# King or Knave

WHICHP

" Rule Britannia! Beliannia rule the waves! Britons never, never, never, will be slaves !" "Hailoa!" east one of the atvancing join in. "Hurrain for the connects of bin-! "Yah! you Asknow thel!" oried a loadices of the band of Heronites only see did not exactly say "gir." - making a clutch at Marion's hat. Marion turned and can.

> CHAPTER XXVII. LAMBS AT PLAY.



TRANCE rumours had got account. It was only that a strange fanatio, about peringuing half-amused audiences to the bad been suil y of about

a dozen felonies, but that -- no doubt Mr. Sharpe best knew how-an article had appeared in a special edition of the Askness opponent; and the sight put him in a rage.

Advertice calling upon Sir John Heron, He was leaning as far as he could stretch out Baronet of Marchgrave, to deny publicly of the window. that he had ever gone by another name. who set down the orator as a lunatic suffer. ing from an acure paraxysm of election fever uncomfortable doubts as to the possibilitp of so much smoke without at least a modicum of fire. O course, anybody in the it's a new one, but it must take its chance world might now and then flid it convenient to take an air is almost an body, that is to say: for the more suggestion of such convenience in the case of one so immaculate as Sir John Heron, was across equivalent to breathing on a mercant's solvency of & woman's good name.

"Really I think you had better take them at their word!" urged his friends, "Go out on the Beil Balcony, and tell the scoundrels

'Argue with a marimant' auswered Sir John, smiling grimly; "no."
"Treat him as such, then," said an alder-"He's inciting to a breach of the

'On their beads be it "said Sir John, "If he provokes my good frends too far-well, ald be sorry to see dragoons in March-Wave; but a troop marched vesterday from Redchester to Askness Junction, and can he

here in twenty minutes, if need be." "What a man you are, Sir John! You think of everything everything in the

"What the devil's the meaning of this, Sharper" asked Draycot Morland, pointing to the article in the Advertiser. "And what the dovil again do you mean by putting me at the head of an army of wolvest How much do you pay your special maden a

"Haron shan't win without a fight of some sort; and if we can only get him to read the Riot Act, and call out the military, he'll have the devil to pay. He won't be the better for riding into the House on a dragoon.

And as for the article, Mr. Morlandthrow mud: some'll stick somehow." "I'm not going to have anything of this sort fight anyhow, if you please. But there are

stand the reason of their preference March- never have anything to do with a Genius if she ran, but solely for haste; she never movafter cheer as he shrieked out his estalogue of crimes like a prophet m a rage, and, shakanyone who called themselves men could let a mon-tor like that wallow in his ill-gotten millions while honest Knglishmen, like those before him, were doomed to grinding toil.

"If on've not got votes," said he, "you've got better. I never heard that William Tell to escape from the streets altogether, while had a vote; but he made his country free. He wouldn't how to a hat; but you-you eringe down to a monster's old boots, and lick them; perhaps you think you can lick them clean of blood, and mud, and slime. Heron—" But you can't: you only make them filthier

"Morland for ever!" roared the lambs. But at the wor I the flock, more loud than ous, was suddenly mereased by a rush like a flood tide through a rocky channel, that sent it reeling. Not even Marchgrave could keep its femmer for ever when John Heron was being called all the names in the Newgate Calendar, Whence the rush came, or how its blue-ribboned atoms combined in one, nobody could ever tell-such things are beyond telling. Mr. Sharps might account for his lambs from Askness, and how much secret-service money they cost his clients; but this was an honest rush, as if an , electric current had darted through the City, and inspired it with ratitude and loyalty.

John Heron's heart, beavy with secret auxiety though it was, might well swell high with pride as, coming out upon the balcony was then engaged in municipal business, he saw how impossible it was from holding back his fellow-citizens from resonting an insult to his name. This was better than the by bishops and peers. That would be but the outward recognition of what he was and what he had done for his city, and therefore for his country, Momber-mayor-baronet; blows dealt for plain John Heron, of Chap-

And he had thought of giving up the battle; of exiling himself, and burying his very name out of sight with nobody but a timid girl to make a world for him out of a hermitage. Even in the midst of the pride with which he gazed down upon the turnult, he was ashamed of baving been so weak, even for an hour. That he, John Heron, of Marchgrave, should even for a moment have let himself feel the bond stave of a Wyndham Snell—have frembled be ore a Draycot Morland—have condescended to violence on Stephen Ray! Looking down upon the friendly mob, and standing in a little knot of stanneh friends, who half loved, half feared, and all honoured him, his spirit rose; his heart beat joyfully; he felt himself a king indeed—a king of Man. . . And even at this moment, when he at last felt his full strength, he saw the mats of the world towering out from the Docas of the future even now he realised himself for the sake of

his great aim, wherein self was as nothing. "thoo! God!" exclaimed an alderman, as the rush surged past. "Look at that, Heron —there'll be mischief done."

"I see," said John Heron-not seeing for a moment through a mist that blinded him, and allowed him to see naught but great toings for away. But he suddenly turned found with a smile of grim triumph. "No need, I think, gentlemen, to give our friend there the ite now?"

there the ite now?"
But the lambs, though formidably and increasingly outnumbered, were not so easily swept off their feet by the pack of watendogs. They had been brought to fight—possibly chosen for each man's fighting power, and their duty lay in the form of Heads, plain before them. Moreover, three out of four had a bludgeon, which gives odds against fist any day. And then they were triends, or at least workmates—mostly navvies from the dools at Asiness, or quarrymen from Astholm, with a regular bruner or two. The Heronite rush, on the other hand, was an extempore gray, with no recognised, leader. So the

charge, after making the hants break and give for a moment like the braish square beshowed a front as gallant as if one man there know what a was being gallant for, And tuen the pows be twen go nicery, ost-smash

ed inces and criesed croves, The orator too. no part in the affray, Orators sealout do. Du. be was hemmed in by the lambs, who e tru npeter he and recome; and, from the midst of these big and n of relows, with ma cos like their own flowing hair waved it arms, and congaed and ser amed. If he was not mad before he sessed him he mount thuself inspiring a while John Heron saw a vision of peace, weath and welfare, he saw chaos, where John Heron saw he ma is of mercuantmen, he saw the poles of the gui letine. It was a

great bat le for a country town.
Without a plan of Marcagrave, it is easy to perceive that the valcony on which S.r. John stood was on one sale of the Haga armed with the power of Street; that Moriand's committee room was frenzy, had been going about her magning half-anused audiences to the way leading to the close) was between the two, on the same side as the Guidhail-all nese being on the same side of the market cross. Thus Morland had almost, though not quite, as good a view of the strug le as his

"I'm hanged if the town isn't being given Great is the power of print; and even these over to sack and pillage!" he exclaimed, all his coolness gone. there's no place one can get at to speak to them. I must do something, though. Here, one of you fellows, give me my hat-I'm sorry

> "You'd better not go out, Mr. Morland," said his friend the grocer. "The Heronites 'Il tear you limb from limb."

"Well, so long as they'd leave enough of me to get to the Mayor, here goes, Why, this is a riot, Mr. Sims; and there's the Mayor in full sight, and not even trying to say a WOFG

But before he had fairly withdrawn his head, crash went a pane of glass just over his

ear, and a round paving-stone smashed an inkstand under Mr. Sim's nose. At the same moment, the lambs were pushed back by sheer weight and number, so that presently lorland's committee room itself, with it's launting searlet posters, would be at the nercy of the mob of Blues, which had alen ly thrown its first stone.

Morland might as well have thrown himself into Niagara. All he could do was to prepare himself for a harangue as soon as the emy was under his windows, when he huddered with dismay.

"Good God, if there isn't She !" he exclaimed, pointing to the corner of Chapter Lane, round which the centre of the tumult seethed

But nobody heard him. There was no time for mutual surprise (were either any longer capable of it), much less for mutual explanation, when Marion and Cynthia met one another at the corner of Chapter Lane. Not that, under the circomstances, ther was any occasion for sur-

Strange to say, however, it was Marion who was at least outwardly calm, though miserably pale, it was the Lady Superinten-

dent who was wringing her hands. "And I harried book from town," she beof thing, Sharpe. I came to fight hard-to gan volubly," "thicking to flad him s quiet father not merely from arrest, but from and converted and it was all low conning; the Horrible Wretch has escaped but of the The Askness lambs had begun to unders very hospital-look at him! Oh my dear, there wasn't another man in the word; ed her head to avoid a stone. Not for they're all alike -- all ! and after all I've been to that- Thing! Do you know what he's doing, Marion Furness ! Do you hear !

There were no shelt-ring shops in Chapter Marion had once more failed to find John Heron. They could only shrink back from the riot till it might pass by, and enable them

here, Marion. From what I make out, he's

"What?" exclaimed Marion, aghastwhere these the visits, hon, of hers to Chapter Lane some undeciphering wheels in

"Don't be afraid. Sir John's a friend of mine-or going to be; and I'm reformed and converted; but by \_\_\_ No: not by anything, but reformed or not, if I spilt on old pals, may I be-never mind what may I be. Stephen's in with the gang, that clear; andand-but of course you know, being one of the gang yourself— Take a hint; that's Marion Furness; tell Adam at once to make himself scarce; its al. blown!"

"Cynthia, for once in my life let me know "Ah! Come further back; we shall get burt if we stay here-

"No. Not a step till I understand," "I-I've gone through things to spoil all my pluck; though I always knew you had most pluck, if I had most brains, . can't get at Stephen-wouldn't I, that's all!" "Do you mean," asked Marion, as quietly as if the battle were far away, "toat my father that Adam Furness is being pursued for

"For all of them, Marion; don't ask me how I know it There's no time to lose, and I mustn't mix in such things now, being a Lady Matron; but Sir John Heron has signed a warrent against Adam Furness, and he's been traced to Askholm—you know a Doctor Snell. That man has split, as sure as I'm a fool enough to put faith in such a man! I've done him out of some of his blood-money, though—that't one comfort. He knows Adam; he knows Heron. Who could have put Heron up to the warrant, but het Do you

trust Snell?"
"Trust Him?" "Ah! I thought I was right, Marion! There are plan-clothes men from Scotland Yard in the town this very minute. I know them; there isn't a detective in the country I'm not up to, whatever his rig may be. And one of 'em got out at Askholm Junction and the others came on. . . Oh! Marion

A more furious charge swept past the corner, and made the girls cower still further back, clinging together. But run they could not, for Cynthia was apparently losing her limbs as well as her head, and Marion felt herself turning to stone,

herself turning to stone.

Crash! It was a shower of paving-stones against Morland's windows; the worse aim, ed demolishing those of the neighboring houses, without distincting of color. The Blue blood was up, and bent on pelting the Champion of Popular Rights from John Heron's City in a hail storm of fury.

The Lambs had given way at last, and wrre in full flight. Crash! went another storm of stones. Morland had come to the window, waived his arms, and tried to speak; but his reception obliged him to remove paving-stones for evermore from the diminushing estalogue of shams.

"Yah! Chuck him over the bridge!" was the short now, It was Lawyer Sharps, trying to regain the committee-room, hattes, with one trouser forn off his bleeding leg, and his cost in ribbons. Never again would be play with fire!

play with first
And Stephen Ray! It a remnant of him
was left to bury, he was a luckier man than
he had ever been before.
Cynthia fairly clung to Marion,
"On, what shall we do! Leve hide. . .
Where is Adam?"
"You say—the constables with a warrant.

"Yes. Is he at A anolm?" "I think not ---" "Flore then?"

"I don't know," "You can't warn him? Oh, Marion! He may be taken in a minute-he may be taken now! And we may be k lied!" "Yes," said Marion, dreamily, nothing; I can do nothing, Killed! So much the better for us all.'

"Oh-Look, Marion! Look-therel" Marion, by force of habit, raised the glasse which, doubtless, deprive in r of any clain to the rank of her dire, and, looking, na urwas mad no rithe do no rot battle had pose ally saw first the most striking object—and it was a striking one, in feed, may for the revolution that was to sproud over the land sake of colour. Far up the s . b youd the Guildnall, was a blaze of gurest and steel, advancing slowly, with a raint clash and the sharp clink of flint against no .

"Halt!" she heard above the uproar, But-" Not there," oried Cynthia in a whisper; "tucket" Marion turned to where Cynthia pointed

There stood Adam Furness on the balcony of the Guildiail; with constables below, and dragoons hard by. Was is too late. Or could be still be warned

The body of the crowd having passed by to wreck Morland's headquarters, she darted out, not to save her lover's murderer, but to be true to her trust and to keep her vow. As father she no longe thought of hira; but she did not

think, she ran. Cynthia clutched at her; but she pulled herself free, and made for the projecting porch of the Guildhail. But the rearmost of the crowd had become aware of the dragoons; struggling lamos were sustaining single combats; and Marion's red ribbon gave an aim to armed creatures maddened and drunken with

In that state, frenzied and threatened, the stragglers of a mob know neither courage, nor reason or shame.

"She's going for the soldiers!" That was "She's going to shoot John!" That was

"Yah! Stone the Morlandite devil!" That was Shame. The stones fell like hail. Marian ran like deer. Which would do their work first? Would she reach that corner of safety-Would she reach it in time; could she reach

CHAPTER XXVIII.



speed she could towards the Guildhall-through the storm of wones, felt no bodily feer. The only terror ste felt was lest she should be too late to warn him who was showing himself so openly, that he was in imminent danger. Even thoughts could form themselves in her mind-by broken flashes, it is true, but more like actual thoughts than when she had, in solitude, set herself deliber-

stely to find a clue to her life's maze. But it was no mere flash it, was a steady, hard burden that Cynthia had given her to carry through the fusilade. The murderer of her lover was now plotting a plunder, the ruin, for aught she could tell, of her dead lover's best and dearest friend. She had to save her orime-or if she could not save him, at least enable him to save himself, if it were not too late; Marion was blind and deaf to the crowd; moment did she feel that she her mother's daughter, the timidest and daintiest of girls too sensitive to touch a shadow, was being hun'ed through the streets as if she

had been a wounded cur. Suddenly, though she never ceased to be aware of the tall figure on the Guildhall balcony, all else became a dream, and the shouting around ner became as the roar of a distant sea. Her feet no longer felt the ground—whe her she was running or truly flying, she no longer knew. She felt herself grasped around the waist; and struggling to free herself, felt that her strength was gone. For one wild instant she fancied herself in the arms of Guy; and she named his name.

And then she knew no more. And she had indeed passed through the Valley of the Snadow. It must be so; for she woke in that other world where, she had been faught, we meet these who have passed through the valley before us to part from

them never again. Certainly it did not look very much like a shamber beyond the stars, unless rooms also have their apotheoses, and very ordinary

But it was certainly somewhere in that other world. She looked round for her mother; but no doubt she would come presently to welcome her daughter home. But, meanwhile there, of course, was Guy-to give her welcome the first of all. She was glad that he was the first on whom she opened her eyes. Neither blood nor madness could part them now, these three. She held out her hand with a brighter smile as the tears came into her eyes,

"I am glad !" said she, as if were all the most natural of meetings in any world.

Yes-it was the voice; but the tone was no calm, starry welcome. It was wild at once with earthly joy, with passion, with anger, with bewilderment—with a thousand things. He took her hand, and pressed it almost fiercely to-his lips, which burned like fire, while she gazed into his eyes without even so much as simple wonder; like a child waking from a dream.

"What a way to find you-what a place-

"Yes; it was Guy-but how changed How he must have been waiting and hunger ing for her till she came—had she done right, after all, in loving him so much as to be blind to the greatness for his love of her? He looked as if he had been starving in slow fever instead of dying by violence, he looked so pale and worn; and his eyes seemed to gaze through her's into some haunting vision far away. Suddenly she started, with a little cry. A stream of mood was trickling

Could it be that the Murdered carry their rounds with them to cry for Vengeance shove the silent music of the stars ! No that could never be !

"Guy!" she eried, "I am not dead! It i without remembering that it must be for the last time, to be clasped in his living arms and to be feeling his living kisses on her race; to know that whatever curse still rose bewas not her father's hand. That was al-most joy enough; that would make surrender seem almost like a thank offering.

For this moment, at least, they were alone knowing nothing of what each had suffered or how they had come together; hearing noth-ing but an unheeded echo of the human storm without; heeding nothing but that they were

"Guy! You remember our last good bye! | warrant-in Marchgrave Guildhall." You said good-bye to her for ever- She is

"Good God! . . . And you have been with him, your father, alone! You are with him still! Darling, how shall we ever tell one another what has happened-how shall

"Your letter! You never sent me a word. Since your mether wro e me from the Clar-Since your in ther was a large from the concept in the result of y a a ain unit. I have done to ching but seek for you. What also should I have done to ching to help your poor wife's persecuse k for you. What also should I have done to ching to help your poor wife's persecutor—her nurderer for angul I know; nothing Nothing would have forbidden me to seek who would make his own daughter an

"Anything -except to I se you again," him-hais in terribited arger. I know what ing to he'p one of whom I know, and believe "Do nothing to marm my father! Help you think of him-what my dear mother

For a moment Guy looked hard and stern: changed inde d. "But you have asked me to-help him.

That senough for me. "Per ups-it is the only, the last thing I shall ever ask you, tiny! Ho is here, in [88, Marchgrave; and it is known that he is

"Yes," said Guy a little gloomily. "He is here, and it is known. But what has he been to you? Your father! it was about him I have your mother's last words to me. I believe he hounded her to her d ath; he has used his infernal power over you for the sake of a fortune which your mother saved from his clutches at the cost of her honour; he is no more to you than he is to me—even less, to you. Lethim trouble you and the world no

"Your word! Oh Guy! don't be cruel to me now! As you know he is in danger, go to him-warn him-from me. I was hurrying to him when-oh! don't let me have gone through all-all that-in vain!" Holdin his hand, she for the first time

realized what it had been to face that raging mob-that storm of stone. "But Guy, if you cannot help him, I will face it all again—weak as I am. If he is lost for want of a word of mine, I shall go mad—

before my time? Oh, do one more thing for my sake Hark?" The outer roar which had fallen into a partial lull, rose up again with tenfold rage. She led him to the window. At that moment the uproar ceased, as bareheaded, and with an officer in uniform at his side, the Mayor of Merchgrave, hitherto an inactive ctator of ...e disorder which was in truth his own glory and a lesson to rebels, raised

his right arm, and spoke to the people in a slow, strong voice that all could hear. "Fellow-citizens," said he "I understand your anger at the infamous attempt that has been made to interfere with your free election of your own member-an attempt to violate the rights of the people by preventing a free poll. Do not damage your legitimate victory, gained at the polling booths, by vio-lence towards the vanqui-hed. I hold in my hand a paper-here it is-which shows that you have already gained a great constitutional victory. The returning-officer will in due time announce to you by how much more than two thousand majority Draycot Morland will be sent back to London. Do not give me the shame and serrow of reading the Riot Act to my friends. I am proud of your anger: of your peaceful triumph i shall be a bundred times more proud. Give three big cheers for Marchgrave, and go home,"

Then went up a mighty cheer. "That is he!" cried Marion.

"Adam Furness --- Where?" asked 'He-who is speaking to the pe "God in Heaven! That is John Heron!"

CHAPTER XXIX.



TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR read Askness a bit of lesson," said John Heron, leaving the balcony. "Of course I shall make good all damage. Hark! What's that noise?"

And he must have been deaf indeed, if he did not hear a great groan for Morland, and a greater cheer for Heron. "A gentleman, your worship, Sir John, to see you on business," mysteriously whispered

the usher of the Guildhall "Always something? Who is it, Dixon?"
"Well, sir— Your Worship—He was very particular not to name no names. But between you and I, your Worship -Guy Derwent, from foreign parts; so I took the liberty of showing him into your Wor-

ship's Worshipful private room. In the moment of his triumph, a film seem to pass over his eyes and his brain. Guy Derwent, whom he had supposed engaged on a wildgoose chase beginning at Moscow and ending in the mines of Siberia-the friend whom he thought he had for ever removed from his way! Yet, after ail, why should he fear! He went slowly to his private room, so as to think the whole situation out inch by inch. One of two things must have hap-pened. Either Guy Derwent had succeeded in dispoing of the false rouble to the Tartir Khan-in which case there was nothing to fear; or Guy had been detected and escaped -in which case he must contrive to disclaim all responsibility to the transaction. It was awkward; but it was impossible to decide upon any course until he saw how the land lay. If only the confounded young fellow had not turned up again on this day of all days! But then that is always so. People invariably turn up on the wrong day—if

they turn up at all.
"Guy!" he exclaimed, holding out both hands, "where in the world have you been? Why have you never written-never telegraphed even! Have you negotiated the Tartar loan! Have you found your sweetheart? Have you -- But where when how-why Anyhow, welcome home! And of all days, welcome home to-day!"

He held out both his hands. But Guy, instead of touching them, kept his hands by his side, and his eyes upon the

"Marion Furness," said he, "bids me warn her father—that—\_\_\_" He raised his eyes, and he saw before him, in the place of the strong man, apparently overflowing with welcome and triumph, meanest and vulgarest of all sight in the world—a detected imposter. But could be have seen below that miser-able surface, he would have seen something

nness would have been lost in the

the meanness would have been lost in the tragedy. He would have seen the passionate labour of a life shattered in the very moment of victorious pride. His hands were still outstretched, but not, as they seemed, imploring—they were grasping after a Royal dream that was vanishing away.

What mercy could he hope for from Guy Derwent—from him, of all ment Surely none. He remembered—not that there was a grain of need to remember—how Guy had returned home from India, full of love, hope, courage, and, above all, of devoted trust in his friend and hero; how he had trusted to that friend all he loved, and all the inmost secrets of his heart; and how that friend was all the while not only a foe, but a treacherous foe, only bent upon trapping him to his destruction.

"Do you hear !" asked Guy, in a voice of ice. "I bring you a warning. The police are searching for Adam Furness, both here and at Askholm. I suppose you do not wish to be arrested here—on Sir John Heron's

The coldness of his words seemed to break

"I have nothing to say," said John Heron, letting his arms fall feebly, and in a hoarse and hollow voice that not even Guy could rec gaise. "I am not going to defend myself I had to choose between you and "You have been seeking me—in spite of my Marchgrave. . . And if you and I were tter—" together where I could kill you—yes, even you, so as to keep my secret safe, I should have to choose Macagrave still. . . .

"Gey, you will sweet to me something—
accomplice in his crimes; nothing, even, to
help one who, without a scruple, without remorse, has used a friend, who worshipped him; as a cat's-paw to his own wrong; nothall that I know of you. What pity, even, can I have for you, who have left me no "None. . . . Tuen why-"

her warning, not mine."

"Did she etray met" asked John Heron "Is the daughter of Judes bound to be a traitor too? Not She risked her life to

warn you, under your very eyes. . . "Thank God for that!. . . A man who prides himself on his p'ay likes to know how he loses. You sav you have brought the police upon me, No; you could not have even seen her, till—" "No; it is not my doing that the police

have traced Adam Furness to Askholm-to Marchgrave. It is your own. . . Yes; you have the right to know how. When you, to prevent your daughter's coming to Marchgrave, and recognizing her mother's enemy in John Heron, hid me from her, and her from me, and sent me abroad, as I see now, to find the end of my journey in the Siberian mine .---"Derwent -I swear to-"

"You gave yourself the chance of it, any-how. When you did all this, you did not reckon on my falling into another of your traps, or on my coming out alive to tell the tale. Oh, I followed every letter of my instructions. I was received at Mr. Ward's by a foreigner in a red beard-no doubt you

"Ay-and he knows me! I see; he kept "At any rate he kept me-to arrange for the delivery of the bullion, or for some such reason-any how I was taken into an upper

"The damned villain !" cried John Heron: "I do see-he meant to bring us all under his

hand together-" "And I should have thought it strange but for one still stranger thing-a picture of Marion. Heaven knows how, but the strangeness of the place, my loss of her, the impres sion I hal of her father, all assured me that she had been there-might be there, even then. I was alone. Suddenly I heard the noi e of a con'us d struggle; two men rushed past me in the half light-one, he with the red heard, fell. What became of the other I don't know; I received a blow as I passed that blinded and maddered mer I followed, reeling down some dark stairs. I heard Marion's voice, as surely as I had seen her picture. . . When all was over, I was a prisoner—"

"No--alone; in a room that was locked and barr caded; in pitch durkness; sprained, lamed, wounded; understanding nothing of what had happened; trapped, for aught I knew, to be murdered; not knowing even the day or the hour-

Good God -Guy! . . . You are alive? "Yes; and sune. . . . M. racles still seem to happen now and then. I found candle light; I found food-not much, but enough to keep a lever going. Men don't easily starve, I've heard, in fever. How long I lay in that dungeon I know not to this hour; how I lay there, I shall never know. All that while I never heard a voice or a footfall, unless of rais; and I was far too weak to break a door. But no more of that' I was found

"By whom?" "A man and a woman—a Mrs. Stephen and Doctor Snell. You know him." "Snell? . . . Then—Guy; five minutes ago I was going to startle Marchgrave," he said, with a strange smi e, "by going into the next room and blowing out my brains as I can't very well blow out yours. But I ve got somebody to live for still; and that is

Wyndnam Snell. And, by God, I will! . . Where's Marion?" 'She is safe-pow. "Derwent-I know how I look in your eyes but not worse than Adam Furness has always looked in John Heron's. And if you knew what it means to give up what I am giving up this day, I should say this—think what you will of me, but, for Marchgrave's sake, forget that there has ever been an Adam Furness-imagine him dead and buried. And so he is; for if that last trick had been won I should have buried him with my ow hands. Why should Marchgrave lose it's future because-But I won't trouble you

that Adam Furness is John Her on, besides "Then I know what to do-yes, even now.

to say 'No,' as I suppose you would, not having dreamed my dream. Who knows

I must save my skin for the sake of—Snell.

. . . Where's Marion?" Of course, the Doctor was as innocent of treachery as a newborn child; but it was his invariable destiny to be treated unjustly. It is a terrible misfortune for an honest man to look like a knave. For his part. Adam Furness looked so little like a knave that even now Guy Derwent himself was beginning to feel a touch of the old mastery return. Who can shatter an idol w thout a pang? "I have said she is safe," said he, the more coldly and sternly for having let himself be

"Oh, you needn't be afraid! She is a good girl. I only wish I had known her sooner. You may hear every word I want to say to her, if you please. I suppose I have a right to say good-bye as well as you?"

"Well, I don't suppose you want to marry a coiner's daughter—my daughter, I should think, least of all," he said, with an air of

"Nothing, and least of all her father, ca "Nothing, and least of all her father, can come between me and Marion Heron."

"I remember—you aiways knew she was a convict's daughter. Derwent—I wish to God you had never stood in the way of Marchgrave! Well, I promise you one thing—neither you nor Marion shall ever hear of me again. Nobody shall ever hear of me but—Snell. Is that bribe enough to get you and—Marion—to go with me as far as Askholm?"

"Askholm? The police——"

"Just so. I keep a boat there, at a pri-

"Askholm? The police——"
"Just so. I keep a boat there, at a private place, ready for an emergency. You see, I put myself in your hands. If I come across the constables, of course Snell will be there to point me out as Adam Furness; and if they're London men I shall want you to identify me as John Heron. One must chance something; but there's not much chance in Snell's persuading the biggest detective idiot that John Heron's Adam Furness against your word and mine. For the rest, I know what to do. I only want an hour."

"But—your wife!"
, "Oh, she has her settlement. . . . and nobody need know she isn't my wife, poor girl any more than that Marion is my daughter.

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Casteria is so well adapted to children that commend it as superior to any prescription H. A. ARCHER, M. D., gestion.

Casteria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation Kills Worms, gives aleep, and profession. 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

gestion, Without injurious medication. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

OLD ENGLISH

Powder.



Ifth year the farmers of this district have been using it. Sales larger than ever. Sold in Eastern Ontario, -in fact all over. Rain or shine it won't hurt any animal. 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00

A. HIGINBOTHAM, - Druggist, Lindsay.

### City Harness Shop, Lindsay.

JAMES LITTLE, PROPRIETOR

My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty. Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower, therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

# W.W.LOGAN

SELLS THE BEST Rianos, Organs and Sewing Machines

Medal and Diploma at Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876. Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877. Gold Medal, Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878. Highest Award at International Exhibition, Toronto, 1879

Medal and Diploma, Toronto, 1880 and 1881.

Highest Award at the great Exhibition in England, 1882. Highest Award Over all Competitors

at the World's Exhibition, Belgium. First Prize at the Central Exhibition. Lindsay, 1884, 1885 and 1890, and every time when put in competition. Don't value prizes when no

W. W. LOGAN, GENERAL AGENT, LINDSAY

#### FOR Cheap FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

GO TO

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Builders' Interests Looked After

## DRY KILN

New in full blast, and dry

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.,

guaranteed, with prices right. Parties intending to build should call and inspect our work before buying elsewhere, and we will convince them that they will save money by