REVENGE.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—FELTON'S VISIT. In less than a minute Felton and his companion were in the street, following Capt. Fothergille's wife from opposite sides of the thoroughtares. Her erratic movements tried their patience; occasionally she hesitated and looked round her, as if conscious of being watched; she paused before shop windows without noticing their contents, lost in thought; she retraced her steps with an air of being unaware of where she went. She took almost an hour to reach her lodging in the quiet street near Hanover-square, when, letting herself in with a latch-key, she disappeared from the detective's gaze. Without removing his

down, considering how he should best act. Twenty minutes later, armed with the warrant, he boldly knocked at Mrs. Simmon's door. His summons brought forth the portly landlady in person, who eyed him with complacency, beholding in him a probable lodger for the back pair, second

eyes from the house, Felton joined his companion, and despatched him for a

warrant. Meanwhile he walked up and

floor, then unlet. "Are you the landlady?" Felton asked, in his blandest tones.

"Yes, sir," she replied, her first hopes quickly fading; the person now before her was evidently a tax collector, or a solicitor of subscriptions for foreign missions, and was accordingly to be delt with severely. "May I have a few words private con-

versation with you," he said. "If it's collections is your business, I'm

so worried with them-

"It is not," he quickly interrupted, "it's something which concerns your house; a few minutes will explain what I have to

"Stand one side, please," she said with dignity, "and let my lady pass," forgetting for the moment that Ethel wished to be known only as Miss Fayne.

Felton turned and saw the tall lithe figure of Lady Fothergille enter the hall from the street, and walk upstairs. His back had been turned to her, and she had not re- in the highest families that would make

"I'll bring you up some tea presently, my lady," Mrs. Simmons said, anxious to impress the stranger with a sense of the importance of her lodgers and of the dig-nity of her house. "Now, sir," she added in a severe and haughty tone, "if you will please to step in here, I'm at your ser-

She opened the door of the dining-room, and motioned him to take a horse-hair chair. The appearance of Lady Fothergille surprised Felton, and threw, as he thought, a new light upon the abbey robbery. What if, after all, her ladyship had stolen her own jewels; a complicated case lay before him which it would be his pride and pleasure to unravel.

"Allow me to ask if Lady Fothergille is staying in this house?" he said.

"Why, bless my soul, how do you know her ladyship?" replied the landlady, taken by surprise.

"It is part of my duty to know people. You haven't answered my question. "She is staying here. It was I who

her now," replied Mrs. Simmons. "You have reason to be, I'm sure," said the detective, conciliatingly. "How long has she been here?'

"For more than a week. Is it about her you come to make enquiries?" asked Mrs. Simmons, thinking he might be sent by Sir

"Not exactly. There is another lady staying in your house about whom I want to ask a few questions."

"Are you her husband?"

"No," replied Felton. "Then why do you want to ask about her?" she said wonderingly.

"I am an officer from Scotland Yard." "A detective?" exclaimed Mrs. Simmons in a loud key, sitting bolt upright in her chair and staring at him as if he were a

new specimen of humanity. "Yes," he answered, quietly, slightly amused by her surprise, which was not un-

mixed with horror. "Well, I never thought as I should live to see the day when a detective entered

my house. But we none of us knows what we're born to," she remarked, philosophic-"True," he said, with a smile; and then

added in a serious and business-like manner: "You have probably heard of the jewel robbery at Fothergille Abbey."

"That I have; her ladyship's tiara and necklace, value for ever so much, there never was, from all I hear, a fonder husband, and to think he should turn on her so sudden like, it's past my understanding; but high folks are queer in their ways as I always heard tell of."

"No trace of the missing diamonds has been discovered until today. This afternoon the lady who entered this house about half an hour before I rapped, offered for sale a diamond which I believe originally belonged to the stolen necklace.

"Bless my soul, you don't mean Mrs.

"I mean a tall lady dressed in shabby black, with a veil over her face and slippers on her feet.'

"It's the same, but it can't be she that stole 'em, she's the most harmless creature that ever lived," said the landlady breathless from excitement and not displeased at the prospect of sensation.

"I don't say she did, but she has a jewel in her possession that has evidently been stolen. Will you please tell me all you know about her in as few words as pos-

"I wouldn't bring her to grief for all the world," replied the landlady, wiping her forehead and cheeks with her apron. "I'm sure she never did nobody wrong, and my lady has made such friends with her, they might have known each other all their lives, they're so intimate."

"Has she been here long," he inquired. "About three months; she came from Australia and was recommended to me by a lady on board the ship; at first she was pretty flush with cash, but latterly I have reasons for knowing she has been hard

"And she has stayed here all the time?" "Yes, with the exception of a day and a night, when she went to Hayton.

Felton's dark eyes twinkled. "Hayton is the little village near Fothergille abbey,' he said. Mentally he concluded she had received the diamond either from Lady Fothergille, or from some person at present staying at the abbey who was in pos-session of the jewels. He wondered if the gem he had seen was the first of which she disposed, and presently asked: "Are you

sure she has been hard up?' "That I am. I haven't seen the color of her money for over a month, and I couldn't afford to keep her if her board and lodging wasn't paid for."

"I must ask who pays you?" "Her husband's servant. His master is in France, he says, and sends the money weekly until he returns."

The detective looked mystified; after all the woman was probably one of a gang of thieves, and her poverty was simulated the better to baffle the pursuit of justice. "I must search her and her belongings," he

said. "I have a warrant with me." "Bless my soul. To think of the likes happening to one in my house quite knocks me up, and her ladyship staying under my roof at the time; but, worse than all, what will my neighbors say. There's Mrs. Johnsly's house facing us, and the bills are hardly ever out of her windows; no sooner is one down than another is up, for no lodger stays on account of the dirt and the bad cooking; she'll be glad to see me humbled before the whole street; and as for the people next door, as keeps a music teacher that thumps the piano all day and all night, they'll be proud, too, for I've had to complain of them as a public nuisance. To think of a search warrant entering my house, and a lodger being followed by a detective—I've been too proud and now is the day of my humiliation," Mrs. Simmons said, fanning herself with her apron as she spoke.

"I'm very sorry," said Felton, good-naturedly, "but such things will happen in the best of regulated houses. Bless you, your hair stand on end."

"That may be, but they can afford to stand the shame of it, and I can't; it will ruin my house."

"Not at all, it will be forgotten in a month," he replied, comfortingly. "And now," he continued as he rose, "I must see the lady, Mrs. Freeman, without furthur delay, take me to her."

"I am thta shaken by this news you might knock me down with a breath," said Mrs. Simmons rising from her low-seated chair with an effort. "Stay here and I'll see where she is. She has no sitting room of her own, perhaps she's in the drawing room. If it wasn't for that lazy Mrs. Johnsly and her fine airs I could have borne it better-she'll be glad of my downfall. Remain here if you please and I'll go in search of the cause of my grief."

She went slowly upstairs, murmuring to herself, and entered the drawing room, where she found Mrs. Fothergille seated in a chair looking dreamily out of the window. Her pale and worn face, prematurely grey hair, and sad dark eyes, spoke nursed and reared her, and proud I am of of the trials she had known, and pleaded for her with her outraged landlady.

"Poor dear," thought Mrs. Simmons, "perhaps its all a mistake and she can't help bringing this trouble on me. She's only the instrument sent to punish my pride." Aloud she said, "There's a young man below, ma'am, that wants to see you on business, very particular business." She added with emphasis by way of pre-paring her, "Would you like to see him

"It you please," answered Mrs. Fothergille, who started visibly and colored as

In another minute the detective entered

CHAPTER XXIX .- SIR DANVERS IS

Mrs. Fothergille rose, her limbs trembling and her heart beating. On recognizing Felton she uttered an exclamation of

"You have brought the money, you wish to have the diamond today," she said, it never occurring to her there was anything strange in this man having discovered where

"No," he replied, closing the door when Mrs. Simmons had made a lingering and mournful exit. "But I have come to make some enquiries which I hope for your sake and mine, you will answer straightfor-

"Answer enquiries," she repeated. "I don't understand you.'

"Then I must begin by explaining myself. "I am an officer from Scotland Yard," he said, watching the effect of his

"An officer—a policeman—a detective," she whispered to herself as she drew back from him and dropped helplessly into her chair. "What do you want of me, you will not take me, they let me go saying I was cured, my dream had passed away."

"I will do you no harm," he said, not understanding the purport of the words she muttered to herself, "but I must ask you some questions which I hope you will answer. Where or from whom did you get the diamond you offered for sale to-

"From my _____," she began, and then paused as she remembered the instruction the captain had given her not to mention his name no matter what hap-

"I cannot. It was given me for sale. Surely, surely," she added in a timid voice, "vou don't suspect me of taking it from anyone-of stealing it?"

"Then it is yours?" he asked. Her gentle manner and face appealing to him; he began to pity her, and to believe in her innocence. "No, not mine; it was entrusted to me

to sell, I can tell you no more."

"Will you not mention the name of the person who gave it you?"

"I would not think of making Soup from Raw Vegetables," is the verdict all ladies who have used Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables.

on the threshold. No soonor did the poor woman see Ethel than she ran towards her, and flinging herself on her knees, cried out

of the best and noblest of men."

"I think not. The diamond you possess

is part of the stolen necklace, and the per-

flushed scarlet, her dark eyes glared with

citement. To the quick eye of the detec-

tive she appeared as one whose reason was

disturbed. He waited a minute or two

until her emotion had time to subside, and

why are you afraid to give his name?"

quests," she replied, firmly.

coming into her eyes.

police station," the detective said.

"If you don't believe him to be the thief,

"I'm not afraid; but he didn't wish me

to mention it, and I shall obey his re-

property. Here's my warrant." He laid

one hand gently on her arm, but no sooner

did she feel the touch than she wrenched

herself from his grasp, and with a scream,

rushed towards the corner furthest from

him. Before he had time to move the

door opened, and Lady Fothergille stood

then quietly said-

son who gave you the jewel is the thief."

let him; I have done no harm to anyone. I am well again; it was only that horrid dream that made me ill, and it has gone "What is the matter?" Lady Fother-

gille asked, her face pale from fright at the scene she witnessed. "This lady has offered for sale one of the diamonds which I believe to have been stolen from Fothergille Abbey, and I have come to arrest her," Felton answered, wondering if Lady Fothergille was con-

cerned in the robbery.

"I think not. She refuses to say who gave her the jewel." Ethel bent down and raised the kneeling

"Will you not tell me?" she asked, in a gentle voice, as if she were addressing

"I cannot, I must not," Mrs. Fothergille "You must come with me." Felton said to her. "No harm will be done you, and

no violence used unless you resist.' "You surely don't mean to take her," exclaimed Ethel, grieved and terrorstricken at the thought. "I am sure she is innocent."

"It is my duty," replied the detective. "You must not; you don't know that she is the wife of Capt. Fothergille, my husband's cousin," said Ethel, thinking this statement would prevent him from carrying out his intentions. The detective's countenance fell, a new

light was let in upon his brain. "She has been down to the abbey to see

"She has," answered Ethel.

"Then it is from him she received the diamond; he is the thief."

"No, no," answered the faithful wife: 'he is a just and honorable man, incapable of such an act."

Felton. "And now Mrs. Fothergille, will you please hand me that diamond.' "You will return it when his innocence

is proved," she said, giving him the jewel. 'If his innocence is proved," answered Felton. Then handing it to Ethel, he said: "Do you think this is one of the stones from your ladyship's necklace?"

"She looked at it closely, and without hesitation said: "It is the clasp."

"I thought so," replied the detective as he secured it; "and I shall probably find its companions where this came from. Now Mrs. Fothergille," he added, "I must search your belongings without further Meg, seeing her father's motives and delay. Will you please give me your anxious to further them, "who comes home keys ?"

"Do dear," Ethel said. She was unshaken in her faith in this suffering woman, and anxious to make the present ordeal as little painful as possible.

Mrs. Fothergille handed the key of her trunk, and conducted him without a word to her small bedroom, in the upper storey of the house, the examination of which lasted very few minutes, and revealed nothing which in any way incriminated her. Beyond the few articles of clothing her box contained, there was little else save a bundle of letters written to her by Capt. Fothergille before they were married; and a book, between the pages of which lay a bunch of faded violets, the poor present he had given her in the days of his courtship. The detective glanced at the addresses and dates of these letters, hoping he might find amongst them one which contained reference to the abbey robbery, or to the disposal of the jewels. But no such letter was there; if this woman had received such, she had evidently destroyed them before now. He wavered in his decision as to whether she was innocent "From who-you had better mention the or guilty; her apparent poverty and her visible simplicity led him at times to consider she had no part in this crime; but then again her refusal to give Capt. Fothergille's name, and her avowed belief in his honor staggered Felton's faith in

> She was wholly unlike any woman with whom previous experience had brought him in contact; the gentleness of her manner mixed with a certain wildness of expression, puzzled and interested him, whilst at the same time leading him to ex-

"I have found your Wilmot Spa Water of great service to me in rheumatism and kidney derange-ments: ROBIE MORTON. ments: Wilmot, April, 1889,

"I cannot. It was given to me by one pect some difficulty in dealing with her. On consideration he thought it best to "Are you aware that a short time ago some diamonds were stolen from Fother- therefore when he had concluded his

gille abbey?" he asked watching her face search, he said: "I must now ask you to come with me as quietly as possible." "No," she answered, fixing her eyes on

She shrank back from him with a terror him wonderingly; "but what if they were?" she added, as if struck by an afterstricken look.

"You have found nothing, why should I go with you?" she asked. "I suspect someone who stayed at the "Because you received stolen goods. I

abbey at the time of taking them," he will take you in a cab to the police station, said, watching the color come into her you will have nothing to fear, and no doubt your friends will bail you out in a day or "No, no," she replied, "you must be

"I have no friends," she replied, tears starting to her eyes, "no one in the world to care for me save him-my husband."

The detective turned away a second. "She uttered a cry of pain and surprise. "Impossible!" she exclaimed. "You must "Please put on your bonnet and follow not, dare not, say that." Her cheeks me," he said, leaving the room. "I shall wait for you below. Remember, you must

indignation. her limbs trembled with ex-A few minutes later she entered the drawing room where he patiently waited, answering the anxious questions put to him by Lady Fothergille and Mrs. Simmons Coming into the apartment she walked up to Ethel in her timid, faltering voice:

"I am going with him, but my husband will soon set it right and I shall return in

a day or two."
"I hope so," Ethel replied, looking piti-"Very well, we will find it out presently, of much suffering lay. "Remember, no matter what may happen, I am your friend."

Mrs. Fothergille pressed her hand.
"Thank you," she answered, "thank you but meantime I shall have to search your belongings and take you with me to the

"Take me—oh, no, no, you surely won't do that," she cried, a wild, frightened look a thousand times; one who is so lonely forget you. God bless you always." "I must: you're the receiver of stolen

Mrs. Simmons stood by, indignation and sympathy struggling for mastery in her breast, her face expressive of varying emotions. Mrs. Fothergille looked at her timidly, and at that glance her resentment melted. Holding out her hand to her lodger, she said:

"This is a thing as has never happened to me before, but it's not your fault I do believe, and if it's not, you may come back

in an excited voice, "Oh, save me, save me. He threatens to take me away; don't A minute later Mrs. Fothergille was driving with Detective Felton to the Marlborough street station.

It was on the evening of the day succeeding that on which this event happened, that Sir Danvers received the letter from his wife which filled him with happiness. He entered the dining-room with Meg, where they were joined a few seconds later by the poor relation and the captain. At sight of the latter Sir Danvers remembered "There must be some mistake," said smothered his indignation. Looking at burned in his heart—a hatred of mankind Ethel, a bewildered look on her face, as Meg, the captain at once saw something filled him; he recognized within himself all she glanced at the crouching figure at her had occurred to cause her relief and satis- the possibilities of evil to which human nafaction, but what it was he dared not askmuch as he desired to know.

"Have you been down to the rectory this afternoon?" he asked, wondering if anything had happened there to cause the sudden change in her manner.

"No, but father has," she replied. "Maynes is better, I trust," he said, addressing the baronet.

"No-yes, I mean there is little change in him since morning," Sir Danvers answered absently.

The captain felt more puzzled than becondition; some fresh interest evidently absorbed his mind.

"I have been speaking to the police this afternoon," Fothergille remarked. "They are still quite in the dark as to the scoundrel who attempted the murder. I hope they are not going to let the fellow

"I hope not," said the poor relation, on which the captain stared at her with vicious

Sir Danvers, believing that his cousin had, when warning him of Lord Hector's attentions to Ethel, and when subsequently showing him the photograph, been actuated by a desire to save the family honor, was now anxious to let him know the truth, and at the same time, to have it spread "That he will have to prove," remarked through the servants' hall, where he felt sure comments must have been passed on his wife, injurious to her fair name. Therefore he said, in as calm a manner as he could assume-"I have every reason to hope Lord Hector will recover; for he has not only the care of a professional nurse, but also of his wife-Lady Fothergille's sister-who arrived this afternoon.'

The captain lay back in his chair, a look of bewilderment in his face, whilst a footman, who was offering a dish to Meg, held it suspended in mid-air, electrified by the

intelligence. "She did not wait for Ethel," added tomorrow or next day. Father has just

had a letter from her.' The attending footman thought the minutes following this announcement passed as slowly as hours; until he had an opportunity of leaving the dining-room and hurrying to the servants' hall with the intelligence that there was no scandal after all about his mistress, who had written to Sir Danvers, and was coming back in a day or two, instead of figuring in the divorce court, as was generally expected and looked forward to with interest by the

The captain was speechless with amazement, for with his quick mind he at once grasped the situation, and saw how the error had arisen by mistaking one sister for another. Here was disappointment and defeat where he had least expected them; he had done all in his power to part Sir Danvers and his wife, and his efforts had been unavailing. Some fate was opposing him, against which he could not measure his strength or use his skill. Lord Hector whom he thought he had killed, would probably recover; the wife whom he trusted was for ever buried in the living grave of a lunatic asylum had been liberated and sought him out. There was nothing for exposure and shame awaited him, to some spot in the new hemisphere, where, his antecedents unknown, he might begin life anew on the spoil he had stolen from his next-of kin.

He determined to quit the abbey next day, feeling unable to meet the woman he had striven to injure, who would probably suspect, if she did not hear it from her husband, the part he had played in this un-

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happy chapter of her life. He could not ! leave too soon; for Lord Hector might in the ravings of fever reveal the name of his would-be assassin; or on the return of consciousness narrate the story of the brutal attack. To-morrow night he would on his arrival in town call upon his wife, take the money which she had by this time probably received for the diamond, and with his treasure safely concealed take his passage for New Zealand, leaving no trace

He was silent and absorbed in his plans during the remainder of the dinner, volunteered no conversation, and when questions were put to him answered as shortly as possible. To him the balmy evening air seemed oppressively warm. He felt as if encompassed by a dark and heavy inthe prominent part he had played in caus- fluence that gradually closed round him, ing the breach which had driven Ethel from leaving him no room to breathe, no outlet her home, and it was with some difficulty he by which he might escape. A dull rage ture in its lowest type is heir. It was a relief when the dinner ended and Meg with the poor relation left the room. He drew his chair closer to his cousin, and determined on playing his part to the last,

"This has been a strange mistake we made, Danvers. The photographs and the hair of course belonged to Ethel's sister. I didn't know she had a sister, nor did l believe Maynes was a married man."

"Yes, it is a mistake that has given me much pain, and now causes me bitter fore; it was not usual for his cousin to humiliation to think I have ever suspected seem indifferent regarding Lord Hector's the loyalty of one of the best and noblest of women. "Of course. I cannot tell you how

grieved I am," remarked the captain,

but I'm sure you'll give me credit for acting in this affair in the manner I thought best for your happiness and interest." "I hope it will teach you a lesson never to come between man and wife again," replied the baronet drily. He believed his cousin had acted for the best, but he could

not readily forgive him for being the cause of so much suffering. "You may be sure it will. I say Danvers, I have been staying here too long, and I must get back to town. I think of

leaving you tomorrow." "Indeed," said the baronet, "I am going up to town myself by the first train in the morning." He made no polite requests that his cousin might stay, secretly feeling glad to think he should not be at the abbey on Ethel's return home.

"That will suit me admirably, I shall go up with you if you don't object," replied his cousin, bracing himself to make a re-

"Not in the least. I can't say when I'm coming back," answered the baronet, fearing his cousin might expect to return "I suppose not. It has been a pleasant stay for me here these few months back, but now I must get to work. A friend of mine has written to me today putting me up to a good thing; not gambling, mind

you, but a safe investment in a foundry that's soon to be turned into a joint stock company. But the fact is I haven't a penny to invest," he said looking down. He was determined to get as much out of Sir Danvers as he possibly could before they parted—probably forever. With a cheque in his pocket he would be independent to the sale of the diamond if his wife

had not been able to dispose of it; if she had it would add to his funds. Sir Danvers pushed back his chair. Though naturally one of the most generous men in the world, he was getting tired of being asked for money continually. He

therefore made no immediate reply.
"You know I told you some weeks ago I was going to settle down, and I hope to marry," continued the captain; "I'm sure, Danvers, you will give me a start. This foundry business is a capital opening, and I promise you, it will be long before I ask you for another penny."

"How much do you want?" the baronet enquired. Say five hundred; with that sum I can buy ten shares, and I hope to repay you

before twelve months have passed. Sir Danvers frowned and hesitated. "I promise this shall be the last time I him but escape from the old world, where will ask you for a loan," pleaded the captain, who saw that his cousin was staggered

by the amount demanded. "On these conditions you shall have it," the baronet said. "You are an excellent fellow. Believe

me, I shall keep my word." They were about rising from the table, when a servant entered and handed his master a card. "Felton," said Sir Danvers, reading the

Enamelline will be found an indispensable addition

name it bore.

"Yes, Sir Danvers; if you please, he said he should like to see you at once. "Then show him in here."

CHAPTER XXX.—CHARGE AND ARREST. A moment later the detective entered the dining-room followed by another officer, both in plain clothes. The stranger looked swiftly round the room, noted the figures still sitting at the table, closed the door. and slowly and gradually approached and stood behind the captain's chair. Something in his manner disconcerted Fother-

"I am glad to see you," said the master of the abbey, "as I suppose you have some news for me. "Yes, Sir Danvers, you have a chance

of recovering your diamonds." "You have found them?" "No, but we are on the track of them; it's a neat case, or will be when it's com-

pleted, if I don't much mistake." The captain helped himself to some brandy, and drank it down at a gulp. Could it be possible, he wondered, his wife had been suspected, and had told where the jewel he gave her came from. He could not think because of the whirlwind of terror rushing through his brain; he could only wait and hear if his worst fears had come true.

"Then you haven't caught the thief?" asked Sir Danvers.

"No, but we soon shall, or I'm very much out," the detective answered with a complaisant smile. "What is the trail on which you have

got? Whom do you suspect now?" "I'll tell you, Sir Danvers," he said quietly, turning his eyes full on the captain's face. "Yesterday afternoon a person offered a pawnbroker a valuable diamond for sale. From the manner and appearance of the would-be seller, he suspected that it had been stolen, and quietly sent for me. On seeing it, I recognized the stone from the description you had given me and the drawing her ladyship had made, as the clasp of the missing neck-

Fothergille's face had turned livid; there was no doubt in his mind that his wife was referred to, but some hope lingered that she had not revealed her identity. "Who was the person who offered it for

sale," Sir Danvers asked. "This gentleman's wife," answered the detective, pointing to the captain.
"His wife; impossible."

"It is a confounded lie," cried the captain. "I have no wife!" His face was distorted with rage, his eyes flared with desperation. It seemed to him he was caught in a trap he himself had bated; and hemmed round on all sides by dangers

from which there was no escape. Felton, calm and resolute, looked at him without reply for a moment, and then continued his story. "The diamond was returned to her with a request she would call next day. She no sooner left the pawnbroker's than I followed her to the lodgings where she was known under the name of Mrs. Freeman. When I was about to arrest her, Lady Fothergille, who was staying in the house, declared there must be some mistake, as the lady was Captain Fothergille's wife; a statement borne out by a marriage certificate I found later on

amongst her papers." "Good — !" said the baronet, thinking of the proposal this man had made to marry Meg, and fearful that something which he dared not believe yet remained to

"My suspicions were at once directed to Captain Fothergille," continued Felton, "and when I learned his wife had been to Hayton the previous day, I felt certain he had given her this jewel to dispose of as best he could."

(To be continued.)

