※ A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. 米

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED.

Morewood stood like one spellbound, reading the inscription over and over again, and marvelling at the strangeness of the Fate which had brought him face to

None but he knew what was buried there; none but he and that guilty woman who was supposed to lie mouldering into

dust beneath that stone. No other living soul knew what had passed in the guard's van that night.

No one ever dreamed that the coffin had been emptied of its human burden, or that the murderes had passed out into the streets of London in her shroud.

She was a murderes. Of that Morewood could not entertain the slightest doubt, gladly as he would have done so.

Those soft, low tones, and the beauty of her dark haunting eyes had at the first, made him feel certain she was the victim, rather than the perpetrator, of some great wrong, and, therefore, he had assisted her to escape; but now he knew it was a criminal he had befriended-a woman who had been guilty of a black and cruel crime.

He had taken care to read all that was reported of what was known as the Bookstone Tragedy; and after reading it, it was vain for him to hope that Madeline Winter had been wronged.

No sane man could doubt that hers was the hand which had administered poison to Miss Marshall.

The case briefly told, was this: Miss Marshall was a middle aged lady, of independent means.

her health, and while there, had made the acquaintance of Madeline Winter.

The acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Miss Marshall became attached to Madeline, and, finally, asked her to return with her to England, as her companion.

This she did gladly. England was her birthplace, and she was a fool-I've often thought so since." anxious to visit it, she having never seen it

since she was a little child. Once settled at Brookstone, Miss Marshall seemed to grow more and more inscribed as a tall and handsome young woman, in delicate health.

affection, Miss Marshall made her will in leaving him with one child, a girl." Madeline's favour; a month later she died, very suddenly.

The doctor who attended her suspected posion; a post-mortem examination confirmed his suspicions; and inquiry proved beyond a doubt that the companion had administered the fatal draught.

she poisoned herself.

She was found dead on her bed, with an | up, and then went to Australia. empty phial in her hand.

So much could be learned from the newspaper reports.

Morewood read every word with pro- having her buried here. found interest, and still deeper was his he had seen carried from his van ought to lie in the old churchyard.

at the London station. It was with a sigh of relief be read that the body of the alleged murderess, Madeline Winter, had been laid to rest in the family burying-ground of her relatives near Southampton.

When he came into Hampshire, he remembered this, and intended to find the grave for himself at some convenient op-

He had never dreamed, however, it was actually within sight of his own lands, and it gave him a curious thrill to find himself | nearly three years ago. standing beside it now, Fate having seemed to lead him to it without any volition of

A curiously eerie feeling took possession of him as he read the inscription, and thought what a mockery it was.

He, and he alone of all men on earth, knew the truth about that isolated grave; the knowledge formed a link between him and Madeline Winter.

He could not shake off the conviction that, in time to come, he would meet her

While he mused, someone had approached unheard behind him.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he looked round sharply to see who the in-

truder was. "Why, Gerald!" he exclaimed, startled, but pleased. "I didn't hear you." "No. You were a good deal too deep

in thought," replied the new-comer, in a voice which was remarkably musical for a man, and yet which had a curiously mournful cadence in its tones. Sir Gerald Vere was about thirty years

In figure he was the opposite of his friend, Morewood, being of a slender make

His face was pale, his brow nobly intellectual; and, underneath that brow, there | Small Pill. flashed a pair of eyes such as must have lifted the plainest features out of the region

and rather under, than above, the middle

of commonplace. Wonderful eyes they were, dark and brilliant, shining with a sort of smouldering fire, and holding a world of latent melancholy in their depths.

An old gipsy crone who lived near the Court had been heard to declare that a man with such eyes would be sure to have an unhappy life, and, perhaps, an early death. For the rest, Sir Gerald's features were clear-cut, like the carving of a cameo; his hair was soft and dark, waving a little over

his brow; and a slight moustache shaded his aristocratic upper lip.

Morewood's friendship for him was real

and deep. In spite of the old crone's prophecy, and in spite of that curious melancholy in eyes and voice, Sir Gerald was the pleasantest of companions-trank, cheerful, goodhumored, with high intellectual capacities, and a secret leaning to poetry and metaphysics; and certainly, as yet, no touch of sorrow had come nigh his life.

He, himself, was wont laughingly to declare that the melancholy of tone and glance-of which he was perfectly conscious -must have been transmitted to him from some remote ancestor, who had suffered vicariously in his stead.

"What on earth are you looking at ?" he asked, still keeping his hand on his triend's shoulder.

Then his eye fell on the grey marble headstone—a cloud crossed his brow. "Come away," he said almost impatient-

ly. "Don't stand there." And he linked his friend's arm through

his own. "Why shouldn't I stand here?" "Because-well, I don't exactly know

why you shouldn't. Only, I don't care for the spot-in fact I can't bear it. Do you know who is buried there ?' Morewood reflected, with a grim smile

that he knew better than any man on earth what was buried there; but he was not prepared to unfold his secret, so he gave an evasive answer. "Who?" he asked.

"You remember the Brookstone Tragedy, as it was called—the case in which an She had taken a voyage to Australia for elderly lady was poisioned by her companion, who afterwards committed suicide?" Morewood nodded.

> "Well, that's the grave of the murderess, Madeline Winter." "Ah !"

"It was through me she was brought here," resumed Sir Gerald. "I think I was

"Through you! What do you mean? "I'll tell you. The Winters were very respectable people-used to live up at the old manor house behind the Court; and the fatuated with her companion, who was de- last man, James Winter, was my father's steward. He married a foreign womana Creole, or something of that kind; but All went well, until, in a fit of generous | she died abroad, soon after the marriage,

"And that child was Madeline Winter? exclaimed Morewood, unable to conceal the intensely eager interest which the narrative aroused in him.

"Yes; that child was Madeline Winter?" She stayed here, at the manor house, till she was about three years old, then her A warrent was obtained for her arrest, father died, and she was sent to her mothbut before it could be put into execution er's people. I heard afterwards that she lived in the V est Indies till she had grown

"I had a particular reason for feeling an interest in her, and when I heard of her death, I offered to be at the expense of

"Her crime was an awful one, of course interest, as may be imagined, in but she'd got to have a grave somewhere, the ultimate fact of the coffin which and for her father's sake, I thought she

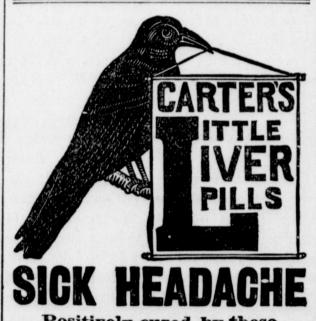
"The Winters have been buried here for generations. No matter where they may have died, their bodies have slways been brought back to the old place." "Are there any of the family living here

"Not one. Madeline Winter was the

last of her race. Morewood was deep in thought. He was asking himself whether he should

tell his friend of that remarkable scene in railway-van, in which he had played a part, Hitherto, no word upon that subject had

dropped from his lips to any living being;



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but now an irresistable impulse to tell Vere all about it, seized upon him.

And why should he not? True, he had promised the woman he would keep her secret; but that promise had only referred to her own safety, and, moreover, she had deceived him into mak-

If he had known she was a murderess, it was quite possible he might have acted differently.

A moment or two of consideration, and he resolved he would tell his friend. They were leaning over the church-yard

wall now, overlooking some fields. There was no possibility of a listener; a better spot could not have been for con-

fidential conversation. "Vere, if I tell you a secret, will you give me your word of honor never to speak

of it to anyone?"

"Of course, I will." "Well, then, prepare to be startled, Madeline Winter does not lie there!" He waved his hand backwards towards

"She is alive, or. at any rate, she was alive when that coffin came to Hampshire."

"It's true, old fellow. Madeline Winter escaped from her coffin. I assisted her to

"You!" No language can depict the amazement with which Sir Gerald received his triend's statement; but it was not amazement alone which looked out of his dark eyes.

A keen observer would have said that. mingled with it, there was a touch of dread and fear. But Morewood was not a very keen observer, and, moreover, he was engrossed

with memories of that stormy winter's night -he was considering how he might best begin the story he had to tell. "You!" repeated Sir Gerald. "Great

Heaven, Morewood, what do you mean ?" "You know I used to be a railway-

"Yes, yes." "Well, Madeline Winter's coffin was brought to my van. She was inside it then, mind you; but the poison must have been peculiar in its effects. She was in a trance or something-not really dead. I don't pretend to understand about that. I only know I heard a sound inside the coffin and, when I removed the lid, I found a living woman instead of a corpse."

"Go on," said Sir Gerald, as he paused. "Its a longish story," said Morewood; "but you're welcome to hear it."

And then he told, in detail, how the woman had besought his help, and how he had contrived her escape. "Then she got safe away!"

"I suppose so. You see, there would be absolutely no suspicion, seeing she was believed to be dead and in her grave." "I wonder you didn't speak when you

found out the truth." "Do you think I ought? Often enough I've asked myself the question and I'm not quite sure I've answered it to my satisfaction yet. You see I'd given her my promise not to betray her, and, after all, one dosen't like to be instrumental in bringing a fellow creature-most of all a womanto the gallows."

abstractedly. He was evidently very deep in thought. After a moment or two, he asked abrupt-

"And you have never seen or heard from her since that night?" "Never. She may be dead for anything

know of her." "Perhaps she is." Sir Gerald spoke with unconcealed eagerness.

Morewood looked at him in surprise. "Vere, you said a little time ago you had a particular reason for feeling an interest in this Madeline Winter. Is there any secret about the reason? Do you mind telling me what it was?"

Sir Gerald hesitated—hesitated visibly, so much so that his triend exclaimed hast-

"Don't tell me for the world, old fellow, if you'd rather not. Pardon me for ask-"It isn't a secret," said the baronet, slowly, "and I don't mind telling you at all, except for tear that you may laugh at

"Laugh at you! Not I." "Well, you know that old gispy woman who lives just outside the Court gates ?"

"What ! old Madge ?" "Yes. She supposed, by a good many of the people hereabout, to have the gift prophecy, and she once uttered a singular to ask whether the governess had arrived. prediction connecting Madeline Winter

"But I thought you said me-Miss Winlittle child."

"She never has, and that's the strangest part of it. We were both children, she knowing her ladyship was far more likely and I-both of us two or three years of to be communicative if left to herself, age-when Madge one day saw us together | though, indeed, it could not be said he felt while our nurses had stopped to have a any very great interest in the subject. gossip with each other.

"She looked at us both intently, and then said, in that peculiarly oracular way | young.'

" 'These children ought not to meetkeep them apart-keep them apart still more as the years roll by. I can read the future in their eyes. In the years to come. unless Fate sever them, the girl will bring deadly evil to the boy. Deadly evil' she repeated, and then went on muttering, as | eon, arose. though speaking to herself: 'Shame, or ruin, or death, but, in any case, misery and | while I've been away ?'

"Of course," said Sir Gerald, seeing the amazement of bis friend, "I have no recollection of all this. The story, as I tell it you, was told me by my old nurse in later

"But, surely, you place no faith in such predictions ?" "Didn't I say you would laugh at me,

Morewood ?" "I don't laugh at you. Pardon me if I triend. it surprises me that you, who have so much Good morning aunt.'

good sense, should allow yourself to think seriously of an old woman's jargon."

"Who says I think seriously of it?" "My dear fellow, I can see you do. When I told you Madeline Winter was still alive, you were perturbed-troubled. It was a positive relief to you to be able to think of her as dead

"It was. I admit it, and, perhaps, the very sense of relief made me pay for her body to be brought down here. I heard of her death with horror-the manner of it, you know; but, nevertheless, it came as a relief to me. You must remember that her very crime showed the truth of old Madge's prophecy. It was in her nature to work misery, and death, and woe."

"That I readily grant. But I fail to see anything that could have connected her with you.'

"Neither do I-that is, nothing but Madge's prophecy."

"And you seriously mean to tell me you believe in that? Oh, Vere! I thought you had more sense." "Morewood, if you had seen, as I have,

how wonderfully her predictions have been verified, you would not scoff." "Mere coincidences, my dear fellow." "So you would, no doubt, say if Madeline Winter were to cross my path again,

and work me evil; but that wouldn't make it any better for me. The 'coincidence' would burt me all the same." "Yes, but you'll see it won't happen." "Perhaps not. I'm sure I hope not with all my heart. But, all the same, I'm sorry I know Madeline Winter is still a living

And he pointed to the grave.

CHAPTER III.

LILIAN DELISLE. A week or two after that conversation in the churchyard, Sir Gerald was sitting with his triend in the library at Beech Royal. "Lady Ruth has a governess for little Sylvia," he remarked. 'I'm sure I hope she'll suit. Do you know, I think gover-

nesses are a tremendous bore.' 'Fortunately, that is a point on which I have had no experience,' replied Morewood, with a laugh. 'I must say, however, that, so far as my observation goes, Lady Ruth takes all the trouble away from

'Oh, yes, I admit that! Still, a governess is a personage in a house.' 'I presume so.

'Now, Morewood, none of your sarcasm. You know what I mean. You can't treat a governess like a servant, and one isn't. at all times, in the humor to have a young lady about the house.

Morewood raised his eyebrows. 'Oh, the governess is to be young, is

'Very young. I believe not more than nineteen or twenty.'

'By Jove! I wonder at Lady Ruth,' 'Oh, but Sylvia doesn't need an older governess! Think what a little thing she is—only five years old.'

'I wasn't thinking of Sylvia at all, but of 'Of me?' exclaimed Sir Gerald, in surprise; then, catching sight of the qu'zzical look on his friend's face, he broke into a

'I see what you mean, old fellow. But "No, I suppose not," said Sir Gerald, I think Lady Ruth knows I'm to be trusted. And, besides, I shall be well looked after, never tear-that is, it I show any signs of

needing it. Trust my aunt for that." "And when did the new governess arrive? Have you seen her?'

'No; she hasn't come yet—isn't to come till next week, and then I shall be away. She's been highly recommended to Lady Ruth—by the Dunbars, and you know she always swears by them.'

No more was said about the governess at that time-indeed, half-an-hour later Morewood had almost forgotten that such

a subject had been named at all. The reader may wonder for whom a governess was required at the Court, seeing that its master was a bachelor; and it may be as well to say here that Sir Gerald's father had been twice married, and that, as the result of the second marriage, the young baronet was burdened with the care of a sister about five-and-twenty years

younger than himself. Her mother had died at her birth, and her tather had not long survived his wife. The Lady Ruth of whom Sir Gerald had spoken was his aunt, and she it was who was responsible for the domestic arrange-

ments at the Court. A day or two after this conversation, Sir Gerald went to London for a week or two. On his return, as he sat at lunch with his aunt, Lady Ruth, he bethought himself 'Oh, yes,' replied Lady Ruth, and she said no more.

Her nephew fancied she did not particuter-had never been here since she was a larly care for the new perceptress, in spite of the Dunbars' recommendation. He asked no further questions, however,

> 'I fear she is too young.' remarked Lady Ruth, after a minute or two; 'sadly too

'Why, you knew how old she was, didn't

'Yes; but I am afraid I scarcely realised it until I saw her. She---Lady Ruth seemed about to add something else, but checked herself.

Her nephew, having finished his lunch-'Have you seen anything of Morewood

'No; he came over once, but I was out. Are you going there now?' 'I may do—yes, I rather think I shall.' I like John Morewood,' said Lady Ruth, in her calmly decided way. You could not

have a better neighbor or a better friend.'
'Just what I think myself,' said Gerald with a well pleased look. He valued his aunt's opinion, and was glad to know how cordially she liked his

even seemed to do so. But I must confess | 'Morewood is just as good as gold.

A minu'e or two later he was walking through the park with a firm elastic tread. Beech Royal was nearly five miles away but he thought nothing of the walk.

He was young and strong, and passionately tond of walking exercise.

Indeed, he was wont to declare that country scenery could be really enjoyed in no other way. Emerging from the park, he entered a

and beautiful retreats which abound in Hampshire and the neighboring countries. The month was leafy June; the sky was of a soft summer blue, with masses of snow

shady lane, one of those deliciously cool

white clouds. Warm though the day was, there was a perpetual shade in the lane, where great trees met overhead, and a soft carpet of grass stretched out invitingly beneath one's feet.

The hedges were pink with delicate wild roses; the grass on each side of the way was starred with flowers-the pretty blue speedwell, the golden buttercup, and the meekeyed daisy; butterflies flitted among the tall foxgloves, and birds warbled from every tree.

Sir Gerald, who had the soul of a poet and an artist, looked up at the blue sky through the delicate tracery of leaves, and down at the sweet bright blossoms at his feet, and felt within himself that thrill of joy which comes to us when we feel glad we are alive-when simply to 'live, and move, and have our being,' seems a blesting which colls aloud for thankfulness and

He had walked on for, perhaps, halt a mile with this feeling at his heart, when the musical laughter of a child rang through the leafy lane.

'That must be Sylvia,' he thought. And he was right, for the next moment his little sister, who had spied him through the trees, ran flying to his arms.

She was a pretty child, with delicate teatures, and long chestnut curls. Her white frock and her hat were simplicity itself, but no one could have mistaken the child for anything but the

daughter of a gentleman. 'Oh, you have come back! Lady Ruth said she wasn't sure you would-not today. Oh, Gerald, dear! I am so very

glad. Sylvia was tenderly attached to her big half-brother, as indeed, he also was to her. He caught her up in his arms, and kissed her sweet rosy mouth; then catching sight of an approaching figure, he whispered-

'Is that your governess, Sylvia?' 'Yes, that is Miss Delisle. She is nice, Gerald—oh, so veyy nice!' The trees had hitherto partly concealed

the governess. Now, however, she came into full view. Sir Gerald raised his hat, and prepared to address her with all due courtesy.

But the conventional words died away upon his lids when he looked into the face of Lilian Delisle. He stood silent, struck dumb by her

great loveliness.

Beautiful women he had seen often and often-so often, that he had grown, perhaps, a little indifferent to their charms; but never in all his life before had he looked on beauty such as this. He saw a slender, imperial looking figure, gowned in white, its every

movement full of grace; he saw a face whose fairness thrilled him as we are thrilled by some magnificent sight in nature—a forest glen, or a mountain sunrise; it filled him with a yearning, tremulous wonder that earth should have anything to show so fair. Lilian Delisle's face was tinted with a

wild rose bloom-a complexion as pure, as soft, and as perfect as that of a little child. Her features were of that type which the sculpters of old delighted to give to their Greek goddesses. Her brow was noble in its contour, and underneath it there shown a pair of eyes

dark as the darkest pansy, velvety soft, and of such thrilling beauty that Sir Gerald Vere would have been scarcely man it he had not felt their power. Wonderful eyes they were-wonderful

in their expression as well as in the beauty

of their form and color.

There was a nameless something in their depths which spoke of sadness, although the rest of the face was sweet and bright. It seemed almost as though those glorious eyes were brooding over a grief their owner knew not-a grief that was contradicted by the sweetly smiling lips and the sunny

Sir Gerald, who has a poet's quick prescience in these matters told himself they were sorrow-haunted eyes. For the rest her hair was of pale pure

gold colour which shone in the sun like so much floss silk, and her mien and carriage were unmistakeably those of one well born and bred.

It took Sir Gerald several seconds to recover from his surprise. When at length he did so, he bowed with profoundest courtesy, still holding his hat in his hand his handsome dark head bare. 'I think I am speaking to Miss Delisle, said the master of the Court. 'Allow me to intoduce myself. I am Sir Gerald Vere. The girl bowed without speaking, which

dissapointed Sir Gerald. He had an unaccountable longing to hear His little sister secured the gratification

'Miss Delisle,' she said, eagerly, 'Gerald' will show us the way to the water-mill. Do

ask him, please!' 'Hush, darling!' murmured the governess, and her voice was thrilling sweet pure. 'I think it is time to go home.'

But Sir Gerald was not to be thus baulk-'Where is it Sylvie wants to go?' he

asked. 'She has been talking about a watermill. She wishes to show it to me, but is not quite sure of the way. I think, however, we have walked far enough this morning.'

Sylvia pulled at her brother's hand. 'Do take us,' she pleaded. 'I know it (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

