

## The Democratic Sentinel

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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

### AVENGED HER HONOR.

#### TEXAS PLANTER KILLS HIS DAUGHTER'S BETRAYER.

He, too, is shot dead—Tragic denouement of a feud during church services at Pleasant Valley, Dallas County—All Done in an Instant.

In the House of God.  
One of the most sensational tragedies ever enacted in North Texas took place in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Pleasant Valley, Dallas County, in the course of the services Sunday. As a result Augustus Garrison and Frank Jones are dead and Thomas Jones probably fatally wounded. The Garrison and Jones families are among the most prominent in the section of Texas. They own adjoining plantations and have been on the best of social relations for many years. Augustus Garrison was a married man and had a daughter 16 years old named Lois. The Jones brothers were single. Frank Jones for a year or more had been very partial in his attentions to Garrison's daughter. Recently the girl made serious charges against him. As the matter became a neighborhood scandal in Pleasant Valley, and Garrison swore he would have the life of the betrayer of his daughter. Mutual friends succeeded in keeping the men apart until Sunday, when the first meeting between them since the scandal took place. Garrison and the Jones family worshiped at the same church. Just as the preacher had taken his text after prayer and the singing of a hymn, Garrison, who had a seat near the door, stepped to the doorway, it is believed, to get some fresh air, as the atmosphere in the building was oppressive. He had no more than reached the doorway when the congregation was startled by a fusillade of pistol shots. Nearly a dozen were fired in about as many seconds' time. When the firing ceased Augustus Garrison and Frank Jones were lying dead on the floor of the church steps. Thomas Jones was stretched on the lawn near by, one hand clasped on his right thigh, and in his left he had a pistol. His statement of the shooting was brief and in substance that he and his brother Frank were approaching the church door and were within ten feet of it when Thomas Jones was stretched on the lawn near by, one hand clasped on his right thigh, and in his left he had a pistol. His statement of the shooting was brief and in substance that he and his brother Frank were approaching the church door and were within ten feet of it when Thomas Jones was stretched on the lawn near by, one hand clasped on his right thigh, and in his left he had a pistol.

#### GIBARA TAKEN AND LOST.

##### Garcia's Men Capture the Cuban Sea-Port, but Fail to Hold It.

Advices received from Santiago province give further details of the fighting during last week around Gibara and Banes, between insurgents and Spanish forces. The advices state that the insurgents under Gen. Calixto Garcia and Col. Torres, numbering between 5,000 and 6,000 well-armed and equipped men, attacked both of the seaports simultaneously, but met with a stubborn resistance from the Spaniards, who had been advised of their coming, and were prepared to resist attack. Garcia and Torres, numbering between 5,000 and 6,000 well-armed and equipped men, attacked both of the seaports simultaneously, but met with a stubborn resistance from the Spaniards, who had been advised of their coming, and were prepared to resist attack. Garcia and Torres, numbering between 5,000 and 6,000 well-armed and equipped men, attacked both of the seaports simultaneously, but met with a stubborn resistance from the Spaniards, who had been advised of their coming, and were prepared to resist attack.

#### COPP'S MURDEROUS DEED.

##### Attempted the Lives of Three of His Wife's Family.

William H. Copp, because of the estrangement of his wife, tried Monday at Chicago to exterminate the family of her venerable father, Dr. Andrew C. Rankin, a prominent physician and a war comrade of Gen. Grant. In the fierce duel of the men, witnessed by trembling and injured women of the household, the father-in-law received a mortal wound across his throat, making a serious wound. A bullet from the doctor's revolver would have reached the madman's heart had it not been for the heavy folds of a reconciliation compact Copp had brought in his pocket for his wife to sign. At a dramatic point in the rescue, rescuers broke through the locked doors and saved Copp's victims from further injury. Their assailant was locked up at Woodland. The doctor's wife and Mrs. Paul Hernes, a daughter, were severely cut and bruised. Mrs. Copp was not at home.

#### Athletes of the Diamond.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:  
W. L.  
Boston . . . 35 16 Pittsburgh . . . 25 26  
Baltimore . . . 35 16 Philadelphia . . . 26 24  
Cincinnati . . . 32 17 Washington . . . 21 30  
New York . . . 32 19 Louisville . . . 20 31  
Brooklyn . . . 26 26 Chicago . . . 19 34  
Cleveland . . . 26 28 St. Louis . . . 11 43

#### The Showing of the members of the Western League is summarized below:

W. L.  
Columbus . . . 37 17 Detroit . . . 26 31  
Indianapolis . . . 35 18 Grand Rapids . . . 21 37  
St. Paul . . . 39 21 Kansas City . . . 20 41  
Milwaukee . . . 34 26 Minneapolis . . . 19 40

#### Drive Back Fanatics.

The troops have attacked the fanatics who hold the town of Canudos, and forced them to retire to their entrenchments. A correspondent at Canudos telegraphs that the Government has negotiated a further loan of \$4,000,000 with English capitalists to meet war expenses.

#### Lockout for 3,000.

The lockout in New York of 3,000 plasterers went into effect Tuesday, and many sympathetic strikes, involving a large number of men of other building trades, may result.

#### Nineteen are Indicted.

The special grand jury appeared to investigate the robbery of ballot boxes and other frauds committed at the late Denver city election has returned thirty-eight indictments against nineteen election officers for violation of the election laws. The names have not yet been made public.

#### Blown Up by Dynamite.

An Italian laborer's shanty near Briant station (Pa.) on the Allegheny Valley Railroad, was blown up by dynamite shortly after midnight and Gastus Antello was instantly killed. Thirteen persons were fatally hurt and a number of others were injured.

#### STORM WAS WIDESPREAD.

##### Wind and Lightning Eats Lives, but Rain Falls Crops.

The reports of heavy storms throughout southern Illinois and Missouri are received. A tornado struck the northern portion of Rich Hill, Mo., Thursday night. The damage will amount to thousands of dollars. One set of kilns and one set of furnaces of the Cherokee-Lanyon Smelter Company were blown down, caught fire and were totally consumed. The blacksmith shops and other buildings at the plant were blown away. The Rich Hill canning factory was wrecked. The brick block of the M. S. Cowles Mercantile Company was unroofed and the water poured in, greatly damaging the stock. The Buckridge brick block was unroofed, and the building occupied by the Daily Review badly damaged. The city hall and the Wisconsin brick block were unroofed. The Klump block was damaged and the amphitheater house, horse stalls, sheds and floral hall, together with agricultural halls and other buildings at the fair grounds, were completely demolished. The brick block with these fences and outbuildings, signs and plate glass. The Christian and Episcopal churches were wrecked. The house of the Memphis road is a total wreck and freight cars were blown from the tracks in the Pacific and Memphis yards. While the wind has been destructive to trees, crops and buildings in other sections, the rain has greatly benefited some crops. Around Cairo, Ill., fully five inches of rain has fallen within the last week, breaking the drought and saving corn and other crops. Reports from nearly every section of southern Illinois indicate that while the yield of wheat is better than the average, the yield of corn is unusually good. St. Joseph, Mo., suffered especially from the wind. Big trees were uprooted, and small buildings crushed. The other points throughout the State where the storm was especially severe were Moberly, Alexandria, Fayette, Trenton and California. St. Louis was hit by the storm. Mrs. Ruben Rickabaugh, wife of a farmer, was instantly killed while sitting at the window of her house, two miles from Albany. Albert Rouser, a farm hand living near St. Charles, Mo., also suffered death in the same way, while a number of farmers in both Illinois and Missouri had barns and crops destroyed by the lightning. In a Topeka, Kan., hailstorm many persons were hurt and roofs and windows of houses shattered.

#### WHOLE ARMY SLAIN.

##### Baron Dhanis and His Nile Expedition Massacred by Mahdists.

The Brussels Informer says it learns from a good source that the entire Dhanis expedition to the headwaters of the Nile, including Baron Dhanis himself, has been massacred. Baron Dhanis last year encircled 6,000 men in the Congo Free State to take part in a secret expedition. The British Government allowed a number of his hussar troops to join the expedition, but it was officially denied that the Anglo-Belgian movement had been concerted against the Mahdists. The general impression, however, was that this force was intended to act in conjunction with the Anglo-Egyptian expedition up the Nile and take the Mahdists between two fires and eventually complete the reconquest of the Sudan. In August last Baron Dhanis was reported to have arrived at Lado, north of the territory of the Congo Free State, and the White Nile, and some 325 miles north of Victoria Nyanza. It was then understood that the Dhanis expedition would push on northward in the direction of Khartoum. Early in December last it was reported that the expedition had met with disaster and that Baron Dhanis had been killed. Later it was authoritatively stated that there was no ground for the report, and that when last heard from, in September, the Baron was at Stanley Falls, 600 miles from the nearest British forces.

#### WHITE IS THE MAN.

##### Iowa Democrats Select Him as a gubernatorial Candidate.

Following is the ticket named at Des Moines, Iowa, Wednesday:  
For Governor . . . . . Frederick E. White  
For Lieutenant Governor . . . . . Benjamin A. Plummer  
For Supreme Court Justice, L. G. Kline  
For Superintendent of Public Instruction . . . . . G. F. Reinhardt  
For Railroad Commissioner, S. B. Crane  
For District Attorney, J. B. White and Judge Kline  
For Democratic members of the Iowa House of Representatives, S. B. Crane, candidate for Railroad Commissioner, is a Populist. The ticket really represents the combined work of three separate and distinct conventions, but on account of the provisions of the constitution, the law which was passed by the State Legislature the Democratic convention had to nominate it primarily and the Populist and silver Republican conventions endorsed the action of the Democrats. Fifty-three members of the road Populists, headed by Messrs. Weller and Weeks, bolted.

#### SMOTHERED IN A TRUNK.

##### Two Little Girls Perish While Playing Hide and Seek.

When an old trunk was opened in the home of Joseph Melton, near Bordley, Ky., the father found his two little girls lying in it smothered to death. They were Lora, aged 7, and Jennie, aged 3. While their parents were absent the children had been playing "hide and seek" with three other tots. While searching for a good hiding place the two evidently thought of an old trunk in the cellar, crawled into it and closed the lid. A spring lock made it an air-tight tomb.

#### Work of Cruel Wind.

News has been received of a terrific cyclone which passed fifteen miles north of Salina, Kan., about 10:30 Wednesday night. As far as known three persons are dead and a number dangerously injured. The dead were members of the Geesey family, and others of this family are also badly hurt. Mr. Geesey was away from home. The remainder of the family had retired, and when the storm struck they made for their cave. Before they had reached the cave the house, however, the tornado had destroyed it. The work of destruction was not known till morning, when neighbors found the dead and injured members of the family lying about in the debris. The three dead were found about fifty feet east of the house, and near them was the baby, dead, but buried to her waist in dirt. The other three were found some distance west of the house. A 2 by 4 scantling was driven through one of Mrs. Geesey's limbs. At Mrs. Story's, a half-mile east of the Geesey place, the family were sleeping in a stone basement, with a frame upright part. The framework was blown away and the timber fell on to the family below, but none of them were killed. The stone work was uninjured. The track of the storm was narrow, but very winding. It tore down the fences on three sides of the Geesey pasture without passing through middle of it. It came from the east, and after doing its damage the main storm divided, part going west and the rest north.

#### Women in the Dungeon.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has this from Havana: "At Below Cellar, in Matanzas province, the insurgents released twenty-three women. They held them for a week, five of whom had been held without charges, as far as they knew, for three years. After getting these men and women on the insurgents were about to burn the jail, a small structure, when the prisoners begged them not to until they had searched the place, as they felt sure that more prisoners were still in it. The Cuban began tearing down the jail, but not until the building was in ruins did they discover a secret dungeon underneath. There, in a small cell, hardly large enough for them to turn about in, were four men. In a second cell were three women. The women were almost insane, and it was some time before they could tell their stories. One had been a belle of the city and had been imprisoned because she resisted advances of the colonel commanding the troops there. The other two were confined for having relatives in the Cuban army, but the reason for imprisoning them in this terrible hole was not ascertained. They were fed only once a day, and as no light entered the place, their existence was almost intolerable. They had been in there six months, but all seemed mere weeks when taken out, and could not bear the sunlight. The men were not in any better condition, and two of them have since died."

#### CONGRESSMAN FOUND DEAD.

##### Edward D. Cooke Discovered Lifeless in His Bed.

Congressman Edward D. Cooke, member of the Sixth Ohio district, was found dead in his bed at the Cochran Hotel in Washington, Thursday morning. Physicians who examined the remains say that death was the result of heart disease. Mr. Cooke was not feeling well the previous evening, but nothing was thought of it, as he had been subjected to attacks of acute indigestion. About 2 o'clock in the morning, however, attendants at the hotel were summoned to his room, he having been taken worse. He had a fit of vomiting and was much relieved, he said. He was asked if he did not want to get up, and he replied that he was a negative reply, saying that he would be "all right." The hotel attendants accordingly turned down the light in his room and retired. Not responding to a call in the morning, the door of his room was broken open and the Congressman was found dead. He was lying on his back and his face showed no signs of suffering.

#### RACE WAR AT KEY WEST.

##### Town Terrified Over a Conflict Between Whites and Blacks.

An attempt at Key West, Fla., to lynch Sylvester Johnson, colored, who pleaded guilty to assault, resulted in an uprising of the negroes and the capture by them of the town. The local militia was rendered powerless by the loss of their armory and equipment. Up to Friday night several conflicts had occurred, one white being killed and several whites and negroes being wounded. The whites declared Johnson should be lynched if it took every Caucasian on the island to do it. While the blacks, largely in the majority, were successful in taking open the defense. The sheriff wired Gov. Bloxham for permission to call upon the Government for help from the artillery and infantry companies stationed there, to prevent the blacks from rising and burning the town.

#### Dogs on His Trail.

Meager information has been received of a hold-up on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. One man armed with two pistols sacked the express car and obtained, according to reports in Clarksville, from \$2,000 to \$4,000. The express car was in charge of Messrs. L. D. Friday, agent, and C. B. R. train. The train, No. 102, left Memphis at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The robbery occurred four miles east of Clarksville at 9:35 o'clock. It is supposed the robber boarded the train at Clarksville. When a few minutes out he entered the car and ordered the messenger to open the safe, which was done. After securing some money, the robber pulled the bell cord. When the train slackened its speed he jumped off and made his escape. Bloodhounds were placed on the bandit's trail. The passengers were not disturbed and knew nothing of the robbery until it was reported by the messenger.

#### Cornell Is Champion.

Cornell proudly claims the title of queen of the rowing world. Her champion crew overwhelmingly defeated Yale and Harvard Friday at the regatta at Ithaca, N. Y. (One of the claims for glory of Cornell is stroke, it would seem, for Mr. Lehmann's crew from Harvard, its avowed opponents, finished, exhausted and half dead, lengths behind Yale. And Yale's crew rowed a plucky race, but was never in it with Cornell's. The time, 20 minutes 34 seconds, was not record-breaking, but was good considering the condition of the water.

#### Mormon Elders Expelled.

Elders Rydchak, Pomeroy, Parish and Jones, four Mormon elders from Utah were run out of Meridian, Miss. The elders have been in the city several days arranging for meetings, and had begun a house-to-house canvass for the purpose of securing converts.

#### Kansas Gets a Roast.

The most intense heat that has prevailed in Central Kansas for several years has been experienced the last four days, the thermometer averaging 100, and finally reaching 104.

#### MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.50 to \$5.25; hogs, shipping to grade, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, fat to choice, \$2.00 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 72c to 73c; corn, No. 2, 24c to 26c; oats, No. 2, 17c to 19c; rye, No. 2, 33c to 35c; butter, choice creamery, 14c to 15c; eggs, fresh, \$c to 10c; new potatoes, 80c to 95c per bushel; broom corn, 25c to 30c; green hurl, \$25 to \$70 per ton.  
Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$5.25; hogs, choice light, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, common to choice, \$3.00 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2, 74c to 76c; corn, No. 2 white, 26c to 28c; oats, No. 2 white, 20c to 22c.  
St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$5.25; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 75c to 76c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 22c to 24c; oats, No. 2 white, 17c to 19c; rye, No. 2, 31c to 33c.  
Cincinnati—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2, 76c to 78c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 26c to 27c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 20c to 22c; rye, No. 2, 33c to 35c.  
Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 76c to 78c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 25c to 27c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 33c to 35c.  
Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 81c to 82c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 25c to 26c; oats, No. 2 white, 19c to 20c; rye, No. 2, 34c to 36c; clover seed, \$4.20 to \$4.30.  
Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 72c to 74c; corn, No. 3, 24c to 26c; oats, No. 2 white, 21c to 23c; barley, No. 2, 31c to 37c; rye, No. 1, 34c to 36c; pork, mess, \$7.25 to \$7.75.  
Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$5.25; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 80c to 82c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 28c to 30c; oats, No. 2 white, 24c to 26c.  
New York—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$5.25; hogs, \$3.50 to \$4.25; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 76c to 78c; corn, No. 2, 26c to 28c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 24c; butter, creamery, 11c to 12c; eggs, West, 10c to 11c.



#### CHAPTER XXVI.

It might have been a long short time before Sir Ralph obeyed that message. I drew the curtain aside and looked at his face; but even as I looked a sense of something wanting in it—of horror at some awful, subtle change in its every line, in its rigid calm, in its sternly averted gaze, came over me and stilled the words on my lips—the cry of my aching heart.

"You sent for me," he said, in a voice as unlike his own as was that altered face.

"Yes," I said faintly. "Won't you—won't you come a little nearer?"

He drew a few steps nearer to the bed; but he did not touch my hand, nor say a word, he was so full of his own pain.

"I sent for you," I said, "because they have all been deceiving me. Something dreadful has happened. I—I want to know what it is."

"You want to know?" he said, and there was so strange a meaning in his voice that it seemed to freeze me with a new and terrible fear. "I think it is you who ought to supply the information."

"Is he dead?" I gasped.

"Yes," he said, slowly.

"How?" I whispered, shivering a little as I turned my eyes away from the iron sternness of his face.

"He did not," I almost screamed. "I am sure he did not!"

"Can't you speak to me?" I cried at last. "Can't you say how it was? Where was he found?"

"By the old summer house in the plantation."

"And by whom?" I gasped faintly.

"By me," he answered.

Then I looked up and met his eyes. Heaven knows what he saw in mine of horror and affliction; but the fiery, bloodshot glance that answered me seemed to say, he, at least, felt no regret for this tragic end to that young life.

My eyes fell on his hand as it lay on the white coverlet. It seemed to me that the stain of blood must surely be there. I shuddered, and grew sick with fear.

"Why don't you go on?" I said. "Why don't you tell me the whole thing? Why do you make me drag it from you piece-meal?"

"What more do you wish to hear?" he asked icily. "Do you wish me to lie to you as you have lied to yourself? To tell a pretty fable about accidents? The sound of your voice sickens me. It is false as its utterance is untrue. Do you think, with rising passion, I would open my face and voice, that I don't know how you left the house that night to meet him? Do you think to trick me with a shallow pretense of fidelity—the fidelity of a wife whose heart is another's? It is too late for these things. I was blind a long time; but a trust once broken is hard to mend, and mine has gone forever."

"You are unjust," I said weakly. "If you knew all, you would not condemn—you would pity me."

"Perhaps I do pity you," he said with a heavy sigh. "But the newspapers know nothing of the one thing I discovered that night. Only a trifling thing, yet a thing that has been immortalized by the greatest tragedy of the world's greatest genius—a woman's handkerchief; a little gossip, mere flimsy thing, and in one corner embowered with the letter 'D'—Dorothy Ferrers—dead—quite dead. He lay there alone in that awful misty solitude; he lay there as I had turned him, face upwards to the silent sky, whose faint moonbeams strove to pierce the clouds; dumb, sightless, now and forever; helpless as my own accusation, powerless as my promised revenge."

She had been here. That I knew. Perhaps all had been arranged for their flight; perhaps they had parted, thinking to meet ere many hours had passed, and then part never again on this side of heaven. Perhaps—but why pursue conjecture further? He was beyond the reach of my vengeance; he was dead. Had she heard the shot? Would she return?

I left him there and hurried back. My feet seemed winged. I reached the terrace, and was rushing round to the door, when I stumbled against something—a woman's prostrate figure. The shudder of dread that shook me as I lifted her was even before the faint light reached her face. I bore her in. She was mine—guilty or guiltless, shameful or pure, she was mine; the bearer of my name, the holder of my honor, the creature I had loved and revered, and worshipped, and who had looked at me with such tricks as I could give her. She was mine, and I must try and shield her from the consequences of her folly and her weakness.

It is all over now. No suspicions have been awakened, no question raised; accident has received the blame, and to accident must this tragedy be attributed. He finds his place in the resting place of the Ferreres, and I follow in the hideous mockery of woe, and hear the dust fall dull and heavy on the coffin lid, and go home again with my secret in my breast, knowing that, neither for honor, nor for shame, nor for pity, will I unveil that secret or whither it is living soul.

"They tell me she is mad," the block of recent events following her brief and terrible illness, has been too much for her brain. Doctors come, the cleverest, the greatest, but they give me little hope. I listen to them, one and all. I listen and say to myself: "At least she will be spared the suffering that is my portion." The dreary days come and go. The place grows more hateful with each. Once Nettie Croft comes over to see Joan, but the ordeal is too terrible to be repeated. I deny myself to her. I cannot see her, knowing what I know, and I am not sure whether the sight of her might not wake in me a similar weakness.

The child comes and sits with me sometimes. We do not often speak, but she understands me, I think, and her silent sympathy is the only thing that soothes my restlessness, or calms the fever of my torturing thoughts. I know only one thing will give me relief—absence—and I at last make up my mind to go abroad again—not in any beaten track, not to haunts of men and fashion. No, to the wildest solitudes, to the roughest and most perilous of wanderings. There is nothing to keep me. Yorke's debts are followed him mechanically. He opened the door, closed it; the room was empty once more.

"He is very tall," I said to myself in a strange sort of whisper.

It was such a foolish remark—such an altogether inappropriate remark after such a scene, that I was less startled by it than by the weak little laugh that left my lips.

"You must not laugh," I said again. "No one laughs when—when death is in the house. Death! Death! Whose death?"

Then a shriek burst from me that seemed to curdle the blood in my own veins as I heard it; but it was so wildly exhilarating, so full of wild, thrilling, inexplicable relief, that I found myself repeating it again and again, and yet again.

Then suddenly something in my brain seemed to snap, and all the space around grew peopled with strange forms, and all the air seemed full of voices that shrieked and wailed in fiendish echo of my own; and, fighting wildly, desperately with the forms, and deafened by the voices, I lost myself in the chaos of a wild and awful dream, from which I tried in vain to escape.

CHAPTER XXVII.

[Extracts from a journal of Sir Ralph Ferrers, kept for two years antecedent to the mysterious death of his nephew, Yorke Ferrers.]

It is all over at last, that hateful business of the inquest. Heaven forgive me if I have kept anything back that would have thrown light upon this tragedy!

And now let me go back to that night, and put down, for my own satisfaction, what I have not breathed, and think I never shall dare to breathe, to a living soul.

On arriving at Monk's Hall that fatal evening, i. e. as before stated, went to Joan's boudoir. I had left her ill. I had parted from her coldly, and I wished to know how she was. The child was there alone, but left to seek her sister. I went over to the fire, and to the chair in which she had been seated. Close beside it lay a paper, as if it dropped in haste. I took it up. I knew the writing only too well. It was that of Yorke. The letter was in two halves. I thought she must have intended to throw it into the fire, and failed to notice that it had fallen short of the mark.

I read it—every word.

Of what did I think as I took my way blindly in the direction of the ruined summer house? Of what does a man think when the hand he loves best stabs him relentlessly to the heart? Who would not prefer the death of the creature he loves to her lasting, eternal dishonor—at least, that is what I thought.

The blinding mist came down upon me; the darkness set itself like a foe between me and the path I sought. In the stifling atmosphere I grew confused; the suffering which enveloped me drove reason into chaos, and left but one thought whirling and repeating itself in my brain: "If I find together, I will kill him! I will kill him!"

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The blinding mist came down upon me; the darkness set itself like a foe between me and the path I sought. In the stifling atmosphere I grew confused; the suffering which enveloped me drove reason into chaos, and left but one thought whirling and repeating itself in my brain: "If I find together, I will kill him! I will kill him!"

Suddenly I heard a shot. It seemed so close that for a second I almost fancied it had been aimed at myself. I stood as if turned to stone, listening—listening with every faculty concentrated in the faint rustle of the close-growing under-wood—so faint, so far off, that it might have been made by the wind, or the passage of some sacred bird, frightened from its nest. That was all. I collected my startled nerves. I rushed on. I reached the open space where the old summer house stood rotting in solitude and decay. The mist was less heavy here; I went forward a few paces, listening at intervals. There was absolute silence.

The newspaper has stated most of these facts, and the further course of action I pursued. I need not repeat them at length. But the newspapers know nothing of the one thing I discovered that night. Only a trifling thing, yet a thing that has been immortalized by the greatest tragedy of the world's greatest genius—a woman's handkerchief; a little gossip, mere flimsy thing, and in one corner embowered with the letter 'D'—Dorothy Ferrers—dead—quite dead. He lay there alone in that awful misty solitude; he lay there as I had turned him, face upwards to the silent sky, whose faint moonbeams strove to pierce the clouds; dumb, sightless, now and forever; helpless as my own accusation, powerless as my promised revenge."

She had been here. That I knew. Perhaps all had been arranged for their flight; perhaps they had parted, thinking to meet ere many hours had passed, and then part never again on this side of heaven. Perhaps—but why pursue conjecture further? He was beyond the reach of my vengeance; he was dead. Had she heard the shot? Would she return?

I left him there and hurried back. My feet seemed winged. I reached the terrace, and was rushing round to the door, when I stumbled against something—a woman's prostrate figure. The shudder of dread that shook me as I lifted her was even before the faint light reached her face. I bore her in. She was mine—guilty or guiltless, shameful or pure, she was mine; the bearer of my name, the holder of my honor, the creature I had loved and revered, and worshipped, and who had looked at me with such tricks as I could give her. She was mine, and I must try and shield her from the consequences of her folly and her weakness.

It is all over now. No suspicions have been awakened, no question raised; accident has received the blame, and to accident must this tragedy be attributed. He finds his place in the resting place of the Ferreres, and I follow in the hideous mockery of woe, and hear the dust fall dull and heavy on the coffin lid, and go home again with my secret in my breast, knowing that, neither for honor, nor for shame, nor for pity, will I unveil that secret or whither it is living soul.