It was a loca newspaper, dated the day before, and he turned it over curi-

Nothing ever happened in that quiet region beyond births, deaths, and marriages, and he glanced over the columns without any curiosity.

But suddenly his attention was attracted by a heading in large type. "Extraordinary Elopement in High Life! Strange Disappearance of Mr. Rawson Fenton !"

"I wonder who Mr. Rawson Fenton may be," he muttered, and he began to read the paragraph.

"Yesterday evening," it ran, "the neighborhood was thrown into the wildest state of excitement by the rumor that Miss Grahame had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared on the eve of her marriage to the Marquis of Brakespeare. The lady was staying at | she is happy or not." Barminster Towers, from which place duke and duchess and the Marchioness of Brakespeare has been occasioned by

the extraordinary disappearance of Miss Grahame, whose amiability had endeared her to a large circle of friends, both rich and poor; and the deepest sympathy is felt for Lord Brakespeare, who spent the greater part of last night searching for his missing bride. At an early hour this morning we learn that Mr. Rawson Fenton has also disappeared. As he was not communicated with anyone of the many friends who are exerting themselves on his behalf for the coming election, and as

is known that he had interview yesterday evening with Miss Grahame, rumor has not been slow to connect the names; indeed, no denial has been offered by those most

intimately connected with the parties, to the assertion that they have gone off together. We are warranted in remarking that, considering the circumstances -the fact of Miss Grahame's marriage being fixed for this day, the energy with which Mr. Rawson Fenton has fought the electoral battle, and the almost certainty of his being returned if he had remained-a more extraordinary elopement has seldom or never occurred. Up to the present no news of the missing

persons has been received." Lord Elliot sprang from the sofa with the paper in his hand. That is was a lie, and a foolish one, he felt convinced, and he wondered how the newspaper man would come off at Wolfe's hands. And with a laugh he read the paragraph again; but as he read, a cold chill crept

It read this time like truth. He tried to laugh. Constance run away on the night before her marriage! Constance, of all the women in the world! He flung the paper from him, but

stood and stared at it as if it had been some reptile that had almost succeeded in stinging him-almost, not quite.

But the ridiculous paragraph had caused him to change his mind. He would go to the castle just for the satisfaction of laughing at the affair, if possible, help in banging the newspaper man. He could not meet Constance, for of course, she was married to Wolfe yesterday, notwithstanding this absurd libel, and he could go in safety.

He caught his cap and left the room to go and tell his skipper that he should not sail on the morrow, as he had intended, and to look out a train to Berrington.

He was going hurriedly down the stairs, two at a time, when he met a girl coming up. She made way for him to pass, and he did the same for her, when suddenly it seemed to him that he had seen her before, and at some other place than this hotel; and she, glancing up at his face, uttered a faint cry. He stopped, and looked hard at her.

'You know me ?" he said. "Yes, my lord," said Mary, respectfully, and with an anxious glance up the stairs.

"And I know you. Who are you, and where have I seen-Yes, I know; you used to be a maid at the castle, used you not ?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Mary, dropping another courtesy.

"I thought so! And so you have left, and gone into 'public life,' Mary ?" "Yes-no." she faltered.

At another time he would have smiled giver her half a sovereign, and passed on, putting her hesitation down to shyness: but his mind was on the work over the ridiculous paragraph, and he ground and regarded her gravely. "When did you leave the castle?" he

"The day before yesterday, my lord," said Mary, with another upward, anxious glance to the room in which Constance

So lately? Then you can tell me, how are the marquis and-Miss Gra-

Mary turned red, then white, and the tears sprang into her eyes. Oh, my lord!" she faltered. He took her by the arm, and, a sink-

ing at his heart, drew her into the What do you mean ?' he demanded. "Is anything wrong? Has anything

happened? Speak out, my good girl."

Mary put her handkerchief to her

"Oh, my lord, I can't tell you !" she replied, with a little sob. Lord Minot's heart beat fast.

You will have to !" he said, with touch of Wolfe's grimness. "Come what is it ? Has-has anything happen

ward with anxious eagerness "Oh, my lord, you were a friend of hers, I know"—he colored—" and you'd help her! My lord, she's here !"

Lord Elliot stared at her. "Here! Where? In this hotel?" "Yes, my lord," and she pointed upstairs. "My poor mistress is here, and in dreadful trouble."

"My God !" he exclaimed. "Thenthen it is true ?" She divined that he had seen the paper, which she had kept from Constance, and her silence was a sufficient

He leaned against the wall, too utterly overcome for a moment to tell her to go on; but presently, bit by bit, he got the story out of her. It sounded in his ears like wild, im-

probable nightmare. "And this man this Rawson Fenton ?" he asked, bewildered ; "does your mistress care Great Heaven, it

is impossible ?" Mary looked over her shoulder with a shiver, as if she felt that gentleman behind her.

"Does she care for him, my lord?" she said with a world of meaning. "Ah, if you could see my dear mistress you wouldn't ask that. Care for him-that "I must see her," he said below his

Mary began to tremble. .

"Oh, my lord, what will she say when she knows that I have told you ?" "I must see her." he repeated. "There may be some hope."

Mary shook her head. "There's no hope of changing her mind, my lord," she said, sadly. don't know why she has done it; I only know that she hates him, and yet she's left the marquis for him. My lord, if you think I'm not speaking the truth, you shall see her. If you come to the door, just to the door," she went on, in a hushed voice, "you can see her. You will not speak to her, my lord ?" He signed to her to go upstairs, and

followed her. Mary opened the door of the room cautiously and looked in. Then she took a few steps and came back to him. " She's asleep, worn out," she whisper-

ed. "Come and see for yourself whether He crossed the room on tiptoe and she was to have gone to the church this | looked down at Constance. She had falmorning. The greatest distress of the len into a state of stupor, rather than sleep, and as he gazed at her white, wan face he did not need any further as-

surance from Mary. The tears that rose to his eyes were to shame to his manhood. "Come away, my lord," whispered Mary, fearfully; "he may come in and

and you." He drew her outside the door. "Where is he ?" he demanded. "Let no see him.

Mary went to the window overlookng the pier, and pointed out Hawson Fenton sitting now on one of the bulkheads, his arms folded, a cigar is his mouth.

Lord Elliot looked long and steadily at him, then moved toward the stairs. Mary, in her fright and excitement,

"Oh, my lord, what are you going to do ?" she cried, in a hushed voice. He shook her off.

'Go back to your mistress," he said 'and do not leave her for a moment." As he went down the stairs and into the street his sole intention was to seize Rawson Fenton by the throat and thrash him within an inch of his life; but as he approached the man, and lcoked at his pale face with its sinister cunning and resoluteness, he changed

his mind. Even if he gave the man the beating ie merited, it would never serve Constance. What should he do to save her? He stopped dead short, looking at Rawson Fenton hungrily, his hands itching; and as he looked Fenton rose and addressed the captain of the steam-

ship, who was passing. You leave at nine to-morrow, captain?" he said. Yes, sir," replied the captain. "Are

you the gentleman that's booked three berths ? "Yes," said Rawson Fenton. "Very good, sir. Yes, we shall be

punctual, and I think we shall have a fairish passage, considering the time of year. Lord Elliot, with the longing to dash Rawson Fenton to the earth becoming

irresistible, awung round and strode off,

lest he should be overcome by the temptation. What should he do ? A false step, and Constance would be beyond succor; and how easy it would be to make a false

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At half past eight the following morning the smoke rising from the steamer and the air of bustle on the pier proclaimed that she was about to take her departure.

An hour before, Rawson Fenton had been on board, and inspected the arrangements which had been made for his party. Everything that money culd procure in the way of comfort he had thought of and obtained, and now he stood at the door of the hotel, waiting till the whistle should sound and

give the signal for their starting. A feverish impatience, utterly unlike his usual self-possessed coolness, had taken possession of him, and he longed to have Constance safely on board and on her way to France. He had been unable to sleep all night, haunted by a vague fear that something would happen, some contretemps, to rob him of

the reward for all his patient waiting and scheming. It is always at this moment that the cup is almost within the grasp that the hand trembles.

He went up the stairs and knocked at the door of the sitting-room, and Mary opened it. "Is your mistress ready?" he asked,

trying to speak calmly. "Nearly," replied Mary, who had her out-door things on.

"Very good," he said: "I will not come for you until the steamer is ready to start. Tell her to keep her veil down." Mary made no response as she shut the door, and Rawson Fenton went down-stairs again and out on the pier. Lord Elliot passed him at the door of the hotel, and stood looking after him

with the same intense longing which he had experienced on the preceding even ing. As he stood he pulled out his watch and looked at it anxiously. Five-and-twenty minutes and Con

stance would be carried away; and what could he do to prevent it? His face grew pale under its tan, and he set his teeth as he paced up and

The bustle increased, and he saw some counted the swiftly flying minutes. d to Miss Grahame?"

Mary hung her head, then bent for- Presently, the first whistle sounded Rawson Fenton glared at him shrilly and Rawson Fenton came hur- momentand then at the marquis.

riedly toward the hotel and ran up the stairs. Mary stood waiting at the door, and he entered. Constance, fully dressed, with her thick veil drawn over her ace, stood leaning against the table, her hands clasped loosely, her head bent.

"Time is up, Constance," he said, "and everything is ready. Come !" With a sharp catch in her breath she moved forward, Mary at her side, when Lord Elliot, rendered desperate, sprang up the stairs and knocked at the door. Rawson Fenton started and strode to

it, and stared at the tall figure with the grave, stern face. "Excuse me," said Lord Elliot, speaking distinctly so that his voice reached Constance, " is Miss Grahame here ?" Constance recognized his voice, and

uttering a faint cry clung to Mary. Rawson Fenton scowled at him. "No, sir, she is not," he replied, premptly. Lord Eillot was staggered by the cool

effrontery of the lie, and his face reddened angrijy. "I think you are mistaken," he said. I have reason to believe Miss Gra-

hame is here!" "And if she be, what business is it of yours, sir ?" demanded Rawson Fen-Lord Elliot had a card ready, and he

held it out. "I am an old friend-friend," he repeated, with an emphasis on the word intended for Constance's ear, "and 1 beg that she will see me if only for a

moment." Rawson Fenton's eyes gleamed, and he tore the card in two. " Miss Grahame cannot see you, my

lord," he said, curtly. "I will hear whether she will or not from her own lips," said Lord Elliot; and he stepped past him into the room. 'Constance-Miss Grahame!" he exclaimed. Constance took a step forward, then

stopped, and hid her face in her hands, and he went up to her and touched her "Miss Grahame, in God's name, what

does this mean ?" he said, gently, his voice trembling with anxiety and excitement. "Where are you going, and who is this-gentleman ?" Before she could have replied, Raw-

on Fenton strode in between them. "Permit me to answer, Lord Elliot," he said, with an ugly sneer. " Permit me to answer for this lady, upon whom you have thrust yourself. She is going to France with me, her affianced hus-

"Is this true ?" Lord Elliot said, still addressing her, and taking no manner of notice of him. "Is it true? Are you indeed going with this man ?" Constance dropped her hands with a

gesture of despair. "Yes, it is true," she said, almost inaudibly. "Do-do not think worse of me than-than you can help."

"I never think anything but well of you, Miss Grahame," he responded, his voice shaking with emotion. "But how is it that I find you here, alone, without friends, and-and so unexpectedly?" He could not force himself to say "the day after that on which you were to have married another man." "I can not-can not explain,"

"Tell me this at least," he pleaded earnestly. "Tell me whether you are going of your own free will." "Yes," she breathed, "of my owr.

free will," "Now, sir," said Rawson Fenton, malignantly, "you have received an answer to your impertinent questions, and I shall be obliged if you will rid us of your unwelcome presence." The second whistle shrieked out as he

Lord Elliot looked at him steadily. "This lady has replied to me, but I am not satisfied," he said. "By the right which my friendship gives me, I thall insist upon your informing me how it happens that I find her here under

your care.' Rawson Fenton's face grew black. 'You insist! My lord, your presumption is only equalled by your want of manners. Stand aside! Neither I nor

this lady have anything more to say to you. This was very well, but, unfortunately for him, he ventured to put his hand upon Lord Elliot's arm to push him aside, and in a moment Lord Elliot had

seized Rawson Fenton's arm, and with a grip that caused it to fall limply to his With a snarl he raised his other hand, as if to strike him, but Constance got

between them.

"No, no !" she panted. "It is no use no use! You can do nothing, Lord Elliot! Let me go in peace!" Lord Elliot drew a long b eath and set his teeth, but stepped aside. He had done all he could-and failed.

The whistle sounded for the third time, and Rawson Fenton, taking Constance's arm none too gently, drew it within his own, and moved toward the "Good-day, my lord," he said, over his shoulder. "I wish you as ill success

in your next attempt to interfere in matters that do not concern you." He had reached the door as he spoke, and at this moment there came a sound of a quick step upon the stairs, and a hand grasped Rawson Fenton by the throat and he was flung across the

A shrick rose from Constance's white lips, echoed by Mary, and she fell almest lifeless upon Wolfe's breast.

He stood looking round, the fire of an outraged lion blazing in his eyes; and the group stood, while one could count twenty, motionless and seemingly turn-Then the marquis, with his arm hold-

ing Constance tightly, held out his hand "Thank you, Elliot," he said, hoarsely, "God bless you! You have saved

her. Oh, my darling, my poor, tried darling!" and he hid his face for a moment against hers. Rawson Fenton had fallen so heavily that he was stunned for a space; then he staggered to his feet, and wiping the blood from the cut on his forehead,

which had struck the table, he extended his hand threateningly. "I-I call you all to witness," he his sed, "I call upon you all to judge between me and this brute!" He involun-

tarily took a step forward. "Keep him out of my reach, Elllot, or I shall kill him !" broke from the

"This man," went on Rawson Fenton 'who steps between me and my wife has no right, no shadow of a right, to do so. Hear her! You shall hear it from her own lips. Constance !" "Silence him, Elliot!" groaned the arquis, fighting for self-control.

Lord Elliot stepped up to Fenton, and "See here, my man," he said, "Take ny advice and go while you can,"

hear me? Tell these fools that they have no right to step between us, that you came to me of your own choice. Con-

She opened her eyes and raised them to the stern face above her that melted in a passionate love under her gaze, then she tried to draw away from him. "Yes," broke from her lips; "it-is

true! It is my own choice!" You hear !" cried Rawson Fenton. "You hear! You will believe her! Let her go. Let her come to me, you vil-

The marquis' arm drew more tightly round her, if that were possible. A knock came at the door, and Lord Elliot strode to it and opened it an inch. "Beg pardon, my lord," said the landlord's voice, "but they have sent to

"Tell them she may go," said Lord Elliot; and he had never spoken any words with a deeper satisfaction. "No!" cried Constance; and she sprang from the marquis' grasp. "No 1 Oh, Wolfe, Wolfe, let me go! Let me go! You do not know! Ah, if you knew!" and she stood wringing her

say that the steamer can't wait."

hands. A sorrowful smile passed over the marquis' face. Lord Elliot stared in amazement.

"You see!" said Rawson Fenton, picking up his hat and advancing to Constance. "You hear! Are you satisfied? Let us pass! You-you scoundrel, you will stop us at your peril !" Lord Elliot leaned against the door .

the marquis stretched out his hand to Constance, but she fell on her knees be-"Wolfe," she moaned, her eyes dilated with fear and anguish, "let us go. You do not know all! Don't-don't

anger him !" The marquis bent and raised her. "My poor darling!" he murmured, the veins standing out like whipcord on his forehead. "Do I not know all? We shall see. Have no fear, Constance; you are safe now, safe now."

"Yes, I-I am safe!" she panted, white with terror. "But you-oh, Wolfe, if you would only let me go with him !" Listen and obey her, lord marquis, sneered Rawson Fenton, something of his ordinary calmness returning to him. She is wiser than you. You have made cenes enough. It you have any regard

for the woman you profess to love, to say nothing of yourself, you will take her advice. The marquis lifted Constance bodily and carried her to a chair. "Elliot," he said, quietly, "tell that fellow to leave the room-the house-

the place. If he refuses, throw him out of the window." "Come, sir," said Lord Elliot, opening the door. "Take the chance my friend offers you."

Livid with fury, Rawson Fenton sprang to the window. "I give you a minute," he said; "a minute to decide. Prevent her going with me as she wishes—as she wishes -and I call for assistance."

Lord Elliot advanced upon him, but the marquis held up his hand. "Let him call, Elliot," he said, as he knelt beside Constance. "You shall no soil your fingers with him. Give him in charge of the first policeman who ap-

pears, and let us get rid of him." Rawson Fenton glared from one to the "Yes," he said, "it is time the police were on the scene. But when they come it will be to obey my orders, not

yours.'

"The fellow's mad, Wolfe," said Lord Elliot. "For heaven's sake, let us end this! I'll fetch a carriage." He went towards the door, and the marquis nodded.

One is waiting," he said, in a low "Stop, my lord," said Rawson Fen ton. "Do you know who this man is whom you are aiding and abetting ?"

"Stark, staring mad!" muttered Lord Elliot. "He is a felon, an outcast, a man flying from justice. That man is a criminal. There is a reward out for his

Lord Elliot laughed a short laugh, but a low, wailing cry rose from Constance. "You think I am mad, that I am lying?" went on Rawson Fenton, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Ask him, ask her." "Let me go, Wolfe!" panted Constnce. "Let me go before it is too late!" The marquis took her hand and kissed it.

"Be calm, dearest; fear nothing," he murmured, soothingiy. The man whom you know as the Marquis of Brakespeare is a thief, a felon, and is wanted by the police in Australia. You find it hard to believe? Look at his face. Ask him if he knows Gentleman Jack, the leader of the

rangers." Constance uttered a cry and clung to Wolfe.

"Too late- too late now!" broke from her lips. "Yes, it is too late," said Rawson Fenton, with a malignant sneer. "Even you cannot save him. Oh, cling to him; you will not enjoy the privilege You stare, my lord !" to Elliot who regarded him as one regards raving lunatic. "You are surprised It is only natural. Such men as you are not in the habit of extending friendship to a felon. You still think I am lying? Ask him. Put the plain question. I don't fancy he will think it worth while to deny it. Ask him if he is not the man I accuse him of

being.' Lord Elliot's eyes removed themselves, as if with difficulty, from Fenton's to the marquis' face.

It was pale and stern, but perfectly calm, and without the faintest sign of fear or guilt. 'Enough of this," said Lord Elliot. You are only prolonging an extremely painful scene. Mr. Fenton. I can understand your vexation, but unless you have completely taken leave of your senses you will see that your attempt

failed. Leave the place, sir, and at Rawson Fenton giared at him, his ps writhing.

to force this lady to accompany you has

"I will go on one condition." he said. that she goes with me." Before anyone else could speak Contance rose to her feet and confronted He drew a sharp breath of relief and

gratification. "No" she waid; and her voice, hough low, seemed to ring through the com like a bell. "No, I will not. You

"Very good," he said with a sneet He turned to Lord Elliot. "My lord, you are a magistrate. I demand warrant for the arrest of an Australian outlaw, and I charge this man, the Marquis of Brakespeare, with being that man."

Lord Elliot smiled. "Refuse, and I ring for assistance!" The marquis was about to speak, but Rawson Fenton broke in insolently "Spare yourself," he said. "It is too late, as she has said." He turned again to Lord Elliot. "If you hesitate to do as I ask-demand-put the question to her: Why did she leave this man on the eve of her marriage to

Lord Elliot started. "It was not out of any great love for me," said Rawson Fenton, between his teeth, "but to save him from the punishment his crimes deserve, and he shall receive it. Ask her if what I charge him with is not true." Lord Elliot involuntarily looked at Constance, but it was the marquis who

"It is true, Elliot. Hush, dearest!" he said gravely. "I am the man!"

. CHAPTER XXXVIII. "I am the man," said the marquis, gravely, with a tone of sadness and even remorse in his voice, but with perfect calmness.

Constance covered her eyes with one hand, but still clung to him, and Lord Elliot started and looked at him with amazed incredulity.

Rawson Fenton's face lighted up with a smile of malignant satisfaction. "Your friend has confessed, you see, my lord. He knows that I have evidence which he can not disprove, evidence which will send him to penal servitude-"Silence!" said Lord Elliot, sternly.

He went up to the marquis and laid a hand upon his shoulder; his face was very pale, and he carefully avoided looking at Constance. "What on earth do you mean, Wolfe?" he demanded.

"I will tell you-" began Rawson Fenton, but Lord Elliot silenced him with a look. "I addressed the Marquis of Brakespeare, sir," he said, with grim

Rawson Fenton shrugged his shoul-"You will hear the truth from me," he retorted, with an insolent sneer.

"You shall hear it from me, Elliot," said the marquis. "Do you remember" -he spoke in a low, calm voice, and as if he meant that Constance, as well as Lord Elliot, should hear him-" do you remember the night Hendrick the traveller dined at the castle ?" "I do," said Lord Elliot, knitting his

"You will not have forgotten the story he told of his pursuit of the bushrangers ?"

Lord Elliot started.

"Great Heaven!" he muttered, under his breath. "Yes, there was not a word of exaggeration in his recital. I can answer for it, because I was present with the nen he was pursuing, and I was their

leader, the man they called Gentleman Jack." Rawson Fenton laughed sardonically by way of triumphant comment, but no one took any notice of him. Amazed and bewildered, Lord Elliot rested his hand on the table and kept

his eyes fixed on his friend's face. "I am not going to offer any excuses for myself or for the men with whom I was connected," said the marquis, men who were law-breakers and outside the pale. I will not even, as I might do, plead that their deeds were not so black as they were painted, and that, outcasts as they were, they never robbed the poor or were other than their friends, and often their only succor. I state the simple fact. I was the man this fellow saw in the hut in the bush, and it was I who sent Doctor Grahame and his daughter"-his hand closed on Constance's-" to Melbourne. This fellow has evidence, he says, which will prove my identity and convict me-"

"That is true, at any rate. I have!" exclaimed Fenton. "It remains to be seen," went on the marquis, as if the other had not spoken, "what he will do. I dare him to do his worst."

have thrown herself at Fenton's feet, but the marquis held her gently and firmly. Lord Elliot wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Good God!" he exclaimed, below his

Constance uttered a cry and would

breath. "Wolfe, do you know what you have confessed ?" "Yes, I know, and he knows," was the calm response. "Elliot, I should have told you this before, but I was weak. I kept it even from her. Could I have borne to see her shrink from me as she

would have done-" "No, no!" broke in Constance; and she raised his hand to her lips and kissed it passionately, and at the sight Rawson Fenton gnashed his teeth. "I kept it from her, kept it from you all, thinking, like a fool, that I could hide forever the dark spot on my life. And I am punished. But I could bear punishment of "-his voice broke-" if

have been a weak fool. I deserve your contempt as well as your condemna-Lord Elliot pressed his friend's shoulder, too moved for the moment to be

Heaven had not seen fit to blight her

happiness as well as my own. Elliot, I

capable of words; then he said: "You have neither, Wolfe. You have sinned and suffered and repented." "Yes," said the marquis, and there was a solemn significance in the simple

friend-He broke off and faced Rawson Fenon suddenly.
"Now, sir," he said, "your triumph is complete. Even such a nature as

"And if you will let me be still your

yours must be satisfied."
"Satisfied?" exclaimed Rawson Fenton, folding his arms and looking at him with an insolent smile. "Yes, satisfied. You have professed to love this lady; if there was ever a spark of such feeling in your heart, if you possess a vestige of mani-

you will forego your revenge, and for

her sake spare my friend." Rawson Fenton sneered. "You have altered your tone pretty iderably, Lord Elliot. You have changed your mind as to throwing me ot's face scarcely indicated assent to this proposition.

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stance's hand. "I will not even plead youth and the wild, hot blood which has always run riot in the Brake-speare veins. I was the leader of the men who were law-breakers and out-

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