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Story from the Diary of a Doctor. BY THE AUTHORS OF "THE MEDICINE LADY."

WITHOUT WITNESSES.

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In the October of 1890 I went to pay a short visit to my friends, the Brabazons, of Penporran, in Cornwall. I could only spare a week out of town, and looked forward to my visit with the pleasure which a busy man must feel when he can relax his labors for a short time.

Brabazon was an old college friend, and on the first evening of my stay we had many memories to revive and many friends to talk over. We sat until the small hours in his smoking-room, and it was early morning before we retired to bed. Just as I was leaving the room, he said to me:

"By the way, you will find some disturbing elements at work here. I know you are fond of attributing everything to some psychological cause. I wonder what you will say to the love affairs of Randall, Carleton, and Miss Farnham."

I naturally asked what my host meant.

"Randall and Carleton are both desperately in love with the same girl." he replied. "Did you not notice the state of affairs this evening at dinner?"

"I naturally noticed Miss Farnham," I answered at once. "It would be difficult not to be attracted by so striking a personality."

"Barbara Farnham is, without exception, the most danger "Barbara Farnham is, without exception, the most danger ous girl of my acquaintance," replied Brabazon, with a slight ous girl of my acquaintance," replied Brabazon, with a slight ous girl of my acquaintance, "replied Brabazon, with a slight output on the scene, Randall and Carleton laugh. "Before her advent on the scene, Randall and Carleton were the best possible friends. Now they are at daggers

were the best possible friends. Now they are at daggers drawn."

"I confess I did not particularly observe them," I answered.

"Oh, they are just ordinary good young fellows," replied Brabazon. "I am sorry for Carleton, of course, for I don't think he has the ghost of a chance with Miss Farnham. He is not particularly good looking, and he has the misfortune to be poor. Randall is a handsome lad, and has considerable expectations. His father is Lord Hartmore. But the fact is, I don't think the girl means to marry either of them—she is simply playing one against the other for her own ends. She is a handsome witch, and a dangerous one. She plays as carelessly with edged tools—as carelessly and unconcernedly—as a baby would with its rattle."

some witch, and a dangerous one. She plays as carriessly would edged tools—as carelessly and unconcernedly—as a baby would with its rattle."

I said nothing further. Brabazon conducted me to my room, and wished me good-night. I sat down by the fire, and thought in an idle manner over the events of the evening. There was a large house party at Penporran. Shooting was going on vigorously, and cub-hunting had begun. Some of the guests were acquaintances of mine. In short, I looked forward to a pleasant week in this genial house. As I laid my head on my pillow I thought again, but without any specially keen interest, of Brabazon's story about the disturbing elements which were now agitating the air of this otherwise peaceful mansion.

mansion.
Two young men were in love with the same girl. Surely the situation was a very ordinary one. Such a complication happened daily.

I wondered why Brabazon should have troubled himself to many analysis and a require week to be a love decomposed to

I wondered why Brabazon should have troubled himself to mention such an ordinary event, but as I was dropping off to sleep, I saw rising up before me, in my mind's eye, the proud, beautiful face of Barbara Farnham, and a kind of intuition told me that these commonplace incidents might assume the form of tragedy in her cruel and careless hands.

I dreamt of Miss Farnham that night, and came down to breakfast the next morning with my curiosity considerably aroused about her.

She was in the room when I entered, and was idly helping.

aroused about her.

She was in the room when I entered, and was idly helping herself to a cup of coffee, which she carried to a distant window where a small table was also laid for breakfast. She sat down, and, sipping it leisurely, looked around with a careless glance. Her eyes feel on me—she smiled and motioned to me to approach.

where a small table was allowed around with a careless glance. Her eyes fell on me—she smiled and motioned to me to approach.

"Pray bring your breakfast to this table," she said, in a light tone. "I was immensely interested in you when I heard you were coming. I adore doctors, particularly if they are clever. Are you going to ride this morning?"

I answered in the affirmative, and asked her if she was fond of horses.

"Fond!" she replied, a flash of added warmth lighting up her peculiar red-brown eyes. "I am going to whisper a secret to you—I never could compare horses and human beings. I consider the horse the infinitely notler creature of the two."

I laughed, and we entered into an animated conversation.

e two. I laughed, and we entered into an animated conversation I laughed, and we entered into an animated conversation.

While we were talking, Carleton came into the room. He was a squarely-built young man, with deeply-set dark eyes, and a determined chin and mouth. His figure was slightly above the middle height; he was extremely spare, but had good shoulders and was well set up. As soon as ever he appeared in sight, Miss Farnham, by an almost imperceptible movement, slightly turned her back to him, and her talk with me became even more animated and full of wit than before. Hergay, light laugh must have reached Carleton, who came straight across the room to her side.

"You are in your favorite seat," he said.

"Yes," she replied, "and Dr. Halifax is having breakfast with me."

Then she turned to continue her conversation with me,

with me."

Then she turned to continue her conversation with me, while Carleton stood perfectly erect and silent by her side.

"Why don't you eat something?" she said to him, presently

ently.

"There is time enough," he answered.

"There is time enough," he answered.

Finding he would not go away, she tried to draw him into conversation, but he was evidently not in humor to make conversation, but he was evidently not in humor to make conversation. His answers were confined to monosylhimself agreeable. His answers were confined to monosylhimself agreeable.

The him on unmitigated bore.

I confess that I began to think him an unmitigated bore.

A change was, however, quickly to take place in the situation. Randall, the other lover, appeared on the scene, and his coming acted like a flash of sunshine. He was a gay, handsome, debonair-looking young feilow. He had good teeth, good eyes, a genial smile, a hearty manner. His voice was musical, and he knew well how to use it. He nodded carelessly to one or two acquaintances when he entered the room, and then came straight to Miss Farnham's table.

She shook hands with him, and he nodded a cheerful good morning to Carleton and me.

"That is right," he said, smiling brightly at the handsome girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and I see you have kept your word. Have you done breakfast, Carleton?" reply at all.
I confess that I began to think him an unmitigated bore.

morning to Carleton and me.

"That is right," he said, smiling brightly at the handsome girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "You promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "You promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and girl; "I me prove the least surprised—you but follow the example of all the other men who know her."
"Miss Farnham is a very beautiful girl," I replied.
"Miss Parhara has a beautiful face. She is a "here creature, too, although of course terribly spoilt."
"Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, "Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, "Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, "Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, "Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, "Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, "Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, "Yes; since she was a child. O

long eyelashes. The eyes were capable of every shade of expression, and could be at times as eloquent and as full of meaning as those of that bewitching creature, the collie. Her eyebrows were dark and delicately pencilled. Her hair was tawny in shade—she had quantities of it, and she wore it picturesquely round her stately, statuesque head. In some lights that brilliantly colored hair looked as if a sunbeam had been imprisoned in it. Her complexion was of a warm, creamy whiteness. Her figure was slight and graceful. But for her eyes she might have been simply remarked as a handsome girl; but those eyes made her beautiful, and lifted her completely out of the commonplace.

We had nearly finished breakfast, when I was startled by seeing Randall suddenly press his hand to his eyes, and turn so white that I thought he was going to lose consciousness. He recovered himself almost immediately, however, and so completely that no one else remarked the circumstance. Miss farnham rose from the breakfast-table.

"I am going to ride with you, Dr. Halifax," she said, nodding brightly to me. "I shall come downstairs in my habit in half an hour."

nodding brightly to me. "I shall come downstairs in my haste in half an hour."

She was crossing the room to speak to some of the other guests, when Carleton came up to her.

'I want to say something to you," he said—"can we go to some room where we shall be quite undisturbed?"

His words were distinctly audible, not only to me, but to several other people in the room.

Randall in particular heard them, and I could see that he was waiting anxiously for the reply.

"I want to ride this morning—I have no time for private confidences," replied Miss Farnham, in a distinctly vexed tone. "I won't keep you long," replied Carleton—"what I have to say is of great importance, at least to me."

"I will give you ten minutes after lunch; will that suffice?"

"Five minutes now will do better. I am very much in

"I won't keep you long," replied Carleton—"what I have to say is of great importance, at least to me."
"I will give you ten minutes after lunch; will that suffice?"
"Five minutes now will do better. I am very much in earnest when I make this request."
"Very well," said Miss Farnham, in a light tone; "importunate people generally have their way. Come into the conservatory—there is a rose there on which I have set my heart; it is too high for me to reach."

Sheleft the room as shespoke, and Carleton quickly followed her. As they disappeared, I noticed more than one guest looking significantly after them. Carleton's pluck was distinctly approved of—I could see that by the expression on some of the ladies' faces—and one, as she passed close to Randall's side, was heard to murmur, audibly:
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

Randall came up to me and asked me to join him in a smoke on the balcony. As we walked up and down, he talked cheerfully, and, whatever anxiety he may inwardly have felt, was careful not to betray a trace of it.

In less than half an hour Miss Farnham joined us. She was in a dark brown riding-habit, which toned perfectly with her rich and peculiar coloring. Her spirits were gay, not to say wild, and the warm, creamy whiteness of her face seemed to glow now as if with hidden fire.

"Are you not ready for your ride?" she said, looking at me with a certain reproach. "The horses will be round in less than ten minutes. It is a splendid morning for a gallop. You are coming, too?" she added, turning suddenly to Randall.

"I only waited for you to invite me," he said. "Of course I shall come, with pleasure. But I thought," he added, in a low tone, coming close to her side as he spoke, "that you arranged to ride with Ronald Carleton this morning?"

"That is off," she replied, in a light tone. "Mr. Carleton has, I believe, another engagement."

The balcony to speak to him. "Miss Farnham, Dr. Halifax and I are all going out immediately. Won't you join us!"

"Not this morning, I think," said Carleton, const

You are holding her too much on the curb," exclaimed

Randall.

"Thanks, I think I know what I'm about," replied Carleton, with evident temper. "Quiet, you brute, quiet," he continued, vainly endeavoring to restrain the movements of the impatient animal.

"I tell you, that mare won't stand the curb," shouted Randall. "Give her her head, and she'll do anything you ask her. I know, for I've often ridden her."

"When I require a riding lesson from you, I'll inform you of the fact," answered Carleton, in a sulky voice, which was rendered almost ridiculous by the frantic movements of the mare, now thoroughly upset.

rendered almost ridiculous by the frantic investments are, now thoroughly upset.

Miss Farnham, who had been standing in the background, came up at this juncture, and took her place conspicuously by Randall's side.

"Mr. Randall is right and you are wrong," she exclaimed.

"It is absolutely cruel to ride that mare on the curb."

Carleton looked up with a scowl, which anything but improved him. He would not even glance at Miss Farnham, but his eyes flashed an angry fire at his more fortunate rival.

"Of course, Randall is right," he exclaimed. "All the odds are in his favor." are in his favor."
"Nonsense." retorted Randall, with heat.

"Nonsense," retorted Randall, with heat.

"Come, come, gentlemen, pray don't quarrel on this lovely morning," said Miss Farnham. "Mr. Carleton, I wish you a pleasant ride."

She left the balcony as she spoke, and Randall and I immediately followed her example.

We had a splendid ride over an extensive moorland country, and returned to lunch in excellent spirits and in high good humor with each other. Carleton had not yet come back, but his absence did not seem to depress anyone, certainly not Miss Farnham, whose bright eyes and gay, animated manner made her the life of the party. Randall was radiant in the sunshine of her presence. She was confidential and almost affectionate in her manner to him; and he undoubtedly looked, and was, at his best.

his best.

I could not help cordially liking him and thinking that the pair were well matched. Notwithstanding Brahazon's words of the night before, I had no doubt that Miss Farnham was sincerely attached to Randall, and would tell him so presently.

ently.

I spent the greater part of the afternoon alone with my host, and did not see the rest of the guests until we met at dinner. Carleton had then returned. He sat between a rethaired girl and a very fat old lady, and looked as distrait and bored as man well could. Randall, on the other hand, was in his best form. His clothes sat well on him, He was, undoubtedly, a handsome, striking-looking man.

Leapnot describe Miss Farnham's dress. It was ethereal in

edly, a handsome, striking-looking man.

I cannot describe Miss Farnham's dress. It was ethereal in texture, and suited her well. She was not seated in the neighborhood of either Randall or Carleton, but once or twice I noticed that her eyes wandered down to their part of the table. For some reason, she was not in such high spirits as she had been in the early part of the day. My neighbor, a quiet, middle aged spinster, began suddenly to talk to me about her.

I did not feel inclined to pursue the subject any further with this somewhat garrulous lady. After a pause, I remark-

"Miss Farnham looks tired, and does not seem in her usual

pirits."
Miss Derrick shrugged her thin shoulders.
Miss Derrick shrugged her thin shoulders.
"What else can you expect?" she answered. "Barbara is creature of moods. She was quite exaltie all the morning; to when will be correspondingly dull until a fresh wave of example of the corresponding to the cor

now she will be correspondingly dull until a fresh wave of excitement raises her spirits."

At this moment the signal for the ladies to withdraw was given. After their departure, Carleton and Randall found themselves sitting closer together. I noticed that neither man spoke to the other, and also observed that after a time Carleton deliberately changed his seat for one at a distant part of the table.

We did not sit long over wine and the carleton deliberately changed his seat for one at a distant part of the table.

the table.
We did not sit long over wine, and when we came into the We did not sit long over wine, and when we came into the drawing-room a lady was playing some classical music with precision and sufficient brilliancy to attract several musical men to the vicinity of the piano. Her place was quickly taken by the droll man of the party, who entertained the company with comic songs. The evening dragged on in the usual manner. For some unaccountable reason, no one seemed quite in good spirits. As for me, I found myself constantly looking in the spirits. As for me, I found myself constantly looking in the direction of the door. I heartily wished that either Carleton or Randall would come in—I acknowledged to myself that the presence of one at least of these gentlemen in the room would give me relief.

presence of one at least of these general presence of one at least of these general give me relief.

An hour and more passed away, however, and neither of them appeared. I glanced towards Miss Farnham. She was standing near the piano, idly playing with a large feather fan. I though I read both solicitude and expectation in her eyes. I though I read both solicitude and expectation in her eyes. The funny man was trolling out a sea song to which a The funny warm was attached. Brabazon came up and touched lively chorus was attached.

my arm.

"When that is over," he said, in a low voice, "I will ask
Barbara Farnham to sing."

"Can she sing?" I asked.

"Can she !" he reiterated. "Yes, she sings," he replied, empatically. "Wait—you will hear her in a moment. Her voice is the most absolutely sympathetic I have ever listened to."

Soon afterwards Miss Farnham went to the piano. She played her own accompaniment. One grand sweep her hands seemed to take of the instrument, as if they meant to embrace it, and then a voice, high, full, sweet, magnificent in its volume of melody, rose on the air and seemed to fill the room.

Brabazon was right. Barbara Farnham could sing. As the words fell from her lips, there was no other sound in the listening room.

ing room.

I jotted those words down afterwards form memory—they seemed to me to be a fit prelude to the scene which was immediately to follow:

Thou hast filled me a golden cup
With a drink divine that glows
With the bloom that is flowing up
From the heart of the folded rose.
The grapes in their amber glow,
And the strength of the blood-red wine,
All mingle and change and flow
In this golden cup of thine
With the scent of the curling wine,
With the balm of the rose's breath—
For the voice of love is thine,
And thine is the Song of Death!

And thine is the Song of Death!

The voice of the singer sank low as she approached the end of her song. The final words were in a minor key. I looked full at Miss Farnham, and her dark eyes met mine. They were full of apprehension. A kind of premonition of coming sorrow might well have filled her breast from the look in their depths.

There was a noise and sense of confusion in the outer drawing-room. People stood back to make way for someone, and hurrying steps came quickly towards the piano.

Miss Farnham sprang to her feet, the last notes of the song arrested on her lips.

Carleton, an overcoat covering his evening dress, his hair dishevelled, his eyes wild, had come hastly to her side.

"You will think that I have killed him, Barbara; but, before God, it is not true!" he said in a hoarse whisper; then he grasped my arm.

before God, it is not true!" he said in a noarse whisper; then he grasped my arm.
"Come, I want you," he said, and he dragged me, as if he were a young fury, out of the room.
"What, in the name of Heaven, is the matter?" I asked of him when we found ourselves in the hall.
"Randall has fallen over the cliff down by Porran's field,"
"Randall has fallen over the cliff down by Porran's field,"
he gasped. "I have found the—the body. Oh! no, no; what ham I saying? Not the body yet—not a body when I left it—it breathed—it just breathed when I left. I tried to drag it up here, but it was too heavy. Come at once, for the love of Heaven."

here, but it was too heavy. Come at once, for the love of Heaven."

Other people had followed us out of the drawing-room. I encountered a glance of fire from Miss Farnham's dark eyes—her face was like death itself. Brabazon, in a tone full of authority, as befitted the host, began to speak.

"Come!" he said. "Accident or no, there is not a moment to be lost in trying to help the poor fellow. You will lead us to the spot at once, Carleton. Come, Halifax; what a blessing that you happen to be on the spot!"

"Get some brandy and something which we can improvise into a litter or shutter," I exclaimed. "I am going to my room to fetch my surgical case."

I ran upstairs. A moment or two later we were on our way to the scene of the accident. Every man of the party accompanied us, and several of the ladies. The foremost of the group was Miss Farnham herself. She had hastily flung a shawl over her head, and the train of her rich dinner-dress was slung across her arm. She looked at Carleton, and with a peremptory gesture seemed to invite him to come to her side. He did so, and they rushed on—too quickly for many of the rest of the party to keep up with them.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and we had scarcely any need of the lantern which Brabazon was thoughtful enough to bring with him. We had to go some distance to reach the spot where poor Randall was lying, but by and-by we found him, stretched partly on his back, partly rolled over on his left side, on a little strip of sand which gleamed cold in the moonlight.

"Yes, it was here I left him," exclaimed Carleton. He

moonlight.
"Yes, it was here I left him," exclaimed Carleton. He
"Yes, it was he spoke and looked intently into the poor
fell on his knees as he spoke and looked intently into the poor

fell on his knees as he spoke and the lad's face.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, looking up at me, "he can't "Thank God!" he exclaimed, looking up at me, "he can't be dead. I dragged him as far as this, and then left him lying be dead. I dragged him as far as this, and then left him lying on his back. See, he has moved—he is partly on his side now! on his back. See, he has moved—he is partly on his side now! I motioned to Carleton to make way for me to approach. I motioned to Carleton to make way for me to approach. I fail my I felt for the pulse in the imp and powerless wrist. I laid my I felt for the pulse in the skull.

"You will give him a little brandy," exclaimed Brabazon; "here is the flask."

along the region of the skull.

"You will give him a little brandy," exclaimed Brabazon;

"here is the flask."

Miss Farnham took it out of Brabazon's hands, unscrewed it, and began to pour some into the cup. As she did so, she knelt also on the sand. I looked at her and felt that she would probably need the stimulant which could avail nothing now to the dead.

"It is all over," I said; "he is dead, poor fellow!"

As I spoke, I stretched out my hand, and took the brandy As I spoke, I stretched out my hand, and took the brandy flask from Miss Farnham. She looked wildly round, glanced at Carleton, gave a piercing cry, and fell forward over Randall's body. She had completely lost consciousness. I laid her flat on the sand, and, applying some restoratives, she quickly came to her senses.

The body of the dead man was lifted up and laid on some boards which we had brought with us, and we returned slowly to the house. Brabazon gave his arm to Miss Farnham, who truly needed it, for she staggered as she walked. I looked round for Carleton. There was a wild expression in his eyes, which made me anxious about him. I saw, too, that he wished to linger behind the others.

To be continued.

To be continued.