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A PAGE TORN OUT

(Continued from page 16.)

Bastable walked up the road, intend-Bastable walked up the road, intend-ing to meet Pansy. The murmur of the river running at his side, seem-ed to have assumed a new music. He was striding along when he heard his name called, and, looking round, saw the landlord of the inn beckoning to him. He turned, and the man came to meet him meet him.

Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Bastable, "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Bastable, sir," he said, "but there's two gen-tlemen here on a walking-tour that's come over the pass from Martledale on their way to Hildesbury. They don't want to be too late in there. Can you tell them that short cut over the fell, sir? You know it better than I do, for all I'm a native." "Yes, I can tell them," replied Bast-able.

able. He followed the landlord within the house, and in the entry came full upon one of the strangers, a red-faced, aggressive-looking man in a cheap knickerbocker suit and an imi-tation Homburg hat, who was smok-ing a rank cigar. At sight of Bast-able this person stopped and stared. Bastable, too, stared at him. And Bastable grew strangely quiet. "This gentleman can tell you sir," began the landlord. The red-faced man recovered him-self. He smiled disagreeably. "Ah!" he said. "Perhap the gen-tleman'll have a word with me out-side?" He followed the landlord within the

side?"

He almost shouldered Bastable away as he strolled out; but Bastable fol-lowed him quietly. They walked down the road together till the man

lowed him quietly. They Walked down the road together till the man stopped and faced him. "Ah!" he said. "So it's you, is it?" "That," replied Bastable, "seems an unnecessary question." "Oh, indeed!" said the other. "It does, does it? And I suppose it's necessary to ask what you may be do-ing here?" "It is certainly no business of yours," answered Bastable. "Isn't it, my lad! That we'll soon see," retorted the man. "I'm begin-ning to understand something. Mr. Landlord there told us of a swell who'd been stopping with the rich old farmer here for some time, and was cutting a big dash and making up to the only daughter. I suppose you ain't the swell, eh?" "Look here," said Bastable, in a low voice, "you have no right...." "Oh, then you are the swell, are you?" interrupted the other. "Very good. Then it's my duty to step across there and inform the good gen-tleman and his lady-and the daugh-ter...that they've got an ex-convict

tleman and his lady—and the daugh-ter—that they've got an ex-convict on the premises. That's all!" Bastable's breath came quick and his voice grew lower. "I know," he

Bastable's breath came quick and his voice grew lower. "I know," he said, "that you have always hated me because I reported conduct of yours which led you to be punished by your superior officers; but now——" "Yes, and now I'll have my knife into you for it!" retorted the other, savagely, turning away. "I know where pa-in-law lives—the landlord pointed the place out. I'll spoil your game, my lad."

BASTABLE let him go and stood ir-

B ASTABLE let him go and stood irresolute. He wandered a little way along the road by which he believed Pansy was to return, but again stopped, wondering what to do. This irresolution lasted for some minutes; then he suddenly clenched his fists and set off for the Abbey Farm. He let himself in by the garden door, which gave access to his own sitting room, and was crossing it when he saw that the door between it and the great kitchen was open, and that the detective was already there talking to the old farmer. "And having been concerned in the case myself, it's my duty to warn you who this man is," he was saying. "You can depend upon it, sir, he's marked you down—he's after what he can get. The landlord across there did tell me as how you've got a wonderful lot of old silver—priceless, he derful lot of old silver—priceless, he said—in the house; well, it's a mar-vel he hasn't pinched it, or some of it, already. Now it's no use your look-



RUBBER

HEEL