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A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"My dear," said the old man, taking my hand, "you see that I have watched you the prisoner as I am; whispers and chessmen are looking back at me to tell you what I am going to do. Until Annis gives me her confidence—I never force confidences—I know nothing of these lovers. I am not angry with her; and, when I die, I shall leave her just what I always intended to do—neither more nor less. As to Gilbert, although I regret for some reasons he did not, as I certainly expected of him, court his cousin Hilda, because now he has baffled my plans I am satisfied with his choice. But, for the present, things remain as they were. I am going to let his cousin back; I know he should get on no better now than ever. I rescind none of my orders. I shall not leave him any of my money, yet I am not in the habit of changing my mind."

"There is something which would be more serious to him than your money; may I tell him that you forgive him?"

"Yes, you may," he said, after a few minutes' hesitation—that cost at present. When you are married, you may tell him all you please of what I have said to you now; until then I prefer to be silent. I like everything else that goes on in this room, not a word will I have repeated. If Gilbert knows I forgive, he will be sure to come to me, and I do not neglect his work, and begin a hurry for me to die."

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," he said testily; "and I should be suspicious of him, and—I won't have it! I'm thinking about it when you are married, but not a syllable shall he hear till then. You can keep a secret, Miss Thorne, and so can my dear, I know that better than you do yet, and it's best for you he should not know, whether I am alive or dead, that he had my money, for fear he'd think you were marrying him for the chance of the Grange; he would find something to be suspicious about, one way or other. He has all the Gascoigne pride and the Gascoigne jealousy!"

Of course I did not agree that he knew Gilbert half so well as I did, and I was sure Gilbert trusted me a great deal too well to be jealous. I knew he had not the slightest hope of the Grange which Mr. Gascoigne took for granted only wanted a puff to set them alight.

"You must promise," he said.

"Since you wish it," I answered slowly, "I cannot refuse, sir, I suppose."

"Leave the 'buts'; I can't argue. It's a question of that or the withdrawal of the pension immediately," he said in dictatorial directness. "Now for the *Times*, if you please, and business."

And so things went on in their previous state, and the days passed on. We were fettered, and were conscious of our shackles; but we could do nothing. It was a strange life, and at times I fretted and struggled against my bonds; but Gilbert and I were all in all to each other, and I could endure anything while he was near. As for Crawford Carden, Mr. Gascoigne, at my earnest request, let me leave him without my presence, but no hint of my dislike served to stop the visits of the spy, or his assiduous attentions to me when I chanced to see him, although he must have seen how I was a strained wife of Gilbert Gascoigne.

Nor were my innumerable more effectual with Gilbert. Naturally he thought it all due to illogical prejudice.

"I don't like the man, Ivy," he said, in his frank way. "But he is a clever fellow, and we are partners. You shall not see more of him than I can help when we are married, darling."

I was to stay three months longer at St. Gabriel's Grange, in accordance with Mr. Gascoigne's request, and we were mid-June. It seemed that my last three months under that roof were to be more full of annoyance and mortification than the first three, only that Gilbert's love and Mr. Gascoigne's words to me were enough to far overbalance the trials his presence entailed on me. Yet I felt that he was unintentionally hard on us, that our lives were unnatural, our relations strained.

* * * * * *

Annis, encouraged by her uncle's receipt of my engagement, imported her own to him one evening when only I was with them.

"You young people act by contraries nowadays," was the old gentleman's characteristic answer. "I conclude your affection for each other quite overcame your care for my views on the subject; and your meetings were doubly sweet because they were secret. I suppose Miss Thorne set you the bad example."

"No—oh, no, uncle; I set it to her! It began before she came, and I persuaded her to go with me. It was all my fault!"

"And you repent it all sincerely, no doubt?"

Annis blushed and laughed very prettily, repentantly; and her uncle allowed a smile to creep into his face.

"I hope you will be happy, Annis. I don't intend to be vexed with you, or to alter my opinion with regard to Ulrie. You can tell him that he has made a very good choice, that I haven't the least inclination to alter any of my plans, and that, when I die, you will have a thousand pounds."

"Uncle," cried Annis, with big imploring eyes, "won't you forgive him? It's that we want, not the money. Don't talk of dying, uncle Richard!"

"Doesn't ten thousand pounds look like forgiveness? You will find it more useful for housekeeping, Annis! My dear, the question of forgiveness. I am an old man, and am living a life that suits me, and I cannot have Mr. Gascoigne's heir in my house two days I have left, as they would be if once I set your cousins inside this house."

And with that I had to be content.

"But it is so nice, Viola dear," she imparted to me; "to know that you are in just the same position as I am, to know we can share our little secrets and our little sorrows, and our long beautiful happiness! Poor uncle Richard! Why didn't he get married?"

"It was not much sympathy either Annis or I got from her sisters. Hilda, increased by the knowledge that her sent mail-shot arrow had no poison to injure me, was more bitter than ever. But that could hardly explain the cruel disdain with which she treated me, the continuely she heaped upon me, the insults for which, so long as I remained at St. Gabriel's Grange, I had no answer. Ever since I cause she had been chill and haughty. I knew her to be proud as Lucifer and cold as ice; but now I found that ice could burn like molten metal. She had never been my friend, she had never spoken a kindly word to me, never refrained from an opportunity to remind me of my position in the household, had sought at first to ignore and then to annihilate me. At the beginning it had been only a disdainful shrug, a setting at naught the fact of my presence. Now it was war a outrance.

What I, who had never willingly made an enemy, had done to deserve this hatred I could not guess. I thought Gilbert could have nothing to do with it, she knew nothing of his refusal to marry her. How could I guess that she, so cold, proud, and ambitious, would change all for the Grange and her uncle's favor, riches and brilliant position for the sake of Gilbert Gascoigne? How could I guess that then, when all Norbury looked upon her as Gilbert's betrothed, Ormsby, the Earl of Scarborough's eldest son, she loved the cousin who had nothing but his profession and the future of a rising lawyer?

CHAPTER XIV.

One evening I had been down to the lake to meet Gilbert, in an hour stolen when Mr. Crawford Carden was painting Mr. Gascoigne's ear and courting the favor of the old man he looked upon as childish enough to be cheated by his duplicity and disguised his flattery. I knew that in the end he would find himself deceived, for, after his departure, Mr. Gascoigne would chuckle, and say to me—

"Never mind, Viola! I'm an old *rot fanciens*, and he is going to checkmate me in the next move. He knows how to play two games at a time, does Crawford Carden, and he will win them, as he deserves. He knows there's a little skin to come to him under my will, for the best I could do himself neglected should be drawn up by another lawyer, and I shouldn't be surprised if he excuse the Grange."

"How can you bear to have him about you when you think that?" I cried.

But he only laughed his dry way.

On this night, as I was coming back through the Grange shrubbery, I came suddenly face to face with Gwendoline Pomeroy. She stood perfectly still in front of me, without speaking a word.

"Lady Martin?" I ventured.

I had never cared to call her by her Christian name, although such was her own wish, preferred in one of her periods of friendliness, and having its rise in dislike of her married title. It was a curious stormy friendship that existed between us; sometimes she would be all affectionate and effectionate, at others she flung me aside when I would have sought her with an impatience as fierce. We were far as kin together could I tell what her humor would be; but never was she happy, and always restless and changeful.

"You!" she said abruptly. "Why are you not with uncle Richard? Why are you out?"

"I came to see Gilbert. You are taking a late ramble; but it is such a lovely night, far pleasanter out of doors than in."

"Yes," she said, "perhaps it is."

"May I walk up the terrace with you? I do not want to go in yet. Mr. Gascoigne does not need me, and it is hot and close in the house."

"I am not going on the terrace, and Eldon's want company."

I turned away—I was accustomed to her petulance; still I wished she would walk on the terrace, for down this narrow walk between the shrubberies I knew Crawford Carden would be coming before long. I wondered if the thing girls ever suspected anything of his visits, but I could not ask them for my promise's sake; but if Gwendoline had let the job her in friendly mood, I think I must have hinted something to her, with the strongest words I could use, without actually relating facts, to dismiss her maid; for that would be wrong. I came out, I had seen Mr. Carden enter the Grange by the little side-door, and by the door Matilde met him, and I saw the letter in his hand a note—the record of her own spying.

As I walked towards the house Gwendoline stepped back and laid her hand on my arm.

"Viola," she cried, "don't leave me! Stay with me, whether I want you or not. Don't leave me here by myself. You must not go."

"Dear Lady Martin," I said at once, taking her hand in my own, "you know I wait to stay. I should like to be here under the stars and among the trees for an hour. It is so calm, and the air is sweet with the roses! Let us go down the rose arcade.

"Calm! Is it calm?" she cried passionately. "I think it is the most cruel place I should like to be by a stormy sea, and hear the wild wind and the waves night and day, hear the waves lashing the shore and the wind moaning and shrieking! Let us go away to the sea-shore, Viola, somewhere—just you and I, with no one else we know. Can't we do it?"

"It might be good for you to have a change and sea air," I ventured gently. "It is dull here, and the monotody tires you."

"Yes," she said, in the same hurried way—"that is it. I will tell him with his monotony and its calmness! When you leave my uncle—it will be only a few weeks now, will it?—you must come with me. We will forget every one and everything we have known, and we will watch the storms and the sea till we grow calm with their fury."

"Where shall we go?" I asked.

I could not contradict her in her wild mood, though I felt her fancies were only flitting ones. She laughed a little nervous laugh.

"Fool me to the top of my bent, Viola!" she said musingly. "What is the other side? Noise and rabble and brass bands. What are you? The promised wife of Gilbert Gascoigne, fancying I could live and in love with him, and that you could not be happy a day away from him. What am I? A princess forced to wed a Gascoigne, with my sisters, and perhaps you too, as guardians. Let us go and walk among the roses, and say we will be."

"Living and dying,"

"Among the roses, like these!"

We were still in the narrow shrubbery path, and, as I quickened my steps in obedience to Gwendoline's behest, only too glad to hasten out of the dark shrubbery towards us. It could be no one else but Crawford Carden.

Gwendoline said nothing, and, I thought, did not notice him. I looked round and suggested quietly—

"Let us cross the grass, through the bushes. There is a short cut this way. See?"

I stopped and pushed aside the shrubs; but she did not seem to hear me. She walked on, and, before I had refrained her, saw whom she was meeting. She turned back sharply.

"Viola," she said, "come!"

I hastened after her; but Mr. Carden was already face to face with her. I noticed that he did not try to detend her, as he must have been expected from his secret visits, but stopped, and, as I came up, I heard him say—

"What does this mean?"

"It means that I am taking an evening walk, Mr. Carden," she answered coldly—and I did not wonder at the coldness—"with my friend, Miss Thorne."

"To be sure!" he answered at once. "Very pleasant, is it not? Good evening to you, Miss Thorne. I hope you will see that Lady Martin does not stay out long enough to take cold. Miss Thorne and I are not quite strangers, Lady Martin."

"I suppose not—so much the worse for Miss Thorne," I said.

"I trust she does not agree with you," said he, laughing lightly. "Do you think you are wise to remain out here while the dew is falling? Ladies are apt to be thoughtless when stars and evening breezes are the attirements. You are shivering now, and you fetch Lady Martin a wrap from the house, Miss Thorne?"

"Miss Thorne will do nothing of the kind," said Lady Martin. "What will effectually preserve us both from shivering is walking. Don't let us detain you, Mr. Carden. It is a long way to Norbury. Good night."

"Good night," he responded, nodding out his hand, which she either did not or feigned not to see.

"Viola," she said, after a silence of several minutes, while we walked on, "I hate that man. I know he is watching our movements; but I cannot speak. Remember, I hate him."

"If you know what he is," I said, "you ought to know also that your maid Matilde is in his pay. I have seen her meet him—only to-night—"

She gave me a curious, searching, intent look; in the half darkness her eyes gleamed like fire. I felt she was trembling all over.

"Is she?—all the better!" she laughed hardily. "I am going in. I am cold."

A sudden strange fear seized upon me. What did it mean? Was she raving mad? Was that I feared; but mechanically I followed Gwendoline into the house, and, mechanically I weak spectator to Mr. Gascoigne. We played at chess until unusually late hour. As soon as he dismissed me, I sought Annis, and intricacies of squares and mates, knights, bishops, and queen's knights still throned in a haze about my brain, as though they were the living present difficulties of life.

Annis was sitting in her bed-room reading, waiting for Lady to come to her. She had herself undressed her, while, dazzling like a yellow veil of floss silk around her pretty fair face, and she had put on her white wrapper, and thrust her feet into ribbon-decked pink wool slippers.

She was engrossed in her book, but looked up with a smile to greet me. I had hoped that my a pleasant little talk at that hour of the room, two fond and happy girls as we were, in the depths of our love's, young passion, with the future of a golden glory before us; but to-night I had not come for this pleasant chat.

"Annis," I said, "will you tell me something about Lord Martin Pomeroy. When is he coming back?"

"Lord Martin?" echoed Annis. "What makes you ask, Viola?"

"Never mind that," I answered. "I am curious, I suppose. Is it true that he is to be Gwendoline's husband? Why is he in India and she in England?"

Annis's bright face clouded a little, and a thoughtful shade came into the downcast eyes.

"I cannot tell you much," she said slowly. "Gwendoline became engaged to him while I was at school, and when they were in London, the season after their marriage they were always out a great deal, and I didn't see much of them. When he got the Indian appointment, he came down to see us, and he seemed to leave her. I think he made it a condition that she should come and live with us; and she had been found of her, only, so she finds it dull."

"Why did she not want us to go to India?" I asked, with a sinking heart, for, Annis, "it was her health; but, Viola, I am afraid their marriage was not very happy. I had expected as much. Poor Gwendoline! I did not blame her; and presently Annis ran on rapidly.

"I hope not; no; it seems wrong to fancy such a thing, and no one has ever said as much. I was so proud of Gwendoline, so sure that she would be happy, and she was so delicate and spirited, would marry some one great and grand. In those days, you know," Annis added, with a fleeting smile, "we used to think grandeur and happiness inseparable; and now I think I, the plain one of the family, am going to be the happiest."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A REMARKABLE SKELETON.

Naturalists Believe that All Hoofed Animals Can Be Traced to this Mammal.

Prof. Whitfield, the curator of the department of geology in the American Museum of Natural History, has just received a new addition to his department, says the New York Tribune. This is a cast of one of the earliest mammal fossils which science has yet discovered. The original of this cast is the property of Prof. E. D. Cope, the paleontologist of Philadelphia, and the cast itself, the first one made, was presented to the museum by Dr. Robert H. Ward, of Troy, N. Y. The skeleton in this specimen is keen, owing to the fact that the fossil is the skeleton of an animal which is regarded as the parent type of all hoofed animals, and which is distinguished by having hoofs. Its scientific name is phenacodus primaevus. The specimen was dredged up years ago in the Wind River valley of Wyoming territory, and was afterward secured by Prof. Cope who learned of its circumstance.

The preservation of the animal is remarkable. It had apparently lain down in the clay, and the bones of the remaining undisturbed the bones were not scattered. In appearance the skeleton is not unlike the fossil remains which is believed to have been fulligrows, was not when alive much larger than a sheep or a yearling calf. That it is difficult to determine the extent of its subsequent preservation. The smallest bone appears to be preserved. Apparently in its natural state down in the clay exhausted and went into its last sleep. The carcass was not disturbed, the bones were never scattered, and the skeleton was gradually, in the course of thousands of years, transformed with the surrounding earth into stone. The skull has some resemblance to that of a horse, but it is more of the general type of the rhinoceros. There are no tusks, but slight protuberances which indicate an approach to them. The teeth have much the same character as those of modern animals. Each of the five feet has five long and slender digits, which have the general appearance of human fingers, except that each foot has coming to a point, small, perfectly shaped hoof, which is a copy in miniature of a horse's hoof.

The animal, Prof. Whitfield says, had no quills and fleshy, but was best able to procure the one or the other. The cartilaginous portion of the skull at the nostrils, but there the general structure is similar to that of the rhinoceros, which has the long, pointed lip like the beginning of a trunk for the purpose of better grasping in the grass or foliage, while the teeth in their structure are adapted in some measure to the food of carnivorous animals. If the larger animals of today had not then made their appearance the phenacodus must have been in the habit of making his special meals on snakes, frogs, and the like. From the appearance of his feet he was a flat-footed animal, but the toes also rested on the ground and aided him in climbing steep inclines.

Prof. Cope, one of the European paleontologists, regard this skeleton as one of the most remarkable discoveries of recent years. A more advanced form of this animal was discovered some years ago in France and was the subject of much speculation by other the naturalist. It was named the paleotherium and was regarded as the ancestral form of the horse. Several other specimens have since been discovered, but nothing so complete, showing that the animal had reached the size of a deer, but its toes were reduced to three or four. Prof. Cope, as the results of his studies on the early character of animals, indicated in a paper which he published in 1891, that the older form of these animals if ever found would possess those distinctive traits which are indicated in this specimen, and which are those which he has since obtained. The stratum in which this fossil was found belongs to the early eocene or the lower tertiary period, in the first of which the remains of mammals have been obtained. The time of their existence is calculated by geologists as anywhere between 400,000 and 500,000 years ago, so small a matter as 100,000 years either way making little difference.

The phenacodus Dr. Cope regards as the distinct ancestor of the higher forms of animals, including the horse, the larger animals, like the elephant and giraffe, were developed from it, and the different characteristic conditions led to the growth of plantigrade animals like the bear, the carnivora like the leopard, and the lion and hoofed animals like the horse and deer, all of these branches developing some of the minor traits which were possessed by the original type. When then the new building of the Museum of Natural History is completed, Prof. Whitfield expects to secure for his department a complete collection of fossils showing the development of these branches of animal life so far as science has yet been able to find—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Flesh Food

The first men were, perhaps, not even able to catch wild animals; nature almost forced them to content themselves with a fungal diet. And even supposing a stout child, left to the instruction of its instincts, were to be locked up with a lamb or a small puppy, and the set of butcher's tools, would the starving infant try to save its life at the expense of its fellow-kids? Hardly sooner than a hungry rather would try to still his hunger with a bagful of apples. The painter, in the dirty place, would need but little encouragement to turn the lamb into mutton, and the child would ask no better fun than a private interview with an apple-sack. The lessons of anatomy could explain the necessity of what is required, the whole organism is strictly that of a frugivorous animal. Our entrails bear no resemblance to those of a flesh-eating brute. Our dentition is entirely different from that of the carnivorous wolf or the omnivorous pig, but, tooth for tooth, corresponds with that of the fruit-eating monkey. Our hands are made for tree-climbing and apple-plucking, rather than for scratching and tearing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Sorry Boy.

Johnnie, aged 6, has been banished to the bedroom for being bad towards his younger brother, Sam, and told that he must remain there until he was sorry for his misconduct. After a time he opened the door a little and then of quiet, he called Sam to the door to receive the following communication:

"Sam, if I'm ever sorry for calling you names—and I'll have to stay here as awful while before I kin—the first thing I'll do when I get out will be I lick you for telling on me."

Another long pause and he continued: "You'd better be getting ready 'cause I'm beginning to feel pretty sorry."—Philadelphia Press.

IN THE NEWS ORCHARD.

White moles are in great demand in the south, owing to their docility.

No cigar is manufactured which is worth more than sixty cents at retail.

The largest chicken ranch in the world is to be on island in Bellingham bay, Puget sound.

The mail line between Halifax and England has just been discontinued for the first time in fifty years.

By rabbinical law the Jew is allowed to drink to intoxication on two days of the year, Purim and Simchath Torah.

Mrs. Thomas Nelson, of Astoria, Ore., prevented herself because her husband refused to allow her to hold the baby.

The sufferers by the great Boston fire, nineteen years ago, who still survive, were paid $1,100 during the past year.

A Connecticut man has invented a machine which automatically feels his chickens at night and morning. It is run by clockwork.

The fashionable point for grasping sticks and umbrellas in London is about six inches from the ferrule, the handles being allowed to dangle downward.

Robert McGlasson has invented a form of fastening pilsnor, by which the pipe can be reversed by turning the blades of the screw without reversing the cigar.

The tower bridge over the Thames, built on the Bascule principle, has caused the underwriters of Lloyds to refuse to insure vessels that have to pass beneath it.

A noticeable stone in the graveyard of the old Dutch church at Claverack, N. Y., is of plain white marble and bears simply the letters F. P. C. They are the initials of the one who lies beneath.

Don't!—If a dealer offers you a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup without wrapper or labels, or in a mutilated condition do not take it—don't buy it at any price. There is something wrong—it may be a dangerous or worthless counterfeit. Insist upon getting *perfect, unbroken, genuine* packages.

The will of Christ is the law of Christian life.

To all whom it may concern.—A sprain of the wrist or ankles is not an uncommon occurrence. It is well to know that a few applications of Salvation Oil well rubbed in will invariably produce the desired result in an entire cure. Price 25 cents.

True faith takes hold of Christ as naturally as the ivy clings to the wall.

Sleep is the twin sister of death.

Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Penmanship taught by mail by W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y.

Big wheat crop in Egypt this year.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on **Varicocele** tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent sealed for 10 cents. Box 58, New York.

Neutrality in religion is impossible.

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A heart that can feel can be touched.

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FITS.—All fits stopped free by DR. ELIN'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Elin, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It does not follow that I am a good man because a very wicked man lives next door to me.

But shall we know the way to heaven? Follow one who knows the way—Jesus Christ.

Lane's Family Medicine Moves the Bowels each day. A gentle laxative.

Jesus Christ is not partial.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease, also for nervous debility and weakness. I shall be glad to send two bottles free to any sufferer who will send their address. Respectfully, DR. J. E. MARCHISI, 80 Cooper St., Utica, N. Y.

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That's what you think, perhaps, when you read that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh. Rather unusual, you think, to find the makers of a medicine trying to prove that they believe in it. "There must be something back of it!"

But it's a plain, square offer, made in good faith. The only thing that's back of it is the fact that Dr. Sage's Catarrh in the Head. To its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases yield, no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has a record that goes back for 25 years. It doesn't simply relieve—it perfectly and permanently *cures*. With a Remedy like this, the proprietors can make such an offer and mean it. They know they have a sure thing on it, but it's so very small that they are willing to take it.

You've "never heard of anything like this offer?" True enough. But then you've never heard of anything like Dr. Sage's Remedy.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dizziness, Nausea, Indigestion and Torpidity of the Liver. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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