

♦ **THIRD EDITION.**

missing, and his creditors have been authorized by Judge de Lorimier to call for him through the press, and to appoint a curator to his estate.

THE BARONET'S HEIR.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The suggestion seemed to strike dismay to the heart of the Baronet. She was very pale and

Very well, Popley; I will go to a hotel to the Trinacria."

At this moment the steamer grated against the dock, and in an instant all was bustle and confusion, such as is incident to debarkation.

The young girl arose, and with her attendants proceeded ashore. A few minutes later, she, with Mrs. Popley, was on her way in a fiacre to the hotel she had designated.

And half an hour later the two were installed in the handsomest suite of rooms at the Hotel Trinacria, with windows looking

The young girl, wearied with her voyage, sank down upon a couch. Mrs. Popley, in Italianized English, supposed to be adapted to the English speaking walter, ordered a fire to be kindled in the tiny grate, demanded dinner to be brought up to her mistress's private parlor, and gave directions that her son should be sent up immediately on his arrival.

Mr. Popley was presently burning cheerfully, and diffusing its warmth through the little room. The young girl was sitting before it in an arm-chair, in an attitude of utter weariness and despondency, when a

The clerk entered, bringing with him a large book used as a register; he carried also writing materials.

"Will the young lady be pleased to write her name in the register?" he asked, in English, the printing the volume.

The young girl started, and looked blankly at her old attendant. Speedily recovering her self-possession, however, she made an entry in the volume as follows—

"Miss Wynt and two servants."

The clerk glanced carelessly at the name, and thought within himself—

"That's not her real name! Her hesita-
tion and the constrained handwriting indi-

He turned to depart; but the young lady recalled him.

"I want a messenger at once," she said, in a sweet, rich voice. "It is possible that you may be able to give the information; I have friends stopping in Palermo—an English family named Pugh, who have taken a house, I believe. Some members of the family are invalids? Can you get me their address?"

"Pugh!" said the clerk, reflectively.

"There was a family named Pugh who had apartments at this hotel, but they were summoned back to England a week ago. The gentleman is an English naval officer."

"It is the same!" cried the young girl in a tone of despair. "And they are gone! What a misfortune! What a fatality!" She turned away her quivering features. The clerk, more than ever perspired, that day some mysterious about the new arrival, quietly withdrew. When he had gone, Mrs. Popley, also dismayed and apprehensive, approached her young mistress, and drew upon her capacious bosom the little tired head, with its clinging masses of jetty hair.

"Don't cry, Miss Olla!" she said, tremulously. "Don't feel so bad! All is not lost! There's a boat starts at seven o'clock for New York!"

"But if we have been pursued?" breathed Olla, with a shudder. "If he should track us here! There is just a chance of pursuit. We left Naples at five o'clock last evening, and at six o'clock a steamer of the Two Sicilies line left Naples also for Palermo. He may come on that! He may arrive here within an hour."

"I think not, Miss Olla, my darling! We took pains to throw him off the scent, and to make him think we had flown to Genoa. Why should he suspect that we have fled to

The old woman's cheerful tones, and her soothing touch upon the small nestling head, had a comforting effect upon Miss Oila.

"If I am threatened with any trouble, nurse," she said, "I can, as a last resort, appeal to our British consul. Surely he would protect me! And, as you say, we have taken every precaution against pursuit. I even entered a false name in the passport."

"You are a hot-headed reckless girl,"

"We cannot be too careful, Miss Olla. Jim will be very guarded, and so shall I. We will not speak your real name until you are out of peril. Once in England, we shall stand some chance of securing your safety."

"But a small chance," murmured Olla.

"He is so strong and powerful—I am so helpless! He will drive me to some desperate deed yet! I am afraid there is no safety for me except in the grave. Ah, what is that?"

The clung in alarm to Mrs. Popley as a step sounded in the hall near the apartment. The next instant a peculiar knock was

heard against the door. "It is Jim!" said Mrs. Popley, in tones of relief. "I know his rap."

She hastened to admit the new comer, who was indeed her son. He came in with a swagger, eagerly questioned at the Two Sicilies, and assumed he had got in yet, and on replying in the negative was informed of the name assumed by his young mistress, and of the departure from Palermo of the family whose protection she had come from Naples to seek.

These explanations were scarcely over when a servant appeared with the two portmanteaus, the examination of which had

After dinner Popley withdrew to see about his own quarters for the night, and to engage passage on the Marseilles steamer leaving Palermo at noon of the next day. Mrs. Popley ate her dinner, and rang for the retainers to remove the furniture. Miss Olin walked to the window and looked out upon the Marina.

The sky had grown dark with the gathering tempest. The promenade was nearly

"We are going to have a terrible storm!" said Mrs. Popley. "It is well that we are in port. There will be more than one wreck to-night."

The girl did not answer. She leaned against her window, and looked drowsily out upon the waters of the bay, seen dimly between the swaying branches of the trees on the Marina, and a piteous look stole into her glorious eyes—a look of the most profound and terrible despair!

At last the storm reached its height. As

The wind tore with a wild anker through the deserted Marina, tossing the trees as if they were loose playthings, the lovely young fugitive started—she knew not why. It was at that moment that the Sardinian sloop, "The Gull," was wrecked on Cape di Gallo. The moment was big with Olla's destiny. Perhaps it was some premonition of the fact, instead of the unexpected outburst of the gale, that made her start so strangely and shiver.

Yet she did not leave her outlook till the storm spent its rage, and the light from the lighthouse at the extremity of the Mole shone steadily, like a star, through the haze and the gloom.

Then Mrs. Popley replenished the bounty-fire, drew the curtains, and rang for lights. Her young mistress threw herself again wearily upon the couch of brocatel, and shaded her eyes with her hands.

Thus the evening passed in silence. About ten o'clock Popley entered the little parlour, looking very tired.

"The steamer of the two Sicilies line is in, Miss Olla," he said, smiling. "She had a hard time of it in the gale. I have been down to the docks, and I saw her passengers come ashore! A wee-begone lot they were, but he is not among them!"

Olla sprang up, suddenly radiant, rapturous.

"Then we are safe!" she cried. "Thank heaven! oh, thank heaven! I shall escape safely!"

"Yes, Miss Olla, you are safe. There will be no other steamer in from Naples till the day after to-morrow. We have outwitted your enemy."

"It seems too good to be true! Safe! safe!"

The pale face flushed now with a glow of her great joy; the little figure that had been so inert was instinct now with life and animation.

"I shall sleep to-night," she murmured, "I shall sleep to-night, dreaming from a

It seems as if I were recovering from
nightmare of horrors!
Popple and his mother regarded their
young mistress with tender, reverent glances.
(To be Continued)

