

The storm was at its height as he rode into the station-yard of Wavertree, and, fastening the bridle of the horse to a post, sprang up the steps. The station-master stared at the white face and mud-splashed figure, and in his amazement almost forgot to touch "Has the up-train gone?" asked the

marquis, hoarsely. "Yes, my lord, a quarter of an hour

ago," was the reply. The marquis leaned against the parti-

tion of the booking-office. "Was there "-he could scarcely force himself to frame the question-" was there a lady-was Miss Grahame, with her maid, a passenger ?" The station-master shook his head.

"No, my lord."

"You are sure ?" "Quite certain, my lord. I know Miss Grahame well, of course, and couldn't make a mistake. There were only two passengers, persons from the town; no one else, my lord." He added that it was the last train

to leave the station that night, and the marquis slowly and heavily descended

As he led the horse to the inn and stood watching him being washed down, he wondered whither he should go next. He had been so sure of either overtaking them or hearing of them at Wavertree that he had not thought of asking at the toll-gate whether a carriage had passed along the road. He had no

clue whatever to help him now. The horse would take him back to the Towers, and he could not ask any more of Even in the moment of supreme | and folded his arms again. agony he thought of the dumb animal, and though he asked for nothing for himself, he gave it, with his own hands, a draught of ale.

Then he got into the saddle and turned back. He rode more slowly going hemeward, and the hours seemed to grow into days, days of untold agony. All the way the face of Constance hovered about him; he recalled every endearing word that had shyly dropped from her lips. And he was to have been married to her to-morrow! Once he laughed, an awful laugh, and cursed the

name of woman. For a time he scarcely thought of Rawson Fenton; then when he did so, he thrust him aside, so to speak. When they met-and they would meet-he would exact just vengeance for his perfidy, a measure heaped up and brimming over; but his thoughts concentrated themselves upon the woman who had betrayed him; the sweet-faced girl with the eyes of a child, so pure, so unsullied, that the most suspicious of men would never have dared to hint that aught base dwelt in the soul behind them.

And to-morrow was to have been his wedding-day! This was the awful recitative that rang with devilish rhythm in his ears and tortured him. The horse turned into the Towers

stable of its own accord, and the marquis, handing him over to a groom, walked to the house. The side door opened at his approach,

and Lady Ruth stood awaiting him. She had no need to ask any question his face told her that he had failed to find them.

"Go in," he said, in a low voice, aged and hoarse. "Tell them-tell them that she has gone-ah, God! what shall you tell them ?" "Nothing yet," she whispered; "noth-

ing till the morning. I shall think of something to say by then. Come in now, Wolfe, you are wet through ;" and she tcuched his saturated sieeve.

He shook his head. No, I will not go home." He turned and left her, and strode

heavily down the avenue. She ran after him. Wolfe, you will not dream of walking! You can not!"

'Go in." he said, roughly, and walked By the time he had reached the end of his weary tramp, a terrible weakness

had set in; and he could scarcely drag his feet up the steps and scarcely lift his hand to the door. It was opened by Belford, who started

back at the sight of him. "Great Heaven, my lord!" he gasp-

The marquis passed him and entered the drawing-room. The marchioness started from her chair with a cry of alarm and consternation. Wolfe !"

He swung the door to and took her hand, looking down into her face with eyes that struck terror to her soul. Wolfe, what has happened? Where have you been? where is-Con-

"Gone-gone, mother!" he replied hoarsely, almost inaudibly. She echoed the word incredulously,

"Oh, Wolfe, what do you mean? Where have you been? You are wet through and-" She looked up at his white, haggard face, clinging to him with all a mother's yearning to comfort

"I have been-" He broke off. "I can not talk, even to you, mother. Read that. I can show it to you!" He took the note from his pocket and

crushed it into her hand. The marchioness read it, stared at it, as he had done, then uttered a cry.

do it! I know her. I am a woman, wishes. You will stay with me, Mary, whatever happens?"

Wolfe, and I know Constance could not do it! There is some mystery, some wicked mystery, but Constance. No!

There is some mystery, but Constance. No!

There was so grim a significance in his tone that the two women shuddered.

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"Let them wait till then before they condemn her wholly. I can not think."

She turned her face still further away against year with."

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There was so grim a significance in his tone that the two women shuddered.

"Let them wait till then before they who were the face still further away against year."

There is some mystery, but Constance. No!

There is some mystery, but Constance. No!

There was so grim a significance in his tone the face still further away against the grid here.

"And Wolfe? I scarcely date ask to the face still further away against the grid here."

She turned her face still further away against the grid here.

The face of the face again the grid here.

The face of the face again the grid here.

The face of the face 'It is not true, Wolfe!" she exclaim

"God bless you, mother!" he said, and his voice broke. "I, too, would have answered for her truth with my soul, but—she has gone, and with him. And to-morrow we were to have been mar-

He laughed, the same awful, mocking laugh that had rung out on the lonely She shuddered and clung to him, but

he put her gently aside. "Let me go, mother," he said, hoarse-

ly! "I want to be alone." He left her and dragged himself up the stairs. As he entered his room the first thing that met his eyes was his wedding-suit lying neatly folded, ready for the morrow-for to-day! The sight of the clothes brought him to a standstill, and he left the room and paced up and down the corridor. Presently he opened the door of Arol's room and entered. The boy was lying fast asleep, his golden-brown hair-which Constance had kissed so often-bestrewing the pillow.

The marquis looked down at the pretty face in its innocent sleep, and a moan broke from his parched lips. 'You loved her, too," he murmured.

He sank down on his knees, worn out and exhausted, and hid his face on the bed beside the face of the child. And the angel of mercy sent sleep and

est to him, and so saved him from mad-Meanwhile, Rawson Fenton's carriage, avoiding the high roads as much as

possible, sped on its way. He had chosen his two best and fastest horses for this night's work, and, trusting to the device by which Lady Ruth would put the marquis off the scent, he had little fear of being overtaken.

Constance, with her cloak drawn over her face, lay back in the extreme corner of the carriage, speechless and motionless, while Mary, stricken with terror and amazement, sat and stared vacantly at Rawson Fenton opposite

She was devoted to Constance, and several times it occurred to her that she would fling down the window and shout for help; but a glance at the calm, pale face opposite her restrained

There was some mystery in the business, some reason in the madness which her beloved mistress must understand, or she would not be there of her own free will; but Mary could not form even the faintest idea of what it could

Not a word was spoken as the carriage whirled along, swaying from side to side when the roads were bad and the horses were urged to their extreme speed. Rawson Fenton sat with folded

arms, calm and impassive, as if he were the supreme master of their destinies, and Constance remained more like one asleep or dead than awake and alive. Once he bent forward and touched her, but she shrank away, and drew the cleak more closely over her face; and, not a whit discomfited, he leaned back

After a time which seemed hours the carriage stopped. Rawson Fenton got out; and Mary, looking through the window, saw that they had pulled up at an inn. He came back in a few minutes and laid his hand on Con-

stance's arm. "Will you stay the night here, or shall we go on ?" he asked, in a low voice. Constance dropped the cloak from her face; it was white as death, and there were aark rings round ner eyes. For a moment or two she seemed too dazed to understand, then her hand went toward the girl's and she clung to it with

a feverish clasp. "Go on," she replied, almost mechani-"Very well," he said, calmiy. "The choice rests with you. We shall

change horses here." He left the carriage again, but reappeared presently with some wine,

and offered it to Constance. She declined it with a movement of her hand, and he poured out a glass for

Mary shook her head. If her mistress would not take it, neither would she. He had ordered a fresh pair of horses to be in readiness, and the change was soon made. Just before he got in, Mary whispered, "Oh, miss, where are

we going ?" Constance shook her head, but held fast to the girl's hand. "I do not know; but you will not

leave me. Mary ?' "No, miss," she replied, whimper "Whatever happens, I won't ingly. leave you. But, oh, miss-the poor

Constance turned her head aside, but made no response, and Rawson Fenton got in and stared again.

All through the night they tore along the road, and, dead tired, the girl fell asleep, still holding her mistress's hand. But Rawson Fenton remained awake, and now and again looked at his watch, and once consulted a time-

Long after the sun had risen they reached a small village, and the coachman pulled up, and beckoning to Rawson Fenton to come outside, told him that the horses were dead beat.

"Very well," he said, in the same calm voice. "Get another pair-the best you can hire; hire or buy them, I don't care which." He went to the window, and gently

drew the cloak from Constance's "We must rest here," he said. Then in a lower voice, so that the maid could not hear, he added: "Come, Constance, be brave! You made your choice. If you are still in the same mind, fulfill your part of the contract. If not, say so. It is not to late. I can take you back as you came; I dare

say the marquis has not escaped." She sprang up white and wan, a shadow and mockery of her old self. "I am ready. I will do as you wish," she said, in a hollow voice.

He offered her his arm, but she refused, and clung to Mary's, and led the way into a small inn.

The landlady, much embarrassed by such evidently distinguished visitors, showed the two women up to a room, and Rawson Fenton ordered some breakfast to be sent up to them. Constance flung herself on a couch, and when the breakfast appeared, re-

fused to touch it; but when Mary began to cry she drank a little coffee, and insisted upon the girl's taking some "If I only knew where we were

going, and what it all meant, miss!" "I myself do not know," responded

not to leave her. In an hour's time "You are taking me to France?" she Rawson Fenton sent up word that the said. carriage was ready, and they went

As they were on the stairs some bells rang out merrily, and Constance started and clutched the balustrade, and looked round with a wild stare.

"It's the bells have startled the lady," said the woman of the inn to "One of the girls in the village is to be married to-day." Constance pressed her hand against

her heart and hurried into the carriage; and for miles the sound of the weddingbells pursued her. It was her wedding day. They travelled through the day as they had travelled through the night, at the greatest speed the horses could

be urged to, and stopping only to change horses at midday, went on as if the journey would never cease. To Constance the speed and onward rush brought a fictitious kind of rest. It was in harmony with the rush of

her own thoughts. She did not dare to think of the man she had left; did not dare to picture his anguish at the discovery of her flight and her seeming treachery; for every time she tried to think of him her brain whirled, and her heart ached with a pain unendurable. But she thought of the marchioness, the gentle woman who had been as a mother to her, and of the child Arol, who loved

her as a brother. What would they think of her disappearance? He, the man who loved her, would curse her, she knew; all his life he would curse her, little knowing that she had sacrificed herself to save him from ruin and disgrace. But the gentle, loving-hearted mother and

One can not describe the emotions that stretched her soul upon a rack, one can scarcely imagine them. Once or twice she raised her heavy eyes to the pale, set face of the man who held her in his power, and she turned them away again with a shudder. There was no hope there; nothing could be read in that face but an inflexible purpose, from which no prayers or entreaties of hers could divert him.

Toward sunset they approached the Mary, looking through the window caught sight of water, and she touched Constance, murmuring: "Look, miss, the sea!"

Constance raised her head, but dropped back apathetically into her old at-The weary horses pulled up at a hotel,

and Rawson Fenton got out. "We stop here," he said. "Come, give me your arm." Constance was almost too exhausted, physically and mentally, to refuse, but

Mary was staunch, and drew her mistress's arm within hers. "I'll help her, sir," she said, grimly. Rawson Fenton ordered a private room and dinner, and Mary led Constance upstairs.

"Look, miss," she said, trying to never seen it before. Thank goodness, we can't go any further !". Rawson Fenton gave his final instructions to the coachman.

" Make your best way to London," he said. "You can keep a still tongue in your head, I know. If any one asks you where we have come from, say from Cornwall, and that the lady and I were married two days ago, and that she The coachman touched his hat, and

pocketed the bank-note which would pay his expenses and leave him something handsome for himself, and Rawson Fenton walked down to the pier. He was tired but the elation of success supported him, and he walked like

who has won a great victory against overwhelming odds. He made his way to the packet office,

and interrogated the clerk. Steamboat to France, sir ?" said the "She left just three hours ago." Rawson Fenton bit his lip.

'Only three hours," he said, quietly When does the next start ?" "Day after to-morrow," replied the

'Is there no other for any place be fore that ?' No other. We only carry to France,

replied the man. Rawson Fenton leaned against the rail of the little pier and looked out at

The day after to-morrow! In that ime the marquis could overtake them. But there was no help for it. He took cigar from his case and lighted it, and looked out at the sails in the har-

"Do you have many yachts here?" he asked, for the sake of saying some-"Oh. yes. a goodish few."

Whose yacht is that lying there? The man glanced at it.

"I don't know. Came in last night. some swell's I suppose.' Rawson Fenton made a few common place remarks, then went back to the

Two days! In two days much might happen. The marquis might track them. Well, if he should, he-Rawson Fenton -held him in his power. Even if the marquis overtook them, he could not snatch Constance from his Rawson Fen-

He entered the hotel, and was conducted to the room where Constance Constance was lying back in an easychair, pale and hollow-eyed, and the movement of her hands-a quick, ner-

vous gesture-only indicated her cognizance of his presence. He went up to her and bent over her. 'Send the girl away, Constance," he

said, in a low voice. "No," she said. "Say what you have to say before her." He bit his lip, and the hand that rested on the back of the chair closed

"There is an awkward hitch," he said. The packet does not start until the day after to-morrow." She made no response, but lay back white and apathetic.

'The day after to-morrow," he re-

'We must remain here till "You speak as if you were a prisorer ?' he retorted. "Come, Con-

stance, consider. You are not treating "I am-a prisoner," she said, almost inaudibly.

'You are not," he retorted. " came with me by your own free will. Constance, wearily. "I only know that You had your choice of two evils, and

"My poor boy !" she said, struggling with her tears. "If you had seen him

chioness. "I have been near him all

ly daring to tell even the dear friend of

the terrors the silent hours had held for

"It is a mercy he did not overtake

Yes," she said, simply. "I have been

"What will he do now?" asked the

"I do not know. He can not stay

here. It would drive him mad, I know

off as he did before. I had looked for-

ward to ending my life in peace and

happiness with him-and her-by my

"You still believe in her?" asked the

The old lady raised her tear-stained

face, and looked at the sunlight which

should have fallen like a blessing upon

the bride and bridegroom-and her lips

"I cannot think her wholly base and

heartless. I think there is some dark

mystery. And yet she left him! What

"Nothing," responded the duchess.

His face was white and haggard, and

the dark eyes looked as sunken as if he

had passed through a well-nigh mortal

illness; but he came forward and held

out his hand, and his eyes met hers

steadily for a moment, but with a look

in them which wrung both the women's

"I thought you would come to her,'

he said; and his voice sounded hollow

and thin, the voice of one broken down

"Oh, Wolfe !" was all she could say,

"Yes, I am poor enough!" he said,

The marchioness put up her hand and

"We shall all love you the more,

He took her hand and held it for a

"If anything could console me-but

He looked at her gravely, absently.

"Yes," he said, "she was worthy of

the love of a better man than I. A better

man would have held her. I could not.

The duchess stared at him, marvelling

He \$100d looking through the window,

"What will you do, Wolfe?" asked

He started slightly, and looked at

them as if he had forgotten their pre-

"What shall I do?" he repeated, vague

'No, no, Wolfe," sobbed the mother.

"For a time, a time only, mother," he

she used to sit in when Arol was ill "-

"He is right," whispered the duchess.

"Yes," he said, "I must go; but not

to-day," he added, slowly and grimly.

'This is my wedding-day, and I will

not run away. Do you think I am going

be fighting somewhere that wants a

strong arm-" He stopped at the low,

anguished sob that broke from his

mother. "There, there, mother! Don't

think I am going to throw my life away,

hard as she has made it!" He was

silent a moment, then he said, in a low

"Yes. Wolfe," said the duchess, re-

solved that, let it be what it might, she

would grant it him. All of them could

not do too much for this wronged and

"She left"-his voice stuck-"she

"I want them sent here," he said,

The duchess looked at him anxiously

"She may send for them," he said,

and I should like to send a message

"They shall be sent, Wolfe," promised

left some things behind her at the

broken-hearted man.

Towers ?'

Let him go, dear, for a time."

the duchess, in a hushed whisper.

"Go away-

wearily. "I am robbed of all that makes

"Not quite that !" he said.

Wolfe," murmured the duchess.

said the duchess, vehemently.

caressed his sorowfully.

by anguish. "It is like you, duchess."

as she pressed his hand. "My poor

can explain or extenuate that?

It was the marquis.

her. The duchess pressed her hand.

The marchioness bowed her head.

The marchioness shook her head.

them," she whispered.

duchess, anxiously.

duchess

moved.

hearts.

Wolfe!

moment.

If he had found the man-"

night, watching-" She stopped, scarce-

"Yes," he said. "I think it best. We as I saw him last night !" are free from pursuit there. Remember Then she told the duchess how the what that means. If the marquis overmarquis had gone into Arol's room and takes us, he is lost! The moment he had fallen asleep kneeling beside the appears I hand him over to the police." She hid her face from him, and after "Oh, it is too cruel," said the duchess. "And where is he now?" "In his own room," faltered the mar-

a moment or two he left her. He did not appear again that night, and, weary and exhausted physically and mentally, Constance fell asleep. Rawson Fenton strolled on to the pier

again, and, with a cigar between his lips, looked at the ships in the offing. By the light of the moon he saw a boat put off from a yacht he had notice? in the morning, and the men, spruce as a man-of-war's men, rowed toward the

grateful to Providence for that all night. When it had reached it Rawson Fenton saw a tall, sun-burned man, in a suit of yachting serge, spring from the

"Come for me at ten o'clock to-morrow, boatswain," Rawson Fenton heard him say; and with an "Ay, ay, my lord," that; and I am afraid that he will go from the boatswain, the boat returned to the yacht. The gentleman ran up the pier-steps,

and stopped close beside Rawson Fenside. And now! Ah! how could she have the heart to do it! But we do not know "Which is the best hotel?" he asked all yet; perhaps we never shall know." of the pier-master.

"The Royal Ship, your honor," replied the pier-master. "Thanks," said the gentleman. It was the hotel to which Rawson Fenton had taken Constance. Rawson Fenton had listened mechani-

nothing more of him.

cally, and paced up and down, thinking

CHAPTER XXXIV. The morning broke bright and clear, "Ah, what is that?" for a footstep and with the rising of the sun the first hum and buzz of the rumor began to be sounded behind her. heard. The wedding bells that were to have rung a merry, joyous peal at eight o'clock were silent, and wild stories were spreading through the village that something, no one knew what, had happened. Presently it was whispered by some one that there would be no wedding.

The villagers laughed at these rumors at first, but later on, as the bells still remained silent, and grooms were seen riding from the castle as if on urgent missions, such rumors gained ground. Up at the Towers the consternation was indescribable; this that had happened had fallen like a thunder-bolt

from a clear sky. For the first time in her life the duchess was overwhelmed and incapable of action. She had loved Constance, and life worth living for-" He stopped and had looked forward to participating in laid his hand on his mother's shoulder, the wedding ceremony, to playing the and looked down at her remorsefully. part of second mother, with a keen delight. And to discover that the girl whom she had thought so worthy to occupy the high position of the Marquis of Brakespeare's wife had fled, eloped with another man the night before the day fixed for the marriage, simply over-

whelmed her. "It is the most extraordinary thing you know that nothing can. You see, I that I have ever known, ever read of !" loved her !" and his voice grew hoarse she said to the duke, as they sat late and broken. speak cheerfully. "Here's the sea. I've into the dawn talking and surmising "She was not worthy of such love!" and deploring the strange incident. "It is difficult to believe it, even now. You are sure, quite sure, that there is no mistake, Ruth-that she has really gone off with Rawson Fenton?"

And yet "-his voice grew almost inau-"Ah, yes, it is too true," murmured dible, as if he were repeating aloud a Lady Ruth, who had broken her prophrase his tortured mind reiterated mise to the marquis, and told them the throughout the night-" and yet she story of Constance's flight. "I had it from her own hand. It is all as I have loved me at one time, before-before he came. She changed from that hour. I told you.'

"Then I have lost all faith in my own see it all now." discernment, in my judgment of characat his calmness. She forgot that the ter, and in my sex!" exclaimed the wilder and more terrible the storm, the duchess, the tears of sorrowful vexation standing in her eyes.

"What the devil could she see in the fellow?" grunted the duke, forgetting that the ladies were present. " She must be mad to leave Woife for a man like loved and lost than never to have loved

at all ?" he said, after a painful silence. "If I could only think she was mad "He knew little of such love as mine. I should feel less bad about it," said the To have loved her and lost her! That duchess, almost inaudibly. "She is not mad," said Lady Ruth, in is the bitterness of it !" a low voice. "You forget that they were

old friends; he may-of course I do not the sunlight falling on his white, wan face, repeating the words. know-but he may have some hold upon The duchess looked at her with troub-

led thoughtfulness. "Is that possible ?" she said. "He is just the sort of man, with that calm, cold face and steely smile. Oh, I'll never believe that she cares for him! No woman could be such a marvelous actress as to impose upon us all. Why, I have said, gently. " Do you think I could stay seen her face when she thought herself unobserved, and Wolfe entered the here, where everything reminds me of room, and if ever a woman's heart look- her at every moment? There is the seat ed through her eyes-" She stopped, unhe pointed to a couch. "I can see her able to go on, and pressed her handker-

sitting there still. There is not a rosechief to her eyes. tree that is not eloquent of her; which-'She was a good actress," remarked ever way I turn I seem to see her. Stay Lady Ruth, quietly. "She would have here! Yes, if I want to go mad."

deceived any one." "She was not deceitful: you never he asked, nodding toward a neat-look- liked her !" said Lady Kitty, with a sob; ing schooner lying at anchor in the she had been crying openly ever since she had heard the news. "I only knew her a little, but I am sure she was not acting.

to play the woman?" He turned almost Lady Ruth's pale face colored slightly. dercely upon the duchess, and the old 'Yes, I knew her better than you did, Wolfe Brakespeare seemed to look at her Kitty," she retorted, quietly. out of his eyes. "No! not while there What's to be done ?" asked the duke, is rough work still to be done in the rumpling his hair and looking more conworld. I've done with love and women; cerned and upset than he had ever lookbut something still remains. There must

ed before. "You can't have a wedding without the bride !" "Telegrams must be sent the moment the office opens, putting off the guests, and we must send messengers round with some excuse or other. Poor Wolfe!

Oh, poor Wolfe !" "And poor Mr. Fenton, if Wolfe gets voice, "But I came to ask you some within reach of him," said the duke thing "He'll break every bone in the grimly. fellow's body." "He must have been very fond of her,"

remarked Lady Ruth, in her sharp voice He has given up the seat for her sake; I hope he will find her worth such a sacrifice.' The duchess looked at her.

Kitty is right, Ruth," she said. "You "Yes," assented the duchess, in a low did not like Constance. voice, "almost everything." Lady Ruth returned the glance. "I am thinking of Wolfe," she said, slowly; "everything that belongs to spitefully. "You all seem to be thinking

That's true enough," said the duke, and perplexedly. with a groan. "One doesn't often see such a girl go to the dogs. As for Wolfe" —he shrugged his shoulders, and thrust his hands in his pockets—"he'll do somewith them; that is all. Everything," he

thing desperate.'

It was as if a sudden death had occurthe duchess; "is that all?" red in the house, and sleep was banished He went to the window and looked Early in the morning, when the tele "Yes; except that— Will you ask grams and messengers had been dispatched, the duchess was driven over to them to speak as little and as gently they can of her? All is not known yet; will not be known until—the day of She found the marchioness up

dressed, indeed, she had not been in bed, There was so grim a significance in his What is

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