

THE GHOST OF A ROSE.

A New Story by MRS. FRANCES BURNETT.

HE ALL drew nearer the deep, old-fashioned fireplace, as people are apt to do on a winter night, when they sit without light and the conversation takes a supernatural turn.

Pretty Miss Brookes looked over her shoulder furtively, the great was-dlower blue eyes widening in a most dubious manner. Helen Maxwell took up her crochet work, and began to apply herself to it energetically.

"Dear old lady Daintree smiled in her sweet, benign way, and smoothed down the front of her black satin dress with her pretty old plump hands. I looked at Valerie, but Valerie did not look at me. She was kneeling at Lady Daintree's side, the folds of her purple train trailing over the rug of tiger skin, her beautiful, thoughtful eyes resting on the fire.

"I don't care what they say about it," she said slowly, with a little shudder. "You may believe what you like, and, of course, I know you will all look astonished when I tell you that I, for one, half believe in them."

"What!" said Lady Daintree, patting her hand with a quick, light touch. "Nay, my dear—what are you saying?"

"That I believe in ghosts," said Valerie, without lifting her eyes. "We all tried to laugh, and failed miserably, of course."

"Why should I not," argued Valerie. "Why should not you? What are angels but spirits, and what are ghosts but the same thing? You all believe in angels, so why should you deny ghosts? It is inconsistent to talk about guardian spirits, who watch over and guard us, and then deny such spiritual existences altogether."

"Did you never see one?" fluttered poor little Lucy Brookes, timidly. "You never saw an angel," said Valerie; "and as to the ghosts—well, there is one in this very house."

There was a terrified chorus of exclamation, and then Lady Daintree patted the lovely hand again. "My love," she said, half jestingly, "what will Geoffrey say if you frighten us all so? Now you will have to tell the story, to show what foundation you have for accusing poor old Daintree in such a manner."

Valerie laughed, rather faintly, however, though she colored brightly enough. "She was engaged to Geoffrey Daintree, and had come to Daintree House at her handsome old ladyship's urgent invitation."

"The two were very fond of each other already, in fact. 'I have no objection to telling it, I am sure,' she said, 'since it is so easily told. You see, ladies, the Daintree ghost is scarcely an orthodox ghost, after all. It is simply the fragrant ghost of a rose.'"

"Of a rose?" we all ejaculated at once. "Of a rose," she said; "for, though its blossoms were woven into a tragedy, it is not the hero or heroine of the tragedy we're haunted by, but the rose which the heroine wore and which was the cause of her death. The story runs thus: Three hundred years ago there lived a certain Basil Daintree, who fell in love with a fair neighbor, and, with the help of her mother, married her, much against her will. Of course there was another lover wandering in foreign lands, and in time, of course, he came back and found out what wrong had been done him. So he disguised himself as a page, and entering his rival's service, revealed himself to the lady, and by doing so worked out a bitter revenge upon the man who played him false. He was a fair, slender, golden-haired stripling, and the story says that for some time Basil Daintree suspected nothing; but one day in walking behind an ivied wall he saw a white rose, thrown by a white hand, flutter downward from his young bride's window, and hurrying to the terrace beneath, he thrust his sword through his heart, and dipping the rose in his life-blood, carried it to his faithful wife, and flung it in her face, saying as he did so: 'Leman, your rose has changed to red.' He never spoke another word in her presence, even when she died, as she did shortly afterward, of a broken heart. The legend also affirms that after the rose fell on the floor it was never seen again; and ever since that time, when sorrow is to fall upon the house of Daintree, through kith, kin or stranger, a heavy odor, like the scent of a crushed rose, floats about the lady's death-chamber."

There was a breathless pause after this, which was broken at last by pretty Lucy Brookes, who listened to every word in fear and trembling. "Which was the room?" she asked.

"The Blue Room in the west wing," Valerie answered. "Why," ejaculated Helen Maxwell and I, both at once, "that is your room, Valerie!"

"Yes," was our brief reply. "I suppose I ought here to say a few words more concerning Valerie's Chamber. I cannot describe her, however, because she is indescribable. Other women's hair and eyes may lose nothing by being particularized, since a description may do them full justice, or possibly, may flatter them somewhat. It was not so with Valerie, however.

Only one knew of her that she was fair and tall and wonderful, that her eyes dazzled, that her delicious voice struck a tender, responsive chord in one's heart. Hers was that subtle charm which enslaves men, and women alike, and makes friends of them for a life-time. She had conquered even silent Geoffrey Daintree by it, and taken his delicate, old-souled mother captive; certainly she had won every other guest in the house. Yet I am sure that her victories were as sweetly unostentatious as a woman's victories may be, and there was not one of us whose favor she had sought in a way differing from her manner to the rest.

Surely, if there ever existed a popular beauty she was that wonder embodied. I could not help watching her that night when Geoffrey returned. He had been absent all evening on business, and when he came in he was pale and spindly, and she was crossing the wide hall, and met him.

"I thought you would never come, truant!" I heard her say softly, as she gave him both her beautiful hands a moment, then knelt to the hearth and stirred the fire to a cheerful glow. "And you look pale and tired."

"I am tired," he answered—"tired enough; but then the sight of you revives me, my queen-rose!" And he raised her hands to his lips, kissing them with passionate tenderness.

But Geoffrey was in a strange mood. He was pale and preoccupied; there were care-worn lines on his forehead, and his eyes were sad.

"I have a trouble to-night," he said; "a heavy one—an old one, Valerie; and I scarcely know how to let you share it with me. Some time I must make it clear—some time I will. Have patience with me while longer, love."

He kissed her red, blooming lips, and we went up stairs together—Valerie and I—and when I left her at her chamber-door, it seemed to me that her fair, rapt face shone as a white star shines.

But, though I heard her turn the key in her lock, five minutes had not elapsed before she came out of her room again, and crossing the passage, summoned me in a strange, low voice.

I opened the door and went out to her, and the instant I saw her, I recognized a sudden change which had come upon her. The tender radiance had died out of her face, and her eyes were dilated; altogether, it struck me that she had seen something that had frightened her.

Was it weak or inconsistent that there should flash across my mind a recollection of what we had been talking about when we sat around the fire in the dusk?

"Anice," she whispered, "come with me—come with me into my room."

Startled as I was, I was not cowardly enough to draw back and add to her disturbance; so when she led the way across the threshold, I followed, wondering and terrified.

"Some one has been here," she said. "Look there!" and she pointed to the hearth. A chair was drawn up to the fire, as if some one had been sitting on it recently, and on the soft, thick rug lay a torn, stained slipper, and a soiled scrap of lace and cambric, which had once been a woman's handkerchief.

I broke into a low cry, but Valerie bent and picked the handkerchief up. "There is a name upon it," she said. "See Anice!"

And when I took it from her I saw embroidered in one corner the single word, "Lucia."

It was startling enough, considering the fact that all the household had retired, and we two occupied the only chambers in use in this storied west wing.

But this was not the worst. As I stood there holding the dragged bit of lace and cambric, and staring at it, something vaguely terrible occurred. Valerie gave a little start, and spoke to me in a low, hurried voice: "Anice—Anice," there are no flowers in the room, are there?"

I dropped the handkerchief upon the carpet, and a second later had caught her by the arm, dragged her out of the room, across the passage, into my own apartment, never stopping until I had locked the door and stood with my back against it.

"What was it?" I cried. "It was something—I noticed it as soon as you spoke." "It—it was the perfume of a flower," she answered. "And though I had asked the question, I knew that it was, too; for the moment she called out to me, I recognized it myself—the heavy, floating odor of a crushed and dying rose."

night always makes a coward of me." Valerie did not return to her room, however, but shared my bed with me; and though I spent the night restlessly enough myself, I think I must have slept more soundly than she did, for when I awoke, I invariably found that she was awake, too.

When I opened my eyes in the morning she was dressed and standing at the window; and on my addressing her, she turned toward me with a slight start, showing me that she was pale yet—even paler than she had been the night before, I thought. She was so pale, indeed, that when we went down to breakfast, Lady Daintree noticed it.

"Why, my love," she exclaimed, as Valerie bent to kiss her, "how pale you are this morning! You look as if you had seen a ghost."

And Geoffrey glanced up, and looked at her anxiously and tenderly. But she laughed the accusation off, and sat down at the table; yet she did not eat much, I saw, and she certainly did not regain her color.

She was less bright than usual all the day. Generally she was the light of the house, with her radiant face and sweet, tuneful voice; but we noticed then that a shadow seemed to have fallen upon her.

Having almost recovered, under the influence of daylight, from the effects of my fright, I had courage enough to accuse her of being the greater coward of the two, but she only smiled faintly, and denied the charge.

"It is not that," she said. "How could it be, since daylight has proved my theory of a careless servant to be correct? Both slipper and handkerchief were gone this morning, and, of course, if there had been anything remarkable in their being there we would have heard something of it. It was not a thief, at least, and as to its bearing a ghost, ghosts do not wear ragged slippers and drop cambric handkerchiefs."

The next day a curious thing happened. We were strolling together down one of the queer, old-fashioned walks, I walked with clipped box, when I struck my foot against some small object, and on stooping to pick it up I found that it was nothing less than an oval case, containing a miniature.

When I opened it a slip of paper fluttered out, and, but that Valerie caught it, it would have fallen to the ground. As it was, chance threw it into her hands, and a natural impulse drawing both our eyes to it, both of us uttered a low cry of exclamation, for, written upon it, in a thin, nervous, yet dashing hand, were these words: "My love! My life! Your Lucia!"

Whoever Lucia might be, she was certainly young and beautiful, if the picture was a true one. Just the kind of a woman to write such words to a lover—a dark, riant young creature, with dusky brows, great flashing Spanish eyes, and lips like a thread of scarlet, altogether fiery, foreign and impassioned.

We were both standing looking at her when there came the sound of quick feet just behind us, and we raised our eyes to confront Geoffrey Daintree himself, white, agitated and nervous.

"I have lost something," he began, hurriedly. "A miniature in an oval case. I think I dropped it here. Ah—"

He had caught sight of it in Valerie's hand. She held it out to him with a strange calmness which surprised me. "This is it," she said. "Take it, Geoffrey," and turned herself quite away from him.

"Valerie!" he broke out. "No! You are wrong, by heavens!" "Hush!" she commanded; and the calm strength of purpose in her sweet voice conqered him at once—nay, almost seemed to crush him. "Hush! Not yet. Let us wait. I could not listen fairly now; and you might not be quite just and true to yourself. Wait until to-morrow. I promise I will hear every word then. Anice, come."

And she drew me away, passing him like a fair statue called to life. I was so bewildered that—woman-like—when we were out of hearing, I could not hold my peace.

"Valerie!" I cried out. "Valerie! what does it all mean? How can you be so cold and calm?" "I am neither," she answered. "That is why I would not trust myself to listen. I have heard of this Lucia before, but did not believe. Don't ask me now. It was so long ago, and until I saw the name upon the handkerchief, I had forgotten the story. It is a sad one, Anice—a bitter story for a woman to believe of the man she loves. I have been reluctant enough to look the matter in the face—I trusted him so; but now—"

She went to her room when she reached the house, and did not come down to the parlors for nearly two hours, and when she did come, Lady Daintree spoke anxiously of her pallor again. "I am afraid Daintree does not agree with you, my dear," she said, in her sweet, motherly way. "You look ill again this evening."

The evening lagged almost wearily, until we separated to retire to our respective rooms, which we did much earlier than was customary. For my part, with Valerie's sweet, pale face haunting me, I could not sleep at all, and after tossing on my pillow for an hour, I made up my mind to rise. I could read, at least.

I got up and threw on a wrapper. The book I wanted was in the drawing-room, so I opened my door gently and crept down the staircase. When I reached the bottom I

paused, for, to my intense surprise, I saw the room was still lighted, and through the half-opened door I caught sight of our beautiful old hostess, standing upon the hearth, and a young gentleman, who seemed just to have returned, for he was both booted and spurred, and had not even removed his hat.

"Mother," I heard him say, "try to bear up. It is sad news this time. Lucia is gone, and they cannot tell me where!" "Geoffrey!" she cried, and her dear old face was as pale as my own. "Oh, Geoffrey! my child! my child!"

I turned away, and crept up the stairs again, hurriedly. There was a secret, then about this Lucia, and it was a secret hidden even from Valerie, who certainly had the right to know all secrets that were not guilty ones. Could this be a guilty one? I could not believe it was, since dear old lady Daintree shared it, and grieved with him over it.

But how could it be otherwise, when a betrothed lover carried in his bosom the portrait of a beautiful woman, who lavished upon him passionately endearing epithets? How could it be otherwise, when he spent hours in mysterious absences connected with her?

There was no reading for me that night. I went to bed again, and lay tossing to and fro, thinking of Valerie, until I fell into a heavy, restless sleep.

About midnight I awakened with a start. Why I started I could not explain to myself; but for some mysterious reason I felt nervous and terrified, as if I had suddenly broken off in the middle of an evil dream. Still I was sure I had not been dreaming, which made my condition all the more mysterious.

I lay for a moment or so with half-closed eyes, dimly conscious of the firelight, and then all at once I sprang up in bed with a low cry of terror. The room was full of floating perfume—the perfume of a rose.

At first I was too thoroughly frightened to move; but before I had been sitting up many seconds a fresh sensation forced itself upon my notice. I was beginning to feel chilled, as if cold air was blowing upon me. I turned my head naturally toward the door, and saw that it was wide open, though I remembered quite distinctly that I had not only closed, but locked it before I went to bed.

One moment, and I was standing upon the floor, trembling from head to foot. Nothing would have induced me to remain. I crossed the corridor, feeling more excited than ever—the horrible odor was there, too—and when I reached the Blue Room I could scarcely speak.

"Valerie!" I said, in a low tone. "Valerie!" And tapped softly on the door. Then came the most terrible experience of my life. How can I go back to it—how can I describe it! Yet surely I can never forget it!

From the room within came a strange, mysterious sound—not Valerie's voice, for she did not answer. The sound of which I speak was nothing less horrible than the sharp, panting breath—like the breath of some wild animal—of something which was crouching upon the threshold inside—crouching so close to the door, that when it moved its garments rustled in a deadened way against the wood. I knew there was some fearful, unnamy thing there then.

It dashed upon me all at once that there was greater danger than I had ever dreamed of suspecting, and though I could not understand it my excitement almost drove me mad.

"Valerie!" I shrieked out. "Valerie!" Valerie. Who is in the room with you? Speak to me! Valerie! Valerie!"

I beat upon the panels with my hands. I called out again and again, and the horrible rustle and panting of breath was my only answer. Then I clung to this handle of the door and began to shake it with all my strength, and then—

There was a struggle inside; a cry like the cry of a panther; the door flew open, and as the already alarmed household came flying from the rooms, I found myself struggling for life with the creature who sprang out upon me, knife in hand—a haggard, once beautiful girl, with eyes of fire, and thin, fierce lips of scarlet—Lucia!

I cannot tell how long the struggle lasted, or how it ended. I think it must have been that Geoffrey Daintree dragged her from me. I remember his catching us both in his strong arms, and then, with the worn, wild face pressed close to mine, and the sickening rose-odor overpowering me, I fainted; but, brief as the battle was, I still had time to see that on the threshold Valerie lay stretched all her white, full length, with a stain of blood upon her side.

After such a story of course must come an explanation, and this explanation was given to me by Lady Daintree when I recovered from swoon; but poor Valerie (whose injury was serious, though not dangerous) was not strong enough to hear it for a week.

Years ago the Daintrees had met with a heavy trouble. Geoffrey's only sister—the Lucia of the narrative—had become entangled in an unfortunate love affair with a disreputable Frenchman, while abroad at school, the end of which was, that the lover, finding he deserved her, and poor impassioned Lucia Daintree lost her mind.

This misfortune being kept as much secret as possible, had fallen into a floating rumor, as such things are apt to do, and in the rumor the unfortunate girl had been represented as a French lady whom Geoffrey had greatly wronged.

heard, and it was this which caused her wretchedness when it was recalled to her memory by the sight of the name on the handkerchief. A few days before the final denouement of the mystery, Lucia Daintree had escaped from the establishment in which she had been confined, and some mad instinct had led her to secrete herself in her brother's house.

As to the floating fragrance of roses, I almost regret to be obliged to confess that this was nothing more than the result of a fancy of poor Lucia's, too.

She had always affected the odor in her happier days, and the French lover had praised it enthusiastically, and now one of the freaks of her insanity led her to insist upon being allowed to use it to an overpowering extent, and as refusal invariably caused her excitement, Geoffrey had commanded that she should be indulged.

Valerie could scarcely relate anything of what had passed in her room on the eventful night. She had awakened to see the girl standing over her with angry eyes, had sprung out of bed, received a sharp stab in the struggle, and then fainted.

And as to the rest—well, before the red roses bloomed again in the dear old-fashioned gardens at Daintree, she went the way of Geoffrey himself, the happiest as well as the rarest of sweet and tender wives.

The Blarney Stone. Five miles west of the city of Cork, Ireland, in a valley where two streams meet, is situated the little village of Blarney. The fame of Blarney is world-wide. It has a castle and in the wall of the castle the famous "Blarney Stone" is set, in the solid masonry, about fifty feet from the ground about 20 feet below the projecting roof of the building. He or she who is venturesome enough to reach this wonderful magic stone, and has faith enough to kiss it, is said to thenceforth have a gift of marvelous efficacy. Honeyed words will flow from his lips. He will win his way everywhere and with everybody and when mankind, and especially woman-kind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue, they will say "he has kissed the Blarney Stone."

The tendency of modern generations to follow "false gods" is illustrated even in the matter of Blarney Stone. Within the last 70 years it has been claimed that a stone on the roof of Blarney's castle is the best talisman. This spurious claimant to greatness is about two feet square and bears the date of 1703. The one mentioned as being set in the wall is on the northeastern side of the castle. It bears the date of the building of the castle which is 1446. To kiss this the votary must be let down 20 feet by means of ropes, with 70 feet of space between him and terra firma. This has effect of making almost everyone believe that the rock on the roof is the "true and only Blarney," because the danger in kissing it is not so great.

Croup Can Be Prevented. We want every mother to know that croup can be prevented. There is no question about this; as it has been done in thousands of cases, and you may depend upon it that when a child takes the croup it is wholly owing to the negligence of its parents. True croup never appears without due and timely warning; a few hours or a day or two before the attack, the child becomes hoarse. This hoarseness is the first indication of croup, and is a sure sign that croup is to follow, unless promptly and properly treated. The free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed with each bottle, under the heading "To prevent croup," will dispel all symptoms of the disease. This first sign of croup, hoarseness, may be overlooked by young mothers or those not familiar with the disease. Under such circumstances, or when not properly treated, the hoarseness becomes more marked, and the child shows signs of symptoms of having taken cold, then a peculiar, rough cough is developed. Even at this stage Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the croup, but after the cough has developed the croup is liable to appear at any moment. The proper way is to keep a bottle of this remedy at hand, it costs but 50 cents, and only a few doses, or at most not over a third of a bottle, is required to dispel all symptoms of the disease. Get you afford to risk so much for a child? There is not the least danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, which are always required, as it contains no injurious substance. As proof of this fact we refer to John L. Olson, of Des Moines, whose 18-months-old boy drank the entire contents of a 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's cough remedy without the least injury. Certainly it made the baby vomit very freely; but after taking a nap he would have been glad to have drank another bottle of the remedy, as he liked it. A similar instance occurred near Valley Springs, Dakota. Mrs. Mattie Johnson's two-year-old daughter, Annie, drank a full bottle of the remedy without injury. This remedy has been the sole reliance of thousands of mothers for croup, and especially as a preventive for many years, and has never been known to fail. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping-cough. For sale by Fosby & Mason.

Something Nice. We have just received a barrel of genuine German saur kraut, also Graham flour in bulk, and Oregon leaf lard in bulk. Willamette Packing Co.

What can we reason for when we know Brownell sells goods because his prices low brings him the custom. Others brag and blow. But he the goods do sell, that all allow.

The largest stock of watches in the city at Will & Starks. Elegant Lotions.

For the Holidays FANCY GOODS, FINE DISPLAY OF—Chinese dishes, Japanese curiosities, and novelties of all kinds have been opened at the Japanese Bazaar store of the Kwong Wa Gee Co., opposite the new Masonic Temple. The ladies are invited to call and inspect these fine holiday goods. Fancy goods sold cheaper than in Portland.

THE NEW DRUG STORE

BLUMBERG BLOCK. Has opened with a new and complete stock of Drugs, patent Medicines, Stationery, Toilet Articles and

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES, Having had sixteen years experience in the drug business, we feel justified in saying that we fully understand the art of compounding and dispensing medicines. Our prescription department is our specialty; honesty and purity our motto. The public is invited to call and inspect our stock and get our prices. H. C. HUBBARD. RESIDENCE OVER STORE. PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST.

\$500 WORTH GOLD WATCHES GIVEN AWAY.

I take this method of informing the citizens of Albany and vicinity that I have just opened a first class clothing store in connection with my merchantile business, and have added the most complete stock of gents

Furnishing Goods and Clothing ever brought to the city. In order to advertise my business I have decided to give away over \$500 worth of Gold Watches. Every purchaser of one dollar's worth of goods, for cash, from the clothing department will receive a chance for one of these gold watches. Stock is all new purchased in the east for spot cash, and will be sold at

LOWEST LIVING RATES. Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Albany, Or. G. W. SIMPSON.

MCMINNVILLE COLLEGE. BOTH ACADEMIC AND COLLEGIATE Departments. In the Academic Department there are four courses of study of three years each: Classical, scientific, normal and business. Instruction is thorough; location, healthy; expenses low; advantages, first-class in every respect. Full information in catalogue, for which address T. G. BROWNSON, Pres. OREGON.

C. E. HAWKINS. F. FARRELL. ALBANY FURNITURE COMPANY. Does an immense business in all kinds of furniture, bedroom sets, parlor sets, chairs, bed lounges, kitchen safes, and all kinds of tables, etc., etc. Also have a fine selection of wall paper and window shades, which they are offering at close figures. Call and see them, on First street, opposite Stewart & Sox.

MATTHEWS & WASHBURN. carry an immense line of Stoves and General Hardware. Including the celebrated EARLY BREAKFAST and JEWEL cooking stoves and ranges, parlor and cooking stoves, and all kinds of kitchen articles; also a complete assortment of

Farmers and Gardeners' Tools BUILDERS' HARDWARE. Pumps, hose, copperware, tinware and plumbers' goods a specialty and prices are guaranteed to be satisfactory. The public is invited to call and inspect our stock. Tweedale's building, Albany, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR ALL

Newspapers and Magazines AT H. J. JONES' BOOK STORE.

FOR PURE DRUGS, TOILET AND FANCY GOODS GO TO

G. L. BLACKMAN. (Successor to E. W. Langdon) DEALER IN Drugs, Paints, Oils, Perfumery and toilet articles, also a full line of books and stationery, periodicals, etc. Prescriptions carefully compounded. IN ODD FELLOWS TEMPLE, Albany Oregon.

HE ALSO CARRIES The Finest Line of Pianos and Organs in the Willamette Valley. CALL AND EXAMINE HIS STOCK.