

"A Moorland Princess."

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "A Woman in Grey," "Queen Sweetheart," "Her Royal Highness," "The House by the Lock," Etc.

CHAPTER X. The Death-Mask.

Elizabeth Truro was a superstitious woman. She believed in signs and omens, and had always wished to have her fortune told. But usually those who claimed to be in the secrets of the future desired to have their palms crossed with silver; and the spinner, who never had money without asking for her brother for half-a-crown to spend in such foolishness. Food and drink she was free to give, however, and, as in the case of Elizabeth, she invited the gipsy into the kitchen for rest and refreshment.

"You are welcome to cold meat, bread and cheese, and a neat bit of beer," said Elizabeth, as she poured out the beer. "Your life's been one of hard work and self-sacrifice."

Elizabeth heaved a martyr-sigh, though, as a matter of fact, she was contented enough. "You've come a journey and changed your home within the last four and twenty months. Since then there've been other changes." The gipsy watched the spinner's face as she slowly went on. "Something to do with strangers."

"The woman's powers appeared to her almost supernatural. Still, she did not speak. "Let me warn you that through strangers, who are brought near to you, your fortunes may be told. It may not be the people whom I see—yet it is someone under your own roof whom you must fear. Ah, I see also another—a young man."

"What kind of a young man?" was the question that burst from Elizabeth before she could control herself. In her mind's eye were two very different types. One, dark-haired, blue-eyed, blackish, with a handsome, square face, and a frank, delightful smile. The other, pale, almost cadaverous, with Auburn hair, and burning dark eyes in striking contrast.

"A young man good to look upon," pronounced the gipsy. "Strong, full of life and courage. "Ah, he might be that if he was well," exclaimed Elizabeth, and then could have bitten out her own tongue for her stupidity; though, after all, what did such a slip matter with a gipsy tramp like this old woman?

There was a quick flash in the light eyes which produced so strange an effect in the swarthy face, with its prominent black eyebrows and that of grizzled hair. But otherwise the gipsy gave no sign of having heard the impulsive words. She repeated her warning that Miss Truro must beware of a stranger whom Fate would lead near to her; and then went on to prophesy the coming of money. This also appeared remarkable to Elizabeth, for weekly payments were made to her for her little interest in the house to-morrow; and she felt that she had received fully the worth of the food supplied, when the fortune-teller brought her prophecies to a close with one or two minor predictions regarding health.

"You have no more to say to me, and I come of a grateful race," said the gipsy at last. "Is there anyone else in the house who would care to let me read the palm? I wish for no money."

"There's no one else here," said Elizabeth, and she turned to her, and then went on to prophesy the coming of money. This also appeared remarkable to Elizabeth, for weekly payments were made to her for her little interest in the house to-morrow; and she felt that she had received fully the worth of the food supplied, when the fortune-teller brought her prophecies to a close with one or two minor predictions regarding health.

"No, the woman was frightened, and tried to make me believe there was no one in the house but herself. There wasn't a sound or a sign of life about the place. As we came from the farmyard to the house, the woman and I took a good look at all the windows in sight, but there wasn't so much as a flutter behind the little diamond panes."

"You're no idea, then, in what part of the house she was?" "The gipsy woman shook her head. "I'm hoping you all I can, and I have been of use. But I can't do everything."

"I will find out the rest for myself, now it's sure they're at this place. You are sure, suppose?" "Sure, from the woman's looks. I didn't do palnistry in the States a whole year for nothing. I could always tell whether I'd hit the right thing or not; and today the inquiries we'd made about all the people within a radius of twenty miles, who could possibly take lodgers, weren't wasted. She thought I had occult powers! Oh, yes, the people you were sure, suppose?"

"Or have been there, perhaps. It may be that she's had the temerity to try and escape me by a fitting." "No. For that woman was on pins and needles nervousness all the time I was in the house. She was afraid, I believe, that the girl would come in, and I was dying for it. I'd give anything to see her."

"So you're what, if you go on as well as you've begun—you deserve a reward. But look here. You've forgotten to mention an important detail which I told you to notice. How about a dog?" "There isn't any—at least, no dog that barks. If there had been, I should have seen or heard him."

"Good!" The man reflected for a minute, his eyes introspected, his chin in his hand. Then he exclaimed again: "Good!"

The windows of the rooms now occupied in the north wing of New-Take farmhouse were curtained outside with a thick green drapery of ivory, and inside they were hung with some heavy material, also dark green, and so thickly hung that not a gleam of light could penetrate. No stranger coming to the farm after sunset, and unacquainted with the secret of the North Wing, would have had reason to guess that it was inhabited. The day-time the rooms hid any movements within the rooms which were filled with a dim green light, filtering between the thick-growing leaves; and Maya, in her brighter moods, sometimes hid herself to a moment in a palace under the green sea, or an Undine in the twilight depths of a well.

But for herself Maya loved sunshine by day, and a wide canopy of stars, or pearly floods of moonlight at night. In her "boudoir"—as her cousin Michael called it—in the main house, all these pleasant things were hers, and she loved the windows looking out over the moor. These, she had been converted by her orders, and against her cousin's wish into the bedroom of the convalescent who had been brought home wounded in the war; but one night, when Breakspear had been at the farmhouse for half-a-week, Maya stood in the window, with the moonlight shining a benediction upon her bright hair and lovely face.

She did not often stay alone with Jim for many moments, but this evening Michael had scolded her for going to him at all, now that he was too far on his journey to be a child; and he was so respectable—a man who incarnated the secret of the Maltese Cross? Or—an alternative explanation no less hateful sent the blood singing in Breakspear's veins.

Hardly had it taken definite form in his mind when a slender white figure approached the dark one, which wheeled and whirled about him as if he were hidden from the watcher at the window. Breakspear could remain passive and endure no more. Maya was out there in the night with that presence of evil, whatever it might be, and he was so had been drawn by a hateful phony influence, and it was intolerable that she should be left alone at the mercy of the mercies.

Maya must have gone out through a side door which he remembered, she it was probably that she would have been seen in her state of excitement by some member of the household and detained. Through that side door he would go also. He and his stick went groping along a passage only illuminated by a night-light on a high bracket, found their way to the stairs, and began the descent, slowly and painfully. Below was another passage, and at the end was the door which Jim wished to reach. Through this was the nearest outside approach to the North Wing; but there was no thought of that in Breakspear's mind. The lower passage was dark, and Jim had to feel his way to the door at the end. He made as little noise as possible, but yet at each instant he expected to see a light appear, and hear a demand as to who was there, and what was wanted.

As he moved on there was a queer, pricking pain in his side, but he scarcely noticed it. It seemed only a part of the anxiety he felt for Maya. At last the door was found, unlocked as he had fancied. He stepped out upon soft grass, glad of the pale illumination the sinking moon gave, after the airless darkness of the long passage. Now to turn a corner of the house, and he must come upon the girl and her mysterious companion.

step or two across the room (for his jailer-surgeon-host trusted his integrity enough to wish him well and out of the house as soon as might be), but with a warning stiffness in his side where the bullet had been, he helped himself up from the sofa and walked somewhat unsteadily towards Maya at the window.

"What is it?" he asked, with sharp anxiety for her. His voice, coming so close, roused the girl from a stupor of incredulous horror in which she had been half-groaning. She turned from him quickly, staggering back against the wall, and supporting herself with a tense hand on the window frame.

"Oh, horrible, horrible!" she cried. "Let me go! I—Mr. Breakspear, if you care for me, don't try to keep me now!"

With a dazed groping of her hands before her, she attempted to push past him like one who walks in sleep, but Breakspear put himself in her way. "Let me help you!" he implored. "Tell me what has frightened you. For heaven's sake, don't leave me like this, and forbid—"

"No one can help. The sword has fallen!" she stammered, and evading him she was at the door and out before, in the awkwardness of his unaccustomed weakness, he could follow.

As the door closed after her, he stood still in the middle of the room for a moment, undecided what to do. There wasn't any—at least, no dog that barks. If there had been, I should have seen or heard him."

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empty in the moonlight. In the distance by the gate he was half-inclined to fancy a movement in the darkness, but there was hardly time for one who had uttered that sob to have gained the entrance gates at all.

Breakspear's half-depleted veins ran chill. The April night was cool, and he was thinly clad. What could have become of Maya? He asked himself, in desperate bewilderment.

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PROVINCIAL CANDIDATES.

The following have been selected as candidates from the respective ridings as representatives in the provincial legislature:

Table with columns: District, No., Liberals, Conservatives, Labor, Etc. Lists candidates for various ridings including Athol, Cariboo, Chilliwack, Columbia, Comox, Cowichan, Cranbrook, Delta, Dewdney, Fernie, Grand Forks, H. B. Brown, Gooch Islands, Kamloops, Kettle, Lillooet, Nanaimo City, Nelson City, New Westminster, Okanagan, Revelstoke, Richmond, Saanich, Similkameen, Strathcona, St. James, Vancouver City, Victoria City, Yale, and Ymir.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

Richard Magar died at his residence in Dewdney on Thursday night. The deceased, who had reached the ripe age of 87 years, had been ailing for some time. The interment took place at Maple Ridge on Saturday last.

REVELSTOKE.

The total assessment of Revelstoke has a revision given from \$66,656 last year to \$712,015 for 1903. The increase in the rate is nearly 8 per cent, that on improvements 8 per cent.

The citizens have collected \$1,000 towards a fitting local celebration of Labor Day. A lacrosse match will be a leading feature of the occasion.

NAKUSP.

On Tuesday night a light engine on the C.P.R. Sandton branch ran away on the grade running from Sandton to Three Forks, and turned over into the ditch before reaching the bottom. Conductor Brett and Fireman McPherson were badly shaken and narrowly escaped serious injury. Breakman Wensley's arm was broken and Brett was badly bruised. The engine stuck to his post and escaped with slight bruises.

GOLDEN.

The prevailing weather this summer has been very unusual for this part of the country. It has rained a little nearly every day. Lately distant thunderstorms can be seen and heard on the mountains bordering the coast. Green ferns and mosses have not injured this far.

The mines are promising well. Some of the leading men of the Laborers' Co-operative Mining Company are here from Chicago. They will remedy the unfortunate delay in starting the new smelter. The machinists are now at work and promise to have the smelter in operation this fall.

GRAND FORKS.

A number of former members of the local branch of the American Labor Union, being dissatisfied with the stand taken in putting forward an avowed Socialist as their candidate at the forthcoming provincial election for the Grand Forks riding, have severed their connection with that organization, and have formed a local branch of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, of which organization Thos. Fulton was recently appointed organizer for this district. At a recent meeting of those interested, after the objects of the labor congress had been fully explained and a number of those present had given their views as to what a labor union should endeavor to secure, the local branch of the Trades and Labor Congress was formed. The candidates organized by W. N. Hunter, of Greenwood, has purchased the Jacket fraction, adjoining the Athletan mine, Wellington camp. The amount involved is \$15,000. J. J. Farrell, the owner, received \$3,000 cash and \$5,000 in the form of thirty days, and the balance thirty days later. The same syndicate is operating the Athletan mine on a working bond, and making daily shipments of 55 tons of ore that averages \$9 per ton. The smelting rate amounts to a trade over \$2 per ton. The ore nets about \$1.50 per ton.

ROSSLAND.

The Rossland Miner announces the organization of the Kootenay Consolidated Mining Company, with headquarters in Minneapolis. The corporation is a merger of half a dozen well-known Lardieu and silver lead mines, and ranks with the most important mining deals in the province. It is easily the largest merger ever put through in the Lardieu-Duncan country. Judge J. W. Miller was instrumental in putting through the deal. The Kootenay Consolidated absorbs the following Lardieu properties: Old Gold, Primrose, Mountain Lion, Treadwell, Black Warrior, Lardieu-Duncan, Guinea Gold, Extension, Spring gun, Silvery Moon, Comstock, Rio Grande, Baltimore and Amador. Old Gold and Primrose have recently shipped ore giving returns of over \$100 per ton, and a large tonnage is stored at the mine awaiting shipment. The Black Warrior, Mountain Lion and Treadwell have considerable ore bodies blocked out, and ore in train to the smelter. The remaining properties have strong surface showings. Minneapolis capitalists are behind the merger, being led by Dr. C. S. Dudley, Col. H. L. H. S. Dudley and Mr. C. W. Miller. The new company have mapped out a comprehensive programme for the properties mentioned. Development of the

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PROVINCIAL NEWS.

MORRISSEY MINES.

"Malcolm McInnis, of Cranbrook, and three others who held four claims at Crow's Nest, sold out this week to the C. P. R. The price paid was \$110,000. The railway company will develop this property to supply the steel works requirements. This vein of coal is practically the same as that discovered under the Elk north of Michel. Many claims have been staked by the C. P. R. and 10 claims have been staked by a number of Fernie people, who have formed themselves into a company to develop them. This company have several men up on the property now doing development. It is claimed that there are at least seven seams running through these coal lands, and that the coal is of the same quality as the Fernie coal."—Dispatch.

NELSON.

A large number of prospectors and mining men came in Thursday from Poplar Creek with samples to be assayed or tested at the smelter. They stated that the tunnel at Lucky Jack is now in nearly sixty feet, and by the same high-grade ore as on the surface. A handful of talc, the clay that frequently lines the walls of a lead, was scraped from one side of the tunnel on Monday, and when panned yielded \$7 in gold. Very few persons are now working in the tunnel or to inspect the property. The amount of gold nuggets being taken away as specimens having forced the owners to take all kinds of precautions to protect their ore.

REVELSTOKE.

Robert Jaffray, vice-president of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, who is passing through the Kootenays on a tour of inspection, in an interview stated that the company, at their three collieries in the Pass, Fernie, Michel and Morrissey, are now producing 3,000 tons of coal a day. By the middle of October, with the development work now in progress, this will be increased to 4,000 tons, and before the end of the year, to 5,000 tons a day. They have now 600 coke ovens in operation with 500 in course of erection, and when these latter are completed they will turn out 1,200 to 1,500 tons of coke a day. In the last three years the company have erected 412 residences for their employees, and their plans for the coming year contemplate still greater building operations. No land is to be sold in the valleys of St. Michel, Michel and Morrissey creeks. It is expected that within a few years every available foot will be used for mining or industrial purposes by the company. Besides the operations of this company, four independent concerns are working mines and building coke ovens in the pass, and, where five years ago there was not a single man employed in mining, the number of coal miners is well up in thousands without considering the armies of men employed in other capacities.

VANCOUVER.

The executive of the Mainland Teachers' Association will meet here on September 12, to consider the advisability of postponing the annual institute until January, 1905. This action has been suggested in view of the fact that the Easter institute of the provincial association meets also in Vancouver. The final arrangements for the big Labor Day celebration, to be held in this city on Monday next, under the auspices of the local labor organizations, were completed at a meeting held on Tuesday night by the committees representing the local unions. The celebration promises to be one of the best ever held in the province. The committee having in charge the arrangements for the sports will hold a meeting this week to arrange for the prizes for the many events. A feature of the celebration will be the big parade. On Wednesday morning Mr. Thomas H. Mackay, provincial government tax collector, was united in marriage to Miss Garnet Moffit Mills, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Mills. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. G. A. Wilson, pastor of the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian church, took place in the residence of the bride's parents. The local Council of Women has received a communication from the Committee of Missions, stating that she will arrive here on Monday next en route to Japan, and requesting that a meeting of the council may be held between the time of her arrival and the departure of the Empress, in order that she may explain her extensive hospital scheme. A meeting of the joint committee appointed to devise a scheme to establish a farmers' market in Vancouver was held on Tuesday night. J. S. Foran reported for the committee appointed to find a suitable site. The locations most favored were the old city hall, or a piece of ground near the old C.P.R. shops, which had a water frontage on False creek. The old Imperial opera house had also been considered as a temporary site. Mr. Morpole's absence from the city had prevented the committee from getting full details as to the price the C.P.R. wanted for the land on False creek, but for a start the committee favored the utilization of the old city hall. The meeting favored the establishment of a curb market on Columbia avenue or Westminster avenue as speedily as possible, and a sub-committee was appointed to draft a letter to the council on the subject, and personally present the views of those present at its next meeting. It was the general opinion that at first the market should be held weekly. Miss Elsie DeWolf made an attempt to establish a good 200 yard swimming record at English Bay on Tuesday. Miss DeWolf covered the distance in five minutes and eighteen seconds. Two hundred and ten cases were tried in the police court in August. There were 176 convicted. As a result of an attack by two vicious dogs, Mrs. G. F. Timms, of Mount Pleasant, is confined to her home by the doctor's care. It seems that Mrs. Timms, who is 90 years of age, was on her way home from a visit to her daughter, when two large dogs sprang over the fence and rushed savagely upon her. The old lady tried to protect herself as best she could, and managed to get away from the clutches of the brutes for a moment. She ran screaming into the middle of the road. The animals again pounced upon her, knocking her down, and were savagely worrying her for some moments before help arrived. Mrs. Timms's clothing was torn to shreds. Her arms were badly lacerated, and her body considerably bitten in places. One arm was so terribly torn that six stitches were required to bring the wound together. Complaint has been laid with the police. The Jockey Club officials have determined to signalize the advent of the large number of horses arriving in the province by the addition of extra races to each day's programme. In addition to the daily advertised two days, viz., to-day and Monday, it was decided to hold a special meeting of the club's committee, to hold an additional day's racing on Tuesday, at which a free-for-all trot or pace and five running events for liberal purses, and with absolutely no entrants, were to be given. Everything is now in readiness for the big demonstration to be held here on Labor Day. On the conclusion of the parade sports will be held at Brockton Park. The programme includes intermediate lacrosse match, Vancouver vs. Nanaimo, for medals, value \$75; foot races of all kinds, bicycle contests, tug-of-war, a day show. In the evening the Brockton Polo ground will be given over to a masquerade carnival and band concert and dances will be held. Prizes will be given for walking, two-step, most elegant lady, best dressed couple, best costume and best "Reverend" costume. During the day a competition, under the auspices of the Vancouver Rifle Association will be held at the Moodyville range, same the program for the day. Mr. Justice Irving, on Thursday morning, A. St. G. Hamersley, K. C., city solicitor, renewed his application for an injunction to restrain the Vancouver, Westminster & Yale Railway Company from proceeding with its plan of driving at the head of False creek. Mr. Hamersley presented to the court, in support of his application, an affidavit of Mayor Neelands, one of City Clerk McGuigan and three of his own. Mr. McCaul, K. C., for the company, objected to these affidavits as not being in due order. Mr. Justice Irving said that the affidavits must disclose (1) What the property of the city was; and (2) that trespass was being committed, and, from the material before him he was not satisfied of either. He was therefore, refused to receive the affidavits and give effect to the technical objections. It was not the business of the court to spell out the case, one piece from one affidavit and another piece from another. Mr. McCaul, after consultation with Woods, said that as they had not insisted on the costs of the last attempt to get the injunction, he would have to ask for the costs of this application, but he would not insist on the application being dismissed, but would consent to an adjournment. After consultation with the mayor, Mr. Hamersley asked for an adjournment till next Thursday. Order made that plaintiff's application stand adjourned till next Thursday. Defendant to have the costs of this application and to file and use further material on notice.

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design of James Bloomfield, of over, for the grand stairway in the of Washington building at the St. Exposition has been accepted. was a very large number of designs selected from, which makes the all the greater for Mr. Bloomfield. work will be in green marble Washington state quarries. All designs designed to bear out the claim of Bloomfield as the designer of the considerable time on embellishing the or of Carey Castle. This work is completed in a day or two.

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