Buelph Greuing Mercury

THURSDAY EV'G, NOV. 19, 1874

HELENA GRAHAM,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE. CHAPTER IV.

OHAPTER IV. "Well, Helens, cne would think you were attitudinizing for the stage," said Captain Graham, drily, as he approached. Helena laughed gaily, as the sprang down on the white, level sands between her brother and lover. "I was only looking ont for a sail, which I failed to discover," she replied. "Well, Graham," said Clinton, "had your old lady down below any important revelations to make, that she sent for you in such haste this merning?" "Not very important in my eyos, though they are in hers," replied the young asptain. "She wished to reversal the dying deposition of our passenger. Arthun Stewart." "And what had he to teil ? Was I right in saying, remorse for some 'unacted crime' preyed on him more than mere !

preyed on him more than me

"Faith, Helena, according to worthy its. Ben, I believe you were. He suc-seded in frightening that good, but ightly credulous old lady out of her ic."

Alte. Bon, I believe yon were. He aucceeded in frightening that good, but slightly credulous old lady out of her wits."
"Well?" said Helens, inquiringly. Captain Graham, condensing the story, gave them the outlines and principal facts in a few words. Both listened with deep interest; but when he spoke of the pale, haggard face, with its dark, waving hair, glaring at them through the window. Herbert Clinton started violently, and turnel pale. Helena's eagle eyes were fixed on his face, and she slone observed it "And what does Mrs. Ben take this nocturnal visitor to be?" inquired Helena."A mortal like herself, or a spirit disembodied?"
"Oh, a ghost, of course," replied her brokher. "The spirit, perhaps, of the woman walled up to berish in the room with the murdered man. Ugh! The story allocation of the body." Captain Graham seunterd away, and the lover were alone.
"And what do you think of this story. Herbert?" inquired Helena.
"He namet all. I bodieve FII go and send Evan down to inter the body." Captain Graham seunterd away, and the lover were alone.
"And what do you think of this story. Herbert?" inquired Helena.
"He namet all. Testerday, I should have joined your brokher in laughing at it; but to day..."
"Heads., I do not wish to alarm you needlessly; but last night, as if to punish my presumption, I experienced. It should think they were humburging me ; but I cannot discredit what I saw with my own eyes."
"And what was the appearance of the nocturnal visitor?
"Exactly like the description Mrs. Ben gives of the face that appeared at her with any one also and wild, vacant dark yese."
"Oh, Herbert, can it be that...... But, no, it is impossible. At what hour did this apparition appear?"
"Between one and two, as near at I an judge."
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"Between one and two, as near at I an judge." "Strange, strange ! I, too, heard some-thing dreadful last night." "Is its possible? What was it, deagest Helena?" "Listen ! About midnight I was awak-end by something that sounded like a heavy fall right outside my door, followed by a groan so deep, so horrible, that the very blood seemed freezing in my veins. Trembling with terror, I half rose to listen; but all for a time was still. Try-ng to persuade myself that I was only dreaming. I was about to bie down again, when a shrick, the most appalling broke upon the sir, and died away in an ago-nized moan. I dared not move, I could not sleep, and I lay cowering in supersti-tions horror until morning. With the bright sunshine came renewed courage, and I feared to mention what I had heard to my brother or yon, lest I should be laughed at—even as you feared the same. Herbert, there must be some horrible mystery here. Some foul crime, I fear, has at some time been perportated within these walls. What if——" " Well, Helena?" he said inquiringly.

"Bit paused. "Well, Helena?" he said inquiringly. "Oh, Herbert, what if this house has been the seeme of that mystery the dying man spoke of ? I thought of it from the first."

"Nonsense, Helena ! What an idea !" And yet he looked disturbed himself as

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