IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of East Lynne, The Channings, ola 11 Yorke, e.c., etc. CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XX.

FLOWN.

The man whom To in Bristow had employed for the construction of the wardrobe which had proved of so essential service to Linnet Dering, was a cabinet maker named Paul W glev, who kept a small show in the neighborhood of Seven Dials, London. It was the very obscurity of this man, and the pettiness of his bus ness which had tempted from the employ him. It was not probable that a month in his position would ask anytim ertinent questions as to the purpose for which as in a sange piece of workmanship was intended, so long as nesses was not probable that a month of the man was right. Wigley made the wardrobe according to instructions, and treased the whole affair as though he were in the habit of making articles of furniture with false bacas to them every day in the week But Tom's first mistake lay in thicking that such a man would be less likely than a in rereputable and well to do trausemanto connect in his own mind, as two links in a possible chaithese cape of a prisoner from Duxley jail with the fact of having ent to that very town a wardrobe so constructed that a man might be hidden away in it with ease Tom's second mistake lay in letting Wigley know the destination of the wardrobe. To only the sease simply to my order, he said to nimself, "and afterwards, when it was entirely out of Wigley's hands, have re-addressed it my-elf to Alder Cottage."

bad, way, ma he quitter, minimated blash he proposed asserts, which are proposed asserts, which are proposed asserts with the proposed asserts. Which of the bad will be proposed to the proposed asserts with the proposed asserts. Which of the bad will be proposed asserts with the proposed asserts. Which of the bad will be proposed asserts with the propose He knew, without asking, that Miss Culpopper would be ready and glad to befriend Lionel at every risk.

A few m nutes past seven o'clock, Tom Bristow walked leisurely out through the front door of Alder C t age. A minute or two later Lionel Dering, dressed I ke a carpenter, with a paper cap ou Lis head and a basket of tools slung over his le t shoulder, walked leisurely out through the back door, and keeping Tom well in view, followed h m at a distance of thirty or torty yards. Avoiding as much as possible the main thoroughfares of the lit le tuwn, Tom diverthrough one back street ofter another, till after several twistings and turnings, he reace ed a lonely lane le ding into some fields torough which ran a footpath in the direction of Pincote. Step for step, Louel followed, smoking a short black pipe, and having the fields they went thus in sing e file, without decre sing the distance between each other or speaking a word, till at length the path brought them to the outskirts of a tiny wood at one corner of the Pincote estate. There was n't a soul to be seen, and the two men over capping the headeg, were so n burie-i among the tanded undergrowth of the plantation. Here they held a horized consultation. It would not do for Lionel to venture any nearer to Pincote till after dark, and Tom had yet to cont it wo some means of seeing Miss ulpe per alone, and of explaining to her the position of Lionel and himself. The squire, when at home, generally dined between six and seven, and the best time for seeing Jane would be while her faither was takin, his post prandial nap before he joined her in the drawing room. So, leaving the wood, Tom went slowly toward Pincote, wishing that the shades of evening you to twice as fast as they were doing just then; will kinding that the shades of evening you to the first own to contract the proper may friend Lionel Dering, is hidding with any of the first own the first own the first own in the first own to have a sould depen twice as fast as they were doing just then; while Lione, l

you."
"Doubtless, very. Martha, show these gentlemen w atever part of the house they may wish to see." With these words, Edith went back into the parlor, but this time she did not shut the door.

M Drayton was followed into the house by

the door.

M Drayton was followed into the house by Wigley, the cab net maker and the rear was brought up by a constable in plain clothes.

"Upstars, if you please," said the superintendent o Martha. "I em quite satisfied with the downst irs part of the house."

So upstars they all tramped, and without pausing, Drayten led the way into Edithedressing room. Wigley first me tion of the wardrobe has brought to he recollection the fact of there being such a pice of furniure as the one described in one of the upstars rooms.

Now that the moment for making the grand discovery was at hand, it would have been difficult to ay whether the excitement of Drayton or of Wigley was the more intense. The latter was bread on by the prospect of the glitterin reward that would become his, if, though his instrumentality, the excepted prisoner should be refusional and ur. To su coed, where the great Whiffins from Scotland Yard had faled, even though success were won by a fluke, and by no brilliantstroke of his own genius, was in itself something to a proudef—something that would bring his neme prominently before the notice of his superiers.

his superiors

This is the article that I've been speaking to you about," said Wigley, striking the polished surface of the wardrope with his open palm.

"Open it, Mr Wigley, if you plesse," said the superintendent.

"This is a very curious piece of furniture indeed, and I should like to examine it throughly." it the oughly."

So Wigley proceeded to open it slowly and lovingly, as a man having a open admiration for the work of his own hands. First the outer

which as na range piece of workmaniship was for his job. And so far Team was right. Wighter many the weak that the state of the was right to the weak that the state of the was right to make as the weak of the weak that the state of the weak that the we

to her the position of Liohel and minister. The squire, when at home, generally dined between is x and seven, and the best time for seeing Jane would be while her falter was taking his positions. "I hope Mr. Iristowa, that you are the six and seven, and the best time for seeing Jane would be while her falter was taking his positions." I hope Mr. Iristowa, that you are the six and seven, and the best time for seeing Jane would be while her falter was taking his positions. "I hope Mr. Iristowa, that you are the six and seven, and the best time for seeing Jane would be while her falter was taking his positions." I hope Mr. Iristowa, that you are the six and seven, and the best time for seeing Jane would be while her falter was taking his positions. "Near the six and the control of the shades of each ing would depen from went should be perfected as a fast action of the shades of each ing would depen from each season of the shades of each ing would be perfected as the shades of each ing would be perfected as the shades of each ing would be perfected as the shades of each ing would be perfected as the shades of each ing would be perfected as the shades of each ing would be perfected as the shades of each ing would be perfected as the shades of each ing would be perfected that the shades of each ing would be perfected the shades of each ing would be perfected the shades of each ing would be perfected the shades of each ing would appear the shades of each ing would be each the shades of each ing would appear the shades of each ing would appear the shades of each ing would appear the shades of each ing would be each the shades of each ing would appear the shades of each ing would appear the shades of each ing would appear the shades of e

"I will have my own rooms got ready for Mr Dering without a moment's delay," said Jane.
"Pardon me," said Tom. "but the very kiddness of your offer would defeat the object we have most in view. Deri ge safety depen son the absolute secrecy which must enshroud this night's transactions. What you have just sugsested could not be carried out without exci ing the suspicions of one or more of your sersures. From suspicion to inquiry is only one step, and from inquiry to discovery is often only another."

"You are right, Mr Bristow But you are not without a plan o yor own, Ism sure."
"What I would venture to suggest is this," said Tom: "I hat Dering be looked up in one or another of the disused and empty rooms of which I kin withe eare several at Pincote Notome tic must have access to the room while he is there, nor even glean the initiest suspicion that the room is occupied at ail. The secret of the hiding place must be your secret and mine absolutely. If I am asking too much, or more than you can see your way to carry out without imperrilling the safety of my friend, you will tell use so frankly I am sure, and will aid me in devising some other and more possible mode of escape."

"You are not asking too much, Mr Bristow In such a case you cannot ask too much. Your plan is better than mine. This old house is big enough to hide half-a-dozen people away in. There is a suite of four rooms in the left wing, which rooms have never been uses since mannan's ceath, an which are never entered by the servant except.

suite of four rooms in the left wing, which rooms have never been use t since manmus' ceath, anwhich are never ente ed by the servants except for cleaning purposes, and then only by my instruction. Those rooms I place unreservedly at Mr Dering's disposal. There he will be per factly safe frus long a time as he may choose t tay. I will wait on him myself. No one else shall go near him."

"I felt sure that my appeal to you would not be in va.n."

be in va.n." " It will meke me happier than I can tell you, i I may be allowed to assis, in however humble a degree, in helping Mr Dering to escane We all liked him so much, and we were all so thoroughly convinced of his inu cence, that when the news was brought next morning of how he had got out of all overnight I could not help crying. I felt so glad; and I never saw papa so pleased and excited before. Since then, it has always been

doors were flung wide open, revealing a few empty garments drooping drearily from the piegs. But when Mr Wigley, with a soveme fluger touched the secret sping and the false back swung slowly open on its scret hinges, the three men press droward with beating pulses and staring ey's feeling so ethat in another moment the great rize would be in their grasp.

Drayton's fingers closed instinctively on the handcuffs in his pocket, while Martha Vince and the hinge place behind. But it was empty.

The false back swung slowly open and revealed the hiding place behind. But it was empty.

"Flown's said Wigley with a deep sigh, all his golden visions vanishing like the shadow of a dream.

"Sol! most infernally sold!" exclaimed Drayton, his face a picture of blank discomfiture it is face a picture of blank discomfiture in this face a picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the formation of the picture of blank discomfiture in the picture of bl

"I wish that I had been born a man," said Jane inconsequently, with a little sign.
'In order that you might have gone about the world assisting pisoners to escape?"
"No—in order that I might try to win for myself such a friend as you are to Mr Dering, or as Mr Dering is to you."
"But your mission is a sweeter one than that of frienuship: you were sent into the world to love." ve" "That is what men always say of women. Bu

"Bur your mission is a sweeter one than that of frienuship: you were sent into the world to love"

"That is what men always say of women. But to me, friendship always seems so much purrand nobler than love. Love—as I have real and heard—is so selfish and exacting, and—"

"Jane, dear, where are you?"

Jane gave a start, and Tom sank back into the shade. "Coming, dear, in one moment," cried June. Then she whispered hurriedly to Tom: "Be here at half-past eleven to night with Mr Dering." Whe gave him her tingers for a moment and was gone.

For four days and four nights Lionel Dering lay in hiding at Pinc te. Jane wai ed upon him hers It, and so carefully was the secret kept that no the under that roof—inmate, guest or servant—had the slightest su-picion of anything out of the ordinary course.

Meauwhile, Tom Bristow had paid a flying visit down into the wilds of Cumberland, among which, as meumbent of a tiny parish buried among the hills, was settled an old chum of Lionel—George Granton by name. To him, at Lionel's request, Tom told everything and then asked him whether he would take Dering as a guest under his roof for two or three mouths to one. In the warmest manner possibl Granton agreed to do this, and Tom and he became fast friends on the spot.

Two days later Lionel bade farewell to Pincots and its youthful mistress, and set out on his journey to the north. Tom and he started to gether one evening near midnight, and walked across country oa little road side s ation somifiteen miles away, on a line different from that which ran though Duxley. Here they were in time to catch the early parliament tary train, and here the two friends bade each other good-bye for a little while. Lionel traveled under the was closely shaven, his complexion was dark, and his hair jet black leng some hat weak sighted, he wore a pair of large blue spectaces. His hat, far from new, rather broad in the brim, was set well back on his head, giving him a simple countryfied expression. He wore a white cravat, and a collar that was rather

when you walk a little faster than ordinary, or have to climb a number of stairs?"

"Yes, a little thing now a days puts me out of puff."

"Precisely so We are none of us so young as we were twenty years ago. And you sometimes feel as if you wanted an extra pillow under your nead at night?"

"How the deuce do you know that?" said Keeter with a puzzled look er, with a puzzled look. Bolus laughed his little dry laugh, and began to

Bolus laughed his little dry laugh, and began to air his palms again.

"And you have a troublesome little cough, and now and then your head aches without your being able to assign a cause why it should do so; and frequently in the night you start up in your seep from some feeling of agitation or alarm—causeless, of course, but very real just f.r the moment?"

By jove, doctor, you read me like a book!"
"Did you think of going down to Do.caster this year?" a ked Bolus, as he wheeled suddenly round on Kester.
"I certainly did think so. I've not missed a Leagr for many years.

"I certainly did think so. I've not missed a leave for many ye rs.
"Then I wouldn't go if I were you."
St George stared at him with a sort of sullen surprise. "And why would you not go if you sere me?" he asked shar, ly.
"Simply because what you want is not excitement, but rest And in your case, at Geor.e, would live as quiet a life at possible for some teme to come Down in the country, you know farming and that sort of thing."
"I know nothing of farming, and I hate the country, except during the sho ting season."
"And by the-way, that's another thing you must give up—tramping ft-r the partridges—f r this in season at least. As I said before, what you want is quietude. Half a gunea on the odd trick is the only form of excitement on which you may venture for some time to come. And harkye a word in your ear; not quite so many club cigars, my dear friend."

Two other men, known both to Bolus and St George, came up at the moment, and the tete-atter was at an end.

It was late that night when St George got home He let himself in with his latch key. Groping his way into the sitting room, he struck a march, and turned on the gas. He was in the act of blowing o it the match when suddenly a hand was laid on his secured, and a voice whispered in his ear: Come, Simply that me and to foot, and genced involuntarily round. He knew he should see no the there was no to flot, and glanced involuntarily round. He knew he salud see no line that there was no one to be seen; but all the sam-he could not help looking. Twice before he had felt the same ghostly hand laid on his shoulder; twice before he had heard the same ghostly whisper in his ear. Was it a summon, from the other world or what was it? There was a looking glass on the chimney piece, and, as he staggered forward a telp or two, his eyes glancing into i saw there the redection of a white and haggard face siran lely unlike his own—the brow moist with sweat, the eyes filed with a furtive horror. Mr St George sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXI.

GENERAL ST. GEORGE.

General St George's departure from India had been accelerated by a sight attack of fever, which so far rostrated him that he was unare to write, or communicate in any way to his friencs in England the fact that he was starting for home two anomals before the date previously fixed on by himself. As a consequence, the letters and newspapers addressed to him, which contained the account of his ne hew Lionel Dering's arrest and commitment for wilful murder, crossed him on the voyage, and he landed at Marseilles in happy ignorance of the whole affair. His heal had benefited greatly by the voyage, and he determined to strengthen it still furth r by lingering for a tew weeks in the south of France before venturing to encounter the more variable and tring climate of his own country. It was while thus enj ying himselt that the letters and papers sent back from India reached him. It was a terrolly shock to the old solution to read the news told therein. In his secret heart he had come told therein. In his secret heart he had come told whom Lionel with all the affection and yearning which he might have bestowed on a son.

Without the lots of a moment he started for Paris, en route for London.

But by the time he reached Paris he was so ill again that the doctor whom he called in ordered him at once to eed, and utterly forbate him even to think of venturing any further on his journey for at least a fortnight to come. In this silemma he telegraphed to Mr Perrins, the tamily lawyer. That gentla man was by the old solutier's beds, de in less than twenty-four hours afterwards.

Mr Perrings brought with him the startling news of Lionel's escape from prison; but beyond the bare facts of the affair as detailed in the newspapers from day to day with fever-sh anxiety, dreading each morn ing to find in them the newspapers from day to day with fever-sh anxiety, dreading each morn ing to find in them the newspapers from day to day with fever-sh anxiety, dreading each morn ing to find in them the news GENERAL ST. GEORGE.

the deaction some clue, however faint, to Lionel's whereabouts.

Mr Hoskyns was the first person on whom Mr Perrins called when he found hunself at Duxley; but that gent eman professed to know very little more than was known to the public at large. Nor, in fact, die he. The annoyance he had felt at the time at having been so cleverly imp. resonated and the trouble he had been sut to to prove his oncomplicity in the escawade, had soon been forgotten. He had learned to like and esceem forgotten. But it was no sait was possible tor him to like and esteem anyone and he was genuinely glad that he had escaped from prison. But it was no satt of his business to ply int. the details of the affair, nor old he ever attempt to do so; neither did Lionel nor I om see any adequate motive for a scret which he ceald in no wise help to lighten for them.

Two it fell out the the head nothing to tell Perronal call see the second of the contraction of the lighten for them.

aying on his shoulders the burden of a secret which he could in no wise help to lighten for them.

Thu it fell out that he had nothing to tell Perrins But he did the wesestthing that cuid be done under the circumstances, he took him straight to Tom Bristow, introduced him to that gente man, and then left the two together.

This first intervit, whetween Mr Perrins and Tom took place during the time that Lionel was lying perdu at Pincote. Not full he had fully satisfied himself as to the lawyers is entity, and had consulted with Lionel, would Tom say a word either one way or another. So Mr Perrins stayed a luight in Duxley, and saw Tom the following morning; but, even then, the information which he took back with him for the behrof of General St George was of the cantiest, Still as far as it went, it was eminently satisfactory. Lionel was well and safe. He sent his love and re, ards to his nucle, and begrad of him o wait a little while longer and then everything should be told him.

The General had not long to wait. Within a forting his of the time that Mr Perrins had communicated to him the result of his mission, Mr Tom Bristow was ushered into the sitting room of his noted in Panis. I om was the bearer of a letter of introduction from Lionel, which spoke of him and his serv ces in such terms that the old soldier's heart warmed to him in a moment. Then Tom told him everything; the stry of the murder; the impr someent the marriage; the tial and the escale; and finished by telling him bow Lionel un er the name of the Rev Horace Brown was at that moment safely hidden away among the Cumberland hils

The od soldier listened to the narrative in open mouthed wond r. To him it was ike a story out of the Arabian Ni, hts—a veritable chapter o romauce.

known, or that he would ever be touched on the shoulder by any other hand than that of a friend."

"Yes—yes; living out in the bush, or something of that kind, is what you mean," said the old soldier excitedly. "I've camped out in the jungle many a time, and know what it is. It's not such a bau sort of life when you get used to it. Why not get Li to sail nexe week? I'm an old campaigner, and could have my rattletraps ready in a few hours.

"But to go away thus" resumed Tom, " with the red stain of muruer clinging to his name; with the foul constiracy to destroy him stil unravelled; with his wrongs unavenged; is what Li, nel Dering will never consent to do. An I confess that, where I in his place, my feelings in the matt r would be very silliar to his He has set before himself one great object in life, and he will never rest till he has accomplished it. And that is to track out and bring to punishm nt the real muderer of Percy Osmond."

"But—but what can he do?" faltered the Gen Demond."

"But—but what can he do?" faltered the Genral. "I seems to me that his predicamned a such that he is quite powerless to help him elf, or to take any action whatever in his own nerests."

At the first glance it would naturally see "At the first glance it would naturally seems to," said Tom. "But some of the offi ultres which surround his case, as it stands at p esent, may perhops, be got over with a little ingenuity. I am going to put bef re you a certain scheme which may, or may not, meet with your approbation. Should you not approve of it it will have so be at once ab indoned, as it will be impossible o carry i out without your active help and conce ation."

o carry i out without you access and may be atton."

"My dear Mr Bristow, you have told me mough this morning to induce me to promise be foreband that any scheme you may put before me, which has for its basis the weifare of Lione will meet with my heartiest support. No mar could have proved himself a better friend to my dear boy than you have done. Your wishes army law." After satisfying himself that there were n

After satisfying himself that there were no eaves droppers about, tom proceeded to lay be fore General 8t George the details of a scheme which he had been elaboratm; in his brain for several days, and which, in outline, had been all ready agreed to by Lionel.

When Tom ceased speaking, the old soldier mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. He was hot and nervous with exci ement, "Your scheme is certainly a most extra-dinary ne," he said; "but I have greatf-sith in your ability to carry it out. I need hardly say that you nay detend upon my doing my best in every way to secon! your designs."

Tom stay d and dined with the General, and went back to London by the night mail.

One res lit of the interview was that the General decided on not returning to England f r

One result of the interview was that the General decided on not returning to England from the some time to come. Lie nel and his wife were to jon him in a little while at some place on the Continent, not yet fixed upon. Meantime he would rest qui tly in Palis, and there await fur their instructions from Toun.

The General had obtdined Kester St George's address from Mr Perrins, and about a week after Tom's visit he wrote to his nephew, telling him where he was, and asking him to go over and sehm in Paris. The invitation was one which Kester obeyed with alacrity. He had always held firmly to the belief that his Uncle Arthu was a comparatively rish man. Now that Lionel was out of the way, and with so terrible an accusation still hanging over him, what more natural or likely then that he should replace Lionel in his uncle's affections; and have his own name substituted in place of that of his cousin in his uncle's will.

the season of th

in this way? He said, now measure.
In his voice.
"An I why should we not part in this way, Mr
st George?"
"I kn. w, sir, that I was never a favorite with
you," answered Kester, bitterly. "I know that I
can never hope to stand as high in your regards
as my cousin Lionel stood; but I did not know
till this moment that I should ever be insult d
was noffer such as the one you have just made

till this moment that I should ever be msult all by an offer such as the one you have just made me. I did not know till now th. I should be dismissed like the veriest stranger that ever crossed your threshold!"

Not a muscle of General St George's face stirred in answer to this appeal; the hard, cold light in his eyes never wavered for a moment. He sist trusted his nephew the roughly, and he dealt with he mas he would have dealt with a willy Asiatic.

"If you feel that my offer of a check is an insult," e said, "I ret act the insult by replacing the check in my po ket. As egards treating you like a strange. I have no intention of doing that are, in fact, very little more than strangers to each other still, I on not forget that you are my nephew. I asked you to come and see me, in the expectation that you would be a let to give me some tidings of Lion I Dering, justas I should have sent for Lion-I Dering in the expectation that you would be a let to give me some tidings of You, had your position and his been re-ersed. You have not been able to give me some tidings of You, had your position and his been re-ersed. You have not been able to give me some tidings of You, had your position and his been re-ersed. You have not been able to give me some tidings of You, had your position and his been re-ersed. You have not been able to give me the some tidings of You, had your position and his been re-ersed. You have not been able to give me some tidings of You, had your position and his been re-ersed. You have not been able to give me some tidings of You, had your position and his been re-ersed. You have not been able to give me the you anxious to become a hanger ou t. a querulus in the stranger of You have not been able to give me the still you have the provided that he should have sent for Lion-I Dering in the expectation that you would be a sweet was a single word of love whisty of you have have not been able to give me the your arking? You have have not been able to give me the word of you have have not been able to with h m as he would have dealt with a wily Asiatic.

"If you feel that my offer of a check is an insult," e said, "I ret act the insu t by replacing the check in my po ket. As egards treating you like a strauge," I have no intention of doing that although I might jus remind you that you and I are, in fact, very little more than strangers to each other, still, I do not forget that you are my mephew. I asked you to come and see me, in the expectation taat you would be a let to give me some tidings of Lion I Dering, just as I should have sent for Lion-I Dering in the expectation that he should have been able to give me some tidings of you, had your position and his been recreat. You have not been able to give me the news I wan ed, why need I retain you here? A eyou anxious to become a hanger ou that a querulus invalid? No, Kester St George, this is not the kind of lile that would suit you—or me either. Stay in Paris or go back to London as may please you best. When I want you again, I will send for you. Mear while you may rest fully assu e that I shall not forget you."

"I sup ose that it mus' be as you wish, sir," said Kester, humbly. "May I ask whether it is your intention to make any very long stay in Paris?"

"If my strength increases as it has done during the last few days, I shall not stay here more than a tortinght at the most."

"When we get you back again in England. sir, I trust the re will be no objection to my calling on you rather oft-ner than I shall be able to do while you stay abroad."

"My doctor tells me that I must not think of crossing the Channel before next sum mer. I shall must reither in the soult of France or in Italy. Probably in the latter, if I can find a place to suit me. I shall not he al ne. Richard Dering, Lionel's brother in the soult of France or in Italy. Probably in the latter, if I can find a place to suit me. I shall not he al ne. Richard Dering, Lionel's brother in the soult of France or in Italy. Probably in the latter, if I can find a place to suit me. I shall not not expe

place. But he hil his disappointment inder an admirable assumption of milgled affection and respect.

"As least, sir, there can be no objection to my having your address," he said, "when you are ficially settled for the winter."

"None whatever—none whatever," answered the General.

"And should my vagrant footsteps lead me mywh-r- into your neighbothood-although I don't think it at all likely that they will do simanywh-r- into your neighbothood-although I don't think it at all likely that they will do simanywh-r- into your neighbothood-although I don't think it at all likely that they will do simanywh-r- into your neighbothood-although I don't think it at all likely that they will do simany which it was an intruder?"

"Certainly not as an intruder. In fact it was my intention to send for you before ong, and ask you to stay with me. But not while my health is so had At present I am too ne you-and out of sorts for con-pany of any kind."

This was said with mire kindness of tone than the general had yet used in speaking to his nephew, but at the same time it was a plain intimation that the ir interview was at an end. Kester rise at once and took his leave.

"That fellow's an arrant scamp, although he is my nephew?" mutter, d the general to him elt, as the door closed i enind Kester. "He's no real St George There's a dop of sinister blood somewhere in his evins that has proved foul enough to poison the whole. Of course, I knew when I sent for him that he had nothing to ell mabout Lionel, but I wanted to see him and talk with him. I wanted to ascert a whether the impression I should form of him ow It has been before one would find there the secret of a cert in teriole crime? But I have no right to worker whether one would find there the secret of a cert in teriole crime? But I have no right to worker whether one would find there the secret of a cert in teriole crime? But I have no right to worker whether one would find there the secret of a cert in teriole crime? But I have no right to worker whether one would find

CHAPTER XXII.

CUPID AT PINCOTE. With the departure of Lionel Dering from Pir With the departure of Lionel Dering from Pincote in disguise, and the subsequent removal of Edith and Mrs Garride to London, it would nat urally have been thought that Mr Tom Bristow business in Duxley was at an end, that he would have bidden the quiet little country town a long farewell, and have hastened back gladly to the

Keerer firing black care to the wirds as helicibed they staircase that 1 d is his uncleve apartments in Fail. He put in though the had given them in the three of tour in the stair and the staircase that 1 d is his uncleve apartments in Fail. He put in though the had given them in the three of tour in the stair and the staircase that 1 d is his uncleve and the staircase that 1 d is his uncleve and in the staircase that 1 d is his uncleve and in the staircase that 1 d is his uncleve that the far end of the room.

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self; "sltogether incapable of appreciating a girl like Jane." Which, reversing the point of view, was exactly Ed ard Copes own opinin. In his belief it was he who was the unappreciated one.

But a far more serious inspediment than any offered by Jane's engagement to young Cope labefore Tom like a rock ahead, from which therwas no ecape. He keew quite well the tunless some specia, minacle should be worke in his balafit it was altogether hopeless to expect that the Squine would ever consent to a man age letween himse I and Jane; and that any special miracle would be so worked he had very itter faith indeed. He knew how full of prejudices the Squire was: and notwithstanding his boultone and rough frankness of manner how securely wrapped round he was with the trainment of caste. He knew, too, that had the Squire not owed his life in years gone by to Mr Gope's travery, from which act had spring their warm frendship of man, years, not even to a son of a rich tanker would trace back his family for tea hundred years have sever consented to give his dauch er While as for his self, he, Tou Bristow, however rich he might one day penhaps become, would never be anything more in Mr Culpeppe 's eyes than the son of a poor country d.cto., and, consequenty, to a man of old family, a mere nobody—a. e son who by no stretch of imagination of could e re be looked upon in the light of a family connection.

And yet, being in possession of all this bitter knowledge, Ton B. is tow made no really determined effort to break away, and to try the cure which is said to be often wrought by time and absence even in cases as desperate as his. Metaphorically speaking he hugged the shackles the bound him, and good din the less of his free dom; a very said condition inclosed for any reasonable being to fall into.

It was currious what a number of opportunities to man and be should have three minute. Conversation of the for non at the very time that the rinc te pony carriage drew up against one or another of the shops, and then what more natural

the necessity for thinking of it should have arisen.

But even if released from her engagement to Edward Cope, Jane knew that she would still be as far as ever from the haven of her secret hopes and that without unning entirely counter to her secret hopes and that without unning entirely counter to her fether's wishes and prejudices, the haven in youestion could never be reached by her. But although it in ght never be possible for her to marry the man whom she seers ly lo ed she we should be determined in her own mind never to marry the man whom she seers ly lo ed she we should never to the bound by the fetters of her idous engagement. Edward Cope, a though he might recuse to release her from her promise, should never forcher into becoming his wife.

The fact of having been appealed to by Tom Bristow to find a shelter for his friend when that if friend was in directioned as a sent to draw him closer to Jane than anything else. From that her should have been called upon to assist, in however humble a way, in the escape of the former was to her a proof of co. fidence such as is she could never possibly forget. She never met. Tom without inquiring for the last news as to the movements of Lionel and his wife; and Tom, on his side, took care to keel her dury posted up in everything that contend them. A week or so after the departure of Lionel for Cumberland, Jane had been taken by Tom to Alder Cott ge and introduced to Edith. How warmly the atter that ked be for what she had done need not be told here. In teat hour of those friendships, rare between two women, which death alone has power to sever.

However deeply Tom Bristow might be on one nertic.

However deeply Tom Bristow might be in love, however infatuated he might be on one particular point, he in no wise neglected his ordin sy business avocations, nor did he by any means spend the "hole of his time in Duxley and its neighborhood. He was frequently in London, or was either Liverpo I or Manchester un coquainted with his face, nor Tom's speculative proclivites expended themselves in nany and various channels. The project to be ing Duxley, by means of a branch railway from one of the great trunk lines into closer connection with some of the chief centres of in ustry in that part of the country, was one which had always engaged his warmeset sympathies. But the project, afte having been safely incubated, and lanuched in glowing terms before the public, had been quietly all-wed to collapse, its momoters having taken alarm at certain formidable engineering difficulties which had not presented themselves during the preniminary survey of the route. This put Tom Bristow on his mettle He had been familiar from boyhood with the count y for twenty miles from 1 buxley, and he ielt sure that a much more favorable route than the one just abandoned night readily be found if properly lo ked for Paking a practical sirve-or with him, a d the ordinance map of the district. Tom went carefully over the ground in person, trudging mile ever. However deeply Tom Bristow might be in love,

The month of October had half rnn its course, Continental Meccas was nearly deserted, the pilgrims were returning in shoals day by day, and the Loudon cub houses were no langer the temples of desolation that they had been for the last two months.

In the smoke room of his club, in the easiest of easy chairs, sat Kester St. George, cigar in mouth, his hat tilted over his ryes, musing bittilly were the copes of the course of the cours

dopped from his breast, and the color began to come slowly back into his lace. He drank the water, thauked the man, and was left alone to to radize the intelligence he had just received.

Lionel Dering dead! Impo sible! Such news could only be the lying invention of some jugging flend whose object it was to give him, for one brief moment, a gliunose of Paradise, and then cast him headlong into still deeper caverns of desparthan any in which his soul had ever lost itself before.

Lionel Dering dead! What did not such news mean to him, it only—if only it were true! It was like a reprieve at the the lack moment to some poor wretch condemned to die. The news is whispered in his ear, the chords are unloosened, he siares round like a man suddenly roused from some hideous in thurse, and cannot for a little time believe that the blissful words he has just heard are resuly true. So it was with St George. His brain was in a maze—his inind is a whirl. Again and again he repeated to himself, "It cannot be tue!"

Then he did what, under ordinary circumstances, he would have done at first—he picked up he relegizam in order to ascertan whence it came, and by whom it had be-n sent; two points which he had altogether overlooked up to now, his eyes having been flat caug: t by the one significant line of the meessage. The telegram termbled in his fugers like an aspen lear, as he turned it to the light, and read these words—From General St George, Villa Pamphi i, near Como, Italy, to Kester St Ge rge, 34 Great Carrington stre t, London, England. And then one more his eyes look in the brief, pregnant message, "Lionel Deringis dead. Come here at once."

It was all true, then—all blissfully true—and not a wild hallucination of his ewn disordered min!! Stil he seen ed as though he coud not possibly realize it. He glanced roun! No one was regarding him, he presse it the teleg am to his lip twice, passionately. Then he folded it up carefully and accurately, and put it away in the bre st pocket of fits frock coat. Then, pull ng his hat o

—A large private garden in a suburb of San Francisco is to be made a labyrinth, by means of thick foliage and winding paths, so that a person might wander in it for an hour without finding his way out.

-George Holland, a son of the late come dian of that name, has been an actor for years, and nobody who has seen hin only on the stage would guess that he had not all his senses fully developed, and yet he is so deaf that he does not ordinarily understand a word that is said by the others in the play. He manages to get along without ones by careully studying the lines which are to be -poken in connection with his own, and then watches the lips of the speaker to learn when