A Dark Night's Work.

BY PAUL INGELOW Continued from 1st page.

CHAPTER XLL-IN PERIL

was he near to the center of operations of the plotters? Cartainly somewhere near head they miles, and were probably nearing their destination.

He new at a liance his mistake in directing but may not be made has in directing lines to make haste in deaving he wagon, top once free of the aperture, for had he remained only a moment to hold up the loose plank while Le Brittanswied through, both would now be pecified away to liberty.

Where was Vance? Surely, he would not leave his resource in peril, cowardite, abandon him to his fate!

No; a slight imple at the rear doors old that some one was fumbling with the look. Then the doors creaked and drained, but they remained intact, and Le Britta knew that his friend must be following the wagon under the cover of the darkness and gloom of the night.

No further evidence of the praximity his late companion in captivity was forthcoming for nearly half an hour. Then, in a manure most original and starling, Sydney Vance announced his mity to his recour and his desperate scales to reach and ald him, even as the cost of discovery, and an unequal conflict with the two knaves on the wagon-seat, who, all unconsolous of what had so far occurred, smoked placelly and indulged in consistonal conversation.

Of a sudden, something landed against the two locked doors of the vehicle with a force that split one of the panels clear in twain.

Please of sock and splintered wood were showseed about the astonished Le Britta shist reash recounded, and the horse started up affrighted.

Instantly, too, Le Britta saw out into the road through the broken door, and allowered about the astonished Le Britta shist reash recounded, and the horse started up affrighted.

The imperious command rang out, the lines were jorked, the horse shrank to its humphes and there was a hursel own.

The proceed thither. It would do not have in the definite and important step accomplished. If he could only reunite these two, and any: "Let the fortune go—seek happiness in some other country;"

The imperious command ran

"But how?"
"A rock. See! the jagged ends of this

"But" and ignited it.

Extending it through the rent, he peared into the darksome void beyond.

"Great goodne at it's"—

The sentence was not concluded, for as, wonder-oyed, incredulous, the startled eyes of the piotter took in the outlines of the form in the wagon, that form sprang forward.

Puff! a quick breath blew out the match.

'He ain's there!"
'What!" Yes, but it ain't our man!"

"Ridiculous!"
"Look and see!"
"he other flared a second match. A sudden cry announced his surprise, but he was quicker to act than the other.
"Treachery! trickery!" he cried.
"It sin's our man?"

May I ask who sent you?'

CHAPTER XLIL-A STRANGE COMPLICATION.

COMPLICATION.

"Whos! whoe!" yelled the two men, in unison, but their cries and their springs after the fiying horse and vehicle were frutiless to stay a terrified runaway. It seemed to Le Britta that the wagon was going at the rate of a fast express train. He was knocked from side to side of the rehicle, which tipped, jolted and jarred as if threatening every moment to come to a halt, a wreck.

He made one frantic effort to reach the hole in the door made by the rock, enlarge it, spring through it.

With the wagon dashing along at breakneek pace, however, he could enforce no systematic plan of operations, and he saw at a glance out upon the starlit road, that a fail there would be perilous in the extreme.

Even in the uncertain light of the night he could make out the winding road. A curve had shut out friend and foca alike. No houses or lights were visible, and the road seemed to be inclining steeply.

With added momentum, steed and vehicle now dashed forward. A thundering noise caused Le Britta to look out. The wild runaway had reached a planked bridge. Half-way across it there came a shock that jarred every nerve of Le Britta's system.

There was a crash, a stumble, a loud

A curve was a crash, a stumble, a loud

There was a crash, a stumble, a loud

The wild runaway had resched and was held forward. A thundering noise caused Le Britta to look out. The wild runaway had resched a planked bridge. Half-way across it there came a shock that jarred every nerve of Le Britta's system.

Then, as he lay a huddled heap in one corner of the box, two discoveries thrilled his soul vaguely—the current of the river was carrying the dismantled vehicle down stream, and the box was filling with water!

It seemed to eddy whiri and tottes, and gain additional velocity each moment. It carcened, upset, a choking flood of waters rose breast high, and then a second crash balf-stunned the imperiled captive.

That crash announced liberty, however, if nothing else, for striking some rock in mild stream, the battered wagon-box split clear in twain.

Exhausted, weak and half-blinded, Le Britta.

Exhausted, weak and half-blinded, Le Britta managed to swim to shore. There

Exhausted, weak and half-blinded, Le Britta managed to swim to shore. There upon she shingly beach he lay, one hour or see, he knew not which, for insensibility instantly supervened.

The first gray tints of dawn were streaking the eastern horizon as he again staggered to his feet.

His senses swam still, and his hrain seamed benumbed. Without coherency or motive, he wandered from the spot.

Broad daylight found him nearing a collection of huts marking some poor industrial center. Into one that was deserted he staggered.

It seemed as if the tired senses damanded mertia, forgetfulness.

For one hour he tossed in nervous, Exhausted, weak and half-blinded, Le Britta managed to swim to shore. There apon she shingly beach he lay, one hour is ten, he knew not which, for insen-datility instantly supercond.

For one hour he isseed in nervous, while the seemed to awake, refreshed, rejuvenated, to the old provided life again.

Where was her shad was easy to figure out. And Vance and his two captors?

What had become of them?

Le Britta, "I would boldly face these soundrells. As it is".—

He took a step toward the door. Retreat seemed prodent. Better to wate. the house in hiding, than risk exposure and defeat by boldly facing overpowering into the carriage beside the sprang into the carriage beside the surface. When had been consummating his evil projects, he consummating his evil projects, he carriage beside the first walked to the deriver the driver the only of imperiled friends.

When hour he isseed in nervous, "Into the carriage, quick!" ordered the immorate least, "Mercy!" breathad the photographer, with wondering emphasis "That voice—oh! my wronged love!" in it is Vance!" gasped Le Britta, as he sprang into the carriage beside the summer of the body was as a thorny goad that made him wince beneath its sting. Added to this weak an unusual and excessive "That voice—oh! my wronged love!" murmured Gladys "It is Vance!" gasped Le Britta, as he sprang into the carriage beside the summer at least. "Mercy!" breathad the photographer, with wondering emphasis "That voice—oh! my wronged love!" murmured Gladys "It is Vance!" gasped Le Britta, as he sprang into the carriage beside the trembling excited girl.

Yes, it was Vange, arrived, it seemed, it will be furn the balance in favor yain efforts were made by Mr. Dobie to free

faction—his victim, Vance was probably at liberty.

Le Britts saw the lights of a little town about half-a-mile distant, and proceeded thither. His clothes had become torn, bespattered with mire, soaked in the wagon and the river, and at a small clothing establishment he

purchased a new outilt.

Was he near to the center of operations of the plotters? Certainly somewhere near here the fair Giadys was a prisoner

whos!"

the imperious command rang out, the sewer jerked, the horse shrank to its inches, and there was a hurried comtion on the front seat.

What was that?"

A crash!"

It struck the wagon?"

Jump down and see."

It handoning the sest, both men sprang the readway, and ran around to the of the whicle.

Tom, look here.

Recry! what does this mean?"

alph Durand's fellow-plotters viewed rant in the wagon-door agape.

He's tried to break cut!" cried one.

No, don't you see? The damage has simply.

What would be the result; whither would it lead him? Productive of benefit or trouble the intropid Le Britts was resolved to locate the imprisoned Gladys Vernon, was defermined by save her trom wedding the scoundral Durand if

possible.

"Ah! a marriage ceremony," spoke Le
Britta, with quiet dignity. "Where are
the parties to the contract?"

"It's—it's quite a distance, sir!" spoke
the man with unarked agitation. "It's—
it's a peculiar case."

"It must be, to include such haste.
May I ask who sout you?"

May I ask who sent you?"

"My—my friend, sir; a Mr. Durand.
Quite wealthy gentleman."

"A not the bride?"

"A young lady. Both are awaiting you. I was instructed to say to you that your fee will be large and promptly paid. In advance, if you like. Please don't disappoint me, sir! You are the only clergyman in the district we can reach."

"Very well, I will go," announced Le Britta.

planked bridge. Half-way across it there came a shock that jarred every nerve of the Britta's system.

There was a crash, a stumble, a loud neigh of terror, and then the horse dashed away again, fleet as the wind, but no longer encumbered with the wagon.

That, with its human captiva, had, it seemed, struck a post in the valing of the bridge. It crashed, it toppied. There was a tearing sound, and over and over is went, ripping the bridge guard from place and carrying it with it in a mad dive for the surface of the turbulent stream fully twenty feet below.

Splash!

A confused from the sarriage, for the spot was the self-same one by the riverside whither the boat had taken him the ending previous—the long house where had sprung into the prison-wagen to recome Sydney Vance.

Twice La Britta was on the point of springing from the vehicle and escaping, for he foresaw nothing but trouble when he was confronted by Durand and recognized by him, as he would certainly be. The thought that in a mad dive for the surface of the tribute the twenty is the tought that is a within an hour the destiny of innovent Gladys Vernon would be made or marred, nerved the photographer to proceed with the esgaloft in hand, at least until he had penetrated the lair of the course of the river was carrying the dismantled while he was carrying the dismantled white he was carrying the dismantled while he was carrying the disma

"Wing's that? "Durand's voice!" murmured Le Britta, excitedly.
"Tom."
"Anl you have returned? Glad of it.
Bill only just came back. I was afraid

"Well. I've got your man."
"What man?"
"Mr. Dane, the minister of Acton." "What!" "Wr. Dane of Acton?"

"Yes, just brought him. He's in that

room waiting to see you."
"Nonsense!"
"Why."

"Nonsense, I say!" reiterated Durand, foreibly. "Bill himself has just brought Mr. Dane of Acton, and he's with the CHAPTER XLIV.-LIBERTY

was about to lead him into complications and difficulties, likely to arouse suspi-

and difficulties, likely to arouse suspicion and enmity at once, even if he was
not recognized by the plotter.

He heard Durand's assistant whistic
incredulously.

"The minister, Mr. Dane, with the
bride?" he repreted, blankly.

"Yes," returned Durand.

"And I just brought him"—

' You did not."

"From his very home—"

"I say, you didn't!" retorted Durand,
irritably

am not likely to be mistaken.
"Then my man"—
"I don't know."

"Or worse."

"A spy. Hist! We'll take him off his guard."

Le Britta bristled with excitement. He glided acress the room. His latention was to make fee the cutatide dacr.

At just that mement, however, a gust of wind drove the deer to with a slam. Le Britta sprang to the knob. and selred it. A spring look, it held fless, and he had no time to seek out its mechanism. He dashed acress the room, as in the approaching light of the lamp in the hands of one of the intruders, he made out a doarway dimity. The deer yielded to his touch. He crossed its threshold, to find himself in a dark, narrow cervider, penetrated its length, passed up a stairway, and halted, thrilled and uncertain, at the could of a familiar voice that recalled the past vividly.

"Gladys Vernon!" he murmured, excitedly.

Gladys' eyes, se full of anguish, she wed a polish of receiption.

Le Britta's nerves were as a high tension. He realised that the most vital mement in the affeirs of the persecuted heiress and her friends had arrived; that there was no time to less in emplanations. Delay meant peril—deep, certain dispercus "Miss Vernon," he spoke, hurriedly and sucjeusly, "I understand all. De not speak or delay. Follow me."

"Oh! Mr. Le Britta'.—

"To the garden."

"Then, hasten!"

"It is leghed,"

"The window, then!"

Le Britta hurried to the window in question. He raised it and glanced out. A few feet below was the garden.

Gladys had not followed him. She still stood in the center of the room, swaying, wendering, in doubt.

"Come!" he spoke, peremptorily, almost sharely."

elimost sharply.

"You wish me to leave here?"

"Yes, We must fly without a mament's delay."

Cladys uttered a faint wail of distress and despair.

"My lover Sydney Vance. He is a prisoner in his power!"

horses stood unhitched and no one near them.

"Gain that vehicle," he spoke, harriselly, to Gladys. "Ah! here we are. Quick! jump in"

He tore open the carriage door, and forced the girl within. Then he made a spring for the driver's seat.

A quick hand grasped him, however, a fierce, hissing breath grazed his ear.

"You meddling imposter! Who are you?"

The horses leaped forward at the crack of the whip. Speeding down the road Le Britte ventured a look backward.

"They are following—the other carriage!" he ejaculated.

"They shall never overtake us," muttered the resolute driver." Gladys, courage! We are free at last!" you might miss finding a minister, so I Gladys uttered a joyful cry at her lover's cheerful tenes. With eye, hand and whip, Vance urged forward the mettled steeds, Suddenly he brought them to a halt, that jarred the vehicle in every spring "What is the trouble?" called out Le Ritte approphenical. although completely cured, continues taking

> "No bridge. See! the river—the shore—but the bridge is down."
> "Why?"
> "We have taken the wrong road:" "Me have taken the wrong road."
> "And they are in pursuit!"
> "Shall we make a stand?"
> "Unarmed? It would be folly."
> "Ah" exclaimed Vance suddenly.
> "Here is a road."

He directed the horses down a rough rutty side-road. He halted a second time dismayed, however, for the horses reasand plunged as they were met by formidable heap of brush piled up directly in their course.

"No thoroughfare" murmured Le

wehicle
Gladys sprang to his arms like a fluttering, frightened dove.
"Oh, Sydney I fear, I tremble!" she panted.
"They shall never tear you from side again!" spoke Vance resolutely.
"The lamp—extinguish it! That has
guided those men after us," epaculated
Le Britta, suddenly. "Too late! they are coming this way."

replied Vance.

Down the road three forms were indeed speeding. Durand and his two illsinous adherents.

Hot on the chase, they had locate their prey, whom the taking of a wro-road had led into a trap.
"Vance, quick! look here!" spoke
Brista, hurredly. He had been investigating droundings, and not ten feet selving bank he discovered to

The young man was by his side in a nstant.
"The river, he cried, with a start. " Wish a giad cry he returned to Glady.
He hurried down the bank.
Moored there was a rude raft, an
across it lay a pole. Young Vance
estimated the distance across the stream
It was not far, but, with some apprehen
sion, he noted the swift central current

Bestitate to partery with the man.

"What did you want?" he saked, as simply.

"A marriage, sir," replied the man. "I will you to officiate at a marriage coronomy at once."

CHAPTER XLIII.—AT THE OLD HOUSE.

Jera Le Britts tried hard to preserve a composed demeanor, as the last worst of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime and the state of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of a lifetime of the driver of jhe carriage as the golden opportunity of all lifetime opportunity of a lifetime opportunity of a lifetime opportunity of lifetime opportunity of the proposed of lates of the carriage as the golden opportunity of the proposed of lates of the carriage of the lates of the driver of the carriage of the lates of the driver of the carriage of the lates of the was white with anxiety.

"They are lost!" rang from the lips of Durand, as he ran down the shore, a beedless of Le Britta, to keep the i periled refugees in sight.

"The falls!" echoed the tones of on of his fellow-plotters from the embank ment above. They are doomed!

ment above. They are doomed!

A groan of horror burst from
Britta's lips, He saw the raft w
around. It was borne out of sigh,
seemed to dip, it shot past an interrock, and when is appeared
making fast and clous for to
the brave lover of condys Vern
heautiful orphan helt as a r
been swallowed up by those dark to...

[To be Continued.]

LUMBERING ON THE OTTAWA WATERS—PAIN-RACKED BODIES THE FRE-QUENT GUTCOME—ONLY THE MOST ROBUST CAN STAND THIS WEARY ROUND OF TOIL.

"'No."

"No."

"After captivity, suffering To remain here means sacrifice, doom."

"I cannot help it," murmured Gladys, brokenly. "Ohly you do not know!"

"Yes I do know" intervupted Le Brits, vehementy. "I comprehend, now. That scoundred Durand—you fear his power!"

He threatens."

"What?"

"What?"

"My lover Sydney Vance. He is a and work and sleep, only getting an occar. Only those who have engaged in the ardu and work and sleep, only getting an occa-sional glimpse of the outside world through a long looked for letter from some loved one

far away.

Then the days lengther, the frozen lake "Falsehoods! Sydney Vance is free."

"Free!"

"Yes, Gladys, I beseech of you, do
set delay. Hark! They are coming this
way. You must you shall secape!"

Almost forcibly Le Britta drew the
distracted girl teward the open window.
He lifted her through. The very
moment they reached the ground, a wild
ejaculation of alarm schoed through the
apartment they had just vacated.

"Gone—the girl is not here!" rang out
Durand's excited tones.

"Run—do not tremble so, I will see
you safely beyond that villain's power,
the side of the house.
Looking back, however, the photographer discorred new cause for alarm.
Durand had discovered the avenue of
ssoape of his fair prisoner, and at that
moment is anged out into the garden.
A little ahead Le Britta made out the
carriage that had brought him hither. The
horses stood unhitched and no one near
them.

"Gain that vehicle," he spoke.



the many is Thos, Dobie, of 180 Head street, Chaudiere, who for twelve long year "You"

"Release me."
In the powerful arms of Durand, held at a disadvantage, Le Britta gould only stringgle helphrealy.

A swirling put on the air mingled with a thud and a gagp of dismay, and the hold of the plotter was guddenly released.

Turning dismayed, the startled Le Britta saw a fewm on the carriage seat whiri the whip.

He must have just sprang there from the other side, for it was a stunning contact from the heavy whip-handle that had laid Durand prestrate on the ground.

There he lay, dased, helpless, for the moment at least.

"Into the carriage, quick!" ordered the imperjous yoles of Le Britta.

"Mercy!" treathad the photographer, with wondering suphasis

"That volce—oh! my wronged love!" murrured Gladys

"It is Vance!" gasped Le Britta, as he

"It is Vance!" gasped Le Britta, as he

"It is Vance!" gasped Le Britta, as he has wrought for the great lumber king, J. R.

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