

"We are not absolute ly sure that she's anywhere. But word has come to us that a girl's face believed to be Hannah's, has been seen at the upper window of a certain house in-don't start-R-, where a year ago she was in the habit of visiting while at the hotel with the Misses Leavenworth. Now it has alreadybeen determined that she left New York the night of the murder, the Railroad, though for hat point we have been unable to a vertain, we consider the matter worth inquiring

"But-" "If she is there," went on Mr. Gryce, "she is secreted; kept very close. No one except the informant has ever seen her, nor is there any suspicion among the neighbors of her being in town." "Hannah secreted at a certain house in R-? Whose house?"

Mr. Gryce dowered me with one of his grimmest smiles, "The name of the lady she's with, is given in the communication as Belden; Mrs. Amy

"Amy Belden! the name found written on a torn envelope by Mr. Clavering's servant girl in London?"

I made no attempt to conceal my satisfaction. Then we are upon the verge of some discovery; Providence has interfered and Eleanore will be saved. But when did you get this word ?" "Last night, or rather this morning; Q brought it."

"It was a message then to Q?" 'Yes, the result of his moleings while in R-, I suppose."

"Who was it signed by?" "A respectable tinsmith who next door to Mrs. B." "And is this the first you knew of an Amy Belden living in R-"

"Don't know; don't know anything about her but her name?"

"No; the affair is a little too serious for him to manage, that is, I hesitate trusting him alone. A contingency might arise when brains would be useful, and though Q has enough of the prying sort, he is not equal to great occasions, and might fail just for the lack of a keen mind to direct him."

"I wish you to go. Since I cannot be there myself. I know of no one else sufficiently up to the affair, to conduct the enterprise of a successful issue. You see it it not enough to find and identify the girl. The present condition of things demands that the arrest of so important a witness as this, should be kept secret if possible. Now for a man to walk into a strange house in a distant village, find a girl who is secreted there, frighten her, cajole her, force her, as the case may be, from her hiding-place to a detective's office in New York, and all without the knowledge of the next door neighbor if possible, requires judgment, brains, genius. Then the woman who conceals her! She must have her reasons for doing so, and they must be licate one. Do you think you can manage it ?"

"I would at least like to try." Mr. Gryce settled himself on the sofa. "To think what pleasure I am losing on your account !" he murmured, gaz-

"Imediately." "Good! there is a train leaves the R- it will be for you to determine upon some means for making Mrs. Belden's acquaintance without arousing her suspicions. Q, who will follow you, will hold himself in readiness to render you any assistance you may require, as he will doubtless go in disguise, you are not to recognize him much less desire to appear sensible of the honor interfere with him and his plans; till he gives you leave to do so, by some of a certain trouble that confused preconcerted signal. You are to work in your way and he in his, till circumstances seem to require mutual supsay whether you will see him or not; and that the display of, well, let us

"I will get one." that you desire his presence or as and bright picture-hung walls, showed doing a greater wrong by destroying sistance, whether it be shown about invitingly through the half-open door in this way what is manifestly conyour person or at the window of your

"And these are all the instructions "Yes, I don't know of anything elee. You must depend largely upon your my entertainment there. own discretion, and the exigencies of the moment. I cannot tell you now but," and she turned a very scrutinizwhat to do. Your own wit will be the best guide. Only if possible let me either hear from you or see you by to-morrow at this time." And he handed me a cipher in case I should wish to telegraph.

BOOK III.

HANNAH. XXVII.

It was a bleak day in April that I stepped for the second time in my life, from the cars at R— and took my way down the broad, well-populated street leading to the hotel and its from us to the door.

"Yes," I put in but without too great a show of interest, "I should be sorry, once introduced here, to be obliged to go elesewhere."

The troubled eye wavered away from us to the door.

a casual stop at that attractive refuge for New York pleasure-seekers. My the best manner of approaching Mrs. to write and would ask nothing better Belden. To his hispitable mansion, ter than for leave to sit here and then, on the road to F-, I hastened, and was so fortunate as to meet may so call it, which struck me as countenance did not change and she peculiarly fortunate, giving me, as it did, ample opportunity for a tete-a- "Well, you may. If you vist at hs house must have necessarily

"Your part in it goes pretty smooth-ly," returned I; and thinking I could never hope to win his attention to my affairs till I had satisfied hm in regard to his own, I told him what I knew concernng his case then pending; a subject so prolific of question and

answer, that we had driven twice

around the town before he remembered that he had a letter to post. As it was an important one admitting of no delay, we hastened at once to the post-office, where he went in, leaving me outside to watch the rather meager stream of goers and comers who at that time of day make he post-office of a country town their place of rendezvous. Among these for some reason I especially noted one middle-aged woman, why I cannot say; her appearance was anything but remarkable. And yet when she came out with two letters in her hand, one in a large and ontain a small envelope, and meeting my eye hastily drew them under her shawl, I found myself wondering what was in her letters and who she could be, that the casual glance of a stranger should unconsciously move her to an action so suspicious. But Mr. Monell's reappearance at the same moment, diverted my attention, and n the interest of the conversation that followed, I soon forgot both the woman and her letters. For determined that he should have no opportunity to revert to that endless topic, a law case, I exclaimed with the first crack of the whip : "There, I knew there was this: Are you acquainted with any one in this town by the name of Belden?" "There is a widow Belden in town;

I don't know of any other." "Is her first name Amy?" "Yes, Mrs. Amy Belden." "That is the one," said I. "Who is she, what is she, and what is the extent of your acquaintance with her?" "Well," said he, "I cannot conceive why you should be interested in such an antiquated piece of commonplace goodness as she is, but seeing you ask, I have no objection to telling you that she is the very respectable relict of a deceased cabinetmaker of this town; that she lives in a little house down the street there, and that if you have any forlorn old tramp to be lodged ever night, or any destitute family of little ones to be looked after, she is the one to go to. As to knowing her, I know her as I do a dozen other members of our church there up over her, and that is all. But why in the

name of wonder did you ask?" "Business," said I, "business. Mrs. Belden-don't mention it by the way -has got mixed up in a case of mine, and I felt it due to my curiosity if not to my purse, to find out something about her. And I am not satisfied yet. The fact is I would give something, Monell, for the opportunity of studying this woman's character. Now couldn't you manage to get me introduced into her house in some way that would make it possible and proper for me to converse with her at my leisure? Business would thank you if you could."

Driving up to a neat white cottage of homely but sufficiently attractive appearance, he stopped.

"This is her house," said he, jumping to the ground, "let's go in and see what we can do. As she has no servant, she will come to the door herself, so be ready," said he as he

knocked. I had barely time to observe that the curtains to the window at my left suddenly dropped, when a hasty step made itself heard within, and a known. Altogether the affair is a de- quick hand threw open the door, and I saw before me the woman whom I had observed at the post-office, and whose action with the letters had struck me as being so peculiar. I recognized her at first glance, though she was differently dressed and had ing reproachfully at his helpless limbs. evidently passed through some worry "But to business. How soon can you or excitement that had altered the expression of her countenance and made her manner what it was not at that time, strained and a trifle uncertain. depot at 12.15. Take that. Once in But I saw no reason for thinking that she remembered me. On the contrary, the look she directed towards me had nothing but inquiry in it, and when Mr. Monell pushed me forward with the remark, "A friend of mine; in fact my lawyer from New York," she droponly this thing is to be understood; ped a hurried old-fashioned courtesy whose only expression was a manifest

everything about her. "We have come to ask a favor, Mrs. Belden; but may we not come in?" port and countenance. I cannot even said my client in a round, hearty voice well calculated to recall a perhe may find it necessary to keep out of the way; but you may be sure of one nel. "I have heard many times of The fact, that grief or loss might folthing, that he will know where you are, your cosy home and would like an low your retention of these papers, say a red silk handkerchief—have blind disregard to look of surprised You have nothing to do with that; be-"Will be regarded by him as a sign little room whose cheery-red carpet at our left.

conferred upon her, through the mist

Finding her premises thus invaded by a sort of French coup d'etat, Mrs. you can give me?" I said as he paused. Belden made the best of the situation. Mr. Monell broached the subject of

> "I don't know, sir; I would be glad ing look upon me, "the fact is, I have not taken lodgers of late, and I have got out of the way of the whole thing, and am afraid I cannot make him comfortable. In short, you will have to excuse me."

at my own house, and for certain reasons it seems that I can not, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing he is in the charge of the best

ousekeeper in R.—."
"Yes," I put in but without too

surrounding villas. Not that I had "I was never called inhospitable," any intention this time of making even she commenced, "but everything in such disorder—What time would you like to come?" she suddenly asked. intention was rather to seek out our client, Mr. Monell, and from him learn now," replied I; "I have some letters ter than for leave to sit here and

write them." At the word letters I saw her hand him driving into town behind his fam-ous rotter Alfred; an encounter, if I must have been involuntary, for her

"Well, you may. If you can put up tete conversation with him, without with what I can give you, why it imposing upon me the delay which a shall not be said that I refused you what Mr. Monell is pleased to call a favor." And complete in her recep-"Well, and how goes the day?" was tion as she had been in her resist-the exclamation of my friend as, the first greetings passed, we drove rapid-ly into town.

and ignoring my thanks, bustled out with Mr. Monell to the buggy, where she received my bag and what was doubtless more to her taste, the compliments he was now more than ever

ready to bestow upon her. "I will see that some room is got ready for you in a very short space of time," she said upon re-entering. I could hear her steps across the hal,l go up two or three stairs, pause, go up the rest of the flight, pause again and then pass on. I was left on the first floor alone.

XXVIII. A WEIRD EXPERIENCE.

The first thing I did, was to inspect the room in which I was.

I stopped before a window opening upon the small yard, that ran about the house, and separated it from the one adjoining, when suddenly I espied, written on the glass with a diamond point, a row of letters, which as nearly terly failed in sense or apparent con- her.'

Anirevale grams

What could they mean? Idly I began to read them backward, when-But try for yourself, reader, and judge what my surprise must have been at the result! Elate at the discovery thus made, I sat down to write my letters. I had barely finished them, when Mrs. Belden came in with the announcesomething I wanted to ask you. It is ment that supper was ready. "As this: Are you acquainted with any one for your room," said she, "I have prepared my own for your use, thinking it would be more convenient for you to be on the first floor." And throwing open a door at my side, she displayed a small, but comfortable room, in which I could dimly see a bed, an immense bureau and a shadowy looking-glass in a dark old-fashiot.ed

> "I live in very primitive fashion," resumed she leading the way into the dining) room. "but I mean to be comfortable and make others so." "I should say that you amply suc-

ceeded," I rejoined with an apprec'ative glance at her well-spread board. She smiled, and I felt that I had paved the way to her good graces, in a way that would yet redound to my

Once again seated with Mrs. Belden (who I know came down stairs with an empty plate, for going into the "But you have already sent Q to the hill. When I see her I speak to kitchen for a drink, I caught her in the act of setting it down on the table) I made up my mind to wait a reasonable length of time for what she had to say, and then, if she did not speak, make an endeavor on my own part to get at her secret. But the avowal was nearer than I

expected, and different, and brought its own train of consequences with it. "You are a lawyer, I believe," she began, taking down her knitting work with a forced display of industry. "Yes," said I, "that is my profes-

"Perhaps you may be willing, then, to give me some advice. The truth is, I am in a very curious predicament: one from which I don't know how to escape, and yet which demands immediate action. I should like to tell you about it, may I?"

"You may; I shall be only too happy to give you any advice in my power." She drew in her breath with a sort of vague relief, though her forehead did not lose its frown.

"It can all be said in a few words. have in my possession a package of papers which were entrusted to me by two ladies, with the understanding that I should neither return nor destroy them, without the full cognizance and expressed desire of both parties, given in person or writing. That they were to remain in my hands till then, and that nothing or nobody should extort them from me. "That is easy understood," said I, for she stopped.

"But now comes word from one of the ladies, the one, too, most interested in the matter, that for certain reasons, the immediate destruction of those papers is necessary to her peace and safety.

"And do you want to know what your duty is in that case?" "Yes," replied she, tremulously, I rose, I could not help it, a flood of

conjectures rushing in a tumult over "It is to hold on to the papers like grim death, till released from your guardianship, by means to which you

have pledged yourself." "Is that your opinion as a lawyer?"
"Yes, and as a man. Once pledged in that way, you have no choice. It would be a betrayal of trust to yield to the solicitations of one party, what opportunity to see it." And with a does not release you from your bond. resistance that rose voluntarily into sides you are by no means sure that her eyes, he stepped gallantly into the the representations of the so-called interested party are true. You might be sidered of value to them both than by preserving the papers intact, according to compact."

"But the circumstances? Circumstances altar cases, and in short, it seems to me that the wishes of the one most interested ought to be regarded, especially as there is an estrangement between these ladies, which may hinder the other's consent from ever being obtained."

"No," said I, "two wrongs never make a right; nor are we at liberty to do an act of justice at the expense "My young friend is going to stop here," Mr. Monell broke in with frank positiveness. "If I cannot have him Her head sank very despondently;

evidently it had been her wish to please the interested party. Law is very hard," she said, "very hard." "This is not only law, but plain duty," I remarked. "Suppose a case different; suppose the honor and happiness of the other party depended upon the preservation of the papers, where would your duty be then?"
"But--"

"A contract is a contract," said I, "and cannot be tampered with. Hav-

ing accepted the trust and given your word, you are obliged to fulfil to the letter all its conditions. It would be a breach of trust for you to return or destroy the papers without the mu-tual consent necessary."

An expression of great gloom settled slowly over her features. "I suppose you are right," said she, and became

Watching her, I thought to myself, "If I were Mr. Gryce, or even Q, I would never leave this seat till I had probed this matter to the bottom, learned who the parties are, and where those precious papers are hidden, that seem to be of so much importance."

But being neither, I could only keep her talking upon the subject until she should let fall some word that might serve as a guide to my further enlightenment; I therefore turned with the intention of asking her some question, when my attention was attracted by the figure of a woman coming out of the back door of the neighboring house, who for general dilapidation and uncouthness of bearing was a perfect type of the style of tramp of whom we had been talking at the supper table. Gnawing a crust which she threw away as she reached the street, she trudged down the path, her scanty dress, piteous in its rags and soil, flapping in the keen spring wind and revealing ragged shoes red with the mud of the highway.

"There is a customer," said I, "that may interest you." Mrs. Belden seemed to awake from a trance. Rising slowly, she looked out and with a rapidly softening gaze, surveyed the forlors creature before

"Poor thing!" she muttered; "there is a case for charity, to be sure. But I cannot do much for her to-night," as I could make out, were meant for she cried as the woman stopped at the some word or words, but which ut- gate. "A good supper is all I can give

> But supper was not all she wanted. After a decent length of time employed, as I should judge, in mastication, I heard her voice rise once more in a plea for shelter.

"The barn, ma'am," I heard her say, "or the wood house, any place where I can lie out of the wind." And she commenced a long tale of want and disease, so piteous to hear that I was not at all surprised when Mrs. Belden told me, upon re-entering that she had consented, notwithstanding her previous determination, to allow the woman to lie before the kitchen fire for the night.

"She has such an honest eye," said she, "and charity is my only luxury

you know" The interruption of this incident effectually broke up our conversation. Mrs. Belden went upstairs and for some time I was left alone to ponder over what I had heard, and determine upon my future course of action. I had just reached the conclusion that she would be fully as liable to be carried away by her feelings to the destruction of the papers in her charge, as to be governed by the rules of equity I had laid down to her, when I heard her stealthily descend the stairs and go out of the front door. Distrustful of her intentions I took up my hat and hastily followed her. She was on her way down the main street, and my first thought was, that she was bound for some neighbor's house or erhaps for the hotel itself: but the settled swing into which soon altered her restless pace, satisfied me that she had some more distant goal in prospect; and before long I found myself passing the hotel with its appurtenances, even the little school house that was the last building at this end of the village, and stepping out into the country beyond. What

could it mean? But still her fluttering figure hasted on, the outlines of her form with its close shawl and neat bonnet growing fainter in the now settled darkness of an April night, and still I followed, walking on the turf at the side of the road lest she should hear my footsteps and look round. At last we reached a bridge. Over this I could hear her pass, and then every sound ceased. She had paused and evidently listening. It would not do for me to pause to, so gathering myself into as awkward a shape as possible, I sauntered by her down the road, but arrived at a certain point, stopped and began retracing my steps with a sharp look out for advancing figure till I had arrived once more at the bridge. She

Convinced now that she had discovered my motive for being in her ouse, and by leading me from it had undertaken to supply Hannah with an opportunity to escape, I was about to hasten back to the charge I had so incautiously left, when a strange sound heard at my left, arrested me. It came from the banks of the puny stream which ran under the bridge, and was like the creaking of an old door on worn-out hinges.

Leaping the fence I made my way as best I could, down the sloping field in the direction from which the sound had come. It was quite dark and my progress was slow; so much so, that I began to fear I had ventured upon a wild-goose chase, when an unexpected streak of lightning shot across the sky, and by its glare I saw before me what seemed in the momentary glimpse I had of it, to be an old bern. From the rush of waters near at hand, I judged that it was built on the edge of the stream, and consequently hesitated to advance, when I heard the sound of heavy breathing near me, followed by a stir as of some one feeling his way over a pile of loose boards, and presently while I stood there, a faint blue light flashed up from the interior of the barn, and I saw through the tumbled down door that faced me, the form of Mrs. Belden standing with a lighted match in her hand, gazing round on the four walls that encomposed her. Hardly daring to breathe lest I should alarm her, I watched her while she turned and peered at the roof above her, which was so old as to be more than half open to the sky, at the flooring beneath which was in a state of equal dilapidation, and finally at a small tin box, which she drew from under her shawl and laid on the ground at her feet. The sight of that box at once satisfied me as to the nature of her errand. She was going to hide what she dared not destroy; and relieved upon this point, I was about to take a step forward, when the match went out in her hand. While she was engaged in lighting another, I considered that perhaps it would be better for me not to arouse her appreensions by accosting her at this time and thus endanger the success of my main scheme, but to wait till she was gone, before I endeavoreed to secure the box. Accordingly I edged my way up to the side of the barn and waited till she should leave it, knowing that if I attempted to peer in at the door, I ran great risk of being seen, owing to the frequent streaks of lightning which now flashed about us on every side. Minute after minute went by

darkness and sudden glare; and still she did not come. At last just as I was about to start impatiently from my hiding-place, she reappeared and began to withdraw with faltering steps towards the bridge. When I thought her quite out of hearing, I stole from my retreat and entered the

barn. It was of course as dark as Erebus, but thanks to being a smoker I was as well provided with matches as she had been, and having struck one, I held it up; but the light it gave was very feeble, and as I did not know just where to look, it went out before I had obtained more than a cursory glimpse of the spot where I was. I therupon lit another, but though I confined my attention to one place, namely, the floor at my feet, it too went out before I could conjecture by means of any sign seen there where she had hidden the box. I now for the first time realized the difficulty before me. She had probably made up her mind before she left home, in just what portion of this old barn she would conceal her treasure; but I had nothing to guide me; I could only waste matches. And I did waste them. A dozen had been lit and extinguished before I was so much as sure the box was not under a pile of debris that in one corner, and I had taken last in my hand, before I became aware that one of the broken boards of the floor was pushed a little out of its proper position. One match! and that board was to be raised, the space beneath examined, and the box if there, lifted safely out.

I concluded not to waste my re sources, so kneeling down in the darkness, I groped for the board, tried it and found it to be loose. Wrenching at it with all my strength, I tore it free and cast it aside; then lighting my match looked into the hole thus made. Something, I could not tell what, stone or box, met my eye, but while I reached for it, the match flew out of my hand. Deploring my carelessness, but determined at all hazards to secure what I had seen, I dived down deep into the hole and in another moment had the object of my curiosity

in my hands. It was the box. Regaining the highway I started at a brisk pace. For some little distance I kept it up, neither overtaking nor meeting anyone. But suddenly at a turn in the road I came unexpectedly upon Mrs. Belden standing in the middle of the path, looking back. Somewhat diconcerted, I hastened swiftly by her, expecting of course that she would make some effort to stop me. But she let me pass without a word. Indeed I doubt now, if she even saw or heard me. Astonished at this treatment, and still more surprised that she made no attempt to follow me, I looked back, when I saw what it was that enchained her to the spot, and made her so unmindful of my presence. The barn behind us was on fire!

Instantly I realized that it was the work of my hands; I had dropped a half extinguished match, and it had fallen upon some inflammable sub-

stance. Aghast at the sight. I paused in my turn and stood staring. Higher and higher the red flames mounted, brighter and grighter glowed the clouds above, the stream beneath; and in the fascination of watching it all, I forgot gasp from her soon recalled her presence to mind, and drawing nearer, I heard her exclaim like a person speaking in a dream. "Well, I didn't mean to do it;" then lower, and with a certain satisfaction in her tone, "but it's all right anyway; the thing is lost now for good, and Mary will be satisfied without anyone being to blame."

I did not linger to hear more; if that was the conclusion she had come to, she would not wait there long, especially as the sound of distant shouts and running feet, announced that a crowd of village boys was on its way

to the scene of conflagration. The first thing I did upon my arrival at the house, was to assure myself that no evil effects had followed my inconsiderate desertion of it to the mercies of the tramp she had taken in: the next to retire to my room and take a peep at the box. I found it to be a neat, tin coffer, fastened with a lock. Satisfied from its weight that It contained nothing heavier than the papers of which Mrs. Belden had spoken. I hid it under the bed and returned to the sitting-room. I had barely taken a seat and lifted a book

when Mrs. Belden came in. "Well!" cried she taking off her bonnet and revealing a face much flushed with exercise but greatly relieved in expression; "this is a night! It lightens, and there is a fire somewhere down street, and altogether it is perfectly dreadful out. I hope you have not been lonesome," continued she with a keen look at my face which I bore in the best way I could. "I had an errand to attend to, but didn't expect to stay so long." I returned some nonchalant reply.

and she hastened from the room to fasten up the house. I waited, but she did not come back.

XXIX,

THE MISSING WITNESS. "Mr. Raymond." The voice was low and searching, M

reached me in my dreams, waked me and caused me to look up. Morning had begun to break, and by its light I saw standing in the open door leading into the dining-room, the forlorn figure of the tramp who had been admitted into the house, the night before. Angry and perplexed. I was about to bid her begone, when to my great surprise she pulled out a red handkerchief from her pocket and I recognized Q.

"Read that," said he hastily advancing and putting a slip of paper into my hand. And without another word or look, left the room, closing the door behind him. Rising in considerable agitation,

took it to the window and by the rapidly increasing light succeeded in making out the rudely scrawled lines as follows: She is here; I have seen her; in the

room marked with a cross in the accompanying plan. Wait till eight o'clock, then go up. I will contrive some means of getting Mrs. B—out of the house. Stretched below this was the follow ing plan of the upper floor.

THE UPPER FLOOR As Q had closed the door after him, I could only faintly hear Mrs. Belden Tobe Constaued.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE -- OF--

900 DROPS

Avegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-ness and Rest. Contains neither Opnum, Morphine nor Mineral.

ope of Old ID-SOMITE PROPERTY

Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverish

ness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Tac Simile Signature of

NEW YORK.

Cart Flater

5 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPEB.

NOT NARCOTIC.

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-B-I-A.

GRAND EASTER AND SUMMER OPENING

MITCHELLS MISS

Beautiful display of Summer Millinery shown this week and following days. Everybody is invited to inspect our stock

DO NOT MISS IT.

ICTORIA PLANING MI

I have just completed a

DRY KILN.

and am now prepared to furnish everything for house finishing in my line as. cheap as the cheapest. Everything guaranteed right or no pay.

Call and inspect work and get prices.

J. P. RYLEY.

Telephone 122.

FOR

Cheap FURNITURE

GO TO

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUCENT & CO.

Advertise in The Warder.

The largest Circulation of any Paper in the Midland District.

It circulates in the best homes.

Is read by the most intelligent readers. Its Readers are BUYERS.

JOB WORK

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.