

any movement that for the time he was disconcerted, and he wished to be alone, that he could think over the situation. About six o'clock in the afternoon he returned, looking bright and calm, as if he had thought out his problem and had solved himself up to do and dare all in behalf of the woman he loved. He went quietly to his room and began his preparations for a vigorous assault upon the enemy.

He rolled out his micro-lamp into the middle of the room, drew up the curtains at the window that faced Mr. Belford's chamber, and prepared to adjust the apparatus to a new and most singular style of lantern projection. He had hardly finished the work to his satisfaction before he heard Alma's knock at the door. He hastily drew down the curtains, and then invited her to come in.

She opened the door and appeared upon the threshold, the picture of resigned and heavy sorrow. She had evidently been weeping, and the dark dress in which she had arrayed herself seemed to intensify the look of anguish on her face. The sound of silence was disconcerting. He did not know what to say, and, with great wisdom, she said nothing.

She entered the room without a word, and sat down on a trunk. Elmer quickly rolled up the great easy chair so that it would face the open western window.

"Sit here, Miss Denny. This is far more comfortable."

"Oh, Elmer! Elmer! Spare me, spare me, for my father's sake!"

"Not knowingly. Sit here where there is more air, and before this view and this beautiful sunset."

She rose, and with a forlorn smile took the great chair and then gazed absently out of the window upon the charming landscape, brilliant with the glow of the setting sun. Elmer meanwhile went on with his work, and for a few moments neither spoke. Then she said, with a faint trace of impatience in her voice:

"What are you doing, Elmer?"

"Preparing for war."

"It is useless. It is too late."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Everything has been settled, and in a very satisfactory manner—at least father is satisfied, and I suppose I ought to be."

She smiled and held out her hand to him.

"How can I ever thank you, Cousin Elmer? You will not forget me when I am gone."

"Forget you, Alma! That was tucked."

He took her hand, gazed at the diamond ring upon her finger, and looking down upon her as she lay half reclining in the great chair, he said, with a smile, as if the words pained him:

"Alma, have you surrendered to him?"

She looked up with a hidden expression, and said:

"What do you mean?"

"You have renewed your engagement with Mr. Belford?"

"Yes—of course I have. He is to be my husband."

"On Wednesday?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

Instead of replying he turned to a drawer and drew forth a long ribbon of white paper. Holding it to the light, near the window, he began to read the words printed in dots and lines upon it.

"Here is your own confession. Here are all the messages you sent me from the parlor, when you broke your engagement with him."

"Oh, Elmer! Did you save that? Destroy it—destroy it at once. If he should find it he would never forgive me."

"You need not fear. I shall not destroy it, and it shall never cause you any trouble."

She had then in her excitement, and stood upon her feet. Suddenly she flushed a rosy red, and a strange light shone in her eyes. The sun had sunk behind the hills, and it had grown dark. As the shadows gathered in the room's strange, mystic light fell on the ground before her. A picture—dim, ghostly, gigantic and surpassingly beautiful—met her astonished gaze. She gazed at it with a beating heart, averted to silence by its mystery and its unearthly aspect. What was it? What did it mean? By what magic art had he conjured up this vision? She stood with parted lips gazing at it, while the room rose and fell with her rapid, excited breathing. Suddenly she threw her arms above her head, and with a cry fell back upon the chair.

"Oh, Elmer! My heart!"

He had been gazing absently out of the window at the fading twilight, and hearing her cry of pain, he turned hastily and said:

"Alma, what is it? Are you?"

He caught sight of the picture on the wall. He understood it at once, and went to the stereopticon that stood at the other end of the room and opened it. The lamp was burning brightly, and he put it out and closed the door. Then he drew out the glass slide, held it a moment to the light to make sure that it was Alma's portrait, and then he kissed it passionately, and shivered it into fragments upon the hearthstone.

She heard the breaking glass, and rose hastily and turned toward him.

Elmer, that was cruel. Why did you destroy it?"

"Because it told too much."

"It was my picture!"

"Yes. I confess with shame that I stole it when you were asleep under the influence of the gas I gave you. It happened to be in the lantern when you came in."

"And so I saw it pictured on the wall?"

"Yes. In that way did I betray me. Forget it, Alma. Forget me. Forget everything. Forget that I ever came here!"

"No—never. I cannot."

"You will be married soon and go away. I presume we may never meet again."

"Oh, Elmer, forgive me. I am the one to be forgiven. I am alone to blame for all this sorrow. I thought I alone should suffer. But—no, Elmer, you will not forget me, and you see—must see that what I do is for the best. It is the only way. I cannot see my father beggared."

The clear-headed son of science seemed to be losing his self-control. This was all so new, so exciting, so different from the calm and steady flow of the student life, that he knew not what to say or do. He began to turn over his books and papers in a nervous manner, as if trying to win back control of his own tumultuous thoughts. Fortunately Alma came to his rescue.

"Elmer, hear me."

"Yes," he said with an effort. "Tell me about it, then perhaps we can understand each other better."

"I will. Come and sit by me. It grows dark, and I—well, it is no matter. It will me good to speak of it."

"Yes, do. Sorrow shared is divided by."

"And joy shared is doubled," she added, and we will not talk of the night have."

Then she paused and looked out on the gathering night for some minutes in silence. Elmer sat at her feet upon a low stool and waited till she should speak.

"Elmer, say that you will forgive me whatever happens. No matter how dark it looks for me, forgive me—and do not forget me. I couldn't bear that. On Wednesday I am to be married to Mr. Belford. It is the only way by which I can save my father. There seems no help for it, and I consented this afternoon. Mr. Belford took up the mortgage, and I am to be his reward."

Elmer heard her through in silence, and then he stood up before her, and his passion broke out in fury upon her face.

"Alma Denny, you are a fool!"

She covered her face and covered her face with her hands.

"Have you no sense? Can you not see the wide pit of deceit that is spread before you? Do you believe what he says? Will you walk into perdition to save your father?"

"Oh, Elmer! Elmer! Spare me, spare me, for my father's sake!"

Her sobe and tears checked her utterance, and she shrank away into the depths of the chair, in shame and terror, thankful that the darkness hid her from the other's view.

"Suff his righteous indignation blazed upon her hotly."

"Where have you lived? What have you done, that you should be so deceived by this man? How can you save your father? If you cannot find that missing link, of what avail is this withdrawal of the mortgage?"

"I do not know. Oh, Elmer! I am weak, and I have no mother, and father—I must save him if I can—at any price."

"You cannot save him. The device who held the will, has been found out, and the property, besides, how could Mr. Belford pay off that mortgage? Depend upon it, a gigantic fraud!"

"Elmer! Thank God, you have saved!"

She faintly, quietly away, and slid down upon the floor at his feet. He called two of the maids, and with their help he took her to her room and placed her upon her own bed. Then, bidding them care for her properly, he returned to his own room, and he found himself, as he had feared, in a state of nervous collapse.

He too had need of calm. He drew a chair to the window, and sitting astride of it, he rested his arms upon the back, and his chin upon his folded hands, and for an hour watched the lightning flash from ragged cloud to ragged cloud, and gave himself to deep and anxious thought. The thunder grew nearer and nearer. The dark veil of clouds blotted out the stars one by one. The room of the falling over the dam at the mill seemed to fill all the air with its muffled roar. Every leaf and flower hung motionless.

"He heard the village clock strike 9. He had been waiting almost at the point of land. Every nerve of his body seemed strong to electric tension, and all nature seemed to be in a higher pitch of life and terrible things were abroad in the night.

He heard a sound of closing blinds and windows. The servants were shutting up the house and preparing it for the storm.

"One of them knocked at his door and asked if he should come in and close the windows."

He opened the door, thanked her and said he would attend to it himself. As he closed the door and stepped back into the room, he stood upon something and there was a little crash. Thinking it might be glass, he lit a candle and looked for the broken object, whatever it might be.

It was Alma's engagement ring, broken in twain. It had slipped from her nervous finger when he took her to her room. With a gesture of impatience, he picked up the fragments and threw them, unheeded and all, out of the window into the garden below.

Then for another hour he sat alone in the darkness of his room, watchful and patient. He drew up the curtain toward Alma's room. There was a light there, and he sat gazing at her white curtain till the light was extinguished. The other lights were all put out one after the other, and then it became very dark.

The clock struck 10. The gathering storm climbed higher up the western sky. The lightning flashed brighter and brighter. There was a sigh in the tree tops as if the air stirred with a pall over everything.

The wretch in his bed tossed in sleepless misery. He hardly dared look at the blackness of the night for fear some new vision might frighten him with ghastly warnings. What had he better do? Another night of this? He had no better fly—leave all and escape out of sight in the darkness! Better abandon him the greater prize, take everything in reach and fly from scenes so terrible.

He rose, dressed completely, took a few essentials from his table, did them up in a bundle, and then like a cat he crept out of the room, never to return. The house was pitch dark, and as silent as a tomb. He had no need of a light, and, feeling his way along with his hands on the wall, he stole down stairs and through the library door. With cautious fingers he turned the handle in silence and pushed the door open. It seemed to catch on the threshold, but it was only for an instant, and then he boldly entered the room.

Placing his bundle upon the table, he took out a small bunch of keys, and with his hands outstretched before him he felt for the safe. It was easily found, and then he put in the key, unlocked the door and swung it open. With familiar fingers he pulled out what he knew were mere bills and documents, and then he found the small tin box in which—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There, written in gigantic letters of fire upon the wall, glowed and burned a single word:

FRUSTRATE!

He stared at it and rubbed his eyes. It would not be winked out. There was a loud crash of thunder and a furious dash of rain against the window; then another blinding stroke of lightning. He turned the clothing over his head in abject terror. Again the thunder rolled as if in savage comment on the writing on the wall.

It was a mistake, a delusion. He would face the horror again, and in its place was a picture. It seemed the top of—

And it was that chimney. Already the false steeple had fallen off, and there, pictured upon his wall in lines of fire, was the evidence of his fraud and crime.

He sprang from the bed with an oath and looked out of the window. Darkness everywhere. The beating rain on the window pane ran down in blinding rivulets toward the bed. The terrible picture had gone. With a muttered curse upon his wicked, disordered nerves he crept into bed and tried to sleep.

Suddenly the terrible writing glowed upon the wall again, and he fairly screamed with fright and horror:

MURDER!

He writhed and turned upon the bed in mortal agony. He stared at the letters of the awful word with aghast eyes and chattering teeth. What his own dream was, he did not know. Had his reason fled? Could it play him phantom tricks like this? Or was it an avenging Angel from heaven writing his crimes upon the black night?

"Take it away! Take it away!"

The writing disappeared, and in its place stood a picture of his wretched victim and himself. Her fair, innocent face looked down upon him from the darkness, and he saw his own form beside her.

He raved with mad madness now. Great drops of perspiration gathered on his face, and his eyes were staring. He dared not face these beautiful eyes calmly gazing at him. Why had his heaven-given such knowledge of him? How could God punish him with such awful cruelty?

"Hell and damnation have come," he screamed in frantic terror. The thunder rolled in deep majesty, and none heard him. The wind and rain beat upon the house, and his ravings disturbed no one.

"Take it away! Take it away!"

He cried in sheer madness and agony.

It would not move. The lightning only made the picture more startling and awful. The sweet and beautiful face of Alma gleamed before him in its singular distinctness, and his very soul seemed to burn to cinder before her serene, unearthly presence.

It was her ghost revisiting the earth. Was it to atone to his torment him?

"Thank God! It has gone."

The room became pitch dark, and he fell back upon the pillow with a scream to him a bloody sweat. He could not sleep, and for some time he lay trembling on the bed and trying to catch a glimpse of the face that seemed to be in possession of his reason or not.

Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a new vision sprang into existence before him.

An angel in long white robes seemed to be flying through the air toward him, and above her head she held a sword. Beneath the sword was the word "Nemesis" in letters of glowing fire.

The poor wretch rose up in bed, knelt down upon the mattress, and facing the gigantic figure that seemed to float in the air above him, cried aloud in broken gasps:

"Pardon! For—Christ!"

He threw up his hands and screamed in delirious terror.

The angel advanced through the air toward him, and drew larger and taller. She seemed ready to strike him to the ground—and she was gone.

He fell forward flat on his face, and tears gushed from his eyes in torrents. For a while he lay thus motionless, and then he rose, staggered to the wash basin, bathed his face with cold water, and crept shivering and trembling into bed.

The storm moved slowly away. The lightning grew less and less frequent, and the thunder rolled in more subdued tones. The wind subsided, and the rain fell steadily and cheerily. One who watched heard the clock strike 12 and then 1.

Slowly the lagged hours slipped away in silence. The rain fell in monotonous rhythm. The darkness hung like a pall over everything.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: In effect October 24th, 1887. Leave St. John International Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a.m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

8.45 a.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.50 a.m.—Except Saturday night—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, except Saturday and Sunday nights, for Hamilton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls with Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

6.45 a.m.—Except Monday Mornings—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrew, Hamilton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.10 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.35 a.m.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrew, Hamilton and Woodstock and points north.

8.30 a.m.—For Fairville, and for Fredericton and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m.—From Fairville and points west.

4.30 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, F. W. CRAM, Gen. Managers.
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St. John, N. B., October 12, 1887.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1887 WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1888.

ON and after MONDAY, Nov. 28th, 1887 (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7.30
ACCOMMODATION	11.30
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	1.30
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	1.30

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Monday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, leaving St. John at 1.30 p.m., and a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7.00
EXPRESS FROM QUEBEC	8.35
EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	11.30
DAY EXPRESS	12.20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. McLEOD, Chief Superintendent.
St. John, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after MONDAY, Feb. 21, Trains will run on Sundays excepted, as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 10.45 a.m., and Carleton at 11.10 a.m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving at St. George at 1.15 p.m., and at St. Stephen at 2.30 p.m.

LEAVE ST. STEPHEN at 8.30 a.m., for St. George at 9.00 a.m., and at Carleton at 1.00 p.m.

On Monday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car will be attached to the Montreal Express, leaving St. John at 1.30 p.m., and a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.

Baggage will be received and delivered at St. John, St. Stephen, and Carleton, and will be delivered at St. John, St. Stephen, and Carleton, and will be delivered at St. John, St. Stephen, and Carleton.

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H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Keystone Fire Insurance Company," and to authorize such Company to carry on the business of Fire Insurance, and with all other powers heretofore granted to any Fire Insurance Company in Canada.

WELDON, McLEOD & DRYDEN, Solicitors for Applicants.
Dated, St. John, N. B., December 15th, 1887.