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 1898—April 18, October 10, December 12.
 1899—February 13, April 10, October 3, Dec. 11.
 Zala A. Church and S. M. Ellwood, Judges.

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Fenton nodded wearily. "Tia doesn't mind ma smoking, do ye?" said the other, pulling out a cigar of doubtful aspect. "Not at all," said Fenton, hoping this would keep his companion quiet. "Maybe you'd like a smook yersen?" said the Yorkshireman, who was generously disposed. "Thanks, no," said Fenton. "I'm not much of a smoker."

"That's reet. A young feller should reserve his strength so as he can enjoy his smook when his trouble comes." And pleased with this philosophic sentiment the old fellow puffed away at his rank cigar.

There was a pause of a few minutes, and Fenton hoped his companion was now fully engrossed with his cigar and his troubles. But he was mistaken. The hearty voice went on:

"Yes, I've been up to Linnon on business—very pertikler bizness. Ah'll tell ye all about it, as ye seem interested." And he did tell, and his voice buzzed in Fenton's ear in harmony with the rattling of the wheels and the roar of the train.

On, on the voice went, with never ending energy, but Fenton's thoughts were elsewhere. He was wet through to the skin, he was shivering with cold, he was utterly miserable both in mind and body. Was there in all London that night a more wretched man than he? The thought was simply overwhelming—that he would be wanted by the police on the morrow for the murder of a woman. A cold sweat stood upon his brow and an involuntary groan broke from his lips.

Even the self absorbed Yorkshireman noticed his companion's distress and broke off his epic in compassion.

"Young feller," said he solemnly, "ye're wet through to the skin."

Fenton did not deny it. "See 'ere," said the other, getting up and inspecting his own wraps. "Just ye put on this 'ere waterproofer. It'll keep ye warm overnert. It's downright dast of ye traveling in nowt but gimcracks like them, as wouldn't turn a summer shower."

Fenton thanked him warmly and was glad enough to don the proffered article. He buried his chin deep in the capacious collar and pretended to sleep. The cigar had now gone out, and the smoker was yawning. In another ten minutes reconding snores proclaimed his reception in the arms of Morpheus. In vain did Fenton try to follow his companion into oblivion. Sleep refused to come. For a few minutes he fell into a fitful slumber, but his brain refused to rest. Again he stood over the dead body of the woman he loved; again he saw her pale, drawn face and the horrible dagger in her heart; again Brett confronted him, and once more he was chased down the streets by a howling crowd. Quick down there, or he would be caught! Faster! Faster! O God, they are gaining on him! And with a cry of terror he awoke, trembling from head to foot.

Thank heaven, it was only a horrible dream! He was safe as yet. And so that interminable night wore on. It was not till the gray morning came in through the carriage windows that the thought flashed across him for the first time, "Why am I running away?"

Brett alone had seen him, and he knew he was safe with Brett. No, Duncan would not betray him. Had he been recognized in the chase that followed? Hardly likely. Then he was safe. Why run away? If a ghost of a suspicion lodged against him, he was only accentuating it by absenting himself. He ought never to have left town. De Vere Gardens was the safest place for him. What a fool he had been to rush madly away in this absurd fashion! But even now was it too late to return? There were quick trains up from Manchester. He could be back by noon, and it would be easy to account for his absence—such occurrences were not infrequent. At Manchester, at any rate, he could buy an early paper and be guided by the report of the murder, which would by this time be telegraphed to every quarter of the globe.

These thoughts brought him some comfort, and, at last, when the sky was turning to crimson, George Fenton sank into a deep sleep.

"Now, lad, here we be at Manchester. Up ye get." Fenton rubbed his eyes and stared round him dazedly and struggled to his feet. "Thank you very much for your mackintosh," he said to the Yorkshireman. "I don't know what I should have done without it."

He bade the kind fellow goodbye and struggled into his sodden overcoat and now sallied forth into the streets of Cottonopolis. It was now past 6 o'clock, and he soon got hold of a newspaper, which he opened with palpitating heart.

"Great heavens!" he cried as his eye found the column he wanted. There, in large capitals, stared him in the face:

HORRIBLE MURDER IN MAYFAIR. ARREST OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

His blood ran cold as he read the last line, for he at once grasped that if Brett had been arrested, owing to some absurd incident on the part of the police,

in order perhaps to save his own life he would be bound to reveal all he knew of the murder. He read through the account that followed, but that gave him little further information. There were simply the particulars of the finding of the body, Brett's arrest, with the subsequent trouble, and the conveyance of him and the corpse to the police station. The paper fell from Fenton's hand in dismay. Now, at any rate, it would be simple folly on his part to return before he knew that no suspicion rested upon him. In the meantime he ought to make his own position as secure as possible by further movements. He crossed over to the Exchange station and looked at the list of departures. At 7 o'clock a train would leave for Leeds, and by this train Fenton decided to travel. At 9 o'clock he stepped out on the Leeds platform.

His first act was to get refreshment, for he had tasted nothing for 12 hours, and was, moreover, suffering acutely as the result of wearing his wet clothing. He was ravenously hungry, and he made a substantial meal. Once more the blood seemed to course in his veins, and his courage revived. For a long time he sat over his breakfast deliberating on his next move, which he at length decided must be to get rid of his dress clothes. If suspicion had fallen upon him, these would no doubt be an important link in his detection, and it seemed more risky to continue wearing them than to dispose of them. He spent the greater part of the morning wandering up and down the city before he found a shop likely for his purpose. At last he entered one and asked the man behind the counter what he would give for the suit he was wearing.

"Dress shoots are nodings moosh in my line, and still less so ven dey are soiled mit mud and wed. De glosch on dis shoot is debarred forever, and my fr'en's only wants gloschy dress shoots."

Gloss or no gloss, Fenton explained, he must have it exchanged for an everyday rig out.

"My fr'en, if it is an exchange you wants perhaps I can do something for you. I dort it was monish vat you wanted. See here. Dis is a vinding in checks. You could blay shess or dravts on de design ven you was dat vay inclined."

Fenton explained he did not feel at all that way inclined. He wanted something not quite so pronounced.

"I see nodding wrong mit de bronunciation. Peraps it is a gole black shoot you wants, mit vich to attend your own veneral."

After much parleying and haggling Fenton was at last fitted out in the east of Sunday best of some presumably worthy Leeds weaver, and he left the store lamenting the inequality of the exchange.

Then he went to a barber's and had his mustache shaved. By this time the early editions of the evening papers were out, and Fenton eagerly scanned a copy of The Evening Post.

"Horrible Tragedy in Mayfair—The Murderer at Large," met his eyes, and with trembling heart he read of "the release of the naval officer" and of the chase after himself the previous night, the discovery of the hill of the dagger, and, O God, of his own departure to Manchester from Willesden Junction. Then followed a description of himself: "Dark, about 5 feet 9 in height, well built, brown eyes and dark mustache, about 80 years of age; at the time was wearing evening dress clothes, a light overcoat and a bowler hat."

Fenton's head whirled as he read these lines, and he looked round in terror, half expecting to see some one already identifying him, despite his having disposed of some of the damning details. They were on his track, and at any moment he might be arrested. He must be off again, and that immediately. Once more he must take train in the hope of baffling his pursuers. He walked into Wellington station and found that a train started in a few minutes for Skipton. He bought a ticket furtively, dully wondering why the clerk did not eye him suspiciously.

He was at Skipton within the hour. What was he to do now? He had something less than a sovereign in his pocket, so he could not afford another journey by train. Besides, he must shun the haunts of news readers. The country would be the best place for him now. He was almost at his wits' end, but he pulled himself together, went into a public house and called for some brandy. This put enough Dutch courage into his soul to enable him to inquire about the surrounding country from a garrulous bar ranger. As a result of his inquiries he determined to take to the Cracoe road, hoping to reach Grassington and the scattered villages beyond, where newspapers were few and the population illiterate.

Then he set out. The brandy saw him through a mile or two, but the excitement was telling upon him, and his bodily pain was increasing, and soon he could scarcely crawl along. He rested many a time and oft by the way, and it was dark when the glimmer of the lights of Rylstone village met his eyes. Here he determined to pass the night. He could go no farther. He did not dare to put up at any public house for fear of ultimate discovery, so he cast about him for a roof for shelter. By the moonlight, he espied an old shed

against some stabling, and thither he repaired. Not having even strength enough to search for litter for a bed, he threw himself down on the ground and fell into a broken sleep.

He awoke in the early morning with pains and aches shooting all over his body, but with mind clear enough to appreciate the exigencies of the situation. He must be up and away before the sleuthhounds could scent him. He dragged his unwilling limbs out of the shed and gained the highway. But now the want of food was beginning to tell heavily upon him, and his legs almost refused to move. Long before he reached Cracoe he was overtaken by a coal cart. He hailed the driver and asked for a lift. The man looked at him doubtfully, but the offer of coin produced the desired effect. Lying full length on a sack on the top of the coals, Fenton spent the next hours in a dazed, witless condition. The driver's destination was Killnsey, and there his fare was turned adrift. Here Fenton determined to have something to eat, for without food he felt it would be impossible to go farther. He staggered into the village inn, which stood invitingly near. Suddenly a look of terror overspread his face and he turned sharply off the main road. He had seen a policeman enter. A policeman in that old world place! What was he doing there? To his distorted vision the man was already making inquiries of the innkeeper, and the carter would be there in a minute to add his link to the chain of evidence that was gradually being forged around him.

Fear galvanized his stiffened limbs into action, and down that lonely lane Fenton pelted with blind hurry whither he knew not nor cared. The spurt did not last long, and he soon dropped into his old shamble. To make things worse, the rain, which had been threatening all day, now came down in torrents, and the need of some place of cover grew imperative. There was a haystack near—the only hope of shelter in that bleak, inhospitable landscape—but before he could even reach what refuge that afforded the pitiless rain had drenched him to the marrow. The whole of that wretched afternoon Fenton sheltered there, sometimes dozing,



The man looked at me doubtfully.

more often terribly wide awake, wet, cold and hungry. When dusk came, he ventured forth again in quest of food and lodging, which he must have if he wished to keep mind and body together. He struggled for a couple of hours, covering little ground, although straining every nerve. There were lights of a homestead in the distance, for which he made without even attempting to concoct a likely tale to account for his appearance, but fate was dead against him. The rain had ceased now, but it had left the ground thick with slush, through which the weary fugitive struggled like a drunken man. The lights he was making for seemed ever to recede like will-o'-the-wisps, and Fenton grew dimly conscious he could not reach them.

There was no other building at hand, no roof to shelter him, but he could go no farther. His legs refused to move, his head was bursting, and with a cry of awful helplessness and despair he sank down upon the clammy ground, at last unconscious of all his woes.

It was two days afterward when Fenton regained consciousness. When he opened his eyes, he was in a strange bedroom. He gave a feeble cry of surprise, and, as if in response, an old dame appeared at the bottom of the bed.

"Thank God, ye've come round at last. I thought it wer' all up wi' ye once. But don't ye talk now. Just ye drink this and go to sleep. T' maister will tell ye all about it when 'e comes 'oam."

With a sigh of contentment Fenton did as he was told.

When next he opened his eyes, they fell upon a familiar form. There by his bedside was the burly farmer who had traveled with him from Willesden! Fenton could not repress a cry of astonishment. The farmer seemed to enjoy his surprise.

"Aye, lad, it's one of the curiosest things I ever 'eard of. I said 'Goodby' to ye at Manchester, and niver thowt of seeing ye ag'in, and two days afterward I fuds ye in my three acre pasture in a pretty fever. I knew'd ye at onot, although ye'd changed yer togs and shaved yer mustash. Ye've been in trouble, lad. I could tell fro' yer ravings. But niver mind. No one's heard 'em but me and t' maister, 'cept our Jeames, who helped me to carry ye in; and I've squared Jeames not to let on."

"What did I say?" anxiously asked Fenton.

"Ye talked a strange lot of stuff, lad, abaut a girl—thear's generally a woman at bottom of moast things; and ye seemed to be terribly fond of this un. And then ye called out 'Murder!'—ay, 'Murder!' and spoke of a glass dagger, or some such silliness. Then ye seemed to be running away, and it was as much as the three of us could do to hold ye in the bed."

Fenton started up excitedly. "Good God!" he cried. "I am lost!" "Lay ye down ag'in, lad," said the farmer, pushing him back with rough