

The Curse of the Morelands.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER VIII. AGNUS HILLINGTON.



AGNUS HILLINGTON, who had been waiting for the letter, was now more unfavorable than that which had been produced by the letter. While Agnus Hillington was certainly a handsome man, his beauty had many a sinister line and there was such a lack of soul in the picture that Radd instantly decided it was a mere mask of an essentially deep and treacherous nature.

His comments were interrupted by the sound of wheels on the drive near the house, and he hastened to look cautiously from the nearest window. "Great Scott! there's the thing now!" he cried, in irrepressible amazement. "Alone, too! Here's a state of things!" He hastened to steady his nerves with half a pint of Yquem, with a lively apprehension that another touch of the tremens was threatened, and then he took his way to the front door which he threw wide open just as a carriage from the station rolled up to the steps.

"That's right, sir," assured the visitor. "I particularly want that letter to reach your sister-in-law's hands safely, as it is the first great link of evidence in the chain of events which have resulted in the Colonel's untimely death!" He snuffed vigorously two or three times at a bottle of salts he had drawn from one of his vest pockets, and which instantly diffused a pungent and restorative odor throughout the apartment, and then resumed:

"As you have so readily and intelligently surmised, my dear Mr. Moreland, those 'outlaws of Calcutta' are indeed the authors of the Colonel's murder. He reached Cape Town in due course, after a very remarkable run, and came to anchor in Table Bay. The hour of our arrival was rather late—almost midnight, in fact—and the Colonel accordingly decided not to go ashore or let any one else do so until the following morning."

under suspicion. For instance, no one in Cape Town knows any more about the outlaws from Calcutta. I suppose, then if they had never existed?" "Well, I suppose not," answered Hillington, "seeing that they have not been captured."

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

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CHAPTER IX. TWO OF A KIND.

THE brief silence that succeeded, as the two men struggled with their excitement, was broken by one of those undefined sounds which had previously attracted Radd's notice, as also the attention of Mrs. Moreland and Jessie.



"What's that?" demanded Hillington, suddenly suspending the motion of the hand that held his bottle of salts.