

his bill, he went across the street, gave the monkey an apple and watched him munch it; then turning suddenly, mounted the steps and entered the office. It was an impulse born of the moment. A vague sort of an idea had come to him, that this was his chance to find some clue to the man who was shadowing him. The justice was at his desk.

"Did you marry the couple that came here in that carriage a while ago?" he abruptly asked.

"I did, sir," looking suspiciously at the intruder.

"Do you know the man?"

"No, sir!" with dignity. "My official capacity does not require that I shall have personal knowledge of parties making application to be married, only that they shall present a certificate, duly certified and signed by the proper authorities. This they have done."

"May I see it? I have private reasons for wishing to know who the man is."

"Presume it is no secret, as the document will have to be recorded," said the justice, handing the paper to him.

As Hepworth took it, a strange, unaccountable feeling of impending ill possessed him. He dropped into a chair and looked at the page before him; rubbed his eyes and looked again. What was the matter? The letters were all blurred together in a confused mass; then, just as they seemed to be growing more distinct, and to be taking the proper outlines, he suddenly awoke to find himself sitting up in bed, with the cold beads of perspiration standing on his brow, while a voice shouted at his door:

"Boat leaves in half an hour!"

The fear of being too late chased every experience of the the night completely out of his mind. Nor would he probably have thought of it again, had he not, without any warning, stumbled upon

certain tangible facts, which his dream foreshadowed, that brought it home to him in its minutest details, with terrible distinctness. In ten minutes, he had dressed himself and swallowed a cup of coffee; and jumped into a hack, drawn by a long, lean span of grays.

"It's a mile to the wharf. If you get me there inside of ten minutes, that is yours," he said to the driver, tossing into his hand two silver dollars.

"Begorra! an' I'll mak' it," quoth Pat, springing to his seat with a crack of his whip.

"The grays shot away like an arrow. Houses and trees along the street grow indistinct and seemed to be running after them. People flew to windows and doors. They whirled into the main thoroughfare with the off wheels spinning in the air. Hepworth leaned forward to the opening back of the driver's seat, and shouted:

"Hold, there! Hold, there! No need to drive like this."

"I'll mak' it," roared Pat, with another crack of his whip.

The accelerated motion took off the Irishman's hat and landed it on an awning across the street. He was standing up now, gesticulating wildly and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Howly Mary and the s'int's preserve yer sows, if yees don't clear the track!"

Hepworth was quite convinced, now, that he was at the mercy of a madman. A feeling of utter helplessness crept over him. This wild ride, through a crowded thoroughfare, with flying horses and a mad driver, was full of sickening horror. Some dreadful calamity must inevitably happen. He leaned back and closed his eyes. On they flew, and the surging streams of pedestrians, carriages and market wagons betook themselves to cross streets, or packed themselves in a dense mass along the