A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

Clive eyed her sternly. "Sara! What are you doing here?" he demanded.

[ARE Salaamed again. "I came in search of the sahib," she said. "My mistress gave me a note to send early this morning, and the weather being so fine I take it myself. At the hotel they say the sahib."

"In 'Home, weet Home!" cried Lady Wynthaw. "My dear!"

"It is not so unlikely as it sounds," insisted Lady Edith. "I know a clergyman who happened to lose his place while he was reading the service, and found he couldn't repeat the Creed without the book, though he must have read it hundreds of times!"

The contest continued with unabated arders and the device the creed without are deviced by the service and the device the creed without are deviced by the service and the device the creed without are deviced by the service and the device the creed without the book, though he must have read it hundreds of times!"

hib is out walking. I come to find the sahib."

He held out his hand for the note, and she took it from the folds of her shawl. It was a line or two from Lady Edith asking him to lunch at the Grange. He thrust it in his pocket, and gazed at the dusky face moodily and in doubt whether or not he should offer any explanation of his meeting with Mina, in doubht as to whether Sara had seen him take Mina's in the same part of the town as that in or not he should offer any explanation of his meeting with Mina, in doublt as to whether Sara had seen him take Mina's

discovery that she had not received his hash betrayed ush!'

he would do her a great, a cruel wrong.
He had hoped that in time he should be able to love her; but he knew now that the hope was a futile, an impossible one.
Yes, he must, at all costs to her and himself, tell her the truth, the whole riage. But the cost was so great that he was "busy" too, trying to persuade himnaturally shrank from the ordeal through self that he was keen on the result, but which they must both pass. He would knowing all the while that he did not care wait until the election was over, until whether he lost or won. they had returned to town, and the announcement of the rupture of the engagement could be made at a time when it would attract less attention than it would do at the present moment, when his name town Hall, and announced the poll. Mr. Clive Harvey had been elected with a management of the rupture of the engagement of the wildest excitement, in an uproar which was "quite like old times," as Lord Chesterleigh said, the Mayor stepped out on the balcony of the Town Hall, and announced the poll. Mr. was so prominently before the public.

meeting in the forenoon, and forced him-self to concentrate his mind on his speech; of the mob, Clive came forward to prothough he felt that it mattered little whe. pose the usual vote of thanks to the Mayther he were returned for Brimfield or or. Gordon seconded it in a manly little not, mattered little what became of his speech; then Mr. Broddy's voice was heard political career. What he wanted, longed in the midst of the mob, where he was for, was a quiet life away from the world surrounded by his friends.

He was late at the Wynthaw's lunch, won by trickery!" he shouted hoarsely. and his haggard face, though he endeavored to force a show of cheerfulness, trickery. But let Mishter Clive Harvey

give the palm to a present-day politician. risk of his life and limbs, on their shoul-You must take the kind of holiday my ders to his committee-room. doctor goes in for. He spends his fort- Lady Edith and Lcrd Chesterleigh folor the Continent.—What a successful concert last night!" she went on. "I was so sorry for that pretty young girl who was taken ill! I sent to inquire after her this morning: but her party had just left the hotel. Hers must be hard life—what is the new word for it?—strenuous, isn't it?"

"I also sent," said Lord Chesterleigh, "and was too late. It seemed to me that she could mot see his face!

"I owe my success, in great measure, to you, Edith," he said. audience that startled her; didn't you think so, Clive?"

Clive looked up, but was fortunately spared a reply, for Lady Edith said, with a laugh, before he could answer: "What a romantic explanation, father!
'A face in the crowd' kind of idea! No;
I fancy she lost her words."

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whether Sara had seen him take Mina's hand.

"Thank you, Sara," he said. "Will you tell Lady Edith that I will be there?"

"Yes, sahib," said Sara. She stood for a moment or two, eyeing him with a strange intentness; then she salaamed and went on.

Clive mechanically walked towards the hotel. His brain was in a whirl. It was almost impossible for him to think, for his emotions overwhelmed his capacity for reasoning. If he had ever laid the flattering unction to his soul that he had ceased to love Mina, this meeting with her, this to-crats bevahr, or he'll betray zem as he in the same part of the town as that in

to love Mina, this meeting with her, this to-crats bevahr, or he'll betray zem as he

telegram and letter, and had fled from | There were groans and hisses, but Clive Benson's Rents because she thought him smiled-rather wearily-and passed on. It faithless, undeceived him. He loved her was not until he had got out of sound of as devotedly, as passionately as ever. | the raucous voice that Koshki's words And that being so, his engagement to Lady Edith suddenly appeared in its true light. When his brain grew clearer and able to act, he saw that in marrying her to "desert" Lady Edith? The thought

truth, and save her from a loveless mar- drowned the few ungallant hisses. Clive

Clive Harvey had been elected with a ma-He made a pretence of a breakfast, and jority of nearly five hundred, and was plunged into work. He had to address a declared Member for Brimfield.

"I declare that the election has been

"Yesh!" cried Koshki. "By lies and of course attracted attention, and evoked the sympathies of the ladies.

"You will want a long rest after the election, Mr. Harvey," said Lady Wynthaw. "I used to think a fashionable doctor, the hardest worked man in the course of the victorious party, who, when the think hardest worked man in the course of the victorious party, who, when tor the hardest worked man in the world; Clive appeared at the door of the hotel, but I'm inclined to alter my opinion, and proceeded as usual to carry him, at the

night in bed every year; and declares that lowed in the carriage; but it was not unit does him more good than the seaside til they all met at the Grange that she

CHAPTER XXVI.

For various reasons, best known to themselves, the candidates, whether victorious or vanquished, always bolt the day after the election from the place in which they have been fighting; and Clive found it necessary to go to London on the day after the poll; he had promised to speak for a political friend who was still fighting one of the London districts. The Chesterleighs were to follow in a day or

When he arrived at his rooms, he found a pressing letter from the man who was yet in the throes of his candidateship, yet in the throes of his candidateship, and Clive, welcoming the necessity for further work in which to absorb himself, made an apology for a dinner, with a chop, and set out for the place of meeting. He had a hot time of it from friends and foes, and, declining his fellow-politician's invitation to supper, walked through the warm and stuffy streets, wearily and eadly, brooding over the problem of his engagement.

engagement.

And yet it had almost ceased to be a problem; for he felt that there was only one course open to him—the honest. straightforward one. He must tell Lady Edith the truth.

The meeting had been in a hall in one of the back streets of Che'sea, and Clive found himself at the turning leading to Benson's Rents. It was natural enough that he should be drawn in the direction of the spot where he had experienced the happiest moments of his life; and he passed under the archway, and walked towards the house in which Mina had lived. As he did so, he heard a step behind him, and looking round—for he had learnt that it was as well to keep an eye on your slum neighbor—he saw that it was

"Why, Quilton!" he said. Quilton nodded. "Congratulations-" he began; but Clive cut him short.

"What are you doing here?" he asked:
then he checked himself with a sense of
self-reproach: he had quite forgotten the
woman Quilton had so kindly offered to
befriend.

Quilton nodded again. "Yes," he said, as if he had read Clive's mind. "She's very bad; sent for me."

"I'll go with you," said Clive.

Quilton stopped and gazed before him.
"Better not," he said.

"Why not? I shall not disturb her." re-

Joined Clive. "I am ashamed to say that I had nearly forgotten the poor creature. Yes: I'll go with you."

Quilton's face grew like a mask, and he was silent for a moment; then he said with an air of impassive resignation.

"Very well. I'm a little tired of playing at Fate: it's a foolish game, and a locing one."

"I don't know what you mean," said "Probably not; but you may presently.

They entered the house next the one in which the Burrells had lived; and Clive followed Quilton up the stairs. The door of one of the rooms was opened to them by a respectable, motherly old woman, to whom Quilton spoke a word or two. "She's about the same, sir," said the woman. "I'm afraid che's cinking fast. Will you please to come in? She made me send

for you, sir." They went into the room, and Clive saw the woman propped up with cushions in a chair. She was much emaciated and looked, as the woman in charge had said, as if she were dying. For a moment or two-the dark eyes gazed un at Quilton as if she did not recognize him, but suddenly she said, in a weak, hollow voice: "You have come, Henry. I—I wanted to see you, to tell you I am dying

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Quilton did not contradict her, but re- "I was ashamed at times," said the sponded with a nod. She must have seen woman. "At others—I—I wanted revenge:

Clive did not start; he scarcely felt sur-prised; why, he knew not. He received the information without a sign or a word. into a chair, and leant his head on his the information without a sign or a word. Into a chair, and leant his head on his "There you are. Look at that, and ad-

is his first wife." his face paled.

her husband," said Quilton, gravely, un- "Dear me," said Clive. "What-what is emotionally. "Somebody says jealousy is to be done? She does not know-?" as strong as death; anyhow it's stronger Quilton shrugged his shoulders. "Not "But—than self-interest and common-sense." He wet. It rests with you whether she should he said. paused a moment, and then added, as if ever know.' in explanation, "Lady Chesterleigh is "With me Why she did not publicly declare her rank and there will be only two presently. If and publicly demand her rights she you like to declare it—we'l and knows better than I do."

sponded with a nod. She must have seen behind his mask, however, for she said with a sigh:

"You've been very good to me-better than I deserve.—Who is this?" she asked. turning her heavy eyes on Clive.

"A friend," said Quilton.

"A friend," said Quilton.

"A friend," said Quilton.

"A correct woman. "At others—I—I wanted revenge: aware of her relationship, to Lord Chester. but my courage always failed me; and leigh.—Why, man, can't you guess who she is? Where have been your eyes?"

Clive stared at him.

"I don't understand," he said thickly. "I do not know her. Where is she, who is she?"

Correct the correct but my courage always failed me; and leigh.—Why, man, can't you guess who she is? Where have been your eyes?"

Clive stared at him.

"I do not know her. Where is she, who is she?"

than I deserve.—Who is this?" she asked.
turning her heavy eyes on Clive.

"A friend," said Quilton.

"Does he know?" she asked, not eagerly, but wearily, almost indifferently.

"Not yet," said Quilton. "You'd better tell him."

"Why?" she asked with a sigh. "You made me promise to keep the secret."

"Yes." said Quilton; "but I've changed my mind, so far as he is concerned. Shall I tell him, Juanita?"

She made a gesture of assent with her hand, and Quilton turned to Clive, and, and Quilton turned to Clive, and, and Guilton turned to Clive, and, the had to touch Clive before Clive could the heavy eyes on Clive.

"A friend," said Quilton.

"You'd better the arms of the chair. Quilton bent over her, then turned to Clive.

"She is exhausted," he said. "But there is no more to be said. We'd better go.—

I'll send the doctor in," he added to the woman who was administering a restorative, "and I'll come back in the morning early."

He had to touch Clive before Clive could

She made a gesture of assent with her hand, and Quilton turned to Clive, and, without a word of preparation, said:

"This is Lady Chesterleigh, Mr. Harvey."

This is Lady Chesterleigh, Mr. Harvey."

This is Lady Chesterleigh, Mr. Harvey."

This is Lady Chesterleigh, Mr. Harvey."

The had to touch Clive before Clive could was young. Hold on a moment."

He had to touch Clive before Clive could was young. Hold on a moment."

He went out, and returned in a few mine walked out with Quilton like a man in a ling to grasp the stupendous fact revealed with a miniage. "Lady Chesterleigh," said Quilton. "She hands. Quilton lit a pipe, eyeing the mit that the likeness is undeniable. The haggard face absently.

wondering—or perhaps you haven't got Mina herself!" he said; "but no, there is quilton nodded as if again he had read room to wonder—where I come in? I lov- a difference." ed her. See? I was going to marry her, "Yes; the difference between a girl with "Yes. His first wife—this lady—was but she jilted me for my Lord Chester—a gentle, lovable disposition—got from alive when he married the second time," leigh. Oh, I don't bear him a grudge. It her father, of course—and a woman with he said. "Of course, he was ignorant of was a lucky escape for me, no doubt. I the fact. She left him in a moment of suppose I've never quite got over my injealousy, quite unfounded and unreason- fatuation-I was much younger than she able jealousy, and she contrived to have was-for I'm sorry for her."

"With me?" Spanish. You know now why she was at "Yes," said Quilton in a matter-of-fact Palace Gate and in Grosvenor Square. tone. "Only three of us know the truth:

shouldn't. You would have to prove it.

You'd find it rather difficult. He paused a moment as if reflecting. "In fact, you'd

a moment as if reflecting. "In fact, you'd find it almost impossible. Questions of identity are hard to decide—especially when the lawyers take a hand in it."

Clive passed his hand over his brow.

"But—but the woman spoke of a child," he said hoarsely. "Her child and—his, Lord Chesterleigh's. Merciful goodness, Quilton, don't—don't you see the injustice silence would perpetuate?"

"No, I don't," responded Quilton curtly, "I suppose to your aristocratic mind it seems dreadful that a girl should be robbed of her rank and her father's wealth. I don't. It all depends upon the way in which you regard it. The girl is happy"—he paused a moment almost imperceptably—"she has a career—a higher one, according to my notions, than that of a

cording to my notions, than that of a peer's daughter-she has never missed her Clive rose with a gesture repudiating the argument.

"It is the right, the justice of the thing!" he said. -"Hem, yes. From your point of view; but she ought to have some say in it. She ought to decide. We'll let her do so, eh?"

"You know where she is?" asked Clive. Quilton looked at him curiously. "Yes; I discovered her whereabouts, her identity, quite lately," he said. "Of course, she doesn't bear her father's name, is unaware of her relationship, to Lord Chesterleigh.—Why, man, can't you guess who she is? Where have been your eyes?"

Clive stared at him.

Quilton slowly relit his pipe, which had gone out, keeping his eyes fixed on Clive. "She is Mina Burrell," he said quietly. Clive dropped back in his chair in stony amazement.

"Mina!" he exclaimed at last.

"Surprised?" said Quilton sardonically.

"I'm surprised that you didn't see the like.

ness; but I suppose it wasn't so strange.

You did not know her mother when she
was young. Hold on a moment."

He went out, and returned in a few min-

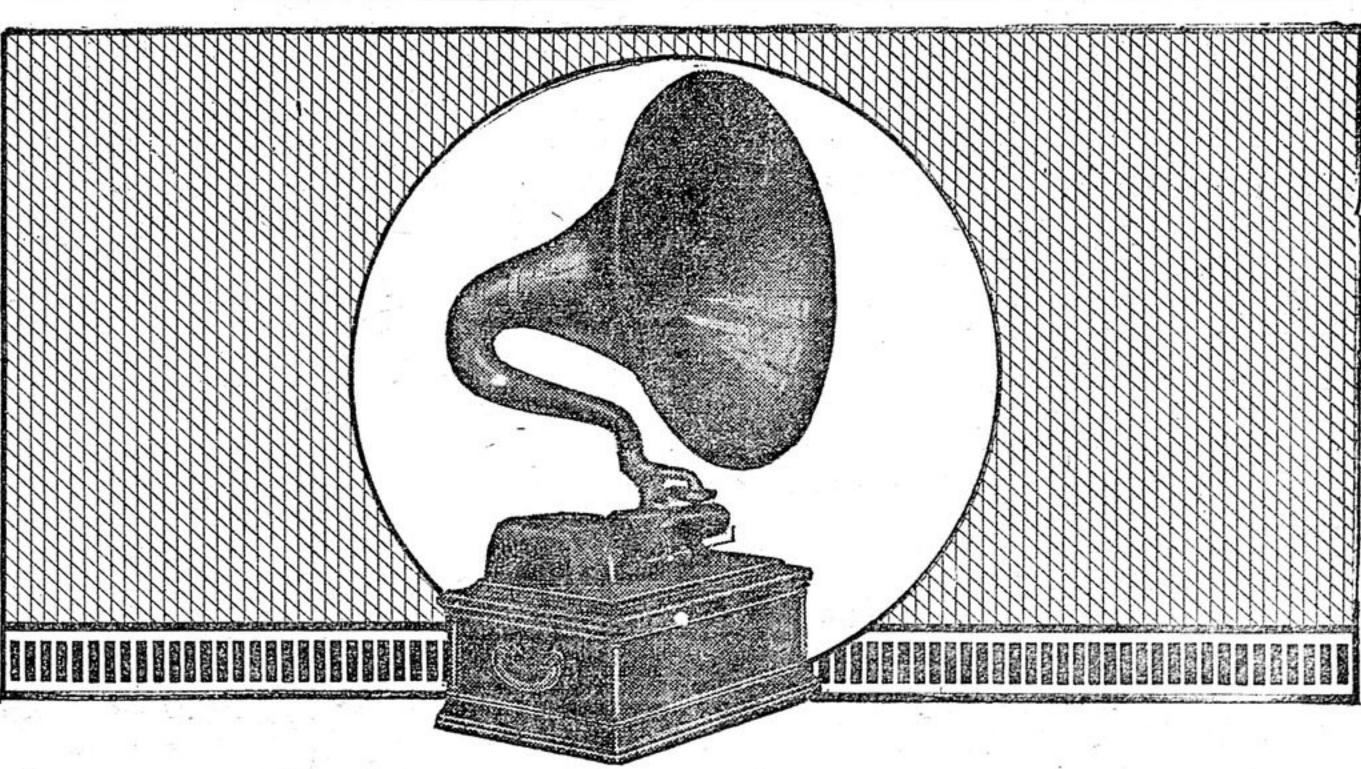
Then the ghastly significance of the "Strange story, isn't it?" he said dryly. daughter is."
statement began to dawn on Clive; and "And, stranger still, it's true. You're Clive examined the miniature. "It is

her father, of course-and a woman with a passionate, ungovernable temper. I haven't bored you with the details of the a report of her death conveyed to him.
Why? you ask." He smiled grimly, and glanced at the woman. "When jealousy turns love to hate—"
"I never loved him!" broke from the woman's white lips. "I married him for woman's white lips. "I married him for libe could give me, rank, money."

Was—for I'm sorry for ner.
Clive broke in with a groan.
"His first wife—and alive! Then—then, the other marriage! Lady Edith—is—is found the child in the street where the mother had left her. It's not a nice story; income would like to introduce to the public through the sensational newspaper "Yes," said Quilton; and the small word like told in detail in the Law Courts." desertion, and her adoption by Elisha. I only discovered them by careful, underlike told in detail in the Law Courts." Clive had risen, and was pacing the floor in restless agitation. "But-the injustice of the concealment!"

(To be continued.)

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