

PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane. BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN. Beatrice was silent, her slender frame...

Langhetti asked about the man who had called in the morning. The landlady could tell nothing about him, except that he was a man with dark hair and very strong eyes...

"A friend? Why?" "Because she knew some secret of theirs." "Secret! What secret?" asked Brandon...

Brandon had carried Angelo with him, as he was often in the habit of doing on his visits to the villa. After his interview with Phillips he stood outside on the veranda of the villa...

long separation—a short interval which must end and give way to the misery which would befall him if he did not succeed in the capture of the honor, and defend the future...

and Langhetti despaired of accomplishing anything. The idea of her being once more in the power of a man like Potts was frightful to him...

and after such proofs as this, what do you think would be the verdict of an English jury or of any judge in any land; and what do you think would be your own fate? Answer me that..."

CHAPTER XL. DISCOVERIES.

The next morning after Beatrice's last performance Langhetti determined to fulfil his promise and tell her that secret which she had been so anxious to know. On entering into his parlor he saw a letter lying on the table addressed to him. It bore no postage stamp, or post office mark.

Langhetti read this several times. Then he called for his landlady. "Who left this letter?" "A young man."

"Who could that be? thought Langhetti. The landlady did not know his name. Some one was certainly interested in himself very singularly about Gigole, and some one else, or also the same person, was very much interested about Beatrice. This, however, did not seem probable, as Despard would have written him if he were coming to town.

As Angelo had been left at the inn, and sat there upon a bench outside, apparently idle, Brandon took the first opportunity and returned and walked up and down the veranda. In about half an hour his attention was attracted by the sound of wheels. It was Potts' barouche, which came rapidly up the road...

"Mr. Potts!" said he, as he still held Beatrice close to his heart, "this poor young lady is in wretched health. She nearly fainted, I had to almost carry her to the window. Will you be good enough to open it, so as to give her some air?"

"I am Paolo Langhetti," said he, abruptly downing his hat to the firm of Bigelow, Higginson & Co., solicitors, London—I am the Co."

"I am Paolo Langhetti," said he, abruptly downing his hat to the firm of Bigelow, Higginson & Co., solicitors, London—I am the Co."

CHAPTER XLII. THE STRANGER.

A few weeks after Langhetti's visit Potts had a new visitor at the bank. The stranger entered noiselessly, and stood quietly waiting for Potts to be disengaged. That worthy was making entries in a small memorandum book. Potts looked surprised, and the stranger said, in a peculiar voice, somewhat gruff and hesitating:

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

CHAPTER XLIII. THEY MET AGAIN.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bed room door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man came in, and bowed.

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

CHAPTER XLIV. HE FOUND HIMSELF.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bed room door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man came in, and bowed.

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

CHAPTER XLV. HE FOUND HIMSELF.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bed room door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man came in, and bowed.

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

CHAPTER XLVI. HE FOUND HIMSELF.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bed room door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man came in, and bowed.

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

CHAPTER XLVII. HE FOUND HIMSELF.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bed room door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man came in, and bowed.

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

CHAPTER XLVIII. HE FOUND HIMSELF.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bed room door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man came in, and bowed.

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

CHAPTER XLIX. HE FOUND HIMSELF.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bed room door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man came in, and bowed.

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"What did he look like?" "He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."