By BOOTH TARKINGTON. Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" G =

caught in a lie.

He went to the Main street window

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CHAPTER XI CONTINUED

"Think I must be growing old, and only one in the room not too dusty for for you at a quarter to 9." constitution refuses bear it. Disgrace- occupation, for here, at this bour, Tom "I will not go, I tell you," tion justified. H'rah for the news?" the trace wants of the trace was political thieving exhibition of the political thieving exhibition of the political thieving exhibitions of the p victories on pointer the lad's long, tion-no, expedition! Everybody not church a person who lived upon 'Ca-Crailey looked after the lad's long, get himself patriotically killed "

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"Water." said the other feebly. Tom the person never did. Tom had thought said to himself.

"And—ah, well—I'll have to risk it! round his head. "All right very soon would be sure to go to mass every day. No. I'll not play; I'll not play." and sober again," he muttered and lay which was why the window ledge was He went out of the hotel by a side back upon the pillow with eyes tightly dusted the next morning. was self contained and sane. "Haven't you heard the news?" He group of Irish waitresses from the ho-

spoke much more easily now. "It came tel made the board walk rattle under the gutter maliciously. at midnight to the Journal."

Grande on the 20th of last month, Cap-tured Captain Thornton and murdered mournfully with the shutters of Ma-be old Tom Vanrevel, indeed." Colonel Crook. That means war is cer. drillon's bank. A moment later Tom

"It has been certain for a long time," sure of foot and humming lightly to

man to die!" "Have they called for volunteers?" asked Tom, going toward the door.

"No, but if the news is true they "Yes," said Tom, and as he reached of Carewe street, turned at the corner

you to undress?" "Certainly not!" Crailey sat up in staring, for Crailey's banter broke off dignantly. "Can't you see that I'm per- in the middle of a word. fectly sober? It was the merest temporary fit, and I've shaken it off. Don't and they went in together. you see?" He got upon his feet, staggered and came to the door with infirm

"You're going to bed, aren't you?" asked Tom. "You'd much better."

"No. I'm going to work." you?" Crailey put his hand on the oth- as she spoke of her lover's goodness er's shoulder. "Were you hunting for and of how wonderfully he had talked she was only prevented from rating



"No; not last night." Crailey lurched suddenly, and Tom

walk will make me more a man than "Don't fear for us," laughed Trum-

clothes and go out."

went downstairs to his office with flush-laugh. "You're a master hand. You ed cheeks, a hanging head and an ex-to talk about losing enough." er to believe that he had just beer shaking his head, "but"-

go again, and you're afraid Miss Betty will see or hear us and tell her you

"I don't know Miss Carewe." "Then you needn't fear. Besides, when we go. She will never know

for any one to leave the cupola room except by the long hall which passed certain doors. "I will not go, and, what's more, I promised Fanchon Pd try to keep you out of it hereafter."

and seated himself upon the ledge, the the incredulous Jefferson. "Fill come almost lay upon her relaxed arms,

constitution retrieved to the condition, yet celebra had taken his place every morning Jefferson roared. "Yes, you will. since Elizabeth Carewe had come from You couldn't keep from it if you tried." tion justimed. He waved his hand wildly, "Old red, the convent. The window was a coign And he took himself off, laughing vio-He waved his hand blue! American eagle now of vantage, commanding the corner of lently, again promising to call for Craiwhite and state of lently, again promising to call for Crai-kindly proceed to scream! Star span-kindly proceed to scream! Star span-Carewe and Main streets. Some dis-ley on his way to the tryst and leaving gied banner intends streaming to all tance west of the corner the Catholic him still warmly procesting that it the trade winds! Sea to sea! Glorious church cast its long shadow across would be a great folly for either of

responsible for the trouble to go and rewe street must pass the corner or thin figure with an expression as near else make a half mile detour and apanger as he ever wore. "He'll go," he

brought the pitcher, and Crailey, set it out the first night that the image of Pil go with him, but only to try to for her, the sudden clamor in her fating his hot lips to it, drank long and Miss Betty had kept him awake, and bring him away early—that is, as early deeply; then, with his friend's assist- that was the first night Miss Carewe as it's safe to be sure that they are deeply; then, with most ened towel spent in Ronen. The St. Mary's girl as it's safe to be sure that they are sace, he tied a heavily moistened towel spent in Ronen. The St. Mary's girl as leep downstairs. And I won't play.

door. Some distance up the street closed in an intense effort to concentrate his will. When he opened them drug store caught the early sun of the homeward in the pleasant afternoon homeward in the pleasant afternoon caugh the early sun of the homeward in the pleasant afternoon caugh the early sun of the homeward in the pleasant afternoon caugh the early sun of the homeward in the pleasant afternoon caugh the early sun of the homeward in the pleasant afternoon caught the early sun of the homeward in the pleasant afternoon caught the early sun of the little corner than the closed in an intense effort to concentrate the closed in the c again, four or five minutes later, they hot May morning and became like had marvelously cleared and his look sheets of polished brass; a farmer's wagon rattled down the dusty street; a der into himself and threw the paper to a couple of pigs that looked up from their hurried steps as they went to-

"Confound him!" said Cralley, laugh-"No; I've been walking in the coun- ward the church, talking to one anothing ruefully. "He makes me a miser, and a blinking youth in his shirt slonary-for I'll keep my word to Fan-The Mexicans crossed the Rio sleeves, who were the air of one newly chon in that, at least! I'll look after Grande on the 26th of last month, cap- but not gladly risen, began to struggle chon in that, at least: 1 il look after

Meanwhile Mr. Carewe had taken heard Crailey come down the stairs, possession of his own again. His to unfasten her hair. Suddenly she took the breath from his throat and to unfasten her hair. daughter ran to the door to nicet him. said Tom. "Polk has forced it from himself. The door of the office was She was trembling a little and, blushclosed. Cralley did not look in, but ing and smiling, held out both her Then it's a pity he can't be the only presently appeared on the opposite side hands to him, so that Mrs. Tanberry of the street and offered badinage to vowed this was the lovellest creature in the world, and the kindest.

The bell had almost ceased to ring when a lady, dressed plainly in black, acquaintance, and disregarded the exbut graceful and tall, came rapidly out tended hands.

At that the blush faded from Miss the hallway he paused. "Can I help by the little drug store and went to- Betty's cheeks, she trembled no more, ward the church. The boy was left and a salutation as ley as her father's was returned to him. He bent his heavy brows upon her and shot a black glance He overtook her on the church steps, her way, being, of course, immediately enraged by her reflection of his own

manner, but he did not speak to her. told Tom how beautiful her betrothed Nor did he once address her during had been to her. He had brought her the evening meal, preferring to honor a great bouquet of violets and lilies of Mrs. Tanberry with his conversation, the valley and had taken her to the to that diplomatic lady's secret anger, "No," answered Crailey. "Are your" cemetery to place them on the grave but outward amusement. She cheerfulof her baby brother, whose birthday it ly neglected to answer him at times, "You've been all up night, too, haven't was. Tears came to Fanchon's eyes having not the slightest awe of him, and turned to the girl instead; indeed, as they stood beside the little grave. him soundly at his own table by the "He was the only one who remem- fear that she might make the situation bered that this was poor tiny Jean's more difficult for her young charge. As soon as it was possible she made her came just after breakfast and asked escape with Miss Betty, and they drove his coffee on the veranda.

CAREWE returned one When they came home three hours warm May afternoon by the later Miss Betty noticed that a fringe 6 o'clock boat, which was of illumination bordered each of the sometimes a day late and heavily curtained windows in the cusometimes a few hours early, the lat- pola, and she uttered an exclamation, ter contingency arising, as in the pres- for she had never known that room to

aboard. Nelson drove him from the "Look!" she cried, touching Mrs. wharf to the bank, where he conferred Tanberry's arm, as the horses trotted briefly in an undertone with Eugene through the gates under a drizzle of rain. "I thought the room in the cupola pingham Marsh. Marsh tore up the was empty. It's always locked, and me that old furniture was stored

Betty had as little desire to disturb her father as she had to see him; therefore she obeyed her friend's injunction and went to her room on tiptoe. The house was very silent as she lit the candles on her bureau. Outside the gentle drizzle and the soothing tinkle from the eaves were the only sounds. Within there was but the faint rustle of garments from Mrs. Tanberry's room. Presently the latter censed to be heard, and a wooden moan of protest from the four poster upon which the brow. "Never mind; all right, all right "Nine," answered Tappingham. "It's good lady reposed announced that she

rulers of Nod. Although is was one of those nights of which they say, "It is a good night to sleep," Miss Betty was not drowsy. She had half unfastened one small sandal, but she tied the ribbons again and seated herself by the open window. Peering out into the dismal night, she found her own future as black, and it seemed no wonder that the sisters loved the convent life; that the pale nuns forsook the world wherein there was so much useless unkindness, where women were petty and jealous, like that cowardly Fanchon, and men who looked great were tricksters, like Fanchon's betrothed. Miss Betty clinched her delicate fingers. She would not remember that white, startled face

Another face helped her to shut out the recollection-that of the man who had come to mass to meet her yesterday morning and with whom she had taken a long walk afterward. He had "Well, you're a beautiful one!" Jef. shown her a quaint old English gardentatingly: "I mustn't keep you," and ferson exclaimed, with an incredulous had bought her a bouquet, and she had had bought her a bouquet, and she had a sick friend. How beautiful the flow- heavy, half suppressed voices broke iners were and how happy he had made

it only yesterday? Her father's com-

"Lord, but we're virtuous," laughed her hand, sank gently until her head of hope, a hand waving from the far

"That is mine, Crailey Gray!" tinkling of a bell after it has been them.

small oval mirror of her bureau, she unclasped the brooch which held her paused, her uplifted arms falling mechanically to her sides.

swallow files down from a roof. He started back against the opposite wall with a stifled groan, while she started

ter. What of you if I went up and prehend in these words is that they are full of shame for his daughter.

This is what was told me: He has alout. We must be ready!"

nsclessness of his destruction made him physically sick. For he need not have been there; he had not wished to should be a thousand times? Ah, I swear it should be a thousand times a thousand times have made for him, those things which no one will ever know. (And yet, you see, I know them after all.) For your sake, because you love him, I will not even call Mrs. Tanberry was grateful for the alone, hoping that Jefferson might foldarkness. "He may have gone there to low. And here he was, poor trapped read," she answered in a queer voice, rat, convicted and ruined because of a "Let us go quietly to bed, child, so as good action! At last he knew consistboy should never give a crust; that a fool should stick to his folly, a villain into a life of lies is wound about with perilous passes, and in his devious ways a thousand unexpected damna-

founded gaze hopelessly and told the truth like an inspired dunce.

"I came-I came-to bring another man away," he whispered brokenly;



ing had made yesterday a fortnight wavered, and the shadows guided in a know and what I am sure everybody But the continuously pattering rain sayed to speak before she could do so, ing there tonight, and what was the ness, and I dare say I shall not be back she'll be out when we come and asleep and the soft drip, drop from the roof, back for he had made a solutioning him though as mournful as she chose to back, for he had made a vague gesture father that had to do with Mr. Gray?" and down the county

from up there?" She pointed to the said in a gentle voice; "Yest."

"Have have you seen my father?" The question came out of such a breeze, breathed strange distortions depth of incredulousness that it was upon familiar things, and drowsy im- more an articulation of the lips than possibilities moved upon the surface of a sound, but he caught it, and, with it, er thoughts. Her chin, resting upon not hope, but the sindow of a shadow shore to the swimmer who has been down twice. Did she fear for his

"No-I have not seen him." He was

"You did not come from that room?"

"How did you enter the house?" The draft through the hall was blowing upon him; the double doors upon and even the walls, still seemed mur- the veranda had been left open for coolourous with the sudden sound, like the ness. "There," he said, pointing to

"You did not hear me come down the

"Ah!" A sigh too like a gasp burst

"nerves." This was Miss Betty's first | "I came here resolved to take a man consciousness of her own, and, desir- away, come what would!" he said. "I ing no greater acquaintance with them, found the door open, went to the foot she told herself it was unwholesome to of that stairway, then I stopped. I refall asleep in a chair by an open win- membered something. I turned and dow when the night was as sad as she. was going away when you opened the

"You remembered what?" The flicker of hope in his breast inlace collar and, seating herself, began | creased prodigiously, and the rush of it |

"I remembered—you!"

"What?" she said wonderingly. tainty, that it was not be. Nor was it | erous familiar who had deserted him

"Go quickly!" she whispered. "Go

tome-at any moment."

from overhead. "Never-until then!" only know that you must go."

"For your sake!" he breathed, and, proud and glad and humble that I aying thus forestalled any triding imbelieve that you felt a friendship for having thus forestalled any trifling imperfection which might arise in her recllection of his exit from the house, he rain as he ran down the street.

close the curtains of her window. A numerous but careful sound of footsteps came from the hall, went by her door and out across the veranda. Silently she waited until she heard her father go alone to his room.

I feel in you now and my own poor dignity—such as it is! I have been earnestly warned of the danger to you. Besides, you must let me test myself. I am all futtering and frightened and excited. You will obey me, won't you? Do not come until I send for you.

Mrs. Tanberry. She set the light upon a table, pulled a chair close to the bed. about noon, heard his partner descendon the great lady's forehead.

huge, grotesque dance. Twice slie es- knows except me. What were they doquarrel between Mr. Vanrevel and my Mrs. Tunberry gazed earnestly into "I am not faint. Do you mean, away the girl's face. After a loog time she able

"Child, has it come to matter that attend to myself.

"Yes," said Miss Betty.

CHAPTER XIII.

OM VANKEVEL always went am to do anything but write fingles!" to the postellice soon after the "You do some more of them-without o'clock, and returned with the letters Vanrevel have ever done or ever will for the firm of Gray & Vanreyel, both do. Goodby-and be kind to yourpersonal and official. Cralley and he self. shared everything, even a box at the Ho descended to the first landing, and postoffice, and in front of this box one then, "Oh, Cralley," he called with the morning, after a night of rain, Tow air of having forgotten something he stood staring at a white envelope bear- had meant to say. ing a small black seal. The address "Yes, Tom?" "This morning at the postoffice I fore, but the instant it fell under his found a letter addressed to me, I open-

pleasurable excitement. Suddenly and without reason he to the other with a feeble, deprecatory

He walked back quickly to his office "Well, there seemed to be a mistake. dreams which had evolved this shock his chance—if Jefferson Bareaud did with the letter in the left pocket of his I think it must have been meant for coat, threw the bundle of general cor- you. Somehow, she-she's picked up a respondence upon his desk, went up to good many wrong Impressions, and, hoped never to hear again, a name she stairs." He leaned toward her, risking the floor above and paused at his own Lord knows how, but she's mixed our

> ed the door and took the letter from ed from Crailey's sight. his pocket. At last, after examining all Noon found Tom far out on the Naed one brighter than the others and yellow dust in a light wagon loosened the flap of the envelope as He stopped at every farmhouse and the petal of a rosebud that he was

Dear Mr. Vanrevel-I believed you last night, though I did not understand. But I understand now-everything-and bitter to me as the truth is, I must show you anywhere mistaken in what I have learn-

At first, and until after the second time long hall with a soft, almost inaudible step, a step which was not her father's.

Art returned with a splendid bound, though I did not believe in your heart, though I did not believe in your heart, though I did not prove the step in your heart, though I did not believe in your heart hear tainty, that it was not be. Nor was it erous familiar who had deserted him small, inexplicable mistrustings of you. Nelson, who would have shuffled; nor at the crucial instant, but she made up but now I throw them all away and trust

of her hair, half unloosed, falling upon her neck and left shoulder like the folds of a dark drapery.

At the slight rustle of her rising the steps ceased instantly. Her heart set up a wild beating, and the candle

sworn to shoot me if I set foot in its of the candle into the hall, holding it at arm's length before her.

She came almost face to face with Crailey Gray.

The blood went from his cheeks as a swallow files down from a roof. He swallow files down from a roof. He

all emergencies which required a quick thing now. I have cared for this friend tongue, but for the moment this was of mine more than for all else under the most beautiful thing in your life. I thoughtfully to their homes, while Tom beyond him. He felt himself lost, toppling backward into an abyss, and the his ruin and would a thousand times on the thousand hidden sacrifices you once more only to fall into the same

I have heard-from one who told unwillto himself, and this one time in his life had gone to the cupola room out of good nature. But Bareaud had been den, and her eyes were shining into den, and her eyes were shining in the eyes were shining in the away all were poorer except one-their host; how Mr. Gray had nothing left in the world and owed my father a great quickly! Go quickly!"

"But do you understand?"

"Not yet, but I shall. Will you go?"

"Sum, which was to be paid in twenty-four hours; how you took everything you had saved in the years of hard work at your profession and borrowed the rest on your word and brought it to my father that afternoon; how, when you had paid your friend's debt, you asked my father not to

"When I do I shall tell you; now I my father's stiff pride and his look of the eagle—and he still plays with your friend, almost always "successfully!" And your friend still comes to play! But I will not speak of that side of it.

"You must go!"

There was a shuffling of chairs on the

have been expected from the adaman-tine attitude he had just previously as-tine attitude he had just previously as-for mine. Now that I know, at last-now that I have heard what your life has been been opened to see you as you are, I am strong enough to have made you go "for my sake." You will write to me just once disappeared, kissing his hand to the error in what I listened to, but you must ain as he ran down the street.

Miss Betty locked her door and pulled ly again. It would hurt the dignity which ELIZABETH CAREWE.

Mr. Gray, occupied with his tollet side and placed her cool hand lightly ing to the office with a heavy step, and issued from his room to call a hearty "Isn't it very late, child? Why are greeting. Tom looked back over his shoulder and replied cheerily, though with a certain embarrassment, but tered a sharp ejaculation and came

You're not going to be sick?"

"I want to know what I am sure you laughed, evading the other's eye. "I'm "I'm all right, never fear!" Tom for a couple of days. It will be all up

"Can't I go for you? You don't look

"No. no. It's something I'll have to

"Ab, I suppose," said Cralley gently, "I suppose it's important and you couldn't trust me to handle it. Well-God knows you're right! I've shown you often enough how incompetent I

morning distribution of the the whisky, Crafley. They're worth mall; that is to say, about 10 more than all the lawing that Gray &

eye he was struck with a distinctly ed it and"- He hesitated, and uneasily shifted his weight from one foot

"Yes, what of it?"

door to listen. Deep breathing from names up and-and I've left the letter across the hall indicated that Mr. for you. It's on my table."

Gray's soul was still incased in slum- He turned and, calling a final goodby over his shoulder, went clattering Vanrevel went to his own room, lock- noisily down to the street and vanish-

the blades of his pocketknife, he select- tional road, creaking along over the



Often when he left them they would coterie, turn from the work in hand, leaving it as it was to lie unfinished in the fields, once more, only to fall into the same auli, hunched over attitude. He had many things to think out before he faced Rouen and Crailey Gray again. and more to fight through to the end years with himself. Three days he took for high. it, three days driving through the soft May weather behind the kind old jog

trotting horse. But on the evening of the third day he drove into town, with the stoop out of his shoulders and the luster back in his eyes. He was haggard, gray, dusty, but he had solved his puzzle, and one thing was clear in his mind as the "But"—
"Do you want to drive me quite mad? Please go!" She laid a trembiling, urgent hand upon his sleeve.
"Never, until you tell me that you want to drive me quite made that his excuse to send you a challenge—and you could afford to laugh at it.

But this is all shame, shame for Robert Carewe's daughter, it seems to me that I street with the air of a man who is a shadely you have that I street with the air of a man who is a shadely you have that I street with the air of a man who is a shadely you have that I was a shadely you have that I w going somewhere. It was late, but there were more lights than usual in the windows and more people on the streets. An old man, a cobbler, who had left a leg at Tippecanoe and replaced it with a wooden one, chastely decorated with designs of his own There was a shuffling of chairs on the floor overhead, and Crailey went. He went even more hastily than might have been expected from the adaman.

Speak of that side of it.

Mr. Gray has made you poor, but I know it was not that which made you come seeking him last night, when I found you there in the hall. It was for wooden pavement, which were dangerous to his art leg when he came from the Rouen House bar, as on the present occasion. He halled Tom by name.

"You're the lad, Tom Vanrevel!" he shouted. "You're the man to lead the boys out for the glory of the state! You git the whole blame fire department out and enlist 'em before morning. Take 'em down to the Rio Grande, you hear me? And you needn't be afraid of their puttin' it out, if it ketches afire, neither!"

Tom waved his hand and passed on, but at the open doors of the Catholic church he stopped and looked up and down the street, and then, unnoticed, entered to the dim interior, where the few candles showed only a bent old woman in black kneeling at the altar. Tom knew where Elizabeth Carewe knelt each morning. He stepped softly through the shadowy silence to her

Continued Next Week

The Guard printing office turns out the best of work for very reasonable self as upright as possible and sat with - "Why, what's the matter. Tom? prices. Letter heads, envelope

It seemed quite a journey.

Sweethearting, tippling, vingt-et-un with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha, old smug can't get him any other way." face, up to my bad tricks at last!" But, "He won't need urging," said Jefferrecovering himself immediately, he son. pushed the other off at arm's length "But he cut us last time." only a bad wave now and then. A to be a full sitting, remember."

"You'd much better go to bed, Crai-

Crailey did not answer, but at that moment the Catholic church bell, sum- alacrity of acceptance he expected from moning the faithful to mass, pealed Crailey when he found him half an loudly on the morning air, and the hour later at the hotel. Indeed, at first steady glance of Tom Vanrevel rested Mr. Gray not only refused outright, but upon the reckless eyes of the man be seriously urged the same course upon side him as they listened together to Jefferson. Moreover, his remonstrance

You have an-engagement?" Yes. I promised to take Fanchon to throat, gazing, complused, at his prothe cemetery before breakfast, to place spective brother-in-law.

some flowers on the grave of the little brother who died. This happens to be this Crailey Gray? What's the trouhis birthday." It was Tom who averted his eyes, not

birthday," she said and sobbed. "He

That afternoon Fanchon Bareaud

the boy who toiled at the shutters.

me to go out there with him." CHAPTER XIL ent instance, when the owner was be lighted. Madrillon, after which Eugene sent a

note and sauntered over to the club, where he found General Trumble and Jefferson Bareaud. "He has come," said Tappingham, pleased to find the pair the only occupants of the place. "He saw Madril-

lon, and there's a session tonight." "Praise the Lord!" exclaimed the not to disturb him." stout general rising to his feet. "I'll see old Chenoweth at once. My fingers have the itch."

"And mine, too," said Bareaud. "I'd caught him about the waist to steady begun to think we'd never have a go with him again." "You must see that Cralley comes. or poker, eh, Tom?" he shouted thickty, We want a full table. Drag him if you

"He won't cut tonight. What hour?"

"Now for Crailey," Jefferson added. "After so long a vacation you couldn't I can't. I'm going to change my keep him away if you chained him to the courthouse pillars. He'd tear 'em

But Jefferson did not encounter the its insistent call. Tom said gently, al- was offered in such good faith that Bareaud, in the act of swallowing one of his large doses of quinine, paused This time the answer came briskly. with only half the powder down his

"My immortal soul;" he gasped, "Is

"Nothing." replied Gray quietly. "Only don't go; you've lost enough.

Pression which would have led a stran- "I know, I know," Cralley began,

"You've promised Fanchon never to the morning for her with his gayety, to eager talk overhead. his lightness and his odd wisdom! Was

find them, began after awhile to weave toward her. "That has nothing to do with it," their sommoient spells, and she slowly said Crailey impatiently, and he was drifted from reveries of unhappy sorts into half dreams, in which she was cupola stairs. still aware she was awake, yet slumber, heavy eyed, stirring from the curtains beside her with the small night

She sprang to her feet, immeasurably sake? startled, one hand clutching the back of her chair, the other tremulously groping blindly. pressed to her cheek, convinced that her father had stooped over her and shouted the sentence in her ear. For it was his voice, and the house rang with the words. All the rooms, halls,

struck. And yet-everything was quiet. She pressed her fingers to her fore- other direction." head, trying to untangle the maze of He was breathing quickly. He saw ther's voice of a name she hated and was trying to forget, but as she was It all on that. unable to trace anything which had led to it there remained only the contions, they were instructed to have lect himself and to think hard and fast.

Turning to a chair in front of the door.

Some one was coming through the long hall with a soft, almost inaudible

up a wild beating, and the candle shook in her hand. But she was brave and young, and, following an irresistible impulse, she ran across the room, flung open the door and threw the light flung open the door and threw the light are the first open to shoot me if I set foot in his sworn to shoot me if I set foot in his successfully defend the wrong against you and fell back upon sheer insuit.

"Why, what's the matter, Tom?"

come; he had well counted the danger | sand!" to his deviltry and each hold his own; for the man who thrusts a good deed

Beaten, stunned, hang-jawed with despair, he returned her long, dum-

Face to face with Crailey Gray. helped him to select another to send to and, at, the very moment, several tonight?"

"But-I heard you come from the knew that it came from Elizabeth Ca- laugh.

explanation for all unpleasant sensa- He set his utmost will at work to col-

choked him. Good God! Was she you again for a long time-and i going to believe him? going to believe him?

at him blankly and grew as deathly pale as he.

He was a man of great resource in you, but you see I must tell you one

He was a man of great resource in you, but you see I must tell you one

He was a man of great resource in you, but you see I must tell you one

obstinate, and Crailey had come away als like a great light when he finished.

ency to be a jewel and that a greedy They might come-my father might

understand," replied Crailey firmly, lis-tening keenly for the slightest sound from overhead "Never-until then" should hide and not lift my head; that I, being of my father's blood, could never look you in the face again. It is so un-

sumed. Realizing this as he reached the wet path, he risked stealing round

She took the candle and went in to

"Mrs. Tanberry, I want to know why there was a light in the cupola room Crailey, catching sight of his face, ut-

"What?" Mrs. Tanberry rolled her. down to him.