

ON THE SANDS BY LYNSEA

Warburton bowed, and turned to Miss Holt. "I think, madam," he said, slowly, "that I have to thank you for a night in jail."

"What's that?" said Sir George, pricking up his ears.

"Miss Holt, sir, was obliging enough to have me laid by the heels," explained Warburton, while the girl grew scarlet and then white. "For some reason she can best explain, she swore an information against me."

"He is in league with these Carmichaels," burst forth the girl, with hysterical anger, trembling in her fear.

Chloris's eyes shot fire; but Sir George, who was greatly taken aback and thrown into a state of fuss, checked his ward sharply.

"You will be returning soon to town, Mr. Warburton?" he said, in an effort to regain his composure—"you will be seeing your uncle?"

"Maybe," said Warburton, curtly.

"Commend me to my lord," persisted Sir George. "I heard he was far from well—his old complaint."

He glanced at Chloris, as one who would suggest that here stood the future Countess of Crayle.

Warburton bowed again, and, with the soft pressure of Chloris's fingers on his arm, turned towards the inn. The frightened countenance of the landlord met him in the passage and flitted away as if in terror of a phantom, but Warburton passed on. Inside the long room a voice sounded, calling on Tremayne, and, pushing the door open, he entered. There sat Philip Carmichael, his face flushed, his hair awry, and a bottle at his elbow. He laughed noisily at Warburton, and, suddenly checking himself, stared in bewilderment at his sister.