The .... Rogue's March.

By **E. W. HORNUNG,**

Author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," "Stingaree," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I—Thomas Erichsen, a young Englishman, has lost the money with which he was to pay his passage out to India. He lends Captain Blaydes £25, the amount of his passage money, and in return gets a worthless check, which leaves him penniless. He confesses his error to Claire Harding, his boyhood sweetheart. II—James Edward William Daintree is in love with Claire. III—Tom finds out that aspcam Blaydes is paying attention to Claire and is to be at her house that night. He vows to have satisfaction from Blaydes, but promises Claire that he will not seek Blaydes for two weeks. Tom meets Blaydes a few moments later and demands his £25. IV—Blaydes draws a sword cane on Tom, who smashes it with a heavy stick which he carries. Blaydes has not the money, but gives Tom his gold watch, and Tom signs an agreement to pawn the watch and give the ticket to Blaydes. Tom leaves and is accosted by a deformed man, who asks the time. The next morning Blaydes is found brutally murdered beside the stile where he had been talking to Tom. V—Blaydes has been robbed of everything, among which the newspapers mention the gold watch which was really given to Tom. Tom had stopped for the night at the house of the man who was driving the coach at the time Tom met Blaydes. He is accused by the coachman of being the murderer. He escapes and disguises himself, but is afraid to pawn the watch. VI—Tom spends the night in a boathouse and next day is invited into the house of a small, fat gentleman, the owner, who does his best to make him feel at home. He is betrayed by this man into the hands of the police for the murder of Blaydes. VII—Claire believes him guilty. Mr. Harding hires a lawyer to see Tom. The lawyer thinks Tom is guilty and insults him in his cell. Tom throws him out. VIII—Claire gets Daintree to retain Bassett, one of the best criminal lawyers in England, to plead Tom's cause. IX—Tom is held for the next criminal sessions court. X—Claire's maid has overheard the conversation between Claire and Tom on the night of the murder, when Tom swore he would get even with Blaydes if he had to kill him to do it. The maid compels Claire to give her some of her jewels as hush money. XI—Tom is convicted of murder in the first degree.

Chapter XI (Continued.)

"When the prisoner sat at your breakfast table," began Culliford, "did you then or at any subsequent moment notice anything in the nature of a blood stain upon his clothes or person?"

"No, sir; I can't say that I did."

"Can you say that you did not?"

Witness hesitated, but told the truth.

"No," said he; "I saw no signs of blood upon him either then or afterward."

"You saw no signs of blood upon the prisoner either then or afterward. You are quite positive, however, that the man who waylaid your fare in the Finchley road was the prisoner in the dock?"

"Quite positive."

"Then didn't you recognize him in the morning when your brother-in-law brought him to your house?"

"No, sir; I did not."

"What! Not when he was sitting at your own breakfast table?"

"I did not."

"Nor yet when you gave him the newspaper and he read you an account of the very crime with which he stands indicted? You suspected nothing, saw nothing suspicious in his manner, nothing familiar in his face?"

"No; not then I didn't."

"You suspected nothing and did not recognize him then, yet at a word from your wife you identified the prisoner with the man who stopped your coach, and you have so identified him ever since?"

Witness made the necessary admission, but attempted to explain matters, whereupon Culliford cut him short and, having gained the advantage which Tom had foreseen, passed on to one that was less apparent.

"To return to your fare," said counsel. "Did you notice any valuables upon his outer person? A watch chain? Rings? A breastpin in the stock?"

"I saw a watch chain and a pin—a diamond pin."

Mr. Sergeant Culliford sat down unexpectedly, but with an expression so satisfied that Tom lost much of the next evidence (that of the coachman's wife) in endeavoring to account for it. He had not succeeded when the court adjourned for luncheon, for the hour of acute perceptions was over and had left him dazed so that the venerable turnkey who had charge of him in the dock had to take him by the arm to make him leave it.

The principal witnesses of the afternoon were Mrs. Adcock, Jonathan Butterfield and the diminutive householder of Kew. Thus the trio who had made the world seem so kind a fortnight before now typified its cruelty, for the evidence of the first two was reluctant but damning and that of the last was supplementary in matter, but given with the officious venom and the transparent exultation of a personal foe.

But his old landlady shed tears as she described her last interview with the prisoner at the bar. It was with difficulty that things which Tom had said on that occasion and to which she had already sworn at Marylebone could be wrung a second time from her unwilling lips. "I'll pay him" and "I'll break every bone in his infernal body" were not the worst of the words which were extracted by degrees. Then the stick was produced in court, and the knob that had been so clean and creamy was now clotted over with a scaly, russet skin, like a coat of glue, at sight of which the witness turned as white as her hair and was given a glass of water in the box. The stick was then duly identified, the jury informed that the prisoner had described it to witness as "a rod in pickle" for the deceased and the witness allowed to stand down after a brief but painful cross examination, in which the good soul's fondness for Tom was betrayed by signs that touched him as deeply as anything could just then. His brain was reeling under the dread weight of her evidence against him. He felt its influence upon judge and jury as a palpable force. Its very reluctance only heightened its mortal effect.

Jonathan Butterfield exhibited a like demeanor with a like result. It only showed that the prisoner had not lacked those common attributes of the worst rascals, an engaging manner and the power of imposing on the simple minded. This witness, however, swore very positively that there were no marks of blood upon the prisoner when they were together. And though his sly successor as positively swore that such a stain upon the kerseymere waistcoat had first aroused his suspicions in the garden at Kew, and though this was afterward proved in the medical evidence to be a blood stain, it was eventually established that the blood was not that of the murdered man. The point was finally gained in cross examination of the police officer upon whom Tom had jumped bodily in his escape from the empty house. Witness admitted having opened his eyes to find the prisoner leaning over him with a bloody nose. And the defense had scored once more, but this after an interval so prolific of incriminating matters that Mr. Sergeant Culliford sat down with a sigh instead of a smile, and the prisoner at the bar longed incontinently for the end.

The next day the trial was concluded. Erichsen was convicted.

CHAPTER XII.

TOM was thrust into a condemned cell measuring but 9½ by 6 feet and in height a foot less than its length. Yet even this hole he was to share with a comrade in like calamity. And in a dribble of summer twilight, as the massive door clanged behind him, he found himself shut up with a young ruffian, condemned for murder, with whom he had had an altercation over a trifling matter in chapel yard.

The recognition was mutual, and Tom held out his hand.

His hand was taken with an evil grace. In a little, however, the other loosened a not unfriendly tongue, but one so blasphemous and so foul that Tom half regretted his advance. He could not regret it altogether. The vilest conversation was better just then than none at all. That of Tom's whilom enemy was vile enough, with its horrid levity, its coarse swagger and a forced but bloodcurdling contempt of death. Still, it was something to listen to, something new to think about and shudder over, and the creature, having been alone at night since his conviction on the opening day of the sessions, hardly paused till the small hours of the morning.

His name was Creasey. He had been convicted of stabbing his wife (he was twenty years of age), but had never done it; 'twas a pack of lies. But he boasted to Tom of many a thing he had done in his short life, and they were such things as Tom never forgot in his. He lay listening and shuddering upon his bed. Yet when the other seemed to have talked himself out his own torments only began, and he was grateful when the brute broke out afresh. So the night wore on until 1 or 2 in the morning. Then there was a long, unbroken silence, then a sobbing and a shaking and a burst of frantic prayer from Creasey's bed; then quiet, then snoring, and the bell of St. Sepulcher's marking the weary milestones of the night.

Tom never slept a wink.

Next morning in the bottom day room, which the condemned prisoners had the use of during the day, he rubbed shoulders with a third convict under recent sentence of death, but this was a heavy, sullen, middle aged man of the name of Carter, who sat all day with his huge head between his cruel hands and spoke to nobody, nor did either youth venture to speak to him.

Overhead there was another day room and eleven more prisoners under sentence nominally capital, but these were morally certain of reprieve and could be heard playing leap frog and larking and singing from morning till night.

"I wish we were up there," said Creasey mournfully. "But wait a bit; the yard's for us the same as for them when it's exercise time, and then there'll be a bit o' fun for us all!"

The bit of fun essayed by Creasey was openly to incite the eleven jovial spirits from upstairs to badger Tom and put him in a rage. But by this time Erichsen's reputation in Newgate was such that the plot fell through for want of supporters. Tom shrugged his shoulders at the petty treachery and was treated by Creasey with a sly servility when they were locked up together once more. Meanwhile the burden of the day had been lightened by several visitors and as many private interviews.

Mr. Macmurdo, the surgeon, and Mr. Cotton, the ordinary of Newgate, had both shown Tom the kindest attentions. He could see, however, that each regarded him as a man only too justly sentenced to death. The surgeon offered to use his influence in the matter of a separate cell at nights. Tom would not hear of it.

"No, no," said he; "it would be a poor kindness, though I thank you with all my heart for the thought. The greatest ruffian in the jail would be a better friend to me than my own reflections. Ah, I see what you think!" cried Tom as a queer light glimmered in the surgeon's eyes. "Well, I have done protesting my innocence, but don't let them leave me by myself, that's all I ask."

Mr. Cotton entered into spiritual matters, to which Tom listened courteously, though chiefly out of loving respect for his dear father's memory, for where was the God who would permit an innocent man to suffer death for another's crime? When, however, the good chaplain closed his books he referred discreetly as he rose to certain efforts already being made to obtain a reprieve, adding that he would himself do what he could to further them, as a matter of course.

"Why should you, sir," asked Tom deferentially, "when you are quite convinced of my guilt?"

The chaplain colored.

"I never said I was convinced," he cried. "It is no part of my duty to be convinced in such matters either way. No, my poor fellow, your guilt or your innocence is a matter between your own heart and God Almighty. I, his servant, am only concerned with your immortal soul, and the longer you live the more time will be yours for repentance—of all your sins—and the greater your chances of immortal life. But build upon nothing of the kind." And with a parting exhortation the ordinary went his way.

Bassett was the last visitor. He was in a tremendous hurry. The petition was already receiving support and signatures on every hand. The newspapers were full of it. And he who had furnished the sinews of defense was now working heart and soul for the respite, for which there was still every reason to hope. So said Bassett in a breath and was gone next minute.

It was the last piece of news that heartened Tom most, the news that the noble unknown believed in him still, against judge and jury, and was still heroically striving to save his miserable life. Who could he be? Some friend of Claire's? The thought came for the first time. It never came again. Claire was with the judge, the jury and the world. She had not written him one word.

Tom was now in prison dress, a gaunt, dread figure, but they had let him keep a slip of paper that he had often taken out of a pocket in his own clothes to pore over and to dream upon. He produced it now. It was the slip of paper Daintree had handed down to him during the proceedings at Marylebone, and he had never seen the writer's face. But he had made a face unto himself, had built up a character from those few scribbled words, and both face and character were the sweetest, the kindest and the best that had existed upon earth during the last 1,800 years.

So when his last visitor had departed the condemned man was not ashamed to kiss that flurried scrawl with his lips nor afterwards to find it smudged with his tears.

Those were the days when the capital convict was first found guilty, next brought up for sentence and next "reported to the king." The two latter functions rested with the recorder of London, the last having its origin in the number of offenses for which a man might be condemned to death without the least risk of being executed. The recorder would wait upon his majesty in council and make his report of the prisoners lying in Newgate under sentence of death, whereupon the King would be graciously pleased to respite, say, all but the willful murderers. The amended report was straightway dispatched to the prison and his final fate broken to each man without a moment's unnecessary delay.

It was the 18th of May and a Thursday night near the stroke of 12. All was silent in the condemned cells, for even Creasey's voluble tongue had ceased to wag, and Tom lay thinking on his bed. His companion was a trashy hound, ever cursing God or entreating him with shrieks and tears, unburdening his sordid soul to Tom half the night, venting covert spite and enmity upon him day after day. Tonight he had been alternately pro-

"Erichsen, the report! It's come!"

testing his innocence, abusing his dead wife and mocking heaven and hell by the hour together. Tom lay awaiting the reaction which would follow as surely as the morning, and tonight it was before its time. The silence had been dead indeed, but not long so, when the creature leaped from his pallet with a scream. Next instant he was kneeling by its neighbor, fawning over Tom with trembling arms and twitching fingers.

"I done it! I done it!" he whispered hoarsely. "There! I had to tell somebody, and I have. I'd got to tell or burst. I feel better now. No, no!" he was yelling next moment. "What have I said? I was joking, you flat—joking, I tell yer! Ha, ha, ha! It's you that done yours! I never done mine at all!"

And he was strutting up and down the cell, trembling from head to foot and laughing horribly through his chattering teeth.

But a worse sound yet cut his laughter short. It was the sound of voices and the rattling of keys.

Creasey inclined his bullet head one moment, then stumbled to the door and fell heavily upon his knees.

"The report!" he quavered. "Erichsen, the report! It's come; it's come!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE condemned youths heard the next cell entered and their comrade Carter roused from his bed. A key then grated in their own door, it was flung open, and there were Mr. Cope, the governor, and a bevy of turnkeys in the passage.

"Out with it!" gasped Creasey, on his knees. "I'm respited, ain't I? I never done it, sir. I never did. The king wouldn't hang an innocent man?"

"Get up and dress yourself," was the reply. "You will hear the report upstairs, all of you together. You, too, Erichsen. Slip on your things."

Tom obeyed and then lent a hand to Creasey, who hardly knew his small clothes from his jacket, and clung to Tom as a child to its nurse.

"I'm innocent," he kept mumbling. "They'll be the murderers if they let me swing. Didn't I tell you I was innocent, Erichsen? Haven't I said so all along? Oh, my Gawd, if they let me swing!"

"They won't," whispered Tom. "But if they did, why, we've got to die some time. It's an easy death, and there's an end to it."

"But I don't want to die! I dursn't die! I don't deserve to die! Don't I keep telling yer I never done it?"

And the abject thing clung blubbering to Tom's arm as the turnkey who was waiting at the door conducted the pair upstairs.

The upper day room, or cell ward, as it was indifferently termed, was but poorly lighted with candles, whose sepulchral rays added a pallor even to the white faces of those dragged from their beds to hear their doom. The number of the latter being now complete, all fourteen were ordered to kneel, and Tom found himself between Creasey and Carter at one end of the line. Creasey still clung to his arm. Carter knelt like a rock, with his great fingers clutched in front of him and heavy drops falling on them from his bended brow. This was all Tom saw before the ordinary entered in his gown and halted before him first.

"Mr. Erichsen," said he, with a compassionate tremor, "the recorder has this evening made his report to the king. I am very sorry to have to inform you that it is unfavorable."

Tom inclined his head. He had cherished no hopes.

The ordinary approached Carter.

"I am sorry to tell you it is all against you also," he continued. "As for you, Creasey," and the latter tightened his grip on Tom's arm, "I am happy to inform you that your life is spared, and I am very happy to inform all the others that by the royal mercy their lives are spared."

Creasey withdrew his hand from Tom's arm and edged further away on his knees. A deep sigh rose from a dozen breasts; then as the chaplain was about to offer up a prayer there came a sudden crash at Tom's side, and the wretched Carter was floundering on the floor in convulsions. The rest were hurried back to their cells, and Creasey executed a breakdown while Tom quietly undressed.

"But that's all right!" cried the former, stopping suddenly. "It's no more 'n I expected, 'cause, you see, I'm an innocent man an' allus was; that's why you never caught me showing the white, Erichsen, though once or twice you thought you did. Jiggered if you wouldn't believe anythink, a mug like you! Why, I used to bilk you every blooming night for fun! Not but what I'm sorry it's all up with you, old man; though it's a nice an' comfy death, you told me so yourself, and you know we've all got to die some day! Besides, you done yours—no denying it—but I never done mine at all, so it's fair an' square enough, you must admit!"

The little cur was snoring in ten minutes. He was removed to the Transport side next morning. And Tom, left in solitude, would have given some days of the twelve remaining to have had him back.

The execution was fixed for the 30th. He would never see another June.

Bassett came from day to day with news of the petition. It was being signed, but not as freely as at first. Bassett's disappointment was patent to the condemned man. The smart young fellow was in fact beginning to weary of his uphill work and to think about the bill.

So next day Tom asked Bassett whether the noble unknown had also abandoned hope and effort.

"Not he," said Bassett in a half disgusted tone. "He is moving heaven and earth; seeking private interviews with the home secretary if not with the king himself. He's quite capable of it. A wonderful man when he gets an idea into his head!"

"But what put this idea into his head?"

"Heaven knows!"

Tom looked the attorney through and through and asked another question. "Did you tell him how much I should like to see him before I die—to thank him?"

"I did, but he is too busy working for you. He said that would do you more good."

"I see," said Tom sadly; "another Culliford! Then why is he doing it? Culliford was paid. He paid him. But why, again? See here, you Bassett. Both you and he disbelieve in me—I know it now—but you are tired of your job, and he is not. Why not? I believe you know! Then tell me, and let us part friends once and for all. You need bother your head no more about me, only tell me what you must know."

"I know nothing."

"Then what you suspect."

Bassett considered; had his private conviction (that there was a woman in it) on the tip of his tongue, but ultimately shook his shrewd, cool head. There was nothing to be gained by speaking out. A dying man's gratitude was nothing. And there might be something to be lost. At any rate the safe side was the wise side, with that bill not even properly drawn up, so Tom and his solicitor parted coldly for the last time, and Tom tore up that slip of writing which had been handed to him at Marylebone, but relented next moment and treasured the torn pieces till the end.

[To be Continued.]

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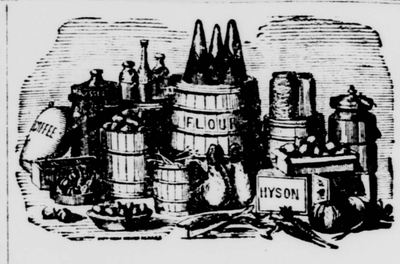

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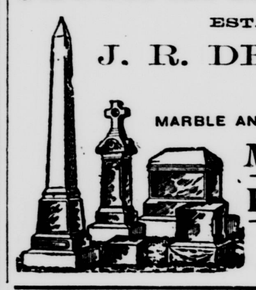

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