

King or Knave WHICH P

entire, and a man upon the road. An angry cheer rent the air. And it would have gone wrong with that word of his had not a big voice called out: "Stop those fellows!"

Every creature in Marchegrove knew the face of John Heron. "What is all this about?" asked he. "Why should you be so excited?"

So for all that day all Marchegrove saw the crime of Adam Furness ascribed to Heron. The next morning the portrait of Heron was in the hands of every man, woman and child in the town.

It was plain to see that Stephen Ray was in a high stage of fever. He had had some of the best medical attention and surgery which what he called "science," as a necessary department of human nature, ever was lent to him.

"What do you think of him?" asked Morland gravely. "I tell you, my friend, what I think of your friend," said the doctor pointedly. "He is a man with a constitution as never was in a man's possession; and I don't think he's got more than half a life left."

"But—what do you mean?" asked Morland. "I mean that if you don't get him out of this place in a week, he will be dead."

"After all, the idea of letting the ravings of a madman be the cause of a riot, and the Mayor of Marchegrove, a man whose name was written to be universal, and of whom it had got out that he was a member of the House of Commons."

"The young lady, or young 'person,' the doctor was unable to believe which—noticed enough anxiety in the question to make him more reticent about the patient's state than he had been before strangers.

thing, and been nobbled by the Devil-dogger of the genus. "Lagged—As if the Devil-dogger could be a hundred years old upon the man who knew that every word he spoke was true."

"You made me just mad with jealousy. Yes, that's the name of the woman to own up for, for you did, and it's true. I just hated that girl. Why did 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 said she was my wife, I don't believe she was a good creature from a Hanover toker."

"No, then I thought to myself, what fun it would be to get hold of a few young girls, and bring them up to be like Marion, and not like her!"

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

"Voluntary contributions, eh? You better have an interest with a great philanthropist that hangs on in the very town, running over with money and charity. As you've come down to the begging lay, you'd better go and see Mr. John Heron."

"The arrival of Cynthia certainly seemed to have marvellously calmed Stephen, and it was noticed that he never again repeated the phrase of confounding the Mayor with some unknown or imaginary enemy."

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

Cynthia's brain was just starting for town when, going to her garden out of the window, she caught at the arm of a girl passing quickly along the path. She looked out and looked back, but at that moment the whistle sounded, and both train and girl were off and gone.

"What a fool of a man!" meditated Cynthia, as she travelled in an omnibus to the nearest point to Upper Van Street. "Selling something or other I hadn't got to say if I hadn't been so surprised one of Stephen's needles I might have lost a thousand pounds. Well, I've done him!"

"No—Two Thousand! The Home is mad!" "Why—who in the world?" cried Aunt Grace. "Ah, who! Did you ever hear of Sir John Heron, who lives at a place called Marchegrove?"

"The two ladies looked at one another. "Oh, dear!" said Aunt Grace. "The wretched candidate—a name Drayton—oh, dear!"

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

"Persons in my position," she said, with as much dignity as she could contrive, "cannot afford to be out of the town. Do you happen to know anything of a young lady, whose acquaintance I made under rather curious circumstances, and in whom I am deeply interested—Miss Marion Furness?"

"Well—the world is small." "And what is she doing at Ashholm?" "Doing? Oh, she's painting—making pictures, you know. She's a clever girl; and a pretty one, too. And her good father is in the town?"

"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 she could give; and she could not as yet venture to boast, like her companion, of a baronet's acquaintance with a baronet.

"You know Adam Furness and Sir John Heron?" asked he. "Why not?" asked Cynthia, supposing 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 heart. Could anybody else have discovered the secret identity and be trading on it?" It made this last remark to see how it was taken. If she did know the secret, it was incredible that she should have played with it before a stranger—and the doctor was playing so very deep a game indeed. And he was so very puzzled because, almost for the first time in her life, Cynthia was playing about in the town of her birth, and was groping about in the town of her birth.

"But you—and me," he repeated significantly. "If he really knew of the identity of John Heron and Adam Furness, she would understand. "How curious!" said Cynthia. "It is curious; but so is everything. How much it is as subservient to your noble institution, if I may inquire?"

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"But he won't do, indeed!" pleaded a voice that made the Doctor start as he started away from his table. "There's nobody will do but Dr. Small. Tell him it's Mrs. Sturges, from the Home."

"What's all this?" asked he. "What—Mrs. Sturges?" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Sturges—oh, dear!"

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