

MIRIAM!

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

CHAPTER XL

washed with tears. But the pale, sad-faced woman looking from the pane saw nothing of the evening's promise; she only noted the darkened east and the dim sunlight's last smile playing fifully on the black sea-world beneath.

Tears had been exhausted and the soul fountain had become dry, but the wild, hot

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washed with tears.

All day the storm had raged and battered and shook the windows with angry hand, but now there had fallen a somewhat caim-From the window of a residence, a beauti-ful country seat, near the shore, a pale, sad face peered out into the sullen eventide. The

n streets was ing. The baseused by Gus-The second welling by him-On the third r, with his wife

e, its loose co

e heavy machin-building. There and it was at g where the fire

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fire protection

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WENT OUT.

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is wife and four vinner. But his groan went up ras seen to slip boilerhouse, re-

boilerhouse, re-le was lifted gen-gstore, but died

hing a last word

ISASTERS.

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idly that be roused the folda Bitner, aged 9 months; Gus-11; and Bruno

Hattie Gross, Ellanson were ther occupants at the hosdied at the man he fact of her be-tion hastened her

IOLOCAUST. .-It has not yet 2.—It has not yet ined whether or ies in the ruins ng, it being im-ute a thorough ere who were seen ther than suffer the then suffer bt been decided. en who went up tly before the fire up safe. Meas-he sufferers and are actively un-

frequent occa-vement of oth that many are ranks at one ssociated Press the list of the of the Tribune, oneer Press—all

of giving ex-s in the matter, the ministers of as the Board of as of sympathy.

o night the news-cities held meet-

MESSAGE. * 3.-The Presiin the house to-

full contained nd words. The gratulate the good relations h other govern-he delegates to maritime con-

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ded the

cold, so cold," he said, wonderingly, looking up.
The attendant took him away then, at a sign from the mother, and kneeling by the couch Miriam drew the death-damp brow
to her breaking heart and pressed passionate kisses on the cold lips.
A look of unutterable joy overspread the features of Arthur Fairfax, and he said half audibly: "Good-bye, Miriam, dearest; watch over our boy, and-meet me-."
"Yes, darling, with God's help," moned Miriam; and she held in her arms, not her beloved dead. She sat down beside the sleeping, fatherless child, and throwing one arm over the unconscious boy moandd away the night in a vigit of frief.
"When was the life."
"When was the sat down beside the sleeping, fatherless child, and throwing one arm over the unconscious boy moandd away the night in a vigit of frief."
"When was the life."
"When was the life."
"When was the life."
"The led her away also, then, away from her beloved dead. She sat down beside the sleeping, fatherless child, and throwing one im over the unconscious boy moandd away the night in a vigit of frief."
"When was this?" he asted of the mide the was the law mine, "at the steeping of the age and the steeping for the age and the steeping fatherless child, and throwing one im over the unconscious boy moandd away the night in a vigit of frief."
"When was the life."
"When was the life."
"Then your love is dead as well as mine,"

face peered out into the sullen eventide. The house and grounds gave evidence of taste and wealth, coupled with an inviting air of welcome hospitality, that seemed a very eye-rest at the close of such an uncharitable day. The sun now lay low on the sea, and the breakers dashed high up against the rocky sea-woll, falling back with thunder-ous moan, as if disappointed that in all these thousands of years they had not been able to scale the height and break over their irksome boundary. Heavy clouds bestrewed the horizon, and shut out the blue zenith as with a curtain of sorrow. Only in the west lay a long, calm rift of sunset sky, through which shone softly the sunlight, as if washed with tears.

about on the pillow. All the next day she sat by her beloved dead, stunned with the awful sense of her bereavement. The servants went softly about the house with sorrowful faces, and the attendants came in and went out of the room and she scurcely knew it. Twice they beauth this A ribus in the silent dapkered helpless tone, "you mean to comfort, no doubt, but you only wound afresh. I can not say with you that I am not unhappy,

brought little Arthur in the silent, darkened brough indice his pape, but the sight of the two together she could not bear, so when the baby teased "to see what made pape sleep so cold," they took him off in the gar-den and talked away his curiosity concern-ion the deed

cyes roved abroad over the cheerless land-scape, or sea view rather, similessly, really taking note of nothing; while the weary brain almost reeled beneath the swful shock ing the dead. The last sad rites had been performed;

able day. On his return he had sought Sir Rupert's apartments hurriedly, and handed hima letter with a black seal. His master was lying on a couch, near

His master was lying on a couch, near the window, in the cold, uncertain light of the aucum afternoon. He turned wearly over toward the shimmering sunlight, and stared at the suggestive seal of black; then he said, hurriedly: "Pull the curtain aside, John." Then with trembling fingers Sir Ru-pert Percival broke the badge of death, and read the solitary line written in Miriam's fine, lady-like hand. Over and over the one single sentence he went, forgetful of John's presence. The servant would have gone down-stairs, as was his wont after delivering a message, but in this case his inquisitive anxiety overcame his man-ners, and he stood with hungry eyes fixed inmates of the hall.

STE RUPERT BROKE THE BADGE OF DEATH



on the master's white, naggard-looking face, shrewdly guessing it was from the long-absent daughter, and trying to divine the contents of the epistle. Presently the oid man looked wearily, sadly from the letter to the anxious face barding and soid as it more than the state of the second

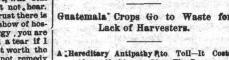
Sir Rupert looked from his window. He had wakened from his drowsy, listless dreaming he so much indulged in, and heard the unusual stir below. And, hurry-ing to the pane, he was just in time to see and hear the tumultuous greeting, of the servants. It was some minutes, however, before he could make out who it was that had come and raised such an unearthly hubbub among the generally well-behaved inmates of the hall. CHAPTER XIII.

the matter. See! I am calm enough, Peg-gy; take pattern from my tearless face." Clarkson raised her tearful face and searched the eyes of her long-lost mistress bent kindly on her. What did site see in those clear, Jark depths! Beyond the haunting sorrow of her great bereavement there smoldered the old, proud, willful, unrelenting spirit. Yes, it always had been, always would be in spite of death, sorrow and the grave, shaft for shaft with father and daughter. Sword to sword when a Percival aroused the evil in one of their own blood had been a say-ing, and Peggy remembered it plainly now. CHAPTER XIII. Drawing aside the heavy curtain he silently watched the animated group below. A wondering expression taking the place of the usual sullen demeanor was soon sup-planted by one of recognition. Then a pleased, happy light so foreign to him dawned in those hard, cruel gray eyes as they rested on the crape-ciad figure of Miriam and then on the fair child now in her arms. her arms. And, doubtless, the angel of love, poising And, doubtless, the angel of love, poising on white wings above, the gr.y-haired father, was waiting to catch the first syl-lable of endearing forgiveness; but the light died out in his face, and no word of affection had escaped the thin lips, although ing, and Peggy remembered it plainly now. The vengeful fire in the eyes of Miriam Ing, and reggy remembered in planny nor. The yongeful fire in the eyes of Miriam confirmed the truth of the adage, and prom-used balefully that the breach existing could never be healed. Truly the woman was not much changed from the proud, re-bellious child in its nurse's arms. Miriam read the innermost thoughts of poor, simple-hearted Peggy in that momen-tary upward gaze. "You are startled, taken aback, Clarkson, by my heartless conness after my long ab-sence; but think a moment, Peggy what have I lost here, beside my sainted mother? I have not misused any fatherly affection, having never been the recipient of that much to be-desired blessing. Surely I have lost nothing and am none the less miserable for my independence to-day. "I have forfeited my right to Heatherleigh, it is true, but with me that is a minor mat-

affection had escaped the time lips, atthough, they worked convulsively in their struggle against the better prompting. In a moment more the victory in favor of cruel hardness of heart had been won, and the uncompro-mising lines settled back around the firm mouth, and the spirit of his accursed an-cestor swayed Sir Rupert with its evil rowar power.

Hurrying down the long flight of stairs as Hurrying down the long high of stars as fast as his aged limbs would carry him, he reached the great hall door just before the daughter essayed to cross the flagged pave-ment in front. Miriam looked up and saw her father

standing there; but oh! how changed, how frail and white-haired he had grown sincefrail and white-haired he had grown since-since. Ah! well, how careworn his face, but-he was still angry. Her heart sank like lead at sight of the stern, repulsive look on his countenance, but she said in a wist-ful, piteous way. "There is father." But the giad light of recognition which had leaped to her sweet eyes and had tinged the fine face with a little flush of happy light died out suddenly, leaving it paler by con-trast, for no answering gladness of heart reflected in response on the paternal brow. "Begone! begone!" he shouted, as Miri-am made a move toward him. "Don't come near me unless you beg my pardon, my

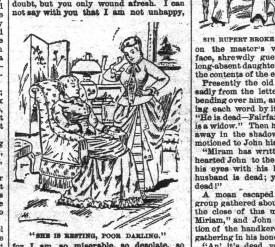


Hereditary Antipathy Rto Toll-It Cost Almost Nothing to Live-The Boom Has Arrived.

A Aredetisery Antipathy Rto Toll-it Cost Almost Nothing to Live-The Boom Almost Notes and Notes

it is true, but with me that is a minor mat-"If father will not receive us, baby and I, because of the name we bear why all recon-ciliation is at an end at once, as I shall not beg forriveness for imaginary sins and to please Sir Rupert's love of authority.

Rue Louis le Grand seemed seized with vertigo, jumping about like sheep. The disorder soon became so great that the r police officials had to stop the traffic on the street. The cause of the tronble was then discovered. One of the electric cables placed under the thoroughfare, and leading to a lamp post, had become dis-arranged and, coming in contact with the damp wooden pavement, the horses, in passing over it, received a shock. Some





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SEALS. to the a ng to the killing bearing animals tion is to be es-

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