

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

He turned aside, and remained silent for some seconds. When next he spoke it was in altered tones. "Tell me what you want? Is it money?"

"Money?" she cried. "Money from you? Look here," and she tore open a lady's reticule that lay upon the table; "there are the two hundred dollars you sent me enclosed in your farewell letter; look what I do with them!" And she tore them into shreds. "Here are the presents you gave me; see what I do with them!" And she took out some trinkets, and crushed them beneath her feet. "Now will you ask me if it is money I want of you?"

Her face was something awful to look upon in its deathly pallor, and convulsive quivering, and those glaring eyes. That man, with all his iron will, quailed before her.

"What do you want, then?"

"Respect, and I will have it. Let me refresh your memory. You found me in a traveling show. I was a mere child then, possessed of a strange power over certain minds—a power that to an ambitious, unscrupulous schemer like yourself, might one day prove invaluable. You saw no way to use me at the time, but you were loath to lose sight of so admirable an instrument. You worked yourself into my confidence, and got from me that I was disinterested with a mode of life which gave me but a bare living, and filled the pockets of my employer. I was vain of the attention of a fine gentleman—who had been brought up in a back alley. You told my father that if he liked to go to Bury St. Edmund's you would help to set him up in business—that you would recommend him custom, as you possessed some influence in the neighborhood."

"Have you ever had reason to repent taking my counsel?"

"My father hit upon a more easy and profitable trade than shoemaking," she went on, not heeding the interruption. "Had we depended upon your promises, we might have starved. You thought no more of them, and years elapsed after our parting at Spalding before I ever heard anything of you again. One day we met in the streets of Bury. Although years had elapsed, we recognized each other instantly. You expressed great delight at the meeting, which certainly was not feigned, as it gave into your hands the exact tool you required, to fashion one of the most diabolical schemes that was ever hatched in human brains. But before you dared to propose it to me it was necessary to make me your slave. When you last saw me I was an ungainly looking, ugly girl; now I was a well-grown woman, with good looks enough to have secured several offers of advantageous marriage. But I was proud, ambitious; the life I led, and all its associations, were hateful to me—I longed to be free of them all, and I waited and waited. You, with your fenshish cunning, divined my secret; professed love for me. Blinded by ambition and vanity, I believed you—believed that you, the fine gentleman, would marry me. But at that time you simply lied, to serve your own purpose. You were very cautious, too—you bound me down to breathe no word of your secrets to my father. You said, once in his power, you would never be free from his extortions."

"Silence!" thundered Rodwell, springing to his feet.

"Well, enough of that for the present. After the girl's flight, you left Bury, and I did not see you again for a long, long time. At last, you returned. So you have got her into your clutch again. What is it to be this time—murder or marriage?"

How my heart leaped! Could it be Clara of whom she was speaking? The portrait I had seen in his namesake's cottage—the likeness to her, forgotten until that moment, flashed upon me with the force of conviction. Oh, how eagerly, how breathlessly, I listened now!

"How dare you speak such words to me in the presence of a stranger?" he cried. "You are venomous enough to endeavor to establish such a charge against me!"

"I believe you to be capable of any crime, John Rodwell," she answered, disdainfully; "although you would give the preference to that which compromised your least."

"Suppose I admit that I intended to marry her, what then?" he demanded, boldly. "You will seek to thwart me?"

"I keep my intentions to myself. But I had forgotten; perhaps you are not aware you have a rival?" she said, mockingly. "You would not imagine Mr. Carston in the character of a gay deceiver; yet I can assure you that, during a short absence from his loving wife, he was making violent love to Miss Clara as a single gentleman, and not unsuccessfully, I believe."

"This is no subject to jest upon," he said, haughtily. "Do you mean to say that this fellow has dared—?"

He advanced menacingly towards me; but, weak as I was, I rose up, and confronted him. I felt no fear of him, although I was too agitated to speak—too overwhelmed by the thoughts of my worst than powerless position.

He paused; then, with a look of supreme scorn, he turned upon his heel and addressed Judith. "Such an object is too contemptible to excite anger. However, I presume that for the future you will restrain in him such roving propensities, more especially after the confidence you have chosen to repose in him this evening. Now let me understand. Do we part friends or foes?"

"I pledge myself to nothing either way. For years you used me as a tool. Now we have the reverse of the medal; I will use you as a tool to minister solely to my own interest, or caprice, as the case may be, without one thought of you. You should have remembered that those who love intensely, hate intensely."

He regarded her for a moment with a disconcerted look, which she met by one of determination. He tried to laugh off the effect of her words, but the laugh was a woful failure. "What a fool I must be to stand listening to the words of a mad woman!" he cried.

He was leaving the room when she called to him. "Where are you going? If you are going to her room, I have the key. I will accompany you."

He looked more agitated than ever; then he broke out into strong anathemas against Montgomery, against whom he vowed the most deadly vengeance.

"Montgomery has served me well, and I dare you to harm him in any way," she said, in the same tone of calm superiority. "Do so, John Rodwell, and before two hours your uncle shall know all that I can tell him. Do not fall into a passion. You have fallen into the trap, and you will never get out of it by beating yourself against the bars."

He muttered and laughed scornfully, but he was conquered—conquered. Her triumph was complete. Presently they left the room together, Judith double locking the door behind her.

I saw no more of Judith or Mr. Rodwell. As soon as they were gone I crawled back to bed, utterly prostrated both mentally and bodily. Soon afterwards the nurse returned, and after giving me my medicine, and some beef tea, wrapped herself up in a blanket, and putting the key of the door under her head, as was her custom, lay down upon the sofa to take her night's repose.

CHAPTER XXV.

Hour after hour I lay tossing about in a sleepless, mental agony. Clara was undoubtedly in the same house with me, exposed to heaven knows what sufferings and persecutions; and yet, for any hope of seeing or snoring her, I might as well have been hundreds of miles away.

At last, unable to lie there any longer, I rose and dressed myself. A fire was still smoldering in the huge grate, and a night light was burning upon the table. The nurse, by her hard, regular breathing, seemed to be in a deep sleep, and I moved about cautiously. Her face was turned to the open side of the sofa. I crept behind it and inserted my trembling hand beneath the pillow, feeling further and further until my fingers touched a hard substance—it was the ward key. Little by little I drew it away—she still sleeping profoundly—fitted it noiselessly in the lock, turned it, and the next moment found myself in a large, dark hall, at the foot of an immensely wide staircase.

I closed the door softly behind me. A long window, that stretched upwards from the first landing, admitted sufficient light to guide me, and, with a noiseless step, I crept up the stairs. At the top of the first flight was a long corridor, on each side of which, as far as I could see, for the further end was lost in obscurity, was a line of doors. Now came my difficulty; the slightest error would not only defeat my present object, but consign me to a stricter surveillance than ever, and perhaps bring about Clara's removal to some spot to which I could obtain no clue. Suppose, by chance, that I should go to Judith's chamber door? I shuddered at the thought.

I stood for some moments at the head of the corridor, irresolute what to do, listening eagerly for the slightest sound that might guide me. But the silence was deathlike. Down the corridor I moved noiselessly. Through the crevices of the third door came faint streaks of light and faint muffled sounds, either moans or a low, monotonous singing—the walls and doors were so thick, that it was difficult to distinguish which.

I listened more eagerly, until I fancied I could distinguish Clara's voice. I paused for a moment, and then, with my heart beating in my throat, tapped gently. Breathlessly I waited for several seconds. No answer. Then I tapped a second time a little louder. A sound of moving, and then a soft, tremulous voice, that thrilled my very soul, asked faintly, "Who is there?"

I could doubt no longer. The key was in the lock outside. I tried it—turned it—opened the door—met her whom I sought—heard a low cry of astonishment, and my darling was in my arms.

At that moment I fancied that I heard a sound like the click of a lock in the corridor. I suddenly turned, disengaged myself from her arms, and looked out. All seemed precisely as I had left it—no light, no object, no sound; it must have been fancy. I gently drew the key from the outside, and, reversing it, locked the door from within. We were alone—no one could surprise us now.

To her eager questions, how had I discovered her, I scarcely knew what to answer; for, the first excitement of our meeting over, I repeated that I had ever sought it. Could I have freed her from her enemies then, and then only, would it have been justifiable? As it was, I was feeding my own hopeless passion, and engaging more and more closely the affections of a simple-hearted girl, beneath the very roof that sheltered the implacable woman who claimed as her husband. Oh, all this was weak, criminally weak; and I felt it so, and yet I had not the courage to do it honestly.

After a while I asked her what happened upon the fatal night that we lost her—how she came to be separated from us.

She told me that a rush of people had suddenly impelled her forward, and that by the time she could turn her head to look round, she found that she had been carried out of sight of Mrs. Wilson.

At that moment a young man, evidently the same who had delivered Montgomery's message to me, touched her upon the shoulder, and said that I was waiting for her in a cab a little way down the street.

"He was hurrying me along all the time he was speaking," she went on; "and I was too bewildered by my attraction to offer the slightest resistance. There was a long line of cabs and carriages; the one he pointed out as mine was the last of all, and stood up an unfrequented side street. He opened the door and pushed me in; at the same moment a strange man jumped in past me, the door was slammed, the windows raised, and the horses were off at full speed, before I could recover my breath."

From her description, I discovered that this man who accompanied her was Montgomery.

"I am such a poor, nervous creature—so utterly destitute of all presence of mind—that I could only crouch in a corner and sob with terror."

After a drive, which seemed to her excited fancy to endure for hours, they stopped before a tall iron gate, which, after a time, was opened from within. They drove over a long, winding walk, at the end of which was a large, gloomy-looking house, before which the vehicle stopped. Then, assisted by Montgomery, she was suffered to alight. A female servant conducted her to the apartment in which I found her.

"She was very kind to me," Clara went on, "and assured me over and over again that no harm would be done to me—that I was among friends, and whatever I liked to ask for I should have, but that she could not permit me to leave that room. But no entreaty could wring from her who her employer was. I have been here now nearly a fortnight—everything I have expressed a wish for has been given me, and I was growing quite reconciled to my position, for I can be content in any place where I am treated kindly; but this evening, just as I was watching the great red sun sink behind the trees, I heard my door open, and upon looking round I saw—"

She buried her face in her hands, seemingly unable to proceed. I knew perfectly well whom she had seen, although I asked the question.

"Those terrible eyes!" she answered, sinking her voice to a whisper.

By the aid of words I had heard spoken a few hours before, I began to understand it all now, but only dimly. I asked her what she meant.

"Ah, I have never told you!" she said, with a shudder. "I will tell you now, that you may understand my fearful position, and that you may take me away from it."

She knelt down at my feet, and nestled close to me as she told her story, speaking in a subdued voice.

"I was brought up by a dear, kind grandfather, the only friend I ever knew; for my father, who was an officer, died in India, when I was very young, and my mother followed him within less than a year. She was my grandfather's youngest and favorite daughter; and, after her death, he seemed to have transferred all his affection to me, for he literally doted upon me. I had a cousin who was much—much older than myself, but, like myself, an orphan. I never liked him—or, I should rather say, I was always frightened of him; yet everybody called him handsome, especially all the women. Until my mother brought me home, a little girl from India, he was the favorite nephew, and was supposed to be the heir to all his grandfather's wealth. John Rodwell hated me, and showed it, too, and that turned the old gentleman against him. When I was about thirteen, grandfather made a fresh will; and as he was never content to have me a moment from his side, it was dictated to the lawyer in my presence. In it I was named heiress to all he possessed, with the exception of an annuity to John, and the former will, by which John would have inherited all his wealth, was destroyed. I was very much troubled when I heard this; and I told grandfather how much happier I should be if he would let things remain as they were, as I was certain Cousin John would know better what to do with the money than I should.

"Well, in some way or other Cousin John found out that a new will had been made, and that I was present at the time. Once or twice he put some questions to me in an off-hand kind of manner as to its contents; but mindful of the strict injunctions I had received, I was very cautious, and finding that he could elicit nothing from me, he gave up the attempt. But he became a more frequent visitor to us. He also took great pains to ingratiate himself into grandfather's good graces, and not unsuccessfully."

(To be continued.)

COW LIKED THE SMOKE.

But She Refused to Give Usual Supply of Milk.

Alfred James, of the University of Virginia, was a disturbing element in farm life one day last week, says the Baltimore Sun.

He went out to Reisterstown to visit a friend. He found the young man in the barn about to begin the day's milking. His friend is a civil engineer, and is spending the summer at his country home, in Baltimore county, and delights in the simple occupations of the farm. One of his hobbies is milking the cows, and he was about to begin on a very ladylike old brindle when Mr. James climbed the fence and called out to him.

Mr. R., the gentleman of bucolic tastes, came to meet him, and the two shook hands and chatted for a few minutes.

"Excuse me, old man," he said to Mr. James, "while I milk the cow."

"Go ahead," the latter replied. "I'd like to watch you do it."

Thereupon Mr. R. put his stool in place, arranged his legs as long-legged milkmen have to do and proceeded. Mr. James walked to the cow's head and gently stroked her neck, saying appropriate and endearing things the while. He had his pipe in his hand and held it under the cow's nose.

She sniffed, looked about, sniffed again and looked about, and then sniffed. She seemed to like it. Mr. James began to laugh, but in a few minutes Mr. R. got up in disgust. He said a few things about the cow and complained that the "blooming old thing won't let down a drop of milk."

He then kicked her in the ribs, drove her into her stall and turned the job of milking over to one of the farm hands as he went off with his guest.

The cow was so delighted with the odor of the smoke that she forgot all about giving milk as usual.

Mr. James thought it was a great joke on a suitable occasion. But the funniest part of the joke didn't seem to appeal to him so much the morning following the incident, when at breakfast coffee had to be drunk without cream, as it did the afternoon before.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.—Boyer.

WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Billy Biler looked very much relieved at something. Probably at the prospect of trouble. Or perhaps that there was no public charge that any of Squire Wickly's money had gone into his pocket. At the same moment Lizzy Wickly was saying:

"I don't mind it, father. And you mustn't. We can't make it any better by worrying so over it. And so far as the land is concerned"—but she could not go on without a sort of spasm of the throat that strangled her for ten seconds—"why, it isn't such a beautiful tract as all that. Next time I'll buy a quarter section in the second bottom prairie. That will be a sensible purchase, won't it?"

Mr. Wickly looked at her with his brows knitted into the sort of lowering frown that had until to-day been unknown upon his kindly face.

"You don't seem to understand," he said, harshly and slowly, and with that strange flushing of the whole face that had made Dr. May shake his head, when he had been called in to see the sick man that morning—"that I already know that the mere loss of those ugly wooded hills and hollows is nothing! But it is nothing that I must lose my fortune of more than a million three hundred thousand, simply because I can have nothing upon which to raise a few hundred dollars when it is needed to push my case? I believe that you actually want me to fail, or delay it until I die, so that you can have it. Yes, that's it. That's the plot that you are capable of concocting and carrying forward! You and that scoundrel, Mason! He put you up to it! That's what you were in the woods that day for!"

He came toward her with his hands clenched and his lips drawn in a sort of horrible smile that changed and vibrated between the appearance of ghastly mirth and fierce anger. She had never dreamt of such a mood in him. For he had been the best and kindest of fathers—never very helpful at bread-winning, to be sure! But so uniformly good and kind, and sensible! And now in this awful mood he surely meant to do her harm!

At that instant Mrs. Wickly coming in, fortunately announced in her ordinary cheerful manner that "dinner was ready, and go on in John; don't keep me waiting!"

As if instinctively, or by force of long habit, John Wickly turned slowly away, and with the menacing look fading into a sullen and brooding frown, he went slowly out of the room and into the kitchen, where they heard him moving a chair as he always did in sitting down to dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

"Now, Lizzy, my child," said the mother in a hurried undertone, "put on your sunbonnet and run as quick as you can to Dr. May's and tell him that I want him to come, and bring some help, if he thinks best. Run now!"

"But hadn't you better go with me? Is it safe for you alone?"

The girl clasped her arms convulsively about her mother's neck.

"It will be perfectly safe for me, Lizzy, Run, now."

The girl started, and her mother ran after her to the door.

"When you come back, don't come in where he is, Lizzy. You know what strange antipathies are often shown by—by—people under great mental excitement."

She had hesitated at the very word that was ringing louder and louder through all the resounding labyrinth of the brain. She had made a generalization where the specific object was most glaringly before them, Lizzy thought, as she ran through the dry, light, yielding sand of the street. If she had said plainly what she so plainly meant she would have said:

"Don't venture near him! He is furiously insane, and is possessed of the hallucination that you and Mr. Mason are plotting to injure and thwart and destroy him. He may kill you in a sudden paroxysm of insane fury. Don't go near him! Don't go near him!"

Unheeding the knots and larger bunches of men that now literally dotted all the conjoined thoroughfares of Sandtown, scarcely stepping a foot out of the way of the wagon loads of people that were still coming in from the southwest by the River road and from the northeast by the Overcoat road, Lizzy ran on to the doctor's office, only to discover that he was not there.

"He's gone down town some's, long go. Reckon you'll find 'im mebbe some's whar they're agoun to hole the meetun on the bank stub. I'll go down un' I kin ketch 'im fur yuh, if you wait me to," said young Billy Dikes, who was known to be "reading medicine and tendun to Doc's hosses for 'im," as his father, little Bill Dikes, had said joyously in explanation of the process by which young Billy had already achieved the title of "the young Doc" upon the spontaneous motion of the humorous Hoosiers of his acquaintance.

The young Doc had clearly volunteered to "ketch 'im," as an afterthought founded upon the signs of great anxiety and distress in the young woman's face—signs of need of help that had appealed successfully to the chivalric hearts of these rough people of Sandtown ever, heretofore, and will continue so to appeal successfully, so long as one of their characteristics shall remain unaltered away by the smoothing and polishing processes of advancing civilization.

"You jist set right down right h-yur, in this h-yur chair," continued the kindly young Hoosier, exhibiting all the hospitable instincts of all the hospitable Dikeses, as far back as anybody can remember. "Is your pap much worse, Lizzy?"

All Hoosierdom has a fashion—despising the polished East as it is—of calling everybody by his or her christened name! A fashion that it is to be hoped will not be played away in the polishing processes of westward-advancing civilization.

"I'm afraid he's very much worse indeed," Lizzy said, taking the offered

chair, and feeling that even this rude sympathy lightened the burden of her great grief. She had dreaded to reveal it to the world. But she found that the world of Sandtown knew it already, and took active and partisan interest in doing what it could to help her.

"I byurn um say at this h-yur feller, Mason is jist about the whole cause of your pap's uh—uh—sickness?" the young Doc said, as he put on his hat and lingered a little.

"I don't know. I can't think so. I don't know what Mr. Mason has really done in all this terrible business. Will you please hurry, Mr. Dikes? I left mother alone with him. And I'm uneasy, so uneasy."

She sat down again as the young Doc sprang out of the open office door and ran down the street throwing up little arcs of dry, sandy loam after each broad, screeching shoe-sole until he disappeared in the crowds that still closer and closer drew to each other and grew and blocked up all the thoroughfares of Sandtown till not even a re-enforcing team from the very uttermost end of the Overcoat road dared attempt a passage, but stopped and hitched farther and farther out.

She sat and listened to the low buzz of voices in the streets and in the court house, and heard here and there louder tones, and occasionally a wild yell and then a shout of laughter that indicated some ludicrous accident to somebody by somebody else.

Then all at once there was a complete diminuendo as if all the voices had suddenly and steadily slipped away to the westward, and out of hearing. And then she saw a two-horse wagon drive away from her father's door, with a number of people in it. She had not seen the wagon drive up. She had not been looking that way. But there was something ominous in the driving away of that particular wagon, that was now far out on the Overcoat road, toward the little railroad station. She watched it with parted lips and widening eyes until it had hidden itself in the clouds of drifting, light, sandy loam that perpetually rose up and settled down upon the grayed surface of all the jimson leaves and the oak and the maple and walnut foliage, that bore their burdens of earth in patient assurance of the rain that must come and wash them clean and bright again.

And then out of the hush, the finished diminuendo of this general assembly of the makers of public opinion for this section of the Wabash country, there drove a strange and unknown two-horse carriage, with a driver, whose figure coming within the field of her abstracted and unfixed vision instantly caught and concentrated her gaze. Beyond a doubt it was Mr. Mason, this time in broad daylight, driving toward her through the crowd, and going eastward as to the railway station. He would stop when he should see her! And there were others in the carriage—one a fine, dignified-looking gentleman. Was he Mr. Huntley?

She stood in the door and even stepped down into the sand outside in order to make sure that Mr. Mason would see her. He had doubtless repented of his determination to keep Prof. Huntley away from her; and now he would make all necessary and possible amends for his ingratitude.

If so she could very, very freely, nay even joyously forgive him. And that much the more readily because of the fact that since so many people, in fact, practically the whole community, had joined as with one voice in denouncing and threatening Mr. Mason, she had turned about and engaged, passively at first, and then actively, in his defense.

What had he done to any and all of the people of Sandtown that was half so unfair, unjust and cruel as what he had done to her? Compared with her wrongs, theirs were a matter of nothing! If she could afford to become his companion, could anybody in all Redden township afford to say aught against him?

As they drove rapidly nearer, she was conscious of something altered about his look, she could not tell precisely what. But it was something that gave him a totally different air, some way! Before, he had been thoughtful, respectful, almost subservient in all his actions in her presence.

Always watchful, respectful, and considerate, at all events, with a manifest anxiety to please her. An anxiety so manifest that perhaps it had tended to prevent her from being pleased with him at all. Now he had something of the cold, hard, haughty look of the man who is directing a great many men who are "under" him in every sense of the word.

She saw this so plainly in that brief time in which the powerful horses were walking through the heavy, pulling dry sand of the Overcoat road, that she compared this with his former bearing and felt that there was a loss—almost an uncomfortable loss.

And all these impressions and reflections were redoubled and reduplicated, and intensified, when to her utter surprise and unending mortification the carriage did not stop, and the driver, Mr. Mason, passed with only a cold and formal inclination of his head toward her!

She fairly sunk down upon the office door sill with a feeling of shame, surprise, almost angry resentment! She looked after the carriage as the new paint on its wheels glittered in the sun. She saw them whirl the light sand up into little settling clouds, and she felt absolutely like screaming at the very top of her voice and starting in a wild chase after the rapidly disappearing vehicle.

So engrossed was she with these feelings and reflections that she was unaware of the approach of Dr. May along with "Coonrod" Redden, and a constantly increasing posse of followers.

"Lizzy, you un your mother better git into my calge, un Lum will drive you down to my house. Hiss no use uh mekun a fuss bout things 'at can't be kept. Yur pap's jist plum, 'lap dab crazy. Un we're jist started 'im to the asslum. That asslum is jist the plant fur 'im. He'll git k'yored right away of they's alcy a h'yore fur 'im. They sent Billy Banceley over to that asslum bout thee-four weeks ago, wasn't it, Doc? Un by gum; he's back at home now with

more sance un 'e had before he went. Yur pap all git truck h'yur un, Lizzy. Me un Joe Elliot un Bill Shipley all go over to-morry or day after, un see to 'im. That was that ornery hee-hawun un whim-whammun feller, Mason, at driv a past jist now, boys! I h-yurs 'at he's h-yur to bid in all ar moggilis. I've jist sent him par ler nodus at he'll be boast up ef he puts his nose outside a this town the next thee-four weeks, by gum!"

CHAPTER X.

The rain had put off its coming until every broad black-green glossy jimson leaf, and all the delicately palmated foliage of the wild hemp, and the maple, and the white oak had long lain under the common veil of sober gray, thrown everything over by the rolling wheels and tramping feet of the Overcoat road in the light, sandy loam—came down at last in a steady, growing patter that awoke Lizzy Wickly for the twentieth time throughout the hot, feverish, restless night.

For the twentieth time she lay and listened to the southwest wind, sweeping in gusty circles that dashed the cool, hard rain against the window panes with a shot-like rattle as if it were the diminutive pebbles of that threatening, specter-trodden, ominous Overcoat road, rieling up and flying at her in a conjoined onslaught of all possible evils.

How she tried to recall the almost perfect happiness that had been hers only a few weeks ago! And how did she only succeed in fully understanding that she had then been really happy and had not known it. The angel of bliss had tarried with her for nights and days, and she, too, culpably unaware!

Her brain pictures came and went in one unvarying triangle of great troubles. Her father's dreadful mental disease, with all the divergent and dependent misery of this more than living death, blighting and destroying their happy little home at one terrible blow. Her strong and growing passion for a man whom she had never seen face to face, and whom she only knew through the partial word pictures of his friend and assistant; together with the attitude of that friend and assistant toward her.

And finally, as the smallest angle of this triangle of constantly pressing griefs—the loss of her property upon which she had built her hopes of future successes to be achieved in the great city that was so fast spreading down and across the prairies, that its subtle attraction had long ago reached the wooded hills of the Wabash country, and was drawing to itself all of the ambition, the daring, the discontent, the spirit of adventure of these wide valleys and shaded hills, and wood-hedged prairies.

Cutting into the second angle of this triangle, and even into both the others was a perplexing mixture of regret and indignation centered upon Mr. Mason. Regret that she had been left, so far as he knew or could know, in the attitude of having treated him with inexcusable rudeness and lack of feeling.

What did he think of her; what could he think of her in the light of that last evening when he had appeared for a brief time endowed with god-like attributes that enabled him to defy the very demon of the hurricane?

What a magnificent man must his principal be, indeed, to have developed such heroic qualities in this underling—the man who labored with him for a stipulated price, as he had confessed to her!

How had he slipped away like a thief under cover of the night with all the gossip of Sandtown wagging their heads and smiling the knowing smile of absolute faith in the certain villainy of the fleeing man! Why had he not taken time to come to her openly and without fear, as he had done often and often before?

And could it be true as more than intimated by Conrad Redden, that he was now in the neighborhood for the base and heartless purpose of purchasing all the heavily mortgaged property of the Sandtown people for one-tenth of its real value, just at the time when a series of unfortunate speculations had crushed the Sandtown Farmers' Bank, and thus put it out of the power of the people to borrow money with which to save their homes?

(To be continued.)

WORLD'S RICHEST MEN.

List Shows Where the Millions Are Distributed Here and Abroad.

No two competitors have made similar lists of the millionaires of the world. China, England, France, Russia and the United States each claims to be the home of the richest man. The list compiled by James Burnley, the English author, is as follows: Alfred Belt, diamonds, London, \$500,000,000; J. R. Robinson, gold and diamonds, London, \$400,000,000; J. D. Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$250,000,000; W. W. Astor, land, London, \$200,000,000; Prince Demidoff, land, St. Petersburg, \$200,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, steel, New York, \$125,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, railroads, New York, \$100,000,000; William Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$100,000,000; J. J. Astor, land, New York, \$75,000,000; Lord Rothschild, money lending, London, \$75,000,000; Duke of Westminster, land, London, \$75,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, banking, New York, \$75,000,000; Lord Iveagh, beer, Dublin, \$70,000,000; Senora Isidora Cousine, mines and railroads, Chile, \$70,000,000; M. Heine, silk, Paris, \$70,000,000; Baron Alphonse Rothschild, money lending, Paris, \$70,000,000; Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, money lending, Vienna, \$70,000,000; Archduke Frederick of Austria, land, Vienna, \$70,000,000; George J. Gould, railroads, New York, \$70,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, banking, New York, \$55,000,000; James H. Smith, banking, New York, \$50,000,000; Duke of Devonshire, land, London, \$50,000,000; Duke of Bedford, land, London, \$50,000,000; Henry O. Havemeyer, sugar, New York, \$50,000,000; John Smith, mines, Mexico, \$45,000,000; Claus Spreckels, sugar, San Francisco, \$40,000,000; Archbishop Conn, land, Vienna, \$40,000,000; Russell Sage, money lending, New York, \$25,000,000; Sir Thomas Lipton, groceries, London, \$25,000,000.—Kansas City Journal.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what clearly lies at hand.—Carlyle.