





(Continued). "I have hated black eyes for a year. He had black eyes. "I forgot Cora, or, rather, I did not let any remembrance of her hind-

er me. She was a very shadowy person to me in those days. I had not been her since we were both children, and as for her letters—they were almost a bore to may she lived such a different life from mine and wrote of so many things I had no interest in. On my knees I ask her pardon now I never understood her. I never understood myself. I was light as thistle-down and blown by every I was light as breeze. There came a gust one day which blew me into the mouth of hell. I am hovering there yet and am sinking, Francis, sinking-Save me! I love you-I-I-It was all planned by him-I

have no head for such things. Sadie helped him—Sadie was ny friend— but Sadie had not much to say about it, for he seemed to know just how to arrange it all so that no one

now to arrange it an so that no one at the seminary should know or even suspect what had occurred till we got ready to tell them. He did not even take his brother into his confi-dence, for Wallace kept store and gossiped very much with his customers. Besides, he was very busy just then selling out, for he was going to the Klondike with William, and he had too much on his mind to be bothered, or so William said. All this I must tell you or you will never understand the temptation which assailed me when, having returned to Washington, I awoke to my own position and the kind of men whom I could now hope to meet. I was the wife-oh, the folly of it-but this

quite closed. 1 could afford from this moment on to view life like other girls and rejoice in my youth and the love which every day was becoming more and more to me.

becoming more and more to me. "But God had His eye upon me, and in the midst of my happiness and the hurry of our final prepara-tions His bolt fell. It struck me while I was at the-don't laugh; rather shudder-at the dressmaker's while I was at the-bolt radgi, rather shudder-at the dresmaker's shop in Fourteenth street. I was leaning over a table, chattering like a magpie over the way I wanted a gown trimmed, when my eye fell on a scrap of newspaper in which some-thing had come rolled to madame. It was torn at the edge, but on the bit lying under my eyes I saw my husband's name, William Pfeiffer, and that the paper was a Denver one. There was but one William Pfeiffer in Denver-and he was my husband. And I read-feeling noth-ing. Then I read again, and the world, my world, went from under my feet; for the man who had fallen dead in the camp at Nome was Wal-lace William's brother, and not William himself. William had been left behind on the road by his more energetic brother, who had pushed

dead in the camp at Nome was war lace William himself. William had been left behind on the road by his more energetic brother, who had pushed on for succor through the worst storm and under the worst conditions possible even in that God-forsaken region. With the lost one in mind, the one word that Wallace uttered in sight of rescue, was William. A hope was expressed of finding the latter alive and a party had started out-Did I read more? I do not think so. Perhaps there was no more to read; here was where the paper was torn across. But it was no matter. I had seen enough. It was Wallace who had fallen dead, and while William might have per-

fatal doors a thought had come. I remembered my heritage. I remem-bered how I had been told by my father when I was a very little girl--I presume when he first felt the hand death upon him--that if ever I was in great trouble-very great trouble, he had said, where no deliverance seemed possible--I was to open a lit-tle golden ball which he showed me and take out what I should find in-side and hold it up close before a picture which had hung from time immemorial in the southwest corner of this old house. He could not tell me what I should snouler there--this I remember his saying--but me what I should encounter there-this I remember his saying-but something that would assist mo, something which had passed with good effect from father down to child for many generations. Only, if I would be blessed in my undertakings. I must not open the golden ball nor endeavor to find out its mystery un-less my trouble threatened death or some great disaster. Such a trouble had indeed come to me, and-start-ling coincidence-I was at this mo-ment in the very house where this ling coincidence—I was at this mo-ment in the very house where this picture hung, and—more startling fact yet—the golden ball needed to interpret its meaning was round my neck—for with such jealousy was this family trinket always guarded by its owner. Why then not test their com-bined effect? I certainly needed help from some quarter. Never would Wil-liam allow me to be married to anofrom some quarter. Never would Wil-liam allow me to be married to ano-ther while he lived. He would yet appear and I should need this great assistance (great enough to be trans-mitted from father to son) as none of the Moores had needed it yet; though what it was I did not know and did not even try to guess.

seen what lay beneath that smiler For, with my entrance beneath those fatal doors a thought had come. I remembered my heritage. I remem-bered how I had been told by my father when I was a very little girl-I presume when ha first felt the hand death upon him-that if ever I was in great trouble-very great trouble, he had said, where no deliverance in great to be breathed into my ear alone. I could recall the moment he passed me his word, and his firm look as he said, with his hand lifted to Heaven-You have been good to while I was poor and a nobody. In return. I swear to keep our marriage a socret till great success shows me to be worthy of you or till you with your own lips express forgiveness of your own lips express forgiveness of my failure and grant me leave to speak. Nothing but death or your permission shall ever unseal my lips.' When I heard that he was dead I feared lest he might have spoken, but news that I had sear him alive I but now that I had seen him alive, I knew that in no other breast, save his, my own and that of the un-known minister in an almost un-known town, dwelt any knowledge of the fact which stood between me and the fact which stood between me and the marriage which all the people had come here to see. My confidence in his rectitude determined me. With-out conscious emotion, without fear even—the ending of suspense had end-ed all that—I told the boy to seat the gentleman in the library. Then— "I am haunted now, I am haunted always, by one vision, horrible but persistent. It will not leave me; it rises between us now; it has stood between us ever since I left that house with the seal of your affection on my between us ever since I left that house with the seal of your affection on my lips. Last night it terrified me into unconscious speech. I dreamed that I saw again, and plainly, what I caught but a shadowy glimpse of in that murderous hour; a man's form seated at the end of the old settle. with his head learning back in silent with his head learning back in shelt contemplation. His face was turned the other way—I thanked God for that—no, I did not thank God; I never thought of God in that mo-ment of my blind feeling about for a chink and a spring in the wall. I thought only of your impatience, and the people waiting, and the pleasure of days to come when, free from this intolerable bond, I could keep my place at your side and bear your name unreproved and taste to the full the awe and delight of a passion such as few women ever feel, because



was known to so few, and those were so far removed, and one even-my friend Sadie-being dead-Why not

ignore the miserable secret ceremony and cheat myself into believing my-self free, and enjoy this world of pleasure and fashion as Cora was enjoying it and—trust. Trust what? Why the Klondike! That swallowerup of men. Why shouldn't it swal-low one more-Oh, I know that it sounds hateful. But I was desperate; I had seen you. "I had one letter from him after

he reached Alaska, but that was be-fore I left Owosso. I never got an-other. And I never wrote to him. He told me not to do so until he could send me word how and where to write but when these directions came my heart had changed and my only wish was to forget his existence. And I did forget it—almost. I rode and danced with you and went hither and yon, lavishing money and time and heart on the frivolities which came in my way, calling my-solf Veronica and striving by these means to crush out every remember-ance of the days when I was known as Antoinette and Antoinette only. For the Klondike was far and its weather bitter, and men were dying there every day, and no letters came (I used to thank God for this), and I need not think—not yet—whither I was tending. One thing only made me recall my real position. That was when your eyes turned on mine-your true eyes, so bright with sonfidence and pride. I wanted to meet them full, and when I could not, I suddenly knew why, and suf-

"Do you remember the night when we stood together on the balcony at the Ocean View House and you laid your hand on my arm and wondered why I persisted in looking at the moon instead of into your expectant

had once cared, or thought I had cared, for another. The week of our marriage came; I was mad with gaiety and ecstatic with hope. Nothing had occurred to mar my prosmemento from the Klondike, no word even from Wallace, who had gone north with his brother. Soon I should be called wife again, but by lips I loved, and to whose language my heart thrilled. The past, al-ways vague, would soon be no more than a forgotten dream-an episode

was Wallace who had lahen dead, and while William might have per-ished also, and doubtless had, I had no certainty of it. And my wedding day was set for Thursday. "Why didn't I tell Cora; why didn't I tell you? Pride held my tongue; besides, I had had time to think before I saw either of you, and to reason a bit and to feel sure think before I saw either of you, and to reason a bit and to feel sure that if Wallace had been spent enough to fall dead on reaching the camp, William could never have sur-vived on the open road. For Wal-lace was the stronger of the two and the most hardy every way. Free I certainly was. Some later paper would assure me of this. I would hunt them up and see-but I never did. I do not think I dared. I was afraid I should see some account of did. I do not think I defer I was afraid I should see some account of his rescue. I was afraid of being made certain of what was now but a possibility, and so I did nothing. But for three nights I did not

sleep. "The caprice which had led me to be choose the old Moore house to be married in led me to plan dressing there on my wedding morning. It was early when we started, Cora and I, for Waverley Avenue, but not too early for the approaches to that. dreadful house to be crowded with people, eager to see the daring bride. Why I should have shrunk so from instinctively and nearly screamed. Did I dread to recognize a too familiar face? The paper I had scen bore a date six months back. A man

the Orean View House and you laid around at lance at clanoring to your hand on my arm and wonderd why I persisted in looking at the bear of the orner of N. Street the carrings of the orner of another back and any arm-s hand whose didney stopped. A man had arcress at the the stopped never to feel again, but which at that moment was your had the man around your had the stopped never to feel again, but which at that moment was your had the moment was your phalable that yours had the transmark and management was your the book; I knew the gait, Hi was you and to are committed and the moment areas your who had book had and the stopped never to feel again. The or the look; I knew the gait, Hi was you and the stopped never to feel again. The or the look; I knew the gait, Hi was goen in a moment and the carr of the the moment came and I a factor are committed and many around the moment of the correct stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again, the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again, the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again, the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again the stopped never to feel again. The stopped never to feel again the stopped never to finds, fore at he stopped never to finds for the st the corner of N. Street the carriage

such an event, I seized the indu which seemed my one refuge in this hour of mortal trouble, and hasten-ed into the house which, for all its doleful history, had never received

within its doors a heart more bur-

breaking thought-even to love you again? "To turn and turn a miserable

claim to be false—the dream of a man maddened by his experiences in the Klondike. It must come off. Thea, perhaps, I should feel myself a free woman. But it would not come off. I struggled with it and tugged in vain; then I bethought me of us-ing a nail file to sever it. This I did, grinding and grinding at it till the ring finally broke, and I could wrench it off and cast it away out of sight and as I hoped, out of my crank after those moments of frenz-ied action and silence-that was the hard part-that was what tried my hard part—that was what tried my nerve and first robbed me of calm-ness. But I dared not leave that fearful thing dangling there; I had to wind. The machinery squeaked, and its noise seemed to fill the house, but wrench it off and cast it away out of sight, and, as I hoped, out of my memory also. I breathed easier when rid of this token, yet choked with terror whenever a step ap-proached the door. I was clad in my bridal dress, but not in my bridal veil or ornaments, and naturally Cora, and then my maid, came to assist me. But I would not let them in I was set upon testing the secret no one came nor did the door below open. Sometimes I have wished that it had. I should not then have been lured on and you would not have become involved in my ruin. "I have heard many sav that I looked radiant when I came down to be married. The radiance was in their thoughts. Or if my face did in. I was set upon testing the secret of the filigree ball and so preparing shine, and if I moved as if treading on air, it was because I had triumph-

myself for what my conscience told me lav between me and the ceremony arranged for high noon. arranged for high noon. "I did not guess that the studying out of that picture would take so long. The contents of the ball turn-ed out to be a small magnifying-glass, and the picture a mage of written words. I did not decipher it all; I did not decipher the half. I did not need to. A spirit of divination was given me in that awful Why I should have shrunk so from that crowd I can not say. I tremb-led at sight of their faces and at the sound of their voices, and if by chance a head was thrust forward chance then the rest I cowered back der was taugnt; but murder nom a distance, and by an act too simple to awake revulsion. Were the wraiths of my two ancestors who had played with the spring hidden in the depths of this old closet, drawn up in mockbore a date six months back. A han bore a date six months back. A han totid arrive here from Alaska in that time. Or was my conscience aroused at last and clainoring to aroused at last and clainoring to the floor, thinking of what I had the floor, thinking for just read, and listening-listening for something less loud than the sound

SUICIDE FEARED. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Lady Teacher Who Left Her Home Cannot be Found. Cannot found found

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