

subject, though in reality only more pointedly pursuing the same, "what's the name of Dr. Shearer's assistant? I have to call there, and don't know the young doctor's name."

"Middleton, isn't it?"

"Middleton? Aye, that's it," and the detective took out his pocket-book and made an entry. "What kind of a man is he?"

"Smartish chap, they tell me. Can beat the old doctor hollow."

"Indeed. Do you know him?"

"Well, can't say that I do. I've seen him, but that's all."

"Oh, you have seen him?"

"Yes; he was at the big mass-meeting of the colliers when they decided upon the strike."

"Of course you couldn't form any opinion as to the kind of gentleman he was to talk to?"

"No, though I should say he's an unsociable kind of man. Wears dark glasses, and has the look of a student. A man, I should guess, wrapped up very much in himself. But p'raps that's just as well, his being a doctor."

"You think he'd thus be able to give more thought to his patients?"

"Yes."

More puzzled than ever, the detective went his way from the Trethyn Arms, scarcely knowing how to act. At the Manor his suspicions had been directed towards Dr. Shearer's assistant, and acting at once upon that suspicion he had sought out the only man in the neighborhood who would be likely to betray Edward Trethyn's secret. But the dismissed butler was evidently ignorant of it, and without the least idea that the assistant doctor and Edward Trethyn were one and the same person. The question now uppermost in the detective's mind was, Were these two one? Surely if they were, the landlord of the Trethyn Arms would have quickly recognized it. Mr. Carlyle felt that his own suspicions had received a severe shock. There was, however, just one circumstance which prevented him from abandoning his suspicions. That was the reference the landlord had made to the dark spectacles worn by the young doctor. That, in itself, was a very suspicious circumstance, one well worth noting and following up.

"It must be my next move," mentally observed Mr. Carlyle. "I will at once pay a visit to Dr.

Shearer's. Fools! if Edward Trethyn is here, why do they hide it from me, when I'm laboring to serve them?"

CHAPTER XXII.

STEPHEN GRAINGER SEES A GHOST.

"Is the doctor at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you please step into the waiting-room? Dr. Shearer will be here presently."

First scraping his boots on the iron scraper, and then carefully rubbing them clean on the door-mat, Mr. Detective Carlyle accepts the polite invitation of the doctor's footman, and is soon contemplating the ponderous tomes and great medical works which crowd the bookshelves and weight the small table, as well as several curious instruments on the mantelshelf and on the top of the secretaire. But Mr. Carlyle's eye only sees the books, and nothing more. It is mere abstract contemplation with which he surveys the things round him, and his mind is plainly dwelling upon other subjects. He is thinking of the scheme which has brought him that evening to the doctor's, and devising the best means and manner to introduce it to the venerable old gentleman.

He is not, however, left long to himself, and his contemplations are suddenly cut short by the entrance of the doctor.

"You, Mr. Carlyle?" he says cheerily, holding out his hand.

Mr. Carlyle is amazed.

"You know me, then?"

"I've seen you several times about the parish, and I know you also by repute."

"Then you also know my business here?" asked Mr. Carlyle, still in surprise.

Dr. Shearer smiles good-naturedly.

"P'raps, sir," he says, "you'll first explain your complaint."

Mr. Carlyle glances at the doctor keenly.

"This old gentleman," he mentally observes, "is going to be a tough nut to crack."

"So many people come here, you see," says the doctor, rubbing his hands together softly, "with the same story. They really think that I ought to be able to tell them immediately I see them what is the matter with them. Very hard on the