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THE MASTER OF MAN:-: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of 'The Manxman,' 'The Deemster,' 'The Eternal City,' 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me,' Etc.

PERSONS OF THE STORY VICTOR STOWELL—Chief Judge of the Isle of Man. In his opinion, the law must govern. He has a great later penitence over the fact that he has not been able to do more for the poor. He is a man of great energy and courage. He is a man who is not afraid to stand up for what is right. He is a man who is not afraid to die for his principles. He is a man who is not afraid to fight for the oppressed. He is a man who is not afraid to die for his principles.



One of the horses was seen to rear and swing aside as if it had been struck in the mouth

IT WAS at this moment that Fenella entered the room. Neither of the men saw her. She stood noiselessly at the door. 'If I do what you want, order your servant, what's the first question the Court will ask you? Who did you help the prisoner to escape? Then the whole wretched story of your relations with the girl Collier will come out. And what will be the result? Fenella's name will become a byword.'

Stowell flamed up with anger for a moment, and then choked with tears. After a short silence he said, 'I can meanly but sufficiently grateful to you, sir, for what you've done for me. As for Fenella, I can hardly trust myself to speak. The thought of her suffering is the bitterest part of my own. I would live out the rest of my life on my knees if I could undo the wrong I have done her. But I cannot bring her down with me. I cannot take up again my life as a judge after it has been so hideously disgraced and ask her to share it. Let me go to prison.'

The Governor, in spite of himself, was visibly affected. 'Look here, Stowell,' he said. 'I'll tell you what I'll do. It's going far, perhaps too far for the safety of the public service, but to prevent worse things happening, I'll take the whole of your case, and I'll see that you are not disgraced. I'll stop that warrant and hush up this miserable scandal on one condition—that you say nothing, take leave of absence on grounds of ill health, go abroad and never come back again.'

Stowell shook his head. 'Why not? Good gracious, why not? The guilty ones have gone. You've even let the man escape, nobody knows it. Why shouldn't you?' 'I dare not,' said Stowell. 'I have committed a crime. If I do not get out of this life, I must do so before. Therefore I ask for my punishment now.'

The Governor got the better of his emotion. 'You wish to resign your office and ask me to order your arrest? Well, I won't do it. I am the only authority to whom you can resign and I decline to accept your resignation. I refuse to transmit it to the home authorities. 'What you wish to do would undermine the stability of law and the authority of government. It is the duty of a man to stand up for his principles. Therefore I not only refuse to receive your resignation, I forbid it.'

Stowell hesitated for a moment and then said, 'In that case, your Excellency, you will force me to denounce myself.' 'Denounce? You mean in open court?' 'Yes, it will be my duty, and I shall be compelled to do it.'

The Governor's wrath became rarer. With the ring of sarcasm in his voice he said, 'Very well! Very well! I cannot prevent you. Denounce yourself in open court if you are so unwise, so insane. But understand—if you are compelled to do so, you will be compelled to do mine also. After you have made your public confession and the courts have dealt with you, I shall issue the warrant just the same. You say the fugitives have gone to a foreign country, but no foreign country will refuse to give up a condemned murderer. The woman shall be brought back and executed according to the sentence you pronounced upon her. More than that, your friend, your confederate, shall be brought back also, and dealt with according to his crime. Therefore your public confession will be of no avail. It will be an empty farce, ruining three lives that might otherwise have been saved.'

Stowell trembled, his lips became white. 'I beg you not to do that, sir.' 'I will. I take God to my witness that I will. Now choose for yourself which is to be—your course or mine?' Stowell breathed hard for a moment and then smiled—but such a smile! 'Your Excellency,' he said, 'for your own sake I beg of you not to do it.'

'My sake?' said the Governor, drawing up sharply—he had been striding about the room again. 'Yes, yours,' said Stowell. 'One of those two was my child, the other was merely the subject of my will. I alone am guilty, and if I cannot meet my punishment without bringing such consequences on the innocent I must meet something else.'

'What else?' 'Death. Then, in the eyes of heaven, the crime against the law will be your crime and I shall not live to witness it.' There was a breathless silence. The Governor was dumfounded. Stowell stepped toward the door and said in a low voice, 'Go, forgive you, sir. You will never see me again.'

At that moment the maid entered the room to announce the Attorney General and the Chief Constable, who came in immediately behind her. 'Ah, Victor, how are you?' said the Attorney. 'Your Excellency, we have brought the warrant.'

'And here,' said the Chief Constable, with an obsequious bow to Stowell, 'is the Deemster ready to issue it.'

CHAPTER XLV The Way of the Cross. There had been wild doings in Douglas since the Chief Constable's visit to Government House. Noises had been thrown and windows broken. At length the Mayor, not without personal risk, had read the Riot Act from the steps of the Town Hall.

The result had been the reverse of what the Governor expected. The police, a small force, had charged the mob with their batons, but they had soon been overpowered. Then the soldiers from Castletown, a little company of eighty, had attempted to intimidate the crowd with their rifles, but twice as many stalwart fishermen, coming up behind, had dispersed them.

After that the people had surged through the streets in delirious triumph. At ten o'clock the throng was densest outside Government Office, which stands midway on the steep declivity of the Prospect Hill. The police and the soldiers had as much as they could do to guard the doors of the building. The space in front of it was packed with people of both sexes and all ages. They were squinting about like worms on an upturned soil. There were loud shouts and derisive cries.

'Down with the Governor!' 'Tell him the steamer leaves for London!' 'The Governor is a traitor!' 'The Governor is a traitor!' 'The Governor is a traitor!' 'The Governor is a traitor!' 'The Governor is a traitor!'

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England at nine in the morning. Suddenly, with the rapidity of a desert wind, word went through the crowd that mounted soldiers from England had just been landed at the pier, and were riding up the principal thoroughfares, driving everything before them.

A cold fear came, culminating in terror. Presently the cavalry were seen to turn the bottom of the hill. They were swinging the flats of their swords to smite the crowd. The people screamed and ran in frantic haste to the parapets on either side of the street. In a moment the broad space in front of Government Office was clear. 'Clear, save for one tiny object. It was a child, a little girl of four, who had been clinging to her mother's skirts and in the scramble had lost her hold of them.'

The cavalry were now coming up the hill at a gallop and the little one's danger was seen by all. 'Save the child,' people shouted, and more than one ran out a few paces and then ran back, for the horses seemed to be almost upon them. The mother was screaming and trying to break into the open, but women were holding her back.

At that moment a man, whom nobody recognized at first, pushed his way through the crowd with powerful arms, and darted out in the direction of the child. 'Come back; you'll be killed,' cried some one, but the others held their breath. At the next instant the man was lost to sight in the midst of the cavalry. In the confused movement that followed one of the horses was seen to rear and swing aside, as if it had been struck in the mouth by a strong hand.

When the crowd were conscious of what happened next the cavalry had galloped past, with its clang of hoofs and clatter of steel, and the broad space was once more empty. Empty save for the man. His head was bare, his hair was bleeding, and the skirt of the loose overcoat he wore was torn as if a loose end had accidentally slashed it. But in his arms was the child—unhurt and untouched.

Then the people saw who he was. He was the Deemster, and they crowded about him. He gave the little one back to his mother, who had a still younger child at her breast, and was too breathless from fright to thank him. He tried to conceal himself in the

crowd, but they followed him—down the hill to Athol street, where the court-house is—a long train, chiefly of women and children, with wet eyes and open mouths, crying to him and to each other: 'The Deemster! God bless him!' 'They thought he was going to the court-house to sit on the bench as Judge, but when he came to the big portico he passed it, and, turning down a side street, he stopped at a little black door and knocked.'

The door was opened by a police sergeant who was not wearing his helmet. The Deemster stepped into the vault-like place within and the door was closed behind him. 'It was the Douglas prison. To be continued tomorrow (Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co.)

MURDER TRIAL ADJOURNED Montreal Clergyman is Accused of Killing His Half Brother. Montreal, June 9.—(By A. P.)—Trial of the Rev. Adelard Delorme for the murder of his half brother, Raoul, today was adjourned until Thursday by Justice Monet in the Court of King's Bench.

The delay was asked by the prosecution because alienists employed by the Crown have not been able to complete their examination of the accused.

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TAR BURNS FATAL TO ONE Three Other Victims of Pittsburgh Blaze in Serious Condition. Pittsburgh, June 9.—(By A. P.)—Louis Osborne, victim of the Lawrenceville fire which destroyed two manufacturing plants late yesterday, died in a hospital today. Osborne, a clerk employed by the Young Paper Company, was in the office when a substance containing benzine and asphalt, used in the manufacture of tar paper, exploded.

Vincent Astor to Build New Home New York, June 9.—Having inherited two extensive country estates, one in the upper reaches of the Hudson River and the other in Newport, Vincent Astor will vary family tradition

OUR POLICY HIGHEST QUALITY MERCHANDISE LOW PRICES CLEANLINESS COURTESY QUICK SERVICE. 'WHERE ECONOMY RULES' Specials for Philadelphia, Reading, Lancaster and Vicinity.

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Tall Can PINK SALMON 10c. Red Salmon ..... can 25c; A&P Sweet Chocolate ..... 1/2 lb cake 17c; "Iona" Corn ..... can 10c; "Encore" Olive Oil ..... 8 ounce can 31c; "Iona" Peas ..... can 15c; Baker's Cocoa ..... 1/2 lb can 20c; "Iona" Peaches ..... large can 29c; "Red Front" Cocoa ..... 1/2 lb can 13c.

WESSON OIL PINT CAN 23c. If you could see the manner in which we produce "Red Front" Cocoa—if you knew the purity of this product, the rigid sanitary conditions under which it is manufactured, the care given to bring it to the smooth and fine consistency demanded and required—you would use no other—and, besides, our price is so much less than all other advertised brands.

5 KIRKMAN'S SOAP 23c. Cakes. Puffed Wheat ..... pkg 12c; Shredded Wheat ..... pkg 11c; Hartley's Marmalade ..... jar 27c; Honey (pure) ..... 5 1/2 oz jar 15c; Fels Naphtha Soap ..... 5 1/2c; Argo Glass Starch ..... pkg 9c; 20-Mule Team Borax ..... pkg 14c; Lux ..... pkg 10c; Franco-American Spaghetti ..... can 10c; Kingford's Corn Starch ..... can 11c; Kellogg's Krumbles ..... pkg 13c; Red Front Baking Powder ..... lb can 20c.

CRACKER SPECIALS. Velvia Sandwich ..... lb 29c; Fluted Coconut Bars ..... lb 21c; Sugar Wafers (All Varieties) ..... pkg 7c.

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