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CHAPTER XXXII. THE ABDUCTION.

As Olive turned to re-enter the drawing-room, she saw Topsy cross the hall, with a duster in her hand. It seemed a peculiar time to begin dusting operations, and Olive stopped a moment.

"What are you going to do, Topsy?" she asked kindly. "Surely it's late for dusting!"

"Yes, Miss Olive," said Topsy cheerfully, "but it's the old oak. I set my heart on giving it a rub up, and I haven't had a minute to spare till now—so if you don't mind—"

"Why, of course not," said his mistress; and passed on her way.

It was wonderful what trouble Topsy took with that hall furniture; it seemed as if her very life depended on getting the polish on the chairs and tables. Presently there came a sharp knock at the door, and Topsy, with an amiability quite unusual to her, ran to the head of the stairs and called down to the footman:

"I'll go, James, if you like," then, without waiting, she ran to the door and opened it.

A man, seemingly in livery, stood outside. "Is Miss Seymour still up?" he asked.

"Yes," said Topsy; "do you want her?"

"Will you be good enough to give her a message from the Grange? Sir Edwin is taken ill. I was told to say that it was not serious, but Mr. Verner thought that Miss Seymour might like to come to him. Sir Edwin said particularly that he didn't want a fuss made."

Topsy looked aghast at the news. "Oh, dear!" she cried. "My poor master. Are you one of the new servants at the Grange?"

"Yes," said the man; "I only came yesterday. I've got a carriage waiting, so will you tell her to be as quick as she can."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Topsy. "I'll go and break the news to her at once. Oh, poor Miss Olive; if only she had gone with him! Will you come in and wait, while I tell her?"

"No," said the man, "I'll go back to the carriage. The horses are a bit fresh."

"Very well," said Topsy, in suppressed excitement, "and Miss Olive shall come to you just as soon as I can get her ready. Poor Sir Edwin—it is bad news!"

Then the warm-hearted girl saw him out, and closed the door carefully.

As the man had said, the horses were fresh; but they were not kept waiting long, for in a few minutes a dark figure slipped down the steps, and, as the man opened the carriage door for her, he heard a muffled sob.

Away went the horses at a sharp trot, and, on reaching the end of the park road, dashed across the heath.

At the crossroads, however, the carriage stopped for a moment, and two men, who had been standing there, advanced. One leaped on the box, beside the coachman, while the other opened the door and jumped in crying: "Drive like the wind!"

It was Morgan Verner's voice, and the figure in the corner started with a cry: "You—Morgan!"

"Yes, it is I," said Morgan, with a blustering air. "Don't cry out, Olive. It's no use—and, if you do, you are in my power."

The girl gave a low moan, and shuddered, and then faltered in a trembling voice: "What does it mean—I don't understand—"

Morgan laughed insolently, delighted at the success of old Griley's scheme—he had not thought to get off so easily. "I'm too clever to be taken in by your little tricks," he answered. "You meant to throw me over at the end—but I'm not to be done so easily. I meant to have you, and I've got you, my beauty—and, if you're a good girl, I'll marry you—if not—"

He paused significantly. A cry of indignation escaped his victim, and she shrank back into the corner, sobbing pitifully.

"Come, don't be afraid, Olive," said Morgan, more gently—like most cowards, reassured by signs of yielding. "I don't mean any harm, I swear. I've made all the arrangements. I've got a parson waiting for us, and everything will be done square and above board, if you only behave like a sensible girl."

Morgan put out his hand to the shrinking girl; but she rose with a cry of terror, and clung to the window strap.

"Oh, all right!" said Morgan hastily. "I won't come near you till you've seen the parson, if you don't want me."

The girl relapsed into her seat, and began to cry again. "Oh, don't be cut up so! I won't even speak to you," said Morgan; and, with an attempt at surly dignity, he threw himself back in the opposite corner and closed his eyes; while the horses, fresh and strong, tore along the road, leaving Bingleigh Hall and the Grange far behind.

Half an hour had barely elapsed since the departure of Morgan Verner and his victim, when a man in another carriage drove up to Bingleigh Hall. He descended quickly and asked the footman, who had once more returned to his duties at the door, to take a note to Miss Seymour. The visitor was heavily muffled, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, and James was naturally suspicious; nevertheless, he took the note into the drawing-room.

"The man is waiting outside, Miss Olive. He asked to see you."

"Surely he wants to see Sir Edwin—there must be some mistake," said Olive, as she opened the envelope.

In an instant, her face flushed and her hand closed over a small scrap of faded ribbon, which was all it contained.

"I will see him myself—show the gentleman in at once," she said. There was a ring in his mistress's voice which made James tremble, and he bade the visitor enter in the most respectful tones.

When the door had closed on the servant, Olive ran forward with outstretched hands. "Reuben!" she cried gladly, "you have come back to England at last! My father is away; but he, too, will be overjoyed to see you. Come, won't you sit down?"

Her voice had fallen just a little, for Reuben had scarcely advanced beyond the door; though, as the poor fellow gazed at her stercorally—as Olive thought—it was as much as he could do not to take her in his arms. Con-

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trolling himself, however, with an effort, he answered gravely: "Miss Seymour, I must apologize for troubling you, but I have a difficult task to perform. If you will trust me just once more—"

She regarded him steadily, and he met the clear, gray eyes with unflinching gaze.

"Yes," she said quietly. "I trust you—always."

"Thank you," he said, with suppressed emotion. "Believe me I would not come to you like this, were it not a matter of importance—it might have been life and death. I cannot do without your aid, completely; and yet I must beg you to act as I ask unquestioningly. Will you?"

"Need you ask?" she said, with almost the shudder of a reproach in her tones. "After what you have already done for me, there is nothing I would not do to show my trust in you."

"Thank you," he said again. "I will show you that your trust in me has not been misplaced. But now there is no time to lose. I have a carriage waiting outside; will you put on warm wraps and come with me?"

Without hesitation, Olive said, "Yes, Reuben," as though he had asked her to do the most ordinary thing in the world; but, as she passed him on her way to the door, Reuben could have knelt at her feet and kissed the ground she walked upon for that very faith of hers in him.

He bowed respectfully, as he opened the door for her, saying in a low tone: "Can you dress in ten minutes?"

"Five," she said promptly, and left Reuben to count the precious moments which stood between him and the execution of his plan for her preservation.

The five minutes had barely elapsed when she re-entered, dressed in a long, rough travelling coat and cap. She was pale, but resolute; and though her heart beat madly and she longed to ask a thousand questions, she remained calm and speechless as they passed through the hall to the carriage.

Reuben assisted her in with tender solicitude; and then, with a few words to the driver, who was none other than old Wynter himself, he sprang on the box and the horses dashed forward.

It is difficult to describe Olive's state of mind, as she sat alone in the carriage, which was bearing her away from him and all that she held dear; whither she knew not, nor when she would return. Trust, sublime faith in the man she termed her hero, unquestioning faith in him battled and conquered doubt and curiosity. She had promised to obey without a question, and she had kept her word.

Halfway to the Grange there was the sound of another carriage approaching from the opposite direction; it was that of Sir Edwin, returning to the Hall. Olive felt her conveyance pulled up sharply, and in another minute Reuben opened the door.

"Miss Seymour," he said gently, "I expect this is Sir Edwin returning from the Grange." He smiled slightly at her look of surprise at such knowledge on his part. "I am going to stop the carriage; I want you to persuade your father to accompany you on your journey. I assure you it is not far, but I don't want him to be alarmed. Can you do this?"

"I think so," said Olive. "Do you still trust me?" he asked.

more for the sake of hearing her sweet voice than because he doubted her.

"You know I do," she said, then rose to descend from the carriage, just as the other one came up alongside.

To say that Sir Edwin was surprised at this sudden apparition of his daughter, whom he had believed to be safe in her own room, was to put it mildly; but it was overcome in his delight at recognizing Reuben. Like Olive herself, the old man accepted his statement and desire to help them without a question, and, accordingly, the Bingleigh carriage was sent on its way empty, with a message to the household, while Sir Edwin, having seated himself beside his daughter, was borne off into the darkness.

On and on went the carriage, till at length it drew up just beyond a wood. Reuben came to the door with a basket, from which he produced wine and sandwiches. With gentle courtesy, he insisted upon Olive and her father taking refreshment, though he refused to join them, but climbed to the box again, and the carriage whirled on at an even faster pace than heretofore.

Sir Edwin sipped the wine gratefully, then leaned back in his seat, and dozed. To Olive it seemed as if the past few months had slipped away, and they were once more in the Australian bush, with Reuben riding at their side.

On, on again they sped, through the solitary night, till, as the crimson morning dyed the east, she looked out through the humid windowpane, and saw what they were near a house on the outskirts of a town; in another moment the horses paused in their long course.

Reuben, who had jumped down from the box, gave a keen look at the house, then came toward Olive.

"We have been running a race—and we have won!" he said.

The house was an old-fashioned one; and on its front door was a brass plate inscribed, Reverend James Davis. The door was opened by that gentleman himself, who seemed to stand in great awe of Reuben.

"Come in," he said, in low tones. "You are in time."

Reuben turned to Sir Edwin and Olive, bidding them enter. The Reverend James Davis, with a bow, led the way down a narrow passage and opened a door.

"This is the room," he said, in a whisper, "and—and you will protect me, sir—will you not?"

"You are safe while you play me fair," was Reuben's reply.

With another bow, Mr. Davis left the room, and Reuben placed a chair for Olive near the couch, to which he silently motioned Sir Edwin.

Fuzzled, but silent, the father and daughter seated themselves; and Olive looked round her.

The room was a back parlor, divided from the front by folding doors. Reuben had at once gone over and tried, to see whether they were locked or not. Apparently he was waiting for some one; for he stood by them, alert and listening. In a few moments the sound of carriage wheels was heard outside the front door, and Reuben, with a sigh of satisfaction, tiptoed over to the other two, and whispered earnestly:

"Listen, but whatever you hear, don't utter a sound."

In another minute footsteps were heard coming down the passage and advancing into the front room. With his finger on his lip, Reuben glided into the passage, returning just a minute later, as a voice was heard in the next room.

"Well, Jim—here we are at last. Everything ready, I suppose? We've got the bird. Master Morgan, won't you introduce the bride?"

It was old Griley speaking, and both Sir Edwin and Olive listened eagerly.

(To be Continued)

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EARLY M

REVOLUTION IN FINLAND. STOCKHOLM, Jan. 28.

The long-threatened revolution in Finland has begun in the Eastern provinces, according to sparse reports reaching Haparanda. The Red Guard is reported to have occupied the railway station at Helsingfors.

Foreign Consuls have left the capital, and sharp fighting is reported around and in Viborg. The Red Guard is holding Rikimaki and other important junctions. Russian forces are aiding the Reds, and reinforcements are coming from Petrograd.

The Finnish Minister to Petrograd is holding the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates against Russian interference in Finnish affairs. He received the reply that Russia's Government, true to its principles, is in no way bound to support the proletariat in Finland in its battle against Finland Bourgeois.

The Bolsheviks further declared hell should be sent them. The forces of law and order helping the forces are powerless because the city is commanded by the guns of the Russian warships which are in the hands of the Bolshevik sailors. The commandant of the city summoned the city authorities including President Savinofund, and socialist leaders to his ship, and demanded that the Government Red Guard be immediately dismissed. He refused to level the city to the ground if the order was disobeyed.

Helsingfors replied that the order wouldn't be complied with. The Helsingfors Bolshevik organ Ivestia admits that the Red Guard has got out of hands of its creators. It reports that troops at various places are being controlled, and that they've been guilty of murdering and plundering.

The newspaper adds that anarchistic conditions are prevailing. The Finnish Government has sent all the news that have acknowledged Finland's independence a protest against Russian interference in Finnish affairs. Telegraph communications with Petrograd are broken.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—A Reuter despatch from Stockholm says, since 10 o'clock Sunday morning telegraphic communication between Stockholm and Petrograd has been interrupted, and that the station at Nydalen reported that Red Guards have cut the wires. Finland thus is isolated, says the correspondent. Complete anarchy prevails throughout the island. The misery of the population has been increased by the destruction of the Bolshevik government by reason of its principles to support the Finnish revolutionaries in their struggle against the Bourgeois.

Petrograd, Jan. 28.—Six hundred Red Guards with machine guns have been here for Viborg. They will reinforce the Finnish Red Guard in fighting which is going on there.

AMERICAN ARMY FOR FRANCE. WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.

We will have in France 600,000 cartridges this year, Secretary Baker to-day told the Senate Military Committee.

CALLS ON GERMAN PEOPLE TO REVOLT. LONDON, Jan. 28.

A despatch to the Exchange Telegraph Co. from Amsterdam, says the Deutsche Tages Zeitung openly calls on the German people to revolt against the present regime. "We," says this paper, "have a Judas in our midst. He appears in a coat and the mantle of Germany's savior. Who will save Germany from these traitors by the German people? It is now for the Germans to help yourself and God will help us." Although the Emperor is mentioned in the article, the expression "German hangman" is meant for the Kaiser, says the correspondent.

U. S. AIR FLEET. WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.

Senator Tillman, Chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, to-day introduced a bill to increase the number of aircraft.

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