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CRUEL AS THE GRAVE; OR The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

She rose, deeply agitated, quite unconscious of the beseeching expression of her proud eyes, and only feeling that she might betray her thrilling hope and fear unless she changed her position.

Still holding her hand, he rose with her, and spoke on with imperious urgency. "Speak; do you grant my request, or must I take my own?"

A stifled sob came from her very heart; she could not comprehend him. "The—the name?" she stammered. "What is it?"

"What! you do not guess?" cried he, with fierce incredulity—then a glance of satanic mirth crossed his pale, anxious face. She tore her hand from him in a wild revulsion of shame and wrath.

"How should I guess the new object of your vagrant fancy?" demanded she, disdainfully.

"No, no; this is no fancy," exclaimed Accrington, forgetting every lesser emotion in his fervor, "this is the best love of my life; I grew nobler merely by musing on her; she is my peace, my happiness; without her I can never be complete—my golden-tressed Aurora!"

"Her name?" breated Mrs. Dellamere with bloodless lips and dilated eyes, like one fascinated by terror.

"Oh, true, you claim a formal announcement," said Accrington, recovering himself "I love your daughter Loveday, dear madam, and crave her for my wife."

The tide of Mrs Dellamere's feelings reached its highest point of horror.

"My daughter your wife!" she exclaimed bitterly, with a recoiling gesture. "I shall never consent! Such a union would be abhorrent to every natural instinct!"

"You refuse!" said Accrington with flashing eyes. "Is the past, which I have outlived, so sweet to you that it renders such a union unnatural?"

But he could not goad her into consent thus; it was her child's happiness she was defending—she could suffer humiliating taunts for her sake.

"It is impossible on that and every ground," said she, her voice shaken with passionate repugnance. "You are a treacherous man; there have been falsenesses in your life that even I have seen. You cannot have my daughter. Also, her heart is engaged."

She shook off his grasping hand from her cashmeres, and hastened away.

But not far; before she had taken a half dozen steps he was by her, looking into her face with a laughing devil in each of his eyes.

"There can be but one explanation of this resistance," said he. "You love me yet!"

She stood looking up at him, her eyes flashing with fierce scorn; her hands locked together to crush down the wild forces within her which threatened to leap out in some vengeful act.

"You are a craven," she said, with something grating in her sweet tones. "If my heart could still cling to a man like you I should tear it from my breast. You are false, I shrink from you, I despise you; is that love?"

She waited a moment, with glowing eyes fastened upon him, for any reply he might venture to make, but as he made none, only gnawed his lip in speechless humiliation, she turned quickly, and passed from his view with her own silent, sweeping grace.

He returned to the fountain and threw himself once more upon the stone seat with a muttered malediction.

He had not believed she could defy him; he had not prepared himself for the open exhibition of her scorn.

Conscious of his powers of management, he had thought to manipulate Mrs. Dellamere through her wounded pride until she would give him her consent to win Loveday to save herself from the suspicion of loving him yet.

She had laughed him to scorn, and he was vulnerable to the shame of being scorned. He began to fear and hate her.

Many thoughts passed through his busy brain. He recalled his various loves, and how sincere each had been in its time. How much this proud, imperial beauty, Laura, had been to him in her day! how sweet and warm had been that early love! and how he had suffered when she cast him aside for a richer mate!

Ah! she deserved to suffer in her turn; he should not spare her.

Then a wild memory of Engelonde Inchcape flew like a red-hot bolt through his soul, her majestic purity, her unsullied fidelity, and her bitter fate.

He clenched his hand and drove the blighting thought away with a heart-felt imprecation.

Then stole the image of Loveday Dellamere upon him, tender, softly; no shadow of mortification or remorse blurred that memory; he mused upon her dawn-like youth and innocence, her sunny beauty, which radiated pure joy, and he craved for her with passionate intensity as the wretched crave for happiness.

Then he reviewed the resistance just offered to his desire, and laughed sardonically.

He would brush aside this opposing will as if it were a cobweb across his path, let who might suffer.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ALAS! I HAVE A RIVAL!"

Was it true that the dashing Scotch belle, Merrion Rae, had fallen in love with young Auberon Crecy?

The ancient sibyl Carisbrooke said so, but then she said many foolish things, and saw twice as far through a millstone as other people.

When Accrington returns to the more immediate scene of gayety, he finds a dance on the grass in progression, the music hidden behind a tall leafy screen, and flowery banks bounding the ballroom There was Merrion Rae tripping through an intricate figure with Auberon Crecy, her passionate, darkling glance and heightened beauty betraying the triumph of the moment to her! and here was Loveday, glancing in and out among the dancers unattended, her wild and brilliant graces fresh as ever, as if to prove her rare free independence of Auberon's smiles

Toward her Accrington wends his way with melancholy sweetness, and, catching her eye, without a word woos her to him by the sheer force of his dominant grace. To see her struggle against him, whirl past with defiant glance, circle round the grassy mead, and flit back, a little nearer each revolution, lured by his eyes—those deep, dark, mournful eyes that seem to brood over grief and wrong, and to plead for sympathy—till at last she is close to him, laughing out a silvery echo of the waltz! She sweeps him the "presentation courtesy," and comes up to recover with fairy feet pointed, and a look of petulant waywardness, crying:

"Here I am, Colonel; now speak quickly, for my turn comes next to dance."

"I did not summon you, Sprite," said Accrington, very softly, and looking deep into her upraised eyes, without a smile.

"But—yes, you did! You——"

"Looked at you, that was all!" murmured the gentle tones in her ear; "but perhaps I mesmerized you a little."

Perhaps he did!

She tried to look at him independently, but could not endure, without emotion, the earnest beseeching of his gaze.

"I thought mamma had sent for me—I saw you talking with her," said Loveday, turning away, but slowly.

"You will give me one waltz?" asked he, staying her in spite of herself.

She hesitated, glancing involuntarily at Auberon with a trace of anxiety, which Accrington instantly divined as the wish to avoid doing anything which might not be to Auberon's taste.

"It is but a little thing for a careworn man like me to ask from your buoyant youth, that you should give me back five minutes of my by-gone days of happiness!" said he wistfully. "Shall you dislike it so much?"

"No, no, no, no," faltered she, abashed; "I shall waltz with you for my next partner." And with that he let her go.

In a few minutes Merrion Rae was disengaged, and Accrington seized the opportunity.

"Her grace sent me to amuse you, Queen of Scots," he said, airily, leading her for a promenade.

"I am quiescent," returned the lady, absently; "do your best."

"Fair queen, I beseech you aid!"

"'Tis yours, Sir Colonel. Speak!"

"I love a lady."

"*Eh bien!* So do most men."

"Alas, I have a rival."

"Impossible. Who could rival Colonel Accrington?"

"Sweet demoiselle, you are pleased to laugh at me; yet I am in trouble."

"Did you not offer to amuse me?"

"True. Well, you may laugh, yet help me, and I will be content."

"I help you! Is it possible?"

"Are you not as wise as you are witty—as good as you are pretty? You certainly can, if you will, do much to extricate me from a dilemma."

"Ah, now I am dying to aid you, your flattery is so sweet. Only show me how I can be of use to you."

"Suppose a cavalier, much like that dark-browed fellow Accrington, loved a sunny tressed Aurora like——"

"Miss Dellamere, for instance," interposed Merrion, laughing mischievously, as he stopped and looked at her. "Oh, I have not been blind, dear Colonel, and I wish you every success."

"Thank you, Lady Merrion; now I shall tell you the obstacle. Suppose this lady was half promised, by the parents, to a young man who loves her"—(Merrion started and changed color)—"but only with a fraternal love," proceeded Accrington, who had not lost this sign of emotion, "for his whole heart is evidently given to another, and that other——"

"Ha! ha! ha! quite a 'Comedy of Errors,'" laughed Merrion, defiantly meeting his significant glance, though her brilliant face glowed with rich blushes. "And now, what part can I play in all this? Or have you yet to come to that point?"

"And that other," resumed Accrington, boldly, "has only to accept his attentions for a few days, during which she may be endeavoring to teach her own heart to respond to his. Thus the first-named lady will feel herself free to love me, and all will end well."

"But by what caprice do you confide all this to me?" demanded the high-spirited girl, who would rather have perished than permit any one to guess the state of her heart toward Auberon.

"Ah, well—perhaps only to amuse you! Let us talk of something else," said the Colonel, carelessly. And quite convinced that she understood all that was necessary, he soon led her back to her friends.

They danced together, Richard Accrington and Loveday Dellamere.

He slid his nervous arm about her waist, his left hand clasped her finger tips delicately, firmly. They floated round among the others, light as shadows flickering, and upborne by the wild measure of a waltz-whirlwind. His warm breath on her brow, his dark eyes softly shining down upon her, his gentle strength supporting hers as if one will governed their motions. A singular sensation gradually took possession of Loveday, as if she was being borne out of herself, a feeling as dreamy and delicious as inexplicable. Perceiving by the relaxing of her self-poise his growing power over her, Accrington softly tightened his clasp of her waist, stole a firmer hold of her hand, and, timing his movement to the long-drawn, longing notes of the next musical bars, he bent lower over her, and allowed his dark eyes, charged with unutterably beseeching tenderness, to feed upon hers. All his soul streamed forth in that enraptured gaze. It could not startle or repel her, it was so very humble and imploring, and there was the music, passionately wooing her for him, telling of his sorrowful past, of his solitary strangerhood in his own native land—wooing, wooing her to believe in him and forget her first repulsion.

And Auberon had only loved her as a sister, while she—oh, shame! to yield one thought to him who had no love for her!

Loveday's maiden pride was waking with her knowledge that Accrington sought her out from among all these other fascinating ladies; she had looked forward with blind trust to Auberon's return, when he would tell her that he loved her, and claim her heart in reward.

He had not spoken of love; he had been just as tenderly fraternal as of old, and no more; and she had borne the sharp surprise proudly, hid her smart and waited the future patiently; but lately she had become aware of Merrion Rae's strange heightened beauty and fascination when in Auberon's presence, and with love's jealous quickness, had guessed her secret.

And to-day, closely watching, she had seen Auberon's interest seemingly quite absorbed in her; he and she had been together so much and had been so brilliantly responsive to each other's sallies—ah, foolish little Loveday, why should she hope any longer? It was a relief to turn to Col. Accrington, and hide her heavy heart by seeming engrossed with him.

And if Auberon did not like it—well, it was far better to vex him a little than to show such slavish obedience to his slightest wish that he must perforce discover her miserable and hopeless love for him.

On then in the whirling waltz, to the thrilling music, which spoke to each bounding heart in its own language; and now Accrington begins a soft murmuring in her ear, delicately impersonal yet perilously interesting, to which she listens with innocent admiration. Well he knows how to please; the guileless young creature knows so little of evil that she is easily pleased; she has no bias to suspicion in her sunny nature, and she is grateful to Colonel Accrington for exerting himself to entertain her.

That he loves her does not dawn on Loveday yet; this ignorance leaves her more freedom to observe and enjoy his manifold graces

He has quite overcome her instinctive mistrust of him before that wonderful waltz is finished; while he—ah! what would he not give to fold her to his adoring heart and call her his own!

As he leads her from the lawn, a couple are slowly pacing before them, apparently too engrossed with each other to observe their approach.

Loveday's pensive humor flies as she recognizes Auberon and Merrion Rae, and she utters some sparkling nonsense, and laughs aloud with frolic archness; and as Auberon looks back she flings him a merry glance which tells him nothing but that she is well pleased.

His face changes, he seems to turn cold from head to foot; all the dreamy pleasure with which he has been listening to the clever witcheries of his companion, fades away. He look haughty and severe as only a clear-cut beautiful young face can look.

But Merrion Rae glows and blushes under Accrington's meaning glances with a helpless self-consciousness which convinces Loveday that there has been some very sweet love-making going on before she and Accrington came in sight.

A wild desire possessed her to prove to all concerned how little this affects her, and she runs up to Merrion, draws down her head to her own level, and whispers archly,

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's Young Dream!"

"What does she say?" asks Auberon, attempting to catch her hand, while Merrion shakes her finger threateningly at her, crying, "Hush!" and blushed furiously; and Loveday dances off, humming the music of the words she had just quoted.

Auberon makes no further effort to detain her; and Accrington carries her off in triumph.

"These two understand each other," says he gravely, when they are out of earshot; "we shall have the Scotch beauty for a resident in Salford ere long, I can see that."

"Oh, yes, it is very evident!" says Loveday, airily.

Accrington conveys Miss Dellamere to her mother, stays long enough beside her to impress her with the conviction that he despairs of winning Loveday and is much depressed in consequence, and then discreetly takes his leave.

That night Mrs Dellamere lingers over her lovely child after she has kissed her and bade her go to sleep.

She wants to warn her against Colonel Accrington; and she cannot get the words out That cowardly taunt of his rankles in her mind like a poison—what if Loveday should also suspect that her mother's opposition meant that she loved him herself? What if he had prepared the child's mind for this doubt by confiding to her that her mother and himself were old-time lovers?

She could not be in much danger, surely; does she not love Auberon?

Mrs. Dellamere cannot get one word out; the memory of her interview with Accrington is like a blister; to recall it, stinging pain.

She only kisses Loveday again, and leaves her to sleep.

And Loveday lies all night in the dark with sweet eyes wide and burning, enduring the first sorrow of her life as she may.

CHAPTER IX.

MY LADY'S STORY.

I have borne my sorrow patiently these many years, but time has not brought deliverance. Still we are sundered, my lord and I. He lives a brooding hermit in his English castle; I pine here in this Northern islet, hidden from the world—and he has not looked upon my face since that bitter day when he drove me out of his life, because two villains lied away my honor.

The wild winds moan around my lonely tower—the breakers roar at its feet. I mourn and pray throughout the long, resounding nights, a fever burning forever in my veins

Oh, for deliverance! Oh, for deliverance!

But not till these two confess that they have lied will my lord take me back to his heart; and who will wring confession from them? Who will be my champion, to set me free from the shame that is killing me?

Shall I cheat the maddening hours by setting down my miserable story, to be read when I am gone by my love, who may judge me less harshly then? Surely the truth will prevail, if he hears it, as it were, from dead Engelonde's grave.

At least let me wander a while among the remembrances of that gracious time when we were together, loving and trusting each other, before the fatal shadow of doubt fell between us.

Engelonde Challoner, the daughter of an American Senator, married at eighteen Lord Inchcape, who was forty. He was my first and is my only love; no other passion has ever touched me. I went to him with all the treasures of freshest girlhood untasted but by himself.

It was himself I loved—his noble heart, his proud integrity; I gloried in his rank and power because they were part of himself. Even the disparity in our ages seemed to me fascinating, because it set him on a throne at the foot of which I could worship him.

He transplanted me into a brilliant circle, he called around us a troop of friends, and Inchcape Fosse became the scene of continuous festivity, over which he loved to see me reign.

I had two friends, who soon won my tenderest love; my favorite was gentle Alice, the wife of honest Squire Crecy; the other was the beautiful Laura Dellamere, a young widow. They both lived in the neighborhood, and came almost every day to me to assist me in entertaining the crowd of guests that filled the castle.

At last one came, a fatal guest His accursed name is Richard Accrington He came to us preceded by a brilliant reputation. In the Indian mutiny he had distinguished himself gallantly; there were many records of his heroism and ability; we welcomed the young soldier among us with enthusiasm.

There were other whispers, too. It was said that Colonel Accrington had been Laura's first lover—that she had sacrificed herself and him, at her needy father's command, to marry the wealthy commoner, Miles Dellamere, and that he was suing her again in her widowhood to lay his laurels at her feet and win her hand at last.

It was my dear lord's evil fate to bring him to our home—to present the brilliant stranger to me. Let me overpass the loathed recollection. Enough to say that he was base enough to make a blind of Mrs. Dellamere behind which to indulge a guilty passion for one who dreamed not of the truth—for hapless me.

One day accident disclosed what he fain would have hidden. The illness of his father recalled him home; he sought me in my privacy in haste to say adieu, and my unsuspicious coldness wrung sudden burning words from him. Mistaking his agitation for grief on Mrs. Dellamere's account, unwittingly I goaded him into a full declaration of his detested passion. I was stupefied, excess of emotion held me dumb.

"Your amazement is well acted, if it is acted," mocked he. "If it is sincere, then I am as lost and disgraced a man as lives to curse himself this day."

I faltered Laura's name; his attention to her had been open and unqualified, to retract from them would most cruelly injure her.

He retorted with the utmost derision—quoted the old wrong she had done him—vaunted the completeness of his revenge.

In suddenly aroused wrath and scorn I drove him from me; as he hurried from my presence in writhing humiliation, my lord met him—marked his agitation as he passed with a hurried bow, and entering, saw his guest's agitation reflected on the face of his wife. Should I have confided all to him? Alas! I was but a girl—I was ashamed of the base love I had excited—I trembled for the consequences to my beloved husband should he hear how he had been insulted; I dared not confide the matter to Lord Inchcape.

I gave a halting explanation of my emotion. Colonel Accrington was leaving us, and by a careless word which he had dropped it was evident that he had been but amusing himself at the expense of my friend, Mrs. Dellamere. I had not concealed from him my anger, and he was leaving us forever.

My lord accepted the explanation at once; his honorable mind harbored no suspicion at the time; but he remembered the episode afterward. I did not see Laura for many days after that; but my sweet Alice told me that Colonel Accrington had paid Laura a flying visit on his way to the railroad station. As she, Mrs. Crecy, drove up to the Pavilion to call for Laura, as she usually did on her way to the Fosse, she met Accrington on his horse. He passed her with a sardonic smile and bow—his face looked like a demon's. Laura denied herself to her, sending word that she was ill that morning and would not leave her room "Their friendship has ruptured—I wonder why?" said my innocent Alice.

When Laura once more joined us she was strangely changed toward me. While jealously concealing her own pain she made me comprehend in a thousand subtle ways that I had fallen in her estimation—that she could no longer admit me to the inner sanctuary of her affection. What my enemy had said of me I know not. She taunted me once thus: "I had an adieu from Col. Accrington; it was of a high tragedy sort; he raved of a mad love—of the fatal beauty of an insatiate coquette—I laughed; he was amusing." And so I saw she judged me guilty of playing with her lover's heart, and scorned me. Time passed, we heard that Colonel Accrington had gone abroad; we left Salford for our house in London; we should have been happy as the angels but for the memory of that hateful episode. It haunted me—a secret must invariably corrode in the heart of the guiltless. I began to question the past with distrust—to doubt the tendencies of my own nature—almost to believe myself in a measure guilty of levity, if of nothing worse, else how could that cold-hearted man of the world have ventured to depict my image to himself in warmer colors than those of formal acquaintanceship.

Laura's disdain oppressed me, too, and the consciousness of a secret withheld from my lord humiliated me. These disquietudes injured my health; my lord, with love's divining eye, observed the change; he wooed my confidence, he anxiously strove to discover the crumpled rose leaf in his darling's life—but I dared not confess it—I did not—I did not I put him off with shallow pretenses; he understood that I did not care to share my every thought with him; he did not insist. But from that hour my husband changed toward me, his air of tranquil felicity fled, he became thoughtful, moody; he began to call me "child" oftener than "wife," as if he remembered regretfully his forty years beside my eighteen. Tenderly kind to me as ever, he was teaching himself the heart freezing lesson that youth and middle age are not fitly yoked together.

Sweet love, they were—they were—no happier wife ever thanked God than yours before the serpent entered our Eden!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Girl's Composition on Boys.

Boys is men that have got as big as their papas, and girls is young women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself: "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than he did Adam that there has been more women than men in the world ever since. Boys are a trouble. They are very wearing on everything but soap. If I could have my way, half the boys in the world would be little girls and the other half dolls. My papa is so nice to me that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy.

An exchange has an article on "Why Bees Make Honey?"—They make it to sell.

THE NEWS.

The Swedish bark Verdandi, Captain Westerberg, was destroyed by fire while in port at Wilmington, N. C., and both the vessel and her cargo of rosin are a total loss.——The Spreckels Sugar Refinery, in Philadelphia, operated by the Sugar Trust, has shut down tight for an indefinite period, owing to dull trade. About 800 men are thrown out of employment.——Thomas Newkirk and Henry Ashcraft fought a duel with Winchesters on the long fork of Shelby Creek, Ky. They were both suitors of Mary Dean. Both men were killed.——The Budget for 1897 was presented in the lower house of the Austrian Reichsrath. It provides for expenditures to the amount of 692,161,188 florins. The estimated revenue is 692,703,959 florins.——At a meeting of the directors of the Diamond Match Company, Edwin Walker, of Chicago, was elected director to succeed W. H. Moore. Mr. Walker was also made general counsel for the company.——The second trial of John C. Eckwig and William H Johnson, train-wreckers, in the United States District Court, at Detroit, Mich., resulted in a verdict of guilty against both defendants. They were tried for conspiring with others to obstruct the passage of the United States mail.

Good news has been received from the Carabaya (Peru) gold mines. Mr. Hardison expects as soon as his new machinery is in working order to obtain a yield of 25 pounds per day.——The committee of the trustees at Wesleyan University have appointed Max Ferrand, of Newark, N. J., instructor in history, to succeed Prof. A S. Dennis, who resigned on account of ill-health. Mr. Farrand is a graduate of Princeton ——Leprosy in its worst form exists in Montreal. Lee Tung, a Chinaman, who died of a mysterious illness on Monday, has been found to have been a victim of it. And inspection of all Chinese boarding-houses and lodging-houses and stores has been ordered.——Peter D. Crawford, a well-known citizen of Somerville, Tenn., was killed by J. F. Winfrey, Jr. Crawford's niece and Winfrey were trying to elope when Crawford intercepted them, whereupon Winfrey shot the other man to death Winfrey is highly connected.——Gold has been discovered in paying quantities on the farm of Bahne Leecke, near Comanche, south of Clinton, Ia. An assay shows about $13 aggregate value to the ton. The deposit is from 6 to 25 feet beneath the surface.——James W. Sperry, prominently identified with the business interests of the San Joaquin Valley, Cal., is dead. Mr. Sperry was at one time director of the produce exchange and treasurer of the Sperry Flour Mills. He leaves a widow and four children. He was a brother of Mrs. W. H. Crocker and Princess Poniatowski.

REVIEWING STAND FELL IN.

Gov. Drake and Vice President Stevenson Went Down Together.

The semi-centennial exercises at Burlington Iowa, were marred by an accident which happened at the reviewing stand erected near the Union depot for the convenience of Vice-President Stevenson, Gov. Drake, of Iowa, and his personal staff, and some forty other prominent people in viewing the parade. Just as the head of the parade reached the point, with almost no warning the entire stand collapsed, throwing its occupants to the ground, a distance of fifteen feet. The majority of those on the stand were bruised more or less.

It was about noon when the accident occurred. The morning parade had passed through the principal streets of the city, and the Governor and staff, escorting Vice President Stevenson, had just left the line of march and entered the stand to review the procession. The stand had been hastily erected at the last moment for the convenience of Vice President Stevenson, Gov. Drake and staff, and his party of friends and guests. Several persons had warned the people not to crowd onto the stand, as they did not consider it safe, and a number had just stepped off when it gave way. Vice President Stevenson was almost in the center of the stand and was thrown into a wildly struggling mass of people. Governor Drake was near him and grasped him, and the two gentlemen assisted each other in extricating themselves from the debris. Great excitement ensued, and there was danger for a few moments of a general panic, but cool heads managed to still the fears of those near by, and the work of rescuing the unfortunates was quickly begun.

Mr. Stevenson was dazed for a moment by the force of his fall and struggled, but was soon able to enter his carriage and be driven to the Hotel Delano, where, after a short rest, he completely recovered his equanimity. He took the accident good naturedly, and only seemed concerned about the injured who fell about him Governor Drake was not injured. The reviewing stand was a temporary affair, and stood over a depression in the ground into which its occupants were promiscuously tumbled.

RATS KILL A BABY.

Little Son of a Baltimore Man Meets Horrible Death.

Three big rats attacked the 2-months-old baby boy of Isaac Asher, a resident of Baltimore, Md., and gnawed its face, head and neck to such an extent that it died in a short time.

Mr. Asher has a store in the same house and was looking after his business when the rats started to make a meal of the poor, helpless infant. The mother had gone to market, and the baby was left alone in an upstairs room. Mr. Asher had been caring for the baby, and when it went to sleep, he laid it on a bed in a room on the second floor, and then went into his store.

But a short time had elapsed when he heard the baby crying as though in great agony. He hurried upstairs, and, as he entered the room, three large rats jumped from the bed to the floor, and scampered off to their places of hiding. The horrified father found that the flesh had been torn from the babe's soft and tender little face, head and neck, and blood was oozing from a dozen or more wounds. He took the little one in his arms and did all he could to ease its suffering. A physician was summoned, but the baby died before he reached the house.

STORM DISASTER.

Buildings Wrecked and Five Persons Injured at Washington.

WORST STORM IN YEARS.

Wind Twisted and Wrenched at a Velocity of Seventy-Five Miles an Hour, Accompanied by Terrific Rain—Baltimore Visited Also.

An equinoctial storm Tuesday night gave Washington the worst shaking up it ever had. The wind blew in a rotary, twisting wrenching velocity of seventy-five miles an hour. Rain was driven in floods—it did not fall. Lightning pierced and lit up the tossing black clouds, and sharp claps of thunder contributed to make nature a weird caldron.

A new brick building, five stories, on Pennsylvania avenue, 1213, was demolished, the ruins falling upon and crushing Beatty's restaurant and Kelly's Dairy Lunch, adjoining, and imprisoning six men. Four of them were soon released. George Sutton, a cook, was pinioned in the wreck, and was not released for several hours. The steeple of the New York avenue Presbyterian Church was blown off. The tower on the Grand Opera House was burned to the sidewalk. Trees on every street were broken and uprooted, their branches and trunks being strewn so thickly as to form complete blockades in many places. Telegraph, telephone and electric light wires were snapped, and their ends dangled furiously in the storm. A horse stepped on a live wire at Seventh street and the Avenue, and dropped dead.

At the water front every boat received terrible wrenchings. The Mattano, an excursion steamer, had holes stove in its side, and was half sunk. The yachts were all torn loose from the moorings, and some of them went adrift down stream or were dashed against other boats and the sea wall.

The storm came up about 10 o'clock. About 9.30 o'clock in the evening the western bank of clouds began to grow darker, and fifteen minutes later flashes of lightning revealed that those banks were leaping and tumbling toward the zenith. A few minutes after 10 o'clock the wind struck the city with full force, the rain following immediately.

The Northern Atlantic States got the force of the storm later in the night, Philapelphia being reached about 11 o'clock and New York about 12.30 o'clock.

The Storm in Baltimore.

A cyclone which had been traveling up the Atlantic coast from the Gulf of Mexico struck Baltimore Tuesday morning, and after a heavy rain during the entire day developed into dangerous proportions between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, and did much damage along the harbor and in other sections of the city.

Upon the wharves fell the brunt of this maddened rush of the winds. The direction from which they came caused the water in the harbor to back up above the level of the surrounding streets and flood these to the depth of a foot or more, engulfing the sidewalks and filling the cellars of mercantile houses.

Along Pratt street from the foot of Gay street to Centre Market space the current was more than waist deep, while Light, Calvert, Charles, Cheapside and the other thoroughfares adjacent to the water on the north side of the harbor were soon filled with swirling pools.

The steamboats and numerous other craft at the upper end of the harbor were swayed back and forth at their moorings and lifted high above their usual level. Sleep was an unknown quantity to those on board the vessels and those residing along the neighboring streets, fearing, as they did, that every instant the cyclone would come upon them with such intensity as to cause loss of life and widespread damages to property.

City and Suburban Railway cars running on Pratt street, along the water front were blocked in numbers, and, the water flooding them, passengers were forced to leave and wade through the water.

Cable and trolley cars were blocked in every section of the city, not by the flood, as on Pratt street, but by the violence of the storm and the crossing of electric wires.

The wind played havoc with the myriads of overhead wires in all parts of the city and created many small panics by its mad pranks aloft.

The telephone company could do no business except over the wires which are carried through underground conduits in the centre of the city.

Amid the shriek of the wind the sharp jangle of broken glass was incessantly heard from upper stories, while canvas awnings and political banners were ripped from their fastenings as forcibly as if they had been mere scraps of paper in a summer zephyr.

Night trains from Washington over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were delayed several hours by the storm. The delay was caused by the fact that the trainmen had to get off at several points and cut away trees which had been blown across the track. The engineers moved along slowly, with more than their usual caution, for fear of running with great violence into similar obstructions.

Fifty Killed in Florida.

A special to the Memphis Commercial-Appeal from Jacksonville, Fla., says: It is a conservative estimate to say that 50 people have lost their lives from Tuesday's hurricane, and the number may run much higher.

News from that portion of the state where the storm first struck is very slow in coming in, for wires are down and railroads are impassable.

The hurricane struck Florida at Cedar Keys, and reports show that it passed in a path of destruction over 20 towns and villages and that between 30 and 40 persons have certainly been killed. Cedar Keys is about 100 miles southwest of Jacksonville. The hurricane which has been churning the gulf first struck this place, a village of 1,500 inhabitants The only report which has come concerning Cedar Keys is that the town has been swept away and many lives have been lost.

This report comes from Gainesville, which is fifty miles away. Nobody has been able to get anything direct from Cedar Keys. Moving northeasterly, the storm struck Williston, a small town, where 11 houses were blown down. One person was killed here, and several so badly hurt that it is expected they will die.

Near here is a large turpentine farm where state convicts are employed. Twenty of these were huddled together in a cabin. A heavy tree was blown across the cabin and six of the convicts were crushed to death.

In Alachua county the storm did frightful work. In Gainesville the Methodist Church and about 20 residences and business houses were destroyed, and, while a number of people were hurt, no fatalities are reported. At Lacross 15 buildidgs were destroyed. Rev. W. A. Barr, Mrs F. F. McIntosh and her babe were reported killed.

Near there four laborers who were in a cabin at a turpentine farm were crushed by falling trees. Newberry, in West Alachua, is totally wrecked.

The record of the progress of the storm across the State is but a repetition of these facts, but it will be days before the full extent of the horror is known.

Staunton Flooded.

The city of Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, was visited by a terrible flood.

Many lives were lost and great damage done to property. The great storm caused the lake to rise and flood the lower portion of the city.

The water rose so rapidly that many people were unable to escape from their houses.

Dwellings were swept from their foundations, and in several cases persons were with difficulty rescued from the roofs.

It is impossible to ascertain the extent of property damaged. The latter will exceed half a million dollars.

The flood came so suddenly and unexpectedly that all was confusion for some time before it was realized the extent of the calamity.

Scores of families are homeless and many are anxiously seeking to ascertain the whereabout and safety of friends or are making tearful search for the bodies of those who they know have perished.

It is the worst catastrophe which Staunton has ever experienced in times of peace.

Cedar Keys

The storm which wrecked Cedar Keys began with a moderate breeze at 11 o'clock Monday night, which by 4 A. M. had increased to tornado force. The tide rose two feet higher than in the memorable storm of 1884.

At 7 o'clock a tidal wave came in from the South. The streets were immediately made impassable by the wreckage of boats, wharves and small houses, while the rushing waters took the strongest off their feet.

The bodies of 12 white and 8 colored persons were recovered. As the town is built on several small keys, and all the bridges and boats, except a few of the latter, have been destroyed, it is difficult even to estimate the number of killed.

Most of the victims were buried deep in the mud by the tidal wave, and their bodies may never be recovered.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Wm. Moque, a brakeman, was killed in a freight wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Hyattsville, Md.

By the caving in of a trench on Fifth avenue, N. Y., Patrick Quinn, a laborer, was killed and two others were injured.

The Greenpoint exchange of the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company, in Brooklyn, was burned; loss, $30,000.

Miss Cora Mount and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coomer were probably fatally burned by a natural gas explosion in Winfall, Ind.

Eight men were seriously injured at the Schmidt Brewery, in Indianapolis, by an explosion of ammonia in the cold storage department.

Benjamin Rome, a well-known business man of Prince George county, Md., was run over and killed by a Pennsylvania Railroad train, near his home at Bowie.

In New York city the rear wall of a new apartment house, under construction on Madison avenue, collapsed, killing one man and injuring six others.

A St. Peter, Minn., despatch says that hog cholera or some similar disease has, within the past few weeks, killed nearly $200,000 worth of swine in that vicinity.

A freight train on the Missouri and Kansas Railroad was wrecked at Wilton, Missouri, and one of the trainmen were killed and another injured. Some person had turned a switch.

A cloudburst struck the town of San Marcos, six miles north of San Antonio, Texas, and washed away a large portion of the town. It is thought that at least five lives were lost.

An Austin, Tex., despatch says that reports from all sections of the State indicate that the cotton crop has been seriously damaged by the heavy rains. Cotton was full blown and hundreds of acres were washed clean.

At Burke, Idaho, the Tiger Hotel, a number of warehouses and several small buildings were destroyed by fire. William O'Hara was suffocated to death, B. L. Scarles and Joseph Coburn fatally burned and several others seriously injured.

A. L. Wire, chief of the United States Weather Bereau in Phoenix, Ariz., was killed and a number of others injured in an accident at the Congress Mine, sixty miles north of Phoenix. The party was ascending the inclines on a dump train when the cars left the track near the 1200-foot level, and was piled up in a wreck.

While a Lehigh Valley freight train, east bound, was standing on the tracks near Batavia, New York, a train from the rear crashed into it. A moment later a west-bound freight struck the standing train head on. All three engines left the tracks and toppled over. Brakeman Kimball was instantly killed. Engineer McCarthy was caught beneath his engine and was terribly injured.

The King of Greece receives the smallest income of any European sovereign, his salary only amounting to $200,000.