From Darkness

BY MARY CECIL HAY

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.) But Corr saw only that it had done fide to her next day." the deadly work he had meant it to do, and that the man who had been writing Nora the hiding place of what by his hal fallen forward on the table now, and was utterly still-as no human form could be if life, however feeble, were not ext.net.

'Dead enough!" muttered Shan, creepeffectually. "We shall have no more of

A sudden start and turn, as-in a light ning flash-he became aware that he was not alone in the confederate darkness. A sudden wrench as he felt a touch upon him, and instinctively tried to shake it off in dread; and the next instant he was pinioned, and half a dozen men stood watching that wild stare of his into the face of Mr. Poynz, who had been the first to seize the murderer, and was now standing before him in the full light.

"Mr. Poyuz," shouted the lawyer from the open lighted doorway, as the armed constabulary marched their prisoner down the avenue, "he ought to have come in first to see his victim. Shall the officers bring him back?"

"No," said Mark, coming up to the door, and wondering much at the strange exultancy in Mr. Doyle's tone, which seemed to him untimely.

"But he ought," the lawyer went on, his voice raised as if he would like it to travel as far as possible. "By all means he should have seen his victim-sho: through the heart. A man likes to bring down his game fairly, and always likes to see how dead it falls. Besides that"the old gentleman's excitement increased now with every word-"his bullet has done further mischief, which I would like him to see. By Jove! his face would have been a study, the rascal, when he saw what good be had done us all, instead of harm. I long to show him how the bullet, which was to have brought down the owner of Traveere, after passing easily through our straw contrivance, aped on its kindly way, and revealed to us the hidden fortune of old Col. St. George. You look fairly incredulous, sir, as Englishmen always do over everything, but by all the saints in Ireland,

The Vicar of Kilver had rarely been yoused to a state of excitement; but on the morning after the chance discovery of old Col. St. George's hidden wealth, his calm and patient little wife caught herself watching him in mute astonishment, as he paced restlessly about the breakfast room, giving no order for the bell to be rung for prayers, though it was mearly an hour beyond the usual time.

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Pennington, a little amused by this conduct, "the girls will not come in until they hear the bell. Nora has been out for hours, I hear, and when Celia finds her, they will probably toiter together until they are summoned."

'All in good time," the vicar returned. | alone. "Doyle will come down presently. He a night. Did you notice, my dear, what spirits he was in? You may depend that, careful as he was not to show it, his guardianship rested heavily upon him so long as Nora was unprovided for."

at even yet." "Nor can I. And I'm sure Nora can-

mot." "Oh, Nora will soon adapt herself to her new position!" said Mrs. Pennington. with a smile. "Call to mind how often she has longed for money, and how little she has ever possessed. The wildest of those old dreams of hers seemed easy or fultillment to her, I dare say, just in that

"Possibly," allowed the vicar, reflecdominant in her mind, for I never saw may be sure." anything more pitiful than her gaze at that ridiculous straw figure, and the seems just as if the old time had gone sight of the spot where the bullet had pierced it."

ton, in her simple, practical way, "that hour. But perhaps you have." the shot should have spoiled a coat, but

her with a laugh, "it did so much good and to prevent his going further. after spoiling the coat, my dear, that, if I were Nora I should have felt more in- letter of trust given him by your grandclined to preserve the bullet than to turn away from it as she did with such unutterable repugnance. Dear me! dear me!" he continued, "what could have induced old Col. St. George to conceal his savings so effectually?"

"There is no difficulty in answering that," was the prompt and unexpected reply, as Mr. Doyle entered the room through one of the low windows which suspicion of a miser had a lively time of the very night before his death that he your parents?" hid his hoardings so skillfully behind the wains ot that, but for this attempted murder they must have remained there silenced her on the subject? undiscovered till doomsday-or, rather, till the old house fell wholly, as it fell partially, on the night after he had so eleverly effected the concealment."

"But how," inquired Mr. Pennington. "can you tell that he did it on that night, or that he suspected anyone? Whom

herself.' 'He did not suspect either of those," hold us at the time of old Col. St. George's anxious! Are you-are you going to tell death, if you recollect, just what she me now, Nuel?" repeated last night-that on the night

grandfather said he had something to con-

"Then you think he meant to reveal to

will she now inherits?" "I do, indeed. I believe for some cause -conscience, a grain of real affection for the girl-he had determined she should be rich, and that his pretense of sending ing backward into the darkness, but her to England was merely to lead Armkeeping his gaze to the last upon the strong off the scent, and also entirely to work which he had done so skillfully and blind Mr. Poynz as to her possessing a penny. That's my enclusion, Pennington, and I've thought these things well over since dawn to-day."

"I'm afraid," said the vicar's wife, speaking rather low and timidly, "that Dr. Armstrong will try now even more than he did at the time of her grandfather's death, to assert his right of guardianship over Nora.'

"Then he must fail again even more signally than he failed then," returned Mr. Doyle, promptly, "Until she is of age. I will stick to the task the old man left me. I thought last night how much easier it would be, now she is well provided for; but I declare the conviction has since then dawned upon me that a beautiful, restless girl with wealth at her command will be still harder to manage. and will soon bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"I am afraid so, indeed," said the vicar, with a laugh. "I suppose to-day you will

have the notes and money counted." "Yes; but we may be pretty sure they are exactly as they are labeled. Each of the fourteen greasy rolls of notes has Five hundred pounds' written on the wrapper, and each of the twelve old canvas bags has 'One thousand pounds' written on the paper under the seal. The old man left it as securely as he had

CHAPTER XIV.

Through many hours during that day were Nora's plans discussed at the vicarage; but it seemed as if every proposal must be followed by the recollection of a drawback, and almost more than in the days of her unnoticed childhood did the girl feel her loneliness just then. But no one guessed this and Celia was not the only one who said Nora's sudden access of fortune had evidently put the finishing touch to her happiness. Yet Mrs. Pennington once or twice detected a note of sadness in the pretty voice, and Mr. Poynz caught himself looking now and then into her restless eyes, as if he tried to trace some shadow which lay there below their laughter. Sometimes the girls themselves escaped from these constant debates, and laughed more merrily than they did; or sat upon the uncomfortable green seats, and formed wild plans of future greatness, until they were called in again, perhaps to hear what was Mr. Doyle's last proposal.

And then Nuel Armstrong crossed the room to Nora's side, and told her peremptorily that he must speak to her

"I am going to Rachel Corr's. Will warned us he should sleep late after such | you come part of the way, then?" asked with a determination to hide from all who were present her involuntary reluctione to have him with ner.

She looked back as they passed through the vicarage gate, and returned Celia's "How strange it all was!" observed smile; but Dr. Armstrong never turned Mrs. Pennington. "I can hardly believe his head. Nor, though he looked straight before him, and had not yet glanced into Nora's face, did he lose the furtive, concentrated expression in his eyes.

So they walked on in silence, until they were nearly half way across the bog. Then Nora, a little amused by being summoned to a conference and never addressed, inquired, rather lazily, if Nucl had said all he meant to say.

"It is not often I demand to speak to you in private now, Nora," he began, his voice as concentrated as his gaze, "but tively; "yet something else was more when I do, it is for some purpose, you

"Nucl," she said, thoughtfully, "it shudder that ran through her frame at from me to-day-suddenly-forever, I don't know why, but it is so; and I've no words to say of it. even to you, that "It's a pity," observed Mrs. Penning- might hold it back for only one other She stopped and stood leaning against

an upright cutting of turf, as if she tried "But still," said the vicar, interrupting to feel that their conference was over, "Nora, you recollect that Royle holds n

father?

"Yes." Bran had laid himself down at her feet, and her hands were linked before her. She stood the very picture of idle content, Nucl thought, as, under the tilted brim of her hat, he saw the happy dream-

ing of her eyes. "Nora," he said-and for a moment his hand went out as if he would have opened to the garden. "The inherent | drawn her to him as he used to do in that uncherished childhood of hers; but in the It, you may depend, in the old man's next his hand fell, and even his eyes brain at the very last; for, from what I turned from her as he spoke-"did you gathered last night, it would be only on never feel auxious to know something of

> She turned from him in unfeigned surprise, for had he not for years always

"Oh, Nuel, I long and long to hear of them! Ever since I can remember my hest dream has been to find some one who will tell me of them. You never would; grandpa never would let me even utter in his presence the-the words that other girls say so often. Father! Mother! could be suspect? He had no one about I have whispered them to myself in the him but those two old servants-both as night, or out here alone upon the bog, honest as they are ignorant-and Nora | but no one ever listened if I tried to win a faint, faint memory to hold in my heart Have I felt anxious to know? you ask said the lawyer, with a laugh; "but Kitty Ah, you could never, never know how

"If I knew, I would," he said, the previous to the fall of the chimney, while dusky color rising slowly in his face unlying awake in alarm, she heard her old der the longing, questioning giance. "And, master walk many times backward and as I have long felt that the mystery ought forward between his bedroom and the to be traced for you, and you ought to sitting room-where we found the money know what your grandfather had no right -and that Dr. Armstrong was staying in to keep from you, I am going to do you the house that night, and had rather a that service, Nora. No, don't thank me, stormy scene with the old man before dear," he added, hurriedly, as he feigned they separated; especially, I believe, to mistake the sudden question in her about Nora's going to England, Nora eyes; "I will not be thanked for doing berself told us the rest, and how her a simple duty. When I have done it, you

shall thank me as you will, and repay me No longer than I can help shall you live as you are living now, Nora-under a name to which you have no right. No longer," he reiterated, with slow signific and enslest tones: cance, as she started up with brilliant, flashing eyes.

plainly. I am a little bewildered to-day. What did you say about my name?" "Nothing against it, my dear," Dr.

Armstrong replied, with his stiff smile, "for it was your grandfather's, and, of course, your mother's." "My father's, you mean," Nora correct-

ed, slowly. But her fingers had grown a little nervous now, and she pushed her but from her forehead, as if its light mother protects and pities you, and his weight oppressed her.

your grandfather chose that you and ev- name. Oh! tell them all-if you think ery one else should believe; but that was that better than being an equal among not the truth. Your father's name, for some reason which the old man best understood, was kept secret. Possibly it said all now, haven't you? I am going may have been best to do so; but perhaps there is justice yet to be done to his memory, and I, who love his child so devotedly, will do it. Hush! Don't thank me, darling, till I come to you some day and tell you of your father, bringing you his name, without a stain upon it of dishonor or of-crime.'

"What?" The girl's cry was sharp and sudden. as now, with both hands, she pushed her hair from her temples, and the white fingers clung there as if their hold sustained her.

"Yes," said Nuel, "though Col, St. George died in the fullest confidence that your father's name would disgrace you, Nora, it was perhaps only because he did not love you enough to trouble himself to investigate. That is left for me; and to-day, when I heard that at last the wealth is yours which you so well deserve, I determined that your own name should be yours, too. I determined that I would restore this to my love, and then should have no wish unsatisfied; for you would be honored in the world, as well as wealthy and happy."

"Perhaps no happier," put in Nora, low and dreamily, as if she uttered the thought unconsciously.

"But you must be happier, dear," said Nucl, meeting her eyes fully for the first time. "Your grandfather's name, of course, is a good and honest name-

"Yes, he always said so," Nora remarked, quietly, in Dr. Armstrong's inexplicable pause.

"And you shall bear that till I bring you a still higher. If I cannot find it pure and respected, you must be sorry for me. Nora, for I shall feel, even more keenly than you can do, the disappointment for you. Then I shall lay my own name at your feet, and you will take it, and no one will ever hear from me a secret which is ours alone."

"Not mine!" cried the girl, passionate-"No secret that is yours is mine!" "Then tell the world," rejoined Nucl. icily, "how your grandfather would not let you be known by your father's name, because he thought it disgraced; but that, as you wish and choose to bear it now. you would drag the poor, forgotten, discarded name even to the light of a criminal court."

"That is what-you offered to do." "What I offer!" cried Nucl, bending to look into her face, with a smile, which she did not attempt to return. darling, you know me better than that, even in the moments when you are coldest to me. No; listen a moment, and I will explain what I will do for the one I love so entirely, and have loved so long. You will keep your own name at present, and everyone will love and respect it for your sake. But, as it is not yours-as it is not yours," he repeated, emphatically, while her wide, gray eyes were still upon his face, "by any legal right, I shali spend that time in seeking for you the one which is your rightful inheritance. It it is stainless, you shall bear it proudly then, my darling. If not, you and I will keep the secret well, and go together from the society which always looks so coldly and cruelly on disgrace. Nora, your grandfather never guessed that I should boldly undertake this commission for your sake; but, my darling, he always wished you to trust your fortune to me, and died in the full confidence of your doing so."

"He never said so." Nora interposed,

"He said so to me often-almost every time I saw him," said Dr. Armstrong, his thin lips closing now and then over the slow lies. "Oh, you will obey him, I know, presently, Nora. I shall not hurry you, dear; I have never hurried you, because I felt so sure your grandfather's wish would be fulfilled, and you would be mine at last. Not"-his breath grew just the least bit labored and uncertain here, but Nora did not notice it-"not because it is impossible for you to marry legally and honorably in the name you bear, but because I shall have given you then the truest possible test of a man's love. Nora, if I resign my practice here, and for the whole summer pursue this one alm, you cannot refuse me my recompense when I succeed. Darling, is not that a fair love test? Could you yourself give any lover a more trying one? Acknowledge, Nora, that the man who would do that must love you beyond measure."

"Yes," said Nora, answering absently. "And could you do less for your father's memory than give yourself to the man who clears his name from all reproach, and gives it to you? Let it be Yes, and then see how eagerly I will go to my task."

"And if-anyone else could fulfill it?" interrogated Nora, her eyes far away, and her voice low and troubled.

"I-well, I will stand the chance," said Dr. Armstrong, with a sudden unaccountable buoyancy, "Who else is likely? the first attempt. Poyuz would not attempt it at all. The very suspicion of any degradation attached to your name would prevent his ever raising his hand to help you or yours, for he is only an indolent, self-engrossed man of the world. What is it, darling? Why did you start?" he asked, advoitly intercepting and misunderstanding Nora's impetuous, scornful dissent. "So let him think you Miss St. George still, and then he will remain your friend as much as he has ever been; though, as I understood from your grandfather, on the night after he had seen Mr. Poynz at Traveere, it is in some way owing to his family that your childhood has been so solitary and hard."

"I will ask Mr. Doyle." For one second the veins rose like cords | your fellow men."

in Dr. Armstrong's forehead, and the as your kind and generous heart dictates. brows came down over his eyes, as a flash of fear and anger darted from them; but in the next he was laughing a little, and then he answered, in his lightest

"Ask Doyle, with pleasure, dear, if you choose to make this pitiful subject town 'What do you mean, Nuel? Speak talk, and the name of your dead parents a by-word. If you think that is bow you can best honor them, ask Doyle, by all means. Ask old Pennington, too; he is even better than Doyle at probing into other men's business, and then laying it open to be piously discussed and ridiculed. Oh! ask them all. Ask Foster; he may not be such a fool as people call him. He may even suggest that his sisters bestow their generous patronage "That," said Nuel, pointedly, "is what on the girl who owns a questionable

them, as you are now.' "I am going on," said Nors. "You have on to Rachel. No, I would rather you didn't come. There is no need to say more to-day; I know it all. I know it as I live. Come, Bran."

Blind as he was in his passion for her, Nucl Armstrong was yet too shrewd not to see that he would injure his own cause if he forced his companionship upon her longer; so he bid her good-by quietly, and forebore to add one other word.

(To be continued.) Overreached Himself.

The outspoken and disagreeable traveller does not always have it his own way. The Railroad Gazette gives an instance in which the rudeness of such a man very quickly wrought his comanother passenger, who was sitting by an open window, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying." "I'm sorry," said the other one, cheer-

grin and bear it." "I wish you'd close it."

"I should like to accommodate you, but I'm afraid I can't." "Do you refuse to close that window

"If you don't close it, I will, "I bet you won't!"

"I certainly do."

"If I go over there I will." "I'll give you odds you won't."

"I ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

"No, sir, I will not!" "Then I will, sir!"

The insisting passenger gets on hi feet. He looks threatening.

"I'd like to see you do it." He places his hands on the objectionable window.

"I'll show you whether I will or not, sir!" Then he tugs at the window. "Why don't you close it?"

The disagreeable passenger gets red in the face.

"It-it appears to be stuck!" "Of course it is! I tried to close it before your came in."

Mice May Cause Baldness. A barber had been giving the writer much information about the bair, and then remarked that not long since quite a young man had come into his shop who had lost all his hair. It had come off very suddenly, and for no apparent reason. The barber said: "You have a cat?" "No," he replied, "we have not a cat in the house." "Then you have a terrier that catches mice, and it comes in contact with your head?" "Yes," said the man, "I have: and its favorite seat is on the top of my armchair, close to my head!" The old barber then explained that his sudden baldness was a disease belonging to mice, that could be passed on to human beings by contact with an animal that touched them. Whether there is anything in this or not, I cannot say. -London Spectator.

"Unser Fritz" Too Far Forward.

In the '70's the artist Anton Von Werner was appointed to perpetuate the German imperial proclamation. He same color, and white swansdown tipfirst made a sketch to submit to the old pet. Facing this is a costume which Emperor William. In this the various consists of a white beaver Trafalgar | says charmingly; personages were grouped in the same hat with fawl colored mantle. The order as during the ceremony at Ver- great victory of Trafalgar was then sailles, William I. standing on a raised fresh in every one's mind. The genplatform, with Bismarck at his left, on tlewoman in the center is wearing a a lower step, and on his right the lace cap, ornamented with crimson crown prince, whom the artist had rep-velvet and white swansdown. The one resented with one foot on the upper in the bottom left-hand corner has a level. The Emperor examined the cap of rose colored silk trimmed with sketch and at once noted the position white lace and feathers, and a roseof the Crown Prince Frederick. He colored silk cloak. The remaining frowned, took his pencil and made a sketch illustrates the fashionable mode thick, rapid stroke through his son's of dressing the hair at that period. right leg. "Not yet!" he said.

Traveling Then and Now. If in 1800 a man had set out on a Star. business tour which required him to visit all American cities of 4,000 population and upward he would have had to go no farther north than Boston and Salem, no farther south than Savannah. Traveling by stage coach and allowing a week to each place he should The commercial traveler who now sets ont to visit all American cities of 4,000 and upward, calculating to give a week one years on the road.

Schools for Cripples. The London School Board has opened the first of a series of schools for cripples. The children are taken from their homes to school in ambulances, and afterward taken home by ambulance. The school curriculum includes a substantial midday meal.

Buffalo's "Don't Kick" Club. A recent addition to good influences



DRESS AT HOME.

GREAT mistake which married

women often make is that of becoming very careless of their dress and general appearance in the comes her husband's, and he can dishouse when no company is expected. the wives of men with a limited income are they who are most prone to that the pair should be divorced, the err in this respect from a foolish idea that dowdiness means economy, and nothing is more fatal to the happiness If we had-had stood here for weeks, of a family than the unfortunate no- antiquated laws under which they live talking of it all the time. I shall never tion that "anything does when we are it would be well for English and Amerstand just here again, I hope, as long as alone-we must keep our finery for ican girls to consider the matter very those occasions when we have visi- seriously before bestowing their hearts tors." Many a man is tempted to leave and hands on German men, however his home, tired of constantly meeting charming they may be and whatever a shabby, untidy wife, and to seek their social standing .- Pittsburg Disamusement and gaiety elsewhere. On patch. their return from business husbands or brothers like to see their wives or sisters looking fresh and neat and a little bit smart. No extravagance need be indulged 'n-a blouse of some bright color, a cheap lace collar, a bow of pretty ribbon, and the hair neat and becomingly arranged will make all the difference in the cheerfulness and atplete discomfiture. The man turned to tractiveness of the home, A child should be taught from an early age to be tidy and clean to meet its father, and those who are old enough to take their meals with their parents should never be allowed to come to the table fully, "but I'm afraid you'll have to until face and hands have been washed and hair brushed-boys as well as girls. They should also be taught that neatness and politeness in their own family circle are even more important than when in company of visitors or in another person's house. The husbands also should be careful to remove all traces of the dust and dirt of the office or workshop and pay a little attention to their toilet before taking their place at the table or fireside.

> Contumes of a Hundred Years Ago. History repeats itself, and so do fashions at times, consequently many of our readers may be glad to see sketches of the way their ancestresses dressed a hundred years since. Without wishing to imitate in detail the costumes here reproduced, they may be useful in suggesting fancy costumes if any should desire to represent their great-grandmothers. The costumes we publish were originally intended for wear in winter. The costume in the left hand top corner is described as a straw bonnet trimmed with green ribbon, a silk pelisse of the



The gown is of white sarsanet, trimmed with white and embossed with velvet. The gloves are buff .- Montreal

What Husbands Should Do. Some husbands, when they get home

at night, tell their wives all about the business of the day, and about their bank account, and about the people they met, and about what was spoken of, and about everything else. Other have made the rounds in four months. husbands never tell their wives about their doings during the day, never speak of the state of their finances, and never refer to their business in their to each place upon the average, must households. The wife of such a husband Young Foster would blunder and fail in expect to be a matter of about twenty knows nothing of his affairs, and is apt to be upset by bad news or crushed by finding out that he is on the road to ruin. From what I have known through my acquaintance with many families for long years, I am ready to say that a husband should always tell his wife to the best of one's ability and with about his business and about the affairs due regard for the comfort of others, of the day.

does this.

A Pointer for American Girts. In Germany when a woman marries s the Don't Kick Club of Buffalo, that she becomes very much her husband's already contains some 7,000 listed mem- property. Any independence she may bers. Its fundamental principle is ever be said to have had is now given Better say nothing than speak ill of up, for her husband is, indeed, her lord and master. He can compel her to work | water.

and to do anything that is lawful for woman to do, and if he proves hard and unkind she has no relief or redress cept in public opinion. The property which was hers before marriage bepose of it according as he sees fit, even in the face of her opposition. Supposing husband still retains the wife's money.

German wives, as a rule, seem happy enough, but in consideration of the

Bracelets the Thing Again.



At no time in years has there been such a demand for jeweled arm ornsments in New York as now. The styles are numberless, and the cost runs from a few cents to thousands of dollars.

Women Should Learn to Laugh. Laughter is a good, healthy, muscle-

making, lung-developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness or repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallness and its fun.

It should be part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants and the many social duties that become a burden-all are made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with an unfailing sense of the bright side of life. It is a sense that lasts through life, through its many ills, its disillusions, its tribulations, even ! s tragedies.

The face that wears a smile is everywhere welcome; the smiling, cheery guest is a joy forever; with our common sense, our tact and our kind courtesy to guide us, and with the corners of our mouths turned upward, we may at any time and all times be a benediction to our friends.-Woman's Home Companion.

Trial of Blushing.

Blushing seems to be a real trial to a great many young girls. The blushing face is an evidence of a refined and sensitive mind and there would be something strange about a young girl who never blushed. A blush is a sign hung out by nature to show where purity and honor dwell. The poet Gay

The rising blushes which her cheeks o'erspread Are opening roses in the lily's bed.

Abnormal blushing is a most uncomfortable ailment and is often a symptom that the victim's health is not quite what it should be. Blushing be always a mark of sensitiveness and the over-frequent blushing of the young girl generally subsides as the years go on, but it is to be hoped that she may never lose her power of blushing, for that would indicate a decrease of mental refinement.

Household Service a Profession. Mrs. Ida Foster Cronk, a Chicago lecturer, champions the hired girl. She said: "Household service is a profession for every one



said they would be glad to have their children in families if household work was surrounded with proper dignity. As a matter of fact, every hon-

engaged in it. Pa-

rents who have

daughters in shops

and factories have

orable occupation MRS. CRONK. that is performed and at the same time allowing one to And he is, indeed, a wise man who get some pleasure out of life, is serving a worthy and dignified purpose in this great world."

> Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried, once or twice a month become more durable.

For sore throat try a compress of cold