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[CONTINUED.]

The doctor promised to come early next day and left.

Throughout Wednesday and Thursday Philip was partly delirious, waking at times to a vague consciousness of his surroundings, but mostly asking vacantly for "Evelyn."

Often he fought with a person named "Jocky Mason" and explained that "Sir Philip" was not in Yorkshire at all.

The wife of one of his rescuers was assiduous in her attentions. Most fortunately, for these fisher folk were very poor, that lure spread beneath the cliff inveigled an unprecedented number of salmon, so she could afford to buy eggs and milk in abundance, and the doctor brought such medicines as were needed.

Gradually Philip recovered until at 9 o'clock on Thursday night he came into sudden and full use of his senses.

Then the doctor was sent for urgently. Philip insisted on getting up at once. He was kept in bed almost by main force.

With the doctor's arrival there was a further change. Here was an educated man, who listened attentively to his patient's story and did not instantly conclude that he was raving.

He helped, too, by his advice. It was utterly impossible to send a telegram to London that night. No matter what the sufferings of anxious friends concerning him, they could not be as- suaged until the morning.

Yes, he would find money and clothes, accompany him, if he need be, on the journey if he were able to travel tomorrow—attend to all things, in fact, in his behalf—for millionaires are scarce birds in secluded moorland districts. But meanwhile he must take a drink of milk and beef essence, rest a little while, take this draft, in a small bottle indicated, and sleep.

Sleep was quite essential. He would awake in the morning very much better. The knock on the head was not so serious as it looked at first sight. Probably he would not even feel it again if he wore a soft cap for some days. The broken skin was healing nicely, and concussion of the brain had as many gradations as fever, which ranges from a slight cold to Yellow Jack.

In his case he was suffering from two severe shocks, but the crisis was passed, and he was able, even now, to get up if it could serve any possible purpose.

All this, save the promise of help, the doctor said with his tongue in his cheek. He had not the slightest intention of permitting Philip to travel next day. It was out of the question. Better reason with him in the morning and if needful bring his friends to Yorkshire rather than send him to London.

But the police must be informed at once. It was more than likely the criminals had left the Grange House soon after the attempted murder. Yet, if Philip did not object, a policeman should be summoned, and the tale told to him. The man should be warned to keep the story out of the papers.

The arrival of the constable at a late hour created consternation in the household. But the doctor knew his people.

"Have no fear, Mrs. Verill," he whispered to the fisherman's wife; "your husband caught a fine fish when he drew Mr. Anson into his net. He will not need to poach salmon any more."

The doctor sat by Philip's bed while the policeman made clumsy notes of that eventful Tuesday night's occurrences.

Then in his turn he amazed his hearers.

He described his encounter with another Philip Anson in the highroad at an hour when the real personage of that name was unquestionably being attended to by the doctor himself in the fisherman's cottage.

"Aye," he said in his broad Yorkshire dialect, "he was as like you, sir, as two peas, on'y, now that I see ye, he wasn't sike a—sike a gentleman as you, an' he talked w' a queer catch in his voice. 'Tuther chap 'ud be Jocky Mason, 'cordin' to your discription, so it seems to me 'at this 'ere Dr. Williams, 'oo druv' you frae t' station, must ha' took yer clothes an' twisted his fance to luke as mich like you as he could."

The doctor cut short further conversation. He insisted on his patient seeking rest, but in response to Philip's urgent request he wrote a long telegram, which he promised would be handed in when the Scarsdale telegraph office opened next morning.

And this was Philip's message to Evelyn:

I have suffered detention since Tuesday night at the hands of Jocky Mason, whose name you will recollect, and another man, unknown. I am now cared for by friends and recovering rapidly from injuries received in a struggle. I return to London today. My only fear is that you must have endured terrible uncertainty if by any chance you imagined I was missing. Tell Abingdon.

Philip Anson.

And then followed his address, care of the doctor.

"Is that all?" said Anson's new found friend.

Philip smiled feebly, for he was very weak.

"There is one matter, small in many ways, but important too. You might

add, 'I hope you have not lost Blue Atom by this mischance.'"

He sank back exhausted.

It was on the tip of the doctor's tongue to ask:

"What in the world is a blue atom?"

But he forbore. The sleeping potion was taking effect, and he would not retard it. He subsequently wrote a telegram on his own account:

Mr. Anson is convalescing, but a journey today is impossible. A reassuring message from you will save him from impatience and help his recovery. He has been delirious until last night. Now all he needs is rest and freedom from worry.

His man waited at Scarsdale post-office until a reply came next day. Then he rode with it to the village where Philip was yet sleeping peacefully. Indeed, the clatter of hoofs without aroused him, and he opened his eyes to find the doctor sitting as though he had never quitted his side.

Evelyn's message must have caused much speculation as to its true significance in the minds of those telegraphic officials through whose hands it passed. It read:

Am absolutely bewildered. Cannot help feeling sure that news received today really comes from you. In this case, who is it who has been wiring repeatedly in your name from Station hotel, York? Do not know what to think. Am going immediately to Abingdon. Please send more information. Suspense unbearable.

EVELYN.

If ever there was need for action it was needed now. Anson's strenuous energy brought forth the full strength of his indomitable will. The pallor fled from his cheeks, the dullness from his eyes.

"Dr. Scarth," he cried, "you must not keep me here in view of that telegram from the woman I love. Believe me, I will be worse, not better, if you force me to remain inactive, chained almost helplessly in this village and miles away from even a telegraph office. Help me now, and you will never regret it. I ask you!"

The doctor cut short his excited outburst.

"Very well," he said. "Whatever you do try and cease from troubling yourself about circumstances which a few hours will put right. I must return to my dispensary for one hour. Then I will come for you, bring some clothes and the necessary money, and we will leave Scarsdale for York at 2:30 p. m. That is the best I can promise. It must satisfy you."

He gave hasty directions as to his patient's food and left him.

Another telegram arrived, with it the policeman, in the dogcart of the Fox and Hounds Inn.

Abingdon went to Devonshire yesterday. His wife says he suspected that something had gone wrong. Unhappily we do not know his address, but he wires that he is not to be expected home today.

Do ask Dr. Scarth to send further news if unable yourself.

EVELYN.

Philip hesitated to be explicit as to the real nature of the outrage inflicted on him by Jocky Mason and his unknown accomplice. He hastily determined that the best assurance he could give to the distracted girl was one of his immediate departure from the village.

The policeman helped him as to local information, and he wrote the following:

Leaving Scarsdale at 2:30 p. m. Passing through Malton at 4 o'clock and reach York 6:30. Dr. Scarth permits journey and accompanies me. Send any further messages care of respective station masters prior to hours named. Accept statement implicitly that I will reach London tonight. Will wire you from York certain, earlier if necessary. As for identity, you will recall May 15, Hyde park, near Stanhope gate, 4 o'clock.

Evelyn and he alone knew that at that spot on the day and hour named they became engaged.

The policeman valiantly lent the few shillings necessary, and the sturdy horse from the Fox and Hounds tore back to Scarsdale.

But the constable was of additional value. His researches in Scarsdale provided a fairly accurate history and description of the two denizens of the Grange House.

Philip himself had, of course, seen "Dr. Williams" in broad daylight and undisguised—not yet could he remember where he heard that smooth tongued voice. Jocky Mason he only pictured hazily after the lapse of years, but the policeman's details of his personal appearance coincided exactly with Philip's recollection, allowing for age and the hardships of convict life.

At last came the doctor with a valise.

"I am sorry," he laughed, "but all the money I can muster at such short notice is £12."

"I began life once before with three halfpence," was the cheery reply.

The few inhabitants of the hamlet gathered to see them off, and the fisherman's wife was moved to screw her apron into her eyes when Philip shook hands with her, saying that she would see him again in a few days.

"Eh, but he's a bonny lad," was her verdict. "'Twas a fair sham' te treat him so."

At Scarsdale and at Malton again came loving words from Evelyn. Now she knew who it was who telegraphed to her.

And the mysterious Philip Anson at York remained dumb.

"The wretch!" she said to her mother. "To dare to open my letter and send me impudent replies!"

More than once she thought of going to York to meet her lover, but she wisely decided against this course. Mr. Abingdon was out of town, and Philip might need some one he could trust to obey his instructions in London.

At ten minutes past 5 Anson and Dr. Scarth arrived in York.

A long discourse in the train gave them a plan. They would not appeal at once to the police. Better clear the mist that hid events before the aid of the law was invoked. There were two of them, and the assistance of the hotel people could be obtained if necessary.

They hurried first to the station master's office. Anything for Anson? Yes.

Only a few words of entreaty from Evelyn to avoid further risk.

Then to the hotel. They sought the manager.

"Is there a man staying here who represents that his name is Philip Anson?"

The question was unusual in its form, disturbing in its innuendo. The man who asked it was pale, with unnaturally brilliant brown eyes, a gentleman in manner, but attired in ill fitting garments, and beneath his tweed cap he wore a surgical bandage.

And Philip Anson, the millionaire, of whom he spoke thus contemptuously, was staying in the hotel and paying for its best rooms.

But the manager was perfectly civil. The presence of Dr. Scarth, a reputable looking stranger, gave evidence that something important was afoot. Mr. Anson was in his rooms at the moment. Their names would be sent up.

Dr. Scarth, quick to appreciate the difficulties of the situation, intervened quietly.

"Is he alone?"

"Yes."

"Then it will be better if you accompany us in person. An unpleasant matter can be arranged without undue publicity."

This was alarming. The manager went with them instantly. They paused at the door indicated.



He was face to face with Philip Anson.

"Come with me," said Philip, turning the handle without knocking.

Grenier, intent on the perusal of a letter he had just written, looked up quickly.

He was face to face with Philip Anson.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE one man stood, the other sat, gazing at each other in a silence that was thrilling.

Dr. Scarth and the hotel manager entered noiselessly and closed the door behind them. Grenier, adroit scoundrel that he was, was bereft of speech, of the power to move. He harbored no delusions. This was no ghost coming to trouble his soul in broad daylight. It was Philip Anson himself, alive and in full possession of his senses, a more terrible apparition than any visitor from beyond the grave. His presence in that room meant penal servitude for life for Victor Grenier, a prison cell instead of palatial chambers, bread and skilly in place of Carlton luncheons.

No wonder the scoundrel was dumb, that his tongue was dry. He went cold all over, and his eyes swam.

Philip advanced toward him. Grenier could not move. He was glued to his chair.

"Who are you?" said Anson sternly.

No answer. As yet the acute brain refused to work. Lost—ruined—no escape—were the vague ideas that jostled each other in chaos.

"Can you not speak? Who are you that dares to usurp my name after striving to murder me?"

No answer. The shifty eyes—the eyes of a detected pickpocket—wandered stupidly from Philip's set face to that of the perplexed hotel manager and the gravely amused doctor.

Philip never used strong language, but he was greatly tempted at that moment.

"Confound you!" he shouted. "Why don't you answer me?"

"I—my name is Philip Anson. The manager—the bank"

(To be Continued.)

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