# The Haunted Chamber.

#### BY "THE DUCHESS." Author of "Monica," "Mona Scully," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER. VIII.

It is now "golden September." and a few days later. For the last fortright Florence has been making strenuous efforts to leave the castle, but Dora would not hear of their departure, and Florence, feeling it will be selfish of her to cut short Dora's happy hours with her supposed lover, sighs, and gives in, and sacrifices her own wishes

on the alta of friendship. It is five o'clock, and all the men, gun in hand, have been out since early dawn. Now they are coming straggling home, in one or twos. Amongst the first to return are Sir Adrian and his cousin Arthur Dynecourt, who, having met accidentally about a mile from home, have trudged the remainder of the way together.

On the previous night at dinner, Miss Delmaine had spoken of a small gold bangle, a favorite of hers, she was in the habit of wearing. She said she had lost it-when or where she could not tell; and she expressed herself as being very grieved for its loss, and had laughingly declared she would give any reward claimed by any one who should restore it to her. Two or three men had, on the instant, pledged themselves to devote their lives to search; but Adrian had said nothing. Nevertheless, the bangle and reward had remained in his mind all that night and all to-day. Now he can not reirain from speaking about it to the

man he nsiders his rival. "Odd thing about Miss Delmaine's bangle," he remarks carelessly. ery odd. I dare say her maid has

put it somewhere and forgotten it." "Hardly. One would not put a brace-let anywhere but in a jewel-case or in a special drawer. She must have

dropped it ...mewhere." "I dare say; those Indian bangles are very liable to be rubbed off the wrist." "Bat where? I have had the place searched high and low, and still no tid-ings of it can be found."

There may have been since we left

home this morning." Just at this moment they come within full view of the old tower, and its strange rounded ivy-grown walls, and the little narrow holes in the sides they show at its highest point that indicate the position of the haunted chamber. What is there at this moment in a

mere glimpse of this old tower to make Arthur Dynecourt grow pale and to start so strangely? His eyes grow brighter, his lips tighten and grow

hard. "Do you remember." he says, turning to his cousin with all the air of one to whom a sudden inspiration has come. that day when we visited the haunted chamber? Miss Delmaine accompanied us, did she not?"

"Yes"-looking at him expectantly. "Could she have dropped it there?" asks Arthur lightly. "By Jove, it would be odd if she had-eh? Uncanny sort of place to drop one's trinkets." It is strange I didn't think of it be-

responds Adrian, evidently by the suggestion. "Why, it fore," res struck by the suggestion. must have been just about that time when she lost it. The more I think of it the more convinced I feel that it must be there." "Nonsense, my dear fellow: don't

jump at conclusions so hastily! It is highly improbable. I should say that she dropped it anywhere else in the "Well, I'll go and see, at all events,

declares Adrian, unconvinced. It is some lingering remnant grace, some vague human shrinking from the crime that has begun to form itself within his busy brain, that now induces Dynecourt to try to dissuade Sir Adrian from his declared intention to search the haunted chamber for the lost bangle? With all his eloquence he seeks to convince him that there the bangle could not have been left, but to

no effect. His suggestion has taken firm root in Sir Adrian's mind, and at heast, as he frankly says though it may "Dear me, 1 hope nothing has hap-

eyes that are watching him through a ra repuises ner almost roughly and NEW YORK IN DANGER. chink in the opposite door! Now he steps forward again, and, mounting the last flight of stairs, opens the fatal door and looks into the room. Even now it occurs to him how un-pleasant might be the consequences should the door close and the secret lock fasten him in against his will. He

yingly at her cousin, as though fearing, pushes the door well open, and holds it et hoping to get an answer in the adirmative. But Florence shakes her so, and then tries whether it can fall to again of its own accord, and so make a prisoner of him. "I have no suspicion-none," she an No; it stands quite open, immovable swers sadly. "If I had should I not act upon it, whatever it might cost me?"

motions her away.

track.

tidings?

justice.

saving?"

or some one.

upon her knees before her. "do not hes-

itate; follow up this instinctive feeling.

and who knows but something may

there be after six long days, and no

from him, and bring the murderer to

to whom she has given her heart.

Florence is still pondering

"I v "I do what I can, I am resolved,"

come of it! Dora, do not delay.

ence, have you any suspicion?"

apparently, and so, convinced that he is safe enough, he commences Then, swift as lightning, a search. form darts from its concealed position, rushes up to the stone staircase, stealthily creeping still nearcr, glances into the room.

Sir Adrian's back is turned; he is stooping, looking in every corner for the missing prize. He sees nothing, hears nothing, though a treacherous form crouching on the threshold is making ready to seal his doom. Arthur Dynecourt, putting forth his hand, which neither trembles nor fal-

ters on its deadly mission, silently lays hold of the door, and drawing it to ward him the secret lock clicks sharply, and separates the victim from the

Stealthily even now-his evil deed accomplished -Arthur Dynecourt re-treats down the stairs, and never in-deed relaxes his speed until at length he stands panting, but relentless, in the servant's corridor again.

But a cer-Remorse he knows not. making his limbs tremble and bringing out cold dews upon his brow. His rival is safely secured, out of all narm's way as far as he is concerned. No human being saw him go to the illfated tower; no human voice heard him declare his intention of searching t for the missing trinket. He—Arthur had been careful before parting from him to express his settled belief that Sir Adrian would not go to the haunt-

ed chamber, and therefore he feels prepared to defend his case successful even should the baronet be lucky nough to find a deliverer.

Yet he is not quite easy in his mind. Fear of discovery, fear of Sir Adrian's displeasure, fear of the world, fear of the rope that already seems to dangle in red lines before his eyes render him the veriest coward that walks the earth. Shall he return and release his risoner, and treat the whole thing as a oke, and so leave Adrian free to dis-bense his bounty at the castle, to enertain in his lavish fashion, to secure the woman upon whom he-Arthur-has set his heart for his bride?

No; a thousand times no! A few short days, an! all will belong to Arthur Dynecourt. He will be "Sir Ar-thur" then, and the bride he covets

will be unable to resist the temptation of a title, and the chance of being mis-tress of the stately old pile that will call him master. Let Sir Adrian die then in his distant garret alone, deswould think of going to the haunted room in search of him? Who will even guess that any mission, however imortant, would lead him to it, without having mentioned it to some one? It is a grewsome spot, seldom visited and gladly forgotten; and, indeed, what possibly could there be in its bare walls and its bloodstained floors to attract any one? No; surely it is the last place to suspect any one would go to without

a definite purpose; and what purpose could Sir Adrian have of going there? So far Arthur feels himself safe. He turns away, and joins the women and the returned sporstmen in the upper lrawing-room.

Where is Dynecourt?" asks somebody later. Arthur, though he hears the question, does not even change color, but calmly, with a steady hand,

gives Florence her tea. "Yes; where is Sir Adrian?" asks Mrs. Talbot, glancing up at the speaker. "He left us about an hour ago," Capt. Ringwood answers. "He said he'd pre-fer walking home, and he shoveled his biodicte out out of left we without birds into our cart, and left us without

"Do not touch me!" she cries hoarse WHAT AN EARTHQUAKE OR CYCLONE

ly. "Do not come near me; you, of all people, should be the last to come to my assistance! Besides. I am not here WOULD DO THERE. to talk about myself, but of him. Flor

A Strong Presentation of the Probable Con sequences of Such & Convulsion of Nature. Dora leans forward and looks scrutin-Sneinnatt Epoulrer.

New York is turning into a city of high stories. Erasmus remarked of Amsterdam, which was built on piles driven into the mud, that he "Would you," asks Dora eagerly, as had seen a town where the people though impressed by her companion's words-"whatever it might cost you?" are like crows on the tree-tops, but Her manner is so strange that Flor-ence pauses before replying. "Yes," she says at last. "No earthly consideration should keep me from us-New York is putting up the most the smallest possible pieces of ground, head for awhile, answered with an ing any knowledge I might by accident so that a scientific man lately re- air of triumph. "Why-the baby to or otherwise become possessed of to lay bare this mystery. Dora " she cries ever strikes the city of New York it and visible backsliding of the Repubsuddenly, "if you know anything, I im-plore, I entreat you to say so." "What should I know?" responds will produce more death and ruin lican party will be the Montana twins than anywhere on the globe where the widow, recoiling. "You loved him too," says Florence an earthquake has struck."

"You remind me," raid I, "of these piteously, now more than ever con-vinced that Dora is keeping something hidden from her. "For the sake of that who are telling us that the surplus love, disclose anything you may know about this awful matter." will be expended in a few months. whereas they never told us that there "I dare not speak openly," replies the would be any surplus six months bewidow, growing even a shade paler, "because my suspicion is of the barest fore it was coming. They are not going to stop building, I apprehend, character, and may be altogether wrong. Yet there are moments when some hidden instinct within my breast n New York for fear of earthquakes. which have never yet come to Manwhispers to me that I am on the right attan Island."

However, I fell to reflecting my "If so," murmurs Florence, falling self when ever an earthquake would come to Manhattan Island at any ime, now or far in the future. I did not see any sound reason to appresoon-if not already-it may be too late. Alas," she cries, bursting into bitter tears, "what do I say? Is it not too late even now? What hope can We have had earthquakes along the earthquake in the East has been at declares Dora, rising abruptly to her feet. "If too late to do any good, it Charleston, where the mountain range liat had gone forth. He knew that may not be too late to wring the truth Charleston; earthquake was really a of the moral world there was com-"From him? From whom - what murderer?" exclaims Florence, in a big thing, and we can afford for a pensation for all things, moment to glance at it with reference voice of horror. "Dora, what are you to the rocky framework of this conti- over this thing before they were done "Never mind. Let me go now; and to-night-this evening let me come to you here again, and tell you the result of what 1 am now about to do." mountains it is at least 140 miles, or,

She quits the room as silently as she entered it, and Florence, sinking back seat of the late earthquake to the rib to New York. He found that hogs She did not hesitate at this, however. everything would be amicable. of the continent, which is the Blue were cheaper there than they were She ripped the dress down the side, in her chair, gives herself up to the ex-citement and amazement that are over-Ridge. When you come out to New York. powering her. There is something else, too, in her thoughts that is puzzling and perplexing her; in all Dora's mannowever, you see that same moun- friend said to him: "Jim, you made a

ain almost overhanging the city; ner there was nothing that would lead her to think that she loved Sir Adrian; what is called the Orange mountain lost a good deal of money, but I had n New Jersy is the eastern dike of the the company of the hogs both ways." there was fear, and a desire for re-venge in it, but none of the despair of Allegheny ridge. In short.New Ena loving woman who had lost the man gland and tidal New York are the solid continent, down almost to the for the suppression of colored votes, these rates of the ocean. The rock line things, while Dora, going swiftly down hen recedes and it is 100 miles west stairs, turns into the side hall, glanc-ing into library and rooms as she goes Washington, which if itself far inland inquire of the Republican Senators in along, plainly in search of something At last her search is successful; in at Charleston, as I have said, the small room she finds Arthur Dynecourt apparently reading, as he sits in a large arm-chair, with his eyes fixed in-If we are to suppose that the consulsion which overthrew a part of tently upon the book in his hand. See-Charleston had some relation with ing her, he closes the volume, and, throwing it from him, says carelessly: the gulf stream and the volcanic "Pshaw - what contemptible trash mountains of the West Indies and "How can you sit here calmly read-ing," exclaims Dora vehemently, "when we are all so distressed in mindl Central America, there is no great and has ever been or ever will be But I forgot"-with a meaning glance affected from the same cause and re- tled to vote. ations.

"You gain by his death; we do not." "No, you lose," he retorts coolly. "Though, after all, even had things The area of earthquakes and eruptions is tolerably well defined. San een different. I can't say I think you He smiles insolently at her as he says this. But she pays no heed either to his words or his smile. Her whole soul seems wrapped in one thought, and at last she gives expression to it. "What have you done with him?" she

PEPPER FROM ZEB VANCE. A PICKPOCKET IN CHURCH.

A Very Lively Speech on the Montana Sena- An Unexpected Incident at the Service of torship -- Anecdotes Which Fit the Case. the New York Methodist Episcopal Con-In the United States Senate the ference.

other day, when the Montana election NEW YORK, April 10 .- During the case was taken up, Vance, a member session of the New York Conference of the Committee on Privileges and of the Methodist Episcopal Church Elections, made an argument in support of the manority report, declaring in Calvary Church, at One Hundred Clark and Maginnis, the Democratic and Thirty-ninth street and Seventh treated with justice and their votes claimants, entitled to the seats. In avenue, there have been several occa- counted. There is no reason for antagthe course of his speech he told the sions when the members of the Constory of a person who was once ference and others who attended the men are the landed proprietors. They schooling a country bumpkin to fit meetings had occasion to complain him to be god father at a christening. that either attempts had been made The parson asked him what was the lost money while entering or leaving the negro race overriding them." outward and visible sign of baptism. to pick their pockets or that they had dizzy and weighty structures upon The bumpkin, after scratching his the church

pickpocket were so deliberate as to marked to me: "If an carthquake be sure." And so he said, the outward leave no doubt that the criminal was he replied, "for the white race can a professional. The Rev. Dr. Day, -not the baby but a couple of them. [Laughter.] He also illustrated Hoar's and Captain Hooker detailed several able in slavery, and even during the position that while none of the ob- men in civilian's clothing to watch war they behaved with remarkable desolate and gruesome reformers jections to counting the votes of for the offender at the service on Sun- fidelity. There is no record of treachprecinct 34 in Silver Bow County day morning. The announcement erv of slaves to their owners, none of was sufficient of itself to justify re- that Bishop Goodsell was to preach jection of the votes all of them to- brought together a very large children or destroying property. But gather did constitute sufficient ground audience, and among the attendants for doing so by an anecdote of a was Mrs. Reed, one of the most active justice of the peace before whom a of the ladies connected with the case was tried in which eleven dis- church. When the services were tinct pleas in bar were entered. The concluded Mrs. Reed walked with justice took them up one by one and some of her friends toward the cendecided as to each of them that it tral exit of the church, where there was not worth one cent, but that are placed contribution boxes to There is nothing to show that the taking all of them together they made receive money for the assistance of blacks wish to overthrow obligations. a good case for the defendant. He missionaries. Mrs. Reed placed or to Africanize America. If they

slender technical, trifling grounds. have come as far north as Baltimore, of a community to be thwarted and und, perhaps, Philadelphia. Our worst trampled underfoot on such flimsy pretexts. He knew, he said, that the which defines the solid limits of the the Republican claimants were to be continent is a great way inland. The seated. But in the wise regulation The Re publican Senators would be sicker

ton to Columbia, and thence to the an old fellow who went out to Ohio in her hurry it became tangled in the to speculate in hogs. He bought a dress and she could not extricate it Did the negroes vote the Democratic in Ohio. So he shipped them back and would have escaped at once had The superiority of the white race and sold them in Ohio and some not Mrs. Reed taken a firmer clutch over their former slave is self-evident. bad speculation." "Yes", said he-"I

the confusion continued she succeed-

were aliens who had declared their inwere under the Territoral laws enti-

Francisco has felt earthquakes and Forum has an article addressed to ceed in finding her. been greatly dwarfed by them, and this question: "Why the farmer is since the two earthquakes over there not prosperous." The writer admits during the present generation they the fact and deplores it. There are have ceased to build high houses on ten million people employed in agrithat coast. The volcanic zone seems culture in the United States. The has now formally determined to re-

the Race Question.

"I have been much misrepresented in regard to my views on the race

INSALLS ON THE NECRO.

question." remarked Senator Ingalls recently. "I do not believe in social equality for the two races-far from it. I only wish the blacks to be onism between the races. The white have superior talent and superior education and there is no likelihood of

"Will a preponderance of negro votes throw the government in the On two occasions the acts of the hands of the negroes?" was asked. "There is no reason that it should

easily manage, even with perfectly pastor of the church, called the atten- fair elections, to keep the State offices tion of the police to the incidents, in their hands. The negro was peace-

them insulting women, harming now it seems as if it were an entirely different thing-as if it was necessary to antagonize the two races, which should dwell together in justice and harmony.

"The idea of the negro domineering over the whites is a painted devil. (Vance)had never heard a title to a some money in one of these, and was wish to emigrate let them, but if the hend any earthquake in this quarter. seat in the Senate based on such about to put her hand in her pocket Southern people would cease to re gard their former slaves as present enemies-those peaceful servants of the past as future foes-and allow them fair representation and a fair

count, they would see that the dread . 'race war' exists only in imagination. "In fact, the granting of the ballot to the negro has thrown an additional number of the voters into each dis-"You thief, take your hand from trict, and this grants additional representatives to the South. The case The woman muttered something is this: The majority of white men nent. It is 130 miles from Charles- with it than he was. He once heard of and tried to take her hand away, but in the South are Democrats, while almost all negroes are Republicans

we may say, about 300 miles from the big drove of them and shipped them without tearing Mrs. Reed's costume. ticke, there would beno race troubles "No, there is no cause for alarm

> upon the pickpocket's shawl and These slaves are naturally peaceable clung with all her might, calling for loyal race, as a rule guided by the whites, when rightly treated, so all parent to those who were leaving the that is needed is a free ballot, a fair church. The thief, seeing that it was count and a count of every vote."

> > Costly Candor.

A story is told of Congressman Taulbee, of Kentucky, who was shot lately by Charles Kincaid, in Washington City, that contains considera- been in cultivation for fifty years or ble humor. An old colored man more. It was cultivated in cotton called Uncle Eph had lived in the last year, since which time this well Taulbee family many years and was or h le, two feet in diameter and considered an honest and faithful old fourt en feet deep, has formed. arrest her. Several members of the gressman. Taulbee having been a least fifty feet above the bed of the candidate, he was taunted by some of nearest stream. his opponents with the statement

way, but they lost her in the rapidlythat Uncle Eph had voted against him. Loth to believe it he called Mrs Reed saved her pocketkook, but at the expense of badly scratched old Eph into his room and said: hands. The pickpocket can be identi-"Uncle Eph, is it true that you

voted against me at the election? "Yes, Massa William," replied Eph; "I voted de 'Publican ticket."

"Well, said Taulbee, "I like frankcandor."

Accidentally Killed.

A Great Bridge.

ing his head, when Taulbee asked: quire all candidates for Congress in "Well, Eph, what is it? "Well, Massa Taulbee," said Eph, selves to vote, if elected, for the sub-"if you is buying candor you owes

ye five times."

## GENERAL NEWSITEMS.

Quar ers. -The grand lodge of the Indepenlent Order of Odd Fellows of the

State of North Carolina will meet in Wilmington, Tuesday, May 13th. -In the past fifteen months 71.000 negroes have left North Carolina. This estimate is made on reliable data, and upon careful investigation.

-On Sunday night two Italians walking on the West Shore railroad track, in Newburg, N. Y., got into a fight, and paid no attention to an approaching train. They hammered each other till the train struck them. One was killed. The other will die. -It is reported that Prophetown, Illinois, has been swept away by a

cyclone. Twenty freight cars were plown to atoms, the whole town has been wiped from the face of the earth, and many people have been killed.

-The Gainesville, Fla., Sun learns that a company owning a big deposit of phosphate in the Trenton region is negotiating for the construction of a railroad to the Suwanee river, to connect with boats to transport phosphate rock to Cedar Keys for shipment.

-Richard Proctor, Jr., son of the late famous astronomer of that name, is supposed to be wandering of St. Louis in a deranged condition. Proctor's insanity takes the form of an exaggerated idea of great wealth. He is without money or friends, and if not speedily found will run the risk of

getting into serious trouble. -Postmaster-General Wannamaker has prepared for publication in the forthcoming monthly postal guide a circular letter addressed to all postmasters, asking for contributions to a postal museum to be established in connection with the Postoffice Denartment at Washington, to contain permanent exhibit of such articles as will illustrate the growth of the postal service in the United States and the methods employed therein.

-The Farmers' Alliance of North Carolina has passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves not to give our support to any candidate for the Legislature who is not known to be in favor of a railroad commission for North Carolina, nor any candidate for Cong ess who will not pledge himself to e. rt his best efforts to secure the enactment of the bill before earl

ess known as the sub-treasury Cor - in the farm of Mrs. S. E. Jones. nea Murphy, N. C., there was a well form 1 by nature on land that has

Water rose ten feet in it. It is at -There was a fire under the North River at New York Sunday morning, a caisson of the big tunnel under that stream being ignited by an employee's carelessness. When the fire had drowned out the question was how to stop the hole made in the caisson as men could not get in. The trouble was solved by catching a number of ness, and here's a dollar for your water rats and turning them in with bunches of oakum tied loosely to The old colored man stood scratch- their tails. In following the air and crawling through the holes they

upon an estuary: and when we arrive their altitudinous cerulean flights of away lost her shawl and hat. While oratory for the purity of the ballot, mountains are near 250 miles inland. "Who stole precinct No. 34 of Silver ed in regaining these and made her Bow County, Montana?" were legal voters. probability that our granite main- tention to become citizens and they moving crowd in Seventh avenue.

Why the Farmer is Not Prosperous

In Georgia the Farmers' Alliance

in order to get her handkerchief tidal alluvial sandbar country. which He had never known the public will when she found a hand there. She turned quickly and discovered a neatly dressed woman, about forty years old, wearing a shawl of Paisley manufacture and a very jaunty hat. Mrs. Reed followed the arm of the intruding hand and grasped the woman's shawl, exclaiming:

my pocket!"

assistance, her necessity being ap-

So he (Vance) thanked God that in all future denunciations of the South likely she would be captured, scratched and tore Mrs. Reed's hands to Southern Senators would have the such a degree that from very pain

company of the hogs. [Laughter.] And she was obliged to relinquish her of Philadelphia, forty miles west of all that they would have to do was to hold. The woman in her struggle to get

> escape, without any of Captain Edmunds inquired whether the 174 Hooker's men appearing or making persons who had voted at precinct 34 any attempt to pursue the woman and servant. After the election for Con-

Vance asserted that they were. They | Conference chased the thief a little

fied by Mrs. Reed and those who saw A thoughtful writer in the April the occurrence should the police suc-

The Farmers' Alliance Demands.

be useless to hunt for it in that uncan ny chamber, it is worth a try. It may be there. This dim possibility drives him to his fate.

"Well, if you go alone and unprotect-ed your blood be on your own head," says Dynecourt lightly, at last surren-dering his position. "Remember, whatever happens. I advised you not to go!" As Arthur finishes his speech a sinister smile overspreads his pale features, and a quick light, as evil as it is piercing comes to his eyes. But Sir Adrian sees nothing of this. He is looking at his home, as it stands grand and ma-jestic in the red light of the dying sun. He is looking, too, at the old tower, and at the upper portion of it, where the haunted chamber stands, and where he can see the narrow holes that serve for windows. How little could a world without!

"Yes. I'll remember." he says jesting-when the ghosts of my ancestors ly. "When the ghosts of my ancestors claim me as their victim, and incarcerate me in some fiendish dungeon. I shall remember your words and your advice." "You don't mean to go there, of

course?" asks Arthur carelessly, whilst watching the other with eager scrutiny. "It is quite a journey to that dismal hole, and it will be useless." "Well, if it distresses you, consider I

"That is right," rejoins Arthur, still with his keen eyes fixed upon his consin. "I knew you would abandon that foolish intention. I certainly shall consider you haven't gone.

They are at the hall door as these words pass Arthur's lips, and there they separate, Sir Adrian leaving him with a smile, and going away up the

large hall whistling gavly. When he has turned one corner, Ar thur goes quickly after him. not with the intention of overtaking him, but of keeping him in view. Stealthily he follows, as though fearful of being

seen. There is no servant within sight. No friend comes across Sir Adrian's path. All is silent. The old house seems wrapped in slumber. Above, the pretty guests in their dainty tea-gowns are sipping Bohea and prattling scandal; below, the domestics are occupied in their household affairs.

Arthur, watching carefully, sees Sir Adrian go quickly up the broad front staircase, after which he turns aside, and, as though filled with guilty fear, rushes through one passage or another, until he arrives in the corridor that be-longs to the servant's quarters.

Coming to a certain door, he opens it, not without some difficulty, and, moving into the dark landing that lies beyond it, looks around. To any casual observer it might seem strange that some of the cobwebs in this apparently long-forgotten place have lately been brushed away, as by a figure ascending or descending the gloomy starcase. To Arthur these signs bring no sur-prise, which proves that he, perhaps, has the best right to know whose figure

ushed them aside.

Hurrying up the stairs, after closing door carefully and noiselessly bend him, he reaches, after considerae mountings of what seem to be inrminable steps, the upper door he ad opened on the day they had visited he haunted chamber, when Ringwood nd he had had a passage-at-arms

Now he stands breathing heavily atside this door, wrapped in the dis-al darkness of the staircase, listenig intently, as it were, for the coming a footstep. In the meantime, Sir Adrian, not

ssuaded from his determination to the tower for the missing ban-

as gayly up the grand staircase, s the corridors and galleries,

ly comes to the first of the ron-bound doors. Opening it, he stands upon the landing that leads to the other door by means of the small stone staircase. Here he pauses. Is it some vague shadowy sense of

that makes him stand now as though hesitating? A quick shiver runs through his veins.

"How cold it is," he says to himself, "even on this hot day, up in this melancholy place!" Yet, he is quite uncon-scious of the ears that are listening for his lightest movement. of the wicked

nemen to him savs L who is sitting in a window through which the rays of the evening sun are stealing, turning her auburn locks to threads of rich red gold.

"I hope not. I'm sure." interposes arthur, quite feelingly. "It does seem Arthur, quite feelingly. "It does seem odd he hasn't come in before this." Then, true to his determination to so Then, true to his determination to so arrange matters that, if discovery en-sues upon his scheme, he may still find for himself a path out of his difficulties, he says quietly, "I met him about a mile from home, and walked here with him. We parted at the hall-door; I dare are here in the libror or the stables" say he is in the library or the stables." "Good gracious, why didn't you say so before?" exclaims old Lady FitzAlmont in a querulous tone." I quite be-

gan to believe the poor boy had blown out his brains through disappointed love, or something equally objection-Both Dora and Florence color warm-y at this. The old lady herself is free

speak as she thinks of Sir Adrian. having no designs upon him for Lady Gertrude, that young lady being en-gaged to a very distinguished and tit-led botanist, now hunting for ferns in West Indies. the "Markham," says Mrs. Talbot to a

footman who enters at this moment, "go to the library and tell Sir Adrian his tea is waiting for him."

But press in Markham returns and Sir Adrian . not in the ubrary. "Then try the stables, try everywhere," says Dora somewhat impa-

tiently Markham, having tried everywhere, brings back the same answer: Sir Ad-rian is apparently not to be found! "Most extraordinary," remarks Lady FitzAlmont, faming herself. "As a rule I have noticed that Adrian is most punctual. I do hope my first impression was not the right one, and that we shan't and im presently with his throat cat and wallowing in his blood

on account of some silly young woman!" "Dear mamma," interposes Lady Gertrude, laughing, "what a terrible old-fashioned surmise! No man nowa-

lavs kills himself for a false love; he only goes and gets another." But, when the dinner-hour arrives, nd no host presents himself to lead

Lady Fitz Almont into dinner, a great fear falls upon the guests save one, and confusion and dismay, and anxious conjecture reign supreme.

CHAPTER IX.

The night passes; the next day dawns, deepens, grows into noon, and still nothing happens to relieve the terrible anxiety that is felt by all within the castle as to the fate of its missing master. They weary themselves out wondering, idly but incessantly, what can have become of him.

The second day comes and goes, so does the third and the fourth, the fifth and the sixth, and then the seventh lawns. Florence Delmaine, who has been

half-distracted with conflicting fears and emotions, and who has been sitting in her room apart from the others. with her head bent down and resting on her hands, suddenly raising her eves, sees Dora standing before her. The widow is looking haggard and nollow-eyed. All her dainty freshness has gone, and she now looks in years what in reality she is, close on thirty-five. Her lips are pale and drooping, her cheeks colorless; her whole air is suggestive of deep depression, the re-

ult of sleepless nights and days filled ith grief and suspense of the most poignant nature. "Alas, how well she loves him too!" thinks Florence, contemplating her in silence. Dora, advancing, lays her hand upon the table near Florence, and

says, in a hurried impassioned tone-"Oh, Florence, what has become of him? What has been done to him? I have tried to hide my terrible anxiety for the past two miserable days, but now I feel I must speak to some one or

go mad!" She smites her hands together, and, sinking into a chair, looks as if she is going to faint. Florence, greatly alarmed, rises from her chair, and, running to her, places her arm round her as though to support her. But Do-

breaks forth, advancing toward him, as though to compel him to give her an answer to the question that has been torturing her for days past. "With whom?" he asks coldly. Yet

had much chance at any time.

there is a forbidding gleam in his eyes that should have warned her to for-

bear. "With Sir Adrian-with your rival, with the man you hate." she cries, her breath coming in little irrepressible "Dynecourt, I adjure you to gasps. speak the truth, and say what has become of him." "You rave," he says calmly, lifting

his evebrows just a shade, as though in pity for her foolish excitement. "I con-fess the man was no favorite of mine, and that I can not help being glad of this chance that has presented itself in his extraordianry disappearance of my inheriting his place and title, but real-ly, my dear creature, I know as little of what has become of him, as-I presume-you do yourself."

You lie!" cries Dora, losing all control over herself. "You have murder-ed him, to get him out of your path. His death lies at your door.'

She points her finger at him as though in condemnation as she utters these words, but still he does not flinch. "They will take you for a Bedlamite," he says, with a sneering laugh. "if you conduct yourself like this. Where are your proofs that I am the cold-blooded

rufian you think me?" "I have none"—in a despairing tone.

"But I shall make it the business of my life to find them." "You had better devote your time to

some other purpose," he exclaims sav-agely, laying his is and upon her wrist with an amount of force that leaves a red mark upon the delicate flesh. Do you hear me? You must be mad to go on like this to me. I know nothing of Adrian, but I know a good deal of your designing conduct. and your wild jealousy of Florence Delmaine. All the world saw how devoted he was to her, and-mark what I say-there have been instances of a jealous woman kill-

ing the man she loved, rather than see him in the arms of another." "Demon!" shrieks Dora, recoiling from him. "You would fix the crime on me?" recoiling

"Why not? I think the whole case tells terribly against you. Hitherto I have spared you, I have refrained from hinting even at the fact that your jealousy had been aroused of late; but your conduct of to-day, and the wily manner in which you have sought to accuse me of being implicated in this unfortunate mystery connected with my unhappy cousin, have made me for-get my forbearance. Be warned in time, cease to persecute me about this matter, or-wretched woman that you are-I shall certainly make it my business to investigate the entire matter

"Traitor" cries Dora, raising her pale face and looking at him with hor-ror and defiance. "You triamph now, because, as yet, I have no evidence to "Ah, brazen it out to the last!" says Dynecourt insolently. "Defy me while Dynecourt insolently. "Defy me while you can. To-day I shall set the blood-hounds of the law upon your track, so

beware-beware!" "You refuse to tell me anything?" exclaims Dora, ignoring his words, and

treating them as though they are un-heard. "So much the worse for you." She turns from him, and leaves the room as she finishes speaking; but,

though her words have been defiant there is no kindred feeling in her heart to bear her up. When the door closes between them, the flush dies out of her face, and she looks even more wan and hopeless than she did before seeking his presence. She can not deny to herself that her

mission has been a failure. He has openly scoffed at her threats, and she is aware that she has not a shred of actual evidence wherewith to support her suspicion: the bravado with which he has sought to turn the tables upon herself both frightens and disheartens her, and now she confesses to herself that she knows not where to turn for cour-

[Continued.]

sel.

and co-terminus parts of the Pacific. centers of an ellipse, where the

be altogether different from the vol-

constituting the stretch of tolerably "middle man" has always existed as a uniform ranges through our Western greater or less evil. and Middle States. The trend of the Allegheny chains is from about Chatta- existing facts, and finds that wheat aooga to the Hudson river, near the city of New York, and thus some oats at nine to twelve cents, and corn are going to do some curious pledging. chains are found taking in the whole at'ten to thirteen cents. For thirtybreadth of New England, from almost nine years ending 1889, the increase within sight of the seacoast back to in population was 175 per cent., and

the region of Canada. The city of New York is built upou was 257 per cent., of wheat 389 per islands and bars of hard gneiss which | cent., and of oats 411 per cent. Duhave been covered with sand in time, ring twenty years the exportation of and, therefore, you can strike between the bars of rock here and there cent., and of oats less than one per search was made not one could be and find either quicksilver or well cent., so the price of these grains found. Nor were they in the college water. There is no analogy to war- must depend on home requirements. rant the belief that New England, With such tremendous increase in New York city, or the region of the crops, the price is bound to fall. The Alleghenies are ever to suffer from corn crop of 1889 exceeded that of other than universal electrical and 1887 by more than 656.000,000 bushcaloric conditions. There seems to els, yet, counting the cost of the be no record that the city of New extra amount handled, it will bring York ever had an important earth- the growers \$100,000,000 less. Again, quake. Hence, the establishment of the crop of 1878 was 64 per cent. these high buildings on the island of greater than that of 174; and, allow-New York is fairly conservative, and ance made for cost of handling, the same class of buildings are put brought the farmers \$149,000,000

up in London and in the main cen- less. ters of Europe, and where cheap coal and invention justify and stimu- for twenty years is, in brief, that as late elevators to supplant stairways. New York is a very narrow island, so has the product per capita, to be and where the island is the least narrow it is probably the least solid; diminishing returns per acre. If, in that it is to say, the expansions of the period ending in 1874, with a this island toward the East River are | cattle supply of 62 to 100 people, the quite probably due to bars formed by supply of corn less than 25 bushels the confluence of waters through the per capita, that of wheat and oats Sound and the East River and the less than 6.5 bushels, and the domes-Harrison River. Long Island ap- tic consumption of pork, 75 pounds pears to be a gravel formation, some- for each inhabitant, all the requirething in the nature of drift or allu- ments of the people for breed and meat vial, which is subject to the action of spirits and prove der were fully and the waters, and move about. But the mountains in northern New York such as the Adirondacks, were described by Agassiz as the oldest dry than, then, the present supply of beef ground on the globe. One of his is sufficient for 71,000,000 people; that ectures, entitled "America, the Older of swine of 76,000,000; of wheat for Continent," shows that the Adironlack Mountains are the oldest land of oats for more than 100,000.000. and the hardest land on earth; they were long called Azoic, because no dence offered is that the trouble of fossil remains or shells or rudiments the farmer are due to the fact that of organic life were visible there.

#### A Horrible Story.

A horrible story comes from Morocco. A large box was recently reghastly sight wat revealed. Closely packed in a box were the bodies of decapitated and the heads were miss- Indiana, where cold and wet weather ing. The bodies were embalmed, and had evidently been a long time in the condition in which they were had taken vengeance on his harem. 000.

to embrace the Sandwich Islands greater portion of these people are unprofitably employed. The farming that State this fall to pledge them-Caraccas and Lisbon constitute two interest is in a condition of "unthrift." The state of affairs is not the result stitution of legal tender for national me fo' dollars mo', kase I voted again earth has been greatly disturbed of laziness, for the planter works bank notes; for taxes, State and nawithin the historic memory. But the longer and lives more economically tional to be levied only for revenue: formation of the Allegheny mountain than other people. It is not due to for such a revision of the protective chain, which constitutes the eastern the crop failures, for the land is pro- tariff that the burdens now resting dike of the Mississippi valley, would ductive and seasons in the main satis- on the agricultural and laboring appear from geological criticism to factory. When the farmer finds that classes shall be lessened to the greathe cannot make fair remuneration est possible extent; for anti-trust canic formations of the tropics and he concludes with justice that "the laws, and for the "Sub-Treasury bill" the Cordilleras. It seems to be the times are out of joint." He attributes now before Congress, by which the dea that the Alleghenies where once his failure to the lack of silver, to a Federal government is directed to high table land with a soft under high tariff, to prevalence of trusts, to store farm products and loan money stratum, and that the pleteau fell, the railroads and to speculation in to the owners of them to eighty per down like a piece of bad mason y, and farm products. But these things cent. of their market price. The Alleft the chains to catch each other have prevailed to greater or less de- liance in other States is proposing the where there were hard parts, thus gree since "Adam delved," and the same pledges, and we notice such

prominent Republicans as Senators Sherman, Cullom and Stanford are The writer turns his attention to getting ready to step up on the Alliance platform. Unless the Alliance sells at forty to fifty cents a bushel, 'blows over," the candidates this fall -New York Herald. Practical Jokes of Students.

the increase in the production of corn When the breakfast bell at the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College rang on the morning of the 1st of April not a corn has averaged less than five per student appeared, and when a careful grounds or in the park adjoining or in the city. Their disappearance was absolute and their whereabouts a mystery. In the afternoon it was Escovered that before daylight they had left the college in the quietest manner and gone to Carytown, ten miles distant. There they remained all day and at noon had a parade, with banners and music. The faculty

had a day of leisure and were very heartily riled at the 1st-of-April joke of which they were made such com-The history of American farming plete victims.

the area in cultivation has increased, The Skowhegan correspondent of followed by ever-declining prices and promptly met, it is quite apparent that, estimating consumption per capita as fifteen per cent. greater 79,000,000: of corn for 70,500,000; and The logical conclusion from the evi-

from Edgefield jail several months The Louisville Courier-Journal publishes reports on the growing ago, was captured this morning in a wheat crop from one hundred and cave under his father's house, six ceived from the interior of the coun-try at the port Mazagan for ship-tucky, Tennessee, Southern Indiana men surrounded the house during ment. It was addressed to a person | and Northern Alabama. The outlook the night, and today two of them unknown, and was opened, when a in Kentucky and Alabama is for a crawled under and discovered him in nearly average crop; while across the a cave. He clapped a pistol to the Ohio and in Tennessee the prospects head of one, but the other shot him sixteen young women, one man and a are not so good. This is especially in the hand. Murrell let fall the negress. All the victims had been the case in the border counties of pistol and surrendered.

The bodies were embalmed, has played havoc with the grain.

-The estimated amount of timber seized in South Alabama and was the work of some pasha, who Florida by the government is \$300.- two dozen houses, is a considerable a few hours illness died in great vation might lessen its impressiveness distance from the railroad.

left the oakum and plugged up the leaks.

### TIMELY TOPICS. A Chinese party in this country is

among the possibilities, but the signs of the times do not point to its early GREENVILLE, S. C., April 8 .- Walter birth.

King. the little nine-year-old son of The Lodge election bill is intended John King, of Piedmont, S. C., and his sister, started to enter the store of to serve a double purpose, namely, to J. H. Simpson at that place about 6 return Republican candidates to Conclock vesterday afternoon. As the gress, and supply campaign employlittle fellow stepped on the thresh-hold, a pistol Mr. Simpson was showment for more than half a million of. ficials at five dollars a day. ing to a customer in some way was discharged, the bullets entering little

The whole country will be glad to Walter's temple, killing him instantly. know that Mr. Randall is recovering Mr. Simpson did not realize the awful effect of the discharge until from his long and severe illness. The the little girl screamed and cried to Philadelphia Times announces that he: him that he had killed her brother. is now able to attend to his correspon-As soon as he did so he became aldence and hopes soon to resume his; most frantic with grief, and it was feared by his friends that he would duties in Congress.

do himself some great injury. North Dakota has not been a State

many months, but she has already astablished gilt-edge credit. A few mays The Congressional House of Repago an issue of \$150,000 of her bonds resentatives has passed the bill for bearing 4 per cent. interest, sold at a the big new bridge across the Hudpremium of nearly 10 per cent. Few son River between New York and Jersey River. The bridge is to have of the old States can match that six railroad tracks, with capacity for record.

four more; is to be of a single span, The Supreme Court of the United and stand as high from the water as States has affirmed the decision of the the present Brooklyn bridge. Its construction must begin within three Circuit Court in the case brought on years, and end within ten years. This behalf of Miss Isabella Lee to recover bridge, if built, will excel the famous possession of the Fort Hill plantation devised to the State by the late Thomss G. Clemson, for the establishment

The signs of discontent among die

Republicans of the Northwest are be-

quarte . Speaking of the outlook in

Iowa it says: "The Republican ma-

jority, which used to be the largest in

any of the States, has dwindled to fig-

uses that imply early and complete loss

The New York Legislature last year

educted a statute the like of which:

should be adopted in every State. It-

provides that persons intending to en-

examination in arithmetic, grammar:

geography, American history, English

literature and natural philosophy.

university in accordance with fixed

of power."

rule-.

The End of a Libel Suit. of an agricultural college. The se COLEMBIA, S. C., April 9.-The libel cision settles the State's right to thes suit for \$20,000 damages, brought by Anna B. and George B. Mosely, of property.

Chester, against Chas. A. Calvo, Jr., proprietor of the Columbia Register, for publishing damaging reports coming so pronounced that even the against the character of Mrs. Mosely, ended this evening. The jury in stalwart S. Louis Globe-Democrat aptwenty-one minutes rendered a verpreheuds trouble for its party in that dict for the defendant.

A Heavy Storm.

UNION, S. C., April 9.- A cyclone passed over this section this afternoon at 5 o'clock, doing considerable damage. Several houses were crushed by falling trees. A colored man and was blown off his mule. and his arm was broken. The worst of the cyclone was above the town, doing more damage there than in this im- ter a medical college shall arst pass and mediate vicinity.

Forth bridge.

-The official organ of the negroes in North Carolina announces that a This examination must be conducted,

State convention of negroes is to be | pot by the faculty of the medical colheld soon to consider the question of lege which the applicant proposes to cutting adrift from the white politi- enter, but by the regents of the State cians, who, it is alleged, have year after year misled the negro, preved

upon him and used him as a tool. The negroes are greatly stirred up. and say that to save their manhood they must take such action as that proposed.

-Matilda Louise Shumack, fifteen years old, diedat St. Johns, N. B., on it proposes to substitute the raising of Monday from an electric shock, the right hand in formal recognition racks she touched an electric lamp croit the words "so help me God" as -It is learned that Harper's Ferry with an iron poker, and at the same superflueus. The House killed the Henry county, Ky., was almost com- time she unconsciously caught an bill on the idea that the present form pletely destroyed by the tornado. iron post, this completing the circuit. The village, composed of less than She received a heavy shock and after of oath is familiar and that any innoagony.

The Maryland Senate recently passed by an almost upanimous vote a bill to amend the law relating to official oaths so as to abolish the custom of kissing the Bible. For this coremony While at the Salvation Army bar- of the solemnity of the oath and to-

to the average witness.

the Fairfield Journal gives the following description of the home-like appearance of the Maine Supreme Court room during the present term of court: "Ladies in the gallery bring their needlework and sit out the long hours of the session. It is interesting to watch them threading needles, tieing knots, basting, occasionally pausing to catch some portion of the evidence and again to on a mule was struck by the cyclone confide in a neighbor something relative to some new-comer, interspersed with the slight click of the scissors.

all of which tends to impress the lookers-on with the solemnity of the

occasion, and adds perceptibly to the 'home-like' appearance of our judi-

> An Edgefield Murderer Captured. COLUMBIA, S. C., April 9.-Whitfield

Queer Scenes in a Maine Court.

cial residence.

Murrell, one of the convicted mur-

derers of Paul Younce, who escaped

there are altogether too many farms.

The Wheat Crop.