By M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

The police had not been idle during the day of the inquest, or during that day on which Mr. Belfield was making his first experiment in the art of window-cleaning. The usual machinery had been at work, and with the usual result of failure during the first forty-eight hours of pursuit. The first few days in such a hunt are generally blank.

Markham, the detective, had not gone back to London atter the inquest. He relied on subordinate intelligence, assisted by photography, to track the suspected criminal. His own work he felt lay in the neighberhood of Chadford, where the final links in the chain of evidence were to be put together. Lord St. Austell was still at the Bridge Hotel, keeping very quiet, but ready at all seasons to confer with Mr. Markham.

Sir Adrian spent the first day of his imprisonment in a listlesss indifference as regarded himself or his own convenience, but had worn. Again Mrs. Marrable, with had Mr. Gresham, the solicitor, with him ing Persian rug. The important question upon the evening of his arrest and talked of indentity was fully established in the over the evidence given at the inquest with | minds of the county magistrates, as it had that gentleman, but committed himself to been in the minds of the Coroner and his no statement or admission whatever.

"You have to deal with the evidence as it stands, Gresham," he said. "I admit nothing about myself or my brother."

"I am sorry to say, Sir Adrian, that unless you can disprove John Grange's state. That she had been killed by a blow upon the night s work. My wife's letter announced ment, you tacitly admit yourself guilty of perjury."

"I am not in a position, at present, to disprove Grange's statement; but I think I have as good a right to be believed as he

"On any indifferent matter, your word would doubtless be taken in preference to cross-examination by Mr. Distin. She dead wife through the shrubbery to the his; but on a question of life and death for your brother, the statement of any disinterested witness would be preferred to ance, and had seemed altogether an altered sures to weigh the corpse, and it would yours."

I do not care about myself."

was not unknown to Sir Adrian Belfield. One of the men-servants had met him on and it seemed to him well that in this strug- | the stairs going up to his room, early in the gle with Fate he should have the best assis. | morning, and had been struck by his detance that training and hereditary instinct | jected countenance. could afford. Distin had been suckled upon criminal law, and cradled in the Old Bailey. No doubt Distin was the man.

It was a shock to Sir Adrian, therefore, when Mr. Gresham came into his room next morning-soon after the coffee and hot rolls which an obsequious official had brought rived from another person. over from the Ring of Bells-carrying Mr. Distin's reply telegram : "Sorry I cannot remark," said Distin. accept your retainer. Am already engaged by Colonel Deverill,"

"This is unlucky for us, Sir Adrian. is bad enough not to have Distin with us; but it is worse to have him against us."

"You can get some one else, I suppose, if you are not strong enough yourself to protect our interests.

"I am not a criminal lawyer, Sir Adrian; but perhaps my regard for your family may stand in the place of experience at the Old son. Bailey. 1 am not afraid to undertake your defence if you will trust me."

"I would rather trust you than any other member of your profession."

The following day was Sunday, a dismal Sabbath for Adrian, who had so rarely been absent from his place in the old parish church, and whose Sundays had been verily days of rest; days devoted to kindly visit ings among the old and infirm, to serious read ing and quite thought. A gloom had overshadowed all his days since his brother's crime, but Sunday had been not the less a day apart, a time of prayer and meditation,

intercession for the sinner. This day he spent with his mother sitting | killed her." beside him, in mournful silence, or in silent little heed of time-only noting the passing easier than usual. of the hours by the church bells, sounding shudderingly, of that great bell of St. Sep- lous seducer. At first I was inclined to be funereal stroke for the passing of a sinner's connected with the sale of a horse which I entreated his mother to share the dinner sdmirer, I saw that this person's intentions that had been brought from the hotel for were as vile as they could possibly be. The for her at ten o'clock. They sat down at | would, I suppose, hardly make his conduct the stabby little table, in the light of a baser. The seducer is generally the husparaffin lamp, and each made a pretence of | band's friend. eating in the hope of encouraging the other.

magistrate to-morrow, an enquiry at which | towards her. The first thing I heard upon Adrian would appear in his new character- arriving was that the seducer was living in no longer a witness, but a prisoner, accused the neighbourhood, in hiding. I entered my of being implicated in his brother's crime.

a south-west wind, a low gray sky and a account for her falsehood and her folly, and heavy mist, through which the long black to have a complete understanding with her. ridge of the moor looked like the shoulder Such an explanation might have resulted in of a reclining giant sprawling along the level total severance, or in reconciliation. I had deliberately perjured himself was forgotten. last result of her son's wrong-doing seemed rose after a sleepless night, horribly depress- to end. I was very angry; my heart and ed. His ignorance of his brother's move- my head were both on fire. God knows I ments filled him with anxiety. The unutter- had no thought of killing her; but I desired able anguish in his mother's face yesterday, nothing more keenly than an encounter with in those long hours of silence, broken only her lover. by half mechanical speech, had agonised him. What could he do to comfort her if trunks packed ready for departure, all her the worst should happen, and Valentine preparations deliberately made. She was should be arrested and brought back to the writing when I entered the room. She tried scene of his crime? What could he do, he to keep the letter from me in her rerror, asked himself. And the answer meant only but I snatched it out of her hand. This is despair. He knew too well that the domin- the letter-unfinished." ant feeling of his mother's heart was her love for her younger son. Her grief for him would be an inconsolable grief.

CHAPTER XIV .- True to Each Other. | for the unhappy mother who sat apart in her black raiment, with the old family lawyer by her side. Lord St. Austell and Colone Deverill were present, and the legal element was represented by Mr. Cheyney, the sandy whiskered gentleman from the Treasury. Mr. Distin, who watched the case on behalf of Colonel Deverill, and Mr. Tompion, Q. C., whom Mr. Gresham had engaged to protect his client.

Markham, alias Melnotte, sat near Mr.

The inquiry before the magistrates involved a recapitulation of the evidence that had been given before the Coronor, except in the case of Sir Adrian, whose lips were now sealed, and who sat apart, with a constable standing near his chair.

The Doctor repeated his statement. Colonel Deverill once again declared his conviction that the body found in Abbey river was that of his younger daughter, and again swore to the rings which she in keenest anxiety about his brother. He evident unwillingness, identified the miss-

> The next question was how the deceased had come by her death.

temple, and had been thrown in the river after death, was indisputable. Mr. Tompion crossexamined the medical witness in the endeavour to shake his testimony upon this point, made to believe that she had carried out but the attempt was obviously half-hearted her intention. and futile.

turbed in mind since his wife's disappear- knew the water was deepest. I took mea "What am I to do in my brother's interest? wife had occupied, and had never been doom had no search been made. When the "In both your interests we must try to been thought only natural in a gentleman | walked all through the rest of the night. secure Distin. I will telegraph to him whose wife had run away from him. She got into Bideford next day, and took a boat, directly the office is open to-morrow morn. admitted that Sir Adrian's behaviour on and was knocked about the coast for a week the morning of Mrs. Belfield's disappear or so before I went back to the Abbey. Mr. Distin's fame as a criminal lawyer ance had caused some talk in the household.

> "Was that before Mrs. Belfield's disappearance was known to the household! asked Distin. "Two hours before."

> Mr. Gresham objected that this was not evidence. It was only an impression de-"We can call the servant who made the

At this moment there was a movement and the sound of voices at the further end of the room, near the door opening to the street, and then the crowd made way for a tall man in a loose overcoat with a tur collar. who cameslowly up to themagistrates' table. A silence of wonder came upon the whole assembly, which was broken only by a faint cry from Lady Belfield, who had risen, pale as death, at the approach of her younger

"Valentine," she cried piteously. "Perhaps it would be as well to hear my

evidence before you waste time upon details. said Valentine Belfield. He too was pale, but he was thoroughly self-possessed, confronting all those eager

faces calmly, as one whose mind had fully realised the worst that could befall him, an i who was prepared to endure it in the full strength of his manhood. "I am here to answer for the death of my

wife," he said, gravely and quietly, standing like a rock, with his face towards the bench, remorseful memory of the hapless dead, and and with an air of seeing no one but the magistrates who sat there. "It was I who

The clerk began to take down his evidence. prayer, for the most part. They sat togeth. | which was given s'owly and distinctly, with er through the dull wintry day, taking very a deliberation that made the writer's task

"Yes, it was I who killed her. She had with a heavy monotony from the old Norman | been a loving wife, and I had been a selfish tower near at hand-the fine old square and neglectful husband, over-secure in my tower with its crocketted finials, rising high | confidence, forgetting that there are always above old tiled gable ends, clustering on the scoundrels and profligates on the watch for summit of the hilly street. More distant such prey-a pretty woman with a careless bells came with a softer sound from a husband, intent on his own pleasures. We church on the other side of the river, and had never quarrelled, and I had never seen mingled with these, came the shrill single occasion for jealousy, till one night in a bell of a Nonconformist conventicle. To railway carriage, I over-heard a conversathat mourning mother's ear, it seemed as it tion between two men, which informed me the air were full of bells and she thought, that my wife was being pursued by a notorulchre's which she had read of tolling with incredulous, but on discovering certain facts The bells had done their worst by had given to my wife in good faith, but seven o'clock in the evening, when Adrian which bad practically been the gift of her him. She had ordered her carriage to come | fact that he had been my particular friend

"I came down to Chadford without an hour's delay, meaning to save my wife, if There was to be an enquiry before the there were yet time, but in no soft temper mother's house after midnight, with no The morning came, with drizzling rain and worse intention than to call my wife to

"I found her after midnight, with her

and who stood there watching and listening. She wore a small black straw bonnet, very confession of his crime.

"We had some conversation after I had better now. It is not so heavy a burden." read that letter, a little dialogue which only served as a commentary on that text. She loved another man and she had ceased to love me. She stood before me telling me this, looking me in the face and telling me that she meant to dishonor me.

"I couldn't stand this, and I lifted my malacca cane and struck her. I suppose I meant to knock her down. I don't believe I

meant to kill her. There was a pause, and a little choking sound in his dry throat, before he went on

very quietly. "Unluckily, my cane had a loaded handle. I struck her on the temple and she fell at my feet-dead. I hardly know whether she breathed after she fell, for I was unconscious for some minu es after her fall. I believe I fainted.

"When I recovered my senses my brother was in the room. He told me that my wife the beginning; how true and ateadfast was dead, and urged me to make the fact she had shown herself from first to lastpublic at once, and to exonerate myself from any darker crime than that of which I was guilty. The crime of an unpremeditated blow, which had proved fatal. Had I been wise or reasonable, I should have taken my brother's advice; but I was maddened at the thought of my wife's Treason and my own peril. -I wanted to save myself from the danger of an inquiry. My statement might not be believed, my crime might hand, for an hour or so and then has kissed Thatshehadnot drowned herself was estab- be called murder. I thought myself clever lished already by the evidence of the surgeon. | enough to escape any question about that her intention of running away with her lover. My wife's trunks were packed ready for the journey. The world should be

"Unwillingly, under strongest protest, admitted that Mr. Belfield had been dis- river, and threw her in at a spot where I man; that he had avoided the rooms his have lain there quietly till the crack of heard to mention her name; all this had business was over, I left the Park, and

"No one but my brother knew of my being at the Abbey that night: no one but my brother knew of my crime. His was not a guilty knowledge. He knew nothing until the deed was done; he gave me no help in getting rid of the body; he did his uttermost to induce me to confess what I had done.

The constable who had charge of Sin Adrian, was presently ordered to take Mr Belfield into custody; but the prisoner was treated with considerable courtesy, and accommodated with a seat while the enquiry went on. As Valentine seated himself near his brother, Adrian stretched out his hand, and the brothers clasped hands silently, amidst the silence of the court. Lady Belfield sat with her head bent and her face hidden. There was a strange conflict of feeling in her breast. Gladness and pride because her beloved had acted an honest part, apprehension at the thought of his danger, that peril which he had of his own accord returned to face.

The next witness was one who had not been called previously, a witness whom Mr. Markham had hunted down since the in-

This was the man whose boat Valentine had hired on the twentieth of August, and | tried to hide his deed from the light, had | brings to their hut. who swore to the strange manner of his fare, and the state of physical exhaustion in which he had remained for a long time.

This was the only new witness. The others only repeated the evidence given at the inquest, with such additional details as Sir Adrian's counsel or Mr. Distin could extort in cross examination.

But there was no startling effect produced by any of these witnesses. It was felt by most people present that the drama was n arly played out.

No one doubted the truth of Valentine Beifield's confession. He was there, a voluntary witness against himself, and there was the stamp of truth upon every word he had spoken.

His wife's own hand acknowledged her guilty intention, and in the unfinished letter there was some justification for the husband's violence. He had done well to be angry-but he had gone too far in his anger. That was all. Between the justifiable anger that would cast off an erring wife, and the savage fury which slew her, there was a wide gulf; but that gulf had been too easily crossed by the man who nad never learnt to curb his temper or to control his evil passions. That was what most reople in the magistrates' court though about Mr. Belfield, as the brothers sat quietly, side by in mitigation of Valentine Belfield's guilt; side, like and yet unlike, but never truer in their allegiance to each other, come weal, come woe, that they were to day.

The result of the inquiry was that Valentine Belfield was committed for trial at the before the fact he was admittedly an acces. | judge. sory after the fact. Local influence and spotless character here bore down the weight of evidence, and there was a murmur of opprobation in the room when Sir Adrian Beifield was ordered to be released guine had hoped for; but to Lady Belfield,

Lady Belfield and Sir Adrian travelled by thankfulness when the sentence was prothe same train that carried the prisoner, nounced. and took up their abode at a house near the

ed by a score of curious eyes. fore the opening of the assizes, Lady Belfield never left Exeter. She saw her son every day and spent hours with him in his im-The letter was handed to one of the maday and spent hours with him in his imistrates, who read it first to himself and prisonment, comforted by the mere fact of out and coming his cell, going yours shouting back. Old hen old fool gistrates, who read it first to himself and prisonment, comforted by the mere fact of then aloud, amidst the breathless silence of being in his company, comforted still more working with a command, and I don't know what all, and then there working with a command, and I don't know what all, and it is the working with a command, and I don't know what all, and then there working with a command, and I don't know what all, and then there working with a command, and I don't know what all, and then there working with a command, and I don't know what all, and then there working with a command. The magistrate's room was crowded, as the Coroner's room had been. There were three magistrates on the bench, all of whom knew and honoured the name of Belfield, and felt had entered immediately after Valentine, agony of allent removes, which his storage, which his storage which his storage, which his storage, which his storage which his storage, which his storage which his storage, which his storage which has storage which his storage which has storage which his stor

resolute soul had struggled against in vain. "I fancied I could forget that night, plainly made, and a thick veil. Behind that mother," he said, "blot the whole thing out, veil, and in that bonnet, no one noticed live out my life just as if no such horror had Madge Dawley's striking beauty. She was ever happened; but I did not know what the

only one figure more in the closely packed shedding of blood means. Never for one crowd, all intent upon the man who stood single hour of my life have I forgottenin front of the magistrates' table, making a never shall I forget, while I have a brain to remember. But I can bear the memory

"You have done all you could in atonement," said the mother, fondly. "It was noble of you to come back."

"Noble! I should have been the veriest cur had I hesitated, when I saw my brother's honour at stake. But perhaps I might have been that cur had it not been for a weman !

"What woman, Valentine?"

"One who has eaten the bread of dependance in your house, mother, but as good and noble a woman as you are. I cangive her no higher praise."

And then he told his mother the story Madge Dawley s life, from his wicked wooing in the idle autumn afternoons, and her scornful repulse of his overtures, to his last experiences in the Forlorn Hope. He spared himself in no wise, confessing how dishonourable his intentions had been in

"And yet she loves me, mother, as men are not often loved. She has loved me from the first. She loves me mone the less because of this cloud upon my life. She has been to this prison once a week since I was brought here. She has come all the way from London, absenting herself from those duties which she holds sacred, and she has sat with me here hand clasped in me good bye, and has gone quietly back to her work, travelling so many miles just for that one hour, and she will be true to me to his sin and misery, than I loved him win again, Madge Dawley will be my wife. Will it wound your pride, mother, that I should marry a daughter of the people?"

"My dearest, if she is as good a woman Mrs. Marrable was severely handled in my brother looked on while I carried my as you think her, I will welcome her with in an easy chair by the fire, weeping to all my heart, I would be grateful to her. even if she were an erring woman, for the sake of her devotion to my son." "She is spotless, mother, and as true

as steel. "Then when the glad day comes that had confessed his guilt, that he had suffered

Mr. Gresham, and the famous Tompion, Q. C., who was to conduct Valentine's detence, aided by a pair of clever juniors, had fully discussed the chances of the prisoner, and were of opinion that he would be acquitted on the capital charge. It would be a narrow escape, at best, as the concealment of the body was a damning fact. But it was hoped that the wife's letter would in- her. fluence the jury, and incline them to a lenient view of the circumstances, nor could the feeling inspired by the respectability of the Belfield family be ignored. There was no doubt that Lady Belfield's personal character would have weight with a judge and jury.

Mr. Tompion was not mistaken in this view of the case. He surpassed himself in the eloquence of his defence : he melted at his own pathos; and drew floods of tears from his audience. He dwelt on the agony of the husband's feelings, stung to madness by the treason of the wife he adored; he painted the peaceful family life, the mother with her twin sons, the family circle into which evil feeling had never entered until the seducer came there, like the serpent into Eden. He depicted the remorse of the unhappy man, who in the moment of maddened feeling had struck down the creature he idolized. How, in his horror at finding himself an involuntary assassin, he had of the numerous visitors whom curiosity tried to forget what he had done. In vain, in vain. You have heard, gentlemen, that the prisoner was a changed man from that hour. He was no hardened reprobate. The pangs of conscience tortured him by night shape strikingly like a dog's snout and day, and he knew not one moment of muzzle. Otherwise she is well formed m relief until he stood up boldly before his fully developed for a girl of 15 years, and fellow-men, and voluntarily confessed his is notably robust and active. But she crime, inviting whatever punishment the weak-minded, and the wonderful thingabout law might inflict.

And then Mr. Tompion went on to show | voice and movement. that in no case could the crime be more than manslaughter. The act had been altogether in running about on all fours, and in the unpremeditated; the blow had been struck posture she could outrun any child of he by an instrument which happened to be carried in the prisoner's hand, and to which no evil intent could attach itself. It had been the act of a single moment. The medical evidence showed that there had been but one blow, and that had been unhappily fatal. Yet it had not been necessarily fatal. Had the blow fallen upon any other part of the victim's head, it might have stunned, but it need not have killed her. There was nothing to show that the prisoner had ever contemplated her death. Had he taken his brother's advice, and at once alarmed the house, the suspicion of murder could not possibly ed or peculiar. Her mother is good looking have attached to him.

This and much more, urged Mr. Tompion and the judge followed with a summing up which strongly favoured the prisoner, albeit he took care to point out the reprehensible nature of all his acts after the fatal blow, and the cruel wrong done to his dead wife's next assizes, charged with the wilful murder reputation and to the feelings of her kindred, of his wite, Helen Belfield, on the morning in allowing her to be talked of as a runaway of August 20th, while Sir Adrian Belfiel i wife, while she was lying in her unconsecratwas set at liberty, the Bench of Magistrates | ed grave, unhonoured and unmourned. The choosing to ignore those points in his whole course of the prisoner's conduct after brother's confession which showed that his first fatal act must be considered as an though he was guiltless of being an accessory aggravation of the guilt of that act, said the

The result was a verdict of manslaughter. The judge pronounced sentence—two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

It was a heavier sentence than the san-Valentine slept that night in Exeter jail, light. She clasped her hands in silent us on the keyhole."

There was another woman who stood with Cathedral, where comfortable lodgings were clasped hands, full of resignation—that weto be had, and where the broken-hearted man who had promised to be his wife when mother might dwell in retirement, exempt his hair was white. Madge Dawley saw him from the publicity of an hotel, where her move slowly away from the dock between entrances and exits would have been watch- two warders, and knew that for two weary | wasn't there?" years the law would hold him in subjection During the five weeks which elapsed be- like a little child, meting out his tasks and

opening of a door is almost too much for the

And this was all to be suffered by the spoiled child of nature and of fortune athlete whose life hitherto had been activity; the sportsman to whom horse ar dog and gun were among the necessaries life; he who had been of so proud a tempe he who had never brooked control, not en the gentle restraint of love; he was to m mit himself meekly to the government of low-bred warder, to humble himself before hirelings and slaves—worse than a slav

She thought of all this, sadly enough, she listened in the precincts of the as to the time of the prisoner's the offine and Jacky's cooking is good enoug as to the time of the prisoner's transferen to Dartmoor, and the rules as to visite There's nothing strange in Jacky' There's nothing strange in Jacky' There's nothing strange in Jacky'

She found a friendly sergeant at last, vision about housework, for, told her the Dartmoor regulations, which is a girl. She insists that he seemed hard and cruel to her with Jaqueline, and I ought to call her have travelled a her with the seemed hard and cruel to her with the seemed hard and crue the seemed hard and crue the seemed hard and cruel to her with the seemed hard and cruel the seemed hard and cruel seemed hard and cruel to her, who wood that's too long for every-day use, have travelled from London to Devonding her Jacky, and when she puts on every week, just for the control her Jacky, and piles all her hair week, just for the comfort sitting by the captive's side for hour, in mournful silence for the

Sir Adrian met her as she was leavin

"I have been looking for you, Margue, folks were cit, until just there was a know said. "My mother would like were eating supper there was a know said. The were eating supper there was a know said. The were eating supper there was a know said. The were eating supper there was a know said. he said. "My mother would like to be door, and Jacky answered it. The you before you go back to London to be door, and Jacky answered it. I should you before you go back to London, Na take you to her ?"

back to London this evening. I have man come in to stay did. The gaged a room for the night, and shall was just what Jacky did. The an early train to morrow." and shall go by the nor I could understand who

thank you for your devotion to my brothe; we could make only seemed to know man, and he only seemed to know She has no need to thank me. I have lish words. Wasn't it a nice situ only obeyed my destiny. I could not be loving him. I loved him only the better is he was proud and happy."

They walked together to the old my house in which Lady Belfield was lodging and Adrian led Madge Dawley up to the drawing room, where his mother was sitting quiet tears of resignation for the son when she must see so seldom in those two m happy years. She had seen him led off up criminal, to expiate his crime among other malefactors. It was not enough that he you are free to marry, I will be proud of the slow tortures of remorse. He must pr the penalty. And he had looked so ill ad wan in the grey winter light, and afterwirk in the glare of the gas. Would he live to accomplish his penance? Would he erg come forth again into the the light of day, a free man?

Madge went over to the sorrowing mother and knelt down beside her. Lady Belle put her arm round the girl's neck and kined

"He told me all that you had done in him," she said. "I thank God that there is one other woman in the world who love him as well as I do."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DOG-FACED GIRL.

Her Expression. Gait, and Speich Have

Canine Peculiarities. In a lonely cahin on the banks of Ozelis Creek, in the town of Willett, Cortland county New York State, may be founds remarkable freak of nature, known through the county roundabout as the "dog-facil girl." Here mother and daughter named respectively Orilla and Sarah Walls, live alone, and in poverty, gaining a precariou support by picking berries and gathering roots and herbs, and from gifts at the hands

The peculiarity of the dog fased girls features lies in the chin, mouth and now, which protrude from the head and neckt an excessive and unnatural degree, and ma her imbecility is its canine characteristics

Up to about 10 years old the girl persist age. Her vocal utterances, also, were mar vellously like the barking or howling of a dog As she approached the period of womanhood she learned to walk erect, and her voice lost something of its canine tones, but her features and utterances are still so unmistakably doglike as to attract marked attention and wonder.

She has a constant stream of visitors, cluding physicians and scientists as well a ordinary curiosity mongers, and these are told truthfully that her father, who died shortly after her birth, was in no way malform. in teature and figure, and ordinarily intelligent. None of the dog-faced girl's visitors have as yet suggusted any plausible theory of the freak which gave her to the wor d.

His First Night Out. Bride (of a month) -My husband seems to be out very late to night.

Maid-Yes'm; it's after 11 o'clock. "Mercy on me! Do you suppose he could have met some former sweetheart, and "No, indeed, mum; the butler tells me your husband is at the club having a good time with his bachelor friends, and I think, ma'am, you ought to do something about it. "Why, of course. How thoughtless I am! Get me that box of phosphorus from

the cabinet." "Darie ma! You ain't going to commit spicide?

"Suicide! You must be crazy. I'm going down to the front door to rub phosphor

An Every-Day Matter. Jinks-"What was the matter at your

house last night?" Blinks-" Matter? "Yes; something unusual going on,

Eh? Why, as I passed your house " Not that I know of.

YOUNG FOLKS

JACKY'S TRAMP.

BY H. BOTSFORD.

when he and mother starts.

They only meant to day, returning on the early t id all winter, if they'd chosen managed well enough alone. well posted about, if I do say

heeled shoes, and piles all her hair her head to look young-ladyfied, I point of calling her Jack. It tease than anything I could call her. Well, things went on all right folks were cff, until just at night. was where I missed it. I should myself, and saved all the fuss "I should like to see Lady Belfield myself, and saved an anuch. There is no train that will to afterwards. I wouldn't have let at afterwards. I wouldn't have let at afterwards. In to stay all night. back to London this evening. I take mean come in to stay all night. except that he wanted to see M "Then you can spend the evening vit and would wait till he came. The wants to talk the spend would wait till he came. The same wants to talk the same wants the wants the same wants the same wants the same wants the same wan thank you for your devotion to make out, for we could make out, for we couldn't If the stranger couldn't talk he well enough, and he seemed to no thing. Wasn't it likely that he v a part, merely to get into the h would have a good chance to rob us in the night, and no one eve out. I thought then as I think it wasn't wise to let him stay; wouldn't hear to turning him out stormy night. Besides, it's dou could have made him understar wanted him to leave. "Why, it's four miles bad

village, and he looks tired out think it would be cruel to turn Jacky said. "There's no harm He deesn't look like a t like a weary, travelstained gent may be poor, but I know he isn I never thought you were timi but it looks like it," she added. That settled the question. have sent him off then for co

but I know she did not feel the ity I did, if she was sixteen, an older than 1. So the stranger stayed; and w late I showed him to the bedro and opening from th I meant to sleep wit and wanted to have

by for company, of course. that I owned a pistol, but fa never let me buy one; so I put (it's almost as old as my grand chair at the head of my bed, an I do not know how long asleep, but I suppose it was q and that it was past midn

I suddenly awoke. I listene out if all was quiet in the next an indistinct murmur caught m I could not hear the words, bu whispering going on there, which been what waked me. man must have acc thought, and wondered wh do. Could I rout two, or p

grown men? While I was wits together, to make some bo heard some one come out of the and walk about the sitting roo for money, of course. The window opened, and the loud pistol. What was on foot?

I sprang up, seized the gun, l reached the door the footsteps s retreating into the bedroom struck me. I laid the gun crept cautiously out of the sitting-room was dark, though left the lamp burning ; but the da ed my plan. I reached the b drew it stealthily to, and lock anyone inside the room could

Then I crept back to my own ed, and, with gun in hand; w other man. I felt pretty sur tramp, for I knew he could window to escape without my What that report meant, or w side man was about, I could n wasn't very jolly to sit there in wonder and listen. It was a c very coldest, it seemed to me saw. My hands began to g feet were like lumps of ice, ar my resolution I began to get s mean to watch till morning if I f tempt. Time went very slowl last I heard a clock strike. It be -I thought it must be as late a lour-why, it is near mornin and yet the strokes did not o clock must be wrong," I mut exasperating thing kept on as sibly could, and struck twel

house was perfectly quiet age I began to feel doubtful awake until morning. At an make myself a little more con laid the gun down within hand, and pulled a blanket wrap myself in; and that is member of the night's experie I was waked by a loud kn outside door. I started up, 8 daylight, and heard my tath g me to let him in. At Jacky hurried out from the she had been getting breakfas

me with an astonished look as Why George, didn't you o meet the folks? I was w you were gone so long." Then, when I had let them provoked that I failed to co with the carriage, and I sa colding ready for me.
We have been waiting in hour." he said, "and I

young man, if you can't As soon as I could get a ch to excuse myself, thou at myself for overslee father, if you i ne

dainoc you went awa

would have to come on fo

Ye you explain how it hap