PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

The Blenheim Swamp was a name of fear, especially to ingenuous girls of sixteen. In the heart of it was the Bottomless Lake, the depths of which no plummet had sounded. "Oh, Reginald, Reginald !" she sobbed, "Oh, Reginald !" she sobbed, "Oh, Reginald !" she sobbed, "Inter blink, so engaged the attention of the say something ! "Aly don of the say something ! "

Into the torus
Lake, the depths of which no plummet had sounded.
The lake was guarded by a tangle of trees and undergrowth. In summer time the birds and game had it all to themselves. On winter nights, when the moon was up, the whitened trees stood with outstretched be whitened trees stood with outstretched trees stood trees stood with outstretched trees stood trees stood trees stood trees stood

when the children are refractory, "hush, or I'll tell you how I can maintain you in I will take you to the Swamp, and lose you.'

chooses to do the proper thing." Only half understanding, this poor wife The place had a fascination for Lord Somerset. It could not have been pretty allowed herself to be placed in a carriage. Alice Smith that encouraged him to come there; for Alice knew that he was married, Still only half understanding, she listened and she was as good as she was pretty. to her husband's plans as they drove to the He would spend hours talking with old Rapids. He told her of the farm-pupil

Rabb, the German, who lived just outside the swamp, and whose habit was to "holler" —as he said—when strangers were lost in its mazes; and then, if they didn't hear him "holler," to take down his ancient fowling-piece and fire it. Rabb knew all about the lake and its terrors. He had heard of dozens of people who had drowned themselves in its muddy waters. Did he know of any murders committed in the swamp? Well, no; but all he could say was that if he, Rabb, were ever tempted to commit murder, here is the place where he would commit

Lady Somerset had no desire to visit the swamp. Her husband, indeed, had never mentioned its name to her. But she had longed to pay a good long visit to the Falls ever since she came to the neighborhood of Niagara. And one day, to her surprise, his lordship determined to gratify her.

" Reginald," she said to him softly, as they walked along the trees on Goat Island. "I wish to Heaven you

wouldn't call me Reginald," he said, impatiently.

"We are far away from Woodstock," she replied, "and I am so tired of masquerading."

And she hardly asked the question when were to dance there, led, of course, by she uttered a scream. She had been Alice Smith, so engaged the attention of

and drive to the Rapids, and on the way I'll tell you how I can maintain you in comfort, and live as a gentleman should live, until your pig-headed governor plete. No sound was audible but the wind I'll don't say you do," said the young Englishman, terribly excited. "But I'll tell you this; that I believe you to be a fraud, and I believe that the farm which moaning among the trees. No signs of life Benwell and I were to share with you doeswere visible save a huge raven which flap- n't exist at all." ped its wings and ominously croaked over

Two young farmers, brothers, George and John Elveridge by name, had come into the swamp to chop wood. The croak-ing of the raven attracted their attention. They slowly advanced through the wood. "There's something lying on a pile of

And John Elveridge, frightened by his brother's earnestness, peered eagerly

"It's a man," he whispered. "Yes," said his elder, "it's a man.

Though the farmers stood so near the corpse, the raven had not flown away. It fluttered from tree to tree, on either side of the body, like a sentinel mounting guard over the dead.

Watson, of Princeton, and with this official to represent the law, they returned to the

"Why, what is this ?" cried the constable, pointing in astonishment to the clothing. "Somebody has been at work with the

scissors," said George. "Every mark on trousers, shirt, and vest has been cut away." "You can't be more tired than I," said | system in Canada; told her how there was "And the lining's torn out of the hat," his lordship. "Why don't you go home, an abundance of wealthy English fathers

persuade your father to make it up with us, eager to ship their boys off to Canadian said John. "It we ever discover the feland send me money enough to keep up the farms, told her how the boys believed that low who did it, it won't be for lack of

"Birchall," cried Pelly, "why don't you ay something? Why don't you do some-hing? What can it mean?" him? Who saw me come out? It is pre-me." well refused to go. Hence our journey to the swamp. Up to the last moment, I am ready solemnly to swear I was willing to spare him if he had shown the least inclination to further my plans. say something ? Why don't you do some-

As he spoke the door was burst open. Chief Young of the Niagara Falls police, entered the room

> "Reginald Birchall," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Frederick Cornwallis Benwell."

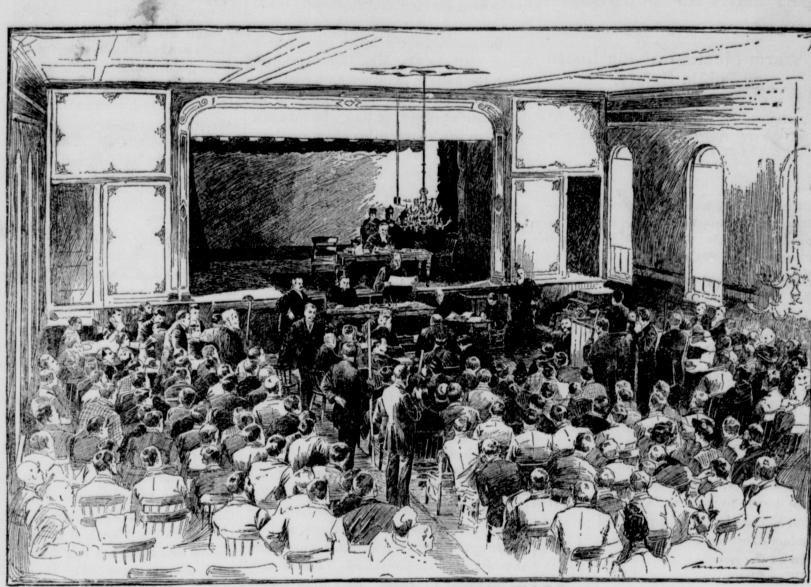
> > III. FLY-LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

In prison, Monday, September 22, 1890, A. M. The trial begins today. For the space of nine hours I, John Reginald Birchall, am to quit this art-gallery, decorated with Titianesque fancies and Rembrantesque conceits (seriously, they are cuts from the "Pink 'Un" and Police Gazette), and re ceive the homage of Woodstock and the attention of the world

And now? And now? Supposing Osler can prove all he says? I wonder if the jury would think it convincing? They look like a lot of pig-headed farmers, narrow and pro-vincial, and the mere fact that blood has been spilled in this county seems to have sent them against me. But they can't hang me—they daren't. "To be hanged by the neck until you are dead." What a horrible thought it is to be strangled, aboved, cut off in a minute.

choked, cut off in a minute! Bah! I'm crazy. Blackstock will get me off; and if he can't, Florence will help me. There are easier modes of death than hanging.

of gayety, "I hope you won't accuse me of knowing how Benwell came by his death?" "I don't say you do," said the young Englishman, terribly excited. "But I'll tell you this; that I believe you to be a fraud, and I believe that the farm which Benwell and I were to share with you does-n't exist at all." "Which I don't believe, Betsey Prig," said Mr. Birchall, mocking, "that there



THE TRIAL IN THE TOWN HALL.

never didn't exist no sich person as Mrs. 'Arris." "Good heavens! man," the landlord

cussed tomorrow in St. Petersburg, in Calcutta, in surveyor who measured the distance from Eastwood Pekin. Let me take down my looking-glass and adorn myself for the occasion. "The culprit was worthy of that great presence," says Macaulay of Warren Hastings. I, too, will be

ENTERING THE SWAMP.

saplings," said John. "Stop !" cried George, sharply, peremp-torily. "Don't stir a foot, John. Do you see what it is ?"

through the branches.

There's been murder done."

"Shall we look at it, George?" asked the younger of the brothers.

"No, siree," said George, "we'll get out of here as fast as we can. When murder's committed that's the time to look for a nagistrate. Who knows that we mayn't be suspected ourselves ?"

And, with the croaking of the raven still in their ears, the men made for the road. Not far away they found Constable spot where the body lay. It was the body of a young man, cleanly shaven and of dark complexion. The right foot rested on a sapling. The left foot was frozen into the ground, and the ice had to be cut to move it. The face was frozen, too.

style befitting my rank in the British aristocracy ? shores of Lake Ontario; told her how he

And Mr. Reginald Birchall laughed, but not as he used to laugh in those by-gone Lord Somerset.

sister that papa will not forgive us. He when they arrived. has heard so many things against you. Why can't we go to New York, resume your own name, and get something to do? I would do anything, anything, rather than ing his black eyes suddenly upon her. live this life of deception; and you, with your education, and your drawing, and your knowledge of Greek, could easily get | tell what the end of it may be? If you a clerkship somewhere."

"Fine use a clerk would have of Greek," you not to do it." sneered his lordship. "And a fine clerk Lord Somerset would make."

ship, courtly. "But we must do something," pleaded And he looked down fixedly at the the wife. "The little money which has Rapids. which went hurrying on, like a soul come from your family through the agents in torment rushing to its destruction. will soon be finished. How can we get along then ?"

"Sit down," said her husband, gruffly,

an earthly paradise awaited them on the smartness on his part.

"Hello, look here !" cried the constable proposed to secure at least a couple of at this moment. And from under the dead these youths; told her how he would tempt man's head he picked up a pair of eyedays-before he was metamorphosed into them with glowing descriptions of horses, glasses and a cigar-holder. There were no ord Somerset. "Reginald, dear," she said, as they came stables lighted by electricity, fast trotters, marks on either. The men abandoned races, and high living; told her, with a hopes of identifying the body, and set nearer to the torrent, "I know from my chuckle, how disappointed they would be about removing it. They procured a sleigh in haste, laid the corpse inside it, And still she persisted with her question : and with their burden drove to the under-"What will you do with them then ?"

taker's at Princeton, where two doctors held an autopsy upon it, and ordered its "They will go elsewhere," said he, turnburial in the Potter's Field. "Oh, Reginald !" she cried, "I entreat The brothers Elveridge were not satis-

you not to commit this fraud. Who can fied to leave the mystery unsolved. At tell what the end of it may be? If you dawn next day they were in the swamp still have a spark of love for me, I implore again. They searched all around the spot where the body was found, and once more were about to relinquish the search when George, drawing his axe along the ground, suddenly found a cigar case.

And he looked down fixedly at the He raised it to the light.

On it was inscribed the name: "F. C Benwell."

Next morning there was a pleasant little A year has gone. The snow again breakfast party at Mr. Baldwin's boardingand if the roar of this confounded water whitened the boughs in Blenheim Swamp. A house in the village of Niagara Falls. Mr

"Florence, you're a fool," said his lord-

II. THE MURDER IN THE SWAMP.

WHERE THE MURDERED BENWELL WAS FOUND.

doesn't deafen you, I'll show you how we | coating of muddy ice lay on the surface of | Reginald Birchall, Mrs. Reginald Birchall, will get along.'

the Bottomless Lake. Three farmers were Mr. Douglas Pelly, a blond young Eng-Whereupon, the submissive wife having trudging among the charred stumps, and seated herself, his lordship produced the pushing the tanglewood aside. draft of an advertisement setting forth "Who fired ?" cried George Fredenburg, while Mr. Baldwin was reading the morn-

lishman, whom they had brought from that a young University man, having a suddenly, as two shots, in quick succession, ing paper.

broke in, "can you sit joking there while your murdered friend is being shovelled into a pauper's grave ? "

"I accept the amendment," said Mr. blubbering, appealing for sympathy, when their proper attitude should be one of dignity. Still, Blackstock thinks my wife should be there; and I suppose he knows best. But I do hope she will be Birchall. "Poor Benwell! I was really very fond of him. I will run down to Princeton and identify the body. Goodby, Florence."

Mrs. Birchall still sat rigid, white as death. and said not a word. They took her to her room, hardly conscious. When Pelly was left alone with her, he whispered : "I know what is in your mind, Mrs. Birchall; but, before Heaven, I believe him innocent ; indeed I do."

Same day, evening.—The first day's trial is over. I have come, seen, and conquered. All that Wood-stock boasts of beauty and fashion was in the Town Hall. The ladies sent me flowers, notes of sympathy, and regarded me tenderly. If this lasts much longer, I shall be getting vain. And with this word of comfort, revealing that the same thought was in the minds of both, the kind-hearted young fellow set off for New York to see if Benwell could be there, as a telegram had led him to suppose. Mr. Reginald Birchall returned from

Fancy being tried in a theatre! Judge Mac-Mahon, with his mutton-chop whiskers, sits on the stage, like a chairman in a London music-hall. I Princeton, having fully identified the body. expect him every minute to rap for order, and say: "Gentlemen, the next on the programme will be the Sisters Bilton, in their famous song, entitled 'Stroll-ing along Piccadilly." He had shown such emotion when it was exhumed that a constable had to support

He went straight to his wife's bedroom. She shrank from his touch.

"Assassin !" she cried.

"You're a fool," said he, repeating the phrase that he uttered when he looked down into the Rapids.

"Reginald," said she, "I have been a true and faithful wife to you. I will be true and faithful to the end. Only let there me. I suppose I ought to give her some affection in return. How can I? I need all my affection for be no deception between us. Tell me the whole truth."

He muttered, murmured, made two or three vain efforts to speak. Then, turning to see that the door was locked, he made her sit at the foot of the bed, and, walking up and down the little room, he told her the story of his journey with Benwell through Blenheim Swamp.

"Florence," said he, with a trace of unwonted tenderness in his voice, "it had to be done. I was in the devil of a hole. My only chance was to get money from Benwell's father; my only hope was to put Benwell out of the way."

Mrs. Birchall covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"I planned it on the Britannic, coming over," he continued. "I thought that Pelly might go over the Falls, and that the swamp would do for Benwell. When Benwell and I started out, a sort of exultation seemed to fill me. Some cruel devil possessed me; and as I went along in the train to Eastwood I could almost hear myself saying: 'Your time has come, friend Benwell; take a last look at the earth.'" "Oh, horrible, horrible!" moaned the wife.

Birchall appeared to find some strange satisfaction in recounting his crime.

says Macaul of Warren Hastings. worthy of this great presence-not the herd of Woodstock farmers, but the innumerable spectators well, about what they found in the swamp-I con fess I felt a kind of sickening; just the feeling that whose gaze is fixed on me all over the universe. Florence, I suppose, will be in court. What a nuisance these women are! They sit whimpering,

As for myselt, Blackstock says that my safety is

assured. There were so many suspicious characters in the swamp during the days Benwell lay there

around me. The jury will disagree, I shall have six months more to decorate my cell with cuts of ballet-

girls; then they will turn me loose to wrestle once

that no chain of circumstances can bind t

myself, and have needed it all my life.

lovenly woman.

more with fate. Rex Birchall is all right.

came over me when they exhumed the body. It isn't half so hard to kill a man as to look at him when he is dead; and if I get clear of this charge, those eyes that glared at me as he lay on his back amongst the tamaracks and cedars will haunt me till I die. One doesn't think of these things at the time. They are the penalty of murder after it is well dressed. There is nothing so distressing as a

Be that as it may, everything seems to be going smoothly. Blackstock says that the jury can't convict on evidence so loose as this. The shadow of the gallows is yet a long way off.

Wednesday, September 24th, evening .- I'm beginning to get despondent. All day long they have been keeping up a fusillade of incriminating facts. The doctors, boarding house keeper, pay!. telegraph operator, postmaster, meteorological ex-pert, and a shoal of people who talked to me at Princeton poured in their evidence. It looks black, black as thunder. Why did I spin so many different yarns about Benwell's whereabouts? If I had kept my mouth closed, they would never have suspected

If it all goes against me, Florence won't fail me. She knows where to get just what I want. But have I the courage, even for that? It's easy, in court, with a multitude of eyes look-

ing on, to show nerve. But here, in this solitude, with no company but the ballet-girls on the walls— that's different, different altogether.

Thursday, September 25th, evening.—The farmers have had their innings. They all remember the day of the murder by the holding of Dake's ball. I ought to have heard of that ball before. Were it not for a solemnity like that, one day so resembles another in the mind of these yokels that they couldn't possible for it in their moment. My reception was hardly as warm as I expected. The farmers merely stared. The ladies were visibly fluttered on my entrance. But, after all, my audi-ence is not at Woodstock; it is everywhere. Florence was there with her sister. She did not speak to me; didn't even look at me. She is miser-

ably thin and pale. I wonder whether I ever loved her. I wonder whether, in my whole life, I ever had one unselfish thought or feeling. How that woman trusted me! How blindly she followed me po-sibly fix it in their memory. The hand of destiny would, indeed, be shown if I were condemned to death because Mr. Jerry Dake, an innkeeper, chose to give a dance on a certain night to the lads and lasses of Princeton. through all the torthous movements of my life; and the more I abused her the more she clung to Florence was not in court. Blackstock had no

need of her, I suppose. But Alice Smith was there, saucy and pretty as of old. I couldn't resist the temptation of speaking to her at Eastwood. Rex,

This is a digression. Osler, Crown Counsel, opened the case against me. Osler is bald. Osler has a thin, metallic voice. Osler has a lank finger



BIRCHALL AND HIS JAILER IN THE JAIL YARD.

which he points at me unceasingly. But what puzzles me is how on earth Osler knows so much about me.

I was a fool to keep Benwell's gold pencil-case. I was an idiot to wear that Astrakhan cape at East-wood. I was utterly insane when I overlooked the

Friday, September 26th, evening.—Thank heaven, the defence has begun. Blackstock's idea, as I understand it, is to befog the jury. Those two fellows, Baker and Colwell, were hanging about the swamp and getting drunk. Why shouldn't the murder have been committed by them? Then there's John Rabb and Kachael Schultz, who swear they heard the shots on Tuesday. It's evident they knew nothing of Dake's ball, and have nothing to fix the date by. Lucky for me that they hadn't.

Nothing yet from Florence; not a line; not a

"As soon as we left the road and struck into the swamp," he said, "I took every precaution to see that we were alone. Not a living being was in sight. When we came near the lake, Benwell sat on a log, saying that he was fagged to death. I just made one step to the rear, put my pistol to his forehead, and fired. The body wheeled half round before it fell, and the eyes met mine. For an instant I thought

that the bullet had missed him. I nerved that the bullet had missed him. I nerved myself and fired again. He tumbled like a log at my feet. And as he laid on his back I looked at him again; and once more those gastly eyes gleamed into mine." The wife sobbed convulsively Liverpool, were discussing trivialities, a log at my feet. And as he laid on his

farm in Canada, wished to enter into part-	rang out among the trees.	"Well," said Mrs. Baldwin, suddenly,	The wife sobbed convulsively.	the boat, coming over? It is easy enough to ask	
nership with a young Englishman of	"Not I," cried John Higginson, follow-	"the body found in Blenheim Swamp has		these questions now; but if the case goes against me, and people think me a dolt for not taking proper	testify, I feel desperately in the blues.
means.	ing the trail just ahead of him.	been identified."	though describing an event of no particular	1 precantions. I would ask them to remember that it's !	Savarding, September artin, a rinki kini a resoluti,
"If that bait doesn't catch a gudgeon."	"Nor I," shouted George Macdonald	Mr. Reginald Birchall, who was raising		uncommonly difficult to get every detail straight in	nothing done. Two witnesses swear they saw me at Woodstock on the day of the murder. I doubt if
said Mr. Reginald Birchall, "I have studied	from a distance.		those scissors of yours before starting.	1 SO EDDOFALE A DIOL AS LIDS.	
my countrymen in vain."	"Guess it's John Rabb." said Freden-		With the met all the marks from 12	I would Niegow Bonwell must got out of the way	
"But where is your farm?" asked the	burg, listening a moment longer. "The	"What-aw-was the poor devil's	clothing. There was nothing to identify	Perhaps he will go quietly to the West and try his	Sunday, September 28th, evening.—Day of rest for the lawyers, but no day of rest for me. Every hour of thought convinces me of the impotence of
wife.	old fool thinks we are lost. As though we	hame asked Mr. Felly, languidiy.	i min. notiming. notiming—that is. ne added.	I his father, written from Niagara, demanding twenty-	my defence The incore have made up their minde!
"In my mind's eye, Horatio," replied	were going to lose ourselves on the day of	"F. C. Benwell," said Mr. Baldwin.	clenching his fist "but that accursed cigar-	five hundred dollars, will reach England long before	I am satisfied of that. Whenever one of them
his lordship.	Dake's ball, eh, John ?"	"Great God !" cried Pelly, rising hastily.		any letter that he could write. By the next man I	turns his eyes in my direction, there's a fixed and a
"But supposing you had persuaded	The thought of the dance that was to	"That's terrible," said Mr. Birchall,	"It will convict you," moaned his wife,	attached, saying all is well. The old gentleman will	dogged look in them. They are going to hang me.
some young man to come, what would	take place that night at Jerry Dake's Hotel,	never hudging	"Convict me? Pshaw !" said Birchall,	reply with the draft; I can cash it at the Niagara Falls Bank, where I will enter a small account im-	If I could only escape. Their bars don't seem so
you do with him when he was here ?"	in Princeton, and of the pretty girls who	Mrs. Birchall sat white as death.	"I have not laid plans so lightly as that.	and the seal of searching in made where it later T	exceptionally scrong, all. Markey, that ciever
			What motive can I have had for killing	can disappear."	fellow on the local paper, says that nobody believes I shall die by hanging. And why should I? Why
THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY	the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this	is the GREATEST DYSPEPSIA CURE of the age. Testi-	him? Who saw me enter the swamp with	That was the scheme. All I needed was Ben- well's signature and Benwell's absence. But Ben-	
momais with our guarantee sent to any address.	For sample package send three cent stamp to	K D C COMDANY Now Classow NS Canada	mini. Who saw me enter the swamp with	well's signature and benwell's absence. But Ben-	(Continued on Fourth nage)