King or Knave

"Woth, you can find somebody who will-take my things to the train,"
"You're going off by train, miss—without clary by of tood?"

We I must be off at once thing to be shell? Am I to say any thing to be shell?

know."
Yes; that would certainly be the best thing she could do. There was neither law nor duty to detain her with this edious couple; and instinct, the result of a hundred little things munoticed at their times, but now brought totala focus, warned her that if Mrs. Shell was a women to be defected, the Doc-

for was a man to be feared At last there was something to the To erush her belongings into her boxes was an setive relief for her, who had never touched a friendly hand or heard a friendly votes afnes her mother died. . . This done she dressed herself for out-of-doors in the black that the meant to ware for the rest of her days counted the small stock of money in her purse, and wont slowly downstairs Per-When she reached the passage she found Dr.

Snell leitering up and down, in an old jacket and slippers, with a cigar. town Miss Furness," said he, "If it is on any injerious, can I save you the trouble? I

things to the station," said Marion, as stilly evidently that of a woman unused to a

Von are really soing away "

III bayes un choice." Young lady. Mrs. Wyndham Snall did behave like a brute pige I know. But you can't make a silk purse out of a sew's car -1 marcovered with those bright eyes of yours and you must make allowance for jealousy were we have been such very particular friends, you and L"

While I am waiting," said Marion, freezing, 'I will wish Mrs. Snell goods bye." "Mrs. Wyndham Snell has refired to her

Foom A hardrobe she sage Hof I needed fell mother woman what a headache means Asseming sho's out of the stilks for you'll he pleased to hear I've been blowing her up sky high all through dinner -I'll see that she drawsup a written apology. You won't mar milies after that, I'm sure. Comehiss and to friends; I mean, of course, when Isav k s., in a mulashysical way. Anyhow, This off vous bonnet in the parlow, and I a largive your gives of

I would rather wait here, while

hre crought down."
"Come, dear Miss Marion, I can quite find estand you fast hurt Pin a sonsitive men myself so I know. But malier and in never do They'd firm the finest you that or or was made oven yours. von the enother thought to Mrs

Wyndham Snell, Who's that old woman, I should like to know, to come between kinds Pur book skying to hor today. Come, my done. As you like me, and I like you, Mrs. Wyndham Snell must learn to lump it

sh ported her host of opening a good many other bottles; but he had never let theme carry him so far as now. A horrible idea serional her that the convergention her had overe heard between her and his wife had set fire to his vanity. She dared not make for the and she dared not retreat to the stairs, for fall

four he should follow her "You are vory strangely interacen," she shid inity, looking at him straight in the eyes the white, with a faint and vagne recollecfrom of some mar tone I store.

Missaken, my deart Not a bit of it. Phoro's one thing one can't be mistaken about and that's sympathy. As if I didn't

"I was mistaken, then, I thought that any man I won't say gentleman we ald pay some little recoon to me womens and a lost

Chammon, Fancy Adam Furness being father to such a sty little theat Won't say gentleman, indo d! say Wyndham that'll sound just as well; and fill say Marion, 86 Marion, my doar, put off vour airs and graces; you've done enough for dignity and all that sort of thing; and he your own sweet, levely self again. Ah, you know wall mough what poor Wyndham. But he'll give you good for ovil nover you four. No woman over yet repented that trusted to the noner of Wyndham Snott his heart of gold and every druchm, scruple, and grain of it, all for

She nerved herself for a sudden escape, "Honor" she could not help reporting with shorn, though it want against her will to wheth a word. "I'rd me prev this moment?" she offished, moving forward, and without shifting her eves from his face, as all depende of upon the stoudfastness of her gave. Hit he was propared for her tactice this

filmer and only stratched out his arms with a

recovering his sweet at tones, "And, so that you may put all nonsense out of your head, I will tell gou why. Are you aware why I was called in to attend Mrs. Furness, your mother! It was because there was reason to tear disease of the brain. And a lady be she mother or daughter, who is the guest of a physician—well, neither servants nor neighbors will help her to bring her visit to an end unless her friends remove her, or her host announces her cured. It you understand now! Shall we she these together, like now? Shall we say duets together, like good friends! Or days cour mental trouble require sharper treatment that it would infinitely distress on to use?" "You get keep it; ... i get to I mad wo-

erithm chair trouble is not necessarily transmitted; out I cen't forget why I was called in too late to see your mother. And there is to say the least and affirsty in her crass for running away icon in husband, met yours for escaping from your best friends Still, we must hope for he heat, And we must wish for the best, too are per haps you will oblige my of taking off that bonnet, now," Her eyes might struggle; but it was his that

had to be obeyed.

Ony Dorwent, in his office at Marchgrave read over and over again, by the light of smele candle, the mysterions commune.

if was all Spir warm esteri met at the Grown Chesar. Why should be have concestdany knowledge of Marient And why or how should any body olso have sent him news "Fanny tells me you are running up to and har? And what need should there be for secreey for a latter without a name! Above all how come it that there was mention of Miss Europes only, and of Mrs. Parness not a world. The handwriting was also a puzzle match, where it is supremely needful to know evidently that of a woman unuset to a how to reign. Dr. Snell might fly into a rage,

itealf round Marion Officerist it was impossible that so much time could have passed without a single word from her, or even about her, but for this serand, which provokof even more anxiety then would have come fied boundth me, as no doubt you have disc of dead silenes, in its different way. Of to act upon the message without delay. It that was exceedingly natural, I'm sure. You might be a trap; it might be a false scent; but it was the only sign of a clue in what was becoming a bewildering and alarming

No he sneet the rest of the night in huster ness correspondence, and in making the best arrangements be could for his affairs to do brookfasted on coffee and a pipe; held conscil with his clerk; and was waiting for the next upstrain, when he received in his own my office the honor of a visit from no less &

were a time John Herry hick as the original bird that " ar mes," said the sooner thun I hope ! . . half-part five a. m., and a

train, and here I am come and Kate at the Codars. Any news! Which means, I hope, any good news?"

"Indeed? And you certainly don't look yourself, Ony. I am afraid you're worry

"No doubt about that, Heron," There are impulses to reflected as well as speachs and some most uncharacteristic pu'se of that kind prevented they of ones aving before his friend and counseller that

"Ah, you must learn not to worry, Goy, that's all. So you'll please to take off that And don't say you can't help worrying- a with worry than a soldier with fear, and ife an oqual shame. Work and waif, and every thing saure to go right. You can do me a bit of service, they, and that's why I've

"Thank you, Horon, And I hope it's hard."

"What " nebat he

"On say in about a fortnight; and you might be another fortnight away. You needn't worry about your business. I'll see to that, and a jon new for the bank in Chapter lane will cover a multitude of sine." "And wher should I havete do!"

"The long and short of it is this," said John Heron. "A correspondent of mine in town is agent for a loan to a Tartar Khan."

What are even Tartars coming into the money market, Herong

"So it seems, I suppose we shall have King Mumbo Jumbo next, or the Chief of the Cherokess. And then this Khan isn't a common Khan. He's the Khan of Moulk-

"You never heard of the Khan of Monlke onto to draw general notice on themselves fill they come. So this loan isn't to be talked of outside you understand. It's to be paid in specie-pounds storling. You will carry the money, packed and scaled, to a place called Outs, near the Tartar frontier, is Orenburg. By the way, every scaled package will be marked 'A.' For will also, I understand, receive through a banker at the same place, to whom you will have an intro-duction, a large sum in Russian money, which you will pack and seal yourself, marking it with any other letter you please. That, I suppose, belongs to some other transaction, and that the notion is to kill two birds with

that were to make him famous in history to come. At the moment he was estensibly making notes with a gold pencil-case from along volume that might, for anything appearing to the contrary, have been his own. He rose from his occupation with a slow, dignified, and unsympathetic smile, "What can I have the pleasure.

Mr. Derwent!" he exclaimed under his breath the amtile fainting away.

the smile fainting away.
"My name is Guy Dorwent; and I have been directed to you for news of Miss Furness, who, you told me, has gone abroad."
"Gene abreat! Did-It Let me see. I sup-

pose if I said so 5 "We are such strangers to one another decause we happen d to most by chance for once in our lives. I don't expect you to trust me; and you can't expect me to trest you. I have had reason to believe that you did not think it right to tell me all you know of the Paperon I days so your recon

minima, ed to be married to the young lasty you will understand my right to ask you is

she here!" Dr. Snell threw a rapid glance round the room. (iirls will, sometimes leave a glove, or a handkerchief, lying about, which might serve for a trace. Fortunately for him, there was nothing of the kind. "I ask y

"Here!" he asked in astonish But there was an infinitesimal hesitation before his answer that prevented it from

carrying conviction. "You will understand my position well enough," said Guy, "not to take offence at my ringing the bell and asking your maid name of the lady who is staying here?" He assumed more k owledge than he had; but he felt himself engaged in a fencing

and refuse with indignation; in which case the fencing match would become an openduel, and they would know how to press his attack home. Or he might What hedid was the only thing Guy did

"By all means, I quite understand, my dear sir," said he blandiy. "If I were a lover after a young woman, I should do precisely the same. I will ring the bell. . . Fanny," he said to the girl whom the bell sumed, "left your mistress I want her in the consulting-room at once. Mrs. Snell will, I hope, be regarded as a competent witness,

Now it so happened that Fanny had not to go far to find Mrs. Snell, who had learned from her husband the fact that the partition between the front and back parlours was exceedingly and sometimes conveniently thin; ming the message she conceived an themselie situation, by which Marionbe delivered out of the custody of a

too msceptible stranger, without the seeming accident being laid at her own doors, If would be easy enough, thought she, under the circumstances, to give her odious guest whire that would send her into the parlour of her own accord; and as for Wyndham, he ight wriggle out of the situation as he uld-till Marion was out of the way, she felt as if she hated him even more than

So, instead of immediately obeying her husband's summons, she went upstairs and fapped cantle at Marion's door

There was no answer.

"Miss Furness!" she whispered. Ne answer again. That girl had kept her room obstinately since yesterday perhaps she was ill. If she was only dead, thought

ther still; then farther and farther. At last she obtained a complete view of the At last she obtained a complete view of the room. And not only was every sign of shaking her for his own tends, or a benefactive, and no more? So my mother showed her madness by running away from her

There was nedenbt of it. That herrible "Preserve the time to go to Russia, and, of girl had fled; and Wyndham would follow was no salve at to join her by the next train. She saw the course, back againts to join her by the next train. She saw the dopoment unravel its if before her miserable suddenly turned to the

CHAPTER IX



with an "Excuse me. my dear sir-a most difficult case, in high life," returned to his volume; at any rate (iny could not make thi good at all. He was convinced that the Doctor was for some reason or other

deceiving him; and yet how could be remain really deceived hend! Well-very likely not. Control Astan about so simple a fact as the presence, now politics aren't easy to follow without special or recently, in this house of a girl who must be known to neighbors as well as servants-t inquiries? Concealment seemed so utterly futile; and yet he could feel no doubt that Marion was being concealed. Angry impatience was rising up in him, even while aware that he was entering into an unknown country, where he must assembly lose the track unless he practised patience and kept

fooly he could have seen what was passing in the mind of Wyndham Snell! Versed at he was in the art of walking among eggs, the int in own proposed for her facility this times and only a stacked out his arm with a single from the proposed for her facility the single for each other." He wild, pitching his digar behind him, 'you and 11 and four's you know the fore each other.' He wild, pitching his digar behind him, 'you and 11 and four's you know the foot of affairs. Only understand that you are for pay with the English money, marked to bring back it the Ruesian money his for many form the fairness and the form and such a smile, and Marions, all understands the form and such a smile, and Marions, all understands the form and the form against such a form of the form of the fairness and the fairness and the form of the fairness and the fairness and the form of the fairness and the fairness Doctor, while staring at his open volume, seemed to see the whole basketful smashing round him. For he had set down Marion

seized with a real inspiration. "I ve got it. by all that's Blue. I—I really beg your pardon, Mr. Derwent," he added hastily, for, like many another philosopher engaged on a problem, he had forgotten for the moment that he was not alone. "I mean I've spot-

ted ner ladyship's symptoms, that have been puzzling the faculty for years. A little coulition is excusable dallenly the door was thrown open; and a dang within it, like a picture in its fre e one dagrin woman with ice in her

"Yes, Wyalama, Land You're remind me there's visitors: I see the see a great deal more. And I don't ca

they are; if they were the queen. have you done with that girl?" Wyndham Snell tried the effect of that mighty frown on which he pluned himself as being imperial in its power to silence and But, though backed by a peculiar mo tion of the fist-a masonic sign well understood by certain initiated wives-it failed and the Doctor was left looking like a baf-

"I ask you," said the lady, "what have you done with Miss Marion Furness? and where's she gone? Ah-you may pretend to stare But well I know what's been going on under my very eves-let my nose alone. As if I didn't see through that that baggage, the very minute she came! As if I was took in tricks that wouldn't bamb ozle a byby! As if I don't know what a girl's up to that does her hair like that, and what's un when a man that ought to be ashamed of himself. if she isn't, goes philandering up and down

Yes; philandering, Dr. Snell. . . . Bu In not going to put up with such goings on any mere. What would you say if I went off with a Mant

"Say? Wny, I'd say Heaven help the poor fool! said the Doctor, clutching at his vanishing wits in sheer despair. "Woman alive -will you come to just one of your seven senses, and say something that it doesn't want the Devil himself to understand?" "I will way it then Miss Furness is gon-

and I know why and you know where." "Gone? I will know what you mean!" "And so," said Guy, very quietly, "will I." Verily the Fates were fighting against Wyndham Snell that day. He had just struck out the most magnificent of plans-on

have eaten all his cakes and kept them tooand in the very moment of inspiration it was paralyzed by a spasm of idiotic jealousy flattering no doubt, but outrageously ill-timed. So completely paralyzing was it that, could if ever again be available he would be unable to recall it even to his own mind.

But not even his anger with his wife an proached the bitterness of his rage against Marion. And that rage was less on accounof her having brought him into this maze of trouble than on behalf of vanity, which i its tenderest place, had received a cruel bio Never had it dawned upor him that he wa to understand. He had regarded her behavjour of vesterday as but a trilling skirmish that gives zest to victory, and enables a woman to yield without forfeitin; the formal honours of war. And-de had really gone: nay, had outwitted as well as repulsed him, poor jealous dulia, what a good job it would feet like a fool-that is to say, she had done bet She tried the door. To her surprise, it what his entire experience of him elf, d spite soon I may be if I stay here; without mamwas unlocked, and she peeped in, listening, a life of unbroken faiture, had hitherto failman who works must have no more to de Hearing nothing, she opened it a little far | ed to do. And what man over forgave a woman who makes him tool like a fool?

ensiest of smiles, "I'm sorry," he said, " ... at a comparative s'ranger should have ten present at this little domestic scene. But we scientific men even Socrates had his tissay Mane; and If -even Socrates had his Gray Mare: and It ham Snell will be sor y for this-when we are alone," he artied in a gentler voice still,

"Lam waiting," said they,
"I am coming to that. Miss Forness has been my gass. She was claced under my care by her father -wio af orwards sent for her, and whom she has now good to join. If

have been spared what must have been. I fear a somewhat panaful seeme." Mrs. Snell threw bass ber bend, and snapped her teeth together, with an audible chek, but said rot a word.

"Her father," excluded Guy, his heart sinking, "And secondiner? And you told me they were abroa .. "Her mother," said Dr. Snell, with hiseyes upon his wife, "is no d mit exactly where every wife ought to be. . . . And when Mr. Furness sent for his daughter, it was to take her abroad-where, i mave not the least doubt, they are now."

"'Abroad' means nothing. Where!" "My dear sir, if a young lady's affiacce! bushand doesn't know, how in the world should If I beg you will not misunderstand my position, Mr. Derwent, I am simply a physician; and people to me are cases nothing more. As a rule, I don't even remember their names. Mr. A., an old patient requests me to receive as a temporary inmate Miss A. whose health he thinks requires attention, while he is away on business. I receive her; I study her; I find her sound from head to heel; her father comes back for her? I deliver her to her natural guardian; I give a receipt for my fee; and there's an end. What becomes of them afterwards-whether they are eaten by bears in Feejee or by cannibals in Mexico,
I neither know nor care.

Re the I neither know nor care, . . . By the way, you come from a place cailed Marchgrave, don't you? Do you happen to know anything of a gentleman named Heron—John was holding herself so still in the darkness

The banker there? What of him? "Oh, nothing-thank you. Nothing to do

one of the control of

been Dr. Suell's path to a mastery of the situation. He had trusted to Luck; and Luck had favored him. Starting lamely and hopelessly, his story as it proceeded gathered force, coherence, and likelihood till he left his unwelcome visitor without a

word to say. If he could only venture one little step farther, and hint that Marion had een carried away because her physician had roved too perilously fascinating-but this.

weed toge her that

scouded's power. He began to understain better now why Mrs. Furness had make him the secret trustee of her whole fortune, now happily safe in the hands John Heron. And he began now to guess, only too well, howwith the lucky exception of that all-import ant remittance—every letter had miscarried. The man must be a very devil of force and

"Julia?" said the Doctor, facing sharply round on his wife, at soon as they

She set her teeth hard; but the fingers were witching nervously, and he could almost

that, just because you came across a girl that you could never have held a candle to in your hest days, must needs buily her out of the house, and bring a hornet's nest about your own hu-band's ears? Whose to pay the piper now, when our last hundred's gone! Who's to hold on for another month-and just when I was on the track that would have turned Adam Furness into a gold mine without a bottem! Who! Take toat, you damned, in-fernal Hag. Viper, and—Fool!"

Down came his hand, swinging with all its orce, upon her ear; and down she went with

Marion had gone upstairs and taken off er bonnet, as she had been bidden; and then sated on her bed and regarding her trunks, her feilow-prisoners, tried to overcome his anger with herself for having let herself be conquered by a creature like Dr. Snell. And this was all the harder, inasmuch as con-temptible as the creature ought to be, he was not contemptible. With all his vile vulgarity, and his extravagant vanity, she was conscious of a detestable sort of power about him, shameful as it might be to feel. It was plain that he had his own wife under his thumb; and she was certainly not the kind of person that every man would have found easy to rule. Of what designs was she the object? What would happen to her if she remained? Was she really intended to pass for a mad dect r's patient-had she really shown symptoms of having inherited the curse that had been laid upon her mother? It was a horrible idea; and yet it might be true. Mad people do. 't perceive their own madness. She would, no doubt, seem to herself fairly sane, while obviously mad to her father and her physician. She tried to recall any strangeness of conduct on her part that might have made her suspect lunacy had she seenthem in others. Failing to find these, perhaps she was the victim of delusions. Perhaps Mrs. Snell was really an angel of tact and charity. Perhaps the house in Euphrosyne Terrace was the model of a refined and well-conducted home. Perhaps Dr.

moral authority over a patient whom weakness of intellect had led to rebel. But-"No; I am not mad yet!" she cried out in her heart; "though God knows how ma; without Guy. . . What can my father know of med. What right has he to He would somer for the his own wife after me alone with them, after seeing me just Marion herself missing, but her trunks were packed, strapped and locked, ready to be And the worst of it was that he could not friends, to hide. Then if I am mad, too, I even peak as having receiv carried off and hidden have value and profit girl There her way than sane in theirs. Ah, we were hald new ya vo as a profty girl There happy enough, while we were free to be mad happy enough, while we were free to be mad as we pleased. . . . If I am in my right mind, my father will say I am right to leave such a place as this. If I am madwell, I must do as another mad woman used

Snell was a gentleman; and perhaps what she

had taken for an insult from a half-tipsy

coward was really the exercise of a physician's

ifting in stlenes, you were a married man you'd think noth-while the Doctor, ing of it; you wouldn't might have been it no longer; till the only thing whatever might happen and remain sitting still. Unformed plans whirled about in her brain; only one thing she could grasp clearly -the need to escape at once from unknown terrors, even though the world that lav be-

fore her was even more unknown. Mrs. Wyadham She i, ascend of entering into competition with Mrs. Shell used to go to bed early, and, before retiring attended to the safety of the me about Aiss Furners quetry, you would house at all points with the exception of the street door, which was under the sole guardianship of the Doctor. Marion heard the latter go out, and knew, from experience, that, with him, going out in the evening meant not returning till the morning. Then punctually at ten o'clock, she heard the stairs creaking under the slow ascent of Mrs Snell, and then the door of the bedroom just below her own open and close. Here was her opportunity for escape—the very oppor-

tunity for which, almost unconsciously, she had been watching and waiting.

She opened her door timidly—everything was perfectly still. She crept down the stairs one by one. At last she reached the entrance-hall, where a jet of gas burned so low as to be almost blue. She had nothing

to do but open the street-door-"Fanny! Fanny, I say! Is that you! Boiling water-do you hear? And there's that confounded coraserew gone off on its

travels again." The Doctor had come back, and was in th parlor, of which the door stood ajar. That he should have come back early-for him-on this one evening of all! Could be have suspected her, and was he playing turnkey? She could not face him again; but neither again could she turn heel-for the one she had too little courage, for the other too for a moment into a grumble, she had ex-tinguished the blue flicker of the gas, and that she feared the Doctor would hear her beating heart.

An., she feared that she must have betray "Oh, nothing—thank you. Nothing to do with your young lady, if that's what you broad stream of light across the floor by "That is everything that I mean," said Guy. I've not come nere to be played with, Dr. Snell. Perhaps when I tell you that I know more about him than you faney I dotathat he has been a convict, and is still a criminal——" "What! You know all about John Heron, of Marchgrave?" asked the doctor, staring have.

What! You know all about John Heron, wight. That was her one irrevocable moment. She opened the street-door, closed it behind her without overmuch noise, and

"John Heron! What has he to with it!
I'm talking of Adam Furness. And you will be good enough to speak of Adam Furness sound asleep, the lights of the railway line." came into sight, crimson and green, and she

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