

THE PARTING.

BY WM. W. LONG.

She looked upon him coldly, with a calm and quiet face. And no shade of sadness ruffled her beauty or her grace. Her mien was proud and stately, no tremor shook her hand. As she handed back his letters—haughtiest lady in the land. His soul was filled with yearning, as he looked into her eyes, But their liquid depths were placid as cloudless summer skies; And he murmured low and sadly, in a touching monotone: That the low winds waited softly to the forest in a moan: "Good-bye, darling Laila, we shall never meet again; I am going far away, to the land of fair Lorraine. You have bartered your proud beauty for hards of gleaming gold, And a bridgegroom stern and selfish—a bridgegroom gray and old. His path of life is sullied with the orphan's falling tear, And the widow's wall of sorrow hath assented to the ear. Of the Great Eternal Ruler, like the ringing of a knell; But the reck'ning must be settled, for He doeth all things well. My fortune is in honor, with a conscience pure and true. And a heart that gives its worship as no other will to you. But your path of life is chosen—jewels and gold are thine, And a deep, sad, tender yearning and a broken heart are mine." He passed from her queenly presence, down to the winding lane, Into the forest's shadows, and she saw him never again. She glides about, a princess, through the marble halls of Lockalair. Her person robed in satins and jewels in her hair; But her lips are never smiling and her voice is soft and low. Like the music of Eolus in its undertone of woe. They tell a passing story of the youth, young Alderband. That he faded like a flower, and died in a foreign land. There are serpents at the fountains, and blight upon the flowers, And dreams of life are shattered in this strange world of ours. PALMYRA, Va.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

Leaving Sir Reginald to his wild ride that lovely May morning, we will go back a day or two in our story, and again seek Dr. Elfenstein.

In many of his visits, which were all professional, he had, by dropping some leading word, striven to discover the public mind in regard to the murder committed in their midst twenty-five years before.

To his surprise, he met everywhere a decided reluctance to talk upon the subject, as the law had acquitted the only one suspected, but the gloomy looks and wise shakes of the head he so often met told him well that the younger brother Fitzroy was still held guilty in the opinions of the general mass of the inhabitants.

Sorry to see that his friend was still so hardly thought of, Earle Elfenstein dropped the subject. Jumping into his gig, he drove away to the village, resolved to go through the extensive grounds of the "Hall," as strangers were in the daily habit of doing.

Glendening Hall lay next to his own cottage home, and stopping at the gate lodge, he asked permission of the keeper to drive around the premises.

This permission was easily gained, and the son of the gatekeeper, an intelligent boy of fourteen, volunteered to ride with him, to explain the places on the route.

So climbing to his side, Sandy began at once to chatter of all that come into his young head.

"You are the new doctor, I know that well," he remarked; "so it is all right for you to know how to get to the Hall, in case you are sent for in a hurry. It is quite a ride, you see, before the mansion comes even in sight. This front part of the house is where the family live, and is of stone, very handsome; but all that wing, or part, that runs back, very old, deserted, and almost falling to pieces."

Dying insensibly away From human thoughts and purposes, It seemed—wall, window, roof, and tower—To bow to some transforming power. And blend with the surrounding trees.

These lines flashed into Earle Elfenstein's mind as he gazed on the almost ruined portions of the old Hall. Then, again, his thoughts returned to the boy, and he said, quietly:

"There was a murder committed here once, I have been told, my boy. Which part was that done in?"

"It is not on the front, but on the right-hand side, where the blind is half-open. That was Sir Arthur's room, and is now occupied by Sir Reginald. It is in the second story; but the balcony railing that surrounds it, you see, is not so very far from the ground, as the house sets so low at that end."

The body was evidently swung from that balcony to the ground by means of a rope tied under the arms. The rope was dangling there, the next day, in the wind.

"See! This path leads to a beautiful lake; you can see the water plainly through those parting tree boughs. There the body was supposed to have been flung, to hide it for a time; but it must have been carried away the same night, for it never has been found."

"That is very strange," quoth the Doctor. "Where could the murderers have hidden it?"

"No one can tell. People think his brother did the deed, as they had quarreled the night before it happened; but when he was tried it seemed to be proved that he did not."

"Yonder is a curious-looking building," remarked Earle, pointing to a square brick tower that stood beyond, yet attached to, the deserted wing. "What may that be?"

"It is called 'The Haunted Tower.' Please drive fast past that, Doctor, for I shiver whenever I think of it, even, much less pass near it!" returned Sandy.

"Why?"

"Because it is a fearful place. It is haunted!" was the whispered reply.

"Who says so?"

"Everybody. No one likes to take this

path, even in daylight, such terrible things appear at those windows at the top of the tower on dark, stormy nights."

"Who, for one, has seen these things?"

"I have. And so has every person who lives in a house with windows facing this way, or who is out much nights. You see, that tower is very tall, and soars way above the trees. I saw it myself the last time we had a terrible storm. I was staying with Jim Colgrave all night. Jim lives just below you, in the village. It was about ten o'clock, and we were in his room, undressing.

"When we were ready for bed, Jim put out the light and I ran to the window to see if it still stormed, when suddenly a bright light caught my eyes, in the top of the tower, and, looking up, I saw the most frightful object eyes ever beheld, dancing inside, plainly seen through the windows."

The boy stopped here, while his eyes seemed dilating with horror for the night, one result alone was reached, namely:

"What was it like?"

"Oh, I don't want to describe it! I screamed, really! Jim looked out when I so both jumped into bed, quick, and covered up our heads to shut out the sight. It was terrible, Doctor, terrible!"

"Are you sure others have seen it?"

"Oh, yes; and you can see it yourself if you look that way about ten o'clock the next hard storm that comes. It seldom fails to appear then."

In his soul Dr. Elfenstein believed the dreadful apparition he had himself witnessed that night was the work of some wicked person, wrought out, probably, to keep up the superstitious notoriety such a mystery would bring upon a place.

Whichever or whatever the motive, and what the meaning of the whole thing might be, he was resolved to find out.

But how? Such questions are often asked by human hearts on private meditation, and as no answer comes, they press on blindly, seeking the fulfillment of their queries in their own way, and that way often leads, as it did in this case, to strange and wholly unlooked for results.

Finding sleep impossible, the Doctor again arose, and drawing aside the curtain from the window once more gazed forth into the darkness of the night.

But while the storm still raged furiously, and the sky was shrouded by an ink-pal, no light appeared from the direction of the Hall to whisper forebodingly of the specter of the tower.

Leaning his head against the sash, the young physician soon found himself purring another and an entirely different train of thought.

This time the storm passing before his eyes was transferred to the wildly lashed and foaming billows of the sea. His peaceful home had changed to the cabin of an ocean steamer, and the goblin of night into the graceful form of Ethel Nevergall, his lovely fellow passenger of a few weeks before.

Again he seemed to be supporting her in his arms, while guiding her feet across the saloon of the rocking, swaying, plunging steamer.

Once more their fingers seemed to have met, and he was gazing, with a thrilling pressure upon his heart, into her frightened eyes and upon her blushing cheeks.

Ah, beautiful, lost Ethel! How he longed to see her, to speak to her, to be near her; but he knew that for him such a pleasure would never again be, so with a weary sigh he dropped the curtain and turned to his pillow, but not to sleep even, but to toss around and strive in vain to banish from his mind thoughts of the girl who had unconsciously succeeded in leaving so indelible an impression upon his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hoosier Philosophy.

The blindest man is the one who thinks he has no faults.

A short-sighted man is a money-maker for other people.

If you want to keep on thinking well of a man, don't go his security.

The less a man knows the more he finds fault with other people.

A contented spirit is better than a bank account of seven figures.

The devil is always glad when he can get good people to wear long faces.

The surest way to become poor in earnest is to try to keep all you get.

To be slow to anger is better than to own the best kind of a seven-shooter.

A man who hates to find out that he is wrong has a good deal of the mule in him.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice. In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—*Indianapolis Star's Horn*.

Women's Ways.

Woman believes she is all self-sacrifice.

In truth woman sacrifices everything but self.

Any woman over 20 will tell you that there is no special sweetness in the age of 16.

A girl whose face is her fortune stands just as poor a chance as the rest of the world at a bank counter.

The man who is a bully to his wife or child is a coward in the presence of men.—