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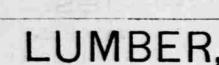
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orders from the country and along the line of the Union little face again and again. "Papa's which had occasioned so much alarm. thought she was going to faint and sprang erable fact," replied Colonel Marchmont, to it, I saw Portia stoop and take some righteous fury. Pacific Railway Solicited.

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be accommodated at all times. NEVILLE BLOCK.

A Transferred Identity.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

CHAPTER V. PORTIA'S HUSBAND. It is useless to attempt to analyze the emotions which possessed me during our return to the house. I was now confi-

woman and was deliberating upon ways and means for a speedy departure north-ward. And yet, when Portia's excite-ment had subsided, when we were back once more amid the flowers and foun-tains, she looked perfectly self contain-ed and sane. Hereyes had lost their un-Alone in my room I pondered upon but toward his wife he was as icy and the events of the day; Portia's fury when flinty as marble. Daphne brought her the flowers and her evident dislike of her child; her alarm at something contained in her husband's danger of being cast off, deserted, put ened her through her husband, whom | ened this tempest tossed soul.

the grounds.

What did it all mean? "Shall I stay or go?" I asked myself. gether once more. 'Shall I see this mystery to the end, or shall I fly from it? If trouble is hanging over Portia, ought I not to stand by and

give her all the aid in my power?" Then there was Colonel Marchmont. I owned to a woman's curiosity concerning him. I was anxious to see the man | Portia was a picture in her white satin whom Portia loved and as palpably gown, the laces of which were caught feared danger through him, she had said. here and there with clusters of scarlet

she felt she were going mad. Possibly stood intently regarding herself in the that was it; possibly she was alarmed | mirror, she sighed heavily. lest her husband should put her in a "Why do you sigh, Portia?" I asked as All these vagrant thoughts drifted | folds of her gown.

hinges and locks. Sometimes strange lights burned over drawing room.

answer, "Portia." I wakened, wearied and languid from

my feverish sleep. When I descended to breakfast, I found Daphne. This unexpected sight filled gloves. Suddenly he spoke: \$75,000. me with delight. The mother and daughter pelted each other with flowers, | in Atlanta?" he asked.

> I caught her eyes more than once fixed struck across her white shoulders. on me with an expression of distrust. "Why do you regard me so intently, Portia?" I suddenly asked her. "I was wondering, you little gray mouse, what you would do if you should

hear unkind things said of me-yes, more than unkind-dreadful, wicked, cruel deeds charged against me."
"Absurd!" I said laughingly. "What would you say, for example, if

honor; that I was a thief"-"Nonsense!" "That I was a murderer"-"Oh, hush, hush, Portia!" I cried, going over to her and taking her by the shoulders. "Why do you suggest such hateful thoughts? Put them away and

come out upon the piazza." "Yes," she said, with that strange air of proud humility I had noticed before, 'yes, I will come."

As we passed into the hall a servant approached us with the tidings that a carriage had just turned into the long venue leading to the mansion. "It is papa," shouted Daphne, dancing

Portia said nothing, but I felt her body from them. sway as if about to fall. I caught her in

"Why, Portia, I don't believe you are to talk over!" anxious to see him after all."

clinging to me, "remember that always her to stop at home. Really she ap ing told them. I decided that it would longing on her face. The colonel was in--whatever comes-remember, I loved peared too ill to go.

sprang to the ground. As he came up driven rapidly away. heavy masses of dark hair, threaded thinking over the little scene I had wit-

own baby," I heard him murmur.

hand. She seemed like a person in a loved her husband, it was Portia March-

you are well, Portia.' "Very well. And you?" "Never better."

friend, Prudence Mason, of whom you have heard me speak. Prudence, my

Colonel Marchmont shook hands in hospitable fashion and greeted me with a friendly little speech. I was vaguely conscious that my unexpected presence

appeared to be a relief to him. He soon went in to breakfast. Daphne ran after him. The child had lost all her dimidity and seemed to me to look den- "This is no time to take a walk." antly at Portia. Her mother, on the other hand, wore the air of humility and clapping her hands, "yes, you and Somelancholy I had before observed.

courtesy, he unmistakably held her at turn in the garden. arm's length. Nor was I surprised when "Only as far as the arbor and back," I an hour later, coming from my room, I admitted. saw him enter a suite of rooms in quite "Yes, yes," laughed the delighted the opposite location from those of Por- child. tia. I at once realized one source of my We threw on our light wraps and set friend's grief. Loving her husband with out. The moon was full and sent down the fiery intensity of a warm, southern a flood of light, turning every leaf and

dent that I was in the company of a mad-

ves. of his servants and even his dogs,

letter; her intimation that danger threat- away-that was the evil which threatshe so evidently idolized, and her rage | Ah, poor Portia! I saw my duty when I attempted to open the closed gate | clearly now-to stay with her, comfort in that dreary out of the way corner of and solace her all in my power, and if it were possible bring this husband and

wife, drifting so dangerously apart, to-

IN THE ARBOR. The evening of Colonel Marchmont's return was given over to the ball of which mention has already been made. Again she had acknowledged that often verbenas. When she was dressed and

I pinned the last knot of flowers in the

through my mind, vexing, tormenting "Those red blossoms," she answered and questioning me, until wornout I dreamily. "I have a curious fancy about fell asleep. My dreams were confused them, Prudence. Do you know that and ever circled round that closed gate, they look like drops of blood?" Then Suddenly out of covered with low hanging vines curling catching my reproving expression she and twisting like green serpents over its laughed gayly, caught up her scarlet fan the shrubbery and a sound of hastily and hastened to join her husband in the withdrawing steps. The intruder had

though I felt it was there, and once I ously to see what effect his wife's beauty followed by the moaning, gasping Sodreamed I stood before it and heard had upon him, but he regarded her as phie hurried to the house. There was three awful and measured knocks, and coldly as ever. I began to be furious speedily a group of frightened servants on crying out "Who is there?" received | with this calm, self contained man, who about us, to whom, with much spluttershowed so plainly his utter indifference ing and many groans, Sophie related the to the beautiful woman he possessed. He had taken her white cloak from her and thrown it over his arm as he

ran races and danced together. Sud- I was standing near Portia, indeed denly Portia cried out pettishly that she had just stretched out my hands to as- forward. was wearied of such nonsense and re- sist her with the troublesome glove. I lapsed into a gloomy mood, during which saw her shiver as if a cold wind had "Yes," she said in a low voice.

> nel-Marchmont continued. "Yes," she breathed rather than spoke. Her husband looked intently at her

through narrowing eyelids. "Well, I must say that you do not some one were to come in that door and | you have not seen since you were boy | tell you that I had betrayed faith and and girl together. Now, Maurice could

you look, dress, talk and act were questions he was continually asking. I told him his legal training had evidently become second nature, for he kept me on the witness stand constantly. You must know, Miss Mason, that Manrice Raymond is my wife's only living relative. He was born and brought up on her fa-ther's plantation, and the two were like Tom followed and said mysteriously, brother and sister."

"Oh, yes!" I said, "I used often, Portia, to hear you speak of your brother

Portia turned a white, hunted face toward me. Her lips moved as if she were about to speak, but no sound issued

"Let me see," said her husband as he my arms. She was trembling, pale and carelessly threw her cloak over her shoulders, "it must be 15 years since "Compose yourself, dear," I urged, you saw him. How much you will have

The greenish light of excitement had "Oh, yes," she murmured faintly. died from Portia's face, and as she took "Yes, I thirst for a sight of his face. My her husband's arm she looked so wan, love - my love - Prudence," suddenly haggard and old I was temped to beg Then they would blame me for not hav- up behind her husband with a look of me.

The carriage dashed up to the steps. Colonel Marchmont handed her in, foland a tall, well built, athletic man lowed, shut the door, and they were

face when her cousin's name was men-Daphne flung herself into his arms. | tioned I did not doubt that the news of He pressed the child with a tender, call his coming had been the unwelcome anressing grace to his heart and kissed her nouncement in her husband's letter her hand and shivered on the table. I "Yes, I have not forgotten that intol-And why? What possible danger could to her assistance. During this meeting Portia stood back, this relative bring her? On the contrary. "No, no," she said weakly, "it is nothwhite, trembling, and with eyes fixed why did she not welcome his advent as upon the ground. When Colonel March- a relief to the monotony of her life? It mont put the child down, she moved for- was not possible she was in love with ward and mechanically held out her this cousin? No, no. If ever a woman

I saw Colonel Marchmont start, then My musings were interrupted by littaking the outstretched hand he barely the Daphne, who had been allowed to touched it with his lips, saying, "I hope sit up and watch her mother's toilet for the ball. She ran toward me, screaming in pretended fright, from her nurse Sophie, who wished to put her to bed, "Let me introduce an old school I took her in my arms and kissed her. "Good night, darling."

> "Don't want to go to bed," she announced in shrill, childish treble; "wants to sit up with you." "Laws now, Miss Daphne, come on," urged Sophie.

> "No, no," cried the child; "no, won't go to bed till Auntie Prudence takes me "A walk now at 9 o'clock!" I said.

"Yes," cried Daphne, dancing and phie and me-down to the arbor and Never had I witnessed so cold a greet- back. Then I'll be good and go to bed." ing between husband and wife. While I could not resist the child's pleading Colonel Marchmont treated Portia with and told Sophie we would go for a short

nature, she yet was an unloved wife.

Still Colonel Marchmont was a man of The fountains were splashing softly, and kindness, amiability and affection. He the birds faintly twittered in their nests. showed it in his treatment of his child- It was a scene of enchantment-a veritable midsummer night's dream.

We came to the arbor, and entering it Miss Prudence, all the overseers in Georsat down for a moment.

face-a face which peered in through the she touches a hair of Daphne's head." honeysuckles at us with sinister eyes. During the colonel's long speech Porbloodcurdling and evil grin.

apron over her head and shrieked in ter- froze her features was awful to see. She

Daphne did not scream, but buried her head in my lap. "Who are you?" I demanded.



its top and again darkness veiled it, I watched Colonel Marchmont curi- I snatched Daphne up in my arms, and

I went to the nursery with Daphne and did not leave her until she was Portia laughing and romping gayly with stood waiting while she buttoned her sound asleep. Theu, with my nerves still considerably shaken, I went down "Did I write you that I met Maurice to the piazza. Tom, the old white headed butler, was standing near the dining room window, and upon seeing me came

"Sorry you got such a scah, miss," he said, "an de little lady too. Dat's too denly he raised his arms and cried out bad. But dat fool Sophie-wot she want "And that he is coming here next to tell all de niggahs foh? Be all obah week to stay a few days with us?" Colo- de plantation befo' midnight, an ebery niggah on de place 'll be moh scahed

dan eber." "Scared of what, Tom?" I asked. "Waal," said he, scratching his woolly show much interest in the cousin who thin, for nuffin riles missus moh, but I'll was like a brother to you and whom depend upon you sayin nuffin, miss"-

"Go on," I said hastily. "Waal, miss," his voice sunk to a whisnot end his catechism about you. How per, "wat you saw in de arboh was a voodoo from Dead Man's swamp."

I shivered involuntarily. "Nonsense!" "Yes, miss, 'deed it was. An dey is sayin now down in de kitchen dat it was | Portia, and in the next cries out to her aftah little missy's heart."

"Tom, I'm ashamed of you," I said as I went in the hall, took my candle and 'Please, miss, don't let missus know nuffin 'bout wat happened tonight."

"I'll think about it, Tom," I answered as I slowly went up the stairs.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD JEZEBEL. It was a serious question with me whether I should speak of the startling experience of the evening. At first I de- room I bethought me of a book in which cided to hold my peace. The excitement would soon pass, and Portia and her hus-

band would be none the wiser. But I reflected that they might catch a whisper from the tattling negroes and demand the story of the occurrence. be better to tell the father and mother | tent upon his newspaper and did not | ing with her back toward me, as fixed | woman back through the gate, shut and

at the first opportunity. Breakfast next morning was late. I rose at an early hour, but chose to wait and cat with Portia and the colonel. the steps I saw a broad, low brow, with For a long time I sat upon the piazza After they had come down and I had received a glowing description of the revels fronted her with an awful face, white, | the same position absolutely as rigid as ture. When I heard Portia plotting the with silver, eyes dark and full of sorrow, nessed. From the terror and dismay of the night before, as quietly and briefly a soldierly mustache, a strong chin and which had so suddenly crept in Portia's as possible I told of the fright we had re-

"The most awful face I ever saw," I

ing-never mind-only the alarm one would naturally feel." "She does love her child, after all," I said exultantly to myself.

As for the colonel-he swore roundly. "That devilish old hag!" he cried, bringing his shapely brown fist down on the table, "I'll have her chained up. She shan't go round my plantation frightening people out of their senses." "Oh, you know who it was then?" I

eagerly cried. "Yes, from your description it could have been no other than old Jezebel, a nigger at least 100 years old. She belonged to my father. She has never had her freedom, but carries on as if she had. She won't stay on the plantation-has built herself a wretched little hut off in the swamp and lives there, doing God



knows what-muttering incantations, "No wonder the child hated to go to weaving spells, gathering herbs and bed," I said to Sophie as the little one brewing witches broth, I reckon. The went dancing down the walk before us. | niggers are as afraid of her as they are "Laws, yes, miss," responded Sophie, of the evil one. They won't even pro-"dat pore chile did tease powahful nounce her name if they can avoid it, and as for venturing in the swamp, why,

gia couldn't drive any of my people I can see it all now as I write. The there. And yet I have heard in many arbor overhung with dangling, perfume laden honeysuckles; the little girl capering about, her black eyes flashing in the moonlight; Sophie's ebon face, white apron and snowy cap, and even the lit-tle wooden doll which Daphne had Maurice comes, some night I'll take Jake lugged along, stating that Dolly must and one or two stout niggers, and we'll go over there and see what's going on. Suddenly out of the moonlight came a As for old Jezebel, I'll burn her alive if

Long white straggling hair fell around tia's eyes blazed with defiance and anger. it, and the toothless gums mouthed in a Once or twice she seemed on the point of speaking, but bit her lips as if to re- Your dance is more suitable to the or-I saw it first, then Sophie, then the strain the impetuous speech that trembled behind them. But when her hus-A scream broke the stillness of the band spoke of visiting the swamp with night. It was Sophie who threw her her cousin the absolute terror which

half staggered to her feet. "No, Jermyn, no!" she cried wildly. tone There was no answer. The hideous near them. They will tear out your have work there, Prudence.

face disappeared. 'There was a rustle in heart." "Tear out my heart!" cried the colo- fled up the stairs. But she made no annel contemptuously. "I'd like to see swer. Only her taunting laughter floated one of that crew tear any part of my down. I heard her slam the door of her her threat, "Jermyn Marchmont shall anatomy. Silly girl, your terror of the room and knew that in all probability voodoos is something I cannot compre- we should not see her again that evenhend. Did you ever hear anything so ing, as it was the custom to take her ridiculous, Miss Prudence? But it is nightly leave in some such unceremoalwaysso. I can't mention the swamp or | nious fashion. repeat the rumors of what is supposed to | Nor did Colonel Marchmont return. I go on there but my wife straightway read an hour or so, then went to my fearful work going on. I must save her. falls to greaning and shivering. Por- room. I heard his heavy tread later as I would. tia, you used to have more sense."

Though Colonel Marchmont did not settled down over the great house.

Later, when Daphne ran about the grounds, she was closely followed by

going about the plantation examining the quarters and consulting with his prowling outside in the hall.

It was just at sunset that, coming along one of the winding garden paths, I saw the colonel through a row of shrubbery on my right. He was walking slowly, his head bent in reflection, his hands behind him. Unconsciously be was talking aloud. I caught a snatch or two of his conversation with himself

"How I hate her!" he was saying. "How I loathe her! Suffer! Good God, did ever a man suffer so?" Then sudin tones of bitter anguish: "Oh, Portia! Oh, my wife-my wife!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUDACIOUS DANCE. I drew back, startled and amazed. After his despairing outburst Colonel head, "I shouldn't ought fer to say any. Marchmont resumed his walk, head bent and hands clasped behind him. I watched him pass out of sight at a turn of the shrubbery.

"Well," I said aloud to myself, "that certainly is about the most astonishing feature yet of this remarkable business. In one instant the colonel declares with an emphasis which leaves little doubt of his earnestness that he hates and loathes in accents imploring enough to melt a heart of stone. My private opinion is that the entire Marchmont family is

At dinner that evening I particularly remarked Portia's beauty. Never had she been so radiant. Her eyes glittered as if she had been drinking champagne, and her cheeks glowed like roses. I could not keep my eyes from her fascinating face and grew more and more incensed at the cold, silent man who re-

garded her so indifferently. After we had gone into the drawing I was greatly interested, and excusing soon discovered I was going toward the myself went into the library to find it. | swamp. Returning a few minutes later, I was the forced witness of a most painful scene. The door between the rooms was open,

perceive her until she put both white and motionless as a granite figure. One locked it and hurried away. her cheek upon his head. He sprang from his chair as if a ser-

stern, contemptuous. "How dare you?" he said in a low voice, vibrant with hatred. "Oh, Jermyn, forgive me! Love me was saying when Portia's glass fell from after all. I am your wife," begged Portia.

> with studied coldness. Then he hurried thing from her pocket. Then she tore This creature scheming at midnight to Portia came flying toward me like a whirlwind. Her eyes blazed. With one clinched hand she struck at her heart. "Prudence," she cried, "he will kill me.

But first"-She broke off and burst into demoniacal laughter. Then, calming a bit, she continued: "No, I will not tell you, you soft little mouse, what I will do. Jermyn Marchmont shall know one day what he has accomplished tonight."

"Portia, what is it?" I asked. "What

s this mystery which surrounds you"-Instantly I saw that look of cunning spring to her face. "Mystery!" she repeated almost gayly.
"Absurd! There is no mystery. My

she waltzed me up and down the hall. As soon as I could disengage myself gestion. from her embrace I stepped back. But same time there was something both human beings. grotesque and frightful about the wild dance in which she indulged. Her face grew wicked, her postures audacious.

For little by little had the appalling and frequent doses, as it contains nothing injurious. 50 cent bottles for sale by A. F. Streitz and North All I could think of was La Carmagnole or the mad tarantella of one writhing

in a death agony. "For heaven's sake, Portia, stop!" I cried at last. She only laughed mockingly and

whirled faster than ever.

Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.

ed his face sobered her. She stopped in coremonies, all strengthened my opin-confusion and began nervously twisting ion. Yes, I firmly believed my old friend up her hair and arranging her draperies. | to be a disciple of this ghastly school. "Really, Portia," Colonel Marchmont gies of Dead Man's swamp than to a

It was a brutal speech, and it told. Portia stared gloomily after her husband as he went out upon the piazza, and then, turning to me, said in an under-

gentleman's house.'

"Do not go in the swamp! Keep away | "You heard what he said? Well, since from it, I beg, I implore you! Don't go he sends me to the swamp, I'll go. I

"What do you mean?" I cried as she

he went to his apartments, then silence frightened wife was scarcely veiled. He strange influence oppressed me. At times exhausted in the thick tangles of creeprose, put on his hat and stalked moodily I was conscious of a premonition of impending trouble. Something was surely about to happen. What was it?

It was nearly midnight when I dis-Jake, one of the brawny overseers, and tinctly heard a distant door open and

> "Is it a burglar?" I asked myself, "or a belated servant?" With every nerve quivering like a violin string I listened. The footsteps went toward the stairway -yes-down it. Then I heard the great hall floor softly open and close. I opened my window and stepped out

> command a view of the hall door, broad portico and garden. A figure was flitting down the winding path. I knew the graceful, sinuous gait. It was Portia.

hour of night?" I said. Then suddenly for I have work there, Prudence."

I hastened back to my room, threw a shawl over my shoulders, unlocked my finished—do you hear?—finished. If you door, stole down the dark hall and stair- | don't act, I shall," and she shook the



way and out into the garden. Follow-

The moon, which had been partially obscured by a mass of drifting clouds, now emerged and sent a flood of mellow and as I approached I saw Portia steal | light down upon the broad path before

arms about his throat and tenderly laid hand was extended toward the moon. I I did not stop her. Cold and rigid I fingers. It was a knife!

> away the long green vines and thrust deliver an innocent child into the hands this object into the keyhole. I heard the of human devils as a sacrifice perhaps creaking of a lock and then of rusty to their evil and unknown god was no hinges. The mysterious gate slowly longer to be regarded as a mother, as a opened. Portia vanished. I heard the woman, but as a fiend to be conquered.

CHAPTER IX. THE RETURN. Crouched by the gate, I waited. Wait-

ed for what? I was at a loss to know what course to must imprison her crazy mother. take. Ought I to return to the house, rouse Colonel Marchmont and tell him of this strange midnight visit of his wife to that terrible and uncanny place? Would it not increase his evident antiphusband has simply wearied of me. athy for her? I feared so, and as I was croup? If so, you should never be Nothing very mysterious about that, is sincerely anxious to bring the two to- without a bottle of Chamberlain's there?" and seizing me around the waist | gether instead of seeing them more wide- | Cough Remedy. It is a certain cure ly separated I decided against that sng- for croup, and has never been known

Portia went on dancing. She looked a her, beg her to confide all to me—to ex- vent the attack. It is the sole reliveritable Moenad as she whirled and waved her white arms and tossed back her disheveled hair. She was the most graceful creature imaginable, but at the

cated woman, was a victim of some un- Platte Pharmacy. holy spell; that she was in sympathy with those mysterious and inexplicable rites of Dead Man's swamp. Her fury

This was what had nearly wrecked said disdainfully, "I cannot admire your her reason, alienated her husband's afmethod of entertaining Miss Prudence. | fection and caused her to dislike her Was she to be blamed? "No," my heart cried out. No more than if she had by some chance become a victim of morphine or some other insidious drug. In

some fashion old Jezebel had obtained control of and enslaved her mistress. I was determined to break the spell and save my friends. But the knife-the knife! What was she doing with that glittering weapon with the keen, wicked blade? Oh, my poor Portia! Had she sought that grewsome spot to kill herself? I remembered remember one day what he has accomplished tonight." Oh, perhaps then, then, while I was standing idly and helplessly beside that carefully locked gate.

In desperation I shook the gate and beat upon it. I called-I moaned aloud speak unkindly, his impatience with his I did not feel like sleeping. Some in fear and agony and then sank down

somewhere away in the dim and awful

recesses of Dead Man's swamp there was

of hurried footsteps on the other side of

I started to my feet and crowded back an enormous bloodhound. With Sophie | shut. While I stood intently listening | out of sight among the vines. The key they formed quite an imposing guard of honor.

I heard soft footsteps gliding along the clicked in the lock, the gate swung open and Portia stepped hurriedly through my door. Although I had not disrobed, and stopped, looking about. Behind her and I did not see her again until even- I had put out the lights in my room, for in the moonlight I saw the awful face ing. Colonel Marchmont spent the day | which now I was devoutly thankful, as | which had looked in the arbor a night they would have been visible to any one or two before. Some instinct sounded a danger signal, and I repressed my inclination to spring forward and speak to

"I was sure I heard something." she murmured.

The old hag listened with bent head. "It was de wind, honey, an vet by de way de palms ob my hands prick I upon the balcony. I followed it to the know dah's danger lurkin somewhah. corner of the house, whence I could But go home-leab de chile to me, I'll tend to her. Eberyting goin' on all right. 'Twon't be long now foh ye's safe. I saw a black bat fly tree times cross de doah las' night, and de moon was streaked blood red-dem's good

"Why, where can she be going at this signs. Go home-go home." "Listen," said Portia, grasping the her words of the evening returned: "He old woman's arm. "I've heard your has sent me to the swamp, and I'll go, wretched prophecies long enough. I do not see that we are any nearer the end than we were months ago. I want it

kni'e in old Jezebel's face. "All right," muttered the other, "but



Portia stepped hurriedly through stopped, looking about. from the norf." She turned that way

and then suddenly wheeled about. "An dangeh from the souf-awful." Suddenly I saw Portia. She was stand- thing," said Portia as she pushed the old

saw something sparkling in her clinched stood, watching her fly up the path like a bird of prey. In those few minutes an For fully 10 minutes she stood there in entire revolution surged through my namarble. Suddenly her arm relaxed and destruction of her child-that dainty litfell by her side. Then she moved on. I the being to whom my lonely heart had gone out in love and sympathy-I felt I was presently aware that we were in like an avenging angel. The pity I had that corner of the grounds where the known for Portia vanished, and there closed gate was located. When we came was born in its stead an emotion of

key click on the opposite side. I was crushed-destroyed, if necessary. I would no longer hesitate. I saw my duty. At the first opportunity I would tell Colonel Marchmont that he was dealing with a mad woman, and that if he wished to protect little Daphne, his

idol, his baby, from an awful fate he [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Are your children subject to to fail. If given freely before the No, I would wait Portia's return, join croupy cough appears it will preger in giving this remedy in large

> Liver and Kidney Cure. Parks' Sure Cure is the only guaran-

whenever the subject of voodooism was teed remedy. Its action is quick and mentioned; her anxiety lest her husband positive. Will stop that backache and should visit the haunt of these night sick headache. A positive specific for all The door at the upper end of the hall opened suddenly, and her husband appeared. The look of disgust that cross-