## Author of

ious Disappearance

οροφοροφοροφοροφορο ie glared, but curiously conquered when her fellow-servant went on: e just given him a note from the It was in a lady's handwriting. der who he knows there "ho brought it?" kson's little boy." Jackson was a ter employed on the Arncliffe es-

meet him I'll ask who sent it"

y, this is no time to go!" protest-gossip. "You needn't be home another hour or more" got to meet my sweetheart," Liziie. told me he was given a job in

Liziie.

told me he was given a job in stle as a porter."

s is a friend of his who takes me on his account," was the reply, and Lizzie darted forth shadows of a fine June night. In the nearest gate of the park saw Edith Holt. Though, of she was attired in different garrom the summer-like costume of rier meeting, he recognized her first glance. She walked with a gance, and carried herself with a on that would serve to single from a crowd anywhere. Here, ver a rival, Edith Holt had the ce of a rank far higher than that her by the landlord's chatter. neither a prude nor a gallant, wondered what their strange really meant. He realized that must have yielded to some powotive ere she wrote to him, and too, that it lay with him to regressive exchange of words, the surprises of that day of been twere only increased when he that Miss Holt, who passed the gate before he could reach the lead in their conversation, very good of you to be so punche said. "Shall we walk this adicated the high road, leading

dicated the high road, leading

ed hardly apologize for my let-began again instantly. "Most ely, you are a doctor, and, in ouble, one turns to a doctor for

the truth was that Lester was ack by the girls demeanor. He way conceited, nor could his a first such existed, describe him les' man." But that this beaung woman should so calmly releate to the category of fatherly is gave him a twinge of annoynone of her sex had succeeded ing before.

Junconscious of her own attith Holt passed a hand over her though to clear away a baf-

larl was my only friend," she

Earl was my only friend," she I in a strained, nervous manh told how feverishly she was g her emotions. "I did not exwhen I said that I owed everythe world to him. When my ner died, nearly ten years ago, ft alone, a little girl of nine, wen inspired my father on his I to write to his old school-felWilliam Bradshaw, as he was ask him to care for me,"
illiam Bradshaw, the great cotfacturer! Did he become Earl
ffe?"

the village.

was to make an engagement of ort."

I don't say? I'll just hurry out. I'll overtake him?"

Jizzie hurried, and caught the Jackchin swapping marbles with antop on the outskirts of the village, ne failed to extract any informarom him, a largesse of sixpence of make the companient of the queer ences of fate that she should hapcatch sight of George Lester's ure as he strolled toward the few minutes before nine o'clock, ll, I must be off now," she cried, en impulse moving her to follow was to make an engagement of

the very hour wise Jurial Arteliffe was the provided of polonoer? I am in the first policy of a polonoer? I am in the first policy of a polonoer? I am in the first policy of the policy

me," she said coldly. "Of that you may be sure. Naturally, I am very sorry to think that the person lives who could wish harm to a dear old gentleman like Lord Arncliffe. Good night, Wilson."
"Good night, miss," he sighed.
"And, by the way, should you be passing tomorrow you might call if you have any further news."
He brightened up considerably. "You may rely on me, miss. Something will turn up, that's certain, and I'll get out somehow." He strode off, softly whist-ling a popular air.

She watched him from the porch. "I do believe," she said to herself, "that Wilson was sheepishly anxious to fiirt with me. Yet he is aware that I am engaged to Harry. And they say Lord Arncliffe was murdered! What can it all mean?"

Arncliffe was murdered! What can it all mean?'
"Now, honey, it's time that lass was yam (home) an' i' bed," came a thin voice from within the cottage.
"All right, mother, I'm coming."
The girl passed her hands against her bosom in a tremulous rush of agonizing doubt. Then she went in and barred the door on specters; but it is hard to say whether or not she was successful. Warren, who was really a skilful driver, succeeded in restoring Aingier's confidence before they reached the first gate of the park.

fidence before they reached the first gate of the park.

"Would you mind if I drove round to the West Lodge?" he asked.

"Why do you wish to take the longer route?" was the cautious query.

"We may meet Mr. Lester. I thought that you might like to have a word or two with him." Warren was prepared with this explanation. It was forthcoming readily.

coming readily.

"Not a bad idea. It is late already, and I can do a little at the Hall tonight."

In reality, the old lawyer was tickled with the notion that he might have a chance to question an important witness taken unawares.

In reality, the old lawyer was tickled with the notion that he might have a chance to question an important witness at taken unawares.

The manocuver failed, for the good The manocuver not collected to the door of the Hall.

The pair in the does cart encountered no one on the highway, nor was any person other than a gamekeeper to be seen on the white ribbon of the open drive within the park. Harry Warren unconsciously flicked the mare again, and Alngler stifled a protest, mentally register to the door of the Arneliffe.

"You fact is, Mr. Alniger, I was wondering who would be my new employer. You was thinking of the outlook."

"Your throughts take an unnecessarily active form," growled the lawyer.

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"You fact is, Mr. Anigier, I was wondering who would be my new employer. You was resident trustee, and it, was able to add nothing to Lord article was wondering who would be my new employer. You see it is a serious thing for me! you thrips me out of this infernat conveyance," was the unexpected report, erty? persisted Warren.

"The title becomes extinct, there being no direct descendant of his lordahip," the lawyer and yorkshire, and the bulk of the property of the same of the same of the same was alloudy to the property of the same of the s

He wants to run nowhere," growled the lawyer.

"I have been nursing him, you see."

"You impress me as a tender-hearted person. May I ask if your nocturnal rambles have ended?"

"I tell you I have not passed your door before! You can believe me or not, just as you please," said Warren, and he stalked off.

For some considerable time thereafter Aingier tried to guess the true reason of Harry Warren's nocturnal prowling, for he dismissed the excuse of the straying puppy as a stupidly conceived pretext.

Warren himself, though vexed and somewhat frightneed because he was discovered, was far more perturbed to thin that another had passed along the corridor at the time stated by the keen-witted old solicitor. Who could it have been? What was the secret watcher's object? Harry Warren did not sleep until long after he had restored the puppy to its dam, lying cosily amid the straw of a distant stable.

"You tell me to mistrust all my fellow-creatures," retorted Edith.

"Ah! That is more like your old self. Of course I am the exception that proves the rule. In any case, please do not listen to any proposals of marriage just at present. For all you can tell, our dear old friend may have left you a snug little fortune; and, though I know you too well to suppose monetary questions would influence you in the slightest degree, yet experience has taught me that in the first flush of a bereavement women are apt to attach an altogether exaggerated value to any trivial act of kindness or expression of sympathy."

"I have the best of reasons for knowing that I have nothing to expect from Lord Arncliffe's estate," said Edith, with a wan little smile. "I owe that dear old man even more than you can guess, but it was thoroughly understood between us that whatever benefits I was to receive from him would be conferred during his lifetime."

"What do you mean?" demanded the lawyer sharply. "Has Lord Arncliffe made any fresh will since I was here last?"

"Why, no, I do not think so. But—"

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CHAPTER V. \*\* | \*\* Per C Warren Objects.

Mrs. Warren and the valet had retired, but Aingier signed to Edith to remain. When they were alone he strove to rally her into a less despondent mood.

"Upon my word," he cried, "for a young lady who has just come into forty-odd thousand a year you are not unduly jubilant."

But Edith could not respond to his mood.

"Not even forty thousand pounds a year can help me to disguise the fact that I am in great trouble," she murmured brokenly. "I have grave reason to believe that had Lord Aingier lived he would have made another will of very different significance to that which you have just read."

"Well, then, let us be thankful he

have just read."

"Well, then, let us be thankful he didn't," retorted the lawyer, somewhat brusquely. "I don't mean we should be glad he didn't live, but that he didn't make another will. I'm sure he could not have improved upon this one. What possible foundation have you for what

possible foundation have you for what you say?"

"I cannot tell you exactly," she faltered; "the secret is not my own. But I was so unfortunate as to vex Lord Arncliffe very much some few weeks ago, and, although he treated me with the greatest kindness, he gave me clearly to understand that I must not expect to benefit in any way under his will."

"Strange," said Mr. Aingier, musingly. "When did this most potent secret event occur?" occur?"

""About six weeks since."

"And it is scarcely a month since he added the codicil to his will. My dear child, if he had intended to cut you out of his will he would have done so then."

"He might have forgotten," protested Edith, with a truly feminine lack of sense of proportion.

""Expresses that you were his helicare!

sense of proportion.

"Forgotten that you were his heiress! Nonsense! In any case—I am an old fool! people do forget sometimes. Lord Arncliffe left a letter with me to be given to you privately after his will was read, and here am I keeping it in my pocket when it may be the key to the mystery which is troubling you little head so much. Here it is. Now just see whether it throws any light on the subject."

(To be continued.)

nterrupted.
Ited and gazed at one another
wed interest. As for Lester,
ounded. Not many young ladeteen could speak thus glibly
organism he had detected in
aden blood of a Congo nomad
w months earlier. But the
leam fled from the girl's bril-Arncliffe followed your rearefully," she explained. "I small record of them. How is would have been to talk to how he is dead, and you have late to save him! For you saved him, Dr. Lester. I belie was poisoned. I am sure

Vest Africa—"
re you the Dr. George Lester
rered the Micrococcus African-

difficult matter of which to onfidently. I may have been and I gather that the suspic-mind was created only by

rd to make things clear; but lieved he was being poisoned. Inted at it, especially of late. e was giving way to the vagage, though, indeed, his fine ght have shown me the folly oubt. I assure you, Dr. Lesngly suspected, I may almost w, that some one was killing why did I not listen to him? At have helped a little bit to nurderous design.

Is no denying the girl's imas no denying the girl's im-Her sorrowing eyes looked starlit sky. Her grief was he tears could not be check-

a very serious statement to Holt. Can you help my any specific fact? In a yourself suspect anybody?' that she would be calmer to the direct issue of the or was he unprepared for 1? You saw me today in eading some stupid book in

facturer! Did ne become man. fre?"
only three years since. His the nation, his endowment of practice, brought him a peerage, and a joke. "It accepted only as a joke. 'It me decently,' he used to say. 'It me decently,' he used to say. 'Ill forget that such an old fosdshaw is still living.' My dear and benefactor! Who could hed him harm!' She stopped back a sob. wishing to soothe her, said 'Do not be too ready to adopt conclusion, Miss Holt. Lord whose career is, of course, n to me, was an old man. It to me now to realize that I, him a certain measure of sucprofession. It was Sir Wilshaw who provided funds for cal Fevers Commission which West Africa...'

with a finite control of the state of the st

the certainty of her convictions, nor was he pleased by her defense of Lester.

"Between Lester and Aingier we are in for a fine old scandal," he said with a scowl.

"Mr. Aingier? What does he know about it?"

"Mr. Aingier will tell you himself, my dear young lady," said the solicitor, speaking from the open doorway. He had overheard Warren's: exclamation, and the latter, somewhat abashed, drove off to the stables in sulky silence.

Lester, stepping out briskly, met a keeper with a dog, who questioned him as to his business. He satished the man's doubts and thinking it was unsual, to say the least, that a visitor leaving the Hall by the proper road at such an hour should be called on to explain his presence, produced a cigar case and invited the keeper to accompany him as far as the gate.

In a quiet country place unwonted excitement will loosen tongues more than ordinarily cautious. "Velveteens" was no exception to the rule.

"His lordship was what people call a recluse, sir," he said. "Nobody, not even a village tradesman, was allowed to approach the Hall without his permission. There was never any company. His lordship took his pleasure either in readin' or writin'. Sometimes, on a fine mornin' he would sit for hours on a canvas chair hidden by bushes and watch the birds and rabbits iif the woods."

"He was a man after my own heart."

"I shouldn't have thought that, sir," said the keeper with a canny humor in his tone.

"You say that because you saw me escorting Miss Holt just now?"

"Mebbe I did, sir."

"There is no doubt about it. You were crouching behind the largest of three elms and holding your dog by the neck lest he should run out into the open."

"Phew!" whistled the keeper. "Who'd ha' thought you could spot me like that?"

"You fancy I would make an expert poacher, eh? Well, if Lord Arncliffe forbade the killing of game, I shouldn't carry two, if not more, young rabbits in my coat pocket. Have another cigar to smoke before you go to bed. Good night."

"Good night, sir, and thank you kindly. You're