mingled sunshine and shade. "I should like to have business relations with Sir Allyn Dare. He used to borrow money, they say, in his wild days. Pity he hasn't

got a son."

His reflections were here broken in upon
by the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road, and turning he beheld Therwell cantering leisurely along, coming from the direction of A look of recognition instantly lighted up

his face. He stepped forward, attracting Therwell's attention, and had the satisfaction of being

recognized in turn.
"Mr. Lasper, I believe?" said Sir Allyn's enemy, reining in his horse.
"The same. And you are Mr. Therwell, Sir Allyn Dare's secretary," responded the lawyer, observing the superb steed bestrode by Therwell. I used to lend you money in

"Yes, I remember, and a hard bargain you always drove, Jasper," said the secretary, with a slight laugh. But I am no longer a poor secretary, nor in Sir Allyn's employ. It was his father whom I served." the old days, you remember?"
"Yes, I remember, and a

"Fortune smiles then now, I suppose?"
observed the lawyer, beginning to think
that an acquaintance with Therwell might

"Well, yes," was the careless response: "if her smiles bring wealth, ease, and laxury, then she does smile upon me. I might say she actually laughs, for I am about to marry the loveliest young lady in the world—a creature as bright and spirited as a wild fawn, and as beautiful as—as a long bank account. I refer to Miss Dare, the future owner of Eden-

The lawyer's eyes were widened to their atmost extent, and brightened in propor-

"Is it "possible?" he asked almost incredulously, glancing first at the large and the rotund figure and round smooth face of the draw his authority from you." expectant bridegroom. "Some people seem born for luck, Mr. Therwell. I suppose its a genuine love match. Miss Dare is doubtless a romantic young lady who despises the usual routine of marriage, and chooses her late grandfather's secretary in preference to a titled gentleman?"

Therwell stroked his chin complacently. "I flatter myself," he said, "that the match is not so incongruous. I am here now for the marriage."

"Indeed, if you should require more money than you may have at your com- the marriage shall never take place—mand, I should be happy to honor any never! drafts," said the lawyer, obsequiously.
"You are very good, but Sir Allyn
would feel hurt if I applied to anyone but him. Besides I have a fortune of my own,

The lawyer professed himself rejoiced to hear it, but with such an evasive look that Therwell could not resist smiling. "You are at your old business yet," said the horseman, stroking the long mane

of his steed. "What are you at Edenville The money-lender inclined his head in the direction of Tressillian Hall. "To lend the viscount money?"

"No, to see him about his father's debts. The old man owed me a considerable amount, and the young one has to pay it.

It will come hard, I fancy." Therwell's indifferent expression gave

way instantly to an earnest look. "Has he paid you ?" he asked. "No," replied the lawyer. "He wants time. Says he can pay me all within three years, but it will inconvenience him now. I imagine it will, and pretty seriously, too.
Told him I'd see about it. Fact is, I
haven't quite made up my mind what to

Therwoll booked thoughtful, and a strange gleam shot from his usually dull eyes. Since the previous day he had conceived a strong hatred for Lord Tressillian. He had grown to regard Ilde Dare as his peculiar property, and to feel toward her a sort of affection. He began to exult in her beauty and her spirit, and to look

jealously on all who won her smiles. After a brief self-communion he said:
"I should advise you to press your claims at once, Mr. Jasper. Or stay, why not transfer them to me? I will pay you handsomely for them."

The two men exchanged formal bows.

"Mr. Thompson has just arrived from town," said Lord Tressillian, with a tinge of triumph in his tones. "He was my father's business adviser, and counselled those investments to make the said:

handsomely for them." The lawver looked keenly at the exsecretary, but his glances might as well have fallen upon stone. Therwell's counin them nothing except an impression of

"I suppose you don't like his lordship?" what do you say to my proposal? Is it yes

For an answer the money-lender drew from his pocket a slip of paper upon which was inscribed the sum of Lord Tressillian's

Instead of being overcome at the amount, Therwell's eyes sparkled with pleasure. He saw the immediate disbursement of such a sum might embarrass even Viscount Tressillian, and he became more than ever eager to take the claim upon himself.

"I will give you a cheque for the amount, Mr. Jasper," he said, with a feigned carelessness, "if you will make over to me all the papers and notes that belong to the case, and all the late viscount's acknowledgments, with the necessary papers to prove the transfer."

Mr. Jasper appeared to reflect. He was annoyed at the result of his interview with Lord Tressilian, and had no hope of ob-taining anything for him. He compared Therwell's offer with that of the young viscount's and speedily made up his mind

"I will oblige you with pleasure, Mr. Therwell," he said. "If you will accompany me to the village the business can be arranged without delay."

The ex-secretary, concealing his delight, immediately turned his horse's head toward Edenville, and they set out for the village

Arrived at the village, they stopped at the Dare Arms, and soon after proceeded to the office of the only attorney Edenville afforded. Here the papers were gone over, the necessary documents made out, and the Tressillian claims transferred to Theorem. Tressillian claims transferred to Therwell,

After dinner, Mr. Jasper hastened to town, and Therwell set out for Tressillian Halt.

He had scarcely quitted the high street and emerged upon the country road when he observed a horseman galloping along in the same direction he was taking. The horseman was well mounted, and some distance in advance. The distance was diminished as they neared the Tresrillian estate, and when Therweil approached the lodge-gates they were flung open for the horseman he had been regarding, and then closed be-

The next moment Therwell was granted

He rode swiftly up the lime-shaded avenue to the Grecian portico, dismounted, and knocked at the door.

A servant answered the summons.

"I wish to see Lord Tressillian," he said

imperiously.

"My Lord is engaged with a gentleman who has just come from London," was the reply. "If you will enter, sir, I will give my lord your name."

Therwell gave the servant a card upon which his name was inscribed, and was

inpatient to behold the humiliation of his mands upon the precious documents that proved the indebtedness of the late visunt, and his claims to possess the money

for it.

"No meroy!" he whispered to himself.
"I shall like to hear the youngster tell me he can't pay under three years! I won't grant him more than three days. He will have to mortgage some of his farms, sell some lands, or resort to borrowing. Sir Allyn can't lend him a penny. I begin to feel repaid for the annoyance I endured yesterday. 'My lord' shall pay dearly for his night ride to Oakshaw with Ilde Dare, and she shall suffer. too, for daring to love ind she shall suffer, too, for daring to love

With such thoughts as these he awaited he viscount's coming The minutes passed, and still he was left alone. At last he heard a step in the hall; he became himself again, smooth, pleasant

He had scarcely composed his features, when Lord Tressillian made his appear-

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" he asked. "To business, simply," responded Therwell, in his soft, bland tones, which those who knew him best liked least. "Allow me to come to the point at once, my lord. You have received a visit to-day from M.

Jacob Jasper, of London?"

Lord Tressillian, somewhat wonderingly, replied in the affirmative.
"Your late father was heavily indebted to Mr. Jasper for borrowed moneys," said

the visitor. "That, I believe, is a fact that concerns only Mr. Jasper and myself," returned the vis-count, coldly and haughtily. "It is also a matter which I do not choose to discuss with anyone but Mr. Jasper himself. Allow me to question the good taste that prompts your conduct, and to end our in-

"Not so fast, Lord Tressillian," exclaimed Therwell, smiling with gratification at the part before him. "I have authority to act in this matter." "I fail to recognize it," was the quiet response. "If Mr. Jasper has made you his representative, he will have to with-

"I see you do not comprehend," and Therwell's eyes glowed, and it required an effort to preserve his impassive expression. "You have had the ill-fortune to cross my path, Lord Tressillian, and I never forgive anyone who attempts to thwart me. You have had the audacity to lift your eyes and

hopes to my betrothed wife-"Stop! You must not speak of Miss Dare by that name to me!" exclaimed the young viscount, with flashing eyes. "I do not recognize your claims upon her, and

"You will prevent it, perhaps," sneered Therwell. "You had better bestow some of that overflowing enthusiasm upon your pecuniary affairs. To come to the point: Mr. Jasper lent your father large sums of money to invest in Welsh mines and foreign railways, and so on. You asked for three years to pay the debt in. It is my pleasure to inform your lordship that I have seen Mr. Jasper and purchased from him the entire debt. Here are the documents to prove my assertion; and I want the money within three days."

He waited to hear pleadings for an extension of time, and looked at Tressillian, expecting to see him grow pale and faint. Instead, he was astonished to see him smile quietly, and hear him ask to see the deed of transfer.

He exhibited it at once. "I suppose that it is perfectly legal" said the young viscount, returning it. "You will find so, to your cost, if you attempt to evade the payment," replied Therwell, surprised into roughness. "I said I must have my money within three days, and I will not wait one hour longer."

The smile deepened on Lord Tressillian's The smile deepened on Lord Tressitian's face. He stepped to the door of the corridor and called someone. His summons was answered by a small, dapper individual, who carried under one arm a bulky portfolio, whom Therwell believed to be the horseman who had preceded him to the

"Mr. Thompson, my business agent-Mr. Therwell," said the viscount, briefly. The two men exchanged formal bows.

those investments to which you have alluded, Mr. Therwell. He has come here to say that the Welsh mines have turned out satisfactorily after all, a new vein having tenance was impassive, and his eyes had just been struck, and he has sold out my stock at a great advance on their original erness.
'I suppose you don't like his lordship?'
'I'm not fond of him, Mr. Jasper. But be obliged to ask even three days in which to pay you.'

Therwell's face lost its color and its delighted expression altogether. A look of anger and bitter disappointment gathered in his eyes, and his lips fairly trembled with

suppressed rage.
"As soon as I receive from Mr. Jasper confirmation of this deed of transfer," continued the viscount, coolly, "your demands shall be paid to the uttermost farthing.

Allow me to bid you good-morning."

The discomfited visitor took his leave without a word, his blandness and softness having utterly deserted him. His host followed him to the door, and said at part-

"Accept this little check upon your plans, Mr. Therwell, as a sign and intimation also of the frustration of your schemes with regard to Miss Dare. For, as sure as I live, Ilde Dare shall never become your wife."

CHAPTER XXXIII. "YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN ME BETTHE

THAN TO THREATEN ME !" "For never can true reconcilement grow Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

It was the evening of the day upon which Therwell had visited Tressillian Hall and encountered such complete discomfiture at the hands of its young master. The twilight shadows were gathering around Edencourt, enveloping the mansion, park, and pleasure grounds in a soft, delicious haze that was inexpressibly delightful after the broad sunshine of the day.

It was Ilde Dare's favorite hour, and the

young girl was walking slowly up and down

Wrapped in reflection she was not conscious of the approach of an intruder until she heard her name pronounced, and beheld Therwell by her side.

"A pleasant evening, Miss Ilde," he said, in a pleasant voice, his face without a sign of the anger that had disfigured it some hours earlier. "I hope you do not find yourself greatly fatigued after your long ride to Oakshaw."

"Thank you, no," replied the maiden, her accent expressive of haughtiness, as she essayed to pass him.

He laid his hand lightly on her arm.

"Do not leave me yet," he said, smoothly, yet in a voice that conveyed a command. "I have something to say to you. Please take my arm."

"I will hear what you have to say," she answered, "but I prefer to walk alone."

"Very well, Miss Ilde," he declared, timing his steps to hers, and keeping at her side. "Have your own way now, for your days of maiden freedom are numbered. When I first came here I said you should have a month in which to prepare for our

wedding. So far as I can learn you have wedding. So far as I can learn you have not commenced the alightest preparation. I have heard of no visits or orders to town milliners. I have seen no bustle such as usually precedes the marriage of a great heiress, no noble friends have called to congratulate you upon your engagement or to pay your respects to the bridegroom-elect. In short, Miss Ilde, your conduct throughout seems that of one who either has no faith in the projected marriage, or who occupies her time in scheming to prevent it."

"Your random guesses have hit the truth, Mr. Therwell," said the maiden, coolly.

truth, Mr. Therwell, said the maiden, coolly.

He did not appear to notice her remark. But his tones had a character of bitterness and anger in them, as he said:

"Then I have something else to complain of. You are my betrothed wife, and I do not choose that you should take midnight rides with young gentlemen. I daresay your expedition had the approval of your father. I know you were attended by Miss Arsdale and your old groom, still I do not choose that my future wife should take journeys unattended by me. Do you not know that your conduct has been such as know that your conduct has been such as to encourage Lord Tressillian to love you! His lordship actually hopes to make you his

"And I hope to become so!" responded Ilde in a low, clear tone, while even in the twilight it might have been seen that the hue of her cheeks rivaled the vivid scarlet of her shawl.

"You do?" ejaculated Therwell. "Then you really intend to defy me? You intend to sacrifice your father to the fancy of a moment? You will coolly witness his ascent to the scaffold-

"Hold !" cried Ilde, in a spirited, com manding manner. "Do not dare to speak to me in that way of my honored father. Have you for an instant believed that I could sit down supinely, without a struggle against the revolting destiny you would force upon me? Have you imagined that I would yield to this horrible fate without first having tried every means of escape

You have strangely misunderstood me."
"No, not so," said Therwell, quietly. "I
knew you had more spirit than your father, and therefore was prepared for your visit to Oakshaw. My housekeeper there had orders to be on the look-out for you, and to send at once for me instead of the police. But having sought in vain for the written compact, you must resign yourself to your fate." Ilde's silence answered better than words

could have done. "Still obstinate, I see," said Therwell. "You would struggle longer and so tighten your bonds. Do you think it well to excite your father with false hopes?"

"Is he not dying before my eyes?" cried Ilde, passionately, stopping and facing her persecutor. "Does he not fade perceptibly every day under the excitement and anguish he suffers? So long as an instant of freedom remains to me I will strive to avert from him the crowning horror of his sad life. He will die it I marry you. He will die if I refuse. Heaven help me-my poor father !"

The last words were uttered with a wild ness that might have touched a heart of stone. But Therwell smiled, and said,

Better a quiet death without ignominy than to perish, covered with shame, and by violence. You suffer, too, I see, my dear Ilde. Your hopes daily conflict with your fears, and you will soon be exhausted. In mercy to you and to your father, I have decided to hasten our marriage. The festivities I have desired can take place after the wedding, which shall be quite private, since you seem to desire it so. I love you, Ilde Dare, in my way, quite as well as Lord Tressillian does in his. I appreciate your beauty, your spirit, your wealth, your so-cial position. I admire your grace, the color in your cheeks, the sweetness of your manner. I m an epicure, and I do not wish the bloom brushed off my peach. I mean by that, that I do not choose to defer our marriage until grief and despair have robbed you of your quick, light step, your spirited manner, your soft blushes, and your health. Therefore, I have determined to shorten the term of our engagement to one single week from to-day."

"A single week!" responded Ilde.
"Exactly that period," was the answer,
in a tone of affected lightness. "And I have to request that you will not again see Lord Tressillian. I sent him a note an hour ago, stating that our marriage was to be hastened, and requesting him not to see you again. So that tie is loosened al-

The young girl put out her hands blindly for support, and caught at the vine-edged basin of the fountain. Her face grew as white as those of the marble nymphs, and her eyes shone with a wild light that was visible even in the deepening twilight.
"Only a week!" she said, her thoughts at one blow taking in all that she had to

do if she hoped to prevent the marriage.
What could she do in seven days? Could

What could she do in seven days? Could she discover the missing witness, Shawcross? Could she find Therwell's sister, and get from her the hidden compact? Could Mrs. Amry bring her weapons to bear within that brief space of time?

"If not," thought the young girl, a startling idea taking possession of her strong, ardent soul, and her lofty courage animating her whole being—"if not, I will defy him to do his worst. I will support and uphold my father. Therwell shall bring his witnesses against us—and may Heaven defend the right!" Heaven defend the right !"

This resolve imparted a quiet, calm dig-nity to her manner that astonished Ther-"You still grant me a week," she said

calmly. "For a week, then, I am free, and shall allow no dictation as to my pursuits. I shall see Lord Tressillian if I choose, or any other friends who may take an interest "Would it not be well to conciliate in-

stead of angering me?" inquired Therwell, annoyed at her words. "You do not, perhaps, realize how completely you will be in my power after the marriage vows are uttered." "Ceward!" cried the young girl, scorn-illy. "You do well to show me still more

your real character now. Permit me to end With a stately motion of her head, she gathered her shawl closer and swept past im, taking her way toward the mansion. He looked after her, half angrily, haif

"It will be pleasant to tame the proud little creature," he muttered, stroking his chin. "What delight I shall have in breaking her in. The time shall come when she will be a meek, obedient wife, with no thoughts or aspirations beyond pleasing me, and no fears beyond offending me. By Jove, I am impatient to begin my task of taming her."

He saned against the basin of the fountain, and indulged in pleasant musings.

fountain, and indulged in pleasant mosings.

Therwell was silent and abstracted, buried in thought. He did not see a figure that raised itself noiselessly from the shadow of some bushes near at hand, and paused a moment, before attempting to steal away as silently as it had come.

It was the figure of Mrs. Amry.

She had followed Ilde to the garden, intending to speak with her, but, observing Therwell's approach, had quietly ensconced herself beneath a clump of bushes, and awaited his departure. Thus she had, unavoidably, listened to the whole of the conversation, and had become aware of the change in Ilde's prospects.

She was anxious to follow and comfort her, and believed that she could vanish un-

under the cover of the shade and the

She paused long enough to note the position of Therwell, and then glided away. She had taken, however, but two or three steps, when she inadvertently trod upon a dry twig, which snapped under her foot, and she stopped abruply; apprehensive of discovery. discovery. Her fears were well founded.

That slight, cracking sound in the stillness of the early night aroused Therwell from his reverie. He started, looking around him nervously, as if fearing to see again the supposed apparition that recently appeared to him, and then his keen glance rested upon the dark outline of that

With a quick, tiger-like bound he leaped The woman sprang up and attempted to flee as she saw his approach, but she had not taken half a dozen steps when his hand came heavily down upon her shoulder, and

she found herself a prisoner.
"A listener," he exclaimed, dragging her toward the fountain, and pausing in the lightest spot. "Let me see your face." The woman hesitated, then shook off his detaining grasp, and pushed away the close hood that concealed her features. At the sight of them he shrank back with

a cry of terror.

"No, I am no ghost, Vincent Therwell,"
she said, as his wild, incredulous gaze expressed his fear that he was beholding an

apparition. "I am alive."
"Alive," he said, in a shuddering tone. "Yes, Vincent Therwell. Is it so hard

to believe?"
"But—but I heard you were dead." "There was such a report. I circulated it. I wished you and all who had once known me to believe me dead."

Therwell continued to gaze upon the woman's worn features with sickening As she remarked the effect of her presence, Mrs. Amry drew up her tall figure, her face grew stern, and she seemed to assume the character of a Nemesis.

"I am alive, Vincent Therwell, and here," she exclaimed, in solemn tones that made him shudder. "For years I have followed your steps without finding you. I have traversed this kingdom on foot and alone, in sunshine and in rain, in cold and in heat, and the one thing that has kept me alive has been the hope of finding you. And

at last I have overtaken you." The last words were spoken exultantly, and as he heard them Therwell bent his head upon his hands, in an attitude of

"You have not asked me why I am here," said the woman after a brief silence. "I know already," was the husky esponse. "You can have but one erresponse.

"Is there any good in your heart, Vincent Therwell?" asked Mrs. Amry. "You seem overcome by the sight of me. Does my face recall happier days, when you were young and unstained by crime? Does it awaken within you a single regret for your career of guilt?"

"I suppose," said Therwell, irrelevant-ly, "that you have brought officers with you-that they are even now in this very

This was an unfortunate admission. Therwell raised his head with something of his former spirit; the livid hue of his face gave place to a natural redness, and he recovered at once his former coolness and self-possession. "No one knows you are here?" he asked.

"No, I am alone."

'You have told no one my story?" "No one." How Therwell's eyes gleamed then.
"I have told no one as yet," said Mrs. Amry, feeling uneasy by the change in his manner. "I know of your doings here, Vincent Therwell. I know how you have schemed to possess the hand of Miss Dare, and with it her fortune and a social posi-

tion. I know, too, bow you are oppressing her poor invalid father, who never injured "You do?" "Yes; and though for years I have thought of nothing but avenging upon you my own bitter wrongs, I am willing to consider mercy now, if you will but be just. Miss Dare was kind to me the other day, and fed and sheltered me, and I would recompense her for it a thousand-fold. She

is a poor motherless young girl, and I, whom you have made childless, worse than childless, feel my heart yearn in pity toward her. Vincent Therwell, if you will re-lease Sir Allyn Dare and his daughter, and go away, leaving them to themselves, I will promise to forego my revenge and leave you in peace."

The strange seamstress spoke as if she believed he would gladly accept the terms "You are mild in your demands," he replied, with a sneer. "But suppose I re-

"Refuse at your peril!" was her stern and quick response. "So surely as you re-fuse to release those innocent people from the bonds you have placed upon them, so surely will I denounce you for what you are! I will even bring the officers of jus-

tice to the house to-night-" Therwell interrupred her by a cry of rage His hand disappeared within the breast of his coat, and when he withdrew it he

held within his grasp something that glittered in the starlight.
"You should have known me better than to threaten me," he said, in a hissing tone. 'You will not betray me. Swear to me

that you will not !" It was a face glowing with murderous in-Suddenly she turned to flee. He was ready for the movement.

Though her tongue was motionless, her eyes expressed her refusal to secrecy.
"Then your blood be upon your head!" There was a flash of steel in the dim light, a hollow moan, the sound of a heavy

falling body, and then, pale and scared, Therwell rushed from the gardens, feeling the brand of Cain upon his soul.

The starlight shone upon a postrate fig are in the shadow of the fountain; upon a

face ghastly in its pallor; upon eyes that stared upward vacantly; and upon a bosom in which the heart beat faintly—but

CHAPTER XXXIV. "I KNOW YOU, IN SPITE OF YOUR DISGUISE !" The ills of love not those of fate, I fear;
These I can brave, but those I cannot bear.
— DRYDEN.

The remainder of her first day of captivity passed without any farther event to Lady Chellis. She was served with another supply of bread and water, which, like the former, she sent away untouched.

Dreaming of her husband, she forgot the

Dreaming of her husband, she forgot the lapse of the hours.

She had nearly forgotten already that her ideal had been a Bayard. The warm, human love proffered her by her husband had almost become dearer in her eyes than all the perfections of the stately old heroes of whom she had ever heard.

of whom she had ever heard.

And thus, thinking and dreaming, she did not notice how the night was deepening around her, until an involuntary shivering aroused her from her abstraction. No lights had been brought to her, and the room had been quite chilly, a cold wind sweeping in from the sea, and entering the crevices of the windows.

Cold, hungry, and weary from the effects of the drug, under the influence of which she had been brought to her present abiding-place, she disrobed herself in the

darkness, and crept into her neat little bed.

In the morning she arose, refreshed and strengthened, and at an early hour her frugal meal was brought, and, as soon as Mrs. Barrat had retired, she ate her allowance of bread, and then endeavored to obtain refuge from her physical discomforts in

day-dreams.

This day was a type of the two that followed. A dreary, drizzling, steady rain made the scene without painful to look upon, and the prison chamber was gloomy, cold, and unpleasant. The conspirators congratulated themselves that nature had assisted their schemes by making the house by the sea intolerable to their captive, and continually anticipated the announcement of her submission to their demands.

But no such announcement was made.

But no such announcement was made.

Calm and resolute, Lady Chellis kept
firm to her resolve not to yeild.

The fourth day of her captivity dawned

the fourth day of her captivity dawned clear and bright.

"If I were only free," she murmured, her hand fluttering like a bird over the important paper she carried in her bosom. "Every moment I spend here may be a century of grief to lide Dare. Shall I yield for her She could not immediately answer the

Continuing to look out, she observed two figures sauntering carelessly along the sands of the beach, apparently absorbed in conversation, and in the enjoyment of the agreeable change in the weather. She speedily recognized them as Mr. Wilmer and Mrs. Barrat.

They paced slowly over the beach until they had gained a considerable distance from the dwelling, and then they disappear-ed from her view around a projecting and rocky point.
"If I could escape now," breathed the

The inspiration had been scarcely uttered when a key grated in the lock, the door opened, and Mrs. Garson entered, bearing a tray. She still wore her print sunbonnet, but it was pushed away from her hard-feat-ured face, and her eyes were full and keen in

their glances.
She came in abruptly, placed the tray upon the table, and stood with her back against the door contemplating the captive.
"So you are crazy, are you?" she asked,

brusquely.

Lady Chellis looked up with astonishment, scarcely knowing how to reply to this singular address. "Do I look crazy?" she asked, quietly,

after thinking a moment.

"Well, yes, I think you do, if you wish me to be '.nk," replied Mrs. Garson, surveying Lady Chellis critically. "I own I had some doubts, but they are gone now. No sane person would wear a dress like that at this season of the year. Low neck and short sleeves, of course you are not in your right mind."

"But I am in evening dress," said her ladyship. I was stolen from my home at night!"
"I did not come here to argue, Miss Wilmer. I havn't time to discuss the subject at present. Your uncle and Mrs. Bar-

rat have gone out to walk for an hour or so, and I've brought you a little breakfast that may taste better than dry bread." Lady Chellis did not even look at the "I am sure you must have a kind heart,"

she said, earnestly, "or you wouldn't have brought me food. I am wickedly and unjustly imprisoned. I am no more insane than you are. Mr. Wilmer has brought me here to compel me to divide my fortune with him. For years he has oppressed and property. Assist me to my freedom, Mrs. Garson, and I will bless you as my greatest friend and benefactor."

friend and benefactor."

The woman shook her head slowly. 'Impossible !" she said briefly. "Do not say so. It you dread Mr. Wil-mer's vengeance, I will protect you when once I am free. If you desire money I will pay you more than Mr. Wilner has agreed to do. I will double all that he has offered?" Mrs. Garson's eves sparkled greedily, but she still replied in the negative.

"You shall name your own reward then!" declared Adah, eagerly, coming forward. "These diamonds I wear shall be yours as soon as you shall have conducted me outside your house."

The woman looked at the glittering gems

covetously and answered: "I can't do what you wish, miss. It's no use asking. In the first place your guardian has a right to control you—" "But I am my own mistress," interrupted Lady Chellis. "I am of age and married,"-and she displayed her fourth finger with its slender golden circlet-"see, there

is my wedding-ring."
"I don't doubt your word, miss, or madam," was the response. "Though, if you are married, I can't see how Mr. Wilmer found the opportunity to steal you from your husband. I can't help you to escape. Mr. Wilmer holds me responsible for your safety in his absence. Besides, even if I were to let you go, he has horses here and would overtake you before you had gone a mile. I have a brother,"—and the woman's tones grew proud—"who is going to make a grand marriage soon. He would never forgive me if I should do anything to bring his name or mine into notoriety now. No, no, madam, I can't interfere in Mr.

Wilmer's affairs. He pays me well and I take no risks. Plead to him instead of to Her face grew harder as she concluded, and Adah knew that she might as well plead to a stone image as to this selfish,

marble-hearted recluse. "You had better eat what I have brought," said Mrs. Garson, beholding Adah's despair unmoved. "You look pale and faint."

Lady Chellis shook her head. "Do you know that you are making your-self liable to punishment at the hands of the law by conspiring with Mr. Wilmer and Mrs. Barrat against my liberty? de-manded the prisoner, at last urged to

threatening.
"I am not afraid," was the cool response. "I am no doctor to judge of your sanity. I simply furnish board for your friends, and no one can find fault with me for that.

Her curiosity to see the prisoner amply satisfied, Mrs. Garson took the tray and withdrew, locking the door behind her.

She returned to her kitchen, confirmed in

her fidelity to her employer.

Lady Chellis resumed her seat at the window in time to witness the return of her relative and the ex-governess. They came along slowly and entered the house, but Mr. Wilmer went out again alone almost immediately and sauntered in the direction opposite to that he had recently taken.

The captive idly turned her gaze seaward.

There were several small fishing vessels in There were several small fishing vessels in the dim distance, so far away that the white glimmer of their sails could alone be seen. But suddenly her glance rested upon one much nearer which was approaching the shore with its broad sail set to catch the breeze, and which tacked first in one direc-

breeze, and which tacked first in one direction, then in another, yet all the while coming nearer to the land.

The wind is driving out against it," said the captive half aloud, interested in the unusual incident. "It would be a good wind to go out to sea in, but I can't see how the boat can come in against it."

She continued to watch the little craft, her vague interest increasing. It came on slowly for a while, now beating away as if intending to go out to sea again, and then atanding in as well as the head wind would allow.

(To be Continued.)



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