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CHAPTER XX-Continued.

lying by others besides Arnold. You! flercely. Haven't you been lying to me ever since girl. What!" I came here—lying by words and actions? Perhaps you're here as a spy, now." She coked up at me pitifully, but I continued. "I've seen you in the cabin in Lost Holtalking as a friend with a woman I know to be a very flend. Why do you gallop about the country at all hours of the night-as I know you do? What sort of girl is it who'll write proclamations for

"Oh!" she said. Her eyes brimmed with tears. "Ah, but I deserve it." She strugoming here tonight. This morning I went this time." for a ride. I'd been worried by-by think-I came to Mary Pedersen's cabin. Mary!" She shuddered.

"I warned you against her " 'Oh, yes. But I didn't believe you. I

didn't wish to believe you." "What happened in the cabin?" urged "The old woman lost some of her sweetness. What! Dropped the

"Not at first. She talked to me as gently a sever, for a long time. After a while she made tea. She insisted so hard I should drink some that I remembered what you had written me, cousin? and I refused to take it. I caught her scowling at me behind my back-I was frightened. Before I could make up my mind to go, gentlemen-I've been expecting this." Mr. Arnold came in.

"Ab," remarked Hubbard. "Mr. Lawrence Arnold of Fairview. Very good."

"Poor child," I said. with them while they drank."

"The woman drank, too, did she?" asked "Oh, yes. After Mr. Arnold came in she began drinking stendily. By and by, a man they call 'Brownie' came in, and then

more and more men, until the place was "And you alone with them." I said. She hung her head. "I wasn't so much

afraid of the piners hurting me. I had seen the man 'Brownie' and two or three of the others before. But I knew all those men must have come together for some vioence. I soon found out from their talk they were coming to attack Morvan-and so out when I like?"

"They'll be made welcome."

"When I understood, I said I wouldn't raged. told them that when I'd agreed to help Mr. Arsold frighten you away, he had said order tonight of all others?" there would never be anyone hurt-he'd warn you in desperate earnest-because I instant." danger. And I didn't write those notices from Pine Owl. I suppose Mr. Arnto post where you would be sure to see But I didn't post it at all-the paper was too dirty." "What!" exclaimed the lawver. "That

proves it never pays to take a woman into conspiracy. Wouldn't post the notice ecause the paper was too dirty!" "Go shead, ma'am, if you please," said Hubbard, "What happened after you'd told am you were deeper in the mire than

"I said they all know they had beaten edge-I would never have consented to it. I told them they mustn't attack Morvan."

"Well?" urged Mr. Stockton. "What "They laughed at me. The man Brownie"

"Good heavens!" I cried. "They might have murdered you." "I thought they would, at first. But Mr Arnold made them be quiet. He said I was a fool, but they'd simply leave me there with Mary to watch me, until it was all over. Then the others went out to make ready, but Mr. Arnold and Mary made me sit down by the fire-and made that awful snake coil down near me, too.

'The hell cat!" I said. "But I was almost as much afraid of Mr. Arnold as I was of the snake. He kept looking at me so strangely, and he'd taken for too much liquor. Then 'Brownie' called him to come out-they were ready to go. He said they wouldn't wait any longer for Bram Morvan. They cursed Bram, toobecause he wans't on time, I suppose."

Oh!" She buried her face in her hands.

We three men exchanged glances. "I saw the piners file past the door, with Mr. Arnold leading them-they were horrible. Each one had a black cloth over his

"After they were gone Mary taunted me. She said she had waited for years to get revenge upon me-and until that afternoon I had always thought she loved me." What can she have against you?"

Ferriss blushed hotiy. "She'd been my father's housekeeper so long that—that at last she wasted to be his wife. I never heard of it until she taunted me tonight She asked father to marry her-years ago. He was outraged, and had discharged her at once. She had taken it into her head that if I had not been in the way, father might have consented-so she has hated me

'How did you get away, ma'am?" aaked 'Mary drank until she began to fall into a stupor. As she grew sleepy she talked to the snake as if it were a human

being. "By heaven!" I said. "It's a pity can't burn witches nowadays."

"Just so," agreed the lawyer. woman deserves death at the stake." "Then she fell asleep. She'd stuck the

candle on the table, and the melting tallow run into her white hair-she'd fallen asleep with her head on the table." Ferriss' eyes "And I knew I must come to warn you. But if I barely breathed, the make would hise frightfully-frightfullyand its eyes were so cold. Then I put my face in my hands and prayed to be brave. And then..." A long shudder shook her from head to foot.

"What then?" I muttered huskily. "Then I killed the snake-with the poker

and came to you." Strong men as we were, each drew a

"Dear," I began, and could may no more. The balliff was clamping his laws to- began to move toward the door. "Cousin," I said sternly, "there has been gether. Mr. Stockton blew his nose "A brave girl, Henry-a brave

CHAPTER XXI.

"It seems to me if the candle was 'most burned down to the table when the young lady left the cabin," said Hubbard, "and the table was pinewood-was it a pine table, ma'am?" Ferriss nodded.

'If the candle, not bein' in a holder, gled to control herself. "I'll tell you every- burned down to that fat pine-wood, may thing-by and by-but the Pine Owls are be your witch has got her punishment, by

"Well," he went on, "one snake's had ing too much." Her eyes fell before mine, its back broke by a poker, and another's I rode as far as I could—in the afternoon got herself singed very likely, but there's still a whole knot of 'em alive-and headed this way."

Proposed against Sue Paker's shoulder Ferriss looked from Mr. Stockton to me. as if awaiting sentence for her sins. My heart was beating in my throat-I could

find a word to say. Buckaloo opened the library door, and thrust in his head, "Can I speak to you,

gentlemen? Mr. Bram, he's---' "I understand," interrupted the lawyer. 'Hold him there, Buckalog-very well done. Miss Ferriss, we'll leave you with Suc. Take care of her. Sue." He caught up his documents from my desk. "Come en. He went out, the bailiff at his heels. I

lingered a moment. "Ferriss, if we're attacked, the safest Yes. He had been drinking. I started place for you is here in the library. Sue to go then, but they insisted I should stay. Will stay with you. Don't be frightened I began to be very much afraid, but I if you hear firing-no bullet can get through those oak shutters, dear."

"De careful," she wispeher. "Oh, be She smiled wistfully. "Mary and Mr. careful." I raised her hand to my lips, Arnold were determined to have me sit then hurried into the hall, closing the door behind me.

I found Bram facing Mr. Stocktor and Hubbard. He was cloaked and spurred for a ride. Behind him, Buckaloo leaned sullenly on his fowlingpiece.

"This idiot wouldn't let me pass," said Bram impatiently. "He said he had orders not to let anybody in or out. Swore he'd shoot me if I stirred, by Gad! I told him the orders weren't meant to apply to me, but he wouldn't budge."

"The orders are meant to apply to you." I said, "particularly to you. "Eh? What's that! D'ye mean I can't

"You can't go out tonight." "Why, by Gad! Hal, this is tyranny," he "Damned if I'll endure it!" By a allow it. They only laughed at me. Then great effort he managed to change his tone. "Why do you publish this ironelad

"Bram," I said gravely, "if you hadn't promised me that if you wouldn't go, we been immured in your own room for the would give up the plan." She faced me last hour, you'd know that Ferris Dayton Cousin, that day at Pole Tay- is here-here with news that the ragaern, I couldn't play my part-I couldn't muffins from the swamp may attack this

didn't really believe you would be in des- His disdainful humor vanished. "Ferria? I was busy getting into riding togs and old did. The one you saw in my belt that didn't hear. But the Pine Owls, you say? same day at Pole Tavern he had given me Pshaw, man.. They'll never dare attack Morvan-never in the world. I'd stand by you on the chance, though, if I could, but I'm bound to go tonight, d'ye see?-bound

> He turned on the lawyer. "Mr. Stockton, you know-

"I know nothing about it," snapped the lawyer, "nothing about it, Mr. Bram." Bram stared at him, then again addressed himself to me. "Hang it, Hal, this that poor fluckaloo without my knowl- won't do.. Look here-I must go.. I can't disappoint a woman, you know." "Shame, sir," I said. "I do know-I know too well."

"Eh! Why, man-" The lawyer made a sign to Hubbard. said the bargain between Mr. Arnold and The latter intervened briskly. 'It's no use, me was nothing to them-what they were sir. If you won't stay willin', you must after was the plunder. The bargain they 'unwillin'." He took a paper from Mr. had made was for the money and plate in Stockton and touched Bram lightly upon Morvan, and they would have it if they had the shoulder. "Bramfield Morvan, I arto kill you to get it. Then I said I'd come rest you as an accessory before and after the fact in the assault and battery upon Timothy Buckaloo. Bram paled, but stood his ground. He

glared at the lawyer. "Is this a joke, Mr. Stockton? If it is, it's gone far enough. You know very

The bailiff went on harshly. "Also, for conspiring to work bodily harm to the person of Henry Morvan, Esquire; also, for robbing divers persons by force and violence on the public way." "It's a lie!" cried Bram, "It's a damned

lie!" He lifted his whip threatingly. "For heaven's sake, don't oblige us to use force," I said. "We're prepared to go to extremes with you-you've brought this upon your self." I pointed to a chair. "Sit there, sir, and pray that we have no

oodshed here tonight."

He glared about-everywhere stern faces confronted him. All at once he flung down his whip with a fierce oath. Dropping his cloak and hat, he sank heavily into the chair. His head bent forward, and his legs outstretched, he scowled straight before him. He sat thus through all that followed. During the wild events of that night, I believe he neither spoke nor moved

The affair was settled none too soon-Jerry touched me on the arm. "Mastah Henry, Baker he says come quick. Theys a lot o' folks comin' up

through the meadow." "To your posts, gentlemen," I ordered. "Jerry, go tell Miss Ferries not to be afraid-and stay near her."

Mr. Stockton hurried to help Dick at the rear. Sam joined Buckaloo for the defense of the side door. Hubbard and I ran up the staircase, and stepped upon the porch roof beside Baker. Shotgun poised, he was pearing into the darkness. "What do you see, Baker?"

"I don't see much, sir," returned the farmer, "but I thought I heard a kind of trampin' over there." He motioned with his weapon.

Sheltered by the tall columns of the porch, we held our breath and listened. The night was cold and overcast. The moon was up, but, hidden by the clouds, gave only a diffused and uncertain light. Although one might descry an object within twenty or thirty yards, beyond all was lost in haze.

Then a weird thing happened. A man mounted upon a powerful horse, rode out abruptly of the mist. He sat erect, with what seemed a rifle across his saddlebow. Above his broad shoulders, where his face ought to have been, was only a hideous outline in black.

"Pine Owl!" I breathed in Hubbard's

stop 'em before they get too close." of my arm, and stepped from behind the His followers dragged him away.

"Halt, there!" I shouted. "Now, then, gentlemen-what do you want?" The footmen hesitated one instant-then, turning, were swallowed by the night. Only Pine Owl himself remained. He lifted his ton." head-the shapeless black face stared up at me. Then very slowly the horse began Hubbard. to move backward. Inch by inch the hase stant the horse's head stood out-then ardly mob. it, too, was gone.

might almost have been a ghostly appari- gang is a good deal of a fighter."

"Just so," said the balliff. "We did the surprisin' they thought they were goin' eyes-or even robbing a traveler." to do. Better get under cover, sir-that was a rifle the leader had. He might-" A stream of fire shot from the darkness, followed by a sharp report. A tiny shower of splinters flew from the pillar not an inch above my head. I sprang for shelter. "Are you hit, Squire?" cried Baker,

"A close call," commented Hubbard coolly. "If it hadn't been so hazy, he'd had you all right. I guess the mist sort of made your head look bigger that it was. They the turmoil, the voice of Mr. Stockton staggered and fell, rose to hands and knees mean business, that's sure. Well, so do I, if rang through the rooms, calling upon us and crawled away, moaning. that's their game." He drew a pair of for help. huge horse pistols from the flaps of his

"Soiah," said Dick's voice behind us." 'Mastah Thomas wants to know if anybody's hurt, and do you want him to try at the front was only a blind." We "No. Tell him we expect another attack

soon. Keep a sharp lookout at the rear, Five or six men came into our range of vision at a run. They bore what must

have been axes and billets of wood. In the lead, rifle in hand, ran a broadshouldered man on foot-I knew it must be Lawrence Then Mr. Stockton bounded down the back Arnold.

"Fire and be damned!" roared the leader. "Come on, boys!" "Fire!" I shouted.

At the word, Baker and Dick emptied side." their pieces into the crowd. There were several shrill cries. The whole group turned axes-descended on the door. The panels by side, their arms about each other. Jerry place. and ran back as before. Only the leader threatened to yield at any instant. stood his ground. "Come on, you cowards!" he cried, his

bag that hid his face. "Come on There's ere-a silence fell. "I'm an officer of the It's all over." only a nigger or two." Beveral of his followers halted. I saw they to disperse." crouched by the porch rail.
"Go back!" I called. "I know you, sir. I

His rifle leaped to his shoulder by

my throat. But the half-ounce ball from my through. "Now, sir," muttered the balliff, "better German rifle struck Pine Owl below the Hubbard's face set in grim lines, "Genknes and smashed the bone. He uttered a tlemen," he said hurriedly, "for the peace I threw my German rifle into the hollow harsh scream, and crumpled to the earth, of the state, we'll have to make an ex-

grim approval. "A good shot, sir, I'll bet wayman. Pull up that settle and those he don't do any more owling for one while, chairs for a breastwork here. Yes, the The effect of my challenge was magical. Baker and the boy peppered some of the clock too. Are all your weapons loaded? others, too."

"I'm sure that was Arnold. He's down- behind 'em." crept from tall to haunch-to saddle. The that ought to discourage the others. He's figure of the rider melted away. For an the moving spirit-the rest are only a cow- out the candles, Buckaloo, Now, gentlemen,

We gazed at each other. The whole thing the bailiff, "There's another fellow in the once for all." Brownie' Davis? Charging a house full

of armed men is different from gouging out all he wants tonight, but-The sound of a horse's hoofs interrupted

him. The animal, hidden by the mist, seemed to move from front to rear of the house at full gallop. "Can Arnold have mounted again?" I exclaimed, "With a wounded leg!" A fusillade of shots broke out from the

rear. With it came the sound of furious There was a chorus of shouts and cries.

Hubbard." "Just so," grunted the bailiff, as we raced madly down the staircase, "That lurching horribly in his saddle.

sped past the side entrance. "We'll need you. Buckajoo," he shouted. As we ran into the back hall, the door leaped upon its hinges, and the whole place solftly. "Buckaloo, help me fix that door trembled with a mighty blow. Two pistol the best way we can. Gentlemen, Pine Owl shots sounded from the room above, an- and the boys from the Barrens will never

swered by a regular voiley from without, trouble this county again." We heard the sound of breaking glass, staircase, like face sprinkled with blood. "Only cut a little by the glass," he exclaimed. "By the enternal! they've got a From the chaos of the back hall I hur- lieve that he was endeavoring to fend off battering ram. They'll be through that door ried to the front of the house. Bram still in a lifty. We can't hit anybody from the crouched, brooding, in the windsor chair.

The bailiff advanced. "Now then," he shouted, "be quiet there!" His stentorian voice sounding muffled behind the black tones must have penetrated to the besieg-

roared the bailiff. "I call upon you ripped a flap of Hubbard's walstcoat, and few face scratches." shattered the face of the tall clock beside warn you, we'll shoot to kill if you com- my head. A harsh voice sounded without. "Kill the new squire! Tar and feather

Bram Morvan, and plunder the house!" of answer. Our pleces sounded like one "No, no!" cried the voice of Brownie' report. Even as I fired I remembered Mr. Davis. "Use the hickories on everybody "No, no!" cried the voice of 'Brownie' side?" Stockton's favorite maxim: "Aim at his else, but kill Bram Morvan, by God! He's turned traitor!"

"Bring up the log," ordered the hoarse rate. They've taken their wounded and

men on foot issued from the darkness and was buried in the balustrade that shielded tenes again. "One more try, and we'll be

ample of some of these fellows. I happen "That's the style," said the bailiff in to know their leader is a professed high-

Where's Dick? Dick!"

"Dick," I ordered, "get back to Mr. Stock- The black boy came running from his post above. "They're comin', Mastah Thomas!" he cried. "A whole lot of 'em with a big log, and the man on horseback

"All right," said the bailiff sternly, "Put as soon as they break through, let 'em "I ain't so sure about that," responded have it. We've got to break up this gang,

There was a tramp of heavy feet without. "Stand clear!" shouted the hourse tones. The battering ram struck with terrifle force. The door leaped from its hinges "That's so. Yes, I guess Arnold's got and fell in the hall with a clang. Over it poured a stream of ghastly figures. "Fire!" muttered the bailiff.

Our weapons thundered together. I discharged both barrels of my Manton. Mr. Stockton's pistols cracked, then catching up my rifle, he emptied that as well. Buckaloo, swearing flercely, did the same with shotgun and flintlock.

blows against the back door. And above The attacking column was withered. Men Outside a raging horseman was visible in "Stay here, Baker," I cried. "Come on, the moonlight. The bailiff fired twice with

his heavy pistols. Pine Owl reeled. He An awful silence reigned. In the darkness

We could hear the thumping of each other's hearts. "Dick, light the candles," said the balliff

CHAPTER XXII.

window above there-it's too far to one He did not lift even his eyes as I strode past him. A shower of blows-from hammers and In the library Ferriss and Sue sat side veyed me ruefully, and fell back to his

stood facing the door. "That you, Mastah Henry?" "Yes, yes. We've driven them off, Ferriss.

"Is-is he safe, Squire?" exclaimed Sue. called piercingly from a blasted oak. "Lem? Safe and sound. None of our side would regain courage in another instant. I A pistol ball, discharged through a panel is hurt-except Mr. Stockton. He has a Fairview branched from the turnpike, yet

Ferriss looked up at me. I noticed the pitiful droop of her mouth, and the dark "Aren't we going to Fairview?" circles under her eyes.

"Some of them are badly hurt, I think. It's the keystone of the arch we want. If "Now a try."

were forced to fire upon them." never have come here. It's all my fault." a clever scoundrel. Remember! they told better as it is."

dead away-if there are any dead."

you themselves they were after plunder- "A hundred times!" said Mr. Stockton. they didn't come for any other reason. "You've nothing to blame yourself for, Cousin," I went on, "you must be worn Henry-nothing. Now, for Arnold's," he out. Let Sue put you to bed. You can go Went on, "Hubbard, you take charge here, home when you're rested tomorrow-or to- will you? Make everything right for the day-it must be nearly morning."

had been through an agony of terror and see beyond the end of his nose. But arrange anguish that might well have turned her things so he won't have to look too closely. brain. I slipped my arm about her should- You understand?" ers, and supported her to the very door of Sue's room. She gave me a long look, the balliff, "It'll be all right," Then Sue closed the door softly behind her. Bram was holding the horses below the Dick was extinguishing the candles in house. He gave us a questioning look. the hall. It was almost daylight. Mr. Stockton and Hubbard were awaiting mee himself."

up this business." He brandished a handful nust be riding. Yes and Bram, too." "Where are we going?"

Bramfield?" My "cousin" got on his feet. He streched of suicide upon that not." himself stiffly. "Yes, str," he answered. His tone was grave, but free of resent-

In five minutes we were all booted and man. Very regrettable-assicide." spurred. Sam brought the horses. We all mounted and swept around the house. Several plashes of blood were distinctly visible upon the withering grass. "Just so," said the balliff, "Some sick

people in the swamp today, I guess." The sun rose out of the pines as we cantered sharply down the slope. In those same pines murder had lately been hatching-perhaps rufflans were even then dragging their shattered limbs through the ain't been home since yistiddy fo'noon,"

Mr. Stockton seemed to be lost in thought. stiffened himself-then gailoped away. The balliff, too, looked grim. I did not care to ask them our destination. Howing toward Fairview township, Doubtless would trap Lawrence Arnold, lurking like a wounded tiger in his den. We might even hope to overtake him on the way.

Bram glanced side-long at me from time to time. If I looked as I felt, my face was not encouraging; but when our horses fell to a walk, he reined beside me. "I've been a cad, Hal," he said. "I must

have been crasy." I understood his character too well to bepunishment by this acknowledgment. He was not the man to cry for quarter. His words told of a genuine repentance, but 1 was in no position to answer him. He sur-

We gained the Fairview turnpike and sen's." "Who's theyah?" he demanded valiantly. galloped along it. It was a glorious autumn you any more, Mr. Bram. Tell everything morning. Silvery networks glistened in the grass beside the road. The sky above the pines was blue as steel. A woodpecker It was the spot where the avenue to

we were passing it at a gallop. "This is the place, Mr. Stockton," I called. "The others?" she said. "The other lawyer over his shoulder. "We're after a "Go, and si

> wits us.' Amazed, I spurred my roan after him. "But, Pine Owi!" I said, as we pounded

> along. "He must be the man we want." "Yes, you're right, Henry-you're right Pine Owl's the man-if he's alive. Yes, yes, 'But Isn't Arnold Pine Owl?" "No-he isn't." returned the lawyer.

> You'll see one moment." We turned sharply into a sandy path. It was the back road to Chestnut Farms. I caught the lawyer's eye, and a dreadful sumpicion seized me. "Good Heavens!"

> Mr. Stockton pursed his lips, "I won't algnificantly. We dismounted a hundred yards below the house.

"Hold the horses, Mr. Bram, if you please," directed Mr. Stockton, "You won't want to take part in this, I suppose. Now, then, gentlemen! We hastened forward on foot. The house married. We had to keep it a secret."

faced us stark in the morning light. Its

unpainted woodwork showed ghastly-its gaunt windows were eloquent of misery. We stole forward cautiously, but nowhere was there a sign of life. The bailiff pointed to a dark blotch on the lowest step of the porch. There was another on the very doorsill.

and we slipped into the house. The blotches on the doorstep might have prepared me for anything, yet the poverty of the place appailed me As we passed into the nearest room Hubbard uttered an exclamation. He crossed

He turned the knob. The door yielded.

about. Pine Owl had been overtaken at and moved down it toward the village. My Bowed over a center table sat John Dayton. His square shoulders were drooped and his head hung forward, but the dead hand still grasped the pen with which he had been writing his last effort at deception-writing in the same quaint characters which, although disguised, he had in-

dited Pine Owl's warnings to me.

Hubbard read the note in a low tone.

"To my dear Daughter: Forgive me for the shock your finding me here will cause you. I had intended to die in the chestnut grove-I shot myself there, but feared discovery before death came, so I have dragged myself to the house. You may find some bloodstains where I leaned against the rails. I die by my own hand-life has become insupportable to me. Poverty and infirm!-" He had died as he wrote.

The balliff looked up. "He must have climbed the fence with both bullets through his lungs," he said. "Well, gentlemen, that's what I call going out game to the We stood silent. What an iron nature

had been John Dayton's! And how dis-

torted! What duplicity-and skill-must have been his, to have kept his very daughter in ignorance that he himself was the master of the plot in which she had, until lately, fancied herself a leader! A pang went through me as I looked on the dead man. He had been killed while trying to oust a usurper-little as he deemed me such in law-from his own

"My God!" I said hoarsely. "I might have prevented all this. If I'd only dreamed Pine Owl was Mr. Dayton, I would have given up Morvan. Mr. Stockton, Hubbard, want to tell you something. Gentlemen,

"Tut! tut! Mr. Morvan" interrupted the bathiff sternly. "Contain yourself, sir. It's very natural on your part, I'm sure-your sorrow on account of the family. Yes, it's natural-but be a man, sir. Bear in mind I shot John Dayton, and shot him not because he made an assault on your property.

but because he's the highwayman I've been after for two years past. Yes, sir-he 'Yes, but they brought ft on their ewn rebbed Mr. William Hancock on the Clayheads. They were selemnly warned off. We ville Road very lately, and has been mixed in a dozen other matters I could name. I got hold of the proofs not long since, but count. If it hadn't been for me, they'd his life's been forfelt to the law these two years or mere. Yes, sir, if I hadn't killed "No, no. You've been misted all along by him, he'd have had to swing. I guess it's

lay—it must be nearly morning." Inquest. What! Luckily William Hancock. She was to weary to protest. Indeed, she is coroner just now, and he's not likely to

"Yes, sir. This is in my line," responded "He's dead," said the lawyer. "He's killed

"Sam has gone for our horses, Henry," Bram paled. He gased from one to the said the lawyer. "Now's the time to finish other. "Dead. John Dayton-killed himself!" "Yes-dead by his own hand, sir," reof warrants. "You and I and Hubbard sponded the lawyer firmly. "He has committed suicide-suicide, Mr. Bram. A most unfortunate occurence. A party of gentle-"Everywhere everywhere. What! I'll men-his nearest relatives and neighborssend Dick down to the village to my cierk, come to pay Mr. John Dayton a morning Fithlan. Fithlan will see that the machin- call-to ascertain if he has by chance been ery of the law runs true. Of course, we'll made the object of a similar attack to that have to report all this fighting to the au- just directed against the main branch of thorities. Fortunately I'm about the chief the family. They find him dead-yes, a authority myself-in this particular cause- note in his own hand stating that he was I and Hubbard. Are you ready there, tired of life, and had resolved to end it. The coroner can't fail to find a verdict

"Yes, Mr. Bram. A very lamentable afment. "I'm ready. Let's get through with fair. And ending greatly to be deplored for so old-and ah!-so well connected a

CHAPTER XXIII.

Evil Spirite

In fifteen minutes Mr. Stockton, Bram and I rode up the avenue to Fairview. Several servants hastened out. "Is your master at home?" demanded Mr.

Stockton. "No, sah," answered one of them, "He Ah, he hasn't? Is your mistress in?"

"Yas, sah. Miss Kitty's here, but Ah don't guess she's dressed yit." "Mr. Bram," said the lawyer, "T'll have ever, I soon perceived that we were mak- to ask you to go in and make sure our man isn't here. On your honor, if you please-on your honor." Bram nodded. "And be careful he doesn't pistol you from a

closet," cautioned the lawyer. "I dare say he doesn't love you just now." Tossing his reins to a darkey. Bram ran into the house. From the room in the second story I so well remebered presently a

"Damn his effrontery!" I muttered, Mr. Stockton gave me a quizzical glance. Bram ran out. "He isn't here," he declared. "I'm sure of it." "Where can he be?"

"May be at Bat Merry's," suggested Bram, "If his leg's smashed, it would be too far for him to try for Mary Peder-

-everything, mind, to her." He nodded toward the house. "Make a clean breast of it, Mr. Bram. Then, if you please, get her to ride over to Morvan within an hour and break the news of Mr. Dayton's sulcide to Miss Ferriss. She's her friendshe'll do it best. Let her break the news." "Very well, sir." "Go, and sin no more, Bramfield, if I

"I'll have a try for it, Mr. Stockton. Hal, "Now, go along," said the lawyer. "I dare We don't know whether or not any are we break the keystone, there won't be any say you'll have to explain to your wife why you didn't keep your engagement with

her last night." "His wife!" I fairly shouted. "Eh? What! Yes, his wife." The lawyer chuckled. "That's the bit of gossip I promised to tell you when I got back from Trenton. Dr. Garrett married them the day Baker and Sue were married. Miss Katharine-Mrs. Bram now-was at church with Miss Dayton-didn't you see her? They were married immediately afterward -in the rectory. Miss Ferriss was bridesmaid, and I was witness-Mrs. Garrett and

I. Bram swore me to secrecy." 'Bram, why didn't you tell me?" I exswear to it-not yet, but-" He nedded d'ye see? Lewrence would have raised the very deuce, if he'd known it. He wanted a rich husband for Kitty-not a poor rip like me. We'd cared for each other a long time. I sounded Lawrence in the thing once-he was ready to fight me on the spot. No, no, we stood it as long as we could, and then we stole away and got

> and your wife," I said. "I was doing you gross injustice." "Did you know something about it?" He gazed at me and perhaps guessed what I had seen. He flushed, but laughed good naturedly. "Well, well, Hal, I didn't know anyone was about. No, by Gad!" stopped, and sighed heavily, "Poor little Kitty! the worst is coming for us now." magnanimous idea flashed into my

"I've had ghastly suspicions about you-

mind-I had almost come to believe I was really Henry Morvan. "The worst isn't coming, Bram," I said, "Not if I have anything to do with it." the room at a stride and threw back a "And you have," said Mr. Stockton, "and shutter. The light poured in and I stared you have." We took the crossway to the postroad,

> brain was in a whirl-dead men and climbing lovers, the hideous faces of Pine Owls, and the wistful mouth of Ferriss Dayton danced before my mind's eye. I was too far gone in my desperate game to retreat. "Mr. Stockton," I said between gallops, "why can't I buy up Arnold's mortgages? I'd like to give Fairview to

Bram and his wife-and let them make a new start in life." "You can, Henry, you can. The idea does you credit. I can lay hold of every one of those mortgages at a day's notice."

"Then we'll do it."

"If Arnold isn't at Merry's," said the lawyer during the next breathing space, "there's only one other place to try-and that's not the old Swede's cabin either." "I know-at Letty Milier's cottage-behind us."

"Exactly. It would be like his mean soul to go crawling to her when he was in trouble. What!" At the tavern we tied our horses to the rails, and walked quickly into the public The place was empty of loungers. Merry himself, smaller and paler-

faced than usual, bustled from behind the

'Good morning, gentlemen. Good morning, Squire Morvan, Good morning, Squire Stockton. A beautiful day for the time of year. You're riding early this morning, gentlemen. Will the Gloucester Hunt be down this way today? What can I serve you this morning, gentlemen? I've just got in a keg of oak-stored Kentucky-or you haven't had breakfast yet, some fast' oysters or a couple of qualis

The lawyer had been watching him nerrowly. "Merry," he interrupted without ceremony, "which is Mr. Arnold's room?" The landlord shrank as if he had received a blow. "Bir," he stammered, "I don't know what-Mr. Arnoid? I haven't seen him for two or three days, I'm sure. He isn't here, sir."

(To Be Continued.)

