

THE LONE INN

By FERGUS HUME.

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CHAPTER XL
My interview with Olivia passed off better than I expected. If she had ordered me out of the house, I would only have looked on it as the just punishment for what must have appeared my impertinent interference in what did not concern me. The very fact that she listened so quietly proved that she suspected Felix was masquerading as her lover. She could only be assured of this by overhearing his interview with Rose Gernon and therefore accepted my invitation to go to the Jermyn street rooms. If their tenant was Francis, he would resent the intrusion of Rose, but if Felix the two confederates would doubtless talk of their guilty secret. Thanks to a sovereign judiciously bestowed on the carekeeper, I had discovered that Rose Gernon intended to visit Felix at 8 o'clock. How the carekeeper found out I do not know, but in some mysterious way servants seem to gain all information concerning the doings of their superiors. It sufficed for me that Rose would be in the rooms of Felix on that evening, and that Olivia would catch them in a trap. I had no pity for the guilty pair, but I was genuinely sorry for Olivia. She little knew the torture she was about to undergo. I did and almost regretted that I had interfered in the matter. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that it was better for her to suffer a few hours' pain than lifelong misery. That she agreed to go to Jermyn street at that hour without a chaperon proved how desirous she was of learning the truth. Delicately nurtured, gently bred, she must have felt horrified at the risk she was running of losing her good name, but seeing that her life's happiness depended upon knowing all she flung etiquette to the winds and came. When I found her at the foot of the stairs at 8 o'clock, I admired and respected her from the bottom of my heart. "Am I late?" she asked, touching my hand with trembling fingers. "Only five minutes," said I, looking at my watch. "I have been waiting at the head of the stairs for that time. However, we can soon walk round to Jermyn street."

the mantelpiece, looked anxious and angry, while Rose Gernon, her hands on the table, faced him fiercely. Evidently the conversation was not progressing in a satisfactory manner to either. "No!" she was saying rapidly. "I accept no money for what I have done. You know the only reward. I claim—your love!" "I cannot give it to you," said Felix doggedly. "You know that as well as I do."



"Do I?" she cried passionately. "Do you dare to say that to me after all your vows and protestations? Why did you tell me you loved me if it was but a lie?" "I did not tell you so."

like you," answered Olivia scornfully. "I am glad I listened, for it enables me to protect the man I love against your arts." "That is not the man you love," said Rose spitefully. "He lies in the marshes surrounding the Fen inn, slain by the hand of his brother."

CHAPTER XLII
For the moment I felt but little surprise, as I thought Olivia was but making the same mistake she had made formerly. Yet when I noted that she knew the true date of her lover's return and remarked the strange expression on the face of Rose I became instinctively convinced that she spoke the truth. It was Francis Briarfield who stood before me, and the dead man was Felix. How the change of personality had taken place I was unable to guess, but nevertheless felt that it was true. Rose Gernon, with a look of disappointed rage, was the first to speak. She stamped her foot and laughed scornfully.

"No," said Francis and Olivia in one breath. "You must tell all now." "There is no time," she urged. "I am late as it is, I must go." "Let me speak, Briarfield," I interposed, seeing he was about to refuse again. "We do not want to make a public scandal of this—as yet."

frable task, yet necessary, as I thought when you saw no body the next day you would think it was a dream or a hallucination. "I did very nearly," I answered gravely. "And what about Paris?" "Oh, that was very easy! When you said you were going there to look up Felix, I followed you to London by the same train and crossed over to Paris at once. At the Hotel des Etrangers I found Felix had bribed the manager to send on those letters to Olivia. He, of course, thought I was Felix and talked quite openly before me. Felix had invented a very ingenious plot to enlist the manager in his service. What it was I need not tell you, but I told the manager what I wanted, and he did it well. Of course I paid him lavishly."

THE BUSINESS REVIEW. BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY REPORT ON TRADE SITUATION. A WEEK OF MODERATE REACTION. More Particularly in the Volume of Purchases of Staples in the West—Wheat Makes Another "Lowest Price on Record"—Corn and Oats Both Lower—Wool Sales Disappointing. NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Bradstreet's says: The feature of general trade throughout the country is found in moderate reaction during the week, more particularly in the volumes of purchases of staples West, where trade has been quite active and at Eastern points in the course of prices, the week failing to show any upward movement of note in this line, and in the check to business South, together with damage to the rice and orange crops. Leading jobbers at distributing points which for a month past have reported relatively most favorably concerning the course of business—Baltimore, St. Louis, Nashville and Chicago—send modified advices as to activity and the bright outlook. Wheat has made another "lowest price" and Indian corn and oats have both declined. Sugar and coffee record lower figures, and another lowest price for cotton has had an unfavorable influence on the tone of business at important Southern markets, particularly in view of the activity of the receipts of that staple. London wool sales have proved disappointing to those who predicted or anticipated heavy purchasing for the American market and rapid advances in prices. On this side quotations are off one cent, fleeces particularly being weak. There is better trade in territories and Australia. CORBETT TO FITZSIMMONS. WILL NOT FIGHT HIM UNTIL HE HAS GONE AGAINST O'DONNELL. PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 1.—James J. Corbett has sent the following to Fitzsimmons: PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 28, 1894. Dear Sir: I have read in the morning papers your very amusing challenge to me. You say the Olympic club offers a purse. Well, maybe they do, but I have never heard from them as yet. You put \$10,000 in the Olympic club's hands—why don't you put it up in some newspaper office, or some place where a man can see it, or is the Olympic club backing you? However, that's neither here nor there. I suppose you are afraid if you put the money up in any other place besides the Olympic club some one else might cover it. It is not necessary for me to give a reply to your challenge, because you are well aware that I will not accept it, unless you prove yourself a champion heavyweight and not a middle-weight. "I must acknowledge that as a 'middle weight' you have no equal, but all you ever did in the 'heavy weight' class was to defeat Peter Maher and Joe Choyinski, two second class 'heavyweights,' since both of these men have been defeated by Joe Goddard of Australia, another second class 'heavyweight.' "You say I promised to give you a match if you defeated Choyinski or Creedon. When you say that, you know you lie. I never even noticed you, and don't intend to unless you prove yourself a champion heavyweight. "You want to jump over the heads of all these other people and take that dying chance with me, but I will fool you. Steve O'Donnell, my present sparring partner, an undefeated man, has \$10,000 that he can defeat you. He will box you from one round to a finish for fun or for money. Now, how can you expect me to recognize you when the man stands ready with the money behind him to prove to the world that he is your superior? If you will only meet him and defeat him I will accept an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) from the Olympic club and I will give you all the fight you want. If you want to fight me this is the only way you can ever get me to make a match with you, for there is no power on earth that will make me notice you until you have defeated Steve O'Donnell and any further talk from you I will consider and simply put down as bluff. I put myself on record in black and white, that if you defeat O'Donnell I will fight you for the championship of the world and all the money you like. This is positively my ultimatum. Yours truly, JAMES J. CORBETT, "Champion of the World." Big Four Train Wreckers Caught. TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 1.—George Roberts has confessed that he, Fred Eppert, Charles Miller, William Tully and William Souerwine turned the switch and wrecked a Big Four passenger train at Fontana on the night of July 12, when both the engineer and fireman were killed. SHANGHAI, Oct. 1.—It is reported the emperor has granted Li Hung Chang's request to be allowed to take the field in person and that Li Hung Chang will make his headquarters at Lu Tai, near Kai Ping, the present headquarters of the provincial commander-in-chief, Chih Li. Auditor Prather Seriously Ill. TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 1.—Auditor of State Van B. Prather is confined to his bed by an affection of the bladder and kidneys, which the physicians today announce has assumed a serious form. He has been ill for nearly a month. In payment of the interest due October 1, 1894, on United States registered 4 per cent consols of 1907 the treasury mailed 26,832 checks aggregating \$4,895,069.