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CHAPTER XXI—Continued

TELL you he didn't. He owned Granger Gas, worth more today than it ever was. Pike was Rogers' attorney-in-fact and bought it for him before the old man died. The check went through my hands. You don't think I'd forget as big a check as that, do you, even if it was more than a year ago? Or how it was signed or who made out? It was Martin Pike that got caught with distillery stock. He speculated once too often!"

never seen him until that morning; but he had heard that he had had made; liked his cadenceless voice and keen, dark face; and recalling what he had heard Martin Pike vociferating in his brougham on Sunday evening, he had thought of the fellow who had "got to go," because his sermons did not please the Judge. Yet Ariel remembered for more than a fortnight a passage from one of his sermons, when he had looked at the manly and intelligent face opposite him and did not seem strange that she should.



IT'S A DAMN LIE!' HE ROARED

leaned forward and touched the paper upon the table. "We he!" replied Mr. Farbach. "All of us. You shall beat it." "There was a strong chorus of confirmation from the others, and Joe's eyes flashed.

matter of time, interminably, yet the people of Canaan (not only those who succeeded in penetrating to the courtroom, but the others who hung about the corridors, or outside the building, and the great mass of stay-at-homes who read the story in the Tocsin) found each moment of it enthralling enough. The State's attorney, fearful of losing so notorious a case, and not underestimating his opponent, had modestly summoned others to his aid; and the attorney for the defense, single-handed, faced "an array of legal talent such as seldom indeed had hollered at this bar"; faced it good-naturedly, an eyebrow crooked up and his head on one side, most of the time, yet faced it indomitably. He had a certain careless and disarming smile when he lost a point, which carried off the defeat as of only humorous account, and not at all part of the serious business in hand; and in his treatment of witnesses he was plausible, kindly, knowing that in this case he had no pending perjury to entrap; brought into play a rare and delicate art of which he was a master, employing in his questions subtle suggestions and shadings of tone and manner, and avoiding words of debatable and dangerous meanings; and when he attempted by blunders to their own undoing, but which, practiced by Joseph Loudon, made articulate wit-nesses articulate in the precise accents which he desired. This he accomplished as much by the help of the continuous fire of objections from the other side as in spite of them. He was infinitely careful, asking never an ill-advised question, but rather other side by his hurt, and though exhibiting only a pleasant easiness of manner, was electrically alert.

A hundred things had shown Ariel that the feeling of the place, influenced by "public sentiment" without, was subtly and profoundly hostile to Joe and his client; she read this in the spectators, in the jury, even in the Judge; but it seemed to her that day by day the inimical spirit gradually faded, inside the railing, and also in those spectators who, like herself, were enabled by special favor to be present throughout the trial, and that now and then a kinder sentiment began to be manifested. She was unaware how strongly she contributed to effect this herself, not only through the glow of visible sympathy which radiated from her, but by a particular action. A line was called by the State, and told as much of her story as the law permitted her to tell, interlarding her replies with fervent protestations (too quick to be prevented) that she "never meant to bring no trouble to Mr. Fear," and that she "did hate to have gentlemen starting things on her account." When the defense took this perturbed witness, her interpolations became less frequent, and she described straightforwardly how she had found the pistol on the floor near the prostrate figure of Cory, and hidden it in her own dress. The attorneys for the State listened with a somewhat cynical amusement to this portion of her testimony, believing it of no account, uncorroborated, and that if necessary the State could impeach her interpolation on the ground that it had been indispensable to produce her. She came down weeping from the stand; and the next witness not being immediately called, the eyes of the jury naturally followed her as she passed to her seat, and they saw Ariel Tabor bow gravely to her across the railing. Now, a thousand things not set forth by Legislators, law men and Judges affect a jury, and the slight salutation caused the members of this one to glance at one another; for it seemed to imply that the exquisite lady in white not only knew Claudine, but knew that she had spoken the truth. The attorneys for the State, indeed, seemed to rest in a balance precarious indeed, and the little man, swallowing pitifully, looked at his attorney with the eyes of a sick dog.

turning it to the owner, the latter, then working his way eastward, had confided to him his intention of stopping in Canaan for the purpose of exercising its melancholy functions upon a man who had once "done him good" in that city.

acceptance of the Tocsin as the law and the prophets. There were even a few who dared to wonder in their hearts if there had not been a mistake about Joe Lou-ten; and although Mrs. Piltroff, weakened not the relatives of Squire Buckleaw and of Peter Bradbury began to hold up their heads a little, after having made home horrible for those gentlemen and reproached them with their conversion as the last word of senile shame. In addition, the colonel's grandson and Mr. Bradbury's grandson had both mystifyingly lent countenance to Joe, consenting with him openly; the former for his own purposes—the latter because he had cunningly discovered that it was a way to Miss Tabor's regard, which since her gentle rejection of him, he had grown to believe (good youth) might be the pleasantest thing that could ever come to him. In short, the question had begun to thrive: Was it possible that Eskeew Arp had not been insane after all?