

The Silverton Secret.

By CHARLOTTE BRAEME. (Author of Dora Thorne.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Her keen eyes were on the alert, however; if anything was to be discovered, she was pretty sure to come upon it.

"Do you expect many guests to-night besides those staying in the house?" she asked Lord Lilburne some time later as the company was about to disperse and dress for dinner.

"Yes, a great number," was the reply. "By the way, Grace," he added, turning to his daughter, "did I tell you that Lord Roland Ayre wrote to me to say he is coming to-night?"

"Lord Roland?" repeated Grace in dismay.

"Yes; I wrote to invite him to dinner. He says he cannot come till later in the evening, but he will come."

"Did he say nothing else?" asked the daughter hoarsely.

"Yes; he did say something else, but it's of no consequence—at least, no consequence to you," and his lordship turned away.

Grace asked no more. She was beginning to feel like a creature at bay, hunted on every side, with no avenue of escape open to her.

Why did her father invite Lord Roland Ayre, and why, above all things, had the invitation been accepted?

After a time, however, consternation gave place to mirth, and she laughed bitterly as she remarked to Sir Victor:

"Your cousin gives a striking proof of masculine constancy. Last year when he went away he said he would never enter Silverton Castle again unless he brought Kate with him, or came to meet her."

"And how do you know that he won't bring Kate with him?" asked Miriam Hindman boldly.

Grace looked at her for one moment with a scornful scowl, then turned away without deigning to utter one word of reply.

"Surely papa does not think of marrying that horrid girl," Grace exclaimed, as she watched her father and Miriam talking together in a confidential and affectionate manner.

"I shouldn't think he'd have the chance," returned Sir Victor; "she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"Oh, yes, I know you think there is nobody like her," sneered Grace.

"At any rate, I didn't invite her here," retorted the young man, angrily.

"Well, no; you couldn't very well, as it is my father's house," she replied; "but I wonder, since you admire her so much, you don't marry her."

"I am like your father in that respect—I haven't the chance," he said, coldly.

Then he crossed the room and joined the couple of whom they had been talking.

Grace was very angry, but she did not follow him, and soon after this the first gong sounded—a hint that it was time to dress for dinner.

Miriam Hindman, instead of going up stairs like the other girls, sauntered into a little study she knew of, where a bright fire burned in the polished grate, and the lamp was turned low.

Despite her assumption of cheerfulness and high spirits, her heart was sad and heavy.

Sir Victor Gayherd had been the one love of her life, and, though they had parted in pique and anger more than a year ago, and just before her father had lost the greater part of his fortune, she had always expected her truant lover to return to her.

But this hope had died out now, for he was pledged to become the husband of another before twenty-four hours had passed.

She had seated herself on a hassock before the fire, her hands clasping her head, and her elbows resting on her knees, and she was thinking sorrowfully of the man whom she still loved so well.

"He will have a very miserable life," she mused, "particularly so if Grace does not get the large fortune she anticipates, and he will, no doubt, often think of me and wish he had not taken me at my word when I told him to go and find a richer wife. Ah, me! people think me bright and witty, the men admire me, and the girls envy me, and yet I am the most miserable woman in this house to-night—yes, quite the most miserable."

Her meditations were here interrupted by an arm being clasped round her waist and by some member of the opposite sex very energetically kissing her.

She looked up, struggled to her feet, and, recognizing her companion, she exclaimed, passionately:

"Victor, how dare you insult me like this?"

"I only kissed you under the mistletoe," he pleaded, with mock humility, holding up a spray of the white-berried plant.

"Under the mistletoe!" she exclaimed, with increasing anger. "I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face. I wonder you dare to come into a room where I am alone."

"Well, it is a risky thing to do," he replied recklessly; "but I wanted to speak to you, and I may not have another chance."

"That is highly probable. What have you to say?"

"I want to know why you came here?"

"I came because I was invited," was the haughty reply.

"You had some other reason," he persisted.

"I had two or three other reasons," she replied with a short laugh.

"One of them was to make me feel what a fool I'd been to think of marrying that waxen-faced doll while you are free."

"Oh, dear, no! I am not so vain; besides, you don't know that I am free. But, since you are so curious, I don't mind telling you that I came here with the hope of meeting Kate Lilburne to-night."

"Kate Lilburne?" he repeated, incredulously. "Are you out of your mind? There is no such person living as Kate Lilburne."

"Well, perhaps she is married and has changed her name, still she won't have lost her identity."

"And you really came here hoping to meet Kate and not me?" he asked earnestly as he stepped close to her side.

"Why should I want to see you?" she asked defiantly. "You are nothing to me."

"And yet you are all the world to me, Miriam—my love, my life. Only say the word and we will fly together, and I will break the hateful bonds that bind me to Grace, whom I have never loved."

He caught her in his arms and strained her to his heart; but she gently though firmly released herself from his embrace, as she said:

"It is too late, Victor, too late. I have no pity for Grace, but I cannot bring such pain and humiliation upon her father. No; you must keep your word and marry her; but I am sorry for you and—and—so sorry for myself."

She slipped away from him as she said this, and ran upstairs, but on her way to her own room to dress she thought, as a species of self-mortification, she would go into Grace's room with the other girls and try to be civil to her young hostess.

Many of the bridesmaids had clustered around the expectant bride, and took a great interest in the dress she was to wear on this last evening when she would sit at the head of her father's table as the mistress of his household, and they admired over and over again the handsome trousseau with which she had been provided.

"You don't seem to have much jewelry," remarked Miriam Hindman. "I wish I had known it before, for I would have given you a bracelet as a wedding present instead of the silver dishes I brought with me. But I suppose your father will give you Kate's jewels; she had a splendid collection, I know."

"Kate's jewels will go with her money to her mother's family, when there is proof that she is really dead, but if people talk such stuff to my father as you did this afternoon it is not likely that anything reasonable will convince him," replied Grace, severely.

"I don't know why you should call it 'stuff,'" returned Miriam, quietly; "people don't disappear as your sister did unless they go away to return at some time or other, or unless they are murdered. Therefore, until it is proved that she is dead, we may reasonably hope she is alive."

Grace shrugged her shoulders. She would not discuss the matter, but intimated that it was time they should begin to dress, and her maid came forward to attend her while the girls all went off to their own rooms.

"How very horrid Miriam is in her manner to Grace!" remarked Lizzie Goulburne to her sister, as they were dressing, without the help of any maid; "she seems to do all she can to vex her."

"Yes," replied Amy; "but I don't wonder at all; I am only surprised at her being here at all."

"Why?"

"I wonder she cared to come to the wedding of the man she was engaged to herself, and I am not surprised at her constant reference to poor Kate Lilburne, for Kate and she were bosom friends, and you must admit that the way in which Grace tries to assume that Kate is dead is irritating to those who hope, if they do not believe, otherwise."

"Yes, perhaps you are right; and I don't think it would take much to win Sir Victor back to his old love."

"So little that I would not risk a pair of new gloves on the chance of our wearing those costly gowns to-morrow."

And she pointed to the two bridesmaids' costumes that lay on the shelves of the open wardrobe.

"We shall keep them in any case," laughed Lizzie; "and they will serve us for evening dresses for the rest of the winter. After all, lookers-on see most of the fun."

"They see it, but they don't take part in it," sighed her sister; "and girls like you and me seem to have no chance of ever being anything but lookers-on."

"Oh! our turn will come," was the hopeful rejoinder. "And there goes the second gong; do make haste, or we shall be late, and that will be dreadful."

"I don't see anything dreadful about it; but I am nearly ready."

They hurried so much after this that when they entered the drawing-room they found the room quite empty.

Other people soon trooped in, however, and very soon the Goulburne girls found themselves sufficiently sought after, despite their plain attire.

The rivals of the evening, however, were the bride-elect and her chief bridesmaid, Miriam Hindman.

Grace was dressed in pale blue, exquisitely trimmed with cream lace and blush-roses, while her golden hair, her gold ornaments, and her bright blue eyes made her look bewitching in the extreme.

But her beauty was quite eclipsed when Miriam appeared.

The brunette wore rose-colored satin, half covered with costly black lace looped with lilies-of-the-valley, while pearls and diamonds were clasped round her throat, and lilies and diamonds shone in her jet black hair.

Independent of ornament, Miriam was wonderfully beautiful, but rich colors and sparkling gems added very much to her natural charms, and she used laughingly to say that she was thankful she had been born too late to be expected to wear white muslin gowns, short in the waist and tied round with a sash, until the time when she should be married.

"It was almost enough to drive a girl to marry the first man who asked her, if only to obtain the privilege of wearing silk and satin," she would say laughingly. Happily in our days we can wear what we like without caring for the opinion of the male sex or for that of Mrs. Grundy."

She seemed to care for the good opinion of one member of the male sex this evening, however, and he for hers; and though his marriage with his host's daughter was fixed for the following morning, Sir Victor seemed to be unable to resist the attraction of Miriam's black eyes.

Grace watched the couple jealously whenever she thought of them; but something more important than the temporary defection of her lover filled her thoughts. She was planning how to get away from her guests unobserved and stay long enough to be able to ascertain what lay at the bottom of the dark shaft into which she had thrust her sister.

"I shall have no opportunity after to-night," she thought gloomily. "For to-morrow I shall have people about me the whole time until I go to church, and after that I shall go away with Victor."

"Yes, it must be to-night. When the conjurers engaged come into the hall to play their tricks I shall slip away. I shall be less missed than than at any time."

She smiled as she came to this conclusion, and turned to answer a question which a gentleman at her side had asked.

CHAPTER VI.

What Grace Saw at the Bottom of the Shaft.

The tables had been cleared away, the guests had returned to the grand old hall, and dancing had been going on for nearly a couple of hours, when the band ceased playing, and a company of conjurers and jugglers, specially engaged for the occasion, made their appearance.

All the lights were lowered and the large party of guests seated themselves in a half-circle round the performers.

The host this evening was more than restless, he was nervous and excited, and as the minutes and the hours went on he seemed to find it difficult to turn his eyes from the door.

"Are you expecting anybody, papa?" Grace had asked him more than once as she observed his singular manner.

"Yes—I don't know," he had replied, impatiently; "don't mind me; go and amuse yourself."

And he turned away as though annoyed at being questioned.

Grace was too much troubled with her own perplexities to pay much heed to her father, and when the jugglers commenced their tricks and she believed all eyes were fixed upon them, she rose from her seat and quietly left the room.

She had made all her preparations. The previous year she had soiled her delicate dress and she remembered how Lord Roland had looked at her as he pointed out the stain.

Now she was more prudent.

She hastily buttoned on a dark ulster that completely covered her pale-blue gown and otherwise protected herself against the cold, for she recollected even now, with a shudder, how the wind, rushing up from the dark aperture, had seemed to strike her with its icy breath and chill her to the very bone.

There was no snow on the ground this year; it was a green Yule-tide, and old people talked of there being a full churchyard, while others, more hopeful and less prone to take a gloomy view of matters, said there was frost in the air, and before New Year's day there would be skating on the river and lakes.

With her nerves strung with a nameless fear to the horrible task before her, Grace Lilburne went swiftly to the chamber which, a year ago this very night, had been the scene of such a cruel tragedy.

It was not until she had lighted the lantern and fastened the door behind her, and she felt herself quite alone, with the consciousness that her victim was lying so many feet below the spot on which she stood, that her courage wavered, and for a few seconds she felt that she could not look upon the face of the dead.

But while fear weakened her resolution, a horrible fascination seemed to draw her on with irresistible power to complete the purpose which brought her here, and to satisfy herself beyond all doubt that Miriam Hindman's hints and suggestions meant nothing more than a desire to annoy her and make her uncomfortable.

(To be Continued.)

MENAGE IS KILLED.

THE MINNEAPOLIS DEFAULTER MURDERED IN HONDURAS.

An American Supposed to Be Menage Is Found Murdered Near Juzaran, Honduras, and the Body Is Buried There.

Tegundigalpa, Honduras, June 23.—The body of the American found murdered near Juzaran, and which is supposed to be that of Louis F. Menage the Minneapolis defaulter, was buried yesterday.

Holtenau, June 23.—Emperor William visited the Russian armored cruiser Rurik at 9:30 o'clock and subsequently laid the last stone of the Baltic-North sea canal in the presence of many thousands of spectators. The weather was brilliant. The scene at the laying of the last stone was embellished by handsome designs in landscape gardening and the light-house, standing close to the spot, showed the three bronze reliefs of Emperor William I, Frederick III, and William II.

The lighthouse and the block of masonry into which the emperor placed the finishing stone was surmounted by enormous scaffoldings, rising in a semicircle and affording seats for about 15,000 people. In laying the stone the emperor said: "In memory of Emperor William the Great, I christen this canal the Kaiser Wilhelm canal."

His majesty then tapped the stone three times, saying: "In the name of the Triune God, in honor of Emperor William, to the weal of Germany and to the welfare of nations."

SCOTT'S MURDER.

Little Fannie Testifies About Her Father's Death.

Butte, Neb., June 23.—When court convened to-day the state called Fannie Scott, the little eight-year-old daughter of the murdered ex-treasurer, to the stand. She described in her own language the capture of the party at the Parker postoffice, and said she had since seen one of the men who was in the crowd which surrounded the buggy at their home in O'Neil. Witness said the man she saw at O'Neil was dressed the same and had eyes like the man at Parker's. Physicians who conducted the post-mortem examination on the body testified as to the condition of the body and the marks on the neck of the murdered man. Witness said that from the condition of the rope about the neck his opinion was that death had been caused by strangulation, but thought the position of the rope did not indicate that the body had been suspended.

A SENSATION.

A Chicago Official Confesses to Pay Roll Stuffing.

Chicago, June 23.—The city officials here are investigating the stuffed pay rolls, and have received valuable testimony to-day from W. A. Dorman, of the water pipe extension department. Detectives had been searching for Dorman for several days, and to-day he gave himself up and made a confession, which, it is said, implicates many of the city officials who are not yet under arrest. The details of the statement were carefully guarded by the investigators, but it is said that it is sensational in its showing of the widespread corruption under the late city administration. It was reported that as a result of Dorman's confession a large number of additional arrests would be made at once.

POLISH PASTOR DEAD.

Rev. Hippolyte Gorski of Milwaukee Succumbs to Cancer.

Milwaukee, June 23.—Rev. Hippolyte Gorski, pastor of one of the largest Polish Catholic congregations in the United States, died yesterday afternoon of a cancerous affection, aged forty-eight years. The funeral, which will occur next Tuesday, will be one of the largest ever held in the city. Nearly 7,000 people will accompany the remains to their last resting place, as the deceased was a member of nearly every Catholic and Polish organization in the city. Bishops Schwelbach and Messmer will be in attendance. Fathers Guowski of Detroit and R. Joekka of Hoff Park will officiate.

New Consuls in Armenia.

Washington, June 23.—Having in view the possibility of further trouble in Armenia, involving naturalized American citizens, congress in its last session created two additional United States consulates there, at Harport and Ezeroum. The department of state has taken steps to establish these immediately, and to that end has arranged to send two experienced consular clerks to open the new consulates and put them in working order in readiness for the appointment of regular consuls, who have not yet been selected.

Ends His Fun.

Minneapolis, June 23.—John S. Potter, who is wanted at Green Castle, Ind., on a charge of grand larceny, was arrested at the West hotel in this city this morning, and is at the central lock-up awaiting the arrival of an officer from that place. He was formerly clerk at the Commercial hotel at Green Castle, and it is alleged that he absconded from there with \$100 which had been placed in his care by a guest at the house.

Cabinet Crisis.

London, June 23.—The general belief expressed is that the defeat of the inet is now sitting and it is believed that the ministers will decide upon a dissolution at the earliest possible moment.

MARKET REPORTS.

Latest Quotations From Live Stock Centers.

Chicago, June 23.—Wheat 70 1-2c; July, 70 7-8c; 72 3-8c; December, 74 3-4c; June, 48 3-8c; July, 48 7-8c; December, 49 7-8c; May, 42 1-4c. Oats—June, 31 3-4c; September, 31 3-4c; July, 28 1-4c; September, 27 3-4c. Pork—June, \$11.77; September, \$12.00. Lard—June, \$6.42; July, \$6.47; \$6.67. Short ribs—June, \$6.15; September, \$6.25. Chicago, June 23.—Hogs—fairly active and generally yesterday's close; light mixed, \$4.40-4.70; heavy rough, \$4.35-4.50; butts, \$3.75-4.05; cows and calves, Texans, \$2.25-2.50.

Minneapolis, June 23.—Wheat closed at 71 3-4c; July, 71 5-8c and closed at 71 3-4c; No. 1 Northern, 72 1-4c; No. 2 Northern, 71 1-4c.

Milwaukee, June 23.—Wheat lower; No. 2 spring, No. 1 Northern, 77 1-2c; No. 2 white, 77 1-2c; No. 3 white, 76 1-2c; Barley nominal; No. 2, 48c; Rye dull; No. 1, 62c; lower; pork, \$11.75; lard, \$6.45. St. Paul, June 23.—Hogs—quality not so good for one fancy load on the market, \$4.45. Cattle firm and active; butcher cattle; others steady.

JUDSON HARMON.

Sketch of the Recently Appointed Attorney General.

Washington, June 23.—Harmon, recently appointed Attorney General of the United States and the vacancy caused by the death of Richard Olney from the office of justice to the department is a native of Hamilton county,



Judson Harmon.

He was born Feb. 3, 1846, at the public schools and finished education at Dennison and Granville, Ohio, graduating from the law at the Cincinnati School, was admitted to the bar in 1869, and became a member of the state bar. From 1878 to 1880 was judge of the superior court of Cincinnati. He resigned to become a member of the law firm of Harmon, Goussier & Hoadly. He enjoys a large and lucrative practice, and is a member of the firm.

Judge Harmon Hosts Dinner.

Cincinnati, June 23.—One of the twenty-six guests partook of dinner given by the Cincinnati association last night to Judge Harmon, attorney general of the United States. Judge A. H. Taft, chairman of the association, presided at the table with ex-attorney on his right and Judge his left. At this table were the judges and ex-judges of the court and common pleas. Judge Taft opened the after-dinner with an address to "our country" his speaking in compliment of the good judgment of the attorney general in making this Cleveland attorney general a voice of "Hurrah for Cleveland." It was taken up and continued a minute.

Wrong Side of the Line.

St. Paul, June 23.—The city mittee enumerator in the ward yesterday reported a certain number of people were counted by the St. Paul enumerator. Andrew lives at the corner of Emerald Franklin streets. Emerald is the dividing line between the ward and the other town is entirely the inhabitants who reside west side of that thoroughfare. Mr. Savage lives on this side.

Breeze Still Missing.

San Francisco, June 23.—Breeze, the partner of L. W. Lin, the grain speculator, was still missing Monday after withdrawing firm's funds from the bank, not since been seen.

Died of Her Wound.

New Albany, Ind., June 23.—Carrie Holzer died this morning in this city from the effects of a wound alleged to have been inflicted by her husband. Holzer claims she was intoxicated and fell off a horse.

Private letters received in this city state that Japan's claims on Formosa have been settled. Henry H. Houston, a director of the Pennsylvania railroad, died failure to-day.