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the place, however—she had plenty of leisure look after them elve-, lighted a cigar, and, in And must she stand watching, and watching, ding." PROPERTY AT 8 PERCENT. rencued the station at Askholme; had met think I u sooner have you to hand than Cynthia af er all. Someone I must have;

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CALL AND EXAMINE. WED DISTRICT

the Clarence in Lon- water, throwing her just a glance as he went "and my debt-" aunted house in Upper Vane Street; from dulgence, and it so hap ened that she had right; we shall meet again. I must be Opper Vane Street to the Great Railway never before skatched in company with any. Pve got to give John Heron a p made allowed steep had Marion Furness built more formidable than a stray child to night, and I must catch my train. I can made allowed to get up my speech; but I've done the ground at random bounds aimlessly from critical cows. She thought for a moment of ter, and shap't speak a penny the worse I put to spot until it exhausts its power, rising, seeing that the young anger seemed dare say. An revoir," And so it seemed to be with her, until a final to be settling himself within hai ing distance; He was off before she could get in another likelier pince than the least likely of all reasonable cowardice. No doubt the angler There was at least one good thing about however, he sat down, set his rod and line to the door of the cottage. She saw him enter. back: or I increase the dose—I mean the hid-

as a tam; fawu trom a wiid.

denois rating the unit ess of mauty. The

goes without saying -- inderstand me; I mear

of smoke hanging round the ghost of a gray

He spoke as if they were in the neigh-

in a man.

to consider now she came tuere, and thus she the most unsportsmanlike manner, began to and doing nothing but watch a doorway till nad never had a chance of getting elsewhere, read and to make notes with a peucit. She he emerged? There was plenty to remember, though the saw only his back; and he, consequently, saw If she kept a veil well over her face, and You ask that—and you have seen Mrs. journey hither had proved the swiftest and nothing of her. No doubt he knew that a gathered her clock well about her, so as to Snell!" simplest thing in the world. Acting on young lady was sketching hard by; but he alter her figure, she could, at any rate, come Cynthias directions, and without nearly ex- took that after all not very ex raordinary close to the house without fear of recognition nausting her norrowed sovereigns, she had circumstance with the utmost ease. wer fa her quenly on the platform; had to face her, resting on his eliuws, and, just active vigilence, until she reached the door. Advertisements without special instructions ininstructions ininstructions instructions instr "You've got pluck; and you've got these parts. Can you tell me if there is a of her standing idle outside a door? resout co sand he atter a long pause as they ferry acro sthe river, or if Lean flad a boat waiked up and down ... I'm nanged if L don't any where !" found herself face to fac, with the self-same and weat Cynthia would have to act you'll young man to whom she had plaiged her do by nature; and-there are other things. But want a bit. I shan have to trust you, .d I'm not going to trust again without making sure. You know what I am?

u are escaping from danger," said Vane! Ah, I aways knew we should meet Marion. it's being he.e!" again somewhere and somehow-but fancy suou.u dream of-much less spare. I have killed a treacherous scoundrel was sought to have met this same stranger twice and at do worse than kill me; and hourn I no more such d fferent and such distant places within regret it than I should regret sho ting a tiger or strangling a ra tiesnake, it will be cailed Muraer, your mother hated me remember. Are you going to be her daughter or mine? ' am a.w ys hers-forever!" said Marion.

Bu. -- I am yours too. You are st angely like what I once fracted she would be-when we were both young. I did love her, Marion. If she had let me, I could have loved her as no iman ever loved woman. But you saw how, it her morbid state, she even denied that she was iny wife—as if any woman in her senses would insist on her own sname, even if i' were true. . , . You are like what she would have been. Though you don't know me, you don't turn away from me just be cause I've nibidy else to turn ti-"Nor nave anybedy to turn to," she could not help sighing. 'As we're buth alonewhat have I to do? If only I can do it, it

to be in your deut no more," mittiauail be done " "Anytuing-whatever it may be?" "Whatever it may be." "Even if it is called crime?" "What does it matter to me," she asked. country parson s daughter after all. with gentle bitterness, "what things are called! I didn't come here to you without knowing what it did mean. I only want to be of some use—any use. I don't want to helm will be found out in time, like every- were assuredly not Marion's. The voice was Seventeen-Upper Vane Street. Certainly something new had come to her doing what I can with it before it gets as feit a strange sort of disappointment to find made a raid upon both house, making, for Cynthia would have known. Not being one, and is a sort of a weasel by nature. And he —and yet, maybe, it was not new. She had vulgar and common as—a —Switzer and or that her husband was in nothing worse than tunately, or unfortunately, no arrests, but if he put his foot into the place—one thing tells me that there's a warrant out against but it has a great charm.

turned upon her almost roughly. "What makes you so reckle s-you, a girl ? that i've got only one work given me; and if it's given me, it's right-and that .'ll do. "A d that is ---

flush, "whatever Mamma would have done, more or less adventur us and unconvention- now?" if only-a:nd did not do." "And I wish-but never mind now. You're to make me interest d. I hay I seed By light; and therefore the more anxious to see These, divested of gossip and surmises, cozed out of Stephen Ray with regard to the sure you have noo her ti -- nothing to make Jove!'

y u flinch or pause ?" "N tena" postor flushed to the nair. "You care for no living sound "There is no one " "Not even a gir.'s fincy ?" "I believe you. And I trust you; there is trusted once—and was becaused. But I am His paradox was be oud her; but he seem "To come to business, then," said the Doc-

to swear it ! If you wish it-I will." not; there never shall be. Now mind-I trusting again. Do you know all that means ed in carnest, and she could not help feeling tor. "I've got a capital notion. You must -a man's trust for the last time ?" "Then—remember. Nothing, forever to more, and the first imp ession of danger be- thinking of buying a first-class practice in not a dream. I put myseif into your hands." gin to fade. "Tell me what to do."

near here where, for particular reasons, I am you'd be here." "Is that necessary! I have ske ched-a to flut ragain. "That will do. It is only needful to have of myself. But never mand. And I'm not a reason for a girl to live in an out-f-the- going to rememb-r politics either, for a good way cottage, and alone. An ar ist may do five minutes to come. Don't let me interfere anything—even the yokels won't ask ques with your work; I il do the talking for ...... tions if you put up an easel and go about And, talking of art, you can prove the beauty with a block and pencil. You're an artist of uzliness; and I ve been picking up an -xwho wants to study the A-ke and no wou- tracedinary fellow, with a real genius is der. There's no river like it. to my mind in the world. . Y u've fixed yourself brought his do the to Margagrave there, just as many a going woman before perposes of my own-everything's tail of a moor. You'll have a girl from the vilage, and she won't be a dangerous critic, fight comes off I must exhibit my genus o you o ma ter how you daub. A painter, or He is a gentu, Miss Vane; and que a where I mintre s, is a privileged maniac all over the nicked him up; in the street care turing a world. You can take any name you please, whole rank of cabmen, ..iving each of them i'il send you all the thing: you'll wan; and three minutes. He s a caricature nimself -as you won't be trouble I with would-be friends, colemn as a ghout. But I'm fighting a losing the other day." so long as you don't go to church, and all battle you know, and have got o hit hard; that sort of thing. So far, there's nothing and my ghoul is going to set Marchgrave by hard. The great thing is that I should have the ears in a way toa. -well, you'll see friends; a place to escape from at thee by shouldn't wonder if he's seen the inside of can get at any moment to do any states but that, as he's a genius, of cours

pusiness I may require. There'll be plenty of that—soon." "Your-friends!" must never go more than a sketcher's dis- "How far is Murchigrave," she asked tul- poull ruin, not only me, but yourself too." cance from the door; and whenever you go denly out you must le tve written word in some set- "Why-dou't you knew! L'o't up the river tied place where you are to be found. What -no; up, no: down. Do you see a faint b'u ever money you want, you will have "Aud-this will belp you!" "Help me! This will save me- had all!"

Marion Furness was not much of an arand happily, she had enough skill with her a And at night, secary with effort, and electy

would presently move on. Instead of that, Dr. Snell, watched by his wife, tapped at

through the window. She moved forward, Suddenly, however, he rolled round, so as in pursuance of an indefinite desire for more Excuse me-but Lam still a s ranger in what discovery, what vengeance could come And must she stay here! What good, Ah, but a door has something more than an ontside. What if she were to enter and sur-She had to look up: and, to her dismay, prise the guilty pair? It was an inspiration, to such a point had

she been wrought up by her jealous rage. Her tongue would have her husband so completenever again stray beyond the tether of her "in the name of all good fortune-Miss apron-string from that time for ever. hand was on the door. She tried it before knock- only feel. And that was her tragedy. It did som omineus, indeed, that she should will. She found herself in a narrow flagged that the two men were about to part, ed at both, but heard nothing. She opened being heard or seen: not that she much cared.

full as composed as ne-as different from the first, and then at some critical moment, to as if to goad her into sudden vengeance, Heron. It's true he's only tyrant of March- woman should, by all the rules, mean on a bewildered ere a ure he had me. in London start from behind the easel and appear. "Yes," she suit, with a smile-nor could the first was Wyndham Spell's. Cynthia herseif have found a better among her professional proper les-"it is a very, ten ghtors troublesome and inquisitive? he Naturally a man like Morland, could no you ever seen the man? No? Then I must upon her, to show no sort of surprise, but revery narrow world. I am glud to be able to was saying; and the question made Mrs Snell's stay in such a town as Marchgrave without put you in the way. By the way—what be gretting more than ever her forgetfulness to for a dun! I'm much more like to be dunt the more langerous the more lonely. Ab- of his disappearance. thought, "if she is i't just a commonimos London for choice. You can see a single pieces together in point of time. "Oh. no. I'm only wors for a time-mik- sen."

Waies. Many people would call it ugly; the worst of masculine company. "Ah-you are a pain er, then?" asked he nobody would expect him to do. I suppose ing.

al after all. "I danb a it a myself-enough Adam Furness!" Mrs. Snell began to see, with Guy Derwent in special. Before her first con ic the conscious im- such manœuvres she, without a single telltale selves to connect Number Seventeen, or its neighbor next of mine-why I should bring warning. I'm what's more, you're the only person I ever husband in company with Marion's father remained. came across that understands what I'm at- the latter leaning against the mantel-piece: poem. You make make everything round bottom of the canvas and the top of the box-

town. There's one got g in Mayfair that "But what an as. I a.a! he exclaimed sud- would suit me down to the ground. But it de. 1 .. "I f rgot an this time that you had naturally wants money; and then I must have "You must wait. I have taken a cottage some conn cinawah Marchgrave. Occurse a good house properly furnished, and start in least likely to be looked for. Can you paint?" .. W.tn Marchgravel' he asked, beginning "You in fashionable practice! Why, I wouldn't call you into a cow." "Praps not; and if 'ou did, I wouldn't "Ah-you don't remember what I told you

come. But you were g. id enough to call me Jump at such a security as a practice like that

with fifty thousand pounds. That won't you mean including the ten thousand you had intimate knowledge of the features of Miss when he arrived, handing up a document to "No. That went in speculation. trout-ling you now."

y thenceforth at her mercy that he would It was a bold, but congenial: stroke and her could neither think nor speak: she

"That's all very welf. But don't you find from the river-side. blood boil, "Believe me, I know what these bearing something of its latest mystery, came of Guy Derwent?"

"Don t you see! They'll argue like this:- centre of an elaborate system of crime. She was astonished at her own fluency - Adam Furne s, not being a simpleton, is still Guy Derwen -like every body connected "I don't know what I mean; but I -" The be- course I ought not to tell you. But I do. ' the more especially as per rips were tremo. in L ndon or abroad. Therefore, the obvi- with that system-had disappeared. "I'm not recaless. I've made up my mind ling and her tangue stumbling all the wind, our course of Adam Furness is neither to stay. During the visible escape of one of the me, sir," he said, almost humbly; "I meant Marion, visibly pale, and feeling that the Never in her life and she spoken so many in Loudon nor to stay abroad, but just to act criminals, a girl precisely resembling Miss nothing—nothing at all. I'm of a highly circle was beginning to close. like a simpleton; that being the only thing Vane had been present—not impossibly aid- artistic temperament, and I get excited about "It seems some woman or other has been

"Well: you want blackmail! How much "Blackmail! What do you take me for.

like Joking about business. Say-to begin

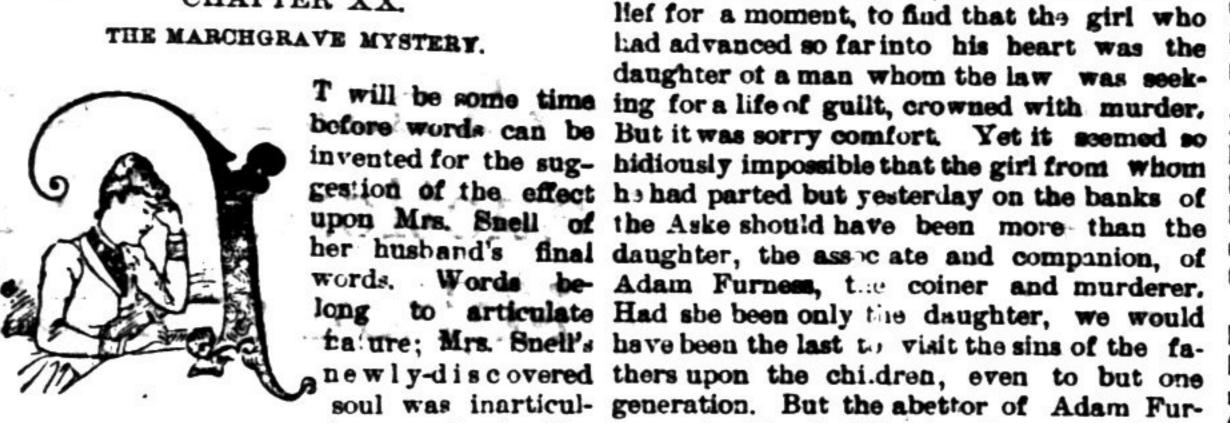
fly thousand down, which gon'll throw hough without genius some knowledge, wowever intimate, must have failed. Though "Yes. You must wender at nothing that bourhood of Marchgiave-a client to to sway in a week, but to be a millionaire in a not yet in love, Draycot Morland was touched

"It's no use, Purness. That money I must on Adam Furness to crawl under his boot a practice I'm telling you about im't exactly in Mayfair. That's only to throw dust in and I, I can't stand Mrs. Wyndham Snell any

"You mean you would close the bargain and gof" asked Adam Furness in a voice that made the listener start perilously—so hoarse was it, and so full of hope that seemed like

from which all the life had gone longer lingering on the name. Stephen with a note of rage.

CHAPTER XX.



gestion of the effect he had parted but yesterday on the banks upon Mrs. Snell of the Aske should have been more than her husband's final daughter, the assoc ate and Words be Adam Furness, the coiner and murderer long to articulate Had she been only the daughter, we would ta ure: Mrs. Snell's have been the last to visit the sins of the fasoul was inarticul- generation. But the abettor of Adam Fur-She ness-the friend of Stephen Ray, and of heaven who knew else-it was more than horrible. And the finger of love that had been ing and it opened as readily as country doors Instinctively judging from some motion laid upon him felt like a poisoned sting. "You damned Adam Furness," he said passage, leading through into the orchard at contrived-how she knew not-to slip from dreamily. "Why! Was he not the chief he tack with a door on either side. She listen- behind the easel and out of the room without you all?" But ner fatuer's faith in her henceforth deone gently; and found herself, by stepping a And it was that very recklessness which no me—an artist, if there ever was one; he took manded invariable presence of mind; and it little to the left as she entered, behind a high doubt enabled her to effect her escare imperadvantage of my necessities, of my misforease! bearing a canvas so large as to conceal ceptibly. She had heard enough; there was tunes; he made me do slave's work for to feel surprised at anytining that might the upper part of her person from any occu- no need for her to listen to another word, slave's pay. When I protested, he put upon

pants of the room, while a box seat with a Marion, as she understood it, was at the bot- my spirit—an artist's spiri, .ir. Morlandtoes from view. She instinctively took up imbecile—was using his power over Adam spirit would bear. He—" she was henceforth an alventuress by fac. this covert: for the instincts of the eavesdrop. Furness to fly from his lawful wife with "In short, you hate him?" and profession, of a namone by way of tem- per were strongly developed in Mrs. Snell, Marion. She comprehended none of the "I hate all tyrants, Mr. Morland. All." and the experience besides. Besides it would talk about docks, banks, and shares. Marion So she looked up from her sketch to the be so much more effective a stroke to observe was the beginning; Marion the end. And, work against tyrant number one-to wit-John while passing from the cottage, she caught grave; but one must begin somewhere. My one thing. But she was living altogether There were two voices in the room. And sight of a graceful figure that she hated with agent suggests that you make a burlesque de- outside rules; and for her, at any rate, it the whole passion of her nature approaching sign for the statue they're putting up to him could mean no more than to a num.

solitudes are; de ightfully romantic; and all Tuis mystery enshroud d Guy Derwent like "Guy Derwent! I don't know the name, ial though it seemed to be, she only looked "On, never min I that. Do you take me that, of coure; but terribly dangerous; and a pall. Morland soon gathered all the facts Who was he?" ued. So you live here! And your could— for real solitude, in real, chemical combina- As something of a lawyer—despite Mr. Miss Furness—you'll see I know something . . . An accident, has made me find our is he here, tout . . . I'm hange i," he tion, with real safety, give me a big town— Giles—his first course was to arrange the when I tell you that he was at your place in who you really are. Do you understand. I' d: op of water in a thimble, but not in the On such a day, Guy Derwen, shipbroker, came down." traveled from Marchgrave to London. ing a few studies. It's agreet thing to flid "Yes.—That's just what all fools say." On the next, he was calling at Number temples, as if to keep his wits from flying- centric sort of person, you know—it's may new ground in these days. I sup ose Asa- Mrs. Suell started at the deep tones that Six een-practically identical with Number away. where else; and then is will be spoiled. I'm familiar enough—only on familiar; but she Immediately afterwards, the police had one af the slaves. If he had been, I and lawyer, who has associations with the police;

amply demonstrating that the houses were a certain; it would never have gone out again.", one Adam Furness, for being u lawfully ac "Wby-what the devil do you mean!"

"To do for you," she answered, with a hot brightening to find the she was something even such a clever fellow as you can see Miss Vane had herself admitted her ac- Morland spoke merely for the sake of speakquaintance with Marchgrave in general, and ing, for he had by no means misunderstood more. Being, as has been said, accustomed to were all the facts, which served of them- fate of any intrusive or unauthorized visitor suppose you're wondering what affair this rustle, contrived to peer hastily round the Derwent, and Miss Vane. They might point door. Into what labyrinth of murder had he tell you, to show you that you may trust me

"You and a pund. Mist Vane! And easel-and there, sure enough, was her own in a hundred directions; but inseparable they strayed-after a girl? He shuddered and shrank back, as one who. Having nothing else for the moment to opening an innocent-looking chest, finds it "Father-do you want me to swear to you ways preaching-that there is nothing really the former lounging in a wicker chair that occupy him, he strolled to the lodging he had full to the brim of mouldering bons. that there is no one between you and me, beautiful but the ugly. You would simply creaked at every motion he made. Taking taken for the caricaturist whom he had He satisfied his restlessness by taking his and if he is the man I think never will be, till I die? Do you want me make your forune as a portrait painter, advantage of this defect, she kneeled down, picked up by way of a Bohemian whim; and, artist to his agent—thanks to whose good him, forewarned is forearmed. He MissVana. That is a spential study. It is a so as to see whatever happened between the finding the fellow out, amused himself while offices Stephen Ray, obtained a good place at is waiting by lazily turning over a volume of the Guild Hall. Here the Mayor was to hold well, a very great deal. He must escape-

"By Jove! if he hasn't got Heron already." said he. "But this is a portrait—not a Meanwhile John Heron had decided that the over, from top to bottom and through of mearnest, and she could have come at last when he must and through. . . . I m not goin; out loving its prais. So she flushed soil away on a place like 'ggot's Town. I'm exclaimed aloud, as he lifted up the carefully choose between his whole life's work—the one pencilled out ine of the face of a girl great thing he lived for-and the life of-a man. No, of a Wyndham Snell. CHAPTER XXL He could find no reason for a single instant's pause-unless it were for decision as to the

"LEAVE ILL ALONE." HE portrait o'

of a had been rendered needful, it was essentially not worse than crime. Poison? He could invite portrait he bottom of the Aske for a haven. That in the betting is a navy respects, might be the best of all, for thousand to one he Aske mud was an accomplice that would agaist its being lever tell tales.

surest means. Though deliberate murder

he magistrate proceeded from his bank to

"A warrant to back sir," said the clerk

John Heron took it and read it slowly.

"I see" he said "I suppose it is all in

With fingers that did not tremble, a war-

ant for the apprehension of one Adam

Turness, charged with being at large before

is sentence of transportation had expired.

was signed and handed to a constable in

IT COMES.

he Mayor-elect of Marchgrave

Look here, Mr. Snell. I am engaged in a That the fellow he had picked from the

not, and could contain two Miss Vanes. course that might be the worse for the world

semed suddenly to go off after wool

Let me see-Miss-Miss-Vane?"

te, though, Furness. As if I—I of all men rected himself quietly. "I'm a regular fool Father, had come. don't know what dross money is compared about names. I was thinking of the street,. He nodded to be

capacity, and a great deal more.

"His daughter?"

"Yes," said Adam shortly, and examining

haps something very different from judical man and all athirst as he was, he had scarc. ly time to be impatient at the delay inserarable from tea-making. She set out the home-"I see: She is bis wife," be said, in a voice liest of cups on a white cloth and ministered

sbeently as he entered the room.

"Who is whose wife?" asked Stephen Ray, to him silently. Presently he looked round at greater le -"Mar on Furness," gulped Moriaud, no sure, and could not but be aware, after his: 'Adam's daughter? Whose wife!" cried battle with Dr. Suell, that peace and quie: had stretched their wings over him for a short but unspeakably refreshing spell. He had escaped f. om the close and oppressiv Well-that was better: it was almost a redignity of his bank-parlour in Chapter Lane. and from the luxury of his home at Marc .had advanced so far into his heart was the

daughter of a man whom the law was seek- grave. Could it be, he falt, sitting opposite to Marion, that he was a man hunted down be law, his hand red with a fellow-creature blood, bondslave of the vilest of tacka baffled in every desire, and only de perately avoiding the hulks of the gallows by leading two hostile lives, of which each was a li It seemed impossible—unless for the hou he was leading yet a third life still. It was like going to sleep, and better: for he was not troubled with what he might say or do in a dream. For a long time-or it migh have been a short one-he sat and mused "I must be going now," said Alam sulden y; and he did not even say where. He left her abrup ly, and strode, in his heavy way, along the road. And not till he was gone did she recollect that sue had for zotten to tell him of her interview with Drayest

The next day nothing happened. And even. likewise passed the next day, and the ne.t. But one morning she was startled by a knock. It was Draynot Morland himself who knocked on the knocker-less doo-"I forgot to ask your address," he said rather abruptly-for him. "But I enquired after you in the village—and I have something to say to you; something very serious

at the Cross; You might see your way. Have Bearing in mind the one duty hitherto laid tell her father of this complication, immaterher inquiry, and let him follow her indoors. "Perhaps he had an alias too. A friend of "I hardly know," he said, "how to beg the

Upper Vane Street just before the police "No," she said; but she could not quite keep back a quick gasp as she spoke. Stephen Ray put his band suddenly to his "You needn't be afraid of me. I'm an ecbusiness to fly in the face of-things at large. No, I never heard the name. He wasn't Among my Marchgrave friends is a certain large. He ought not to have told me, and of wildered look passed from his face. "Excuse" "A warrant-for being at large?" echo-! telling the police where he's to be found."

Her head was beginning to reel, despite all the significance of the grim hint that had commands. "I think I would rather not know that. without fear. Mis: Vane-You are living ! horrible peril-I can see that; and I want Furness what I have come here to tel Court and transact important business, and you-you must take your right place in life; Miss Furness, I've thought it all

my Wife. There !" Not to be startled-whatever happened; whoever came? The command went to the It was a str nge way of wooing-as strange, a case in which discovery would be infinitely But there was not the .ess carnestness in his

to make flue speeches:-but

the doctor to Askholm, or better still, to The eyes and in his tone. Cedars, where nobody would dream of a Marion wandered to open the window for air. more than formal inquest on any guest of She could not doubt the zeal of his wooing, John Heron, of Chapter Lane. A walk along strange as it seemed. Nay-under the inflithe river by the cliff path, and a sudden fall! ence car ried by all earnestness, she felt some That, too, was worth consideration: for death thing of what mingled in his bidding; of the But it must be might be insured by a strong grip before the pivy, the chivalry that was ashemed of it elf either real or push, and anybody might stumile over a the generously overmastering desire to save ideal. If it be a broken cliff-side. Or a trip in a boat, with Breathing deeply, she turned and held out

"No," said she humbly. "No: thoughthough I almost think I understand! Have f -has he-found one good friend? Oh, Mr. Morland-!Don't ask me what I can't give: With deliberate murder, therefore, in his and never can. . . . You are right; I am neart, and his brains busy with the means, Marion Furness; and my father's life is mine. . . . Oh. what can I say?" "Say, 'Yes,' " he said, taking the hand sha gave him. "Never mind love, and all that

rot. You need me-and I want you." She bought of that wilight scene on board the Sumatra, and sighed. You have warned him-it is good of you, But don't let it be for my sake! Help me-I could save you from him-but how a criminal from the law? And yet I will-if !

One thing more What his Heron's

friend, Guy Derwent, to do with your fath-

At the same moment, the magistrate, or's affairs?" "Guy?" cried Marion. "Mr. Derwen! Nothing-nothing in the world!" "It s no use my going to work in the dar": though of course I can't ask you to tell mi more than you will. Guy Derwent is said t be abroad. I told you that I had seen him. and where: at that house in Vane Street. And, since that moment he has never to seen again; not even his own clerk has hear who impelled by so of him; nobudy has heard of him but Jou ! tragically grotesque a Heron; and he will say nothing. I con feet to so unlikely a place It was not for a full minute that Marion

as Askholm. She saw, realized his meaning. But even before say it is true, a middle-aged realized it, and while he spoke, a mist, work woman in black irregu- than mere darkness, fell over her eyes. So larly hurrying along the roadway; but such held out her hands as if clutching after that should bring Guy De-went to Upp

(continued on fourth page.)

the picture of any actual girl;

million to one that Draycot Morland's carieaturist had not made this sketch without an Jane-nay more, without that greater knowedge which alone can enable the swiftest o things had gone as they cught, I would't be rtists to reproduce the expression of the

"Who's this, Ray?" seked Morland. "She's

s Marion returned from

he Guild-hall.