

Marmaduke's Double

HOW LOVE ROUTED A GHOST

When the engagement of Marmaduke Ellerton and Fanny Addison was announced, it was the cause of almost universal congratulation among their friends and relatives. But there was one marked exception. Paul Browning, young Ellerton's cousin, received the glad news in dead silence, and his swartly face looked livid from the pallor that overspread it. Marmaduke saw the change in his cousin's countenance and guessed at the cause, for he had often thought that Paul more than admired the beautiful Fanny. He had never regarded his cousin as a rival, for he knew very well that the young lady had no thought but for himself; and like most young men in love, he thought it very natural that every one should be in love with the girl he adored; but he was pained at the evident disappointment of his cousin—more especially as Paul was of a passionate, resentful nature, and would brook neither pity or sympathy. He tried to appear as unconscious as possible of the change in Paul, but he could not be blind to it, and he felt that day by day they were drifting further apart, till it was soon quite evident that Paul's feeling of resentment was settling into a fixed hatred. This was more than an ordinary grief to Marmaduke. He had never had a brother, but since his earliest recollection, Paul, who was three or four years older than himself, had filled that place, and had seemed to love him very dearly; yet Paul's was a dark, turbulent nature, and under whatever real affection he had felt for his cousin always lurked a leaven of envy and jealousy, although the young men enjoyed everything in common, while the elder Ellerton, for the love of his dead sister, had always treated his nephew as his own son.

At first Marmaduke felt the change in his cousin's feeling for him very acutely, but he was so much with his sweetheart, and when away from her his thoughts were so busily engaged, that he ceased to distress himself about the inevitable, and hoped that all would come right in good time.

"Paul can't keep up a hopeless attachment forever," he thought. "By and by, he will fall in love with some other girl. Though, of course, he will never find one like my Fanny. Meantime I am glad he talks of traveling; it will do him good, and his presence is getting to be downright painful—not only to me, but to darling Fanny as well."

But Paul did not start on his travels, though he often spoke of doing so—a second change came over him, and he seemed to almost forget Fanny Addison's existence. He seemed preoccupied and deeply interested in something else, and when he encountered Marmaduke he greeted him at all times with affection and cordiality.

"Well," thought Marmaduke, "he has got over it, as I thought he would, but quicker; and he was just a trifle disappointed, for it was hard to understand how any man could so quickly recover from a genuine passion for his Fanny."

"However, I am awfully glad," continued the happy lover; "and I suppose it must be those horrid chemical experiments that he takes such an interest in. There is nothing like science to occupy the mind, though for my part I prefer Fanny."

So, for a time, everything went merrily to the sound of the marriage bells, which could be heard in the distance, for Miss Addison had consented to a short engagement, and already the wedding arrangements were being hastened for the happy day. It was just a month before the date settled on for the wedding that young Ellerton met his bride elect, with his face so drawn and haggard that the girl exclaimed, in terror:

"Oh! Duke, my dearest, what has happened?—what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I have," murmured Duke, with a ghastly attempt to smile. "The ghost of myself."

"Oh! you need only to look in the glass to see that," said Fanny. "Surely no one was so changed in twenty-four hours. Not only do you look haggard and pale, but you look actually thin and shrunken. My darling boy!—and she rested two soft, white hands on his shoulders—"don't trifle with me; tell me, truly, what misfortune has happened to you?"

"Nothing in the world, my darling, while I have you," exclaimed Duke, with sudden enthusiasm, as he clasped the lovely girl in his arms. "I have had bad dreams, and a bad night in consequence. Forgive me for being such a simpleton as to mind them."

"Bad dreams?" echoed Fanny, with a merry laugh. "It isn't possible that you are superstitious, Duke!"

"Oh, but I am, though, for a few minutes at a time," said Duke with an effort, throwing off the depression that still clung to him. "It's my one fault, dear—"

"One fault!—is that all?" Fanny interrupted, gaily. "Fanny having a husband with only one fault; and even that I must cure you of—for I detest superstition—and then you will be quite too perfect."

"Nothing can be perfect enough for you, my lovely girl; and then the conversation drifted into the customary extremely personal character peculiar to the talk of lovers, and not very interesting to outsiders.

But when Duke said good-bye,

and, in a blissful dream of happiness to come, I was dropping to sleep, when something startled me into sudden and complete wakefulness. It was a flash of light, as sudden and bright as lightning, which for an instant illuminated the room, but was gone as suddenly. I sat up and looked around, and was about to tell myself that it was nothing but fancy, or the light of dream-land into which I had been dropping, when it came again, but more softly and not so bright. It seemed almost like a luminous mist floating in through the window, and pausing, at last, like a cloud in the air, at the farthest end of the room. Of course, I gazed, fascinated; I could not have moved my eyes, I think, had life depended on it—and out of that mist slowly grew my own face and form."

Fanny gave a sudden, sharp cry; then, bending forward, she clasped her arms about the speaker and drew him close to her heart.

"A dream—a dream!" she whispered, very earnestly. "Dearest love do not yield to such foolishness; it was nothing but a dream."

Marmaduke smiled sadly, as he said:

"So I tried to think, my darling, in the bright sunlight of next morning, and before I left you that day I felt sure that it had been nothing more; but the next night it came again, and the next, and every night—plainer, clearer each time. In vain I have fought against it. I feel my life waning day by day, and I know the hour is coming near now, for every night the face grows brighter and more life-like. But at least you know the worst now. No doubt of me, no thought of mystery, shall come between us when I am gone."

But Fanny could bear no more. She burst into a passionate fit of weeping, for it was impossible to be impressed and overcome by Ellerton's great earnestness and his solemn warning of his own approaching death.

That was the first effect; but her tears relieved her and then came the reaction. As soon as she was alone again, she reviewed all that Marmaduke had told her; and being a girl remarkable for common sense, as well as for strength of mind, she dismissed all supernatural ideas from her thoughts.

"Duke is imaginative and over-sensitive," she thought "while I have no imagination; we were evidently born for each other, for we are the exact opposite in temperament. I believe neither in ghosts, warnings nor omens. Some one is playing a clever trick on him, and but for his love for me, it would not succeed; yet, the fear of parting from me has been too great for him—he can think of nothing else. Meantime, he will be driven to his grave or into a lunatic asylum, unless I can save him. It is useless to argue with him; nothing but facts will convince him, and where am I to find them? Ah, something comes to aid me! Has he an enemy?—does that enemy understand him thoroughly?—and what is the object to be gained? I think I see light! Paul Browning loves me; I have refused him—and, of course, he hates Duke, who is his successful rival, and who else so thoroughly understands my dear boy? They are brought up together since children. He is killing Duke by torturing his over-sensitive nature."

The whole plot seemed suddenly to map itself before her eyes. Under the stimulus of anxious love, her brain worked as on fire, and in less than ten minutes she had decided that she was dressed and speeding toward Ellerton's house. His sister Maud was, naturally, her most intimate friend, and five minutes alone with her served to put Maud in possession of all that Fanny had heard from Duke, and all that her own suspicion built on it.

"I believe you are right Fanny. I don't believe in the supernatural any more than you do; but Duke does. He is imaginative, as you know, and high-strung and nervous to a degree. People who don't know him think him timid, but we know better. I have seen Duke face a mad bull as calmly as a lamb; those high-strung, nervous people are all that way. They have what Cousin Paul calls 'feminine courage.' I think it a very good kind myself."

"I suppose your Cousin Paul thoroughly understands Duke?" Fanny Addison interrupted.

"I should think so—ever better than I do. But he has been so wrapped up in some chemical experiments he has been making lately, that he hasn't seemed even to notice the change that has come over Duke."

"It is just about those chemical experiments I want to talk to you. The window of Mr. Browning's laboratory lights right into Duke's room, I've heard you say—"

"Yes, it does."

"Well, I want to get into that room."

"The laboratory?—impossible, Fanny, dear. Paul always carries the key, and he's away to-day, and won't be home until to-night."

"We can find a locksmith somewhere. If not I'll have the door broken in, if I have to do it myself, Maud; for Duke's life depends on it."

"Fanny, dear, you are raving! But no matter—you shall get into the room, and I will manage it."

In after years, Fanny and Maud used to wonder how they had escaped with life out of the laboratory, as they handled more dangerous chemicals than either had ever heard of before; still, it was not chemicals but a clever contrivance for throwing light, by means of a curiously constructed reflector, that, at last, put them on the track of the right discovery. With feminine quickness they soon learned how to work the thing, though they didn't understand the principle; close beside it they found a number of photographs of Duke, several of which had been enlarged by a well known process, almost to a life-size; these, by a process somewhat

resembling the magic-lantern, could be thrown to a distance; and against a dark background, particularly when seeming to form in the air, out of a misty light, looked precisely like the ghostly Doppelgänger of the Germans, or the Wraith of the Scotch Highlanders.

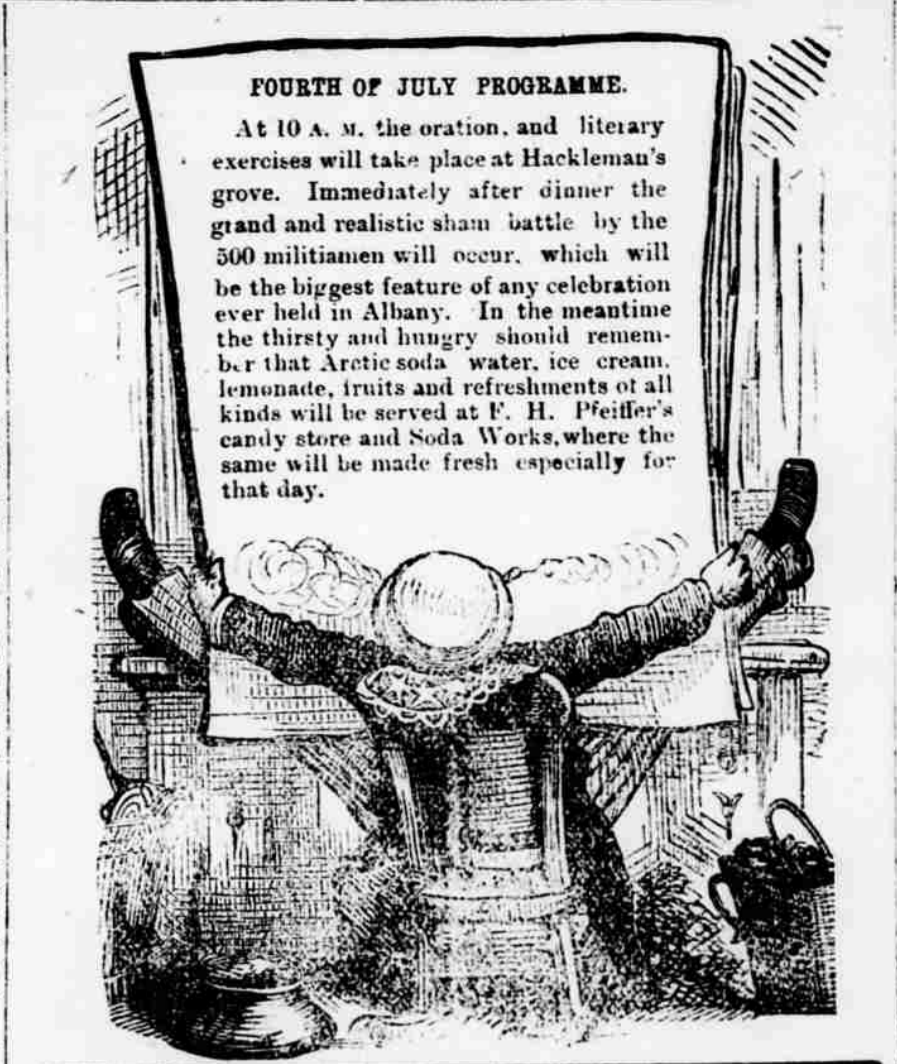
After several hours spent in this way, Fanny concluded to remain for the rest of the evening with Maud; and Duke was surprised into momentary forgetfulness of his haunting fears by the merry looks and good spirits of the two girls.

It was late when Paul Browning arrived, but the dinner had been delayed, and every one was still at table. He was instantly struck by the atmosphere of gaiety which seemed to characterize every one, and Fanny at once greeted him almost hilariously.

"Oh, Mr. Browning," she said, "we have had such fun with that photograph reflector, if that's what you call it. Don't be angry; I compelled Maud to force open the laboratory door, though we never dreamt of finding it turned into a photograph gallery. I should think you could play ghost with it quite successfully—it works much better than old Pepper's ghost. As soon as it goes dark, we made experiments with all the photographs in the house, but none came out so well as Duke's. You must have had his enlarged on purpose."

Paul Browning had started violently when Miss Addison began to speak, and as she continued, his livid pallor increased till he seemed likely to drop in a faint. Words of passionate anger had risen to his lips, but he choked them down; for under the apparent gaiety of the speaker there was a veiled menace that told him plainly that his murderous game was found out and frustrated forever. He glanced at the pale, angry face of his uncle, at Marmaduke, whose look was more in sorrow than in anger, justly at the young man who had been like a mother to him; and then without a word, he turned and left the room.

On the next day he went on the long journey he had so long been talking of, and the preparations for the wedding festivities proceeded more rapidly than before; for the bridegroom was no longer pale and careworn, and the fair bride seemed more in love with him than ever, since she had won him back to life and happiness.



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M. BAUMGART, Proprietor.
Next door to the Odd Fellows' temple, Albany, Oregon.
Keeps constantly on hand the finest imported and domestic wines, liquors, cigars, etc., etc. Only first-class liquor store in the city.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

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Are now established with a first-class stock of

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Hermann Diercks, Prop.
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Mr. Diercks was formerly proprietor of the Revere House restaurant, which he ran on the Eur open plan, but found that plan didn't succeed, so he opened his present restaurant where he has given general satisfaction.
Persons wanting a first-class meal should go to Hermann's.
247 No Chinese employed.

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ONLY FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN THE CITY
STOCKMEN AND FARMERS READ.
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For further reference in regard to ridings inquire of Dave Peterson, Wm. Peterson, Leabannon, John Hardman, Alfred W. Horton, Albany, Sam Gaines, Secy. Wm. Foster Prineville. I practice veterinary medicine in Albany and country surrounding Office and residence corner 6th and Washington st. I. N. WOODIE Veterinary Surgeon.

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GOOD MILK COW FOR SALE CHEAP
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City Taxes.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the tax roll of the city of Albany, Oregon, for the year 1889, has been placed in my hands for collection, and that I will be at the council chambers of said city to receive and receipt for the taxes charged in said roll, for the period of 30 days from date of this notice. All taxes remaining unpaid at the expiration of 30 days thereafter will be returned to the common council of the city of Albany as delinquent, and costs and expenses for collecting such taxes be added thereto.
Date at Albany, Oregon, this 10th day of June, 1889.
JOHN S. HOFFMAN,
City Marshal.

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