King or Knave WHICHP

cristones, and a man upon the harter. An mary theer reat the mr. And it would have gone whom s with their work of are had not a big rotes extlest out.

Whop there trout!" Every eventure in Marchgrave knew the Total of John Haron.

What is ait this about for asked her PHEN forest come potential the engineers a hundred eyes were upon the man who knew thatevery word i stow the postrait was True. Harant it without a charge of counter and for the first time, advertised to his who we give her his bries colours; but he also MAN AHOPHUP SEE ME ON THE PAPE OF THE CHANGE and all time battles in title entruet his morrow So stoot . And to ober know that there was only one in Knymet expends of their masterly outline that of the ways who has turned continue him in the pures of Asephan Rey. There is about, with those about, so that

whenhangh compl path a Ma, be the beat bet taken not to of any entry our opposents do and we won't begin now. If a man wants to make you angry, disappoint him. I wish This thing to romain, for all the world to see to what shifts our opposite are driven. If they had a chance of winning, they wouldn't throw away that chance by those and lies, I don't think anybody who looks at that pleture or his way to the polt will waver

No for all that day all density and the orthogon. The man himself was facilitated by the sight; and he ofor want out of his way to pass and represente proceed some breathy

but dire was the confusion when the report was prought to stop and commit booksom. The chambion of A kness was growing brothled, and strange depletons were make the way into he miss. Or course the was stephen Ray's doing but what had made him write "Cottee" under the portrait of John Heront All theother ils-names, from "Magistrate" to "Mayor," belonged to the ordinary vorabulary of abuse; but nobody calls a man "Cotter" without couse.
"I'll see the scamp," said he."

"He's in hospital; tumbled down in putting up that bill about the mayor, no doubt, and picked up with a broken back in Chapter

If was plain to see that Stephen Ray was in a high stage of fever. Morland had been s great frequenter of hospitals, and had for come time studied medicine and surgery with what he called arrests now, as a necessity department of burnan nature. Force was tengible in the harsh skin-visible in the slowing eyes, that glared at him without repognition as he bent over him.
"What he you think of him!" asked Mor-

IGHT GENERALE. uf'll fell you exact's what I think of your friend," and the se given pointedly. begin with his constitution was never worth s year's purchase; and I doubt if he's got Highe in workship ha'd have broken his need; as His he has bad a violent shock to the system which were than he any relations, your friends

If so, they ought to be sent for "Perane Tranor Thet?' conched and who be a see to y in cities to be tremped?" "H'm?" granted for urgion, "Not much doubt, I think, who did that little bit of clee-

"You Adam Fit ness, the Coiner! There

Birnessing at the Chicasall.

the early twick is an ecreasined out with such errougen as to bit left; but his aves and his finger were cointedly fixed at one who then Best envered "Base him Adam Purness, the Coinery"

he given somin "Forfollow!" sold John Heron, nodding to the dectors, and bowing to Meriand stightly and coldly. "Ale I thought no sone hunan preature could have posted that planarde Poor follow of sea. Do you think you'll pull him il rosch, Williamet What amas was be

mying Adam Furnoss! Porimps you will ask Mr. Morland if he know the name?" Nothing could have been kinder than the henker's bearing nothing more diguilled.
Moringchimed feb sauned out of his rague

duty to tell you of an impression in the city that you were yours'f the instigator of that placard on the Childhall. I never believed it myself, I need not tell you. Gentlemen do not light in that way, It will give me pleasure as your opposent—to be tify to the condition of this poor below here, and to acquit you of all complicity in an act of simple hinney, and coming in the"

Hospita without dinening tooking Morment of agonised suspenses—it was a test whether his placing and been discovered by bisonomies. If it had been now it was More land's morning to say, "He is not mad; and you are the man,"

thit are to east you Mr. Mayor," More land. "I will ask you to do me so much justice with the stop or earl in my future

"Oh, spir ish is from Six what you like of never road a word of . and John Heron, who had to say when out; to account for a unite of trin oper mat his was maddle to for

After all, the idea of letting the ravings of a creary value in it is to some moment upon the Mayor of Maria, av , wasse status was waiting to be unvoted, and of whom it had got about that he was member was benese forth "Sir" John Heron

In the course or the next afternoon another visitor arrived at the negital for Stephen

This was a protty tittle woman, dressed in black, with my eyes, and quick but not altogether unlady if a ways.

"I read in the country news of a London paper," the expained to the surgeon in tharge, of an accident at Marchgrave; and, as the description unswered to a missing friend relativescal mine, I took the next brain, and nurried downer cocks he

enough anxiety in the question to make .im more retirent about the patient's state than

he had been before strangers.
She went straight to the bed, and laid her hand on his brow,

thing mild and proper do you mean by going rambling about and gotting into mischief all alone?"

"Freedom-Liberty!" he meaned.
"Oh! Freedom to make a fool of yourself.
Laborty to tumble off ladders!" said she h, Stephen—are you very, very ill?"
Hush! No! I was: but they've got

"Hush? No! I was: but they've got to think so, etill."

"Why—if you've not very ill, Pli give you abit of my mind. But why have they got to think so! What's your game? Oh, dear, that's dang!"

"And what of that?"

"Not, that I've found out at last what's gight and what's wrong. And slang's wrong. Not so wrong as awaring; but infernally improper, all the same."

"Hanged if you haven't been lagged, Cys"Hanged if you haven't been lagged, Cys"Hanged if you haven't been lagged, Cys-

this, and been nobbled by the Devil-dodger! said the Genius.

"Lagged As if the Bob-police of

were born that would over lag Met The idea! And as for Devil-dedger, I don't know "The good parson," he sneared,
"St-phon," said Cynthiu soverely. "There's no sort of Fun in ta king that way-no Fun

stalk We're going to be good. Stephen. And that's the biggest lenk in the world." "The You saked me my game just now, When's yours?" "Stophote" said Cruthia, with a grave

smile, as she stroket back his hair, "you know how bothered I was about things?" You remember Harting

"What of her!" "You made the hest med with jealousy Yes; that's a run hing for a woman to own up to; but you dich and its true. I just hated that girl. Way dut you like her! I know why, She was good; and 'twas she that made me think about right and wrong. Well, I was bothered. She make's nail my wite. I don't believe she knew a good sovereign from a Hanover token. But then she wouldn't have given the token for a sovereign; she'd have took it! and that made me so that I didn't know which was my head and which were my heat, "

"Dieler's your" "No. Then I thought to mysslf, what Fun it would be to get hold of a few young girls, and bring them up to be like Mariou, and not

got to learn, 'he said, with ano her sneer, "Ohe and wait to begin till I'm Rightyfive! A lot of i'm that would be!"

"Well, I got myself up like a Quaker, und made a cailon those two old maids at Nun-ber Rightoen. I told them I wanted to start a house where a few poor friendless girls could find a home. They're going to help, and to send the had

round besides. And where do you think we're going to set up our School?" How should I know go er Number Merren Lean !"

Number Seventeen. It's to let dirt chear we can have it for as long a term as please, Just think, what Fun it will be, Mofor I'm to be in inageries, of course teaching a lot of poor young girls to be just as unlike myself as I can make them Oa, I can do it no mistake there! I've got to think that to be thrown into a music-hall ballet, and then to get her living as a smasher's decoy, sions among a lot of gaol-birds, with a murder thrown in now and tasa for a change, im't quite the best sort of life for a girl in a

general way."
"You've turned saint, then !" "I'm going to make other girls so—if I can, "How are you to live !"

"Oh, we shall work; we shall make things and sell them. And then there'll be voluntary contributions and private theatricals and bassars."

"Voluntary contributions, ch? You'd bet ter have an interview with a great philan-thropist that hangs on in this very town, running over with mency and charity. As ron're come down to the he gging lay, you'd better go and see Mr. Joan Haon," "I will. It's a big work, this is going to

be; and we must get what we can. "What name are you going by now?"
"Mrs. Stephen. Matron of the Institution for the Transformation of Weeds into Flow-

"Exclady Superinter dent of the Institution

the crase of confounding the Mayor with ome unknown or imaginary enemy.

Cynthia had a long talk with the doctor on the case, in the curse of which she interested him warmly in her project for the conversion of human words into flowers. In fine, so interested was he that he promised to speak to his friend Sir. John about it, who, hough he devoted his philant' ropic energies to his native city, might, under such special circumstances, give a helping hand,

Cynth's did not know Marchgrave; and was therefore less whole with the appearance of those usually sleepy streets, as she possed through then on her way to the station, than she would otherwise have been. nistakable roughs were about not of the eavy Marengrave pattern, nor sailors from the docks, but men looking like navvies out of work, whose boots were plastered with doesn't know I'm in the swim, too. . . . the mud of the river on which Askness lay. They were peaceable on ugh loading about in thota, and storing at the passers by. But and their presence had a threatening look in sight of orderived in us.

Cynthia's train was just starting for town when, giving a last glance out of the win-dow, she started at the flore of a girl passe ing quickly along the platform. She leaned out, and looked case he but at that me ment the whistle sounded, and both train and girl were off and go

> CHAPTER XXV. NT DASE HOUSE



o esa a viscon of Marion dines before the train de et away of the very id of them do had been of string we estimate they had get the Lemion. Nor is Centula one to speniot a rest of optical illus one.

How had durio Edia escome to Marche grave Stations Way and she come theres What was and doingt Aul, be it remembered, Marion was the titleresting creature

to Cynthia in the world. "Change for A.a. . . Ask o'm!" oried the porter as the firs junction, where a solitary pacenger on ered ner nuberto emp-

by carriage. Cynemia never forg tanething. Askholm; that was the num of a lat on whose she had been summed to me t Adam Furness, and whi her sie and a starion as her deputy. And she has die was in trouble at Marchgrave-h ritin!

"He a not le tre country, then. He's taken to our a y; and ne's got hold of Stephen. And ne's got note of Marion, too, she'd come t rais among them as sure as "A the morains, min," said her fellow-

O course, even while ab orded in her own Groughts, see had in served every hair in his careful verranged whickers, and even the W. S., M. D., in spoth is white letters on his brand-new value. She could have told to a penny what he had given for his hat, and o all even have made a very fair guessat the

"Very, sir," said sie in her demure style, W. S., M. D., pinned hienself after the namer of some in a and all cook birds in the presence of a fair y present this beat

name of his bootmaker.

"Going all the way to town?" Of course a lady won d nave snubbed him. for there was impertinence in his manner, if not in his words. But Cynthia would not

"Most people can," she said, icily. "When my please, Doctor-Smith, I think, of Ask-

She knew the meaning of M. D., and that W. S. is at least as likely to stand for Wil-liam Smith as for any other name. What the wanted was to put he self on rapport with Askholm; and to make a miscake was as good as any other way.
"By Jove! It's odd you should spot my

profession, though. But I'm nor Smith—not even Smith, of Piggot's Town. But—by Jove! Aren't you Mademoiselle Cynthia, of the Petican! Here's luck, by Jove!"

"I beg you pardon, S.r. I am Mrs. Stephen, Lady Superintendent of the Home for the Cultivation of Weeds."

"Of the-what !" —into Flowers. Voluntary contributions thankfully received. Perhaps, as an M. D., you are acquainted with Dr. Williams, of Marchgravet Or with Sir John Heren. Of the home for the Cultivation of Weeds

"Sir John Heron! Rather! . . . But I owe you a thousand apologies, madam, for mistakng you for a young person who, between you and I, is—well, say no better than she should be. We doctors are brought into unavoidable and involuntary rela ion with all sorts of people, don't you know, high and low. One day a marchioness; another, a creature at a music hall. Your admirable institution is provided, no doubt, with a medical man? No? Well, there's no harm in giving my name and address, my dear madam. My card—Wyndham Sneil, M.D., M.R.C.S.

The very man, the very place, whence Marion had been escaping when she fainted away in Eastwood Square. And he coming from the very place where she was now! Curiosity, and something else, rose to boil-

"Persons in my position," she said, with se much dignity as she could contrive, "come across all sorts of out-of-the-way people. You got in from Askholm. Do you happen to mow anything of a young lady, whose acquaintanes I made under rather curious cirnumstances, and in whom I am deeply inerested-Miss Marion Furness ! She is staying

"You know Marion Furness?" he exclaimed. "Well-the world is small." "And what is she doing at Askholm?" "Doing? Oh, she's painting—making pictures, you know, She's a clever girl; and

a pretty one, too."
"And her good father? Is he there too?" "You know him?"

"And did I understand you to say that you are acquainted with John Heron!" "Sir John Heron," said Cynthia, a little anticipating her promised introduction. Her work demanded every advantage one could give it; and as she could not as yet venture to boast, like her companion, of marchionesses, a prospective acquaintance with a baronet was not to be deepsed.

"You know Adam Furness and Sir John Heron?" asked he.

"Why not?" asked Cynthia, suspecting that she had somehow been putting her foot into it, but unable to see how. "Because, then," said he, looking at her hard, "there's nobody knows both of them but you—and me."

A dreadful pang shot through the doctor's sart. Could say body else have discovered the secret identity and be trading on it' ! 6 made this last remark to see how it was incredible that she should have played with it before a stranger-unless, indeed, she were playing some very deep game indeed. And he was the more puzzled because, almost for the first time in her life, Cyntaia was playing covered. Nor was it any stain from acid, The applical of Cynthia certainly seemed no particular game at al., but was groping which she would have recognised perfectly. The little railway station, usually so quiet,

If she really knew of the identity of John Her n and Adam Fur. e. she would under-

ow curious!" said t'vn hin. 'It is curious; but so he is. . much dees no subscribe to your noblé institution, if I may inquire!"

are a medical man; pera ps you have te n going beiging f rsomethin , like me. Wint do you hims hold stand - ive, I mean?" "Stand!" thought the ibe or; "that en't Lady Supern endent's word; and its haly Superintendent had used it she wou un't have changed it or ano her. Lord it his -ther's ail, he reflected, his for hear turning damp and cold. "And Pm hanged if she wouldn't advice you to put the flaure too higo," said her "What would you call high! Of course, I

want tog t what I can for my Words." Of our sw Naturally, Well, you'll be lucky if you get-say lice him led. To my knowledge, the Bank's sawy; and "Five hundred?" exe used Cynthia, who

had rem thinking of fly . "It isn't much, or course; but-look here, we musn't have the goese killed. Of course, neither of us is likely to split; it wouldn't pay. But look ber; The minke it a whole housand, on my notion as a medical gentle man, if you'll and reaso no to worry Adam Sir John. That's hands me, I'm sure"

Cynthia began to acub per own wits; but she began, in some sort, to see chrough her companien, and that is meant to keep what he called the gold in good in his own hands So she said at a ven ure:

"All right-if you'll make it two thousand, money down, "Two thousand- " I spin," said the Lady Superintendent, taouch what she had to splits e had not he remotest idea.

The Detor considered Well, that would leave him sixty-ergin ... usind pounds; and ne was never at an to a precty w man. "Done, then" said he, with a sign. "Two thousand. Pilgive it yen in notes as soon as we get to town. But mind this, young lady

wif you ever ask our out nat for a penny (and I'm know i'), i'm let every one of your Mademojser's Cvatara, of the Pelican, that hir Adam bu ness, in Forger, used to be sweet on, as two peas," "Yest" asked Cyntina sweetly. "I have heard people say that she is a very charm-

ing girl. I wonder if size would do for a "What a goese of a cirt!" thought Wyndham Shed, as he drove in a hans in to Eaph rosyne Terrace. "Lord! if I hadn't been sharp as a lancet she might have soked, not for two thousand, but for five and tairty thousan iand had it, too. Weil, I've done her," he said, as, with a sign of relief, he wiped his

"What's fool o' a man!" meditated Cynthia, as she travelled in an omnibus to the nearest points to Upper Vane Street. "Buying something or other I hadn't got to sell? If I hadn't been as sharp as one of Stephen's needles I might have lost a thousand pounds Well. I've done him!"

Arrived in Upper Vane Street, she knocked at Number Eighteen, and was received by the Miss Burdons with open arms. Not only the Miss Burdons with open arms. Not only was size a jewel of a girl, so zealous for others, so self-devoted, but size was about to exercise Number Seventeen next door, and to purge the street of its scandal. A Home for Weeds was not the neighborhood they would have selected for choice; but it was perferable to a den of thieves at which everybeing animals are in or the research for ody pointed as he or she passed by, "Only think?" said she; "I have got two

voluntary contributions—one's guin other—guess what it can be? "Five?" suggested Aunt Charlotte, "Threef Ten?" suggested Aunt Gra "Ten, indeed?" aid Cynthis with a

No-Two Tuousaud! The Home is made!" Wag-who in the world?" cried Aunt

Heron, who lives at a place called March-The two ladies looked at one anot er. "Oh, dear!" and Aunt Charlotte. wretch that's candidate a :ainst Draycot-oh,

dear, Bribery and Corruption! pro st 1 Aunt Grace. "Dear Mes Stephen-we to i't know what to say!" "You think," said Cyntaia, "that___"
"We know i," said M s Grace, with de-

cision. "We don't protect to anow not les; but when a can tide o pays away two is usand pounds at election time-well, the other must do the same." "Grace!' exclaimed Miss Charlotte

into the House cost our uncle, Charlane's and mine, twenty thousand pounds Mrs. It's some one at Number Seventeen!" Stephen, if Mr. Heron gives your home two thousand pounds, my nepnew Draycot shall give two thousand grineas. Yes, Charlo te, the Family r quires it; and it won't mean to thing." us more than axty nounds a year. Get me the cheque-book, Char otte.

There, Mrs. Stephen! If Mr. Heron brugs toat he has given the hone two tousend pounds, you will say that Drayco Morland has given what a did to would be for Adam Furness. hundred pounds more."

gold. "I—don' know what to ay?" dersf' ... And ... And

look at Number Seventee and ore its bedtime-- I have the keep

it-you are going into that house-all "Of course not," said Aunt Grace. "But

"All thi -this money makes me want to see it with new eye. So, if you hear of a ghost at the window, its only me. And to-morrow, I may have to be away for days."

"F ur the usand, one hundred and one pounds one!" humaned Centhia as she let nerself into Number Seventeen-"all in one day! Why me and six Weeds can live on that without earning a penny or touching capital. Those old latter are bricks, and M. D. stands for Muddle-hended D nkey. Airaid of Gues -- If' said the Guest herself, as she entered the dilapidate unil.

she struck a light, and set herself to the consideration of how the nome could be best erranged, and how far she could reas nably come down upon the landlord to repair the

Having explored the ground-floor, and having made a tour of the basement, she went into the upper regions, which, it will be remembered, communicated with the mythical Mr. Ward's next door. Of course the police had carried off all the machinery of the workshop, which was now simply a large, bare room, with nothing left in it but a few benches and forms. A trifle of furnishing, th ught Cynthia, and a great deal of light, will make this the very thing for the girls. But, even by her dim candle light, she saw everything; and presently her eye fell upon she did not remember, even though the stain,

Examining it more carefully-for she never assed a straw without seeing through it from end to end-she saw that the main blotca broke off into smaller splashes, all running in the same direction, namely, to the noused door at the head of the back stairs. "I must have a carpet here," she determin ed, after a momentary shudder. "The girls won t like to have blood always before their eyes, i suppose this is where Adam killed

She had forlowed those ugly spots till she reached the door that enabled one to reach her own old quarter -the back drawinglocked; but then she remembered that Adam would be certain to lock it when emiping, and that the police would not require reach the drawing-room in the usual way. However, a pupil of Adam Furness was not to be much put out for want of a key, Indeed, locks had always been a favorite study of hers, as is so often the case with curious and ingenious minds, especially when they have no strup es about combining practice with th ory. in snort, Cynthia was never without a whole apparatus of keys.

The bek turned easily enough; but the door struck a little-Cyathia did not care to speculate on the nature of the coment-and so, bursting open rather suddenly, it blew out her candle. And, at the same time, she

seemed to hear a hollow cry-or rather moan. If anybody was free from ghostly terrors, it was Cynthia. Sue had much too often been a ghost herseif to shudder at any seemingly unaccountable light; and I am sure she would never have nowed a disembedied spirit to leave her with ut the knowledge of the stuff of which its clothes were made, and what it had paid for them. But seeing is one thing; hearing another. It wants something more than any ordinary lack of imagination o stand upon a stain of murder in the dark in a haunt of house, and to hear a moan, and

not discover that one has nerves. Her first instanct was to close the door again quickly, so as to place that at any rat between herself and whatever there might be

The room was now absolutely without any light whatever, not even so much as might find its way from the lights of London in a room at midnight; for all the boards that blocked out the windows had not been removed. All was as pitch I lack as a dark cell n a gao! However, she was more likely to be without even keys than without matches, and she had luckily kept tight hold of her

The crackle of the match was some comfort; and, having recovered her light, feeble as it was, Curiosity got the better of Nerves; and never was the might of ruling passion so strongly displayed as by her opening the

She strained her eyes into the darkness of thestairs, but, not being entirely a cat, she could see nothing. She strained her ears; and again she heard that hollow cry. "Who's there!" she answered, though

rather under her breath, and her own voice sounded to herself as ghostly as the moan, if moan it were. "No; there can't be anybody," she argued I must go and see. If it's nothing, I can't stand shivering here like a fool. If it's some-

"So, shading her wick with her hand, to prevent another mishap, she threw up her head, and, looking neither to right nor left, went down the creaking stairs to the back ever, her whistle was lamentably out of tune drawing-room-whistling. For once, how And suddenly she heard a faint but unmis

sharply answe ing a voice at the door. "No, young woman; the Doctor can't go out to night, not if it was for the Queen. There's Mr. Smith over the way; not much of a doctor, but I dare say he'll do."

"But he won't do, indeed?" pleaded a voice that made the Doctor start as he stowed away no es in his table drawer. "There's no ody will do but Dr. Snett. Tell him it's Mrs. Stethen, from the Home."

Wynda.am Saed hurried into the pas

"What's all this!" asked be. "What-Mrs. Stepher!" he explained. Mrs. Supples out d significantly at Mrs.

"All rig t-von want to see me alone Leav us, my dear. This lady wants to speak to me.

Doe or, said Cynthia nurriedly, and in such a way as to baille the most skillful of eavestrop, ers "You know the man we were taking off-you don't want to get him into trome, for your own sake-and there's "Yes," said Grace, "We haven't given our donation yet. D avece must get into one House; it will be the making of him. Getting been or ving mere like mad, and kept the hansomat the door remay for you to jump in

"Not-adim!" "No, indeed?' Bu don't stay talking. The man may ale. Bring instruments every

"You want me to come to Upper Vane to get all your of his wire and want of this why, this is better than coinner? ful-tered Cythia, taken aback by this shower of him, in order to decay han to a denot mur-

"And Pin sorry too," said Cynthia. "For Miss Grace. "This is a tuning that's got to be I share have to to to the first doctor I can find, and he if days in the police, and—you They talked for a good nour over their tea, of the transformation of Weeds. Then said be smow whe her you're triend enough of our friends on the said of the said a sovereign with me; I carry a loaded revolver; and I seave a written message with Mrs.

"Anything you hae, sam Cynthia, a little scorniumy, "I have prenty of money for fees and can fares; you may take a nozen revol vers, and have a hundred messages. Only . Don't you dire to come to

"I one mom nt." Re as a very brave, but he had suprime italiam eveness; and minight

> CHAPTER XXVL "NO MORE HAVE L"



ONEST Marion, in obedience to orders, waited till the day and hour when she was to expect him whom she dared not call, even in her outermost thoughts, by the name of father.

Every circumstance, every word he had spoken, combined with her unconscious reading of his character and with every likelihood in the matter, accused the slaver of Peter Petersen as being the murderer of Guy Derwent, who had been last seen at he threshold of the house whence no intruder, so Cynthia had boasted, had ever

As he did not come, the only thing for her was to obey orders; to take the next train to More grave, and to inquire for John the already crowded train; nor, had her mind been less occupied, would she have been over pleas-t with her company. For clases e.m. self the only woman in a compartment full of navvies or quarrymen-at least to her inexperienced eves-and impregnated with a flavour of pipes and a e that reminded her of

few star s, it is true; but they were ox-like and noffensive, and in no wise resembling the highly cultivated glances of Doctor

They were a good-humoured lot, laughing at obscure jokes, and breaking now and then into horseplay, taking no more apparent head of Marion than if she had been as far away as her thoughts were. That the election was in progress, she gathered from the name of Morland; and presently she noticed that on or two of the men wore scraps of red ribbon made her notice such a trifle was that one of her companions, nudging his next neighbour, said in a hoarse s metning, intended for an

maudible whisper: "You've got no colour, Skeweye. Ask the young woman for a bit out of her hat." That was the only notice she received; and, as it was not meant to be noticed, it was no harm. At the station, they tumble i out one after another, and, joining their fellows from ether carriages, were received by a young gentleman on the platform, and then broke up and loafed off in knots of threes and

Marion waited till the station was fairly clear, and then asked her way of the ticaetcollector to Chapter Lane. She felt woefully lost; she wondere i how it was that she was less impressed than she was by the fact that she was in Marcingrave than by her imagination beforehand. Everything looked so different, although in fancy she had a hundred times travelled every step of the way. For one thing, the streets were by no means so quiet as she had always heard. Indeed, at some points they were actually thronged; and there was unmistakable, though suppre-sed,

excitement in the air-the most contagious sort of all. But the prevailing colours were not those of the train from Asknown. That might be seen here and there, in rosettes and upon posters-mostly defaced and torn; but blue and white was the colour of Marchgrave. Ladies were all the blue they could; even the darkest complexioned managed to bring in a point of it somewhere. Men paraded it in the buttonhole; flymen on their whips; even dogs round their necks, and was and houses everywhere. Once, on her way, Marion caught sight of the masts rising out of the docks; and every one of them carried Blue

Peter topmast high.

Arrived at the Bank, she would not lether self hesitate, but entered, and asked the first clerk she came to at the counter for Mr. He handed her an envelope without an ad-

It was no doubt for her. She opened itit was unquestionably for her, "Is it all right?" asked the clerk, adding with paternal jocularity, such as the staidest of men on the eve of polling day may irre-

proachably inquige:
"I'm sorry to see your colour; isn't it rather rash of you to wear it in Chapter We've some desperate character here, I assure you.

Marion had taken her unaddressed letter:

Marion had taken her unaddressed letter a little way aside. "I have been led," he wrote, "to put off, or possibly to change, my plans. I shall have much to say to you when I know what they are: Go home now. Call here again at the same time to-morrow, and ask if there is any message for you.—A. F." Marion was disappointed, she started home-

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