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THE RELIEF CASHIER.

HANSON pulled up at the door of the Westminister branch of the London and Suburban Banking Company. The fare was an elegantly dressed man of a little over 30, wearing his silk hat just a degree or two out of the perpendicular, and sniffing the carnation in the lapel of his frock coat.

He entered the bank, passed through the private door leading behind the counters and had taken to his hat and coat, while the manager of the branch glanced at the letter he had brought. It was an ordinary letter of introduction from the general manager of the company stating that the newcomer was Arthur Gordon Durrant, whose signature would be found attached, and who had, in accordance with advice previously forwarded, been instructed to join the Westminister branch on temporary service as relief cashier.

The manager, having watched this new member of the staff sign the book, mechanically compared the autograph with the firm, bold "Arthur G. Durrant" at the foot of the letter of introduction, handed the newcomer his supply of cash and retired into his own sanctum.

Arthur Gordon Durrant, who had now been with the London and Suburban Banking Company for some years, had long been eagerly anticipating the time when he should be attached to one of the London branches, for it had been Durrant's fate to spend a month or two at most of those branches which were at the greatest distance from the metropolis.

The specific hardship of this duty will not be apparent until it is mentioned that it was in Kensington that Miss Florence Kendal abode, and that, therefore, Kensington was the center of the universe, according to Durrant's geography.

And, to be perhaps unwarrantably frank about the heart affairs of a lady who had not heard the news of her admirer's transference to London without revealing a glow of pleasure.

He father had arranged to call for Arthur at the bank and bring him home to tea; and as the hour of the anticipated arrival approached, the sprightly Florence's trills became merrier, and more critical because her inspecions of the pretty dimpled face, framed with clusters of loose and wavy hair, were now directed to her whenever she passed a mirror.

But Mr. Kendal came home alone, and a little cloud rapidly traveled over her face and obscured the sunshine which had been in her eyes.

Mr. Kendal preserved a noncommittal silence.

"Haven't you heard?" pursued Arthur, correctly divining the meaning of this strange reception. "They've got the couple, and so far as is at present known, they've recovered every farthing of the money."

"Begin at the commencement, Arthur," said Mr. Kendal, as soon as the house at Easton on 735—I received a house at hand, stating that Cecil Horsham, whose name I knew as that of one of our directors, would like to see me immediately on urgent business admitting of no delay, if I would favor him by forgetting for the moment that I was a Sunday evening."

"No, 18 Grantham square, and I took a cab there immediately. Of course, being unaware of the exact nature of the business, I thought I would let Mr. Horsham see, at all events, that I was not without intelligence, and I therefore took my bank papers, not dreaming that it could be anything outside of bank affairs."

"You know what fine houses they are in Grantham square? Well, 18 was a handsome place, and I have rarely seen a grander room than that into which I was shown. The pictures were—"

"Yes; leave out the description for the present, Arthur, dear, and you can tell us that afterward."

"Well, it was a place which would have impressed anyone, and that's how it affected me. I had just had time to take in my surroundings when a lady, young-middle-aged, of very stately bearing richly dressed, came in. Her husband, Mr. Horsham, would not let me see a grander room than that into which I was shown. The pictures were—"

"Oh, how terrible!" ejaculated Florence, in the deepest concern.

SUCCESSOR OF THE MAHDI.

Awful Cruelty, Sensuality, Love of Luxury, Display and Flattery.

A native of southwest Darfur, the strong individuality and resoluteness of his character, developed with the exercise of unlimited power, to the worst traits of the despote, says the National Review. Proud, degenerated into a blind belief in his own infallibility, and he did not scruple to adopt the successes of others—whether it were the architecture of the mahdi's tomb or the vicinities given to himself from heaven. An innate cruelty grew to proportions unrivaled even by the late emperors of Rome. He glouted over the massacre of whole tribes, in the death, by lingering tortures or starvation, of his enemies.

His policy was, in brief, to exterminate the Nile valley tribes and to introduce the western tribes and formerly populous districts became depopulated, while he crushed the Ashraf (the mahdi's relatives) and took all power from his brother caliphs. The coinage was debased by successive stages till it became a fifth of its normal value. Mock justice was administered by the cadis, who were his creatures, whose duty it became to carry out his decisions, however grossly unjust, and to make them appear so far as possible to conform to the law.

Education ceased and trade—except the trade in slaves, which assumed vast proportions and was conducted with unscrupulous cruelty and incalculable loss of life—became practically nonexistent. A veto was placed on trade in feathers, that in gums was taxed prohibitively, tobacco was contraband and ivory coming only from the south coast of the Red Sea.

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HAD BOGUS FUNERAL.

HOW A COURT SCANDAL WAS HUSHED UP.

The Case of the Earl of Aylesford—He Speaks the Latest Part of His Life in New York as "Mr. Simpson," Frequenting Madison and Union Squares.

VERY unpleasant news has been received in Europe by the announcement in a number of German papers of indisputable authority that Count Lymar, a member of the princely house of that name, has been met, very much alive and in fine condition, at Florence, where he is now living without the slightest attempt to conceal his identity, says the New York Journal.

In order to appreciate the sensation caused throughout Germany by this announcement it is necessary to state that the count, a major of the crack regiment of the Guard du Corps, associated with almost every order of Europe, possessed of an independent fortune of \$80,000 a year and celebrated as the handsomest man of his corps, was arrested by the English police in London on a horrible charge of occupying the post office of the German emperor.

What rendered the matter worse was that the late Emperor Frederick, at the time crown prince, was, with his consort, in London at the moment and had to bear the full brunt of the scandal. Had Count Lymar given his name and quality to the police when arrested he would at once have been set at liberty and steps would have been taken to hush up this scandal as have been so many others during the present century, the authorities being aware of the complications that are created by the arrest of a foreign diplomat. But Lymar, who had con-

MRS. DYCHES SAVES HER HUSBAND FROM DEATH.



A different taste in jokes very nearly cost the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Dyches, of Leesburg, Fla., one day last week. They were their continued existence to the countess displayed by Mrs. Dyches. The husband and wife were out driving when they encountered a twelve-foot alligator in the road. Mr. Dyches thought it was a joke to drive over him. Mrs. Dyches did not. Neither did the alligator, as the alligator touched the husband's hand, and with great presence of mind pulled a pistol from his pocket and fired bullet after bullet into the alligator's open mouth.

At last a bullet touched a vital spot and the alligator died as its jaws were closing on the plucky woman's arm. It was feared at first that the husband might die from loss of blood and shock, but late reports represent the couple as getting on very well. From the New York World.

part of the world. In fact, with Russia firmly settled at Port Arthur, with the trans-Siberian railway behind her, the influence of other powers upon China was being regarded as gone, and the advance of Russia from her northern frontier toward Peking would be merely a matter of time.

Where They Could Find Him. An actor recently found himself stranded in a western city without even the wherewithal to purchase a meal. He went to the landlord and offered to entertain the guests with recitations if he could be supplied with a square meal. This was agreed to by the landlord, and the actor man was ushered into the parlor where the guests were assembled. He gave several readings in clever style, but did not seem to catch on, and bowing himself out told the landlord of his failure to please. The latter, being a good-natured guy, told him he should have his usual notwithstanding his failure, and he was escorted to the dining-room. Feeling a great deal better after a good, square meal, he again entered the parlor and said to the guests:

CASTLE IS HAUNTED.

SPOOKS CONGREGATE AT A YOUNG WOMAN'S SCHOOL.

Ghost Stories Now Being Told in Which a Well-Known Tarrytown Institution Is Complacently Phantasms Are Attributed to Pupils.

His building known as the Castle, situated in the high land east of Tarrytown, is one of the most picturesque places along the Hudson, retaining the New York Tribune name, and has passed through a number of hands since then, remaining in the possession of one for any great length of time, until now it is occupied by Miss C. E. Matson as a school for young women.

When it was first erected all the architects, except the one who designed it, declared the building to be an architectural impossibility. It was all a matter of envy, perhaps, and the castle did not mind what they said about it, but it kept right on growing more and more picturesque for every year that passed over its gray walls. Some of the successive owners into whose hands the castle fell made alterations in the original building, and built additions thereto, mainly on the east side, but it is doubtful if any addition or alteration has been an improvement from an artistic point of view, and the west side, that faces the river, which is practically all that remains of the original building, still remains its most striking and imposing point of view.

Upon entering the castle and passing through its spacious apartments, one is not disappointed, but finds it as without. The principal room is the parlor or drawing room, which occupies the main tower of the building. The room is circular, and has a highly ornamental vaulted ceiling, which is supported in the center by a fluted column that rises from the middle of the apartment floor. The dining room is a handsome apartment, with a high wainscoting of dark-colored wood, and a raftered ceiling decorated in gold. The room is lighted by an immense window looking to the northwest.

The view from this window is one of the finest in the Hudson valley. To the west, overlooking the Tappan Zee, and Nyack, the Ramapo mountains, in the center of Rockland county, can be plainly seen, while to the north in succession Tarrytown, North Tarrytown, and the Highlands are visible. The distance the blue peaks of the Catskills. From all the windows of the castle, the view is equally fine, and is repeated, while it is little more than a prospect which seen from the battlements. Looking south, it is said that New York city can be seen from the top of the smallest and highest tower on a clear day.

As might be expected in a building constructed as the castle is, there are many odd-shaped apartments within its walls—long, dark rooms, winding stairways, and darkened rooms, but the majority of the rooms are well-lighted, bright, and homelike. Of course, there are apartments connected with the place that are cultivated like the ivy and hichen upon its walls, and because they naturally belong to a castle that no one would expect to see that was not overgrown with ivy, or that belonged to the same category; with Cannings' gingerbread, and had no story? They are the tale of the old housekeeper who declared that in the night she had seen a ghostly figure enter an apartment in one of the corridors which she did not remember noticing before. Once within the room, she saw a strange and there seemed such a queer influence there, that she quickly retreated. The noise of a violently closed door followed her, and she called for assistance. From that time until the present day the "lost room," as it is called, has been searched for in vain.

The experience of two teachers in the castle is also a proof that the castle is a structure which should possess. The teachers in question, two women of veracity, were seated one evening in the Christmas vacation in the apartment called the music room. The weather had been cold, the ground outside the castle was frozen hard, and no snow had recently fallen. Presently they heard the sound of a carriage approaching the castle, that grew louder until the noise of the wheels upon the gravel and the sound of the horses' hoofs could be plainly distinguished. The two teachers, who were seated to draw up to the main entrance, where it stopped.

As guests were not unexpected, one of the teachers went to the door and opened it, intending to greet the newcomers, when, to her surprise, she found neither guests, horses, nor carriage; nothing but the empty driveway, across which she could look to the leafless trees that fringed the path, whose gaunt limbs swaying in the wintry wind seemed to mock her in her surprise. Whether the people who had been leaving the castle all these years in the body had taken to returning to it in the spirit, ghostly carriage, horses, and driver thrown into the bargain, was something the teacher was not prepared to answer. Certainly the place is one of many haunted spots, perhaps that at times become uneasy and make themselves, apparent by strange manifestations.

One evening last winter the teachers and young women of the school were startled by a great clattering that proceeded from a room situated between the chapel and the west porch. Upon investigating the cause of the disturbance it was found that a panel in a wall of the apartment hitherto supposed to be solid had fallen out, disclosing a secret passageway. No school of nineteenth-century young women could possibly allow any such relic of the dark ages as this to haunt them, so a number of the older pupils donned bicycle suits, and, armed with lanterns and a hatchet, they proceeded to

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