



CHAPTER XXVI—Continued

Gilbert Sinclair felt as if this world and this life were one inextricable confusion. The anonymous letter had told him where and when to watch—and the writer of that letter had kept faith with him so far, since he had not watched in vain—but this spectacle of innocent repose, the mother sleeping near the child, the baby in keeping, Gilbert had stood irresolute, and then went to his wife's bedside and roused her roughly with his strong hand upon her arm. The dark blue eyes opened suddenly and looked at him in bewilderment.

"Gilbert, back to-night? I didn't expect you. Why do you look at me like that? What has happened?"

"Can't you guess? You didn't expect me. You had made your plans according to you. You had made an appointment with your lover."

"Gilbert, are you mad?"

"He has not disappointed you—he is here. Get up and come see him. Quick. He is waiting."

"Gilbert, what have you been doing? Where have you been? Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake."

"Come," he said, grasping her wrist, "I am too much a gentleman to let you wait, you know, on the threshold of my own house, too. Strange that he should try to sneak in like a burglar, when he will be master here in a few days."

He dragged her into the next room, and to the balcony.

"Pray, don't be so violent, Gilbert. I will come anywhere you please," she said, gravely.

From the balcony she saw that prostitute figure at the foot of the stairs, and gave a faint cry of horror.

"Gilbert, what have you done?"

"My duty as a man. I should loathe myself if I had done less."

She followed him down the stairs, trembling in every limb, and clung to him as he knelt by the motionless figure, and turned the face upward to the faint light of the new risen moon.

"Gilbert, what have you done?" repeated Constance, sobbing hysterically.

"Murder!" answered her husband, with a stolid despair. "I hated this fellow badly enough, but I didn't mean to kill him. I meant to kill Sir Cyprian Davenant, with whom you had made an appointment to night, counting on my absence."

"Gilbert, what have I ever done that you should think me the vilest of women? I have never wronged you by one thought about Cyprian Davenant which you might not know. I have never spoke a word to him which you might not hear—you and all the world. Your jealousy of him has ended in murder."

"I have been trapped somehow. Some enemy has set a snare for me."

"What are you to do? Oh, Gilbert is he dead?"

"Yes; the bullet finished him. I aimed under his shoulder, where I knew it would be fatal. What am I to do—cut and run? I suppose."

"Yes, go, go! It is your only chance. No one knows yet. Go, for God's sake, this moment."

"And leave you with a corpse, on the premises, radiating death?"

"I don't think of it—it is life or death for you. You must go, Gilbert. There is no help. Go, or you will be taken and tried and hanged," cried Constance clinging to the iron rail, trembling very cold, the ground reeling under her feet.

"Yes, that's the natural sequence. Fool, fool, fool! An anonymous scribbler. What can have brought him here, and to the windows of your room? Constance, what does it mean? Do you know why this man came?"

But Constance could not answer him. She had fallen, fainting, on the iron stairs.

It was not quite midnight when Mr. Sinclair drove up to his hotel—a small house in St. James', chiefly affected by men about town.

"Room ready, James? Yes, of course it is. You got my telegram yesterday. Been dining with some fellows. You can bring me a brandy and soda up stairs. That's all."

"Sorry the horse lost, sir," said the man with respectful sympathy.

"What hor?" asked Gilbert with a vacant look.

"I'll risk it, and go back to Davenant," he said.

"How do I know what this wretched might do? She might lay her lover's death at my wife's door, drag my wife's name in the gutter. No; at any hazard to myself I must be there, and, if necessary, this letter must be shown at the inquest."

The last of the Miamis.

The only surviving son of the last of the Miamis of the famous Miami tribe of Indians, James R. God's-ree by name, died the other day in the reservation of 1,000 acres of land given to the government in 1819, on which he lived and farmed with his children and grandchild, died for the past sixty years. His father was Francis, a chief who succeeded Little Turtle in command of the Indian forces in the Maumee and Wabash valleys. His mother was also the daughter of a chief, John Baptiste Richardsville. The deceased left a large family, and seventy-two of his descendants are now occupying the reservation, which is a valuable tract of land four miles south of Fort Wayne, Ind. The youngest is George, a prominent citizen of Fort Wayne, who is one of the few Indians who ever joined a secret society, and is the highest in Masonry of any Indian in the world, having taken every degree in both rites, excepting the thirty-third, and is marked to take that.

"I'll risk it, and go back to Davenant," he said.

"How do I know what this wretched might do? She might lay her lover's death at my wife's door, drag my wife's name in the gutter. No; at any hazard to myself I must be there, and, if necessary, this letter must be shown at the inquest."

The Last of the Miamis.

The only surviving son of the last of the Miamis of the famous Miami tribe of Indians, James R. God's-ree by name, died the other day in the reservation of 1,000 acres of land given to the government in 1819, on which he lived and farmed with his children and grandchild, died for the past sixty years. His father was Francis, a chief who succeeded Little Turtle in command of the Indian forces in the Maumee and Wabash valleys. His mother was also the daughter of a chief, John Baptiste Richardsville. The deceased left a large family, and seventy-two of his descendants are now occupying the reservation, which is a valuable tract of land four miles south of Fort Wayne, Ind. The youngest is George, a prominent citizen of Fort Wayne, who is one of the few Indians who ever joined a secret society, and is the highest in Masonry of any Indian in the world, having taken every degree in both rites, excepting the thirty-third, and is marked to take that.

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs. "Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's disappearance with a calmness which astonished her hand-maiden.

"I sent a telegram for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

"She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyat here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."