

Connected with this Office  
IS A COMPLETE  
Job Printing Department  
A Specialty made of Fine Grade of Printers.  
WRITE FOR TERMS.

# The Bee

BY INDUSTRY WE THRIVE

As an  
Advertising Medium  
THIS PAPER STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL  
LONG TIME CONTRACTS MADE ON AP-  
PLICATION TO THIS OFFICE.

THIRD YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1892.

NO. 49.

## The Bee.

**TERMS:**  
Per Year (in advance) \$1.00  
Six Months . . . . .50  
Three Months . . . . .25  
SINGLE COPIES . . . . .5c  
Special Notices five cents per line each insertion.  
Local Notices (Briefly) run with local reading matter. If more than one line each insertion.  
Rates by the quarter or year furnished on application to this office.  
Orders of remittance of respect, less than five dollars, inserted free. For lines, or for lines thereof over twelve lines, will be charged five cents.  
Cash Rates furnished for most papers and periodicals.

Bee Publishing Co.,  
Publishers.  
W. H. JERNAGAN, Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.  
O. W. WADHILL, Cashier.

Hopkins County  
MADISONVILLE, KY.

**BANK**  
MADISONVILLE, KY.

Capital Stock, - - \$50,000.  
Transacts a general banking business, and invites the accounts of the citizens of Hopkins and adjoining counties.  
Has the finest and most secure vault in this section of Kentucky.

**THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**  
OF THE UNITED STATES.  
JANUARY 1, 1892.  
ASSETS, . . . \$136,198,518.38  
Liability, 4 p. c. 109,905,537.82  
SURPLUS, . . . \$26,292,980.56

New Business . . . \$233,118,331  
written in 1891 . . . . .  
Assurance in force . . . . . 804,894,557  
Its latest form of Policy is UNRESTRICTED after one year, INCONTESTIBLE after two years, "NON-FORFEITABLE" after three years, and payable WITHOUT DELAY.

Write for rates and results, giving age.  
**PAUL M. MOORE, AGENT,**  
EARLINGTON, KY.

Commenced Business in 1867.  
**JOHN G. MORTON,**  
MADISONVILLE, KY.

Transacts a General Banking Business. Special attention given to collections.  
**Thos D Walker,**  
Alias "Old Joker."  
Is still in the lead with a complete stock of  
**Stoves, & Castings,**

—AND—  
**Tinware.**  
Repairing and Roofing a Specialty.  
"Old Joker" has marked his goods so low, That everything is bound to go.  
LOW CASH SALES AND PROFITS SMALL, Insures the patronage of all.  
**Earlington, Ky.**  
ALA BELLE JARDINIERE.  
**L. FRITSCH,**  
FASHIONABLE

**MERCHANT TAILOR**  
IMPORTER OF CLOTHS AND SUITINGS.  
325 Upper First St., Evansville, Ind.  
He earnestly solicits the patronage of his Hopkins county friends.

**J. B. MOONEY,**  
Steam Engines,  
Portable and Stationary  
Standard Builders.  
Gas Engines and Elevators.  
Dealer in and-hand Milling Machinery.  
208 Lower First St., Evansville, Indiana.

## Half-Rate Excursions!

TO  
**ARKANSAS AND TEXAS**  
VIA THE  
**THE COTTON BELT ROUTE!**  
AUGUST 30th, SEPTEMBER 27th, OCTOBER 20th.  
(Tickets Good 20 Days.)

**THE COTTON BELT ROUTE**  
IS THE ONLY LINE FROM MEMPHIS  
With Through Car Service to Texas,  
And connections to the Finest Farming, Grazing and Stock Raising and Game Preserves through the most Progressive Towns and Cities in the  
**GREAT SOUTHWEST.**

All lines connect with and have tickets on sale via the  
**COTTON BELT ROUTE.**

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for maps, time tables, etc., and write to any of the following for all information you may desire concerning a trip to the Great Southwest.  
S. G. HATCH, Dist. Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.  
W. G. ADAMS, Trav. Pass. Agt., Nashville, Tenn.  
W. B. DODDING, Gen'l Manager, St. Louis, Mo.  
S. G. WARNER, Dist. Pass. & Tm. Agt., Memphis, Tenn.  
H. H. STONER, Trav. Pass. Agt., Chattanooga, Tenn.  
E. W. LARBAUM, Gen'l Pass'g and Tm. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.  
E. S. DAREN, M. D., J. S. DAREN, M. D.

**DR. E. S. DAREN & SON,**  
MADISONVILLE, KY.

**OCULISTS AND OPTICIANS,**  
MADISONVILLE, KY.  
Treat all Diseases of the Eye, Perform Operations, Insert Artificial Eyes, Etc. Eyes Carefully Tested and the Best Quality of Gold, Silver and Steel, Flint Glass and PURE PEBBLE SPECTACLES SUPPLIED.  
We have one of the Finest Test Cases in America, and can Overcome any Difficulty of the Eye that can be CORRECTED WITH GLASSES.

**A. L. H. PAGE,**  
Contractor and Builder,  
Madisonville, Kentucky.

Good Work Guaranteed.  
Write for Terms.  
**PETERS & MANIRE,**  
**DENTISTS,**  
MADISONVILLE, KENTUCKY.  
Office over LONG & MURPHY'S Drug Store. Entrance through the store.  
Attention also given to repairing clocks, jewelry, sewing machines, etc.

**W. H. HOFFMAN,**  
DENTIST,  
MADISONVILLE, KY.  
Office on Main street, opposite North Door of Court House.

**THOS. WHITFORD,**  
Brick-layer and Stone-mason,  
EARLINGTON, KENTUCKY.  
All orders receive prompt attention, and satisfactory work guaranteed.

**PATENTS**  
Cases and Re-issues secured, Trade-Marks registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.  
Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination and advise as to patentability free of charge.  
Main offices directly across from the Patent Office, and attention is especially called to my perfect and long established facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the most vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business intrusted to me in the shortest possible time. Rejected cases a specialty.  
FEE MODERATE, and exclusive attention given to patent business. Book of information and list of special references sent without charge upon receipt.  
J. R. LITTLE,  
Solicitor and Attorney and Patent Cases  
Washington, D. C.,  
Opposite U. S. Patent Office.  
Mention this paper.

**TWO USUALLY GOOD OFFERS.**  
**REAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**  
First—The great Holiday No. (enlarged to 250 pages of the brightest of quarterly publications.)  
"Tales from Town Topics."  
Out December 1st, all new and both stands and railway trains, price 50 cents, will be sent FREE.  
To all who send for a 3 months' trial subscription to  
**TOWN TOPICS.**  
The largest, richest, strongest, most varied and most interesting journal in the world.  
Second—To all who will send \$1.00, will be sent Town Topics and "Tales from Town Topics" from date until January 1, 1893, creating a No. of the inimitable quarterly (regular price \$1.00) and 12 months of the greatest of family weeklies (regular price \$1.00 per year).  
Get them out at the other offer—AT ONCE and send to postal notes, orders, or New York City.  
TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23d St., New York

## Church Directory.

**CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**  
First mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Rosary instruction and benediction at 7:30 p. m., every Sunday. A. M. Coates, pastor.

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**  
Services regularly held, morning and evening, every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting Thursday night.

**MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Services second Saturday evening and Sunday each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night. J. S. Check, pastor.

**M. E. CHURCH.**  
Services first Sunday each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. C. C. Coe, pastor.

**ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.**  
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Dawson, pastor.

**MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Services first and fourth Sunday of each month at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Dawson, pastor.

**MADISONVILLE.**  
**BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning and evening by T. N. Compton. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**  
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, by Elder Fall. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.

**M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.**  
Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, by J. T. Cherry. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

**CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
Preaching every second and third Lord's day, morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at 9:15 a. m.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15. Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock by J. S. Coe, of Mt. ZION.

**Lodge Directory.**  
E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 54, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transients brethren cordially invited to attend. HENRY C. BOWMAN, W. M. CHAS. COWELL, Secretary.

**ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 440, I. O. O. F.** Meets every Tuesday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. J. R. WYATT, N. G. C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

**HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 597, I. O. O. F.** Regular meetings every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend. J. E. PHILLIPS, C. C. THOS. D. HARRIS, E. R. and S.

**HOPKINS LODGE, No. 42, A. O. U. W. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. N. W. HUFF, W. M. T. G. TRACY, Recorder.**

**Musical Organizations.**  
THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night. All musicians are invited to attend. Meetings begin at 8 o'clock. Manager of Band and Hall.

## DESPERADO OF CHILTERN HILLS.

[From All the Year Round.]  
After all, it was Nan's "man of the mountains" who snapped a coil of unscrupulous revenge, and Nan and another were the gainers.

"What could I do but help him, poacher and vagabond though he is? You could not leave him to lie up there, in pain and helpless, till somebody found him next morning?"

"Certainly not. I expect any of us would have done the same." Nan Covington remarked to the speaker with a flash from her eloquent eyes. He thought he had never seen her look so pretty as when, with the rose-red color on her cheeks and stealing into her low, broad brow, she steadfastly declined to bear the title of "Donna Quixote."

It was a simple incident in one of those wide, free rambles which are a feature of life in an English country house. Nan and her mother were guests at Terrick Manor. A party had gone out riding on the downs. Nan was a laggard, pausing at the highest points to drink in the beauty of the fair, autumn-hued landscape that stretched like a panorama below these heights of the Chilterns. She had been introduced to a wholly new Bucks wonderland, and marveled that people in London knew so little of what was very near them. Taking a specially steep "bit" to rejoin her friends by a short cut—for it must be confessed that Nan was a random horsewoman—she had found a big, hulking fellow with a sprained ankle. A block of earth had been dislodged, and man and mule had crashed many yards together. Nan's pity offered aid, though he never asked it. She dismounted and gave him a girlish arm to lean upon, and somehow he had reached the track hard by, and then Nan walked away to some cottages half a mile distant, and ensured for him more stalwart assistance.

"For my arm will be stiff for a week," she said, laughing as she told the story.

Nan was assured that she had befriended the greatest scoundrel in the district—the leader of a gang of hillside ruffians, who were always ready for a midnight visit to the preserves of Terrick Manor.

"That's Black Sam Pewsy to a T," said Squire Milne, as Nan described the sufferer.

Mrs. Covington was thereupon duly indignant.

"Nan does the strangest things!" she said.

And only Captain Fairlie had cared to controvert the theory that Nan was eccentric. The girl was grateful, and there was henceforth a favor for the latest comer which was like strong wine to a fainting man.

It was a surprise to Capt. Fairlie to meet Nan here. They were old acquaintances of a furlough spent in Jersey. Into one heart love had consciously come then. But he was poor, and had a hazy outlook, and Nan was old Col. Covington's niece and heiress. Jim Fairlie recognized the barrier. If he had been blind, the tart-tongued dowager who snubbed Nan and him impartially would soon have pointed it out.

Since then he had won his step in the Soudan, and wealth had come in his way from a maternal kinsman long lost sight of amongst Australian sheep-folds. But he had been an exile in the desert, and expected that Nan was married long since. The frank, vivacious girls with money are always picked up.

Capt. Fairlie came home on a steamer with Cecil Milne, a wounded subaltern.

## DESPERADO OF CHILTERN HILLS.

carried to the soldier's ears which stifled his new hopes.

"Miss Covington is so gay already that one wonders how her spirits can be higher when Mr. Stanton arrives," said a dry, wizened little woman, who perhaps saw a dangerous drama unfolding in these perpetual picnics.

"Mr. Stanton?" repeated the listener she had caught in a corner.

"Yes; I can tell you who he is; nobody seems to know much about him—except Mrs. Covington. He is to marry Miss Covington, you know. I believe they met abroad. Baden-Baden, or some of those places. I hear he is very rich, and that Mrs. Covington thinks it a grand match for Nan. But we shall see—those of us who stay. He joins us in a fortnight."

How soon a lover's house of cards stands in fine and flowing outline on the tableland of fancy; how soon it is in ruins! The light faded out of Capt. Fairlie's sky. His past pessimism was justified. Good luck in the common view had visited him, but every boon it brought was tithed by a bitter chagrin.

He talked of going, but he did not go. For one thing Cecil Milne would not hear of it; and for another he was a lonely man, and here was a point of warmth and brightness. Capt. Fairlie had not waiting home circle to go to. Moreover, he was pleased with his refuge in these "Chiltern Hundreds" of historic fame.

That Bucks was a charming sylvan country he was vaguely aware before. But he had no idea of the beauty of the woodlands in their golden autumn dress, of the fine air and far distances of the great rolling crests which sweep round from Ashton Hills on the west side of Tring to Whiteleaf Cross at Risborough, or of the hundred quaintnesses of the sequestered, old-world villages. It was all unhackneyed, naive, delightful. He stood on Velvet Lawn, by the flagstaff, and his eye ranged over the rich pastures of the whole vale of Aylesbury, and away to the west toward the pleasant plains of Oxford. Scarcely a day passed without his stumbling on a new vista of leafy loveliness, or a fresh vantage ground from which to study a unique blending of the finest features of the softer British scenery.

Capt. Fairlie was growing curious to see Nan's accepted lover. It argued indifference that day after day he should disappoint expectation. The business affairs in Yorkshire that were understood to be keeping him were probably the Doncaster races. But startling events were, first, to divert every one's thoughts from the loiterer, and then to bring them back to him when the thing seemed least likely.

There was a burglary at Terrick Manor, and Mrs. Covington lost the brilliants which she always carried with her on her rural campaigns. They were worth a large sum of money, though not equivalent, as she loudly asserted, to the purchase price of the Manor estate. It was a disaster that made her frantic, and Nan trembled with shame at the unjust accusations in which she indulged.

"Somebody on the spot must have had a hand in it," she said angrily, "somebody who saw me wearing them, and took good care to find out which was my room and where I locked them up. It's a vile plot, with one thread here in the house. I feel sure of it."

But the visitors were nearly all gone now. Squire Milne's remaining guests were only Miss Parks and Capt. Fairlie, Nan and Mrs. Covington herself. And there was not a servant on the place for whose integrity the Squire would not have answered with his own.

He did not choose the people about him at random or change them for a whim. They were old retainers. These facts made Mrs. Covington's assertion seem absurd to him. He dealt with it in a dignified, courteous way which Nan, at least, appreciated.

"I am very sorry it has happened under my roof," he said; "that is a misfortune which I shall feel, madam, in its own degree as much as you will feel yours. My family share these sentiments. But I submit that you have no evidence whatever for a charge which, if it means anything, must mean that, perhaps, my son Cecil has given information to the rogues, or that I am a conspirator, or that some one quite as little likely in my

## DESPERADO OF CHILTERN HILLS.

opinion to do these things" is guilty. I do not believe that."

Mrs. Covington had the grace to be momentarily abashed.

"Of course that is nonsense," she muttered, "I never said so. But it is a dreadful thing, a shameful thing; and I suppose it is true that it has happened? I wish it were not. The thieves knew where to go. If they were not put up to it, how came they to guess that there was such a chance? That is what I ask, and what nobody answers."

"In the absence of a clew it cannot be answered," remarked Capt. Fairlie.

The irate woman turned upon him.

"You went away directly it came out that I was robbed. Perhaps you fancy I am blind, Capt. Fairlie. You were never more mistaken in your life. I have seen a great deal. I feel inclined to ask if you are certain that no clew is forthcoming. What are your ideas about it? Where did you go to?"

When Mrs. Covington commenced she was consciously striking wild blows. It was an ebullition of resentment without aim or meaning, except to sting the subject of the assault. But it was a fact that she was on the whole a capable observer, and she soon noticed that her charge of withdrawal told Capt. Fairlie looked confused. By sheer instinct he brought her hints to a head and confronted him with a direct question.

His bronzed face had annoyance visibly written in its lines. Even Nan, who with impatient disgust had come over to him from her mother's side and whispered pitifully, "Please take no notice," even Nan wondered at the dark, preoccupied countenance. And his answer seemed weak and a shuffle.

"I went into Terrick. There was nothing to gain by my staying. If there had been I would have stayed."

Cecil Milne, who was nearly strong again, gazed at his friend curiously. Did he not understand that this mad old dowager had impugned his honesty?

The foe caught at the quibble and exposed it. She was seriously coming to believe that Capt. Fairlie was mixed up in the robbery, preposterous as the notion seemed to everyone else in the group.

"Oh, indeed! You had not interest enough in the matter to join in the investigation? I think, sir, that will seem strange to all here."

Squire Milne interrupted.

## DESPERADO OF CHILTERN HILLS.

"I must ask you to remember, Mrs. Covington, the Capt. Fairlie is my guest," he said, significantly.

"Probably on reflection you will agree that this has gone far enough."

"No; I shall not think so until I have back what I have lost. And I am glad that Mr. Stanton will be here this afternoon. I shall put it all into his hands—all; do you hear Capt. Fairlie?"

He bowed gravely. His reserve continued, and was inexplicable to Cecil Milne and to Nan.

It was supposed that Mrs. Covington's room in the west wing of the Manor had been surreptitiously entered late on the previous evening. She had gone along a corridor after retiring and stayed nearly an hour with Nan, persuading the girl to fix a date almost immediately for her marriage. Mr. Stanton pressed for this in a letter Nan had received, and which also stated that he might be expected on the morrow. The theory which seemed to have least difficulties was that the thief had come in through a window in a deep oriel of the corridor, and had escaped the same way. Access to this from below was easy by reason of a mass of climbing ivy plants—a natural ladder was provided for nimble feet—and this window was found forced.

The police accepted this hypothesis and were working upon it, examining, with a great show of importance, the outdoor staff of the Manor, and seeking for the trail of any suspicious prowler, who might have been seen in the locality. Their result so far had not been made public.

At 4 o'clock a carriage went to the station to meet Mr. Stanton. Nan was inside. Heavy rain had fallen, and the September air was sharp and fresh. The girl had a gray wrap around her shoulders. It suited her perfectly, but it was a pallid, anxious face that Capt. Fairlie met by accident. Nan had no need, surely, to wear the old hateful mask here, where spectators were only the country people. She was letting all the sad forebodings

## DESPERADO OF CHILTERN HILLS.

of her heart steal into her eyes, when at the very cottages from which she had once secured assistance for the preacher, Pewsy, she passed Capt. Fairlie. He knew where she was going, and her hopeless face was a revelation to him. The strange thing was that his own brightened proportionally. He was standing a yard or two from the curve of the road on a rustic path leading to a clump of the magnificent beeches with which Bucks abounds. The girl saw with a start that his companion was the man whom Squire Milne called Black Sam, and that there was gold on Sam's palm. It was very distantly that she returned the soldier's salute. For the first time she had a sharp doubt whether Capt. Fairlie was a man of honor. What legitimate relations could he have with one who was almost an outlaw—certainly an Ishmael of the Chilterns? It was one thing to aid Black Sam in distress and in ignorance of his character. She would do that again. It was another thing to bribe him for perhaps a lawless act. Were her mother's brilliants involved? Even this bright, beautiful Bucks world now seemed gray, and barren of peace and joy to Nan at that moment. Then she rebuked herself of the thought.

Mr. Eugene Stanton was introduced to a broken, dispirited party. Nan, who was nervously watching, fancied that there was a gleam as of contempt, and something else that she could not fathom in Capt. Fairlie's eyes. Could it be triumph? How should that have any place? Was not the victory Mr. Stanton's by her own word of surrender?

A conference about the burglary was soon held apart. It was interrupted by the announcement of a capture.

"Black Sam Pewsy and his son are in custody," was the information brought in by Cecil Milne.

The Squire shook his head solemnly at Nan. The girl was the old man's favorite, though he was learning to detect her mother.

"You see what your protegee is worth," he said, "for all you did him a good turn. But it's queer. I dare say they've some good evidence. But I don't think the villains would soar to a job of this sort. A bit of poaching and some ugly work if the keepers came along is quite in their way. But this is different altogether. It is a surprise.

The police were sure of their ground, and they brought to light a body of testimony to show that both prisoners were loitering in the Manor park and in the footpath that led to the tennis ground late the previous evening. And two servants disposed to seeing Black Sam in forbidden precincts—close to the house. He had, indeed, terrified them. But the jewels were not found. The miserable hovel on the hillside had been searched in vain.

Nan and Capt. Fairlie exchanged a glance that on one side was a question and on the other an appeal. Each knew it to be so.

"What had you to do there?" Nan's steadfast eyes asked. "Trust a little longer," said the Captain's. And Nan was silent, and her faith stood the test. However things might look, she knew at length that this man had her supreme confidence, and more—her love. Oh, why had she yielded to her mother's urging?

But Mr. Stanton, whose consternation at hearing of the robbery was great, became an amateur detective, as Mrs. Covington suggested, and, following her cue also with respect to Capt. Fairlie, he unearthed the highly suspicious circumstance of the visit paid by Fairlie to Pewsy's cottage.

He demanded an explanation in the presence of the Squire, who was more indignant and uneasy and perplexed than he cared even to confess to Cecil.

"Will you deny that you paid money to this scamp?" "Certainly I shall not deny it." The tones were haughty and stern.

"Money to a notorious law-breaker! To leave the country, perhaps? Will you kindly account for such strange conduct at such a peculiar time?"

## DESPERADO OF CHILTERN HILLS.

Capt. Fairlie had a telegram in his hand; he carelessly referred to it. It had been delayed.

"In about half an hour, I should think, it will be possible to oblige you," he said. There was a ring at the bell. He walked to the window and his manner changed.

"The farce will probably change

to a serious drama, here and now," he said.

"Col. Covington," was announced. The name was like a thunderbolt to the man who had supposed himself safe when the ground was mined beneath him. He rose, but could not stand. He sank back into his chair and waited for the stroke of doom. His heavy features grew ashen; his teeth began to chatter. He was a trickster of many subtleties, and a craven at heart.

Nan's uncle was a soldier with a presence. His 60 years sat lightly upon him. He had desperate work committed to his hands, and he had never flinched. To crush a traitor was a bagatelle.

He nodded to Capt. Fairlie. Another Jim Fairlie—this one's father—and he had gone through the mutiny together; and he knew the son. He shook hands warmly with Squire Milne and Cecil. It was not his first visit to Terrick Manor. Then he faced round on another old acquaintance.

"I have come post haste from Dublin through your leafy lanes, Milne, to strip a shady bird of borrowed plumage," he said. "This man, who, I hear, calls himself Mr. Stanton, is well known to me. He was cashiered from my own regiment. His name is Willis Dorrell. I have not heard anything good of him since the colors and he parted. It is not my province to interfere with any guest of yours, Milne, but I don't want you to be deceived."

Dorrell stumbled to his feet with a curse.

"It was your doing that I was sent adrift," he hissed.

"It was justice, sir, and you know it."

"You were hard—hard; and if I hadn't been for Fairlie yonder I'd have had my revenge. I'd have married your niece. May I say good by to Nan?"

It was a last flash of bravado. Now the crash had come, the miscreant's spirits revived. But he walked to the door as he spoke. There was mischief in the set of Jim Fairlie's mouth and he saw it. "And now, Squire, you shall have my story—the story which that impostor has wisely thought it unnecessary to wait for, though he is pretty frequently involved," said Capt. Fairlie, a little later, addressing his host and his host's son. "It will mean, at all events, a partial revision of your judgment in the case of Pewsy, as Black Sam had no more to do with the disappearance of Mrs. Covington's brilliants than—I had"—there was a proud upward twist in the voice—"but he had a considerable share in the counterplot by which Dorrell has been worsted, and by which I hope and believe Mrs. Covington will have her treasures restored."

"You don't say so!" cried the Squire. "Was Stanton in that affair, too?"

"No, he was not. But he was harassed by a racing dun as unscrupulous as himself. This is what occurred. On the day of the robbery I had been to Ivinghoe to see the quaint village on the hill which may have given its title to Scott's 'Ivanhoe.' It is well worth a trip. Well, at Cheddington I was waiting for an Aylesbury train. I sat down in a corner, sheltered from the rain that was beginning, to scribble a letter. Voices reached me. They were on the other side of a wooden partition with an open window in it. Nan's name was mentioned—I mean Miss Covington."

"Yes," said Cecil Milne unnecessarily; and he smiled furtively.

"I picked up my ears. One speaker was putting pressure on the other to get money. He threatened him with exposure. The other slowly gave way. He was going to marry Miss Covington—it would be soon, he said—then the money should be paid. He could do little at the moment, but he was anxious that Col. Covington should not cross his path, and had a fear that the Colonel was at Terrick Manor. He persuaded the other to come and investigate; for him, and the task was undertaken. Where Dorrell went I do not know. They were to meet at an inn late that night. I saw them on the platform, and yesterday Dorrell knew me again. I came to Terrick almost as soon as the spy, and as I might want witnesses I tipped the younger Pewsy to spy on Fenning—that was his name. Incidentally I mentioned the name of Dorrell in Black Sam's

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]