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THEFT AND THE TRANSPORT OF THE PROPERTY

THE

on the useful formula, "Ask a police man," keeping a tight hold on Miss De borah's arm while she did so, got the old lady into a 'bus, and so made her Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success

If she had not been so anxious, Nora could have laughed at the grotesque-ness of the situation.

"You've not had my letter, ma'am?"
she asked.
"Letter, what letter?" said Miss Deborah. "I've had no letter; at least, I don't remember any. Did you write?"
"Yes," said Nora, almost in despair.
"I left Lonaway with Captain Marks." "Half-past five," replied Nora. "I think that is the time he said he would come," said Miss Deborah. "Did you get the money for the rents from Lonaway?" Nora asked after a Miss Deborah wrinkled her brow

he saved?" and thought for a moment. "Oh, yes. Captain Marks gave it me

a lump rose in ner throat. "On, was he saved?". "Captain Marks?" responded Miss Deborah vaguely. "Oh, yes, you mean the man who was picked up off Por-lash.—Whatever's the matter with the boy?"—for Nora turned aside and covered her face with her hands to hide the tears of relief and thanks-giving.—"Oh, I remember; you were with him. It was very foolish of you, you might have been drowned. We were very anxious about you. It was very foolish to go salling in a fog; but men are silly creatures, always so reckless and thoughtless. You must tell me all about it while we are hav-ing lunch."

afterwards." As she was speaking, there came a

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and Nora, instinctively falling into her old groove of guide and pro-tector, led Miss Deborah to one of the tea-places where, if Miss Deborah had Mr. Stripley entered in his usua

not been absorbed in turning over her book, she would have been surprised manner, his hat held in both hands, his head thrust forward, his huge book, she would have been surprised by Nora's appetite. By this time she had got to regard Nora's presence in mouth stretched in a deprecatory grin His eye darted from Miss Deborah's placid countenance to Nora, who was London as a matter of course, and asked no further questions. staring at him in natural surprise; and

like a sheep that has how how to could for low the lad who had crept into h heart, and whom he had such go or loving. As usual, he sout work. Cyril had not finish e plans, and Elliot went at them will will. As is always the case, on draft g them a second time he hit upon that is a second time he hit upon ng them a second time he hit upon urther improvements, and he stuck at hem until he considered they were it to submit to Mr. Trunion. Of course, he seized upon this ax-use for leaving the island; but he had o wait until the boat came. When it

that has lost

ALLAND TATIX IN A DUSY CE

rrived one morning he was surprise o see that it had a strange captain Eliot, all unsuspecting the terrible news he was to hear, trotted lightly down the rocks and hailed the skip-

"Good-morning," he said. "A differ-ent boat this time. The Happy Lucy is in dock, I suppose? Nothing wrong with Captain Marks, I trust." The man loked at him curiously, and and then said service.

and then said gravely-"Of course, you haven't heard, sir," he said. "Captain Marks has been very bad; but he's pulling round. It was a nasty shock, and it got upon his mind, as you might say. It's rather tryin' bein' run down, specially in a fog." Eliot, his face growing pale, stared

at the man. "Run down?" he said. "When? Not --the day he last sailed from Lona-

"The same, sir," said the man quiet-

Eliot put out his hand behind him "The lad-Cyril! He-he was pick-

old lady into a 'bus, and so made her way to the hotel. A room was procured for Nora. Miss Deborah had engaged a private sitting-room, and presently Nora went down to it. The old lady was seated at the table, with some pa-pers spread out before her. She look-ed up at Nora's entrance, and nodded obscully. ed up also?" The captain shook his head, and Elio sank on to the rock and covered his face with his hands.

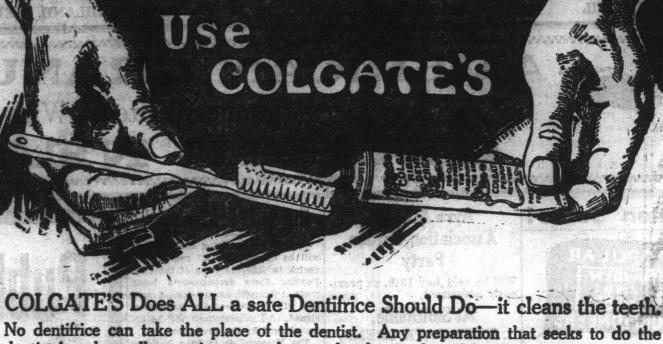
ALONE IN LONDON. "I am up in London on business." she said, "important business. What have you come up after me for? Is Moorcroft burned down? I shouldn't be at all surprised, Jacob's allowed important business.—Dear me! How pale and thin you look! You've been smoking! Now, don't deny it; I know and serve them right!" If she had not to the rock and covered source of the sender of the young gen to the sender friend of mine. I the business connected with a very old and dear friend of mine. I came up to see Sir Joseph Ferrand, but was a gentleman in his office who is acquainted with the business. He was very kind and considerate, and he has promised to come and see me and go into the matter, so that I might not have to go to that dreadful City contents. Yes, he was metric dreadful City contents. If she had not to the matter, so that I might not have to go to that dreadful City contents. Monor contents and and considerate the man's sight Transportant business. The base has not in the matter, so that I might not have to go to that dreadful City contents. If she had not the matter so that dreadful City contents and serve them right!"

and get the few particulars which the captain could give him. He tried to assure himself that Cyril had been pick ed up; but his heart was as heavy as lead, and he endured a sense of bereavement as keen as if he had lost his nearest and dearest relative.

He carried the sad tidings to the farm and the quarry, and he had hard work to keep from breaking down. He could not bear to hear Cyril's name on their lips, and he got his things to-gether, and, so to spear, fied from the island, where he had been so happy, but the memory of which would al-ways be associated in his mind with the loss of the boy whom he had grown

wreck, and eagerly and anxiously dis-cussed the possibility of Cyril's having been saved; but it was a negative kind of comfort, and Eliot, with a sad kind of comfort, and Ellot, with a sad heart, went on to Mr. Trunion's at Nelsworthy, intending to proceed thence to Miss Deborah's, on the chance of her having received some tidings of Cyril. Mr. Trunion had heard the news of the loss of the Hanpy Lucy and was inclined to he-Happy Lucy, and was inclined to be

ness. Now, about these plans, Mr. Gra-ham.—I shouldn't let this matter weigh upon me if I were you. He's sure to have been sighted by some passing vessel, and we shall get tidings of him



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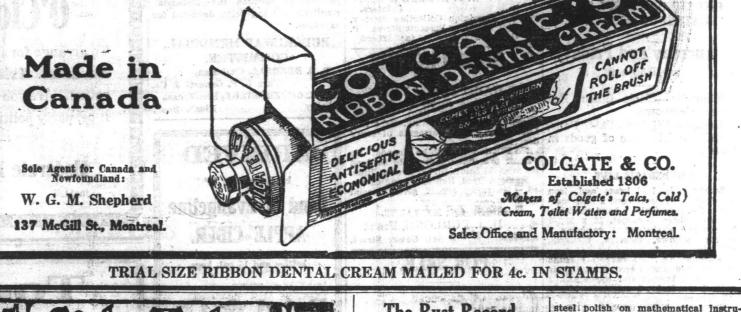
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REAL TRANS

to love so deeply. On reaching Porlash he at once went in search of Captain Marks, who, brok-en and weak over the story of the

lieve that Cyril had been saved. "It's no use your going to Moor-croft," he said. "Miss Railton is in London-has gone there on some busi-

P



Cut six-inch square pieces out of any

To 1 cup of shredded pineapple add

