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**THE PANGS OF REMORSE
—OR—
A COMPLICATED TANGLE.**

CHAPTER V.

"Not very well," replied Miss Lucas, "but happy, it is to be presumed, for a bride-elect should be happy."
"A bride!" He breathed harder than ever. "Whose bride, madam?"
"Mr. Desant's," replied Miss Lucas. "He proposed for her before you were turned from the house. He is at the Hall every day, and I believe the lawyers are at work upon the marriage settlement."
She rose as she spoke, and looking keenly at the dreadful effect of her words held out her hand.
"Good-by, Mr. Clifford, I dare not stay longer. You have not asked how I found you. I saw you in the city and followed you here. It was too late to speak to you then—it is almost too late now, but I do not regret my trouble or the lateness of the hour if I have been of service to you."
He took her hand in his cold one and grasped it, staring at her vacant face.

looking man in black stopped and stared at the office.
"Number two," he muttered, scratching his chin with a black glove two large for him and too seedy for anyone but a lawyer. "This is the house, but all gone, of course. Might have guessed that. Stupid nonsense to come down at all, but instructions said immediate, whatever the hour, and here I am. Hello! shutters up, but gas is burning. Some young scamp left it; hope it'll burn down; them who leave their property to errand boys carelessness ought to suffer. Ahem! here's the door open. Somebody there."
He walked up and peered in, very much as the raven peers into the dog kennel in the popular picture.
"No one here. Ah, policeman's the best thing for this job. Better see though if the place really is empty," and he knocked.

"Good-by," she said again, thinking with fine contempt that the weak idiot had gone out of his mind. And he warned. Shun Rivershall as you would the plague, Rivershall, to you spells the felon's dock and the felon's shame!"
She had gone, and he looked vacantly round. The room swam round him. There were twenty gaslights—twenty dingy office stools.
"Theft! Steal her ring like a footpad. And she believe it! Oh, Heaven, how hard the world is! How hard she is! Theft, a felon's shame! Oh, cruel, cruel!"

No answer came, and peering a little more closely, he emitted a warning cough and entered.
Having passed the inner door the logic of the affair met him point-blank. There was some one there and that some one was lying—drunk—in close amity with the office stool upon the floor.
"Scandalous!" said the visitor, and he stooped down and shook the limp figure with true legal energy. "Come, young fellow, ain't you ashamed of yourself? Come, come, get up; don't lie there like a pig. You've broken the stool, and the governor'll break your head for a certainty. Here's the fire down, too. Come, young sir, come."

He rose to go, but the mind falls sometimes like the body. The room seemed closing in around him. He put out his hands to keep the walls away, and with a groan of misery he fell all of a heap, with the fallen stool on top of him and a file, shaken from its place by his fall, lying across his chest.
He might have been there either until Mr. Walker came in the morning or until the fit left him, but one of those chances which seem to be ever floating about the atmosphere of circumstances to fill up gaps in non-fitting events happened to save him.
Miss Lucas had closed the door insecurely, the wind blew it open at the very moment a short, business-like

But the "young sir" remaining obstinately nerveless and vertical, the lawyer suddenly conceived the idea that he might be mistaken, and that the "pig" might be dead.
"Mercy upon us!" he gasped, falling back aghast. "Here—help! help!" and, crying loudly, he bent down and hoisted the limp figure onto his knees. Not dead, for the eyes opened.
The lawyer seized the water bottle and discharged the contents full in the face, haggard face.
A deep, long breath and the man came to, but only to a sharper pain, that of grief.
He crossed his hands, and as if unconscious of any presence besides that of his own sorrow, groaned aloud.
"What's the matter, sir?" asked the little lawyer; "ill—faint—oh!—what is it?"
"Theft! theft!" moaned Clarence, and the lawyer let him down and ran to the iron safe.
"No, that's locked, so's the desk. What on earth does the man mean?"
By the time this inquiry was uttered Clarence Clifford had come to. With a deep sigh he passed his hand over his drenched forehead and breast and said, faintly:
"I am very sorry, sir; you have had a great deal of trouble. A faintness, sudden and very dreadful, seized me, but—but I am better. What—what may your business be?"
"Humph!" grunted the lawyer, "I wanted Mr. Clarence Clifford."
The young man stared and seated himself wearily without replying.
"Clarence Clifford, No. 2 Little Broadway; in the employ of Jeremiah Walker, broker and merchant."
"What do you want with him?" asked the young man, eyeing the visitor with grave, suspicious eyes.
"Well, that's mine and Mr. Clarence Clifford's business," retorted the little man, wagging his head.
"Who and what are you?" was the next query.

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"I am a lawyer, junior partner of Fibbs & Cracknell," was the reply, "though what that is to you—unless you—" He stopped. "Are you Mr. Clarence Clifford?"
"I am," said he, drawing himself up to his full height and looking down on him with stern dignity. "I am he, and I surrender. You may bring your men in quietly; innocent men, sir, trust to something higher than human force."
The little man started and actually grasped.
"Bring—men—human force—surrender! Heaven, the poor, young fellow's mad! What are you driving at? I'm Cracknell—Fibbs & Cracknell—not a sheriff's office. I want Mr. Clarence on important business, not a runaway tenatic."
Clarence stared and pointed to the chair.
"I am Clarence Clifford," he said. "I beg you will be quick, sir. I am ill and faint."
Even as he spoke he staggered.
Mr. Cracknell darted at him and caught his hand.
"For Heaven's sake! don't go off again, my dear sir, till you've heard. Don't, don't—I beg of you as a favor. Most important business. If you're Mr. Clarence Clifford, and you must be, you know, you are the heir to five thousand a year!"



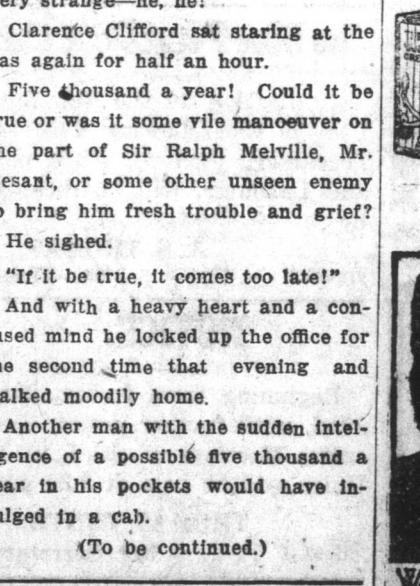
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CHAPTER VI.
Clarence Clifford stared at the queer little figure with genuine bewilderment. Then a smile, sad and scornful, broke over his face, and he said, turning to the desk:
"There must be some mistake, sir. Five thousand a year? Impossible!"
"Nothing's impossible," retorted Mr. Cracknell. "If you are Mr. Clarence Clifford, and this is No. 2 Little Broadway, then you're the gentleman I was sent to communicate with. If it goes so much against the grain to hear that you're heir to a fine income that you can't even believe it, better communicate with Fibbs—Mr. Fibbs, Snarley Yard, Lincoln's Inn."
Mr. Clifford, whose strong fund of common sense and calm composure had returned to him, bowed.
"I will, sir," he said. "What time is the office open and Mr. Fibbs visible?"
"Ten o'clock," replied the lawyer, "and I'll wager, sir, that you're there to the minute! And with a chuckle he put on his glove and made for the door.
The young man detained him by a slight touch.
"Can you tell—"
He had commenced, but Mr. Cracknell broke in and stopped him.
"Can't tell you anything," he said, shrilly. "Said too much as it is, I expect. Better call at ten, Snarley Yard, Lincoln's Inn. I am your humble servant, sir; good-night."
And he toddled off, chuckling audibly, and muttering:
"Rum affair; strange young man—very strange—ho, ho!"
Clarence Clifford sat staring at the gas again for half an hour.
Five thousand a year! Could it be true or was it some vile manoeuvre on the part of Sir Ralph Melville, Mr. Desant, or some other unseen enemy to bring him fresh trouble and grief? He sighed.
"If it be true, it comes too late!"
And with a heavy heart and a confused mind he looked up the office for the second time that evening and walked moodily home.
Another man with the sudden intelligence of a possible five thousand a year in his pockets would have indulged in a cab.
(To be continued.)

Eight Chinamen Under Arrest
POLICE MADE RAID ON PREMISES—ORIENTALS CHARGED WITH HAVING OPIUM IN POSSESSION.
Charged with having opium in their possession unlawfully, eight Orientals, all residents of Halifax, were taken into custody early yesterday morning as the result of a raid made by the police on the premises of Wong Quin, corner Granville and Salter Sts. Suspectious of the strange gatherings which take place in the residence during the early hours of the morning a squad of police consisting of Officers Kellock, Collins, Walsh, Horne, Burgess and McLeish visited the premises shortly after two o'clock yesterday morning. On their arrival it was found that the rooms were occupied by eight Orientals, all of whom were held while the building was searched. The police say their search disclosed a complete opium outfit, which included a large quantity of the dope. This was confiscated by the police, while the eight Chinamen, Chin Nay Hong, Lem Kee, Wong Fook, Wah Gong, Jim Lee, Sam Sing, Harry Sing and Charles Wing, were taken into custody charged with having the opium in their possession. They were taken to the Station and locked up for the remainder of the night, but were released on bail yesterday morning to appear in court this morning.
Wong Quin, the proprietor of the building, was not among those taken by the police, having been absent from the building at the time the arrests were made. Efforts will be made to locate him to-day and he too will be charged with having opium in his possession.—Halifax Chronicle, June 15.

RICHARD HUDNUT THREE FLOWERS WASHING CREAM
The Best Soap before applying Police Powder. Delicately scented with THREE FLOWERS ESSENCE.

THE STORYTELLER.
A million fiction fans were staggered when o'er the ocean wild and wide, there came the news that Riger Haggard had laid his trusty pen aside. It's to his everlasting glory, the great, sublime, refreshing fact, that when he wished to tell a story, he didn't try to write a tract. When to the book bazaar we swaggered, to buy some yarns for winter nights, we always knew the name of Haggard was trademark for some rattling fights. He'd lead us to the distant places where laws and statutes do not run, where savages with tattooed faces would ply the assegai and gun. Away from rooftrees, hills and girders, we'd journey with his caravans, indulge in countless cheerful murders, with good old Quartermen and Hans. He was no quibbling shirk or laggard when public taste demanded gore; and now he's gone, this Rider Haggard, he'll entertain the fans no more. The ever-changing styles in fiction have outlawed gorgeous yarns like "She;" and younger scribes, with fluent diction, dissect cheap souls in bitter glee. Now propagandists morbid genius often grovels in ugly slime and calls it Sex. And when we tire of all this twaddle, it's good to turn, on wintry nights, to Haggard's fiction, latest models, and read of good old honest fights.



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