

light of the candle showed a room furnished in old-fashioned style. The walls, instead of being rough like the walls of the other rooms, were paneled in dark woods. The faded purple curtains, the carved, damask cushioned chairs, the canopied bed with its yellowed lace hangings, were all rich, though tarnished and dust covered. There were several dark-looking pictures on the wall, but one object caught and riveted Irma's look at once. Resting on the floor was a massive tarnished gilt frame, inclosing a full-length portrait of a woman. The face, the figure, were striking. A tall figure in a loose, long, white robe, confined at the waist by a silver cord; a face of chisled beauty, but colorless as marble, with eyes that had a strange scintil-

When her eyes fell upon the picture Irma started in terror. In that dim light it was life-like. It looked like a beautiful, ghostly woman advancing to meet them from the gloom. "It is my mother," the dwarf said. "Was she not beautiful to give birth to a monster? She never loved me.

She tried to be kind. She paid people to raise me; she had her priest godin her veins? I came as her punishment. She married first for money. She married Emile Prudhomme for ove, and he too was her Nemesis.

A strong, sudden gust of wind struck the old tower. It shook, it groaned in every timber, it seemed to totter to its fall. Irma stood transfixed with terror. With a bound the dwarf was at her

"If it falls we will die together," he said, with his low, gurgling laugh. The wind had not passed before a wild cry was sent upon its breath-the same cry Irma had heard before, but frame was moved back a little from now she could distinguish the words.

The two looked at each other in awe struck silence.

"It is her ghost," the dwarf said at last, and he pointed to the portrait. "Help me!" it was her cry when he killed her—there on that bed."

"Who killed her? Not-"
"Emile Prudhomme," he said in a whispered hiss between his teeth. Then he looked around fearfully.
"If you tell he will kill us both. He

will put the evil eye upon us."
"Who saw him kill your mother?" "No one except the devil. He was up here alone with her. It was her freak to live in the tower instead of the house. I heard her scream, then he ran to that window and called out. 'She is dead. India is dead!' She had made a will, and left all the money to his child—all the money that came through my father. It was God's retribution that Emile Prudhomme should be punished through that child—that she should be a cripple for life—by my hand."
"Your hand?"

"It was Fate, not I. I have no recollection of pushing her out of the window. I was playing with her. I loved her. She is the only thing that did not shudder at sight of me. She was little more than a baby then. He swore I did it in malice. He trampled me to the earth, all bleeding from his blow—that scar that burns so when I think about him. I hate him! I hate him! He jeered at me. It was he who gave me my name of Mort—Tete d'Mort—Death's-head. Some day I will

kill him-kill him!" 'Hush!" cried Irma. "Don't say such awful words in the face of death. There is the wind again." Another fierce gust had hurled its force against the tower. Again the timbers quivered and creaked. "Let us run out; we will be crushed,"

cried Irma. But Mort had sprung past her and reached the door. He had put the key in the lock on the inde. He turned it quickly.
"Now," he said "there is no escape. I locked the door down-stairs. We will

Locked in an old deserted building after midnight—alone with a lunatic!
It was a situation to chill the blood. Before Irma could speak the ghostly frightened cry sounded again through the room. It seemed to come from the four walls, or the ceiling overhead. There was no stairway to go up higher. Dr. Prudhomme had told her that the half story to the tower had never been finished. There was nothing up there but half-rotted rafters and beams. And there was no closet, no hiding-place. Yet that cry seemed to issue from the walls, or from overhead. walls, or from overhead. "Help me! help!"

The sound seemed to excite Morte "Come on, ghostly mother!" he exclaimed. "Come and see us die together. Our souls will go out together. I will leave this lump of deformity here, in the spirit-world I shall be here handsome lover and the spirit world." handsome lover, and she shall be mine

-my beautiful bride!"

He caught Irma in his arms, but almost instantly he relaxed his hold.

A look of abject terror overspread his

chattering teeth. "There is a step coming up the stairs. It is his. He knows we are here. His evil spirits have told him. We must hide. Where shall we hide?" "Do you hear?" he whispered with

He looked around eagerly. Irma was listening for the sound he had spoken of. She heard it now—a light step on the creaking stairs. Up, up it came. It reached the lending It reached the landing.

"We must hide, I tell you!" hissed the terrified dwarf in her ear. He blew out the light he had placed in one of the silver candlesticks, dragged her across the room, pulled her behind the tall headboard of the bed, and drew a fold of the lace curtains before the open space between the bed and wall.

The step reached the door, a key was inserted in the lock and turned. The door opened, the light of half-open lantern flashed across the dark room. The passed ever the threshold, and the next instant Irma, peering through the lace, saw Dr. Prudhomme, enveloped in his water-proof cloak, and carrying a swinging lantern.

He did not turn his head in her direction. He went straight toward the portrait at the other end of the rection windows with human faces,

room. He held up the lantern in front of it and stood looking at it for half a minute. Then suddenly disappeared belind it. The room was again in total darkness. Where had he gone?

As Irma stood wondering and bewildered, she heard a voice speaking. Where did it come from? Was it from the wall, or from everhead? She listened. It was the voice of Dr Prudhomme. It seemed to be stern; now homme. It seemed to be stern; now there was a tone of soothing, an accent

of reasoning.

Irma eluded her companion's clutch, and stepped from behind the bed. She felt her way to the tall portrait, which leaned against the wall. She crept behind it and felt a small door-way in the paneled wall. It was narrow and low, but wide enough to admit a man. She put out her arm and felt further this mysterious opening. found steps—a narrow little staircase, built behind the false wall. There was a false wall on this side. That ac-counted for the fact that this room had seemed smaller than the others.
She knelt down and listened. She

plainly heard Dr. Prudhomme by turns threatening and soothing some one in ome place above. No answer was returned except moans and short exclamations and once an entreaty, folowed by a curse. Irma took in the situation at once,

er vivid imagination suggesting the whole. The half storey at the top of the tower was finished; at least it was habitable, and it had another dweller beside the owls and bats. This mysterious staircase behind the false wall of the room led up to it. There was a human being confined there, whether man or woman she could not tell; the voice was too low and feeble. The creature was kept a close prisoner, visited at night by old Nick to bring food and water, and sometimes by Dr. Prudhomme, who had a separate set of keys. He had heard the cries tonight, and had come to quiet them. The storm excited the prisoner, the thunder and the quivering and shaking of the old tower in the wind. The shutter of the round window had blown away, or the prisoner, in his terror, had found strength to wrench it off. Hence that white skeleton-like face at the

Who was this mysterious prisoner finement? Was Blanch's father, whom she had thought a harmless, gentlehearted man, a monster of cruelty? She could not believe it. There must be mysterious reasons for this deed

that looked so dark. As she stood lean-ing against the frame of the picture in the intense darkness of the room, with these wild thoughts and surmises coursing through her brain, she heard the light footsteps of Dr. Prudhomme lescending the stairs. Should she confront him as he came into the room and flashed his light upon her face? What would he do to her? In the new light father to teach me, but she could not bear to look at me. But it was her capable of any deed. He might shut fault that I was a thing to shudder at. her, too, up in this lonely old tower Why did she marry when disease was with the mad dwarf and the prisoner in the top; shut her up for her life-time. Escape was impossible, for he had locked the door behind him. True, the dwarf had the keys he had stolen. As the thought flashed into her mind she

> "Mort, the key-the key! Unlock the oor; let us escape. He is coming!" The thought came too late. The cotsteps on the inner staircase soundclose at hand. A flash of lightning, rlimmering through the broken blinds showed her the dwarf crouching behind the bed trembling in mortal terror. The next instant, the tall picture

its leaning position, and Emile Prud-homme stood before her.

CHAPTER XVI.

At first he did not see Irma. His brow was knit; he had a gloomy, pre-occupied look. He mechanically re-placed the picture in position against the wall . Then as though moved by a sudden impulse, he held the lantern up in front of the portrait and looked

you!" he muttered. He turned around and was face to face with Irma. He started, and then stood still. The light of the lantern streamed obliquely over her motionless, dark figure, her white, still face. He stared at her without uttering a sound. He could not believe in the reality of the apparition. He advanced a step, and touched her arm, as though to assure himself that she was real. "Miss Brazeale here—is it possible?"

he said, in a low voice. "It is I," Irma answered quietly.
"How in the devil's name came you here at this hour, in this place?"
"I came here for shelter from the It came upon me suddenly while I was walking in the grounds."
"But the keys? Did old Nick dare—"
A gurgling, choking sound, the thud
of a heavy fall cut his questioning

"Ah! I see how it was! That wretched humpback!" cried M. Prudhomme, his voice hoarse with rage. He sprung, with rage.

He sprung, with the leap of a tiger, to the side of Mort, who lay where had dropped, behind the bed, the keys clinched in his hand, his face purple

and distorted. "Meddlesome wretch!" M. Prudhomme exclaimed, raising his hand to strike the writhing creature.

"Touch him if you dare!" cried Irma indignantly. "Don't you see he is dying? Help him! Help me raise his head." He put her back roughly.

"He is not dying—pity he isn't. He has an epileptic fit; he has had a thou-

sand like it.' Epilepsy! That terrible word explained the livid pallor of this unhappy being—his disordered fancies, the injury he had done Blanche. Did it also explain that singular look in the eyes. explain that singular look in the eyes of the woman of the portrait? Had the disease been handed down to him from his mother?"
"Help him. See how he suffers!" Irma entreated.

Dr. Prudhomme stooped, lifted the dwarf and laid him on the bed. He stood a moment looking at the writhing shape and convulsed features.

Mingled pity and hate were in his eyes.

Presently his look became fixed. It lost every expression but that of concentration. His slim, pale hands moved slowly over the body of the dwarf. Were those mystic passes he was making? Irma had read something about the phonon of the control o thing about the phenomena of mes-merism, and she watched his move-ments, remembering what Mort had said of his "evil-eye" and its power. The spasmodic movements of the dwarf grew less violent, then ceased altogether. The drawn features re-laxed and settled into repose. The staring eyes closed softly. Mort lay as still as though no life pulsed his

"Is he dead?" Irma asked under her breath.

"No, he sleeps—the magnetic sleep.
Better for him if it were death. He
lives only to work malice and mischief.

How cunningly he has stolen those keys and crept in here, when he has been warned not to approach the tower. Strange that he should have found a

Strange that he should have found a companion in his explorations. Strange that this companion should be the high-toned Miss Brazeale, that she should be found at midnight locked in the room of a deserted house alone with a crazy dwarf."

"Strange that Monsieur Prudhomme should seek the deserted house at such an hour," Irma answered, meeting his sneering look with steady eyes.

"It is not at all strange. The shutter of the window in the unfinished top of the tower has fallen or been blown off. An owl fiew in to-night and took possession. It was of the screaming, horned species. Its wild, half-human cries disturbed me, and I came to drive it out."

and require to be quieted with and remonstrances?"

He turned livid as he listened to her. A spark of yellow fire leaped into his eyes. They glared at her so fiercely that she trembled.

"So you have been watching and listening to good purpose. Spy!" he said between his set teeth. "You have possessed yourself unfairly of a secret which is no concern of yours. Now swear that you will never reveal it. Swear, or by all the powers of good and evil. I will—"

and evil, I will—, "I will not swear. "Stop!" cried Irma, "I will not swear in You are confining a human being in that miserable den overhead. You are subjecting that human being to suffering and privation . You are doing him a great wrong, or you would not be so secret about it!"

"Secret! doing wrong!" he laughed scornfully. "These expressions are good, coming from you. You who have a secret you would die rather than a secret you would die rather than have exposed. Do you think I have not found out that secret? Do you think I was satisfied with the paltry reason you gave me for wishing to bury yourself in a wilderness? Did you think I would not hunt your secret until I found it?" out until I found it?'

How the yellow spark scintillated in his contracted pupils as he fastened his eyes upon her! She felt herself grow sick and faint under that look; but she kept her self-control. Did he really Had he known it know her secret? from the first, or did he only conjecture she had some guilty reason for wanting to seclude herself? She determined at all events to keep a brave front and

betray no weakness.
"You see it is secret for secret, mademoiselle," he continued. "Yours is as
dark as mine can be. If you refuse to keep concealed what you have un-fairly found out to-night, I will no longer keep back what I know concerning your past life. And you are aware what the consequences will be to you. Now, will you swear to betray to ne what you have heard and seen this night?"

There was a moment's silence, while both looked into each other's eyes. Irma detected a faint sign of anxiety in his face.

"He does not know my secret," she thought. "At least there is a chance that he does not.' "No," she said, resolutely. "In my life I have done a wrong to a fellow-being; I may explate this by keeping another wrong from being done or persisted in. I will not swear to keep

cried, stepping close to her and grasp-ing her arm with his long fingers. "Do you dare tell me you will not promise as I ask you? Do you realize how wholly you are in my power at this moment? I can punish you for your meddlesomeness as I please. I can shut you in this old tower, in this room with its gloom and its odor of death, and keep you here until your dying hour. No one will come to release you. You may scream yourself hearse; if the sound reaches any human being, he will shut his ears against it in superstitious fear. Yes, I can shut you up here forever! And

You will not," Irma said, meeting his eye calmly, though her heart quail-He looked at her in wonder "I can do more," he went on, sink-ing his voice to an impressive undertone. "I can take away your ability to resist-to struggle even. I have a mysterious power-you see it exempli-

He pointed to the unconscious figure on the bed. "I can subdue you as I have subdued

Irma shivered, for his eye, his tones had a strange effect upon her. A numb sensation seemed stealing over her. His eye seemed a thing endowed with separate life-with a maglinant sentience of its own. Cunning and cruel as the cuttle-fish, it seemed to reach our magnetic tentacles from its intense centre and fasten them about

She roused herself. She concentrated all the strength that was in her to struggle against this paralyzing influ-

"I am not Mort, the half-demented," she said. "I am not afraid that you will master my will." As she spoke, her power to defy and resist seemed to grow stronger. She rose superior to fear and to his subtle He saw it, and his face darkened with baffled rage and shame under her cool, condemning eye. 'Can this be you," she said slowly,

you whom I thought an honorable, simple-hearted gentleman, worthy of a woman's trust? How I have been mistaken!"

He winced, but he tried to sneer. You thought me a fool, and I have turned out a knave. People have made such mistakes before. Well, I prefer the latter character. 1 prefer to be phistopheles with-

With grey hair, and a child that locks up to you-her father," interrupted Irma gently. His face changed. He struck his

hands together with a gesture of passionate despair. "I am a wretch," he said. "But it is destiny. I have been the football of fate. Listen to me, Aimee Brazeale. was not always what you see me. The blood of an honorable race runs in my veins. Sit here and listen to I will not harm you. It is raining still; you can not leave here if should let you. Sit here on this faded old sofa in front of that woman, who was my evil destiny. Always it is a woman who makes or mars a man. Ti-is one was sent to me at a crisis of my life. I had risen from a repented lapse, and she pushed me down—down to lower depths. Look at me new. Wreck of a man—sallow, old, prematurely old, prematurely grey. But scarce twenty years ago I was the idle of society. Gay brilliant with the idle of society. Gay, brilliant, witty. with money at my command, a profession I loved, a flancee I adored. Love of pleasure was the rock I wrecked upon—wine and cards. Gaming grew into a passion. I married the sweet mother of my Blanche. I neglected her, I neglected business for the card-table. I broke her heart and hastened her death. Remorse seized me and worked a resolve to reform. I broke the chains of the fatal infatuation; I turned my attention to work.

My fortune was gone, but I had energy and talent. I determined to settle in Paris, and draw public attention by lecturing. I was called eloquent and witty, and I had some ideas and theories of my own I counted upon to make a sensation. One night in a lecture upon the practical use of occult influences I spoke of the value of mesmerism in mania and nervous diseases—particumania and nervous diseases—particularly epilepsy—its power to control this fearful malady—to cure it when not too violent. As I spoke, I caught the gaze of a pair of strange dark eyes, shining gem-like in a colorless face. The eyes never wandered from me. The eyes never wandered from me. They impressed me as something that boded evil. The next day the owner of the eyes sent for me on a pretext of illness. As I entered her room she rose from a lounge and stood before me—just as she stands there in that picture—the long white robe, the loose dark hair, the alluring smile. That smile and her words—always low and few—were full of subtle flattery. She let me feel, without saying it in so many words, that she was fascinated by my lecture. I was worn and sad; shamed, because of my life's failure. She raised my drooping self-esteem. She intoxicated me with her homage; she enthralled me with the nameless witchery that breathed from her. It was a coarse spell. I knew it too late. She had money, she was free, with no relations but two brothers living in New Orleans, the city of her birth.

and require to be quieted with threats I married her. Ten hours after the and remonstrances?" he listened to her. sions. It was epilepsy. She owned that the passage in my lecture concerning mesmerism and epilepsy had caused her to seek me, to lure me into marriage with the cruelest deception as its basis. I felt myself a ruined man, but strenge to say, her influence as its basis. I felt myself a ruined man, but, strange to say, her influence over me continued. I devoted myself to her relief—to her cure, if that might be. I checked the violence of her convulsions by the magnetic influence. I felt strength and nerve force go out of me into her. She was selfish, exacting, a sensuous tylant. She dragged me down to the level of her thoughts and aims. Jealousy prompted her to violently oppose my practice of the medical art; and it please her I gave it up. I lost energy, ambition, all the better impulses that had begun to lift my life to a higher plane. I drifted back into the old habits, sought the excitement of whe and gambling, spent all the money I could get my hands upon.

"She insisted or coming back to America; and I came with her—came with her here to this God forsaken spot where she had inherited an estate from her father. Here I found that misshapen creature you see there—her child, she said, by former marriage. I had never before heard of his existence. He inherited her disease; but she had no love and little pity for him. She had kept him out of her sight; given him in charge of a priest, whom I have sometimes thought was his father. The priest was dead—and Mort—the Death's Head, was living here with only the negroes when we came. I pitied him at first, and he repaid me with dis ke and suspicion.
Then my child, my dol, a creature all grace and health and beauty, was crushed by his hand, whether in devilish malice or in the unconsciousness of a fit I do not know. I thought the

former, but I may wrong the creature. Yet I thought best to confine him as I would a dangerous brute. Afterward I gave him liberty at night, with old Nick to watch him. He hates me, but he fears to disobey me. The magnetic power gives me this control over him. He is partly demented. His mother had exhibited strong signs of insanity. Every day her fancies grew more wild, her temper more violent. One of her freaks was to move into this old build-ing and to fit up this room as you see for her occupation. Here she walked the floor hour by hour like a caged tigress, till the carpet was worn as you see, by her feet. There she sat at the piano and played spatches of music and sung fragments of songs. Here on that bed she died-ded, to my bitter regret, under the mesmeric influenceused at her request, her insistance. when she felt the attack coming on. She had made a will giving her fortune to Blanche, and appointing me as the trustee of the child. And I—my God, I have been faithless to the trust. My crippled child will be a helpless beggar-unless-"

He started up wildly. 'You have not premised not to betray the secret you discovered tonight. You must promise it. Swear it, for my child's sake. Swear it now. You

Irma was now perfectly calm. She met his outbreak with composure in

look and tone. "I will not swear ! she said "I do not know what that mystery overhead means. I could not be sure what I was swearing not to do. I must be trusted with the entire truth. You say you have my serret in your possession, and can hold it over me alsession, and can hold it over me alsession. Let that satisfy you. Another consideration; I am here where I see no one outside your household, no strange footstep crosses your threshold. I have no friends, confidents, correspondents. What opportunity have I

to betray your secret?" "It is true," he muttered. "And "It is true," she interrupted. "And now unlock the door. The storm is over, I think; and I am weary. I appeal to your honor, your manhood. Treat me as becomes your gentle instincts, use no violence toward me. Seek to bind me by no oath. Open the door and let me go to my room. I am ill. My head throbs with pain."

He started up and looked at her earnestly. She was very pale, her eyes burned feverishly. "Forgive me," he said remorsefully. You do look fil. Tou must go to rest at once.'

He unlocked the doot. "Will you leave him here?" Irma asked, pointing to the form on the bed, which still lay notionless as the unbreathing dead. 'I will leave him there. To-morrov I will come and remove the magnetic spell. He will wake refreshed. But he will not leave this again, not soon at least. He will not soon have an other opportunity to do mischief."

CHAPTER XVII.

Day broke, fresh and crisp after the storm. The swollen bayou bore many a broken tree-branch on its muddy current, and the late white roses hung their mud-dashed and wounded heads Irma looked akin to one of those drooping roses. She lay on her big, old-fashioned bed, too ill to rise. The night's excitement, superadded to all that had gone before, had thrown her strong physical system out of balance and opened the door to a sharp attack of malarial fever.

As her pulse rose higher, delirium of a mild kind set in, and Dusky, who had constituted herself sole nurse, became uneasy lest some unconscious word should betray the grl's secret. ticularly, she wanted to keep Dr. Prudhomme out of the room. But this was hard to do. He took his seat close to the bed and watched

Irma with a fixed gize, which seemed to draw her own eyes to his.

"Is he tryin' to see inside her?" said Dusky to herseif. "Ilke to see a doctor 'tentive, but this is carryin' 'tention a leetle too far."

She presently let Dr. Prudhomme know her ideas on the matter.

"I always heard it made sick folks restless and kep' 'en from sleepin', to have other folks look at 'em so hard," she said. When Irma would begin to talk incoherently, Dusky would bustle about and hover over her and interpose ejaculations and soothing expressions, regardless of Dr. Prudhomme's frown and

his pushing her aside.
"Leave the room," he commanded,
but when she answered that Blanche said she must stay and nurse Miss Brazeale, he had nothing to say. He seldom contradicted Blanche.
So Dusky kept her place and tried her best to check any betraying utterance of the unconscious girl. Fortunately, Irma's thoughts did not seem to turn to Black Reyou life and its

to turn to Black Bayou life and its tragic termination. Her fevered brain held pictures of last night's exciting scenes. The storm, the dwarf, the old Grenadier with its secret revealed by the lightning, the face at the tower window. She talked about them all, but the prisoner in the tower seemed

"I saw it; I knew it, I knew that face.
God pointed it out to me with his lightning finger. Bend down. Bert, let me whisper in your ear who it was,"
she cried she cried.

Dusky bent her head, but Dr. Prudhomme grasped her shoulder and put her aside.

"Bring a basin of fresh water," he

She turned off reluctantly, and Dr. Prudhomme bent his own head quickly, and said low:
"Who is the ghost in the old Grenadier? Who is the prisoner in the tower? Tell me."

He caught her hands and fixed her wandering saze upon him.

Tell me," he repeated, "who is the shost?—whose was the face at the the tower window?" She looked at him with contracted brow a second, then a light came into her face.

"You will get him out?" she asked.

"Yes, yes." he answered, quickly, for he heard Dusky's brisk step.

"He is—but no, he died—he was buried. How comes he here alive?"

Her gaze seemed to wander.

Her gaze seemed to wander.
"Who is he?" Dr. Prudhomme asked, anxiously.

Splash! went a quantity of water into her face. Dr. Prudhomme turned around and glared at Dusky. "Jess see how careless I am! A-tip-pin' of the basin," she said, demurely. She cooly set the basin down in Dr. Prudhomme's lap, while she took his cambric handkerchief and dried Irma's

"Dear Bert," said the unconscious girl. "Don't wipe away my tears. I ought to shed them if they would wash

"Sh-! you be quiet now, er Bert will go away," whispered Dusky with a dab of the handkerchief. She had grown familiar with the name of Bert Fonte-noy. It ran through all Irma's wild talk-a tender refrain. Under Dusky's soothing the sick one fell into a fitful sleep. A sudden noise aroused her. She started up, crying: "Oh! save me, Bert, save me! Don't

let them hang me! Don't let them put me in that dark cell. I did not mean to kill him. No, no, I——" "Miss Aimee, here is Bert. Be still and lie down,"Dusky interposed, breathlessly. She thrust herself between Dr. Prudhomme and his patient, and smothered Irma's face in a wet towel. went on soothing her, and gave no sign of having noted Dr. Frudhomme's quick start and eager look when he heard

Irma's exclamation. "Sick folks do have the craziest notions!" she said. "When I had a fer they tell me I thought I was a turkle dove and tried to fly. "I t'ink you was more like jay-birt; all t'e time chitter, chitter, and jump about, you little devil," cried Dr Prud-

homme, angrily. But Dusky was leaning over Irma. wetting her lips with cold water, and the sick girl was talking again of the lover she had given up. She fancied it was his kisses so cool on her hot

mouth.

"Don't, don't," she said. never be yours, Bert. Go with you to a far country? Oh! that would be sweet, but I must not let you make that sacrifice for me.' This was the crisis of the disease. It was past midnight on the third day after the attack. "Go to bed. I will watch here," Dr.

Prudhomme commanded: but Dusky

stoutly refused to obey. "I ain't sleepy a bit, and I ain't going to leave her 'thought I'm dragged away," she said, with a snap of her black eyes. "You go to bed. I ain't afraid of the ghost in the old Grenadier's head. Some day I'll get somebody to go up there on ladders and find out about him.'

"If ever you speak of the ghost, as you call it, to anybody under the sun, I'll murder you," Dr. Prudhomme ex-Dusky shook her head smilingly. She always pretended not to understand French, though she comprehended perfectly what was asid. She seemed not to notice his stern looks. busy pulling down the muslin sleeves

der in a little cup and gave it to her. He carried the cup back to the mantlepiece and set it down. Then he stoopfee-pot that stood on some coals and dropped a considerable quantity of white powder into it. Dusky made the coffee. She counted upon it to keep her awake. A scheme was shaping itself in her active little brain: she thought the coffee would brighten her wits. She presently poured out a cupful, dropped into it a big lump of sugar,

and drank it. "I ought to have put more sugar in-to it; it was mighty bitter," she said to She sat down to her task of keeping cool clothes on Irma's forehead, but in a little whire her lids were creeping together; she nodded a few minutes, and then her head dropped back against

the chair cushions, and she was fast asleen. When she opened her eyes an hour later, she saw Irma lying with shut lids and composed limbs, seeming fast Yet her lips were moving, as asleep. she had just been speaking. Dusky looked quickty at Dr. Prudhomme. What was the meaning of that strange gleam in his eyes-that pale, startled look? Had he found out Irma's secret? Had he bewitched her into betraying it? Dusky was troubled. She got up and bent over

"It is a strange sleep," she said, look-ing at the marble like face and move-"She has passed the crisis. She will begin to convalesce," Dr. Prudhomme

He looked sharply at Irma through his eyeglasses. Then he rose and left Day broke. The light broadened in the east, the birds sung in the

orange-trees close by Irma's window. Still she slept on restfully. It was the magnetic sleep, and in it she had unconsciously replied to Dr. Prudhomme's questions. Her secret was in his pos-Dusky, too, was asleep. Her head, with its tangle of black curls, had sunk

upon Irma's pillow. Dr. Prudhomme entered and went up to Irma's bedside. There was a freshly addressed letter in his hand, and he looked from it to the sleeping girl. Hesitation was in the look-perplexity, remorse. looked at the girl's sad, fair face, a wave of pity and tenderness swept over his own features, and he caught letter in the fingers of both hands though he would tear it to pieces. he did not tear it. The softened look left his face. He frowned and gave

his iron-gray head an impatient jerk.
"It must be done," he said. "She
knows too much. And if she suspects all, she will not rest till she knows. It is her interest to find out. It is her interest to make it public. I must checkmate her by this move. But I am sorry it must be done. I am sorry for her-the sweet one-though she has

no liking for me."

He touched Dusky on the shoulder.
As she started up, he said:
"Go to the quarter and tell Alphonse to saddle a horse and come here. I have a letter he must put in the post-What is that you have in your hand, eh?"

office. What is that you have in your hand, eh?"

"Some paper I was drawing on," Dusky said, rubbing her eyes, and slipping the folded paper down the loose sleeve of her muslin apron. When she had come back from her errand, she found her charge still sleeping. She went to Irma's desk and took out an envelope. She sat down and drew out the paper from her sleeve, unfolded it and looked at the pencil drawing upon it—her work done during her night-watch by Irma. In the left corner of the sheet of paper was Irma's face—crudely drawn, but the likeness was plain. In the foreground were the bayou and the house; further back was the tower. The old Grenadier was shetched with care and was easily to be recognized. In the background was a man on horseback approaching in a gallop. The sketch was small, but remarkably well done for a girl who had scarcely any instruction.

Under the picture, she had printed with the pen (she could not write) the names "Grenadier Place. Black Ba-

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