelling her to give up the brocade bag, or offering her some great bribe of money. Lisa is a strange little creature. She will do a good deal for money.

(To be continued.)

VISITED HAMPTON CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL

Director Kidner Well Pleased With Building and the Work.

T. B. Kidner, provincial director of manual training, was in the city yesterday. He visited the Hampton consolidated school on Thursday and found everything is running well under the able supervision of Principal Perry and an excellent staff of teachers. The special departments, manual training and household science, he said, were in full swing and proving very popular.

At the present time, of course, nature study out of doors is rather at a standstill. The building, Mr. Kidner concluded, is a splendid one, perfectly adapted to the requirements and in every way a model. The pupils and the whole staff are looking forward to the formal opening in November when it is expected prominent men will be present.

$3,000 FIRE IN FAWCETT'S FOUNDRY AT SACKVILLE

Sackville, N. B., Oct. 13—About noon today fire was discovered in one of the large buildings of the Fawcett Manufacturing Company. Before it was extinguished damage to the amount of at least $3,000 was done. As yet it is somewhat of a mystery as to how the blaze originated. Men who were in the foundry an hour previous to the outbreak found nothing astray at the time. The building in which were the mounting shop, engine and boiler rooms was saved only by the hardest efforts. There was no insurance.

The fire will not cause shutting down of the works, and the company says all orders will be filled as usual. As the firemen were returning from the Fawcett blaze an alarm was sent in for a fire in the Church of England school room. In this case no damage was done.

Sentenced to Be Hanged at Hamilton.

Toronto, Oct. 13—(Special)—Jacob Sunfield was sentenced at Hamilton late Saturday night to be hanged Nov. 29 for the murder of Andrew Hydzac.

Rev. George M. Campbell, D. D., has received a call from Grafton street church, Halifax. As he is now engaged in the Canadian Bible Society work, he has declined.

JEAN ROBERTS CONVICTED OF MURDER AT HOULTON

Jury Ten Hours Reaching a Verdict on the Second Trial

Houlton, Me., Oct. 12—After deliberating more than ten hours the jury in the supreme court, which has listened to the evidence during the past week in the trial of Juan Robens, alias Jack Roberts, a guide and farm hand, charged with the murder of J. Edgar Dickinson at Smyra Mills on October 18, 1906, returned a verdict of guilty. This was the second trial of Roberts, the first held last spring having resulted in a disagreement of the jury.

The jury was given the case by Chief Justice Emery, the presiding judge, at 12.06 today. As the hours passed without any news from the jury room and no indication of a verdict, the opinion grew during the evening that there would be another disagreement. Supper was served to the jury in their room at 7 o'clock and the discussion of the prisoner's fate continued.

The announcement given at about 10.15 that the jury was ready to report came as a surprise to a large number of people who still waited about the court house. A few minutes later, at 10.22, the jury filed into the court room and in response to the usual question of the clerk of the court the foreman announced the verdict of guilty.

The trial began last Monday and the presentation of the evidence continued until yesterday noon.

The penalty for first degree murder in this state is imprisonment for life. Roberts listened to the verdict of the jury with the same lack of emotion that has characterized his demeanor throughout the trial.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The evidence upon which the conviction of Roberts was secured was of a circumstantial nature, there being no witnesses of the shooting, and the prisoner denying from the first any knowledge of the crime. Roberts was a woods guide and a farm hand, who had lived in the neighborhood of Smyra Mills for a number of years, and had been employed from time to time by various farmers among them J. Edgar Dickinson, the victim of the murder.

According to the story of Roberts, as he told it on the witness stand his real name is Juan Robens, and he was born in New Mexico. He lived at Mud Lake when a boy and at Newport (Vt.), and reached Oldtown (Me.), at the age of fourteen. He worked in the last named town three years, going thence to Bridgewater and Monticello, where he worked ten years as a farm laborer, hunter and caretaker of camps. Ten years ago he moved to Smyrn where he became acquainted with Dickinson and lived part of the time at the latter's home.

For some days before the killing of Dickinson, Roberts had been gunning in the woods staying at times at various camps. Dickinson was killed by a bullet which entered his brain as he was building a fire in his home in the early morning. The fatal shot was fired from outside the house the bullet passing through a window in the kitchen before reaching its mark. Mrs. Dickinson, the wife of the murdered man, who was held at the first trial as an accessory but was afterwards discharged from custody, testified that she remained in bed that morning while her husband went to light the kitchen fire. When she arose she found his body lying on the floor.

Although the state at the first trial was compelled to abandon the effort to show that Mrs. Dickinson was guilty of complicity in the crime, the alleged relations of Roberts with the woman were still held to furnish the motive for the deed and Attorney General Homlin, in his closing argument today laid stress upon the statement that the existence of this motive had been proven. It was further alleged that Roberts had made threats against Dickinson.

The Defence.

For the defense Roberts himself went on the stand and attempted to account for himself as to his whereabouts on the morning of the murder and the days immediately preceding in support of an alibi. His attorney, R. W. Shaw, declared in his closing argument his belief that Dickinson was not a victim of murder but that he was killed by a stray shot, from the rifle of a hunter, fired at a considerable distance from the house.

Among other points on circumstantial evidence upon which the prosecution relied, were contradictory stories told by the prisoner, the testimony of several witnesses that he visited a gunsmith in Island Falls and had the parts of his rifle fixed on the day before the murder and the condition of the sights of the rifle as disclosed after his arrest. According to the evidence produced by the state, the sights had been adjusted carefully for twilight shooting and it was contended that Roberts had done this or caused it to be done with the shooting of Dickinson in mind.

It is understood that the first ballot taken by the jury shortly after retiring showed ten for conviction and two for acquittal. Several subsequent ballots were taken, but it was not until after ten hours had elapsed, that a unanimous vote of conviction was obtained.

Immediately after the verdict was rendered the prisoner's counsel announced that he would enter a motion for a new trial, based on exceptions taken.

MAYES ORDERED TO STOP DREDGING BUT KEEPS ON

Relations between G. S. Mayes, who is deepening the berths at Sand Point, and the government engineer of the public works department are somewhat strained owing to a difference of opinion as to how and where the work should be done.

On Oct. 10 Mr. Mayes was notified to discontinue all work not only at the berths but at the high water digging on the 400-foot extension, pending instructions from Ottawa. The Beaver, however, is still at work on both sections, and is removing material of which, as far as the department is concerned, no account is being taken.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that the contract between Mr. Mayes and the city for the payment of a lump sum of $28,440 for deepening the berths is not yet signed. The west side committee will meet this morning to look into the matter.

Two Causes of Trouble.

One day last week Mr. Mayes, having taken soundings at berths 2 and 3 and found the depth satisfactory, reported to J. K. Scammell, who is in charge of the government work on the west side, that the berths were finished. Mr. Scammell, on taking soundings, however, found certain portions which were not down to grade, and notified Mr. Mayes to complete the work. Mr. Mayes declined and, removing the Beaver to berth 1 facing the harbor, proceeded with the dredging at that point.

Another source of trouble arose from the fact that one scow was being employed to receive material from both high and low water digging. The public works department contended that it was impossible to measure the mud removed by the high water dredging, and which had to be paid for by the yard, when other material from the Sand Point berths was being dumped into the same scow and into the same pockets.

In order to straighten matters out Mr. Mayes was instructed to discontinue all dredging work until the matters in dispute had been arranged by the heads of the department at Ottawa. It will be necessary to settle from whom Mr. Mayes is to take his instructions for the dredging of the berths, and incidentally how he is to be paid for the other work which has been done since the department notified him to discontinue.

At a meeting of the general committee of the common council on Sept. 18, at which Hon. William Pugsley, minister of public works, was present, it was decided to give Mr. Mayes the contract for removing an estimated 17,064 cubic yards of material from berths 1, 2, 3 and 4, and that the contract should be drawn up by the government engineers, who made the estimate and were familiar with that class of work. The contract has not yet been signed, so that any clause it may contain for supervision and inspection of the work is inoperative.

Mr. Mayes' Contention.

It is understood to be Mr. Mayes' contention that as he is to be paid by the city his instructions should come from the harbor master rather than from the government engineers. His reason for pushing forward with the work at No. 1 berth is said to be the exposed position of the berth, which faces the harbor, and the advantage of dredging there while the fine weather lasts.

Ald. McGoldrick, chairman of the west side committee, when asked about the matter last evening, said the understanding was that the government should do the work at the berths under their own engineer, and that the city should pay for it, pending reimbursement by the government after the estimates were passed. He did not see how any other conditions would be satisfactory to the city in view of the fact that, if the government engineer would not pass on the work, the government would not be likely to pay for it.

FINDS COAL SEAM ON AMHERST'S OUTSKIRTS

Nova Scotia Government Grants Right to Search in City Limits—Three Men Held for Springhill Burglary.

Amherst, N. S., Oct. 11—Henry Davis, of this town, has secured from the Nova Scotia government a right of search for coal in the town of Amherst and has men at work now prospecting on the farm of William Holmes, adjoining the town boundary in the Nappan Road. The prospects are very good, he having struck coal at a depth of five feet showing fifteen inches at the crop. Mr. Davis intends continuing until he develops his find.

The three men accused of burglarizing Cochran's drug store at Springhill were committed for trial.

Rev. A. B. Simpson Raised $65,000.

New York, Oct 13—The annual missionary offering subscribed on this, the closing day of the Christian and missionary alliance convention, amounted to $65,625. Rev. A. B. Simpson, president of the alliance, preached the missionary sermon.

RESCUES TWO MEN FROM DEATH

Diver Moran of Dredge No. 4 Saves Brother and Another from Drowning.

Dexter Moran and another one of the crew of dredge No. 4, whose home was not learned, had a narrow escape from drowning in Rodney slip, Carleton, Saturday evening. About 6 o'clock the men were sent aboard a scow to make a hawser fast from the dredge to the scow. The dredge started to move the scow and the hawser parted, striking both men and knocking them overboard.

The blow rendered both men unconscious and they sank. Diver Moran, of the dredge, brother of one of the men in the water, jumped overboard and caught one of them as he arose and hauled him into a boat.

He then sprang in again, and was just in time to rescue his brother, who was sinking for the last time. The men were carried to their rooms aboard the dredge and Dr. Kenney summoned. One of the men was injured internally by the blow of the hawser, and Moran was cut about the head, but his injuries are not serious.