

bed. Miss Broad perceived that on the outer edge there lay a woman.
 "Who's that?"
 "That's Louise Casata."
 "Perhaps she's sleeping."
 "She wouldn't sleep through all the noise."
 "She may be ill; I'll go and look at her."
 "Don't you see—that there's a man?"
 Miss Broad moved further into the room. She saw what the other alluded to. As she did so, she gave utterance to that cry which Mr Horace Burton heard, listening in the servant's room beyond—the cry in which there was such a mingling of emotions as they welled up to the lips from the woman's heart.
 Miss Casata lay almost on the extreme edge of the bed fully clothed. She was on her back. One arm dangled over the side; her head was a little aslant upon the pillow, so that from a little distance it looked as if her neck was broken. The whole pose was almost as uncomfortable a one as a human being could choose; indeed, the conviction was irresistibly borne in on the beholders that it was not self-chosen unless she had sunk on the bed in a drunken stupor; but Miss Bewicke knew that she was no drinker.
 However, it was not Miss Casata's plight which had drawn from Miss Broad that involuntary cry. Beside her, outlined beneath the bedclothes, was a figure, stiff and rigid. With the exception of one place, it was completely covered. Some one, curious, perhaps, to learn what the thing might mean, had drawn aside sufficient of the bedclothes to disclose a portion of the head and face. As a matter of fact, the curious person was Mr Horace Burton. When relieving himself of the burden of the

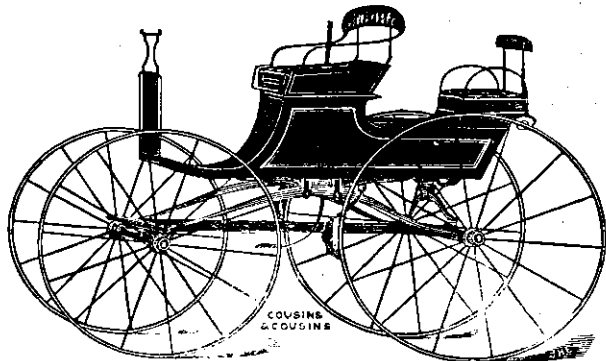
lady who was once the object of his heart's affection, he had been struck by the outlined form which lay so curiously still, and had wondered what it was, and had seen; and because of what he had seen, had gone back to his companions with the fashion of his countenance so changed.
 Now Miss Broad saw. The man beside Miss Casata on the bed was Mr Holland—Guy Holland—her Guy. It was when she perceived that it was he that her heart cried out. Miss Bewicke, who had only realised that it was a man, without recognising what man it was, came to her side trembling, wondering. When she also knew, she also cried aloud; but there was a material difference between the quality of her exclamation and Miss Broad's. Hers signified horror and amazement—perhaps something of concern; Miss Broad's betokened so many other things beside.
 The two young women went running to the bed; but when Miss Broad showed an inclination to lean over and touch the silent man, the other, as if fearful of what actual contact might involve, caught her by the dress.
 "No, no, take care!"
 Even Miss Broad shrank a little back; for Miss Casata lay between.
 "Move the bed!"
 The suggestion was Miss Bewicke's. In a moment it had been put into force. The bed was wheeled more into the centre of the room, so as to permit of passage between it and the wall, and presently the girl was at her lover's side. She knelt and looked, but still she did not touch him. No tears were in her eyes; she seemed very calm; but her face was white, and she was speechless. On her face there was a look which was past wonder, past pain, past fear, as if she did

not understand what it was which was in front of her. Miss Bewicke stood at her side, also looking; her dominant expression seemed sheer bewilderment. He also lay on his back. The bed clothes were withdrawn, so that his face was seen down to the chin. No marks of violence were visible. His expression was one of complete quiescence. His eyes were closed, as if he slept; but if he did, it was very soundly, for there was nothing to show that he breathed.
 Suddenly Miss Broad found her voice, or the ghost of it. Her lips did not move, and the words came thinly from her throat.
 "Is he dead?"
 "The other did not answer; but, leaning over, she drew the bedclothes more from off him, and she whispered:
 "Guy!" They waited, but he did not answer. She called again, "Guy!"
 Yet no response. In that land of sleep in which he was, it was plain that he heard no voices.
 The further withdrawal of the bedclothes had revealed the fact that he was fully dressed for dinner, as he was when Miss Bewicke had seen him last, the night before. His black bow had come untied; the ends strayed over his shirt-front, which was soiled and crumpled. His whole attire was in disarray. There were stains of dirt upon his coat. Now that they were so close, they perceived that traces of dry mud were on his face, as if it had been in close contact with the ground. About his whole appearance there was much which was ominous.
 The fact that this was so seemed to make a fresh appeal to Miss Broad's understanding; probably to something else in her as well.
 "Guy!" she cried.

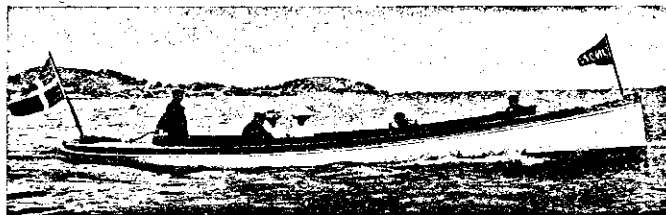
Her tone was penetrating, poignant. If it did not reach the consciousness of him to whom she called, in another direction it had a curious and unlooked-for effect. As if in response to an appeal which had been made directly to herself, Miss Casata, on the opposite side of the bed, sat up. The girls clung to each other in startled terror. To them, for the moment, it was as if she had risen from the dead.
 Although she had sat up, Miss Casata herself did not seem to know exactly why. She seemed not only stupid, but a little stupefied, and gasped for breath, her respirations resembling convulsions as she struggled with the after-effects of the narcotic. The two girls observed her with amazement, she, on her part, evidently not realising their presence in the least.
 It was Miss Bewicke who first attained to some dim comprehension of the meaning of the lady's antics.
 "She's been drugged! that's what it is. Louise!"
 Miss Casata heard, although she did not turn her head, but continued to open and shut her mouth in very ugly fashion as she fought for breath.
 "Yes; I'm coming. Who's calling?"
 "I! Look at me! Do you hear? Louise?"
 This time, if she heard Miss Casata gave no sign, but, sinking back on the bed, clutched at the counterpane, making a noise, as she gasped for breath, as if the walls of her chest would burst.
 "Letty, let me go! I must do something. She'll relapse, or worse, if we don't take care."
 Miss Bewicke hastened to the wash-handstand. Emptying a jug of water into a basin, she took the basin in her hands and dashed the contents, with

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