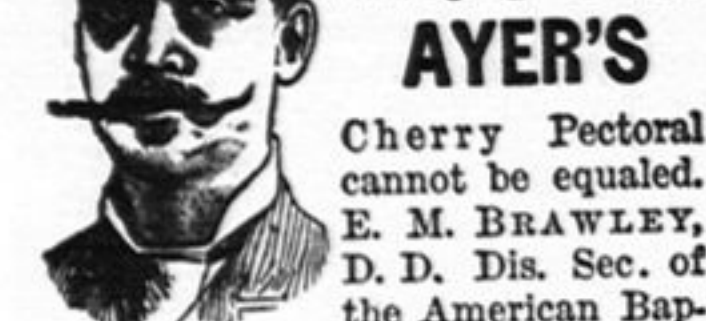


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The Canadian Post, LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1897

THE GREAT K. & A. Train Robbery

(Continued from last week.) "Then keep sharp looking, and listen to everything you hear, especially the whereabouts of some letters. If you can spot their lay, crawl out and get word to me at once. Now, under you go before they come."

I heard two men drop into the end close alongside of where I lay, and then crawl under the truck of 218. They were a bit too soon, for the next minute I heard two or three people jump on the platform, and Albert Cullen's voice droned, "Aw, by Jove, what's the row?"

Camp not enquiring then, Lord Raltes suggested that they get on the car and find out, and the three did so. A moment later the sheriff came to the door and told Camp that I was not to be found.

"I told yer this was the last place to look for the cuss, Mr. Camp," he said. "We've only discomfited the lady for nothing."

"Then we must search elsewhere," said Camp. "Come on, boys."

The sheriff turned and made another elaborate apology for having had to trouble the lady.

I heard Madge tell him that he hadn't troubled her at all, and then, as the cowboys and Mr. Camp walked off, she added, "And, Mr. Gunton, I want to thank you for reproving Mr. Camp's swearing."

"Thank yer, miss," said the sheriff. "We fellers are a little rough at times, but we know what's due to a lady."

"Papa," said Madge, as soon as he was out of hearing, "the sheriff is the most beautiful swearer I ever heard of."

For a while there was silence around the station; I suppose the party in 218 were comparing notes while the two cowboys and myself had the best reasons for keeping quiet. Presently, however, the men came out of car and jumped on the platform. Madge evidently followed them to the door, for she called, "Please let me know the moment anything happens or you hear something."

"Better go to bed, Madge," said Albert. "You'll only worry, and it's after three."

"I couldn't sleep it I tried," she answered. "Their footsteps died away in a moment, and I heard her close the door of 218. In a few minutes she opened it again, and, stepping down to the station platform, began to walk up and down. If I only dared, I could have put my finger through the crack of the plank and touched her foot as she walked, but I was afraid it might startle her into a shriek, and there was no explaining to her what it meant without telling the cowboys how near they were to their quarry."

Madge hadn't walked far on one end of the platform to the other more than three or four times when I heard some one coming. She evidently heard it also, for she said: "I began to be afraid you hadn't understood me."

"I thought you told me to see first if I were needed," said a voice that even the distance and the planks did not prevent me from recognizing as that of Lord Raltes.

"You only have to tell me what it is," said the lady. "Eren that is very hard," said Madge. "If it— Oh, I'm afraid I haven't the courage, after all."

"I'll be glad to do anything I can." "It's well— Oh, dear, I can't. Let us walk a little, while I think how to put it."

They began to walk, which took a weight off my mind, as I had been forced to hear every word said thus far, and was dreading what might follow, since I was perfectly helpless to warn them. The platform was built around the station, and in a moment they were out of hearing.

Before many seconds were over, however, they had walked around the building, and I heard Lord Raltes say,—"You really don't mean that he's insulted you?"

"That's just what I do mean," cried Madge, indignantly. "It's been almost past endurance. I haven't dared to tell any one, but he had the cruelty, the meanness, on Hance's trail to threaten that—"

At that point the walkers turned the corner again, and I could not hear the rest of the sentence. But I had heard more than enough to make me grow hot with mortification, even while I could hardly believe I had understood aright. Madge had been so kind to me lately that I couldn't think she had been feeling as bitterly as she spoke. That such an apparently frank girl as a consummate actress wasn't to be thought, and yet—I remembered how well she had played her part on Hance's trail; but even that wouldn't convince me. Proof of her duplicity came quickly enough, for, while I was still thinking the walkers were coming again, and Lord Raltes was saying,—"Why haven't you complained to your father or brothers?"

"Because I knew they would resent his conduct to me, and, I'm afraid, with anger. Of course they would," cried her companion, interrupting. "But why should you object to that?"

"Because of the letters," said Madge. "Don't you see that if we made him angry he would betray us to Mr. Camp, and—"

Then they passed out of hearing, leaving me almost desperate, both at being an eavesdropper to such a conversation, and that Madge could think so meanly of me. To say it, too, to Lord Raltes, made it cut all the deeper, as any fellow who has been in love will understand.

Round they came again in a moment, and I braced myself for the lash of the whip that I felt was coming. I didn't escape it, for Madge was saying,—"Can you conceive of a man pretending to care for a girl and yet treating her so? I can't tell you the grief, the mortification, I have felt." She spoke with a half-sob in her throat, as if she was struggling not to cry, which made me wish I had never been born.

"It's been all I could do to control myself in this presence. I have come to utterly to hate and despise him," she added. "I don't wonder," said Lord Raltes. "My only surprise is—"

With that they passed out of hearing again, leaving me fairly desperate with shame, grief, and I'm afraid, with anger. I knew I had been ungentlemanly on the trail, but I had done my best to retrieve my conduct, and was running big risks, both present and eventual, for Madge's sake. Yet here she was acknowledging that she was using me as a puppet, while all the time dinking me. It was a terrible blow, made all the harder by the fact that she was proving herself such a different girl from the one I loved,—"No different, in fact, that, despite what I had heard, I could not believe it of her, and I found myself seeking to extenuate and even justify her conduct. While I was doing this, they came within hearing, and Lord Raltes was speaking.

"—with you," he said. "But I still do not see what I can do, however much I wish to help you."

"Can't you go to him and insist that he— or tell him what I really feel towards him—or anything, in fact, to shame him? I really can't go on acting longer."

"That reached the limit of my endurance, and I read from my burrow, intending to get out from under that platform, whether I was caught or not. I knew it was a foolish move: after having heard what I had, a little more or less was quite immaterial.

"But I entirely forgot my danger, in the sting of what Madge had said, and my one thought was to stand face to face with her long enough to— I'm sure I don't know what I did intend to say."

Just as I got to the plank, however, I heard Lord Raltes ask,—"Who's that?"

"It's me," said a voice,—"the station agent." Then I heard a door close. Some one walked out to the centre of the platform and remarked,—"That's the local freight is late."

At least the letters were recovered.

quiet while the cowboys gathered. From all directions I heard them coming, calling to each other that "the skunk that shot the woman is corralled." In a moment I was jerked to my feet, only to be a split second later, and was half-crawled, half-dragged along the track. It wasn't as rough handling as I have received on the football field, but I didn't enjoy it.

In a space of time that seemed only seconds, was close beside a telegraph pole; but brief as the moment had been, was dreading what might follow, since I was perfectly helpless to warn them. The platform was built around the station, and in a moment they were out of hearing.

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Ralles might before last." "My conversation with Lord Ralles?" exclaimed Madge, in a bewildered way. "Yes," I said, "but, 'keep up the acting. The practice is good, even if it deceives no one."

"I don't understand a word you are saying," she said, setting angry in turn. "You speak as if I had done wrong, as if I— I don't know what, and I have a right to know to what you allude."

"I don't see how I can be any clearer," I said. "I was under the station platform, hiding the letters. The cowboys, while you and Lord Ralles were walking, I didn't want to be a listener, but I heard a good deal of what you said."

"But I didn't walk with Lord Ralles," she cried, "the only person I walked with was Captain Ackland."

"That took me much such back, for I had never questioned in my mind that it was Lord Ralles. Yet the moment she spoke, I realized how much alike the two brothers' voices were, and how easily the blurring of distance and planks might have misled me. For a moment I was speechless, then I said to myself, 'It was not the difference with whom you were. What you said was the essential supposition that I could say what I did to Lord Ralles!'"

"I naturally thought he would be the one to whom you would appeal concerning your 'insulting conduct.'"

Madge looked at me for a moment as if transfixed. Then she laughed, and said:—"Oh, you idiot!"

While I still looked at her in equal amazement, she went on, "I beg your pardon, but you are so ridiculous that I had to say it. Why, I wasn't talking about you, but about Lord Ralles."

"Lord Ralles?" "Yes."

"I don't understand?" I exclaimed. "Why, Lord Ralles has been—has been—oh, he's threatened that if I wouldn't—that—"

"You mean he— I began, and then stopped, for I couldn't believe my ears."

"Oh," she burst out, "you know how I feel myself, Mr. Gordon, and what I have endured from that man, you would only pity me."

Light broke upon me suddenly. "Do you mean, Miss Cullen, I cried, "that he has been and is now threatening to force his attentions on you by threats?"

"Yes. First he made me endure him because he was going to help us, and from the moment of the robbery he has threatened to tell. Oh, how I have suffered."

"Then I said a very silly thing," Miss Cullen said. "I'd give anything if I were only your brother. For the moment I really meant it."

"I haven't dared to tell any of them," she explained, "because I knew they would resent it and make Lord Ralles angry, and all eruptions of the skin, it is so itching and annoying, and so it's been— I suppose you despise me, but—"

"I never dreamed of despising you," I said. "I only thought, of course— No—that is, I couldn't help exclaiming, 'Oh, the beauty of the world!'"

"Oh," said Madge, blushing, "you mustn't think—there was really—you happened to—usually I managed to keep with papa or my brothers, or else run away, as I did when the night of the robbery I forgot, and on the trail a horse blocked the path. He never—there really was—he saved me the only time he—he—that he was really rude, and I am so grateful for it, Mr. Gordon."

(To be Continued.)

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