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It was April 25th, St. Mark's mysterious eve, and not a score of years ago in Washington.

Old Madam Arsinoe, clairvoyant, second sight seer, fortune-teller; well-known, well advertised, and well-to-do, was dying. And she knew that her hour had

come. She needed no doctor to tell her what the heavy breathing meant, and that the labored heart-beats were num-She had deceived others too bered. long, to let death entrap her unawares. Was she repentant of all the evils of a

lifetime of fraud? Not at all! She was in a rage and defied the near doom that could not be

averted. very interesting young girl of, perchance, seventeen summers, stood, with hands clasped and lips compressed, beside the bed.

The expression of her face was one of patient resignation, settled sadness and weariness, rather than of sorrow. She stood in attendance, as one accustomed to receive and obey orders, passive rather than pliant, subdued rather than emotionless. "Alida," gasped the rasping voice,

"bolster me up—higher yet, child. Where is Pythia?" "Gone for the drug, mother."

"Tis well," muttered she, "one more vision of Heaven, from out of which, let me drop into bottomless Hell."

Was it the old habit of the ventrilo quist laughter, or did the dismal room re-echo the jibe?

Alida stirred not. She had been nourished amid the intoxicating fames of wonders, and she marvelled not, for of such was the daily habit and complexion of her life.

Presently the woman bestirred herself out of a momentary doze, enforced by weakn

"Alida, the planchette-here, under my chin-confound my weakness; now, the box and die-'

Alida placed the planchette, holding it high up, so that the dying woman could rattle the die on it. Her movements were too measured for the impatience of the sufferer, who cried out: "Quicker child—hurry up with the die I-say—not the loaded one, either;

I'll have no foul throw this time.' Silently and quickly, without look, word, or gesture of surprise, at this re-

quest of the dying fortune-teller, Alida placed the die and box on the little triangular board of planchette. And now the burning cheeks took on a deeper hue, and the restless eyes glowed

with rekindled fires, as she clutched the box and rattled the die. "M- first five throws, and the forfeit

-my amulet ring." So saying, she pulled off of her forefinger a white, oval, moon-stone ring, in antique silver setting, with cabalistic characters engraved upon it, and placed it on the triangle.

Did planchette quiver?

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Then, as with uplifted hand, she was about to throw the die, she, musing, paused:

"It's the child's anyway. He called it the good-luck ring, but it never brought her, the trusting little fool, aught but sorrow. When I lied about her, and he believed me, she returned it it to him, the dolt Then the simpleton gave it to me. Here it goes, merry as a marriage bell, rattle the die!—ace—five —four—six—ahem!—I ought to have the twining her skinny arms round the fragile form of the fair girl, and her head fell upon her shoulder, as she sobbed bitterly, Alida had had a life-long lesson in

self-control, but this was a strange and

startling thing. She had never been treated cruelly, yet never before had she received a proof of affection from this hard, cold, bad woman, whom she called "mother."

after all, for it craved love in its death struggle, with a passionate yearning.

There was silence, only broken by the woman's choking sobs. "At last," she groaned. "Oh, God, if

God there be, the avenger is in this hour. I know, I must make haste to tell her; and she sank back, pale and exhausted, on her pillow.

'Will Pythia never come with the opium?" Alida raised her mother's head a little.

and gave her a dark green cordial, the aroma of which filled the room. Then the dying one took courage and

whispered: "Alida, do not hate me! I am not

your mother.' With a sudden great outcry, as if in that moment the death cerements that had bound her down—a living corpse— had burst asunder, Alida sank upon her Was it a cry of joy or of sorrow? Ask the resucitated one, who steps out of a yawning grave, into renewed light

and joy of living. The face of the moribund woman grew ashen gray, but with a firmer voice she went on, without heeding, or

seeming to heed, Alida's cry. "Your mother was fair to look upon, pure and good, and your foolish father loved her passing well; but he was jealous. I met him at a ball and fancied him. What was the brittle tie of mar-

riage to me? Bah! I brushed it aside like a flimy cobweb-poisoned your father's mind against your mother-no matter, now, how it was done. But he believed me, sent her from him, took you, a prattling child, for himself, as he thought-got a divorce-and I became his legal wife-very legal wasn't it? Once your mother wore that ring, which your father gave her as an old heiroom in his family, said to bring 'good luck.' After a time, your mother sent it, with a broken-hearted note, begging that it might be yours. 'For her poor baby,' she said.

"There soon came a time when your father reproached me with his 'lost happiness,' he called it; and I—well, at first thought he ought to die; and then I felt that a lasting revenge was sweetest, and I fled with you, leaving him a lone-ly man—fled first to one city, then to another, and still other new places, until we began to get poor. "My mother had been a West India

Obi women—she and her sister both. I sent for Pythia, she knew all the fetich charms, and more, too. Black arts, are family secrets. Mankind are mostly fools-sodden fools-and so we prospered.

Again the woman sank back upon her pillows, and the shadow of the deathhue fell upon her.

After that first outcry of joyful surprise, when Alida sank as in a swoon, overcome by the ecstasy of her new being, she swiftly regained her self-possession and arose, standing, as of old, beside the bed.

"If I do not conquer myself," thought, "I shall never know the hideous mystery of my life. Now, while the thread spins out, I must cling to the clew, or be forever, in the future, an outcast, as I have been in the dark past." Thus she said not a word till the fortune-teller stopped, then she very $\operatorname{calml}_{\mathbf{y}}$

asked: "Where is my father? Who is he?" How her heart throbbed, but her veice gave no sign of agitation.

"Pythia knows," gasped the woman, as if her tongue refused to give up all its "Of late he lives here, in a cersecret. tain official position." The wrested thread of life was fast

spinning out, and Alida felt

rest; poor, desolate chua.

had she gone, when Pythia locked the door, strode across the chamber to the dead, and burst forth into wild exclamations of mingled hate and exultation.

Presently she pulled the pillow from under the inanimate form, and hastily ripping open an end, plunged her hand into the mass of feathers, and brought forth a small and small bundle of rags, after which she carefully reclosed the aperture.

Then she took from her pocket a little brazen image of a fiery serpent, placing it upon a small tripod in the centre of the room. After this she prostrated herself prone upon the floor, with arms extended in the form of a cross, three different times, each time saying:

"I give Thee thanks, mighty Oub, that Thou hast hearkened to my prayer, and destroyed the oppressor.

Upon which, she danced in a circle around the brazen image, with uncouth movements of symbolic meaning, all the while muttering fetich incantations.

At last, with lurid eyes aflame, a priestess of Python, she re-approached he dead

The body was still warm, which seemed to displease her; for bending over it, and forcibly pressing down the chest, she cried out: "Body and soul, separ-ate;" whereupon a thin, blue vapor curled upwards, seemingly from out the nostrils of the corpse, and filled the apartment, as if, perchance, the Obi wo-man had liberated some subtile essence. After a time this fiendish malice apparently expended itself, amid mutter ings like the roll of distant thunder,

cceeding the lightning's flash. Seating herself opposite the lifeless form she denounced it in her wrath:

"Child of the Egyptian slave and sorceress, I hate, hate, hate you, and you dared to make a servant of me, the child of a priestess of the mighty Oub of me, a heirophant of the thirty-third degree! But my charms have vanquished, and you have wasted away, inwardconsumed by the fetich poison. Day by day, I made you drink powdered glass, and you knew it not-now, I am avenged, and I will take your ill-gotten gains, as wages of my long servitude, I will return to my people, from whence your lying promises ensnared me-and sacred honors i the name of Oub-of Python-of Hak-shall be henceforth mine, as their venerated priestess.'

Then rising, she searched the dead, finding in her matted hair a tiny key. with which she quickly opened a care fully adjusted trap door in the floor, concealed under the bed. Here was amassed the treasure of sin.

As the morning dawned, Pythia went for a doctor, to whom she gave notice, that during the night Madame Arsinoe

had died. * * * * * *

funeral.

The fortune-teller was duly buried. Alida was too ill to rise all that day, and so Pythia was sole mourner at the

Alida was seized with a fever, and Pythia patiently waited and watched with the girl, treating her fever skillfully with simple herbs, so that before many days she was convalescent. Then she said to her:

"Alida, I must leave you, and go to my people, whence I came. May the sun ever shine for you, and no shadow cross your path to molest you. I bear you no ill-will, and if I can be of use to you, speak."

Now Alida remembered that the soothsayer had told her that Pythia knew who her father was; but she was afraid of the stern, dark-haired woman, and had dreaded to ask her. But now she felt encouraged. Pythia had been kind to her in her sickness, and had invited r confidence, so she said, timidly: "Dear Pythia, when you go I shall be

left poor and all alone. Can you tell me who is my father, that I may claim his protection?

"I can," answered Pythia, with a grim smile. have mercy!" cried

"My father!" Pythia had taken the treasure, and left the country. No one would live in the house of the old fortune-teller, whose doors would never shut, and which was

shunned as haunted.

states and approximately a

General Cassilear was absorbed by his new-found happing a never weari-ed of the society of his gentle daughter.

But a shadow rested over the heart of Marion, and at last she found courage to make her trouble known to her father.

One day when he was tenderly caressing her, she confessed to him:

"My father, pardon me, but I cannot love you as I would, on account of one

thing." "Well, child!" said he, drawing himself up with a hurt, proud look.

"It is my mother," sobbed Marion, "Forgive me, father, but you did her an injustice. Do you love her memory? Will you restore the record of her, fair fame before the world?"

"My good child," answered he, the big tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, "I adore your mother's memory. 1 was deceived and betrayed, but my punishment has been exceeding great for that sin of jealousy that made the crime against her possible. Long ago, I applied to the courts to reverse their judgment-and death alone now divorces us. She is vindicated."

"My beloved father, my heart is now yours, without a shadow," said Marion, as she embraced him fondly.

Andy Thoms OR

The Tale of an Urn,

BY

Thos. C. Andrews.

For the rest of the day Andy was too agitated over what had taken place to do any more work, but towards evening he remembered having some gilding to complete, which either must be done then or the work would be spoiled. Pulling himself together, he perform-

ed his task in a mechanical manner, and when done, reached down the gold crock to put away the waste.

What! What is this? he exclaimed. as out of the jar he took a roll of paper which just about filled the cylindrical space left above the wad of gold it had contained. Taking it out and unrolling the package, he discovered that it was composed of bank bills, the aggregate amount of which at a rough estimate would not be less than five hundred dollars. Thunderstruck ; he held them for some seconds in his hand. then as the power of thought came back to him he hurridly thrust them in the place from whence he had taken them, at the same time giving a flurried glance at the shop windows, to see if any one was watching from without, finding that he was not observed he consigned both the jar and its contents

to their original position, on the shelf. Full of dread and anxiety our hero passed a wretched night. What had best be done? That was the question. He had read the tale of Hunchback in the Arabian Nights Entertainments his and the parralel in the situation brought a furtive smile to his lips. His first idea was to consult the police, but then, wretched thought; they might suppose him to be the thief, or how

came he in possession of the plunder.

with his monotonous cry, "morning paper", all about the robbery! Andy jumped with a start, both from his bed and the semi-cornatose state in which we all usually find ourselves after having passed a sleepless and watchful night. Hurridly dressing himself; to the great surprise of his wife of his bosom, he rushed out after the news vencor, purchased a paper, and tearing it open, before he regained the house, began to hunt vigoursly for the robbery item.

When found it read as follows:

"Just about closing time yesterday, a daring robbery was perpetrated at the Monopoly Bank.

The facts as far as can be ascertained are, that a young man who though a comparative stranger, is known to have acquaintances in the city, went into the bank late yesterday afternoon when the customers had pretty well thinned out, carrying a small box under his arm, placing which upon the floor, he waited round for some minutes pretending to endorse a cheque at the desk, kept for that purpose, then watching his opportunity when the Cashier's back was turned and his attention engaged in a another direction, he suddenly kicked the box under the wicket and mounting on top of it, reached in his arm far enough to make a successful grab at the first roll of bills which came to his hand, then darting like lightening for the door he escaped before the bystanders had time to realise the situation.

The police and bank authorities are very reticent as to the amount, and exact method of the robbery, but the former have grave suspicions of collusion with accomplices in the city hiding away both the culprit and the money.'

After reading this item of news A.T. felt more uneasy than ever, a load of guilt appeared to rest upon his mind and bear him down. That gentleman in the classic legend, who used to sit at the daily dinner table with a naked sword hanging point downwards, suspended by a single hair, above his cranium could not have felt more uncomfortable than he.

If business compelled him to go down town he did so with dread ; it was not without effort he could summons up courage to look a policeman in the face, for he fancied he was what the light fingered gentry term "spotted" by them.

In the eyes of poor Andy even the jolly, genial face of the sargeant who had searched his premises seemed to bear a sinister expression. He found himself isolated and cut off from his former comrades and cronies, his wife even, got as cross as it was possible for her kindly nature to allow, at his taciturn and preoccupied state of mind.

In the nature of things he dare make no confident; the dog alone knew all about it, and he as if trying to make amends for his negligence in not giving the alarm in time, became snappish, and barked furiously at old chums, he, like his master, had formerly petted. Things went on like this for a while, quite a long while, but time inures us to all things: even anxiety will cease to be such, if persisted in long enough, and no doubt Mr. Damocles, to whom we just referred, found this statement

equally applicable in his day. Anyway time went on, so did Andy ; his daily struggle for existance allow-ed of no let up. The evok of gold stood in its place on the shelf, the bills on top of the precious metal; a new receptacle had been found for the skewers.

tacle had been found for the skewers. At length a day came when the pain-ter was again engaged upstairs, the dog was asleep on his chair, basking in the combined heat from the stove and that from the winters sun, which pour-

loaded die. Here it is again-six! The fiends fly away with me-I'm burst-by the black cat's pinching-the ring's yours, child—take it, and a curse go with it. No—I call back the curse from you-here, take the ring;" and she threw it at the dazed girl, who had never, until now, seen it off her mother's finger. "Now, child, for a new stake-some

thing every woman likes to know, and man too-a secret. Throw, Alida; if you win; I'll tell a secret that concerns you.

The young girl's hand trembled, just a little, yet "secrets" were her mother's stock in trade. For years she had seen the rich and the poor, come and go. The rich rolled up in their carriages and threw down their bank notes, the poor servant girls paid in their half dollars, and all for "secrets;" and now, at last, it had come her turn.

Alida thew-six, four, ace, fivefive again.

"Hold!" cried the soothsayer, as she rudely seized the girl's wrist. with momentary force. "A murrain momentary force. "A murrain blast you!-just twenty-one. Woe is -the forfeit's lost.

"Now, by the tingling of mine ear, The snarling demon bids me fear.

'Alida, love me once, before you hate me forever," she cried, and with a sadden tenderness, terrible to behold, because so alien from her nature, the dving woman threw herself forward.

more she asked, and this time with tremulous tones:

"And my mother-what of her?" The response came with a more hurried breathing, a ghastly, glazed look, and a thrilling cry rang forth of :

"Died broken-hearted!" "And you her foul murderer!" shrieked Alida, no longer able to restrain herself.

At this fearful accusation, hurled against her by the only being for whose love she had ever cared, a vertigo of insanity seemed to seize upon the wretch ed creature, and her disordered brain became a prey to images engendered by her manner of life.

"Hag of the mist, avaunt!" she screamed. "Squatting toad of the speckled throat, away! Goblins of the grinning skulls, swing open all the doors and windows—Hah! what now?

"Sibyl's soul, black as a coal, Rides the moon's face! Tell, spectre, tell, Shall we meet in-

And, with one long, shuddering aspiration, the guilty soul fled forth from out its mortal tenement.

At this supreme moment, Pythia entered, and a strange glance shot athwart her dark face, as she gave a mo-mentary look at the bed."

"Go, Alida," she said, sedately. "This is my dead, and none of yours. Go

Alida went to her room, but not to

God in heaven Alida, "I can bear it no longer! Speak!"

'Your father, child," said Pythia quietly, "is General Cassilear. He is now in Washington. It is an easy matter for me to take you to him, but not so easy, poor thing! for you to prove to him that you are his child. Your name is not even Alida; it is Marion-Marion Cassilear?

Then the girl exclaimed:

"Blessed be the Lord, I can prove to

"Write him what you will," said Pythia; "seal your note with your goodluck ring, and I will at once take it to him-myself."

* * * * *

That very evening, a handsome man, of military bearing, not so very old, but with snow-white hair, prematurely white, it was said, came to the fortune teller's house.

He had hesitated. "Yes-it is the ring," he thought; "but the accursed adventuress who has wrecked my life and through whom my beloved wife sank into an early grave, she must have stolen this ring when she abducted my child. She may be now using it, to lure me to her den; yet-there, I can force from her the story of my child; I will-I must know, what has become of Marion."

At this moment the door opened, and all doubts were swept away! "My Marion image of your blessed mothar! my long lost child!"

his hands would seem too improbable to ed through the windows with a force be believed by either a magistrate or jury—Andy's experience of either of the title of the descent of the desce these tribunals had never been personal, and his knowledge or them was mostly obtained from what he had ed in drawing the lines of an intricate mostly obtained from what he had heard years ago about justices, justice in his native land, and from that he supposed each of them would be more willing to believe that a poor man must more likely be guilty, than that lay any chance he could remain honest when there was a possibility of acquir-ing gain by being the reverse. No, the story would seem too thin;

No, the story would seem too thin; the officers had serched his premises and found nothing ; it would be better, far better to let things take their course, leave the bills as they were, and await developments. The only explanation he could make, even to himself, for the money coming into his possession was, that some individual, well acquainted with both his habits and his shop, had stolen it from somewhere, and being hotly pursued, had rushed through his premises to avoid capture if possible, and to denosit the plunder so that it ond to denosit the plunder so that it that some individual, well acquainted

day came the voice of the newsboy

to ninty above, instead of being, as it really was, twenty below zero in the shade; while his master, deeply occupi-

the back door opening on to the

side street. More dumbfounded than on the last before he realized the situation; the little dog was again furious, but dis-creetly kept out of his masters reach, his conciense evidently being pricked at the dire consequences which might follow this second neglect of duty follow this second neglect of duty.

premises to avoid capture if possible, and to deposit the plunder, so that it might not be found upon the person of the delinquent. Wearily tossing on his bed, such thoughts running in his mind, the night wore away. With the dawn of To ba continued

To be continued.