

King or Knave

WHICH?

CHAPTER III.

REV. THOMAS FOURT.

hen Marion heard her mother make so startling a confession, it was as if the world had suddenly started from its foundation.

"You heard what I said, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Furness. "Did you understand?"

"I heard something—I understood nothing," said Marion with downcast eyes.

"You may fancy it was not for nothing that I made such a confession before you."

"I had to be made. Yes—even if I makes you hate or scorn me, it had to be made!"

"You understand better anything than that you fall into that man's power?"

"I hate you! I love you!" cried Marion, with all her heart in her voice; "as if I did not know, as surely as I live, that whatever happened, you could never have been to blame. What would it signify if I had to be called his daughter? I am two years older! What could he do?"

"What could he do? But it is a good thing of what could or might have been. It is worth all the shame in the world to be free from him. I can explain everything to you, Marion."

"Mamma, I am willing to try. My letter has not yet gone."

"Ah! I remember. We were to have had a happy day."

"Well, send your letter. It is, and give him one. I will write to him, too. Of course you must know how everything stands."

"Must I know everything?"

"Yes, he must know. And from me, I have already told him something, and he has a right to know all. Don't be afraid, Mar. Your lover is a gentleman; and gentlemen don't throw over girls whom they love, and who love them, and have done nothing wrong."

Marion pondered. Her mother's last words contained a bitterness that she was acutely far from being intended to convey. Her own hero, gentleman or only man, Guy would have to learn a secret concerning her birth that would reflect upon her mother. Might not her mother's good name be at least as dear to her as her own happiness—ought she not to guard it with her life, if need be, as the most sacred trust in the world? How could she bear to let her mother be grieved in the eyes of her own son?

Rather than that, he, of all men, should learn such a secret, she must deprive him of the right to learn it.

She had only to flash into her mind that she had left Guy's letter and her own lying upon the table in the window of the sitting room, to be ready by any chance waiter or chambermaid. Mrs. Furness had closed the talk and was making memoranda with a pen, as Marion ran downstairs to rescue the letter that she would keep for ever as a relic, and the other that must never be posted.

Had she only known, however, not even the letters would have found her down. For there, in the fact that had meanwhile gathered upon a black yew low fountain, and the man by whom she was bound to recognize her father, whether she would or no. Full today, she had believed in him as a dead hero, and now he had come back from the grave for which she had believed him to be, and if she could not break the hearts of the women he had left behind him, and claiming them to shame.

She had a very dreary day of not having gone away. However it was too late for her to return now.

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

"Never. She has never spoken of you as anything but a dear child. And she has always been everything to me."

"I have been waiting for you," said he. "And if you had not come down again for me, I would have waited till you came. I say, for you. I do often like this—like what do you like to do?"

"This terrible evening, certainly had some advantage. I feel and come to the tones it has, and I feel that I am not so much as I was."

"She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. "I don't know how to behave to you—must forgive me how I don't know how to behave. My mother has always been everything to me."

"And she has been setting your heart against me," he sighed back. "I see."

puts it on me to love her and guard her all the more, till she comes round, as please heaven she will, all in good time. What are her plans?"

John Heron himself had not impressed the whole of his native city with a sense of his unlimited trustworthiness to a greater degree than Adam Furness was impressing his daughter. He had less conviction or persuasion than he had taken possession of her mind by force, and imposed his own views upon hers.

"We were planning to take some quiet place in the country," said she, "where we could be together."

"And that might still be the best thing. But it wants thinking over; and it is I who must take things in hand, now. I won't see her again to-day. God bless you, my dear; good-bye, once more, for a little while."

It touched her forehead with his lips, and was gone; but his influence remained.

Mrs. Furness looked inquiringly at Marion when the girl rejoined her, but asked no questions.

"I suppose you will invest the money, so as to give us a comfortable income, won't you?"

"Oh, you will—be good to my May! And you will for I even I, have not quite forgotten how to trust; and I trust you. And you alone."

"Well," said John Heron, refolding the letter. "You know as much as I do," said Guy. "Evidently that scoundrel has turned up again—and evidently there is a letter, or I expect, two letters together, and my heart as well as my eyes are turned to Southampton by the first train—but meanwhile—"

John Heron considered.

"To be sure; by the next train," he echoed. "Wait a bit, though! Wire them, 'Come to Marchgrave' tell them to come here to see me."

"You are a brick, Heron," said Guy, school-boy-wise, his eyes kindling. "I'll telegraph this minute—"

"What—and rob? Kate and me of our company? No, no! Kate will never forgive you. Here are forms; send one to Southampton and another to town, and I'll send a special messenger to the station."

"And the money?" asked Guy, having filled up the forms without the least respect to the number of words. "He would have preferred to be his own messenger; but he could not refuse to stay for what, after all, was nothing more than a whim. 'All I bring the draft to the bank to-morrow, or will you take it now?'"

"It doesn't matter. But perhaps you had better leave it with me—it's not business-like to carry such things about on one at midnight and till midnight you're a strict prisoner. I'll put it in my private bag, and I'll see that it's safe."

"I don't care for your premises—fire and theft-proof safes, special messengers; and all except Guy Derwent, so I must seize the chance of keeping him, too, while I can."

"Here is the draft, then. And it will have to be invested—"

"Rather! Mrs.—what's her name?—Furness is a lucky woman, my lad. She'll have seventy thousand pounds worth of original share in the new docks. She'll help to make Marchgrave!"

CHAPTER IV. A NARROW ESCAPE.

he far end of Belvedere Road situated in Piggot's Town in the far north of London, was called Euphrosyne Terrace; and each of the two houses which stood on either side of the road, was called Euphrosyne Terrace. The aristocratic quarter, distinguished from the rest of the road by a doocot, an area, a knocker, and an extra story had a crimson lamp, and a large plate to each of the two houses on the way. On the left was "Mr. E. Smith, Surgeon," on the right, "Wyndham Snell, M.R.C.S., L.A.C., etc., etc., etc., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur."

Mr. Wyndham Snell was a thin, youngish-looking man, with a pink complexion and fair hair—rather good-looking in a childlike, sun-faced sort of way. The four most observable points about him were a pair of singularly white and delicate hands, a more than usual display of dingy hair, and a hair brushed and plastered into a pyramid, and the settee of smiles. He was smiling now to himself as he stood drumming upon the parlor window, watching a maid servant carrying on a big medicine-bottle from Smith's to Wyndham's.

"Wyndham! Just come and help me over this account. I think they've got the farthings wrong."

Mrs. Snell was not, and never had been, a pretty girl.

Wyndham Snell lingered a moment at the window, to give Smith's patient a chance of admiring his hair and his smile. But, as she took no notice, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked to his wife's side.

"I can help it," he said, "but I don't like to see the most domesticated creature going and yet—though I'm not what you may call regularly handsome—I can't go to the window without—"

"They may be three farthings. I can only make it one," he said, "but I don't know all the young people that makes eyes at one—Good Lord! I hope it's hysteria, all I wish Smith ill, but I do hope it's hysteria, all the same."

"I do wish we knew what we could have for supper to-day."

"Dinner—dinner, Julia. Do learn to call things by their right names."

"Dinner's all right. There's the cold leg; and a pickled onion apiece. There's three in the jar."

"Lunch—lunch, Julia. We dine at six; we lunch at one."

"Well, never mind me, Julia. Didn't I tell you? Only I've so much to think of and all that!"

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

will have told you what need I have to protect our Marion (I will say myself my husband) from the man who calls himself my husband. We have left the Clarence, and are staying at a small inn, called the Green Cheese, in Bink Lane, in the City. To-morrow (Thursday), the day you get this, we shall go back to Southampton. I forgot the name; I don't know where we are staying; but if we have to leave for elsewhere before seeing you, I will let you know where we are gone. But it is not enough for us to remove ourselves. It is my fortune, and it must be in safer hands than ours; over which he will surely set up claims if he knows where it is to be found. I dare not leave it in any bank here. But he knows nothing of you; and you are a man of business whom I trust, and who will do your best for Marion's sake and mine—I will not insult you by adding for your own. I thereby enclose you a draft on Messrs. Drake, of Lombard Street, which I have procured this day, for the whole amount of £1000, which they are prepared to pay, as I have arranged with them this morning. Marion knows nothing of this, I need not say. "Affectionately yours,

"LEAH FURNESS."

"I suppose you will invest the money, so as to give us a comfortable income, won't you?"

"Oh, you will—be good to my May! And you will for I even I, have not quite forgotten how to trust; and I trust you. And you alone."

"Well," said John Heron, refolding the letter. "You know as much as I do," said Guy. "Evidently that scoundrel has turned up again—and evidently there is a letter, or I expect, two letters together, and my heart as well as my eyes are turned to Southampton by the first train—but meanwhile—"

John Heron considered.

"To be sure; by the next train," he echoed. "Wait a bit, though! Wire them, 'Come to Marchgrave' tell them to come here to see me."

"You are a brick, Heron," said Guy, school-boy-wise, his eyes kindling. "I'll telegraph this minute—"

"What—and rob? Kate and me of our company? No, no! Kate will never forgive you. Here are forms; send one to Southampton and another to town, and I'll send a special messenger to the station."

"And the money?" asked Guy, having filled up the forms without the least respect to the number of words. "He would have preferred to be his own messenger; but he could not refuse to stay for what, after all, was nothing more than a whim. 'All I bring the draft to the bank to-morrow, or will you take it now?'"

"It doesn't matter. But perhaps you had better leave it with me—it's not business-like to carry such things about on one at midnight and till midnight you're a strict prisoner. I'll put it in my private bag, and I'll see that it's safe."

"I don't care for your premises—fire and theft-proof safes, special messengers; and all except Guy Derwent, so I must seize the chance of keeping him, too, while I can."

"Here is the draft, then. And it will have to be invested—"

"Rather! Mrs.—what's her name?—Furness is a lucky woman, my lad. She'll have seventy thousand pounds worth of original share in the new docks. She'll help to make Marchgrave!"

CHAPTER IV. A NARROW ESCAPE.

he far end of Belvedere Road situated in Piggot's Town in the far north of London, was called Euphrosyne Terrace; and each of the two houses which stood on either side of the road, was called Euphrosyne Terrace. The aristocratic quarter, distinguished from the rest of the road by a doocot, an area, a knocker, and an extra story had a crimson lamp, and a large plate to each of the two houses on the way. On the left was "Mr. E. Smith, Surgeon," on the right, "Wyndham Snell, M.R.C.S., L.A.C., etc., etc., etc., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur."

Mr. Wyndham Snell was a thin, youngish-looking man, with a pink complexion and fair hair—rather good-looking in a childlike, sun-faced sort of way. The four most observable points about him were a pair of singularly white and delicate hands, a more than usual display of dingy hair, and a hair brushed and plastered into a pyramid, and the settee of smiles. He was smiling now to himself as he stood drumming upon the parlor window, watching a maid servant carrying on a big medicine-bottle from Smith's to Wyndham's.

"Wyndham! Just come and help me over this account. I think they've got the farthings wrong."

Mrs. Snell was not, and never had been, a pretty girl.

Wyndham Snell lingered a moment at the window, to give Smith's patient a chance of admiring his hair and his smile. But, as she took no notice, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked to his wife's side.

"I can help it," he said, "but I don't like to see the most domesticated creature going and yet—though I'm not what you may call regularly handsome—I can't go to the window without—"

"They may be three farthings. I can only make it one," he said, "but I don't know all the young people that makes eyes at one—Good Lord! I hope it's hysteria, all I wish Smith ill, but I do hope it's hysteria, all the same."

"I do wish we knew what we could have for supper to-day."

"Dinner—dinner, Julia. Do learn to call things by their right names."

"Dinner's all right. There's the cold leg; and a pickled onion apiece. There's three in the jar."

"Lunch—lunch, Julia. We dine at six; we lunch at one."

"Well, never mind me, Julia. Didn't I tell you? Only I've so much to think of and all that!"

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

"I thought I told you, though. I've a particular appointment, you know, with some friends, in town, so I must start."

"Congrats! It is French for a comely or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."