

# Sacrificed

-to the-

## Green-Eyed Monster.

Or the Story of St. Benet's Belfry.

(Concluded.)

"Is that you, Nannie?" asked Hilda. "The nurse came from behind the curtain, wiping her eyes surreptitiously."

"Is someone dead, Nannie?"

The nurse held up a warning finger, enjoining silence.

"Have I been ill?"

"Yes, dearie. Lie still; don't ask questions now."

Nannie's voice had a quivering sound.

"Is that Thora playing?" Hilda asked, presently.

The old woman gave a sudden start at Hilda's words, and let the feeding-cup she held fall from her fingers with a crash on the floor.

A perplexed frown deepened on Hilda's brow.

"Where is Thora? I want her," she said, fretfully.

Then she looked at Ninnie.

"What are you crying about?" she screamed, weakly. "Tell me, quick, quick. I dreamed something about Thora. Why don't you answer me? No, I won't lie down—don't say she is—"

Hilda paused, her eyes dilated with horror as slowly the memory of the past came back. She was struggling out of bed. She would go to the window. She must lift that blind. Who was in the churtyard out there?

"Thora!" she cried, with a frightened catch in her voice.

Nannie put her arms round her charge, and laid her gently down on the bed.

"Thora is dead," she said, softly.

Hilda stared blankly up at the ceiling.

"Dead!" she muttered. "No, she is in the belfry; Donald will bring her down."

Nannie wrung her hands convulsively.

"There, there, why did I tell her? I have sent her off again, poor lamb."

Late into the night Nannie watched by Hilda's bed. Would she never sleep again? Oh! that moaning, it was terrible. Then Hilda became still and quiet, and Nannie, with a sigh of relief, stole into the adjoining room, leaving the door open. Her head had scarcely touched the pillow when she fell asleep, worn out with watching.

When all was still, Hilda again opened her eyes, and slowly got out of bed.

Her temples were bursting, and bright lights began to dance before her tortured eyes. Now her hands were like fire, now damp with an icy chill, as with difficulty she felt her way up to the belfry tower.

The old door shook with the force of the wind, which howled and moaned about it. Hilda fumbled with the rusty key, but it would not turn. The noises behind her grew louder; they sounded like the pattering of invisible feet.

"Thora, where are you?" she cried again to the blackness, and her voice sounded strange in her ears.

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"Thora!" she shrieked again, and threw herself against the doorway. It was not locked, and the fastening was torn and almost broken. It gave as her light weight touched it, and she fell headlong into the room.

There was a low, shivering sound among the bells. To Hilda's disordered fancy it was full of menace.

There in the darkness she knelt.

"Thora, I have come to save you!" she whispered, as she stretched out her hands.

It seemed as if the silence was broken by a laugh—a wild, harsh, metallic laugh; it came from the corner where the tolling-bell was hung.

"Are you there?" whispered the girl, tremulously. "Hush! I will come to you."

And she cautiously began to feel her way towards the sound.

Suddenly it began again, a harsh, mocking laugh above her, around her.

Where was she? In the belfry alone in the dark—and Thora? Thora was dead; she was a murderer! What was that laughing at her up there in the blackness?

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"Thora is in the belfry. It is dark. I must go and let her out," she muttered.

Slipping on a dressing gown, she crept down-stairs, pausing in the hall for the keys. There were in the same old spot; then she slowly drew back the bolts of the door, and stole out.

The pebbles on the gravel cut her feet, for she had no shoes on, and the night air blew keenly through her fever-stricken frame; but she heeded not—only hurried on, muttering to herself, and striving to collect her wandering thoughts.

How still it was there! Was that Thora calling?

"I am coming, coming," she called, feebly, as with trembling hands she opened the heavy oaken door.

Would she be in time?

"I am coming, coming," she called again, as she began her weary climb.

Up the long, dark, winding stairs she crept.

"Thora!" she cried, "Thora!" But only a long, waiting echo repeated "Thora."

She could hear the flutter of wings in the darkness, strange, weird noises broke the ghostly silence, and she shivered with horror.

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Yes, it was Thora—Thora, dead and she was laughing horribly. She could feel her icy breath! Oh! she was touching her—she was throwing her down!

Hilda gave a wild scream, and threw up her hands as if to protect her face from an unseen enemy. She swayed to and fro for a minute, then fell headlong into the deeper darkness below. In her fall she must have clutched the rope, for, solemnly, mournfully, into the night air floated one muffled toll of the great bell.

Thus were two young and promising lives sacrificed to appease the insatiable maw of the Green-eyed monster.

Fortuna's Legacy;

—OR—

The Stolen Diamonds.

"To my niece, Fortuna Thurston, I bequeath my case of jewels."

That was the concluding clause of Miss Keziah Thurston's will, and as the lawyer's voice sounded through the little old-fashioned room, Fortuna looked up in a bewildered way, in time to catch a mocking smile on the face of her cousin Judith.

"Aunt Keziah's jewels! What a generous legacy!" whispered Judith, maliciously.

Fortuna turned indignantly away. It was not for her to criticise the gifts of her dead relative, even if she had been less generous to her than to Judith, who had been made richer by two hundred pounds.

She was a little disappointed, it may be allowed, for while she had never shared the general belief regarding Miss Keziah Thurston's wealth she had thought that her share would amount to more than a case of old-fashioned, tawdry jewelry.

She gave a quick, tender glance at the face of the young man who stood beside the elderly lawyer, the honest, handsome face of her lover, Francis Harbord.

She had hoped to receive a little money for his sake. He would have to take a penniless bride now.

Young Harbord met her glance, and answered it with an encouraging smile. It was he who placed the jewel-case in her hands while late.

"I never knew that Aunt Keziah had any jewelry," said Fortuna. "She never wore any."

She unlocked the case and raised the lid. The box was quite large, and there was an upper tray, but the articles within were few and inexpensive, as she had expected.

There was a small gold watch and long chain, a set of garnets, a hair brooch, a pair of plated bracelets, a napkin-ring, some cameos, and a few rings set with amethysts, turquoises, pearls, etc.

Judith stood by with that same unpleasant light in her eyes.

"Aunt Keziah has been very generous to her favourite niece," she commented, with a little sneer. "These things were doubtlessly highly prized by her, and for her sake I shall treasure them."

"They were the same people who considered Aunt Keziah wealthy, I suppose," said Fortuna, quietly. "These things were doubtlessly highly prized by her, and for her sake I shall treasure them."

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Meanwhile Mrs. Grogan, the lawyer, was speaking to his clerk, Francis Harbord.

"I can't understand it, Harbord. Miss Thurston certainly led me to believe that the contents of that case were valuable, and that her favorite niece would be greatly enriched by it. While I have not believed the stories of vast wealth that were circulated regarding the eccentric old lady, I did think her possessions would amount to more than a few hundred pounds and a little old-fashioned jewelry."

"I thought they would at least share alike," replied Harbord. "But there's no accounting for the whims of a peculiar old woman whose acts have always been rather irrational. Tuna loved her aunt, and she is not mercenary, so there will be no hard feelings. She probably thinks more of those simple trinkets than Judith does of her money."

"Yes, there's a vast difference between the two girls," said Mr. Grogan, shaking his head. "But, recalling my recent interview with Miss Keziah, I must say I am surprised and disappointed—yes, disappointed. The old lady gave me to understand that the niece who received that jewel-case would receive a legacy of much value. I cannot understand it."

"Perhaps we shall find banknotes concealed somewhere in the case," said Harbord, with a smile. "Well, there is one thing: the old question of Miss Keziah's wealth will be settled at last. It has bothered many worthy people of Barrowdale."

While later, Fortuna and her lover were alone in the sunlit room.

"I am sorry for your sake," said the young girl. "I had hoped to be able to help you in your profession. Frank, we are both so poor."

"Never mind, dear," he answered. "We are young, and while we have love with us, we shall never be poor."

Then he told her what Mr. Grogan had said, and the girl smiled a little sadly.

"Poor Aunt Keziah," she said. "It is sad to disappoint everybody so. Even Judith expected a larger legacy, I think."

"Why, she's got nearly everything," replied her lover, with just a suspicion of impatience in his tone. "That's the unfair part of it, and the strange part of it. Your aunt certainly seemed to think the most of you, Tuna."

To be continued.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

G. P. O., April 10th 1911.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

A Brenton, George, schr. Arabia

Breggar, Capt. A., schr. Anita

House, Gordon, schr. Bluejacket

Pike, Alfred, schr. Bella Rose

Steed, B., schr. Beatrice May

Olsen, John, schr. C. V. Conrad

O'Reilly, Patrick, schr. C. J. Brennan

Walsh, John, s. s. Ethie

Cook, Alonzo, schr. Ethie Bess

Jenkins, Obediah, schr. Ermine

Moore, Alex. L., schr. Energy

Mason, Joseph, schr. Gertrude L.

Diamond, Francis, schr. Gertrude L.

Haynes, Claude, schr. Gertrude L.

Blagdon, Eli G., schr. Grand Falls

Miller, Capt. W. A., schr. Helen Stewart

Reve, Capt. E. T., schr. Ketch Hero

Muir, Capt. A. D., s. s. Heathcote

Joach, Joseph, schr. Josephine

Ellis, Wm., schr. Lloyd Morris

Murphy, Wm., schr. Mary A. Whalen

Flander, Samuel, schr. Monrose

McDonald, D. J., schr. Bart. Magle

Gertrude L. Gertrude L. Gertrude L.

## UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to APRIL 10, 1911

Adams, Charles, Pennywell Road

Adams, Mrs. John, Cookstown Road

Ayles, Miss Lizzie, Aitken, Miss Lillie

Associated Mail Dealers, Blackwood Building

Axford, Philip, Bannister, Miss Patience

Hospital, Forest Road, Bernis, Mrs. E. retd.

Basha, S., late Birch Cove, Berry, Patrick, grocer

Bright, Wm. J., care G. P. O., Bishop, R., care Gen'l P. Office

Brown, Patrick, care G. P. O., Butt, George, Forest Rd.

Butt, Mrs. M. A., Duggan Street, Butler, Wm., Flower Cove Road

Bartlett, Robert, Bannerman Street

Buckley, Mrs. Wm., New Gower Street

Burke, Mrs. Wm., card, Burge, Miss May, care Jackman's

Bemister, Albert A., Gower Street, Crane, Roland, care Post Office

Carier, Capt. Alex., Carter, Edwim, Duggan Street

Carey, James, Duckworth Street

Cameron, John, Plumber, Carey, A., Mullock St.

Cooney, Mrs. James, card, Coombs, Nellie, card

Connors, P. J., care G. P. O., Curtis, H. V., late Grand Falls

Carnell, Bert, care Reid Nfld. Co., Cullen, Michael, St. John's

Clarke, Mrs. E. retd., Chatman, Miss Sarah, late New York

Carew, Miss Ellen, Criff, Miss L., Duckworth Street

Colley, Wm. E., Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill

Davis, Thomas, care Gen'l P. Office

Dawley, Miss M. J., Gower Street, Delaney, F. E., Gower Street

Delaney, Miss Bessie, late Summerville, Dicks, Mrs. Wm., late Grand Falls

Driscoll, Mrs. C., Water Street, Dooley, Miss Josephine, card, Cochrane St.

Downs, Mr., Pennywell Road, Dawe, Miss W. S., DeGrih, Sarah, Long's Hill

Eagan, Mrs. Catherine, Cornwall Avenue, Elliott, S. G., Fewer, M., card