BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

BY ANNA KATHERINE GREEN,

don't weigh much ; the mare'll never feel Jump in, general, we'll soon clear the ground between us and that scamp, " ... The farmer still demurred; then deliberately taking up the reins, he observed :
"This is a pretty ending of this Sunday's sermon," and started up the mare.

CHAPTER XXIX. BUCAFE

An hone's riding soon convinced them that they had a task of more difficulty before them than they had anticipated. Dr. Molesworth had sufficient start of them to be out of view. Then the darkness was fast setthing down, and the storm prognosticated by Mrs. Hunter began to make itself felt in a slight drizzle that tilled the air with dampness and discomfork

ness he had undertaken, and after several hints to that effect, finally drew up his horse and expressed his intention of returning

But the doctor renewed his prayers and protestations, which being seconded by the peddler, whose blood seemed really to have been stirred by this chase, Mr. Lowis finally consented to drive them as far as a certain house, where if they could get a man to take them further, well and good, if not he would carry them back to his own home.

They could not blame him. The wind was blowing furiously and the horse showed

signs of disconragement, so they accepted the alternative given them and drove as rapidly as possible to the house he had

"Has a fellow been by here in Hyde's new buggy?" was the shout they sent forth as they neared the spot and saw a man. The man nodded and pointed down the road, their turned again. Dr. Cameron drew a silver dellar from his pocket, and, leaping to the ground, vaulted the fence and approached the man. "This much to tell me what he said," he

The man looked at it and shook his head, Dr. Cameron, who had caught the sparkle of cupidity in the man's eye at the sight of

"Five times this, then, for a team to pursue him. This man's horse is worn out Phow, but this is a gale!"
"The house ahead will give out sooner

than yours. Come, earn a cent while you can. It may not be over a ten minutes'

in, sir, out of the wind. I'll harness up in a minute. But it's \$5 whether we overtake Yes, if you go as far as you can and

don't leave me in the road when you're Nover fear. I'll take you into town anyhow." And then Dr. Cameron learned they

were on a fine but unfrequented road, which curving about on itself led back to H town, which he had supposed to be at his

"Five miles if you go through S____.
Three if you turn off into H direct." "Very good, we will go as the man ahead goes, and that won't be through S. I am And with a somewhat apprehensive look at the sky, he left the barn to tell of his success to the couple awaiting him. He found only Farmer Lewis there.

Where is the peddler?" he inquired, " Gone into warm himself. Says he has had enough of this kind of thing. I reckon he will stay where he is to night. Is Noyce going to lend you his horse?

for the is harnessing now. " I shouldn't have reckoned on his being such a fook. But it is no business of mine, food bye; you won't eatch that fellow shead near as quick as you will a cold, his team about and disappeared in the durkness before the doctor could utter his

length make their appearance, there was a peddler coming too, cager and anxious as ever to see the affeir out

Now don't say you don't want me," he eried, as the doctor opened his lips in pro-test. "If you won't take me inside I must run along at the back, for I'm going into H to night,"

Was this the shumbling, shuffling ne'erdo weed of the evening before? Dr. Cameron began to doubt him, and questioned in his own mind as to whether this seeming peddler could be a friend of the enemy, bound to delay him. But upon a second look he found the man so careless, so goodhumored and so free from all suspicious appearance, that he had not the heart to den him a scat in the buggy. Meanwhile the wind was increasing every minute, and the rain falling like a thick voil over the land-

scape.
Their new driver meant business, Straight shead he went without talk or delay. oried; "wa'nt we'll get him."

But they rode on and on without coming up with buggy or vehicle of any hind. When they reached the place where the roads divided they paused for consultation. "I'm sure he won't go on to S if his home is in H "ventured Noyes," A dog wouldn't go round a barn without

"Does he live in H ___, sir?"
"No, he lives nowhere about here; what he wants is to get away from me. Now, will he think he can do it better by keep ing on the road, or will be take the horse he has borrowed back into town?"
"That's the question. If he knows about the Sunday train that goes through Sat midnight, he may think he can bost es-

cape that way. If he don't-" A train? A Sunday train going south?" sinculated the doctors

Yes, sir f due at 8 -at 12 M." That finin is what he is after. He knows he could not escape me hy and other mount."

And they turned at to 8 The sky by this time was perfectly dark, but this did not seem to make much im-

pression upon the determination of any of these three men. They rode on, and after a sufficient length of time reached S They drove at once to the inne A horse and buggy was standing before

if. Dr. Cameron, greatly excited at the sight, leaped to the ground, and striding up to this form, took a close look at it. "We have trapped him," he exclaimed, in undisguised satisfaction. "This is the horse and largey he took from me."

But when they reached the hotel they found they were not so near the fugiere as they imagined. He had driven up to the house it was true, but he had not remained long, and when he went, he said nothing

about coming back. However, he could not be far away. The However, he could not be far away. The team was there, and as he undoubtedly meant to take the midnight train he would certainly reappear on the scene before it was due. Mr. Cameron, feeling quite satisfied, dismissed the farmer and would have been glad to have seen the peddler disappear with him. But this person was evidently too comfortable in the warm corner he had at once appropriated uponentering the house, to be easily dislonged; so the doctor, ignoring him, comforted himself with a good supper, and then choosing as retired a spot as he could find, sat down to wait the reappearance of Molesworth. But he had scarcely settled himself into something like comfort when he asked himselfing like comfort when he asked himself into

sett if he were doing the wisest thing he could in staying there. He began to think not. He remembered Dr. Molesworth's former trick and felt that he was amply

former trick and felt that he was amply capable of another.

What if the herse and buggy had been left there as a lure while he himself sped away. As the doctor contemplated this possibility he grew too uneasy to sit still, and rising, went out again to take a look at the weather. He found it was very unpropitions. In the driving wet, the horse he had hired in H—stood shivering, and as he contemplated it he thought of the satchel he had left at the tavern and at once took a resolution to drive back to H—and procure it. The distance was not long in a direct line and he would not only have the satisfaction of returning the horse, but of quieting any suspicions on the part of Molesworth if, as he feared, he were in league with the hotel clerk and knew or would soon know that his pursuer was at would soon know that his pursuer was at

his heels. He informed the clerk that the team in front of the house was in reality his and explained as much of the circumstances as he thought necessary. Then perceiving that his story was credited, expressed his intention of driving the horse back to H.—. The peddler slouched to the door as he

"Coming back, mister;" he shouted Dr. Cameron may have heard him but if

His plan was to ride to H— and board the same train at H— which he expected Molesworth to take at S—. He would thus be on hand to greet the fugitive when he entered the cars.

But when he arrived at H--- he found to his intense chagrin that this especial train did not stop there, and that if he proposed to be on hand to hinder Molesworth taking it at S., he must hire another horse and immediately return to the town which he had so inconsiderately left. When he proposed this measure to the livery stable man, he found him totally unwilling to let another horse go out of his stables that night. He was obliged to follow his discomfiture as best he might, and put up again at the tavern where he had spent the preceding night. The sole comfort he found in the situation was the fact, that the midnight train had been so delayed by some accident which had occurred on the read, that it would not be likely to pass through H — much ahead of the regular morning express which left H — at 7 a.m.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE OREAT STORM. It was a night to be long remembered by * sleepless man. Such win !! such driving of snow and sleet! such swaying and crack-ling of trees! If he rose and looked out, nothing but a hurly burly of snow met his eye; if he calmed himself and lay down, all he cries and shricks of pandemonium seemed to hurtle in his cars.

When daylight finally came there was not only snow, but such piles of it that all landmarks had disappeared, and he seemed to be in a different place from the one he looked out upon the day before. Snow still fell with that unremitting persistency which gives promise of a whole day of storm.

A midwinter storm in March, and he on the content of the content of

the track of a man who in all probabil had one train the start of him. He found that the midnight train had passed at six, and, taking advantage of the telegraph operator being on hand, he sent a message to the station-master at 8 inquiring if a person of such and such a description had aken that train for New York. The answer came back yes, and Dr. Cameron bought his ticket and sat down to wait for the early express.

But this train was also late, and he lost

three hours at the start. The difficulties of the road increased so rapidly that the engine experienced the greatest difficulty in out-" Fate is against me," thought Dr. Cam-

eron, as the morning waned into afternoon, and they were yet miles from New York, "I have not only lost my man, but myself. I feel like a wayfarer in a solitary wilder-

As time still passed and nightfall began to descend, and with it the increasing certainty that they would not be able to struggle much longer against the drifts which filled the cuts through which they were obliged to pass, he began to remember there were others about him who had their own anxieties and fears.

He found the car to be about half full of passengers, mainly men, but there were two or three women amongst them, and strange to say, these bore the prospect of a night of discomfort with more apparent cheer than

Though the engine was making herculean efforts, it advanced but slowly through the huge drift. At last there came a shiver and a slow settling into quietude. Its efforts had coased.

" Stalled !" cried one voice. " In the lonliest part of the road!" ex-" And night coming on," added a third,

The women said nothing. Probably they were thankful for their lives. "Let us soulf a gang of men cannot do something with that drift," suggested a

sturdy individual. "Where are your shovels?" put in "Then it isn't a matter of one drift but

fifty," said another voice. Dr. Cameron went out on the platform. But he did not stay long, the rushing wind almost took him off his feet and he found himself forced to step back in order to re-cover himself. If houses were near he could not see them, nor were there any signs of fences or roads. "Have we been transported into Siberia," he thought. Scoing one or two train men on the ground-helow, he asked them if, they knew just

They were on the dreariest part of the river, between — and —. No houses here, none nearer than three miles, unless you except the Harvey cottage, where you would be more likely to meet rebuff than response.

Rebuff on such a night! the doctor did not believe it. "And how far is the Har-vey cottage?" he enquired. "O, that's only a mile." Only a mile ! a mile seemed some distance

through the wilderness of snow hillocks he saw before him. "But there's no use going there. Old Harvey wouldn't open his door to a dog and he likes them. Better stay on the train,

Sir."

Dr. Cameron thought this last bit of advice good and for some time was disposed to follow it, but he began to ask himself if these women must suffer hunger as well as cold, and whether it would not be less painful to endure the hardships of a vigorous battle with the snow, than to sit in that comfortless car all night eating out his heart, as he would be sure to do if he remained inactive.

heart, as he would be sure to do if he remained inactive.

He sought out the conductor, and asked him in what direction the Harvey cottage lay, and whether its owner was really so hard hearted as to refuse bread to a band of storm-locked women and children. The answer was an expressive shrug and a short, "Hetter join the party from the forward oar; they are going to try and reach the village, three miles away."

Dr. Cameron at once signalled his acquiescence in this plan. Was it a foolhardy undertaking? There were some who were soon ready to say so, for not only was the power of the sleet and wind unprecedented in the experience of them all, but the man they had taken for their guide was

the first to falter and require the assistance of his comrades.

The darkness of twilight soon added itself to the general dimness made by the rushing, bluding snow. Had there been one there who knew the route back, they would have simultaneously returned; but the only one who could give them any guidance, was stiff and speechless and had to be drawn along by two of his hardiest companions. So they advanced, confident they were headed right, though they could see nothing, save here and there the trunk of a tree, against which they more than once precipitated themselves in their haste and indifference to all obstacles.

"Dr. Cameron's will was indomitable and his purpose one to uphold the faintest heart. He had started in the company of two men whose faces he had liked, but he found himself ahead of these and joined to another stranger, who, seeing him stop a moment for breath, thrust out an arm and linked him to himself. The touch and the evidence of fellow feeling which it gave, seemed to work a miracle in him. Though he could not speak his gratitude to the man beside him, he pressed his arm and showed by his lifted head that he had received encouragement to advance.

The remaining men were lost to view

ouragement to advance.

The remaining men were lost to view thind the great drifts through which Dr. Cameron and his energetic companion still toiled. And the snow did not let up for an instant, and the wind was like all the

instant, and the wind was like all the demons of power and fury let loose.

"Can we do it?" gasped the doctor. But his words were lost in the heavy coating of ice that enveloped his mouth, and he gained no response but the vigorous clasp of his companion's arm, which in itself was at once a support and promise.

"O God," was the next cry that arose in his heavy, "if she were to see me in her

"O God," was the next cry that arose in his heart, "if she were to see me in her dreams!" and a gush of softened feeling swept through his heart, and made him tremble and he would have fallen, had it not been for that ever ready arm within his. The night had now settled down completely, but instead of this being an added misfortune it turned out a boon. For they saw a light, and dim and distant though it was, they beheld in it a harbinger of life. And now with this beacon before them, they fought a little longer, clinging together as they pressed their way through drifts that were often up to their breasts. But the light suddenly went out, and though they called aloud for help, or tried to do so,

they got no reply.

"It is the experience of a wilderness," thought Dr. Cameron to himself. "And if we life to reach the village there will be no

He was conscious that no amount of assistance on the part of his companion would avail to save him if he once sank to the ground. But he fired his soul with the thought of Molesworth being in the same town with his wife, and trod heavily forward, dragging after him in his new found zeal, the weightier frame of the man who up to this minute had always held the pace before him.

But suddenly he found himself pulled up standing. They were on the brink of a rapid and turbulent stream, and he was rushing pell-mell on, and only the caution of his comrade had saved him. He drew hastily back. Were they at the end of their journey, then? Had they struggled and suffered and risked a hundred deaths for this? He felt his courage shaken to the roots, and leaned against his companion for a moment, wishing he knew his name that he might trust him with a message to that wife whose face now rose before him as the most angelic thing he had seen in his

Suddenly he felt himself gripped still more tightly by his companion and drawn along towards the right. All he thought of was rest, and if he had been left to himself, he would certainly have sunk to the earth. In a few minutes he heard a sudden hollow panion, and together they put their shoul-ders to the senseless resisting wood, and in an agony of effort started it from its hinges and sent it toppling upon the floor. A gulf of darkness greeted them, but it was shelter and comparative warmth. Feeling a great flood of thankfulness pour through his heart, Dr. Cameron helped his comrade to place the door back in the former position, then he stumbled forward with him into som sort of a room, and after a moment of semiunconsciousness, regained enough mastery over himself and his benumbed fingers to draw his match safe from his pocket and

" I want to see the face of my protector, said he, and held up the burning match between himself and the man through whose energies he had been sustained and brought

As he did so, a cry of indescribable emotion broke from either lip. The two faces confronting each other were those of Dr. Cameron and Julius Molesworth.

CHAPTER XXXL

MAN'S PASSIONS

The blow was too much for Dr. Cameron's exhausted strength. He fell like a log. When he came to himself he met a pair of eyes that turned away from him as he looked, and left him free to gaze about upon his strange sur roundings.
Could be have remembered where he was

he would have wondered. For in the space about him there was no familiar objects. By the vivid fire-light he could see but not understand the greatshadows of four roughhewn pillars, which supported a roof of rudely plastered beams; while from the sides about him flapped the skins and hides of animals, which it meant to add warmth

to the spot, did it with an effect that was to the spot, did it with an effect that was father repelling than comfortable.

He was lying on a settle as rough as the rest, and the first thing which brought him any really natural sensation, was the sight of another man's overcost thrown over his chilied and well-nigh benumbed limbs. This brought him some faint memory of suffering and resente. Rising on his elbow, he furtively searched the spaces about him for the man who occupied the fearful position of his sole companion and most hated for.

He saw him expushed forward on the

He saw him crouched forward on the hearth, feeding the fire with careful hand from a pile of wood at his side. He was without his overcoat, and the sleet having melted from his hair and face there was no

mistaking the stern profile. "A demon or angel," thought Cameron, and he strode across the four black shadow made by those ghostly pillars on the earthy floor, and approaching Dr. Molesworth, who rose as he advanced, said :

"To what interposition of Providence de I owe this meeting, Dr. Molesworth? I thought you took the train shead of me." "I did," was the short reply, "but the two trains are stalled in the same gap. It is a miserable encounter."

"On the contrary," exclaimed Dr. Cameron, exultantly, "heaven is kind and I acknowledge its merey. You cannot escape me now, Dr. Molesworth."

The other looked at him for a moment, sighed, and shook his head. "You do not know what you say," de-clared the latter. "Better that the storm had buried us or buried me than that we

had buried us or buried me than that we should have come together at this hour. Let us play the part of wise men, then; be as perfect strangers till Providence grant us the opportunity to separate and depart upon our several ways."

The face of Dr. Cameron glowed with frenzy in the five-place.
"Separate? depart?" he oried. "Do you

the first to falter and require the assistance of his comrades.

The darkness of twilight soon added itself to the general dinness made by the rushing, blinding snow. Had there been one there who knew the route back, they would have simultaneously returned; but the only one who could give them any midanes was stiff and meachless and had.

The gesture of his appearant stopped him:

The gesture of his opponent stopped him;
Dr. Cameron had become terrible in his wrath and denunciation.

"Don't lie," he protested slowly. "I have not left my insensible wife and braved the terrors of such a stosen as this, to listen to any weak denial of the truth. If you Dr. Molesworth smiled.

Dr. Molesworth smiled.

"If you love my wife—"
Dr. Molesworth gave a violent start.

"You will not crush me or gain her by keeping back the secret which you have flown to conceal. The police have made some strange discoveries, Dr. Molesworth, and it is no longer you that they suspect of Mildred Farley's death, but my wife, the woman whom you—" He did not finish; pride had again obtained mastery over his more turbulent passions.

The fire was getting low; Dr. Molesworth turned and replenished it.

"These are strange revelations," he remarked. "Will you be pleased to make them more explicit."

"I will; I have come here for that

"I will; I have come here for that purpose."

"My wife has spoken, sir; forced by the police, she has disclosed the fact that this girl died, not, as you swore, in the public streets, while being driven home by you in your phaeton, but in her presence and in the house of Mr. Gretorex in St. Nicholas Place. She has also related how you came to her rescue in the disposal of the body."

A long silence was the first answer. Then the doctor's stern lips moved, and he exclaimed in firm, low tones:

"And she is ill, you say?" "Very ill."
" And you want me_" "To satisfy me on a point that is killing me.—Wait! you are not going to es-

cape me."
Dr. Molesworth, who had started towards the door, stopped, listened to the roaring wind, and sank with melancholy resigna-

"And what point is that?" he asked. Dr. Cameron came and stood before him. "Whether my wife, the woman I have married, was the simple witness of Mildred Farley's death, or whether she, in the extremity of some emotion which we will not discuss at present, offered to her visitor the draught which-which-You know what I mean. Do not force me into the torture of speaking what it is madness only to con

"And what makes you think I can answer this terrible question. If Mrs. Cameron told you the truth concerning my part in this unhappy business, she must have made it clear to you that I did not enter her presence till after the girl lay dead."

"I know it, but you saw her with the first flush of her terror upon her. There is confession in such moments. What did her The look of Cameron, his attitude, and the tone in which he uttered these words were terrible. Julius Molesworth re-coiled before the picture he saw and for a moment did not know what to reply; then

"Have you so little confidence in your wife_'

The other broke in furiously, "Confidence, when she only married me to escape the hell which your indifference opened before her? Confidence, when you can write her after two months' union with me, letters which—"

He paused, panting, and Molesworth, seizing his arm with a grip with reminded him of all he owed him of safety as well as

er addressed her in my life?" The wrath of Dr. Cameron heard only the last assertion. dressed a letter to Mrs. Cameron during this past week, in which you declare that your former passion for her was but a shadow, a vanity; that only now do you love—

"Walter?" The tone was softness itself. "You are laboring under some strange mis-apprehension. I wrote a letter, but I never sent it, and it was addressed not to Mrs. Cameron but to you. If you do not believe me it is in my pocket now. Read it!" he eried, drawing him up to the fire which he again replenished

But Mr. Cameron could not. The letters danced in mad gyrations before his eyes. After an attempt or two he stood up from the crouching position he had taken, and staring helplessly at the other, slowly shook his head.

"Walter ?"-the familiarity seemed to be justified by the feeling which prompted it. "I have but one plea to make for what may have unconsciously offended you in this business. It is that of an honest, straightforward, madly leve for you, the first man who has ever filled my ideal of disinterested godness. Since you took my place at Bridget Halloran's side, and without consideration of the opprobrium which a failsideration of the opprobrium which a failure would have cost you, adopted my diagnosis and administered my remedies, always with the understanding that the glory of the success should be mine in case of success, I have adopted you as my brother, and given to you the most genuine affection of my heart. For though by nature cold, I can love two beings without reserve or limit, and they are the woman who was my mother, and the man who was my friend."

"Ruter" Dr. Cameron began lost in the

"But-" Dr. Cameron began, lost in the maze of this strange and unexpected revelation, "there was another woman for whom

tion, "there was another woman for whom you once professed a passion—the woman who has since become my wife."

The eyes suddenly flashed with an incomprehensible fire, then sank and veiled themselves hurriedly from sight.

"Did she toil you—"he commenced.

"I have read her letters; letters written to you while I thought her my betrothed wife. They were never sent, but they reveal the plot entered into by her sister and herself, by which the dressmaker, Mildred Farley, was to be foisted upon me as my bride, while Genevieve—"

Dr. Molesworth grasped the other's hand

Dr. Molesworth grasped the other's hand and looked at him fixedly.

"O I know it was not carried out," the

"O I know it was not carried out," the other affirmed. "You had expected to marry the great lady, and could not find her in the humble sewing girl that presented herself before you."

"It is a tragedy!" quoth Molesworth, "a fearful tragedy." And he listened as if he hoped to hear some lulling of the storm which kept him prisoner with this man.

Dr. Cameron cared nothing for gale or tempest.

"She has been a fond wife," he went on 'Not knowing or suspecting anything of this secret history of hers, I allowed myself to love her, and when I saw the police hot upon her track, I crushed down every doubt till I heard of this letter you had written.
But you are the words were written to me till I heard of this letter you had written. But you say the words were written to me and not to her. It is a blessed declaration, Molesworth; for if she is pure of the evil I feared, why mayahe not be equally innocent concerning, the more heinous offence of which the police accuse her?"

Molesworth unconsciously sighed.

"She is very dear to you," he murmured.

"Something more than your pride has suffered in this strait."

Dr. Cameron shuddered, then cried out impetuously—

"I love her. She is my very life and soul. I shall be but a wreak if crime, or

"I understand, though I have never loved—" Molesworth paused and bit his lip. "Pardon me," he entreated, in a certain manly confusion, "I have so forgotten any feeling that I once imagined myself to have cherished for Genevieve Gretorex. I mean well by you, Dr. Cameron, as God, who has saved us from this biting storm, is

"I believe it; though an hour ago my heart was full of hatred, you have conquered it, and I am willing to trust life and honor with you. You will go back with me, Julius; you will stand up with me before the police and help me to prove to them what you must surely believe, that the woman to whom you lent such wonderful and unprecedented aid in her terrible difficulty, was no vile murderess."

"I long to serve you," the other declared, "but I cannot do it in this way. If by staying in town and facing the police and their questions I could have benefitted you or saved her, do you think I would have slid away from my patients?"

"But—but you feared for yourself? You have committed perjury and—and—" "I fear nothing for myself. Since I have known you I have had but the one wish, to save your distress and humiliation. Read the letter I have written to you."

The doctor read the following lines: Dear Dr. Camerson,-You will pardon the presumption of these words when I tell you they are from a very unhappy man to a much honored one. You know what you have done for me, but you cannot know the feelings to which your kindness has given rise. They are strong: they are vital: they are absorbing. Never have I known before what it was to regard any human being above my work and my ambition. What I once called love was but a shadow, a vanity. This only is the one great feeling of my life, and if it seems unmanly and presumptuous in me to avow it, you will pardon me for the sake of what am willing to do to preserve your honor sacrifice, and it is love I have felt for you, ever since you so generously came to my as necessity. If then I disappear do not let

my own, who am your truest well-wisher. JULIUS MOLESWORTH. Destroy this and do not retain so much as memory of its contents.

The letter fell from Dr. Cameron's hands. Julius Molesworth at once thrust his foot forward and pushed it into the flames. the light of its burning the two men again

confronted each other. " And this means-" gasped Walter. vanish from your presence; to what hiding place you must never know, nor must you, if you value honor or happiness, attempt to follow me."

"There can be but one interpretation o put upon this language," he declared.
You have evidence or you have belief—"
The grip of Molesworth's hand on his was

"Do not continue," he charged him. "Do not ask me to explain myself. Silence regard rather than of shame.'

"But Genevieve—"
The name fell like an icy bolt between them. Then Molesworth finished the sentence by declaring:

ting its way through. Hours were consumed in a passage usually occupying but a other. It was the clatter of a desperate of a man upon a door. Roused in spite of himmed the lent his efforts to those of his commy indifference; and what is this talk about vestigation." " But if they find you ?" my writing letters to her, when I have nev-"They shall not find me. I have an ex

tra incentive now to keep out of their reach; you have heard my avowal of regard and See our new Band Rings, have not repulsed me." Dr. Cameron's misery got the mastery of him, and bowing his head forward into his

two hands, he exclaimed : "And so my every dream dies! My " The woman you are bound to cherish, broke in the tender, almost solemn voice of

the other. And before the stricken and almost overwhelmed husband of Genevieve Cameron could sink upon the settle from which he had so lately risen wretched and wild, but in a condition more hopeful than now, the other had crossed the floor, and mounting upon the rounds of a small ladder fastened against one side of the wall, disappeared

through a trap into the darkness of the story CHAPTER XXXII.

Dr. Cameron, left to himself, fell into a

Without any thought but that of his duty to a fellow sufferer, he rushed back to the fire, plucked out a half-burnt brand, and waving it to make it burn brighter, tore down the door and thrust the glowing signal out into the darkness. In a space of time too short for Dr. Cameron to realize what he had done, there came a gurgling sound of speech, then a hurried rush of some panting human form, and a man tumbled headlong into the opening, and fell, mute and incapable, on the snow-covered floor. Dr. Cameron at once bestowed upon him the care which Dr. Molesworth had given

to him. He was speedily rewarded by a shrill but grateful "Thank you," which almost made his heart stand still, for he thought he recognized the voice.
Stooping down, he looked the man hastily in the face, and he drew back stunned; for it revealed to him that this man had a more intimate connection with hims elf than he supposed, and that if he had met him at

every turn which he had lately taken, it was because the man had made a business of following him. "You are a detective, are you not? asked Mr. Cameron. "At your service," acknowledged the other, rising and stamping his feet with an energy in forcible contrast to the shiftless air he had found it convenient hitherto to assume. "Glad to find you are safe, sir. Never have I seen such a storm—never in

all my life."

Dr. Cameron did not answer. He was There seems to be a pile of wood over there by the hearth, and if I could find a bite

** Wait; I want to ask a question or two. In the first place, how did you come here? I left you at S—." "Very likely, but I am one of the kind that don't stay left. I've an interest in you. I slept in the same hotel with you, sir, and took the same train. We've had a pretty serious time of it, but we're all right now, and I don't propose to regret any part of the joh."

of the job."
"You are doubtless in the employ of the police, but you were sent here to act as a spy upon me in my endeavors to find Dr. Molesworth?"

"Why, sir, without me you wouldn't have got track of the villain at all. I have done enough to show you have done enough to show you I am here to

[To be continued.]

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mmend it as superior to any prescri to me." H. A. Anchen, M. D.,

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the fact make you indignant or unhappy. It will be for your sake, and therefore your sake, and the your s

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Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888.-1619.

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FOR ort of miserable stupor. He heard a cry, whose smothered and despairing tones assured him that another of his comrades was sured him that another of his comrades was sured him the snow almost within reach consisting in the snow almost within reach consistency c

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