WHICH

CHAPTER III.



hen Marion heard her mother make so startling a confession, it was as the world had suddenly started from its founds-"You heard what I said

understand of "I heard something - funderstood nothing,"

said Marion with downcast eyes. "I'm may fancy it was not for nothing that I made such a confession before you! It had to be made. You even if it makes you batoms or storn me, it had to be made! You

"thatayout I seem your oried Marion, with all her heart in her votes; "as if I did not know, as surely as I live, that whatever he is not a man who yields to legal rights if happened, you could nover have been to blame. What would it signify if I had to to be done to fly. Here is a letter for tiny,

What could be not do? But it is no good fathing of what could or might have been. It is worth all the shame in the world to be free from him. I can't explain everything

TAb I remember. We were to have had

one. I will write to him, too. Of course he must know how over thing stands " "Must be know everything?" "Yes; he must indeed. And from me.

have already told him something; and he has a right to know all. Don't be afraid. Mar. Your lover ica gentleman; and gentlemen

Marion pondered. Her mother's last words contained a hitterness that they were assur-only far from being intended to convey. Here or no here, gentleman or only man, they would have to learn a secret concerning her birth that would reflect upon her mother. Chight not her mother's good name to be at loast as dear to her as her own happiness english she not to guard it with her life, if need be, as the most secred trust in the world! How could she bear to let her mother be de greded in the eyes of her lover!

Rather than that he, of all men, should learn such a secret, she must deprive him of

Soul lonly it flushed into her mind that she hat bott they's letter and her own lying oper on the table in the window of the sitting room, to be read by any chance watter or chambers vid. Mrs. Furness had closed the talk and was making memoranda with a pen oil, so Mari or ran downstairs to rescue the be driven to an address almost whispered puto the cabman's ear. Off they drove again, ratio, and the other that must never be

flad she only known, however, not even the letters would have tempted her down. For like a corden of demon sentries stationed to there in the for that had meanwhile gathered keep furitives in view. her father, whother she would or no only learn that we have left London by the Until today, she had believed in him at Great Western. If he inquires at the station, a dead here; and now he had come back he will if he learns anything learn that from the grave in which she had believed two ladies might have arrived in a cab, or bim to be, a. if for the one purpose of break might have come from the country by train, but the hearts of the women he ha! left If he finds this cab, he will learn that we have behind his, and of being us them to shame She had a ver demand of his not having gone away. However it was too late for her

I have been waiting for you," said he tashe often like this

This toprible father certainty had some sin about t mer and competitatio tones is his reduce and they were apparent now. "She is very unhappy," sighed Marion. must forgive me that I don't know how, My mother has always been everything to

"And she has been setting your heart are instruct he signed back. "I see." She has never spoken of you a

"Forther! Nover mind about your own bet wione, Markin. We've got to think of of hi how, interest in

all's top the horrible becalways spoken of me kindly, poor Leah and she has no cause to speak olse, God knows and yet sie has been wantering about to in the who would have given, to and her, the world two been chasing her a tine nothing but to do right and histics my wife and my child-she, a woman, denies bor marriages denies it coof her husband, who knows the teath, and of her own girl, who honours

bod. Lary it is horrible and My mother is your wife," asked Marion faintly, bur heart beating. "Hound I say it if she were not? Would

it it, tomor false, if if she under and her own words! It is more than her ribe, worden. It can only mean one thing, the dummet guess; but her heart beat more

the certain states, Marion, people always turn love into hatred they hate the worst there whom they leve the best. If women, they will imagine themselves married to some man about frey never saw; or, like Leah,

of Cod! You mean she is ween " The prov stoudd not speak the most terrible word that can be spoken on side of hell. and not speak it," said how

know what she has sold; and all the while we are surely husband and wife as a man and a woman can be made by church and lan togeth riage, and, once upon a time, by

arion's own brain was quivering. The the was as new to her as it was terrible. Part, with all her capacity for faith, she knew

Her eye fell upon her letter. She had already seen it written in the air that her engagement must be over for her mother's sake. She now saw it yet more plainly writ-ten that it must be blotted out for her lover's. It this new and horrible dread was anything even a little more than a dream, the daughter oven a little more than a dream, the anighter of Leah Furness was no it wife for any man —a girl with madness in her blood for her dower. Well-nigh forgetting that she was not alone, she went to the window, tore her letter to her lover into twenty scraps, and

threw them into the fire.
Ifad she been less absorbed in her exalta-

itad she been less absorbed in her exaltation, she would have seen that this new father of hers was capable of a smile. But he took no notice otherwise.

"And so," said he continuing his own last words, when the last scrap had burned out into blackness, "we are in a terrible plight, you and I. There are no end of men—blackguards are plenty—who, finding their wife's state of hind, would just take her at her word, and be gladto find themselves free. But I couldn't do that if I would; and I wouldn't if I could. She's my wife before God and man; and if's not her fault her's get to have me, some lastic.

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 convinced or persuaded than he had taken possession of her mind by force, and imposed his own views upon hers.

will have told you what need I have to protect our Marion (I will say nothing of my-self) from the man who calls himself my husband. We have left the Clarence, and are staying at a small im, called the Green Cheese, in Blink Lane, in the City. To-morrow (Thursday), the day you get this, we shall go back to Southampton and put up at the hotel where we parted—I forget the name; 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 greater the clarence, and are staying at a small im, called the Green Cheese, in Blink Lane, in the City. To-morrow (Thursday), the day you get this, we shall go back to Southampton and put up at the hotel where we parted—I forget the name; if we have to leave for elsewhere before seeing you, I will let you know where we are

"We were planning to take some quiet place in the country," said she, "where man-

"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."

11- touched her for-head with his lips, and was gone? but his influence remained. Mrs. Furness looked inquiringly at Marion when the girl rejoined her, but asked no

"May," said she, very quietly, and as if the last talk between them had not been broken, "one thing is certain-you and I must leave island better anything than that you this place and give no sign of where we are gone. I was mistaken when I thought we had found rest. We must wait another while. He has no legal claim upon us, it is true; but they stand in his way. There is only one thing be called his daughter till I am two years older! What could he do? that could he do? the test goes, with your own. She took the letter directed to "Guy Derwent, Esq., Marchgrave," What ought to be done with it? True, a letter is a letter, and a trust is a trust. But this letter, telling what her own heart as well as her father now told her to Manney, I am we'ting to liny. My letter be fake that her mother was no wife; how could she, with her own hands, despatch to

> mother's good name! (buy must learn to forget her; she must leach him to forget that there was a Marion Furness in the world. Mad or not mad, her mother's daughter could be no wife for him.

her lover this signed death-warrant of her

The letter must not go. And so, though two letters had been written, the post carried none from the Clarence to Marchgrave that day. As for what she don't throw over girls whom they love, and who love them, and have done nothing wrong.

felt in giving up the man whom she loved with all her heart, her brain was on fire, and her heart was numbled. She had not time to

The letter to Guy, unopened, was concealed her bosom; the luggage was packed and in the hall; the bill was paid; the cab was at the door. And, since Marion knew not their next destination, there was no means of leav-

The Great Western," said Mrs. Furness to the cabman, in a clear voice, so that she could be plainly heard by the hotel porter. Arrived at the station, Mrs. Furness had the luggage taken into the cloakroom, and went with Marion into the waiting-room, where she settled herself in a dark corner-it was now evening and dozed, or seemed to doze, for the better part of an hour. At the end of an hour Mrs. Furness roused

Engaging a porter, she had her luggage taken to another cab, and ordering herself to through a fog now growing black with night, and between the rows of flaring gas lamps which, to Marion's excited brain, appeared

"if he calls at the Clarence," said Mrs. n whom she was bound to recognize Furness, at last breaking silence, "he will gone to where we are going; and if he goes there he will find he following. Yes even if he strikes the beginning of the trail, we shall have start enough to baffle bloodhounds. . . Ah, a brass plate to seewl at one another "And if you had not come down again for here we are. I chanced to notice it on my

ho re I would have waited till you came. I way from Lombard Street today. We may have to rough it for a night; but we're no new

The cab, after many twists and turns, had storpe d in a dark, narrowalley, at a window whence a warm light glowed through the red curtains of a long, low casement with parrow panes. Once more the cab was dismisse est; and Marion, now falling into a dream, followed her mother through the intervening fog, and across a yard of greasy pavement, a cl se and dingy passage where a man in shirt-sleeves received the two ladies with a stare

"No-nothing can be wrong!" exclaimed they aloud, when he leaped from his bed the next bright morning at Marchgrave; "and, what's more, nothing shall and nothing

This was Tuesday; and on Saturday he propows to run to town. We hesday morning opened brightly above

but sourly below. There was no letter from lounged to his wife's side, Marion. There was no se all day. A French ship had come in from a chent at Havre, and plunged him in insurances and bills of lading up to the eyes. Which, under the circumstances, was just as well. But when Thursday morning came letter

less, he began to think of scarlet fever, smallmed. Two women from the Antipodes ought never to have been allowed to go to London along, it would be his eternal crime if anything had happened. If he did not hear from Marion by the last post, he would throw "I do wi the Lucille of Havre to the winds, take the night mail, and be in London tefore another sunrise. As the time for the last post drew near, his impatience drove him to the postoffice itself, so that he might know that day's fate the moment the letters came in. They arrived at last; and there, sure

anough, was a letter for him with the London postmark; and addressed in a woman's hand. both delicate and firm-altogether worthy to be Marion's own. But no sooner had he open ed it than his face changed, and he was at The Cedars as fast as the first fly-horse at

hand could crave it was after banking hours, or he would have gone to Chapter Street; but, any way, John Heron would surely be at home again by now, John Heron was at home, sitting with his

wife over the study fire. Both busband and wife welcomed him heartily, with outstretched hands.

"You are a good fellow, Derwent," said the banker. "And what's more, we've been taking the liberty to say so behind your back, Kate and I. Sit down, and light a eigar."
"I've come on business, Heron-banking

less, though ---" "Though it's the wrong time," sighed Mrs. feron. "Oh! dear! I did think better of you, Heron. "Oh! dear! I did think better of you Mr. Derwent. Just two hours home againand of course all Marchgrave tearing him to pieces before he has time to turn round. Of course, it's in the nature of the rest of them—but oh—You!"

She left the room, and left a pleasant smile behind.

"Now then," said Heron. "Out with its and—it is wrong.

"No—but very strange. . . . You remember what I told you on Monday about my future mother-in-inw?"

"Then read this letter. It infrom Marion's mother. And tell me what to do."

The banker unfolded the letter slowly, and read about.

read abud.
"DEAR MR. DERWENT

"The letter you received resterday from me

"Its strictly professional. Iv got to make a emonstration before those fellows—tympanum, you know—the great guns are curious about it, and it may lead to heaven knows what. Indeed it must—It shall. You'll ride in your carriage yet, Julia—not in a common pillbox, but a victoria and pair. . . Yes, haif a crown will do very well."

Julia emptied an ancient purse of a stock. of threepennies and farthings.
"The byker must wyte then," she sighed "One and elevenpence farthing. Can you myke that do!"

gone. But it is not enough for us to remove ourselves. It is my fortune, or rather Marion's and yours, that he is hunting; 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 Do you mean to say that's all the money in here. But he knows nothing of you; and you are a man of business whom I trust, and "Why, you had over four sovereigns when you went out Tuesday afternoon!" who will do your best for Marion's sake and "My dear, I didn't ask what we have had, 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 or what we shall have. The question is,

as I have arranged with them this morning. Marion knows nothing of this, I need not social system of ours, where a dolt like Smith "Affectionately yours,
"LEAH FURNESS." gets all the patients, and talent is left to starve on cold knuckle and pickled gherkin. And you have one shilling and elevenpence "I suppose you will invest the money, so as to give us a moderate income. But that I leave to you. Oh, Guy—be good to my May! And you will-for I even I, have not quite for-gotten how to trust; and I trust you. And

"Well?" asked John Heron, refolding the

£70,000, which they are prepared to meet,

"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, that I have not received. Of course I am off 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

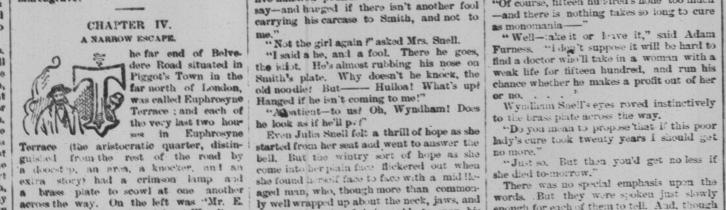
"You are a brick, Heron!" said Guy, sehoolboy-wise, his eyes kindling. "Ill talegraph this minute—" telegraph this minute-"What-and rob Kate and me of your

company? No, no! Kate will never forgive you. Here are forms; send one to Southupton and another to town, and I'll send a special messenger to the station." "And the money?" asked Guy, having fined

up the forms without the least respect to 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. "Shall I bring the draft to the bank to-morrow, or will you "It doesn't matter. But perhaps you had

better leave it with me it's not business-lik to carry such things about on one at mid-night—and till midnight you're a strict prisoner. I'll put it in my private safe here. You see, I keep everything on the premisesfire and thief-proof safes, special messengers; and all-except Guy Derwent, so I must seize the chance of keeping him, too, while "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!"



Physician, Sargeon, and Accoucheur. Mr. Wyndham Sneli was a slim, youngishlooking man, with a pink complexion and fair hair -rather good-looking in a chinless, soub-faced sort of way. The four most obhair brushed and plastered into a pyramid, and the sweeter of smiles. He was smiling now to himself as be stood drumming upon

the parlor window, watching a maid servant Smith's over the way. this account. I think they're got the far-

Mrs. Snell was not, and never had been, a pretty girl window, to give Smith's patient a chance of cular. Young Windbag-I beg your par-

admiring his hair and his smile. But, as she don, Dr. Wyndham Snell- always did want took no notice, he shrugged his shoulders, and a nursenui! But never you fear, I'm come "I can't heip it," said he deprecatingly,

"I'm 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 myke it three farthings; I can only

myke it one . . Who was that girl?"
"Hanged if I know. If I was to know all the young persons that makes eyes at one-Good Lord! I hope it's hysteria. I don't wish Smith ill, but I do hope its hysteria, all

"I do wish we know 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 that would pass unnoticed in a general mud-

"Lunch-lunch, Julia. We dine at six; we "Well; there's nothing for it at six but the cold knucker; and p'r'aps I might find one meregherkin, if I looked very hard."

'Great heaven! And thus science rewards her votaries in this nineteenth century of burs, that we brag and bluster over! Well, never mind me, Julia. Didu't I tell out Only I've so much to think of and all
I thought I told you, though, I've a

particular appointment, you know, with cong-frayrs, in town so I shan't starve." "Cong-frayrs! Is that French for a countess or for an opera dancer, Wyndham Snell? Of course it's nothing to me; only I should like to know."

Wyndham Snell bestowed upon her a smile

that was positively Divine.
"Jealous, little woman, eh? Well, well, it's not my fault. It's my misfortune, you know. Cong-frayrs means a fellow-practi-tioner—that's all. Jenner, you know, and all tioner—that's all. Jenner, you know, and all that lot. It's a little meeting at the Green Cheese-a medical meeting-and not a petticoat allowed. You won't sit up. I'll take the key. Bless your loving heart—as if your Wyndham ever looked at eyes that weren't yours!" A cold smile stole over Julia's face; but as

soon as she became conscious of it the shut it up in a moment, and put it away with an in-definable snap, just as she seemed to do most-

"No, Snell. I can't spare you half-a-crown. But Pilspare you five hundred pounds."

Mrs. Sneil nearly let her sawing drep, she

"Hardly. A physician can hardly meet the top sawyers of his profession with less than half a crown. It wouldn't look well,

what we have now. And they weren't four sovereigns-two of them were halves. Let us be accurate, my dear, whatever happens." "Then you have nothing, Wyndhamnothing at all ?"
"Nothing at all—thanks to this confounded

farthing—not a penny more ?"
"Not a farthing more. And the rent's due to-morrow; and the water called the third time this morning; and the Royal Albert

sent to say they can't send any more beer-" "Et tu, Brute!"
He spoke lightly, but for the first time his smile looked forced.

"Then—Julia—perhaps you will kindly suggest what the devil is to be done. I know women arn't much good at suggesting; but any port in a storm." "I-I'm sure I don't know-if you don't," said she, with a curiously timid hesitation for

one who looked so sharp and, in a general by, so capable of snapping. "But—it has truck me that we might set up where there isn't another doctor quite so near, and the patients py, and the tradesmen aren't quite so poor, nor have to dun one quite so hard." "Where's that, Julia? If you'll tell me, I'll Where is the place where patients pay

and counter-skippers don't dun?"

"Could I do anything, Wyndham? There's
a terrible lot of washing wants doing in Piggot's Taown; and it doesn't get it, not even our own-the laundresses are so dear. I might do it cheaper-and then, after a bit, you might afford an 'all. "Heaven alive, woman! No. The wife

of a professional man taking in washing! I, the husband of a washerwoman! "I knew 'twas no good asking a woman for advice," said he. "You've only proposed a dozen things, one more absurd than the other. Look at me, Julia-a man of talent, if ever there was one; a man of exceptional skill in the noblest of professions; a man of varied accomplishments—though I don't take any credit for that, seeing how easy they came—and buried alive, hounded by duns, condemned to starve on pickled gherkins. I tell you, Julia, in spite of all your grumbling and complaining, that is not my fault—it's the world's; and that something must and shall be done. I wished there was a revolution to-morrow; I'd be on the top of the barricades. I wish there was a devil; I'd sell him the best bargain he ever got in his life for five hundred pounds down. . . . Look I say—and harged if there isn't another fool

she found herself face to face with a mid lleaged man, who, though more than commonly well wrapped up about the neck, jaws, and words. But they were spoken just slowly Smith, Surgeon;" on the right, "Wyndham ears, had the air of being able to snap his enough for each of them to tell. And, though

Ah!-I see you don't remember me. He undid his wraps, as he spoke, before entering, and showed a face that, to judge servable points about him were a pair of sin- from her look of dismay, Julia must be regularly white and delicate hands, a more membering only to well. Not that there than needful display of dingy linen, flaxen was anything to object to, at first sight-a grave, strong, manly face, neatly shaven off all but a pair of the most respec able grizzled whiskers, and with keen, resolute eyes. "I have not forgotten you, Mr. Furness!" carrying out a big medicine-bottle from said she. "Se far from forgetting you-I would give a hundred pound, if I had it soon-"Wyndham! Just come and help me over or than ever set eyes on you agyne. You may syv. yourself the trouble, sir. My hus-

band, Dr. Snell, is a professional man; and Wyndham Snell lingered a moment at the Mrs. Snell. Quite right of you to be partito do him a good turn; and you too. I know what you think of me; but my money, I sup, pose, is as good as any other man's- and a

long sight better than none." Rude as was he speeca in manner, it was not unkin lly in tone. There had been an ominous movement of Mrs. Snell's bony hand as if to slam the door ... her visitor's face; but after a moment's at duei of eyes, she yielded, with one of her irequent sig. s. He followed her into the parior, taking

note on his passage of many trivial but significant things-the absence of a doormor, the patches of green damp in the ceiling, the ranged holes in the thin floorcloth, all combined with a cleanliness which, however meritorious, cruelly emphasised symptoms of power.

Wyndham Snell was seated at the round table before a big volume opened so as to cover the greasy bills. He rose politely; but suddenly his smile turned a little faint, and

he recoiled. "Adam Furness-by Jove!" "Yes; here I am," said the other, still noting things with his eyes. "Everybody meets everybody, they say, once in seven years. How are you flourishing? Seems to me, from what I've seen of it, that this is a neighborhood where a doctor ought to do well."

"Rather," said Wyndham Snell, throwing a warning look at his wife, who had reseated a warning look at his wife, who had reseated herself and taken up some sewing. "There isn't a better neighborhood for practice than Piggot's Town. If it wasn't for a doctor or two, the people would die like flies.
"I see. Philanthropy. Not a bad game when its well played."
"It is hard, you must own, when you're telegraphed for to a constlation over anever mind who, in Mayfair—to send back word that a greengrocar's tenth haby prevents

word that a greengrocer's tenth baby prevents your coming." "I suppose so. Well-conscience does set bard tasks, no doubt; but then it gives high

pay."
"Very true, Furness; most true. I'm afraid
I can't offer you a glass of wine. I have to
practice on temperance principles fin a place
like this. But of course you'll stop and

you know. Weil—another time."
"And—by the way—talking of that," said her husband, with a laugh, "do you happen to have any loose change! I hate changing notes before I'm obliged—on principle, you brow—and it isn't worth while to carry a lot know-and it isn't worth while to carry s of gold up to town and back again. And, in a poor neighborhood like this, it's downright funny the style a doctor's shillings and sixpenses run away. Could you spare me—h'm
—half-a-crown!"

started so. Her husband threw himself back

"Five hundred pounds!" "Why the devil do you put on your wind-bag airs to me! Don't I know how you're off, and don't you know that I know? You're starving in this heaven-forsaken hole because it's the only place where you can squat for nothing; and because nobody knows you. You don't keep wine because there isn't a pothouse that will trust you. You're not engaged to dinner; you've got no banknotes; and you want half-a-crown for just the same reason that other men like you want halferowns. You're an impostor, Snell; and I hate imposture. You've failed as an actor; you've dailed as a finance agent; you're failng as a quack; and your confounded conceit would make you fail even as a saicide, if you tried. No offence, Mrs. Snell. You won't mind what I say. Well-I'm come to give an old friend another chance-and this time you can't fail,"

Wyndham Snell shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Julia won't mind. She has a fine sense of humor, has Julia; she can take a joke, and so can I. If there's anything we can do for you, Furne s-without prejudice, you know-we'll do it with all the pleasure in

"Never mind about the pleasure, To come straight to the point, there's a lady, in whom I'm interested, that wants a home, with medical attendance and strick privacy. "A lady !" asked Mrs. Snell, very sharply

"A'lady. In short, my wife," said Adam. "And you," said Mr. Snell, while her hus-band silently contemplated his finger-nails; "you propose that your own wife, a lady,

ould lodge-here?" Sooner here than anywhere. Where is there to be found such privacy? Where such careful watching? "There's only one little thing I ought to say. This lady, though as surely married to me as Mrs. Snell is to you, is subject to one slight delusion, or rather two. She has taken a morbid hatred to myself; and she believes herself, poor thing, to be unmarried. It's strange; but-"A case of monomania-and exceedingly interesting," said the doctor. But it's a serious thing. I'm not sure, when I come t

think of it, that five hundred pounds-" "Quite so. Five hundred pounds down, as a premium; that should enable von to put your house in order and make a fair profit for a year. Or, wait a bit. What do you say to this-add a thousand to the five hundred"-he glanced at Mrs. Snell as he spoke -"and cure her as quick as you can! Of course I mean money down," The doctor and his wife exchanged looks.

Fifteen hundred pounds all at once—a leap from an abyss into the realms of air. "It's worth thinking of," said the former. "Of course, fifteen hundred's none too much

if before purchasing. We are now showing the largest stock we have

she died to-morrow," There was no special emphasis upon the Snell, M. R. C. S., L. A. C., etc., not a single word more, till each had its full time for weighing and being weighed. "If she died to-morrow," he repeated, in an absent way. kindly prepare a room; and meanwhile you'll make a run up to town and see my poor Leah, You'll have to judge of her state of mind. And I'm afraid she's got a weak heart, as well as a weak brain. However, all that's for you to judge, as her medical attendant-

> "Is there-is there any chance of her refus "Every chance-if sh sees or hears of me. None, if you tell her that you come on the part of one Guy Derwent, of Marchgrave. You'll say that he has gone to Southampton, and sent you to town, so that there might be no chance of missing her; and that you, being the one to find her, are to telegraph to him at Southampton, and to accompany her to Marchgrave. But I'll give you your ex-

act story, as we go." "And when she finds herself here!" "When that happen -I leave things to you; and" he bent his head politely-" to Mrs. Snell. Pernaps tifteen hundred was a trifle mean. Say two thousand : fifteen hun-

dred down this very afternoon, and when I hear from you this day week, five hundred No; not another word. That's my very last, and-"

Adam Furness left the parlor first; husband and wife followed. "And you said," she half whispered, "you'd sell yourself to-old Nick-for five hundred

pound." "I didn't-so hold your jaw. But if I did -what then ?" "You've done it for four times the money That's all." "I haven't. But if I had-the more fool

might have had the couple of us for two "Here's the place," said Adam Furness, as the cab drew up at the door of the Green Cheese, Blink Lane. "You go up alone-first-floor front. I'll wait below By the way, if you find a girl with her, don't be surprised. It's only my daughter, Marion."
"Will she know who I am, and what I'm

come for!" "Of course. She'll go with her mother to your house; and Pll follow alone by the same train, see her as soon as she arrives, and explain—I mean, bring her away. Keep up the fiction about Marchgrave—that's all. The girl will understand."

Adam Furness lounged into the bar; Wyndham Snell went up the narrow and crooked staircase two stees at a time." "It's uncommonly queer I should have told Julia I was coming to the Green Cheese this very day, and that here I am," thought he— as if the mere fact of his having told even a half truth by accident was a sort of miracle. "Ah! this will be the door."

He tapped; but it seemed to fling itself open before him, as he found himself face to face with a girl with clasped hand and scared "You are the doctor?" she cried in a voice

that sounded stifled. "Oh—come here!"
She seized him by the hand, and led him to She seized him by the hand, and led him to a horsehair sofa on which lay a handsome woman with a calm white face, at which he needed not to look twice to see what had befallen. Leah Furness had found the rest she louged for sooner than she had dreamed. She had escaped at last, to where neither bound nor hunter might pursue.

[To de continued.]

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Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888.—1619. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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as monomania—"
"Well—take it or leave it," said Adam
Furness, "I don't suppose it will be hard to
find a doctor who'll take in a woman with a

Terrace (the aristocratic quarter, distinguished from the rest of the road by a doorstop an area a knowless of the wintry sort of hope as she bell. But the wintry sort of hope as she bell with the wintry sort of hope as she bell with the wint

ever carried. Whereas the goods are better and more choice than ever, the prices are away down.

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