

# CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
Proprietor.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum, Postage  
prepaid. If paid in advance \$1.25.

VOL. 9.—NO. 44.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 460.

## LITERATURE.

### THE MYSTERY OF THE GRANGE: A STORY.

BY EMMA W. PHILLIPS.

From an old number of London Magazine.

It was while making a tour through

Westmoreland that I became acquainted

with the story I am about to relate.

I had put up at a small inn on the

Ambleside Road, close to the Lake of

Windermere, and while discussing a

bottle of wine, according to my tourist

custom, with the host, had casually

expressed the surprise I had felt on

perceiving, along the road I had come,

a handsome home, surrounded by

fine woodland grounds, untenanted,

evidently falling into disrepair and

decay.

"Ah, Sir," answered my host, "a

strange story is attached to that

house. We call it here 'The

Dark Sister.'"

"Indeed! I love the histories of

ruined houses," said I; "have you any

objection to tell me this one?"

"Certainly not, Sir," he rejoined;

and, emptying his glass, which I re-

filled, he began, in a strong north-

country dialect, which I shall take

the liberty of translating into Eng-

lish.

"Over fifty years ago, Grestone

Grange was occupied by two orphans—

—sisters. Their parents had died

there; leaving them in the old place

alone and evidently without a single

friend.

"It had been a strange family; and

there were strange rumors, of debt

and difficulty; which, to the surprise

of all, had suddenly given place to

affluence and comfort. But it was

not long, after the changed times had

set in, that the mother, then the

father—died, leaving the two girls,

one twenty and the other nineteen—

mistresses of the Grange.

"Well, over a year had gone by

since this had occurred, when a young

tourist (an artist) visited this part of

the country. He was a handsome,

gay young fellow, with a fair, pleas-

ant face, dark, curling chestnut

hair, a joyous laugh, and merry,

dancing hazel eyes. He put up at

the inn, and, every morning, went

staring off at his camp-stool and

sketch-book, to take the view or that

—until, catching sight of Grestone

Grange, he took it into his head to

sketch the old place. But to do this

well he had first to get inside of the

gates. This—a difficult task to most

men—was none to him; possessing as he

did, a face and manner which equalled

all Caesar's courage and generalship

put together, he had but to come, and

to be seen, to conquer. The lodge-

keeper could not withstand him, that

was certain; but after a little coax-

ing, gave him the necessary permis-

sion, without herself asking it; for

she knew well the sisters' repugnance

to strangers. So, the next morning,

Graham Royston had struck his

camp-stool upon the green slope at

the Western side of the Grange, and

was hard at work with pencil and

sketch-book.

"It so happened that, on this very

morning—a bright and golden one—the

two sisters chanced to turn their

footsteps in the direction of the slope.

But let me say here a moment more

to describe them. A few words will

suffice.

"Sisters they were, truly; but as

unlike in face and temperament as

dark to light. Only one similar feeling

held them together, as with chains of

iron; that was the immeasurable af-

fection they bore toward each other.

The elder, tall, slight and with a fully

developed figure, had hair of the silky

jetteness of the raven's wing, a pale

complexion, a ruby mouth, and full,

dark eyes, over which the long, black

lashes fell, adding much to the gen-

eral pensive, almost sad, expression

of the entire face. The younger was

shorter, of a slight girlish figure, with

golden hair, a fair, peachlike

complexion, soft, violet eyes, and a

gentle, reliant expression in tone and

manner, which made her seem as if

formed like the tender tendrils of a

plant, to cling for support to those of

harder growth.

"As different, then, as night and

day, yet each beautiful—the two sis-

ters passed down the elm avenue; the

younger's arms clasped about the

other's waist, on whom she seemed to

rest; while the elder was cast pro-

tectingly, as if accepting fatherly

trust, implied, round Alice Grestone's

neck.

"As they emerged upon the slope

they certainly formed the most beau-

tiful, the most striking, portion of the

scene; at least, so Graham Royston

thought, as, dropping his pencil and

sketch-book, he started up, cap in

hand, before them.

"The sisters' surprise at the intru-

sion of a stranger upon their privacy,

at last yielding to feminine curiosity,

the elder asked the reason of the

artist's presence there. Hearing it, and,

perhaps not altogether proof

against the fascination of the young

artist's face, they bade him visit the

grange whenever he pleased till the

sketch was finished. Gladly he ac-

cepted the permission and they with-

drew.

"The next morning the sisters

met at the breakfast-table. A letter

lay upon it addressed to Alice

Grestone. She took it up, with a

flushed cheek; for she expected it

brought a few lines from Graham

Alice Grestone, the sister, who was

(through her unfortunate attach-

ment) than she was herself, sat, with

hands clasped, before the fire in her

dressing-room—till long after the

first streaks of breaking day ap-

peared in the east.

"The next morning the sisters

met at the breakfast-table. A letter

lay upon it addressed to Alice

Grestone. She took it up, with a

flushed cheek; for she expected it

brought a few lines from Graham

Alice Grestone, the sister, who was

(through her unfortunate attach-

ment) than she was herself, sat, with

hands clasped, before the fire in her

dressing-room—till long after the

first streaks of breaking day ap-

peared in the east.

to become his wife.

"Late into that day the two

sisters sat side by side, clasped in

each other's arms—Alice clinging

desperately, hopelessly, to the elder,

who, her white face calm, and with

certain contraction about the long,

slender fingers, indicative of the in-

tense working of the mind, looked

as she was, the only protector upon

whom the gentler nature could rely.

"Alice! 'tis useless these tears,

or complainings against fate. It is

but a weak spirit that stoops to that,"

said the dark sister, at last. "We

must look to action—action, which

alone can make man or woman in-

dependent. Arthur Heriton dates his

letter from London. He will, no

doubt be here to-morrow."

"Alice Grestone started, and

shaking in every nerve, murmured

impromptu: "Oh, no! Impossible.

Not so soon. It cannot be."

"But the other continued, with-

out heeding: "I will see him when he

comes, Alice. I will tell him all;

for, even should you fulfil your vow,

it would be as you must not com-

mit to become his wife without let-

ting him know that your heart is

another's—that it never can be his.

Surely he will, for his own happiness

sake, listen to reason. He will not

be so cruel as to press his suit on

knowing that. Let him take all, so

that he permits you to be free and

happy, my sister!"

"Stooping, she pressed the other

to her heart, passionately, while for

the first time, tears stood in her dark

eyes; then she arose, with the

fondlest love, to soothe and quiet the

sobbing, almost broken-hearted girl.

"Arthur Heriton, a man over fifty,

with a tall, spare frame, a keen

surmise, grasping look on his sharp

features, and a cold, unfeeling eye,

was then the man, who, with a

free liver about the mouth and eyes,

had been and had gone.

"Edith Grestone had seen him

alone; she had told him all; she had

reasoned, she had pleaded, and had

begged, even on her knees, for her

sister's freedom. But a very Shy-

lock was Arthur Heriton, and would

hear or take nothing but his bond.

That must be fulfilled, or cut into

the roads they would go, penniless,

friendless; for the Grange was his;

he was living on his charity. Had

he not the papers, which he always

carried about with him, to prove it?

Let Alice refuse to keep her oath, and

their parents' name, as their own,

should be covered with shame, and

exposed to all the world. Ay,

further: he would have them in

prison, too, if only for a few days,

that his heavy, cruel strain might

bite into their souls, and rest upon

their delicate, sensitive natures

through life. What! was he to be

robbed of his money, and also of the

girl, who, on her oath, had sworn to

be his? No! while there was law

in the land, he would have his rights,

or take a dire revenge.

"He left—striding down the

avenue, and out of the Grange, the

uttering those words, which, as he

uttered them, were like a death-knell

to the Grange. He was gone, and

the Grange was left to the two sis-

ters, who, with a gasp, looked at

each other, and then, with a

shaking of the head, and a

contraction about the mouth, and

eyes, looked at each other, and

then, with a gasp, looked at each

other, and then, with a shaking of

the head, and a contraction about

the mouth, and eyes, looked at

each other, and then, with a

shaking of the head, and a

contraction about the mouth, and

eyes, looked at each other, and

then, with a gasp, looked at each

other, and then, with a shaking of

the head, and a contraction about

the mouth, and eyes, looked at

each other, and then, with a

shaking of the head, and a

contraction about the mouth, and

eyes, looked at each other, and

then, with a gasp, looked at each

other, and then, with a shaking of

the head, and a contraction about

the mouth, and eyes, looked at

each other, and then, with a

shaking of the head, and a

contraction about the mouth, and

eyes, looked at each other, and

then, with a gasp, looked at each

other, and then, with a shaking of

the head, and a contraction about

the mouth, and eyes, looked at

each other, and then, with a

shaking of the head, and a

contraction about the mouth, and

eyes, looked at each other, and

then, with a gasp, looked at each

other, and then, with a shaking of

the head, and a contraction about

the mouth, and eyes, looked at

each other, and then, with a

shaking of the head, and a

contraction about the mouth, and

eyes, looked at each other, and

then, with a gasp, looked at each

other, and then, with a shaking of

&lt;