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way to the rooms occupied by Nurse
Merton and Nellie. He would have to
awaken them, for he did not possess a key
that would open Doris's rooms.

"Nurse! Are you awake? It is I—Mr
Ross!"

"Bless my heart, sir! Is it you? We'd
given you up for the night. No, I
haven't gone to bed. I've not long come
down from madam's rooms."

To prove her words, Nurse Merton
emerged fully dressed, with the exception
of her cap and apron.

"How is your patient?" Roger in-
quired.

"Fine, Mr. Ross. She's going on better
than I anticipated. She seems to take
more interest in things. She's done quite
a lot of embroidery to-day."

Another mental vision rose before Roger
Armer. How often had he seen his silent
wife bending over her needlework, her mind
miles away.

"Bring a light. I wish to see my wife
to-night; and nurse, it's probable that I
shall take her back with me. My car is
outside."

Mrs Merton was disappointed, on the
eve of success, it was annoying to be
balked of her just dues. Two hundred
pounds would be more useful than one.

Still she couldn't complain. She had
accepted an unusual job from an unusual
man, and must put up with the conse-
quences.

"I think, Mr. Ross," she said quietly,
"that I'd give the case a longer trial. I
shouldn't be surprised," she added hope-
fully, "if your lady should speak to-
night."

"In that case," said Armer shortly,
"you will have earned the extra hundred
I promised you."

How devoutly Nurse Merton hoped the
silent wife would speak was known only
to herself. The dreariness of the place
was getting on her nerves. She wanted
to go.

To the poor prisoner upstairs she gave
no thought. To her Doris was a "case,"
and nothing more.

"Her lights are still on," whispered
Nurse Merton as they reached the upper
landing. She inserted the key in the
lock of the door, and entered the pretty
sitting-room.

"She's gone to her room, sir, but she
shouldn't have left the lights on." Roger
waited whilst the woman entered the next
room.

There was no light in the bed-room, but
the nurse had a lighted candle. In a
minute she returned, her face white and
scarred.

"She's not in her room, sir! She's
gone!"

"Impossible!" Roger declared. "Impos-
sible! Unless you've been careless it's
impossible!"

"Careless, sir! Not I. I—I can't under-
stand it. I myself locked the door not
a quarter of an hour ago. She was sit-
ting in the chair by the fire, as quiet as
quiet. She never could get out of that
window surely!"

A wave of horror swept through Roger
Armer. If this had been her way of
escape Heaven help them all.

A searching examination of the windows
showed them still securely fastened down
with screws; the door had been locked
on the outside.

Roger Armer found himself confronted
by a baffling mystery, one that appalled
him. He and Nurse Merton searched
the house from end to end, the garden,
too, for it was moonlight almost as bright
as day. Needless to say the search had
no result.

Roger decided to remain in Doris's
rooms till daylight. He sent Nurse Mer-
ton to bed, and began his weary vigil.

As he sat through the long hours, the
man's thoughts were very bitter. He,
and he alone, was responsible for this
awful state of affairs. The mystery sur-
rounding his wife's disappearance rose
like a blank wall before him.

Presently he threw back the shutters,
and once more began his desperate search.
The panelling of the room naturally came
in for close inspection. Every portion of
it Roger tapped carefully, but no hollow
sound gave him a clue.

And this was not surprising, seeing that
across the aperture, set close to the slid-
ing panel, was a heavy iron door, which
the stranger slid into place before he
hurried Doris away down a long, narrow
passage which seemed to the girl to be en-
dless.

"That was my husband's voice," Doris
had said.

"Was it? Ah, well, of course you would
recognise it. It certainly sounded like
Armer's!"

"Then you know him?" said Doris,
somewhat startled by her liberator's
words.

The man laughed harshly.
"There are a great many who knew
Roger Armer," he said shortly.

On and on they went, guided by the
ray of light from an electric torch the
mystery man carried. The air in places
was very foul.

"I'd advise you to put your hand-
chief over your mouth," her companion
advised. "We shall soon be out of this."
Presently then encountered a breath of
pure air, and by this Doris Armer knew
they were at their journey's end. Then
they emerged into the open.

The moon shone down on one of the
wildest scenes Doris had ever pictured.
Facing her were the sides of a deep chalk
pit, overgrown with ferns and small, close-
set shrubs.

"Wait just a minute. We must cover
up our tracks."

Strange to say, the girl felt no fear of the
bearded man. His manner to her was
courteous, even gentle. It seemed as
though for some reason he pitied her in-
tensely.

She watched him drag up brambles and
a big stone, which he used to conceal the
narrow entrance in which the subterranean
passage terminated.

"Now take my hand." He held out a
slim hand, which nevertheless possessed
iron strength. "We've got a climb.
Don't be afraid, hang on to me."

Up the rugged sides of the pit they
scrambled, the man supporting the girl's
slender form. Once or twice she slipped,
but he saved her from falling. It was a
breathless climb, but at last they reached
the top.

Here, as round the Grange, dense woods
rose on every side.

"Where are we?" Doris asked.

"I may not tell you. But you are safe
with me, for the present."

Were the words ominous? For the first
time Doris Armer's superb courage fal-
tered. Did this strange remark hold a
deeper meaning?

A great longing for the house she had
once regarded as a prison came to Doris.
She would have given worlds to have
stood in the old hall at Westways Court,
listening in silence to her husband's or-
ders. And this time she would have
obeyed them to the letter.

A sudden resolution formed in Doris's
mind. She held out her hand with a
tremulous smile.

"Thank you very much for all you
have done for me. You have released
me from a—very unpleasant position. I
need not trouble you further. I am not
afraid of—the woods. I can find my
way to some railway station. Good-bye.
I should like to know whom I have to
thank?"

The man smiled grimly, his pale eyes
glinted, a sarcastic expression swept the
bearded face.

"I'm afraid I can't allow you to leave
me just yet. Don't be afraid, Mrs. Ar-
mer. I pledge my word no harm shall
befall you."

He took hold of her arm, and led her
towards the edge of the wood. Con-
cealed behind the foliage was a small
car. Into this the stranger helped Doris,
turned the car, and presently they were
running smoothly along a narrow lane.

Doris lay back, her eyes closed. The
adventures through which she had passed
had exhausted her more than she knew.
The man who sat beside her looked at her
furtively every now and then.

"Here, I say Mrs. Armer, don't faint!
You've been wonderfully plucky all
through. By jove, I don't know a woman
who would have behaved with such sup-
erb courage! Take a sip of this."

He took out a flask; and then, as she
hesitated, he laughed a little mockingly.

"It isn't poison," he assured her. "Only
a drop of most excellent liquor brandy. It
will pull you together."

Ashamed of her momentary doubts,
Doris drank from the silver cup. How
strangely soothed she felt. The man was
right.

This was Doris Armer's last conscious
thought. Her eyes closed again, and she
passed into the dream slumber a powerful
narcotic induces.

A slow smile dawned on the stranger's
face as he laid the girl on her pillows, cov-
ering her up with a heavy rug. Then
he let the car rip, and they rushed
through the night in the direction of Lon-
don.

(To Be Continued).

IN A NAME.

"And how are the twins?" the vicar
asked, meeting their elder sister running
errands in the village.

"Getting on nicely, thank you, sir,"
stammered the shy girl.

"Have you decided on their names
yet?" smilingly went on the vicar.

"Y-yes, sir," answered Annie, tumb-
ling out her words in worse confusion
than before. "We're going to call them
Stake and Kidney."

The vicar looked rather puzzled, but let
it pass. The names he was asked to be-
stow upon the twins at the font, a fort-
night later, were to his relief nothing more
unusual than Kate and Sydney.

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