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Montreal Q.

Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER XI.

The Story of Red Delilah.

(continued)

"Oh, the Government interfered when the truth leaked out. They were packed up and sent back to Rohilkund, and the people were so indignant there that the Prince died shortly afterwards. Popular indignation is fatal sometimes out there. The three rubies were not sent back, of course. They were never found. A big reward was offered—I think £2,000—and afterwards this was increased by the new Prince's people privately, and a promise given that no questions would be asked. I rather fancy, too, that some negotations were opened one or twice with some individuals, but I expect they were bogus. Those who got hold of the rubies knew how to keep them, or get rid of them safely, however, and it's little will ever be heard of them any more."

Dessie rose, thanked her friend, renewed her promise to send a copy of her new book as soon as it came out, and left. She crossed Parliament Street, went through the Horse Guards, and into St. James's Park. There, as soon as she found a retired seat, sat down to think.

The story she had heard would probably change the whole course of her life.

"Red Delilah" was the sister to whom the Count de Montalt had referred, and the girl's new and latest fear was that the story which he had told her yesterday was gathered in part at first hand; that he knew from personal contact with her sister—whose proper name was Daphne—some of the facts which he had included in the tale which he had told her.

Who was he?

Dessie had understood that there had been a secret lover in the background behind all the mad excesses of voluptuous sensuality into which her sister had plunged; but she had never known his name, nor heard a word describing him. Was this man, de Montalt, that lover?—that Adolphe Colimbert, whose name she had had spelt out to her?

If so, what would happen?

Dessie herself had up to that moment had no knowledge whatever of the circumstances under which this wretched Indian had come by his death. But what she did know filled her now with the gravest and ugliest suspicions. She remembered well enough how Daphne had come suddenly to the little sea village where she and her mother—who was then dying—had hidden themselves after her father's death, and while her sister was stil plunged in the sea of London vice. She had told Dessie that there had been great trouble; that she had abandoned the old life some months before; that she had been converted and had become a nurse. It was in a nurse's uniform that she had come, with most of her wonderful hair—a golden aureole of magnificent hair—cut short and the remainder dyed black. She had explained it by saying that she had cut it off as part of her self-imposed penance; and that she had regarded the loss of it as one of the outward signs that she and her past life were parted for all time.

But now as the girl's thoughts travelled back and she looked at the facts by the light of her present knowledge, and her greater experience of the world, everything wore a different aspect. It was only too probable that the nurse's uniform and the dyed hair were a part of a disguise, that the story of the conversation was a fable, and that the fear that this terrible crime might be discovered had frightened her sister to lay aside the old life and adopt a quiet and safe one.

It was true that she had never returned to it, and for years had lived a life which so far as Dessie herself knew and believed, had been good and right. But all this discovery had so distressed and indeed so dazed her that the girl, felt her faith in everything and everybody was shaken. A sense of unreality tinged every thought and felling; and as she sat in black despair gazing out at the sun lighted scene all round her, it seemed as though she had been living an artificial life and had only just been roused to know how painful and distressing was the reality.

But there were practical steps to be taken; pressing difficulties and dangers to be faced; and she sat herself to try and think them out.

The one awful and commanding terror was not for herself, but for her sister.

When her mother died she had extracted a promise that Dessie would do all that she could at any time to help the sister whom both believed to be repentant. Daphne was the elder of the two by some years; but Dessie had been her mother's prop and it was with the youngest girl that the mother had always associated the idea of strength. She had often thought the eldest might need the younger's help. It was for the dead mother's sake, therefore, as much as from the promptings of her own heart, that Dessie had kept in touch with her sister, through the address of the Safe Company. All this was vivid in her memory now, as she sat appalled by the thought of her sister's danger.

One thing was clear. She could see it as plainly as one looking across a calm sea toward the sun can see the path of reflection.

Daphne must be saved whatever the price.

What would that price be? As she asked herself the question, she shuddered as she thought of the man who was to fix it: "Secrecy for secrecy," he had said. Was it possible to pass through life dependent on that terrible man's silence?—watching the nod of his head and the beck of his finger, and only speaking and moving in accordance with his permission? She was to sacrifice her friend, the woman who had risked life itself for her sake; to see her wedded to a man whom she knew to be a murderer and believed to be infinitely worse than many a murderer.

It could not be. There must be some way of escape from that degrading slavery; and she must find it. She jumped to her feet as if the mere act of resolution had given her energy; and at the same instant a suggestion occurred to her, and she was surprised and irritated that she had not thought of it before.

She must go and see her sister and find out the truth for herself at first hand. Before she even saw her lover, and before she had to exchange another word with the man who thus threatened her, she would see Daphne.

No sooner had the idea suggested itself than she set to work to carry it out, and started to walk to Victoria Station, maturing her plan as she went.

CHAPTER XII.

TOM CHERITON'S SUSPICIONS.

Daphne Marlow, or Nurse Morland as she called herself, was in the infirmary of an industrial town in the north-east of Yorkshire—a six or seven hours' ride from London. Dessie would have to remain away at least one night, therefore, and certainly to give some explanation of her absence to Mrs. Markham.

Moreover, Tom Cheriton was coming up that day, and something must be said to him as well. That she should tell the facts to either of them was out of the question; and the difficulty was what to say. She resolved, of course, to wire short messages to both; and to send a letter in addition to Tom. She went to Victoria Station, because that might help to keep them all off the trail; as he journey had to be made by the Great Northern line from King's Cross.

To Mrs. Markham she wired that business commission had been given her suddenly, and she could not be back that night, and possibly not the next. To Cheriton she sent two wires. The first to his uncle's house in Staffordshire, asking him not to come to town that day if he had not already started. The second to Mrs. Markham's house, saying an urgent matter had arisen and she would write to his chambers.

The letter was a scrawl of only a few lines.

"Dearest, I am in a little trouble that I cannot write about. I have to leave town on account of it, and am sorry to have brought you up to town to-day. This is very mysterious I know; but very important all the same. All day yesterday I longed for you; and now that you are really coming I am not stopping to see you. Don't be angry. You will not when I tell you and explain. A thousand kisses from your most eccentric, D.D.

"P. S.—Trust me. I am full of wild desire to see you."

It was an incoherent letter; but she had not time to attempt to rewrite it; so she dropped it into the letter box, breathing fervent prayer that after all, the parting was only for a day or so, and that she might yet be able to explain everything. Then she travelled by the District Railway to King's Cross, and was soon speeding northward in the express, turning over and over in her mind all the events which in a few days had made up this wild whirl of change in her life; and speculating what would be the outcome of this interview with her sister, whom she had not seen for six years, and whose safety she was now perhaps going to purchase at the cost of both happiness and honor.

But looming largest in her mind was the thought of her lover; of what he would think of her extraordinary absence; of his love for her and hers for him; of the bar that was thus being built up between them; and of the great glooming fear that she was to lose him. It was a sad journey in every respect.

To all in Edgecombe Square it was indeed quite unaccountable.

"Bolted!" was the Count's thought; and he was at first immensely pleased at it, and found many reasons to account for her taking the step. But when he had considered the news more earnestly, and had smoked a cigar over it, his shrewdness put him much nearer to the truth.

"She's been finding out more about the jewels," he said to himself, "and has perhaps found out something of the ugly association between them and that red devil of a sister of hers. I wish I knew what she has discovered, and could see the best use to make of it. I shouldn't be surprised if she's gone off to her sister to find out from her what right I have to the jewels, and whether she ought to give them up to me. You never know what these conscientious people will do. That's the worst of them. If it was anybody without a conscience I should know well enough that her first instinct would be to get the sister to clear off out of the way. But she won't do that yet, because I haven't shown her that card, and that if she doesn't hold her tongue I'll just hand the sister over to the police. She may have guessed it, of course, if she's learnt all the facts but—stay a moment, I have it."

He though intently for a minute and then decided. Sending a message to Mrs. Markham that he had forgotten an important matter and would return in an hour's time, he left the house, jumped into a cab, and told the man to drive him to Sir Edmund Lansdale's.

To be continued.

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Adams, J., Queen's Road
Andrews, C. B., retd.
Ackerman, W. H., retd.
B
Brazil, Miss, card, Pennywell Road
Barrett, Miss Annie, Pleasant Street
Bailey, E. F., Merrymeeting Rd.
Brady, Mr.
Bassie, Mrs. Eddy, Cabot Street
Braithwaite, Miss Evelyn, care Gen'l Delivery
Barnes, Harvey
Bannister, Miss P., late Hospital
Ball, Albert, retd.
Brady, Michael, Gen'l Delivery
Best, Miss, retd.
Bennett, F. P., retd.
Benson, Elijah, Cabot St.
Beddlescombe, Mr., Allandale Rd.
Bennett, Herbert, care G. P. O.
Brien, Michael
Breene, M. J., retd.
Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island
Brown, Martin, late Botwood
Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Rd.
Butt, Miss Margaret, Carter's Hill
Budden, Miss L., Gower St.
Butler, George, Long Pond Road
Brushett, Miss Teresa, New Gower Street
Bussey, Alfred, retd.
Burns, Master Wm.
Bursey, Mrs. E., Water St.
Butler, Wm. P., Springdale St.
Butt, N. H.
Butler, Azariah, card, Lion's Square
Butt, Miss R., late Montreal
C
Cranford, James, late Clarenville
Carnell, Dr. A., late Millertown
Clarke, Pricella, retd., late Carbonear
Cannings, W. F., care G. P. O.
Cave, F., care Reid Nfld. Co.
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Clarke, Aggie, card, care Gen'l Delivery
Cameron, Wm. R.
Caldwell, W. T., Engineer
Callahan, George, Water St.
Clarke, Willis, care G. P. O.
Cash, A. B.
Clarke, Edith, Brazil's Square
Carew, Ellen, card, Duckworth St.
Carey, Bob, South Side, St. John's
Chidley, Mrs. Joseph, Casey's Street
Coughlan, Bernard, care Henry Blair
Caldwell, Miss Jennie
Costello, Fannie, Adelaide Street
Cook, Mrs. Wm., Cookstown Road
Collins, Mrs., Military Rd.
Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill
Cole, Reuben, card
Carbery, Mrs. Georfige, retd
Cooper, Miss Mary Grace
Cooper, Edward, Scott St.
Connors, Theodore, card
Cooper, Mrs. Adara, care Miss Crocker
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Cuddihy, Richard, St. John's
D
Dawe, Miss Win, card
Dawe, Gordon, Gower St.
Dwyer, Miss Sarah, care P. J. Shea
Dearin, Miss Annie, Dunford Street
Dwyer, Miss Sadie, West Mount
Delaney, Miss, card
Dwyer, J., St. John's
Dyke, Hannah J., 9 —— Place
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Downs, Miss Lillie, care Gen'l Delivery
Down, Mrs. Wm., care Gen'l Delivery
Downey, Miss K., card
Dunn, Lizzie, Lime Street
Duffy, Thos., retd.
Dalton, Bridget, George's Street
E
Edgar, Joseph
Earle, Mrs. Matilda, Livingstone St.
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Escott, Miss Maggie, St. John's Place
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Farrance, P. H., care G. P. O.
Fagan, Albert G.
Frampton, John, care Jas. House, Bond Street
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Snow, Wm. H.
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Walsh, Martin, Mount Scio
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I
Parks, Capt., schr. Inga
Ford, James, schr. Inga
P
Blagdon, Silas, schr. Portia
Mosher, Wesley, schr. Portia
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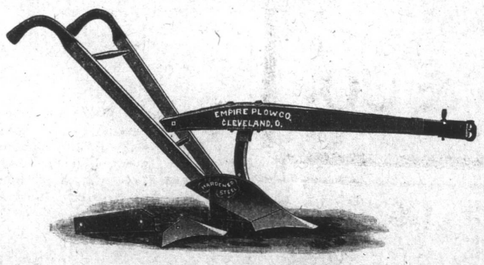

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