## Just Like Marjorie.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT DRIVE. Nothing happened that night to put Marjorie's promise to the proof; but it was in her mind when she went to her room, and for a long time knelt by the open

Fveryone else had gone to bed, and the house was quite still.

Marjorie was scarcely conscious of the late hour, till the chime of the church clock recalled her.

She rose, and turned from the window. Immediately she heard a faint sound somewhere, apparently from downstairs, and went to her door, wondering who could be stirring.

The servant's room was near her own, and she listened, thinking they were moving about,

All, however, was silent. Marjorie opened her door and stole

downstairs. She heard nothing. She went to the back, where the kitchens

As far as she noticed, doors and windows were fastened; but there was someone moving about.

She crept cautiously torward. She had no particular desire to protect her annt's property, but she followed up the scent from the natural human instinct. Suddenly, in the darkness, she felt her-

self seized, and a hand put over her mouth. She tried to wrench herself free, but her strength was as nothing against the

powerful grip dragging her forward. "Hold your tongue, and I won't hurt you, 'a man's voice said, in a whisper and the hand was removed from her mouth. "It's your own fault. Who set you to come spying here?'

"Let me go," said Marjorie, "whoever you are I can't harm you-I can't see you clearly."

There was no answer to this. She strove to cry out, but the man's hend was over her mouth again in an in. stant, and stifled the faintest sound.

He half carried her across to the kitchen, near which she had been when seized, and she felt the night air blowing on her from some open window.

She could guess which it was-the wiadow in the passage leading to the plate

The next minute she was half lifted, and pushed through the window; but the man never let go his hold of her.

He, too, got through the window, and she was hurried on across the garden to the lane at the back.

Here stood a trap and pony, guarded by Marjorie knew she might shriek her loudest here without awakening anyone in

Her terror was deepered by the impression she had that her captor was the man who, in different guise, had twice accosted

He took his hand from her mouth again. "You'd better not cry out," he said, threateningly—the voice sounded disguised 'You won't get home this night, young marplot!" In an aside to the boy, which Marjorie could not hear, he added: "I had to leave some of the booty behind because of her-she came on me suddenly; but I've got the most."

He swung into the trap a sack, which had been fastened over his shoulder, and the boy pushed it under the seat.

The man, who still held Marjorie, then lifted her into the vehicle, and followed

Then the boy got in, and the pony was whipped up to a switt gallop. Marjorie took note of the way and, struggling out of her terror and bewilder-

ment, began to cast about in her mind for some plan of escape. She was not going to weigh her aunt's plate against her life or safety; but the first

word she would have uttered was met by her captor with-Look here, young lady ! I'm not nice.

I'll do you no harm if you keep quiet, but if you don't-Marjorie, too proud to shriek, simply

closed her lips What was this ruffian going to do with

Who was he, accosting her—she telt sure now it was the same man-first as a laborer who did not look like one-then as a gentleman, whose gentility was doubtful? Mr. Faulkner had been suspicious of

If she had not been so foolist as to go downstairs to-night-but it was no use looking ba k; she must keep herself together, for who knew what courage she

might need ? Miles from home, while it was still dark the trap stopped.

Marjorie could see, almost hidden by trees, a sombre-looking but; before she ta time even to conjecture what this stoppa eant, the man jumped down and bad

follow. The girl had no choice but to obeydeed, he almost dragged her from the train 'I'm not going to hurt you,' he said 'A

other time, don't you come spying. All . I do is to shut you up in the hut till we g. clear off. And when somebody comes ... release you, hold your tongue, if you' wise, about what you've seen.

Marjorie made no remonstrance , she \* \* safer alone than with this unscrupulous couple, and she hoped that she would so . be able to effect her escape from the hut

She was thrust inside, and the door w . !

securely fastened with ropes and the chain hanging to it. Then she heard the trap drive rapidly away.

CHAPTER V.

ACCOMPLICE, OR VICTIM. 'Have you heard the news sir ?' said Desmond Faulkner's housekeeper, coming excitedly into the dining room, the

next morning. 'It's all over the place.'
'What news?' asked Faulkner. 'You are getting as bad a gossip as these country people Wilson. I suppose a hayrick is on

'It's about Mrs. Gascoyne, sir. There's been a burglary, and all the silver is gone, and Miss Herbert too.'

'Miss Herbert !' said Faulkper, starting 'Gone! Rubbish! What are you talking about ?'

'They say she let the burglars in, sir,' said Wilson rather taken aback by her master's sudden vehemence, but so tull of her news that she was obliged to pour it out. 'And now she can't be found. The police are there, and the village is by this time full of it.'

'The deuce !' said Faulkner, to himselt. He strode into the hall, and caught up the felt hat hanging there

Mrs. Wilson followed him. 'Are you going to the village, sir ?' she asked.

'Of course I am-to find out whether this is all gossip or fact,' and, without wasting more words he left the house. A sharp walk brought him before long

to the Gascoynes' house. He was disgusted to see round it a crowd of gaping villagers; his heart sank.

This looked very little like mere gossip. Jane, who admitted him, seem scared, and forgot to show him to her mistress, for whom he asked.

He found his way himself to the dining room, where the Gascoynes were as sembled, all talking together. They rushed to him the moment he appeared. "Oh, Mr Faulkner, such a mistortune!" Faulkner hardly knew who addressed

He thought only of Marjorie, and his eyes left the faces before him and went round the room.

"I heard something," he said; "and Marjorie-Miss Herbert-'

"Somebody got into the house last night,' said Mrs. Gascoyne, "and nearly all our plate has been taken. The police inspect r has just gone-

But the child?' said Faulkner, impatiently; 'is it true she is missing?' Lydia glanced at Annette.

'I'm atraid,' said the elder girl, dryly, 'Marjorie could tell us a good deal about the matter. No one can find her and Jane heard her go down stairs last night.' 'You don't mean to say,' said Faulkner,

indignantly, 'that you suspect her !' 'I don't know. Why not ?' said Mrs. Gascoyne. 'No one out of her own home knows Marjorie as we do. She must have let the burglars in. Even the inspector thinks so.'

'lt's impossible—absurd!'

Faulkner was too roused, both by his alarm for Marjorie (and bis arger against her accusers, to mince his words.

He listened to Mrs. Gascoyne's explanations with unconcealed impatience.

It seemed that the first alarm had come from Jane, who found the door of the plate pantry open and the passage window untastened when she came down in the morn-

Most of the plate had vanished, and the police could find no trace of the thiet.

The window was a casement, and fastened with a bolt, but no glass had been broken, so the theory was that someone had been assisting from inside.

The servants had been questioned and the whole house examined; no ground for suspecting the domestics was found, nor anything to lead to Marjorie's discovery. She had been heard to go dowstairs; her absence was almost proof of her guilty

complicity. She may have seen the burglars, and been taken away by them, or -or---Faulkner had shuddered at his own

words, and could not finish them. What might not have happened to the

'Why should she go down at all ?' said Mrs. Gascoyne. 'She was always wandering about. Who knows what acquain tance she may have picked up-what mischief got into ?'

Faulkner curbed the bitter retort that rose to his lips; he had no time to waste in fighting wordy battles, and he did not want to set the Gascoynes more against. Marjorie.

He could not belp recalling the man she had twice encountered. He reiterated his profound belief that! The police would have told him, but he

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the girl had met with foul play, and asked questions to elicit clues a out her.

There were no clues, and the Gascoynes Lydia especially, made reluctant answers. Faulkner left them, and went off to the

He found them impressed with a belief in Marjorie's guilt. They had no idea where the burglars

had gone or who they were. Faulkner, at the risk of aggravating the appearance of the girl's complicity, told the inspector about the man she had met. 'He was evidently the same person,' said Faulkner. 'I think it very likely his intention was to get information from her

about the house, its habits, and so on; but she declined to converse with him. 'That looks as if the man knew something about the neighborhood,' observed

the inspector. Faulkner said he was going to wire to Scotland Yard, and he should spare no expense to find Miss Herbert.

He gave no explanation of his interest in her, merely remarking that her relations seemed more concerned about their plate than about her.

The village went against Marjorie. Her mysterious disappearence gave food for a thousand conjectures, and excited everyone to the highest pitch.

The fact, which could nor be concealed, that Mr. Faulkner was moving heaven and earth to find her, intensified the excite-

Faulkner himself searched for Marjorie, but, as things were, there was scarcely a clue from which to work.

Everything had been done at dead of night, and the escape had been made through a country at all times lonely and sparsely inhabited.

Though he walked miles, and explored every place he could get at in the time, Faulkner was baffled.

Not a trace could be find of the girl whose name was in everyone's mouth. The London detective, who arrived in the middle of the day, fared no better,

even though at Faulkner's request, Mrs. Gascoyne gave him every facility. She was herself rather frightened at the esclandre Marjorie's absence made, though at the same time, pleased that there was now less likelihood of D. smond Faulkner

seriously thinking of her. True, he was doing his utmost to find her, but it did not to sw that he would

care to marry her. In her heart, Mrs, Gascoyne was not convinced of Marjorie's guilt, though she insisted on it to others.

Later that day Faulkner took his horse, as being able to cover a greater distance than he himself could do on foot. He did not return till the evening was

falling, once more utterly baffled. The de ective had gone to a village some miles off to follow up some information, which might or might not prove reliable. Nothing had been discovered by the

local police, as Faulkner ascertained on his way home. He rode listlessly-less tired in body than weary of heart.

He was no nearer success than hours ago, and it seemed that nothing more could be done to-night. He had just dismounted, when the gard-

ener's boy came running up, holding out a slip of paper. 'Please, sir, this has got your name on

it,' he said. 'I found it by the orchard gate

as I was going home. Faulkner took the slip of paper. On it was his name, well writen and correctly spelled.

'Do you know who left it?' he said. 'No, sir; it was lying by the bushes near the gate Shall I take the horse, sir ?'

'Wait a minute.' It was too dark to read outside.

Faulkner stepped into the lighted hall. The only information the paper contained was, The woods near Hendon Heath. The man's breath came fast and thick, his sight grew dimmed.

Was this a clue, or a lure, or some heartless hoax? He went out again into the garden. 'Where is Hendon Heath?' he asked

the boy. The latter didn't know-he could find

'I can find out myself,' said Faulkner. Give me the horse, and you can go home. But, look here'—he dropped some silver into the boy's hand-'not a word about

this to anyone.' 'No, sir, I won't.' The boy ran off again through the or-

chard. Faulkner took his horse to the stable, and himself rubbed him down and gave him

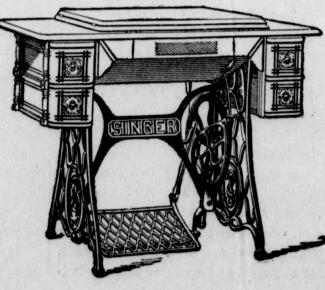
food. The gardener, who was also groom, had gone Lome, and Faulkner, ignorant of the distance he would have to go, thought it best to treshen up the horse, who was a bit

tire d He put in his saddle a small flask of wine and some biscuits, and once more started on his quest.

Hendon Heath! was it north, south, east or west? He had not been long enough here to

know all the country; he tancied even Marjorie did not know of this place-at any rate, he had never heard her mention it.

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did not want them to get hold of Marjorie | frantic joy that showed the measure of her before he did, if it was possible to avoid it; | terror. besides, the village was a good way off, and Hendon Heath might be the opposite di: ec-

By dint of perseverance he got put in the way for his destination, but no more; the rest he must work out by aid of his wits and the sign-posts.

He had to go so slowly, owing to his ignorance of the country and the darkness, that over and over again he thought he must be in the wrong road. At last he came to a patch of common Marjorie faintly. "No one has been near

land, the wild sort that is often the outskirt | me. of a heath or cleared woodland. It was now nearly eleven o'clock. Faulk ner dismounted, as he had already done frequently, to follow some path too full of

pittalls for riding, or too covered with then he came upon a wide, unbroken level, after I heard you were missing? I fancied across which he could just distinguish a line | a thousand things: but let that pass now.

a belt of trees. 'The woods near Hendon Heath,' his mysterious missive ran.

dark, cutting off the sky line, that must be

He stoo i still for a second, surveying, and trying to steady his throbbing pulse. Yes, undoubtedly this was Hendon Heath.

'It's the only heath heresbouts,' one man had told him. And there was the wood right across the

dim expanse. How lonely it was ! how deadly silent! Faulkner struck into the pathway, and headed for the woods. When he reached them he fastened his horse's bridle to a

He could not miss the tree, for he took special note of the spot and its bearings; besides, he had only to call and the horse would answer to his name.

He plunged into the wood. He called Marjorie's name, but without

What a wild search it seemed! That message was some hoax, he feared, I wine he had brought with him. or to get him away, so as to prevent his assistance to the police.

But still, if he tailed tonight, he should remain in this place till daylight. It Marjorie were here, there must be a building of some sort which held her, and

in the light he was more likely to find it. But suppose it were really near him, and she were taint, or ill, or injured, and could not answer to his call?

When this maddening fear had gripped him tor the hundredth time, he suddenly stopped and listened, with the blood surging through all his veins

Some sound—a cry—he knew not what; it was so faint and seemingly far off that he chuld not recognize it. He shouted back, but there was no

As well as he could, for the night was so dark, and the way difficult and unknown, he went in the direction of the sound. Again he paused and called, "Mar jorie!" and there came an answer this time

-a cry of joy in Marjorie's voice. Faulkner crushed aside branches and underwood, desperately forcing his way through, till suddenly he taced the black

walls of a hut. Beyond it he fancied he saw a road, looking like a faint white streak in the surrounding darkness.

"Marjorie!" he called, again pausing to listen, holding his breath for the answer. "I am here !" her voice said, sobbingly, Oh ! is it you ?"

He went round to find the door, and, when he had found it, shook it violently but it would not yield. To cut the rope did not take long; the chain was more difficult to manage, and

Faulkner's patience was not in the ascen-He bade the girl stand away from the

inrough his teeth the resistance. But the door, which had resisted Marjorie's efforts for hours, was not likely to give way at once, even to a man's strength Still, it was only a matter of time, and

there was no better place of attack, he devoted his aettntion to this one. Finally, he sent the door driving in splinters into the hut. The next moment be had Marjorie in

as—as further search showed Faulkner—

bis arms. "My darling-my own darling!" he cried, while the girl clung to him in a

She was too excited and too glad to shrink from him, or to take particular note of anything he might say.

against bim, still trembling and unnerved. 'How long have you been here?" said Faulkner. "These devils who took you away, where are they ?"

a boy—they left me here last night," said

escape! "I tried, but it was useless. Oh!" said she girl, passionately, "how shall I ever thank you for rescuing me!"

He walked on for some few minutes; jorie, do you think I could rest a moment of white that must be a road, and something | You are here-in my arms-safe!"

ly away.

had nothing! "No-nothing.

Marjorie ?' She said, in a low voice-

say at home? coming to my home for to night.'

jorie, as they left the hut. 'I did not know of it.' 'You shall learn when we get home,'

left his horse; but, before starting, he made the girl take some of the food and

fore him. to the horse, putting his arm about her to

said, 'Very.' Fau'kner drew her closer.

as he telt the girl start, he added, softly: You belong to me, dearest, don't you?"

the same soft way. She lifted her head.

but I don't understand-Marjorie, I've been bent on winning you since the first day I saw vou. 'You made your way into my heart, you little desolate thing. This may not be the time to tell you, but I can't help it. Give yourself to me-give me all the love you can, and all I want I will win

You can love me, Marjorie. Love is happiness -- yours for me, mine for you.' 'Yes,' she said, with a long quivering She laid her face to his breast in a halfunconscious way, as if that was her place

your happiness-I couldn't make it.'

But-there is you,' she said. 'I mean,

and her shelter, and it was right and natural she should nestle there. Faulkner, not able to speak, pressed his lips to her cheek again.

They rode in silence for a long timesometimes he almost thought the girl, worn out, slept; but there would be a little movement of hers, or a long breath, as if she were half oppressed, and then he knew "I'm going to drive it in," he said, she was awake.

> little dismayed?' 'Oh ! no-' she besitated; then said: 'It's all so strange !' 'You never dreamt I was your lover-

> > (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

'Too happy?' he whispered once; 'or a



Then it was that the blood rushed into the girl's face, and she drew herself impul-Faulkner made no attempt to check her. "Come, we will get back," he said. 'My horse is not far cff. You must have food and wine before we start. You have 'Did you think I should come for you, He had taken her hand to lead her out. 'I thought you might. What do they 'I'll tell you presently. But you are 'How did you find this place ?' said Marsaid Faulkner. He led the way to the spot where he had Meanwhile, he arranged the saddle as comfortably as he could, for her to sit be-When he had mounted and lifted her on support her, he asked-'Is that easy, my child?' Marjorie looked up with a smile that 'Lay your head down,' he said. Then, She yielded silently, bewildered, but trangely happy. Faulkner put his lips to her cheek. You'll be happier with me,' he said, in 'I-yes, happier,' she said, confusedly;

When he put her a little from him she made no movement away; she leant it "I don't know-there was only one and "Thank God for that! You couldn't "Hush! Never try. My little Mar-