

ools they happened  
at, thanks to these  
narrowest possible

the body-snatchers'  
defeated, mention of  
pry.

t very much better  
had felt for weeks.  
fter the pestilential  
do with it. The  
n, strictly between  
liquor to start with,  
ligger at Sandwich.  
me like a fighting-  
admiration. I think  
man and the body-  
ful in its novelty."

smugglers as long  
how long did you

a couple of days  
ffered to take me  
But some mixed-up  
countered the party  
made me determine  
hom they had seen.  
e word from anyone

the only one I was  
ld neither read nor  
el had returned to  
my rescue I found  
culty, so I got the  
p within a mile of

e did—in charge of

was nobody there.  
ates to rest, feeling  
understorm while I  
Then I went away,  
wood, and was taken

back to the lugger. The next morning they very kindly went and fetched some of my clothes from the 'Crown and Anchor,' where they had remained ever since the night when that infernal scoundrel raised the house on me."

"I should like to hear about that," said the lawyer, "for I could neither make head nor tail of the gossip that has reached me."

Gwynett detailed, in reply, the incidents of his commission from lady Melfort, the shots fired at Wray Cottage after the lawyer had left Muriel and himself together, the meeting with Dorrington, and the eventful night at the inn. The recital filled the lawyer with amazement and boundless indignation.

"I never heard of such a trick in all my born days," he fumed, after exhausting all the execrations in his vocabulary, "and I'd pay half my fortune to see the fellow swing for it. But go on."

"Unfortunately," proceeded Gwynett, "they brought me Dorrington's overcoat from the inn instead of my own cloak, misled by the fact of my having worn it that night. They could not tell me what had become of my cloak, which is a pity. The letter I was entrusted with must have been of some consequence, and it was stowed away in a little pocket of the cloak which I used for such purposes."

"Let that flea stick in the wall," remarked the lawyer philosophically. "It seems to me you may thank that letter for taking you to Deal, and getting you into all the trouble. What next about your smuggling friends?"

"They sailed for the Somme the following day, and the good fellows made me pocket ten pounds to start me in life across the water. Of course, I had been robbed in the course of justice of all the money I had had at the 'Crown and Anchor.' It appears that one of the brothers is now the landlord there, and he seemed to consider it a case for a little restitution."

"Had you any notion what to do or where to go?"

"Naturally, I thought in the first instance of going to my uncle, whom I could depend upon to accept my version of the story of the supposed murder. Knowing French better than Dutch, I preferred to reach Munich by way of France rather than by the Netherlands. I passed through Paris, walking most of the way, just after those deaths in the royal family. Things were a good deal upset there, and I had so narrow an escape of being recognised one night by M. de Torcy, that I left at dawn the next morning."