



It was a local newspaper, dated the day before, and he turned it over curiously.

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!"

"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 Brakespere.

Lord Elliot sprang from the sofa with a gasp in his hand. That was a lie, and a foolish one, he felt convinced, and he wondered how the newspaper man would come off at Wolfe's hands.

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," she pointed up stairs. "My mistress is here, and in dreadful trouble."

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

"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.

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

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CHAPTER XXXVII. It was a long time before Rawson Fenton had been on board, and inspected the arrangements which had been made for his party.

"Good-day, my lord," he said, boarsely. "God bless you! You have saved her! Oh, my darling, my poor, tried darling!"

"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."

redly 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 face, stood leaning against the table, her hands clasped loosely.

"Excuse me," said Lord Elliot, speaking distinctly so that his voice reached Constance. "Is Miss Grahame here?"

"I am an old friend—friend," he repeated, with an emphasis on the word intended for Constance's ear.

"Miss Grahame cannot see you, my lord," she said, curtly. "I will hear whether she will or not from her own lips."

"This is true?" Lord Elliot said, still addressing her, and taking no notice of her. "Is it true? Are you indeed going with this man?"

"Yes, it is true," she said, almost audibly. "Do not think worse of me than I am, my lord."

"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."

"This lady has replied to me, but I am not satisfied," he said. "By the right which my friendship gives me, I shall insist upon your informing me how it happens that I find her here under your care."

"Let me go before it is too late!" the marquis took her hand and kissed it. "Be calm, dearest; fear nothing."

"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.

"Constance!" he repeated. "Do you hear me? Tell these fools—that they have no right to step between us, that you came to me of your own choice. Constance, remember!"

"The marquis's 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.

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

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