The House Thousand Candles

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By Meredith Nicholson, Author of "The Main Chance." Etc.

ful romance will appear in Monday's was Morgan, the caretaker of the sum-Advertiser, and the story will be continued every day.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Glenarm, a handsome young his eccentric grandtather a curious, ped to a sitting position on the wall huge, unfinished castle, with a big surfor greater ease in talking to him.

He stood sullenly, the hammer dangantique furnishings, on condition that ling at arm's length, while my revolhe occupy the house for one year, con- ver covered his head. place is in Indiana, and was called by and rummaging my house!"
Glenarm's grandfather "The House of "Oh it's you is it Mr the only illuminant he used. In the scare!" estant nun. In the will it is further beard. tate was to go to a certain Marian doing in my house today?" Devereaux, niece of Sister Theresa; but if he married the said niece it would Glenarm House, much to Glenarm's was in it in my life!" open enmity. He is discovered several not prepared to prove it. times at various " the Glenarm The house is haunted by unlocated I raised it again. voices and footsteps, and there are rumors of hidden treasure. Glenarm, will allow me to explainin his walks, has met a pretty girl, who says she is from Sister Theresa's do.' eavesdropping and leaves in anger. One spirit. evening, returning unexpectedly from a stroll, he overhears Bates, the butler,

The game that he and I were playguava jelly with cheese and toasted crackers, and then lighted one of my own cigars over a cup of Bates' unfail- less," he said. ing coffee, my spirit was livelier than which Larry and I had escaped from was friendly of you." Tangier with our lives and the curses ach than along any other avenue. In sort." the great library, with its rich store of "I wouldn't believe you, Morgan, if books and the eternal candles, I you swore on a stack of Bibles as high sprawled upon a divan before the fire as this wall." and smoked and indulged in pleasant speculations. The day had offered much material for fireside reflection, and I reviewed its history calmly.

lawyer, whom Glenarm dislikes.

There was, however, one incident that had been guilty of most unchivalrous conduct toward one of the girls of St. Agatha's. It had certainly been unbecoming in me to sit on the wall, howpassed between her and the chaplain. I forgot the shot through the window. I forgot Bates and the interest my room possessed for him and his unin the girl by my clownish behavior annoved me increasingly.

I rose presently, found my cap in a you knew the way, and there was indeed, as I found, the faint suggestion of a path. The moon glorified a broad highway across the water: the air was sharp and still. The houses in the summer colony were vaguely defined, but the sight of them gave me no cheer. The tilt of her tam-o'-shanter as she paddled away into the sunset had conveyed an impression of spirit and dignity that I could not adjust to

any imaginable expiation. These reflections carried me borders of St. Agatha's, and I followed til I found it. the wall to the gate, climbed up, and sat down in the shadow of the pillar farthest from the lake. Lights shone scatteringly in the building of St. Agatha's, but the place was wholly silent. drew out a cigarette, and was about to light it, when I heard a sound as o a tread on stone. There was, I knew no stone pavement at hand, but peering toward the lake I saw a man walking boldly along the top of the wall toward me. The moonlight threw his figure into clear relief. Several times tion, but he was not to be caught off afraid to risk it." He seemed to be some remote part of the house, and he paused, bent down and rapped upon the wall with an object he carried shots in the wood; at any rate, he I wasn't sure you'd be scared to death." it did not recur that night. in his hand.

Only a few hours before I had heard and after brushing the hearth paused commend a meeting with the assassing a similar sound rising from the wainscoting of my own room in Glenarm House. Evidently the stone wall, too was under suspicion!

hammer was examining the farther side to the house." of the gate, and very likely he would carry his investigations beyond it. I care and shook his head. drew up my legs and crouched in the are of the purpose that lay behind this

grandfather's estate hands before I had a chance to debate have sudden changes at this season." It. The man dropped to the ground, counded the stone base under the gate essults: struck a spiteful crack upon actor. the iron bars, then steed up abruptly.

The next installment of this power- | and looked me straight in the eyes. It | Bates. Don't hestate to go to the vilmer colony.

> settling the revolver into my hand. prise. He fell back, staring at me hard, at me.

"Just stay where you are a moment, spendthrift of 27, suddenly inherits from Morgan," I said, pleasantly, and drop- summer cottages in the winter." his eccentric grandfather a curious, ped to a sitting position on the wall

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Glenarm? a Thousand Candles," as candles were Well, you certainly gave me a bad and lighted me to the stair with our

belonging to a Sister Theresa, a Prot- teeth showed pleasantly through his the cool way in which he carried off with a broad western accent.

failed to spend the year there, the es- answered my question. What were you due warning of danger, I resolved to to learn anything from him, "I hope He smiled again, shaking his head.

"You're really fooling, Mr. Glenarm.

ing. An odd character is Bates, the beard; his hat was pushed back from doubly dangerous. butler. The very first night of Glen- his forehead, so that I saw his eyes, arm's occupancy a bullet crashes and he were unmistakably the air of a letter to Larry Donovan, giving him a "Thank you, sir," he said, with so cardboard, and was studying them through the window while he is at din- man whose conscience is perfectly full account of my arrival at Glenarm perfect an imitation of Bates' voice and critically when Bates came in with ed, enraged anew by his halting ner. A man named Morgan, caretaker clear. I was confident that he lied, House. The thought of Larry always manner that I smiled in spite of myof near-by summer cottages, shows an but without appealing to Bates I was cheered me, and as the pages slipped self.

premises, and personal combats have premises, and personal combats have and Morgan. dropped the revolver to my knee, but The idea of being fired upon by an un-

"Certainly not, Mr. Glenarm. If you "That's precisely what I want you to

Armstrong. He has overheard her laughed, and I felt the least bit fool- freight car for Annandale with a pleas- it." talking to a clergyman, and when he ish to be pointing a revolver at the ure I had not before taken in that prolets her know this she accuses him of head of a fellow of so amiable a

in conversation with an unknown per- strange; but I was just examining the past them they laughed at a remark with a slam—a delicate way of assur- school, sir," said Bates, from the devoted to my service after the raking son, who leaves the house in mysterious wall to determine the character of the by one of the number which I could ing me that he was acting in good faith hearth. fashion. Glenarm believes Bates to be work. One of the cottagers on the lake not overhear. But I am not a partic- and not preparing to puncture my back "The young ladies running a little anger. I went back to the library and a creature of illusions. in a plot to oust him from the house, left me with the job of building a fence ularly sensitive person; I did not care with a rifle ball. I regained the lake wild, eh? dead or alive, or to secure the treasure, on his place, and I've been expecting what my Hoosier neighbors said of me; shore, feeling no great discouragement "Sister Theresa's ill, sir. Ferguson architecture, all unrelated and im-wall, I mean-Mr. Glenarm. and, arming himself, resolves to make to come over to look at this all fall. all I asked was that they should refrain over the lean results of my interview, told me last night." a thorough investigation of the build- You see, Mr. Glenarm, your honored from shooting at the back of my head but rather a fresh zest for the game, "No doubt Ferguson knows." I deing that night. He finds that the oak grandfather was a master in such matthrough the windows of my own house. Whatever the game might be. Morgan clared, moving the papers about on wicked should be buried standing on a lest school-girl to cross my lands

The game that he and I were playIng appealed to me strongly. It was didn't you?—you are undoubtedly a a search for the motives that lay beinto a little cove near which the girl ment; but the house was bare and We did not exchange a word, and back upon the poets. Ing appealed to me strongly. It was didn't you all the house was be altogether worth while, and as I at scoundrel of the first water. I make hind the crafts and assaults of my en- in the tam-o'-shanter had disappeared lonely and he was a resource.

"Men have been killed for saying "And for doing less than firing

"I don't see why you center all your of the police. It is a melancholy com- suspicions on me. You exaggerate my mentary on life that contentment importance, Mr. Glenarm. I'm only

"Thanks!" he ejaculated mockingly Like a flash he swung the hamme over his head and drove it at me, and at the same moment I fired. The hammer-head struck the pillar near the I found unpleasant in the retrospect. I outer edge and in such a manner that the handle flew around and smote me reached the ground the man was already running rapidly through the ever unwillingly, and listen to the park, darting in and out among the words-few though they were-that trees, and I made after him at hot speed.

The hammer-handle had struck slant ingly across my forehead, and my head ached from the blow. I abused myself known accomplice; but the sudden roundly for managing the encounter so distrust and contempt I had awakened stupidly, and in my rage fired twice, with no aim whatever, after the flying figure of the caretaker. He clearly had the advantage of familiarity with the closet under the stairs, and went out wood, striking off boldly into the heart into the moon-flooded wood toward the of it, and quickly widening the dislake. The tangle was not so great when tance between us; but I kept on, even after I ceased to hear him threshing through the undergrowth, and came out presently at the margin of the lake about fifty feet from the boathouse. I waited in the shadow for some time. expecting to see the fellow again, but

he did not appear. I found the wall with difficulty and followed it back to the gate. It would be just as well. I thought, to possess myself of the hammer; and I dropped down on the St. Agatha side of the wall and groped about among the leaves un-

Then I walked home, went into the just as I had left it, and sat down beabsent from the house only forty-five minutes.

CHAPTER VIII.

A String of Gold Beads. narrowly for some sign of perturbatended the fire with his usual gravity, For a novel diversion I heartily re

"Is there anything further, sir?" hammer I picked up out in the grounds that is quite equal to it. Morgan was Tap, tap, tap! The man with the a bit ago. I wish you'd see if it belongs

"It doesn't belong here, I think, sir. my next move. I struck a match on shadow of the pillar, revolver in hand. But we sometimes find tools left by the my box and lighted a cigarette. was not anxious for an encounter; I carpenters that worked on the house. much preferred to wait for a disclos- Shall I put this in the tool-chest, sir?" mysterious tapping upon walls on my now and then, and I'll keep it handy." I hadn't seen him for several years be- I had sat on the wall and tempted fate,

> "I dare say." We were not getting anywhere; the

lage when you like."

There was no doubt about his surverting village." and instinctively drawing the hammer "I fancy not. But the caretaker over arm, that you're not!"

neighborhood was St. Agatha's School, His air was one of relief, and his interesting knave, and really admired and he expressed himself well enough On this gray morning I produced this:

mysteriously stated that if Glenarm "It certainly is I. But you haven't of being killed, and now that I had only make myself ridiculous by trying

go to St. Agatha's School. Life, in I wasn't in your house today. I never surprise, turns out to be highly excit- His white teeth gleamed in his light long ago that a knave with humor is catch you on my grounds again I'll fill

"Hurry," I commanded.

cess. The Mr. Pickering referred to tered the house with so much assurtant less that I was beginning a year of devo- of my arrival at Glenarm House, indi- me as I sat dining upon the viands felt better, on the whole, for having hands in her pockets—I liked her parin succeeding chapters is the family ance that I had been prepared for tion to architecture. Such was, I felt, cated that there was method in his hos- which he prepared with so much skill; announced myself to the delectable ticularly that way—with an easy his interest in the wall

at any time since a certain evening on through windows at a man's head. It

comes more easily through the stom- the man-of-all-work at a summer re-

library, alight with its many candles, fore the fire to meditate. I had been

respectfully.

"Very good, Mr. Glenarm. It's a bit fore he died. I was never at Glenarm and I had roamed the house constant-But the matter was taken out of my sharper tonight, but we're likely to before in my life, so it's a little rough ly expecting to surprise Bates in some me.

"You must find it pretty lonely here, back of his interest in my affairs.

very worthy person, I should call him, on slight acquaintance."

with me." He met my gaze without flinching, difficult situations. I had no intention without. Both Bates and Morgan, the on walls won't interfere with our pleas-

Before going to bed I wrote a long lake." not prepared to prove it.

from my pen I could feel his sympathy
"But you can't deny that you're on and hear him chuckling over the livefire into my back I'll wish you goodare in for winter now."

from my pen I could feel his sympathy
from my pen I could feel his sympathy
fire into my back I'll wish you goodare in for winter now."

less adventurer. But you can tell Sis-

real lift of the spirit. of idle laborers stopped talking to Morgan." "Well, as I was saying, it may seem watch me; and when I was a few yards As I turned away he closed his door

some really plausible explanation of the only honest course. I should work tility.

emies.

cottages I took the canoe I had chosen for my own use from the boathouse and pad-Glenarm as though his name had been dled up the lake. The air was still carved upon it.

of young maples.

knock. "Good-afternoon, Morgan." by his cool deception. There was, per- you saw that among all the cads in the haps, a certain element of recklessness world I am No. 1 in Class A. And had shown so singular an interest in tam-o'-shanter!) if they are not yours,

"Won't you come in and rest your-

"Thank you, no." I snapped. "Suit yourself, Mr. Glenarm." disagreeable emphasis.

"Morgan, you are an infernal black-

one for this."

a hole in the top. a fresh supply of wood. I watched him I sighted you from the casino half a stairs! dozen times with my gun, but I was! The sound died away, seemingly, in

who has, only a few days or hours before, tried to murder you. I know of "I believe not. Bates. Oh, here's a nothing in the way of social adventure a fellow of intelligence, and, whatever library windows with a howl and a lay back of his designs against me, he splash. The tempest had wakened me; He examined the implement with was clearly a foe to reckon with. He it seemed that every chimney in the stood in the doorway calmly awaiting

"Morgan, I hope you understand that ber, and I was growing used to my sur-

He smiled tolerantly as I spoke.

"I thank you, Mr. Glenarm; but I am excuse my bluntness, but I take it that and once I had passed my young ac- well of you; but I want you to under- to which her eyes turned longingly. "Good-evening, Mr. Morgan," I said, not much for idling. I keep a few books you're a frank man. He was a ve.; quaintance with another girl, a dark, stand"—I smote the table with my by me for the evenings. Annandale is keen person, and, I'm afraid" - he laughing youngster, walking in the clenched hand-"that if these women, not what you would exactly call a di- chuckled with evident satisfaction to highway, and she had bowed to me or your employer, Mr. Pickering, or but I hope you understand that I'm

over his shoulder, as though to fling it at the summer resort has even a lone- 'There you have it, Morgan! I fully heard the steps without being able to you are!-think you can scare me away lier time, I suppose. That's what I'd agree with you! I'm as dull as an oys- account for them. call a pretty cheerless job -watching ter; that's the reason I've called on you Memory kept plucking my sleeve with man, and I'll tell you another thing-

"Well," I said, seeing that I should protect myself from foes within and our little spats through windows and generosity, forbearance and gentlenes caretaker, were liars of high attain- ant social relations. And I don't hesiment. Morgan was, moreover, a cheer- tate to tell you"-I was exerting myful scoundrel, and experience taught me self to keep down my anger-"that if I you with lead and sink you in the

seen foe would, I knew, give Larry a profoundly. "It'll suit me much better the wood. to continue handling the case on your Bates had not mentioned Morgan or out of here!" The next morning I walked into the grounds," the said, as though he re- referred even remotely to the pistolvillage, mailed my letter, visited the ferred to a busines matter. "Killing a shot of my first night, and he had cer- me again. During the morning I railway station with true rustic instinct man on your own property requires tainly conducted himself as a model strolled through the house several school, and gives the name of Oilvia "Well, it may seem strange"—he and watched the cutting out of a some explaining—you may have noticed servant. The man-of-all-work at St. times to make sure he had not left it

> ceeding. The villagers stared at me away from home," I said. "I formed I had surprised them once innocently pointed to find him in every instance which the young lord of the manor is blankly as on my first visit. A group the habit early in life. Good-day, enjoying their pipes and whisky and

On this day I really began to work, was not an enemy to trifle with; he my desk conscious, and not ashamed their heads, and only the very good unattended in a snowstorm; and the by a hammer, as if someone had tested any harm in getting the benefit—to put I mapped out a course of reading, set was on the other hand, a clever and of it, that I enjoyed these dialogues might lie and sleep in peace. These piazza of a boat-house is not, I submit, up a draughtsman's table, I found put daring foe; and the promptness with with Bates. I occasionally entertained diversions and several black cigars a pleasant loafing place on a winter draw out the butler, but with little suc- I laughed. He had denied having en- away in a closet, and convinced myself which he began war on me the night the idea that he would some day brain felt before me, her

his interest in the wall.

"Morgan—you said it was Morgan, leisure I should give to recreation and yond St. Agatha's as I drove my canoe ness and perfectly easy of accomplish
"The sun was going his ruddy way bebeing rather more in his line of business and perfectly easy of accomplishstripped criticism of all weapons.

"Wing and a ight and certain step. Her
being rather more in his line of business and perfectly easy of accomplishage further conversation and I fell the day before. The shore was high When I plunged into the wood in the here, and at the crest was a long seeing that Bates had nearly finished, middle of the afternoon it was with the curved bench of stone, reached by half and glancing with something akin to the earth, and it had given me a new definite purpose of returning to the a dozen sters, from which one might terror upon the open pages of a dreary landscape. The snow continued to I quoted. upper end of the lake for an interview enjoy a wide view of the country, both work on English cathedrals that had fall in great, heavy flakes, and the storm while you stumble through a with Morgan, who had, so Bates in- across the lake and directly inland. The put me to sleep the day before. formed me, a small house back of the bench was a pretty piece of work, both reminiscential of Alma Tadema, and as clearly the creation of John Marshall days!

warm, but the wind that blew out of It was assuredly a spot for a pipe the south tasted of rain. I scanned the and a mood, and as the shadows crept water and the borders of the lake for through the wood before me and the signs of life-more particularly, I may water, stirred by the rising wind, beas well admit, for a certain maroon-col-gan to beat below, I invoked the one ored canoe and a girl in a red tam-o'- and yielded to the other. Something in shanter, but lake and summer cottage the withered grass at my feet caught were mine alone. I landed and began my eye. I tent, and picked up a string at once my search for Morgan. There of gold beads, dropped there, no were many paths through the woods doubt, by some girl from the school, smartly in the face. By the time I back of the cottages, and I followed or a careless member of the summer several futilely before I at last found colony. I counted the separate beadza small house snugly hid in a thicket they were round and there were fifty of them. The proper length for one The man I was looking for came to turn about a girl's throat, perhaps; not

the door quickly in response to my more than that! I lifted my eyes and looked off toward St. Agatha's. "Child of the red tam-o'-shanter "Good-afternoon, Mr. Glenarm," he I'm very sorry I was rude to you yessaid, taking the pipe from his mouth terday, for I liked your steady stroke the better to grin at me. He showed with the paddle, and I admired, even no sign of surprise, and I was nettled more, the way you spurned me when in my visit to the house of a man who these golden bubbles (O, girl of the red my affairs, and his cool greeting vexed you shall help me find the owner, for we are neighbors, you and I, and there must be peache between our houses."

With this foolishness I rose, thrust self, Mr. Glenarm?" he interrupted. "I the beads into my pocket, and paddled reckon you're tired from your trip over home in the waning glory of the sun-

That night, as I was going quite late He to bed, bearing a candle to light me seemed to like my name and gave it a through the dark hall to my room, I heard a curious sound, as of someone walking stealthily through the house. guard. You have twice tried to kill me At first I thought Bates was still abroad, but I waited, listening for sev-"We'll call it that, if you like," and eral minutes, without being able to he grinned. "But you'd better cut off mark the exact direction of the sound or to identify it with him. I went to He lifted the gray fedora hat from the door of my room, and still a mufhis head and poked his finger through fled step seemed to follow me-first it had come from below, then it was much "You're a pretty fair shot, Mr. Glen-like someone going upstairs—but where arm. The fact about me is"-and he In my own room I still heard steps, winked-"the honest truth is, I'm out light, slow, but distinct. Again there of practice. Why, sir, when I saw you was a stumble and a hurried recovery A moment later Bates entered with paddling out on the lake this afternoon -ghosts, I reflected, do not fall down-

guard. Possibly he had not heard the shaken with inner mirth. "If I'd missed though I prowled about for an hour

CHAPTER IX. The Girl and the Rabbit.

Wind and rain rioted in the wood, house held a screaming demon. We were now well-launched upon Decem-

I am not responsible for any injury my roundings. I had offered myself fre-"Never mind. I need such a thing grandfather may have inflicted on you. quently as a target by land and water; for you to visit your displeasure on act of treachery; but the days were kill me twice since I came here. He perfects himself in such graces as the passing monotonously. I saw nothing fired at me through the window the putting on of a girl's overshoes. She of Morgan-he had gone to Chicago on night I came-Bates!" likewise the pillars, evidently without fellow was certainly an incomparable knew—and he knew that I did—that no some errand, so Bates reported—but I ill-feeling against my grandfather lay continued to walk abroad every day, and again. Ills hands opened and often at night, alert for a reopening of several times, and

"You're not quite the man your hostilities. Twice I had seen the red convulsed his face for a moment. grandfather was, Mr. Glenarm. You'll tam-o'-shanter far through the wood,

proved inconstant, but I had twice damn you, I don't know who or what forgiven."

for enlightenment. Consider that I'm reminders of my grandfather. I was and you may repeat it to your school I said. "That's Morgan, sir. I meet him oc- here under a flag of truce, and let's see touched at finding constantly his mar- teachers and to Mr. Pickering, who casionally when I go to the village. A if we can't come to an agreement." ginal notes in the books he had col- pays you, and to Morgan, whom some-"It's too late, Mr. Glenarm, too late, lected with so much intelligence and body has hired to kill me-that I am There was a time when we might have loving care. It occurred to me that going to keep faith with my dead "No doubt of it, Bates. Any time done some business: but that's past some memorial, a tablet attached to grandfather, and that when I've spent the overshoe. She wore, I noticed, ducting himself in the meanwhile in an "Now, if you please, I'd like to know through the winter you want to have now. You seem like a pretty decent the outer wall, or perhaps, more propmy year here and done what the old brown gloves, with cuffs. "How can I go away! you sooner; but better luck next time." ting; and I experimented with designs this house and every acre of ground, He stroked his yellow beard reflect- for it, covering many sheets of draw- and every damned dollar the estate to pick up. I'm perfectly worn out, ively, and shook his head a little sad-ing paper in an effort to set forth in a carries with it. And now one other carrying about some girl's heads with

> The life of John Marshall Glenarm was a testimony to the virtue of The beautiful things he loved were not nobler than his own days. His grandson (who served him ill)

I had drawn these words on a piece of But I'm afraid, sir-

writes this of him.

Agatha's, a Scotchman named Fergu- to communicate with some of his fel- that my identity was a dark mystery "Yes. I commit most of my murders con, had visited him several times, and low-plotters, but I was, I admit, disap- to her. I had read English novels in

> water in the kitchen. "They are having trouble at the storm boots! To find him thus humbly

or perhaps he would poison me, that Bates, who gave me for luncheon a swing and a light and certain step. Her

"So Sister Theresa's ill!" I began,

"She's been quite uncomfortable, sir;

"That's good. I'm glad to hear it"

"Miss Devereux!" I laughed outright. "That's the name, sir - rather odd. should call it." "Yes, it is rather odd." I said, com-

wil.1: provision, said property shall revert to trail: my general estate, and become, without reservation, and without necessity for any process of law, the property, absolutely, of Marian Devereux, of the

County and State of New York. "Your grandfather was very fond of

to remember that Bates probably knew while his pursuer's steps pointed toexactly the nature of my grandfather's ward the boat-house. will: and the terms of it were not in the least creditable to me. Sister Theresa and her niece were doubtless calmly awaiting my failure to remain at Glenarm House during the disciplinary year - Sister Theresa, a Protestant nun, and the niece who probably covert coat I remembered from taught drawing in the school for her keep! I was sure it was drawing; nothelse would. I felt, have brought the her hands were thrust into her poc-

father's beneficence. as a blackguard and a menace to the will allow me, to a serene and daunt therefore, kept rigidly to my own side constitution for another. of the stone wall. A suspicion crossed my mind, marshaling a host of doubis

"Bates!" He was moving toward the door with his characteristic slow step. "If your friend Morgan, or anyone and occasionally both fell upon the else, should shoot me, or if I should tumble into the lake,

end my earthly career-Bates!" the window and I spoke his name sharply.

"Then Sister Theresa's niece would

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm."

that belonged to Mr. Glenarm?" "That's my understanding of matter, sir. "Morgan, the caretaker has tried to

I waited for his eyes to meet

from here, you've waked up the wrong of a small matter-

some kind of a constable with jurisdiction over this place, and I could have the whole lot of you put into jail for conspiracy, but I'm going to stand out reduced my stature against you alone-do you understand me, you hypocrite, you stupid, slink- of her coat,, and shook the tam-o'ing spy? Answer me, quick, before I shanter slightly, to establish it in a throw you out of the room." I had worked myself into a great

passion, and fairly roared my challenge, pounding the table in my rage. "Yes, sir. I quite understand you

"Of course, you're afraid!" I shoutspeech. "You have every reason in the "Those are unmistakable snowflakes, world to be afraid. You've probably less adventurer. But you can tell Sisas I've ever been painted. Now, clear

He left the room without looking at busy at some wholly proper task, always mistaken for the gamekeeper's Once, indeed, I found him cleaning my I had given him dulled the edge of my planned a cathedral in seven styles of possible, and when this began to bore

after knocking about in the library for several hours I went out for a tramp. Winter had indeed come and possessed Nor iron bars a cage. ground was whitening fast.

A rabbit's track caught my eye, and but they hope to see her out in a few I followed it, hardly conscious that I rhymes has its embarrassments, pardid so. Then the clear print of two ticularly when you are breathing a small shoes mingled with the rabbit's trifle hard from the swift pace your "Yes, sir. I think we naturally feel trail. A few moments later I picked auditor is leading you. interested, being neighbors. And Fer- up an overshoe, evidently lost in the guson says that Miss Devereux's de- chase by one of Sister Theresa's girls, votion to her aunt is quite touching." I reflected. I remembered that while she hastened on. I stood up straight and stared at at Tech I had collected diverse memor-Pates' back - he was trying to stop abilia from school-girl acquaintances, the eye. The snow swirled about her. the rattle which the wind had set up in and here I was beginning a new serles with a string of beads and an overshoe!

so elusive, and the little fellows have, posed again, but not referring to the I am sure, a shrewd humor belonging same. My mind was busy with a cer- to themselves. I rather envied the tain paragraph in my grandfather's school-girl who had ventured forth for a run in the first snowstorm of the season. I recalled Aldrich's turn on Gau-"Should he fail to comply with this tier's lines as I followed the double

A rabbit is always an attractive

"Howe'er you tread, a tind mold Betrays that light foot all the same; Upon this glistening, snowy fold

At every turn it signs your name. A pretty autograph, indeed! The snow her, sir. She and Sister Theresa were fell steadily and I tramped on over the abroad at the time he died. It was joint signature of the girl and the rabmy sorrowful duty to tell the sad news bit. Near the lake they parted comin New York, sir, when they landed." pany, the rabbit leading off at a tan-"The devil it was!" It irritated me gent, on a line parallel with the lake,

There was, so far as I knew, one student of adventurous blood at St. Agatha's, and I was not in the least surprised to see, on the little sheltered balcony of the boat-house, the red slackened for a moment; then she tam-o'-shanter. She wore, the hurried blithely forward. day I saw her first from the wall. Her back was toward me as I drew near; woman within the pale of my grand- kets. She was evidently enjoying the soft mingling of the snow with the still I had given no thought to Sister The- blue waters of the lake, and a girl and resa since coming to Glenarm. She a snowstorm are, if you ask my opinhad derived her knowledge of me from ion, a pretty combination. The fact of my grandfather, and such being the a girl's facing a winter storm argues case, she would naturally look upon me mightily in her favor-testifies, if you peace of the neighborhood. I had, less spirit, for one thing, and a sound

I ran up the steps, my cap in one and questions that had lurked there drew back a trifle, just enough to bring my conscience to its knees. "I didn't mean to listen that day.

just happened to be on the wall, and

it was a thoroughly underbred trickmy twitting you about it-and I should have told you before if I'd known how to see you-"May I trouble you for that shoe? His eyes had slipped from mine to she said with a great deal of dignity.

They taught that cold disdain of man, I supposed, as a required study at St. Agatha's. "Oh, certainly. Won't you allow

get this property and everything else me?" "Thank you, no!" I was relieved, to tell the truth, for had been out of the world for most of that period in which a youngster took the damp bit of rubber-a wet overshoe, even if small and hallowed shut by associations, isn't pretty—as Venus fear might have received a soft-shell crab

from the hand of a fresh young mer-"Bates, I'm trying my best to think man. I was between her and the steps "Of course, if you don't accept my

apology I can't do anything about it;

himself-"I'm really afraid, Mr. Glen- coldly. Even the ghost in the wall that damned hound Morgan, or you- sincere and humble, and anxious to be "You seem to be making a good deal

"I wasn't referring to the overshoe,"

She did not relent. "If you'll only go away-She rested one hand against the corner of the boathouse while she put on

"How can I go away! You childre are always leaving things about for me established ceremony. I voted him an ly. He was not a bad-looking fellow; few words some hint of his character, thing. I suppose there's a sheriff or me. And I spoiled a good glove on your

overshoe. "I'll relieve you of the heads too ! you please." And her tone measurably

She thrust her hands into the nockets more comfortable spot on her head. The beads had been in my corduroy coat since I found them. I drew them out and gave them to her.

Thank you; thank you, very much. 'Of course, they are yours, Miss-She thrust them into her pocket. "Of course, they're mine," she said

ndignantly, and turned to go. "We'll waive proof of property an that sort of thing," I remarked, with I fear, the hope of detaining her. "I'm sorry not to establish a more neighborly feeling with St. Agatha's. The stone wall may seem formidable bu it's not of my building. I must open the gate. The wall's a trifle steep for

climbing." I was amusing myself with the idea son by the pretty daughter of the curate who has come home from school to be the belle of the country. But my lady of the red tam-o'-shanter was not

"It serves a very good purpose-the

She was walking down the steps and me I designed a crypt in which the I followed. I am not a man to suffer

"Stone walls do not a prison make

woodland behind a girl who shows no interest in either your prose or your

"I have heard that before," she said half-turning her face, then laughing as

Her brilliant cheeks were a delight to whitened the crown of her red cap and clung to her shoulders. Have you ever seen snow-crystals gleam break digsolve in fair, soft, storm-blown hair? quarry. Few things, besides riches, are Do you know how a man will pledge his soul that a particular flake will never fade, never cease to rest upon a certain flying strand over a girlish temple? And he loses-his heart and his wages-in a breath! If you fail to understand these things, and are furthermore unfamiliar with the fact that the color in the cheeks of a girl who walks abroad in a driving snowstorm marks the favor of heaven itself, then

you will do well to rap at the door of another inn. "I'd rather missed you," I said, "and, really, I should have been over to apologize if I hadn't been afraid" "Sister Theresa is rather fierce," she declared. "And we're not allowed to receive gentleman callers-it says so

in the catalogue."

popular teacher?"

West."

esa is improving."

"Yes, thank you."

"And Miss Devereux - she is quite well, I hope?" She turned her head as though to listen more carefully, and her step

"Oh, she's always well. I believe."

"So I imagined. I trust Sister The

"You know her, of course?" "Oh, rather! She gives us music lessons. "So Miss Devereux is the musicteacher, is she? Should you call her a

"The girls call her" - she seemed noved to mirth by the recollection -Miss Prim and Prosy. "Ugh!" I exclaimed sympathetical-"Tall and hungry-looking, with long talons that pound the keys with

grim delight. I know the sort!'

"She's a sight!" - and my guide laughed approvingly. "But we have to take her; she's part of the treatment." "You speak of St. Agatha's as if it

were a sanatorium." "Oh, it's not so bad. worse!"

"Where do most of the students come from-all what you call Hoosiers? "Oh, no! They're from all over-City cinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Indianap olis' "What the magazines call the Middle

To Be Continued on Monday.

WHERE WEAKNESS IS, DISEASE WILL SETTLE.—If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted. ere disease will settle when it attacks body. Therefore drive out that beset you; do not let a cold or a cough harass you, and keep the respiratory organs in a good, healthy condition. This you can do by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Prevention is the wiseal