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THE PANGS OF REMORSE
— OR —
A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

The door, though thick and strong, was a clumsy, ill-made one. There was a chink between its hinge back and the lintel of an inch wide.

Through the crevice Jacques had a view of Antoine upon the floor and an uplifted arm behind the door. He uttered a loud cry, dropped the bottles, and tried to pull the door to again, but Clarence darted round and confronted him as he leveled a revolver. "Stand back!" he cried, in guttural, provincial French; "or I fire!"

"Fire away," said Clarence, and suddenly bending down he butted the man in the stomach, caught him by the legs and threw him to the ground; then, before he could recover himself farther than to allow of a volley of fearful oaths, up went the poker and down it came upon the heavy skull.

"There!" exclaimed the late prisoner. "Better to break your head, my fellow, than play billet to your bullet!" Then, thinking that he had better have the revolver, he picked it up, thrust it into the breast of his coat, hurried to the bedroom, snatched at a small parcel he had made up, and, casting a farewell look around his late prison, ran lightly down the stairs.

It was dark outside and a wet night. All the better for a chance of his escape. The more miserable the night the fewer the people to notice or arrest him.

Instantly making up his mind to take the road in continuance of that by which he was brought, judging that they would at once conclude he would try and return in the direction whence he had been smuggled, he set off at first very leisurely, then at a rapid pace.

The narrow streets were soon left behind and he entered upon a long row of shops. Then he paused.

He knew that the blows he had so liberally bestowed, though heavy ones, would not keep Jacques and Antoine quiet for very long, and that, well versed in the locality, they stood a very good chance of recovering him

unless he could match their knowledge by a little strategy. To this end he strolled in a hair-dresser's shop and asked for some soap. While the man reached it this English gentleman stole a false pair of whiskers from a case at his elbow and left half a sovereign in their place.

It was a desperate move, but circumstances did not admit of any other kind. He could not buy them with the man's knowledge, for the purchase would be the very means of betraying him; so he bought them, and paid liberally for them on the sub rosa principle.

With the soap in his pocket and the whiskers under his coat, he exchanged the well-lighted street for the harbor, and then donned his false beard, pulled his cap well over his forehead, and lounged with admirable self-composure into a wine shop, that from its prevailing-odor-of-tar and its nautical sign of a dancing sailor, seemed to him like the place to obtain the information he wanted.

The innkeeper, a close-cropped Frenchman with one eye, drew him the wine and informed him a boat would start in two hours' time. Clarence Clifford tossed off the wine paid for it, lit a cigar and strolled out into the darkness.

For two hours he kept under the shadow of the bales and empty casks on the quay, and did not mingle with the passengers waiting for the boat until they had congregated in sufficient numbers to make a convenient crowd. Gliding into the midst of this, he went with it on board, and there snatched off his whiskers with a great sigh of relief, and was about to pitch them overboard but a sudden inspiration stopped his hand.

"No," he murmured, "they may be useful," and he put them in his pocket.

It was a miserable night, and there was every chance of a rough passage, and the greater part of the passengers had fled to the close and stifling cabin.

But Clarence Clifford threw up his arms to the wind and the rain with an ecstasy of delight and enjoyment that was almost cheaply purchased at the cost of his imprisonment.

"Oh, liberty!" he exclaimed, aloud. "I can realize now how precious thou art. Let me think of nothing but my freedom and escape, for a while, at least."

In his great delight he had almost shouted the words, and one of the boat's men, who was rolling past at the moment, pulled up short and looked round with a stare.

"I beg pardon," he said, gruffly, and in English; "but did your honor please to speak?"

"Eh!" said Clarence, turning round sharply, and with some surprise. "I did, my man, but unconsciously—talking to myself."

"And had a jolly bad listener," growled the man, strolling off. Clarence Clifford looked at him with some dim memory flitting through his brain. He fancied that he had heard the voice before.

He waited until the man passed him again, then touched him on the shoulder.

The man turned and put his finger to his tarpaulin hat. The gesture let to a flash of light upon Clarence's

memory, and, with a burst of joy, not unmixed with other emotions, he grasped the man's arm and exclaimed: "What! It is Will Stammers!"

The man uttered an ejaculation and started back. The next moment with a profound stare he jerked out, slowly:

"Hang me, if it isn't Master Clifford! Bless my soul! sir, how do you come here?"

Clarence Clifford shook hands with him, and with a laugh that was not altogether a merry one, said:

"Come, Will, I may ask you the same question, I think. How comes it that you have exchanged the stable yard at—at Rivershall for the deck of a Calais passage boat?"

"Well, you see, sir," he commenced—then pausing to remove his sou'-wester and scratch his head, true English groom fashion—"I couldn't stop down there at Rivershall awatching poor Mary die by inches. You remember little Marj, sir?"

"Ay!" said Clarence, stifling a sigh for other memories more his own.

"Well, we were engaged to be married, but the old doctor, Morecroft, said as she couldn't last, and—and I was very fond of her, Master Clifford—too fond of her to stop there watching of her fade away, so I run away."

His head dropped upon his breast, and his weather-beaten face was hidden for a minute or so, but suddenly he looked up, and in a husky voice said:

"But, maybe, you can tell me, sir, whether—whether she be dead or not?"

"I?" said Clarence.

"Ay. When might you have been at the Hall last?"

Clarence stepped back and looked at him by the light of the lantern, but made no reply.

Will Stammers waited a moment, then looked surprised.

"Beant' you been at the Hall, sir?" he asked.

"Will, have you forgotten the morning when you and Jake and Ned rode after the tutor, who had been dismissed the house?"

The man nodded and laughed.

"Of course I do, sir," he said; "and a rare good joke, abegging of your pardon, it all was. Think as the squire should go and forget himself as to strike a gentleman like you and the man of his daughter's heart."

Clarence Clifford's face turned livid, and he held up his hand to silence the man, but honest Will either did not see the gesture or did not understand it.

"Ah!" he ran on; "what a tantivy there was up at the Hall when they found as you was gone, sir. Miss Lillian, she fell to a-swooning and crying out, the squire he dashes about and starts a dozen of us after you, with 'Fetch him back, by the heels, if need be,' and ready to tear his hair out with vexation when we came back without you. But what am I thinking of, a-running on like this to you, sir, who knows it all better an' I do; but do tell me how they all be—Jack Drutt, confound his cantankerous skin; Mrs. Williams, and—"

"Merciful Heaven!" burst from the listener's lips, and stopped him.

"What—" he commenced.

But Clarence Clifford seized his arm with a grasp of iron and started him into silence.

"Man!" he exclaimed, desperately; "are you playing upon me, mocking me, or what?"

"Heaven forbid as I should presume to play upon my betters, Master Clifford!" replied the man, indignantly. "What ails ye?"

"Tell me, quick, plainly, without any beating about the bush," said Clarence

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"what do you mean? Sir Ralph sent for me!—Miss Lillian ill! For Heaven's sake! speak, man. Don't you see I am going mad while you stand gazing there?"

The wind rose, the rain pelted down and Will, the boatman, raised his voice and shouted:

"What do I mean! Why, bless the man, beant' you, the master of Rivershall and Miss Lillian's husband?"

Clarence Clifford staggered.

"It's your fault if you beant'!" continued the man, in his ear. "Weren't we sent after you because the young mistress was a-dying for you and Sir Ralph ready to marry her to you five minutes after we'd got you? Hadn't we to bring you back by the heels, if need be? What ails the man?"

(To be continued.)

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Detectives Here on Trail of Master Crook

DAPPER CRAWFORD BELIEVED TO BE SKATING ON THIN ICE.

Two special detectives reached town to-day, following rumors that Dapper Crawford, self-styled king of San Francisco's underworld, was here in hiding. They believe they are on the scent of this dangerous criminal, and that before many days the net will be thrown around him. Dapper Crawford is wanted for the alleged robbery of \$200,000 from the Inter-Commerce Trust Bank, of San Francisco.

The robbery was committed under unusual circumstances. As a decoy, a black satchel was thrown over a wall, and was found by a Miss Rose Lore, who, being in the throes of poverty, hid the satchel and several weeks later, dug it up. It revealed only a lot of worthless metal washers and scraps of paper. Miss Lore returned the satchel to Harrison Breen, the bank's vice-president, but her explanation involved her deeply, and was sent to the reformatory. The \$200,000 is missing, and is believed to be in the possession of Dapper Crawford.

The detectives hope to reach their quarry very soon, and if they succeed one of the most dangerous crooks in Christendom will be brought to book. Crawford is skating on thin ice, and when the detectives seize him, he will as it were have fallen through this dangerous ice.

"On Thin Ice" is the feature at the Majestic Theatre to-night when the patrons will see a great crook story with a smashing climax screened. Admission, twenty cents.

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Rose Most Ancient Cultivate Plant

J. Horace McParland, editor of the American Rose Society's Annual, says that away back in that marvelous country, ancient Greece, in Athens, about 2,600 years ago, before the Christian era, the rose was first called the Queen of Flowers and that it is the oldest cultivated plant. Rose—the name of this Queen of Flowers, has so impressed itself on the world's languages, this rose expert says that in 13 of them the word as we know it would be recognized by the same sound. The name brings, in 13 different languages, to the people speaking them, what Mr. McParland calls the "rose reaction." The languages in which the rose is always a Danish, Norwegian, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Russian, Latin, Swedish, Dutch and Bohemian. Of 497 roses originated in America since the days of George Washington barely one hundred are yet in commerce, and while 140 roses were introduced in all the world last year, but five were of American origin.

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