

# Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JULY 13, 1880.

## WILL NOT DOWN.

### Ellensburg Rebuilding with surprising rapidity.

ELLENSBURGH, W.T., July 10.—The loan offices have been crowded all day with people anxious to mortgage property for money to rebuild. There is a disposition on the part of the agents to give all a fair show. The leading agencies have no hesitancy in negotiating long loans at 8 and 9 per cent. net on gilt-edged business property, some even going as low as 7. Contracts for brick buildings today have increased the total to 4000 feet frontage, an increase of 1000 feet since yesterday. People who had frame shanties bringing good rent before the fire, and who refused to build, are now taking hold as vigorously as the most enterprising citizens.

Competition in the different portions of the business section is also becoming lively. The four business streets before the fire bid fair to increase to six. The principal contest appears between Third and Pearl. A petition is being circulated to widen the former to a hundred feet, extending from the Northern Pacific depot to the city limits, about two miles.

Large brick hotels, that would be a credit to any city, are now being built on both streets.

The only adjusters with whom there has been any trouble thus far are the American and Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia, and the Phoenix, of Brooklyn, who finally concluded that it was the best policy to settle the just claims of policy-holders. Losses are figured by the adjusters at \$1,500,000, on which insurance amounts to only \$300,000. Foreign companies have suffered quite heavily.

Parties leave the city tomorrow over the line of the Ellensburg & Columbia River railroad, to secure rights of way. This company is the same to which citizens subscribed \$75,000 stock before the fire, the company agreeing to complete ten miles this season, and the remainder early next season.

## Her Rival's Valentine.

"How dare you speak to me of such a thing!" demanded Vida, springing to her feet with the look of an infuriated tigress. "I dare, miss," returned Phoebe, each moment growing bolder, "because I am in the right. Everybody is blind but me, and I can't see him led aw by you."

"And you—you low-bred wretch," said Vida, white hot with passion, "you dare to speak thus to me?"

"Yes, miss, because I can't see Mr. Kenard led to ruin," said Phoebe firmly, "and although I don't wish to utter any threats, I beg to say that if you don't spare Mr. Kenard that I will go to Mr. Moore with what I know; and I think you had better heed me, I do indeed, miss."

Vida looked at her, and saw the resolution in the simple girl's eyes. It made her quail, and she was none the less afraid of her because she could only guess at the extent of the information she possessed.

"Phoebe," she said, with a violent effort, "have I ever been your enemy?"

"Not as I know of, miss," was the reply.

"Why, then, are you mine?"

"I'm not your enemy, miss, and if I may be so bold, I'd say that you've not an enemy in the world like yourself. I'm sure it's not for me to wish to harm you."

"I believe you are a good girl," said Vida; "but I have not been so kind to you as I ought to have been. I have a silk dress here that is no good to me."

"Thanky, miss," said Phoebe, "but I don't want it. Miss Ruth gives me plenty."

"But there are so many uses you can put it to."

"No, miss, I'll not take it," said Phoebe, and with another curtsy left the room.

Vida remained standing, looking after her. The danger fully revealed to her was appalling, if not quite unexpected.

What did this girl know? Was she in the whole of the dread secret, or only in part of it, or had she only guessed that something was wrong?

Vida could only surmise, and dare not ask. But the fact remained that here was peril from a source she had not dreamt of, a peril that threatened her liberty and almost her life.

And she must pocket her ambition to be Mrs. Moore, and give up Kenard, too. This was galling, and this giving up was not all on her side. Kenard might not be pliable. He might hold her to her word, which was already given in a lover's sense.

All round the horizon was troubled. She had been sleeping unconscious of volcanic fires beneath her, and the first rumblings of the approaching storm and wreck came when the sun of her life was bright, and all so fair before her.

## CHAPTER X.

### SMOKELY FAIR.

Smokely Fair was in full swing, and it was said by the majority of inhabitants that it was the best fair they had known for years.

This was not saying much, perhaps, for the sports and pastimes of these ancient revelries are growing out of popular favor, or being superseded by pleasure more suitable to the taste of the age.

Music-halls, and an increase in the number of theaters, the railway, the telegraph, and a hundred other things have all combined to help towards the extermination of the strolling player who performs in booths.

Pig-faced ladies, spotted boys, six-legged calves, and other ancient favorites, no longer hold their own, and it is only in odd places that some remnants of this class of exhibition linger still.

Smokely was one of those outside places. The chief caterers for the public were gypsies—mostly half-bred, for the Romany daughters are not so faithful to the traditions of their race as they used to be, and there are many men and women who, like Bardolph Dimsey, owe their birth to association with the house-dweller.

Many of these were at the fair, the men showing most of the alien blood, and the women clinging to the tricks of the nomadic race.

They told fortunes while the men bought and sold horses, and their smooth tongues wheedled many a piece of silver out of the pockets of ignorant listeners who believed in their forecastings.

Jim the showman's wife was there, while Jim exhibited a peepshow bearing the ambitious title of the "Victories of England at Sea and on Shore."

He stood outside to vaunt the praises of his pictures, and to take the money. A big handsome man with grey hair, and silver rings in his ears, broad-shouldered and strong—a man who might have made a fortune as an exhibitor of feats of strength if he had not been, like all his race, inborn idle and fond of a life of ease.

He had succeeded in filling his show, and was standing outside smoking his pipe when Sabina, his wife, came up. She bore an infant at her back, and carried in her hand some small wicker brooms—a handsome-looking woman, with eyes that flashed as jewels never flashed, and a figure that at an age on the right side of forty would have made a sensation in Belgravia.

"Well, what is it, Sabina?" asked Jim.

"That horse is back at the fair," she answered.

"Who's got it?"

"Harac, and he's washed the marks off. He says that they take in nobody, and only spoil the sale."

"Is he mad?"

"You see he knows nothing," hinted Sabina.

"Go to him," said Jim, "and tell him that he must take the brute away. It haunts us like one of the police."

"It isn't the poor brute's fault."

"I sold it to a man going to Cornwall."

"Yes, and before it got there Lanah stole it, and so it got back again."

Jim shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I wish they would leave it alone," he said; then after a pause: "Have you heard of Bardolph?"

"Nothing—nobody's seen him."

"How did he get so clear off?" said Jim, musing. "I don't half like it, and so I tell you Sabina."

"But what does it matter to us?"

"Bardolph's treacherous, Sabina. I've had a notion that he meant to get clear away, and perhaps shoulder that business at Gordonfells upon us. We've men from all points to-day. Go and see if you can hear anything of him."

"She nodded, and wandered off about the fair, asking questions here and there, but ever with an eye to business.

A staring yokel, with a shock head of hair, attracted her eye, and she was by his side in a moment.

"Tell your fortune, pretty gentleman," she said.

"Thee'll tell me lies," he doubtfully answered.

"The stars may lie—I cannot say," she rejoined. "I only tell you what they tell me, pretty gentleman. Cross my hand with a bit of silver and let me read your fate."

"I'll give thee sixpence."

"Nay, pretty gentleman; a shilling—a shilling for good luck. I know all about the fair-haired girl and her other lover."

"Do thee now?" exclaimed the yokel, staring. "But this is a good 'un!"

"They are both here," said Sabina with a keen look at him.

"Why, so they be."

"And he's most in favor at present."

"Well, I am blamed!" said the yokel. "Here's a shilling. Now tell me more."

"Hold out your hand, pretty gentleman, and let me read the lines."

The amazed yokel hastened to obey, and Sabina, stooping down, pretended to trace certain marks on his soil-stained palm, as hard and horny as the hoof of a horse.

"You've given your heart to a fair lady who doesn't value it," said the gipsy-woman; "but she will by-and-by, when she knows what you are."

"She knows what I am, well enough," he said; "the carter to Mr. Giphins, of Cowley Farm."

"I mean that when she knows how much you love and how true you will be. There's a line that shows she will walk through sorrow to you. She will have to find out the baseness of the other lover first."

"She'd better do it soon," said the rustic, "or I be a-going after Mary Sturms."

"Don't be in a hurry, pretty gentleman," said Sabina; "she's not to blame, poor thing! She has been led away. Thank you, pretty gentleman, and good-day."

From him she passed to a place where half-a-dozen gipsy horse-dealers were gathered together talking in an undertone. She touched one on the arm and he looked up and made a rough bow with every appearance of respect.

"You come from the south?" she said.

"Yes," he answered.

"Do you know one Bardolph? Did you see anything of him?"

"No."

"Nor heard of him?"

"Nothing, except that he'd got off with a real lady."

She moved away, and the man returned to

his comrades. Ere she had got far she met a blue-eyed vacant-faced lass hanging on the arm of a heavy self-satisfied agricultural laborer, who, in a humorous spirit, had pinned enlistment-ribbons in his cap as a sign of having bound himself to enter into the matrimonial army.

"Your fortune, pretty lady," said Sabina, "let me tell it."

"She knows it," said the self-satisfied lover.

"Oh no, she don't," returned Sabina, shrewdly linking this pair with the yokel on whom she had previously practised her art; "there's danger not far away."

"Lawks, now, is there?" exclaimed the girl, opening her eyes.

"There's an angry disappointed lover," continued Sabina.

"Jack Stokes!" exclaimed the girl.

"He's not far away. Cross my hand with a bit of silver, pretty lady, and I'll tell you more. It will be all the better if the handsome gentleman plays it."

The "handsome gentleman" at first had some doubts about having any money to spare, but a little more skilful flattery extracted a shilling from him.

Sabina proceeded to read the girl's hand.

"This other lover is tall and big, and has a slight cast in his left eye."

"Oh lawks, how true!" exclaimed the girl.

"And his dress is a brown velvet coat, cord breeches and gaiters, and he's got mischief in his heart."

The absurdity of Sabina's words had no ring of humor in her listeners' ears.

Both were utterly amazed at her wisdom, and stood dumbfounded.

"It will be better not to go home by the same road with him," pursued the sorceress, "for love is blind, and when angry does desperate things. Keep from him, pretty lady, and good luck will attend you and your handsome gentleman."

With an immovable face Sabina left the astonished lovers and wandered on, stopping here and there to talk to some of her race or to take away the breath of some ignorant "house-dweller" with her keen-witted nonsense.

Ere she returned to her husband she had collected some fifteen or sixteen shillings.

"You've heard nothing?" he said.

"No," she replied, "not a word. Nobody's seen him."

"Then I'm right," said Jim. "He's cut us for good and all."

"What will Hecate say?"

"She'll cast him out or we shall, and then he must take care of himself."

"He could always do that."

"Not without our help," said the showman sternly. "When the police dogs are after him and he has only his own heels to trust to, we shall soon find him laid by in a prison. Let him die there."

"You were always hard on the lad, Jim."

"Because I know him. He was never a true Romany. How could he be with the blood of his treacherous father in his veins? If I had had my mind I'd have throttled him when he was a child. I saw the time coming when he would betray us."

"And yet you helped him to get his lady-wife, Jim?"

"Hecate gave the word, and I obeyed. A true Romany never does less to his queen. But I did it with a sore heart, for it was a kindly gentleman he was told to kill."

"He had good looks and a kind heart," said Sabina.

"I've met him many a time," replied the showman, "and he'd always a good word for me, a pleasant 'Good-day' and the like, such as his people use, and if one of the children was with me, he'd toss over a shilling and tell him to buy sweets with it. I never liked the business, and I can't say that I like it now."

"But we are safe, Jim?"

"I don't know. The Flyer has come, and he says that the father is making a stir."

Sabina's face darkened, and with a troubled look she glanced around her.

"Spies are out and about," continued the showman, "and there's plenty of blood-money offered."

"Let them offer it," returned his wife, "our people won't take it."

"Who shall say how many Bardolphs we may have among us? Very few of the tribe are true-blooded now."

"Let them do their worst," said Sabina proudly. "We've stood in as much danger before, and nothing came of it."

"Anyway, they shan't hurt you," he said. "Whatever comes I'll bear it. I've told Hecate to go into the Woods and keep there. She's best out of the way. To-morrow we will go on."

"Give me the key of the van, Jim; I'll go and see that all lies safe there."

He took a key from his pocket, and she passed round to the back of the show where their traveling-van was standing. A padlock was on the door, and having removed it she entered, carefully closing the door after her. After a brief delay she came out again, and made all secure as before.

Returning to her husband she gave him the key again, saying:

"If you could make an early start of it I think it would be better."

"So it comes to that," he replied. "Well, it threatens rain, and as soon as the fair things I'll close up and we'll start. The Flyer must go on to say that we are coming."

The Flyer was a gipsy lad of about sixteen, famous for his fleetness of foot, and on that account was used as a messenger from one tribe to another. Having secured him by calling out as he passed, Jim the showman gave him some money and a message.

"Go to the Woods," he said, "and say that I am coming, and that everything must be kept close if they don't want the hounds of the law barking around them."

The boy nodded, and sped away.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.

"It is useless to plead," Kenard; I must say no."

They stood in the shrubbery concealed from view, and he had been pleading his hardest for her to consent to become his wife, but she dared not yield.

The terror of exposure and following

punishment was the mainspring that worked within her, and it did more than modesty or prudence could have done in such a woman.

"But what is your reason?" he asked; "yesterday you gave me hope, to-day you drive me to despair."

"I must have time," she said—"weeks, months. Be merciful to me, Kenard. Go away and come again on—on St. Valentine's Eve, and I will be kinder to you."

She had chosen that night on the spur of the moment, it being then in her thoughts.

"It was ill-fated to Ruth," he said.

"And may therefore be fortunate for me," she replied. "Be merciful, Kenard, and go away!"

"And if I do, and come back on St. Valentine's Eve?" he said.

"I will be your wife when you will," she replied.

"To that I hold you," he said, "and to-morrow I will go to Mentone. I can kill the time there. You will write to me?"

"As often as I dare, but you must write very little to me, as I show Ruth my letters."

"I will be cautious, dearest," he sighed; "but oh, this weary waiting!"

They lingered but a little time, for Vida was in fear of Phoebe, and would not remain, and they parted there.

Kenard on going in sought his mother, and told her of his intended departure.

"I have thought you looked unwell," she said, "and a change will do you good."

She yielded to him as she had always done in everything, and her husband yielded to her, so on the morrow Kenard went away, and the Gordonfells was very dull and sad.

Vida and Ruth were thrown more together than they had been for weeks past, and drove and rode together.

One day they drove into Carplingdean for Ruth to see her dressmaker, and on arriving there Vida set her hand down at the place, refusing to go in with her.

"You will find me at the chemist's," she said. "I want some hair-wash, and shall have it made up after a recipe I found the other day in an old book."

The chemist was not in the shop, and his apprentice was the only person behind the counter.

He was a young man with budding whiskers, very susceptible to ladies' society. Vida, to him, was an ethereal creature, a being to bow down before and worship.

He blushed as red as a peony as she entered the shop, and when she asked for hair-wash proceeded to compound it with trembling hands. The rattling he made among the glass bottles was prodigious.

But the ingredients were few, and he had the preparations ready in two minutes.

As he laid it before Vida, she looked straight at him, and he was as helpless as a humming-bird in the presence of a rattlesnake.

"You are forbidden to sell poisons," she said.

"Oh no-o," he stammered, "not exactly forbidden."

"Miss Moore has a very old dog which she wishes to destroy," said Vida. "Could you give her something quick, fast, and as painless as possible?"

"Is it a large or small dog?" asked the assistant.

"A very large one—a Newfoundland," said Vida.

He brought out a small phial, and poured into it from a bottle he took out of a locked cupboard a small quantity of liquid. Then he put on the accustomed label announcing it was poison.

"You will be very careful with it, ma'am," he said. "There is enough to kill two people even in this small bottle."

"We only want to kill a dog, of course," she answered sweetly. "And here is Miss Moore. Ruth dear, I have obtained what we wanted. Do you need anything else?"

"No, I think not," replied Ruth.

And they left the shop together, the assistant bowing them out with the grace of an ancient chevalier troubled with corns.

It was not until they were out of sight that he remembered he had forgotten to obtain Vida's signature in the "Sales of Poison" book in accordance with a statute in Parliament made and provided.

"But it can't matter with people like that," he thought. "Lord, how handsome they both are! If I had ten thousand a year, I—"

But it would not bear thinking of. He had not ten thousand, nor one hundred, and in a kind of frenzy he seized hold of the pestle and mortar and pounded nothing for ten minutes, just to let the steam off.

Vida, not entirely unconscious of the effect of her beauty on the chemist's assistant, but supremely indifferent to it, drove home with Ruth, chatting gaily, but with the fell purpose of murder in her heart.

As one lie often necessitates another, so crimes of a deeper dye have their following.

The crime from which Basil suffered led to the slaying of Bardolph Dimsey, and now for her safety she must remove Phoebe.

"I'll bury every atom of my secret in the grave," she said to herself, and if a score of people had stood in her way she would readily have sacrificed them all.

As they drove up to Gordonfells the boy with the afternoon post-bag appeared.

Barker, the butler, was standing at the door to receive it, and with his accustomed air of solemn importance took it into the hall and unlocked it.

"One for you, miss," he said to Ruth, "and two for Mr. Moore—that is all."

"What a fearful scrawl!" exclaimed Ruth, examining an envelope addressed to her in a straggling hand.

"Some begging letter," said Vida contemptuously, and passed upstairs to her room.

She had not been there ten minutes, when Ruth with a wild light in her eyes appeared. She held the letter with one hand, and the other pressed to her beating heart.

"Child," said Vida, "what is the matter with you?"

"Close the door!" gasped Ruth. "I have a secret to tell you. I must confide in somebody or I must die. But only ourselves must know it!"

Vida closed the door, and as an additional

precaution locked it. Then turned she asked again:

"What is the matter with you?"

"Basil—my own Basil, is alive to me!" said Ruth, in tones that daggers to the heart of the listener.

"Impossible!" said Vida. "He died."

"You may think so."

"Everybody says so," returned Ruth.

"But listen, this is from him—he is his own hand writing, but the other wrote, because he cannot write yet."

"It is all a delusion. Somebody is lying upon you, Ruth."

"No, no. Listen."

"My own, own DARLING.—I am a I cannot come to you yet. Believe in me. Wait! I shall soon be free, to ease your loving heart. Mine will until I meet you."

"Keep my living a secret, or if you tell anyone, let it be Vida, who is friend to us both. Trust in me. I shall fail. Your loving and devoted, Basil."

"There, there," said Ruth, with eagerness, "you see he is true. Look his writing. Look, Vida, look!"

"I tell you," cried Vida, half beside herself with amazement and terror, "this impossible. The grave does not give dead!"

"Who says that he is in his grave?" Ruth triumphantly. "Oh, Vida, do not to-kill this happy hour. Basil is alive, loves me, and is true. Oh, let me try your arms, for I am bowed down by woe of my joy!"

"Let me look at the letter," said Vida.

Ruth gave it to her and knelt at her feet with tears of happiness running down cheeks. Vida looked at the paper and that it was indeed Basil's writing, a splendid forgery of it, better than she had ever been guilty of.

"This does not tally with his last letter, your valentine," she said.

"The last was a forgery and a cheat," said Ruth. "I used to think so, but I am sure of it now. I have only to wait for Basil and he will come to me."

Vida's brain was in a turmoil. She could not believe it to be true. But if Basil had not written that letter from whom did emanate?

"Can I have committed another forgery in my sleep?" she thought, and with a hast movement took the envelope from Ruth's other hand. It bore only the postmark of Gordonfells.

"It must be so," she thought with a sigh of relief; "I have taken to writing and posting letters in my dreams—but if not, can Basil be alive? If so, may not Bardolph live also? Am I awake or dreaming, or am I going mad?"

Then she looked down at Ruth, who was brushing away her tears and looking up.

"Ruth," she said, "I will keep your secret well, and mind you keep it too—until Basil comes."

"When he comes—oh, what joy, Vida?"

"Yes, Ruth, what joy! But it is too much for you. Lie down on my bed a little while and compose you."

She gently forced her upon the couch, and leaving her, turned to the letter again. Scanning the envelope closer she saw some colorless raised letters on the flap—the name of the stationer who sold it.

"Brown and Jones, York," she murmured, "that is no envelope of mine or anybody else. Basil