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PERSONS OF THE STORY

VICTOR STOWELL — A brilliant young advocate, son of Chief Judge, of the Isle of Man. He is high principled and likable, though in a moment of mutual passion he has, to great later penitence over the secret sin, had illicit relations with

BESSIE COLLISTER—A handsome but illiterate peasant girl, who really loves Victor's chum.

ALICK GELL—Agreeable but somewhat weak, who persuades Bessie to betroth herself to him despite the opposition of his father.

SPEAKER GELL — The rich and tyrannical head of the Manx Parliament.

FENELLA STANLEY — A great-hearted and beautiful girl with advanced ideas on women's rights, who is in love with Victor and he with her. She is the daughter of

GENERAL STANLEY—Governor of the Isle of Man.

DAN BALDROMMA — A brute farmer, stepfather of Bessie, and who tries to use her trouble, for which he thinks Gell is responsible, as a lever to advance his own fortune. Bessie's child is accidentally smothered the night of its secret birth. She is seen burying it in an isolated place and is suspected of murdering the babe.

"They have come for thee, Bessie"

NEXT day was Sunday. Bessie heard the church bells ringing across the Curragh, and, before they stopped, the singing of a hymn. The Primitives were holding a service at the corner of the high road before going into their chapel. After the hymn somebody prayed. It was Will Skillicorne. Bessie (listening through her open skylight) recognized the high pitch of his preaching voice. He would be standing on the chapel steps.

There was a great deal about "carnal transgression," about "brands plucked from the burning," about "the judgments of the Lord," and finally about the "conscious sinner," throwing herself upon her Saviour and repenting of "the sin she had committed against God."

At the close of his prayer Will gave out the first two lines of another hymn:

"I was a wandering sheep.
I did not love the fold."

Bessie knew whom all this was meant for. The Primitives were torturing her. But they were torturing somebody else as well. Through the singing and praying she heard her mother's sighs downstairs, and the beating of her foot on the hearthstone, as she sat by the fire and listened to the service for her guilty child.

What a cowardly thing religion was! Sin! What sin had she committed? She had never intended to do wrong, and only those who had gone through it could know what she had suffered. Anyway, such as she was God had made her. She would admit nothing. Nothing whatever.

Two days passed. Bessie's heart softened and became calm. The police were leaving her alone—they must have given up that nonsense about punishing her. Everything was going to turn out as she had expected.

On the third day, her mother, coming into her bedroom, found her with widely opened eyes and all her face a smile. Yes, she was herself once more. In fact, there had not been much amiss with her. Only, never having been ill before, she had been frightened and had come home to be nursed by her mother. But now she was better and must soon go back * * * back to where she came from.

She told her mother about Alick and how fond he was of her, parting from his father and sisters and even his mother for her sake. It was quite a mistake to suppose that Alick had refused to marry her. He would have married her long ago, and it was she who had been holding back. Why? She wished to be strong and well first. It wasn't fair to a man to let him marry a sick wife—was it?

The old woman, with a broken face, looking sadly down at the girl, said, "Yes, bogh! It's like it isn't, bogh," and turned her eyes away.

On the fourth day Bessie got out of bed and moved about the room just to show how strong she was.

"See what a step I have now. I could walk miles and miles, mother."

The morale of that was that she must go back to Derby Haven without more delay. Alick was waiting for her and he would be growing anxious. She must take the first train in the morning.

"It's rather early, but never mind about breakfast. A cup of tea and a piece of barley bonnag—that will do."

Late that night, when Mrs. Collister, going to bed with a heavy heart, looked in to say good-night, Bessie asked to be called in good time in the morning.

"Don't forget to waken me. I used to be first up, you know, but now I'm a sleepy-head."

And then she kissed her mother (never having kissed her since she was a child) and the old woman's eyes overflowed.

Left alone, in the dark, she began to think how good God had been to her after all. Only those who had sinned and suffered knew how good He could be. She remembered the text about the friend, who, when all earthly friends forsake you, sticketh closer than a brother. Also, with a certain shame, she recalled the hymn the Primitives had sung on Sunday morning, and, covering her head in the bedclothes, she sang two lines of it—

"But now I love my Father's voice,
I love my Father's home."

How happy she was! At that time tomorrow she would be in bed at Derby Haven, having seen Alick and arranged everything.

Next morning when she awoke she was startled to find the sun pouring into the room. She knew by the line it made on the wall that the first train must have gone. The chickens, too, were clucking at the kitchen door, and they never came round before breakfast.

She had risen on her elbow intending to call, when she heard the roll of a van-like vehicle drawing up in front of the house, and immediately afterward a man's husky, asthmatical voice in the kitchen, mingling with her mother's shrill treble.

"Go upstairs and tell her to make ready, ma'am."

"No, no! the girl's not fit for it, I tell thee."

"She's fit enough for the prison hospital, anyway."

"She has never been out of my door since she came into it."

"We'll have that to the High Bailiff and the Dempster, if you plaze."

Bessie, supporting herself on her trembling arm, could scarcely restrain herself from screaming. One moment she sat and gasped, and then, grasping her head with both hands, she turned about and fell forward and buried her face in her pillow.

At the next moment she was conscious of somebody coming into her room, and at the next, from somewhere at the foot of the bed she heard her mother say in a strange voice she had never known before — throbbing, choking, scarcely audible——

"They have come for thee, Bessie."

CHAPTER XXIII
Stowell in London

Victor Stowell had been more than a week in London. Fortune had favored him from the first. The Home Secretary (a tall, spare, elderly man, with a clean-shaven face of rather severe expression) rose when Stowell entered his room as if a spirit had appeared before him. "My youth again," the young man thought, but it was a different matter this time.

"Has anybody ever told you that you resemble your father, Mr. Stowell?"

It turned out that the old Deemster and the Home Secretary (a barrister before he became a statesman) had been in chambers together in the Middle Temple while reading for the bar, and that the politicians had never lost respect for the man who, in spite of brilliant promise of success in England (he might have become an English High Court judge with six times his Manx salary), had returned to the obscurity of his little island and the service of his own people.

"You have high traditions to live up to, young man. Sit down."

Then came the subject of the interview. The authorities had satisfied themselves that on the score of legal capacity the Governor's recommendation was not unjustified. The only serious difficulty was Stowell's youth. The principles on which the Crown selected elderly and even old (sometimes very old) men for the positions of judges were simple and sound. First, seniority of service, and next, maturity of character, so as to avoid the dangers that come from the temptations, the trials, even the turbulent emotions of early life, which might easily conflict with the calm of the judicial office. Still, these principles could be too rigidly followed—particularly in remote colonies and small dependencies, where the range of suitabe selection was limited.

After this came a personal catechism, the old man looking at the young one over the rims of his tortoise-shell spectacles. Married? Not yet? Expect to be? Yes, sir. Soon? Not, not for a long time. How long? Six weeks at least, sir.

The ends of the severe mouth rose perceptibly, and in any other face they might have broken into a smile.

Daughter of the Governor, isn't she? Yes, but that isn't her chief characteristic, sir. What is? That she is the loveliest and noblest woman in the world.

"Oh!"

Again the severe mouth relaxed, and the Home Secretary asked Stowell where he was staying. Stowell told him (the Inns of Court Hotel, Holborn) and he made a note of it.

"Remain there until you hear from me again, Mr. Stowell, and meantime say nothing about this interview to anybody."

"Not anybody whatever, sir?"

The Home Secretary's stern old face became genial and charming as he rose and held out his hand.

"Well, that supreme being, perhaps * * * Good day!"

"So here I am, my dear, Fenella," wrote Stowell, "back in the bedroom of my hotel, telling you all about it. How long I may have to remain in London goodness knows, therefore I propose to tell you something about my ways of life while I wait.

"Such a change in me! When I was in London last (with Alick Gell, you remember) I spent my days and nights in the hotels, restaurants, theatres and music-halls that are the lovely and beloved world of woman. It is the world of woman still, but quite another realm of it.

"Two nights ago I strolled westward along Oxford street, and thought (with a lump in my throat) about De Quincey and his Ann. Then, cutting through Clare Market to the Temple and finding the gate closed, I tipped the porter to let me walk through the Brick Court, and stood a long half hour before a house in the silent little square, thinking of the day when the women of the town sat on the stairs while poor Noll (Oliver Goldsmith) lay dead in his rooms above. And then, coming out into Fleet street (midnight now), where the big printing presses were throbbing behind dark buildings, I tried to think I saw the great old Johnson, God bless him, picking up the prostitute from the pavement, carrying her home on his back and laying her on his bed.

"Last night I strolled eastward to look at the outside of the Settlement in which you used to be Lady Warden (in the unbelievable days before you came back to Man), and returning by a dark side street, I came upon a queue of women crouching in the cold before the doors of a Salvation Shelter. They were waiting for four in the morning when they would have a fighting chance of one of the beds (i. e., boxes like open coffins lying cheek by jowl on the floor of a big hall) after the washerwomen who were then asleep in them would get up and go to work.

"But the climax came this morning (Sunday morning) when I went to service at the Foundling Hospital. Such a sweet scene—at first sight at all events. The little women, like little nuns, in their linen caps and aprons, singing like little angels in their sweet young voices. But my God, what tragedy lurked behind that picture also!

"I did not hear much of the sermon for thinking of the mothers of these 'children of shame' and the conditions under which they must have given birth to them—sometimes in a garret, in secret, alone, driven to dementia by a sense of impending shame. How often a poor miserable girl in the degradation of childbirth (which should be the crown of a woman's glory) must have been tempted to kill her child in fear of the fate that awaited both it and her! And to think of the giant arm of the mighty law coming down on a creature like that to punish her! Lord, what crimes are committed in the name of justice!

"There you are now! That's what you've done for me. 'Deed you have though. It's truth enough, girl. You've opened my ears to the cry of the voice of suffering woman, and that is the saddest sound, perhaps, that breaks on the shores of life. And the moral of it all is that if I do become a Judge (God knows I'm almost afraid to hope for it) you must be my helper, my inspirer, the tower of my strength.

"Oh, my darling, how much I love you! It seems to me that I lost all my life until I came to love you. How well I recall the blessed day when I loved you first! It was the first time I saw you—the first time really. Don't you remember? In the glen, that glorious autumn afternoon. The vision has followed me ever since and I wish I could blot out every day of my life when I have not thought of you.

"There you are again! You see what you've done, ma'am. But I'm not always on the heights. What do you think? I've bought a motorcar, and every morning I go up to Hampstead with a teacher to learn to drive.

"It is for our honeymoon. You called me a Viking once, and I'm not going to be a Viking for nothing. As soon as you are mine, mine wholly, I am going to pick you up and carry you off to all the inaccessible places in the island—the bent-strewn plains of Ayre, where a lighthouse man lives alone with his wife and nothing else save the sea for company; the shepherd's hut on Snaefell, where there is nothing but the sky, and the sandy headlands of the Calf with the mists of the Atlantic sweeping over them.

"Meantime, think of me in a box of a bedroom five stories up, with the roaring tide of London traffic running, like a Canadian river, sixty feet below, and write—write, write! Tell me what is happening in the il'l' islan' ' which is lying asleep tonight in the Irish Sea. God bless it, and all the kind and cheery souls in it! God bless it for evermore!

"STOWELL."

To be continued tomorrow

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Little Benny's Notebook

By Lee Pape

Pop was smoaking and reeding and ma was getting reddy to go out to a meeting of the Dawters of Cleopattera, and all of a sudden she ran in with her hat on saying, O Willyum, something dredfill has happened.

The dooce, wat the dooce, wat? sed pop.

Ive forgotten the passwerd to get in the meeting, sed ma.

Yee gods, I thawt the house was on fire, sed pop, and ma sed, Well its very serious, I assure you, I had it on the tip of my tung and now I havent got it at all, O Willyum, I wish you'd suggest a few passwerds and maybe youll hit on it by axsident.

Wy dont you give me something easy, the dictionerry is full of werds, sed pop, and ma sed, Yes but theyre not all passwerds, O Willyum, wat shall I do? and pop sed, I told you, dident I, jest reed the dictionerry carefilly, starting at the ferst werd, and youll be sure to come to it sooner or later, it cant be mutch of a werd if its not in the dictionerry.

O, you know I havent time to do enything like that, Im late as it is, O Willyum, suggest some passwerds, something suitable for a wimmins club, sed ma.

Spunge cake, fudge, lady fingers, mackeroons, dimitty, peenut butter, sed pop.

O Willyum, theyre noware neer like it, I dont remember wat it is but I know theyre nuthing like it, sed ma, go on Willyum, suggest some more.

O, merder, sed pop.

Thats it, Willyum, thats it, merder, sed ma, O Willyum I think youre wonderfill.

Help, Im sinking for the 3rd time, sed pop. And ma quick gave him a kiss and ran down stairs and pop kepp on smoaking and reeding and looking serprized.

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