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at the Chinelas a few hours before, and if she was, as be feared, pinning to persuade Mr. Page to come in giving this invitation, because though he caught sight of Mr. Page in the distance, he could not get near to him. He shouted, and was heard, for he got a wave of the hand in reply; but

"He hurried on," said the pine-growbut what I mean is that I got the impression that he had some strong rington."

Out of nothing. By the way, I got the impression that he wasn't fond of Carreason for avoiding me, so I turned back. It was then that I met the wo-

Scarborough and Varney azchanged curred to ther. both. Was the worker | fears a woman so much that he runs

don't know. She didn't give me theory that had occurred to Davis."
"Very likely," said Scarborough. "What! Did she run away from you, 00?" exclaimed Varney.

Or bicycle?" said Scarborough "Neither. She walked-pretty fast, too! But it wasn't her speed that preented me from seeing what she was ike. I met her face to face, as one might say, without being able to get a glimpse of a feature. She was dressed in capote and capello."

'What are they?" asked Varney. "The capello is a long blue cloak, and the capote is a hood made of cardboard and whalebone, and covered Railroad and Steamship Agent | with cloth," explaned Scarborough. Some of them stick out a yard in front of the face."

"And the edges flap together, and hide everything, unless the wearer keeps them open with her hand," added Davis. "This wearer didn't. She even took particular care to keep them shut. I wondered at the time if she was troubled with excess of modesty but in the light of our later knowledge I'm pretty sure it wasn't that. So yo see, Muriel," he added, turning to his daughter, "I had some reason besid prejudice for saying that there was a

Muriel shook her head. "I don't see admit that you had more ground than

"More ground than usual! My usus fancy! Why, I saw her! Anyway "And imagined all the rest. She w

"That," he said, "is what we sha "Yes," said Varney. "By Jove! we shall have to hurry if I am to be

ime for the performance!' Muriel opened her eyes rather wide "You are going to the circus?" she ask but-was this exactly a suitable time

when-? Her eyes plainly snuggested "Oh," explained Varney, "I have to I'm one of the performers, you know."
"Oh?" said Muriel. Her tone this time suggested a sudden and entire lack of interest, and during the few minutes longer that the young men

stayed, she said nothing more. "I say," said Varney, when he and Scarborough had put a mile between them and the Case Davis, "I like that Scarborough laughed

ocause she is very earnest, very see how she froze? "She did rather!"

the whole duty of man, and I expect she thinks you've missed it by a good bit. Bet you five mil she's already told her father that you are are on no

"That so?" said Varney. "Well, I

"You'll be snubbed."
"Can't help it! But isn't there a me?" said Varney with a grin, "What's

the father?" "Grows pineapples for Covent Gar-den. Was an Army crammer in Lonis just a little bit of a prig."

"I thought the programme was that she was to convert you," commented ly, full of sediment, the chan-often get sore and irrited, ob-g you to seek relief two or three be a fair exchange. By the way, you didn't tell them that Page was Car-

"Then I'll convert her," said Var-

news to be

meant; but he could not but think that "Are you going to tell her about the pencilled stone?" asked Varney.

"Or about the hooded theory about the hooded "Haven't got one," said Varney, "unless it's that Miss Davis is right, and er, "as though he thought I was chas- that her father is making a great deal

"I don't think so."

"What made you think so?"
"Well, he didn't express any sort of grief at his death, and he seemed very ances. The same thought had on laway from that woman. When a man from her, the most usual theory is that the man has something to be ashamed of. It struck me that that was the

> believe he didn't like Carrington. "On general grounds? Or did "I don't think so."

again to the subject of the hooded woman, and Varney said sharply: "I see what you're driving at, o course; but you're wrong. You think

Presently Scarborough returned

seem to be inclined to believe me."

Scarborough returned steadily.

sort, and plucky; but you want to make her out a fool!" Varney spoke with some heat. He and this girl had been comrades for nearly two years, and he resented sug- have ridden out in safety the heaviest

to perform last night because she had siness with Carrington "Great Scott, yes! But things have appened since then that she can have had no hand in. Her business wasn't

"I don't suggest that it was." But you won't take it for granted that she had nothing to do with it could have nothing to do with it, being the girl I know her to be."

"No," said Scarborough. Varney laughed, but there was vexation in the laugh. "Then," he said, "the only cure you're not a hopeless fool, you'll see

in five minutes that you've been in- lar coasts of San Miguel breed trea think it is a presentiment. Elsa—has sulting her. Hurry up, and let's get cherous currents, and wind squalls are by that time come true, I wish you to there as soon as possible."

Twenty minutes later they dismo-

Val B. Montague was standing looking out into the read. "Where's Miss Ryan?" asked Var-

Val B. Montague turned a straw, by

"I haven't the least idea. Mr. Scarborough, sir, I am pleased to meet you honor to acquaint you yesterday with the fact that this show was going to had been too strong to be stifled thus; they had not love you.

"What's the matter now?" saked asked for just now has deserted. The name of Mona de la Mar will forth not appear on the playbills of Val H: Montague's American Circus Combination. In fact, I doubt whether that world-famous troupe will ever ssue another playbill. Mr. Varney.

whisker and soda." "Look here, Montague, stop talking onsense, and tell us what you mean." "I mean," said Montague, "exactly that means, I can't tell you. It is

collapsed, and said in a quaveri voice to Varney

"What does it mean, Phil? Ruin to me, of course! But what else?" "Who was on board?" asked Var-

"The four deck-hands, the nigge and the ring-master. I discharged him last night, so he had no right to be there. Except these six, and Mona d

Scarborough and Varney exchange

"By Jove!" said Varney, and Scarborough gave a short laugh. Neither of them felt much doub man now. Margaret Ryan had not for to bay in the valley of the Caldeira de Morte. The injured and the injures

had met face to face. But what ha The scene between them had bee had gone down upon a tragedy. But had the woman caused it?

CHAPTER X.

A Message From the Dead

Patches of fog were creeping across the water, and as the evening drew down they thickened and grew wider. The setting sun flashed on water mirsooner than that the fog curtain would be unbroken, for minute by minute the rents in it were closing.

Elsa stood up in her boat, and mark ed the exact direction of the rock for which she was steering. Fortunately she had had the foresight to bring a compass. She had half a mile to go yet, and the breeze was dying. would steer by sight, so long as the fog did not hide the rock, if it did she would have to trust to her compass.

"I wonder what the current is?" she mused. "It is setting dead inshirebut how much? If I allow half a point for drift, that should take me near enough to let me steer by the sound of

"Well, anyway, you are prepared to, The islet for which she was steering believe that it may have been. I tell lay a little more than two miles from you the idea is absurd, but you don't the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a "I want to hear what she has to say," Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth "Exactly! You suspect her. I prom- of coral insects had made it, but a conised to introduce you, and I'll do it; vulsion of nature. It was the summit but I'm more than half sorry I prome of a deep-water volcano, whose crater ised, and I'm altogether sorry I ever raised a brim, a hundred yards across, told you about that vow business. It's out of the sea. There was one place that that's sticking in your throat all on the West, where for a few feet this the time, I know. You can't under brim had been broken down, leaving stand that it was all a piece of high a gap by which a boat might enter; falutin' nonsense, which she has for and the water inside made an almost gotten long ago. She's a rare good circular lagoon.

Local tradition said that it was bot-

hurricane that even blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly neath there was a broad sill, which face. It was a dangerous entrance. even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought that She was an expert and fearless boat-

she could manage if; even alone. woman, but she was not accuston to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expeditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ego; but with the present, he had sudden; but even had the waters been

This, therefore, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it which no eye but her own must see. innocence? She was acting as though she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think.

a struggle. Misgivings had arisen in add to it. If you have begun to doubt her mind, but she had strangled them | me 'in some things, at any rate you remorselessly at their birth, and by an have never doubted that I love you. effort of will made herself believe that in days to come your estimate of your let me have the pleasure of standing hour she had fasted a misery more hit. I hope for success, that I may return was, dead. That moment was when at that moment the knowledge was in her heart that what he said was true!

her to lay it down; and she des

HOTHER! IT'S CRUEL TO FORCE OIL

ACH, LAVER, BOWELS. ook back at your childhood days

ta Delgada, her father's last words to her had been that if-unlikely as such a chance seemed at the time-be was not at the Chinelas when she returned, she would find in his desk, in the sec-

daughter. Elsa, to be opened by her

have not returned to destroy it." Elsa opened it an hour after Scar-borough had left her. This was what

old you that the possibility was a cer you are doing your best at Ponta Delgada to discover who the unknown enemy is, I shall be engaged in a similar contest with an enemy who is well known to me, an enemy who of late has taken to using threats. Now, little girl, between the known enemy and the unknown, I run a double risk

help me to avoid. "The sealed packet which you will use them to your and my injury. I do not trust to my own ability to safe watched as I believe I am, to put them into any place of safety. That must be your task. Those who are shadowing me will not consider it necessary to watch you also. Take the packet, and put it in the safest place that you know. When I return, if I do return. I shall not ask you where it is.

of failure, and this is what you must

"I am not a fanciful man, Elsa, but have written those four words, 'I do not return,' deliberately. Of late 1 have had a feeling-a fanciful man would say a presentiment—that my end is not far off. I have lived a life of varied activities, some useful, and some perhaps not so useful, and the strain of old efforts is beginning to tell apon me. In the early years of my nanhood I suffered great physical hardships, and they left a weak place: before I left London my doctor warned me that the weak place was becomin weaker. The effort which I must make to-day-an effort, which for your sake as well as mine, is inevitable-is of the sort which I have been warned to avoid, but I have no choice. I tell you this unwillingly, and for the first time; but it is necessary that you should be ready, if I fail, to take u pihe work where I leave it.

"Now you will ask-what is the work? My daughter, it is the rehabilitation of my name. I have thought lately that you were beginning to ubt whether my anxiety on this int was not becoming weaker. Elsa, ong now as ever it was. But having said that, I am now going to add some thing which you will, perhaps, not unrstand. It is this: I hand over the work to you, but I lay no charge upor you to complete it. Nay, more, under certain circumstances; I forbid you to complete it. I do not even make you the judge of those circumstances. That is an office which I leave, not to you, but to your mother.

from Lisbon on the tenth of the month. you is to meet the girl herself. If coupled a stipulation that she should If on that date I am unable to meet never go out in it alone. The irregular, if my presentiment-after all, message to her, spoken by the lips respect the wish I have expressed in a tains. She will understand; you will

not. For the rest, be guided by her. "Good-bye, little girl. I think this is the longest letter I have ever writ-She had not kept her faith without ten to you. I have one thing more to

longer in your love. "It is time now that I was starting.

ber the "physic" that mother sweeten the stomach, and that a tea-d on—castor oil, calor il, spoonful given to-day saves a sick that he made it for her sake; she

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