

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV. Out from the darkness and the bor-ror and the tumult of that accident Olive Varney emerged to a new life. In far-off Antwerp she had slood beside the dend, and had snatched from his hand, as it were, the haleful purpose that was thereafter to be the one ob-ject of her life. Sarcely losing a mo-ment, she had plunged into the pur-suit of this unknown girl; remember-ing her father and his wrongs only, she had been quick to feel that thers was no time to be lost. In fact it had all seemed to be one hog nightmare -the dca'h of ther father-the flerce letter she had written proclaiming her purpose-the hurried flight to Eng-land. And now, quile suddenly, her jour-

land. And now, quite suddenly, her journey was stopped. She had come for the second time face to face with Death; and had; by a miracle, stopped aside and let another die in her place. A woman less set upon a desperate errand might have hesitated; might have regarded this extraordinary escape as

woman less set upon a desperate el-rand might have hesitaled; might have regarded this extraordinary escape as a warning-teaching her not to go on. Olive Varney, however, regarded it merely as an instrument to assist her purpose; saw fn it only some better chance to carry out what she had in-tended from the first. There had been varied reasons in her mind for allowing the poor unknown governess to be taken for herself. In the first place, as has been said, in the shock of the time she had not cared to claim what the dead woman heid so strongly; and in the second place the sheer horror of being written off the world's list, as it were, like that had paralyzed her. In that still, silent figure, reverently covered and carried away, she had seen what might have been Olive Varney; almost she came to think that it was Olive Varney. She had got away as rapidly as possible in the darkness from the second the had got away as rapidly as possible, in the darkness, from the scene of the accident; she wanted above all things to think, and to decide what to do. She got down a bank, and into a field.

Al' the world seemed very still, after the uproar through which she had passed; she sat down and looked up at the clear sky and began, in her own strong, firm fashion, to shape out this thing that had happened to her, and its consequences. Keeping firm hold of the thought that she was Olive Varor the thought that she was only even that the was only even that she was only even that have, would be expecting that would happen if the blunder that had this woman who had threatened the been made by the doctor and the stat girl might appear at any moment; they been made by the doctor and the station-master were allowed to stand, and Olive Varney to be counted as dead. A sobering thought; but she was strong enough to face it, and to reason it out

quictly. Let it be remembered that at that time her life held the one purpose, and the one only. Although her father was dead, she was yet under his dominion; she felt that, even from the grave, he guided her and subdued her will to his own, as he had done in life. Her pur-pose was to discover in what way this accident could assist her.

"It was a bitter blunder to send that she thought to herself, as she may seem to be a mere vulgar threata thing of which I may be called to ac-count before I can do anything. How that night world of London. much better to have crept into her life in some fashion-wormed my way into her confidence, perhaps—and so have gained a power over her I don't hold now? Yes; I'd give much to recall that letler."

that she wanted money. in order to

carry out what her father had devised;

Th

traffic had been diverted to another line, and the train—a slow affair—was expected very shortly. She discovered that the station was not so far from London as she had imagined; she went out on to the platform, and looked about her. A flare or two along the line showed where the men were work-ing with the wreckage, and she shud-dered to think of what they might have found there had she not got out of the train when she did.

the train when she did. The train came in due course, and she took her place in it. So much had that thing she had resolved upon become a part of her life, that the ac-cident, the loss of her money, and the blunder which had been made, seemed to fade away as mere episodes; the

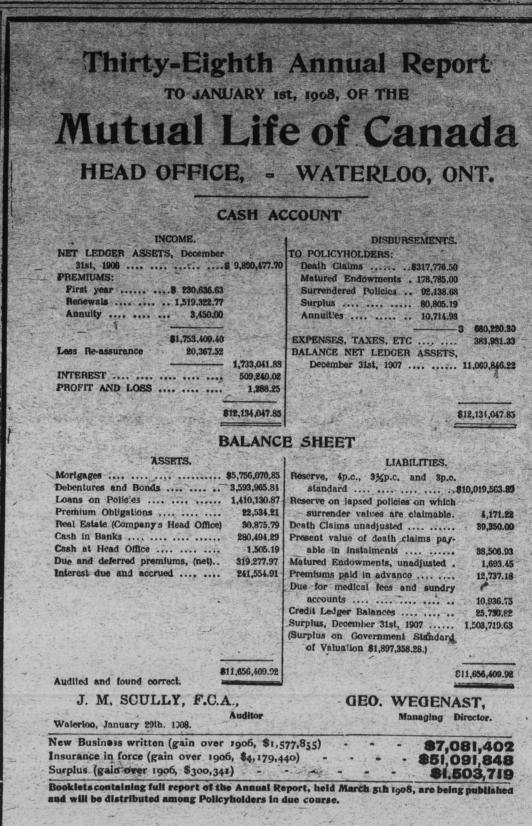
Eastern Express: Loss of Life." She groped for a coin and paid for the paper. Standing there under the light of a tamp she looked at the para-graph the man had indicated as he gave her the paper. She read the trief particulars of the train that had been cut in two owing to a mistake; she read the name of the one passenger who had been killed. "Olive Varney!" She was dead. She saw for the first time that she had not really understood before. Here it was in print; here she

before. Here it was in print; here she was proclaimed to the world as donc with—cut out of life in a moment. She leaned against the wall and tried to realize the effect of that news upon others.

The only people in the world who cculd be interested in her and in the announcement of her death were those that had most cause to fear her. The Lucy Ewing, and any friends girl would read the announcement, as all the world must, that she was dead. Never having seen her, might they not, it she ever put in an appearance, re-fuse to believe that she was the real Olive Varney?

That was one side of the question; then there was her own. There was nc one she had ever known likely to appear on the scene, or to dcclare that the dead woman was not Olive Var-ney. Her father had known but few

thing narrowed itself down to this: that of vengeance has put into my hands a Olive Varney was expected at a certain new weapon against this girl."



me to be dead; I can creep into this girl's tife as an utter stranger, hiding the knowledge I have of her in my cwn heart, and doing what I like with her. That poor feeble creature who travelled with me will carry to the grave the name Lucy Ewing dreads; f have no name now, and may start again. It is as though I had been blotpeople during the later years of his again. It is as though 1 had been blot-life, and all of them abroad; that pos-ted out, and yet left alive to do my sibility might be dismissed at once. The father's bidding. I see it all; the God

sat in the darkness under the stars, in that lonely country place. "I show-ed my hand—gave the girl time to pre-pare for my coming, perhaps even to consult friends. More than that, it some anxious and careful consideration. Ino sudden discovery of tity. In other words, she must know that the blind world accepted this dead Obviously nothing was to be done hat night. She turned into the broad woman as Olive Varney and hid her away under the earth in that name; af-Remembering her s'ender purse she wandered a long way before finding, in a mean little street, a ter that her course was clear. Firm in that intention, she spent some of the place dignified by the title of "hotel"; here, in a sort of cubicle, she tried to little money she had to carry her back, at the end of a long and weary day, during which she had fought out the problem, to that little town near which the accident had occurred. Arriving there, she got a bed at a who came and went. She saw the cottage and visited the scene of the bright steel rails, fair and stratcht and

She wanted to be so certain of the

don. There, of course, a new difficulty presented itself. She had yet to get into the life of Lucy Ewing; and she was an utter stranger to her. In what capacity should she present herself to this girl she had never seen; in what was could she an unknown women was could she an unknown women to get away. "Don't be frightened." said Olive Var-"Welt, you see, my dear," said the old woman, reassured a little, "I want to go inside." "Why not do so, then? You have "Why not do so, then? You have "Welt, be had never seen; in what to go inside." way could she, an unknown woman, only to knock at the door creep into the girl's confidence. Olive Varney had held a certain power, if "I can'l do that," said the old wo-man, beginning to cry in a helpless way. "I'm afraid to do that-because I creep into the give a certain power, it way. "I'm afraid to do may only one of fear; this stranger, who once had been Olive Varney, held no. carry bad news. I've come here to find power at all. She had no thought of here. Name of Dayne," she went on here to done first: garrulously, "and I'm afraid to meet him. I shall never get up courage enough to look him in the face, poor

Gardens, with that half-frightened, half wistful expression on her face. At last Olive made up her mind to

speak to her. Waiting until it was dark, she suddenly approached her and mound of earth had appeared in the little quiet churchyard, and the poor unknown governess had been laid to rest. Then, sure of the fact that Oive Varney was done with, unless she should care, in some remole future, to resurrect herself, she returned to Lon-

surely

sieep, hearing all about her the sounds made by other sleepers almost within touch of her. And all night long great difficulty, of course, was through her brain seemed to sing the song that Olive Varney was dead and that someone must take her place. Who beyond that she had no thought for was that someone to be?

the future. And all the money that was here was in the bag held by the She woke in the morning with that question still unanswered; she carried it with her into the streets. She pos-sessed in her own eyes and in her own dead woman; save for a few shillings in a worn purse in her pocket, she had nothing. Of course, the simple and di-rect plan would have been to go to the thoughts a new dignity, and yet a new terror. For she was dead, and yet alive: authorities, explain what had happened, and prove her identity; but she was not engaged on a simple or direct busi-ness. More than that, she was still she might be passing someone in the street—any one of these bright, pretty street—any one of these bright, prety-girls hurrying to work—who might be Lucy Ewing, with every reason to fear her, and yet with a heart at rest be-cause Olive Varney was dead. That thought gave her strength; that thought set her upon the way she had not quite groping in her mind for some way in which this accident should help her; and as yet she had not found it.

Then, all in a moment, the latent honesty of the woman came to rescue, and showed her, or seemed to show her, what to do. She had writdiscovered yet.

She never swerved for a moment in ten to this girl, whose very name was hateful to her, saying that she would her purpose—and she began to see in this supposed death an advantage. Lucy Ewing would believe her dead-would be lulled into a false security London that day, and implying that she would very soon make her presence known; in that threat, at least, There would be nothing more to Without a moment's the threat sent in that unfortunate let she would not fail. hesitation, she returned to the station, ler would be a thing to be jeered feeling pretty certain that after the re-But cent confusion no one would remember if someone else took up the burden; having seen her there, and careless as someone else took the place of the dead fore them. to whither she were recognized or not. Olive Varney, and stepped in and work-She would get to London if possible; cd out the scheme of vengeance in spite afterwards to decide in of that interposing hand of Death enough what way she should set right the mis-take that had been made as to the "I think

identity of the dead woman. The line had not been cleared, but through the streets.

bright steel rails, fair and straight and smooth again, as though no tragedy had ever happened there. Making en-quiries, she found out where the inquest on the luckless woman was to be held, and actually had the daring bright look, and bow that erect little to attend it.

It was a mere formal business; and a jury who received their strict instruc-tions from the coroner went to view the body. Evidence was given which showed that this lady had been travelling, apparently alone; that in death she held in her grasp a bag, the con-

lents of which clearly established her identify. No papers, and but little money were discovered on the body it. self; but in the bag was a sum of ever two hundred pounds. No one had she never ceased to beat her brains to come forward to identify the body, and find some opportunity for getting into the unfortunate passenger had appar-Their duty was clear ently no friends. enough: they had merely to declare the that someone else was watching it als cause of death, and to say who the dead lady was, according to the evidence be this other person; and then

All a very solemn business, with one looking old woman with a gentle face white-faced woman watching at the A frightened old woman, who scurried back of the little Court and waiting away at once if anyone came to the

for the verdict. And a curious feeling door, either going in or not; a sad old stirred in her breast when she was woman, who shook her head, and "I think I see more clearly the way at last," she thought, as she went on through the streets. "They'll believe with. sclemnly pronounced as dead and done sighed, and seemed perplexed.

She found her way to Chelsea, and to Greenways' Gardens; she watched the

boy." "What is your name?" asked Olive, looking steadily into the wavering eyes beneath her own. "They call me Aunt Phipps," said

at last she saw the bright, neat figure of a young girl come out. There could of a young girl come out. There could be no mistake as to whom she was; grimly enough. Olive Varney, swore to head in shame, in the time to come-

if only she could find the way.

She ate but little; the few remaining ccins must be husbanded, until at least she knew what she was to do. She remembered that she stood—a stranger without a name—in the great world of London, of which she knew nothing;

she remembered that she had a purpose to fulfil, and must keep herself alive at least until it was accomplished. But she never ceased to watch the house; find some opportunity for getting into it. And, watching the house herself became aware at last, in a dull way the house herself, It was some time before she noticed that it was a little thin, laded, frail

more than a hundred years old, but I hadn't thought of it as a paying

business."

He="Woman is a delusion." Sa sighed, and seemed perplexed. But "Yes, man is always hugging some se-always she watched No. 3 Greenways' lusion or other!"

the little old woman, with a smile. "Come with me," said Olive, quickly.

"I think I can help you; I think I can show you a way. For I want to get

into that house myself-and I'm afraid,

(To be Conlinued.

terest from the weekly paper, and mak-ing frequent exclamations of surprise

cried. "Here's a man who makes a tusiness of taking new tables and chairs and treating them in some way so they look as if they were a hundred years

NOT A FINANCIAL SUCCESS. Mrs. Munro was reading items of in-

bleasure or dismay. Why. Edward, listen to this!" she Why.

too.

old. "And he makes a great deal of mon-ey by if," she added, reading on. "Does he indeed?" said Mr. Munro. "Well, I'd trust our Tommy to make a new table look as if it were a good