

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY,

Author of "Black or White?" "Turning the Tables," "Held to Her Promise," "Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

WYNNE'S TRIALS.



"**B**UT you know, Guy, that two hundred pounds won't last for ever! Had we not better move into a smaller house whilst there is still some money left?"

Certainly Stella had never been intended to bear the burden of business worries! True that her forehead was screwed up in a frown and her expression was as grave and serious as any one could desire. But for all that Mr. Keen and the clergyman glanced at each other and smiled. She looked like some child playing at keeping house, rather than a woman in a position of real anxiety and responsibility. Guy's heart ached to see the little furrows of weary thought that marked her white brow.

"I think you can understand what Mr. Keen has been explaining, if you try," he told her gently. "Here you have no rent to pay, so now that you have given up all the servants

but Elizabeth, it is really cheaper for you to live in this house than anywhere else. When a purchaser is found for Kingston Villa it will, of course, be different."

Stella sighed. But Wynne had taken it all in, and spoke briskly enough for both.

"It was lucky that there were those notes in Mrs. Brookes' desk," she said, "else you *would* have been up a tree, Stella! Don't you bother, dear. There's heaps of cash to last for months, and before that has gone the Clives will be caught, and— and everything will be right again!"

"Suppose they should have spent all that they took away, though?"

"Suppose they shouldn't?" she retorted, "which is much the more likely of the two."

The beginning of November had arrived, and still no news had been received of the capture of the Clives. From time to time the magistrates had, at the request of the police, remanded Guy Ryder, in spite of the opposition of his counsel. Clearly the Scotland Yard officials yet had hope of finding the man and woman whose accomplice they suggested him to be.

The search for the criminals was at length brought to a successful issue, at Liverpool. Just as a lady with bright golden hair framing a face artistically tinted and powdered, was stepping on board the tender of a Cunarder bound for New York, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she found herself in the custody of a man in plain clothes, who, since early morning, had stood close to the gangway, scrutinising the features of each new arrival. With the sharpness of wit engendered by constant danger, her companion in the long overcoat and with the flaxen beard and hair saw in a moment how matters stood, and made one spring back towards the landing stage. But the detective who had secured Helen was not alone, and a preconcerted signal from him to his companions waiting upon the stage settled the matter. Ten minutes later Helen Vasco and Caryl Clive were being driven rapidly through the streets, away from the river and away from freedom.

"Oh, Guy! it will all come right now!" exclaimed Stella, pale with emotion, when together they heard the news brought by Mr. Keen.

"I trust it may," from Mr. Keen. "Yet don't make too sure, my dear. Generosity is not a very common virtue with such folk. For my part, I much fear lest they should refuse to give any explanations which may exonerate Mr. Ryder."