

A WEIRD LOVER.

By DAVID KER.

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CHAPTER I.
THE LONELY TOWER.



"God protect us!" muttered the mother. "There he comes that's he!" "What? That tall man on the other side of the street? Well, he's splendidly handsome, if ever any man was, but [with a slight shudder] there's something in his face that frightens me, though I don't know why."

"Ah! do you feel like that too? Well, it's very odd, but every one that looks at him says the same. The first time I ever saw him I felt just as I used to feel when I was a child over the pictures of those dreadful enchanted men in the fairy tales who, when midnight came, turned into wolves or tigers or devils, and devoured every one within reach."

No one who knew them would have laid an over-vid imagination to the charge of the two worthy burghers who were gossiping thus in the main street of Marseilles; yet this man had strangely impressed them both, and the impression for which there seemed to be no possible reason was exactly the same in both cases.

Meanwhile the subject of their talk—a tall, fine looking man in the prime of life, wearing a handsome though rather theatrical Hungarian dress, which set off his noble figure to full advantage—went slowly along the opposite sidewalk, with his head bent down as if in deep thought, and seemingly unconscious of the admiring glances shot at him by many passing ladies.

Suddenly he raised his head as if he had come to some final decision on the subject that was occupying his thoughts. As he did so his eyes met those of a tiny girl who was being carried past him in the arms of a stout market woman. A moment before the child had been laughing gleefully and playing with the fringe of her mother's shawl, but as she encountered the piercing glance of those large, black, fiery eyes, she trembled and began to cry.

"God protect us!" muttered the mother, hastily signing the cross over the shuddering infant; "that man must surely have the evil eye!"

As the stranger passed on two men who were chatting at the door of a large stone house turned to look at him.

"If that fellow were only a poor man I'd hire him for a model this very day," said the taller of the two, a distinguished French artist, in a tone of irrepressible enthusiasm. "His face is worthy of Vandryk."

"Worthy of The Police Gazette, you mean," growled his companion, who was no other than the prefect of police himself. "Mark my words, friend Victor, that man will commit some horrible crime one day or other, if indeed he hasn't done it already!"

And who then was this man who seemed to inspire such a universal feeling of mingled horror and admiration? This was the very question which every one in Marseilles was asking, and which no one seemed able to answer.

All that was as yet known of the stranger was that he had arrived from Paris a few weeks before, attended by half a dozen fierce looking fellows in the dress of Hungarian foresters; that he had gone straight to the largest hotel and taken a whole suite of rooms to himself at a cost worthy of Dumas' Count of Monte-Cristo, in the name of "Prince Keretsenyi, Janos castle, Southern Transylvania," and that at a public ball two days after his arrival he had signaled his entrance into local society by a feat that made him at once the talk of the whole town.

Among the guests at the ball was a certain dragoon captain, Louis Du Val by name, a noted bully and duelist, who was always on the lookout for a quarrel. He was standing amid a circle of his admirers when the Transylvanian prince entered. The sudden introduction of this superbly handsome stranger by such a renowned historical name as that of Keretsenyi sent a buzz of excitement through the whole room, but Capt. Du Val laughed scornfully, and observed in a tone evidently meant to reach the prince's ears that these Hungarian counts and princes often carried all their estates on their backs, and that their title deeds were sometimes to be found in the register of the nearest prison.

Scarcely were the insulting words uttered, when Keretsenyi stepped quickly up to the speaker, and dealt him a slap in the face with his open hand that echoed all around the room like a pistol shot.

Such a commencement could have but one result. The preliminaries of a meeting were soon adjusted, and next morning the redoubtable Capt. Du Val, one of the best swordsmen in the whole south of France, was borne home speechless and desperately wounded from the last duel that he was ever to fight.

"I knew from the very first how it would be," said Du Val's second, telling the story that evening to his friends at the club. "When my man stepped forward the Transylvanian gave him one

look—such a look!—just the way that lion tamer last year used to look at his beasts. It made me tingle all over, I know that. Poor Du Val seemed to feel it too, for I saw his color change and his hand shake (fancy his hand shaking!), and then I knew that Keretsenyi had him. So he had, sure enough, for they had hardly been at it three minutes when Du Val, for the first time in his life I should think, left his guard open for an instant, and the next moment I saw him lying at my feet all over blood. He'll never fight again, poor fellow! for his right arm is crippled for life."

But this duel was fated to have more important results than the spoiling of Capt. Du Val's swordsmanship. Just out of the town lived an old Gascon gentleman, M. de la Roche, with a pedigree as long as his purse was short, whose one regret in life was the loss of the estate of which his family had been deprived by an unfortunate accident known to history as the French Revolution. His favorite nephew having been killed in a duel by Du Val the old man was naturally delighted to see the bully punished in his turn, and lost no time in calling upon Keretsenyi to congratulate him. The prince received him courteously, returned his visit, and finding his host's daughter Madeleine one of the prettiest girls that he had ever seen, fell in love with her, or at least appeared to do so, on the spot.

Nothing could be more flattering to a simple, inexperienced girl, utterly ignorant of the world and only just freed from the prison of a convent school, than this homage from a man who had the whole fashionable world of Marseilles at his feet; for in France—and in most other countries too, for that matter—any one who has the reputation of being very rich and very wicked, with the additional merit of having murdered a man either in the ceremonious form of a duel or in the simpler and more usual way, is certain to achieve an immense popularity; and Prince Keretsenyi received so much attention from the local beauties that had been a Turk or a Mormon he might have taken away with him wives enough to stock an entire harem.

It was true that in her inmost heart Madeleine felt an instinctive shrinking from this mysterious and terrible suitor, who, when they first met, had darted at her a look of fierce and hungry admiration which scared her with a sudden and ghastly memory of a frightful picture that she had once seen in her childhood, where a wolf, standing over a helpless child in the snow, was just about to bury its cruel fangs in the infant's throat. It was also true that she had had her own dreams of ideal bliss, and that her partner in those dreams wore not the towering form and tiger like beauty of Keretsenyi, but the likeness of the bright haired boy who had been the chosen playmate of her childhood. But her father would not hear a word of Henri de Mortemart, and of course her father must know best.

This last consideration, combined with Keretsenyi's extraordinary personal beauty, the splendid presents which he was always making her, his renown as the conqueror of the most dreaded and formidable duelist in the whole district, and, above all, the weird, indefinable fascination which seemed to attach itself to everything that he did or said, was strong enough to stifle in Madeleine's heart the warning instinct which bade her beware of this ill omened union; and when once the prince had spoken out, old De la Roche—who would gladly have sold his own soul (to say nothing of his daughter) for a tithe of the sum which Keretsenyi offered to settle on his bride—took good care that there should be no undue delay in the celebration of the marriage.

Thus it came to pass that one evening in the early autumn of that year two gossips met on the broad white pavement of the Cannebiere, and one of them said to the other:

"Well, M. le Prince has certainly made a successful summer campaign among us; he has beaten the best man and married the prettiest woman in all Marseilles."

"And Henri de Mortemart?" asked his friend; "how does he like to see his 'son's' adored' in the arms of another man?"

"He likes it so little, poor fellow! that he has suddenly disappeared, and people are saying that he must have committed suicide. But what would you have? Even if Keretsenyi hadn't come in the way at all, Henri would never have got her. He was branded with the worst of all crimes—he was guilty of being poor!"

Poor Princess Madeleine had a long and weary journey to her new home amid the distant Carpathian mountains, in the wild border land between Transylvania and Wallachia, for her grim bridegroom, as if spurred by a mad impatience to see his ancient castle once more, hurried forward night and day without a moment's pause, seemingly expecting her to be as insensible to fatigue as he was himself. Her strength was well nigh exhausted by the time they quitted the railway for a large traveling carriage, which was awaiting them at the station. But this was in turn left behind as the road grew rougher and steeper, and just as night was falling she found herself on horseback half way up the endless zigzags of a breakneck mountain path, while just in front of her, tall and shadowy as a phantom in the ghastly twilight, rode Keretsenyi on a mighty black horse, worthy of the specter huntsman of German legend.

Where the sun had gone down one pale, spectral gleam still lingered above the gloomy hills, covered to the very summit with shadowy pine forests, and against it rose, black and grim, the massive tower of an ancient castle. As Madeleine caught sight of it there shot through her heart such a chill as men are said to feel at the approach of the unknown foe by whose hand they must die, but the prince's large, dark eyes lighted up like those of a wolf scenting prey, and the voice in which he muttered, "At last!" was tremulous with a fierce and feverish exultation.

The lonely tower quickly vanished amid the deepening darkness of night,

and on they went in ghostly gloom and silence, like a train of specters going down into the grave. Only by the tramping of horsehoofs before and behind her could Madeleine tell that she was not utterly alone, and there began to steal over her a sense of ghastly, freezing isolation, of having left human pity and human aid far behind her, of being cut off forever from the living world of men, and in the power of beings to whom light and life were abhorrent, and whose home was the realm of loneliness and of night.

All at once a huge shadowy building loomed up dimly in front of them by the faint light of the rising moon. It was more like a vast tomb than any habitation of living men, for no spark of light was seen within, nor could the slightest sound be heard.

Keretsenyi halted and blew a blast on the horn that hung at his saddlebow, loud and harsh enough to wake the dead. And it appeared as if he had really done so, for as the ponderous gate swung slowly and sullenly back the gaunt, spectral retainers who stood, lamp in hand, within the black, tunnel like archway, his white, haggard face looking doubly ghastly by contrast with the black velvet dress that he wore, did indeed seem newly risen from the grave.

Silent and shuddering Madeleine passed the fatal threshold, and as she did so the dreary howl of a wolf from the encircling forest was answered by the boding shriek of an owl from a ruined turret overhead. It was her welcome—a fit welcome indeed to such a home!

To be continued.

The Golden Text.

Elizabeth, a three-year-old, walked out of the house yesterday morning and made her first appearance at the Covenant Church Sunday school. She was put in a class of nice little girls and the lesson began.

"Do you know the golden text?" inquired the teacher.

"Yes, in," responded Elizabeth promptly. "What is it?" asked the teacher very encouragingly.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are," proceeded Elizabeth with confidence, and then the teacher stopped her and called on one of the regular scholars.—Washington Post.

A Sick Man's Order.

A Detroit merchant, who deals largely with commercial travelers, has just recovered from a serious illness, during which he was sometimes delirious.

One day, as his patient wife sat by his bedside, he opened his eyes and saw her. "You here again?" he said; "have you filed my order yet?"

"What order?" asked his wife, willing to humor him.

"Didn't I give you a big order for ice water?" he asked; "do you expect me to patronize your firm if you forget my orders?"

He got the ice water.—Detroit Free Press.

Semper Idem.

She'd studied in the German school, And when she daily played upon The grand piano, great the din That instrument she made upon. She'd never subjugate her mood To gasps of pianissimo. But sing and sing the ivories In sturdier fortissimo.

In every channel of her life Her tendencies were thunderous. Her dresses were so loud, a slight Of them from sleep would startle us. And when her lover came, and she In three of love would kiss him, oh The welkin would reverberate With ecchoings fortissimo.

She's married now, and has a brace Of very noisy little ones, And fortunate it is for them That they were not made brittle ones. For when they do offend, at once, With movement allegroissimo, She hammers on their tender parts In muscular fortissimo.

Valuable Experience.

"Have you an opening on your staff, sir?" asked a man as he entered an editor's office. "What department would you like to work in?"

"I think I could make a great success of the 'Answers to Correspondents.'" "Have you ever conducted such a department?"

"No, sir." "Then on what do you base your belief that you could do that sort of work?" "I have spent several months answering the questions of a four-year-old boy."

Lacoonic.

Lieutenant A.—Ah! I suppose that is the photo of you intended? Lieutenant B.—Rightly guessed! I am about to send it to the paper." A.—What! Without writing a word of explanation?"

B.—What's the use? I shall simply dispatch it as a registered letter, declared value, 50,000 marks.—Humoristische Blätter.

Silent Bliss.

We gazed by the moon. One glorified Junk. As we sat by the sleeping sea. And never a word. From her we heard. And never a word from me.

The waves all hushed— And when she blushed. The stars couldn't help but peep; And her great brown eyes Looked twice their size. And twice and a half as deep.

But never a word From her we heard And never a word from me. For we were eating Gumdrops sweet Down there by the sleeping sea. —Tom Hall in Harper's Bazar.

A Surprise.

Widower (to his little daughter, aged ten)—Dora, do you know that Susanne, our housekeeper, is going to be married? Dora—Oh, I'm so glad we are getting rid of the old pecker! Won't it be jolly! But who is going to marry her? Father—Well, I am!—Mauzner Tageblatt.

A Good Average.

Young Nicely—Yes, I know I'm a great flirt; I suppose, Miss Smilax, that you think I'm a very hard hearted wretch? Miss Smilax—Yes, but your head brings the average out all right.—Boston Courier.

The Infantile View.

They say that I have cut a tooth. But why I cannot see. If they would only heed the truth, They'd see that I cut me. —Harper's Bazar.

Willamette Land Co.

OFFERS INDUCEMENTS TO HOME SEEKERS AND INVESTORS.

We have lots 50x200 feet, 100x200 feet, all favorably located. These lots twice the ordinary size are but half the usual price of other lots similarly located. We have one-acre, two-acre, five and ten-acre tracts, suitable for suburban homes, convenient to town, schools, churches, etc., and of very productive soil. A large, growing "Prune Orchard," of which we will sell part in small tracts to suit purchasers, and on easy terms.

Call & See Us & Get Prices

AT OREGON CITY OFFICE, OR ON

ROBERT L. TAFT, at Portland Office,

No. 50 Stark St., PORTLAND.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 25, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 9, 1891, viz:
August Lange,
Pre. D. S. No. 7528 for the n 1/4 of sec 21, T. 2 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 25, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 9, 1891, viz:
Charles T. Stokes,
Homestead Entry, No. 9722, for the s 1/4 of sec 20, T. 1 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, November 3, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 23, 1891, viz:
Daniel Clifford,
Homestead entry No. 9525, for lot 4 or s 1/4 of sec 21, T. 2 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 25, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 17, 1891, viz:
James A. Shibley,
Homestead Entry, No. 1816 for the w 1/2 of n 1/4 and s 1/2 of s 1/4 of sec 8, T. 4 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 25, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 17, 1891, viz:
John T. Evans,
Homestead Entry, No. 9229, for the s 1/2 of n 1/4 and s 1/2 of n 1/4 of sec 10, T. 4 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 18, 1891, viz:
Edward D. McFee,
Pre. D. S. No. 7441, for the n 1/4 of sec 24, T. 5 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 18, 1891, viz:
J. P. Apperson, Register,
10-20-12-4

Administrator's Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Mary C. Moll, deceased, and that all persons having claims against said estate shall file their claims with the undersigned at his office at King Pastoriae, Marion county, Oregon, within three months from date of this notice, to-wit: October 5, 1891.
DAVID MOLL, Administrator.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Sept. 28, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 10, 1891, viz:
John W. Strachen,
Homestead Entry, No. 6706, for the s 1/4 of s 1/4 of sec. 6, T. 5 S., R. 1 W.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 3, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Nov. 27, 1891, viz:
George Shank,
Homestead entry No. 8144, for the n. e. q. of sec. 26, T. 6 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 3, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Nov. 24, 1891, viz:
Jacob Schmidt,
Homestead entry, No. 9274 for the east half of the n 1/4 of sec 12, T. 4 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 3, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Nov. 24, 1891, viz:
Elyva Coppock,
sole heir of Hannah Coppock, deceased, Homestead Entry No. 6208, for the n 1/4 of s 1/4 of sec 24, T. 5 S., R. 2 E.

Notice for Publication
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