King or Knave . WHICH P

Frendergast worn and pate. Hat, as he set ever on his vistor, not one human being in farchgrave would have recognised John Heron. The pallor became ghastliness the weariness deepened into the gaze of a hunted skin, and the film that suddenly deadened

And yet the visitor was nothing, in hims if, so terrible. He assumed a deferential demeanour and an insimuating smile, "Mr. Heront" asked he; "of course I haven't been an hour in this interesting old fown without learning how valuable your firm is too many irons, I'm afraid, by far, speaking as a medical man. Ah, it's the curse of the age. However-I've only e-me to mention a little incident, of some consequence to a mutual friend; it won't take long. I'm a medical

man, Mr. Heron Dr. Suell, of London, Only the night before last, a gentleman, Furness by name, called me up to dress a wound in the arm; a very remarkable wound, secompanied by various lac-rations and con-And such things are not entirely unknow in my profession, especially when the patient is in a hurry—he omitted the slight formality of the honorarum; that is to say, the fee. I hope, Mr. Heron, I have not done wrong in just dropping in to inquire The Hanker had not yet recovered himself; but he turned round slowly and faced Dr.

"How you discovered that it sometimes snits me, ' said he, "to masquerade under another name, I fail to perceive. And how you have found the impulence to come here, after taking money that you have not earned, Taiso fail to perceive. Am I the only public man who has taken another name for his private pleasurest Supposing I call myself Adam Furness, what thent Do you want blackmails K-op what you have not earned. I shall not give you a penny more." But though he spoke firmly, his unwounded hand was troubling.

"H'm. I believe there's an election pending in Marchgrave. As to the money-If it wasn't earned ten times over, I'll swallow all my own pills. I'm not answerable, nor Mrs. Wyndham Snell, for the pranks of a crazy girl whom her own father wants to hide away. Blackmail! Well-hard words break no bones, I come simply on a matter of justice justice, you must know, is my passion. I am interested in Miss Purness; she may have rights which require the inter-ference of a disinterest of frend. As a good Stigen, it is my business to see that a British constituency is properly represented; and I have grave doubts whether a member of the British Legislature should be a man who and has a secret daughter whom he won't own-and maybe twenty more. And it is a duty to my honorable profession to insist upon a fee from all in a position to pay—it's fully on that condition that I can help the no f. Blackmail, Mr Fur Mr. Heront No. But Duty-yes. I shall be sorry if it becomes that duty to ask for an interview with the election agent of Mr. Morland, who, funderstand is the candidate for this en-

Hightened well, say, this not get quite en-Hightened, town." You mean that you will sell a pack of mandal about me toof her your perton-"

"No, no. A spade's a spade. . . Very well. Take it you thought if your 'duty' to Take your wares to Marche grave Market, and if you can get three halfpence for them, you're a lucky man. I'm soins to forestall you."

He placed his fluoren the bell. "What are you going to dof" asked the

Doctor, for a moment surprised. "To call my chief cachier, and send for a worthy ablorman of this city; to tell them give you me lie; and to show you the door, And if you got to the railway station with a dry skin and a whole hone in it, you're a

admiration.

You'll say you're not Adam Furness?" "I am not Adam Farness," said John

"That you gover had a wife who died in a "Frove it, if you can."

"Find you have no daughter, whom "Find her produce her." That you work never in Botany Bay for

forgory.

with a wounded are on the aight when a coiner mur lor daman in Upper Vane Street, Eastwood Square? ... Shall I ring that boll for you now, Mr. ... Horon?"

CHAPTER XV.



John Horon, the King in Marchgraves the Knave in Lone den, left once more to himself, looked the the depths of the prewhich he found him

solf standing just who a he had felf assured of having left behind him the region of crime and peril, and arsocond solf, the open plain through which life's highway runs. All had been so well

contrived, all had so hideansty falled. There but been im a real peril no doubt. when he first loarned from Our Derwent that the wife who know him, and would rec Cogniss Adam Furness, his forger, in John Horen, the Banker, was alread to follow her daughter and her son in law to Marchgrave. But Providences had interferred to remove her out of sis path without the helping hand that no had been propared to lead to Provie port, again, in the markage of they with the dan three who had leavened to know him se Adam Furness in London, and would know and again what the corne to her mistic and's home. But he and Providence be ween had present by. A id even through for patter were on the traces of A-tern Furness, there was nothing to connect A-tern Furness with John Hering; the tratter was could have tracked him was no more, and he ned escaped to seen. Despite the miserriage of his last etroke of ceims, he would still have tailled evil forther, and it is a uson for Wynduam Burdt for a moan and desposable fool, from when it is not never dreamed that the remote

The for who may fox in this world who would make I im the or part or keeping the secret of Adam Furness for ear, coiner, and murderer, to see intent of his mesely domestic ordines; which means that all he possessed on outh-weather hope, honour, and home-had beening honestorth the

rote is was not of weath, nor of honour, for that he thought in the first place during that he thought in the first place during that hour of what was almost doesnair. He had once laughed at hi uself for having Marchgrave Docks on the brain. And that was only untrue because it was but half the was only untrue because it was but half the land them not only on the brain.

but in the heart and on the soul. but in the heart and on the soul.

After all, though he had a wife he had no child. Marion did not count—she was the daughter of Adam Furness the Coiner, whom John Reron the Ranker hated with the hate that a man cannot feel except toward his own evil self—a hate surpassing the utmost hate he can feel for another, as far as hell is deeper than the deepest depth of the sea. When Adam Furness escaped from Botany Bay, John Heron, after a season, returned to Marchgrave, where the bank was waiting for him for want of a will. It had been a marvelons stroke of luck that the bank, through lack of the commonest of precautions, had gone in its entirety to the black sheep of the house—to the forger who, hap-pily for the Heron's, had been convicted and sen'enced under another name, so that his father and brother were able to keep the skeleton under lock and key. Or rather, it would have been an astonishing stroke, were it not that unbusinesslike habits are the chief characteristic of business men-at least in their own affairs. But when that stroke rinthine for self-extrication; too colossal to

befell him, he was engaged in that colossal and labyrinthine career of crime, too labyoverturn. There had been no help for it-though John Heron came to life again, Adam Furness could not die. He stood committed to the double life; not for pleasure, as with most men; not out of policy, as it has been with a few; not out of the passionate desire to revolt against all fixed habits and social laws, such as the best of us may feel at times, and to which some have desperately yielded now and then-but out of stern necessity, which compelled him to divide him-

He could not extricate himself from the career of Adam Furness-if he paused or stumbled for a moment, the engine of his own creation would have rolled over him and crushed him altogether. Nay, he had to make John Heron of Marchgrave, serve Adam Furness, otherwise Ward, of Upper Vane Street; because the greater the capital the latter had at his command, the greater the safety he could secure. Adam Furness could not have bought the leases of two bonses, and fitted them with the best and finest of machinery, without the aid of John Heron.

And for this John Heron had to pay double vise. His respectability had to be without reproach: his position in men's minds more than merely beyond suspicion. He had to make himself a name that should be synonymons with honesty and honor. For this he had laboured like Hercules; for this be had taken a wife; for this he had sought to make himself every man's trusted friend. He bungered for a life of honor as for forbidden fruit; for free indulgence in honesty as having the added sest of unlawful pleasure. If only he could simply be what he seemed! For, as middle age came upon him, he also hunger-

ed for peace of mind.
Thus the man, take him which way one will, was no mere criminal using respectability as a cloak to cover his crimes. He was a man with a great public passion for the greatness of his native town, for which he labored greatly with his neck in a noose. And so, by degrees, even his crimes became entangled in the service of Marchgrave. If Chapter Lane had to feed Upper Vane Street, Upper Vane Street had in turn to feed Chapter Lane. Public spirit had to take the place of what, had he been master of his own life, might have been private ambition. He became as unscriptions for Marchgrave as cer-tain great statesmen have been for them-selves. The frauds of Adam Furness became,

as it were, consecrated by the purposes of John Heron. And at last the Docks had come into sight, and liberty besides, and the power henceforth to take his own life into his erable moment, by a Wyndham Snell! As he sat alone in his locked parlour, e saw the great ends of his life vanishing from before his eyes like a dream' He san himself condemned to a life of barren labour solely that he might enrich Wyndham Snell, who might, if blackmail ran short, send him back to the hulks or forward to the gallows. He was absolutely in the vermin's power,

The bank itself had become virtually Wyndham Snell's. Unless he chose to pay whatever was demanded-for there could be no question of making terms—he would be worse than a mere felon; he would be degraded in the sight of Marchgrave. He could hear the falk and anticipate the ninety days' wonder; not Adam Furness, but John Heron the Forger, John Heron the Escaped Gaol-bird, John Heron the Coiner John Heron the Mur-derer. It was hideous; horrible. Why, he dared not even face the thought of John Heron the Suicide. Anything would be bet-

tor-even a thousand more crimes. Of what account was the life of a wrotched piece of vermin, like Wyndham Snell, in comparison with Marchgrave's greatness and John Heron's wood name!

It was plain enough for a child to readhenceforth Marchgrave's greatness could not grow save from the grave of Wyndham

Once fairly assured that Adam Furness had baffled pursuit, Cynthia took advantage of the onfusion to slip away from the mews, leading Marion after her. When once around the corner she quickered her steps, and, having made as many turnings as a hunted hare, finally came to a half before a coffee-stall.

"The Fun's getting a bit lively, it seems to me," said she. "You ought to be peckishif you're not, I am: Why-now I think of it, you can't have had a thing to eat all day. Here eat this; eat every thing. You must be starved. It's not my fault; it's that redbearded villian, who sent me out on a false errand-I only hope Adam's knife didn't mis his heart—the spy! Oh, what a fool I have been! Here's some more offer for you. The wrotch-I wish he woron't dead, so that I might kill him my own way. It should be slow death: I'd-marry him!"

"And your husband?" asked Marion. "Is he safe or "Stephent" asked Cynthia sharply, "What's that to met Stephen's a fool. I don't know, and I don't care,"

Marion was now long past being bewil lered "I thought you did care very much," said shes more for the sakes of saying something than because she had a word o say, "Nover mind men and rub ish. Let's think of ourselves. We've got to be pals, I take the you and me. You know what I've been to Stephen. What's Adam Furness to you!

"My father." "Oh, "Stribat's Wif you were looking for the Green Cuesset"

"No. I was because there my mother died. To night is the taird time I have sean my father, whom I thought dead till only a few we ks ago. Who is not I must know. and I willing

"A genius. Played for big stakes, and lots of fun, and killed a spy. Miss Purness—f might have been your stepmether; but I was assenough to stick to a fool of a genius, instead of chucking him over for a real man, But all, with there. That's the worst of a good time; it always comes to an end "

"And is not real danger?"
"Prey lair, But introon Adam Purness and the police, Pil most Adam to win. Don't you wery about him-nor about any Have you go men a thing as a half-crown about you, the furness Not a flash one FACILIE EF OF SECULTREE R. PORT F TOUR

all the circumstances had enlisted her in his cause. She had learned that her father had taken vengeance on a traitor. And what class should he, could he, as a man, have done? The hunted man, the Ishmael, with pound?

Source of the learned that her father had one to the Rev. John Ann. I, care of Count Marchgrave," he said, taking the first place that occurred to him as the imaginary residence of imaginary friends. My name is Morland—Drayco: M his hand against every man and every man's hand against him, appealed irresistibly to her woman's soul. He was hunted—hounded. Where is the real woman for whom this would not be enough for sympatis, and moret Excited with physical exhaustion, with want of sleep and want of food, and she could only follow her instincts; and these were with the man who was fi litting single-handed, as shounderstood, against a world in arms. She, hitherto alone, began to catch a feeling of pride in not being altogether as other girls. She had seen her father driven to bay, and yet, even in his extremity, more than a match for his foes. . . . She held

"I am Marion Furness!" said she, with pride, "And you are his friend; and I am Marion—to you." "And I am Cynthia-to you."

She had been Cynthia already to all who cared to give her a name. But that she meant to be Marion's Cvnthia needed no pressure of the hand to aver

"And now, what is to he done?" "Find a bed, and get into it. If I'm not worn out, you are,"

"Adam? Lord, yes. He's not of the sort that let themselves got taken. He had start enough: and start's everything, Didn't I do the servant-girl well? To do a duchess is easy; anybody can do a duchess, but it wants real eleverness to play a housemaid to a peeler. How much money have you?"
"Here's my purse—"

"Four pounds, and silver; and all good ones. I should have ten; only it won't do to flash till this wind's blown over. Say five pound ten between the two. Rather a difference between that and a double share in seventy thousand; but-ab, well, there. If one always calls heads, one must expect a tail now and again. Let me see-where shall we put up till to-morrow? I'm afraid the Cheese won't be safe for some time, if it's ever safe again. I don't suppose Peter has been doing things by halves? It is a bit of a fix, for once in a way. Wanted, a safe place where two baggageless baggages can get a night's lodg-ing and be asked no questions; not even when the papers are full of Upper Vane Street tomorrow morning, with a hundred pounds a head offered for the gang-Me and all.

"Are you in danger, too?"
"Rather! How it happens Pm not this "Rather! How it happens I'm not this minute in a cell beats me; and you, too, I can see why Peter wanted me out of the way; but if I'd been the police, no young woman should have been leafing about that back door without my knowing the reason why... I have it! There's nothing for safety like flying high. You've seen me play Jane the housemaid; now you shall see the other thing—and it suits me better, between you and me. Five pound ten—that tween you and me. Five pound ten-that will do fill we make some more. We've tramped enough now for to-night. We'll do the rest in style."

It seemed to be Marion's daily doom to be wax in the hands of a capricious destiny. But to night a sort of recklessness had seized her, to which Cynthia's mere recklessness of nature was steady principle. She knew herself now to be the daughter af an outlaw, and to have no friends on earth save those were his friends also. Why should she not secept what was so evidently her destiny !
So she sat, in fevered, not exhausted sience, till the cab that constant and essen-

tial element in every story of London, where

the vulgar and the tragic jostle one another at every turn — stopp of at the entrance of a palatial hotel, towering above them like an lluminated mountain against the black sky. "Can I speak to the manager, if you please!" panion's so quiet were they and so suddenly refined, "We have had a terrible misfortune, my friend and I. We have just come from the Continent by the express, and have somehow managed to leave all our luggage be

hind at Dover, unless it has gone astray. It

passed the Custom House, I am sure. Can

you receive us till it arrives !" The official, who had come forward to listen consteously, suddenly looked grave. "I am very sorry. Have you not tele-graphet!" he asked.

"Of course, as soon as we arrived. We are passing through fown on our way to We would go on to-night; but we can't leave without our luggage, and my friend is too tired to travel without a night's rost. We had a had passage--" "I'm very sorry indeed, ladies, But I'm

afraid the house is fuil." "Ab-I told you how it would be," said Cynthia, turning to Marion with a forlorn "Two women might as well leave their characters behind them in their boxes, hold ron so. There's no help for it, then. Headache, or no headache, on we must go," Marion was listening with amazement to her friend's fertility in lies, told without a

"Of course you are right," continued Cynthia, "Bu-iness is business-I quite understand. We might be-anybody, so far as you can tell. When is the next train to Edinburght I hope not too soon for a cup of

"I am sorry, ladles-very sorry, indeed. The night mail is gone."

"Oh, dear! Can you tell us if there is any place in all London where to lose one's trunks there are three and a portmanteaulooked upon as a misfor une only, and not a crime?

There was pathes in her voice that would have melted a heart of stone. I know not now it would have fared with her had the official ucen of her own sex; but few are the men who can associate duplicity with Cynthia's pleading tones or Marion's gray eyes. Nor were their clothes against them-boi were dressed with ladylike quietude. "Haven't you any wraps with your" asked

aid Cyathia. Sae gave no reason; that would have been to ada it that one was requied. "If you could have taken us in, we he uld have had to borrow everything even

brushes and combs." "Perhaps—a deposit—" Voice and eyes were beginning to tell, "Surely! What would be enough for a bedro m, a sitting-room, with a fire, and breakfas to-morrow? Five pounds? Ten? Y ung women so ready to cover a night's bill five times over would of course have lost their luggage; and the more he saw and heard, the more certain of their transparent

good faith their inquisitor became, "Two pounds will be ample, ladies," said he having done enough for dragon-hood. "I'll send the chambermaid at once if you will be kind enough to write your name

"Your purse, dear," said Cynthia. "Pd rather make it three sovereigns, if you please. We shall have to give some trouble, for

pleasure. I am glad to be at a house so well guarded. Miss Adam, Miss Vane, I am Miss Adam—my cousin is Miss Vane,"
"And your address, if you wouldn't mind?"

mind?"
"What shall I put down. Marion?" asked she, suddenly remembering that in these horrible days an inquiry can be sent to the other end of the world and answered in a few minutes time. "We haven't got one yet in Edinburgh," she explained to the manager; "and we have left our residence abroadworld that do?"
"Perfectly well."

Truth and the gentle t re-roached beamed from hereyes. The officient the noted looked downright ashame, or himself as, with an apology toopr for a too words, he resigned the ladies into e a charmoer mad. Let into & ten and Cynthia locked the door, are whereas a sac bed, and lauther merris. "As if anybody was rell loves action

and old when her would go o the state! laugh was a little satisfic 1. 3 to now grave you look! Are you so on at after those three punds? Are you arnel that man, whom we bewitched between us, will te egraph to Geneal Well-: no doe, there is a alazzo and there is a Count Mir-ki, to whom I shall telegraph to open any message to our reverend relative, and how to reply. So I hope he will,"

But Marion still looked grave. Into what labyrinth of welfare with the world of her dead mother, and the (inv Derwent, had she allen-a labyrinth which contred round her father, and of which the clue was every moment baffling her more and more? .

. Well, she had done one good thing in her lif; she had saved Guy from a fatal marriage with an adventuress, the calld of an outlaw, and the future compa ion of swindlers and thieves. But at least he was free,

As the two girls came down stairs on their way to their sitting-roun, they passed a young man who gave them a second look which every man is entitled to give any woman anywhere, if he has eyes at all. Unnoticed by them, however, he gave them a taird, and then stroked to the open book in the hall where their names were i scribed Being a young gentleman to whom inquiries were congenial and came easy, he was not long in identifying the lacties with Miss Adam and Miss Vane, or in hearing of the luggage lest on its way to Ediaburg from

"One minute two maids in a mews." thought Draycot Morland, lighting a eigar," "the next two damsels errant from Italy.

CHAPTER XVI.



FTER breakfast the ext morning, Cynthia I posi out and sent a tele gram abroad, by which the Post Office was not a wint the wiser; seeing that, seeming to mean one thing, it in reality cent entirely another he also bought a mornpaper, and studied in

him!" said see to Marion, when she came back, triumphautiy. "And what's more, they haven't even cought Stephen! Lord, what duffers they must be!"

"And now?" "I've got to recken up where we are, We're as safe as the Mint; though dinner's doubtful. But Adam's not; and he may want help, any time. We must look out for him first, and then for ourselves" "Do you know where he is, then?" asked

Marion. "No more than he knows where we are So I must see at ones if there is a message at our city office, by private code. It'll look odd if we both go on together, considering everything-so I must leave you in pawn while I m gone. You won't be afraid? You've got nothing to do but to sit as quiet as a mouse till I e me back; and whatever asked Cynthia in a voice and with an air | happens I can't be more than an hour. And that Marion scarcely recognized for her com- then-we'll see. Keep up your spirits; and if anybody comes asking questions, tell them to wait for me "I'm not afraid," sighed Marion. "I'm

afraid of nothing more." In truth, she was giad to be alone again, if only for an hour. She also, though in a different sense from Cynthia, needed to reckon her bearings, and to true out, if she could, whither she had been it iting, and how far. She was in the midst of this mod of deep thought, when she was startled by a tap on

It has been said that no magpie was more full of curio-ity than Cynhia. But while her coriosity was restrained by certain crude instincts of honour, such as may exist among thieves of all degrees, Draycot Morland's was absolutely unfettered. I do not mean to say that he would have listened at a door, or read a letter not intended for his eyes-those, to a gentlemen, are not maters forbidden by definite law.

But he did regard, en princip'e, all seru ples about indulging carnosity as so many hypocrisies and shain -and, it may be, he was not very far wrong.

"It's very singular," he reflected, "how some people go round the world without anything ever happening to them and others can't take an evening stroll without tumbing on to a big thing. I wouldn't have lost the sight of that fellow scrambling over the walls and the roofs for twenty pounds-well, anyhow, not for nineteen. I wonder whether I'm really sorry he got off clear? No, of collowed myself, I daren't: it would be just course I'm not. Confound the peelers, though trapping him. All I can do is to builte the all the same. If I'd only managed to get in to that house on my own hook, I should You're not me; but there's nobedy after you, have had something to brag about for the and unless you want you father hanged, you

But when, having returned to the hotel there he had an appointment with a lawyer from Askness, he met two young ladies on the stairs, he perceived that, if he had lost your rings; but Go.-C." something to brag about for all his days, he had at any rate found something to think about for one of them. For he was observant by nature, and had cultivated his natural faculty, by practice, in the special direction of human faces. And he was as convinced as unlikehood would allow him that he had barely two hours before seen two maidservants in Eastwood Mews as like these young ladies, clothes and all, as Dromio to Dromio. Had there been a single likeness, it would have counted little-everybody has a double who is always turning up at unex-pected times and places. But a pair of doubles at once, and in company, is not in

the nature of things.
"It is odd," he thought, as he woke the next morning, "how some people never come across an adventure, and others are always tumbling over them if they only walk across the room. There had been a time when a tap at the door would have made Marion start as if she were a criminal, and when such an inci-dent in an hotel would have seemed as natural as it is certainly common. Now, however, it made her not only start, but tremble, at the idea of having to face even a

waiter or a chambermaid without Cynthia's ready wit or pleasure in play-acting, though but to an unappreciative audience of one.

"Pardon me," said the young gentleman who entered, to her confusion, "It is an intrusion, of course; but have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Adam, or to Miss Vane?"

He looked round as he spoke; these were not the eyes that had looked him through.

"Miss Adam is out," said Marion; that was less hard to say than "I am Miss Vane."

Could this perhaps, she thought confusedly, he one of her father's band? Or might he be, perhaps a foe! Meaning to be reticent, she was short and brusque; and the sudden flush of fear looked like that of anger at an intrusion.

such of the most enviable thickness.

"Then you are Miss Vanet" asked he. "I hear you are in some trouble about some missing luggage; and I asked myself if you exalt by any fortunate chance be my re-

dence of imaginary friends. My name is
Morland—Drayco: Morland—"
"Marchgrave!" exclaimed Marion, taken
by sudden surprise.
"I am right, then!" he asked, considerably curprised in his turn.

Could his invention have possibly struck on

the head a real nail? Could there be Vanes of Marchgrave? "That would be the devil of a mess," thought he.
"No." said Marion hurriedly. "We are from-abroad," "And you've not heard yet of your lug-

"That's strange! of coure, it's safe to turn up; but it must be awkward for you and your friend, meanwhile. Lugzage will go wrong sometimes, even on the best regulated lines. He was beginning to suspect himself of having made a hid-ous blunder, and Miss Vane of being a lady after all. But then he recalled these other eyes of yesterday; as different in

"You mentioned a place called Marchgrave," said she, "I don't know it—but I have heard of it, and or people there. No-nobody named Vane. There is a banker there, isn't there, named Heron?"

their look from these as- Comparison

That was not the name in her mind; instinct, not wholly feminine, lead her into a roundahout road. It behoved her to show no special interest in Guy Derwent. "Heron! Rather! He and I are rival candidates for the nonour of representing March-

body else I've heard of at Marchgrave? Isn't there a Mr. Derwent-if that's the name? "Derwent! Of course I met him in the train, coming up from my first visit to my future constituency-or John Heron's. I took ra her a liking to the young fellow. When I fell foul of John Heron, I thought

"Yes-tha would be he!" By the way, I came across him afterwards and asked .. im to drop in at my chambers; which he promised to do and didn't-" "You met him in London!" asked Marion. whom Draycot Mortand was by no mean satisfying with his method of reporting.

"Yes; on the doorstep of a house in-By Why, it had been on the doorstep of Num ber Sixieen, Upper Valle Street; and he had been asked after by the double of that girl in the mews! . . . While he fancied him self pumping the girl, could it be that she was pumping him! And yet. . . with that voice, and with those eres!"

The mystery of Eastwood Mews broke into new interest-the pieces of the puzzle began to group themselves, Number Sixteen was the house which had served for the cover and entrance of Number Seventeen. Mr. Guy Derwent, of Marchgrave, and been calling there-at the headquarters of a gang of coiners. And Mr. Guy Derwent, was now being inquired after, with signs of special interest by a girl who-e suspected connection with the failure of the police had been Draycot Morland's main reason, if not his only reason for his call.

"Of a house-vou were saving-in-? megested Marion He paused, to give hi mself a moment for reflection on the course he should pursue Clearly, if he let the matter stop here he would learn nothing more; yet the saightest badly calculated word only put the girl on her guard. "In Upper Vane Street, said he playing s

bold card. "Vane Street?" asked Marion, without intelligence; for she did not know so much as the bare name of the street where she had been living all this while.

are that raid on coners happened th

you may have seen in the morning's paper start from being seen. The street of the raid or corners-and Guy Derwent there! Her heart leaped and throbbed within her. Could it be, then, that he had not taken her at her word-that he had to lowed her so well as to have tracked her to where she had been not

so much hidden as buried alive ! She could not tell, not for that ma ter did she try to tell, whether what she felt was sudden joy, a flash of light carough modaight blackness. or the completion o doper. She had learned enough; she dare not angle

feeding. He saw the sudden start, and the sudden flush, and the sudden light that rose into the gray eyes and made them beautiful. But the mirror also snowed him something very much less interesting-a waiter bringing in a letter, which as handed to Mis

Who on earth could be addressing her un der her new name? What in the world could it mean? Yet there was the direction in the clearest of copper-plate, with "immediate" thrice emphasized in the upper corner. "It's Awful!" Itran, without preliminary

word, "I'm being fellowed. And just when I've had word from Adam that I must meet him, for instructions. And he's being followed too, and must be warned; and being followed myself, I daren't: it would be just scent; but he must be met, and at once must go. Burn this when you've learned the enclosed by heart; and when you see him, say, 'Bar Eighty-six': he'll understand. Never mind me, If you want money, pawn

Marion's hand trembled as she crumpled up the note; but not with fear. "Mr. Moriand," she said, in a new voice, and with still new light in her eyes.

"Miss Vane?" "I am going to ask you something very strange." "Consider it answered-and if it is to do anything-

"I hope not quite, Miss Vane," "Can you -without one single questiontake this ring --- ' Sheslipped a diamond hoop from her fin-

ger as she spoke, while, as well he might, he "And let me have money to take me to the farthest place in England-that will be safe,

A look at her anxious face deprived him of "Miss Vane," said he gravely, "you have saked me a strange thing. But it is not so strange as what I am going to do. I am going, with my eyes wide open, to lend you enough to carry you comfortably to John O'Groat's, which is the farthest point I know; and I am going to take the ring without looking at the stone."

"Thank you !" she said, in the most natural way in the world, without seeming to understand a word more than that her request had not been in vain.

money—he always kept it mixed and loose, so that the operation took some little time. "That's either the freshest and frankest thing out in confidence tricks, or else things are uncommonly the contrary of what they seem. . . . Well, perhaps they are. There's Derwent: he seemed a good fellow: and there's that prophet in his own country, John Heron. What a sham it is, not to spell prophet with an F and an I." prophet with an F and an I."

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