

the small opal Still on, and more swiftly, the phanstudded lamp.

tom glides past, and the pictures Then he sank into a chair. disre change and glow with gold. The garding his hat, that fell on the floor and rolled beneath the table. shrinking, fascinated plotter beholds himself enshrined in success.

He sat staring at the wall, quiet at Wealth flows about him in rivers of last, to think.

But he can not; all he can do is to sold. Luxury waits upon his footsteps, sit quiet and motionless, tracing the and another woman crosses his path pattern of the wall-paper, and mur--this time a stately, queenly form, with a coronet upon her brow and a muring: dreamy look of undying purpose with-

"The will found! Hugh Darrell returned! The Dale lost!" in her eyes.

Gradually the stupor disappeared, The silent, solitary watcher see that this is the woman, Lucille Vitcleared off before the exercise of his stern will, and he raised himself a litzarelli, his last dupe, who is to meet tle in his chair and resumed the trachim to-night-for whom he now walts. And as he looks, half waking from ing of the paper.

But another and more fearful feel his sleepless dream, with a mocking smile at the phantoms his overwrought ing superseded the stupor. brain has conjured up, the figure of He can think; but of what did he

the woman is obscured by a dark think?

shadow and is already, somehow of Not of the future, which alone h desired to ponder and consider, but of other-how; he knows not-the likeness of treason and death. the past-the black, hideous, crime-

This is the last strain upon stained past! Across the splendid Turkey carpet, calmness.

moving with the slow, monotonous re- With a suffocating cry he rises from gularity of a shadowy, phantom, de- the chair and staggers upright



J B. MITCHELL & SON, LTD., 327 Water Street, St. John's. seen, unknown avengers of tre

palsy, in the large, luxurious chair. his looks. Where's my quarter's sal-Pitiless as the stone she resembled ary to come from if he's taken, I wonthe Italian approached and held out der?" a long slip of paper.

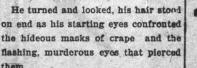
Hugh, following the no less start-His eyes stared at it unmeaningly. led footman entered the unoccupied senselessly. ante-chamber to the captain's private "Look at this, murderer," she said room and cast his stern eyes round

and know thyself a still baser, viler the splendid apartment with one anxireptile-a traitor! Whatever crimes those cowardly, fiendish hands have

wrought Heaven alone may know: but this, their last, waits for punishment!"

At the last word he resumed some thing of his old tigerish courage, and, with a growl of fiendish rage, he sprang from his chair to clutch the convincing paper.

But before his trembling, claw-like fingers could grasp it the accuser stepped back, the door opened as olselessly as before, and two dark shadowy forms stood between him and her.



"Mercy!" he shrieked. "Mercy Help!"

But the walls gave back the sound that could not pierce them. He might shrick with the agony o he lost, outpoured in one long yell and the dreadful room would keep his espairing rage coffined and unheard. Oh. it was fearful! Never was death nore hideous! Outside the footsteps of the passers-by echo with irregular fit fulness. Outside, separated from hin by a few bricks, are living men and women, who could save him if they could but hear.

But no, no, there was no help; and, addened by the thought, he sprans upon the first masked face, and as he sprang received the glittering steel in his heart.

Once, twice, thrice the weapon pierced his quivering form; and then as he lay, a mere lump of lifeless lood-stained clay, curled by the last agony upon the gaudy carpet, the uncus glance. (To be continued.)

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With many sobs and repetitions, the

good woman had told her tale of woe

It was full of "'E ses" and "I ses t

im," but the clergyman listened pati-

"I'm sorry, my dear lady," he said

sympathetically. "Certainly your hus-

and does seem to treat you rather

"Well, it's allus bin for wuss, s'far

ing her eyes with what only polite-

tess could call a pocket-handker-

"Have you tried to cure him with kindness?" pleaded the vicar. "Have,

you tried heaping coals of fire on his

"No, I ain't, sir," replied the woman

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grateful for the new idea. "So far, I'v

on'y tried 'ot water."

im for better or for worse."

o the vicar.

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