

INSANE FEELING OF THE INTRUDER

BY ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Well, I consented; I everlastingly disgraced myself by becoming a party to an infamous conspiracy. I give you due credit for the way in which you worked it—for the address with which you transported your niece to Torquay and daily absented yourself that I might go through the farce of my clandestine wooing. I heard, too, that your indignation when you arrived at the lodgings and found your niece gone was a very fine piece of acting. As for me, I fulfilled my part of the contract precisely as agreed. I took my poor helpless little wife to a certain room in a certain hotel, went out, as if to ascertain the times of the trains, caught the express to London, with your check in my pocket, and, as I thought, washed my hands of the whole affair. According to our agreement you were to send some one to fetch Miss Lilbourne from the hotel, and see to her future yourself.

Today I learn, for the first time, that you did not fulfil this last condition. You were not only a traitor to your niece—you were a traitor to me. You left to probable want and misery a young and helpless girl who was not responsible for her actions.

Allow me to remark that, though I always considered you a thorough blackguard, in this you have exceeded all the villainies of which I ever thought you capable.

I have the pleasure to inform you that your niece is now restored to her right mind, that she is under the protection of a gentleman and his family in London, that she has her wedding ring, retains a distinct impression of her marriage, and that they are absolutely determined to sift the whole affair to the bottom.

I now ask whether you are prepared to make restitution of your niece to the fortune you fraudulently took from her. I shall expect an immediate and direct reply, and beg you to observe that I mean business. It will be quite fruitless for you to at-

tempt to leave England, as you know I now have both the means and the will to prevent it. I add no threats, but, expecting an immediate and direct reply, I remain, your declared enemy. VALDANE MARTINEAU.

This letter was written as fast as the pen could traverse the paper. When it was sealed and stamped, the writer paused. He had very little doubt that, with the influence he possessed, he could compel Daniel Brandon, Miss Lilbourne's uncle, to disgorge at least what remained of poor Marguerite's fortune. But at what cost? He dropped his head between his hands and thought long and despondently. The money could not possibly be restored without his name appearing. He would have the bitter humiliation of confessing that it was he who had deprived Marguerite of her liberty, and that his sole motive had been a bribe. He would have to make restitution and then have the marriage set aside on the plea of the bride's having been unfit to enter into any contract at the time. His cheeks turned with disgrace at the thought. Could he bear the disgrace of it? Worst of all, could he bear Marguerite's eyes turned upon him in scathing horror and contempt? Springing up, he paced the room again with restless feet.

"Atone—atone!" cried conscience. "It is all that remains to you. Give back the money that you received for that shameful piece of work. Set Marguerite free—free to marry some one whom she loves!"

He caught his breath and leaned against the wall; he looked the picture of misery. He thought of the daily visits he paid Marguerite at Torquay—how the sad eyes brightened at his coming; how she would kiss the flowers he brought her, how she

watched for him at the window. She would have followed him to the world's end then—now she had no recollection of having seen his face! He recalled the tears when he used to leave her, the clinging arms around his neck, the soft lips on his cheek—the one word which she understood in those days was "Good-by!"

"Oh, thank heaven, I was always gentle to her!" he groaned.

Slowly again he approached the table and saw there was something shining there. It was her wedding ring which she had left behind. With a sudden, uncontrollable impulse he snatched it up and pressed it to his lips, then paused, gazing at his own action, and blushed like a girl. He held the golden circlet almost reverently in his hand a moment, staring at it; then he put it into his waistcoat pocket, caught up the letter he had written, and tore it across and across, scattering the fragments about the room in his excitement. What was Lady Mildred to him now? He felt that he had never loved her. He laid a peremptory hand on the bell.

"Smiles," he said, as that worthy appeared, "search Mr. Leroy's safes for a copy of the will of George John Lilbourne, and let me have it as soon as you find it—the first thing tomorrow morning. I am going now."

"Yes, sir."

Valdane took his hat and hurried out; even the pit of Lance seemed reviving after what he had just passed through. His face was hard and resolute; for a time the struggle was over. "Heaven forgive me if I use deceit," he said; "but I mean, if human effort can accomplish it—I mean to win my own wife!"

CHAPTER VIII.

There was little outward change in Doctor Stelling's house to tell of the tremendous social revolution which had so altered the destinies of the dwellers therein.



AN INSANE FEELING OF INDIGNATION FILLED THE HEART OF THE INTRUDER.

Valdane Martineau, walking up to it on the last day of August, noted that a hansom cab was waiting at the door, and presently two servants appeared, carrying down the steps a gentleman's portmanteau, gun, tennis racket, et cetera. Evidently a departure of some sort was at hand.

He addressed one of the servants.

"Is Miss Lilbourne at home? Can I see her?"

"Yes, sir, walk in, sir, please."

Mr. Martineau walked in accordingly; the girl threw open the doorway, evidently under the impression that that room was vacant, and the visitor walked straight in, then stopped short with a sudden exclamation.

A pretty tableau was arranged in the window. Marguerite was in the arms of a tall handsome young man in traveling dress. She was crying bitterly, and at the moment of Valdane's impetuous entrance Bernard was in the act of kissing away her tears.

An insane feeling of indignation filled the heart of the intruder, and he with difficulty restrained himself from crying out: "Confound you, sir, let go of my wife!"

He checked himself just in time, managed to get out an "I beg your pardon," and beat a hasty retreat.

The two parted instantly; Bernard was the first to recover himself. He walked forward, hurriedly took Marguerite's hand, murmured "A last goodbye, my darling—I shall lose my train," and went out into the hall.

She followed him, not even heeding the presence of Valdane; stood on the threshold, biting her lip to keep down her tears, and waved him sweet farewells with her little hand.

The young lawyer stood irresolute. He could hardly hope for an interview

in this state of Miss Lilbourne's emotions—he had not sufficiently realized before the existence of a tangible rival. Sadly he admitted that young Stelling was a far handsomer man than he. At this moment Marguerite darted by him and ran quickly up the stairs.

One of the servants came to him.

"Miss Lilbourne will see you in five minutes, if you'll take the trouble to wait, sir."

He was ushered into the dining-room, and sat down; the place was shabby, but comfortable; the carpet was worn, but the bookshelves were well stocked—it was evidently the abode of cultured and refined people. One or two excellent engravings were on the walls—the window-boxes were full of mignonette.

Punctually at the expiration of the five minutes Marguerite came in. Her eyelids were still red, and she carried a handkerchief in her hand; but she was quite composed. She wore a white dress, clean and fresh, and he thought he had never seen anything so sweet and gracious as she looked that day.

He was very pale as they shook hands, and blundered into an apology for disturbing her; a subject she dismissed with a wave of the hand.

"You have brought me the will to look at?" she questioned, seating herself near him at the corner of the table.

For answer he produced the document, keenly watching the flush which came into her face.

"My wife's only brother, Daniel Brandon? Why, that was my uncle—Uncle Daniel—I remember that now! Of course he was Uncle Daniel! Wait!" She half started up, and paused, but sat down again disappointed. "I thought just then that I had remembered the name of—the other one you know."

"But you cannot?" Fixing his eyes upon her, he held his breath.

"No," she answered sadly, "I cannot," and continued her reading of the will. "Daniel Brandon of Rue Parisienne, Liege. That does not help much. It does not give his English address," she said disappointedly.

"No, that is a drawback certainly, but we can try Liege. His business may be there," suggested Valdane, feeling more and more a traitor as he recalled the fact that Daniel Brandon himself had left Liege ten years ago.

Marguerite went on reading.

"Ah," she cried at length, "here is daylight on the subject at last! So my father left me money, and it was to go to my uncle if I married against his will. Oh, I have been nobly treated, have I not, Mr. Martineau?"

"You have been terribly wronged," he said in a low voice.

She knitted her brows; evidently she was trying to understand.

"It seems—I seem—I have it!" she cried at last. "This man—this creature who married me—Valdane wined—was nothing but a tool—a thing bribed by my uncle to do his work, paid by Daniel Brandon to go through the farce of marriage with me, in order to get at my money!"

"You have quick intelligence, Miss Lilbourne. I think it very likely you are right."

She looked straight into his face with her large searching eyes.

"I have also come to the same conclusion," he replied in a low voice.

She read to the end, and pushed away the will with a deep sigh.

"If I had my rights, I should be a rich woman," she said.

"You would. May I say how earnestly I trust you may obtain your rights?"

She looked up at him—a strange, puzzled look.

(To be continued.)

Bret Harte and "Little Breeches."

From the San Francisco Argonaut; Bret Harte is so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breeches" that he is almost as sorry it was ever written as is Col. John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady, who prided herself upon her literary tastes, said to him once: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your 'Little Breeches.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."

One Exception.

He—To hear you tell it, one would think I never told a single truth before we were married. She—Well, you did prevaricate to a considerable extent, but I'll give you credit for having told me the truth once. He—Indeed! And when was that, pray? She—When you proposed. Don't you remember, you said you were unworthy of me?

The Irony of Fate.

"Count, why did you marry that pale, thin girl, when you might have had her plump, rosy-cheeked sister?" "Well, I tell you, I was sinking of—what call him—zees probabli: Of two evils choose ze least." And now her fazeire has failed! Ah, mon Dieu! Zees provabli see one—what you call him—fakel!—Chicago Times-Herald.

From Different Points of View.

The Minister—I trust, my friend, your lines are cast in pleasant places. The Poet—Well, that depends on whether you would call waste baskets pleasant places or not.

"We used to think men had to climb to fame." "Don't they?" "No. Hoss—dived." "That's so." "And Puss—ton swam."

Vegetable Festival.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 13.—The second day of the greatest fruit, flower and vegetable festival Houston has ever had was better than the first.

The street pageant by the members of the No-Tau-Oh, the loyal subjects in this region of King Nottoe, last night, was the most gorgeous affair of the kind ever seen in this city.

The bench show commenced yesterday morning at 9 o'clock and will be continued Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. It is held on the roof of the auditorium. There have already been a large entry of different canines, and there are prospects of more entries to make it the best to be held in Houston and south Texas. There will be some of the largest dogs in the world at this show, and every dog fancier and owner should take a deep interest in it and make it a success. Superintendent Leroy Smith is using due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited. No dog is received unless supplied with a suitable collar and chain, and no dog can be permanently removed from the building until 6 o'clock Friday night, Dec. 15, except by consent of the superintendent.

There are about twenty exhibitors and perhaps fifty entries of fine dogs of all fine breeds, kinds and sizes, and they make an interesting attraction.

Dallas did herself proud in sending down a delegation of prominent business men and society people to witness the great parade of the No-Tau-Oh in honor of King Nottoe and his queen and to attend their grand ball in Market hall Wednesday night.

Among the arrivals at a late hour yesterday evening were L. B. Torrey, wife and son, L. B. Jamor, Harry J. Monagan and wife, H. L. Monroe, wife and child, T. L. Morgan, J. R. Cravens, Nat S. Green, J. L. A. Thomas and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, George Sturges and wife, Kirk Hall, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Foster, Col. W. A. Childress. Most of these were members of the executive committee of the Kaiphs, and beheld the parade with a critical eye.

Last night the illuminations in the central part of the city were quite brilliant in some localities. On Main street at each crossing incandescent lights were strung across from corners diagonally opposite, making a cross in the center of the streets. This added much to the general illuminating effect.

Throckmorton Monument.

McKinney, Tex., Dec. 13.—The committee in charge of the work announce that the pedestal for the Throckmorton monument will arrive from Fort Worth shortly and then will be ready for being placed in position on the octagon court house inclosure. Collections are coming in at a satisfactory rate not only from the local admirers of the lamented ex-governor, but from many others scattered over all parts of Texas. Col. DeArmon, who is at the head of the movement, has secured the consent of a number of distinguished speakers to be present and address a meeting to be held in the district court room Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Among them are Hon. C. B. Randall of Sherman, Hon. Dudley G. Wooten, Judges A. T. Watts, J. M. Hurt and George N. Aldridge of Dallas.

A syndicate of eastern mills has closed a deal at St. Louis for 1,250,000 pounds of "territory" wool. The terms of the sale were private, but it is said the wool sold for 4 cents a pound more than the price for which the same lots were offered a short time ago, and the deal amounted to \$250,000.

South Texas Physicians.

Dallas, Tex., Dec. 13.—Yesterday morning at 10:45 o'clock the North Texas Medical association met in session.

The city hall was the place of meeting, and kind lady friends had decorated the presiding officer's desk with flowers, bright flowers, queenly roses, blushing carnations and maiden-hair ferns.

Some fifty Episcopalian disciples were present from the different towns and cities of this northern section of the state.

Dr. John O. McRaynolds of this city called the meeting to order and Rev. R. A. Grabell invoked the divine blessing upon the members, who devote their lives to the alleviation of suffering and to ministering to the sick.

Mayor Traylor, on behalf of the city, delivered an address of welcome.

The New Orleans arrived at Singapore the other day, en route to Manila.

The Hardesty Killing.

Laredo, Tex., Dec. 13.—Beyond theories and suspicions nothing of a definite character has been ascertained regarding the perpetrator of the murder of Jack Hardesty, the young railroad man who was killed here some time last Sunday night. The authorities are tireless in their efforts to arrest the guilty party. A telegraph order was received from his mother, Mrs. Geo. Wilson, at Louisville, Ky., to ship his remains to that place.

Killed a Burglar.

Waco, Tex., Dec. 13.—At 3:15 yesterday morning a loud pistol shot aroused the neighbors, and those who first arrived at the residence of Isaac Lyons, No. 1111 Columbia street, found Mr. Lyons standing at the window of his bedroom with a Colt's 45-caliber six-shooter in his hand, the barrel of which was still smoking, and in the alley beneath the window they discovered Aaron Riggins, colored, stretched out on his back with a bullet hole in the center of his forehead half an inch above the junction of the eyebrows.

Policeman Harrison and Constable Harmon were among the first to arrive at the Lyons residence. They put the dying negro in a carriage and conveyed him to the courthouse, where he lingered until 8 o'clock yesterday morning, at which hour he expired. The bullet went straight through the brain, clots of which oozed out through the wound, and the wonder is that he could have lived so long under such conditions.

Justice Baylis Earle viewed the body and interrogated witnesses, reaching the conclusion that the negro was slain by Mr. Lyons while attempting to enter the residence of the latter for the purpose of committing a crime against the family.

Aaron Riggins was about 20 years of age, about one-third white blood, and was quite popular within the circle of his acquaintances. He was a yard boy and was handy around the house of his employer, who resides a few blocks from Mr. Lyons' house. It was a surprise to everybody acquainted with Aaron that he should have attempted the crime he undertook.

Mr. Lyons' business kept him out late, and Saturday night he hid down on a sofa in the parlor, after placing his pistol within easy reach. Mrs. Lyons and her daughter had been disturbed the night before by sounds at the window, and had communicated their fears to Mr. Lyons; therefore he was on the alert, and when he was called in a whisper by his wife he went softly to the window and held the muzzle of the revolver close to the pane. Presently the shutter opened and a face appeared peering into the room. The pistol flashed and roared, and the bullet did its work most effectively.

On a cot in the main hall of the courthouse the wounded negro lay for over five hours, slowly dying, speechless from the first, wholly unconscious of the throng of people who pressed forward continuously to get a glimpse of the man who had attempted with fatal results to himself to enter the bedroom of a citizen. Just before he died Aaron opened wide his eyes and gazed about him. His lips moved, but no articulate sound came, and with a long sigh he passed into eternity.

The dead youth was recognized at once as Aaron Riggins, who came to Waco from Houston four months ago and has since been employed by various people as a house servant and yard man. His pockets were full of keys and all sorts of odds and ends. Part of the contents of his pants pocket consisted of a package of silk bags, such as are used by soldiers to carry needles and other articles in for repairing clothes while in camp.

Charged With Theft.

Paris, Tex., Dec. 11.—A young negro who was trying to sell a pair of opera-glasses at Bonham a day or two ago was arrested by the officers there on suspicion of having stolen them. Constable Billy McKnight went to Bonham and brought the glasses back and they were identified as having been stolen from a hardware firm of this city about three weeks ago.

A Sad Accident.

Toyah, Tex., Dec. 11.—A sad accident happened yesterday in which little Johnnie Leatherman, aged about 12 years, had his left arm shot almost entirely off between elbow and shoulder.

The boy, in company with two other small boys, were out hunting in a buckboard, and when about three miles from town in some manner the gun which Johnnie Leatherman was holding slipped from his grasp and fell, striking the hammer on the wheel or axle, discharging the contents of the gun into his arm.

The boy displayed great nerve, riding the entire distance back to town without assistance. He was taken to Pecos, where doctors amputated the arm, and he is reported as getting along nicely.

Postmaster L. W. Christian of Vashachie reports that for the six weeks ending Nov. 1, 1899, the increase of business over that of the same period during the previous three years averages 50 per cent. This is an index of the way general improvement in the business of weatherford.

Masons at Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., Dec. 11.—Two hundred Masons, who are attending the session of the committee on work at Houston, took advantage of the cheap rates offered and visited Galveston yesterday. They were looked after by committees from the two local lodges, who gave them a boat sail and would have done more had not a severe storm come up early in the afternoon. The afternoon was pleasantly spent at the Masonic temple.

South Texas Poultry Show.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 13.—The South Texas Poultry and Pot Stock association opened its show yesterday morning with a fine collection of chickens, birds, ostriches and live stock generally.

This was the opening day of Houston's great fall festival. The decorations along the business blocks are in taste, full of animation, brilliancy and patriotic sentiment. What is said here of the business portion of the city is applicable to the auditorium, to the park of industrial and live stock exhibits and to the midway shows. The auditorium is crowded with splendid displays of all kinds.

The vegetables are especially fine. Many of these came from the Brazos bottom, and have been grown since the big flood. This fact was a surprise to many who were made aware of it.

Two hundred and ninety-eight exhibitors have entered their exhibits in the books, and most of them are in place. Gov. Sayers is in attendance.

Mayor Brashers opened the fruit, flower and vegetable festival in a neat speech at the auditorium yesterday afternoon. Col. R. M. Johnston then introduced Gov. Sayers.

The governor said in part: "Ladies and gentlemen: When I received the invitation to be here with you I determined to lay aside the cares of office and to add as much as possible to the success of your great festival. I congratulate Houston and the state of Texas upon the auspicious opening. Providence has smiled upon this people, as manifested in this weather that could not be excelled had it been ordered for the occasion."

Young Man Murdered.

Laredo, Tex., Dec. 12.—At the Fort McIntosh post hospital yesterday lay the dead body of a handsome young man, showing from its many ghastly wounds that he was the victim of a cowardly murderer.

Letters on his person showed him to be Jack Hardesty of Louisville, Ky., as was evidenced by one from his mother, Mrs. Geo. Wilson, 2442 Third street, and told of the kind welcome awaiting him at the Christmas dinner. Investigation showed that he was a railroad brakeman and arrived here from San Luis Potosi, Mexico, last Saturday morning, and was cared for by the railroad men in Laredo. He was seen alive last night about 7 o'clock, and was in company with railroad friends, who testify that he was not then nor has not been drinking since his arrival here.

Yesterday about noon Mr. O. E. Petty, the night operator at the International depot, was out hunting on the government reservation in rear of the barracks and came upon the dead body. There was evidence of a struggle not far from where the corpse lay in a pool of blood.

In addition to two mortal stabs in the throat, his head had been crushed by a blow from some blunt instrument. Near his body was found a dirk knife which he is known to have carried, but which bore no evidence of having been used. Some questions arose as to whether the military or civil authorities should hold the inquest, but the facts above are as far as they could be ascertained by both authorities.

Young Hardesty was apparently about 25 years old, and was neatly dressed. As he claimed to have no money and was helped by the railroad men in Laredo, depends the mystery as to the motive of his murder in a place so distant and lonely as was the place where he lost his life.

His remains are being held awaiting instructions from his family.

Llano Iron Fields.

Galveston, Tex., Dec. 12.—Reliable information has been received here that experts are now examining the iron fields in Llano, Tex., district for the same parties who recently purchased the iron properties at Jefferson and New Birmingham, Tex. It is expected that they will conclude their investigation about Jan. 1.

It is understood the Llano fields which comprise immense deposits of magnetite ore, are under consideration with the view of using the ores in the following ways: By shipping it to the Atlantic seaboard via Galveston and coastwise vessels; by bringing coal to Llano on lines projected from the coal fields in Texas and Indian Territory and smelting the ores at that point or the smelting of the Llano ores at Galveston or Houston in connection with the hematite ores from east Texas.

Fulton Birmingham, colored, was assassinated at Garland City, Ark., the other day.

Accidentally Killed.

New Boston, Tex., Dec. 12.—John Payne, an industrious young farmer living four miles west of this place, met with a fatal accident Saturday night. He, with a party of friends, were out con hunting, and in felling a tree Payne ran around to see the con jump out, when the tree veered and one of the limbs struck him, fracturing his skull. He died Sunday without having regained consciousness. Deceased leaves a wife and two children.