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"Are you mad?"

other hand. "Now, will you loose my hand?" she panted excitedly. "My sisters"-

dently was to shake him off.

she could close it, he had thrust it back and stood beside her in the passage, which was feebly lit by a half turned down oil lamp. "Oh, this is madness. How can you be

ing the door; "now take me up and introduce me to your sisters." "What-wnat shall I do?" she muttered.

"Pray, pray go!" "No; I have stormed the castle now," he

her calling him a fool, "and mean to stay till the lovely little garrison yields at dis-

gried, trying to push him toward the door. "Pray, pray, go!"

don't let's trifle any more."

darted and tried to shut the door; but he was too quick, and followed her in, when she ran from him to sink sobbing into an easy chair, and in an instant he was on his knees before her.

derly; "forgive me all this, but"-"Adela, is that you!-Here, for goodness' sake. Why don't you answer!"

that of a woman, and as they were heard in the passage, another voice cried hoarsely:

"It's of no use; the game's up." "Hist! Hide! Behind that curtain! Anywhere!" panted Adela, starting up in alarm.

Barclay had sprung to his feet, and stood staring in amazement, and perfectly heedless of the girl's appeal to him to hide, as two rough bricklayerlike men came in, followed

by a woman, "It's caved in, and Ned is hurt," cried the first man; and then: "Who's this?" "What?-No, no, no!" cried Adela wildly,

"Here, who's this?" said the first man again. "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Trapped!" muttered Barclay Drinkwater, as, without fully understanding his position, he realized the fact that there was something peculiarly wrong in the place into which he had forced himself; and his first act now was to make for the door; but it was blocked by the two men, while the oldish woman who had entered with them gazed at him viciously.

"How comes he here, Adela?"

"I couldn't help it, Tom. He forced his way in. It's all a mistake. It's Mr."\_\_\_ "Oh, I know who it is well enough," said the man savagely. "Forced his way in? Very well. He wouldn't come here guless he

wanted to stop, and stop he shall," "Let me pass," said Mr. Barclay sternly.
"Not me," said the man, with an ominous

Yes, yes; let bim go," cried the girl. "I'll explain all to Ned. And you all stand there and don't come to his help,"

"Ten minutes, more or less, won't hurt, my girl," cried the man. "Will you let me passf" cried Mr. Barclay. "Miss Mumpriss, I beg your pardon for this

intrusion. Forgive me, and good night." One man gave the other a quick look, and as Mr. Barclay tried to pass they closed with him, and in spite of his struggles bore him back from the door. The next moment, though, he recovered his lost ground, and would have shaken himself free, but the sour looking woman who had entered with the two men watched her opportunity, got behind, flung her arms about the young man's neck, and he was dragged heavily to the floor, where, as he lay half stunned, he saw Adela gazing at him with her brows knit; and then, without a word of protest, she

hurried from the room. Mr. Barclay heaved himself up, and tried to rise; but one of his adversaries sat upon his chest while the other bound him hand and foot, an attempt at shouting for help being met by a pocket bandkerchief thrust into his



One of his adversaries sat upon his chest. A minute later, as Mr. Barclay lay staring wildly, the rough woman, whom he recalled now as one of the servants, and who had hurried from the room, returned, belping Adela to support a pallid looking man, whose hands, face and rough working clothen were daubed with clayey soil.

"Confound you! why didn't you bring down the brandy?" he said harshly-"Gently, girls, gently. That's better. I'm half crushed -Who's that!"

"Visitor," said one of Mr. Barclay's captors sourly. "What's to be done?" Mr. Barclay looked wildly from one to the

other, asking himself whether all this was some dream. Who were these men? Where the elderly Misses Mimpriss! And what was the meaning of Adela Mimpriss being on such terms with the injured man, who looked as if he had been working in some

Their eyes met once, but she turned hers away directly, and held a glass of brandy to the injured man's lips.

"That's better," he said. "I can talk now. I thought I was going to be smothered once. Well, lads, the game's up." "Why?" said one of the others sharply.

"Because it is. You won't catch me there again if I know it; and bere's private inquiry at work from over the way."

"Hold your tongue!" said the first man of the party. "There, be can't help himself now. You watch him, Bell; and if he moves, give warning." The rough woman seated herself beside Mr.

Barclay and watched him flercely. The two men crossed over to their companion; while Adela, still looking cold and angry, with brow wrinkled up, drew back to stand against the table and listen. The men spoke in a low tone, but Mr. Bar-

clay caught a word now and then, from which he gathered that, while the man who had in some way been hurt was for giving up, the other two angrily declared that a short time would finish it now, and that they would go on with it at all hazards.

"And what will you do with him?" said the injured man grimly.

Mr. Barclay could not help looking sharply at Adela, who just then met his eye, but it was with a look more of curiosity than anything else; and as she realized that he was gazing at her reproachfully, she turned away and watched the three men.

"Very well," said the one who was hurt, "I wash my hands of what may follow."

"All right." Mr. Barclay turned cold as he wondered what was to happen next. He saw plainly enough now that the house had been let to a gang of men engaged upon some nefarious practice, but what it was he could not guess. Coining seemed to be the most likely thing; but from what he had heard and read, these

Then a curious feeling of rage filled him, frew, 5:10 p.m.; Quebec, 6:30 a.m.; Ren. men did not look like coiners. and the blood rushed to his brain as he lay reproaching himself for his folly. He had been attracted by this woman, who was evidently thoroughly in league with the man who spoke to her in a way which sent a jealous shudder through him, while the sisters of whom he had once or twice caught a glimpse, seemed to be absent, unless-- The thought which occurred to him seemed to be so wild that he drove it away, and lay wait-

ing for what was to come next, "Be off, girls!" said the first man suddenly; and without a word, the two women present left the room, Adela not so much as casting a glance in the direction of the prisoner.

The three men whispered together for a few minutes, and then Mr. Barclay made an effort to get up, but it was useless, for the first two seized him between them, all bound as he was, and dragged him out of the room, along the passage and down the stone steps to the basement, where they thrust him into the wine cellar and half dragged him across there into the inner cellar, the houses on that side being exactly the same in construction as ours.

"Fetch a light," said one of them, and this was done, when the speaker bent down and dragged the handkerchief from the prisoner's

"You scoundrel!" cried Mr. Barclay. "Keep a civil tongue in your head, my fine fellow," he said.

"You shall suffer for this," retorted Mr. "P'r'aps so. But now listen. If you like

to shout, you can do so, only I tell you the truth, no one can hear you when you're shut in here, and if you do keep on making a noise one of us may be tempted to come and silence you."

"What do you want-money?" "You to hold your tongue and be quiet. You behave yourself and no harm shall come to you; but I warn you that if you attempt any games look out, for you've desperate

men to deal with. Now, then, will you take it coolly?" "Tell me first what this means," said Mr.

"I shall tell you nothing. I only say thiswill you take it coolly and do what we

"I can't help myself," said Mr. Barclay. "That's spoken like a sensible lad," says the second man. "Now, look here, you've got to ston for some days perhane and som about

have enough to eat and blankets to keep you

warm." "But, stop here, in this empty cellar!" "That's it, till we let you go. If you behave yourself you shan't be hurt. If you don't behave yourself you may get an ugly crack on the head to silence you. Now, then, will you be quiet?"

"I tell you again that I cannot help my-

Shall I undo his hands!" said one to the

This was done, and directly after Mr. Bar-

clay sat thinking in the darkness alone with

as unpleasant thoughts as a man could have

(To be continued.)

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proper for a beautiful young girl to be out at 11 o'clock alone." "No, not yet." "What do you mean?" to enforce it."

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When young Mr. Barclay-Stop! How do I know all this? Why, it was burned into my memory, and I heard every word from him. When young Mr. Barclay left the dining

By George Manville Fenn.

CHAPTER IX.

HR. BARCLAY GOES TOO FAR.

room on the night he disappeared, he went up to his own room, miserable at his position with his father, and taking to himself the blame for the unhappiness that he had brought upon the girl who loved him with all her sweet, true heart. "But it's fate-it's fate," he said, as he went up to his room; and then, unable to settle himself there, he lit a cigar, came down and went out just as Le was dressed in his evening clothes, only that he had put on a light overcoat, and began to walk up and down in front of our house and watch the windows opposite, to try and catch

a glimpse of Miss Adela. Ten o'clock, 11 struck, but she did not show herself at the window; and feeling quite sick at heart, he was thinking of going in again, when he suddenly heard a faint cough, about twenty yards away, and, turning sharply, he saw the lady he was looking for crossing the road, having evidently just come back from

"Adela-at last," he whispered, as he caught her hand. "Mr. Drinkwater!" she cried in a startled

way. "How you frightened me." Frightened," he said reproachfully. "Is that all you have to say to one who has patiently watched for weeks, trying in vain to get a few words with you!"

"How absurd!" she said, as he held her hand and detained her. "What can you "You!" he said excitedly. "Don't struggle to get away. Listen to me!"

"No, no, no!" she cried in a half frightened way. "Let me go. My sisters are waiting." "Let you go! How can you be so cruel to me? Adela, dearest, you know I love you."

"What madness-what nonsense! Mr. Drinkwater, loose my hand!" "Never! till you give me some hope. Adela, your looks have told me so a hundred times-have led me on to speak so plainlyyou do love me-you will be,my wife?" "Impossible!" she panted, as she tried to

get away. "You cannot marry me," "I can-I will!" he cried passionately. "I have given her up for your sake. I will not be driven into a marriage that would end in misery. Adela, dearest, listen to me." "Mr. Drinkwater!"

with me." "No, no; I am perfectly serious. You must never think of me again. My sisters would"-"Would listen to me. I'm sure they

"I can bear this no longer. You are trifling

"Now, Mr. Drinkwater, pray be sensible. This is absurd, out in the open street." "There is no one to hear us, and you refuse to grant me an interview."

that I cannot listen to you." "Yes," he said; "but with your beautiful mocking eyes laughing the while and bidding me come on."

"Of course," she cried. "I have told you

again and again that it is impossible, and

"It is not true," she said, laughing. "Mr. Drinkwater, will you let me pass?" "I will, and walk with you." "If you please, no." "Indeed, but I will," he cried; and he kept by her till she reached the steps. "It is not

"Well, there; now I am at our door, so good night, Mr. Ungallant," she said mock-

"I mean that I've begged for an interview until I can beg no more, and now I am geing

"Very nearly," he said; and as she hurriedly thrust in the latchkey, he held her

"I'm coming in to see them in a straightforward English manner," he said, for he was as obstinate now to persist as she evi-

"Indeed, you are not," she cried, slipping from him and through the door; but before

such a fool!" "Love makes men fools," he retorted, clos-

cried, laughingly, though he half wondered at "No, no; for your life, you must go," she

"Never! You have driven me to this by your mocking looks, so now give way and She backed from him, trembling now, till she reached the dining room, into which she

"Adela, dearest Adela," he whispered ten-

"Is she there?" The first was a rough man's voice, the next

-"Too late!"

"don't, don't say he's hurt."

"Stand where you are!" said the first of the

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