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MIRIAM



There were faces smiling forth from their wealth of long, sunny curis, and stern visages sporting powdered queues and look-ing coldly down over their great, stiff ruffs I viewed each face with deep interest as the old housekeeper gave me its name and history as far as she knew, as we went from one to another down the long, narrow

apartment. "Here," she said, in a voice of pitying tenderness, as she crossed the floor to the opposite wall, "here are the portraits of the unforthunate childer as has bin sint from Haythurleigh by the therible listiny ov the

istiny ov the house." She paused before a row of portraits with their faces turned to the wall and for her arms, while the great pearly tears rolled down her withered cheek. A strange



when the construction of the series of the series

fate none at the Hill cared to know after

By MANDA L. CROCKER. COPYRIGHT, 1889. CHAPTER The gallery! I never can forget it, or rather, the memory of those faces will mever slip from my mental vision. There were portraits on the walls, in proving face, as if to say: "Why do you intrude on our silent existence." There were faces smilling forth from there the statement of the memory of those and the statement of the relation of the statement of the relation of the statement of the relation of the statement of th

Sue nodded in the affirmative, and drew the crape back over the portrait of the "masthur of Haythurleigh," as she would say, and to ther we left the gallery. We had now been over the Hall, with the exception of a few apartments of "no in-therest at all," and the library. To this last-named room we turned our attention. It was on the first floor, just across the cen-trai hall from the fateful drawing-room. Nearly one whole side of the apartment was taken up with books. I looked at the hundreds of richly-bound volumes on the caken shelves, after Clarkson pulled a heavy tasseled cord and drew back a long silken hanging of green, which hid the ma-

that it must be matured. I gave my atten-tion to the tace of Sir Rupert. Clarkson drew back the crape covering, and put aside the window curtains in order

to let in more light. A gleam of sunlight

flickered for a moment across the painting.

silken hanging of green, which hid the ma-jority of the books from view, and won-dered who next would aspire to the owner-ship of such a collection of elegantly-bound "They're as the masthur left 'em," re-

marked Peggy, breaking in on my specu-lative reverie, "an' he was a great mon for

the bocks, too, maken." "Tell me the story of Miriam now," I said, crossing the room to a great deep chair, with its inviting cushions, that stood by the elaborately-carved secretary in the

"Niver a bit ov it will Oi be afthur tellin' e's in this part o' the hall, ma'am. Oi'd of afthur gettin' into me own soide ov the watch and palliate any dislikes, smooth down any differences which might spring up be sween the two she loved. ouse afore Oi've a wurrud to say about it

She with he great wealth of affection, would swert, or at least mollify, any trouble threatening an estrangement. "Agreed, Peggy," I answered, glad to humor her by going anywhere, if I only might hear the story of the daughter of my

threatening an estrangement. To this hope Lady Percival clung as Miri-am developed into beautiful childhood Sir Rupert seemed very fond of his bright little daughter, and spent many hours with her after she was old enough to prattle her childish withdishes to his paternal ear. He seemed to have forgotten the ancestral anathems, as he amused the child her her was trailing about friend. Once more in her "own soide ov the house," Clarkson lighted her pipe and sat down, where the bright sunshine streamed in through the white dimity-curtained win-dows. "I could not blame her for wanting to et back into her own cheerful rooms again,

Hall." There were two more portraits of the broken-hearted, disinherited children who had gone out from the doors, and of whese

and kissed her tear-wet check fondly "But I love you velly much," she supple-mented, while her sweet childish voice the mother of "the eldest child-a daughand I could almost have shouted for joy at the promising proposition, but controlling myself with an effort, remembering in time that it must be matured, I gave my atten-tot it must be matured. I gave my attenrembled with tearful emotion.

Lady Percival took her daughter's hand, without further words, led her "Oh! my darling! my precious child; my El fated one! May the kind Father, in His nervy, spare thee from this awful thing—a father's hatred." then, without further words, led lief back to the stately roof tree which one day refused even sheltering care. The agony of soul Lady Percival endured in that hour had broken her heart. She was conscious of it as she leaned against the balustrade for support before going to her rooms. With her tear-wet cheek pressed to that of hgr child Lady Percival could hear the "Mother sorrely thread " Miriam said, as the twain entered the apartments, and forthwith she began arranging the cush-ions of Lady Percival's chair. It seemed that the child wanted to do something to

SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND HER MOTHER'S NECK.

leave the room. "Leave her to me awhile, Hewitt," the

white faced mother interposed, and the nurse left them together alone, wondering much what troubled Lady Percival as she olosed the door softly and went back to the

stand How the mellow light fell through the tall issome elms, and glowed in its sifting rays through panes, falling at last on the long sunny curis, and forming a halo of glory around "the eldest child—a daughter," us she stood puzzling her inexperience neart over the dark title-page of her life.

ores of estrangement, heartache and

tears! Lady Percival gazed long on the heiress of the proud and aristocratic manorial pos-sessions in dumb anguish. But her heart was making moan against a dreary barren shore, and the burden of its infining was: "Oh! Miriam, my own lovely child, why must t be; why, oh! why?"

And an unseen influence made answer: "The eldest child, if it be a daughter." "Sir Rupert never referred to the scene in Sir Rupert never referred to the scene in the park, and, to all appearances, had for-gotten the unpleasant occurrence. But there was a change in him that rendered him at times uncompanionable and reticent. The servants noticed the change and speculated accordingly John, the coach-man, remarked to his tellows that "the dreary days were a settlin' him, and that hafter 'while hit would be war to the ill be-mant's and the would be war to the ill be-

To be thus thrust out of their rank in life and society, and reckoned with the plebe-ians, was a trying ordeal. The common lot of the financially unfortunate cast a dis-heartening influence across their day. The social circles began to forget them, and no memoer of the proud, refined family felt the neglect more keenly than the eldest son, Arthur, who had, hitherto, many warm

riends within the radius of the bon ton of Hastings. To be thus ignored, many a less susceptible heart than his had found a bitter fort-une; then marvel not when Arthur grew morbid over his changed life, and looked upon their circumstances as something avoring of a criminal offense. Society snubbed, society talked and spec-ulated, until, driven almost to despair, Arthur determined to retrieve the loss of

property in part, at least, abroad. To this end he resolved to embark in a mining enend he resolved to embark in a mining en-terprise with an uncle in the coal mines, which promised unbounded success. But p ramount to all the grievances he endured in consequence of his unfortunate circumstances; there was a wretched dread

of a possibility of more magnitude and imce to him In his palmy days he had been a welcome visitor at Heatherleigh, and had been a favorite of the house, with the exception of Sir Rupert. He, however, had treated him kindly, although he could not lay claim to a title This mark of favor young Fairfax did not accord to the real reason, but was pleased to consider it in the light of meritorious worth. Had he, for an instant, imagined that the master of Heatherleigh was only condescending to him. In donsideration of

condescending to him, in consideration of the wealth and influence of his family, his visits to the hall would never have been made in the free and easy manner of an in-timate friend of its occupants. But Sir Rupert's kindly tolerance flat-tered him, and the sincerity of Lady Per-cival pleased him exceedingly; but, after all, it was really the society of Miriam which had held him spellbound in those days.

days. Thrown into her charming company con Thrown into her charming company con-tinually, his heart had gone out to her in a sacred attachment before he was hardly aware of it. But when Miriam, who at first had received him shyly and with re-serve, had grown to welcome him with cor-liality and heightened color, he awoke to the knowledge that he loved her passion-ately. And often, too, he had flattered him-self she was not indifferent to him. After this awarkaning it was only natural

After this awakening it was only natural for him to indulge in dreaming of a happy lay "to be," when the beautiful daughter

sad days of reverse and keen sorrow the future held in store for Miriam as his wife

and their cruel hedging him out of society. Here he stopped suddenly, for to go fur-ther and speak of what had been the dearther and speak of what had been the dear-est dream of his life was something he dared not do now, he thought. Miriam had been listening attentively, walking along with one dainty hand rest-ing on his arm, but he did not know that

For a moment he heat her in his arms, while they listened silently, breathlessly to the footsteps of Sir Rupert as he paced hurriedly, angrily, back and forth on the polished floor, nursing his wrath and mut-ering invectives on the head of the man man head into with its wrather. her sore heart was only waiting to be comforted by his love. Seeing a strange look forted by his love. Seeing a strange love of decision cross his handsome face, she guessed instinctively that the declaration he certainly had come to make was reso-lutely deferred because of his low finances. "He thinks I will reject him because his with the hear meret arman "sho mused who had just quit his presence. "Then he said no to you?" she questioned, presently. "Most emphatically, Miriam, and called me impudent poverty' besides." He winced as the insulting interview was mentally wealth has been swept away," she mused. Then looking down at a bordering of rare mosses, now browning in the sun, she made

rehearsed. Disengaging herself from her lover's arms, Miriam stood still, as if posing for reply: "I have heard of it," she said, "but such arms' Miriam stood still, as if posing for some dark tragedy. Her fine eyes flashed dangerously, and her fair face flushed and paled alternately. Surely the traditional hate had developed in the soul of this beautiful girl, the last of the Percivals. Arthur Fairfax watched her silently. He needed no further protestation that she loved him, for the look on her changing things, although very much to be deplored, ought never to make differences between riends. I am sure it would not with me." Arthur could have bowed in happy thank-Arthur could have bowed in happy tashk-fulness and kissed the pale, perfect face for this speech alone, but his heart failed him, and he dared not yet commit him-self. After a slight pause, as if she wished to loved nim, for the box of her changing

After a signt pause, as it she wished to give him time to consider her words, she continued in a low, weary tones "It is cer-taniy hard for you, Mr. Fairfax, but your trouble is nothing compared to mine, at last; nothing to mine," she repeated, al-most desperately, closing the trembling hand over his arm and looking up with

"Alas!" she burst out, vehemently, "what

"Alas !" she burst out, vehemently, "what is property without-s friend?" "A friend," he repeated after her, meet-ing the upward gaze with the secret of his soul shining in his clear, honest eyes. "I would be more than 'a friend' to you, Miri-am, if you would let me. But I am afraid," and his tones grew bitter, "that I have no right to that one blissful dream off my life now; I presume it ought to go with the heyday of fortune, with the glamour of gold! Circumstances and social position are all, it seems, there are to measure a man and establish his worth. I never thought on this matter until I have been

man and establish in worth. I never thought on this matter until I have been measured and found not worthy of social position. And-I must remember it." "You have thought of *itat*, have you?" she questioned almost in a whisper, tight-ening her clasp of his arm, but not look 'YOUR BLESSING IF YOU PLEASE; YOUR CURSE

IF TOU DARE!" countenance plainly told him that her heart was his for all time. He stooped and kussed ening her clasp of his arm, but not look ing up. He feit her assuring hand; he heard the anxious, impetuous voice, and took cour-age. He took the trembling, black-gloved hand from his arm and held if a sworsh ful way for some minutes. What should he say! This beautiful, sorrowing girl, so far re-moved from him socially, was all the world to him; but did she realize that the sting of poverty was keen, was more than she could bear?

bear? "I have thought of this a thousand times," he answered, chokingly. "How can I help thunking; thinking until each thought goads me to almost madness? have loved you, oh! Miriam, so long, and you have grown as dear as my soul to me. But now it seems unpardomable that

inquiry stamped on every feature of her fine face. "Your austere father has re-fused to even hear me, and has repulsed me shamefully, but that need not-will not been revealed to her until she traditional curse by heart. There was a time when she had laughout its import, to scorn, but of late years and -separate us, 1 trust.² For a moment he held her in his arms, began to believe in the truth of its asser

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IF YOU DARE!

tion. A fortnight after parting from Arthur a note was handed her by a servant. It was from her lover, and stated that he had per-fected his plans for the mines, and that he would be at the entrance to the and that he would be at the entrance to the park from the highway with a carriage for her on the morrow. "In the afternoon, dearest,' he had written, "I will come; there is no need of me asking you to be punctual in meeting me at the iron wicket near the chase at three o'clock, as I know you will not fail "

you will not fail." Fail! No, not for worlds, yet a strange yearning for the dark old Hall, a fonging to be reconciled to the grav-hared father, took possession of her. But more bitter than the waters of Mara came the prompt-ings of pride and wounded filial affection. It is utterly useless to grow morbid over impossibilities. She must bow to the rod of a heartless destiny, and go unpardoned and unloved. you will not fail. inloved.

The morning dawned at last that closed the long, nervous sennight of waiting. Miriam woke from a terrible dream of Miriam worke from a terrible dream of death, and/a an agony of doubt and terror she sprang from her couch. "It was but a dream," she said, smiling faintly to her scared reflection in the mirror, "but a dream." Yet she could not help but think dream." Yet she could not help but think that even dreams were significant some-times. She darëd not mention it to Peggy; for that credulous creature would, with her Irish propensities for the mysterious, interpret a terrible revelation, no doubt. And the yawning mines, the black pits, and the black-covered hearse of her night-vision would be all but dire realities by the time Clarkson would be done with them. She must not dwell on this; she must prepare for her flight. Her face assumed an ashe he and her eyes dilated as she thought of this the last day for her within the hall as its helres.

(To be Continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A wealthy widow living in Leipsc, Hungary, has been arrested on a charge of murdering her six children. She was not anspected, of the crime until it was accidently discovered that a dairy which she kept contained a consecutive account of the mulder, written with a circum-stances of detail that appalled the discoverer.

It's in the sex.—A Michigan girl rode fourteen miles to a dentist, had eighteen teeth pulled without a groan, and then walked four miles to her sister's. Had her husband been called upon to lose one teeth he would have andured the pain three weeks, wanted an ambula ce to take him in and out, and then expect to

SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND HER MOTHER icate flower of a wrife knew of the trouble entailed by the birth of the daughter. His only comfort lay in the thought that she was blissfully ignorant of it all as he paced up and down in an aimless march. But the bitterness of the wormwood he had hoped to keep from her cup had been put to her lips through his reticence in the rudest and most thoughtless manner. most thoughtless manner. The sesson of gloom ushered in by Miri-am's advent gradually became dispelled, and the sunlight of happy content shone from Lad Percival's sweet eyes and illu-mined the visage of Sir Rupert as the child grew, beautiful, bright, and above all else, affectionate. It was then that hope sprang up in the bosom of the mother. She would watch as the child grew; watch and pallate any dislikes, smooth down alleviate the sorrow she felt had fallen, somewhere and somehow, on the idolized

mother. The nurse came for her charge, but for the first time the child stoutly refused to

onose the door softly and work back of the intrasery. Having arranged the cushions to her sat-isfaction, Miriam went over to the window whose narrow panes gleamed in the after-noon sun, and stood gasing far away over the environs of her palatial home, awed into silence by something she could not under-stand

heart over the dark tille-page of her life. Lady Percival watched her with a sense of utter helpless misery. The child's sen-tence of an hour ago fell like a verdict of ite sentence, dooming them all to woe: "Cause I do not love him velly well." The legend of Heatherieigh Hail was be-ginning to unfold its menacing power, and the tide of doom had begun to set toward

of the Percivals would consent to unite her thestiny with his. Little did the young lover know of the

But since Lady Percival's death he had intruded on the sorrow of the hall but ittle, for Sir Rupert had seemed so silent and grieved, and Miriam had not been vis-

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AMES CARROLL. , 1889. n15-dw

the generations preceding this last ill-fated offid the theorem of the second second second second when Lady Percival was yet a happy bride Clarkson had communicated to her the story of the hereditary curse, coloring here story of the hereditary curse, coloring her negration visible hereditary curse, coloring tail to prove its correctness. And the the maledictive tradition aski

fate none at the Hill cared to know after the gates had been shut against them. The next face was that of a handsome, young man, whose dark, soulful eyes looked into nine as if to say, "pity me." "Allan," Clarkson murmured, as the fascinating orbs appealed to us, "puir Allan he was sint away in dispirace, ma'am, all because he hard a cutage lassie insthead oy the wan TOM

away in disghrace, ma'an, all because he loved a cottage lassie insthead ov the wan ins family chose out ov the high cardes." "Did he ever come back?" I asked, pity-ing this promising young face so early clouded because of vanity. "Och hoon!" moaned Peggy, "an" allan was niver the wan to come back, ma'an. He married the lassie and took her with him whin he left the country, me Leddy." "And you know nothing more of his his-lory then?" I asked catching a last gimpee ory then?" I asked, catching a last glimpse I the dark, honest eyes as she turned the or trait back to the wall, "No more'n ye know ov the dead, ma'am; only a rumor now an' thin, an' rumors don't





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hatter while int would be wal us in the south tween the master and the young mistress." Butlong to be remembered was the day of the first real disagreement between faof her husband that she forgot her remark of her nuspane that she forgot her remark in the chill of apprehensive terror which seized her. Such an expression of deep emotion on the countenance of Sir Rupert could never be torgotten. Ah! what could it mean! Why should she, of all others,

Her heart refused its usual beating, and the trees seemed as if in a mist, while her husband's face she saw as one sees faces in a troubled dream has facilities in the state Then she put her trembling hand on his arm and looked the wretched question she did not dare to put into words.

Sir Rupert started as if from a terrible dream, and looked down into the face of dream, and looked down into the face of pale, frightened inquiry a moment, as if try-ing to read her thoughts. "She is older in heart than in years," he replied, slowly, with a dash of keenest pain in his voice, as his troubled vision turned toward the child. "She is getting old enough to hateme, and it will fall, how or when I know not, but of one thing I am certain, and that is the com-ing extrangement. I have fait a strange ing estrangement. I have felt a strange presentiment present with me for weeks,

presentiment present win any notary and..." He stopped short, as if alarmed at having made this confession, and had notLady Per-cival understood, through previous infor-mation, his words would have been a mean-ingless riddle. As it was, too well she knew to what he referred. Miriam at this moment came rushing back to them, shouting in childlah glee, and Sir Rupert caught her in his arms, kissed her fondly and then stronge off across the nork, leaving his wife and daughter to

find it is useless. I can not love my child! find this useless. I can not love my child He covered his face with his trembling hands, as if entirely overcome by the baleful intent of his own words, and leaned against the doorway screen. "I can not," he moaned, "avert mightier decrees than

my own !" . Miriam seemed to understand, in part, her father's great grief, for she shuddered visibly and ceased her violent weeping, hid her face in Lady Percival's gown and re-

mained silent. Seeing this demonstration of fear, Sir Beening this demonstration of rear off Rupert went over and, bending down, with white lips pressed the last kiss he ever be-stowed on his child on her sunny ringlets, while the tears rolled down the face of heart-broken Lady Percival.

CHAPTER VIL

heart-broken Lady Percival. CHAPTER VII Ad after the scene closing our last chap-ter Lady Percival never saw another happy day. From that wretched day on, until her decease, her existence was but a living death. Not many months after the death of Lady Percival there fell a shadow over another home a beautiful country seat near Heather-leigh. This one was the lovely home, of a former friend of the Parcivals. But it was not the shadow of the silent reaper's sickle. No, it happened in this case to be that of the grim-tiaged horror of polite society-poverty, and the stricken was the pleasant residence of Beechwood Terrace, and the home of the Fairfaxes. With one fell swoop, uncompromising failure had swept the inxurious ease and careless contentment from the elegant stone mansion, and its aristocratic inmates found themselves suddenly stranded on the ruins

themselves suddenly stranded on the ruins of its former prosperity. So when the mother of invention satdown in the handsomely-furnished apartments to devise different arrangements from those of simply enjoying life, she sent, a thirll of horror through the veins of their dwellers.

ther and daughter. Miriam had rushed into her mother's apartments and had thrown herself into

apartments and had thrown herself into Lady Percival's arms, crying and trembling in a very much excited manner. Upon being intercogated in reference to her un-usual behavior she replied, amid sobs of painful excitement, while she clung to Lady Percival's gown: "I do not love him

and I do not care."-Clarkson, who was passing her mistress' Charkson, who was passing her mistrees' rooms on duties intent, heard and saw Miriam in her parcysm of grief and anger. "Oh, Oilve known it iver so long that it wud ocom to this diclimation ov war. Ooh honel an' that's the ginuine Parcival tim-per" muttared she to herself. And the old housekeeper communicated the affair to the cock with a doleful shake of the head that set the broad white ruffles on the cap the more to trembling over her whitened

that set the broad white ruffles on the cap sine wore to trembling over her whitened locks." Subsequently Sir Rupert had come into his wife's apartment in search of his daugh-ter, yet, after all, dreading to meet her. Finding her sobbing on her mother's knee, he gave her such a strange look of deep, angry sorrow as perhaps few see in a life-time, and said, in a volce as strange as his look: "I have tried, God is my witness, to love the child and break the power of the decree which will estrange us, and I find it is useless. I can not love my child!"



TOGETHER THEY WALKED. friendly as they talked. Poor girl, with no one to whom she could go with her burden

one to whom she could go with the burden of sorrow, no wouldr she clung to this friend of hers thus. And Arthur in turn, before he was awarc of what he was really saying, had related the whole story of his altered oircumstances,

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