THE MILL MYSTERY

BY ANNA RAPHRINK GREEN.

Even if womanly delicacy had not forbidden me too often and too long that way, the sense of the unfair advantage I was possibly taking of his weakness made the possibility of encountering his waking oys a matter of some apprehension. I know that aener demanded I should rouse him, that he would not thank me for letting him sloop after his brother had left the room; and yet, whether from too much heart he was in such sore need of rest or from too little conscience I was in such sore need of knowledge I let him shumber on, and never made so much as a move after my first startled disc

And so five minutes, ten minutes, went by, and, improspribly to myself, the soften. ing influence which his alsoping countenance exerted upon me despend and strengthened till I howan to use if I had not given too much woops to my imagination wines presenting and events that in my calmer me mires the day the was born! Away! I

that element of mystery which had made less face on the pillow

Organ (and the is looking at me! With two wide open, stony eyes it is staring into my very seal like a spirit from the tomb, awakening there a horser infinitely deeper than any I had felt before, though I know it was but the signal of returning life to the sufferer, and that I might to rouse myself Instead of sitting there like a statue of fear in the presence of an imponding fate. But do what I would, say to myself what I would, I could not stie. A nightmare of berger was upon me, and not till I saw the stony Hus move and the face take a look of life in the effort made to speak, did I burst the spott that hold me and start to my feet. Even then I dared not look around nor rates that the moment so long waited for had come. A power behind myself seemed to ald mo atlant, writing, watching for those words that struggled to life so painfully before me. At last they came, filling the For they are actions that a man might

"Dwight! they! If you do not want me to haunt you, swear you will never divulge what trak place between you and Mr. Har

foon. And before I could turn my head, her mother's chamber, and was now watch-Dwight Pollard leaped by me, and hiding the face of the dying woman on his breast, turned on men gere that was a half wild, half

"He for my brother! He is in the northwest room. Foll him our mother raves." Ony, who would make it. Then, as I took a hurried, though by no means stondy, stop towards the door, he follow me?" asked that gentleman, bowing added: "I need not ask you to speak to ne

"No," my cold lips ossayed to atter, but an unmorning murmur was all that left theme The reaction from hope and trust to a new really trangible fear had been too sudden and overwholming.

But by the time I had reached the room to which I had been directed. I had regained in a measure my self-control. Cuy Pollard at least should not see that I could be at action. footed by any thing which could happen in this house. Yet when, in answer to my minimons, he joined me in the hall, I found it difficult to preserve the air of respectful sympathy f had assumed, so searching was his look, and so direct the question with which he mot his brother's message.

"My mother faves, you say ; you will be kind enough to tell me what her words veyed something of the uncompromising

"Yes," returned f, scorning to prevertente in a struggle fat least meant should be an honest one. "She called upon her sone, and when we entered. It was musty, too, and said that she would haunt them if ever they divulged what took place between them and Mr. Harrows at the mill.

"Ah !" he coldly bushed ; "she does in dend enve." And while I admired his soifcontrol. I could not prevent myself from experiencing an increased dread of this nature that was so ready for all emergencies and so panoplied against all shock.

f might nave felt a more vivid apprehension still, had I known what was passing in his mind as we braversed the ball back to the sick chamber. But the instinct which had warned me of so much, did not warn me of that, and it was with no other feeling than one of surprise that I noted the extreme deference with which he opened his mother's door for me, and waited even in that moment of natural agitation and suspense for me to pass a cer the threshold before he presumed

Diright Pollard, however, did not seem to be so blind, for a change passed over his face as he saw us, and he half rose from the Gronohing position he still held over his mother's form. He subsided back, however, as f drew to one side and let they pass and booded to the bed, and it was in quite a natural fone he bade me sout myself in the alvoys towards which he pointed, all his mothers combition required my services.

That there was really nothing to be done for her, i new myself in the one glimpse I earlight of her fure as he started up. She Was our the verge of death, and her last mements were cortainly due to her children. So I present into the alcove, which was really a small come opening out of the large mor and the large mor and the large mor and the large mor and the large more and the large really as the large law. there, asked myself whether I ought to shut the door between us, or whether my decor-tion to Ada's cause bade me listen to whatever same directly in my way to hear? The host that I was in a measure prisoned there, there hoins no other outlet to the room than the one by which I had outered, the would be doing your good sense and we determined me to ignore for once the natural many judgment but little honor, and put-

instincts of my indyhood; and pale and frembling to a degree I would not have wished seem by either of these two mysterious men, I sat in a dream of suspense, hearing and not hearing the lew hum of their voices as they reasoned with or consoled the mother, now fast drifting away into an endless

Suddenly—shall I ever forget the thrill it gave me inter votes rose again in those tones whose force and commanding power I have found it impossible to describe. "The oath! the oath! Dwight, (luy, by

my dying head-come of "Yes, mother," I heard one votes interpose; and by the solemn murmur that followed, I gathered that (tay had thought it post to humor her wishes.

The long drawn sigh that issued from her, lips testified to the relief he had given her and the "Now Dwight!" which followed was uttered in tones more gentle and as-

that to this appeal no solemn marmur enmed, for ut that instant a scream arose from the bed, and to the sound of an opening door

come in here for, to confound me and make

Horrified, and unable to restrain the The probability was that I had, and once impulse that moved me, I sprang to my allowing myself be admit the idea, it is feet and rushed upon the scene. The plaastenishing how capitily it gained possession ture that met my eyes places at me now of my thoughts, and if not exactly transform. On the bod, that roused figure, awful me the situation into one of cheerfulness with the shadows of death, raised, in and case, at least relating it of much of that suits of the constraining hands of her two samilcheal character which had hitherto sons, into an attitude expressive of the most made it so usuely unbourable to me. The intense repulsion, terror, and dread; and as surroundings, too, sooned to particks of the the door, the fainting form of the pretty, new spirit of life which had select me. The dimpled, care shunning daughter, who, runn looked tess shadowy, and lost some of struck to the heart by this poisoned dark from the hand that should have been lifted its dimly soon corners the possible abode of in blessing, stood swaying in dismay, her supernatural visitants. Even the clock wide blue eyes fixed on the terrible face bebloked less higheriously, and that expression fore her, and her hands outstretched and clutching in vague fear after some support that would sustain her, and prevent her fall-

To bound to her side, and lift her gently out of her mother's sight, was the work of a moment. But in that moment my eyes had time to see such a flash of infinite longing take the place of the fierce passions upon that mother's face, that my heart stood still, and I scarcely knew whether to bear my burden from the room, or to rush with it to that bedside and lay it, in all its childlike beauty, on that maddened mother's dying bresst. A low, deep grown from the bed decided me. With that look of love on her face, otherwise distorted by every evil jas-sion, Mrs. Pollard had fallen back into the arms of her two sons, and quietly breathed

> CHAPTER VIL ADVANCES

But I have that within which passeth show,

"Miss Sterling?" I was sitting by the slde of Mrs. Harrington in her own room. By a feverish exertion of strongth I had borne her thither from shock. At the sound of my name, uttered behind me, farose. I had expected a speedy visit from one of the brothers, but I had been in hopes that it would be Dwight, and not

"I must speak to you at once; will you respectfully as I turned.

I glanced at Mrs. Harrington, but he impatiently shook his head. "Anico is at the door," he remarked. "She is accustomed to Mrs. Harrington, and will see that she is properly looked after." And, leading the way, he ushered me out. nausing only to cast one kurried glance back at his sistor, as if to assure himself she was not yet sufficiently recovered to note his

In the hall he offered me his arm. "The gas has not yet been lighted," he explained, "and I wish you to go with me to

This sounded formidable, but I did not hesitate. I felt able to confront this man. "I am at your service," I declared, with comfortable sensation that my tone con-

The room to which he conducted me was on the first floor, and was darkness itself chill, as with the memory of a part funeral and the premenition of a new one.

Even the light which he soon made did not seem at home in the spot, but wavered and flickered with faint gasps, as if it longed to offace itself and leave the grand and solitary apartment to its wonted atmosphere of cold reserve. Hy its feeble flame I noted but two details : ore was the portrait of Mrs. Pollard in her youth, and the other was my reflection in some distant mirror. The first filled me with strange thoughts, the face was so wickedly powerful, if I may so speak;

handsome, but with that will beneath its beauty which, when allied to selfishness, has produced the Lucretia Horgiasand Catherine

do Medicis of the world. The reflection of which I speak, dimly seen as it was, had, on the contrary, a calming effect upon my mind. Weary as I undoubtedly was, and pale if not haggard with the emotions I had experienced, there was still something natural and alive in my image that recalled happier scenes to my "I do not wonder," he pursued. "Drearfeyes, and gave me the necessary strength to ness like this has little to do with youth confront the possibilities of the present in-

seemed like the natural genius of the spotappeared to be struck by this same sensation also, for his eyes wandered more than once to the mirror, before he summoned up courage, or, perhaps, I should say, before he took
the determination to look me in the face and ourious to note the strife of expression between his eye and lip; the one hard, cold, and unyleiding; the other deprecating is its half-smile and falsely gentle, as if the mind that controlled it was even then divided between its wish to subdue and the accounty

ting myself, or, rather, ourselves for we position which would make any after-exlanations exceedingly difficult. For exnations can be given, and in a word, for what has doubtless struck you as strange and terrible in my mother's last hours, -exilanations which I am sure you will be glad is accept, as it is not natural for one so blooming in her womanliness to wish to hamper her youth with dark thoughts, or to nurse suspicions contrary to her own candid

and noble nature." He paused, but meeting with no response beyond a rather cool bow, the strife between his eye and lip became more marked. He went on, however, as if perfectly satisfied, his voice retaining its confident tone, whatever the disturbance communicated to his inward nature.

"The explanation to which I allude in this," said he. "My mother for the past three menths has been the victim of many unwholesome delusions. The sickness of my father, which was somewhat prolonged, made great inroads upon her strength; and his death followed by the necessity of parting with Mrs. Harrington-whom you perhaps know was for family reasons married immediately upon my father's decease, sowed the seed of mental weakness which culminated on her deathbod into a positive delirium. She had a notion, and has had if for weeks, unknown to every one but my brother and myself, that Mrs. Harrington had been the occasion of some great misfortune to us ; whereas the innecent girl had done nothing but follow ont her mother's wishes, both in her marriage and in her settlement in a distant town. But the lovemy mother had felt for her was always the ruling passion of her life, and when she came to find herself robbed of a presence that was actually necessary to her well-being, her mind, by some strange subtlety of disease I do not profess to understand, confounded the source of her grief with its cause, attributing to this well-beloved daughter's will the suffering which only sprang out of the circumstances of the case. As to her wild remarks in regard to Mr. flarrows," he added, with studied indifferonce, "and the oath she wished us to take, that was but an outgrowth of the shock she had received in hearing of the clergyman's death. For, of course, I need not assure you Miss Sterling, that for all our readiness to take the oath she demanded, neither my brother nor myself were ever at the mill, or knew any more of the manner or cause of

Mr. Barrows' death than you do." This distinct denial, made in quiet but emphatic tones, caused me to look at him with what was perhaps something of an expressive glance. For at its utterance the onging cry had risen in my heart, "Oh, that it were Dwight who had said that!" And the realization which it immediately brought of the glad credence which it would have received from me had it only fallen from his lips caused an inward tremble of self-consciousness which doubtless communilard, without waiting for any words I might have to say, leaned toward me with gratified air, and with what I would like to call a smile, exclaimed :

"You have been in the house scarce twentycfour hours, but I feel as if I could already give you the title of friend. Will you accept it from me, Miss Sterling, and with it my most cordial appreciation and esteem?"

"Ah, this is mere bait!" I thought, and was tempted to indignantly repel the hand he held out; but something restrained me which I am too proud to call fear, and which in reality I do not think was fear, so much as it was wonder and a desire to understand the full motive of condescension I could not but feel was unprecedented in this arrogant nature. I therefore gave him my hand, but in a steady, mechanical way that I flattered myself committed me to nothing; though the slight but unmistakeable pressure hereturned seemed to show that he took it for a sign of amity, if not of absolute surrender.

"You relieve me of a great weight," he seknowledged. "Had you been of the common-place type of woman, you might have made it very uncomfortable for un.

"And what have I said and done," I could not help remarking, though neither so bitterly nor with so much irony as I might have done had that desire of which I had spoken been less keen than it was, "to lead you to think I shall not yet do so ?"

" Your glance is your surety," was the sponse he made. "That and your honest hand, which does not lightly fail in that of satranger." And with a real smile now, though it was by no means the reassuring and perhaps attractive one he doubtless meant it to be, he fixed me with his subtle glance, in which I began to read a meaning if not a purpose, that made my blood leap indignantly to my heart, and caused me to feel as if I had somehow stumbled into snare from which it would take more than ordinary skill and patience to escape.

A look down the shadowy room restored my equanimity, however. It was all so unreal, so ghostly, I could not help acknowledging to myself that I was moving in a dream which exaggerated every impression I received, even that which might be given by the gaze of an unscrupulous man. So I determined not to believe in it, or in any thing I should see that night, unless it were in the stern soul of the woman who had just died; a qualification which my mind could not help making to itself as my eyes fell again upon her portrait, with its cruel

" You do not feel at home !" exclaimed they, interpreting according to his needs my silence and the look I had thrown about me. ness like the has little to do with youth and beauty. But I hope "—here he took a step nearer, while that meaning look—oh, my God! was I deceiving myself!—deepened in his eyes—"I hope the day will come when you will see the sunshine gleam through the gleom of these dim recesses, and in the new cheer infrared into the life of this old mansion forget the scenes of horror that encompassed the beginning of our friend-ship." And with a bow that seemed to intimate that reconstructs forced him to terminate this interview, he was stepping back, when the door opened quickly behind him, and the face of Dwight Pollard showed itself on the threshold.

The look he cant first at his brother and

Events Marking the Termination of the Reign of Terror.

he republic. As many as sixty, seventy, even

beheaded daily in Paris, and often persons of most different politics. Royalists, moderate republicans. extremists, socialists, were condemnwas such a rage for massacre, and so little attention paid

to guilt or innocence that, in various cases, ailers marked with chalk the doors of the icht, the marks would not be visible; and thus other unfortunates would be taken to the scaffold in order to complete the requi-

Legal nurder had grown to be a mere matter of routine, depending on the case and inlligence of the custodians of the prisoners.

Can anything more shockingly illustrate the savagery of the period? In Paris alone as many as seventeen hundred are said by au-The men and women who fed the nsatiable maw of the Revolution, in all ways, throughout France have never been reckoned, and never can be. Apart from the ax, many were killed in civil war, were shot and drowned by order, in the south of France; so that 25,000 would not, presumably, be too large an estimate. At least 6,000 must have perished on the scaffold, and many

to make the number appear much larger. It added tenfold to the horror that the common people of both sexes would follow the cart carrying the condemned to the scaf-fold, shouting at, defaming and insuiting them with all the volubility and vehemence of the French populace. The better known, the more distinguished the victim, the fouler hardly be driven through the crowd that yelled itself hourse in her denunciation. She would have been torn to pieces but for the guards. So it was with hundreds of others. The mob was always fiendish and would have murdered the unfortunates themselves could they have had their will, believing every one of the condemned to be a malignant aristocrat who had robbed, persecuted and abused them in every possible manner. To read the accounts of those days fills the mind with anguish. They seem unreal, the creation of morbid and gloomy imaginings. Could huwildest anarchy raged; heads were constantly falling; every educated man and woman walked under the shadow of death. Paris and the other large cities of France appeared to be veritable hells, in which the proletariat

played the part of demons and outdemoned the demons of an invisible and ideal world, This interminable slaughter, this hideous despotism, for which Robespierre was held accountable, terrified beyond endurance the Their instinct of self preservation demanded a change, any change being regarded as a re-Robespierre to venture a suggestion for his deposal, and yet the whole city would have rejoiced at it. Such was the condition of the community that each man distrusted his neighbor. To incur the slightest suspicion was to be lost. People hid themselves at night, dreading to sleep at home, lest they should be awakened by a summons from the tribunal—the certain harbinger of death.

DOWN WITH THE TYRANT. Danton's words to Robespierre, "I drag him after me," were winged with prophecy. From the moment that Danton fell, even thos nearest to the dictator feit that they might follow him at any hour. Their feelings were entirely vindicated. Week after week the guillotine was pressed to do the bloody work required of it. Would there be any end of the slaughter? Would it not go on until France had been depopulated? were the ques-



tions that people asked themselves. St. Just and Couthon seconded in everything their chief, whose bloodthirstiness appeared unquenched and unquenchable. Not only Paris, but the whole country, had visibly begun to react against the agonizing months and sea-

Tallien, though he had been one of the ultraists, perceived that Robespierre had lost confidence in him; that his head sat uneasily on his shoulders. The cause was, if cause were needed, that in his mission to Bordeaux in the autumn of 1708, for the purpose of rooting out all trace of the Girondists, he had, after redundant cruelty, grown suddenhad, after redundant cruelty, grown sudden-ly humane. This is explained by his falling violently in love with a beautiful woman, still in her teens, Mme. de Fontenay, daugh-ter of Count Cabarrus, minister of finance in Spain. Spain. Born in Saragossa, but a resident of Bordeaux—she had been divorced from her

> her. Going to Paris, her beauty was greatly admired; her home became a center for the mod-

tile to the Terror, and brought about its ter-mination. But to his wife more than to him mination. But to his wife more than to him is due the glory of the issue. It is signally fitting that a woman should have checked the flow of the best blood of the nation.

Resistance to the sanguinary tyrant, as he was styled, arose even among the members of the committee of public safety. When he demanded its reorganization the national convention had, for the first time, the hardihood to refuse, which was his doom, since his in numerable enemies were at once aroused thereby. He had been auxious to expel from traitors and criminals, and its members were alarmed for their own safety. Unable to control the committees, he withdrew, and tried secretly to defeat them. During the last few weeks of his life he was almost a lay figure in the government. He appeared in the convention July 26 and began to read an elaborate, crafty speech in which appeals to conciliation were mingled with bitter accusa-tions. He was interrupted by a tumult. Biliau:I-Varenne accused him of treason, and abused him violently. Tailien drew a dagger and swore he would thrust it into his breast if this Cromwell should triumph. The

question of agreement between the contend-ing parties, but of extermination of one or

Robespierre mounts the tribune: but his foes, who had been working under ground, suddenly roar out, "Down with the tyrant!" and repeat the cry whenever he opens his mouth. He is stupefied. He has not dreamed of so great a revolt among men who, two days before, seemed to be at his feet. He is attacked on every side; even the unalloyed Mountaineers deserting him in his direful need. Finally, he addresses himself to the moderate republicans, calling them "Pure men," in contradistinction to "those brigands yonder;" but they, too, are obdurate and denunciatory. Beside himself with rage, he d'Herbois, who presides, "For the last time, speak;" but he can say no more.



him. Resistance is futile. Despair settles down on him. His hour has struck. He, with St, Just and Couthon, is dragged

off to the prison of Luxembourg. The Commune organizes an insurrection; rescues him; conducts him to the Hôtel de Ville, where he refuses to sign an appeal to arms; but his party acts without him. The convention, learning of the rebellion, outlaws the accused and the members of the Commune. Hanriot, commander of the armed force, joins the Robespierreans and prepare to resist the troops of the convention. majority of the sections of Paris having gone over to them) and gain an easy victory. The dictator, seeing that all is lost, shoots himself, not through the head, as intended, only

reaking his lower jaw. At 4 of the afternoon all Paris is exited, watching the tumbrils as they move to the Place de la Revolution; the guards pointing out the one in which the dictator lies, I jaw bound up, his eyes closed, more dead than alive. His eyes open occasionally, showing intelligence and mortal terror. He is insulted as the cart goes by; a wild, haggard woman leaps on the wheel, and screams and mothers ringing in your ears, drowning snatches off the rag from the jaw. Robes pierre sees the gleaming ax, and utters an unearthly groan, hideous to hear, never to be forgotten. In another moment Robespierre' nation awakes from its hideous nightmare. The Reign of Terror is at an end.

THEIR END RECORDED.

Last Days of Some Noted Leaders of the Revolution.

CLOSE OF THE BLOODY YEAR 1794.

Devoted Friend of Robespierre-Descrip tion of the Death of St. Just and Couthon Justice to Fouquier-Tinville

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

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Although the Reign of Terror terminated Robespierre, the incarnation of its truculent spirit, the Revolution continued nearly fifeen months longer, still bloody but vastly assuaged. Very few, if any, had dreamed that the downfall of the dictator would produce so desirable, so blessed a change in hem-orrhagic France. But he seems to have been the one man, despite denials of his inherent cruelty, of his inclination to homicide, who, starving guillotine. Twenty or more of these suffered with him, among them Mayor Fleuriot, Augustin Robespierre, younger brother of the terrorist, Hanriot, Simon, St. Just, Coution. Those named seem to have been strongly attached to him, notwithstand-ing that he is reputed to have been without

FAMOUS REVOLUTIONISTS.

ling him from the Jacobin club. Taillen, understanding his mortal peril, united the Hébertists, Dantonists, all the factionists hose

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