



CHAPTER VI.

The last stroke of eight dies out from the old clock in the hall. Seaton Dysart enters the drawing room. The extreme indignance and gloom of that melancholy apartment sinks into him as he moves rather disconcertedly, but with a manly unflinching instinct, toward the heavily-laden sofa. It is not all gloom, however, as he presently discovers, in this dreary place. Some one rises languidly from a low chair—a girl, a lovely girl, as he instantly admits—and advances toward the eighth part of an ordinary foot toward him. They are wonderfully alike, the father and son, and yet how wonderfully unlike. It seems impossible that with expressions so utterly at variance so serene a resemblance can exist. It is there. The one, the old face, mild, cringing, suspicious, wicked; the other, old, honorable, earnest and beautiful. The girl, watching him with distrust in her eyes, reluctantly acknowledged this last fact. "I'm extremely sorry if I've kept you waiting for dinner," he says, advancing at a quicker pace, once he sees the pretty girl in white, and holding out his hand. "But the fact is, I was a little late when I arrived, and I'm rather afraid I fell asleep."

"I am going now. Good-by," holding out his hand to her with a determination not to be changed. Griselda takes it and shakes it gently, nay, warmly. His humor is decidedly hostile, and if he acquiesces the old father of their indelicacy—Anything to propitiate him, she tells herself, will do the correct thing, and she grows positively friendly toward him, and beams upon him with gentle entreaty in her eye.

"If you must go, do us one service first," she says. "Do you see that rose?—a rather unkept and straggling specimen of its kind that trails in unadorned disorder just outside the door. It has bled me many a time, but you are tall, taller than most; will you lift these awkward tendrils, and press them back into shape?"

She is smiling divinely at him, a smile that Tom Peyton would have given several years of his life to possess; but Dysart is disconcertingly unmoved. He is refusing to return it, steps outside, and with a decidedly unwilling air, proceeds to lift the drooping tendrils and reduce them to order.

Griselda, naturally a girl of great resource, seizes the opportunity she has herself provided. Catching Vera's arm, she draws her back out of sight. "Now's your time!" she says. "Say something. Do something. It doesn't matter what, but for heaven's sake say something down on the spot. If you don't you'll have the old man down upon us like—"

"I can't," gasps Vera, fearfully. "You must," insists Griselda, sternly. "It's impossible to know what sort of man he is. If he revenges, he can play old Harry with us!"

Without waiting to explain what particular game this may mean, or the full significance thereof, she steps lightly outside and gazes with undisguised rapture upon Dysart's work.

Dysart returns to the summer house with all the manner of one in mad haste to be gone. It is merely a part of an unpleasant whole, he tells himself, that he must first say a chillingly courteous word or two of farewell to the girl who has openly declared toward him such an undying animosity.

"I am afraid," says Vera, speaking with cold precision, as one delivering her self of an unloved lesson, "that you are going away thus abruptly because of what you heard me say this morning."

"You are right. That is why I am going," replies Griselda, calmly. "Yes," in a chilling tone, and with faintly lifted brows. "I regret exceedingly that I should have so unfortunately offended you, but to go for that—it all sounds a little trivial, don't you think?"

"I can do otherwise. Why should I make you uncomfortable? But you may call it trivial if you like, to talk of detesting a man you have only seen for an hour or two, and who is the least of my cares. Did I make myself so specially objectionable?" demands he, abruptly, turning to her with something that is surely anger, but as surely entreaty, in his eyes.

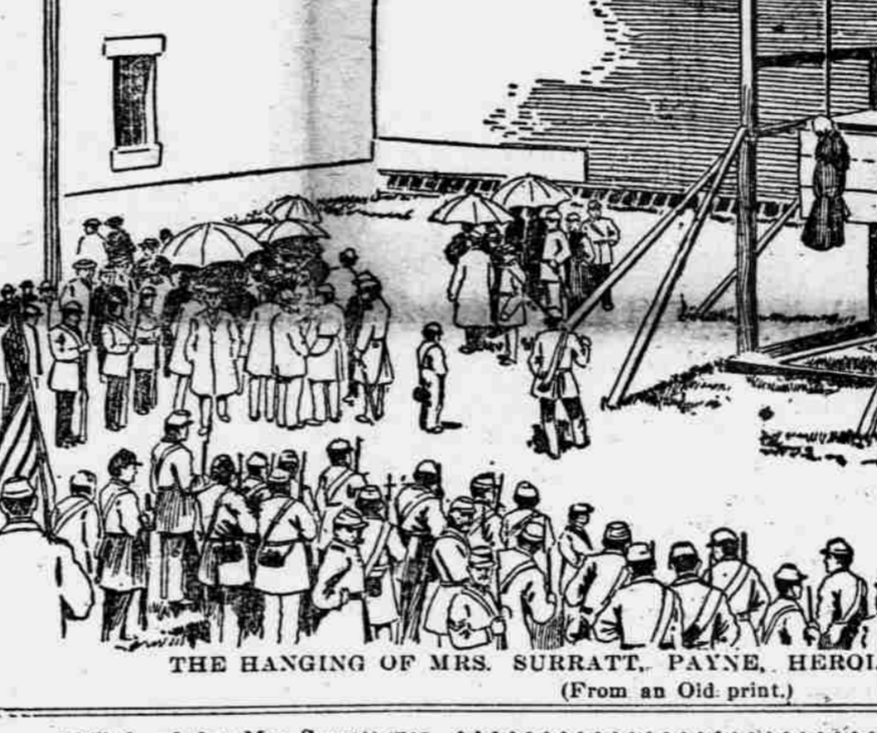
"As I told you before," indifferently, "one says foolish things now and then. Would you have me believe you did not really mean what you said?"

"I would not have you believe anything," returns she, haughtily. "I only think it a pity that you should curtail your visit to your father because a chance remark of mine that cannot possibly affect you in any way."

THE TRAGEDY OF A CENTURY

THE man who avenged the assassination of Lincoln by hanging four of the conspirators, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, David E. Herrold, Lewis Payne, Powell and George A. Atzerodt, now lives in Jackson, Mich. He is Col. John Rath, Ever since that 7th day of July, 1865, when these four were executed in Washington, Col. Rath has been in possession of information which settles beyond dispute that Booth was killed and that Mrs. Surratt was guilty of the crime with which she is charged—conspiring to take the President's life. Both of these facts have been doubted by many persons.

At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, Capt. Rath, as he then ranked, was doing protest duty in Dinwiddie County, Va., under Col. O. P. Wilcox. Immediately after the death of the President Capt. Rath was ordered to report at Washington. He was placed in charge of the District of Columbia penitentiary and arsenal, under Gen. Hartranft. In the arsenal were confined the Lincoln conspirators—the four above named, together with Ada Spangler, Dr. Mudd, Arnold and O'Laughlin, and several persons who were held as witnesses. It will be remembered that the four last named were sentenced to life imprisonment and were sent to the Dry Tortugas.



THE HANGING OF MRS. SURRATT, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

Col. Rath, who has held his peace heretofore, for fear of being misquoted, on being finally persuaded to tell what he knew of the Lincoln conspiracy, said: "I want to set at rest forever, so far as I can, the senseless stories that Booth

had broken loose and had probably started for home, ahead of them. Nothing was left for them to do but to walk the fifteen miles to the cabin, and they started out. The snow had been well packed when they came over the road on the previous day, but during the night a inch of new snow had fallen and so it was easy to track the horses through the canyon. It was nearing noon when they came out of the canyon into the open valley, and the road began to show signs of travel, so that it was impossible to track them farther. They felt no uneasiness about the animals, however, being sure that they had gone home."

"This is Valentine's day, Daddy, and I wrote a valentine on a piece of pink paper an' left it where mother would find it, but she's not here, so that it was impossible to track them farther. They felt no uneasiness about the animals, however, being sure that they had gone home."

"On the fourteenth of February 'Twas our lot ter be merry. Kind Fortune said it should be you! I love me as I love you, No knife kin cut our love in two. Round is this ring, it's got no end; If these few lines you do refuse, I shall expect that me, you'll choose. If these few lines you do refuse, I shall expect that me, you'll choose. That me you'll choose, I shall expect!"

"I got her either way, you see—"

"Phil did not hear the last words. Ahead of them something glinted and he was sure it was not the sun shining on the snow. He hurried forward a step and stooping down, turned the object over with his finger. Then he raised his beaming face to Jake and exclaimed: "See, Daddy, a dollar, an' I found it in a horsehoe track, an' I reflect, 'Blessed of you ain't right,' the man answered. 'An' Bill Stone's goin' ter be the city ter-morrer, so your kin send by him an' git that book tellin' about animals.'"

"Phil is professor of natural history in a large western college now, and Jake and his wife live comfortably in his pleasant home. There is one large room in the house, called the library. Here Phil has many valuable books, but the one which he takes the greatest pride in is an old, well-worn copy of the book on natural history, bought with the dollar that he found in a horsehoe track on the 14th of February, 1886—his 'queer valentine.'"

Down in Dixie. "Lash you write me a valentine. Lash de ones de de book sto' sheil, Bout de vellee kin, en so la you. En I feelin' blue myself!"

After falling to be a satisfactory brother-in-law a man has one chance left with his sister, and that is to become a satisfactory uncle to her children.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS. An ordinance limiting the height of bill boards to six feet unless permission to exceed that height is expressly given by the common council is held in Rochester vs. West (N. Y.), 53 L. R. A. 548, not to be unreasonable or an undue restraint on a lawful trade or business, or upon a lawful and beneficial use of private property.

Phil's Queer Valentine.

PHIL was 10 years old when he found his queer valentine, but he was only 6 when grandpa Jake Atkins said to his wife: "Well, if you are so set on takin' the boy ter raise, why, take him, but it's mighty hard diggin' fer us now, an' when the youngster gets older an' needs schoolin' an' books an' a sight o' clothes, then'll come the scrippin' fer you."

Mrs. Atkins had sent Phil out with his sled, well knowing that she had not undertaken an easy task when she had decided to urge her husband to allow her to adopt the handsome little boy, whose mother had died two days before. Now she answered: "Yes, I am set on takin' him, an', Jake, he won't cost us any more than our own Phil would, an' he's just the same age."

That settled it, and when the little boy came in from his play, he found two loving hearts waiting to help him forget that his mother was not there to kiss him good-night.

Jake Atkins was a miner, and luck had been against him during these four years that had passed since Phil came into his home, but they had managed to live in a poor fashion. During the summer the garden yielded rich supplies, and there was always some wild meat to be had for the going in search of it. Then some logging and in the winter the sale of Christmas trees and trimmings added a little to the household purse. The bare necessities they could always have, but none of the luxuries came into their home, and here was the source of Phil's greatest sorrow. He cared little that he had never in his life worn a new pair of trousers; those made from his father's old ones—themselves home made—were comfortable enough. Neither did he envy the city boys their skates in winter nor their bicycles in the summer. Those were not to be thought of any more than were stiff collars or tailor-made suits; but one thing he longed for and planned for and even one day asked for.

It was the week before Christmas and the city boys their skates in winter nor their bicycles in the summer. Those were not to be thought of any more than were stiff collars or tailor-made suits; but one thing he longed for and planned for and even one day asked for.