THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, SEPTEMBER 6, 1916-2

lriven almost to distraction, could stify, and he lit up a cigar at startng to steady his nerves. He had also ink a full glass of brandy-and There was a short cut through the

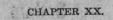
"Only a few

d-the same wood in which Fara leane had pleaded for Bertie-and he moon lighting up every inch of the

ed nerve o Bates & Co., Limited







"I should like to meet him," said the bishop, amfably. "I very seldon forget a 1

night. He inclined his head, and en walked toward The Dell. so they saw Faradeane in

the garden, pacing up and down the gravel walk, and the squire stoppe at the gate, and called to him. denly.' It was only for a mom

the gate. "Good-afternoon." said the squire.

"Let me introduce you to the Bisho of Latham, Faradeane." Faradeane raised his hat, and the bishop followed suit, and smiled. "We have met before, Mr. Faradeane have we not?" he said, pleasantly.

Faradeane looked him straight in the face: "Your lordship mistakes me for a better man. I hope," he said, with a

otice: but suddenly, as ut from among the shadows and He stepped back with a start of sur orise, and stared at her; and she, with

quick movement, flung the shawl she was wearing from before her face and laughed It was only a woman's laugh, but it ade Bartley Bradstone shrink back trembling and shaking like a leaf the cigar fell from his fingers, and he

stood-or, rather. leaned-against a tree like a man who is suddenly con- "Let's have a true and particular acfronted with a ghost. count of yourself."

ow frightened you look still!" he stared and laughed at him. ler his brows.

· 你 你我吃我们在我们了我吗?"

do risk

ead-and-alive hole, are you?" said, eying him curiously.

you? What is it now, eh?"

"A few, yes," he replied. nean."

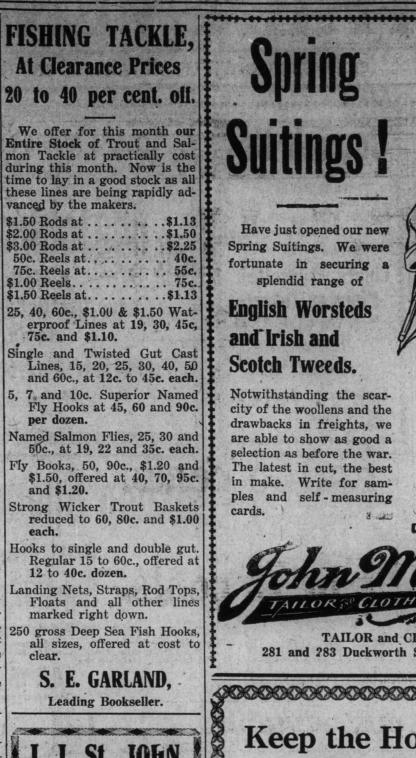
he asked. She stared at him "What's that to you?" He bit his lip

She laughed.

will you? Who are the swells in this forsaken hole?"

who else?"

ley-and that's all." suppose you are a swell, too, eh



Great

A Selig Red verful social drama

resenting Mr. H:



The bishop bowed with ready courtesy and self-possession. "It is not so, then. "Pray forgive me." "Dine with us to-night, will you Faradeane?" said the squire, with af-

smile.

fectionate familiarity. Faradeane hesitated a moment, the shook his head. "Not to-night," he said.

The squire knew him too well a man's in mortal agony. dream of pressing him; and the bish-"Bella!" he said at last. op, having exchanged a few words with him, he and the squire turned homeward.

Half an hour later /Bartley Brad goodness, fancy meeting you-and stone left The Maples to walk to the here! Well, wonders will never Grange. Most men are nervous and cease. You! Why, I thought you restless on the day before their man ere thousands of miles away, and riage, but Mr. Bartley Bradstone was

you ain't. By Heaven, I'm in luck nervous and restless to a remarkable Come, man, pull yourself together degree. He had wandered about his I'm not a ghost, I tell you, not me huge house all day, bullying the work-Don't pretend you forget Bella. How men and the servants, and it was no are you, Mr. Bradstone?" and with a

until his brougham had been brought to the door that he had suddenly de cided that it would do him good to walk instead of ride to the Grange.

The Avenger. He had got himself dressed in his Great drops of cold sweat stood up evening suit with even more than his on Bartley Bradstone's forehead as he usual care, as his badgered valet, looked at the handsome, devil-may-

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