UT OF DARKNESS INTO THE SUNLIGHT

ly. "Those men—they make me mad. I cannot bear it. Look!" he cried;

"he should have died out in my country, where we would have laid him

on sweet-cented woods, and bas-kets of spices and gums, and there, where the sun shines and the paim trees wave, I his old servant, would have fired the pile and he would have risen up in the clouds of smoke, and among the pure, clear flames of fire,

He clasped his hands together, the fire died from his eyes, which became suffused with tears, and as he

and I'm sorry he's gone."

The old Indian looked up at him

and turned to go.
"Won't you take something, Mr.

the 'game.
For the faint light that came

through the thick ground glass fan-light over the great double doors was

diffused among black bronze statues and white marble figures of Greek

resting upon the knees, there was an Indian god, seeming to watch the floor; in another a great Japanese warrior, while toward the bottom of the great winding staircase, whose stone steps were covered with heavy dark carpet, was a marble, that important the statement of the coverage of

agination might easily have taken

for a queen. Here and there the panelled walls were ornamented with stands of Indian arms and armor, conical helmets, once worn by eastern chiefs.

with pendant curtains and suits of chain-mail. Bloodthirsty daggers curved cimiters, spears, clumsy

matchlocks and long straight swords

while beside the statues the West had

to show some curious chairs and a

full-length portrait of an English-man in the prime of life—a handsome,

bold-faced man, in the uniform of one of John Company's regiments, his hand, and his breast adorned with orders and jewels of foreign make.

The old Indian servant stood there

There was something singularly fur-

CHAPTER II.

The Dead Man's Relatives. "I can tell you very fittle, Mr apel. I have been your great-uncle's

confidential solicitor ever since he returned from India. I was a mere boy when he went away. He knew me then, and when he came back he

sought me out."
"And that is twenty-five years ago,

"Yes. The year you were born. "And he made you his confident?"
"Yes, he gave me his confidence, as ar as I think he gave it to any

"And did he always live in this

Always. He filled up the house

with the vast collection of curiosities and things that he had been send-

ing home for years, and I expected that he would entertain, and lead the

tive and strange about them as they followed one another in silence, all

silently up the stairs.

winding

Mr. Girtle?'

man.

CHAPTER I. Albemarle Square.

"Won't drink our sherry, Charles?" Mr. Preenham, the butler, stood by the table in the gloomy servants' hall, as if he had received a shock.

"No, sir; I took 'em up the beer at first, and they shook their heads and asked for wine; and when I took 'em the sherry they shook their heads again, and the one who speaks among the pure, clear flames of fire, till nothing but the ashes was left. Yes, yes, that would have been his end," he cried, with flashing eyes, as he seemed to mentally picture the scene; and then thy servant could have died with thee. Oh, Sahib, Sahib!" English said they want keyaunty."
"Well, all I have got to say," exclaimed the portly cook, "is, that if I had known what was going to take an

place, I wouldn't have stopped hour after the old man died. wicked! And something awful will happen as sure as my name's Thomp-

"Don't say that, Mrs. Thompson," said the mild-looking butler. "It's very dreadful, though."
"Breadful isn't the word. Are we ancient Egyptians? I declare, ever since them Hightalians have been in the house gaing about like three dark

the house, going about like three dark conspirators in a play, I've had the creeps. I say, it didn't ought to be allowed." What am I to say to them, sir? said the footman, a strongly built man, with shifty eyes and quickly

twitching lips.
"Well, look here, Charles," said the butler, slowly wiping his mouth with his hand, "we have no Chianti wine. You must take them a bottle

Chambertin." ejaculated cook. "Chambertin, sir?"
"It's Mr. Girtle's orders.

come here straight from Paris on pur-pose, and they are to have everything they want.

they want."

The butler left the gloomy room, and Mrs. Thompson, a stout lady, who moved only when she was obliged, turned to the thin, elderly house-maid.

"Mark my words, Ann," she said.

"It's contr'y to nature, and it'll bring a curse."

"Well," said the woman, "it can't make the keys mere duli then it has

"Well," said the woman, "it can't make the house more dull than it has

I don't know," said the cook." "I never see a house before where there was no need to shut the shutters and pull down the blinds because some one's dead."

"Well, it is a gloomy place, Ann, but we've done) all these years most as we liked. One meal a day and the rest at his club, and never any company. There ain't many places like

"No," sighed Ann. "I suppose we shall all have to go."
"Oh, I don't know, my dear. Mr. Ramo says he thinks master's left all his money to his great-nephew, Mr Capel, and may be he'll have the house painted up, and the rooms cleaned, and lots of company. An' he may marry this Miss Dungeon -ain't her

name?"
"It'E-n-g-h-i-e-n," said the house maid, spelling it slowly. "I don't know what you call it. She's very handsome, but so orty. I like Miss. handsome, but so orty. I like Miss Lawrence. Only to think, master Lawrence. never seeing a soul, and living all these years in this great shut-up house, and then, as soon as the and then, as breath's out of his body, all these re

latives turning up."
"'Where the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together,' said

cook, solemnly.
Oh, don't talk like that, cook." "You're not obliged to listen, my dear," said cook, rubbing her knees 'gently.
"I declare, it's been grievous to

me," continued the housemaid, "all "those beautiful rooms, full of splendid furniture, and not one allowed to do more than keep 'em just clean. Not a' blind drawn up or a window open-It's always been as if there was a funeral in the house. Think master was crossed in love?"

"No. Not he. Mr. Ramo said that master was twice over married to great Indian princesses abroad. I spose they left him all their money. Oh, here is Mr. Ramo!"

The door had opened, and a tall,

thin old Hindoo, with piercing dark eyes and wrinkled brown face, came softly in. He was dressed in a long, dark-red silken cassock, that seemed as if woven in one piece, and fitted his spare form rather closely from neck to heel; a white cloth girdle was tied round his waist, and for sole ornament there were a couple of plain gold rings in his ears.

As he entered he raised his thin, largely veined brown hands to his closely cropped head, half making the native salaam, and then said in good English.

"Mr Preenham not here?"
"He'll be back direc'ly, Mr. Ramo,"
Lid the cook. "There, there, do sit down, you look worn out."
The Hindoo shook his head and walked to the window, which looked

out into an inner area.

At that moment the butler entered, and the Hindoo turned to him quickly, and laid his hand upon his

arm.
"There, there, don't fret about it,
"There, there, don't fret about it,
"It's
Mr. Ramo," said the butler. "It's what we must all come

"Yes, but this—this," said the Hindoo, in a low, excited voice. "Is—is it right?"

The butler was silent for a few moments.

'Well," he said at last, "it's right and it's wrong, as you may say. It's master's own orders, for there it was in his own handwriting, in his desk: Instructions for my solicitor.' Mr. Girtle showed it me, being an old family servant.

family servant."
"Yes, yes—he showed it to me."
"Oh, it was all there," continued the butler. "Well, as I was saying, it's right so far; but it's wrong, because it's not like a Christian bur-

'No no," cried the Hindoo excited- life of an English gentleman; but no

the house has been closed for twenty-

the house has been closed for twenty-five years."

Mr. Girtle, a clean-shaven old gentleman, with yellow face, dark, restless eyes, and bright gray hair, took a pinch of snuff from a handsome gold box, flicked a few grains from his white shirt-front, and sai, "Hah."

"Had my uncle met with any great disappointment?" said the first speaker a frank-looking man wii. closely

er, a frank-looking man with closely curling brown hair and a high, white forehead.

"What! to make him take to this very strange life? Oh, no. He was peculiar, but not unhappy. He liked to be alone, but he was always bright and cheerful at club."

You met him there, then ?" said 'a fresh voice, and a handsome, dark young fellow, who had been leaning back in an easy-chair in the dim drawing-room, sat up quickly, playing with his little black moustache.

"Oh, yes: I used to dine with Col.
Capel when we had business to transact."

act."

"But here, you say, he led the life of a miser!" continued the young man, crossing his legs and examining the toe of his patent-leather boot.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gerard Artis, I did not say that. Your greatuncle was no miser. He spent money treaty sometimes in charities, Yes." nttered the last word thrice, in a low, moaning voice, he stood rocking himself to and fro. freely, sometimes in charities. Yes," he continued, turning to where two ladies were seated, "Col. Capel was The two women looked horrified and shuddered; but the piteous grief was magnetic, and, in the deep silence that fell they began to sob; while the butler blew his nose softly, coughed, and at last laid his hand upon the old servant's shoulder. "Shake hands Mr. Ramo." he said. ladies were seated, "Coften very charitable."

"I never saw his name in any charitable list," said the darker of the two ladies, speaking in a sweet, silvery voice; and her beautiful, regular features seemed to attract both the "Shake hands, Mr. Ramo," he said, huskily. "Fifteen years you and me's been together, and if we haven't hit it as we might, well, it was only natural, me being an Englishman, and you almost a black, but it's this as brings us all together, natives and furreners, and all. He was a good master, God bless him! and I'm sorry he's gone."

prévious speakers.
"No, Miss D'Engnien I suppose not, "No, Miss D'Engnien I suppose not." said the old man, nodding his head, and rising to begin walking up and down, snuff-box in hand. "Neither did I. But he was very charitable in his own particular way, and he was very kind."

"Yes," said the young man who had first spoken; "very kind. I have him to thank for my school and college education.

half wonderingly for a few moments. Then, taking the extended hand in both of his, he held it for a time, and pressed it to his heart, dropped it. "Well—yes," said the old lawyer; "I suppose it is no breach of confidence

"And I have to thank him for mine, and the pleasant life I have led, Mr. Girtle, have I not?" said the second of the ladies, and but for the gloom "No-no!" said the Indian, shaking his head, and he glided softly out of the servants' hall, went sithe flush that came into her sweet face would have been plainly seen. lently, in his soft, yellow leather slippers, down a long passage and up

At that moment the footman entered with a letter upon a massive salver, and as he walked straight to the old lawyer he cast quick, furtive glances at the other occupants of the room.

"A note, eh?" said the old solicitor, balancing his gold-rimmed glasses upon his nose. ""um-up-yes eyestly-yery shippers, down a long passage and up a flight of stone stairs, to pass through a glass door, and stand in the large gloomy hall, in the middle of one of the marble squares that turned the floor into a vast chessboard, round which the giant pieces seemed to be waiting to commence his nose; "um—um—yes, exactly—very delicate of them to write. Tell them I will see them shortly, Charles."

The footman bowed, and was retiring as silently as he came over the soft carpet when he was checked by the

d solicitor. 'You will tell Mr. Preenham to see that these gentlemen have every atand Roman knights. In one place, seated meditatively, with hands resting upon the knees, there was

Yes, sir." The footman left the room almost without a sound, for the door was opened and closed noiselessly. The only thing that broke the terrible silence that seemed to reign was the faint clink of the silver tray against one of clink of the silver tray against one of the metal buttons of the man's coat. As for the magnificently furnished room, with its heavy curtains and drawn-down blinds, it seemed to have grown darker, so that the faint gleams of light that had hung in a dull way on the faces of the great mirrors and the gilded carving of console and chiffonier had died out. It required no chiffonier had died out, It required no reat effort of the imagination to lieve that the influence of the dead man, who had passed so many solitary whose hilt was an iron gauntlet, in which the warrior's fingers were laced as they grasped a handle placed years in that shut-up house, was still among them, making itself felt with a weight from which they could not at right angles to the blade, after the fashion of a spade. There was shields, too, and bows and arrows, and tulwars and koorkrees, any number of warlike implements from the East,

Paul Capel looked across at the beau tiful face of Katrine D'Enghien, think-ing of her creole extraction and the half French, half American father who had married his relatrive. He expected to see her looking as agitated as her cousin Lydia Lawrence, but she sat back, with one arm gracefully hang-ing over the side of the chair, her lustrous eyes half closed, and a pang strongly akin to jealousy shot through him as it seemed that those eyes were resting on the young elegant at his side

like one of the statues, as the din-ing room door opened and three dark, closely shaven and mustached men in black came out softly and went "Yes," said the old solicitor, suddenly, and his voice made all start but Miss D'Enghien, who did not even move her eyelids; "as I was saying," he went on, tapping his snuff-box, "I can tell you very little, Mr. Capel, until the will is read." three alike in their dress-coats, and turned-down white collars, beneath which was a narrow strip of ribbon knotted in front.

"Then there is a will?" said Miss old lawyer's brows wrinkled as he glanced at her in surprise

The passed on and up the great Yes, my dear young lady, there is a room, from whence came the low buzz "And it will be read, of course, directly after the funeral?" said the of voices, to a door at the back of said the dark young man.

the house, beside a great stained-glass! window, whose weird lights shone down upon a lion-skin rug. Here the first man stopped for his companion to reach his side. Then, The lawyer did not reply.

"I suppose you think it's bad form of a man, asking such questions now; but really, Mr. Girtle, it would be whispering a few words to them, he took a key from his pocket, opened worse form for a fellow to be pulling the door, withdrew the key, and entered the darkened room, closing and locking the door, as the old Indian a long face about one he never saw.
"But he was your father's friend.

"Oh, yes, of course."
"Hence you, sir, are here," continued the lawyer. "My instructions were clear enough. I was to invite you here at this painful time, and take my old crept softly up, sunk upon his kness upon the skin rug, his hands clasped, his head bent down, and resting against the panels of the door.

at this painful time, and take my old friend's place as your host."

"You have been most kind," Mr. Girtle," said Miss D'Enghien.

"I thank you, madam, and I grieve that you should have to be present at so painful a time. My next instructions were to send for the Italian professor, who'is here to carry, out the fessor, who is here, to carry out the wishes of the deceased."
"Horrible idea for a man to wish to

be embalmed," said Artis, brutally. Lydia Lawrence shuddered, and turned away her face. Paul Capel glanced indignantly at the speaker, and then turned to gaze at Katrine

and then turned to gaze at Katrine D'Enghlen, who sat perfectly unmoved, her hand still hanging from the side of the chair, as if to show the graceful contour of her arm.

"Colonel Capel had been a great part of his life in the East, M. Artis," said the lawyer, coldly. "He had had the matter in his mind for some time." "How do you know that?"
"By the date of my instructions,

which also contained the Italian professor's card."

"And I suppose we shall have a very eccentric will, sir?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, quietly, "a very eccentric will."

"Come, that's refreshing,' said the young man, with a fidgety movement."

"Well, you are not very communicative, Mr. Girtle. You family solicitors are as close as your deed-boxes."

"Yes," said the lawyer, closing his gold snuff-box with a loud snap.

"Well, come, it can be no breach of confidence to tell us when the fun-

"Well, come, it can be no breach of confidence to tell us when the funeral is to be?"

The old lawyer took a turn or two up and down the room, snuff-box in hand, the bright metal glistening as he swung his hand to and fro. Then he stopped short, and said slowly: "The successor to Colonel Capel's en-

ormous property will inherit under extremely peculiar conditions, duly set forth in the will it will be my duty to read to you."
"After the funeral?" said Gerard

"No, sir; there will be no funeral."
"No funeral!" exclaimed Artis and
Paul Capel in a breath; and then they rose to their feet, startled more than they would have cared to own, for

at that moment a strange wild cry seemed to come from the staircase, fol lowed by a heavy crash.

"Good heavens!" cried the old lawyer, dropping his snuff-box.

Kathrine D'Enghien alone remained
unmoved, with her head turned to-

ward the door. CHAPTER III.

One Guardian of the Treasure. Paul Capel was the first to recover from the surprise, and to hurry from the darkened room, followed by Artis and the late colonel's solicitor, though it was into no blaze of light, for the staircase was equally gloomy The source of the strange noise was not far to seek, for, as they reached the landing, they became aware that a fierce struggle was goaware that a fierce struggle was going on in the direction of the room occupied by the late colonel; and hurrying there, it was to find two men locked together, one of whom was succeeding in holding the other down, and wresting his neck from the sinewy hands which had torn off his white cravat.

"Why Charles! Rame!" cycleined

"Why, Charles! Ramo!" exclaimed Mr. Girtle, in the midst of the hoarse, panting sounds uttered by the con-

tending men.
"He's mad!" cried the former, in a "He's mad!" cried the former, in a high-pitched tone, in which a man's rage was mingled with a school-boy's whimpering fear. "He's mad, sir. He tried to strangle me."

"Thief! dog!" panted the old Hindoo, with his dark features convulsed with passion. "Wanted—rob—his master!"

ter!"
The two young men had separated The two young men had separated the combatants, who now stood up, the footman, his vest and shirt torn open, and his coat dragged half off; the old man with one sleeve of his dark silk robe gone, and the back rent to the waist, while there was a fierce, vindictive look in his working features, as he had to be held to keep him from closing with the footman again.

man again.
"What does this mean, Charles?"
cried Mr. Girtle, as the butler and the other servants came hurrying up, while the three Italians also stood upon the landing looking wondering-

"If you please, sir, I don't know," said the footman, in an ill-used tone. "I was just going by the colonel's door, and I thought, as was very natural, that I should like to see what these gentlemen had done, when Mr. Ramo sprung at me like a wild-cat."

"Yo no!" anied the old Indian

"No, no!" oried the old Indian, whose English in his rage and excitement was less distinct, "a thief—came to rob—my dear lord—a thief!" I hope sir" said the footman "I hope, sir," said the footman, growing calmer, and looking in an injured way at Mr. Girtle, "you know me better than that, sir. Mr. Preenham here will tell you I've cleaned the plate regular all the ten years I've been here" been here

The old solicitor turned to the butler.
"Yes, sir; Charles' duty has been but it is in my to clean the plate; but it is in my charge and I have kept the strictest account of it. A little disposed to show temper, but strictly honest and

very clean."

"This is a very sad and unseemly business at such a time," said Mr. Girtle. "Ramo, you have made a "No, no!" cried the old Indian, wrathfully.

"Come, come," said Mr. Girtle, "be reasonable."

"The police," panted the old Indian. "Send for the police."
"All right," cried Charles, defiant-"send for the police, and let 'em search me."
"Silence!" cried Mr. Girtle.

down and arrange your dress. Mr. Capel, young ladies, will you retire to the drawing-room? Signori, will you retire? That will do, Preenyou retire? That will dham. Leave Ramo to me.

In another minute the old solicitor was left with Ramo, who stood beneath the dim stained-glass window, with his arms folded and his brow

You do not trust and believe me,

"Don't talk nonsense, Ramo. You know I trust you as the most faith-ful fellow in the world."

He held out his hand as he spoke, but the old Indian remained motion-less for the moment. Then, seizing the hand extended to him, he bent

over it, holding it to his breast.
"My dear lord's old friend," he said. "That's better, Ramo," said Mr. irtle. "Now go and change your No, no!" cried the old man.

must watch.' "Nonsense, man. Don't think that every one who comes means to rob."

"But I do," cried the old Indian, in a whisper. "They think of what

we know—you and I only. Those foreign men—the servants."

"You must not be so suspicious, amo. It will be all right."
"It will not be all right, Sahib," Ramo. cried the old Indian. what there is in yonder." cried

"But' we have the secret, Ramo." "Yes—yes; but suppose there were others who knew the secret—who had

heard of it. Sahibi 1 will be faithful

to the dead. The old Indian drew himself up with dignity, and took his place once m

dignity, and took his place once more before the door.

"It has been shocking," whispered the Indian. "I have been driven away, while those foreign men did what they pleased in there. It was maddening. Ah!"

He clapped his hands to his head.

"What now, Ramo?"

"Those three men! Suppose"

"What now, Ramo?"
"Those three men! Suppose"—
He caught at his companion's arm, whispered a few words, and they entered the darkened room, from which, as the door opened and closed, a penuliar argumatic odor floated out

as the door opened and crosed, a pe-culiar aromatic odor floated out.

As the door was closed, the sound of a bolt being shot inside was heard, and directly after the face of charles, the footman, appeared from the gloom below. He came up the stairs rapidly, glanced round, and stepped softly to the closed door, where he bent

down, listening.

As he stood in the recess, the gloom was so great that he was almost invisible, save his face; while just beyond him, a large group in bronze, of a club-armed centaur, seemed to have the crouching man as part of the artist's design, the centaur being, apparently, about to strike him down, while, to give realism to the scene, a dull red glow from the stained-glass window fell acr

As he listened there, his ear to the key-hole and his eyes watchfully wan-dering up and down the staircase, a dull and smothered clang was heard, as if from, a distance, like the closing as if from, a distance, like the closing of some heavy iron door. Then there was a louder sound, with a quick, short report, as if a powerful spring had been set in motion and shot home. Then a door seemed to be closed and locked; and the man glided quickly over the soft, thick carmelting away, as it were, in the

gloom.

The door opened, and, from the darkness within, Mr. Girtle and the old Indian stepped slowly out, bringing with them a soft warm puff of the aromatic odor; and, as they grew more distinct in the faint light of the stained-glass window, everything was so still in the great house that there was a strange unreality about them, fostered by the silence of their tread.

"There, now you are satisfied." gloom.

There, now you are satisfied," id the old lawyer, gently. "Go said

and change your robe."
The Indian shook his head.
"I will stay inside the room till

your return."
"Inside?" said the Indian, quickly.
"Yes—why not? You and I have reached the time of life when death has ceased to have terrors. He is only taking the sleep that comes to

There was a gentle sadness in the lawyer's voice, and then, turning the handle of the door, he opened it and stood looking back.

stood looking back.

"You will not be long," he said.

"They are waiting for me in the drawing-room."

The door closed, just as the old Indian made a step forward to follow. Then he stood, with his hands clinched and eyes starting, listening intently, while the centaur's club seemed to be quivering in the gloom, ready to crush him down. ready to crush him down. The old man raised his hand to the door—let it fall; raised it again—let

it fall; turned to go—started back; and then, as if fighting hard with himself, he turned once more, and, with an activity not to be expected in one of his years, bounded up the staircase and disappeared. Ten minutes had not elapsed before he seemed to come silently out of the

gloom again, and was half-way to the door, when there was a faint creak from below, as if from a rusty hinge. (To be Continged.)

A BLACKSMITH'S STORY

He Became so Run Down That Work was Almost Impossible-His Whole Body Racked With Pain.

From the Bridgewater Enterprise.) Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a re-porter of the Enterprise as follows: "During the last winter, owing I sup-pose to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired all the time, had no appetite, and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop. but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job would have to lie down; doing the job would have fainting. I indeed I often felt like fainting. I williams' Pink was advised to try Dr. Williams Pills, and after using a couple of boxes I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue, and those who know any-

looking for health through the ium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every you purchase is enclosed in a v per bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

thing about a blacksmith's work will know what this means. Those who are not well, will make no mistake in

Answered.

Miss Wallop (the teacher)-Tommy. did I see you whispering with boy next you just now? 'Tommy-No, ma'am; your

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

If the world had no more ideas than the theatre has, how long would society hold together?—G. B. Shaw.