THE CONFESSION

By May Cunningham Cobb.

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"It will cast a gloom over our marriage, Ethel," said Harry Bentwich, despondently. "But that is part of a lawyer's fate, and we must take the bad with the good."

"And there is no longer any hope

Attempted in Vain to Staunch the Blood Flow.

of saving the poor man?" inquired Ethel sadly.

"Not unless a miracle occurs," answered her lover. "The governor has positively refused to commute the sentence. But I know in my heart that Kemp can establish his innocence. He was with a man named Goodnow all the evening of the murder. But Goodnow will not speak, and denies having seen Kemp on the day on which the murder occurred."

"How dreadful!" sighed Ethel.

Harry Bentwich and Ethel were to be married two days later, and that was the day fixed for Kemp's execution. Harrry had fought with all his might to save Kemp, but the circumstantial evidence was too strong. He has been convicted, the court of appeals had sustained the verdict, and the governor had refused to intervene.

Ethel had read the stories of the trial. She knew that Kemp and Goodnow were both longshoremen, men of low character and evil reputation among the comparatively decent class of the neighborhood in which they resided. Yet that was no reason why Kemp's life should be snuffed out for a crime he had not committed.

The marriage was to take place at eight in the morning, and that was the hour at which Kemp's life was to be taken. This so wrought upon the girl that she resolved to have an evening wedding the day before. Harry readily accepted the change of plans, and, since the marriage was to be strictly a private one, Ethel concluded her morning work at the Settlement on the day of her marriage.

Then she strolled along the region of the docks, where she was well known and safe from molestation.

As she turned to ascend the street leading to her residence, she perceived a little crowd gathered at the head of one of the wharves. Hurrying up, she found that an accident had happened. A man had been struck down by a load that fell from a crane, and fearfully mangled. It was evident that he had only a few minutes to live, and, what made the scene worse, he was in great pain and fully conscious.

Ethel, kneeling at his side, attempted in vain to stanch the blood that flowed from his crushed body. He looked up at her. He seemed to recognize her.

"You're the Settlement lady, ain't