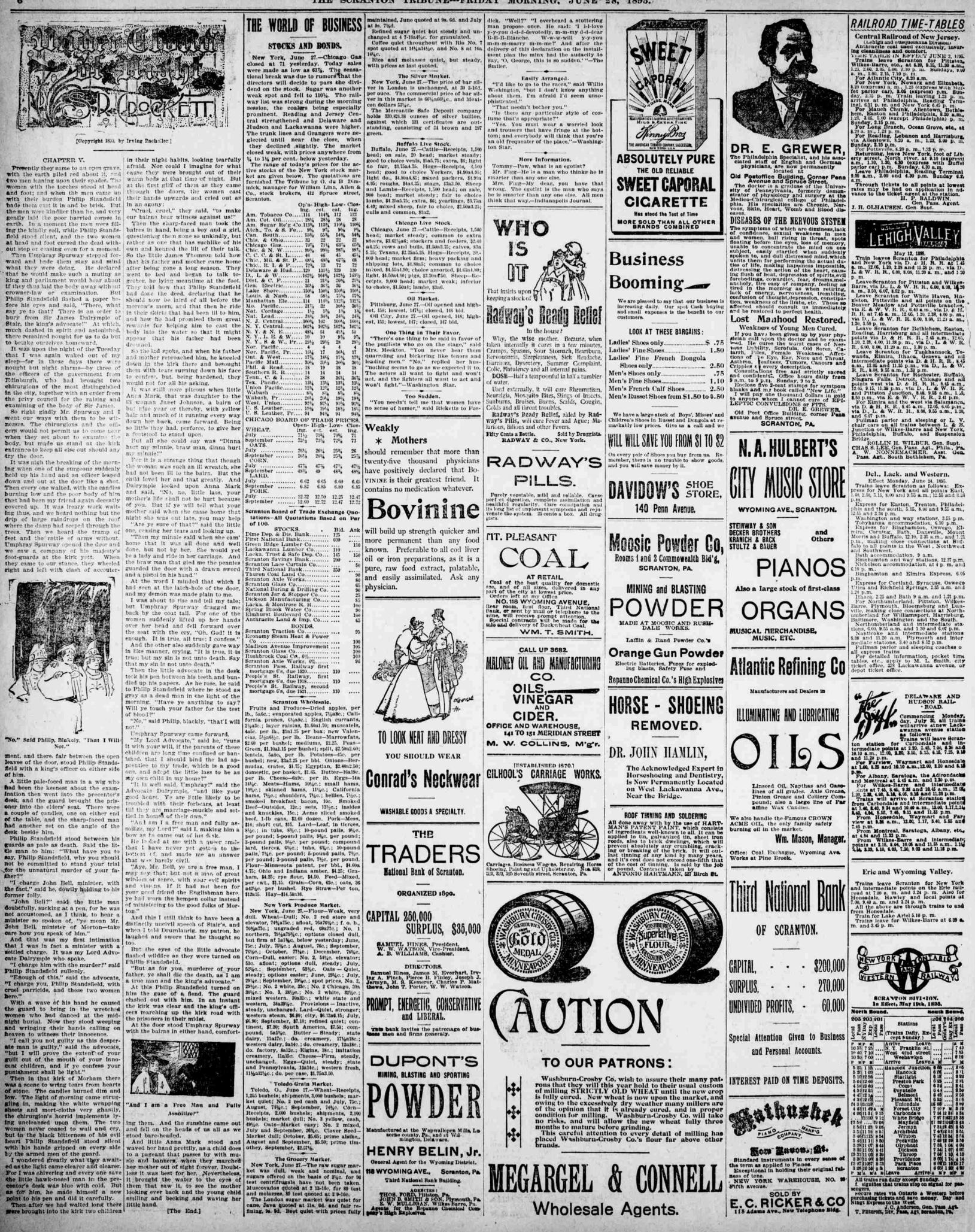
## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE---FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1895.





(Convright 1833, by Irving Pacholler.)

## CHAPTER V.

with the earth piled red about it, and cause they were brought out of their two men leaning upon their spades. The warm beds at that time of night. But Presently they same to an open grave, omen with the torches stood at head and foot; and when the men came up with their burden Philip Standsfield their hands upwards and cried out as Scranton. bade them cust it in and be brisk. Put in an agony:

Stair, the king's advocate!" At which,

the privy council for the raising and examining of the body of Sir James. So right gladly Mr. Spurway and I went our ways with them to be witnesses. The chirurgions and the officers would not permit us to come near when they set about to examine the body, but made us stand at the kirk entranco to keep all else out should any try the door.

It was nigh the breaking of the morning when one of the surgeons suddenly held up his hand and an officer leaped down and out at the door like a shot. Then every one waited, with the candles burning low and the poor body of him that had been my friend again decently overed up. It was lreary work walting thus, and we heard nothing but the drip of large raindrops on the roof where the damp had seeped through the trees. Then we heard the tramp of feet and the rattle of arms without Umphray Spurway opened the door and we saw a company of his majesty's foot-guards at the kirk yett. When right and left with clash of accouter-



in their night habits, looking tearfully afraid. Nor could I imagine for what at the first gliff of them as they came



ent, and there, fair between the open leaves of the door, stood Philip Standsfield with a king's officer on either side

A little pale-foced man in a wig who had been the keenest about the exam-ination then went into the precentor's good heart. Ys are little likely to be oner into the elders' seat. There were a couple of candles, one on either end of the table, and the sharp-faced man ad another set on the angle of the desk beside him.

Philip Standsfield stood between his guards as pale as death. Said the little man to him: "What have you to say, Philip Standsfield, why you should be committed to stand your trial for the unnatural murder of your fa-

"I charge John Bell, minister, with the fact." said he, dowily holding to his former folly.

"John Bell?" said the little man doubtfully, sucking at a pen, for he was not accustomed, as I think, to hear a minister so spoken of, "ye mean Mr. John Bell, minister of Morton-take care how you speak of him." And that was my first intimation that I was in fact a minister with a

settled charge. It was my Lord Advocate Dalrymple who spoke, "I charge him with the murder!" said

Philip Standsfield sullenly. "Enough of this," said the advocate, "I charge you, Philip Standsfield, with

cruel parricide, and these two women With a wave of his hand he caused the guard to bring in the wretched women who had danced at the mid-

light burial. Now they stood weeping and wringing their hands calling on heaven to witness their innocence. "I call you not guilty as this desperate man is guilty," said the advocate, "but I will prove the extent of your

guilt out of the mouth of your innocent children, and if ye confess your ment shall be light." Then in that kirk of Morham there

was a scene to wring tears from hearts of stone. The candles burned dim and low. The light of morning came strugsling in, making the white wrapping and mort-cloths very ghastly the chirurgion's horrid implements ly-

heart Philip Standsfield stood silent with his hands gripped on every side waved her hand prettily, as a child does othey, September, \$2.57%. by the armed men of the guard.

I wondered greatly what they await-ed as the light came clearer and clearer. For I was chivering and every one save less it was best for her. Nevertheless, were brought into the kirk two children

But the eyes of the little advocate flashed wildfire as they were turned on Phillip Standsfield.

a true man and the king's advocate."

the kirk was clear and the king's officers marching up the kirk road with the prisoners in their midst.

