

CHAPTER XVIL THE GOLTES COMPLETES HIS ARRANGE-

Mr. Reighley Gates seemed somewhat distorted when Commander Brett had left him. He walked up and down the ment impatiently, and from the mutfrom his lips it could be gathered he was Frett. Fitzgerald or himself it was

impossible to my. At length he sat fown and finished a hearty breakfast.
At 11 o'dlock he left the hotel in a hort jacket and bowler hat and made is way cant to the house where Mabel was imprisoned. He worked his ary there by a particularly circuitous and a stander for his purpose, and cast many wary glances behind to cond. It was I o'clock when he reachthe house. Pitzgerald was waiting

"Confound you, Rich!" said Gates. A pratty bungle you have made of

"What's the matter? Got the girl all

"Brett suspects you. Your infernal may of speaking did it."

"Thought I dissembled to suit occation. However, it don't matter. I leave
the blooming country after tonight. No
good hanging on here."

"I think you better had, for my sake
se well as yours. Then you got the girl

Worthing to speak of She's been cry-

ng her little eyes out. Sally looks after "Did Dick get off all right?"

"Left first thing this morning. Where's he gene?"

Some place in Gloucestershire, with at of the way and drag off that med-

ng fool Brett as well."
"Very well" and Gates. "And now detel out the detail of our next plan of campaign. But it's dry work talk-

Water, my friend, water-nothing else. And, if you want to hear a further place, you and I, and it'll require all our wit to get through to the other side. I can work beef dead sober, and so can you. You're sullen when you haven't got a drop of anything generous under your waistcoat and surly and mighty able as a companion. But I pay you the compliment of saying that at ese times you're one of the shrewdest neiness men with whom I've the unminess to be acquainted."

Mr. Gates howed to the dubious compliment, sighed and drew his chair up to the broken table. Then he commenced te talk, and Dr. Fitzgerald was not far wrong in handing his generalship. In his own crooked way the man was ter-

So Mr. Gates spent another hour with Fitzgerald, making final arrangements for the robbery, and he felt sure that by the next morning he would be in a position to meet his pressing necessities, with a surplus for future requirements.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BAID OF DE VERY GARDERS.

Thirt passed a busy day. He had immiralty, and there were other matters that claimed his immediate attention. It was evening before he was again at De Vere Gerdens

There hadound a note awaiting him from Mr. Feston, hastily scribbled and

national wire received this afternoon. Am dee bers. Will wire you. Brett hastily unfolded the inclosed

telegram and read: in the hospital at Minchenhampton. Only slight accident. Please come. MAREL.

The words danced before Brett's eyes. He could only grasp one fact—that Mabel was still alive.

"Thank God for that!" he cried. And then the thought came that perhaps, after all, she was severely hurt. True, she said it was only a slight accident, but might that not only have been intended to break the news? And how did she get there, and where was this

He bastily consulted Bradshaw, found that the nearest station was Brinscombe, and that the last train left Paddington at 20 minutes part 6. There was nothing for it but to wait till morning for Mr. Feston's wire. It might tell him he was returning at once with his precious charge. If not, he would start himself at once.

At length Brett resigned himself to the inevitable and strove as best he could to get through the weary hours.

But do what he would he could not eleep. If he closed his eyes for a few minutes and fell into a fitful doze, it was only to awake with a start with the idea of something dreadful happening to Mabel or that he was fighting with Keighley Gates. At last, after one of these dreams, he found himself hopelessly wide awake; so, finding sleep was impossible, he lay with open eyes staring into the darkness.

Suddenly he heard a noise in the house. He sat up in bed and listened intently. There was a click and the opening of a creaking door. Perhaps Mrs. Fenton was worse. He opened his door quietly and peered out.

No; there was a low gaslight burning o the landing outside, and no one was He waited and listened. Ah, it was again, and down stairs!

I Good heavens, there must be burglars

in the house! He hastily put on some clothes and then cast about for a weapon. There was nothing better than a poker, and with this in his hand he made his way down the staircase.

At each step he stopped and listened, but there was absolute silence, and he began to think he had been mistaken. He waited at the bottom of the stairs for further indications. He must have been there fully five minutes before he caught a sound, but at last he was certain some one was moving about in the dining room. Grasping his weapon firmly, he opened the door.

The room was dimly lighted by the

rays of a dark lantern, and at the far end Brett saw a man busily engaged with the silver on the sideboard. There were a couple of open bags on the table, and in them and around them he saw a quantity of the household plate. The man had his back toward him and did not hear his entrance, and Brett was close upon him before a creaking board betrayed him. The thief turned round instantly and faced him. Brett knew him in a moment, despite his disguise. It was the man! he was looking for, the man he had seen coming from Keighley Gates' rooms, the man who had tried to rifle the body of Lady Florence Mostyn, the man whom he suspected had abducted Mabel! At last he was face to face with the scoundrel. He had him in his power. With fierce exultation he raised his weapon.

"Hands up, you blackguard," cried he, "or I'll brain you!"

The man's hands mechanically went up aloft.

"Now, Dr. Fitzgerald," said Brett, "we meet again"-

He never finished the sentence, for there was a stealthy step behind him and a terrible blow on the head with a life preserver, and he fell senseless and without a cry.

"Thanks, old chap," said Fitzgerald, dropping his arms with a sigh of relief. "Whoever would have expected that ionkey furnin

"Curse him!" hissed Gates between his teeth. "He and I are quits now. But look sharp. Stow away what swag we have and close up. We must be off. Others may have heard us. I'll go and

Leaving Fitzgerald to collect the booty and without bestowing a thought on the inanimate body on the floor, Gates opened the door softly and went

out in the hall. In an instant he saw that the household had taken alarm. There was whispering, the opening of doors, and he

caught the sight of a figure on the stairs. Without even giving a signal of alarm to Fitzgerald, Gates ran to the front door. It was the work of an instant to open it and in another he was flying



With exultation he raised his weapon. ill luck followed him, for he ran straight into the arms of a policeman who was passing.

His wonderful fertility of resource now stood him in good stead.

'Quick, officer!" he said. "Don't lose a moment. Murder and robbery!" and he dashed up the steps, almost dragging the policeman after him.

"Go on first," said Gates encouragingly, when they stood in the passage. "I daren't." The policeman drew his truncheon

and moved forward. A manservant was hesitating at the bottom of the stairs and higher up a group of affrighted women were huddled together. At that moment the door of the din-

ing room opened and Fitzgerald appeared. He had heard noises and become alarmed, particularly so as Gates had not returned. In one hand he carried a bag and in the other he held a life preserver. The policeman turned on his lantern straight into his face, blinding him for the moment, and in the next he leveled him on the floor with his truncheon and then flung himself on

top of him. Fitzgerald struggled hard. for he was still game, but the officer and the footman managed to hold him down and finally handcuff him.

"Here," said the policeman when this had been accomplished, detaching his whistle, "you go to the front and blow this."

The servant did so, and in a few minthe house.

protests, was now further secured, and gations. The gas was lighted, and the first object that met their eyes was the apparently lifeless body of Captain

from an ugly wound in his head." "There's been murder here," cried one of the men, bending over him. "Go for a doctor-quick. There's one at the far end of the street. Look slippery, or

he'll bleed to death, if he isn't dead already." The footman ran off for the doctor and the others busied themselves over

Brett. They tried to stop the flow of blood with bandages, and loosened the clothes round his neck. Then they could only wait for the arrival of the doctor.

He soon made his appearance and, after a rapid examination, he shook his | for it. head. It was a bad case, he said, if not hopeless.

"Well, I'm blest!" said the men who had first come on the scene, as a bright idea struck him. "I'll bet the cove I met on the doorstep who gave me the information was the other one!"

Fitzgerald pricked up his ears. "What was he like, officer?"

The policeman paused reflectively. "He ran out of the house in the dickens of a hurry and nearly knocked me over, and then he hauled me in almost as quick, so I hadn't time to notice him particular. But he was a shortish man, and had a beard-ginger, I should say."

Fitzgerald's eyes almost started from their sockets.

"And you say this man gave you the information, officer?"

"That he did. 'There's murder and robbery going on in this house,' he said, and I followed him in, and then I suppose he slipped away, as I haven't seen him since. He was a pretty smart cove, that one was, if it was your pal. Is he shortish and ginger?"

Fitzgerald did not reply. He seemed overwhelmed by the news, but at last he muttered between his clinched teeth:

"All right, Mr. Keighley Gates. I once saved your life and tonight maybe you saved mine, so we're quits so far, but you afterward rounded on a pal, and, by the God above us, you shall swing for it!"

CHAPTER XIX.

LADY FLORENCE MOSTYN'S DIARY. When the door closed behind her captors and shut out of sight Lady Florence Mostyn's stepbrother, Mabel fainted. When she recovered consciousness, it was only to lie, numbly wondering where she was, too weak and sick at heart to realize the horror of the situation-too dazed to suffer much. She passed a restless night, and it was in the early hours of the morning before nature asserted herself and she fell

into a deep sleep. She awoke clearly and acutely living in the present, with a sharp consciousness that was agony. There was no gradual piecing together of events, but there came the sudden, vivid recollection of all that had happened on previous day.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Sally with a meal. The old bag vouchsafed no remark as she placed it on the table, but at once departed, and the door was instantly locked behind her. Mabel forced herself to eat. Then she investigated the resources of

her prison. The window was boarded up over the lower hall, and the upper portion showed that it was barred behind. There was a small fireplace with a narrow mantelpiece adorned with gaudy ornaments. There were two chairs with tumbled antimacassars, the very sight of which made her shudder, recalling as they did the struggle of the previous day. The only other furniture in the room were the horsehair sofa on which she had spent the night and a table covered with a dirty red cloth. A pile of boxes and an empty hamper were pushed into one corner of this cheerless apartment. Mabei observed all this minutely. Finally she pulled up a chair to the window and paered over the top of the shutter into the narrow back treet beyond.

A drizzling rain was falling, and bere were few passersby. She wondered what her fate would be if she aroused their attention. Would they pome to her rescue? She had almost desided to take this desperate step when the door opened and Fitzgerald entered.

"Come down from there," he said harshly, "and don't try that trick on again, please, or I'll board the lot up." Then he added in his usual manner: 'Lady very beautiful-must not excite envy and admiration of neighbors. Un-

He stood gloating over her discomfiture for a few seconds and then left

For a moment Mabel lost heart. Could she ever escape if she were so closely watched? With a weary sigh she left the window, and her eye fell on the boxes and hamper. The latter was empty. So she lifted it down and tried to open the box underneath, but it proved unyielding. The lower one seemed to be fastened by a padlock, but she soon found that, though the key had been turned, the loop had not been forced far enough down to catch the bolt. She opened it easily and turned over the contents-old newspapers, curious, roughly drawn plans, a bunch of skeleton keys buried under odds and ends of all descriptions, and a few books. She glanced over the latter, hoping they might help her through the areary hours, but they were not attractive. They were chiefly racing calenlars and guidebooks. A prettily bound

volume at length caught her eye. It had a lock to it, which had been wrenched loose. She opened it with curiosity, and an exclamation of surprise burst from her.

It was a diary, and on the fly leaf, written in a clear girlish handwriting, was the name of Florence Mostyn!

Mabel's heart beat with intense exthat she could hardly hold the book. At last she opened the diary of the ill fated utes a couple more policemen were in girl. The first entry was on her eighteenth birthday, but Mabel glanced Dr. Fitzgerald, despite his eloquent through it rapidly, turning the pages with feverish haste, till her eye caught the officers proceeded to make investi- Mr. Durant's name. Then she read ev-

Here are some of the entries: "1888, Oct. 26.-There was quite a Brett. Blood was streaming profesely crowd of men at Lady Morton's last

night, and among them was Mr. Arthur Durant, the new owner of Abbinghall. He is one of those wild men of the west, who have been to all sorts of impossible places and seen all sorts of wonderful things. But papa says that, unlike most travelers' tales, Mr. Durant's are well worth listening to, and that is high praise for him. For myself I am not particularly taken with him, but that is nothing. I rarely am impressed by people at first sight. Mr. Durant bids fair to be popular. He keeps good horses and rides straight. That may account

"Nov. 29 .- I observed Mr. Durant more particularly today, perhaps because he appeared to notice me even less than usual, if that were possible. Of course, he is always polite, but he probably does not consider me worth more attention than is demanded by ordinary courtesy. He has clear, penetrating gray eyes and a firm chin; his heavy black mustache completely hides his mouth, but I can imagine it to be clever and capable. I suppose his forehead does recede a little too much.

"Dec. 6 .- Mr. Durant dined here tonight. There was a crowd of people. but he was the most interesting of them ali, and because I was his host's daughter I suppose he felt obliged to be attentive. We had a long talk together in the drawing room-in fact, he scarcely ever left my side.

"Dec. 11.-The hounds met at Brockworth park today, and we killed at Leighterton; the best run this season. Mr. Durant gave me a splendid lead. He rides well and already knows every inch of the county.

"Dec. 17.—I need not complain again of Mr. Durant's lack of interest. He is delighted with my hospital scheme and has offered to help me.

"Dec. 19.-We dined at the Towers tonight. Dinners there are generally tedious ordeals, but tonight was different. Mr. Durant took me in. Perhaps that accounts for it.

"1889, Jan. 7.—The Cottage hospital scheme works splendidly. Mr. Durant's help is wonderful assistance and by the spring we hope it will be ready for the first patients.

"Jan. 15.-It is a week since I have written anything in my diary. I have seen Mr. Durant every day since. He was at the meet at Houndscroft, and we were in at the death at Dunkirk. Then he was at the Hoskins' dance, and took me in at Lord Launton's dinner. He was among the audience at the hospital concert, and on Sunday he was at church. Yesterday he walked with me from the other end of the village. I had been to see old Hanks when I met him. He was riding, but he dismounted and walked with me to the south lodge. I am afraid he would be very miserable, walking all that distance in riding boots.

"Jan. 22.—Today I have refused Lord Winter again for the third time. Why cannot he take 'No' for an answer? I wonder if Mr. Durant ever cared enough for any one to propose three times?

"Jan. 27 .- Today the most wonderful thing has happened—Arthur Durant has asked me to be his wife! I can hardly realize it yet. Only when I close my eyes and again see his gazing into mine I can hear his words, almost whispered in their intensity. 'I love you,' he said. 'I worship you. I have loved you from the moment I saw you! avoided you because I felt I was not worthy to touch the ground on which you walked. But surely my love has raised me so that I dare plead with you to let me try to teach you to love me a little.' I could not find words, and he thought I did not care. His voice was full of pain as he released my hand. Forgive me my presumption. I am not worthy of you. I have been roughened by my life, by hardship and travel. Forgive me for daring to tell my love, but could not keep silent any longer.' His face was white and set, but still I had no words. I held out my hands to him, and none were needed. I am happy, wildly happy. He loves me, and, oh, I love him so! Tomorrow Arthur sees papa-in deference to my wishes, he says, for he is stre it is useless. I know papa is proud, but he can have no fault to find with him. Still, I am nervous, and Arthur is certain it is useless.

"Jan. 28.—Arthur had an interview with papa this morning. I met him in the archery ground afterward. It was as he feared-papa would not hear him to the end and forbade him to speak to me on the subject. He silenced him instantly and dismissed him with contempt. Arthur vows that nothing shall separate us and begs me to fly with him. He says that we will be married by special license in London; that we shall go abroad and stay there till papa's wrath has cooled. Then we can come home, and all will be well again. Arthur little knows papa's implacable nature. He is colder than ice, knows no yielding, and will never pardon. He never forgave Robert, and never will not run away. It would not be right.

forgive him, though his faults, poor boy, were small enough. No, I could "Jan. 29.-Today papa sent for me to the library and showed me a letter from Aunt Amelia. She wrote that, owing to her recent bad health-she has never known a day's illness in her life-her doctor orders her to go to Mentone for two months. She will be pleased if Florence will accompany her, in which case she must be in London on Friday. I know this is papa's doing. I told him candidly that I did not wish to go and would not accept the invitation. He said icily: 'You will go, Florence. You will join your aunt, as she wishes, on Friday.' I was determined he should not frighten me, and answered with a calmness that equaled his: 'No, papa. You know I do not like Aunt Amelia, and nothing will make me spend two months with her. I will citement, and her hands trembled so not go.' His only answer was to open the door and say, with stinging politeness: 'I have accepted the invitation for you. You will make arrangements to join your aunt on Friday. You leave by the 11:17 train.' I meet Arthur at the coppice at 4 o'clock. Yesterday his persuasion nearly overcame me. Today he shall not call me obdurate and cold. Poor Arthur! How sad he looked when he thought his pleading vain! He little

love for him. "Wednesday Night, Jan. 30. - Arthur was waiting at the coppice and again poured out the passionate entreaty that I would fly with him. I told him about Mentone. Then he held my hand in a clasp that hurt me and breathed hard; the words seemed wrung from him: My darling, listen! You will go to London on Friday, but I will meet you there, and we will be married at once." Then I was sobbing in his arms, and he was comforting me.

"Jan. 31.-Tomorrow I am to become Arthur's wife. What joy that should mean to me! And yet my heart is heavy. I ought not to take this step. It is the first thing I have ever done underhand-and yet-and yet-I love him -I love him, and all the world is as nothing to me against my love for him. Had papa shown me the slightest affection I could not have left him in this way, but I have never known what it was to be loved by him. How can I reject the true love of the man I worship? Tomorrow, Arthur, I shall be yoursyours forever!

"Feb. 8.-We have been married a week today and are now staying at a little Bedfordshire village, but Arthur has been most of the time at Abbinghall to show himself there and allay any suspicion. There is a great scandal in the county over my disappearance,



The first entry was on her eighteenth birth-

but his remaining on the spot has removed all suspicion from his shoulders. "Feb. 11.—I am lonely and restless. It must be because Arthur is away again. I wish this vague unrest, this undefined something, did not creep in so often. This presentiment of evil haunts me. Why can I not rest and be absolutely content, as I was at first?

"Feb. 15.-My nerves are all wrong. abroad, as we talked of doing.

"Feb. 16.—Arthur says he cannot leave England just now-that his funds are low and that he has some speculations on hand which will demand his whole attention for the time being, but we will go when all is settled again.

"Feb. 22.—Yesterday afternoon Arthur went to town. He returns by the mail tonight. I have been horribly restless and cannot sleep. I will put on my blue gown-it is his favorite-and wait up for him. I have never done it before. He will be pleased."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Good sewing machines from \$10 up at

If you are after comfort in sewing you will get it, if you buy the "White"

Husbands For All His Girls.

"The number of male infants born yearly exceeds that of female by one to four per cent., the proportion varying slightly from year to year," writes Professor D. R. McAusly of "The American Girl's Chances of Marriage," in the March Ladies' Home Journal. The mishaps of boyhood, however, reduce the number of boys to some extent, but not so much as to make the adult females outnumber the males For every American woman, therefore, there ought to be a husband in posse if not in esse, and the fact that there is a large percentage of unmarried adult women in the country, and a greater proportionate number in some sections than in others, is attributable to causes which have disturbed the balance of population. In all new countries-and remain in the neighborhoods where and women would be nearly equal ail over the country, but men find work hard to get in the older and more populous communities, and go to the newer States. The young women are left behind, and the young men, after settling in their new homes, forget the companions of their youth, and contract alliances among their new friends in the West, hence some of the Eastern

Successful Physicians.

States show a surplus of females.

We heartily recommend Dr. Hathaway & Co. of 22% S Broad St., Atlanta, Ga., as being perfectly reliable and remarkably successful in the treatment of chronic diseases of men and women. They cure when others fail. Our readers if in need of medical help should certainly write these eminent doctors and you will receive a free and expert opinion of your case by return may without cost. knows how my heart is on fire with without cost.

Breaks all Records.

A New Yorker Stands Two Thousand Volts of Electricity.

New York, March 7 .- Joseph Hampel, an employe of the Lexington avenue cable power house, while working at his switchboard, received and survived an electric shock of about 2,000 volts. The man's body was burned black from head to foot; every stitch of clothing was torn from him. and he fell senseless through a hole instantaneously burned in the floor by the current Hampel is expected to live. The doctors who attended him say there is no case on record of a man withstanding a similar shock. The accident was caused through Hampe! trying to tighten a loose screw on the switchboard and in some way creating a circuit. The enormous power of the shock may be judged from the fact that until the circuits were readjusted all the cars on the road were brought to a standstill.

The colony of Fitzgerald, in Irwin county, is in a flourishing condition, as shown by President Fitzgerald, of the colony company His report shows that the company has a margin of \$109,451 above all debts after the stock is retired It it is stated to be the purpose of Mr. Fitzgerald, so far as te can influence the affairs of the company in future, to employ all the surplus assets in founding charitable institutions for patriotic societies and in building churches, libraries and schools. The enterprize was well conceived and ably managed. Mr. Fitzgerald has erected for himself an enduring monument; and one of the best that a man could have. Georgia is proud of his city, and hopes there will be others of his kind to come into the State and duplicate his success -Columbia Record.

Admiral Cervera's Watch.

A Kansas volunteer, Lieutenant W. A. Bettis, now has in his possession the Spanish Admiral Cervera's watch and chain. He obtained them from the pilot, Jose Baca, who guided the admiral's flagship out of Santiago harbor on that fateful morning of last July 3

When Admiral Cervera had called I am always dreading some frightful lor a pilot to voluntaer for this nezcalamity. I will shake this feeling off ardons task, Baca was the only one and ask Arthur when we shall go to respond The admiral praised him for his bravery and, taking off his own watch and chain, bad given them to the pilot on the spot

In the disastrous ses fight that followed the pilot Bacz was wounded. He managed to swim ashore and made his way to the American lines: He there met Lieutenaut Bettis and had offered him the watch for money enough to take him home to Barcelona. The watch is diamond jeweled and has the coat of arms of the admiral's family on the outside of the case and on the inside the name "Pascal Cervers "

THE ONLY INSTANCE.

Washington, March 7 .- It was stated positively at the war department to-day that there had been no news of trouble with any of the Eighth immune regiment at Atlanta. The regiment was one of those slated for muster eat some time ago and was formally mustered out last night. The department has beard. nothing from them since and some irriration was evinced at inquiries whether or not the soldiers had engaged in rioting or other disturbances. It was said: at the war department that it has become the custom to start reports of this sort in connection with each colored regiment mustered out from southern points, and that the denial of such rumors has become a burden to the

department. NO EXCEPTION AFTER ALL

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 7.-The Righth United States immunes, colored, commanded by Col. Higgins, was mustered out of the service to-day. Two citizens were seriously wounded compared with Europe the United by shots from the train as the soldiers States is a new ocuntry-there were leaving the city. About 500 of is a larger proportion of males the discharged men, many of whom than of females. The aggregate popu- were under the influence of iiquor, went lation of the United States, so far as home by the Nashville, Chattanooga the latest figures show, is 62,622,250 and St Louis road, and as they were of which 32,067,880 are males and leaving the yards in the city a number 30,554,370 are females. Thus the of men who had in some way secured prependerance of males over females revolvers began to discharge them into would seem to make it comparatively the air and into sheds and vacant easy for the American girl to secure a houses. A soldier standing on the busband, but in certain sections this is rear platform shot at W. W. Hardins. evidently not the case, else the car inspector of the Nashville road, the proportion of adult unmarried women bullet striking him in the right legwould not be so large. If men would and inflicting a painful, though not serious wound. A general fusilladethey were born the proportion of men followed. Andrew Leeford, a countryman, who was standing near the track, was shot in the face and seriously wounded. An effort will be made to stop the train at Bridgeport to secure the arrest of the riotous soldiers.

> Paris, March 8 -In the chamber of deputies to-day the debate on the army budget led to the usual references to the necessity for preparedness against Germany and to comparison of the twe armies, but members of the house, while complaining of the budget, which aggregates 875,000,000 franchs, admitted the impossibility of retrenching in the face of the necessity of meeting Germany's increases by corresponding: additions. The state of the s