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## The Mill Girl's MYSTERY

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JASPER MACKWORTH REAPPHRASES.

"If in all the world there is a spot where  
a broken heart might heal, or a bewilder-  
ed brain find rest and restoration, it is  
surely here," said Herbert, thoughtfully,  
as they paced along the broad, open  
thoroughfare, which, though it was moon,  
showed little signs of life, as life is under-  
stood in cities.

"Ay, it is a delightful spot. Hark how  
the river sings as it flows past," answered  
Jasper Mackworth, as they passed for a  
moment on the old bridge. "See how it  
dances over the stones and gleams in the  
sunlight. Is it not beautiful?"  
"The whole place is beautiful. It is a  
home for a poet. Who could not draw  
inspiration from such dawns as break over  
these glorious hills; from such sunsets as  
a few hours hence will bathe the Tweed in  
beauty?" said Herbert, with all an artist's  
enthusiasm.

"Ay, there's not the tiniest bit gray  
cottages away below there, looking on the  
bonny river, that has not a beauty of its  
own. A place to live—or to die in, for the  
matter of that," answered Monteith, who  
loved the pretty town only less than his  
glorious hills. "The lights and shadows of  
the Bieldon Hills."  
Then he turned his gaze to the right  
and pointed out to Herbert a pretty  
house, standing on the hillside a little  
way from the road, and sheltered by a  
belt of trees.

"That is my friend the doctor's house,"  
he said quietly.

A very short distance now separated  
them, and it was with intense emotion  
that Herbert following his companion's  
gesture saw passing to and fro in the gar-  
den, which stretched from the house down  
the hillside nearly to the road, a tall,  
stooping, gaunt figure which he recognis-  
ed as a glance.

"My father?" he said, turning to Mr.  
Monteith.

"Yes; that is your father; and thank  
God, as rational as ever he was in his  
life. Alas! Monteith is a splendid fellow, and  
I am heartily glad for his sake, as well as  
for your father's and your own, that my  
confidence in him has so soon been proved  
well placed."

Mr. Monteith rang the bell at the outer  
gate, and as the clanging noise resounded  
through the grounds, Jasper Mackworth  
stopped in his walk and looked steadily in  
the direction of the gate.

In another moment he had hurried  
down the path, and with a low cry of in-  
tense affection, came forward with both  
hands outstretched.

"My son!"  
"Father!"  
No need for other words. No need for  
Herbert to ask whether he was at last  
understood—whether the cloud which had  
hidden his affection from his father had  
passed away. There throbbed in the old  
man's voice a yearning for true union, a  
remorse for his harshness of the past, a  
pledge of confidence in the future, such as  
Herbert had never heard there before.

"Thank God, father, that I find you well  
again," were the first words that gushed  
spontaneously from his overflowing heart.

"And thank God, too, Herbert, that He  
has not only restored me to you, but given  
you to me, my boy, as we never were  
united in the past."

"Don't talk of that, father. Let us for-  
get it—all is out—turn the last over and  
begin anew."

"With all my heart, Bertie. Ay, my  
boy, your hearing me call to you when you  
lay in the hospital in Edinburgh was  
more than a dream; more than a sick  
man's fancy. My boy, I did call you. I  
did want you. God knows that I regretted  
of my hard words as soon as I heard of  
your return. I regretted that I had not  
spoken, and called to you to come back  
on that wretched night at the mill—but  
you did not hear me. Oh, my boy! my  
boy! what misery might have been  
saved had my voice but reached you. It  
is my fault—it is all my fault!"

"You must not say that, father," an-  
swered Herbert, taking his hand again as  
he spoke. "Let us forget the past—all at  
once for the present. I am so thankful  
that you are restored to us that I can  
think of nothing but that."

"Ay, but we shall have to think of the  
past, by and by," said the old man with a  
heavy sigh.

"Wrong, grievous wrong has  
been committed, and must be righted so  
far as possible. Yet—it is very terrible;  
more than you can dream—more so than,  
I hope, you need now know."

Herbert said quietly, "Father—I  
know!"

Jasper Mackworth looked soiled and  
bewildered, for a moment, and Herbert fear-  
ed whether after all he had not worked mis-  
chief by saying even so much, but his  
father persisted that he did not know.

"My boy—you know things which have  
happened; maybe you can guess to whom  
they were done. But the worst of all, the  
worst of all, you cannot know!"

"Father, I know all—indeed, indeed I  
know all," said Herbert.

The old man looked steadily at him and  
seemed to be convinced, for he resumed in  
broken accents, "Then you can pity me,  
Herbert; you can pity me! My own  
offspring—God forgive me! plotting  
against my life! Was ever sin so sorely  
punished? Was ever man so repaid for  
the follies, the vices of his youth? And  
now the outlook is almost as gloomy as  
the past—for I must punish my  
son."

"Let us talk of that later, father," in-  
terrupted Herbert. He dared not pursue  
the subject now, knowing what he knew,  
and what his father knew not—the  
crowning infamy of Jacob Max's life.

Happily, Mr. Monteith rejoined them  
now, and the conversation drifted at once  
into another channel.

"You will come to me for the present,  
Jasper?" said Mr. Monteith, laying his  
hand kindly on his old friend's shoulder.

"Ay, Jamie, gladly."

"No more now," began Herbert.

"Tomorrow?" and the old man trembled  
slightly with agitation.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Monteith, "you  
will both have to go the mill—not for  
long—but it is but—it is necessary; and  
it will not be made more painful than is  
inevitable. Indeed, some arrangement  
may be come to that may avert scandal."

He added, observing the apprehensive  
dread shown by Jasper, for whom the  
coming interview was fraught with un-  
speakable horror.

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Street, Montreal.

"Is it necessary, Herbert?" asked the old  
man anxiously.

"Is it, father. You must be brave—for  
all our sakes."

An hour later the three men were  
journeying back to Guelph, to cover the  
last thread which held the sword of ven-  
geance from falling upon Jacob Max and  
putting an end to his evil plans for ever.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SWORD FALLS.

The morning following the return of  
Jasper Mackworth to Guelph, broke  
dull and cold and cheerless.

As Mackworth's mill the "hands" went  
about their work as usual, but over all  
there hung a cloud, and the evil news of  
yesterday was still discussed with "bated  
breath."

In the private office, buried in thoughts  
as grey and gloomy as the morning, but  
shot with vivid streaks of blood, sat Jacob  
Max. His thin face was white and hag-  
gard. Great purple stains lay beneath  
his little cunning eyes. His cheeks and  
chin were unshaven, his garments sloven-  
ly and unkempt.

He went to the cupboard, poured out a  
wine glass full of brandy, and drank it  
neat. Then he sat down again to brood,  
brood over the awful thing which had oc-  
curred.

Why should more have killed this girl  
—this girl of all people, for Max knew  
that his intrigue with her was not wholly  
a secret. Could he have mistaken his  
instructions? They were clear enough,  
simple enough, in the devil's name.

"Kill, kill, kill!" But kill Herbert Mack-  
worth, sweep him from my path—not this  
girl, who was of no more account than a  
pebble on the hillside a little way from  
the road, and sheltered by a belt of trees,  
aside without a thought, without an effort,  
without risk, without regret.

He cursed more for his drunken folly,  
which had produced a deadly crime, and  
one more imminent peril; he cursed his  
own folly for trusting to such a man;  
he even cursed the poor dead girl in his  
mad and impatient rage.

While he was in this miserable condi-  
tion he became vaguely conscious of a  
gentle tapping at the office door. With  
quivering nerves, and parched and swollen  
tongue, he staggered out.

"Who's there? Come in!"

The handle was turned, and Jacob Max  
raised his eyes to find himself face to face  
with Andrew McOleikie.

"What do you want here?" he asked  
brusquely, struggling to veil his real feel-  
ings under a poor assumption of annoy-  
ance.

"Just a few minutes' chat wi' you, Mr.  
Max," answered the detective, in his  
quietest tones.

"You must be quick, then. I am busy.  
My time is money."

"Ay, it is worth money. Ye do well to  
make the most of it," said McOleikie, de-  
liberately.

"What do you mean! I don't under-  
stand you. Come—say what you have to  
say, and get it over."

"I'll just say it in my own way and at my  
own time, wi' permission. Ye'll not be in  
a hurry before I've done."

Max turned deadly pale. McOleikie  
leaned over, put his hand into a half  
opened drawer which stood in front of the  
junior partner, and said quietly, "Ye're  
not a fit state to be trusted wi' so  
dangerous playthings as this," as he took  
possession of a revolver.

His next step  
was to turn the key in the door and put  
it in one of his many pockets. "That's a  
deal better. Now we can converse wi' some-  
thing like comfort."

"What have you to say to me?" asked  
Max hoarsely. He felt that the game was  
about played out, but tried to brazen it  
through as long as he could.

"Nothing very pleasant—but that's  
no fact o' mine," answered the detective,  
adding quickly, "Ye've heard the news o'  
poor Alce Trone's murder?"

"Yes. What is that to me?"

"I thought ye knewed her well enough."

"I knew her slightly. What is that to  
do with it—or with you? I had nothing to  
do with her death."

"Ay, I ken ye didna want her killed, but  
by ill luck she was walking wi' Master  
Herbert Mackworth—oh? but what's  
wrong wi' ye?" cried McOleikie as Max  
fell back in his chair, pale as a corpse, and  
gasping for breath.

He made no reply—only covered these  
muttering to himself with bloodless lips.  
His arched brow was in a deadly frown, but  
without the slightest which sometimes ac-  
companies it.

The detective continued, "It is a sma'  
gold waiting words, Mr. Max, ye'll see as  
one that everything is known to me and those I  
am working for. Ay," he resumed, as  
Max glared at him in mingled rage and  
terror, "we know a—a the devil's brood  
ye've been brewing; a' about the forged  
will, the trumped up marriage lines, the  
hiring of Reub More to kill Jasper Mack-  
worth, and after that his son."

Ay, about the days spent  
up' the hillside, when the pair said man  
was driven mad for the time by your  
devilish schemes; a' about the plot which  
ended in the death of poor Alce Trone, whose  
blood, as sure as God is in heaven, lies on  
your head, Jacob Max!"

McOleikie paused, but no reply came,  
and he continued, "I am told by a true  
woman as ever bore a scandalous son—  
will have no finger i' your villainous plot;  
an' now what are you going to do to clear  
yourself o' the misery you have brought  
about?"

A terrible expression spread over Max's  
pallid face, and in tones scarcely human  
he hissed, "You are mad! You are  
mad!"

"Dinna lay that uncton to your sootl.  
'Twill on'y mak' ye smart the mair i' the  
end."

"You say all this and expect me to be-  
lieve you. You must be a bigger fool than  
I thought, and you must think me a  
bigger one than yourself."

uttering a little curse from the sound  
of his own voice, but sick at heart with  
ghastly terror.

"It's just the truth I've tell't ye, and  
you know it," replied the detec-  
tive.

Then Max burst out again, furiously  
"Do you hear me? Proofs, proofs, proofs.  
That is what I want before I surrender  
one penny piece or one inch of my foot-  
hold in this mill. And that is what the  
law—the law, whose servant you are—  
demands and will have. Proofs, proofs!  
Where are your proofs?"

"I can just accommodate you wi' those  
w'out any trouble or delay," answered  
the detective with a curious gleam in his  
honest grey eyes. "And, unluckily, the  
office door, be heeded, and in another  
moment Jacob Max was confronted by the  
two men whose lives he had so nearly  
wrecked—Jasper and Herbert Mack-  
worth!"

With a hideous spasm distorting his  
livid countenance, Jacob Max threw up  
his arms and fell forward on his face.  
And it was Jacob Mackworth, in a  
father against whose life he had plotted,  
and Herbert, whose place he had tried to  
usurp, even at the cost of murder, who  
sawed him from the floor, and, tending  
him in his dire extremity.

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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