

# THE FEN INN

BY FERGUS HUME  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE MYSTERY OF A HANSON CAB"  
ETC.  
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## CHAPTER XI.

My interview with Olivia passed off better than I expected. If she had ordered me out of the house, I would only have looked on it as the just punishment for what had appeared my impertinent interference in what did not concern me. The very fact that she listened so quietly proved that she suspected Felix was masquerading as her lover. She could only be assured of this by overhearing his interview with Rose Gernon and therefore accepted my invitation to go to the Jernyn street rooms. If their tenant was Francis, he would resent the intrusion of Rose, but if Felix the two confederates would doubtless talk of their guilty secret.

Thanks to a sovereign judiciously bestowed on the caretaker, I had discovered that Rose Gernon intended to visit Felix at 8 o'clock. How the caretaker found out I do not know, but in some mysterious way servants seem to gain all information concerning the doings of their superiors. It sufficed for me that Rose would be in the rooms of Felix on that evening, and that Olivia would catch them in a trap. I had no pity for the guilty pair, but I was genuinely sorry for Olivia. She little knew the torture she was about to undergo. I did and almost regretted that I had interfered in the matter. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that it was better for her to suffer a few hours' pain than lifelong misery.

That she agreed to go to Jernyn street at that hour without a chaperon proved how desirous she was of learning the truth. Delicately nurtured, gently bred, she must have felt horrified at the risk she was running of losing her good name, but seeing that her life's happiness depended upon knowing all she flung etiquette to the winds and came. When I found her at the foot of the stairs at 8 o'clock, I admired and respected her from the bottom of my heart.

"Am I late?" she asked, touching my hand with trembling fingers.  
"Only five minutes," said I, looking at my watch. "I have been waiting at the head of the stairs for that time. However, you can soon walk round to Jernyn street."

"Do you think any one will know me, Mr. Denham?" said Olivia, taking my arm. "See, I have on a plain dress, and this veil is a thick one."  
"No one will recognize you," I answered soothingly. "Nor do I think you will meet any one of your acquaintances."

"I should have brought my mother but that I wished her to know nothing of this treachery. If I find I have been deceived, I shall break off my engagement with Francis. But you will keep silent about my visit, will you not, Mr. Denham?"  
"No one shall hear a word from me," I answered earnestly. "But keep up your spirits, Miss Bellin. Even if you find you have been deceived there will be some consolation in knowing that it is Felix and not Francis."

"You are wrong there," she replied positively. "It is Francis. I have told you so all along."  
I shrugged my shoulders without reply. Evidently nothing could shake her faith in the man. All I could hope for was that the two confederates would betray themselves.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Denham?" asked Olivia anxiously.  
"We will go up to the rooms of Briarfield," I answered, "and there overhear their conversation."  
"Is that not dishonorable?" she said, shrinking back.  
"In most cases it would be," I replied hastily, "but it does not do to be too particular in this matter. If you break in on them, they may deny everything. Thinking they are alone, you will hear the truth. Remember, Miss Bellin, when one deals with a villain one must beat him with his own weapons. Depend upon it, it is most necessary that we should learn all."

"You can speak of nothing I do not know."  
"Are you aware of the truth?" said I, somewhat startled by this remark.  
"I am aware of the truth," she repeated slowly, "and before I could question her she fitted up the stairs. There was no time for me to ponder over her words, as it was now past 8 o'clock, and Rose Gernon might descend at any time. I therefore spoke a few hasty words to the caretaker, telling him I wished to see Mr. Briarfield, and followed her at once. In two minutes we were both standing before the door of Briarfield's room."  
"It is locked," said Olivia faintly.  
"Never mind," answered I, producing my latchkey. "This key of mine opens the door. I was, as you are aware, a great friend of Francis and learned that my key fitted the lock of his rooms some time ago. I have not forgotten the circumstances, so it comes in useful now. See!"  
I turned the key, and the door opened noiselessly. Motioning to Miss Bellin to precede me, I followed her quietly and closed the door behind us. We heard the murmur of voices in the sitting room. She as well as I knew its whereabouts thoroughly. The door was slightly ajar, and in front of it stretched a tall screen, with fretwork at the top.

You know the 'only reward. I claim—your love!'"  
"I cannot give it to you," said Felix doggedly. "You know that as well as I do."  
"Do I?" she cried passionately. "Do you dare to say that to me after all your vows and protestations? Why did you tell me you loved me if it was but a lie?"

"I did not tell you so."  
"Yes, you did, Felix—you did! I remember the hour, the day, when you swore that you would make me your wife."  
"Keep quiet," I muttered to Olivia, who made an involuntary movement.  
"I tell you, Rose, there is some mistake," said Felix angrily.  
"You mean spirited hound!"  
"I am a mean spirited hound," he answered wearily. "No one knows that better than I do."

"Some women," continued Rose, not heeding his interruption, "some women would have you killed. I am not a woman of that kind. I'll stay and marry you."  
"Impossible! I am to marry Miss Bellin."  
"You promised to give up Miss Bellin if I helped you to see your brother at the Fen Inn."  
"My God!" muttered Olivia, trembling violently.  
"Hush!" I whispered. "Now we shall hear the truth."  
"I have changed my mind," retorted Felix in answer to the last remark of Rose.

"That may be, but I have not, Mr. Felix Briarfield. I fulfilled my promise and went down with Streat to that lonely inn. Your brother came, and you know that he never left it again. I have fulfilled my promise. I now require you to fulfill yours and make me your wife."  
"I cannot! I cannot!" he said in a faint voice, wiping his brow. "For heaven's sake, take this money I offer you and leave me."  
"I have mixed myself up with crime for your sake, and you offer to put me off with money. It is useless. Your promise I have, and that promise I require you to keep, or else!"

"I'll tell the truth to the police."  
"And thus involve yourself in ruin with me."  
"I don't care," she said sullenly. "Anything would be better than the torture I am enduring at your hands."  
"And what will you tell the police?" asked Felix in an unnatural voice.  
"You know well enough. I shall tell them how you killed your brother."  
"It is false!" he said passionately. "I neither saw nor laid a finger on my brother."  
"Indeed! Then if you are innocent who is guilty?"  
"I don't know."  
"Did you not come to the Fen Inn on that fatal night when Francis came?"  
"Yes, but I never saw him."  
"You saw him and killed him."  
"It is a lie!"

It was neither Felix nor Rose who spoke, but Olivia, who, in spite of all I said, had followed them.  
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"That is not the man you love," said Rose spitefully. "He lies in the marshes surrounding the Fen Inn, slain by the hand of his brother."  
"That is not true—I swear it is not true!" cried Felix, approaching nearer to Olivia.  
"Be quiet, Francis," she said quickly. "Let us hear what she has to say."  
"I have to say that Felix Briarfield loved me," cried Rose angrily. "He loved me long before he ever saw you, but when you crossed my path he wanted to leave me. He impersonated his brother Francis, who was at that time in America, and you, poor fool, did not discover the deception."  
"You are quite right. I did not," replied Olivia calmly. "Go on."  
"When his brother Francis came back this month, he thought all would be discovered and implored me to save him. He told me of a plan whereby he intended to decoy his brother to the Fen Inn on pretext of explanation. There he intended to kill him."  
Olivia made no remark, but placed her hand within that of Felix. I wondered she could do so, seeing that he was accused by his accomplice of a hideous crime, and made no denial.  
"I went down to the Fen Inn with a man called Streat."  
"That was not his real name," I interrupted.  
"How do you know that?" she said sharply.  
"Never mind. I know that it is so."  
"I decline to tell his real name," said Rose, darting a furious look at me. "I call him Streat, and by that name you knew him and knew me at the Fen Inn."  
"I certainly did not expect Rose Streat, waiting maid, to change to Rose Gernon, actress."  
"You are too meddlesome, Mr. Denham," she said coolly. "and would do better to mind your own business."  
"Scarcely when I have discovered so vile a crime."  
"It was he who committed it," said Rose malignantly, pointing to Felix. "He came to the inn and killed his brother."  
"It is a lie!" cried Felix in despair. "I laid no hand on my brother. I did not even see him."  
"Wait a moment, Miss Gernon, before you make this accusation," said Olivia. "You say that Felix is your lover?"  
"I do."  
"And you promised to assist him in removing Francis if he married you?"  
"I did."  
"For what reason when the removal of Francis would enable Felix to marry me under his false name?"  
"He promised not to do so, and I thought if I helped him to kill Francis I could force him to marry me."  
"You love him greatly?"  
"I love him better than any one else in the world."  
"I am sorry for that," said Olivia, with a touch of pity. "because Felix is dead."  
"Felix dead!" said Rose incredulously. "Then who is the man?"  
"This man is my lover, Francis Briarfield, who returned from Chile on the 6th of June."  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**PARISIAN IDEAS.**  
Dresses, Hats, Cravats, Bonnets and Veils of the Period.  
The two choux which have been so popular a feature of the neck bands of crepe and mousseline de sole collars are giving place to small bunches of artificial flowers selected to match those trimming the hat.  
Veils of net covered with a close pattern in application are the fashion of the moment. They almost hide the face from sight and are admirably calculated to conceal the ravages of time and the complexion specialists.  
Parisian women favor white kid shoes with yellow leather trimmings, as well as the all white ones which have been so much seen here.  
Goupure continues in general use and shows no sign of a decline in public estimation. It is always effective and may

**DOUBLE NATIONALITY.**  
History supplies a great many cases in which men have changed their nationality very suddenly in order to serve personal purposes, but no case is recorded, perhaps, where one has changed so often as a certain railroad conductor who serves on a line connecting France and Germany. This functionary changes his nationality twice a day.  
An American traveler who was riding on the train between Basle and Belfort relates that, shortly after passing out of Swiss into German territory, he had occasion to ask the chief of the train some question about the journey, and put the inquiry in French.  
"Nun, nein!" said the conductor. "Sprechen Sie Deutsch!" (No, no, speak German.)  
The American asked his question in the best German he could muster and received an answer in that language.  
Before long the train had traversed the narrow belt of German territory and entered France. The traveler again had occasion to make an inquiry and this time addressed the same conductor in German.  
"Monieur," said the chief of the train, politely, "je ne parle que Francais." (I speak nothing but French.)  
As the man had to retrace his steps and become a German again before he went to bed, his changes, it is plain, came much oftener than those of the famous vicar of Bray, who changed his religion half a dozen times under many governments. "Because," as he explained, "he was resolved, no matter who was king, to live and die the vicar of Bray."

**A LOCOMOTIVE WITH LEGS.**  
In 1848 William Burton patented a locomotive that was provided with legs and feet behind to push the machine along the track.  
Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.  
Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

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Ask Your Grocer for It.  
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GEO. H. CATELIN, Vice-President.  
WILLIAM H. FITZGIBBON, Cashier.  
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Laffin & Rand Powder Co.'s ORANGE GUN POWDER  
Electric Batteries, Fuses for exploding blasts, Safety Fuse and Repauno Chemical Co.'s High Explosives  
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Third National Bank Building.

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MINING, BLASTING AND SPORTING POWDER  
Manufactured at the Wapwallopen Mills, Luzerne county Pa., and at Wilmington, Delaware.  
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guaranteed, bottle by \$2.00, 6 bottles by \$10.00, 12 bottles by \$18.00, 24 bottles by \$32.00, 48 bottles by \$58.00, 96 bottles by \$100.00, 192 bottles by \$180.00, 384 bottles by \$320.00, 768 bottles by \$580.00, 1536 bottles by \$1000.00, 3072 bottles by \$1800.00, 6144 bottles by \$3200.00, 12288 bottles by \$5800.00, 24576 bottles by \$10000.00, 49152 bottles by \$18000.00, 98304 bottles by \$32000.00, 196608 bottles by \$58000.00, 393216 bottles by \$100000.00, 786432 bottles by \$180000.00, 1572864 bottles by \$320000.00, 3145728 bottles by \$580000.00, 6291456 bottles by \$1000000.00, 12582912 bottles by \$1800000.00, 25165824 bottles by \$3200000.00, 50331648 bottles by \$5800000.00, 100663296 bottles by \$10000000.00, 201326592 bottles by \$18000000.00, 402653184 bottles by \$32000000.00, 805306368 bottles by \$58000000.00, 1610612736 bottles by \$100000000.00, 3221225472 bottles by \$180000000.00, 6442450944 bottles by \$320000000.00, 12884901888 bottles by 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