AGREAT SECRET;

SHALL IT BE DONE

CHAPTER VIII.

There was dead silence in the railway. carriage as Mr. Shaw, on Mr. Beresford's suggestion, made a thorough search into every corner for some clue to the means by which they had all been stupefied before the perpetration of the rebbery. But Mr. Beresford was not satisfied when the searcher, declaring that there was nothing further for them to discover, sat down.

"We have been under the influence of a narcotic, probably chloroform, and there must be some trace of it about. Why, the air is heavy with it still," said he; and the erippled gentleman set his own little detecttive to work, and Miss M Leod obediently passed her hand along the seat until, when she got to the other end of the carriage, she suddenly cried, "There is a large stain here, on the cushion behind Mr. Blair's bead. And it is wet."

Every one but the cripple looked, touched, sniffed; the sickly odor which had tion discovered a neat slit along the line allowed to leave the train, and the guard large sum of money; but discovering the in his philosophical, but in his querinto furious excitement, wanted to pull the

soon after leaving Paris, I should say," cident had brought visions of his master's broke in Mr. Beresford. "The cork was death, and his own consequent descent to sensational robbery unattractive, "is that probably put in so that the jolting of the the pauperism from which Mr. Beresford's the only persons who know what a large on my way to the train." wain should gradually force it out, which freak had lifted him. cannot have happened until after we left | The three gentlemen proceeded straight to Amiens, as we none of us felt sleepy till the buffet of the Hotel de la Gare, where then."

can have been introduced. It must have self to the point of forgetting not only his taken some time, for everything has been loss, but the journey he had still before him. done most neatly; and yet it must have In a very few minutes, with the elasticity of been put there after we had taken our the born adventurer, he had revived suffi-

buffet.'

by half a dozen." "But we got the guard to lock the dcor."

it and enter the carriage." "But it was still locked on our return !"

never left the carriage again except at had attracted the other. Amiens, where the only person who came in | Mr. Berestord, sitting on a chair behind was the guard, who helped Miss M'Leod out | them, was looking in the same direction. and stayed talking to me until she got in Noticing this, Blair thought his own comagain."

until they got to Calais, there was no other mistaken, she is a woman I had pointed out conclusion to come to than that the unseen to me in Paris some years ago, when she robbery which had just been committed in was, I fancy, in not quite the same circum their very presence was, from all points of stances as she appears to be at present." view, impossible; and poor Blair, in spite | Scenting a scandal, Blair drew nearer of their assurances that the telegram to Lord but he was disappointed. For Pierre came Keighley would reach him in time for him to | doddering up at that moment, to tell his stop payment of the notes, was scarcely sane | master that the carriole was waiting outside by the time the train drew near to Calais. | the station; and Mr. Beresford, with an He showed a dull surprise when Mr. Shaw, apology for offering his left hand to Blair, lessly, expressed his intention of adhering lost money would soon be recovered, left the to his acceptance of Mr. Bereeford's invita- buffet on his servant's arm, begging Mr. tion to "Les Bouleaux."

and go back to Paris if necessary, and make time making his slow way to the carriage. the sake of getting rid of me. And you, been through the ordeal of being searched. ley, wherever he may be, and insisting upon | watched by the two Englishmen. seeing him at once even if he is in bed.'

deepest despondency. For one moment the blank stare of come up and speak to you."

what it is."

seem to revive the old man's spirits a little, hand grasped with a warmth of greeting he and as the train drew into the Calais station | had not known for years. he began to roll up his rug with the air of | "Mr. Shaw!" "Gerald, my boy!" said

his wanting it again. the course of the journey had assured Mr. | eyes. Shaw, it was clear that no person leaving | "Why have you buried yourself away without leaving a minute description of him- | England again ?"

NAME AND POST OF STREET, SANSON ASSOCIATION OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

ed to descend, the guard who had travelled with the train, accomparied by the Calais hand on Gerald's shoulder. station-master and an officer, came up to the door of the compartment where the robbery was alleged to have been committed, and afpents of the carriage in turn, he asked most still on his shoulder, moved impatiently. respectfully whether, considering the grave nature of the loss and the exceptionally puzzling character of the whole occurrence, they faster, by knowing your father's friend." would one and all submit to be searched, the "Mr. Snaw," said he, "Madame de Langentleman where they sat and in his pre- cry wishes me to introduce you to her. She sence, the lady in the hotel attached to the has been kind enough-" there awaiting his orders.

of a British subject, even Miss M'Leod's to hear that you have been the victim of a dignity being overawed by a sense of the serious robbery. I sincerely trust that the hope, as, followed by her maid, she pressed strong neccessities of the case. But on the thieves will soon be discovered." officers politely putting it to his good sense "You are very kind. I sincerely trust and good feeling whether it became the first so too, though it is not I, but my friend, man who clamored for investigation to be who is the tictim." everpowered them all came from that spot, the first to object to it, and pointing out "Indeed!" said Madame de Lancry, whose where the light drab cloth was stained a that even Mr. Beresford, an invalid and a interest in the robbery semed hardly as found Mr. Beresford and Miss M'Leod and darker tint for the space of some two feet well-known and respected inhabitant of the strong as her words about it. square, and even as they looked the stain neighborhood, was ready to undergo the "Yes," said Mr. Shaw, who did not mind for of the vehicle, and that Mr. Shaw was was slowly spreading. Passing his hand ordeal, he too submitted. Miss M'Leod a careless listener, provided he was left to standing beside the fat horse, waiting for wpward over the saturated surface of the was then allowed to leave the carriage, and talk uninterruptedly. "A most extraor- him, and examining with some curiosity the cloth, while, fascinated, the eyes of the rest conducted by a very courteous gentleman dinary thing-in fact a most mysterious homely looking two-wheeled carriage, in followed every movement of his fingers, Mr. with a fierce black mustache to a room in affair. My friend goes to Paris, charge shape like a covered market-cart, which is Shaw felt something hard just at the place the Hotel de la Gare, at the door of which ed with a commission from an English so popular in the country in Northern where the cushioned side of the carriage two respectable looking women received her nobleman to buy a certain picture, said to France.

duced into the stuffing of the cushion, just haustive search of their property and their He and all the rest of the occupants of the far enough from the end of the carriage not persons in the presence of the stationmaster. to come in contact with the head of the travel- The very lining of their hats and boots was ler who might sit in the corner. Blair, examined, the soles and heels of the latter roused by the discovery from heavy apathy | cut into, not a stitch or a button left unnoticed. As for the personal luggage bottle out: but Mr. Shaw prevented this. they had with them in the compartment, "We had better leave it just as it is," both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Beresford offered to said he gravely. "Everything depends on leave theirs until the morning, as the carfinding how, when, and by whom it was put riage was to be locked and guarded for the there. Look, the bottle has been placed on night. Blair's rug and bag were given back one side, and the cork is there, only out to him after examination, and the three of the bottle. Wonder what the cork's for. | then descended to the platform, where they To prevent our being overpowered too found old Pierre, to whom rumors of an ac-

poor old Blair but for the restraining influ-"I cannot understand when the bottle ence of his friend, would have refreshed himciently to take stock, according to his habit, "Did you leave your places before the of the people around him; and perceiving at a table near him a very beautiful woman, "Yes, for just enough time to go to the attended by a neat-looking maid, he instinctively drew himself together, cocked his "Ah, that's it! You were watched, cer- hat, and twirled his white moustache, with tainly by more than one person, probably happy indifference as to which of the two his bearing should impress.

"Deuced fine looking woman that!" said "That may make the search easier; per- he, with a tone and look which recalled haps some one may have been seen to unlock | caricatures of the "old bucks" of the Re-

"Yes, very handsome," assented his less "Still, it must have been during that ab- susceptible friend, with a glance at the lady sence that the mischief was done, for you which took in more than the beauty which

ment worth repeating to him. "Yes," he But talk as they might, and as they did, answered. "And, if I am not very much

on whom, in this emergency, he leaned help- and with kind expressions of hope that the Shaw not to hurry his leave-taking with "Then I will come into Calais to morrow his friend, as he himself should be a long a regular British fuss about the matter, and | [Ie had scarcely left the buffet, when have all the officials on the line questioned, Gerald Staunton came in from the opposite Gerald ?" and kick up such a deuce of a row about it door, which led to the interior of the hotel, that they shall arrest somebody, if only for accompanied by Miss M'Leod, who had just Blair, must not lose a moment's time when He walked straight up to the lady who had you get to England in going to Lord Keigh- been the object of so much admiration,

"If I ever reach England," said Blair, in said he in English. "That is the housekeeper, as I thought. She is too shy to

utter hopelessness in the unhappy man's | Madame de Lancry had been waiting with eyes seemed to make his friend hesi- Gerald for the arrival of Mr. Beresford tate, but only for a moment; then he laid whom she was anxious to see. The young his hand upon Blair's shoulder with a heart- fellow had left her on catching sight of Miss iness which made the touch almost a blow. M'Leod, as she was conducted through the " Come, pull yourself together, man. room into the hotel; and when the latter re-This is not the sort of misfortune one can appeared after the search, she gave him full afford to sit down and look at. If you will details of the robbery which had taken place only rally your pluck, and work as ener- in the train. Gerald had scarcely finished getically on your side of the Channel as I giving a rough outline of the occurrence to will on mine, we'll have that money back Madame de Lancry, when, meeting the eyes and save our character as sure as my name's of Mr. Shaw fixed full upon him he started, hesitated, and then, making a step forward The genial heartiness of his tone did as the elder man did the same, found his

a man who entertained the possibility of they at the same moment, and wrung each other's hands a second time without more The telegraphing along the line had al- words. Gerald's father and Mr. Shaw ready done its work; as at Boulogne, the had been firm friends for many years, platforms on both sides of the train were and the latter had been the very last to thronged with men, some in police or rail- | yield to the universal belief in Staunway uniform, some in blouse, all somewhat ton's guilt; that he had yielded to it at

the train after the robbery was once made from us all so long? It was not kind of known could cross to England that night you, Gerald. Don't you want to see old

self or herself in the hands of the French 'You know why I came to France. M police. As an extra precaution the letter- | Shaw. I said then that would rever is boxes in the stations of Boulogne and turn to England until I had cleared my Calais and their neighborhood were watch- father's name. Fc1 the ast year I have aled and a police officer told off at each tele- most given up hope of ever doing either the graph office to take note of the despatches one or the other, until-until to night." which might be sent through them. With- And the young fellow, who was much exin one minute of the stopping of the train, cited, glanced with passionate gratiand before any of the passengers were allow. tude, which could not fail to strike madam? Hasn't he a good, wise face?"

Mr. Shaw's attention, at the beautiful lady, who was still sitting at

when he caught sight of his old friend. Both gentlemen noticed with surprise that a great change had passed ouer her during their brief greeting, that her statuesque face was now lit up with excitement, and that a strange fire burned in her long eyes, as she looked rapidly from the one to the other, rose in haste from her seat, and put her

"I want you to introduce your friend to

me," said she imperatively. The young fellow was so much startled by ter the last had taken down notes of all the her abrupt and unexpected vehemence, that circumstances from each of the four occu- for one moment he hesitated, Her hand,

"Your father-think of your father," she whispered quickly. "I can help you better,

station, by two respectable women who were But the lady was too impatient to stand upon ceremony ; she had held out her hand Mr. Shaw was the only one of the four who at the first mention of her name, and cut objected to this infringement of the rights Gerald short by saying : " I am very sorry-

be a masterpiece, at the sale of a Parisian

carriage, he wakes to find his money gone." To all this narration, the greater part of which she had already heard from Gerald, drawbridge, he turned to his companion, and Madame de Lancry listened with boredom which she scarcely took the pains to hide; but his concluding sentence suddenly changed her impatient iudifference intofiery interest.

of a narcotic; and, on being awakened by

Mr. Shaw, whose rapid and monotonous ut terance made even the story of a new and spite of what she said," he answered, in his sum my poor friend had about him were Lord Keighley, myself, and the possessor of the picture, M. de Breteuil."

"M. de Breteuil !" she echoed, in quite a low voice, but with excited breathlessness which made both gentlemen look at her

curiously. "He knew, you say?" "Yes, I believe that he knew. But what

difference can that make ?" She did not answer; the flash of vivid interest in her face settled into a glow of excitement so steady, so tigerish that Mr. Shaw decided as he noticed the hungry look of her crimson lips partep over closed teeth, the quivering delicate nostrils and dilated eyes, that she was a dangerous woman whose apparent interest in Gerald was much to be regretted. He had, however, for the momentf orgotten all about Blair and Mr. Beresford in the interest this strangely capriciou woman undoubtedly excited in him, when the prime and rather disgusted voice of Miss M'Leod at his elbow recalled him to remembrance of the discourtesy he was guilty of in keeping his host so long waiting.

" Mr. Beresford has begged me not on any account to hurry you, Mr. Shaw, but

"I beg a thousand pardors," said he hastily; and turning to the other lady, bad attack of bogey-fever-that's all." " Madame, I am very grateful to you for your kind interest in the son of an old friend of mind; I hope you will persuade him to death and danger as little as most men; return to his friends in England."

He bowed, and was about taking his leave of her, when she said quickly, holding out her hand and detaining his with a strong nervous pressure : "You are not crossing to-night? You are staying here?"

"Yes. Gerald's friend, Mr. Beresford, has most kindly offered me an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the boy. "Ah !" she cried shortly, and then turned to the young man. "Mr. Beresford's chateau is quite close to Calais, I think you told me, "Yes, madame. 'Les Bouleaux' is about

three miles off."

She'turned again impulsively to Mr. Shaw,

whose hand she still held. "Will you do me the favor of coming to see me to-morrow? I am staying in the "Mr. Beresford has arrived, madame," hotel here with my husband; he is in illhealth, but he will be most happy to see you." She had gradually moved a few steps, so that, as if on her way to leave the room, she stood between Mr. Shaw and the rest of the groop. She looked earnestly into his face, as she added in a voice only loud enough for him to hear : "Come without fail, at whatever time you please, but without fail. I don't know how your friend's money was taken, but I know who took it." Mr. Shaw started. She hurried on still more impressively : "I know more than that. can give you the clue to the mystery about Mr. Staunton's dissappearance: I can, swear it."

"But, madame, I-I-" "You cannot understand these rash and apparently wild confidences to a stranger, perhaps? But I know the world, and I can trust your face, as -as I could - and did that of your dead friend Staunton."

" Dead !" "Yes, dead. The people are leaving the room for the boat," she The following account of a peculiar race

the rig d little housekeeper went out. pearance as closely as I could."

"Yes, wise certainly, and good in But I am blameless. the sense of the table beside which he had been standing disappointed in him, Gerald, he looks cold, and too prudent and unenthusiastic to work very hard to right another man's wrong. I hope more from your other friend, Mr. Shaw; you must persuade him, if he needs persuasion, to come and see me to-morrow."

"And you will tell him-all you say you know about my father's disappearance? Oh? madame, why will you not tell me ?"

"My boy, believe me, I am doing the best for you. You may trust me as you trust yourself. I dare not tell you yet more than I have told you-that the instinct which makes you believe your father was murdered is, I have reason to think, a right one. I know very little more myself, but I will never rest until I do know more, and when I can put you fairly on the track I will. Do you believe me-trust me?"

The beauty of her face was no longer listless and languid; it was noble, inspired, though the inspiration was perhaps not all of heaven. Gerald pressed the hand she gave him without answering except by a look of unutterable gratitude, and watched her with eyes alight with the fire of reawakened lers toward her room. When she had disappeared he remembered suddenly that the carriole was waiting for him, and, running out of the room and torough the station, he

From out of the depths of the of the traveller. A little further examina- The rest of the passengers were then millionaire. He carries with him a very carriole, Mr. Beresford's voice, not made by one of the straight creases in the having quitted the suspected compartment, painting to be a mere copy, he starts on ulous tones, grumbled at Gerald's long cloth leading to a button. By means of a second policeman got in, and the three his journey back to England with the money absence; and the young fellow sprang up this slit a flat glass bottle had been intro- travellers submitted to a thorough and ex- still in is keeping—about his person, in fact. on to the front seat and helped Mr. Shaw continue tumors form, which often bleed and uncerto take his place beside him with impulsive ate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointheast stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally executed by whitehead up the old horse till the stope. compartment in which he travels are, by energy unusual to his gentle nature. And mysterious means, put under the influence he whipped up the old horse till the stonepaved streets of Calais rang with the clatter the slamming of one of the doors of the of wheels and hoofs, and as they crossed the moat for the second time at the otherside of the town, going slowly over the wooden said in a low voice: "Shall I drive you into Calais when I come to business to-morrow morning, Mr. Shaw?"

> "The strangest thing of all," prosed on to see Madame de Lancry so early in the day; I should hardly like to venture, in usual voice. "I will call upon her later,

Gerald looked disappointed; but not liking to make any objection, drove on in silence until they had quitted the stone-paved road that led into Saint-Pierre, and, turning to the left, were jogging quietly along the sandy, monotonous road toward "Les Bouleaux." A very dreary drive it was at all times, and on this cold March night, with a drizzling rain falling, a cutting east wind driving straight into their faces, thoughts of robbery, of murder, and of a ruined and desperate man now crossing the rough sea, made both the travellers on the front seat of the carriole gloomy and anxious.

"What's the matter, Gerald?" asked the elder man, noticing that his companion stared with strange intentness at a little thicket of stunted straggling trees which they were approaching, on the left-hand side of the road. Mr. Shaws eyesight was keen enough, yet he saw nothing either interesting or alarming in the confusion of bare twigs and branches which the weak moonlight showed him.

"Oh, we're all as nervous as cats about here just now," answered the young fellow, trying to laugh. "There have been a lot of small robberies committed in the neighborhood during the winter, and this affair in the train has given me a

Mr. Shaw shivered. He was not in the least superstitious, and he feared both yet, as they drove on again in silence through | In the Church of Rome-10th editionthe strong belief that was upon him that he was on the right road toward helping TRAOT DEPOSITORY, TORONTO. two friends out of their difficulties could not stifle a sudden and unaccountable feeling that this visit to "Les Bouleaux" would bring misfortune to somebody.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Life and Death on the Isthmus.

Robert L. Knox, who has been connected with the Panama railway for six months, has just returned home, and gives a startling description of life and death among the labourers on the Panama canal. He says that Panama comes nearer being Hades than any place he was ever in. The labourers die off like cattle when murrain strikes them. "I solution and prepared by S. J. Lancaster, for Sciation, noon the heat and the air had their effects CASTER, Petrolia, Ont. upon them, and one by one they fell. I saw one man hit on the head by the excavating machine. He was killed. The body was immediately hoisted into the dumping tube, sent through the machine, and that was the last seen of him. At night when the men are through work they begin a debauch on smuggled whiskey, and then they fight with knives and kill each other. In a big city you can see human nature in bad forms, but the worst forms of vice practised in New York and London and Paris are nowhere when compared with what can be seen every day on the Isthmus.

continued, as a burly excited Eng. is given in a Buchanan, Ia., paper: "Mr. lishman, turning to hurry up his wite Z. Stout tells us of a novel horse race that and two children, backed into her on his he witnessed at a Webster County fair at way to the door. "And your poor friend Fort Dodge last week. The distance was a visited each compartment for tickets during a shaft of reproach from his mild brown is looking at you anxiously. I must not say mile and a half, the horses to walk the first any more to you now. Don't mistrust me half mile, trot the second half, and finish because my face is no longer candid, but for with a half mile run, thus testing the ani-Gerald's sake come and see me to morrow." mals on all gaits. There were fifteen start-She let his berd go, and detained Gerald ers, and before the finish the interest of the for one moment as the two older men and spectators was wrought up to the highest pitch. The fast walkers had the advantage 'I saw your Mr. Beresford ; he came in as the horse that could leave his closest just now while you were looking for Miss competitor even six or eight rods in a walk M'Leod," she said, with her hand laid affec- of a half mile, could open up a gag at a trot, tionately upon his arm. I knew him at once while the others were finishing their walk from your description, and I studied his ap- to the wire, that it would require sharp trotting to overcome. Mr. Stout says the race "Well, and what did you think of him, was one of the most interesting he ever wit-

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A. P. 375.

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