

# A FALSE SCENT.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ON THE LINE.

"THOSE confounded clocks must all be too fast. I wish Mrs. Mac would leave them alone—she plays the devil when she attempts to wind them up. We shall have to hang about for the next ten minutes before the train is due!"

The speaker was a tall, robust, white-haired man, with long moustaches and military aspect, who was in the act of turning the pair of spirited dun ponies he was driving sharply into the yard of Markborough Railway Station.

"I think the ponies are faster than the clocks, uncle," said the young lady who sat beside him in the low phaeton, "You have sent them along at a great pace."

Her uncle made no reply. He had pulled up and was descending from the carriage, while a diminutive groom ran to the ponies' heads.

A porter approached, and touching his cap, said: "I've the luggage all right, sir; but the up train isn't due till three-forty-five."

"I know; I know," testily. "Come along, Hope, let's have a quarter-deck walk on the platform to keep our blood circulating.—it's deuced raw and cold."

It was in truth a dark and drear November day, the low-lying fields about the station were shrouded in a