



A TERRIBLE SECRET

The Curse of the Morelands.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

How cordial and sympathetic, as well as affectionate, were the relations of the couple...

"Yes, she was, uncle?" "And since then the more she has learned to think of you the more she has grown preoccupied and unhappy?"

"Do you propose to give her up, Vance?" "Just about as much as I propose to give up living, uncle."

"Or just about as much you would desert a patient who dismissed you in a moment of raging delirium?" "Exactly."

"I am glad to see you so sensible," he said. "The trouble with that girl, as with her mother—I have been studying them both..."

"No, uncle. They have never said the least word to me professionally outside of that sprained ankle which first introduced me to them nearly a year ago."

"Which fear or apprehension has been intensified by your appearance on the scene as a suitor for the girl's hand?"

"That's about the situation, uncle, as unflattering as it is for this deponent." "Let's comprehend just where we stand, therefore. To begin with, the girl is a secret?"

"Evidently—something awful. But what is it, uncle? What can it be?" "I think I can tell you. You asked the girl for her hand in marriage?"

"Yes, uncle." "Well, she refused you because she has no hand to give."

"The acquaintance thus began," pursued Mrs. Moreland, "was duly continued with grateful respect on my side, and with devoted affection on the part of your father, until he asked to marry him."

"And you refused?" "I did, although I don't remember ever speaking of that fact to you. But Walter Moreland loved me too well to take a negative answer, and he was destined to be favored by circumstances, as you shall hear."

"For a year or two after your father's death," resumed Mrs. Moreland, "I saw very little of your Uncle Radd, who, deprived of his brother's advice and assistance, went to the bad rapidly."

"Fortunately I was ready for him," continued Mrs. Moreland, "I had long had the keys of The Elms, and had been quietly endeavoring to find a tenant or purchaser for it, but your Uncle Barton's affairs in India had prospered to such an extent that he felt able to give up the place and take possession of it."

"I have stated these facts, Jessie," finished the mother, "that you may have a clear comprehension of the situation. That man has at last discovered where I am, and his one thought is to force himself upon us for the rest of his days."

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THE NEWS.

The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Henry, a brother of the German Emperor, will visit the World's Fair. In a collision on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, near Johnstown, Pa., Engineer John Bradbrook was killed and two trainmen crushed to death.

A woman opium smuggler was captured in North Idaho. Secretary Carlisle is personally investigating in Chicago the violations of the customs laws by foreign exhibitors in selling goods in bond entered as exhibits, and steps will be taken to prosecute the offenders.

Abert Bomberger, a farm hand, murdered and assaulted Miss Annie Krieger, at their home near Cando, N. D. A platform at West Brighton on Beach, Coney Island, on which a large crowd of people were waiting for a train, gave way, and fifteen persons were injured.

A despatch from Pomeroy, Iowa, says: Fifty-three persons dead, seventy-five fatally injured and 150 with broken limbs, cuts and bruises more or less severe. This is what the tornado accomplished in the matter of human life.

Several little babies have been found alive and well, but it has been impossible to find parents for them. The town of Pomeroy is one complete wreck. There is scarce a house left standing.

Files of broken timbers and occasional pieces of furniture are all that can be found of what was once the largest buildings in the place. Two hundred and fifty houses were in all destroyed and the money loss on these and their contents placed at \$2,000,000.

Everywhere about Pomeroy were dead and dying people, a dozen men were being buried in the burying ground on the hill just north of the village and the hearse was kept busy carrying the victims of the storm to their last resting place.

Clothing, food and medicines were shipped in by the train. Soon after the wreck, relief corps were organized, and things were going along in business like way. The night in Pomeroy is one that will never be forgotten by those who were there.

It was not till the first streaks of light appeared in the east that the enormity of the disaster dawned upon the people. Every residence in the south of the railroad tracks had disappeared, and the spires of seven churches in the place that only a few hours before stood upward to the skies were nowhere to be seen.

A TERRIBLE TORNADO.

Fifty-Three Persons Dead in the Town of Pomeroy, Iowa.

Cattle and Horses Killed and Crops Ruined.

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Horses and cattle lay dead in the streets, pigs stuck in the sides of horses, and dead cats and dogs and chickens were scattered over the ground. Pools of human blood mingled with the mud at every turn, showing where some victim of the tornado had been tossed after life had been snuffed out of him.

The Postoffice building, but what has recently been used as a billiard-room, was turned into a morgue and hospitals were established in the remaining buildings, the biggest one being the Pomeroy Hotel. The scene in the improvised morgue was a ghastly one. Billiard tables had been turned into slabs and on these mangled remains of the dead were placed.

VIRGINIA ITEMS.

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

DAVID SHEARER, a shoemaker, of Staunton, died a few days ago. Mr. Shearer had been a paralytic for more than a year past, and his death was hastened by excitement. He and a neighbor had a discussion over some disagreement, which so excited him that the shock was too much for his enfeebled constitution.

Mrs. JANE LOVING widow of the late Leeland Loving, died in Alexandria, aged seventy-eight years. Reports from the peanut section in Virginia state that the average this year differs but very little from that of last year; that the stand to a large extent is not good, and the fate of the crop hinges on whether or not there will be good favorable seasons for the growing and development of vine and nut.

The South Norfolk Water and Electric Light Company has purchased a five-acre site for their plant in Berkeley for \$3,000. Cotton was received in Norfolk quite lively during the past week. It is mostly for the mill.

The Norfolk and Carolina Railroad has just ordered a lot of iron rolling stock from the Baldwin Locomotive Works. For the half-year just ended the shipment of Pocahontas coal from the Lambert's Point piers reached 878,216 tons.

ASBURY PAINTER, aged about twenty-one years, a son of Mr. Joseph Painter, of Page county, was run over and killed by the north-bound passenger train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad near Ingham Station, about ten miles south of Luray.

The Association of Engineers of Virginia adopted a resolution favoring the establishment of a United States signal-service station at Roanoke, midway between Harrisburg and Newville.

A STORE and residence in South Norfolk was destroyed by fire, together with contents of the store, of which Wm. Sawyer was proprietor. The grocery and liquor store, owned by Robert Hill, was also burned. The stock was almost a total loss, but the people upstairs saved all of their furniture.

The total shipments of coal and coke by the Pocahontas Coal Company for June was 224,223 tons. There were thirty-one deaths in Roanoke in June.

The Petersburg council has reduced the tax rate in that city from \$1.60 to \$1.53 per \$100 of value. This, with the other revenues of the city, will run up the receipts for the next fiscal year to about \$225,000. The estimated expenditures for the year are about \$218,000.

CHAPTER III.

OR a few minutes subsequent to her terrible interview with her lover, Jessie Moreland lay in the arms of her mother, at first sobbing convulsively, and then sinking into a profound quietude, which was equally the silence of exhaustion and despair.

"Has he gone, mamma?" she at length asked, turning her face toward the veranda and listening.

"Certainly," was the answer. "He remained scarcely a moment after you left him. You are not sorry you dismissed him?"

"No, mamma. And now to take up the burden of our lives on a new basis. Let's complete our preparations and start for Egg Island."

"That's now my one thought, Jessie." "There are a dozen reasons why we should not lose a moment," continued the resolute girl, gaining her feet with feverish impatience, while the flash of excitement crept into her cheeks.

"By the time Jessie had acted upon these suggestions, her mother came back to the sitting-room, remarking: 'I am glad the real estate people have been so prompt. To see these signs staring him in the face at the moment of his proposed arrival will hardly be the sort of welcome for which your Uncle Radd is looking.'"

"But it will be just what he deserves, mamma," returned Jessie, "and the fact that The Elms is in the market will also be a timely admonition to Vance. He will realize that I am irrevocably resolved not to marry him, and will turn his thoughts into the only channel which can bring him a lasting peace."

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AN INNOCENT MAN HUNG.

Andy Hudspeth Executed for the Murder of a man, Who Turns Up Alive.

In 1886 George Watkins with a comely wife moved to Arkansas from Kansas, located in Boone County and settled upon the farm of Andy Hudspeth, a wealthy planter. Hudspeth fell an easy victim to the charms of Watkins' wife. Watkins became aware of the attachment.

One day the two men went to market in Watkins' wagon. Hudspeth returned alone. The sudden absence of Watkins excited suspicion and Hudspeth and the woman were arrested. The woman reported and at the trial stated that she and Hudspeth had agreed to kill her husband, but denied any knowledge of the murder. Hudspeth, being allowed to testify, told a straightforward story, claiming that Watkins had left him, saying he intended leaving the country.

The evidence was purely circumstantial, but in a strong unbroken chain, he having the supposed dead man's money, coat, pipe case and a bloody hatchet in the wagon and a bloody hatchet in the trunk of the wagon was carried to the Supreme Court, reversed and at the second trial Hudspeth was again convicted and hanged.

The counsel for the unfortunate man succeeded in locating the man Watkins. Watkins is living at his old home in Kansas, where he has been all the time. The woman was also indicted, but died before the trial. The execution of Hudspeth was at Harrison, in Boone County.

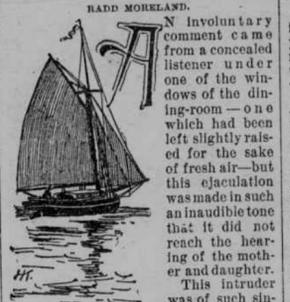
"What do we need to take with us?" then asked Jessie. "Nothing more than our toilet and personal effects," answered Mrs. Moreland, "and they will all go into that solid leather portmanteau, which we can readily carry to the boat between us. Let's pack it now!"

"This task was quickly executed. 'Of course there is some risk in leaving so many valuables about, with no one in the house,' remarked Mrs. Moreland. 'I have requested the young man from Potter & Carpenter's to keep an eye on the place, and he expects to be here often to show the premises, so that there is no occasion to fret about anything we leave behind us. The distance is scarcely a hundred miles, and we ought to arrive at an early hour to-morrow. If we don't, we can go ashore at Bayside, or elsewhere. But we shall need extra wraps, as there will doubtless be quite a chill in the air between now and morning. Let's make a final tour of the house now, to see that all doors are locked, and all fastenings in their places.'"

"We will of course go to Egg Island in our sleep," remarked Jessie, after a thoughtful pause. "The moon will be up at ten o'clock, and the night is charming, with the wind in our favor. How much better to get away quietly than to toss in sleepless misery upon our beds till morning!"

"I agree with you, my dear child," returned Mrs. Moreland. "What you need now is something to do—just such a task as it will be for you to take the sleep up the lake. After the excitement we have had for the last twenty-four hours, we shall not be able to sleep until we are thoroughly worn out."

"Or until we have found that peace which only a change of scene can bring us," supplemented Jessie. "How impatient I am to be gone!"



CHAPTER IV.

N involuntary comment came from a concealed listener under one of the windows of the dining-room—one who had been left slightly raised for the sake of fresh air—but this ejaculation was made in such an inaudible tone that it did not reach the hearing of the mother and daughter.

This intruder was of such singular and sinister aspect, even as seen in the imperfect light struggling upon him, that almost any one encountering him would have formed a very unfavorable impression of him.

His coat was patched and ragged, and his face was browned by the sun and rains of many a year, while his pantaloons looked as if they had sustained the brunt of many a skirmish with watch-dogs.

Under-sized, and at least fifty years of age, as was only too plainly announced by his long gray beard and bushy hair, he was nevertheless possessed of a wiry, well-knit frame, and the very steps by which he had reached his concealment, which he had reached by his concealment, were sufficient to indicate that he was strong and active.

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SACRIFICED HIS LIFE.

A Father Saves His Little Daughter, but Is Himself Killed.

A sad accident occurred at Royalton, Ohio, by which a father, through his devotion to his child, lost his life.

James Kirtland, a meat dealer, 45 years old, recently completed a residence and moved into it with his wife and 3-year-old daughter, Barbara, only a few days ago.

His old house, a story and a half brick structure, on the same premises, he decided to remove. The foundation had been underlaid, and the little girl saw the falling masonry where she would be caught by the falling ruins.

He sprang toward her, throwing her upon the ground, leaned over her and received the full force of the falling bricks upon his head. The little girl escaped without serious injury, but the father was instantly killed.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

I. D. REYNOLDS was drowned at Sullivan's Island, South Island, while trying to save two women who were in bathing and had got beyond their depth.

The body of one of the two men drowned off the wrecked schooner Thomas Havens, on June 26, was recovered at North Long Branch, New Jersey.

CHRISTINA SCHREIBER, aged 18 years, accidentally shot and killed her sweet art, Henry Gohl, at her home, in New York. They were firing revolvers to usher in the Fourth.

By the upsetting of a wagon at Oregon City, Oregon, M. P. Bradley, his wife and four children were thrown over a precipice 40 feet high. Mrs. Bradley was killed and two children fatally injured.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON, of the Viking ship, on its way to Chicago, had a narrow escape from drowning at Clyde, New York. He went in bathing, and was carried under the ship by the current, but was saved by some of the students on board.

FORD'S THEATRE DISASTER.

The Grand Jury Will Not Indict A's worth and the Others.

It is stated that the Government must prove by sufficient evidence in each case that the victims of the Ford's Theatre disaster were killed by the collapse of the building before the Grand Jury will return indictments against Kears, Alsworth, Dant, Covert and Sasse, charged by the Coroner's Jury with responsibility for the affair.

A witness must be produced that he saw the dead man in the wreck or brought out and pined in the patrol or other vehicle. Another will give evidence showing that deceased was removed to the morgue, while the third witness will be called upon to testify that he saw the dead body in the dead house, thus forming a chain of evidence commencing in the ruins of the old theatre building and ending at the morgue.

A detective has been put to work hunting up the necessary witnesses, and it is expected that the evidence will be completed by the end of the present week.

For the crew of the Falcon, that takes Lieutenant Peary to the arctic regions, the explorer has chosen men who do not use tobacco. He does not think the consumption of nicotine advantageous in far northern latitudes.