

By Right of Love.

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART III.

Beaudesert vouchsafed no reply. He was helping Mona on the yacht, and all his attention was needed, apparently, for that purpose.

Still without speaking he led her down to the saloon, where breakfast had been prepared, and there he took her into his arms, murmuring her name with a passionate thrill in his undertone.

'Mona! Mona! My darling! My love! You must give in to me for a moment—just this once! Your wildest imagination cannot bring you within measurable distance of the agony I have suffered since you were found to be missing. It was a living death, by keenest torture, to think of harm befalling you! My first thought was of Emilio. The boy adores you, and I feared he had been mad enough to think of carrying you off. It was Zebra who put me on the right track, and sent me to your rescue. You knew I should come, Mona.'

'I knew you would if you guessed where I was. Senor Calzado said Zebra would tell you where to look for me.'

'He has behaved well? he and the rest?'

'Very well. Please let me go!'

'She tried to loose his arms.'

'In a moment. How did they carry you off?'

She told him the history of the previous night, down to the moment of her losing consciousness.

'But for that chloroform, they would have found out their mistake earlier,' she said. Senor Calzado supplied them with fear that Zebra might refuse to go at last moment. They had their orders, when I showed fight they acted accordingly.'

Beaudesert's clasp tightened, and his hand bent low over hers.

'Thank Heaven, my treasure is safe! You, you knew I loved you! This has come as a shock!'

'I honoured you for your silence,' she whispered. 'I shall honour you still more if you refrain from saying another word on the subject. Otherwise, I must leave Darkhaven at once.'

'You shall not! I swear it! I will be silent; I will try and be as good as you are, if—just this once my darling!'

His voice was barely audible. But she guessed his meaning, and she placed her hand between his lips and her own as his face came closer and closer to hers.

Gently, but firmly he put aside the frail barrier, and in another second his kiss would have been on her trembling mouth, when a cry from above reached their ears.

'Man in the water, and those devils using him!'

CHAPTER VIII.

Quick, Serge! Mona was scarcely conscious that she called him by his Christian name, but thrilled in every nerve as he hastened to her bidding.

By the time she had followed him on deck, the White Witch was already under orders to put about, and go to the rescue of the man whose head was visible from time to time above the water.

Evidently he was an expert swimmer and diver, for he was able to appear for quite long intervals.

Directly the yacht's interference on his behalf became apparent, the Santa Eulalia opened fire on the poor wretch.

'Oah! Mona did not scream, her exclamation was utterly more in disgust than terror. Then she stood with clenched hands looking on at the terrible sight of a human being fighting for life and freedom against such odds.'

The White Witch was bound to reach him first; but would he have strength to come on board? It was useless to think of getting down a boat.

A shot from the schooner would sink it directly.

'Plainly you were not the only captive on board,' said Beaudesert, coming to Mona's side when he had done all he could in the way of giving orders. 'This man must have got out through a port-hole close to the water level, or they would have heard a splash and have missed him at once. Probably he dived to begin with, and succeeded in swimming some distance before he was noticed by the rescuers. Ah! as another shot rang out. 'Brutes! to try and sink a man in so cowardly a manner. But we shall reach him in two minutes.'

He shouted an order to slow down, and himself threw a rope to the plucky swimmer.

A shot quickly following the last, struck the water to the left of the luckless man, another fell on his right, as he caught the rope and was hauled towards the yacht, which swung slowly round so as to shield him from the death dealing fire.

As much as she had been. 'Yes. He must have known I was on that vessel. But how—why—should he be there?'

Before Beaudesert could reply, they heard a voice asking—'Is she here—my wife?'

Mona stepped forward to where her husband stood, supported by a stalwart seaman, water streaming from his clothes, and blood oozing from his shoulder.

'Yes, Tony, yes. Ah! you are hurt?'

'Only a scratch! What matter, since I have got away from those lawless devils, and have—found—'

His strength failed, and consciousness left him.

More shots rattled against the sides of the White Witch as she again put on full steam and made for the little harbor under the castle.

But she got away without being seriously damaged.

Mona and Beaudesert combined their efforts to do what they could for poor Tony Hanlan.

That a bullet was lodged in his shoulder seemed evident.

'I fancy he must have been hit just at the last moment,' said Beaudesert, 'for at the rate the wound is bleeding he would have gone under for want of strength in less than three minutes. We will do what we can to staunch the bleeding.'

Mona and Beaudesert scarcely exchanged another word until the moment came for landing their patient.

He was still unconscious, and his wound began to bleed again directly he was moved.

Zebra, who had been watching the yacht's proceedings as far as possible from the observatory, met them in the harbor, and with her was the only doctor to be found within two miles of Darkhaven.

'I saw the firing, and I fancied Dr. Derring might be useful she explained. 'By the look of your passenger, it is a good thing I thought of him. Who is it you have there? I knew you wouldn't be on board, Mrs. Hanlan, so I don't pretend to be surprised at the sight of you; but have you any idea whom you have rescued?'

'It is my husband,' said Mona, and the mere utterance of the words made her suddenly conscious that the sun had gone down for her on all that made life worth living.

Dr. Derring took command of the little expedition, which now wended its way to the castle.

Mona and Zebra went on ahead to prepare the countess for the advent of a visitor who might not live through the next four-and-twenty hours.

As they went Mona drew a note from her pocket.

'I promised to give you this,' she said. 'On that condition alone was I permitted to go on board the yacht when your uncle came in search of me. Had I refused, they would have fired on him, cowards that they are! Jose Calzado is the only man of the lot. It was he who contrived my freedom by giving me that note for you. Though, I warn you, I shall tell Mr. Beaudesert of the circumstance; also that I know Senor Calzado still means to have nothing to do with a man who has for daily associates a band of ruffians absolutely without conscience and without mercy. Your lover's father—their captain—is the worst of them all.'

'I love Jose!' was Zebra's reply. 'Remember, the same blood runs in my veins as in theirs. I am more Calzado than Beaudesert. I don't think I have any conscience, and I know I am utterly lawless. 'But you have a heart! You are not cruel! Their cruelty is more revolting than their wickedness. If you had seen them firing at my poor husband as he dived and swam for life and freedom! To think of his having been so near me all those hours! He must have heard my voice, I fancy; or why did he choose that moment for his escape?'

'Perhaps he heard your name mentioned when the mistake was discovered. Tell me how it was, will you?'

'I will tell you later. We must think now of what is to be done with my poor Tony.'

'Why are you so anxious about him? You don't love him!'

'Hush! he is my husband.'

'The husband of an hour!'

wrath suddenly gave place to satisfaction. 'A prisoner of the Calzados, is he? And he expects protection from me! Why, Zebra, how came you to sympathise with a prisoner of the Calzados? You who are half a Calzado already by birth, and so soon to be one by marriage.'

'I dislike injustice, Emilio. I don't see how Mr Hanlon could have deserved imprisonment and ill treatment.'

'You see you don't know anything about it, as a matter of fact. Antony Hanlan in the castle! Mona's husband—in my power. Such an evil look crept into the youth's eyes, that Zebra guessed at once he would kill Tony Hanlan if he had a chance; or return their escaped prisoner to the Calzados.'

'I must consult my mother,' he added abruptly. 'Keep a good watch on all that takes place, Zebra, and report to me later.'

He strode away, with the ugly look still in his eyes.

Zebra felt vaguely uneasy as she watched him out of sight.

What would their mother advise him to do? Mercedes' influence over her son was by no means for good.

Dr. Derring succeeded in finding the bullet in Tony's shoulder without much further loss of time; but the wounded man was in such a high state of fever that the doctor considered it wise to say he would return later and pass the night at the castle.

Mona was so constantly with her husband that Zebra found no opportunity of giving her a hint that danger threatened him.

Should she speak to Beaudesert? She decided that she would, and did so.

He was visibly impressed by her account of what had taken place between Emilio and herself.

'You did right to tell me, Zebra; it was much better to come to me than to make that poor girl anxious. As I have so often said, Emilio is more man than boy; and he will not hesitate to betray him, if possible, to the Calzados. We must endeavor to make it impossible. Are you with us, Zebra, or with them?'

'Uncle Serge, do you imagine I could do so dastardly a thing as to betray a wounded man?'

'No; I don't think you could, child; but when a girl is in love—'

'I am not sure that I am in love,' interrupted Zebra; 'I begin to think I may have been mistaken in imagining that it was love I felt for Jose. I hate cruelty! And it he can be cruel I cannot love him. But I see Emilio returning. Do not let him find us together. He must not suspect that I am going against him.'

CHAPTER IX.

Mona wished to share Dr. Derring's vigil, but he would not hear of it.

'You had no rest last night, Mrs. Hanlan; if you break down you will be no use to us whatever, you know, and the nurse I have brought with me is very skillful and experienced. So be content to leave your husband in our hands.'

Thus assured, Mona went slowly upstairs; all the life had left her step, and she sighed heavily.

It was not the usual staircase that she mounted tonight.

Tony had been placed in a ground floor room near the postern door, through which he had been brought into the castle, and this particular staircase was the same down which Mona had passed on the previous night in order to ascertain the whereabouts of the men whom she had seen enter.

The church clock striking the midnight hour was the only sound that broke upon the utter silence as she crept upstairs.

Suddenly a slight noise from below made her pause and listen.

Someone was entering by the postern door.

Would it be Beaudesert returning from a late stroll? Hardly.

More likely Emilio with his mother on one of their midnight expeditions into the castle.

She decided to satisfy herself on the point.

On the landing just above were several curtains covering doorways.

She quickly reach the landing, and stepped behind one of these convenient screens.

the postern door, and vanished in the darkness.

This time he followed her, fearing lest she should come to harm; but when he got outside he could see no sign of her.

It would not have been safe for him to venture far from the unguarded door, or to relax his self-imposed vigil for the protection of the man who stood between him and happiness; so after waiting and listening for a few moments, he returned to his post in the deep niche below the stairs.

Suddenly Mona reappeared as silently as she had gone out, and walking even more rapidly than before.

Her eyes were gleaming strangely, and the listlessness had left her; she was now very much alive and interested in something or somebody.

Beaudesert longed to interrogate her; but a word or sign from him might cause her to utter an exclamation of surprise, which would certainly be heard in the sick room, and might possibly reach the ears of the trio who were still upstairs.

So Mona was allowed to go and come unchallenged, though she longed for nothing so much as for his presence just then, in order that she might warn him of a danger that threatened more than merely her husband's liberty.

It was so near, too, that very little time was left in which to act through her quick brain had already prompted her to make the first move in the tragedy that must inevitably follow.

An hour later, Emilio and his companions departed, going as cautiously as they had come.

Beaudesert was about to secure the door behind them when Zebra came on the scene.

He stepped back yet once more into his niche, hoping she had not noticed him, in order that he might watch her proceedings.

This was for her own sake.

He was anxious to prevent her marriage with Jose Calzado, at all costs.

It was some satisfaction to find that she evidently had no intention of leaving the castle just then.

Descending the stairs, she went softly along the passage until she reached the room where doctor and nurse were keeping guard over their patient.

At that moment the sick man's voice was heard raving in delirium.

'Toro! I'll tell you who he Toro—Fernando Toro! Absconder! Thief! Villain! He a priest! He a priest! . . . He is no priest, but a fiend incarnate!'

Presently, in a lower tone, he called for his wife.

'Mona! sweetheart! . . . She doesn't love me . . . it is hard for her . . . she doesn't love me . . . was I wrong? If I was, you must blame them, not me; her mother and Toro.'

And so the jumble of words went on, now shouted, now scarcely audible; but, always, Toro's name was uppermost.

After listening intently for awhile, Zebra returned along the passage and stopped at the door of the room where Beaudesert had announced his intention of spending the night.

'Uncle Serge,' she said, holding the door ajar, and sending her voice into the room; 'are you awake?'

Curiosity to know why she wanted him drew Beaudesert into view.

'What is it Zebra?'

'Oh, I am so thankful you are still up! I have something to tell you.'

'Come in here.'

He pushed the door wide open and let her pass in before him, then he closed it noiselessly.

'Tell away, child, I am all attention.'

One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high, with SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Calculate the profit. It helps young pullets to laying maturity, makes the plumage glossy, makes combs bright red.



fed to fowls once daily, in a hot mash, will make all their food doubly effective and make the flock doubly profitable. If you can't buy it we send one pack, 35 cts.; five \$1. A two pound can, \$1.20. Sample poultry paper free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

off to bed, child. I must do some hard thinking before I can sleep.'

CHAPTER X.

Mona Hanlan had work to do that night undreamed of by anyone in or out of the old castle.

It went far towards making her forget the vicinity of her husband and the danger through which he had so recently passed; for her work was on behalf of the man she loved, and love will assert its claim for consideration, however determinedly it is kept in the background.

Mona was too honest and self-respecting to allow herself to dwell on her love for Beaudesert.

Now that she knew the feeling she had for him was what she ought to feel for her husband, she was all anxiety to leave the castle, and she chafed at the necessity for remaining there until Tony should recover sufficiently to be moved, though she shrank with an unexpressed dread from the thought of the long, long future to be lived through at his side, as his wife.

In spite of her need for rest, she had barely an hour's sleep before she returned to her husband's room.

The delirium was over, and the patient was slumbering quietly.

Mona beckoned Dr. Derring from the room.

'All is well, doctor?'

'Very well indeed, I am thankful to say, Mrs. Hanlan. I hope he will not wake till midday. There is no need for me to remain any longer now; but I will come again at noon.'

'Breakfast is ready for you and nurse in that room yonder,' nodding in the direction of an open door through which came a fragrant smell of coffee, freshly made. 'I will send her to you. Thank you for your care of my poor husband, Doctor Derring. I shall watch by him now. Make nurse take a rest when she has had a good breakfast.'

There is certainly no need why she should not,' replied the doctor.

The nurse required very little persuasion to be of the same opinion; and Mona, therefore, entered into charge of the sick room.

After a time she heard Dr. Derring go; and a few minutes later the nurse appeared at the door with a questioning glance, her lips forming the words—'All right?'

Mona nodded and signed to her to go; and after that, she and Tony had that particular part of the castle to themselves, except for Beaudesert, who slept soundly in the room near the postern door.

He had meant to be early astir, but the events of the night had kept him awake until after the dawn flooded the room with a crimson glow, which gave place to a dull leaden grey.

Saying to himself that there would be a break in the weather before night, Beaudesert then gave way to the welcome drowsiness which came over him, and enjoyed a few hours of well earned and badly needed rest.

Mona had no idea he was so near at hand.

She thought she was quite alone, save for her sleeping husband, as she sat near the open window listening to the restless murmur of the sea, which was beginning to heave uneasily below the leaden sky listening, and thinking, and turning her face from time to time towards the bed, where the man she had married for his dollars was groping his way back to life, a health and strength.

A slight sound presently made her glance round in the direction of the door. Emilio stood there, looking less a boy than ever, in spite of his hairless face and slight form.

A peculiar smile played round his lips, and his eyes were afire with diabolical triumph.

His right hand was in his pocket, and as Mona watched him wondering, and with a vague anxiety showing in her face, he drew out a pistol threatening Tony Hanlan, still with that satanic smile on his handsome ace.

Involuntarily Mona obeyed, in awful suspense as to what might follow.

Treading lightly, Emilio entered the

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

CANCER advertisement with text: or pain For Canadian testimonials & 120-page book—see, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 57 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.