FOR THE THIRD TIME.

CHAPTER VIII.

a Christmas anthem. The red light from the picture and his own discov- like poor George Wildair." from the curtained windows of his ery. But in an instant he had rehome flared out brightly athwart the covered. fluttering flakes.

ter night, and after a hard day's He turned the picture over. On set off. As may be imagined, the John wheeled round and confronted, work. I hope none of my patients will decided hand: "Truly yours, Isabe so unreasonable as to call me out bel Vance, Framlingham, May 4, along through the night air. He could again in this tempest. My good mother 18-" has about given me up for lost I dare

key, and stamped the snow off his boots | lady Miss Hardenbrook disinherited. | He had a sort of misgiving within and overcoat. The parlor door opened, looked out.

But, what's the matter? Have you us too late.

"Something very much like it, John," letter ran thus:.

"Did I meet any one? And this Christmas eve! There's a ques- I am a woman lying on my death-

"Amy Earle."

"Mrs. Latour? My dear mother, what too late. would bring an invalid out on such a Dorothy Hardenbrook had adopted a -night?"

a quarter of an hour ago. She came like a ghost, and vanished like and headstrong and unscrupulous. She "Alone"

madness heard of? The tyrant was brook hated him, and forbade Isabel away, for a wonder, dining at seeing him on the pain of disinherit-Major Mallory's, and the imprison- ance. Isabel promised and disobeyed ed slave broke her bars and came him again and again, by night and by

is enough, with her constitution, to give her her death!"

times a merciful relief. I would rath- her immediately-it was her fortune he er see her at rest in her coffin than wanted, not herself. He jilted her, that villian's wife." -"Mother,, you exaggerate, I think.

she say!"

"Nothing that I can repeat-all was do something desperate, and I know incoherent and wild. She wished she she has done it. was dead; it was too late for mutual help; she was not his wife; she had aworn to keep his secret, and dare not break her oath. And then she broke sobbing and said she would betray her- that deed! I am dying and I say it out with a wild storm of hysterical self if she tingered ionger, but -Isabel Vance shot her false lover just she was already out of sight. John, I think misery is turning her brain."

"Heaven forbid!" said her son. He had turned very pale, and sat looking into the glowing coals.

wood Grange to-night." Impossible, John, in this storm. "The storm will not burt me, motn-

er; and I would brave ten thousand such storms for poor Amy's sake. How ber on such a night. I will go now a specimen of her handwriting on the that poor, thin face. "Not until after supper," said his

mother, resolutely. "I will not hear of it, John: Here, draw up your chair; it is quite ready, and quite spoiled by

hungry enough a moment before, but ture, much as he had stared. now he munched his toost and drank his tea mechanically. Pale and moody wildered look. "Surely I have seen he sat. What if that little, frail creature had never reached home? What if it?" they should find her white and cold "Try again, mother think over the among the pitiless snowdrifts? He people you kno win the vicinity. Imapushed away his cup and plate, and gine that splendid crop of hair, cut

"I cannot eat, mother. Good Heaven! have it. she may be lying frozen to death by Mrs. Sterling dropped the picture, as the wayside while I loiter here. Poor if it burnt her, and staggered backchild! Poor Amy! I wish Victor La- ward with a loud cry. tour had frozen to an icicle in the winter's storm the night I first | Victor Latour!" brought him to Blackwood Grange."

and put it on. Thrusting his | that had never struck him. "what a hands into his pockets, in search of preposterous ideal For Victor Latour his fur glove, he brought forth a and Isabet Vance to be one and the "Hello! I quite forgot this. A let- possibilities!"

tion in somewhat great surprise.

brook died. Whom can it be John, he will murder that child!" from?"

"You had better open it and

Mrs Sterling opened the envelope sheet. As she unfolded it a card fell er." he said; "I never thought of presently. and drew forth a closely written out upon the carpet. Her son stooped this." and nicked it up.

a love letter with the gentleman's He stopped and stared. The picture alias Victor Latour, lodged in jail "I shall not remain long." replied perous as at the present." picture inclosed therein. Why --- "

pictured face that held Dr. John spell- mate) strategy with strategy, cun- in this matter, if you can." bound. It was its unaccountable fam- ning with cunning. Trust me, moth- "I can easily-wait a moment," she First Traveler-Just think of being lliarity. It was as familiar to him, er, I will save Amy yet." that gypsy face, as his own in the glass Sterling. and yet he could not place it.

"Where have I seen this woman?" up for me, mother, I may return of Isabel Vance. he thought. "It is a face not easily late." Facing the falling snow and the bit- forgotten. Those big black eyes; that "As if I could sleep. And John, for Amy? Thank Heaven! Your freedom

course. But if Victor Latour had er; I beg you will not sit up for Amy's answer was a low cry of ter-"No place like home," thought Dr. a twin sister on earth, this is her me."

heard that name before, too. Ah! I not at all certain that he would be He opened the door with his latch- recollect Isabel Vance was the young able to win and wear her after all. picture here; and what does she mean ful in rescuing Amy from the thral- of comparatively modern origin, but in

pale, and placed the letter in his with him too prosaic and common- iron horse has actually entered Bul-

his mother said gravely; "come in. Mrs. Sterling-Madam; Although and to himself. personally a stranger to you, I know

any one on your way, coming Blackwood Grange, the young lady to whom Dorothy Hardenbrook left her fortune. It is on Amy Earle's account that I write this letter.

tion! Did I meet whom, moth- bed, and before you receive this I shall be in my grave. Accept it as a voice from the grave-a voice raised to warn your ward. Pray Heaven it come not

young relative, a Miss Isabel Vance, with the resolution of making her her "Misery-madness, perhaps. She has heiress some years before she died. She took this Isabel Vance off the stage, for she was a play actor, and shut her " It is quite true; she left not up in the house at Framlingham. She was very severe with her, and the girl needed it, for she was bold, and bad was engaged to a young man she had known in the city, Mr. George Wildair, and he used to follow her secretly and "Alone, and on foot. Was ever such meet her in the village. Miss Harden--lying came natural to her. She met stealth. Miss Hardenbrook discovered "Good Heavens! on such a night! It it, and the result was she disinherited Isabel, and left her fortune to Amy

"I don't think that we need to la- Isabel's troubles came all at once, as ment that, if it be so. Death is some- troubles do come. Mr. Wildair jilted and she left the village and disappeared. If ever woman looked possessed of What brought her here? What did- a demon, Isabel Vance did the last time I saw her. I knew then she would

The next I heard of Mr. George Wildair he was engaged to Mis Earle; the next I heard he had been foully murdered the night before his wedding. Madam, Isabel Vance did

I have not seen her since. I don't know what has become of her; but I do know that that is not likely to be her first and last crime. She will wreak "Mother, I must go over to Black- her vengeance on Miss Earle, too, if serpent, cunning as a fox, and unfor any deed under heaven: I send solemnly and warningly- a dying wo- er than the drifts outside this stormy man-beware of Isabel, Vance.

Ellen Rossiter. Abruptly and startlingly the letter

"Who is it?" she asked with a bethat face before! John, who

proachfully, "and you said you were short; imagine a mustache on that life-the secret he made you sweear to dainty upper lip, and I think you will keep.

"It is Victor Latour. Isabel Vance i

"Good gracious, mother!" exclaimed He seized his overcoat savagely, the doctor, startled by a supposition and isaber vance to be one and the thought. "It would be new life— it til its securities are quoted nearly as "As, a mystery," said Mr. S., and Zoological Gardens.

Mrs. Sterling eyed the superscrip- it is true. Oh, my poor little dove! in not his fault. No human law would administrative reform, than is pre- Harry successor was dropping the "A woman's hand, and an unknown all now; she said she was not his wife. cannot help."

ly incredible idea-and yet---

once!" exclaimed his mother, frantical- ment; and, John, don't be angry, please generally employed that the cultivaly, "and tear the mask of that horrible -but I had rather he did not find you ble area has been considerably extendwretch's face. Have Isabel Vance, here."

great, dark eyes lit up a handsome fast! There is no hurry-we will do particular reason for wishing to idengypsy face— a bold, bright, daunt- nothing rash. I couldn't get Victor tify his writing." less face that could not fail to im- Latour arrested for murder on the Amy looked at him in surprise. baseless supposition of an old dead "Victor's writing? Why, John?"
But it was not the beauty of that women. "We will be slow — we will "I will tell you presently. Oblige me

"Give me this picture. I will go at script verses. It was Tennyson's once to Blackwood and endeavor to see "Break, Break," beautifully written; Amy. Heaven grant she may have and Dr. John started at sight of the reached home in safety. Once there, faultless chirography, as if it had been I will know, what to do. Don't sit a death's-head. It was the handwriting

ter blast, with the sturdy defiance of determined chin; that square, bold Heaven's sake, take care of that wretch. is near at hand!" ling plunged his homeward way Heaven! it is the face of Victor pects that you know the secret of her pocket. Amy gazed at him in won-

tour," said Dr. John, coolly; "fore- up a good heart, I think your trou-"It cannot be Victor, Latour, of warned is forearmed; good-by, moth- bles are almost over."

"Isabel Vance! Isabel Vance!" re- lost the heiress through his own overpeated the young doctor. "I have scrupulous sense of honor; and he was What does she mean by sending her himself that, even should he be success- Railway activity in South Africa is ranny of Victor Latour, after all the You must be nearly frozen and famish- er. Mrs. Sterling rose up very invested, she would consider a union haste, so that at the present time the

that you are the guardian and nearest and would last his whole life long, but one word of passion should escape his

ed to the vile tyranny of the scoundrel with drivers reckless of life and limb; to whom in a moment of infatuation, the lumbering stage coach or "prairie she had linked her fate forever. Mr. schooner" drawn by vicious mules or Victor Latour would, no doubt, be as slumberous oxen.

row to make his way over to Framling- led to the continuation of the line, with han and probe the affair of the letter the active assistance of the home gov- Every one of those quarters should be to the bottom; but first he must try ernment, right up to Kimberley. put aside to buy mother the new dress per during his visit. ter about an hour's disagreeable rid- up, thanks mainly to the pressure

s in the drawing-room." Carpet, curtains, sofas, chairs, all were for grandeur few in the world on com-

Seated on a low footstool, crouch- derful curves and zig-zags, giving the ed over the fire, in a strange, distort-ed attitude of misery, was the little depths below, with the nestling farms the papers at every house." mistress of all this splendor. Her hood and vineyards of the fertile valley. had fallen back, her pale yellow hair Capped with snow, the surrounding matters worse by telling a lie."

hung loose and disheveled, and the face mountain peaks, some of them 6,000 feet turned to the fire was colorless as the high, present a grand appearance;

She laid her hand on her heart, as if scrupulous enough and daring enough to still its tumultuous beating. Dr. John advanced, and took both her you her picture, that you may recog- hands in his, and looked down with innize her if you ever meet, and there is finite tenderness and compassion on

"My pale little Amy! You are whitnight. Thank Heaven, I find you here safe! What madness for you, Amy, to face this bitter storm!

"I was so miserable, so lonely, so deture in all this wide earth."

blooded tyrant and villain; but it is the heights of prosperity.

speechless terror.

this horrible union?" would be heaven on earth. But it is high as English consols, reads like a went acay. "I don't care!" cried Mrs. Sterling, impossible; I am his wife; I cannot romance; and there is no better ex-

was not a gentleman's. It was a before morning, for the wilful mur- the doctor, quietly; "but before I go, was not a gentleman's. It was a der of Mr. George Wildair. Go!"

Amy, have you any letters or notes of vignette; the dark face of a young der of Mr. George Wildair. Go!"

No, no, no, no, "said Dr. John, "not so Mr. Latour's in the house? I have a girl of more than common beauty. Two

"You will permit mre to retain this,

through the drifts, whistling cheerily, John Starling absolutely recoiled hour's purchase. You will be found started up to go, holding out his "I am not afraid of Victor La- "Good by, Amy, and good night Keep

> ror. Her eyes were fixed upon the Dr. Sterling mounted his nag and doorway in a wild, dilated stare. Dr.

(Continued.) IRON HORSE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Great Strides in Enitway Building the

Past Few Years.

and his mother's pale and anxious face also, by being the living image of Amy dom in which she was held by the ty-"You, John? How late you are! He was interrupted by his moth- romance with which her life had been pushed on with almost feverish.

His was one of those strong, deep, awayo, and there is serious talk of exders among your Christmas dainties, man's warning, but I fear it comes to and self-sacrificing natures which will tending the system to the once mys-John took the letter and looked just right, even at the sacrifice of the dear- succeeded the Dutch as rulers in the seen a ghost, that you wear that scar-at the signature. It was not "Isabel" est wishes of the heart, and he was now at the signature. It was not "Isabel" est wishes of the heart, and he was now Vance," but "Ellen Rossiter," and the heart had been as rulers in the more than ever determined to do what the first railway was comhe considered his duty both to Amy 1859 that the first railway was commenced, and extensions went on slowly His love for her was all-absorbing, till the discovery of diamonds in Grihere and get warm. Did you meet female friend of Miss Amy Earle, of accord with the rest of his abarrator trade, and trade and trade and trade Until he could see that she returned Even then the railway balted for years it, he had made up his mind that not at a sleepy town on the edge of the silent Karroo known as Beaufort West, But there was ore thing he had re- and thence the journey had to be made solved with all his heart and all his to Kimberley, according to the means soul. She should no longer be subject- or tastes of the passenger, by post cart,

> rejentless a fee as he had proved him- There are many prosperous city men self a worthless husband; but, come and even millionaires-still in the what may, the truth should be dragged prime of life who well remember that from him, and the whole mystery of awful journey across the veldt from his life be rendered as clear as the Beaufort West-the glaring heat by noonday sun. Dr. Sterling compress- day, the cold by night, the lurching darling was suffering, and invol- ions, the miserable "outspans," and at untarily put spurs to his horse, as last the sounds of distant dynamite exif the action would quicken her re- plosions which bespoke the nearness of Not a moment late was he with any "Certainly, sir," said Sarah. the city of dust and diamonds. The of the papers, and the wages were a The agent was taken to No. 8. He

Mountains. The line ascends by wonand engineering skill has pierced have a week's grace. She started up at sight of her visitor through perpendicular rocks by means | Poor Harry! Tears of indignation | Rover." of cuttings and tunnels. The history "Dr. Sterling! I thought it was of railway extension in South Africa is assuredly a romance of real life.

EGYPT'S PROSPERITY.

Hon. Frederic C. Penfield, late Unit- up and dismissed. ed States Diplomatic Agent and Con- In vain Harry's mother pleaded for sul General in Egypt, furnishes in the her child, a good boy, with a good She covered her face with her hands, North American Review an article on character for honesty wherever he waiting."

Dr. Sterling obeyed. He had been to see his mother staring at the tie- and tearless sobs shook her from head "England's Absorption of Egypt." It had been in a place; it was of no solate, so forsaken, so beart-broken ! sive, authoritative view-from an Am-"Victor Latour is a villain, a cold- aohs from the slough of despond to

"It is impossible," she said slowly. Europe, the occupation has done vast this rddle." but himself and me, and I have not the present condition of the Egyptian good by. We will see," said Dr. John. "You the advent of the English without con- the ne spaper office. en, would you not? To be freed from Egypt has fairly bristled with prosper- missed young Ames?" he asked. "Glad!" Her whole face lit up at the gence from practical bankruptcy, un- thaneer," was the reply.

the claws of that hawk! I understand give me a divorce for an infirmity he sented by Egypt under British rale. morting papers on every doorstep. Mr. That is the secret he made her swear Dr. John stared at her bewildered. property; slavery has been legally abol- I as waited, keeping an eye on the cares for me? one to me. Postmarked Framlingham. That is the secret he made her swear who street. Then he went home. Little Johnny-I'd rather bet my Why. John, that is the Lancashire vil-Why. John, that is the Lancashire viller where Miss Dorothy Harden- her swear not to betray him. Oh, firmity be could not help!" Surely, they have and native where Miss Dorothy Harden- Labor for public work is no longer permitted, and native who the delivery of the deli Dr. John stood gazing at his mother he knew, or thought he knew, was not courts have now more than a semwith an awful blank face. It seemed the secret she had sworn to keep. Was blance of justice. Hygienic matters quie street. with an awim mank race. It seemed the secret she had sworn to keep have been so carefully looked after "I don't know what to do, moth- "Where is Mr. Latour?" he asked 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 in a decade or gulary, but Harry shook his head. more. Land taxes have been lowered "S. 8 was too ill," he said, "They "At Major Mallory's; he has not yet and equalized and are systematically thought he was dying last week. The "Go up to Blackwood Grange, at returned. I expect him every mo- collected and scientific irrigation is so girlold me so."

> THE ADVANTAGES OF WEALTH. First Traveler-I envy the million- folled aires who can travel around the country in private cars.

Second Traveler-Yes; they have lots | des of comfort. "What do you mean to do?" said Mrs. She opened a volume on a table get a square meal at a railway resnear, and produced a copy of manu- tauranti

and Door Factory.

strong, young manhood, Dr. John Ster- brow; that compressed mouth. Great ling plunged his homeward way Heaven! it is, the face of Victor pects that you know the secret of her pocket. Amy gazed at him in wonto FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

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THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day, That's the way ! Seeds in darkness swell and grow, Tiny blades push through the snow, Never any llower of May Leaps to blossom in a day, Leaps to blossom' in a burst, Slowly-slowly-at the first, That's the way ! Just a little every day.

Just a little every day. That's the way Children learn to read and write, Bit by bit, and mite by mite. Never any one, I say, Leaps to knowledge and its power. Slowly-slowly-hour by hour. That's the way!

Just a little every day. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Grange. He reached his destination af- of the Cape Colony had been opened widow, and he was her only child. ing. A footman answered his thunder- which the farmers brought to bear on Five weeks had Harold kept his place, "Yes, sir; just arrived out of the led to another spurt in railway build- banded over to his mother to buy his grapher. storm. Come in, Dr. Sterling, Missus cape pass through very beautiful scen- food and clothes-when a terrible trial ery, such as those which run through befell the boy. Subscribers complain- justly." He threw open the door of the cosy, the pine-clad slopes of Wynberg, and ed that their papers were not left regu- 'I don't want anything, sir; I'm only erimson-draped room - unntterably away in the other direction to Sea Jarly, and one man even sent word, too glad to be cleared." of rich, glowing crimson, upon which pare with the railway which climbs not come for a whole week past. Of could help you to that."

the firelight glowed with flashing the barrier range of the Hex River course, Harry was sent for and repri"Oh, nothing, sir for me; but I did manded, but he could only say, earn- want to get mother a dress."

And the answer was, "Don't make the affair." He was not dismissed, but was to

welled into his eyes. As to the missing papers, he knew nothing about them. It was a mystery, and it was a mystery that continued. He left the papers regularly in Mortimer street, yet again people called at the office An American's Opinion of Stritish Rule in and said they had never got them. At the end of the week the boy was called

Poor Harry was sobbing bitterly at Oh, John! You don't know. You can't erican standpoint-of what England home, when Mr. S., the photographer know! I am the most wretched, crea- has done to lift the land of the Phar- round the corner, knocked at the door returning from church on Sanday

He threw the letter in her lap. hysterically; 'it may be impossible, but desert him for what is his misfortune, ample of economical progress, through walked up and down Mortimer street.

Hary stared. "They keep a dog,"

will o and ask how No. 8 is." Hry wondered, but got his cap and him bout a mile, sah.

ly that her employer was a great better; out of danger. I now, how, odd," said the girl. them.

his question the girl answered

ways off the doorstep and lays it in the little smoking room; but this two weeks past we've none of us thought of the paper, or even gone into the room, we've been so dreadfully anxious about poor Mr. Orr." "May I see the smoking room?" ask-

ed the photographer. "Certainly, sir," said the girl, sur-

But when Harry, Mr. S. and Sarah entered the room; there was still a greater surprise, for the floor was littered with papers, yet folded, carried in from various doorsteps by the busy Rover. During his master's illness, no one had taken the paper from him and praised him for doing it, se he must have tried to earn praise by bringing in more papers, searching every doorstep up and down the street.

"And we all too upset to notice it!" said Sarah. "Well, I never! Rover. you're a thief! This will be news for your master."

"The mystery is discovered," said the photographer. "Could I ask as a favor that this room be left as it is for Mr. Jones of the newspaper office ed his lips firmly as he thought of vehicles, the whirling sand as it came Harold Ames was proud and happy to seef I think your employer will the daily-nay, hourly-torture his adown the breeze, the scanty provis- when Mr. Jones, the great newspaper not object, when he hears that a boy has been accused of taking the pa-

He had fully determined on the mor- military operations in Bechuanaland quarter more than in his last place. found there all the missing papers, and Rover was kind enough to make things clear by bringing in another stolen pawhat could be done at Blackwood Meantime the agricultural districts she needed. Harold's mother was a "You are entirely cleared, my lad." he said. "We must have you back. This

is a queer affair," and he patted Rover the government of the day, and in 1890 and five quarters rattled in his money "Thank you: but I can't spare my Is your mistress at home, Hun- the gold discoveries in the Transvaal box-the rest of the money he always boy; be suits me," said the photo-

Well, then, we must give Ames

a present, for he has suffered un-The boys said you were saving up

'Ah, yes! I won't keep you now Good-by, Mr. S. You have done us a valuable service by clearing up this lit-

money for some purpose; perhaps

That evening a knock came to the Ames' door; and a parcel was left directed to Harry's mother. It contained a beautiful dark dress " from

CURIOSITY OF MONKEYS.

One Who Was Inquisitive in Regard to Home-Erewed tie.

Curiosity seems to be the great failure, or virtue, of monkeys. A story is told of an Englishman who had a South African monkey which had traveled with him around the world. When his bachelor days were over he took his young wife to a lovely old manor house in the south of England, and, Englishmanlike, kept several barrels of good to ask Mrs. Ames to send his wash morning, he noticed that the cellar home tittle earlier. He was surprist door was open, and started on a tour of ed to see Harry in tears, and asked investigation. As he went down the gine that splendid crop of hair, cut not too late to save you from him yet. "Are the people of Egypt materially the reson. Mrs. Ames explained. steps Jenny, the monkey, rushed up. "Processes and Mrs. Sterling, regine that splendid crop of bair, cut life—the secret be made you sweet to "Unquestionably they are. Unpopu- "I'm bind of mysteries; I'll take the spigots running. The door had been boy," and the photographer langhed, inadvertently left open, and Jenny, She looked up at him in a blank, lar as it is with nearly every class in "Cheerup," he said to Harry. "Come doubtless, went prying into the semi-Egypt, and condemned throughout and wrk for me, and we'll find out lighted place. Turning one spigot on produced such a rushing stream that No creature on this earth knows it good. No fair investigator can witness | He laew Harry; knew him for a she tried the others also, much to the waste of the liquor. It may be added fellaheen, knowing what it was before A fet days later Mr. S called at that when the Englishman's first own appeared and monopolized attention would be glad to have your chains brok- ceding this. For half a dozen years "Paprs gone regularly since you dis- Jenny got such a fit of jealousy that she was at once sent to the seciuded ity. The story of that country's emer- | "Nota bit of it. Worse complaints but more congenial society to be lound in the monkey house of the London

Merritt-Do you think your sister

has a better chance than I have. Little Johnny-Ma told me never to go near the parlor whenever he called.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY

It's three-quarters of an hour since ed. Egypt was probably never so pros- he id, "a jolly one; it can do heaps I ordered that turtle soup, snapped the guest at the restaurant. is too clever by half," said Mr.S. Yes, sah, said the waiter with an obe with me, my boy. You and I sequious bow, but de turtle done make his 'scape, sah, au' dev had to chase

> AS TO TAKING THINGS. he read the papers yet?" asked World is to take things as you find Just going to get it for him That's all right, until you get you rang. Rover takes it al- | caught.

Newspape

We call the specia maste's and subscribe nopsis of the newspape

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