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DAUGHTERS OF CAIN

By ETTA W. PIERCE

"I mean that you must permit m

to love you, Mignon," he answered,

with toleration, but absolute favor, on

my suit, or you will find me trans

formed into an enemy powerful enough

to crush both you and your father

"I do not believe one syllable that

to force yourself again on my notice.

erful, and far beyond your reach, Cyri

voice and eyes alike, "I will talk with

At that moment her letter chanced

you no more-I am done with you!"

"My fair, incredulous cousin,"

can bring him to a fearful death-I

name, social position-yes, of the very

-all his admiration for your beauty,

will fly from you in horror. Yes, and

take back every unkind word you have

"Give it to me!! she cried, impera-

This was more than Mignon could

it hopped Abel Lispenard. Mignon

taken and is holding my letter-he

Lispenard walked quickly up to Vye.

"Be so good as to restore Miss Mig-

The two men looked at each other.

"Suppose I do not choose to do so

"Then," replied Lispenard, "I shall

"My cousin, it seems, does not un-

be with a man, and not a monstrosity."

angry crimson flaming in her cheek.

spoken to you like that. Forgive me

Mr. Lispenard. I am sorry-so sorry

not be so easily allayed.

Rookwood in my trap?"

and set her stammering:

"My dear child," answered Lispen-

"I know how it is," she cried; "he is

under obligations to you, and were I

Cyril." Then she added, sweetly: "Be

Mignon went back to Rookwood

There was a water-party on the riv-

nut wood on the bank. Reginald

awkward fingers in making a fire, and

lish game pie were faultless, and of

yearnings for the impossible, flitted

Twilight gathered in the Chestnut

in your place. I would crush him-

He kept a calm, smiling front.

'The brute-the coward!' she storm-

Vye grew as red as a turkey cock.

"Oh, Mr

"At some future time, maybe,"

and put the letter in his pocket.

"Help me!" she panted.

will not give it back."

it to her.

lovely

tears.

"Yes, you must look, not only

CHAPTER XVI.

A Few Days. In a letter to her absent father, Mignon Vye related the story of her brief frankly. acquaintance with Shirlaw, confessed their mutual love, spoke of the opposition which she expected to meet from her Uncle Philip, and begged the faroff cattle king to give immediate con- When I first spoke to you of love, I sent to her open engagement with the did not possess the weapon which I

The letters at Rookwood usually cousin, for you to defy me-now it is passed through the hands of Philip not," Vye. With a growing distrust of her Luckily the Dale postoffice was just uncle, Mignon determined that he before her. She turned upon her comshould not so much as look upon this panion like a young queen. precious, this all-important message to her father, so she donned her outer you have spoken," she said. "This is garments, and stole away to ost it simply some ruse by which you think herself.

young soldier.

Maud Loftus was reading aloud to It is not possible that you could help Aunt Elinor in the latter's dressing- or hurt my father, even if he was in room. Mignon thought it best not to danger. But he is not. It is all a disturb her. Philip Vye and his son falsehood! He is strong, rich and powwere, as she supposed, at their law office in town. With a light step she Vye," with scorn unspeakable in her descended to the lawn. The post-office was a half mile away. .She crossed the long garden, and was just pushing through a narrow gate into the to slip from her hold to the ground. open high road, when she heard a pur- He snatched it up, but did not restore suing step and then a voice. "Whither so fast, belle cousine?

said Cyril Vye; "and all alone, too!" "I am going to the Dale post-office," answered Mignon, coldly; "and to be alone is far better than to endure un- can also strip you of wealth, good desirable company."

"I suppose that shot was meant for last rag of respectability-I can overme," said Vye, fixing his glass careful- whelm you with such black disgrace ly in his eye; "but I shall not take of- that Victor Shirlaw, with all his love fense-I am in a pacific mood today-I wish to do you a real service." She saw that he was looking hard

at the letter in her hand, and she gave it a little defiant pat. "You wish to do me a real service?"

she echoed, dryly; "what can you mean in this envelope?" If he was striving to establish con- tively, holding out her hand. fidential relations with her, this be-

ginning was not promising. However,

he went on, undaunted: "Mignon, there is a certain person met his pale, weak eye, and grew com- up to the Dale postoffice. Down from this?" posed again.

"Y-e-s—certainly." mean your father. "Oh, I adore papa, of course."

She stopped short on the open highway with a protesting air.

"To the Dale postoffice," he answered, coolly. "I will walk with you. That letter which you carry must be partic- non's property at once!" he said. ularly precious, since you dare not trust my father, who has always taken Dwarfed as Lispenard was in stature, charge of those things, to post it."

"It is very precious," she answered "it holds a great secret." She walked on with a disdainful air her lovely head held high. A baleful at your bidding?" he answered, inso-

gleam shot into his jealous eyes. "Mignon, I have been very good of

late, have I not? I have not intruded take means to compel you." upon you in any way, eh? You see I am trying patiently to conquer your cruel prejudices. Ah, your eyes begin he rudely tossed the letter back to Well, penard, when I seek a quarrel, it shall from me upon this subject? then, let us talk about your father. Recently I have had our cattle-king in mind a good deal. He must lead a very lonely life in your long absence, Mignon. By the way, who has charge of his household?"

Surprised at the question, Mignon answered, coldly:

"An old Mexican woman, ruled the that I exposed you to his insults!" kitchen when I was a child-Melita was her name. I dare say she is still ard, quietly, "do not distress yourself there."

about the routine of his daily life-his hurt much." occupations and all that?" said Vye, blandly. "You get particulars of everything going on in your old home,

"Papa does not live by routine, and he writes always like a man and not would, indeed." like a woman. No, he gives me very few particulars, indeed."

"Possible? Do you like that?" "I like whatever papa likes-he suits

me in everything."

A wicked smile curled the red mus-

"Did it ever occur to you, Mignon, that things may have changed somewhat since you left the west? That your father may not be precisely the

same man that he was eight years

"No." she What do these questions mean, the trap had vanished. sir?-to what are they leading? I am sure you have no particular interest agitated with strange fears and fore-

in papa.' Not even Victor Shirlaw a Don't frown. I told you frightened and mislead her. She herself by his side. just now that I wanted to do you a would not give it a moment's credence. service. As a lawyer, it is part of my Cyril Vye had accomplished nothing by she said, gayly. business to make discoveries. I have his publicity except to increase her lately stumbled upon one of a startling detestation of him. nature, and it concerns you very close-Mignon, your father-the father whom you adore-is in deadly peril!"

At last he was master of the situascared and white. "You say this to frighten-to tor-

ment me, Cyril!" she gasped. "Papa in peril? Of what nature, and how do merriment there was no lack. The you come to know of it-you, who hold graver portion of the company cluster-

"Oh, your father is scarcely the person to tell what I chance to know," he answered, airily. "I assure you, the discovery was made through another making eyes at the deformed aristo- in moonlight-blue as it swayed through Mignon, but only on one condition. I present, but pre-eminently the belle of pair were utterly absorbed in each in'," in answer to her brief inquiry. sist upon receiving a suitable reward star of the gypsy tea, was Mignon. this matter. Your father can be saved grove. Shirlaw, picturesque, handfrom the danger that threatens him some, sat upon the trunk of a fallen ever from the destiny of his kind? by a word of warning. I am the only tree playing upon a little mandolin, person who can give that word, and it to which the whip-poor-wills in the ed Maud Loftus away, but a little ladepends entirely upon you whether it distant wood responded at intervals. shall be given or withheld."

She began to understand him. The mur to Mignon, "I told Lispenard our cant chair. color flew back to her face.

"I begin to like him for his own ake," answered Mignon, and then she

related the incident of the morning. "Noble old chap!" said Shirlaw. "I know he has loaned your uncle large sums, but he will take no revenge on

Cyril, he is quite above such things. As for that nonsense about your father, do not give it a thought, my darling, and if your cousin dares to annoy you further, I shall take the liberty to settle with him myself." Lispenard's gondola led

nomeward along the rippling, star-lit Charles. Mignon and Shirlaw occupied seats therein. The afterglow made flecks of gold and crimson light upon the restless current. In the distance the bells of Cambridge and Watertown rang like dream music. Nina Berkely, seated on a pile of crimson cushions, with a Spanish mantilla flung over the brunette head, played a guitar with excellen effect. Maud Loftus Elinor Vye breathed rather than now hold-it was then safe, my dear sang a Canadian boat-song, and pres- spoke; then she sank back behind the ently another voice arose there in the curtain, and the orchestra crashed, soft darkness-a tenor, sweet as the the ballroom lights flashed merrily, starlit summer night, strong as the and the dance went on, as though

> 'From too much love of living, From hope and fear set free We thank with brief thanksgiving,

Whatever gods there be-That no life lives for ever, That dead men rise up never, That e'en the weariest river Will find the restful sea.

Mignon started and looked around The voice seemed to go through her like a sword.

"Oh, that's Lispenard," he answered "Good voice. Music is a passion with him. He might be famous if he hissed, "your father is not beyond my would."

to Shirlaw.

"He takes my breath!" she shivered reach. I can destroy him, if I will! I in a sort of nameless rapture. The boat went on; the river mur mured softly: the Cambridge bells rang on in the dusky distance; the big stars throbbed in the purple sky. Oh, the fragrance of vagrant winds, and the mystery of shadow and silence; and oh, the happy love folded in Mignon's heart like perfume in a flower as she this I will do-I swear it! unless you sat there with Shirlaw by her side: his gray eyes on her face, his tender said to me. Come, belle cousine, what voice in her ear, his strong hand closing is the secret that you have sealed up unseen around the white fingers that she was dabbling in the water.

Luckily the other members of the party paid little heed to the young pair. In all her life would Mignon ever be answered with an exasperating smile, so happy again?

"It is a foretaste of heaven!" mutof whom you are very fond, you know." bear. She cast one swift look around, tered Shirlaw. "My darling, would it She stared, coloring guiltily, then and saw a handsome trap just dashing not be blessed to go on for ever like think of taking it—no, indeed, you are

> "It would be very damp," replied were heavy with tears

When Mignon reached Rookwood with Maud Loftus, she found Philip Lispenard, help me! Cyril Vye has Vye moving restlessly about the drawing-room. In a deep chair under a gas jet crouched Aunt Elinor, with her embroidery. As Mignon hurried up to ation altogether in vain?" her the unhappy lady made a quick, but ineffectual attempt to conceal her hands under her work, and then Mignon saw that the frail wrists were all there was yet a powerful suggestion of reserved strength about him. Cyril swollen and livid, and spotted with the ugly purple print of violent fingers.

"Aunt Elinor," said Mignon, "whatwrists?"

Before his wife's pale lips could frame a word, Philip Vye broke forth

gayly: derstand a jest," fumed the lawyer, as how radiant you look! I need not ask to flash! You will not tolerate a word Mignon; "and, as for you, Abel Lis- if you and our fair Canadian friend have enjoyed the river. How good it is to be young! There is really noth-He turned on his heel and walked ing in life that one can call pleasure Mignon ran to Lispenard, the after five-and-twenty. Your Aunt Flinor's wrist? Oh she has been twisting her embroidery silks too tight-"But for me, he would not have ly about them, that is all."

Aunt Elinor never lifted her eyes "Yes, that is all," she echoed, faint-

"I suppose you did not miss Cyril from your water-party?" continued in the least. Such things, coming Philip Vye. He has been called to "Of course your father tells you from a man like Cyril Vye, cannot New York on pressing business. You will not see him again for the present." "I am very glad of that, Uncle Phil-

ip," said Mignon, frankly. "Cruel child! Your aunt is greatly disturbed by his sudden departure." Mignon leaned over the deep chair, and whispered, softly:

"I understand it all, Aunt You condemn Cyril for still torment-"I am sure you would do nothing of the kind, Miss Vye-you are generous ing me, and Uncle Philip pinches and enough to forgive a petty affront. Now, abuses you for daring to lift a voice in my behalf. Oh, you poor dear! I am est he should annoy you further, will ou permit me to take you home to so sorry that you are made to suffer for my sake!"

But Elinor Vye worked the faster at She had always felt a certain terror ner colored silks, and did not lift her head or answer a word. "No, thank you-I am not afraid o

party came a hop at the Berkely manlieve me, Mr. Lispenard, I am very, sion in the Dale. It was Mignon's first very grateful for your kindness," and ball. She wore a dress of moonlight-"nothing of the kind has ever occurred darted into the office to mail her letter, blue faille, looped with long sprays of to me. Papa not the same? Ridicu- When she came forth, Lispenard and sweet-brier. Maud Loftus, in pale pink, with her corsage full of fluted laurel blossoms, made a charming picture. No jealous fears concerning Guy bodings. Her father in peril of his Fleetwood tormented her this night. "I have a great interest in papa's life? No, it could not be. It was all Stumbling upon Abel Lispenard in the miserable fabrication, framed to embrasure of a window, she seated

> "We will be lookers-on in Venice, "I am always a looker-on," answer ed Lispenard, with a grave smile;

er that day, and a gypsy tea in a chest- Loftus. You should be dancing. "I prefer a little rational conversa-Berkely would say. Yonder go Mighe tea had a smoky flavor; but the non and Shirlaw. Is she not lovely tosandwiches and cold chicken and Eng- night?"

"Miss Vye is always lovely." "Pray look. She was surely made to waltz with Shirlaw. What perfect ed around Abel Lispenard. Nina poetry of motion! I could

Berkely, full, as usual, of sighs and them for ever!" His dark, volcanic eyes hither and thither, still intent upon Maud's, and rested on the lovely shape I will explain everything, crat. A score of young people were the dance in the arms of Shirlaw. The

glances, their happy whisper, their walk quickly away. dreamy smiles. Was the sight pleas-

Directly a Cambridge student whirlter Elinor Vye glided into the embras-"My darling," he found time to mur- ure, and took the fair Canadian's vasecret, and he behaved superbly. Per- Absorbed in watching the dancers, fish-house, and this time the gruff ferent-nothing! I love him, I trust

sonally, I know, he is very repellent to Lispenard nodded silently to her. With postmaster thrust out to her through him as I trust Heaven, and he loves women, but try and like him a little his broad, short figure half concealed behind a satin-damask curtain, he kept his eyes fixed with a greedy, overpondering gaze on Shirlaw and Mignon. "I hope their joy may last," sighed Elinor Vye; "but it will not-no, it

"It must-it shall!" Lispenard groaned; "at any cost she shall be happy." Elinor Vye leaned forward in a startface. This weak, downtrodden woman had sharp eyes.

"Mignon compels all hearts to love her." she faltered: "she was born to make or mar the peace of many." "True!" he answered, bitterly; "to

Her thin, jeweled hands closed together rather convulsively. He knew for what purpose she was searching in'?' his sombre face, and he turned from her abruptly, unable to bear her scru-

"God help you, Mr. Lispenard!" rush of the river. And this is what it there was neither sorrow, nor sacrifice, nor despair in the world. The belle of the evening was Mig-

brilliant company that the girl's golden head was not quite turned with news." flattery this night. The wee sma' hours had come. Mignon had just left the clustered lights, the gold and silver and crystal, the terrapin and truffles, and Bordeaux and spiced meats Rock. He's a-going to keep the Light and confections, of the supper-room behind her, and was passing along flower-wreathed corridor with Shir aw, when some one in ambush there whisked her suddenly away from her lover, and straight through the open door of a conservatory. It was Regi-

with a bunch of daffodils stuck in the his soul on fire with secret agitation. "Do you like to be admired?" he lemanded, resentfully, as he drew Mignon, and unwilling and indignant and orchids, and tiny, tinkling foun-

nal Berkely, dark, bilious, melancholy,

"Certainly," she answered: "I should e very stupid if I did not." "It is sacrilegious-it is offensive to native youths who vainly panted to it!" he cried. "Mignon, I love-nay, I shore. dore you! Here is my hand, spoiled beauty-will you take or reject it?"

He thrust out the member in quesion—a limp, flabby, nerveless affair. Mignon drew back. "I am greatly obliged to you, Mr

And then overcome by his melanrushed impetuously up to him, her Mignon, lightly; but her long lashes choly crow-like aspect, she burst into week." an hysterical laugh. He stared at her gloomily

> "So fair and yet so heartless!" "You laugh while your lovers cried. You dance while they sit in weep! trembling fingers twisted in a bit of yet find you out! Tell me, is my ador-

> > "Decidedly!" gasped Mignon He bent and pressed his burning lips ipon her bare white arm. oulless-pre-eminently soulless! Adieu bornly: Galatea! upon whom no Pygmalion

has vet breathed." And with his hand to his heart, he darted through the palms and daphnes and broad-leaved aloes, and vanished. Mignon ran to the door of the conservatory, and there encountered Maud Loftus, fresh from the light and merriment of the ballroom, but wearing a pale, frightened face, and holding in

her hand an open telegram. "Oh, Mignon!" she gasped, "a ser vant has just brought this from Rook- me I will capsize your catboat." wood. I must go-I must leave you. Aunt Fleetwood-Guy's mother is-dying and I am called at once-at onceto Canada!

CHAPTER XVII.

Esther slept on till midnight; then with her husband's name on her lips, she awoke to find herself alone, forsaken.

At first she could not comprehend it "Guy!" she called, like a frightened groan. child. "Oh, Guy, where are you?" cruel! Some of the lines were as Sanscript to this deserted bride-for mwere ten times her father's daughter' Why did he object to her unknownher far-away miner-father? And what

made? His mother was dying, and he had gone to her; but, oh, that he should go in this way, and with this strange, incoherent farewell! And how indefinitely he spoke of his return! As she trouble, a foreboding of evil, sharp, agonizing, seized upon Esther, and

forced a bitter cry from her lips. back!

than life, and could she not trust him? your lawful husband." Surely he would return soon and exbut this is no place for you, Miss plain everything. Meanwhile she must to me!" shuddered Esther; "you will be patient. She was patient. For the first week

Berkely and Shirlaw burnt their tion with a superior mind, as Nina she waited quietly at that old inn; but no message, no token of remembrance came from the absent bride-Upon the arrival of the stage from

Barton, the postoffice, in the old fishhouse down the street, became the as sich! And whatever Jim Hart, your always on the spot when the leather thrown yourself away on a stranger, bag was tossed down to the gruff postmaster; but day after day that griz- clothes and board and eddication, I, zled official poked his head through a for one, don't know!" hole in the wall and called out, "Noth-

the hole a letter. With a cry of joy she seized it, tore it open, and read "My Dear Daughter-I hope to see

In the anguish of this disappointmen her sight failed. She stripped the sheet to atoms, and tossed it, unread, upon the Cinderville beach. It was not fully. her father that she hungered to seenot her father from whom she longed precious hypocrite, that's what you led way, and peered into the dwarf's to hear. She started blindly back to are! But you don't deceive me. I can the inn. the second week of his absence. In a heart's a-bustin' this very minute! turn of the village street she met old Oh, I wish to mercy your pa would Tom Dexter.

"Your parding, ma'am!" he said, pulling at his battered hat-he had grown very deferential to Esther since her marriage with Fleetwood. "Any news from your husband this morn-

"No, Tom," she answered. He shuffled uneasily about for a few noments, then blurted out:

"There's bad news jest come the lighthouse, ma'am. Your gran'ther went out in his boat vesterday. and there was a squall, and he was or for others to despise him? capsized, all in sight of the Light, and did he go west? Had he ever-everdrowned. Rube, he happened to go done anything wrong here?" over to the rock last night with supplies, which was mighty lucky for your Aunt Deb. He stayed all night on. It surely was no fault of the and tended the lamp for her. She sent ish eagerness. him back this morning to tell you the

> She felt a great thrill of horror. "Where is Rube?" she cried.

"Down at the wharf," answered old till somebody can be properly app'int-

"He must take me with him," said tonishment of Rube himself, who stared at her as though she was a spirit. "I cannot wait to ask your permisouttonhole o his cutaway coat, and sion," she cried, hysterically; "I must go without delay to Aunt Deb."

"You're welcome to a sail with me," stammered Rube. He had not seen her since her marnow filled him with awe and wonder. with wrath against the man who had Jim where I am." won this pearl of the island from the

"Old Joe Runnel went off the hooks sudden like," broke out Rube, at last. She nodded, but did not answer.

ran away from the Rock. You made a hasty match, Miss Esther. Maybe gran'ther is dead, Aunt Deb, what will Berkely, but, oh, cear! I could not 'twould have been as well for you if you'd have taken up with one of your Cinderville lovers, who would not have skipped and left you at the end of a ion.

he er than before. Mr. Fleetwood has been called to Canada by the death of a relative," sack-cloth and ashes! Nemesis will she answered, with stern dignity. "How have my share," whining. "You see his

The bitterness of a disappointed lover was rankling in his heart. He "Matchless flesh," he muttered, "but trimmed his sail and answered, stub- for Joe Runnel had been a sailor in

"Cinderville folks are beginning talk." "Cinderville folks!" she echoed, with

gossip can matter little to my husband or to me." "They say he's run off and forsook

ou for good." She gave him a look that made him quail. "Enough, Reuben Dexter!"

swered; "if you speak another word to Rube, terrifled, relapsed into silence, and maintained the same till he made the land at the Rock. She arose then, grand as Elizabeth Tuder, at the Towerstair, and stepped ashore, flying rather than walking up the rock path

to the house. Esther found Aunt Debbie in the old, familiar living-room, taking an inventory of the dead light-keeper's possessions, with which the apartment was bestrewn. At sight of Esther in the open door the old spinster uttered a

"Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl!" But there was no answer. Guy, by she began, shrilly; "you ran away from that time, was journeying swiftly to- him, and now he's good for shark's and ward Canada. She read the message dog-fish, and I've got to leave the he had left-it seemed mysterious and Rock, where I've lived this seventeen year and more; and, oh, Lord! we've had nothing but bad luck since that stance, what did he mean by saying Canadian deceiver first set his foot on piece, Esther. Thank the Lord, no man that he should love her, though she the island. Have you brought your

"Yes." answered Esther, and whipped from her pocket a paper in the was the great mistake which had been Rev. David Lane's own handwriting. 'Read for yourself, Aunt Deb."

at her niece. "You're awfully peaked." ed, "and as white as a ghost. What do you s'pose this slip of paper stood in that lonely chamber, trying to amounts to?" snapping her bony fincomprehend the full measure of her gers contemptuously at the certificate. "He's deserted you a-ready, I hearcleared out as soon as the first week of his honeymoon was over. More than "He will never come back! He has likely he's got a wife in Canadyceased to love me-he will never come there's plenty of sich men a-going now-a-days-you can't take up a news-Then she grew ashamed of her own paper but that you read of 'em. Sure weakness. Did she not love him more as you're born, Esther, that man ain't

"Oh, don't say such dreadful things drive me mad!"

viciously: "why did you go and run off from your gran'ther and me, that has slaved late and early for you ever since the time your ma died and left you, a miserable, week-old baby. It's a judgment, Essie, and you can just take it Esther was pa, will say when he hears how you've after all the money he's spent on your "Aunt Deb." said Esther, regaining

her self-possession instantly, and flashwish to serve you, but I expect and in- the occasion, the bright, particular other. He marked their tell-tale Esther would then lower her veil and ing lightning upon the old spinster from her black eyes, "I went away The second week, however, matters with my husband because I loved him, ant to this lonely man, shut out for grew worse. Her handsome face put and believed-yes, knew that he was on a sharpened, rigid look. She did worthy of my love. You are beside not eat or sleep. A feverish restless- yourself when you tell me that I am ness got possession of her. The peo- not his wife. His mother was dying. ple at the inn began to watch her with It was right that he should go to her, and alone. Everything is right"-de-One day she went, as usual, to the flantly. "I would have nothing dif-

Aunt Deb smiled scornfully. "Maybe, Essle, maybe. I reckon you're a right-down happy bride, eh!' "I am unspeakably happy!" cried Esther, flercely. Up rose Aunt Deb, sniffing wrath-

"Look here, Esther Hart, you're Tomorrow would complete read you without spectacles, and your the United States for a ruling. lately?"

"I received a letter today," acknowledged Esther, with pale lips, "and detroyed it unread."

"Gracious goodness! why did you de

"Perhaps. I do not know or care, cried Esther, wildly. "Tell me about my father, Aunt Deb. Is he a good man? Does any cause exist for me his daughter, to be ashamed of him Aunt Deb stared.

Esther was leaning toward her with pale, parted lips, and an air of fever-"Goodness me!" cried the old wom

an; "whatever put such notions in your head? Jim went west to git money, as most men go. He never did anything wrong that I know of, Fom, "getting ready to sail back to the except to marry a silly chit of sixteen -Drusie Runnel, your mother-and at her death leave his young one for gran'ther and me to bring up. He come of rich folks in Massachusetts, Esther, and, pale and breathless, she did Jim. They didn't like his marriage fraud, in the breach of a civil contract flew to the old wharf and sprang into with Drusle, and there was trouble

Rube Dexter's boat, much to the as- We never knew much about it. Jim was mighty close-mouthed regarding his folks: but he was well-born, and he'd been to college. No, Esther Hart, you've no reason to be ashamed of there in the Colorado silver mines, for he's sent us a good deal of money. first and last-Jim was always gener captive, into the solitude of the palms riage, and something in her beauty ous with his money. I don't want to hear anybody," and Aunt Deb bristled His bruised and aching heart swelled like an indignant hen, "talking against

Strange, nameless fears had been tugging, of late, at Esther's heart. ny very soul-I cannot, I will not bear possess it. Out shot the boat from the The relief which she experienced from this speech of Aunt Deb's brought the tears of relief to her eyes. "Oh. I'm glad-so glad!" she gasp

> "I thought somebody at Cinder "He missed you mightily after you ville had been slandering my father to -to- But no matter. Now that you do?" "I'm going to live over on the mainland," answered Aunt Deb, with decis-

"I can't abide this Rock any longer. Moreover, there'll be a new A streak of red shot into her white appointment, and I shouldn't be allowed to stay, anyway. Gran'ther has lef a little property-I shall take charge of it until I hear from your pa. was only a stepdarter, but I ought dare you speak of your superiors in belonging Esther," waving her bony that way, Rube Dexter? Left me? It hand toward the medley of things which she had collected in the kitchen -articles of clothing, fish-nets, spy glasses, foreign curiosities of all kinds, his youth. "If you see anything here," said Aunt Deb, with great generosity 'that you'd like to have for a keepsake Esther-a remembrancer of your poo a grand disdain. "Let them! Their drowned gran'ther, you may take it." Esther looked around on the ments once worn by the dead-on odd shells from tropic islands, lovely bits co of Chinese handiwork, ivory and

rals, and silver filigree from india. What arch-flend stood behind her, to prompt the selection which she finally There were the old made? through which she had watched the wild sea and the distant tints so many

times, but she passed them by, and, from the dead man's possession up a small silver-mounted revolver. "Oh, lor', you don't want that, Es ther!" cried Aunt Deb. Guy Fleetwood's wife put

oon quietly in her pocket. "Yes. I do," she answered. keep this to remember gran'ther by." "Maybe you mean to kill yourself, he man you think you've married ion't come back to you," said Aunt Deb, suspiciously. "How long be you

a-going to stay over there at Cinderville tavern, waiting for him?" Esther blazed up again like a fire-

brand. "A lifetime, if need be

Aunt Deb groaned. "You always was a headstrong ever came coaxing me to run away with him afore I had known him a week. Too much beauty is worse than none. Now you may as well make up your mind to the worst. He's surely got another wife somewhere-perhaps two or three. I writ to your pa the very morning after you eloped with the Canadian, and told him what you had

Fleetwood, wearily. "I am no longer under my father's control-I belong not to him, now-but to my husband. We will talk no more of this matter, Aunt Deb-I cannot bear it!" throwing out her hands with a wild gesture. Aunt Deb wisely relapsed into si-

ence. Esther Fleetwood remained at the Rock that day and the night following; then she returned to the inn

Cinderville. No message had arrived in her sence-no letters. Sick at heart, she ascended to her lonely chamber. sun was setting on the sea. A schooner lay at the old wharf, bathed in splendor of gold and purple light. Happy voices arose from the beach. The peace and quiet of the scene filled this forsaken bride with a sort of dumb anguish. She flung the silvermounted revolver, that "remembrancer" of Gran'ther Joe, which she had brought from the Rock, into a drawer of her old-fashioned bureau. Her last hope died, and a desperate determina

"I will stay here no longer!" she said "Anything is better than suspense. know the worst-it is my right. This very night I will start for Canada. will stand face to face with him one more. And if he is, indeed, false-ii he has deceived me- if he has ceased to love me, it will be time for me to die!" To Be Continued.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

CONTRACT LABOR LAW.

Attorney General Appeals From Judge Brawley's Decision. The decision of Judge Brawley de laring the act of the legislature, making the breach of a farm labor contract a misdemeanor to be invalid is to

be submitted to the supreme court of

In the office of the district court today, the necessary papers were filed, come home. Have you heard from him appealing from Judge Brawley's decision and taking the case to the highest tribunal. The papers were filed by Attorneys William Henry Parker and W. St. Julien Jervey, acting for Attorney General Lyon with whom they were associated in the recent hearing of the test cast of Elijah and Enoch Drayton, in which the court rendered its decision and released the negroes from

A lengthy bill of exceptions, prepar-

custody.

ed by the attorneys, is filed in the case, setting forth the reasons for the appeal. The court is held to have erred in taking the position that the imprisonment of the negroes on the chain gang for violating their contract was violation of the thirteen and fourteenth amendments of the constitution of the United States. The view of the court is objected to on the purpose of the act in question, the bill of exceptions stating that "it is respectfully submitted that both the purpose and effect of the said act is not to se cure compulsory service in the payment of a debt, but, in the legitimate exercise of the police power of the state to punish crime in repressing and incidentally thereby to prevent the

commission of such crime." The court is held to have erred in finding that "there is no essential distinction between an act which penalizes the breach of a contract for personal service without sufficient excuse to be adjudged by the court, and the act in question here which penalizes such breach made 'wilfully and without cause' that is fraudulently." It is pointed out that there is "an essential difference in the eye of the law between fraud in the making or procuring of a contract for personal serform the same." "The essence of the South Carolina

tatute," it is declared, "is the repression of the fraudulent practice of reaking contracts of a personal ser vice, of the kind indicated, this is by laborers on farm lands 'wilfully and without just cause' and incidentally only to induce the performance of stipulated service in liquidation of the debt which was the consideration for the promise."

red in holding that the breach of a guest who is in possession of any high dishonest and fraudulent, can not be distinguished himself. If the host himas such by any state in this Union. Error in judgment is also held in the construction of the court that the thirteenth amendment to the constitution in a melancholy mood at table or to

tude except as punishment for crime, convicted, but also that there shall not be 'involuntary servitude' even for did the Prophet himself. crime, if the crime arise from the

In conclusion, the bill of exceptions states that the court "failed to disinguish between criminal legislation, directed to the end of securing paynent of debt and like legislation for incidentally inducing the laborer not to commit fraud."

The case is a very interesting and important one and its consideration by the supreme court will be followed with much concern. The decision of Judge Brawley declaring the state law unconstitutional caused much demoral ization of labor conditions on account of the peculiar relations of much of pressure has been brought to bear upon the attorney general's office to press the case further and if possible secure a favorable decision to sustain the farm labor law .- Charleston Post

THE HEART'S MECHANISM.

Dr. Hugo Kronecker Tells of His Most Recent Discoveries. A Paris cablegram published in the

New York Times referred briefly to

the fact that a paper read by Dr.

Hugo Kronecker of Berne, in which he discussed his experiments on the mechanism of the heart, had evoked keen interest among the members of the Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kronecker, who is professor of physiology in the University of Berne, and director of the Institute Mercy, Paris, sent to the New York Times for the bene fit of its readers detailed information regarding the results attained by him and the opinions in connection with them which he has been led to form. In general Professor Kronecker says the heart is marvelously resistant toward mechanical irritation. Hundreds of punctures with a needle may fail to kill it, and, indeed, a puncture of the heart, or pricking with a needle, was recommended by rables are less dangerous than is sup-Steiner in 1871 as a means of restoring the activity of the heart in the syncope (faintness or collapse) produced by chloroform. It was shown, chase him. Of course, young chilhowever, by Doctor Kronecker, in dren are in danger, as they do not 1884, that there exists a spot in the know how to dodge the brute. A well septum or partition between the ven- directed kick in the jaw delivered by tricles which, if injured by the mere a man of ordinary strength will put puncture of a needle, at once causes a mad dog out of business for a time, condition of distinct diastole or dila- at least, and is much easier to land tation with a widely inco-ordinated than it would be if the dog were merequivering contraction of their constituent muscular fibres. The creature whose heart has been thus injured dies with its ventricles widely dilated. Doctor Kronecker explained the paralysis of the nerves of the heart which follows the localized injury separated and the dog, as a good dog

in the region of the septum mentioned over the innervation of the coronary ic. The dog was as badly scared as irritated blood vessels of the muscumovements of the latter, which are

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plexes involving the centres presiding over the muscles involved.

Not only can the arrest of ventricular contraction, with inco-ordinated fibrillar quivering, be brought about by injury of the centre of the septum previously referred to, but by moderate cooling or faradizing of the heart by the plugging of branches of the coronary arteries, or by the action of certain poisons, such as chloroform. again caused to dilate, as by the application of moderate heat, by the action of chloral hydrate, or by continuous electric currents of high tension

above 240 volts, the heart again begins to pulsate. In the researches which formed the basis of his recent communication to the Academy of Sciences Doctor Kronecker applied ligatures to the coronary arteries supplying both ventricles or one. He found that the ligature of the left coronary artery, which supplies the left ventricle. causes anaemia of this ventricle, which passes into the condition of quivering dilation, and which usually is shared by the right ventricle. On passing a continuous current of 240 volts through the ventricles during a brief period the right ventricle reommences to beat, but never the left.

Doctor Kronecker concludes from all his observations that acute anaemia (bloodlessness) is the essential cause of the fibrillar quivering (fimmern) of the heart, and that all the causes which have been enumerated as leading to this quivering act by bringing about this ventricular anae-

Further, he considers that his observations indicate that the two ventricles are not inseparably connected in their action, but that they are under the influence of co-ordinated nerve-plexuses which may be sepaately paralyzed by partial anamie.

In connection with these physiolograrely put on record) in which one ventricle pulsates and the other does ot, or in which the normal simultaneous rhythm of the two ventricles is greatly disturbed. They also afford an explanation of the fact that currents of extremely high tension which have been employed in judicial executions often have failed to kill, or, vice and fraud in the failure to per- at any rate, often killed tardily, while slight contact with wires or cables conveying currents at a much lower potential often have caused death instantaneously.

MOSLEM ETIQUETTE.

One Must Always Be In Good Humon and Talk Pleasant Things. Here are some interesting Mussul-

man injunctions of conviviality, says the London Lancet. The honor of be-The court is further held to have er- ing served first belongs to the invited self is the oldest in the company or has any high decoration of merit he must first begin the meal without delay, in order not to let the others unduly wait. It shows bad upbringing to be not only provides that there shall be speak of disagreeable things or to en-'neither slavery nor involuntary servi- gage in inappropriate discussions on matters of religious piety. Foremost whereof the party shall have been duly of all, one must always be in good hu-

mor and talk of pleasant things, as You must always help yourself from never try to find out the best bits, which ought to be left for the other guests. If one of the invited has not nuch appetite, you must ask him up to three times to partake of the meals longer insistence would cause ennui the purpose of preventing fraud and and would be most inappropriate. You must never stop eating before others, because in doing so you will embarrass them and cause them to finish quick-

ly in imitating you. Never eat gluttonously, but also never attempt to concear your good appetite. Always eat little by little. Exaggerated compliments are always misplaced. The host's duty is to make his guests feel as comfortable as posthe farm labor to the farmer and much sible, encourage the timid and shy. It is contrary to good taste to address and to fix the attention of a guest when he is eating. Even if the host is not accustomed to eat much, he must always try not to finish before others. Should any dish be forbidden him by his medical attendant, he certainly must not partake of it, but must, at the same time, excuse himself before his guests.

It is absolutely necessary to avoid every movement or gesture which is apt to create disgust.

He Will Attack No One Who Does Not Bar His Way. Mad dogs do not attack people. This s the statement made by Dr. P. M. Hall, city health commissioner, says

TO AVOID A MAD DOG.

the Minneapolis Journal: "When a dog has the rables," said Doctor Hall, "he has lost control of his body and what he does is mechanical. His jaws snap involuntarily, and if he encounters any object, whether animate or inanimate, he is likely to bite it. But a mad dog does not attack as does an angry dog. He does not pick out a victim and use any strategy.

"For this reason dogs suffering from

posed. No grown person need fear

them, for all he has to do is to get out of the way. The dog will not ly angry and had control of himself. "Most mad dog panics are false alarms. Doctor Ohage, of St. Paul, told me of one case which is typical. A dog was taken by his owner into a large department store. They became above referred to by supposing that should, began to run about in search of his master. Some one raised the there exists a nerve centre presiding cry of 'mad dog' and there was a pan-

arteries, and that when this centre is any one else, and tried to get away. A policeman tried to stop him, and lar walls of the heart become emptied the dog very properly bit the policeof blood, leading to inco-ordinated man in self-defense. "That dog was perfectly well, and according to his reasoning powers reasoning powers, manner. Yet the

analogous to the paralysis of certain acted in a rational manner. groups of skeletal muscles, which are affair was magnified into another mad observed as a result of cerebral apodog scare.