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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1890.

breathless and aghast, against the black mantelpiece of the hall

Was he mad? Cortainly that seemed the ensiest explanation of it all. The world appeared suddenly changed. "Mr. Merkon," he said, after a moment. "this false and cruel charge can and must be disproved. Let not my

aunt know the real cause of my leaving home. I will tell her that it is magisterial business. He rang the bell, and a man servant appeared with suspicious alacrity. "Porter," said thiv, "bring some wine, and tell Mrs. Geoffrey that I am called

ever to Deepford on business connected with the murder in the wood." His aunt, Mrs. Geoffrey, came out herself with the wine. Ah! Good evening, Mr. Merton," she

said: "this is a very sad affair! Must Mr. L'Estrange really go to-night?" Yes, ma'am, it is very important." said the constable, while readily accept-

ing the wine offered; tiny himself drank off two glasses in feverish haste. "You "Oh, it's all right; you needn't explain," cried the master of the park.

Good night, aunt; don't sit up for me.

I may be very late." When he reached the place where the wounded woman lay, she had just time to repeat her story, to recognize and Identify Guy as her husband and her assulant, and then she fainted. Since then she had not recovered consciousness.

On the next day, as others had expected, May Fielding was too prostrated by grief to leave the house.

One of the servants was dispatched to be present at the magisterial examination: but long before he returned Mr. .

Armstrong rode over on horseback. lie was received in the drawing room by Mrs. Raymond and Clare, who seemed to have quite recevered her usual placid-Ity and calm, though she exhibited signs of interest as the lawyer entered hur-

He glanced anxiously round the room as he entered "Where is Miss Fielding?" he asked.

"I trust she is not ill."

"She is quite prostrated with grief. I am sorry to say," replied Mrs. Raymond any ionsly: "but what news do you bring us, good or bad?" "Well, it is very much as I anticipat-

ed, except in one particular," said Paul Arinstrong. "There was a mere formal examination, for the injured woman quite lost her senses before morning, though she declared she could recognize him at once as her husband by some marks upon his arm. She was too far gone to say exactly what she meant, but one of the attendants caught the word "dagger," and there is certainly on his arm the mark of an anchor and a dagger very plantly tattooed."

"Thay may be only coincidence," said Mrs. Raymond. "But what does he

" By my advice he said nothing," said the lawyer. "We simply plead 'not guilty,' declared the charge to be preposterous, and await the moment when this woman shall make the full declaration against us."

And from sheer force of habit the lawyer lapsed into the dry business tone he adopted in speaking to his general list of clients, or when instructing counsel.

"I have no hopeful message, then, for May" said his hosters, who was anxious chiefly on her account, and did not seem to dare to face the wistful, yearning eyes without some word of comfort.

"Well, yes," said Paul Armstrong, with a smile. "You can tell her that Guy is in excellent spirits; that he treats the affair with scorn, and is quite prepared to face it in every way. 'Tell May,' he said, as I left him, "that she must bear up. It is only a postpone-ment of our happiness."

He chanced to glance at Clare as he spoke, and what he saw there threw a lew light on the subject; he saw the vengeful gleam of her eyes, the sudden rush of color to her chesk, to be suc-

ceeded by a deadly pallor.

"Oh, the wind sets in that quarter, does it?" he said to himself. "I begin to see daylight now. She knows something, and is going to use her knowledge

"Well," he said aloud, as he rose to go, force words from me. Bu "be sure and give my message to Nim trange to guilty; I saw his fielding, and tell her on my behalf that the woods; I saw him strike she has every reason to be cheering. I to the ground in hir race."

up affair—a bubble that must some hurst when put to the test."

"It is best not to be over againdent,"

said Clare, with a glance of mean her dark eyes. mond, Guy L'Estrange shall not make atom of evidence, for and against. If you have any to give, pray let me know

"I do not understand you," she said, rising, "I fancy I hear May's bell. Good day, Mr. Armstrong," and she quitted As she did so the lawyer plucked up

"Mrs. Reymond," he said, "Your daughter's manner pumles me. Do you think she knows anything, and is keeping it back from feelings of delicacy or

The last word was stammered out in-stead of the condemnatory expression which rese to his ligs.

Mrs. Raymond looked simply astenish

"Really, Mr. Armstrong," she said "you must be dreaming. Clare is very much upset, of course, at the turn events have taken, but she knows nothing more than she has heard from you. She has

had no opportunity."
"Ah!" said the lawyer, "I thought she might. But you see we men of the law catch at a straw in a case of this hind. I don't quite see my way clear yet, of course; but it must come right in the end.

Tell Miss May that." He shook hands with Mrs. Raymond and left her with his usual placid smile, and with more than his accustemed

gayety of manner.
He had studied the tertuous lines o human character all his life, and he felt sure that Clare Raymond held some se-

If she was working, or was about to work, against Guy I. Retrange, what was her motive for such action?

That was the question which Mr. Armstrong put to himself, and there could be Jealouy! He determined at any rate to sound

(lug on the subject. thuy was taking the whole matter very well, considering all things. But he could not help being alive to

the fact that his was a position of great The evidence at present was dead against him in every way.

The very fact of the marks upon his arm having been spoken of by the woman without her having had a chance of seeing them, was strong proof of the truth of her story-proof which he seemed unable to get over, even in his own

Of course the whole affair was puzzle.

At least, it was thus he spoke and argued with his lawyer; and though Paul Armstrong, listening and looking into the open, honest face, could not avoid believing him innocent, still he was compelled to acknowledge that part of the whole position.

On leaving Raymond Lodge he proreeded at once to the prison, where he found (Jug. pale and distressed, but out-

"Well, how are they all?" He asked. "Pretty much as might be expected," said Mr. Armstrong. "Of course, Miss Fielding feels your position acutely; but it is Clare Raymond whom I cannot understand. Her manner is so strange; she seems to be keeping something back. Have you-excuse my asking the question-have you ever given her reason to suppose that-er-that she might have occupied the position now held by Miss Fielding?"

Ony glanced up at him in great sur-For a moment the question seemed to

be utterly abourd. But in a moment there flashed across his mind a hundred things which at the time he had never observed-looks, words, re arks, the bitterness of which he had not been able to understand when



BE CHANCED TO GLANCE AT CLARE AS HE SPOKE

"Well," he said, "it may be so. But this I can truthfully swear: never, by word or deed, did I ever give Clare Raymond reason to think that I desired her for a wife. May has always been my choice, even from childhood.'

"I fear, then, she has misunderstood you," said Mr. Armstrong: "for her manner is very strange and suggestive of some hidden secret. Let us hope it is all my fancy. And now to business."

The message of Guy to May restored her greatly, and she seemed by night time to have quite recovered her

At the usual time for retiring she was chatting gayly to Clare, who had been

strangly reserved and silent.
At length she interrupted her.

"May," she said, "you pain me by these happy, trusting words of yours. I have kept silent up till now, because you were so weak and ill; but it is only just that I should speak. Give me your promise first that you will be brown, and that you will believe that I only tell you what

I do for your good."

May turned very pale, but she slipped a trusting hand into that of herenemy.

"Tell me all," she said; "it will be better for me to know."

"You must hope still for the best, dear," said the wily traitrees, because nothing short of atter compulsion will force werds from me. But Gay L/Estrange is guilty; I saw him myself in the woods; I saw him strike the woman's to the summer in the street of the summer.

"Oh Chire, Chief It is not, it cannot be greef white differ supposed friend. ""I will appear telling that Guy could be a

will never believe that Guy could be a betrayer and a sturderer."

"No, not May," unid Clare, pressing May's head to her breast in pretended fondness, that she might not see the rangeful glitter of her eyes, the serpend the triumph on her face; "I do not say that. I saw and spoke with Guy after it was all over, and I can relieve your heart of a great deel."

"Tell me-tell me then, I beg," said May. "De not fear for me. Anything is better than suspense. It is that which prestrates me and seems to rend my heart with hopeless despair."

"Listen, then, May," said Clare. "Do not interrupt me and I will explain all.

But above all remember that not a word of what I say must be repeated to any

one, not even to my mother."
"I promise that," whispered poor May, still nestling her aching head on the warm bosom of her betrayer, "all shall be encred between you and me."

"Well then," continued Clare, "I saw Guy L'Estrange strike this woman down, as I have said, and she saw me and knows that I was a witness to all. She senses, and they will force me to be a witness against him. But he has quite cleared himself in my eyes. That wofnan is not his wife nor anything to him. She never was; of that he has convinced me. It was all a hatched up story to extert money, but so well was it con-corted that; is his horror and dismay to and that his marriage with you would be put off and all his prospects of happiness perhaps blighted forever, that he lost command over himself and struck her, never intending to deal so violent a

"But it was cowardly to strike a woman at all," sobbed May. "Yes; it would have been utterly cow-ardly and wicked had he meant it," said

Clare, "But he did not do it in premeditation, and he was bitterly repentant after. He wanted to remain, and do his hest to restore her to consciousness, but I persuaded him to fly while no strangers were about; and having seen that the woman was quickly recovering her sensee, and hearing footsteps approach-ing, I confess I fled, too. It was then I met Guy again and heard from his lips the proof of his innocence of what the woman charged him with."

"What is to be done, then?" she moaned. "I wish he had not struck that woman. It seems to lower him in my eyes. Oh, Clare, if that part of your story could be blotted out I should be a happy girl."

"You do not love him, then," said Clare, gently putting her from her and rising; "if you did you would find excuses for him in his utter despair at being compelled to leave you as he feared he would. Good night, May. He sent you a hopeful, loving message. I don't think it would conduce to his well doing if he heard your doubts and complainings to-night.

But stay, Clare," cried May, clinging to her; "what is to be the end of it all? If he did this thing, if that woman forces you to speak, he will be convicted." "There is no doubt of that." said Clare:

"and he will be heavily punished. We must make up our minds to bear that unless one of two most unlikely things happens."
"What are they?"

"Either that the woman lies before she recovers , consciousness or that he encapes. The latter is the more improbable in these matter of 'fact days, of well built places of detention and wide awak police. And yet such things do occur, and there is at any rate a bare possibility that he might escape. If he does he will, of course, have to fly the country."

"That would be a confession of guilt," "What else could he do?" said Clare; "if he remained he would, simply be placed back in prison, under far more unfavorable circumstances. No. If he once escapes he must leave England, and it is very unlikely you would see him again for years, unless, indeed, you fled with him. But I must go to my room now, and you, my dear, look as if a long sleep would do you good. You must try

and keep up your strength, for who knows what fresh trials the morrow may bring?" She bent to impress a treacherons kis. on the girl's forehead, and then hastened to her own room.

Here she at once began to undress, sitting the while before the mirror and admiring the Juno like beauty she revealed.

"How can he prefer her insipid beauty? she muttered to hepelf, asshe surveyed her own ample charms—"a weak faced helpless child! Bah! I hate myself when I find myself pitying her. I must and will go through with my plan, I have be gun. What a pitiful coward I should be to abandon it now!"

For hours she sat there perfecting s scheme-a scheme diabolical in its treachery and cruelty. But what of that?

It meant May's shame and ruin; bu then, to Clare Raymond it meant the love of Guy L'Estrange.
Was not that worth fighting for?

And while this arch fiend was concoct ing plans for the destruction of her help less, innocent foe, May, lying in her lonely bed, was revolving in her mind the words which Clare Raymond had spoken.
"Unless she were to fly with him they might not meet for years."

As if she could doubt? As if, were she to hear his dear voice and feet his kisses on her lips, she would not yield to any proposal he made!

Escape! What delight there seemed now in that It might mean to others a confession of But to herit meant the safety of he-

lover and their flight to happing And so at length, tired out by the excitement and her sorrow, she slept in sweet peacefulness, dreaming of happy days with Guy, and never once seeing dimly, in all her visions, the sword which hwas about to fall.

ing, and though, in May Preiding out in her own rount on this eighth flight after the outrage, the downpour lind council, there was pitch thickness without, and the wind lewisd dismally swagin the dripping loughs and over the sodder lawns.

There seemed nothing to look forward to but the cold routine of a public total which, if Clare's words were true, could have but one ending—the conviction of Guy L'Estrunge and a long, terrible term of imprisonment.

Only one thing in all was sure—her certain, unswerving love for Guy.
She was seated at the fire, which, in spite of the time of year, she had had lit, for she was chilled and pulldless, when a slight noise at the window at-

tracted her attention. With a nervous, startled feeling at her heart she turned her head and waited. Again the sound came—tap, tap, tap, "Who is there?" she cried in a tremu-

ous voice, as she drew aside the curone glance gave her that; and she start-

ed back with a cry of mingled joy and

Forthere, without, pale and ghastly, but certainly living, was Guy L'Es-In an instant she had opened the window, and stepping out on the balcony, was clasped to her lover's breast. Again and again he kissed her passion-

tely, and then in a low, murmuring roice he said: "May, my darling, I dare not stay here. Some one will be sure to observe us. I have escaped and shall be pursued. Have you courage to come out and meet me at the boathouse by the

lake? "Yes, Guy," she said, and in a dazed way she moved as if to go at once. "No, no," said her lover, "you must

out some thick wraps round you to conceal this light dress, and put on a hat. I may keep you some time. She went in at once, and in a few mo-

ents returned. She had closed the French window behind her as she entered, and when she opened it again he was gone.

She was all in dark things now, and tripping down the iron steps leading from the balcony, she was soon speeding over the wet lawn, confident that no one could see her in the darkness.

But two eyes had seen her, and watched her going in cruel triumph—those of

May found her lover at the boathouse. his hat pulled over his eyes, the collar of his big ulster buttoned round his throat so that very little of his face could be

"May," he said, taking her hand in his and looking down into her face (she could not see his eyes in the gloom, but she guessed how lovingly they beamed upon her). "I am come to-night to put your love to a great test. Nay, hear me out, for at any moment we may see the lanterns of the police flitting hither and thither in search of me. Clare has told you all my cowardly folly and my punishment. She has told you, too, that I am innocent of all save that blow-that that woman was never my wife or aught

"Yes, she has told me," whispered May, nestling to him.

"Thanks for your sweet trust, May," he said: "but all the trust and love in the world will not avail me if I remain in England. If I stay here I am doomed. cannot deny the blow; it was witnessed and will be sworn to, and, May, bear it begged him, as if present to forgive her; bravely, my love—the woman is dead. | and yet she craved to be at home at the The charge against me now is one of murder.

As his strong arm held her, he felt how she shuddered, and he bent and kissed her.

"I am leaving this place to-night," he said. "To-morrow I must be on the sea. Never more can I set foot in England. We must part, dear one, this night for-

ever, unless"-"What?" cried May, turning her starled face to his.

"Unless, my own, my darling," he ried, holding her passionately to him, unless you will fly with me. We shall not want for money: I will secure all that. If your love is as great as mine, my sweet, there will be no craving to return thither providing we are together. May made no reply, but nestled to him more closely, sobbing wildly on his

"Do not let me take you from your home, dear," he continued, "to share my dishonored name, if one thought, one doubt, binds you to England: but remember, May, if we part now it is forever." "I will go, Guy," she whispered. 'How can you doubt me? You are my

ife-my all!" He rained kisses on her lips so passionately that May wondered, while he thanked her in broken words for her love and trust.

At this moment a light was seen in the trees afar off, and a whistle sounded. "Ah," he cried, "they are after me already. Even now, May, I almost think myself a coward to ask you to snare my

troubles and dangers. Perhaps, after "Hush, Guy!" she said: "let us go. Every moment increases yourdanger.' Across the grounds they hurried, and

were soon in the highway. Here a closed carriage was waiting, and helping May in, Guy gave the word to the driver, and they were soon speeding awas at a rattling pace from L'Estrange

Park. May thy silent in her lover's arms. She felt no desire to talk; and even if she had, the rattling of the carriage as t sped along so swiftly would have prevented her from doing so intelligibly. Left thus to her thoughts, she could

call herself happy.

She was oppressed by a dread of she knew not what, and again and again she was on the point of withdrawing herself from her lover's arms and saying words which would have stopped that flight

have or not, the fought with this builting and conquered it; so much on that when the vehicle from up with a jert at the finst railway station that Guy divid step at the awake from a sleep she had been enjoying imper lover's arms.

In the train Guy disguised himself even more, putting a thick muffler round his neek, and subsiding into a corner with

his armanound May's waist and her head resting on his shoulder. London was reached in the small hours of the morning, and Guy at once charter-ing a cab, ordered the driver to take them at full speed to an obscure street in asouth

It was extraordinary to May to see how clear sighted he was through it all, as if everything had been arranged beforehand. "Where are we going, Gup" she asked, as they rattled onwards brough the

somewhat grimy streets. "To Mrs. Preston's," he said, "an old servant of my aunt's. I will leave you there, for I must hide away in far more dismal spots than that, while this has and ery is after me. She is a good old soul, honest and trustworthy, but you must not confide in her too much. Here you must be Miss Mand Rivers, and I must pass as Tom Hartley. I thought of those names on the road, and telegraphed to the worthy oldsoul, so she will be quite

ready to welcome us." Again that unaccountable, uncomfortable feeling passed through May's whole being, a dread that she had done wrong, a feeling, in fact, which she did not like

to confess to herself. Mrs. Preston was all that Guy had said, kind, respectable and hearty in her welcome.

She at once drew May into a room with a bright fire, very acceptable on that muggy morning; but Guy would not come in.

"I must not be seen about in the daylight, my darling," he said. "I must get away while the day is dull and heavy. Expect me to-night directly it is dark. I will arrange about the special license,

and we can be married in three days." After which it seemed strange that lirectly he quitted the street he hailed a hansom and ordered the driver to take him to the Clarendon club, which he entered quite openly, and passed into the

coffee room as usual. What could this mean? Was Guy deceiving his trusting little fiancee after

Time passed very wearily for May Fielding in the dismal little house at Brixton, with nothing to amuse her but the dull babble of the well meaning landlady, the perusal of some out of date books, and the comtemplation of the monotonous row of houses opposite, varied only by the different color of a blind or the disposition of a flower.

Guy she saw little of. He came for a few minutes only on the first evening, saying that even this short visit, which began and ended in the passages, was at the peril of his life, and regretting in bitter terms the necessity which would force them to be married in the dismal little parlor of the Brixton

However, it was heaven where she was, and so on, and off he was again. A dull pain was at May's heart as he left her, and she hurried up to her little

Was her awakening coming? And

ought she not be thankful, if it were so. that it did not come too late? She wept butter tears; she blamed her, self for her inconstancy; she murmured the name of "Guy, darling Guy," and lodge with Clare and Mrs. Raymond, and found herself wondering whether, after all, she could ever have loved him at all, for the feeling, all mastering as is

had been, seemed fast dying out. "Never mind," she said, as her poor aching head rested on a wet palow that night: "I must go through with it all for (Continued next week)

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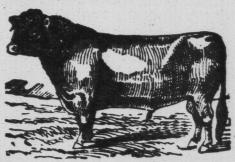


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