
I hope myself to be forgiven."

thinking she wandered, "for all."

He entered the gate and began pac-

aimlessly from cabin to cabin.

emuity of the negroes.

"What is this, "irandy"?' he asked

for pardon.'

Meantime the small world at Marshall House had for months known no change. In August, however, Leonard Harris had returned, thereby creating a nine days' wonder among dat. My blessed chile, I wants to those who had thought him dead. He gave no account of himself during his absence, but came and went between his father's house and the village as idle, quarrelsome, and forbidding as ever.

Young Tully, of the "store, " was heard to remark that "it was a pity he had not stayed dead."

Aunt Phibby had been ill with dropsy since early in the spring, and you, both dem you knows on and dem as the summer waned she began to you don't." feel that her days were nearly ended. She firmly believed that her illness was a judgment upon her for the deceit practiced on her young master, God in Heaven!" she cried, suddenly, and lay upon her sick bed in all the agonies of futile repentance. She felt fo'give me! my chile has done said little remorse as far as Bel was con- he don't b'ar me no malice, an' I kin a face worn and aged with pain. cerned; that is, she had not much die happy! O may de good Heavenly sympathy for any serrows the young Father bless my chile fo'even and girl might have been called upon to eveh!" endure, but she was afraid of the | Charley went away humbled, cast memory of her. She had a vague and down in spirit. How had he dared to terrified notion that the girl's spirit | judge this tender, this noble creature, less Nemesis, who delighted in inflict- tenderness so put his own to shame? ing upon her the slightest pangs, both | The next day she died, and with a

"The remembrance of me shall desired, and bade them dig her grave haunt you till your dying day." Had Bel been alive and near her, she often expressed a wish to be buried. would have thought she was "conjured," but as it was, she felt herself and circumstance" so dear to the ne-

critteh do agin a sperrit?" she asked idea of their master's goodness than a

herself hopelessly, and so lay down whole lifetime of ordinary kindness most patiently to die. As the end approached she sent for

Charley to bid the last farewell. He the grave, and stood hat in hand came, and sitting down by her bedside while the services were read, and untook up one of her worn old hands and began to stroke it softly. "Mars Charley," she said, faintly, with a sigh he turned homeward, feel-

"is you sorry to see yo' po' ole mam-

deeply moved. He reproached him- of his youth deserved so severe a punself bitterly that he had been so hard ishment. upon her, this faithful servant of two generations. He remembered her untiring devotion to the interests and comfort of the family. She had dressshe had laid out for the grave the sports. three who were gone, and from the time when he alone was left from all his family, she had as far as in her lay, filled the places of father, mother, sister. And he in return had in her old age thrust her from him for an offense of mere thoughtlessness, and suffered her to spend her last days uncheered by the tender ministrations

she had a right to expect. "Mammy," he said, huskily, 'I have ill treated you! I have sinned against you, my faithful mammy. How have I repaid your goodness to

me and mine?" "Oh, my po' chile," she said, feebly, "you's allays ben good to me. looking at him expectantly, touched Nobody neveh had no betteh chile dan his hand and said: you is. It's me dats been de po' mis'able sinneh. But Ise gwine to die done foun' somethin' in Aunt Phib now, Mars Charley, an' I can't die by's lof'." easy 'less you says you fo'gives me fo' all Ise eveh done to hurt you' feel-

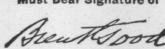
He thought she referred to her care- long file of women and children and a lessness of Bel that night, and look- few men drew near. ing in the dim eyes which had always beamed on him so fondly, he bundle, which without a word the pressed the wrinkled hand more ten- placed in her master's hands.

ABSOLUTE

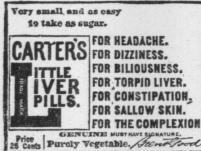
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knees, his face la In front of him

Danger Next Door.

Perhaps it's diphtheria, or scarlet fever. Keep your own home free from the germs of these diseases. 'Dear mammy, remembering the greatness of my own shortcomings, I feel that I have been brutally harsh toward you. It is I who should beg "No, no, Mars Charley, don't say

visit to the house-and over its wide heah you say you fo'gives me. Say back was spread the ill-omened dress. dem words, Mars Charley, say dem words," she continued, with feeble Wrinkled, soiled, blood-stained it was indeed a pitiful sight, and one "Well, mammy, I who am the pres- | well calculated to awaken intolerable ent sinner, say that I forgive you, as memories in the heart of the bereaved bridegroom.

"I wants you to say dat you fo'gives rushing forward he fell on his knees before the chair. me fo' all de sins Ise eveh done agin beaten cheeks, he trembled and sighed "Yes, mammy," he said, soothingly,

in clear tones. "My chile has done pretty Bel!" "Jim," he said, rising and coming

Jim shrank visibly. "No, no.," he shuddered, "that is Miss Valine's blood, curse her! Oh. hung over her, a stern and remorse- whose unselfish and long-suffering that my pretty Bel should die for

"don't strike me now!" mental and bodily. She still listened sad heart he gave directions for such a funeral as he knew she would have looked in the pale, stricken face of his at Miss Connie's feet, where she had

> with resistless force. "Mr. Charley," he said, tremulous-

never reproach you for it." He held out his hand. Charley clasped it closely, but did not speak. Jim looked mournfully at heaped upon her lowly mound. Then

"Does this give you any clue, Mr. ing that the links that bound him to Charley?" he asked at length. "They He dropped his head upon her hand ing vaguely whether the careless sins Phibby's cabin. She hated my poor told me it was found in the ole nigger

ing slowly up and down under the locusts where he and Bel had played in childhood, and where his sister had me, both those I was aware of and ed himself and sister at their birth, been wont to sit smiling upon their those I was not. Little did I imagine Oh, the bitterness of thought when that I was sittin' humble and peniall our joys are of the past! 'Oh. tent beside the bed of my wife's murdear in life, the days that are no deress. Now," he continued with vio-For some time he walked back and my very soul, I curse her! I pray God forth, thus "chewing the cud of sweet to curse her. I hope she is burning and bitter fancies," no one daring or in the hottest flames of hell!"

morning, and the servants walked don't know nothing positive agin the

At length one of the farm hands ap- "I soon will know," cried the proached his master with slow and re- other, "all there is to be found out. luctant steps, and as Charley stopped, I will search the premises until I find of a case against him, and which he this horrid mystery!'

"Mr. Marshall, sir, de chillun's His tones were low and solemn.

He took it unsuspiciously, yet a little puzzled at the ceremonious solbeginning slowly to unfold the clumsy The outside was of a dingy white. larkened and discolored with mildew, heppard and suffering face to make speech. and stained with the raindrops which

uddenly it flew open and fell in long, shining folds to his feet. It was his young wife's wedding robe, and upon it were the dark stains harbor an evil thought against this Young Marshall turned the hue of brother of the sainted Miss Connie. "My God, it is her dress!" he cried, after them," and the mere memory of

he strode with it to the house. slowly to their quarters.

CHAPTER XX.

rated Jim Pointer came riding furiously up to Marshall House. He dismounted, threw his reins over line. the hitching post, walked hastily through the gate, and entering the house, strode rapidly from room to the factoring early in Septem-

room. On reaching the library he pushed open the door and entered. Upon a low chair near the window sat Marshall, his elbows upon handner's of had set n.

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Jim Pointer's eye fell upon it and "But, Mars Charley," she persisted, The tears poured down his weather-

"Oh' my gal! My poor, lost gal." "Bless de Laud! Praise de good this? Oh, my Lord, where is my Marshall raised his head, disclosing

> near, "do you see those stains? Is it her blood?'

> such as her!" "Jim," said Charley, hoarsely, The old overseer turned slowly and

A tide of old memories of old ties and old associations, flowed over him They buried her with all the "pomp gro's mind, and which more fully imly, "you did me and my child a bitter pressed her fellow servants with the wrong, but I believe now you didn't

rightly see what you was about. Anyway, I believe you have suffered your own punishment, and I shan't Charley followed his old nurse to til the last shovelful of dirt had been

life were fast breaking, and wonder-

"Yes, Jim, it was found in her loft," replied the young man, bitterher meaning, perfidious wretch! and lent and impious wrath, "now, from

indeed wishing to interrupt him. It | Jim stood aghast. was a holiday on the place, given in "Mr. Charley! Mr. Charley!" he honor of the mournful event of the said, "don't talk that way! You of further evidence from that source.

ole woman.' some further trace of my lost wife. I must and will get to the bottom of

Jim remained a short time longer, and when he went home it was with a sad heart, yet with a certain sense "Here de women comes a-bringin" of it now, sir," he continued, as a

All along it had been a hard matter for him to be obliged to cherish rankindly son, and he had often pondered about' would be the ignominious The foremost had in her arms a uneasily if it must always be so. He death of her foster child?" has beard of Charley's bitter grief constant and untiring endeavor to

some tidings of the lost girl, so mes that he could pour his own tows into the only ears competent to a mpathine. And so his heart had for a long time been softening, and it only n eded the sight of his master's

ad soaked through Phibby's root. bities ays, it is uncertain is fe ! ... might have been. he had bought him back to on faiths, and he could no longer broken-spirited boy, this well-beloved Ah, well! "the good men do lives parsely, and gathering it in his arms one slender, golden-haired girl was sufficient to influence many and differ None followed, but the negroes look- our persons to the right. To the idle ed in each other's faces and went observer Miss Connie's life might well have seemed in vain. She grew to most present and beautiful woman hore, an then she died. But she had not have levain. Not all the books, An hour after the events above nar- | not solve p eachers, not all the marteach a better lesson than that of per sweet and tender human

CHAPTER XXI. be ... range and unwontthe door of Marshall m. he sherin of in by the

the mas-

'Sir,' said the sheriff respectfully, 'it is my painful duty to arrest you

in the name of the law." Marshall, standing with one hand on his chairback, turned a shade paler. "Upon what charge, may I ask, Mr. The sheriff hesitated, cleared his

throat and replied in the measured tones of one repeating a task: "Upon the charge of murder." Marshall threw back his head

"Murder, sir! murder!" "Yes, sir," returned the sheriff, renight, for it's perfectly safe, yet not | luctantly : for the murder of your wife Marshall onk in his chair with such a look of horror as might well have been taken for the remorse and fear of

> The sheriff eyed him curiously, and under the intolerable inquisitiveness of the look he rallied. "Who brings this charge against me,

Mr. Judson?" he asked. "The voice of the people generally, I believe, Mr. Marshall, but more directly the affidavit of Mr. Leonard

Harris. Ah," said Charley, with bitterness, "it is Len Harris, is it? I understand

Unfortunate Harris! he was by no means a good or lovable personage. but he met with too harsh a judgment on all sides. True, it gave him 'Will I never see no more of you than a savage joy to see his old rival suffer, but he did not believe it to be suffering innocently. In his dark and morbid imaginings he had builded step by step an edifice worthy of him. After his vain search for her he had become convinced that Bel was indeed dead. At first he thought that in her wild frenzy of grief and remorse she had taken her own life, and bitter thoughts, in that connection. But the discovery of the dress, the burning of the cabin, the recent reconciliation with the old negro, Phibby, her

honorable burial-all these facts served to turn his mind into a new channel. Quick for once in his own evil imaginings, he leaped to the conclusion that to save her name and his own, Marshall had actually slain his fair bride at the altar. Or, he sometimes thought, remembering his former fickleness, he had perhaps struck her down with wrath at the blow she had dealt his more recent love. But whatever the motive, he was convinced that Marshall's was the hand which had sent Bel Pointer to her final sleep. And so, though more than glad that he might deal retribution to one who ad stricken him so hard, he yet be-

lieved himself to be acting in the interest of law and society. It is not to be supposed, however, that Marshall, so entirely innocent of Bel's disappearance, could be able to trace out these secret workings of his enemy's mind. As his thoughts ran quickly over the ground he could easily see the points against him: The last time Bel had been seen she was being half dragged away in his arms; he had held in his hand Jim Pointer's knife, a weapon fully capable of dealing a mortal wound: he admitted having taken her to Phibby's cabin, and there all trace of her had been lost. The blood stained dress and shred of buried the negro with unusual ceremony, and had subsequently burned the cabin, thus destroying the chance These facts, together with the futility of the search for the body, and, as he heard after, the finding of the fatal knife, he knew made something did not doubt would be well supported

by false swearing. "Well, Mr. Judson," he said, as hese thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, "my accusers have selected a favorable moment for their attack. They have wisely awaited the death of my old witness. I wonder if she knows," he added, musingly, "that cor against his noble old master's one of the offenses I did not 'know

"Oh, Mr. Marshall," cried the sheriff, "let's hope it won't be so bad as that! Considering your previous good to both, and had wished vaguely character, and the want of the corpus delicti, you may expect to get off with ten years or so in the pen.' Charley looked up haughtily, and with a perceptible start, but made no reply to his delicate and consoling

> (To be continued.) When the Bowels

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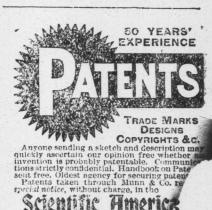
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