



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

There was no signature. None was needed. Ralph Trenholme was desperately angry. He chafed like a caged lion. This woman whom he did not love, whom he married solely to please another, was dishonoring his proud name, and making him merely a tool to play upon with her subtle wit, at her own pleasure. He shut his hand like a vise. Thus would he crush her power to disgrace him further, he said, hoarsely. When she did return, she should give an account to him for these mysterious absences, or he would make her a prisoner to the Rock.

On the night of the third day he found her sewing quietly in her little private sitting room. She looked up coolly as he entered.

"It is a fine evening, Mr. Trenholme," she remarked, indifferently.

He laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and bent his dark, fiery eyes upon hers. She met the gaze without flinching.

"Madam, where have you been?" he asked, in a voice hoarse with anger.

She shook herself loose from his grasp.

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, quietly.

"I ask you, where you have been?"

"And I don't choose to tell you."

"You must tell me. I will take no cold evasions! Tell me, or by the heavens above you, you will repent it!"

The red leaped into her cheek.

"Do you command?"

"Ay, I command! and the sooner you obey the better!"

"And I shall not obey. There is the bell! I am going down."

She rose, lifted her arm to put her work into a hanging basket. In so doing her sleeve fell away from the wrist and her husband noticed that the heavy garnet bracelet she had always worn was missing.

"I don't see you bracelet?" he said, half inquiringly.

"I have laid it aside. Garnets are not so becoming to me as they were before I lost my color."

He detained her a moment to say, in a voice low and deep with stern determination:

"Imogene, you will consider yourself an inmate of the Rock for the remainder of the winter—for all time, until you explain to me this mystery. I leave it with you to decide, whether I shall confine you to a single room with bolts and bars, or give you the liberty of the whole place, and let your word of honor be the chain that keeps you here. Decide!"

She looked up into his hard face, and her own set lines softened. She remembered how she loved him. It made her a simple woman, ready to obey the man she loved.

"I will remain here. I will not go away. I give you my word, and it shall be a chain."

"Very well," he said, "so be it." Then in a gentler tone, as if suddenly recollecting that she was a woman—"Any time when you deign to explain this mystery, I will listen gladly, for it goes against my will to use this semblance of cruelty."

Mrs. Trenholme bowed loftily, and went up to her chamber. After that, she spent most of her time in her room. In vain her husband's mother urged her to come out of her retirement. She always had some reasonable excuse for her conduct and after a while she was left to herself. Ralph she scarcely saw now, save at meal time. He never came to her; never spoke a soft word to her. He never looked at her, even when she had spent long hours in making herself beautiful, hoping to attract his attention.

Business called him to Boston for a week. He merely announced the fact at table, and went away without any leave-taking. He did not see the ghastly pale face that from her window watched him ride away; he did not know that for hours after his departure his wife lay in a heap upon the floor, not weeping—women like her seldom weep—but breathing great shuddering cries.

"O heavens!" she moaned, "for his love I have risked everything, and behold he hates me!"

Ralph returned home about 11 one cold stormy night. He took his horse to the stable himself, without disturbing the hostler, and came to the house by a path through the garden. The sound of his wife's voice from behind a clump of evergreens arrested him. The night was dark and he stopped and listened. He was a man of the strictest sense of honor, but under the circumstances he felt no scruples about hearing what was not intended for his ear.

"I tell you this must never occur again!" she said, in a low, firm tone. "If it does—" The remainder of the sentence was spoken in a whisper.

"Beware how you threaten!" hissed the voice of a man. "I have the power yet! and if you do not deal softly, madam, I will not hesitate to—"

"Hush!" she said, quickly; "the very air has ears. Do not come if you need more. Write to me. You know the place where letters reach me. Take this, and go."

She put something into his hand.

Ralph pressed forward, and peered through the bushes, but it was so dark he could discern nothing beyond the outlines of a tall, dark figure, heavily bearded and wrapped in an immense shawl. For a moment he was tempted to rush forth and annihilate them both on the spot, but prudence held him back. He would wait and watch. So he stood quietly in the shadow, while Imogene returned to the house, and her companion went down the path leading to the shore. Ralph Trenholme ground his teeth in rage. He was a proud man, and he did not love this woman who was his wife. He had no love to wound, but she hurt his pride. He could not bear a dishonored name.

CHAPTER X.

THE close of a boisterous day in March, a traveling carriage stopped before Trenholme house, and a little figure wrapped in furs alighted. She inquired for Miss Trenholme and Agnes went down to find Helen Fulton.

The girl's embrace cordially.

"Something sent me here, Agnes!" said Helen. "Goodness knows I didn't want to come! for there was Hal Howard just ready to pop the question to me, and Sam Jenkins wanting to awfully and I hadn't my pink Thibit dress half flounced and papa couldn't very well spare me, but I had to come! Letitia was cross. Just between you and me she's half in love with Hal Howard herself, and he's got the sweetest moustache! And how do you do, dear? and how did you get through that awful journey?"

"I am very well, and I was in time," returned Agnes. "Come into the sitting-room now, and let me present you to the family."

"Are there any gentlemen?"

"None except my brother."

Helen made a comical wry face.

"Then I needn't brush my hair, nor put on any of my sweet things, nor any of my nice little smiles, need I? Women never notice such trifles, and as for old married men—bah!"

Agnes conducted her into the sitting-room. Imogene was there with Mrs. Trenholme. She did not look up as they entered. She seemed absorbed in thought. She sat silent a great deal now. Her white hands were crossed on her lap, her great eyes fixed on the snow-covered landscape without. She was dressed in heavy black silk, and wore no ornaments. The elder Mrs. Trenholme kissed the young guest, and bade her welcome. Then Agnes led her up to Imogene and named them to each other.

It was a decided case of mutual antagonism. Both were repelled strongly, though both refused to let it be known by word or gesture. Their hands met, but the touch was like ice and snow.

The moment Helen and Agnes were alone the former said:

"Who is that woman?"

"My mother, and—"

"I mean the one with the eyes."

"She is my brother's wife."

"Does he love her?"

"He married her," replied Agnes, a little proudly. "Men do not usually marry women for whom they do not care."

"O, I don't know about that," said Helen, gravely. "I think they do. Men are nuisances. Did you know it, dear? But then they are nice to help you out of carriages and put on your shawl and pick up your scissors, and spool cotton, when you drop them on purpose. Sometimes I think I wish there hadn't been any men, but then when I want to talk nonsense to somebody, and have somebody to tell me how pretty I am, I'm right glad there was a masculine gender in Murray's grammar. Where was that queenly Imogene when your brother's first love was murdered?"

"She was here. She was to have been one of the bridesmaids."

"Ah! What a delightful tea rose you have!" she rattled on; and looking at her gay, careless face, an indifferent observer would not have believed that she ever had a serious thought in her life.

Helen had not been long at the Rock before she got a hint of the haunted chamber and she at once made friends with the servant, and obtained the whole story. Instantly she made a resolve. She meant to sleep in that room, and fathom the mystery. She was a girl of strong nerve and undaunted courage, and not by any means inclined to superstition. During the day she made the chamber a visit without the knowledge of any of the household.

It was a large lofty room, with white ceilings and paper hangings of a pale rose color and white. It had been sumptuously furnished, but now the dust lay thick and dark over everything. The great windows were hung with cobwebs and the closed blinds gave admittance to no ray of sunshine. There was the bed, unmade, where she had last slept. By Ralph's orders it had remained undisturbed ever since.

Helen touched the costly trinkets on the table with something like awe—remembering who had used them last. There was a knot of ribbon that the murdered girl had worn on her bosom; there, too, was the little gold brooch that had fastened her collar. In a closet hung the bridal dress, spotted with blood, side by side with the stiffened and stained veil, to which the dead orange flowers yet clung. Their petals crumbled to dust beneath the touch of Helen, and emitted a faint, sickly sweetness.

"Helen Fulton, are you afraid?" asked the girl of herself, putting her hand on her heart to see if it beat quicker than its wont. "No," she said. "Helen is not afraid. Not at all. Won't it be splendid to tell grandchildren, that their courageous grandmother slept in a genuine haunted chamber? Won't the little darlings creep into bed in a hurry and wrap their heads up under the coverlet?"

When night arrived, Helen excused herself early and went up to her chamber. She dressed herself in a thick, warm dress, put a heavy shawl over her shoulders and making sure that the lamp was full of oil, she made her noiseless way to the haunted chamber, entered, and locking the door behind her, put the key in her pocket. She meant to be secure from all intrusion. Ghosts, she agreed would not need to open the door to get in, if they were orthodox ones. The lamp burned brightly and lighted up every nook and corner of the apartment. Helen did not mean to go to bed; she sat on the sofa and crocheted, laughing a little to herself, at the idea of watching a ghost and crocheting a sonnet at the same time. A dead silence reigned. The wind which had blown through the day subsided and not even a deathwatch ticked in the wainscot. The old clock chimed 10, then 11—Helen's bright eyes began to droop. She was growing decidedly sleepy, and before she knew it her head had sunk to the arm of the sofa and she was asleep!

The consciousness of some presence beside her own woke her suddenly. She started up and rubbed her eyes. A cold current of air swept over her, chilling her from head to foot. The door into the passage stood wide open and her lamp swayed in the blast of air like a willow tossed by autumn gales; and just behind the great arm chair where Marina had sat when the fatal blow was struck, stood a tall figure enveloped in gauzy white, and upon her head and over her face was the bridal, blood-stained veil—Helen could have sworn it! The right hand of the spectre, the long, delicate, marble-white hand was extended toward the chair; the other was tightly pressed against her heart.

Helen took a step forward, but before she could lay a hand upon the strange presence it returned, dropped the veil upon the floor and vanished through the open door. Helen gave pursuit, but the long corridor was empty—there did not linger behind even so much as the echo of a foot. For this time the girl was baffled. But one thing she remembered. The door of that chamber had been unlocked and the phantom had forgotten to lock it after her; she was unable, it appeared, to pass through keyholes, like the spirits Helen felt acquainted with, through the medium of various novels she had read surreptitiously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FALL OF BOGU.

He Used to Be a Divinity, but He Is Plain "Bug" Now.

Contact with the Aryan race has played the mischief with the Indians, but it brought others low, also, says the New York Press. Long ago there was a divinity called Bogu or Boghu, or Bagalos. By and by Bagalos sunk to a spook. He became a pooka to scare Irish peasantry with, a horrible being that came at night to suck blood from the living. He turned into a bogymen, or, as it is sometimes pronounced in the west, "boager-man." That is nearer to what the original sound must have been. Note also in this connection that fine-tooth combs are used in order to catch "boagers." Poor Bogu took two or three paths, all downward. Not only did he turn into a common terror but he became a sort of bogus terror. In fact the word "bogus" itself came from his name. He is a scare with nothing back of him, a ghost that turns out to be a white stump. He is a bugaboo, a bugbear, an imaginary difficulty. He degenerates into a sprite that plays tricks on sleepers, knots their hair, upsets the milkpans and the like. He is Puck, the joker, and nobody respects the jester. But worse is yet to follow. In one edition of the bible it reads: "The sun shall not hurt thee by day, nor the bug by night." It reads now: "The terror by night," but the word has gone out and now the despair of cleanly housewives, the occasion of the sale of so much stuff warranted death to every cimeter, bears the name of the deity in whose honor altars smoked.

As Usual.

St. Peter—Are they all here? Gabriel—All but New York and Philadelphia.

St. Peter—What's the matter with them? Gabriel—I couldn't wake Philadelphia and New York had to get her hairy out of pawn.—Judge.

Belonged to His Wife.

"Did you see Jabberson last night spending money like a prince?"

"Like a prince? He blew it about \$4. Do you call that like a prince?"

"Sure. The money was his wife's."—Indianapolis Journal.

The dress to be worn by the Empress of Russia at the coronation ceremonies next year has just been ordered in Paris. It is to be decorated with pearls and gold, and will cost \$250,000.

AT VALLEY FORGE.

VALLEY Forge is a rough piece of ground on the banks of the Schuylkill, twenty-one miles from Philadelphia and six from the nearest large town. As mere land, it is not worth much. But if the Pass of Thermopylae is classic ground, Valley Forge is classic. If there is one spot on this continent more fit than any other for a final and sufficient monument to the man and to the men of the American Revolution, it is Valley Forge. I do not refer merely to the hunger, thirst and cold endured there by eleven thousand soldiers, after an exhausting campaign in the field. The worst of all that misery was over in six weeks. The suffering was acute while it lasted, but it was followed soon by comparative abundance; then by the cheering news of the French alliance; then by the flight of the enemy from Philadelphia, and the swift pursuit of them by Gen. Washington. What the troops endured there would alone make the place forever interesting to posterity. But Valley Forge means more than that. It witnessed some of the most important and striking scenes in the war. It was there, too, through the constancy and tireless energy of the commander-in-chief, that the cause was saved and final victory made possible. The selection of the ground was itself a piece of notable generalship, as daring as it was wise. The occupation of Philadelphia by the British had filled every other town of Pennsylvania with refugees. The middle of December had passed before the army had repulsed the last demonstration of the British, and afforded the American commander breathing time to consider the question of his winter quarters. Then he said, in substance, to the troops: Since there is no town for us to retire to,

duty, from the major-generals to the drummers. All the tools were fairly divided; each regiment had its ground assigned it; the streets and intervals were marked out, and when the work was begun the valley was alive with busy builders.

Each colonel divided his regiment into parties of twelve, gave them their share of axes and shovels, and let them know that they were building a home for themselves. A cabin was to be occupied by twelve men. Gen. Washington added the stimulant of a reward to the party that should build the best hut. An order of the day had this interesting passage:

"As an encouragement to industry and art, the general promises to reward the party in each regiment which finishes its hut in the quickest and most workmanlike manner with twelve dollars. And as there is reason to believe that boards for covering the huts may be found scarce and difficult to be got, he offers one hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who, in the opinion of three gentlemen that he shall appoint as judges, shall substitute some other covering that may be cheaper and more quickly made, and will in every respect answer the end."

The huts were fourteen feet by sixteen, and six and a half feet high. The officers' huts were ranged in a line behind those of the soldiers, and only generals were accorded the convenience of having a whole house to themselves. Gen. Washington inhabited a cabin of one room until later in the season, when a second was added for the accommodation of Mrs. Washington. He said, in another order of the day, that "the general himself will share in the hardships and partake of every inconvenience."

It does not appear that any one invented a better roofing than slabs, nor has any one recorded what company of soldiers won the twelve-dollar prize. We only know that the cabin-building was begun early in the morning of December 19, and that most of the army would have eaten their Christmas dinner in their cabins if there had been any Christmas dinner to eat. It was just then that the worst of the starving time began. While the men were building their cabin city they lived chiefly upon cakes made of flour and water, and there was a lamentable scarcity of all the most necessary supplies—shoes, clothes, blankets and straw. Nothing saved the army from dissolution but the fiery remonstrances and energetic action of the commander-in-chief. There is preserved at Philadelphia a hand-bill issued by him while the army was building its huts. In this he notified the farmers to thrash out their grain with all convenient speed, on pain of having the sheaves seized by the commissaries and paid for at the price of straw. The conduct of the commander during these agonizing weeks can only be estimated aright by persons familiarly acquainted with the circumstances. No man ever gave a higher example either of fortitude or wisdom; and it was directly through the exercise of those virtues by him that the army was saved. While the men were busy building, news was brought to the camp that a force of the enemy was approaching. The troops were in such dire need of food and shoes that they were unable to stir. There was not a pound of meat in the camp, and not a ration of flour per man. It was while he was contending with such difficulties as these that the intrigue to supplant the general was most active and the clamor loudest for a winter campaign.

"I can assure those gentlemen," wrote the general, "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a good fire-side, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets."

This dispatch to the president of congress abounds in force and pathos, and shows how much better a writer its author was than any man who ever

wrote for him. If I were asked to mention the finest exhibition that a commander has ever given of great qualities, both of heart and mind, I should answer: Washington at Valley Forge. One unexpected consolation that he enjoyed at this period was the affectionate enthusiasm of Lafayette, then just recovering from his wound received at Brandywine. The young and ardent Frenchman, in his letters to his wife and family, gives the warmest expression to his love and admiration. He speaks of Washington as a man expressly "made for" the work he was doing, he alone having the patience and tact to conciliate the discordant elements.

"Every day," wrote the marquis, "I admire more the beauty of his character and of his soul. Jealous intriguers wish to tarnish his reputation, but his name will be revered in all ages by every one who loves liberty and humanity."

Many such passages, written in one of the log-cabins of Valley Forge, I notice in the family letters of the youthful enthusiast. In such circumstances, the American army was reconstructed, reinforced, becomingly clad, well drilled, and at last abundantly supplied, while the English were circumscribed so closely that it required two regiments to escort a foraging party, if it went more than two miles into the country. Valley Forge it was that rendered the possession of Philadelphia a trap instead of a capture. June 18, 1778, Gen. Washington received information that the British had secretly and suddenly evacuated Philadelphia. He was in such perfect readiness for the news, that, within an hour, six brigades were on the march for the Delaware river. The next day, he himself joined the advance. Ten days after the first troops left their cabins in Pennsylvania, he fought the battle of Monmouth, which turned their retreat into a flight and shut them up in New York. If neither congress nor Pennsylvania shows an inclination to possess the scene of so many memorable events, then let some patriotic capitalist convert it into a summer resort.

Washington's Farming Operations.

Washington inherited Mount Vernon in 1759 from his half-brother, Lawrence Washington, who died in 1757. This brother had a daughter Sarah, who was heiress to the estate, but she died two years later and the property then reverted to George, who was then just 27 years old. The estate then comprised less than 3,000 acres, but soon after he came into possession he added 5,500 acres by purchase, which gave him ten miles of river front. Then began the system of improvements and cultivation which subsequently made Mount Vernon the most valuable landed property in Virginia. He drained the land wherever needed, he rotated crops, got the best farm implements then in existence, built and repaired fences, had his grain mill, his own distillery, had his own smithy for repairing tools, his own carpenter shop, idiom, and he built scores of houses and cabins for his slaves. His five farms ranged from 1,000 to 3,000 acres each, and each farm had its overseer and its allotment of negroes and stock.

carefully restoring the old camp roads, marking all the sites and making the place an object-lesson in history.—James Parton in New York Ledger.

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