

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS L-H.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS I.-H. Lady Wenwick is waiting impaties.ly in her boudoir for Lord Stainforth, a young man with whom she has, anknown to herself failen deeply in love. He has bost his way in the thick for, where he is of service to Consael Vall, the daughter of an oid friend of Lord Wenwick's, as she is on her way to visit the latter. To extend they go to a toa-shop, and the toy has cleaned up, when they proceed to their destination, arriving extremely late.

<text>

## CHAPTER N.

## IN THE RED LIGHT.

Again came the knocking, and its second to Stainforth that an imploring voice mingled with the wailing of the

wind. There was but one window in the study, a great bow window at the far end of the room, opening in four parts, like doors. He slipped back a bolt, and, such was the force of the storm, that the glass door burst open of itself, and a cloaked figure almost fell into the room, Lance cought and supported it, as it stumbled forward, dripping water on the polished wood of the uncarpeted floor.

submitted norward, or pping water or the polished wood of the uncarpeted floor. "Thank heaven 1 made you bear at last!" parted a woman's voice: and, pushing back the soaked hood of her hong cloak, a girl looked up into the vicars

""Twill be the worst ever come to n-

Will be the worst ever come to n-yet, if you can't stop it, sir, and if you can't, no one can." At the last words she choked, then bruke into heavy sol-bing, her face hidden between two brown hands.

Lance laid his on her heaving shoul-Lance hid his on her heaving shoul-der. "Let me help you lay off your cloak, and I'll light the fire," he said. "You mustn't take cold and ill on top of all. New, try and tell me what has happened. It is something serious, I' know, to make you cry like this, Jenny, for you are a brave girl." "It is the thing that's going to happen, I'm afraid of." the young woman fal-tered, dashing away teats. "Father and

I'm afraid of." the young woman fal-tered, dushing away tears. "Father and

Dick West have made up their minds to punish the Squire for his work against us all, and to night's the time fixed for it.

"What are they going to do?" asked Stainforth quietly, though a spark had kindled in his dark eyes. "Fire his house. I hink what that means in this wind, sir! The rain won't

means in this wind, sir! The rain won't help much, the way they mean to set to work, for the firel have too big a start before the water gets a chance to quench it. Oh, I prayed them on my bended knews not to do what they'll repent their lives through, and I told Dick that if he went for such work, even if he escaped arrest, I'd never be his wife. But father shut my mouth, and neither would lis-ten. They wouldn't for worlds have hall me hear the plan: it was by accident I did; and when I couldn't stop them from going I threatened I'd warn the police, but they knew well I'd never do that. I couldn't betray my own father and Dick. out only shew with a never do that. I couldn't betray my own father and Dick. They're mad, sir, not wicked at heart. That's why I've run to you to save them from themselves—and poor Miss Con-suelo, too. The Squire's nothing to me. He's been hard and cruel, so we all think, but I wouldn't have have memory to have but I wouldn't have harm come to her. I can trust you to do something. I know, without butting my two men. You wouldn't give them away any more than to would're them away any more than

would? "No. I won't do that," said Lance. For you're right. Trouble and the wish for revenge has set fire to their brains. No one need know you came to me. Rest for a few moments, and then you had better go home. I must leave you now, and do the best I can."

"You'll make haste, and warn the "You'll make haste, and warn the Squire, sir, that the house is burning: It will be burning by this time. You see, I dared not go myself. The truth might be suspected, and anything but that! So I thought of you, and there's been all this delay."

all this delay." "There shall be no more." returned Lance. He did not wait to find his overcont. nor did he even think of it, but suntching up his elerical hat which lay on a table, he went out by the window at which Jenny Garth, the fisherman's daughter, had come in five minutes ago. It was a long walk from the victurage on the headland to Peham Vail's house.

on the headland to Felham Vails house, which stood almost as far from the vil-lage on the west as the vicarage did on the east. It was nearer by a mile to the Garth cottage, and it was of this fact that hance thought as he ran. rather than walked, his face set against the wild wind,

The fire brigade a barbwin Cove wa-twenty years behind the times, and Stainforth did not hope much from its quickness or efficiency in a crisis. His heart was beating fast, and not wholly from the speed he made. He thought of Consulo Vail, thought of her sleep-ing, unconscious of danger. He saw her face as clearly as on the first day when she had come into his life, only when she had come into his life, only who allowed up in the blackness of a cloud. The fire brigade a Larlwin Cove wacloud.

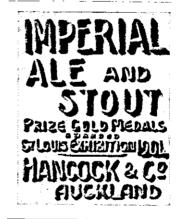
He knew the house well, though he had never crossed its threshold. Often, he passed it, offering himself some reahe passed it, offering himself some rea-smable excuse for taking that way to reach a destination attainable more easily. He knew the look of each small-panol, oht-fashiomed window, half hid-den behind oaks and copper beeches, which had been trained into strange shapes by the sea winds. Sometimes he had eaught binself woodering which was Consulto's wholey, and had histen-ed to turn his thoughts to other things. He wondered avian now.

If wondered again now. As he came to the gate, set in a thick hedge of holly, the low, irregular hurlding was cut blackly against the

dark and stormy sky. There was no light anywhere, and Lance began to hope that Jenny Garth had been mistaken

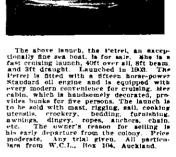
dark and stormy sky. There was no light anywhere, and Lance began to lope that Jenny Garth had been mistikken or that the young fisherman and the old one had changed their minds at the last moment. He pansed, hesitating to disturb the peace of the sleeping house. What if those within were in no perfl. offer all, and he should rouse them, at this hour, on a (alse alarm? Standing inside the gate, unconscious that he was cold and drenched with the stinging rain, suddenly he saw a red light leap up in one of the dark win-dows of the east wing as if a closed eye had suddenly flashed wide open in fierce anger. He hesitated no more, but sprang up the path, and then, when it wound between trees, crossed the sod-den lawn with swift steps. Londly he-struck the old fushioned brass knocker, which he had never touched before. Twice, thrice, he lorought it down, but there was no answering sound within the house. All was as still, save for the mouning of the wind, as in the charmed forest of the Sleeping Beauty, where no storm ever came. Again Stain-forth knocked and shanted londly, but in the site bow window was red and widd now. vivid now.

There was but one thing to do, and Lance did it. He gave up his hope of



rousing the sleepers from the outside, and determined to get into the house. He would not break into the window of the room where the fire was, lest the draught should rush to the aid of the flame; but going to one on the other side of the door, he wrapped a handkerchief around his knuckles and everythed a unne of glass with his a handkerchief around his knuckles and smashed a pane of glass with his clenched fist. With a sharp, jinging noise the pane fell in. and Lance, thra-ting his hand into the open space, found the bolt which held in place the two glass doors. He slid it back, pushed open the long, French window, and stepped into the dark and quiet room. Even here, the acrid odour of wool-smoke had penetrated, and it stung Stainforth's cyclids as he paused to light a match from the little silver box he carried. The small vellow flame showed him

The small yellow flame showed him his surroundings; a pretty little room, with fuded, flowery chintz coverings on the old-fashioned furniture. There were many tramed photographs stand-ing nbout among bowls of late roses, and on the walls were water-colour sketches, "Her sitting-room!" Lance said to himself with a pang that any-thing of hers, anything that she car-el for, should be destroyed. On a quaint Chippendale desk stood a pair of candles in old silver sticks. Lance The small vellow flame showed him



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