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with a sigh.

and at once.

ence, doggedly.

open, and Felice entered

exclamation of horror.

Clarence started to his feet

of her flight more rapidly and graphic-

Clarence groaned, and seemed over-

whelmed; but the old lawyer retained

"My lord," he said, "she has gone

either to London by rail, or to Glossop

-the nearest large town. I-yes, I

her manner. There is no time to lose.

Will you ride down to the station and

wire description of her to the ter-

minus? You can describe her better

than I can. You might go on by the

next train, too! I will drive into Glos-

sop and keep a lookout on the way. She

cannot have gone far. Poor young

Clarence rushed down to the stables

and a horse it was Snow-was sad-

dled, and the dogcart got ready in a

few minutes, and Felice, standing

wringing her hands in the court-

yard, saw them start each in his ap-

pointed direction. Clarence reached the

station, and flinging himself from the

saddle rushed into the booking office,

The station master was all on the

alert in a moment, but he was prepared to swear that no one answering

to Miss Knighton's description had

"She may have got in without

ticket, of course, my lord," he added;

and Clarence, collecting his scattered

senses, telegraphed a careful descrip-

tion to London. Then he got into the

next train and followed his telegram

Mr. Barrington was driven toward

Glossop. All along the road he kept s

seen watch, but there was no signs o

Iris. Panting and foam-flecked, the

horse was pulled up at the inn, and

Mr. Barrington got down, and was

stood within a few yards, when he

He stopped as if he had been shot

and the next moment a hand fell upon his shoulders, and Heron Coverdale's

rings you here at this time of night?

said. "I thought you were at St.

uting a little elopement, eh?" and

booked for London that evening.

lady! Yes, I half expected it!"

ed. breathlessly.

and she has gone."

why she refused!"

Clarence groaned

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"She will not do that, my lord," he

said, gravely. "I can quite understand

"What will you do now?" he said.

Mr. Barrington pursed his lips.

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

Valley," MABEL HOWARD,

"Flowers of the

OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XIV. THE ROAD TO LONDON.

"Ride in my cart, miss!" said the old man, stopping his horses and staring at her. "Ride in my cart! Bless my soul-what do you want to ride in

my cart for?" "I-I have lost the train." she said quickly.

"Lost the train!" said the old man, too surprised now to do more than repeat her words. "Lost the train! And you want to ride in my cart. Where are you going now?" "To London," said Iris.

The old man nodded. "I'm going to London," he said "Yes, that's right enough, but"—he paused, and looked at her with rough, but not unkindly, scrutiny-"where have you come from?—the great house there? and he jerked his whip toward the Revels.

"Yes." said Iris, helplessly. "Hur.!" and he eyed the bag, and her clothes; "one of the servants, expect. Got the sack, eh?"

Fris stared at him perplexed. "Lost your situation, I mean," he "Yes," said Iris, with ill-concealed

bitterness "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see. Well, they might have turned you out at a more seasonable hour. And you've lost

your train? Well, I suppose I must give you a lift. He stepped on the shaft and took the lantern from its book and carried it behind the cart.

"Come this way." he said. Iris followed him, and he dragged an

empty box out of the cart to the can get in by stepping on

said. "Wait a minute. I'll bit more comfortable for the empty jewel cases, told the story cared in the cart, and ally than Felice could have done. cattle of straw: then he

I lielped her in. He had

among the bales and full possession of his senses. ed made a bed of a heap of a rougher than a first-class railcarriage." he said, with a laugh, half dreaded and expected this from but the worst of riding is better than the best of walking, miss. There's a

rug there on that box if you should

And as Iris, thanking him, sank down on the clean, sweet-smelling straw with a deep sigh of relief and weariness, he roused his horses, and the van started on its way toward London, and in a few minutes the lights of Knighton Revels faded from her

Lord Clarence and Mr. Barrington sat talking until nine o'clock. Clarence had told Mr. Barrington of his offer,

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half guiltily; "but I am back again, you see! The fact is I have taken vor, Shirriff's Non-alcoather a fancy to this place, andlic Extracts will add to ne paused and smiled in rather an emappetizing goodness of rrassed fashion, then his face grew ur most favored recipes.

grave. "But what is the matter?-for mething is the matter, I see!" "Have you not heard?" said Mr. Barington, gravely. "Heard what? I only landed an hour

"So I was," said Heron Coverdale,

go, scarcely that!" "Mr. Knighton, of the Revels. dead!" said Mr. Barrington, solemnly. Heron Coverdale fell back a step in shocked surprise.

"Dead! Good Heavens! When?" "Nearly a week ago!" said Mr. Barrington. "He died quite suddenly, and" he stopped-"I am looked for his daughter!" he added, for concealment

"Looking for his daughter!" echoed Heron Coverdale, his handsome face still wearing its startled expression. "Looking for-but why? Is she lost?" "She is," said Mr. Barrington, grave-

cide what was best to be done for her. lost?" demanded Heron Coverdale. it look twice as abundant. "If it were a man," said Mr. Bar- "How can she be lost?-she, so well rington, "one might hope that some- known, the heiress to the Revels?" thing like a satisfactory course could "She is not the heiress," said Mr be found. Lord Coverdale would be on- Barrington.

"Not the heiress! How is that?" exly too glad to compromise, and a man could accept a portion of the estate; ed-"if I know anything of her char- on quickly acter, she will not acceet a single "There is no will." replied Mr. Bar-

rington. There would be no need if-if she "No will; then-then who is the would but make me the happiest man heir?" "Lord Heron Coverdale!" said the in the world!" said poor Clarence,

old lawyer, grimly.

CHAPTER XV. COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

"I heir to Knighton and Beverley! exclaimed Lord Heron, staring at Mr. Barrington in blank amazement. "Yes," said Mr. Barrington, "you are "What can I do but follow on heir to Knighton and Beverley. Walk course? There is no will, and Lord with me to the police station, my lord, Coverdale is the heir. I am his lawyer: and I will tell you all about it." am bound to communicate with him, Lord Heron listened like one in a

"The will is somwhere," said Clar-"The law demands that that some where shall be specified," he said, her favor?" gravely, "My lord, I am convinced that

t was destroyed by Mr. Knighton the ton, gravely: "as I say, my opinion is night before his death. For what reason I cannot tell. Perhaps—who knows for Lord Coverdale; perhaps he intended telling her the story of her Lord Heron, "and to think that I met of this young girl that he had almost birth; perhaps—but it is useless to the man here and lunched with him. forgotten the great good fortune which conjecture. There is no will, and Lord He is in jail, you say—"

As he spoke the door was thrown that there was no marriage, and Miss and extraordinary situation. "My mistress-Miss Iris!" she pant-Knighton being illegitimate, I fear we shall find it true. The woman. Felice, can be relied upon, and she admitted the truth of the story with the great- just come off duty on the high road, est reluctance; in fact, not until Miss and he is confident that no one answerall her stoical calmness gone, a frenzy Knighton compelled her."

Lord Heron waited outside the pohave just been to her room, my lord, lice station while Mr. Barrington went in to state the fact of Iris' disappear-"Gone!" echoed Clarence. "Great ance, and set inquiries on foot for the Heavens!" and he rushed to the door. missing girl, and a storm of emotions The three made their way to Iris' whirled through the young earl's room, and the disordered wardrobe.

If this were true, he was not only Earl of Coverdale, but one of the richest men in England! No need any longer to wander about the world because he had not money enough to purchase a settled abiding place! He was master of Knighton Revels, and Lord of Knighton and Beverley! The thrill The kind Professional that ran through him at the thought was pardonable, though the next moment he felt ashamed of it.



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them, helping your hair to grow long, thick and luxuriant. Girls! Girls! Don't let. your hair stay lifeless, colorless, thin, scraggy. A single application of delightful Danderine will double the beauty men' were vainly endeavoring to de- Lost!-lost! What do you mean by and radiance of your hair and make

straw hat on to the back of his head. "I owe it all to this poor girl's unmer claimed Heron Coverdale, walking be- ited misfortune? At any rate she shall but Miss Iris"-he paused and sigh- side him. for Mr. Barrington had gone find a friend in me, and not a mere

Then his thoughts flew back to subject upon which they had been ed his life, and who had parted from him so strangely; he had not dared to tell her all that his heart ached to express, had not dared because he was poor, and he felt, somehow, that she was powerful and rich.

He would find her out now, and go to her and tell her that he loved her. Yes, loved her! There was no mistaking the desire and longing which had rendered him unhappy and restless by day, and sleepless at night. He loved this girl whose very name

even, he did not know. How great a joy it would be to him shocked and pained. "Godfrey Knigh- to discover her, and say, "I am poor ton not married, and the poor girl has no longer, but rich, richer even than fled! Surely there must be a will in most rich men! I lay myself, and all "There is none," said Mr. Barring- my life, take it and me!"

that he destroyed it. This man Ricardo him? It was an anxious question. Why hints as much-not that any reliance had she broken from him when they can be placed upon anything he says." had last parted as if he had done her "It is an extraordinary story," said some injury? He was thinking so much "Yes, and will be transported," said ton came out of the office, and address; Mr. Barrington. But as to his assertion ing him, recalled him to the strange "Well?" he said, anxiously,

"She is not here," said Mr. Barringon; "I saw the policeman, who has ing to Miss Knighton's description has entered Glossop this evening." (To be continued)

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