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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Lost Man.

"One moment," said Faradeane, with a kind of gasp. "Give me one moment. Is she in danger, do you say?"

"You must move on, sir; you cannot be permitted to talk," said the sergeant.

Faradeane sighed and inclined his head, and was passing on, when Mr. McAndrew, who had never taken his eyes from his face, said:

"If Mr. Faradeane desires it, I can give him all the news; but I can only see him at his desire now."

"Yes, yes!" said Faradeane, quickly and anxiously, looking back over his shoulder. "Come at once, please."

The crowd closed up after him, and the shouting and cheering and groaning announced the departure of the fly.

Bartley Bradstone stood in the corridor biting his lip, and looking after the prisoner in a dull, vacant fashion, and had quite forgotten Mr. McAndrew until that gentleman's voice sounded at his elbow.

"Carrying it with a high hand, isn't he, Mr. Bradstone?"

Bartley Bradstone started.

"Eh? Y—es, yes! You think that—that there isn't any chance for him? You think he's guilty still?"

The detective looked at him with a sudden and utterly expressionless stare.

"I never give an opinion myself, sir," he said. "Never. It's unprofessional. But I think the jury, when he goes for trial, will think him guilty."

A strange expression, it almost seemed like relief, shot across Bartley Bradstone's face, but it was gone in an instant, and, with a shake of his head, he said:

"They'll be a parcel of fools, then. He's no more guilty than I am."

"Just so, sir," remarked Mr. McAndrew. "But it's strange he doesn't say so, isn't it? And Mrs. Bradstone is still in danger, sir?" he broke off, respectfully.

"Yes, yes," assented Bartley Bradstone, with a heavy sigh and an anxious, troubled look, and he moved down the corridor to the door where a closed carriage and pair stood waiting for him. "Oh, stop!" he said, with his

hand on the door and looking back at the detective. "I—I forgot. Mr. Vanley asked me to say that if there was anything that could be done for the prisoner, he should like to do it. I suppose there will be lawyers and—a counsel. Just see to it, will you?"

Mr. McAndrew regarded him with the same stolid stare.

"I'm afraid I can't interfere, sir," he said, thoughtfully. "You see, I'm for the prosecution; at least, I'm for the truth!"

Bartley Bradstone shot a glance at him; but the man's face was so wooden that it robbed the words of any significance.

"But I'll put Mr. Faradeane in the way he should go—I can do that without going beyond my duty, though whether he'll pay any attention to my advice is quite another thing."

Bartley Bradstone got into the carriage, and, as the footman in the gorgeous Maples livery closed the door, Bradstone leaned forward.

"Anything discovered about the woman—what's her name?—Bella?" he asked.

Mr. McAndrew shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing of any consequence, sir," he replied.

Bartley Bradstone sank back out of sight, and, being out of sight, wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

Mr. McAndrew looked after the carriage for a moment or two, passing his hand over his mouth in the manner peculiar to him; then turned and made his way to the jail.

The governor of her Majesty's prison at Wainford was a certain Colonel Summerford; a gentleman, and a man of sound common sense. He had been governor for nearly twenty years, but during all that long experience he had never had so strange and puzzling an inmate as Harold Faradeane. Colonel Summerford knew the ordinary jail-bird by heart, and understood every song that bird could sing; but this man, charged with the murder of a woman in Hawkwood woods, scattered all the good colonel's experiential theories and ideas, like chaff before the wind. In the first place, the colonel saw that his "new man" was a gentleman; and, secondly, that he was no fool, as some gentlemen—too many, alas!—often are. He felt greatly interested in him, and did his best to make him as comfortable as a prisoner committed for trial on a capital offence can be made. He gave him the largest and airiest cell, and, in fact, treated him as a man who, though accused, has not yet been found guilty.

Mr. McAndrew arrived at the prison

about half an hour after Faradeane's return, and found the colonel walking up and down his office in deep thought.

"Good-morning, colonel," said the detective, putting his head in at the door and touching his hat with his forehead in farmer fashion.

"Ah! is that you, Mr. McAndrew? Come in," responded the governor. "You have just come from court, I suppose? You have got a more interesting case than country ones usually are, eh?"

"Yes," assented Mr. McAndrew; "it's rather interesting."

"Confound the man!" exclaimed the colonel. "I wish they hadn't brought him here, and he tugged at his mustache."

"Gives you a lot of trouble?"

"Not a bit. That's just it. Look here, McAndrew, I can't make him out."

"No, colonel?"

"No; and I'm an old hand at 'em too. I didn't think there could be a case that would puzzle me—I mean so far as the man goes. I'm used to reading them right off the reel; but this man Faradeane baffles me."

"Ah," commented the detective, thoughtfully; "doesn't behave like the usual run, then, colonel?"

"Not a bit," said the governor, testily. "Some of them are sullen, others are hysterical, and others again dogged and taciturn; while I've seen some half-mad. Now, this man just takes the whole thing as quietly as if there was nothing extraordinary in it. It's the evidence was not so black I should be ready to swear that he is innocent. It is black, isn't it?"

McAndrew nodded.

"About as black as it could be," he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"And you can make nothing of it—of him?" asked the colonel. "It isn't my way to be over curious about my prisoners," he added, half-apologetically; "but I will own to feeling a deep interest in this Mr. Faradeane."

McAndrew nodded.

"A good many other people do that," he said. "I do, for one. I don't know yet whether he's guilty or not; but I should like to know, if he is guilty, why he did it. By the way, colonel, I want to see him."

The governor pulled up short and frowned.

"Come, you know, McAndrew," he said, "you are engaged against him. I can scarcely give you admittance to him."

"You can trust me, colonel," said the detective, quietly. "If he told me straight out that he did it I shouldn't use the information against him. So far as that goes, he hasn't once denied it. But you can trust me, colonel. I shan't do your friend any harm by seeing him. Besides, it is at his request."

Strangely enough, the colonel, upright and honorable gentleman that he was, did not resent the prisoner being described as his friend, but rang the bell for a turnkey, and Mr. McAndrew was conducted to the prisoner's cell.

Some articles of furniture, a table, a chair, and writing materials had been provided by the kind-hearted colonel; and the bed, though plain, was not so uncomfortable as it might have been. Faradeane was sitting on it, with his head resting in his hands; but he rose as the key clicked in the lock and the turnkey opened the door—rose to receive his visitor with the courtesy he would have displayed if it had been his own parlor at The Dell.

Mr. McAndrew waited until the door had clanged upon the turnkey.

"I hope you are as comfortable as you can be under the circumstances, sir," he began.

"Yes, yes," said Faradeane, "thanks to Colonel Summerford; he has done everything, has been very kind. I am obliged to you for coming to me so soon," he went on, his voice sounding sad and anxious, yet strangely calm.

"I overheard your inquiry concerning Miss Vanley—I mean Mrs. Bradstone," he corrected himself with a slight catch in his voice, "and Mr. Bradstone's reply. Will you tell me what has happened? I have heard nothing since my arrest. Mrs. Bradstone fell at my feet—he paused a moment—

"but I hope that it was nothing more than a fainting fit caused by the shock. Is it true that she is dangerously ill?"

With all his effort to keep calm, his hand, which rested on the plain deal

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table, quivered, and Mr. McAndrew's keen eyes noted it.

"She is very ill and in danger," replied the detective, watching him, and yet apparently doing nothing of the kind.

Faradeane went to the barred window, and looked out upon the prison yard in silence for a moment.

"It is my fault," he said, huskily.

"When they told me that they would take me to the Grange on my arrest I thought they would do so quietly, that she should not know—it is all my fault. Miss Vanley is a close and very dear friend of mine," he added, as if to explain the emotion he suppressed with difficulty.

"I understand," said McAndrew, slowly. "It was the shock of seeing you in trouble and the story of the murder coming on the excitement of the wedding. You see, she wasn't to know that you were innocent," he added, easily and smoothly.

"No; she believed it, she believed it," said Faradeane, unwarily, with a deep sigh.

The detective's eyes twinkled, but only for a second.

"You see, things looked black against you. She wasn't to know—no one was to know—that it would all come right at the trial."

Faradeane turned and looked at him gravely, and with quick self-possession.

"Why do you say that?" he asked, calmly.

Mr. McAndrew shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I suppose you'll explain everything then, sir?" he said. "What surprises me and everybody else is that you don't do it now. But I dare say you have your reasons."

"I have nothing to explain. I am almost tired of repeating it," said Faradeane, and he turned to the window with a weary gesture.

The detective watched him closely.

"Well, yes, you've said it often enough; but how much longer do you mean to stick to it?" and he leaned forward with sudden earnestness.

Faradeane remained silent.

"Look here, sir," continued Mr. McAndrew, quietly but impressively. "I've no business sitting here talking to you. I've got the case in hand, and it's my duty to prove you guilty, if you are guilty. But I'm not so sure that you are. It's right out of the ordinary track, this business, and I come to you, knowing you to be a gentleman, and I say, 'Here's a hard-working man trying to earn his living honestly; will you help him? That sounds strange to you, I dare say, sir, but it's my fancy to lay all my cards on the table, and I'll tell you'—he spread his palms out as if they really held cards—"I tell you, sir, that I've got enough evidence already to—"

(To be Continued.)

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