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LITERATURE.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

Wilkie Collins's New Story.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VIII.—PART SECOND.

"Now, my good creature, whatever you have to say to me, out with it at once! I don't want to hurry you needlessly; but these are business hours, and I have other people's affairs to attend to besides yours."

Addressing Ferrari's wife, with his usual blunt good humor, in these terms, Mr. Troy registered the lapse of time by a glance at the watch on his desk, and then waited to hear what his client had to say to him.

"It's something more, sir, about the letter with the thousand pound note," Mrs. Ferrari began, "I have found out who sent it to me."

Mr. Troy started. "This is news indeed!" he said. "Who sent you the letter?"

"Lord Montbarry sent it, sir."

It was not easy to take Mr. Troy by surprise. But Mrs. Ferrari threw him completely off his balance. For awhile he could only look at her in silent surprise. "Nonsence!" he said, as soon as he had recovered himself. "There is some mistake—it can't be!"

"There is no mistake," Mrs. Ferrari rejoined, in her most positive manner. "Two gentlemen from the insurance offices called on me this morning to see the letter. They were completely puzzled—especially when they heard of the bank-note inside. But they knew who sent the letter. His lordship's doctor in Venice posted it at his lordship's request. Go to the gentlemen yourself, sir, if you don't believe me. They were polite enough to ask if I could account for Lord Montbarry writing to me and sending me the money. I gave them my opinion directly—I said it was like his lordships kindness."

"Like his lordship's kindness?" Mr. Troy repeated, in blank amazement.

"Yes, sir! Lord Montbarry knew me, like all the other members of the family, when I was at school on the estate in Ireland. If he could have done it he would have protected my poor dear husband. But he was helpless himself in the hands of my lady and the Baron—and the only kind thing he could do was to provide for me in my widowhood, like the true nobleman he was!"

"A very pretty explanation!" said Mr. Troy. "What did your visitors from the insurances offices think of it?"

"They asked me if I had any proof of my husband's death."

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'I give you better than proof, gentlemen; I give you my positive opinion.'"

"That satisfied them, of course?"

"They didn't say so in words, sir. They looked at each other—and wished me good morning."

"Well, Mrs. Ferrari, unless you have some more extraordinary news for me, I think I shall wish you good morning, too. I can take a note of your information (very startling information, I own); and, in the absence of proof, I can do no more."

"I can provide you with proof, sir, if that is all you want," said Mrs. Ferrari, with great dignity. "I only wish know, first, whether the law justifies me in doing it. You may have seen in the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers that Lady Montbarry has arrived in London, at Newbury's Hotel. I propose to go and see her."

"The deuce you do! May I ask for what purpose?"

Mrs. Ferrari answered in a mysterious whisper: "For the purpose of catching her in a trap. I shan't send in my name. I shall announce myself as a person on business, and the first words I say to her will be these: 'I come, my lady, to acknowldge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow.' Ah! you may well start, Mr. Troy. It almost takes *you* you off your guard, dosen't it? Make your mind easy, sir. I shall find the proof that everybody asks me for in her guilty face. Let her only change color by the shadow of a shade, let her eyes only drop for half an instant—I shall discover her. The one thing I want to know is, does the law permit it?"

The law permits it," Mr. Troy answered, gravely; "but whether her ladyship will permit it is a another question. Have you really courage enough, Mrs. Ferrari, to carry out this notable scheme of yours? You have been described to me by Miss Lockwood as rather a nervous, timid sort of person—and, if I may trust my own observation, I should say you justify the description."

"If you had lived in the country, sir, instead of living in London," Mrs. Ferrari replied, "you would sometimes have seen even a sheep turn on a dog. I am far from saying that I am a bold woman—quite the reverse. But when I stand in that wretch's presence and think of my murdered husband the one of us two who is likely to be frightened is not me. I am going there now, sir. You shall hear how it ends. I wish you good morning."

With those brave words the courier's wife gathered her mantle about her and walked out of the room.

Mr. Troy smiled—not satirically, but compassionately. "The little simpleton," he thought to himself. "If half of what they say of Lady Montbarry is true, Mrs. Ferrari and her trap have but a poor prospect before them. I wonder how it will end?"

All Mr. Troy's experience failed to forewarn him of how it did end.

CHAPTER IX.

In the mean time Mrs. Ferrari held to her resolution. She went straight from Mr. Troy's office to Newbury's Hotel.

Lady Montbarry was at home, and alone. But the authorities of the hotel hesitated to disturb her when they found that the visitor declined to mention her name. Her ladyship's new maid happened to cross the hall while the matter was still in debate. She was a Frenchwoman, and on being appealed to she settled the question in the swift, easy, rational French way. "Madame's appearance was perfectly respectable. Madame might have reasons for not mentioning her name which miladi might approve. In any case, there being no orders forbidding the introduction of a strange lady, the matter clearly rested between madame and Miladi. Would madame, therefore, be good enough to follow miladi's maid up the stairs?"

In spite of her resolution Mrs. Ferrari's heart beat as if it would burst out of her bosom when her conductress led her into an ante-room and knocked at a door opening into a room beyond. But it is remarkable that persons of sensitively nervous organization are the very persons who are capable of forcing themselves (apparently by the exercise of a spasmodic effort of will) into the performance of acts of the most audacious courage. A low, grave voice from the inner room said: "Come in." The maid, opening the door, announced: "A person to see you, Miladi, on business," and immediately retired. In the one instant while these events passed, timid little Mrs. Ferrari mastered her own throbbing heart; stepped over the threshold, conscious of her clammy hands, dry lips and burning head; and stood in the presence of Lord Montbarry's widow, to all outward appearance as supremely self-possessed as her ladyship herself.

It was still early in the afternoon, but the light in the room was dim. The blinds were drawn down. Lady Montbarry sat with her back to the windows, as if even the subdued daylight was disagreeable to her. She had altered sadly for the worse in her personal appearance, since the memorable day when Dr. Wybrow had seen her in her consulting-room. Her beauty was gone—her face had fallen away to mere skin and bone; the contrast between her ghastly complexion and her steely, glittering black eyes was more startling than ever. Robed in dismal black, relieved only by the brilliant whiteness of her widow's cap—reclining in a panther-like suppleness of attitude on a little green sofa—she lood at the stranger who had intruded on her with a moment's languid curiosity, then dropped her eyes again to the hand screen which had held between her face and the fire. "I don't know you," she said; "what do you want with me?"

Mrs. Ferrari tried to answer. Her first burst of courage had already worn itself out. The bold words that she had determined to speak were living words still in her mind, but they died on her lips.

There was a moment of silence. Lady Montbarry looked round again at the speechless stranger. "Are you deaf?" she asked. There was another pause. Lady Montbarry quietly looked back again at the screen, and put another question. "Do you want money?"

"Money!" That one word roused the sinking spirit of the courier's wife. She recovered her courage; she found her voice. "Look at me, my lady, if you please," she said with a sudden outbreak of audacity.

Lady Montbarry looked around for the third time. The fatal words passed Mrs. Ferrari's lips.

"'I come, my lady, to acknowleâge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow.'"

Lady Montbarry's glittering black eyes rested with steady attention on the woman who had addressed her in those terms. Not the faintest expression of confusion or alarm, not even a momentary flutter of interest stirred the deadly stillness of her face. She reposed as quietly, she held the screen as composedly as ever. The test had been tried, and had irretrievably, utterly failed.

There was another silence. Lady Montbarry considered with herself. The smile that came slowly and went away suddenly—the smile at once so sad and so cruel—showed itself on her thin lips. She lifted her screen, and pointed with it to a seat at the farther end of the room. "Be so good as to take that chair," she said.

Helpless under her first bewildering sense of failure—not knowing what to say or what to do next—Mrs. Ferrari mechanically obeyed. Lady Montbarry, rising on the sofa for the first time, watched her with undisguised scrutiny as she crossed the room—then sank back into a reclining position once more. "No," she said to herself quietly, "the woman walks steadily; she is not intoxicated—the only other possibility is that she may be mad."

She had spoken loud enough to be heard. Stung by the insult, Mrs. Ferrari instantly answered her: "I am no more drunk or mad than you are!"

"No?" said Lady Montbarry. "Then you are only insolent? The ignorant English mind, I have observed, is apt to be insolent in the exercise of unrestrained English liberty. This is very noticeable to us foreigners among you people in the streets. Of course I can't be insolent to you in return. I hardly know what to say to you. My maid was imprudent in admitting you so easily to my room. I suppose your respectable appearance misled her. I wonder who you are? You mentioned the name of a courier who left us very strangely. Was he married by any chance? Are you his wife? And do you know where he is?"

Mrs. Ferrari's indignation burst its way through all restraints. She advanced to the sofa; she feared nothing in the fervor and rage of her reply.

"I am his widow—and you know it, you wicked woman! Ah! it was in an evil hour when Miss Lockwood recommended my husband to be his lordship's courier!"——

Before she could add another word, Lady Montbarry sprang from the sofa with the stealthy suddenness of a cat—seized her by both shoulders, and shook her with the strength and frenzy of a madwoman. "You lie! you lie! you lie!" She dropped her hold at the third repetition of the accusation, and threw up her hands wildly with a gesture of despair. "Oh, Jesus Maria! is it possible?" she cried. "Can the courier have come to me through that woman?" She turned like lightning on Mrs. Ferrari, and stopped her as she was escaping from the room. "Stay here, you fool—stay here, and answer me! If you cry out, as sure as the heavens are above you, I'll strangle you with my own hands. Sit down again—and fear nothing. Wretch! It is I who am frightened—frightened out of my senses. Confess that you lied when you used Miss Lockwood's name just now! No! I don't believe you on your oath; I will believe nobody but Miss Lockwood herself. Where does she live? Tell me that, you noxious stinging little insect, and you may go." Terrified as she was, Mrs. Ferrari hesitated. Lady Montbarry lifted her hands threatening, with the long, lean, yellow-white fingers outspread and crooked at the tips. Mrs. Ferrari shrank at the sight of them, and gave the address. Lady Montbarry pointed contemptuously to the door—then changed her mind. "No! not yet! you will tell Miss Lockwood what has happened, and she may refuse to see me. I will go there at once, and you shall go with me. As far as the house—not inside of it. Sit down again. I am going to ring for my maid. Turn your back to the door—your cowardly face is not fit to be seen!"

She rang the bell. The maid appeared.

"My cloak and bonnet—instantly."

The maid produced the cloak and bonnet from the bedroom.

"A cab at the door—before I can count ten."

The maid vanished. Lady Montbarry surveyed herself in the glass, and wheeled round again, with her cat-like suddenness, to Mrs. Ferrari.

"I look more than half dead already, don't I?" she said with a grim outburst of irony. "Give me your arm."

She took Mrs. Ferrari's arm, and left the room. "You have nothing to fear, so long as you obey," she whispered, on the way downstairs. "You leave me at Miss Lockwood's door, and never see me again."

In the hall they were met by the landlady of the hotel. Lady Montbarry graciously presented her companion. "My good friend Mrs. Ferrari; I am so glad to have seen her." The landlady accompanied to the door. The cab was waiting. "Get in first, good Mrs. Ferrari," said her ladyship, "and tell the man where to go."

They were driven away. Lady Montbarry's variable humor changed again. With a low groan of misery she threw herself back in the cab. Lost in her own dark thoughts, as careless of the woman whom she had bent to her iron will as if no such person sat by her side, she preserved a sinister silence until they reached the house where Miss Lockwood lodged. In an instant she roused herself to action. She opened the door of the cab, and closed in again on Mrs. Ferrari, before the driver could get off his box.

"Take that lady a mile farther on her way home!" she said, as she paid the man his fare. The next moment she had knocked at the house-door. "Is Miss Lockwood at home?" "Yes, ma'am." She stepped over the threshold; the door closed on her.

"Which way, ma'am?" asked the driver of the cab.

Mrs. Ferrari put her hand to her head and tried to collect her thoughts. Could she leave her friend and benefactress helpless at Lady Montbarry's mercy? She was still vainly endeavoring to decide on the course that she ought to follow, when a gentleman stopping at Miss Lockwood's door happened to look towards the cab-window and saw her.

"Are you going to call on Miss Agnes, too?" he asked.

It was Henry Westwick. Mrs. Ferrari clasped her hands in gratitude as she recognized him.

"Go in, sir!" she cried. "Go in directly. That dreadful woman is with Miss Agnes. Go and protect her!"

"What woman?" Henry asked.

The answer literally struck him speechless. With amazement and indignation in his face, he looked at Mrs. Ferrari as she pronounced the hated name of "Lady Montbarry." "I will see to it," was all he said. He knocked at the house-door; and he, too, in his turn, was let in.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The London Fashions.

WHAT WAS TO BE SEEN ON THE GRAND STAND AT ASCOT.

From London Truth.

The Court mourning was strictly adhered to inside the royal inclosure at Ascot on the first three days. On Thursday the only exceptions were two ladies, each in their own way rather eccentric. The one, the wife of a Yorkshire baronet, was replendent in a costume of reddish magenta striped velvet; the other lady was in white, but with a wreath of real Glore de Dijon roses under the wide brim of her hat. On Friday the ladies burst out after their short fit of sackcloth into a blaze of colors, but I am bound to say that those who retained their mourning looked much the best. The Duchess of Manchester, with her black frock braided in gold and silver, and Lady Westmorland, in black satin and bugles, looked well. Among the colored dresses the favorite color and material were thoroughly unsatisfactory; Lady Craven, Lady Skelmersdale and others sported it. The material was a stamped and figured velvet, the color various shades of a yellowish olive green, in one case mixed with light blue and it the with pale pink. But the palm of bad taste in dress must undoubtedly be awarded to the beautiful lady who makes the fortunes of the photographic shops. Nothing could well be in worse taste than her black dress, with cross sashes of crimson the bottom of the dress being of crimson, covered with black lace, and hood of the same color hanging between the shoulders. One young lady was certainly very remarkable in light-green silk dress trimmed with broad bands of black silk covered with large yellow dahlids in raised worsted-work, and a sailor shirt-collar of the same. These phenomena of worsted work may be restored to the use they were originally intended for, as stands for flower-vases such a sornament the stalls of of all provincial charity bazaars. Lady Rosebery wore a rich white corded silk with white lace and parasol to match. Talking of parasols, it is to be hoped the practice of embroidering the fair owner's initials on them is not going to extend. One lady had her initials embroidered on her parasol in raised gold, but this absurdity was exceeded by another whose parasol bore on it her *petit nom*, in letters supposed to imitate her signature to her intimates. If this sort of thing goes on we shall have all the great ladies of the kingdom addressed as the Pollies and Sallies and Totties that are inscribed on their parasols. Beautiful women, as I observed last week, are too much inclined to touzle their hair. Indeed, they may be divided into touzlers and non-touzlers. *Truth* prefers the latter, and is thankful to any lady who to handsome features, bright intelligent expression and quiet, neat dressing, adds an untouzled head of hair.

A Rough Estimate.

That's what's the matter with all of us; that's what no fifteenth amendment can stop; the chips must be paid. That's what I told the boys down at Gridiron Bend when I give my experiences and jined the church and Eucher-deck Billy hewed that rock into the Christenin' place. Sez I boys, sez I, life ginerally begins with a square deal, leastways ways outside the idiot asylum and 'cordin' as you play your hand will the promises be kept.' Sure enough, some have aces and some not, and that's luck; and four aces any day is as good a hand as the Ten Commandments. With four aces I'd buck again the devil. But we don't have four aces in the first deal, unless mebbe the Czar of Russia or the Prince of Wales, or some of them chap; and so life and religion is pretty much as we play the hand we've got." The speaker's companion serves to put another aspect on these moral truths. "Hosea Kempi" said she, "practically, that pig-skinned Mormon fraud disklivered that when you raised him ten thousand and raked in his pile; and he had a full and you was only king high.' "That was before I knowed better, and I hadn't seen the vanities," said the repentant sinner. "But when I played I played my hand for all it was worth; and that's what's the matter with me. You kent fool away your hand and keep the chips; and that's what you find in the Commandments. That's the idea."

A QUESTION.—Why will people keep four or five ill-looking sickly horses to do the work that one good horse might perform? If the horse has the heaves, is broken winded, has a cough or cold, or his wind is any way affected; if his appetite is bad, or his digestive organs, deranged, has a rough skin or is hide bound, we would in all cases recommend the use of "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy,"—it never fails to benefit and almost always removes the disease; it is free from anything that can injure, and may be used at all times with safety. Try it and you will be satisfied. Remember the name, and see that the signature of Hurd & Co. is on each package. Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers.

How Mean a Man Can Be.

From the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

"Speaking of gall," remarked an eastern printer last evening in a C street beer-saloon, "talking of solid cheek, I never saw a man who had more of it than Pete Blivens, of Kansas City. Three of us used to room together there in 1872. One night in July—it was so hot that if you'd chuck water on the side of a house it would sizz like so much hot iron—concluded to go down and sleep on one of the timber rafts on the river. Well, we got on the raft with our blankets. Just before turning in Pete Blivens said he guessed he'd cool off by taking a swim. I knew the current would snatch him right under, but didn't want to give him any advice and he dived off the end of the raft. The undertow caught and sent him out of in about three seconds. As soon as we saw that he was drowned me and the other chap went for his effect's. We found $8.50 in his pants pocket and an old watch. We took on up town an soaked the clothes for $9 and sold the watch for $12. Then we went 'round town on a sort of jamboree and spent the money. About 5 o'clock in the morning we were drinking up the last dollar with some of the boys at Blue Corner, when who should walk in but Pete himself in an old suit of clothes that he borrowed of a man three miles down the river. And hang me if he didn't demand his clothes, and the next day he was 'round dunning us for the paltry $8.50. The gall of some men's enough to paralyze a Louisiana alligator.

ONE of the great charms of college life is that you can always have much company, a little, or none at all, just as you please. There is at Oxford and Cambridge a custom known as "sporting the oak," which means shutting your outer door, that particularly commended itself to Shelly. "The oak," said he to a college chum, "is such a blessing! It goes far towards making this place a paradise. In what other spot in the world, surely in none that I have hitherto visited, can you say confidently, 'It is perfectly impossible, physically impossible, that I should be disturbed.' Whether a man desire solitary study, or to enjoy the society of a friend or two, he is secure against interruption. The bore arrives; he may knock, call, kick, leave his card, that you may rejoice at your escape. Who invented the oak—the invention of the science of living in rooms or chambers? The monks. None but men who were reputed to devote themselves for many hours to prayers and holy abstractions would ever have been permitted quietly to place at pleasure with such a barrier between themselves and the world. We now reap their reputation for sanctity."

KENTUCKY has had a tardy and singular triumph of justice. Grove Kennedy, desperado, committed murder, and defied anybody to interfere with him. He appeared at one of the most fashionable watering places in the State, so inert was the sense of justice in the community. The Governor, after his attention had been called to the case by the newspapers, resolved to see whether the law could be enforced. He sent a detective officer, who, by a strategem, arrested Kennedy, and hurried him to Louisville. There being no assurance that the local officers would prevent a rescue, the Governor returned the prisoner to the court having jurisdiction to try him, escorted by a company of the State guard. This military company had to remain on duty during the trial, and maintain the majesty of the law at the point of the bayonet. The trial miscarried, so that a new trial was ordered. This time Kennedy was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

OUR CONSUMPTION OF LIQUOR.—A member of the British Parliament having asked Prof. Ward of Rochester for some statistics in regard to the liquor tariff in this country, he applied to Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum, who furnishes some good figures for temperance orators. The domestic spirits on which tax was paid during the last fiscal year foot up 57,459,789 gallons: the ale, beer, lager beer and porter, 9,902,353 barrels; the imported spirits, 1,386,670 gallons; and the imported wines, 5,723,469 gallons. That will give about 33 gallons of spirits, wine and beer, to every male adult in the country. Do you drink your barrel? Over 166,000 dealers in the various kinds of liquor paid taxes aggregating $4,480,000. On the basis of these and other figures the bureau of statistics estimates the amount of money annually expended in the United States for liquors, by consumers, to be about $596,000,000.—*Bangor Commercial.*

THE cow of Mr. Carter Courser, of Glen Sutton, Canada, has given birth to a creature with the body and limbs of a Goat, while the head slightly resembles the human cranium, having a forehead three inches high. The body is of a white color, while the head is nearly black.

"WHISKEY is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, Deacon Jones; but it don't say we are to swallow them."

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MUSIC!

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THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,
Pursuant to the provision of his father's Will.
JOHN MILTON BAIRD.
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

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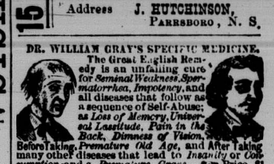
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