SWEET IS REVENGE.

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Lost in thought the captain strode rapidly through the park until he entered a wood of pines and firs that skirted it at one end. The setting sun threw shafts of light be-twixt the thick interlacing boughs, and down the long avenue leading towards Hayton, which he now traversed. The air was so still that the lazy roll of cart wheels and the cracking of a driver's whip in the distance could be distinctly heard.

The fading glow in the west presently warned him it was time he should retrace his steps; and accordingly he turned back, calculating he would have sufficient leisure to reach the abbey and dress before dinner was served. His mind was still harassed by anxious thoughts, and a dire foreboding of trouble settled on him as the gloom of approaching night crept over the world. He was conscious that the future was fraught with danger, which it would take

all his subtlety and care to overcome. As he went his way, his head bent, his footsteps falling noiselessly on the soft sward, a faint sound not far behind fell upon his ears. Slight as it was he started and turned to see a figure advancing towards him. He paused, striving to discern who it was, and though the increasing dusk did not permit him to see the face of the individual approaching, he immediately recognised the broad shoulders and free

swinging gait of Lord Hector Maynes.

Notwithstanding that the telegram had led him to expect Lord Hector, he was surprised at his presence. However he carefully hid his astonishment, and holding out his hand said in a genial tone, "Hello, Maynes, I scarcely expected to meet you here.'

"I suppose not," Lord Hector answered, not appearing to notice the outstretched hand. "I arrived at Lowbridge by the this short cut to the abbey on my way. Sir Danvers got my telegram?" he asked.

"I am not sure. I suppose so," answered the captain, knowing it lay in his pocket.

"All well at the abbey?"

"Oh, perfectly well," replied Fothergille, a smile crossing his lips as he

imagined the reception which awaited this visitor. "Anything new in town?" he asked, in return.

"The last exciting news is that of the

The two men were walking side by side, a thick growth of pines and firs at either side of them shutting out the waning light, so that Lord Hector could not see if his words had caused any perceptible change on his hearer's countenance.

"Indeed," replied the captain, "I am surprised to find it still interests the town; it is nearly nine days' old."

"No clue has yet been discovered, I suppose?" "Not that I know of, at least," said Fothergille.

"You would be certain to have heard of it, I'm sure.'

The captain disliked the tone in which the words were spoken, but not resenting it he answered, "Of course, being at the abbey, I should hear of it immediately." "Would it surprise you to hear I hold

the clue to the robbery?" Maynes asked. Fothergille visibly started at these words, and then mentally cursed himself for his want of coolness.

"Surprise me, certainly," he remarked "Perhaps you know the thief?" he added

in a careless tone. "I do," said Lord Hector, emphatically, stopping in his walk and fixing his eyes resolutely on the captain, who, continuing his way, presented the back of his head to

his companion's gaze." "Did you find him in town?" asked the latter when Lord Hector rejoined him.

"Look here, Captain Fothergille," he said, in a firm, determined tone, "I have come back sooner than I intended, to speak of the robbery, and to talk to you especially. I am glad that chance has given me this opportunity of seeing you

Could he have seen the captain's face he would have started at its leaden hue, and the signs of suppressed rage that dis-

"Sir Danvers is more concerned by the loss than I am; I should have thought you would consult him in preverence to me." "Pardon me, you are far more concerned with it than he?"

"What do you mean?" asked Fothergille, turning suddenly round and facing him, a frown of indignation knitting his

"Simply this. That before any scandal is raised, and the secrets of a family made gossip for the world, I wish to induce the man who took the diamonds to restore them. Otherwise, I shall feel it my duty to acquaint Sir Danvers with the name of the thief, and let the matter take its course. He can choose between privately replacing them and having his name kept secret, or having the property wrested from him by the officers of justice.

The captain listened to him in silence, his dark eyes blazing with passion, his lips twitching convulsively. "What is the meaning of this rigmarole?" he asked in a

harsh dry voice. "You had better not force me to speak

plainer," replied Maynes. "By heavens I will force you. I will have you speak out like a man, or compel you to keep your mouth closed," the captain said excitedly.

"You wish me to name the

"I do," shouted Fothergille. "Then you are the man."

The captain staggered back a step or two and clutched hold of his thick oak stick; but acting on a thought that darted through his mind, he restrained himself, and drawing up his figure to its full height he said, "You are mad to charge me with this: I, Sir Danvers' cousin and heir presumptive, do you think, man, that I would

rob my own family, would rob myself?" "We will not argue about what I think of you; it would take too long. I only tering anyone by the way. He looked colonel strongly objected," said the rector, say what I know," answered Maynes.

"You state your vile suspicions." "No." said Lord Hector, "I mention facts. You will remember that on the

CHAPTER XXI.-A DESPERATE DEED. | night of the dinner party I went to my room and changed my coat; I returned by the corridor off which Lady Fothergille's dressing room opens. The light which usually burned there was extinguished, probably by you. As I was feeling my way along the far end I saw her door open and I recognized your figure leave the room. As you came into the corridor I saw you thrust something that sparkled into your pocket. Next day when the diamonds were missing I knew you had taken them, but I refrained from stating what I had seen, believing you would restore them, and being unwilling to hurt the feelings of my host by declaring his kins-

> Captain Fothergille started at the last word. "Have a care," he said, "how

"During my absence," said Lord Hector, in no way cowed by his manner, "you had time to replace them; having failed to do this it is my duty to compel you. The diamonds are in your possession.

"You are a liar," the captain shouted. Lord Hector stepped forward, and be-fore Fothergille had time to offer resistance caught him by the throat, violently shook him and then flung him from his path. "Bah," he said, contemptuously, "this is nothing new; you have been a thief and a swindler all your lifetime, and something worse if suspicion be true."

Fothergille's face became convulsed with passion and a murderous light glittered in his eyes as gathering all his strength together he, with a swift sudden motion, raised his oak cudgel and aimed a desperate blow at his companion's head. The latter threw up his left arm to defend himself, but was powerless to parry the violent stroke which fell upon his right temple and knocked him senseless to the earth. hand. "I arrived at Lowbridge by the With his victim lying motionless at his feet five-thirty train, and walked over, taking the captain repeated his blow again and this short cut to the abbey on my way." again, his force knowing no restraint, his vengeance no mercy.

"Dead men tell no tales," he muttered. "You will never blab on me, never play the spy again upon my actions you cur. I have owed you a grudge for some time, but I have now repaid you in full."

Suddenly sounds from a distance fell upon his ears and he listened breathlessly for some seconds, but they were not rediamond robbery at the abbey," he answered, fixing his eyes on the captain's lice the blood that but a moment before peated. As he paused a thrill of undeburned like lava in his veins. He looked swiftly and cautiously round, and then cast down his eyes to the figure at his feet seen dimly in the fading light penetrating the wood, He slowly bent forward and touched it, but suddenly recoiled on feeling his hand smeared with thick warm gore. He wiped his fingers on the grass again and again but the gritty substance seemed to sink into the pores of his skin. Kneeling down he bent his ear above Lord Hector's mouth, but neither heard the sound, nor felt the moisture of his breath. Then he lowered the hand yet unstained with blood, cautiously and slowly until it reached his victim's breast. The heart had ceased to beat, and with a thrill, half of fiendish gratification, and half of nameless terror, he knew that he stood branded as a mur-

He laughed aloud, triumphantly, deliriously, and the sound of his voice frightening the birds in a neighboring tree, they fled with a startled, weird cry that alarmed him. He glanced all around and once more a terrible fear smote his soul, and caused cold perspiration to ooze from his skin. In the uncertain light it seemed to his excited imagination that crowds of phantom figures surrounded him, watchful of his deeds, gibing at his borror, waiting to denounce his act; spectres that as he turned his glance towards them, shrank behind the sheltering trunks of trees, or melted into the brooding night. The air around and above was filled with whispering voices; crimson clouds hung before his sight, the odor of blood rose from the ground at his feet and enveloped him as with a mist, the gore streaked face of the murdered man stared at him through the gathering darkness.

He dared not move, though knowing it was dangerous for him to linger there, where some stray wayfarers might find him standing red-handed beside the body of his victim, and give him over to justice and

the scaffold. "I must be mad," he cried, yet he could not stir; a spell whose force he found it impossible to resist, bound him to the spot. Had some devilish influence resolved to keep him here until he was discovered? As he lingered he felt a touch upon the foot nearest the dead man, the touch of a human hand, at which with an oath he sprang back. But it suddenly occurring to him that Maynes, if not dead, might have stretched forward his arm. Fothergille hastened back and bent over him; both arms were lying by his side, no sign of life was visible. For all that some glimmer of existence might flicker within Lord Hector, which it was the captain's interest to extinguish beyond all doubt. For this purpose he drew forth a knife with a long narrow blade sharp as a razor, which he had brought with him from the Bush, and raised it with the intention of plunging it into Lord Hector's heart, but at that instant the sound of voices close by fell from his ears, his arm dropped to his side, and with the instinct of self-preservation he hurried away. With a cautious step he left the beaten track and rushed through the wood in the direction of the lake. Arriving here without encountering anyone, he knelt down, washed his hands, and carefully removed all traces of blood from

the knob of his stick. As he finished the silence of the calm evening air was broken by the sound of the first dinner bell ringing clear and loud from the abbey tower.

CHAPTER XXII.—MURDERED.

Capt. Fothergille entered the abbey by a side entrance, and with a stealthy foot glided to his own rooms without encoun-

Most Ginger Ales are costive. The laxative qualites of Spa Spring Water makes the Wilmot Royal Belfast Ginger Ale, Lemonade and Spa Water gently purgative.

apartments were vacant, then locked the door and flung himself into a chair. Currents of opposing thoughts and teelings crossed his mind; he was at once glad and gratified that he had removed Lord Hector from his path, and at the same time he was depressed and terrified that the deed had

It was not that the crime sat heavy on his soul, that he groaned in spirit at having spilled the blood of a fellow-creature; the shadow darkening his joy proceeded from a fear lest this foul act might be traced to him. So far it seemed there was no danger of him being associated with the murder; no one had seen him aud his victim in conversation; not a soul suspected there was enmity between them. There was no motive apparent why he should take Lord Hector's life; though there was sufficient reason to show why the deed might have to the determination of travelling to town been accomplished by Sir Danvers.

He rose from his chair with a smile on his face, thinking how convenient and pleasant it would be if the baronet were promptly removed from this life, and there- Rector loved a good cigar and a glass fore made room for his successor.

clothes by the light of the candles burning on his table, and saw with no sign of horror or revulsion that his vest was bespattered with dark spots, and the right cuff of his shirt was smeared with blood. There was no time to efface these tell-tale traces of his guilt, and he was anxious not to appear late for dinner; therefore removing his clothes, he locked them up in a drawer of the wardrobe, intending to wash out the stains before retiring to bed that

He dressed himself with more than usual care, and securing the telegram in the pocket of his dress coat, went downstairs. He paused a moment outside the drawing-room door to make sure Sir Danvers was Hector had communicated his ideas to the within, and hearing his voice, turned quickly away towards the study. Opening the door he entered, deposited the telegram on the chimney piece and made his exit. "Only Danvers will be supposed to know Lord Hector's intention of returning this evening," he said to himself as he walked into the drawing-room

The rector, who had come over to the abbey with Sir Danvers, and had been burglars." asked to stay for dinner, was talking to Meg in a tone of forced cheerfulness. The girl, with the unknown of Ethel still upon her mind, was severely depressed, and made but little attempt to follow his words, as he described to her the beauties of a Shaksperian performance he had witnessed during his recent visit to town.

at enmity," remarked the captain as he suppose, ceased to be consi cruiting ground for Satan."

The Rev. Charles Harrow laughed goodnaturedly. "There are certain theatres ance," he replied, "the stage having become respectable nowadays.' "Or fashionable, which is perhaps the

same thing," said Fothergille. "The same thing," echoed the poor rela-

"Yes, quite fashionable, I grant you." said the rector, smoothing down the auburn whiskers framing his rubicund, contented face. "Whilst I was in town I saw a society lady play a leading part in one of the principal theatres. I assure you she acted as it she had been born on the

"Or rather as if she had been cut out of

them," remarked the captain. Dinner was announced. Once more the chair at the head of the table which Sir Danvers avoided taking was vacant, facing him whose eyes were lifted to the spot ever and anon, as if he expected to see there the woman he had loved so well. The rector also keenly telt the absence of his hostess, and in his mind sought about for some means by which he might restore peace and heal the breach between her and his old friend, if such were possible. The baronet had as yet refrained from speaking his mind on the subject of his trouble; and the Rev. Charles Harrow and his wife, depending on rumors from the servants' hall Hope to arrive before dinner." for their information concerning Lady Fothergille's departure, were as yet in broach the subject to Sir Danvers after dinner, and receive from him the particu-

As if to escape from his own thoughts of the past, and his apprehensions of the future, the captain made unusual efforts to appear sprightly. Now and then during pauses in the conversation, the dead man's igure lying stark upon the sward, his pallid gore-smeared face rising from out the twilight, came before his gaze. To banish | trude. this appalling vision he raised his glass to his lips, but holding the Burgundy between him and the light, the wine seemed turned to a gory hue, and its taste in his mouth was as blood.

"And so you enjoyed your visit to town?"

said Sir Danvers to the rector. "Yes, it was a change, a thorough change. Maria liked it well enough, as all other women do, but it began to bore me terribly after the first week. What with picture galleries and theatres, dinners and crushes, I telt worn out. I wonder how men can stand it, the same thing going on day after day, night after night during the

"Habit, I suppose," replied the baronet. "You remember Seldon. I knocked up against him one day at Lords. He is yet a bachelor, and goes into society still in

"Or to look after somebody else's," added the captain, and then feeling his remark must have jarred on Sir Danvers, he drained his champagne glass in confusion.

"You knew Mars of the guards," the rector continued; he has married, and lives with his fashionable wife in a little box in Mayfair. They go about everywhere. It's astonishing to me how they do it on his in-

come. She hadn't a penny, you know." "People endure many discomforts in private to present a good appearance to the public," said the baronet.

"Like a man who wears a clean collar but no shirt," added his cousin. "When Mars was in the guards he had

an awful habit of swearing, to which his with the air of a man who was about to Commercial Citric Acid is an ingredient of most Ginger Ales. Wilmot Royal Belfast is comprised of pure Jamaica Ginger, Lime juice, Spa water and other pure ingredients.

swiftly and suspiciously round to see the | tell a good story. "One evening at mess the colonel ventured to check him, whereon Mars replied that he didn't know 'twas any harm. 'Don't you know the commandment, swear not at all,' said the colonel. 'Why I don't swear at all,' replied Mars, 'I only swear at those who offend me.'"

The Rector laughed at his own story, been done by his hands.

Had another taken this man's life, then join him, but his signs of merriment merely his delight would have known no restraint. took the form of a faint smile; for whilst his old triend talked the baronet's memory went back to his interview with Meg a few hours before, and her arguments in favor of Ethel's innocence repeated themselves again and again in his mind. With feverish anxiety he had waited the arrival of that afternoon's post, but no letter had reached him from his wife. Reproach for the words he had used towards her had begun to gnaw at his conscience, the suspicious rage into which he had worked himself had gradually subsided, and he now came next day and seeking her-he knew not where or how.

When Meg and the poor relation had retired the three men drew nearer The of excellent port above most things in life, With a careful eye he examined his and now prepared to enjoy them in his lothes by the light of the candles burning leisurely fashion. Presently he hoped to hear from his friend the cause of his domestic trouble, the wildest rumors of which, thanks to Mrs. Crayworth's gossip, had by this time begun to circulate throughout the county. By way of approaching that topic he determined first to make enquiries concerning a lesser grief, and presently said:

"Any news today about the diamonds?" The captain started and looked down.

thief, but as yet have made no discovery." detectives? Then his life had been taken

to little purpose. "It's a most extraordinary mystery," replied the rector, helping himself to another glass of port. It was a relief to think he should not encounter the searching and reproving eyes of his spouse when he entered the drawing room presently. "It's my idea the jewels were taken by

"Looks very like it," said the baronet,

"Did that telegram relate to the diamonds?" asked the captain, in a calm manner and placid voice.

"What telegram?"

"Surely you got it this atternoon."
"I received no telegram today," Sir

joined them. "And the playhouse has, I she might have bade him come to her and which her servants bore, and recognizing brought into sharp relief by the summer

where the cloth may put in an appear- graph boy gave me a message for you. I ary twist life and death. couldn't find you, and Jones told me you had gone to the rectory, where I went after you. Mrs. Harrow said you were not tied by the gamekeeper, examined his there, so I returned and left it on the chimney-piece of your study, thinking you would be sure to see it there on your re-

"You should have seen that I got it at ! once," said Sir Danvers, agitatedly, "it may be of great importance.

"I made sure you would go to your study and get it; I went upstairs and unfortunately fell asleep over a book, and so for got all about it until the dinner bell

"Where is it?" asked the baronet, rising from his chair. "I suppose it's still in the study," an-

swered the captain; "let me go and see." He disappeared, and in a few seconds returned with it and handed it to his cousin. "I am very sorry this happened," he said. "I hope the delay will not cause

With a hand trembling from excitement, Sir Danvers opened the envelope, and ran his eye over the message.

any loss or trouble."

"From Hector Maynes, London-To Sir Danvers Fothergille, the Abbey, Hayton. Shall be with you this evening.

Again and again he read the lines, his brain in a whirlwind of questioning anxiety darkness as to its cause. Before leaving his heart throbbing wildly against his his home that evening the rector had re- breast. Then a sudden sense of relief, ceived strict instructions from his wife to hope, and happiness dawned upon him; for But now when the first sansation caused by surely if this man had done him grievous this discovery had begun to subside she wrong he would not dare to come beneath his roof again. He could not be aware Ethel had left her home; he was not with her, and that was enough to remove the heavy load which had weighed the baronet down, and filled his life with bitter woe since she had departed.

"Is it of importance?" asked the captain, in a hesitating voice, as if he teared to in-"It is from Hector Maynes. He said he

should be here in time for dinner," he replied, as if there was nothing unusual in the communication.

"Hector Maynes?" repeated Fothergille, a world of astonishment expressed in every The rector wondered much, but sipped

his excellent port in silence. "Yes. I wonder he has not arrived; probably he has missed his train; if so, he

cannot arrive tonight."
"Coming here," said the captain in the same tones of wonder. Before the baronet had time to reply the door opened slowly, and the head butler

advanced to the table with a solemn and awe-stricken face. "What is it Trevor?" asked his master,

regarding him with surprise.
"Please, Sir Danvers," he said, hesitatingly, "Lord Hector Maynes --- " "Oh, he has arrived," replied the baronet, rising.

"No, Sir Danvers, but he has been "Found-

"Murdered!" cried out Sir Danvers, falling heavily into his chair. "Murdered!" echoed the captain: "and

then deliberately fixing his eyes upon the baronet's face, he added, 'Murdered, and by whom ?" CHAPTER XXIII .- AT THE RECTORY.

Coming homeward through the Hayton

Pine Wood two gamekeepers had in the

twilight of a summer evening stumbled If you would save your wife trouble and enjoy a cheap but delicious dinner take home a package Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables.



WHITE AS SNOW!

SURPRISE does it and makes all Linens, Cottons, Laces sweet, pure, white.

YOU can have your washing done the "Surprise way"—save half the labor have these results without injury to hands or most delicate fabrics. You need not boil or scald a single piece.

"THE PROOF of the pudding is in the eating." It won't cost anything to try SURPRISE. Simply ask your Grocer to put in one cake SURPRISE the READ the directions next time you buy Soap; then test it. READ on the wrapper.

Hector Maynes. The accidents and adventures attending their calling somewhat accustomed them to such sights as they now beheld, and they at once concluded the unconscious man was the victim of an attempted or an accomplished murder. Use had made them skilled in attending such disasters, and one of them going down on his knees lifted the bruised and bleed-"No," replied Sir Danvers. "I had a message this morning from Scotland Yard. on his knees inted the blused and bleed ing head of this unknown man with one hand, whilst with the other he felt for the They believe they are on the track of the heart beat which would determine if life still remained in this battered and fractured body

"Is he dead, Jim?" his companion

"Don't know. If he's not he been't far from it. You run t' the rectory; it's the nearest house, and bring a stretcher or a door, and tell some of 'em to feich the doctor sharp.

He who was sent on this message laid down his gun and ran in the direction of the rectory as quick as his legs could carry him; whilst his companion, taking a hand-kerchief from his pocket and another from round his neck, proceeded to staunch the blood still streaming from the wounded | at once."

The sun sank down behind the pines, the gloaming deepened in the woods and night came before Lord Hector Maynes was clearly and slowly made his consin start. "The church and the stage are no longer tenmity," remarked the captain as he is entitled and been sent him; the church and the stage are no longer to the church and the stage are no longer to the captain as he is the church and the stage are no longer to the captain as he is the church and the stage are no longer to the captain as he is the church and the stage are no longer to the captain as he is the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory. Mrs. Harrow, with some strange fear rising in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory. Mrs. Harrow, with some strange fear rising in the church and stage are no longer to the rectory. Mrs. Harrow, with some strange fear rising in the church and stage are no longer to the rectory. Mrs. Harrow, with some strange fear rising in the church and stage are no longer to the rectory. Mrs. Harrow, with some strange fear rising in the church and stage are no longer to the rectory. The church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory. The church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory. The church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory. The church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the stage are no longer to the rectory. The church are the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory. The church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the rectory in the church and the stage are no longer to the rectory in the rectory was coming to the abbey, the Hayton tele- him still lingering on the shadowy bound-

The medical man looked exceedingly grave as he removed the bandages roughly patient's head and washed the clotted blood from the wounds. For some time indeed he thought it useless to wrestle with death, believing this young man's existence might now be counted by minutes. Not wishing to take the responsibility of the case wholly on himself, he desired that Mr. Wrayghton, a clever surgeon, might be sent for to Lowbridge; and accordingly Mrs. Harrow despatched one of her servants for the man of science, fast as a horse could take him.

The Hayton practitioner sat by Lord Hector meantime, his watch in one hand, the fingers of the other on the patient's pulse. So slow, indeed, did they beat that it seemed at times as if they stopped; on which the doctor bent his ear above the open mouth of the sufferer, and scarcely feltja breath upon his cheek. Mrs. Harrow came and went uneasily and nervously, walking on her toes, and speaking in whispers, as if she feared to disturb him who was now insensible to every sight and sound. In the first moments of excitement tollowing Lord Hector's arrival she had not sent for her husband, knowing he would be a hindrance rather than a help. "Men are such useless creatures in cases of emergency," she reflected, "and Charles would be only in the way," she added with a sigh. She had frequently found him in the way. despatched a messenger to the abbey with news of Lord Hector's state.

When they had recovered from the shock the butler's announcement caused, Sir Danvers and Mr. Harrow set out for the Rectory, accompanied by Capt. Fother-gille. The three men walked side by side through the park, each filled with his own thoughts. The night was calm and sultry, the air laden with the scent of fir and pine wood, the sky cloudless and bright with moonlight.

"This is horrible, horrible," said the baronet at last, as if speaking to himself rather than to his hearers.

"Terrible," answered the Rector. "I assure you it has given me a shock that has quite upset my digestion: my stomach will be out of order for a week. It's

"I can't see any motive for the murder," said the captain, speaking in mournful tones. Whatever his faults may have been I don't think he had any enemies," he spoke of Lord Hector in the past tense, believing his victim was amongst

"Motive," said the rector, "Why, it must be robbery of course."

The captain started, and cursed himself as a fool for not having taken Lord Hector's watch, chain, and money, so that it might seem he had been murdered for sake

"I'm afraid we have got a bad lot around | row and horror that this young life should "Yes. Found murdered in the Hayton us," the rector said; "first the diamonds be snapped in twain by murderous hands. are stolen, and now a man's life is taken. I should like to see the fellow who did these deeds swinging from the nearest tree."

The captain looked forward to a beech standing within a few yards of them, and imagined his body dangling from one of its great boughs, a black figure swinging in the white moonlight. He wondered how his friend would approve of the sight.

"None of us are safe," continued Charles Harrow. "I shall in future carry a loaded stick, and keep a revolver ready by my side!" The captain could not contradict the

over the seemingly lifeless body of Lord statement that the murder had been committed for sake of robbery, but he thought it wise to throw out a suggestion that might account for the deed, when the first theory was presently discovered to be false. "Maynes may have been killed by mistake," he said, "some poachers seeing him in the wood in the dusk may have taken him for one of the gamekeepers."

"That's scarcely likely," replied the rector, remembering the stately bearing and noble carriage of Lord Hector. "What do you think, Fothergille?"

"It's impossible to say," answered Sir Danvers. "Cases of mistaken identity are common enough," persisted the captain, "and I dare say many poachers are at enmity with

the abbey gamekeepers, and wouldn't mind sending them out of life."

They passed under the shadow of the limes; flocks of deer that had laid down to rest for the night, started up at sound of their footsteps and scampered away through far stretching glades where the moonlight stretched into shadowy space.

"It's a mysterious affair," remarked the rector, "and I hope it may be cleared up

"I hope so," said the captain gravely.
"Murder will out," said the baronet after a pause. His words pronounced

Lord Hector, at once had him conveyed to moonbeams. Lights shone behind the "Then I am awfully sorry, for I fear the the spare room, where presently Dr. diamond-paned windows, and now and then fault is mine. Early in the atternoon as I Welmings, the Hayton practitioner, found figures were seen moving swiftly through the rooms. A dog cart was waiting on the gravel path before the thick arbutus hedges, and at a little distance stood a group consisting of a couple of policemen and the gamekeepers who had discovered Lord Hector in the wood. Catching sight of the baronet they touched their hats; Sir Danvers mechanically returned the salute and went directly towards the rectory. In the hall he met Mrs. Harrow.

"Oh, Sir Danvers, isn't this dreadful?" she exclaimed, leading the way towards the drawing-room, her husband and the captain following.

"Dreadful, indeed," replied the baronet. "I sent for the Hayton doctor at once, and he wished to have Mr. Wrayghton from Lowbridge, who has just arrived."

"Is he still living?" asked Sir Danvers. The captain fixed his eyes anxiously on her face; it seemed to him an hour before she answered. "Yes, he is barely living; they expect

his death at any moment," she added. He had turned livid at her first words, but now breathed more freely.

"He is, I suppose, unconscious," Fother-'Quite. He cannot possibly survive." "I hope, Maria, you have given him the

guest chamber," said the Rector. "It's large, airy, and our best room. He was an extremely nice fellow, and the son of a "I trust, Charles, I know how to regulate my household affairs," his spouse answered with an air of meekness that might

would have interfered in everything; he might not now be living.' "My dear," replied the rector, ignoring the suggestion that his presence might have caused Lord Hector's death, "I'm sure you

have become a martyr. "It's a mercy you

weren't here when he was brought, you

have done right as usual.' "It's difficult for me to act right always," she said, turning to Sir Danvers; "I meet with so much opposition and comment. No one would believe it."

"My dear, dear Maria, this accident has quite upset your nerves; it has completely ruined my digestion, and has shocked Sir Danvers, who, I'm sure, would like a little

brandy; it would do us all good." "Will you have some brandy, Sir Danvers?" she asked.

"No thanks," he replied, quite unconscious of the rector's nods and frowns. He sank into an easy chair, feeling hot and weary. Notwithstanding that the French windows were open the room seemed oppressively warm; the heavy odor of flowers coming from the garden reminded him of Ethel, and the first night he had seen her here. For the first time since he had heard of this terrible affair he connected her with Lord Hector. If the latter had played him talse, then been fearfully revenged. But at the more ment it seemed even more improbable than before, that if Lord Hector had gained her love he would have returned whilst she was of what he possessed. If he had not been in town. There was no thought of malice interrupted he would have managed this in the baronet's mind, no sense of delight at this man being stricken down, only sor-

(To be continued.)

A Wisconsin man has invented a device making the moon visible when it is behind a cloud. He now thinks he has sufficient experience to experiment upon a contrivance for making the stage visible behind a theatre hat.

What it Costs Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people, in buying even necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle taken according to directions will average to last a month.