

A DOOMED MANSION.

CHAPTER I.

THE last notes of the Sabbath church bells were ceasing, one after another, and their echoes were faintly dying out over the city. A cool breeze stirred the crisp atmosphere and drove the brown leaves from the shade-trees along the pavements. Far across the plains to the westward, the sun had sunk in gorgeous clouds of gold and purple and crimson, leaving behind a blood-red blaze across the sky.

Two boys, who apparently had no idea of going to church, and who, up to that moment, had been singing, "There's a hot time in the old town to-night," had just taken up the words of the evening hymn, the tune of which now rang out as a carillon from a neighboring church tower.

Their voices, however, came to an abrupt stop as they saw striding towards them the athletic figure of a young man, who was apparently on his way to church. He was a handsome young fellow, with bronzed face telling of work in the