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**Tale of Mystery**

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COUNT'S PLANS.

"One of them, I regret to say, is that young Cheriton—the man who was so insulting to me the other day. I couldn't understand his conduct then; but now I see it. He is the woman's nephew, possibly her son; and no doubt she sent him to insult me."

"I will never let him, or any of them, enter my house again," said Mrs. Markham, vehemently; and in this manner feeding the flames of her anger with the fuel of jealousy, the man so excited her against Mrs. Davenant and Cheriton that any tale they might tell would certainly be discredited, and the mere fact that he had uttered it would be accepted as proof of its falseness.

As soon as this point was clear he pressed the subject of an immediate marriage, and as she was only too ready to accede to his wishes the matter was settled as he had wished it by the time the train drew up at Brighton station. There, however, an incident occurred which annoyed him.

The train came to a standstill just at a point where George Vezey was standing, and as he was expecting friends by the train, he caught sight of them instantly. The Count was irritated, as he had wished the visit to Brighton to be quite unknown. Vezey knew Cheriton, and in the Count's view any chance connecting link with the latter was a possible source of danger. He knew, too, that Vezey would only be too glad to get hold of some reason for interfering with the marriage.

A very few words were interchanged, Vezey saying he should call on Mrs. Markham at her hotel, and then the two drove away together.

"Poor George! He is not a bit like the same good fellow," said Mrs. Markham. "But I can't like liking him. He at least wishes me well, Godefroid."

"You probably; but me doubtfully," answered the Count, with a laugh. "If he has the same feeling toward me that I should have against him, had he taken you from me, he must hate me with a dangerous hate."

"You are very fond of me, Godefroid. I would give my life for you, Doris; or take any other's life who parted us. We men of the South love and hate with the heat of the sun in our blood."

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"Could you hate me?" she whispered, talking his hand.

"Yes, if you loved another man," he answered vehemently, "and tearing out my love from my heart I would set it on a poignard's point and drive it right into yours. We of the South hold life cheap where love is false."

"If that is the only danger which threatens my life," she whispered ecstatically, "I shall never die."

That evening he made hot love to her, and before he left to go to his hotel he had arranged to run up to London to get a special license for the marriage.

On his way to London the next morning he plumed himself on the victory he was winning, and the knowledge that he held both success in his hand, despite the odds against him, made him infinitely more agreeable than they would have been if won without trouble.

He went first to Doctors' Commons and arranged the business of the special license, and as soon as that was completed he drove to Dessie's rooms. As matters were going so smoothly with him he was in an excellent temper.

"It is wonderful what a little pluck and dash will do in this world," he mused. "The odds against my winning such a woman as my wife were thousands to one that day when I pulled that young idiot Vezey out of the scuffle at Antwerp, while they were almost millions against my catching sight of those rubies yet I'm going to pull off both coups and this in spite of the fact that I've been recognised by a couple of people who know pretty well the worst there is to know about me."

He gave the cabman a liberal fare and went up Dessie's staircase with a confident tread of a man who feels he is going to win, and he greeted the girl herself in much the same spirit.

"I thought it better to come before the time we arranged, Miss Merrion," he said, in his most courteous manner. "I know that my visits are exceedingly distasteful to you. I regret that of course, as my own feelings towards you are of the most kindly character, but I cannot fail to see it and I must act upon it. This will therefore, be our last interview. I presume you are ready to give me what I have come for?"

"Before I give them up I must know more of your right to them," answered Dessie, steadily; and the firm tone in which she spoke and a note of defiance which he had not noticed before made him look at her in some surprise and curiosity.

"I have not come to discuss anything—merely to receive my own property. You know well that it is mine."

"I have seen Mrs. Davenant since I last saw you, and if I give the jewels to you I may have to account for them to her. It was from her I got them."

"That is nothing to me. They are mine."

"That may be, but I have myself to think of. If I give them to you and Mrs. Davenant informs the police, what am I to say? I am a journalist earning my own living, and am at least methodical enough to know the risk that attach to handling jewels worth thousands of pounds. You must, therefore, give me such an account of them as will satisfy me and others who may come to make inquiries."

The man began to grow angry.

"What do you mean? I am no fool

to submit to fooling of this kind. Have you the jewels here?"

"Certainly I have. But it has been suggested to me that before I part with them to you I should ask you how they came into your possession. Will you tell me?"

"No, it is nothing to you. Do you mean you have spoken of this to anyone? You know the penalty?"

"Yes, I know the penalty," answered Dessie firmly enough. "But the person to whom I have spoken knows you well, so that there is no need for secrecy there."

"Secrecy or no secrecy, I mean to have those rubies, and to have them now!" He laid down his umbrella, and went toward the girl with a threatening look on his face. "Will you give them up to me, or am I to take them? You know me."

"You mean that having me here alone, and at your mercy, you will take them from me by force?" she asked, backing step by step warily from him.

"I mean that I will have those rubies. Come, no fooling. I shall use force if you compel me. You are mad to play with me in this way."

Dessie had backed to the door of one of the inner rooms, and stood against it a moment, facing him as if at bay.

He looked at her as a beast of prey might look at an easy victim.

"You had better give them to me," he said, in a tone that was full of menace and rage, and he seemed as if about to rush upon her and seize her in his powerful arms.

Just as he was about to do this the door opened behind her, and Daphne Marlow stepped into the gap. She was dressed, not in her nurse's uniform, but with the magnificent hair which had given her the name of Red Delliha streaming over her shoulders, while her face, white and angry, was set with a look of hate and steady courage, as she stared full into the man's eyes.

He uttered a sharp exclamation of angry surprise.

"Oh, it's you again, is it, you red devil?" he cried, furiously. "I might have known you would be at the bottom of this. I've owed you a debt during all these years, and by heaven I'll pay it now," and he made as if to dash upon her.

"Stop where you are, if you want to live," cried Daphne, and she levelled a revolver at his head, and the look in her eyes told him that she was as capable as ever of doing a reckless thing, and shooting him down where he stood.

CHAPTER XXII.

A LAST DEVICE.

The mortification and rage of the Count de Montal was so great that he had been thwarted by Daphne were intense. He knew her quite well enough to be aware that she not only could but would use the pistol against him if he pressed her.

He was quick to recover himself and accepted the situation, breathing a few deep and hearty curses over his head. He laughed, and throwing himself into a chair, said with an assumption of indifference:

"I give in. You've caught me unarmed and unawares, and may make the most of the opportunity. If I'd known you were going to be present I'd have come prepared." He looked at Daphne as he spoke. "Well, and what is it you want? I suppose you want something."

"Move over to that far end of the room," said Daphne, curtly. "I like to have as great a distance as possible between us at a time like this, and maybe you'll lose your temper before the interview's over. You were never a pleasant customer when things went wrong?"

He rose and moved back his chair to the wall without a word. He had or did give in; and having swallowed the camel, he did not strain at the gnat.

"Now, I have a few plain words to say to you," said Daphne. "You have tried to force Dessie here—"

"Shall we say Dorothy?" she interposed with a sneer. "If you wish to

be so very plain spoken, let us have the whole truth."

"It is a matter of complete indifference what you call us here," returned Daphne. "You have tried to force Dorothy to do what you wish by threatening to expose me and to put me in the dock on the charge of murder."

She paused as if expecting him to speak; and noticing it, he said, with another sneer:

"You put the matter cogently. Your knowledge of the facts and of the crime, gathered as it is at first hand, enables you to speak with authority."

"You have twisted the screw one turn too many," said Daphne, taking no notice of the sneer; "and the thread is broken. When I heard from Des—Dorothy what you had done and what you threatened to do, I meant to secure your silence at any cost—even the sacrifice of her happiness."

"Ah, you were always a considerate creature—for yourself," he sneered again; but she paid no heed to him.

"I have changed a chance of telling you the truth at once. If you have the courage to charge me with the crime, I will stand my trial, and let the world know what it may of me; but I shall know something of your share in that matter as well."

"The world will be exceedingly obliged to you, no doubt—though you, personally, may not have much opportunity of experiencing its sentiments," he said. "And what part is your virtuous sister cast for in this melodrama? And what is the meaning of all this? Do you want paying?" he asked, brutally.

"We intend to be free from you," returned Daphne, promptly.

"Anyone who passes through the dock to the gallows is necessarily freed from the influence of others. But what are you going to gain by changing from hospital nurse to prison convict—to take the brightest view of your future?"

"Your sneers have no power to move us," said Daphne, quietly. "Nor are we moved only in this by the one motive which you can understand—self-advantage."

"Oh, you've turned virtuous in your old age."

"My object now is to save my sister—"

"By letting the world know she has lived under a false name, is the daughter of a forger and the sister of a woman who chafed a career of vice with murder? I don't know what you think you're saving her from, but anyone can see what you are saving her for." He spoke with intense bitterness.

To be continued.

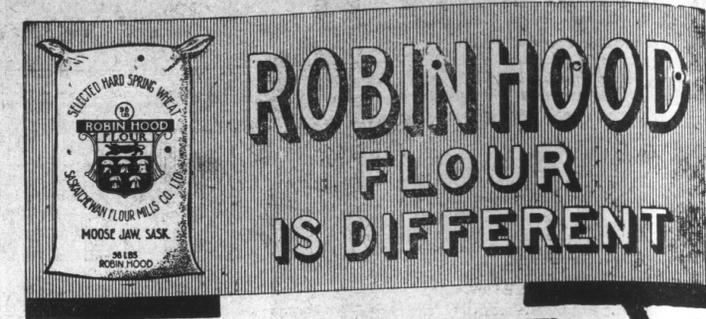
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