eturned the man. "Aren't
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e whole house began to
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to miss the last collec-

had recently joined the
rs for Befriending Burg-
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re than the others. He
d to her when
apologizing for the
s apartment. Miss Muf-
p wondering how this
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n fact, as she was leav-
e said "May I ask why
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plied, "I am here for
seaside hotel!" "Oh,
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er—the proprietor?"
's tells with gusto the
against himself: "I
social gathering with
d friend and colleague,
he says, "when two
of sixteen or so came
me for my autograph.
a fountain pen,' I said,
"Will pencil do?'
other flapper; so I took
nd signed my name in
nd little book that she
The flapper studied
th a frown. Then she
said, 'Aren't you Gen-
No,' I said, 'I'm Gen-
The flapper turned to
n a shrug of disgust.

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The demand for it
the only popular oil.

T REPORTS

MARKETS.

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HOLESALE.

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	17 00	19 00
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MARKET.

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100-lb.	bags	$12.21
	"	11 81
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s.
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MARKETS.

TS GRAINS.

—Wheat, spot, No. 1
s. Flour 20c higher.
ndard flour quoted
98-pound cotton
$1 90 barrels. Bar-
ye, No. 2, $1.31½ to
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makes oath that he
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RED DOLLARS for
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CATARRH MEDI-

NK J. CHENEY.
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on, Notary Public.
H MEDICINE is
acts through the
Surfaces of the Sys-

timonials free.
, Toledo, Ohio.

the tea. Presently, without raising her eyes, she asked:

"How—how long shall we have to wait?"

"Three or four hours," said Jack, after considering. "You must try to go to sleep again, for it is a long ride, and you—you must be worn out."

"No," she said; "strangely enough, I don't feel tired. I am very strong. I was much frightened, in deadly terror"—she shuddered a little—"but that has passed, I suppose because I feel so safe," she added, as simply as she had assented to his assurance that Mollie would know that she, Clytie, would be saved.

"I don't like to ask you any questions," he said, after a pause; "but—you, Mollie and Mary Seaton, here!—I don't understand it."

A blush began to creep over her face.

"Mary Seaton came over with us—brought us; she and her husband—her name is Mary Rawdon now. She came to England——" She paused; the blush grew deeper.

"She came to England," he prompted, in amazement, his brows drawn together in perplexity.

"To tell me," faltered Clytie, her eyes downcast. "To tell me where you were."

He stared before him, then nodded as if he began to understand.

"Yes, she knew who I was. And she betrayed me," he smiled half-bitterly. "And you and Mollie came out to—to find me?"

She made no reply; silence like a dove hovered over them, a silence pregnant with vague suggestions of intense import.

"You came out to find me?" he repeated. His face had grown pale; he leaned over the upturned box that served for a table, his hands working restlessly, his eyes fixed searchingly, wistfully, with an eager half-doubt, on hers.

"Why ?"

She tried to answer, but failed for a moment; then she whispered, as if she were ashamed of her own voice:

"She—Mary—said you were—in danger."

He rose and stood trembling, his face going from white to red, his breath coming painfully.

"You thought I was in danger; and so you came; but why?"

She raised her eyes slowly, as if the lids were heavy, and looked at him.

With a cry of "Clytie! Clytie!" he was down on his knees beside her and took her to his heart.

* * * * *

A pile of letters stood on his desk, and he took one up and opened it mechanically, but dropped it and stood looking before him thoughtfully. Yes, it would be a great thing for him if Clytie would consent to appear on the platform among his supporters, and he experienced a thrill of gratification, of pleased vanity, at the reflection that she, who had refused him, should be present at one of his triumphs; for, with the quiet confidence of the eloquent man, he knew that he should speak well that night. A very large majority of the audience would be members of his party; there would be excitement, enthusiasm, in fact, triumph—a foretaste of the great and crowning triumph that awaited him to-morrow. Yes, barring accidents, to-morrow he would be a member of Parliament, another step up the ladder of his ambition. His political success would be a happy augury of the future. The master of Bramley and the possessor of Sir William's wealth, to what heights, social and political, might he not rise!

He changed, dressed carefully, and went up to the Hall. The servants were in a state of excitement and bustle; and Sholes came forward with a smile on his expansive countenance, expressive of his delight.

"You've heard the news, I see, sir," he said, as if he were bubbling over with joy. "The young ladies have come home! Come home quite unexpected and suddenlike. None of us knew, excepting Lord Stanton. His lordship went up to London to meet them. I beg your pardon, sir, I'm keeping you standing!"

"I came up to welcome the young ladies," said Hesketh. "I don't know whether they will be too tired to see me, but I will come in on the chance."

He waited in the drawing-room, looking round with half-closed lids, and deciding the style in which he would have it redecorated, when it came into his hands. The door opened and Mollie entered. She had a small parcel in one hand and some flowers in the other, so that it seemed that she could not shake hands. She was very brown, not to say freckled, and her eyes looked at him and then beyond him, as she said rather hurriedly:

"How do you do, Mr. Carton? We've come back, you see. Oh, yes, we are very well—both of us." Her eyes rested on his face for a moment, and she went on still more hurriedly: "We've heard of your great doings in Bramley. You are going to be a member of Parliament. How nice! It was very kind of you to spare time to come up, and so soon. I'd ask you to stay to tea, but I am so busy unpacking."

Hesketh Carton murmured the proper response, then said:

"I am afraid you will consider my request an unreasonable one, but I have been hoping—how earnestly, you may guess!—that you and Miss Clytie would be present on the platform at my meeting to-night."

Mollie's eyes flashed for an instant, but she hid them quickly.

"How kind of you!" she exclaimed. "But I am afraid it is quite impossible. Clytie is rather tired—it has been a long journey.

"You must tell me all about your travels," he said.

"Yes," she assented. "Oh, by the way, I have a little present for you, a souvenir. You mustn't open it now. It is only a trifle. And now, I really must go up to Clytie! Good-by! I wish you all the success—you deserve, Mr. Carton."

She put a small box in his hand. Instead of shaking hands, rang the bell for Sholes to show him out, and, with a nod and again that strange, quickly hidden flash in her eyes, ran out of the room. He went back to the house at the works and tossed the box, unopened, on his writing-table.

The dinner at the Chillingfords' was an extremely lively one. Everyone felt so certain of success, and the party drove down to the Hall in carriages liberally decorated with Mr. Hesketh Carton's colors. An immense crowd awaited them at the entrance to the Hall; the interior was packed; a thunder of cheers rose from the mass as the party, with Mr. Hesketh bringing up the rear, ascended the platform. Hesketh Carton, with a charmingly modest smile, sat down and looked over the audience with that all-comprehensive gaze which is so soon acquired by the public speaker. Suddenly he started, and his eyes grew fixed on a man seated in the middle of the third row. The face of the man was that of "the insolent fellow" with whom he had had a vulgar and unpleasant disagreement at Withycombe; but the man was no longer dressed in working attire; he wore the conventional clothes of a gentleman, and wore them well. What did it mean? Had the fellow come there to make a disturbance? If so, thought Hesketh, with satisfaction, he would no doubt, and very properly, be roughly handled.

Lord Chillingford, the chairman, was on his feet, made the usual stammering speech of the ordinary country gentleman, and was followed by one of the great men from London, who warmed up the audience and prepared the way for the candidate. At this moment, Hesketh Carton saw Mr. Granger come on the platform, and, with a friendly smile, he beckoned him to a seat in front which had been modestly left vacant.

Mr. Granger was passing to it, with a murmured apology for being late, when his eyes fell on a gentleman in the third row. He started, stared, and half-unconsciously rose from his seat, as if forgetting the place and the rest of the audience, and approached the edge of the platform. Before he could recover from his astonishment, it had been noticed by those around him, and many eyes were focused on the young man at whom the old lawyer was staring.

Suddenly some one—it was Lady Chillingford—murmured a name; it was "Sir Wilfrid Carton." It was caught up and ran around the platform, some of the occupants of which rose and stared with intense curiosity and interest, which seemed to be contagious, for the audience in the back of the hall began to look in the same direction and to murmur the name. The incident had now become so conspicuous that Mr. Granger was compelled, so to speak, to make some movement; so he came down the front steps of the platform, and, going straight up to Jack—for it was he, and we will let him bear his old name—and, holding out his hand, said, with a voice that was a little unsteady:

"How do you do, Sir Wilfrid? I need not say that I am rejoiced to see you!"

Now, Jack had followed Clytie and Mollie by a later train, because he did not wish to appear in public at first, in his proper character, as their fellow traveler; but, on the other hand, he did not wish it to be thought that he had skulked into the town; so Clytie and he, both ignorant of Hesketh Carton's murderous designs, had thought it a good thing for him to attend the meeting. If he were recognized—well, the excitement which would be caused by his appearance would be swallowed up by the larger one of the election, and Jack would get over the fuss attending his unexpected return more easily than he would otherwise have done. That Mr. Granger should catch sight of him, and publicly recognize him, of course did not come within their calculation.

Jack rose and shook Mr. Granger's hand, whispering:

"For goodness' sake, don't let's make a scene!" He made room for Mr. Granger beside him, hoping that the recognition would pass, if not unnoticed—it was too late for that—but without the fuss which Jack hated and dreaded.

But the audience, already strung up, caught at his name, and, rising to its feet en masse, shouted and cheered him.

It was impossible for the chairman to ignore the incident, and Lord Chillingford rose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted to find that we have in our midst the son of our old and valued friend, Sir William Carton. We have all deplored his absence, and I am sure you will permit me, in your name, to accord him a hearty welcome, and to invite him to come upon the platform here and support his cousin, Mr. Hesketh Carton."

The audience applauded vociferously and shouted:

"Go up to the platform, Sir Wilfrid! Welcome back to Bramley! Go up where we can see 'ee."

But Jack, though it must be confessed his heart warmed at the kindly welcome—as whose would not?—shook his head, and Lord Chillingford said gracefully:

"We won't disturb Sir Wilfred; but I hope you will not permit him to go home until I and the many friends of his father have shaken hands with him! I now call upon Mr. Hesketh Carton."

Hesketh had turned as white as a ghost for a moment or two, but he had had time to recover himself, had had time to remember that Sir Wilfrid had renounced his marriage with Clytie, that he, Hesketh, was still safe. He came forward quickly, with a pleased expression and a genial smile, and began:

"Lord Chillingford, ladies and gentlemen, my first word must be one of extreme pleasure and gratification at the presence here to-night of my cousin, Sir Wilfred Carton, and to assure him that no one welcomes him more gladly and warmly than I do, and that, but for the duty I owe you, I should ask your permission to omit my speech and allow Lord Chillingford to close the meeting, that we might all have an opportunity of greeting Sir Wilfred."

There was cheers and cries of "Go on, go on!" and he went on with his speech. He had never spoken better; at times he was really eloquent; applause and cheers liberally punctuated his stirring address; in a word, the triumph he had anticipated was fully realized; and when the meeting closed, no one present had any doubt whatever of Mr. Hesketh Carton's success at the poll the next day. The audience did not leave the hall until a vast amount of cheering had been got through—Sir Wilfred's name was acclaimed as loudly and enthusiastically as Mr. Hesketh Carton's—and it was some time before Jack was surrounded by his father's old friends.

Hesketh was, of course, one of the first to shake hands. With amazing self-possession and coolness, he completely ignored their former meeting at Withycombe.

"Your return, my dear Sir Wilfred," he said, "might well have been an earlier one, earlier by many years, but it could not have come at a more fortunate time for me. I regard your presence and your support as just making my return to-morrow certain."

Jack nodded, and shook hands with one and another, Mr. Granger standing by his side as if he had a proprietary right in him. Lady Chillingford came forward from the group.

"You must come with us, Sir Wilfred," she said, with suppressed excitement. "We are going to have a kind of supper; we are all hungry; besides, we all want to talk over this wonderful evening. And I have sent to Bramley Hall for Clytie and Mollie. Oh, yes, I dare say they are tired; but they are young, and have had some time in which to rest, and I want them very badly. You must come, Sir Wilfred. Edward," to her husband, "do let us have the carriage! Now, you won't desert us, Sir Wilfred?"

"Thank you, no, Lady Chillingford," said Jack, in his quiet way. "I shall be very glad to come."

When they arrived at the Grange, the Chillingfords' place, they found quite a large party waiting for them; and Jack was immediately surrounded and made a fuss over. Clytie and Mollie, Lord Stanton and Lady Mervyn, were there, and there was a peculiar expression on Percy's face as he looked on at the welcome accorded to Jack. For the first time during the electoral campaign, Mr. Hesketh Carton seemed to take a secondary place. Clytie and Mollie were in the background with Lady Mervyn and Clytie looked on at Jack's reception with a proud smile in her eyes and quivering on her lips. At last the party settled down to the impromptu supper. Lord Chillingford was in his element, and bubbling over with geniality.

"I think we really must drink Mr. Hesketh Carton's health," he said, rising, glass in hand. "I would join with it that of Sir Wilfred Carton, who has returned to us after so long an absence, and who we are also delighted to see; but I leave that toast to younger hands." He glanced at Percy.

They drank Hesketh Carton's health, and he rose and made a neat speech. He was as self-possessed and pleasant as usual; what had he to fear? Sir Wilfred's renunciation of Clytie, and with her the estates and the money in Mr. Granger's hands. All was well. Then Percy rose. He was shy, but through his shyness shone a kind of determination, of firmness.

"Lord Chillingford has asked me to propose Sir Wilfred Carton's health," he said. "I'm not much of a speaker—haven't had the opportunity—but I shall be very glad to do so, if you will allow me to couple with it the health of—his wife, Lady Carton."

There was an intense silence. The company stared from Percy to Sir Wilfred in amazement, curiosity; then they saw Sir Wilfred, who was seated next to Clytie, take her hand and look round proudly, while she blushed and cast down her eyes in confusion. Mr. Granger was the first to recover.

"By Heaven! they are married!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "They've cut the Gordian knot! No, they've tied it! Married!"

The word was echoed in tones of astonishment by the rest of the party; voices rose in excited comment; then someone called out:

"Sir Wilfrid, Sir Wilfrid!"

Jack rose to his feet, urged by Mollie, whose eyes were dancing, who was laughing almost hysterically. He stood for a moment, still holding Clytie's hand, a proud light in his eyes, as he looked round the excited room.

"Yes, you're right," he said. "We are married, Clytie—Miss Bramley—I mean, Lady Carton—and I. How we came to be is too long a story! It's a very strange one—we'll tell you some day. But we are married, there's no doubt of that; and we are very happy; at least I am, and I hope she is." Clytie pressed his hand and looked round with a modest pride that thrilled Jack's audience. "We've had no end of adventures—tell you about 'em some day!—but we've come back to Bramley, to the dear old Hall, to settle down there among our friends—her friends, I should say, for I'm a stranger. But I sha'n't forget, we sha'n't forget, your kindness. Thank you very much!"

There was no sitting still at the table after that. The company pressed round the young couple, asking excited questions which it was impossible to answer, the men wringing Sir Wilfred's hand, the women crowding round Clytie with exclamations, ejaculations, and endless questions.

Mr. Hesketh Carton, the man who had loomed so largely in the public eye, was quite forgotten. He, too, had murmured his congratulations; but presently he disappeared, stole away—almost unnoticed. His brain was burning, he was inwardly raging with fury, the ferocity of balked desire, of thwarted ambition.

Married! The renunciation was not worth the paper on which it was written. Sir Wilfred had returned, Clytie was married; there would be children—of course, there would be children, a son and heir to the estate: Bramley had passed forever beyond his reach. He walked in a kind of dream, a frenzy, to the gloomy house beside the works. He tried to console himself with the thought, the anticipation of his success on the morrow. He had lost Bramley and Sir William's fortune forever; they had gone from him; but something still remained. He would be a member of Parliament to-morrow; a political career still remained to him. He was still proprietor of the Pit Works, was a fairly rich man; there was still a future before him. He tried to console himself with the prospect as he walked through the night to his gloomy house.

He let himself in with his latch-key and went to the little room adjoining the works. His brain was in a whirl, he was shaking with conflicting emotions—disappointment, the loss of Bramley, the marriage of Clytie, the fact that Sir Wilfred, his cousin! the outcast, the prodigal, would be lord of all that he, Hesketh, desired and for which he had risked the gallows. He went to the sideboard, poured out a glass of brandy, and tossed it down his parched throat. Then he paced up and down, his hands writhing behind his back, his face white and working. In the course of his pacing his eye fell on the small square box which Mollie had given him—a souvenir of their travels.

Half-unconsciously, impatiently, he took it up, cut the string, and took the box from its wrapper and opened it. It contained a wine-glass, a wine-glass with the Bramley crest engraved on it. A slip of paper was coiled up in it. With impatient curiostity he took it up and read it.

"From Mary Seaton."

That was all. The glass and the slip of paper fell from his hand and his face grew livid. That was all; but he understood—understood—that the glass was the one into which he had poured the poison. But Mary Seaton? How did she know? How had she discovered, detected him? And Mollie, too, knew? She had given him the packet; and he remembered that which he had scarcely noticed at the time, the strange flash in her eyes, the fact that she had not shaken hands with him. Mollie and Mary Seaton—the girl he had betrayed, the girl from whom he had so much to fear now, had detected him. What could it mean to him but danger? The shadow of the gallows, of penal servitude, at least, of disgrace, shame, the terror of a public trial; his vivid imagination saw it all more clearly than can be set down in writing. Shaking in every limb, he fell into the chair, with the denouncing wine-glass almost touching his feet. Exposure, ruin, imprisonment, faced him; little wonder that his soul shriveled at the prospect.

The brain works quickly at such a moment; and he remembered that Stephen Rawdon had disappeared, left the country, so he had heard. But Mary Seaton, the girl whom he had ignored, passed over with contempt, must have been in Bramley; or why that damning wine-glass, that slip of paper? He felt like a man treading on quicksand which at any moment might engulf him. At such a moment one thought predominates—that of flight. That was his only chance. He went up to his room and packed a portmanteau. Then he sat down and wrote a note to Doctor Morton, and, pacing up and down the room until morning, despatched it.

A few hours later, so early that the workmen on their way from Leahport to the Pit Works, gathered in groups to discuss the astounding news; it was announced that Mr. Hesketh Carton had been suddenly taken ill, and that by the advice of his medical man he was starting at once for the Continent for skilled treatment and perfect rest. Indeed, it was soon discovered that Mr. Hesketh Carton had already started; and to the amazement and dismay of the party, his opponent was returned as member for Bramley.

The excitement, the surprise, threw the whole place into a turmoil; and it may safely be said that only one person was exempt from the frenzy of astonishment which raged like an epidemic through the district.

That person was Mollie. She raised her eyebrows and exclaimed with the others; but she was not surprised, and in her heart there glowed that satisfaction which all of us feel when we have outwitted the wrongdoer and utterly vanquished him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was only by instalments, like a serial story, that their friends and the world at large got to know the romantic story of Sir Wilfred and the strange and almost tragic incidents which had attended it and brought it about; for instance ,there was a suggestion of mystery in Hesketh's retirement from the political contest and his sudden departure. But, at any rate, there was nothing intangible or mysterious about the happiness of Sir Wilfrid and Clytie. That it was a love-match of the most pronounced type was, as Lady Mervyn said, ridiculously obvious. They were just two lovers, they did not seek solitude, but seemed eager to mix with their kind, and to take their proper place in the world in which they lived.

Bramley Hall once more justified its old reputation as a centre of social life and hospitality. It seemed as if Clytie, in making over her ownership to her husband, was eager to display her pride in him and to evince her desire that he should take the place and the position to which he was entitled as Sir William's son and heir. So it was that a series of entertainments, brilliant enough, although by no means ostentatious, were given by the happy young couple, at which every one was afforded an opportunity of making Sir Wilfred's acquaintance.

He quickly became very popular, was made master of the hounds, sat on the Bench, and took a leading part in all the public efforts for the improvement of the locality and the bettering of the condition of the people; and the party was very anxious that he should stand at the next election, but Jack drew the line at this.

"Sorry," he said, when the proposition was formally made to him, "but I couldn't do it. It would mean so many of the months of the year in London, listening to very long speeches—I am no speaker myself—and being bullied by the Whip. Too much hard work for me; I'm a lazy beggar; besides, I'm fond of the country. No, I'm no use for that game. You send some other fellow, and let me hunt the hounds and look after the estate; that's quite enough for me, thank you."

And, of course, Clytie agreed with him, as she always agreed with him.

"They are the most tiresome couple in the world," Mollie declared. "If you want Jack to do anything, the quickest way to get him is to ask Clytie; and vice versa. They are like two children—on my word of honor, they often go about hand in hand!—and I feel more like a mother than ever I did, especially since I put my hair up."

Her hair was "up," and her skirts lengthened; but Mollie was still the light-hearted and "frank and free young English maiden," and more humored by the Bramley people, the friends of the family, and the servants, than ever.

It was little wonder that she should be happy, that she should share the happiness of her beloved Clytie, for she had done no little to bring it about; and between Jack and herself was a very warm affection, for he was not only proud of her, but was full of brotherly admiration for her shrewdness and ready wit.

"Mollie was bad enough before—before you came," said Clytie, ruefully, but with a loving smile in her eyes and lurking about her lipe; "but she is quite hopeless now. I do my best, Lady Mervyn, as I think you will admit, but he spoils her badly—as you do. He encourages her in all her wickedness, and is quite hurt if I venture to try and correct her. She has her own way in everything. For instance, nothing will do her but that we must go to Withycombe, to the farm there."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed Mollie. "You know that you jumped at the idea, and that Jack said it was a splendid one. Of course, he pretends that he wants to look after the jetty at Petwick; but I know, and you know, that you both want to go there to spoon and to moon over old times there. They will go out walking and sailing together, and I shall be left alone on the beach, a solitary and deserted mermaid."

They went to Withycombe, and Mollie's prophetic programme was fulfilled with the exception of one item. She was not left alone on the beach, for Percy was there to keep her company. He had not forgotten her promise when she started for Australia, and he made fast and furious love to her whenever the slightest opportunity offered itself; and Mollie kept her promise to the letter, and listened, without laughing or mocking at him; but she often remonstrated, and one glorious afternoon, as they were sitting the beach, waiting for Jack and Clytie to return with the boat, she said:

"This is the thirty-second time you have asked me to marry you—the thirty-second or thirty-third, I'm not sure which. Now, I promised not to laugh at you, and I've kept my word; but it's a ridiculous state of things, and I can see only one way of ending it."

Percy's face grew long and rather pale. "You mean by saying 'No' right out, Mollie?"

"Well," said Mollie, slowly and thoughtfully, as if she were gravely considering a problem in Euclid, "that is certainly one way, but I was thinking of another."

He looked at her anxiously for a moment, then he uttered a cry of joy and caught her to him; and a little later, when they met the others coming up from the boat, he said, his boyish face all aglow with happiness:

"Jack! Clytie! Mollie is going to marry me!"

Jack grinned as he shook Percy's hand, and exclaimed, ironically: "Tell us some news, old chap! Well, you have my sympathy!"

Clytie threw her arms round Mollie and hugged her.

There was some news awaiting them when they returned to Bramley, accompanied by Polly, who had been petted to her heart's content during their stay at Withycombe, and had cried so bitterly as the moment came for parting that Jack declared they must take her with them for a long visit.

It was important news which Mr. Granger brought them. It appeared that Mr. Hesketh Carton's health was still precarious and would not permit him to live in England. He had, therefore, given instructions to Mr. Granger to sell the Pit Works. He had come up to Sir Wilfred at once to consult him.

"The works were your father's, Sir Wilfred," he said; "and for myself I must confess that I should dislike to see them passing out of the family. The owner of the Pit Works must necessarily be an important personage in Bramley; one wielding an immense influence for good or evil over the lives of the Bramley people. I am authorized by Mr. Carton to sell the business by private treaty, if possible, failing that, to put it up to auction."

He paused and looked straight before him; but Mollie, who, with Clytie, was present, had learned to read the old lawyer's countenance pretty accurately.

"He wants you to buy it, Jack," she said, in a low voice, and making a grimace at the old man, who frowningly shook his head at her.

"All right," said Jack, "I'll buy it. No, I shouldn't like the Pit Works to go out of the family. My father made his money there; but for the works I should not be here, shoud not——" He laid his hand lovingly on Clytie's shoulder.

"Yes," said Mr. Granger. "Miss Mollie is right; I do want you to buy it; but I don't see that it's practicable. You could not be bothered with so large an affair, Sir Wilfred. You might turn it into a public company. No, I thought you wouldn't like that idea," as Jack shook his head "If you could get a partner, a working partner, while you remained a merely nominal one, you might work the thing; but the difficulty would be to find a partner."

"No," said Jack—he had been pulling his mustache thoughtfully, and now turned to Clytie, whose eyee were dwelling on him, as they always dwelt, with proud and loving intentness—"I've got a partner, right enough. The very man!"

"Indeed?" said Mr. Granger, with some surprise.

"Who is it?"

"Stephen Rawdon."

Mollie uttered a cry of surprise and delight, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Jack, you really are clever! I never thought of it!"

So, by the irony of fate—may it not be said by the mysterious workings of a just Providence?—the man Hesketh Carton had wronged came to reign in his place; and reigned successfully, for the work-people, some of whom were inclined to resent their fellow workmen's sudden elevation, soon recognized with the working man's quickness of perception and sense of justice that a great change had taken place in Stephen Rawdon; that for him much water had flowed through the bridge since he left England, and that his old capacity for work had come back to him, and had returned accompanied by a certain power, dignity, and mental strength, which quickly justified Sir Wilfred's choice of him as a partner.

And Mrs. Rawdon was by her husband's side to help him smooth away any difficulty by the exercise of that tact which had enabled her to render Sir Wilfred and Lady Carton so great a service.

From time to time there came tidings of Hesketh Carton. Strangely enough, he, too, had gone to Australia. Poetical justice would seem to have demanded that he should have at once reaped the harvest of tares which he had sowed; but, alas! poetical justice is more often found in novels than in real life; and it must be recorded, with reluctance, that Mr. Hesketh Carton flourished exceedingly, like the green bay-tree, in the country of his adoption, entered public life, and became quite a great man.

But success does not always bring happiness, and it was whispered that there was something in Mr. Hesketh Carton's past life which accounted for his ill health, the pallor and sternness of his countenance, and the coldness of his manner, which had a freezing effect upon all who came in contact with him, repelling even his best friends. The fact, too, that he had repeatedly refused to go to England when pressed to do so on public business, was often commented on.

He lived alone and solitary in a huge house, surrounded by every luxury, but appeared to find little enjoyment in his wealth and prosperity.

As a rule, he was as impassive, as cold and self-contained in manner as in appearance. No one has ever seen him give way to one of the fits of ill temper to which even the best of men are sometimes subject; but there was no one present when, seated in his study, he read Mr. Granger's letter informing him that Sir Wilfred had purchased the works and made Stephen Rawdon the working partner; if there had been any one present, he would have been shocked and startled by the terrible fit of passion which transformed the cold impassive statesman into something more like a wild beast than a human being.

It chanced that, not very long after the birth of Clytie's second boy, Jack found it absolutely necessary to go over to Australia; for his interest at Silver Ridge had grown into vast proportions, and it was only right that he should pay one visit, at any rate, to the place from which he derived so large an amount of money.

"Jack, we'll all go!" excdaimed Mollie, when he announced his intention

"Right! aye, Clytie!" he said, in his usual cheery fashion. And they went.

It chanced that they put up for one night in the city in which Mr. Hesketh Carton loomed so largely, and Jack, who was still in ignorance, as was Clytie, of Hesketh Carton's villainous attempt on Clytie's life, and bore him no ill will for the little affair at Withcombe, proposed to call on Hesketh.

"Yes, if you like," said Clytie, but with downcast eyes.

Mollie said nothing. It was difficult to offer any objection without disclosing the truth to offer any objection without disclosing the truth in all its hideousness, and she and Mary Seaton had agreed that the happiness of Clytie's and Jack's lives should not be darkened by such a shadow as the knowledge of Hesketh Carton's infamy would throw over it.

The weather was fine; they had an open carriage, and drove toward the great man's house. As the carriage approached the entrance, the door of the house was thrown open, and Hesketh Carton, thin, pale, and emaciated, but dressed with his old scrupulous care, came out. His head was bent—he looked prematurely old and bowed—but he raised his head at the sound of the carriage, and his eyes rested, for a moment, dully on the occupants; then they met Mollie's eyes fixed on his, and a swift and appalling change took place in his face, and, indeed, it seemed, in the whole of his figure.

White as death, he shrank back shaking, and with averted head, as if he were gazing at a spectre, roused by the memory of something fearsome and horrible. His hand went but feebly behind him until it touched the portico, as if he were seeking for support; then, with another look at the two women, who were gazing at him affrightedly—for at that moment it seemed to them that he was stricken by paralysis or death, so ghastly was his face, so distorted by the passion of fear and hate struggling for mastery—he turned, and, clutching at the arm of a servant, reentered the house.

Jack looked from one to the other gravely, perplexedly.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "The man looked like—like a man who sees a ghost. It was at you, Mollie, he looked; it seemed to be the sight of you. Shall I go and see what is the matter with him?"

"No, no!" said Mollie, pale and trembling. "I think I can guess. But—but it's a secret between Hesketh Carton and myself. It concerns another person, and I have promised never to reveal it. Oh, Jack, let us go! You would do no good by going to him. Hesketh Carton is a bad man, worse than you think. Let us go, Jack!"

Her hand stole into that of Percy, who had been watching and listening to her with surprise and anxiety.

"Percy, dear, I'll tell you some day; but only you." She was silent for a moment or two, and shaken by little shudders; then she said, in a low voice, a very grave and serious one for Mollie:

"And I thought that he had gone unpunished!"

The End.