CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED. Scarcely had Lucy laid her head upon Scarcely had upon before she was transported to the most delightful dreamland. For time everything was blissful content; time every the sky became clouded, nd she found herself toiling alone up a hill the rain descending in torrents, d the thunder crashing overhead. resently there came a terrific clap, and he sprang up in bed awake, and trembing in every limb.

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As she did so, a most appalling shriek oke apon the quist night. Great Heaen, whence did it proceed? Paralysed ith horror, she remained quite still for ninstant, and then she heard a rushing ound pass her room and a door softly friend lose in the distance. Again and again he swful shrieks filled the house.

Heavens, it is Mrs. Richmond!" "I am coming-I am comng, dear !"—and, without a thought of of the danger she might encounter, he young girl flaw through the passage

Maxwell left 1:0 her friend's room. his baggage She found her alone, in a most pitiable ed, but as he osed he would ondition of terror—moaning and trembing in an agony of fear.

"What is it, dear?' asked Lucy, taking er in her arms and soothing her like a id, in visiting hild. "You are safe now; you have greeted by ch came from een dreaming. rted the fact "Oh, Lucy, hide me, hide me! I shall

o mad if I see it again. "See what, dear ?" faltered Lucy. lood dripping "Idon'tknow." gasped Mrs. Richmond, huddering "I had fallen asleep, and I a it. It was elt something touch my foot; and when opened my eyes it stood there at the an apparently and of the bed glaring at me! Oh, don't

sed in thin gave me, for Heaven's sake don't leave good." "My dearest, I would not leave you for So perishall he world. I am only going to ring the

The trunk wall to wake Mrs. Mitchell." e at once sent "Yes, yes; let us have her here too, in

nat the body may not! that he was "Was it a man then, dear?" asked Lucy, ugh a photo. Temembering the sound she had heard in

he passage.
"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Richmond, d of the dead still shuddering and hiding her face on d crushed in. Lucy's shoulder—"a man with a horrible, the feet be. white face! And, oh, Lucy, his fearful o the thighs hair! It hung down on each side of his psy of the re- hastly face like a curtain of blood! The it was found with of it will haunt me as long as I live. Oh, why did Elgar leave me?" she t determined, mouned. "Send for him—send for him emains in the st once - say, I shall go mad without

His trunks "Yes, dear, I will, the first thing in the her, and the morning; but you must try to compose icate that the yourself now, for all our sakes, if not for and culture.

By this time Mrs. Mitchell was with in house, Toental hotel, but she slept much farther off. Her ey nor letters motherly, homely presence quieted Mrs. legram from Richmond to some extent, and she was ndicated that sole to talk more calmly and reasonably New Zealand on the subject of her terror.

left England Mrs. Richmond persisted that it was no our of this dream; she distinctly felt the hand upon e letters that her foot before she saw the figure. Lucy rapany him. Then told of the rushing sound she had eller s trunk hard, and expressed her opinion that comebody must have made an entry into

York City, the house for the purpose of robbery. "Of course it is known," she added, "that there are only women here now !" "Ah, child, you say that to comfort me but I am certain that was no living prewas in the room to-night !"

Finding they could not argue her out of the belief that her horrible visitor was mpernatural, Lucy was persuaded by Mrs. Mitchell to go to her room and

ened by my "Go, my dear miss," urged the good g for young woman, "or we shall be having you laid nners spoke up next, and I'll take care of missus while young man you are away. , 842 Valer-

"Come back as soon as possible, Lucy well known I feel safer with you by me." Lucy required no incentive to hurry, Maxwell, for, although of a very brave temperament, her nerves were completely uny changing strang. She, however, quite believed in ut 5 feet her own mind that the figure was not su-

about 140 pernatural in any way, and determined to nd of good make a thorough examination of the premises down-stairs -more particularly t any part of the cellars - directly it was light.

CHAPTER VI.

Daylight was breaking when Lucy returned to Mrs. Richmond's room. The poor woman was still in a most hysterical condition, alternating between violent attacks of sobbing and paroxvems of shudf the trunk dering terror.

Hrs. Mitchell looked gravely .. Lucy,

and shook her head significantly. "Don't you think we had better send one of the girls to ask the Doctor to come Temple down as early as possible, miss?" she "I dare say missus would feel easier like if she consulted him; and he's a dever young gentleman, and will advise

what to do to prevent the fellow getting Although the old housekeeper adopted this reassuring tone, Lucy could see it we entirely assumed for the purpose of quieting the fears of her mistress, and that she was in fact fully impressed with the truth of the ghostly character of the

terrible apparition. "Yes," agreed Lucy. "You would like to see Doctor Maurice; wouldn't you,

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Richmond, who was by this time almost exhausted "and for him; but don't you leave me." "No, ma'am; don't you trouble; we Won't leave you never you fear! Now you keep still for a little while, and see if you cannot get a wink of sleep."

"I feel as if I should never sleep again," declared Mrs. Richmond, her sobs getting minter and fainter.

dear, do you lie down on the ship and) do the same. Why, you look quite pale and worn out !"

The housekeeper could not have used a stronger argument than this last to quiet Mrs. Richmond, who, in the midst of her terror and suffering, still retained her unselfishness.

"Poor child, I have frightened her! Lie down, dear, and I will try to be quiet for your sake."

"And I ll sit in this arm-chair and keep watch over you both," added Mrs. Mitchell.

Strangely enough, in less than a quarter of an hour they were all three soundly asleep, completely exhausted by the excitement they had gone through.

When Mrs. Mitchell, who was the first to awake, looked at the clock, she found it was eight.

"Why, gracious me," she said to herself. "we have been asleep for four hours; that ought to do missus good ! Poor soul! I wonder what that was a warning of in the night . I hope nothing has happened to master; but I doubt me. won't disturb 'em; but I'll go and send off for the Dcctor now, and make them a cup of tea. Bless her pretty face," she added, looking at Lucy, "she's like a sunbeam in the house! She'll make a good man happy some day, or I'm much mistaken.

They were still sleeping when Mrs. Mitchell returned to the room, bearing in her hand a tray with two cups of tea A slight noise she made in setting it down awakened Mrs. Richmond, and immediately after Lucy opened her eyes.

"Why, I have surely been asleep!" exclaimed Mrs. Richmond, in amazement. "That you have, ma'am, for nearly five

hours; it must have done you a world of | again. "Well, I certainly don't feel so bad as I should have expected to; but then, you know. I have not slept so many consecu-

tive hours for weeks." "Now, you drink this cup of tea, and ate he may come again; pray Heaven he I'll put the room tidy. Doctor Maurice will be here before we know where we

> Ten minutes later, he was ushered in, looking flushed with the hurry he had made. He remained with Mrs. Richmond some little time, and then descended | night. to the drawing-room, leaving Mrs. Mitchell with her.

"Oh, Doctor Maurice," cried Lucy, who was anxiously a vaiting him, "I am so thankful to see you! We have had such an awful night!'

"Yes, indeed, you must have had!" he said kindly. "I was quite grieved to hear such a dreadful account from the servant it must have shocked you terribly! cannot say I am altogether surprised," he continued. "She was in a dreadfully | be decidedly improving. nervous condition when I left last night. I did not want to frighten you unnecessarily; but I was really alarmed, and intended coming this morning instead of in the afrernoon."

"But why should her nerves have anything to do with it? Surely you don't | ing letter from Edgar suppose it was a ghost she saw ?" "Not I, indeed!" he returned, laugh-

"I don't believe in them a bit; but I feel certain it was a case of spectral illusion. Her nerves were just in the highly-wrought condition that would induce an illusion of that kind. And what completely convinces me is the fact of the spectre having red hair. Between ourselves. I believe that unfortunate conversation of ours has been the cause of it all."

"You must forgive me for disagreeing with you," said Lucy. "I am firmly persuaded that a man did enter Mrs. Richmond's room in the night with the idea of robbing her, and that her shrieks so startled him that he rushed away without achieving his purpose; for I am quite sure, after her first scream, which awakened me, I heard some one brush past my room, and immediately after shut the door softly at the head of the stairs. was so convinced of this that, had it been possible to leave her for an instant, I should have followed down-stairs."

Maurice said earnestly. "You would Lucy. have been running a fearful risk if there had been any one there. I still think, however, that your imagination played you false, as well as hers. You must remember you had just been startled out of a deep sleep And is it likely now that any h of would deliberately wake Mrs.

Richmond up by touching her foot?" "No! That, I quite agree with you,

must have been fancy." upon that," he said conclusively. "But, my bed which communicates with your from whatever cause the fright arose, the room." result is just as alarming. She must not be let alone at night again, as-I feel bound to tell you—another attack of the same sort might have the most serious consequences. She has rallied from this wonderfully; but it has been a severe

shock to her constitution." "Thea I suppose we had better urge Mr. Richmond to return at once?"

"Yes, his wife is going to write to him this morning. I would rather she had left it to you; but she must not be opposed. And what are you going to do with yourself," he added.

"In the first place, I am going to explore the cellars. Although you have so little faith in my burglar theory, I shall not be casy until I have quite satisfied myself there is no outlet from them."

"Let me come with you, then," he said softly. "And, when we have finishe there, I want you to come with me for drive by the sea-shore. I have to visit a patient at a farm-house five miles from here, and a good blow will do you good; you don't look the better for your trying night." Seeing that Lucy hesitated he went on-"Mrs. Richmond toldme to say a state of feeling on my part to be imposshe hoped you would go, and she will sible."

advised her not to describe the events too minutely, as it would be so very alarming to him. The fact m, I put it in that way, hoping that consideration for his feelings may prevent her dwelling too much on the subject herself."

to go with pleasure. They then went down into the cellars; but, after carefully examining them, they could find no trace of any opening. Lucy, however, still held resolutely to her original impression that some one did pass her door in the night; and, finding it impossible to shake her conviction, Doctor Maurice dropped the subject, and crying, "Now let us get out of this gloomy place into the sunshine and air !" led the way up-stairs.

Lucy went to put on her hat and say good-bye to her friend before starting. Mrs. Richmond was busily writing; the housekeeper sitting working by her.

"Good-bye, dear," ahe said; "I hope you will enjoy your drive. Don't worry about me; Mrs. Mitchell will stay with me until you return. I don't like to see your cheeks so pale. I dare say I shall be down before you are home."

Directly they had gone, Mrs. Richmond said to her companion-

"I sent Miss Starr out on purpose, soundly. Mitchell. I wish to make a slight atteration in my will, and I would rather she an unessy sense of something wrong, to did not know anything about it. Willyou call Emily? I shall want both your signatures as witnesses."

The housemaid was accordingly called, her. and Mrs. Richmond took the will from out of her escritoire. After writing for a few minutes, she called the two women to witness the signing of her name; and, when they had both written theirs, the form was re-sealed and securely locked up

"There," she thought-"I feel easier, now that it is done. I am sure Edgar is too good to find fault, and it will be such a help to them !"

She finished her letter, and, giving it to Mrs. Mitchell with directions to send it to the post at once, went down to await the return of Doctor Maurice and Lucy.

Before they reached Fernhurst, Dector Maurice again impressed on Lucy that Mrs. Richmond must not be left alone at

"And I shall stop the brandy-andwater," he said. "I must make a complete alteration in the treatment." He would not stay to luncheon, though

Mrs. Richmond pressed him to do so, saying he did not wish to wear out his welcome. Lucy slept in her friend's room during the three succeeding nights; but nothing

occurred to disturb them in any way; and

to her great delight, the invalid seemed to "I am very glad," said Doctor Maurice, when he saw how well his patient was progressing. "Your complaint baffled me

at first, I must confess; but now I feel sure I shall conquer it." The fourth morning brought the follow-

"My dearest Wife,—I cannot tell you how much your letter, which I have only | Port. just received, alarmed and distressed me. I cannot bear to think of your sufferings, and shall return home immediately, al though matters over here are far from satisfactory. You will probably receive this in the morning, and I shall follow it in person the same evening. The boat does not get in until rather late, I believe; and, as I don't know which train I shall be able to catch, I cannot tell you the exact time to expect me. Any way, yo I cannot hope to be with you until twelve or one o'clock. Pray don't let any one sit up for me; I shall walk from the station, and can let myself in with my latchkey; then I will come straight to you. Good-bye, my dearest.

"Ever your most loving husband

"EDGAR. "P.S.—By-the-way, I hope you will not be disagreeably surprised at my appearance; I have had my moustache shaved off since I have been here."

"Then Mrs. Mitchell or I had better "Thank Heaven you did not !" Doctor | sit up with you until he comes," suggested

"No; I should not like you to do that. I am sure Edgar would be annoyed if any one sat up."

"But we could easily lie down on the sofa," persisted Lucy, recollecting Doctor Maurice's injunction.

"No, my dear; I do not wish it. You may remain with me until twelve if you will; and then I can only have a very few minutes to wait. If I want any-"And the rest too, you may depend | thing, I can ring the bell at the head of

> Lucy was not at all satisfied in her own mind with this arrangement, but thought she would leave any further argument un til Dr. Maurice called in the afternoon; for she felt certain he would strongly deprecate Mrs. Richmond being left, even for a short time.

> As fate willed it, however, that afternoon he could not come, having been called to a serious case at some distance, but sent a messenger, saying he would be there on the following morning.

"How unfortunate!" thought Lucy. "Had he been here, she must have given

All day Mrs. Richmond seemed greatly unsettled and restless; and Lucy began to fear the excitement of her husband's return would throw her back again.

"Nevertheless I am thankful he is coming," she told herself; "somehow I feel such a weight of responsibility on me since that dreadful night. I would give a great deal that he were safely here now How strange it seems for me to be longing for Edgar Richmond's presence! Three months ago I should have declared such

At night, when they went up-stairs, she again tried to induce her friend to let he remain with her "I will go directly I hear him com-

ing, if you don't want him to find me

"No, my dear; I would much prefer Lucy no longer demarred, but agreed you did not," Mrs. Richmond mid somewhat testily. "Don's argue with me, child : I feel hot and restless as it is."

"Then I will say no more," replied Lucy sadly-"only I do not like going." "Good night," said Mrs. Richmond; "Heaven bless you, and make you as happy as you deserve, my kind unselfish Lucy, after kissing her warmly and

wishing her good night, left the room. "Now," she declared to herself, "I will not go to bed until Mr. Richmond arrives I shall be sure to hear him if I listen; will lie down outside my bed, but I will not close my eyes."

But, although Lucy struggled bravely against the almost overwhelming sensation of sleep that oppressed her by getting up and walking about the room whenever she found that she had almost succumbed to it, ultimately tired nature asserted itself ; she gave in, and when daylight crept into the room, she lay upon her bed sleeping

She awoke suddenly, unrefreshed, with find Emily, the housemaid, standing by her bed. The first glance at the girl's scared white face completely aroused

"Emily, how you startled me! What is the matter?"

"I don't know, miss," replied Emily, in a low awed tone; "but Fanny and I are dreadfully frightened." "What at? For Heaven's sake, tell me

qu'ckly !" "Well, miss, we can't get missus to answer us, and we have been knocking at her door for the last five minutes; I wonder you didn't hear us!"

"But has not Mr. Richmond returned?" inquired Lucy anxiously.

"No, miss, for, see, here is a letter in his hand-writing which has just arrived that was my reason for disturbing missus so early."

"Let us go to her at once," cried Lucy "perhaps she may be ill." "Don't go in, dear miss, until Mrs. Mitchell comes; Fanny has gone to fetch her. Oh, I am afraid !" cried the girl, bursting into tears. "One of the dogs

howled all the night, and I said to Fanny, 'Somebody's spirit is passing now.' " "Emily, Emily, don't be so superstitious !" said Lucy, a cold horror creeping over her; but she went no farther than the door of Mrs. Richmend's room, and there they stood and waited, trembling

and listening intently. In a minute Mrs. Mitchell hurried up, followed by Fanny and the cook.

"We had better knock again," she said, in a terrified whisper; "perhaps she may be awake now." Lucy knocked loudly on the panels of

the door; but there was no response, and five frightened women huddled closer together for sympathy and sup-

"Open the door a little, and speak to her, Miss Lucy; maybe she doesn't hear us, as she is so deaf.

With a trembling hand, Lucy turned the handle of the door and opened it s few inches; as she did so, a perceptible shudder ran through the group.

"Mrs. Richmond," she called in a low voice, strangely unlike her usual one, "may I come in? Here is a letter for

They waited for an instant, breathless with anxiety; but still the awful silence was unbroken. Lucy looked blankly at her companions, with her lips quivering. "We must go in; she is evidently ill.

"Then I must be the first," replied Mrs. Mitchell. "Heaven help us, I fear we shall see a sad sight."

Summoning all her resolution, the old weman pushed the door and entered, followed closely by the four trembling girls. She advanced firmly to the bed, drew the curtains aside, and then uttered a cry of anguish There lay Mrs. Richmond dead, with such an agonised expression of terror on her poor face that it filled the spectators with pity as well as horror and W - W - 30 grief.

"Come away, children !" said Mrs. Mitchell. "Draw the curtains; this is no sight for young eyes. My poor, poor mistress!" And then she burst into loud sobs, the three servants joining in hyster-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Wart's" the Matter?

The fate of nations and men often turn the presence of two warts on the cheek of a Khartoum ship's carpenter. The occurrence of such a contingency seems, however, to be quite within the bounds of possibility. In his address to the Soudances, Mohamed Ahmed wrote: "Has not God Himself given me the signs of my mission—the two warts on the left cheek which are spoken of in His book?" It sogent reasoning would seem to have had its effect, for the officers of the Kordofan army who joined his standard exhorted their companions to follow their example, declaring that Mahdi "is always smiling, and his countenance is beaming as the full moon. On his right cheek is a wart, and other signs which are written in the books of the law." There is, it is true, a grave discrepancy as to the position of the warts; but it might hevertheless have been better for the peace of the world if Mohamed Ahmed had been born without any warts at all.

Idale, bioyale, trioyale, broken nose.

The aim of Russia in Central Asia is not so much to menace or to invade India as to get possession of a coast line on the Arabian Sea. For generations Russia has been striving for maritime egress. An immense empire without a single unrestricted connection with the cosan.

The exit from the Black See into the

Mediterranean is commanded by Turkish

batteries on the Bosphorus. This striv-

Russia with the might of a chained-up

a pathway

works in

ing to carve for herself

to a free ocean coast

elementary power. And it increases in intensity in the same degree as the interior of the various parts of the Empire is made capable of production by railroads and Russian trade is looking for markets. As soon as Russia's Asiatic possessions are connected by railroad with her European system—and the day is not far distant—a highway to some southerly coast becomes a law of necessity, which no power can resist obeying in the long run. This pressure to reach the ocean is the leading motive of all the events that have taken place in Central Asia. It characterizes the direction which the Russian advance must take, and it only needs a single glance at the chart to be convinced that all the expeditions up to this time have been carried out in accordance with a well-laid plan. The territories still dividing Russia in Central Asia from the ocean are Afghanistan and Beloochistan, and through these lands Russia must eventually reach the ocean. This is the aim of Russia in Afghanistan at the present time. As for the question of Constantinople, Russia, in the event of a general war, may endeavor to get possession of the city and command the gateway to the Black Sea herself, or if she secures Turkey for an ally content herself with getting the unrestricted navigation of the straits for her war ships, as was the case in the days of the great Mahmood. It is reported that in the recent diplomatic intercourse between St. Petersburg and the Porte the Sultan is always referred to as the grandson of the great Mahmood, the friend of Russia, whose throne was saved by her, and hints have been broadly thrown out that under certain circumstances the Czar

would guarantee Turkey a long lease of existence in return for favors received. Turkey, it is true, bears resentment for the sufferings caused in the past by Russia, but to this Russia replies in a way that carries a certain amount of conviction, Why did you not stand by the treaty of "Unkiar Skellessi?" This treaty was a secret compact between Mahmood and the Czar Nicholas, giving solely to Russia the freedom of the straits as a reward for her service in driving back the Egyptian army which, under Ibrahim Pasha, the warlike son of Mehemet Ali, was threatening Constantinople. Russia has been compelled to do all she has done, the Sultan is told, because " vour predecessors foolishly departed from the policy of the great Mahmood. Imitate his example, grant again that which he gave so willingly to cement his friendship with Russia, and trust to the power of the Czar to maintain your throne against all Europe.

A Bicycler's Encounter with a Mountain Lion.

Little riding is possible all through this

section of Nevada, and, in order to com-

plete the forty miles a day that I have rigorously imposed upon myself, I sometimes get up and pull out at daylight. It is scarce more than sunrise when, following the railroad through Five-mile canon,another rift through one of the many mountain chains that cross this part of Nevada in all directions under the general name of the Humboldt mountains, - I meet with a startling adventure. trundling through the canon alongside the river, when, rounding the sharp curve of a projecting mountain, I see a tawny mountain-lion trotting leisurely along ahead of me, not over a hundred yards in advance. He hasn't seen me yet; he is perfectly oblivious of the fact that he is in "the presence." A person of commonsense would simply have revealed his presence by a gentle sneeze, or a slight noise of any kind, when the lion would have immediately bolted back into the underbrush. But I lay no claim whatever to any of that rare virtue, and consequently acted about as foolishly as possible in the premises. I fancy some reader has already guessed that I slipped up behind the lion and pulled his tail; or mounted the bicycle and rode him down. I simply fired at him, and of course missed him, as a person naturally would at a hundred yards with on the merest trifles. It would be indeed | a bull-dog revolver. The bullet must curious if the destiny of England and | have singed him a little, though, for, ere Egypt was to be materially affected by I get my features into shape for the broad grin that I promised to treat myself with at seeing him wildly scoot for the brush, he turns savagely round and comes bounding rapidly towards me, and at twenty paces crouches for a spring. Do I "grin" when I see him thus? Again, Nay. Laying his cat-like head almost on the ground, his round eyes flashing fire, and his tail waving to and fro, he looks savage and dangerous, Crouching behind the bleycle I fire at him again. Nine times out of ten a person will oversheet the mark with a revolver under such droumstances, and, being anxious to avoid this, I do the reverse, and fire too low. The ball strikes the ground just in front of his head, and throws the sand and gravel in his face, and perhaps in his wicked round eyes; for he shakes his head, and seems to recollect suddenly that he left something at home, and jumps up and makes off into the brush.

> "Dying in poverty," mused a needy student, 'is nothing; it is living in poverty that is hard on a fellow."