

"Crimes are committed," Burrows went on, "and months, years, sometimes ages pass before the wrong is righted; but justice is at length appeased. The eye of the law never sleeps!"

"Come!" said Tom, impatiently, "Don't be a waggin' of yer jaw all night! Git it out!"

"Gentlemen," Burrows began again, "I will cut this short. Our business here to-night is to inform you, sir," with a profound bow to Hawkes, "that the lady you married and who is beside you, was not married under her rightful name. No, No!" as Hawkes, his face fierce, was only prevented from catching hold of the lawyer by Marie's frightened clinging to him. "The lady thought it was her name, but it wasn't."

Burrows was so unnerved by the demonstration his declaration had evoked that he retired a few steps and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"No, 'twa'n't her name," echoed Tom. "Yer a gittin' at it now! but wot was it, lawyer, wot was it?"

"The lady's name before her marriage was Marie Marshfield!" Burrows announced.

Hawkes' anger was all gone. He could only gaze from one to the other of his visitors.

"Yes, that's it!" said Tom. "Don't make no difference if ye want ter or no. Yer name's Marie Marshfield. The lawyer's hit it!" with an approving grin toward the legal gentleman.

"Hold on, here!" interrupted Mr. Grillis, somewhat excitedly. "Let's have some system to this. Say what ye want to, Burrows, 'n' be's long about it as ye want to, but have ye got proofs?"

"I have my proof!" exclaimed Burrows. "Thomas will be my first witness toward establishing Mrs. Hawkes as the heiress of the Marshfield property. May I suggest that you all be seated, as the story is of considerable length. Thomas, you will now begin!"

Hawkes seemed nonplussed. Not a word had he said since the first declaration. Taking the chair that Burrows passed, he drew his wife close to him and listened. Tom, grinning at the lawyer's pronunciation of his Christian name, took the center of the room, clasped his hands behind him, and his face settled into its ugliest scowl as he commenced.

"Years ago I was a sailor. One day I was on a wharf in Liverpool 'n' a purty woman comed up ter me ter borry 'nough money ter git her 'n' two chillun, a boy 'n' gal, ter this country. I'd jest been paid off, 'n' had some money left, 'n' let her have it, 'n' she gin me a stone 'n' a letter ter carry ter old man Marshfield.

"I comed ter America 'n' went ter Essex. The old man gin me all the money I'd paid out, 'n' more, 'n' used me handsome. There was a young feller livin' 'ith the old man who'd gut 'round him someway; anyway Marshfield was a goin' ter gin him the property if all the young Marshfields was dead. The young feller gut scared fer his chances when I turned up, 'n' he burned the house 'n' the old man 'ith it, then turned the blame onter me. I run'd away ter the woods 'n' the town folks a hunted me fer ten days.

"Id ben a skulkin' fer days 'thout nothin' ter eat, when I went to a old house on the outside o' the settlement in the night time. There wa'n't nobody to home, 'n' I was a helpin' o' myself in the closet, when I heard a man 'n' woman come in. I looked through the crack in the door 'n' saw the man was Crosswicks. I heard

'em talk about a baby as had ben washed ashore from the wreck off black rock, 'n' the woman told Crosswicks as how she'd throwed the baby back in the water agin and how it drowned. The woman called Crosswicks brother, 'n' he gin her some money, 'n' said the sea would throw the baby drowned, 'n' no one would know, 'n' he'd git the prop'ty, 'n' he'd divy. When Crosswicks went away, I comed out o' the closet 'n' scared the woman. I told her I'd blow on her, 'n' she 'greed ter find me in feed till I gut off the pint. Nex' night, when I comed, I seed the woman 'ith a baby in her arms, 'n' she cried 'n' asked me not ter tell any one. Nex' thing she gut a sea cap'n inter her house when I was a eatin' 'n' bargained 'ith him to ship me, 'n' I sailed fer Chiny. A good many years arter, I comed back. I gut wind o' how the Crosswicks woman had married a rich sea cap'n, 'n' I folloed her ter Kingston, where she lived. The folks down ter Essex told me where ter go ter find her. She gin me money, 'cause she'd ben lucky 'n' I'd ben unfort'nate, then I comed ter the city, here. I was a lookin' fer Crosswicks ever since I left the sea, 'n' couldn't find him, but one night I was walkin' in the city 'n' I runned 'thwart him a goin' ter church. I kep' goin' ter that church, 'n' one night I asked a man wot the man's name was wot was speakin', 'n' he said 'twar Goldthurst, then I folloed Goldthurst. I folloed him everywhere.

"One day I seed this little gal," motioning to Marie, "'n' she read a letter I'd stole from Goldthurst's desk. Ye've gut the letter now," to Hawkes. "Then I seed the locket on her neck, 'n' I know'd she'd ben a readin' a letter wot her own mother'd writ. I seed Goldthurst the night his house burned, 'n' I took this locket from him. I stoled it. 'Twar layin' aside o' his pistol, 'n' I stoled pistol 'n' all. He know'd I took the pistol, but he didn't know I had this," holding out the locket. "This 'ere stone's a locket, 'ith a old fangled spring wot nobody can't find. Ye has ter let it tumble ter git it open. Inside o' it's a picter o' ye."

The young wife seemed fascinated with the mahogany colored face, so closely did she watch it, as Tom deliberately dropped the trinket to the floor. In another second Hawkes was holding for her inspection an image of her own face.

"Hawkes, your wife's the Marshfield heiress, sure enough!" shouted Mr. Grillis, who had got a glance at the face in the locket. "She's wuth more'n five hundred thousand dollars! Marie, I'm glad for you!"

"I don't know what it all means," said Marie, faintly.

"It means you'r richer than your husband," Mr. Grillis answered, his voice raised to a high pitch, "but don't bother the witnesses. Burrows, you're smarter'n I thought you was!" catching the lawyer's hand and shaking it warmly. "Go on with the business! Go on with the business!"

"Will you remove your veil, madam?" Burrows asked, bowing to his second witness.

"Mrs. Ropes!" exclaimed Hawkes, in amazement, as he gazed on the downcast face revealed.

"Please do not interrupt, gentlemen!" said Burrows, pompously, "Mrs. Ropes will now tell her story."

"My maiden name was Janet Crosswicks," began the woman. "I am the one spoken of as the person who said she threw the child into the sea. I did not