HIS OWN VICTIM.

Few men have met their future wives in more startling circumstances than served as an introduction between Dr. Frank Aylward and Kate Burleigh.

He was doing duty for old Dr. Barnaby, of Croyland, a southern suburb of London. He was a stranger to the district. It was ten o'clock at night, and he had lost his way in a November fog.

He had been blundering along blindly for half an hour, just able to make out the mass on each villa as he passed it, when he heard high up in the air, a little ahead, the sound of a clear, sharp, tearing explosion, followed by a rattling of falling and the jingle of broken glass.

In the impenetrable vapor before him he heard cries and exclamations; shouts and disjointed words; frantic exhortations to hasten, and the tread and shuffle of many feet.

He proceeded a hundred yards, when a broad patch of light caught his eye. As he drew nearer it was apparent that the light issued through an open door. A little farther on he found the garden gate of the house wide open.

He drew up and listened. No sound came from that house. No figure appeared in the hall, on the threshold, on the steps. On such a night no door would be left open without good reason. There had been an accident, a commotion, a scare. He, Frank Aylward, was a doctor, and speedy aid might be much needed.

He turned into the grounds and crossed the front garden, assended the steps and and then stood a while irresolute. A slate slid from the roof and fell close to the portico.

Whither had those men and women of the voices fled? Could it be that thieves had broken in and terrified away the inhabitants? No! for he had heard voices of men among the fugitives. Besides, thieves would surely close the door or turn down the gas to avoid attracting observation.

He stepped over the threshold and called out, asking if anyone was there. No reply.

Under the massive hat-rack hung a gong. He struck the gong and sent a strong sweet clangor reverberating through the hall and passages. But it brought back no answering note.

A few slates rattled from the roof and fell close to the portico.

On Aylward's right door stood open. Beyond it was the dining-room. He looked in. The gas-lights against the wall and at each end of the sideboard were burning full. Bottles and decanters and the remains of dessert lay on the table. Chairs stood pushed back as though sitters had risen hastily from them. A partly-crushed filbert rested in the jaws of a pair of silver nut-crackers. Some of the glasses were partly full, and in the middle of the table was a cigarette from which a thin film of blue smoke assended.

Aylward crossed the hall to the drawing-room door, which also was wide open. Here, too, all lights were fully up. The candles in the piano-brackets were burning. A piece of music lay on the floor, and a satin shoe a hand's breadth off.

He began to ascend the broad, brilliantly lighted stairs. He felt as if walking through some splendid tomb, some deserted temple. The hush, the blazing lights, the gleaming brasswork which flashed back the light in rays of gold, the sombre bronzes which swallowed the light, making figures of darkness in the radiance, and above all the sense of human beings recently and unaccountably departed, gave a mysterious and ghostly air.

Off the corridor on the first story, flooded with a full golden light, was the music-room, which had evidently been set apart for dancing. Here were a fan and a bouquet on the floor. In the billiard-room a cue stood against the table, and a piece of chalk, fallen from the hand of a player, had tumbled into the middle of the table and now rested there. The boudoir had been given up to cards. On one table the tricks were all mixed up. Another table had been overturned, and the cards lay scattered about.

Under the spell of some irresistible impulse, young Aylward climbed the bright staircase to the landing above. Here bedrooms and bath-rooms and dressing-rooms stood open, brilliantly illumined. Here water was still running from the tap into a basin. Here reposed a ribbon on a pincushion. Here hung a man's white tie on a shaving glass. But not a soul to be seen; not a sound was to be heard.

Aylward reached the foot of the stairs extending to the topmost story. At this point the lights ceased and all above was dark. He called into the darkness.

At last he thought he heard some sound. He hesitated to trust himself unarmed and alone into this vault of shadow above those hushed and abandoned chambers.

He called again and listened intently. Yes; unmistakably, this time, there was some kind of reply—a reply half cry, half groan. Setting his teeth he pushed upwards.

On gaining the floor where the servants had their quarters he found all dark as a grave He had to feel his way. In all the brilliantly lighted rooms below there was not a single soul; here in the blind void dwelt a voice, a man. He cried—

"Where are you?"

"Here. Who are you?"

The voice came down out of the darkness as if it was the voice of the darkness itself.

"A stranger; my name is Aylward."

"Are the others all out of the house?"

"No one is in the house but you and me."

"My accursed luck again! I have failed! I am hurt, disabled, nailed to this house, which will be my gallows and my coffin in one."

"If you are hurt, let me help. I am a doctor."

A peal of hideous laughter shook the black gloom. Aylward started and shuddered.

"You are a stranger," said the voice. "All the others had fled. Fly you. This house is mined!"

"Mined! Great heavens! And you?"

"I am a dead man. I cannot move, I am wounded. Something went off unintentionally. The clock in the machine is ticking away like mad, I tell you! It's in the cellar, but I can hear it where I am. There cannot be five minutes more of it to run. Fly for your life!"

"And leave you, disabled, to die! Monstrous! Where are you?"

"Fool! You are mad! Fly, I say. I owe you no grudge. Those against whom I worked have escaped. The infernal explosion by accident up here sent them scampering. There can't be four minutes of the clock to run. Off with you, or I pledge you my soul you will not see to-morrow!"

Ayward had been searching in his pockets for a match. At length he found one. He struck it, and when it flamed held it above his head.

"In pity's name, where are you?" he cried.

"Here," the voice answered, coming from directly overhead.

Aylward turned his eyes upward, and saw in the square hole of the cockloft in the ceiling a pale bloodstained face.

In an instant the young doctor understood the situation. An explosion had taken place in the cockloft, this man was injured. Another explosion was momentarily expected, and this man could not get out of the way of death!

Before the match went out he had thrust open a door and found a candle on the dressing-table.

He lit the candle, swept all the other things off the table, dragged the table into the corridor and placed it under the trap, He flew back to the room and came out with the washstand; putting that on the table, in breathless haste he fetched a chair and set it upon the washstand.

"There can't more than two minutes of the clock to run," said the face in the hole.

"Never mind. How did you get up?"

"By a rope."

"Have the rope ready," said Aylward, as he began to clamber up the table, washstand, and chair.

"You're throwing away your life for less than nothing; even if you save me now, they will lock me up for life for attempt to murder."

"And serve you right; but you haven't been found guilty yet."

Aylward scrambled through the hole into the cockloft. Was there time to get the man and himself out of this doomed house—if this man kept correct count of his infernal clock? No!

With frantic haste, Aylward made a loop of the rope, hung the man in the loop and lowered him through the ceiling to the floor below. Then clambering down himself, he picked up the wounded man, and staggered along the corridor to the head of the stairs.

"The time of the clock is up. Drop me and run for your life."

Aylward made no reply. He drew a full breath, grasped the balustrade and began to descend.

All in the house was unchanged. The lights shone brightly: not a soul, not a sound was in the place.

He reached the foot of the stairs panting, tottering, exhausted. He passed along the hall, out of the front door. When he reached the gravelled walk, he made a final effort and ran a dozen yards. Then he stumbled and fell. At the same instant there a loud explosion, something struck Aylward and he became insensible.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself on a bed in a large, handsomely furnished room. It was broad day. The clear November sun shone on the head of a young girl with a dark, beautiful, pensive face, seated at a window. Aylward had never before seen the room or the girl.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Will you tell me where I am?"

The girl rose, and came towards him, saying—

"I am so glad you are better. You are in Elm House, Winchelsea Road, Croyland, the house of my father, Mr. Burleigh. How do you feel?"

"A little queer. Will you tell me what happened after the second explosion? I remember two."

"The second one took place in the cellar. It did not do nearly as much damage as was intended. Only the cellar window and a little brickwork were blown into the front garden. Some of the bricks stunned you."

"And the man I carried downstairs?"

"That was very noble of you. He was so badly hurt by the first explosion, there is no hope of him."

"But who was he? What was his object."

"Well," said the girl in embarrassment, "I think you must not talk any more. I will send my mother to you."

In a few minutes Mrs. Burleigh, a tall, stout, kindly woman of fifty, entered. After a few words demanded by the circumstances, Aylward asked for all the particulars he might hear.

"Well, Mr. Aylward, you see, it is a family affair. We shall be forever grateful to you if you do not take legal steps in the matter."

"Nothing is further from my intention," said Aylward, thinking what a pretty picture Miss Burleigh had made in the window with the winter sunlight streaming over her quiet face.

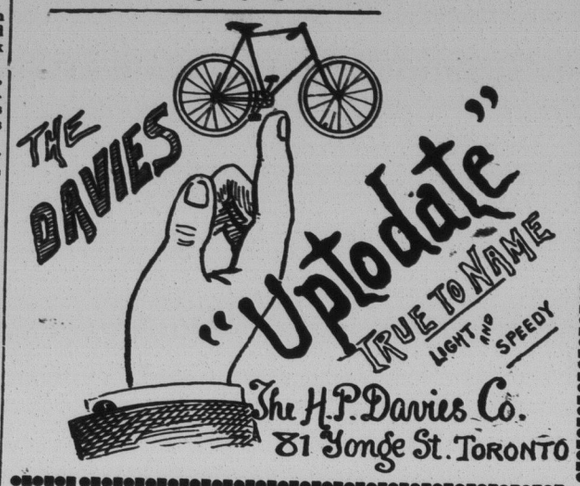
"Crawford Hilton," went on Mrs. Burleigh, "the unfortunate young man who caused the mischief, is a nephew of mine. He is a deplorably unsteady young man. I am afraid his wild ways often effect his reason. Anyway he had pretensions to my only daughter, Kate. She loathed him, and her father and I would rather see the child in her grave than married to him.

"He knew the ways of this house. A day or two ago he smuggled in the infernal machine and hid it in the roof. Last night we gave a party for Kate's birthday. He was not asked. He invited himself.

"He carried the internal machine down from the garret and set it going in the cellar. He had left his coat and waistcoat in the garret. When he got back there he waited awhile with the intention of stealing out of the house unobserved. As he was about to descend from the garret, a packet of surplus explosive went off, disabling him, and terrifying all our guests. At the same moment a servant came from the cellar telling Mr. Burleigh there was a strange ticking going on there. We immediately gave out that there had been a gas explosion in the roof, and that there was likely to be another in a cellar, and we hurried guests, servants, and everyone else away to the house of Mr. Burleigh's brother, at the other side of our garden.'

The next important talk he had was not with Mrs. Burleigh, but with Kate, when a year after that eventful night he brought her a present of flowers and got in exchange a promise of the hand which took them from him.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE



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H. P. DAVIES Co., 81 Yonge Street, Toronto.

BORN.

Truro, March 6, to the wife of Geo. Kelly, a son.

Halifax, March 9, to the wife of Wm. Snow, a son.

Amherst, Mar. 5, to the wife of Fred Black, a son.

Dalhousie, Mar. 1, to the wife of Ted Gillies, a son.

Parrsboro, Feb. 23, to the wife of John Simpson, a son.

Eatonville, Feb. 28, to the wife of Geo. Wilkins, a son.

Apohaqui, March 10, to the wife of Geo. B. Jones, a son.

Windsor, March 5, to the wife of Capt. Fred Ells, a son.

Halifax, March 9, to the wife of W. A. McDonald a son.

Bay View, March 7, to the wife of Capt. Turnbull. a son.

Halifax, March 9, to the wife of W. A. McDonald, a son.

Truro, March 5, to the wife of D. L. Doane, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Mar. 5, to the wife of Chas. Murling, a son.

Overton, Feb. 28, to the wife of Thos. McLeod, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb 27. to the wife of Robert Patton a son.

Hantsport, Feb. 28, to the wife of Alex Gillan, a son.

Hantsport, Feb. 21, to the wife of Ezra Churchill, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 28, to the wife of James Casey, a daughter.

Halifax, Mar. 7, to the wife of James Bray, a daughter.

St. John, Mar. 4, to the wife of Geo. H. Worden, a daughter.

St. John, Mar. 6, to the wife of Harold Climo, twin daughters.

Hantsport, Feb. 23, to the wife of Rupert Bezanson, a daughter.

Shubenacadie, Mar. 5, to the wife of F. R. Parker, a daughter.

Amherst, March 3, to the wife of Clarence McLeod, a daughter.

Scotch Village, March 1, to the wife of Harry Cochrane, a son.

Diligent River, Mar. 1, to the wife of Freeman Grant, a daughter.

Moncton, March 4, to the wife of Alderman F. W. Givan, a daughter.

Hopewell Hill, N. B., March 4, to the wife of James Russell, a daughtgr.

Waterside, N. B., March 1, to the wife of Lafayette Richardson. a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, March 4, Stewart Campbell to Elizabeth Little, of Gore, N. S.,

Westport, March 4, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, Arthur Pugh to Flora Thomas.

Truro, March 4, by Rev. A. L. Goggie, Frederick W. Orman to Annie Upham.

Upper Sussex, March 1, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland. J. McElroy to Ella Carleton.

Caledonia, Feb. 29, by Rev. D. B. Scott, Charles Wesley White to Susie Fancy.

Upper Burlington, by Rev. Wm. Rees, Joseph W. Wade to Harriet Ralf, of Walton.

Hantsport, Feb. 26, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, I. Edward Borden to Bertie Newcomb.

Fredericton, March 6, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, John Howie to Catherine Driscoll.

Yarmouth, Mar. 2, by Rev. H. H. Coseman, Riley Haskell, of Sandford, to Hattie Smith.

Cape Negro Island, Feb. 26, by Rev. D. Fa quhar, Franklin Perry to Seretha Greenwood.

Waterville, N. B., March 6, by the Rev. John M. Allan, John Belcher to Amanda Bowles.

Gaspereau, March 6, by Rev. J. Williams, Lewis Meeson to Amira Marine, of Gaspereau.

New York, Feb. 26, by Rev. E. S. Holloway, Leonard G. Lewis, of Yarmouth to Ann Mill.

Halifax, Mar. 6, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, J. Howe Austen to Hettie Collins, of Hort Medway.

Blackville, Feb. 27, by the Rev. T. G. Johnstone, John R. MacDonald to Amanda MacDonald.

Parrsboro, Feb. 26. by Rev. J. Sharp, Frederick G. Hollingsdale, of England, to Cecelia Legere.

Bridgewater, March 2, by Rev. C. A. Swetsburg, Jack Weagle to Eliza Venot. of Necombville.

South Brookfield, Feb. 15, by Rev. D. B. Scott Siphorus Freeman to Mrs. Annie J. Cameron.

Windsor, March 10 by Rev. S. Weston-Jones, Thos. A. Burton of Berwick, to Minie Irene Patten.

Dartmouth, Mar. 5, by Rev. Mr. Stewart, Geo. Herbert Colwell, of Halifax, to Ethel J. Gentles.

Wallace Bay, Mar. 6, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John A. McMillan, of Pugwash, to Eva Forshner.

Yarmouth, March 1, by the Rev. E. B. Moore, Frank Stewart to Georgina Demon, of Lunenburg.

Mill Village, N. S., Feb. 28, by Rev. W. R. Turner, Allison Bennet, of Shubenacadie, to Ella Blackburn.

Cumberland Bay, N. B., Feb. 28, by Rev. S. D. Irvine, Robert P. Colwell to Alberta Brown, of Chipman.

Fredericton, March 6, by Rev. Willard McDonald, John Barnet to Margaret Steen, both of Kingsley, N. B.

Windsor, March 6 by Rev. J. L. Dawson, William Jesse Horne to Alice Maud Bolman, both of Yarmouth.

Windsor, March 6, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Charles E. Stonehouse, of River Philip, N. S., to Amy Abigal Reid.

Blackville, Feb. 27, by Rev. L. B. Sweetser, Benjamin Martin to Lizzie A. Hubbard, both of Hudson, Mass.

Bathurst, March 4, by Rev. A. F. Thompson, Artemus J. Hodanett to Jessie Ella Good, both of New Bandon, N. B.

Lynn, Mass., Feb. 20, by Rev. Mr. Coleman, Alexander D. McAdam, of Antigonish, to Bella Cameron Keshoe, of N. S.

Maple Ridge, Mar. 6, by Rev. J. M. Allan, M. A., assisted by Rev. Wm. Dawson, D. D., John S. Belcher to Amanda A. Bowles.

DIED.

Halifax, Mar. 5, James Ryan, 57.

Westville, Feb. 27, Kate Foley, 56.

Halifax, March 5, Jos. H. Jost, 54.

Boston, March, 9, Charles Damery.

Halifax, March 5, Henry Brown, 53.

Noel, Mar. 6, James M. O'Brien, 69.

Pictou, March 1, Wm. Browrigg, 57.

Halifax, March 4, James Brown, 82.

St. John, March 4, James Brown. 82.

Hampton, March 1, Gilbert Chute, 83.

Brookfield, March 7, Wm. F. Cox, 68.

Belleisle, Feb. 22, John Urquhart, 84.

Wentworth, March 7, Wm. McLatchy.

Halifax, March 11, John H. Bauld, 57.

Halifax, March 9, Mrs. M. Crosbie, 79.

Tabusintac, Feb. 24, Peter Murray, 21.

Middleton, March 2, Arthur Dodge, 86.

St. John, March 4, Patrick Doherty, 54.

Bridgetown, March 5, Samuel Storr, 74.

St. John, March 4, Patrick Doherty, 54.

Halifax, March 6, Bridget M. Keeke, 28.

New Annan, Feb. 27, Edith A. Ferry, 18.

Baillie, March 5. Mrs. Jane Meredith, 65.

Stellarton, Feb. 26, Angus McDonald, 60.

Yarmouth, March 1, Benjamin Crosby, 83.

Hantsport, Feb. 26, Mrs. Sophia Shaw, 86.

Old Ridge, March, 5, William Eastman, 74.

Halifax, March 10, Mrs. Anne Mitchell, 85.

Chipman, N. B. March, 7, James Lloyd, 73.

Old Bridge, March 3, William Eastman, 74.

Westville, Feb. 26, Alex. D. Sutherland, 23.

Mass Hill, Me., Feb. 27, James Giberson, 58.

St. Andrews, March 1, Mrs. Robert Shaw, 69.

Southampton, N. S., Wellwood Reynolds, 69.

Bloomington. March 7, Walker Armstrong, 86.

Yarmouth, Feb. 26, Mrs. Mary A. Cosman, 77.

Middle Stewiacke, Feb. 27, Thomas Dickie, 86.

Hampstead, Feb. 14, Mrs. Margaret Lunny, 84.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 27, Thos Foster, 90.

Middle River, N. S., Mar. 5, Wm. S. Fraser, 85.

Robbinston, Me., March 4, Thomas B. Vose, 75.

Upper Pereaux, March 7, Charles Cummings, 16.

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Chatham, N. B., March 1, Mrs. John Keenan, 57.

Barrington, N. S., March, 2, Elener Hopkins, 83.

North Brookfield, Feb. 22, Perry Randell, 18 months.

Coldstream, Mar. 4, Joan, wife of Geo. Gay, Jr., 38.

Mispec, N. B., Esther, wife of Job Stanley, sr., 80.

Halifax, March 9, Patrick C. C. Mooney, barrister, 42.

North Sydney, March 10, the wife of Dr. J. G. Ross, 41.

St. Stephen, March 3, Mrs. widow of George Pine, 63.

Cape Dauphin, March 4, Mrs. Norman McDonald, 35.

Munro's Point, C. B., March 5, Mrs. Angus McAskill.

Lunenburg, March 7, Miss Sarah Catherine Heinlak, 30.

St, Andrews, Feb. 18, Fannie, wife of Tom[illegible]son, 41.

Chatham, March 3, Patrick, son of James Phelan, 10 months.

Halifax, Mar. 3, Mary, wife of the late William Bulger, 78.

Chatham, March 1, Mary J. Kerr, wife of John Keenan, 57.

Dartmouth, Mar. 7, Marjory, daughter of J. E. Sterns, 4 weeks.

White Rock, March 5, Elmer, son of Frederick and Ida O'Leary, 4.

Liverpool, Feb. 24, Caroline, widow of the late Henry Porter, 86.

Upper Canard, Feb. 19, Arthur, son of Frank and Clara Schofield, 7.

Lawrencetown, Mar. 4, Esther, widow of the late Jas. Starratt, 86.

Sandford, March 1, Gladys, daughter of John Rodney. 7 months.

St. John, March 1, Henry Watters, son of the late Isaac Watters, 65.

Roston, March 5, Martha A., wife of the late Richard J. Foxwell, 51.

St. John, March. 10, Joseph F. son of Joseph and Margaret Boyd, 28.

Point Edward, C. B., Feb. 28, Maggie, daughter of Joseph N. Lewis, 27.

Enfield, N. S., March 4, Martha H., wife of the late Samuel Kennedy, 73.

Sydney, March 2, Roderick McDonald, son of D. McK. McDonald, 26.

North Sydney, March 5, Margaret Ferguson, wife of Kenneth Ferguson, 68.

Halifax, March 9; Mrs. Christiana Borton, widow of the late Elias Borton.

Halifax, Mar. 8, Late Mstr. Srgt. James John Holliwell, Royal Artillerary.

Fairville, N. B., March 6, Dominick Edward, son of Dr. E. J. Meyer, 5 months.

St. John, Mar. 10, Daniel Second son of Margaret and the late James Lantalum.

New Westminster, B. C. Feb. 18, of diphtheria, James, son of R. G. Moumee, 2.

Canaan, Feb. 24, Burpee, second son of Chas. Jones, Jr., 14 years and 11 months.

Boston, Mass., March 9, Merritt W. Brittain, oldest son of T. J. Brittain of this city, 34.

Dartmouth, Mar. 2, Robert, youngest child of Robert and Cecilia Gray, 22 months.

Fredericton, March 3, Mary, wife of Wm. Cameron and daughter of the late John McKay, of Fredericton.