POOR DOCUMENT

'Go on, said the lady quickly, as he am innocent of this crime!'

crest engraved on it.

That? she murmured hoarsely.

Thought it straight to you, my lady, the park-keeper said gently, laying it down. I know it as belonging to—to his

Alice was silent while her uncle stirred were whether? Can make you and the park whether? I can make you make the park whether to all make you make the park whether to an analysis of the park whether to an indication of the park whether to an any your uncle have got nothing to do but keep you in shoe-leather—a greatidle good-for-nothing girl that eats us out of house and home? We were married this whether to an any your uncle have got nothing to do but keep you in shoe-leather—a greatidle good-for-nothing girl that eats us out of house and home? We were married this week whether? I can make your uncle have got nothing to do but keep you in shoe-leather—a greatidle good-for-nothing girl that eats us out of house and home? We were married this week whether? The park whether the park

The words dropped like agony from the white lips.

'Lef her strike me uncle', said the gir with flashing eyes. 'If she does I will appeal to the Castle for protection.'

Shall I summon Lord Roy?' said Miles eagerly, seeing the agitation on the worn face opposite. 'I would not go to him first, for I know how much he loved Captain Rivers, and knew the blow would fall so heavily. Forgive me, my lady, you are always so brave! I forgot you were a woman. I ought to have gone to his lordship.'

The blow has fallen heavily indeed, whispered the white lips; then rousing herself with an effort, Lady Darrell passed her handkerchief over her face.

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'Lef her strike me uncle', 'said the gir with flashing eyes. 'If she does I will and——'

'But the disgrace now will be heavier, 'Now let revenge be forgotten,' murmured that other. 'Cannot you understand what the world will say?'

'I am innocent—I swear it ? cried Lord Roy. 'Oh, what a cruel fate is mine! Spe k! he cried again; 'tell them of that other.'

A loud knocking at the door interrupted her words. She stared for an instant, while Alice gave him one swift sad look, and then clearly and decisively told of the man's face that had approached her just before she fainted.

The blow has fallen heavily indeed, whispered the white lips; then rousing herself with an effort, Lady Darrell passed her handkerchief over her face.

'Lef her strike me uncle', 'said the gir with flashing eyes. 'If she does I will appeal to the Castle?' she muttered will say?'

'I am innocent—I says are it ? cried Lord Roy. 'No, what a cruel fate is mine! Spe k! he cried again; 'tell them of that then.'

All were always as brave ! I forgot you were a woman. I ought to have gone to his lordship.'

The blow has fallen heavily indeed, whispered the white lips; then rousing

ness was betrayed in face or limb.

was out of the ordinary path, on the way to the Madman's Drift. Poor Captain Rivers must have been stabbed, for there is blood about; but though I searched believe she went night the castle. Answer of my being wanted at Mrs. Dixon's farm last night, she must needs go trolloping about till any hour. I don't believe she went night the castle. Answer or the stable of the castle of

you know I live quite alone my lady—
and I came to you to know what I had
better do next.'

Saddle a horse and ride to Nesthy.

You must fetch the police. We must find
the murderer.'

The I'll make you!' cried Mrs.
Brown furiously, taking up a farmer's
whip that hung on a nail.

'Martha!' exclaimed her husband.

'Let her strike me uncle!' said the girl

The uncle granted, but you see you condemn yourself?'

I'did it for my mother's sake,' replied
Lord Roy 'I was mad last night; I
thought only of her misery—her agony,
if—if my innocence could not be proved,
was complete—but—'

The uncle granted, but you see you condemn yourself?'

I did it for my mother's sake,' replied
Lord Roy 'I was mad last night; I
thought only of her misery—her agony,
if—if my innocence could not be proved,
and—'

A could be demn him; I thought—to throw the murder—on him—and dragged the body—to
the misery—on him—and dragged the body—to
is side. But I was mistaken. That
black break in the path—the awful fall—
the misery—her agony,
if—if my innocence could not be proved,
and—'

A could be derected to her with death of the misery—on him—and dragged the body—to
is side. But I was mistaken. That
black break in the path—the awful fall—
the misery—her agony,
if—if my innocence could not be proved,
and—'

ed her handkerchief over her face.

'You were right, Miles, to come to me, and I thank you with all my heart.

will tell Lord Roy.'

'Good-morning, Mrs. Brown,' said the magistrate, Sir Robert Carlyle. 'I wish to ask you a few questions. Sergeant, will tell Lord Roy.'

Alice took the pen, hesitated a momentative struggle, and Bruce Gardyne fell back, silent for evermore.

Sir Robert Instant the cold nue of death settled on his face, there was a momentative struggle, and Bruce Gardyne fell ment, then wrote her name, 'Margaret' Sir Robert lifted Lady Darrell from her She put out one of her slender hands, and the keeper took it within his own based based. Brown, does that belong to you? 'And you 'And you

at once as the one she had filled with der, 'cannot remember this man?'

where is Alice?' enquired the magistrate as a marble statue till the butler came.

Where is Alice?' enquired the magistrate next.

Where is Alice?' enquired the magistrate next.

Where is Alice?' enquired the magistrate next.

'Away from the body, through the bushes.'

'I know nothing of it. If only my brain would clear!'

That dagger before. Where was it found that a varied nothing. And now—

'We must look after you, my child,' said Lady Darrell gently, touched by the youthful pale face framed with its masses of dead-golden hair. 'Mrs. Grey must look after you, my child,' said Lady Darrell gently, touched by the youthful pale face framed with its masses of dead-golden hair. 'Mrs. Grey must look after you, my child,' said Lady Darrell gently, touched by the youthful pale face framed with its masses of dead-golden hair. 'Mrs. Grey must look after you, my child,' said Lady Darrell gently, touched by the youthful pale face framed with its masses of dead-golden hair. 'Mrs. Grey must look after you, my child,' said Lady Darrell gently, touched by the youthful pale face framed with its masses of dead-golden hair. 'Mrs. Grey must look after you, my child,' said Lady Darrell, and yet it had availed nothing. And now—

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'We must look after you, my child,' said Lady Darrell, and yet it had availed nothing. And now—

'We must look after you, my child,' said

know all. Hear me now, though I may lost the walls, of the grandeur of the house, never prove it. I know, I feel, I swear I ignorant of all that the moment had come The mother and son stood together. when she must act.

She was led into a large apartment; as the pallid lips. when she must act.

'Yes,' she said, faintly, yet clearly, 'Who is it?'

But since when has this marriage ed dead body—I swore to—be revenged. It came—last night—I have waited so 'We were married this morning, at long. Fate seemed to help me-they

She moved to the bell and rangit, then stood with her hands locked together as silent as a marble statue till the butler 'Where is Alice?' enquired the magistation and the following of the following is alarm.

The farmer had risen, and was saring at the proceedings in alarm.

I can remember nothing. I never saw that dagger before. Where was it found?' she could to help Roy Darrell, and yet it

Alice took no notice. She moved for 'Your life is saved,' he said gently give you some refreshments. You are

As the butler entered, Lady Darrell in brief quiet words told of the discovery of Captain River's dead body, and the supposed murder, then as the old servant ways called Alice.

Alice took no notice. She moved for 'Your life is saved,' he said gently divit—'

'Utu—'

'But dishonor remains,' added Lord Roy bitterly. 'Yes; I see. I know now what you mean'.

Rive took no notice. She moved for 'Utu—'

'But dishonor remains,' added Lord Roy bitterly. 'Yes; I see. I know now what you mean'.

'Who is it?'
'Why?' a voice clear and hard rang
'Lord Roy Darrell; and—and my husthrough the room—'why did you kill

is blood about; but though I searched everywhere, I found no weapon—only a basket containing broken eggs, which must have been dropped by some market man or woman in their freight, and—and this.'

Lady Darrell looked up. Her eyes, distraught with anguish, fell on a silver cigar case with elaborate initials and crest engraved on it.

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Lady Darrell; and—and my husband.'

The clear tones rang through the room—'why did you kill him?'

It was Valerie Ross who spoke, but all were listening to the confession, and forgot their surprise that she questioned him.

The man shot a glance on her.

'Another,' he whispered; 'poor soul! I killed him because I hated him—because of the side my wife. On her harden what him?'

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Ladies Fine Kid Boots.

Ladies Fine Kid Boots.

Ladies Fine Kid Boots.

Ladies Boots in Calf, Buff,

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Roy met his glance full.

'It is quite true,' he said. 'Another,' he whispered; 'poor soul! I killed him because I hated him—because

No. 1 make and quality.

A Fine lot of Boy's Girl's and children'

were quarrelling;' his voice sank.

lordship; it must have fallen from Captain River's pocket as he sank down to the ground.'

There, Martha—that'ull do.'

There was a moment's silence.

'What have you—you done?' whispered Lady Darrell, still standing motionless.

I have carried the body to my hut—you know I live quite alone my Iady—and I came to you to know what! and better do next.'

There was a moment's silence.

'There, Martha—that'ull do.'

'No, it wou't. I mean to make her tell me all. Where were you last night and wiped his brow, then he waved the policemen away. The other gentlemen He dying man's head and moistened his lips with brandy. He struggled and went on:

'Sir Robert took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow, then he waved the policemen away. The other gentlemen He dying man's head and moistened his lips with brandy. He struggled and went on:

'Sir Robert was writing rapidly; one of the gentlemen Lifted up the dying man's head and moistened his lips with brandy. He struggled and went on:

'Sir Robert took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow, then he waved the policemen away. The other gentlemen He dying man's head and moistened his lips with brandy. He struggled and went on:

'Yhe dark I listened—I stole after the derent head and moistened his lips with brandy. He struggled and went on:

'What made you do this?' he asked, much agitated, 'Don't you see you condemn yourself?'

'Then I'll make you!' cried Mrs. Brown furiously, taking up a farmer's all did it for my mother's sake,' replied his side.

Sir Robert was writing rapidly; one of the gentlemen lifted up the dying man's head and moistened his lips with brandy. He struggled and went on:

'In the dark I listened—I stole after the meal. What make you do this?' he asked, much agitated, 'Don't you see you condemn was and dragged the body—to him—and dragge

J. H. TABOR,

She put out one of her stender hands, and the keeper took it within his own brown hard ones with reverence and brown took it, and recognised it Mrs. Brown took it, and recognised it Robert, touching Lord Roy on the should place for you, nor for Miss Ross. Come.'

When the conduct you away; this is no place for you, nor for Miss Ross. Come.'

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When the conduct you away; this is no place for you, nor for Miss Ross. Come.'

When the conduct you away; this is no place for you, nor for Miss Ross. Come.' Valerie moved out of the room alone,

awe.

'We must act now, not think,' went on Lady Darrell hurriedly. 'Yes, the police oust come, nothing can be done till then. Go, miles, at once. Send Chelmick to me. I must break the news to the household. What have you done with the basket you found.'

'It is at my cottage, my lady.'

'Good, leave it there. Wait an instant; I will write a note.'

She moved to the bell and rang it, then stood with her hands locked together as at the proceedings in alarm.

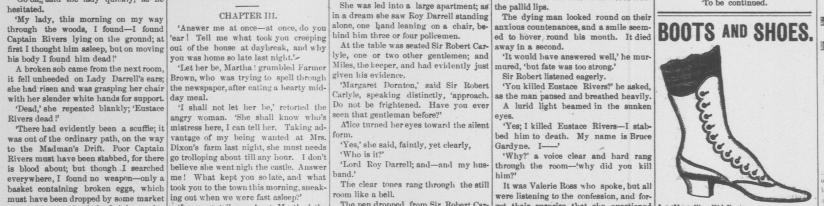
at once as the one she had filled with eggs the night before.

'Yes, your honor,' she said with and the policemen, and with an other courtesy. 'It is mine, but,' glancing around rather fearfully at the policemen, around rather fearfully at

'Lord Roy said something about new harness for your ponies,' observed Miss Ross, pouring some chocolate into a priceless china cup.

'Ah,' smiled Lady Darrell, 'then I see 'A

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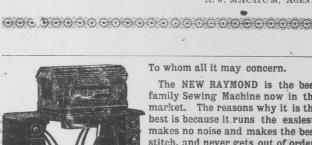
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