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TOILED IN THE ATTEMPT

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS

CHAPTER VI.

It was a month later. In a garden overlooking Lake Erie, a few miles west of Cleveland, was situated, near the close of a fine afternoon in June, a young lady, whose loveliness was well in keeping with her surroundings.

She was Tillie Ward, the only child of ex-Governor Norman Ward, to whom the adjacent estate and mansion belonged; the daughter of the lady who had been so strangely abducted from the Nor-wester, by the mysterious Mr. Woodley.

The figure of Tillie was lithe and slender, even to girlishness, her age being only seventeen, and her step light and elastic, with the neat grace in every movement. Her face—bright, tender, and sweet, glowing with health and spirit, yet overcast by a shade of gloom, which had of late become habitual—was illuminated by a pair of sunny eyes, just now shining with an interest and eagerness which only love could have kindled in them.

She was clad in deep mourning for her mother, whom she and her father supposed to have been drowned in Lake Huron, in accordance with the report Captain Lowe had brought them, and which had been confirmed by Goffin, Yetter, and others.

Sauntering down the gravelled, flower-bordered path to the waters' edge, Tillie looked wistfully out upon the great lake, whose waters glittered and glowed in the red sunset.

"It is strange Olin does not come," she said to herself shyly and with blushes. "He said he would be here—Ah, isn't that the very same?"

A little craft had suddenly come into view, rounding a point less than a mile distant, and a single glance was enough to tell her the identity of its occupant. "It is Olin," she added.

She retreated to a vine-grown summer-house crowning a grassy mound near the middle of the garden. Here she sat down on a rustic bench and waited, her heart throbbing quickly, and an eager light coming and going in her eyes.

She was seated there, timid and expectant, a hand some wreathing her lips, when the vines covering the pretty lattice retreated, and a dark, sinister face was pressed against them, and a pair of snaky, wicked eyes looked in upon her.

"The life's enchantress!" breathed the intruder, in a whisper even softer than the rustling of the leaves. "Every day adds to her charming beauty. She must be my wife! She shall be!"

Calming his admiration and hiding his scheming look which had momentarily manifested his face, he stepped noiselessly from his covert into the nearest walk, and presented himself at the door of the summer-house.

As Tillie looked up, recognizing the intruder, she sprang to her feet with an air of mingled surprise and annoyance.

"If you wish to see the governor, Mr. Beevil," she said haughtily, "you will find him at the house."

The intruder smiled disagreeably, but did not offer to retire.

He was some forty years of age, and tall and stoutly built, and attired like a figure in a tailor's fashion-plate. His red face was heavily freckled, with whiskers cut in a popular English fashion, and he wore his hair parted in the middle. Diamonds glittered on his shirt-front and on his fingers, and a pair of gold-framed eyeglasses hung loosely from a golden chain against his breast.

It was evident that he aspired to be a man of fashion, but it was not difficult to see that, under his airy exterior, was a low, brutal nature, an iron will, and a keen, shrewd intellect that was always busy with plans for his own selfish enjoyment.

He was the possessor of a considerable fortune, which had been amassed more or less dishonestly, and occupied a fine homestead adjoining that of the Wards'. In some way he had become intimate with the friends of the ex-governor; he had acquired the respectability of the latter, whose greatest desire was to have him for a son-in-law.

Tillie, however, as may be guessed, had her own ideas on this subject. She had long before read Beevil's character aright, and, as a consequence, had grown to detest him heartily.

"Pardon me, Miss Ward," he said, in response to her haughty greeting, bowing nearly to the ground. "I was on my way to the house when I caught sight of you in the garden. I remember only too well that you have forbidden me to enter this paradise again, but here I am, as you see."

"For what purpose?"

"To gain your suit, fair Tillie, and to beg you to reconsider your recent decision."

She interrupted him with a gesture. "I shall never reconsider that decision, Mr. Beevil," she said quietly, yet firmly. "I rejected your offer of marriage for many good reasons, any one of which is sufficient. I neither like you nor admire you, nor have any confidence in you. This, I think, should be answer enough for any one possessed of the least sense of delicacy or self-respect."

"Your father is favorable to my suit," returned Beevil, trying to speak calmly, although an intense anger flamed from his eyes. "He told me—"

Tillie raised her hand again.

"If you have any business with my father," she said, "let him have your own say. I will have nothing to do with you. Is not that sufficient plain to you?"

"Sufficiently plain to me," he finally comprehended.

The intruder left her.

only too well, as was indicated by the angry flush which had mantled his features.

"I know why you reject me," he muttered, glaring savagely at her. "It is because you love Olin Bain!"

Tillie turned away in silence.

"But you needn't think you will marry him," pursued Beevil, with a tone and manner that were simply insufferable. "Your father hates the very name of Bain. He would sooner have a rattlesnake in the house than any member of that hated family!"

An angry gleam appeared in Tillie's eyes.

"Will you rid me of your presence?" she demanded.

"I will go, since you drive me away," he replied, "but I will go to your father. I am your suitor with his fullest approval, and will see if you dare refuse him for a man he hates!"

He stalked away, disappearing in the direction of the mansion, and Tillie yet had a sigh of relief.

"The villain!" she ejaculated. "He has thrown off his thin pretense of being a gentleman, and has shown himself in his true colors."

CHAPTER VII.

The keel of a boat grated against the sandy beach at the foot of the garden. A few minutes later, and presently a manly figure appeared in the arched doorway of the summer-house.

The newcomer was Olin Bain, Tillie's favored suitor—the only son of a neighbor of the Wards; well educated, gifted, and of the highest honor and integrity, with a reputation second to none for goodness of heart and kindness of disposition.

"Waiting for me, Tillie?" he asked, putting his arm around her and lowering his handsome face to hers. "I should have been here sooner, but I have been to Cleveland. And seeing the Nor-wester in port again, I went to find those two sailors, Goffin and Yetter, to question them further about your mother's sad fate, but they are no longer with the schooner."

"They returned up the lakes in a little sloop of their own the very day after they were here to tell their story to your father. You are not brooding still over your poor mother's death?"

"How can I ever cease to brood over her fate, Tillie? She was the most passionate freer invader her sweet voice. 'You lost your mother when you were a little child, too young to feel the loss, and you cannot understand my anguish and desolation. The house is empty, my mamma is gone. Papa has been driven from his library and sees no one except Mr. Beevil. He doesn't like me to near him because my face is so like mamma's. He cannot look at me without tears. He loved her, Olin! He walks his floor day and night ceaselessly. And I wander in and out of her room, and wonder if it's all true—that she is dead and drowned, and that I shall never see her again in this world. O mother, mother!"

The girl buried her face in her lover's breast and sobbed aloud.

Olin's eyes filled with tears. His face grew gray and tender and full of sympathy.

"My poor darling!" he whispered. "It is a terrible sorrow to bear."

"How terrible you can never know," pursued Tillie, the passionate thrill in these loving eyes to see no more than gentle voice to never say no more than gentle voice to never say my head again upon her breast—my God! how terrible! I should have died but for father and you."

Olin soothed her with earnest and tender words, blessing her with that perfect sympathy which has no need of language.

"If I might only take you to my home," he said at length earnestly.

"Not yet," responded Tillie. "I cannot marry you under a year, or leave father and home, which has learned to bear this blow with resignation."

Olin made no attempt to combat this resolution. He left that she was right. "Barring," he resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "we have now been engaged several weeks—since before your mother went away for her fatal trip to Chicago. We have met frequently, with more or less freedom, but I do not like these unauthorized relations, and am sure that you do not. I would like to come to you openly and freely as your accepted suitor. It is a duty we owe ourselves to make this change, and I intend to ask your father tonight to sanction our engagement. Do you think he will consent to our betrothal, or will he let his old feud with my father come between us?"

"I don't know, Olin," replied Tillie. "Papa is good and kind and warm-hearted, but he is also impulsive and hasty of temper. He has never forgiven your father for winning the upward reward from him in that lawsuit of ten years ago, but I hope he is too just to let a thing like that darken his daughter's life. I must say, however, that this awful bereavement and the influence of Mr. Beevil, to whom he has taken such a strange liking, have greatly changed him."

As she ceased speaking, a quick firm tread was heard from a walk adjacent.

"It's your father," said Olin, rising. "I will tell him all now."

The tread came nearer and nearer, and a moment later Governor Ward reached the entrance of the summer-house and looked in upon the lovers.

He was a man in the prime of life, noble of aspect, and with the look and bearing of one grand and honorable, but now his face was flushed with an

and his eyes were glowing with a stern rebuke.

It was evident that Beevil had done his perfidious work well, arousing the father's hasty temper and poisoning his mind against the young couple.

"So you are here, you young sneak!" he cried, addressing Olin. "Tillie, I am surprised at you! As if my heart were not sore enough with your mother's dreadful fate, you must seek to wound me! Go to the house—to your own room! I will settle with this intruder!"

"But, father—father!" pleaded the girl, in wild alarm. "Olin is good and noble, and he loves me—even as I love him! Have pity on us, papa!"

Governor Ward turned from her.

"As for you, viper of a miserable race," he exclaimed, again addressing Olin, "how dare you enter into my premises and steal the affections of my daughter? I would sooner see her dead than allied to any member of your family! You know that your father and I are enemies—that he deliberately cheated me out of a portion of my property, and that I hate him!"

"Governor Ward," returned Olin, in great agitation, "my father did not cheat you, my father was not to blame that there was a flaw in your title. The meadow was rightfully his, and an intelligent jury so decided!"

"This to me!" cried the governor. "I leave my premises before I am tempted to do you an injury. Mr. Beevil has told me of your secret meetings with my daughter, and of the eloquence you are planning to use against me! You have perverted the mind of my daughter—"

"Governor Ward!"

"Not a word! Go!"

"I will not go, sir, until I have explained this matter," returned Olin firmly. "Mr. Beevil has deceived you, father—truly! I love Tillie, it is true, but—"

The infuriated father could command himself no longer. He imagined he was being defied by his daughter and her lover—the son of his old enemy. With a quick impulse he lifted his heavy cane and struck Olin, who dropped senseless and bleeding to the ground.

A single glance at the white face of his lover caused Tillie to sing helplessly to the floor, horror filling her soul, and all things fading from her sight.

When consciousness at length returned, her father was kneeling by the prostrate figure of Olin, his hand thrust in over Olin's heart.

"Yes, he's dead!" the governor was wailing, in a voice of agony. "My God! I've killed him!"

These despairing ejaculations completed the girl's misery.

A cry was heard from the door.

Mother, lover, and father—all had been taken from her!

"Dead! dead!" she moaned. "And papa is his murderer!"

Again everything revolved around her. For a minute or two a veil lay between her and the right light, and she saw not and the trembling form hovering above it. Then, out of that mist came the terrible scene in all its reality, shocking her into life and action.

"I must fly!" she murmured, struggling to her feet. "The officers of the law will soon be here. They must not find me! I can never be a witness against my father—oh never, never! I must escape while there is time to some distant solitude—to the widest wilderness!"

She turned and fled.

(To be Continued.)

TRAINS COLLIDE.

Two Engines Smashed to Pieces and Seven Persons Hurt.

Wm. Boskell, engineer, badly scalded about head and neck, and hand and arms injured seriously. M. Wilson, fireman, scalded on head and body and other injuries serious. E. McCreary, conductor, badly shaken up and cut seriously. H. Stone, baggage man, arm crushed seriously. W. V. Dockrill, press messenger, head cut and arm broken and other injuries not serious. Mail Clerk Kearns, burns and cuts; mail broken. John Ball tramp, badly shaken up and injuries serious.

A despatch from Owen Sound says: Such is the list of injured in the railway wreck that occurred at midnight on Thursday on the Canadian Pacific Railway at this point. The result, besides the injured, is the destruction of a big freight engine and the engine on the passenger train, the burning of the mail and express car and the wrecking of the baggage car and smoker.

The accident was a most peculiar one. Engine No. 1,430, which had just arrived with a freight train from Toronto, was run up on the roundhouse siding, and Engineer Grith had left it and gone into the office. From some cause unknown the engine, of its own accord, started, started to back up, and started down along the track at ever-increasing speed. The night passenger express, due here at 10 o'clock, was two hours late, and as it rounded the curve at Murray's Hill and came down the grade at full speed met the runaway engine in front of the Keenan Lumber Company's mills. The impact was terrific, resulting in the wrecking of the engine and tender of the passenger train and converting it into scrap; and the tender of the runaway locomotive, which rebounded and went flying back on the rails toward town. The tender of the passenger coach leaped the mail and express car, which in turn splintered the baggage car back as far as the doorway.

In the mail car Mail Clerk Kearns was caught and held fast for a moment, while the flying parcels and boxes in the express car inflicted the injuries that Express Messenger Dockrill received. Harry Stone was pinned down under a pile of baggage, and his arm was broken in a number of places. Conductor McCreary was badly shaken up and his arm broken. Engineer Boskell is the most seriously injured. He was shot through a hole in the side of the cab, and held fast until released. Wilson, the fireman, was also got out with difficulty, and both were badly cut, bruised and scalded.

A rocket, which a small boy had failed to set off, exploded in a store at Ferris, B. C., setting fire to the whole stock of fireworks and burning down the building.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.
Toronto, June 2.—Manitoba Wheat—No. 1, 81.00; No. 2, 81.14; No. 3, 81.10; No. 4, 81.14; No. 5, 81.14; No. 6, 81.14; No. 7, 81.14; No. 8, 81.14; No. 9, 81.14; No. 10, 81.14; No. 11, 81.14; No. 12, 81.14; No. 13, 81.14; No. 14, 81.14; No. 15, 81.14; No. 16, 81.14; No. 17, 81.14; No. 18, 81.14; No. 19, 81.14; No. 20, 81.14; No. 21, 81.14; No. 22, 81.14; No. 23, 81.14; No. 24, 81.14; No. 25, 81.14; No. 26, 81.14; No. 27, 81.14; No. 28, 81.14; No. 29, 81.14; No. 30, 81.14; No. 31, 81.14; No. 32, 81.14; No. 33, 81.14; No. 34, 81.14; No. 35, 81.14; No. 36, 81.14; No. 37, 81.14; No. 38, 81.14; No. 39, 81.14; No. 40, 81.14; No. 41, 81.14; No. 42, 81.14; No. 43, 81.14; No. 44, 81.14; No. 45, 81.14; No. 46, 81.14; No. 47, 81.14; No. 48, 81.14; No. 49, 81.14; No. 50, 81.14; No. 51, 81.14; No. 52, 81.14; No. 53, 81.14; No. 54, 81.14; No. 55, 81.14; No. 56, 81.14; No. 57, 81.14; No. 58, 81.14; No. 59, 81.14; No. 60, 81.14; No. 61, 81.14; No. 62, 81.14; No. 63, 81.14; No. 64, 81.14; No. 65, 81.14; No. 66, 81.14; 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