

# LOST MAN'S LANE.

## A SECOND EPILOGUE IN THE LIFE OF AMELIA BUTTERWORTH

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVEN-WORTH CASE," "BEHIND CLOSED DOORS," "THE AFFAIR NEXT DOOR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The evening was one of those which are made for peace. The sun, which had set in crimson, had left a glow on the branches of the forest which had not yet faded into the gray of twilight. The lawn, around which we were sitting, had not lost the mellow brilliancy which made it sparkle, nor had the cluster of varied hued hollyhocks, which set their gorgeousness against the neat yellow of the peaceful doormats, shown any dimness in their glory, which was on a par with the setting sun. But though I saw all this it no longer appeared to me desirable. Lucetta and Laocetta's fate, the mystery and the impossibility of its being explained out here in the midst of turf and blossoms, filled all my thoughts and made me forget even my own cause for shame and humiliation, if not sorrow.

Loren, who had wormed her way along till she crouched nearly opposite to them, plucked me by the gown as I approached to where she was, and, pointing to the hedge which pressed up so close it nearly touched our faces, seemed to bid me to look through.

"They are moving nearer the gate," I signaled to Loren, at which she crept along a few paces, but with a stealth so great that, listening as I was, I could not hear a twig snap. I endeavored to imitate her, but not with as much success as I could wish. The sense of horror which had all at once settled upon me, the supernatural dread of something which I could not see, but which I felt, had seized me for the first time and made that ruddy sky and the broad stretch of velvet turf with the shadows playing over it, of swaying tree tops and clustered clematis, more thrilling and awesome to me than the dim halls of the haunted house of the Knollys in that midnight hour when I saw a body carried out for burial amid trouble and hush and a mystery so great it would have daunted most spirits for all their lives.

The very sweetness of the scene made its horror. Never have I had such sensations, never have I felt so the power of the unseen, yet that anything would happen here, anything which would explain the total disappearance of several persons at different times without a trace of their fate being left to the eye on this spot or in the house beyond, seemed so impossible that I could but liken my state to that of nightmare, where visions take the place of realities and often overwhelm them.

I had pressed too close against the hedge as I struggled with these feelings, and the sound I made struck me as distinct, if not alarming, but the tree tops were rustling, too, and while Lucetta might have heard, her companion gave no evidence of doing so. We could hear what they were saying now, and realizing this we stopped moving and gave our whole attention up to listening. Mr. Trohm was speaking. I could hardly believe it was his voice, it had so changed in tone, nor could I see in his features, distorted as they now were by every evil passion, the once quiet and dignified countenance which had so lately imposed upon me.

"Lucetta, my little Lucetta," he was saying, "so she has come to see me; come to taunt me with the loss of her lover, whom she says I have robbed her of almost before her eyes! I rob her! How can I rob her or any one of a man with a voice and arm of his own stronger than mine? Am I a wizard to dissipate his body in vapor? Yet is it here in my house or on my lawn? You are a fool, Lucetta; so are all these men about here fools! It is in your house!"

"Hush!" she cried, her slight figure rising till we forgot it was the feeble Lucetta we were gazing at. "No more accusations directed against us. It is you who must meet them now. Mr. Trohm, your evil practices are discovered. Tomorrow you will have the police here in earnest. They did but play with you when they were here before."

"You child!" he gasped, striving, however, to restrain all evidences of shock and terror. "Why, who was it called in the police and set them working in Lost Man's Lane? Was it not I?"

"Yes, that they might not suspect you and perhaps that they might suspect us. But it was useless, Obadiah Trohm. Althea Knollys' children have been long suffering, but the limit has been reached at last. When you laid your hand upon my lover, you roused a spirit in me that nothing but your own destruction can satisfy. Where is he, Mr. Trohm? Where is silly Rufus and all the rest who have vanished between Demson Spear's house and the little home of the cripples on the high-road? They have asked me, but if any one in Lost Man's Lane can answer that question it is you, persecutor of my mother, of ourselves, whom I here denounce in face of these skies where God reigns and this earth where man lives to harry and condemn."

And then I saw that the instinct of this girl had accomplished what more human acumen had failed in. For the old man—indeed he seemed an old man now—cringed and the wrinkles came out in his face till he was demoniacally ugly.

"You viper!" he shrieked. "How do you accuse me of crime—you whose mother would have died in jail

but for my forbearance? Have you ever seen me set my foot upon a worm? Look at my fruit and flowers, look at my home, without a spot or blemish to mar its neatness and propriety. Can a man who loves these things stomach the destruction of a man, much less of a silly, yawping boy? Lucetta, you are mad!"

"Mad or sane, my accusation will have its results, Mr. Trohm. I believe too deeply in your guilt not to make others do so."

"Ah," said he, "then you have not done so yet? You believe this and that, but you have not said so."

"No," she calmly returned, though her face blanched to the colorlessness of wax. "I have not said so yet."

Oh, the cunning that crept into his face!

"She has not said it. Oh, the little Lucetta, the wise, the careful little Lucetta!"

"But I will," she cried, meeting his eye with the courage and constancy of

half his pleasure and almost his sole reward for the horrible crimes he had perpetrated was in the mystery surrounding his victims and the entire immunity from suspicion which up to this time he had fancied himself to enjoy.

Meantime Mr. Gryce had covered the wretch with his pistol, and his man, who succeeded in reaching the place even sooner than ourselves, hampered as we were by the almost impenetrable hedge behind which we had crouched, tried to lift the grass covered lid we could faintly discern there. But this was impossible until I, with almost superhuman self-possession, considering the imperative nature of the emergency, found the spring hidden in the well curb which worked the deadly mechanism. A yell from the writhing creature, covering under the detective's pistol, guided me unconsciously in its action, and in another moment we saw the fatal lid tip and disclose what appeared to be the remains of a second well, long ago dried up and abandoned for the other.

The rescue of Lucetta followed after more or less difficulty. As she had fainted in falling she had not suffered much, and soon we had the supreme delight of seeing her eyes unclose upon the face of Loren.

"Ah," she murmured in a voice whose echo pierced to every heart save that of the guilty wretch now lying hand-cuffed on the sward, "I thought I saw Albert, and he was dead, and I—"

But here Mr. Gryce, with an air of once contrite and yet strangely triumphant, interposed his benevolent face between hers and her weeping sister's and whispered something in her ear which



"SIX" HE SHRIEKED. "SIX"

turned her pallid cheek to a glowing scarlet. Rising up, she threw her arms around his neck and let him lift her. As he carried her—where was his rheumatism now—out of those baleful grounds and away from the reach of the maniac's mingled laughs and cries her face was peace itself. But his—well, his was a study.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

**New York Attraction.**

Edwin F. Mayo, who with his company, recently played an engagement at Fremont, in a letter to Manager Irvin of the Love, has this to say about an attraction that will be presented in the Auditorium on the 12th of February:

"You have with you, I have learned, on February 10th Mr. Otis Skinner. The Fremont people should feel flattered, as this gentleman is one of the best actors on the American stage; none better. His company is composed of ladies and gentlemen whose standing as Thespians in New York and all the large cities can not be questioned. Miss Comstock, who accompanies Mr. Otis, is direct from Mr. Frohman's theatre. Let me say once again that with such companies as Otis Skinner's there need be no fear on the part of the public. They will get as good a company and play as is seen in New York."

**History of Paris Exposition.**

Among the international events that will mark the close of the nineteenth century the Paris exposition will be the greatest.

Here will be displayed the greatest works of art, science and skill produced since time began. Campbell's Illustrated Journal in its consecutive issues is making an authentic illustrated history of this great event, similar to that it made of the great World's Fair, showing the buildings, grounds, exhibits, art and architecture that will astonish and command the admiration of the world. As an historical work of art it will be invaluable. Those intending to visit Paris and the exposition can become familiar with it before that time, while those who cannot attend, by perusing its pages can visit the exposition at their own fireside.

J. M. COVERT, Agent, Norfolk, Neb.

Housekeepers can buy the most goods for the least money now at The Variety store closing out sale. See the cut prices displayed in the show windows and on the counters.

## MORNING FIRE ALARMS

### The Department Makes Two Runs in Zero Weather.

#### BOTH TO HOUSE OF CHAS. KIRCHOFF

Fire Started From a Smoke House Located in the Cellar—Much Difficulty to Get Water on Account of the Cold, Which Froze Hose and Hydrant.

From Tuesday's Daily.

The fire department indulged in a little "below zero" practice this morning that was far from being a recreation or picnic. The alarm was sounded between 8 and 9 o'clock and the second ward signal given, but for all that it was some time before the fire was located. It was finally discovered to be the home of Chas. Kirchoff on Pasewalk avenue, just west of Sixth street. The fire was in the cellar and was exceedingly difficult to get at. To further annoy the fire fighters their hose froze up and when they were ready for water the required article failed to come. Through vigorous efforts the water was finally got as far as the nozzle but would not come through and the nozzle was removed and thawed out, after which they had water in plenty. The cellar was pretty well flooded and the fire extinguished after considerable effort. The household goods, including the carpets, were all removed from the dwelling and had the firemen not got control of the blaze nothing but the house would have been destroyed. It was a cold job and the boys of the department do not particularly desire the balance of the series of three during the continuance of this cold snap.

Less than an hour after the firemen had returned their carts to the house, another alarm was turned in from the same place and the boys made another run. It was found that the fire was still smoldering in the cellar, and had broken out anew. This time it was impossible to get a stream on the fire, because the hose, nozzle and hydrant were all frozen up. When they found the predicament they were in, several firemen volunteered to go into the cellar, which had been half filled with water the first time, and with buckets subdue the flames, which was done.

It was found that the trouble came from a wooden smoke house which had been erected in the cellar, and in which meat was being cured when the wood about the fire ignited.

It was suggested by one of the half frozen firemen when he came back from the second run that the department might better be afforded to erect a smoke house outside, than to have been put to so much trouble on a morning like this. If any other citizen has a smoke house in the cellar he can hear something to his advantage if he will call upon Chief Winter.

The hose which was frozen up this morning is being systematically thawed out under the direction of Chief Winter and Assistant Hartford, so that in case another fire should start during the day or night the department will be in position to fight it.

**To Cure La Grippe in Two Days.**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

## CANCER IS DEADLY!

### Results Fatally in Nine Cases Out of Ten—A Cure Found at Last.

#### Cure Found at Last.

This fearful disease often first appears as a small, scabbed, a pimple, or lump in the breast, too small to attract any notice, and in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed.

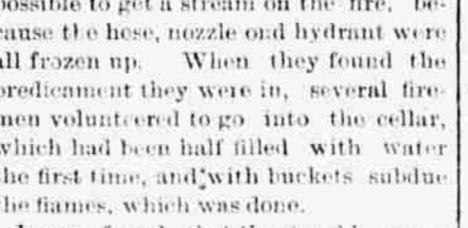
It is not cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a violent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer known as the Cancer may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with renewed violence.

The wonderful success of S. S. S. in curing obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases which were regarded incurable, induced a few despairing sufferers to try it for Cancer, after exhausting the skill of the physicians without a cure. Much to their delight S. S. S. proved equal to the disease and promptly effected a cure. The glad news spread rapidly, and it was soon demonstrated beyond doubt that a cure had at last been found for deadly Cancer. Evidence has accumulated which is incontrovertible, of which the following is a specimen:

"Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, a sister and an aunt having died from this dreadful disease. My feelings may be imagined with a horrible disease made its appearance on my side. It was a malignant Cancer, entire, invariably in such a way as to cause great alarm. The disease seemed beyond the skill of the doctors, for their treatment did no good whatever, the Cancer growing worse all the while. Numerous remedies were used for it, but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family, for I knew how deadly Cancer is especially when inherited. I began to try Scott's Emulsion, S. S. S., which, from the first day, forced out the poison. I continued it until I had completely broken bottles, when I was cured sound and well, and have had no return of the dreadful affliction, though many years have elapsed. S. S. S. is the only cure for Cancer." Mrs. S. M. Doit, Winston, N. C.

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Just winter I had a bad cold and severe cough. I was lame in every joint and muscle. I was sick and felt as though I was coming down with typhoid fever. It was no doubt a bad case of grippe. Mr. E. P. Budge gave me a bottle of Brazilian Balm, saying the worst it would help me. The relief was almost instantaneous. It stopped my cough and took the weight all the pains and soreness out of my system. I gave the balance of the 50-cent bottle to Mrs. Bishop Wiley for her daughter. It proved so beneficial she says she never intends to be without it. —Edwin Fitz Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**TREES AND PLANTS!**

Write to us for more information.

**TRY IT**

Women suffering from female troubles and weakness, and from irregular or painful menses, ought not to lose hope if doctors cannot help them. Physicians are so busy with other diseases that they do not understand fully the peculiar ailments and delicate organism of woman. What the sufferer ought to do is to give a fair trial to

**BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator**

which is the true cure provided by Nature for all female troubles. It is the formula of a physician of the highest standing, who devoted his whole life to the study of the distinct ailments peculiar to our mothers, wives and daughters. It is made of soothing, healing, strengthening herbs and vegetables, which have been provided by a kindly Nature to cure irregularity in the menses, Leucorrhoea, Falling of the Womb, Nervousness, Headache and Backache. In fairness to herself and to Bradfield's Female Regulator, every suffering woman ought to give it a trial. A large 50-cent bottle will do a wonderful amount of good. Sold by druggists.

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