

...wheels and circles by, ...in his wild career, ...where tall peaks touch thickly, ...down some chasm deep.

TERRIBLE SECRET

The Curse of the Morelands.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"In short," pursued Hillington, "they are as cool as I had simply called to them that a neighbor's cow had been into their garden." ...And what wild joy flowed from his eyes and features, as he knelt beside the trunk which had so long fixed his attention...

"Naturally, I have not swallowed all you have told me about the tragedy of Cape Town," pursued Radd, "and naturally, too, I have kept my eyes and ears open for further information. But I fancied from what you told me, and especially from the way in which you guarded your baggage, that you were the happy possessor of a great deal of money." ...He looked, searchingly around again, with the air of a man watching and listening.

"Well," queried Hillington, in a husky whisper, and with blazing eyes. "I accordingly resolved to dose you with chloroform, and make a personal investigation of your trunk, with the aid of the keys you had in your pockets." ...Hillington glared at the speaker in silence, as if paralyzed.

"And you cured this hand?" asked Mrs. Moreland, opening her eyes in wonder to their fullest extent. "I did, my dear madam," replied Dr. Robnett, his fine face glowing with an intense satisfaction. ...The moment it saw him it turned on its flippers, sent the man sprawling in the snow, and ere he could regain his feet was leaping furiously seaward.

"And you cured this hand?" asked Mrs. Moreland, opening her eyes in wonder to their fullest extent. ...We come nearer to having an American school of art in landscape than elsewhere. There is a decisive note even from the younger men. In fact, there is much hope to be placed in the large band of young landscape painters at present working in this country.



CHAPTER XII. DESPERATION OF THE PLOTTERS.

WITH a suppressed cry of disappointment, Radd sprang to his feet and glared around him. His intention had been to take the money, trunk and all, and bid a long good-night, not merely to his relatives, but to the neighborhood and to Hillington, slipping off to new scenes as fast as the little sloop of his sister-in-law, which he had seen at anchor in an adjacent cove, could bear him.



CHAPTER XIII. DR. ROBBETT'S CONDITIONS.

"Such was the remark with which Dr. Robnett returned to Mrs. Moreland and Jessie, after his peremptory dismissal of Agnus Hillington." ...A heightened color appeared in the cheeks of the mother and daughter. "You refer, no doubt," returned Mrs. Moreland, "to the treatment my brother has engaged you to give us?"