

Shearer," he says to himself between different fits of laughter, "a real good fellow. A true friend and gentleman. But he's just a little bit too fussy. He overdoes things and points the moral. Had he been less enthusiastic I might have been easily deceived. But, as plain as if he had boldly acknowledged it, he has shown me Edward Trethyn. Thanks, Shearer, thanks."

An hour afterwards Mr. Carlyle is closeted with Lawyer Jeffries.

"Is it really so?" that man of law is asking.

"As certain as anything can be," answers the detective. "He is acting as Shearer's assistant. Of course, he knows nothing of medicine, but the good old doctor manages that. At all events, there he is, and our course is becoming clearer."

Lawyer Jeffries is overcome with surprise and amazement, and does not know how to reply; but presently he suggests that Sir Charles Montgomery should be let into the secret. To this Mr. Detective Carlyle agrees, and asks the lawyer to name a day and time when he might meet Sir Charles.

"To-morrow," readily answers the lawyer, "say two o'clock. Sir Charles will come here. I'll answer for his attendance. And by to-morrow I shall have had time to think this matter over. But meanwhile, Mr. Carlyle——"

"Meanwhile," says that gentleman, "the young gentleman shall not be troubled or even allowed to guess that his secret is known."

"I have always trusted you, Mr. Carlyle," he says, magnanimously, "and in recommending you to the notice of Lady Trethyn I staked my professional reputation upon your sagacity. Well done, Carlyle! Go on, sir, go on. It'll not be very long before you get to the bottom of all this mystery."

It is very late and dark long before the detective gets home that night, justly satisfied with his day's work. He little thinks, however, of the fears he has awakened in Edward Trethyn's breast. In vain Dr. Shearer tries to allay them, and tells the troubled fugitive that his secret is as safe as if it were in the keeping of the dead. Edward Trethyn frets and fears.

In the dusk he wanders out and

through the park, brooding over the events of the day. Suddenly he is startled by the vision of a man approaching him, and who is already so near that flight would only excite suspicions. The moon has risen, too, and detection seems inevitable. He is appalled, and in his fear stands rooted to the spot. But who is the man? On he comes to within a few yards from where Edward is pinned, and just then the moonlight reveals the form and face of Stephen Grainger. The agent is coming home from the Manor, where he has been transacting business, and as he comes is brooding over and devising all manner of schemes for discovering the Black Brotherhood, and for bringing the members of it to justice, when suddenly he becomes aware of the figure of a man in the path before him not more than a few paces away. Stephen Grainger, trembling with fear, regards it with horror as he stands as rooted to the spot as the vision itself. He cannot move a limb, he cannot stir a hair, but, overpowered with nameless fear, can only stand and gaze at it. Doubtless it is his own guilty conscience that is plaguing him and throwing him into such abject terror, otherwise there is no palpable reason for it. The figure of a man, lonely met in the lonely park, with the pale moonlight playing fantastic tricks with its face, is scarcely the thing for such a man of nerve and iron as the agent to quail at. But is it a man? Has the figure substance, or is it some spectral shade of one who has been? One? Whom? Ah, that is the overpowering question, and the name which already forces itself upon the agent's heart agitates his soul and almost chills his blood. Is it Edward Trethyn's ghost? Yes (and as the agent mentally admits it the large beads of cold perspiration start to his brow), there can be no doubt about that. There he stands, life-like and unmistakable, intensely paler, of course, as a ghost should be, and with haggard look and sunken eyes, but every lineament and feature true to life.

"Stephen Grainger," it says, ghostly it appears to him, while he trembles from head to foot, "I want a word with you."

Is that the voice of the dead or living? Stephen Grainger cannot tell.