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BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.

CHAPTER I. THE LADY BEATRICE.

had had no lack of suitors, for she had inherited from her mother an immense fortune, and was beautiful, witty, accomplished, a reigning belle, and a leader in society. Her friends were puzzled at her adherence to celibacy, and no one was more puzzled than her father whose greatest desire was to see father, whose greatest desire was to see her happily married. It was an unsolvable problem to the Earl, that his daughter should persist in refusing the most eligible offers, and she was looked upon, even by her admirers, as a beautiful mystery, a delightful puzzle, a marble-hearted and incompre-

hensible Sphynx.

One March evening, in the drawingroom of his town-house, Lord Hampton sat thinking of his daughter. The
night was wild and stormy. The pleasant room presented a strong contrast to the gloom without. A sea-coal fire flamed in the polished grate. The great chandelier flooded the room with light. Flowers, fresh from the green-house, with moisture yet upon their petals, were crowded with profusion into vases, whose delicate sculp-ture would have fired an artist's heart. The heavy, warm-hued curtains fell in folds to the floor, shutting out the darkness, and shutting in the light and

warmth and fragrance.

The Earl was tall and stately, with becoming portliness of figure, and eyes as keen as in his early youth, a complexion of unusual ruddiness, hair and whisters of iron-gray and manly feawhiskers of iron-gray, and manly fea-tures, whose expression inclined to sternness. He had almost reached threescore years and ten, but he exhibited none of the feebleness of age. His mind retained its vigor, and his man-ners were those of the courtly old-

school gentleman.
His thoughts were eveidently anxious and troubled. He roused himself from them at last, and stretched out his hand towards the bell-pull. At that moment the curtains dividing the apartment from a second drawing-room were lifted, and the Lady

"You sent for me, father?" she inquired, approaching him. "You desired to see me?" did, Beatrice," responded his ship. "I have something of impor-

lordship. "I have something of impor-tance to say to you."

The Lady Beatrice stood leaning aexpectant attitude.

She was a superbly beautiful wo-man. At least four and thirty years of age, she looked scarcely five and

Lord Hampton looked at her with a father's pride, yet with a strange ex-pression. This being, so cold to others, was equally cold to him. He wondered if she ever experienced any womanly emotions, and, while he wondered, the Lady Beatrice broke "You have news from your friend Lord Adlowe, have you not?" she

"Yes; his lordship has returned to England," replied the Earl. "I received a line from him this morning, informing me that he arrived in town last evening. I called upon him, and invited him to dine with us to-day. "You must excuse my abrubt, unannounced entrance," said Lord Adlowe, smiling, when the greetings were concluded. "I told the porter, who knew

The Lady Beatrice bowed her head without speaking. Encouraged by her attentiveness, the Earl resumed; "Lord Adlowe comes back to us, after his five years' journeying, more than ever your slave. He has been for eight years your faithful lover. It was you who made him an exile and a wanderer. He has kept himself single,

"Because he never dared to!" interposed the Lady Beatrice, with an icy smile. "I do not like Ormond Advise." I have fetter that is false and held at heart, his years of devotion to me not-withstanding. He has returned to renew his persecutions of me. He is tired of roving, I suppose, and his coffers need replenishing. Of all my suitors I like him least. I must repeat

hold, a happy wife. Can it be that you are still mourning for that misguided Geoffrey Travelyan—the un-worthy scion of a noble house, the midnight robber of his uncle—"

"I do not care to hear Geoffrey Trevelyan's name. They say he is dead."
"Yes, he is dead," said the Earl, thoughtfully. "He died many years ago, in a foreign land—poor fellow! After all he was but a boy, and his united in the large saddens me. He timely fate always saddens me. He had in him the stuff for a noble man, but was warped by harshness and evil associates. Had Lord Tervelyan, his frey might have been living, and honored to-day. I don't blame you for grieving for him, for you were his betrothed wife. But he was unworthy and is dead. You were but a mere the excused himself, and hastened child when he disappeared. Surely you do not cherish a love for his memo-

I am not romantic, father," said the Lady Beatrice, dryly. "You say that all men are not like him, meaning that Lord Adlowe is without Geoffrey's weaknesses and faults. Lord Adlowe is not weak, but his is not the strength I like. The truth is, I cling to my freedom, father. I like to rule in society. I like to be admired and wor-shipped, but I have no heart for my admirers to win. I have no heart.
"Why must you disappoint the hopes

Adlowe was here five years since, told me that you were leading a double His words have been confirmed a hundred times since by my own observation. You do lead a double life.
You are one thing and seem another."
Beatrice started, lowering her gaze to the fire, as if she feared her soul might look from her eyes and play the

evidence of life. It is as if your cham-bers were your tomb. I have frequent-ly knocked at your door without elicit-a response. The last time I was at-tacked by the gout, I sent for you, and yet you did not come to me for hours, and did not even send to inquire after

"I have tried to answer the question for myself," said the Earl, after waiting in vain for a reply. "If it were possible for you to leave the house so continually without my knowledge, I should believe that half your time was spent away from home. I have remarked that these secusions do not marked that these seclusions do not spend these missing hours in opium-eater's dreams? I again ask you Beatrice, what is the meaning of these

save that in her cheeks burned a scarlet glow. Her eyes were like glowing suns. Her manner betrayed an intense agitation and excitement, showing that her whole nature was in commotion.

you may—I have nothing to say. Believe anything that may seem proba-ble. But do not forget that I am your daughter, as proud as yourself. I know I would rather die than sully the name I bear. Let that suffice!"

She stood erect in her imperial beauty, like one without a trace of weak-

again lifted, and Lord Adlowe entered the apartment.

There was a peculiar gleam in his eyes, and a singular smile about his mouth: he had been a listener to most of the conversation between the father and daughter.

manhood. He was handsome, and years of foreign travel, with strange adventures in far off lands, had contributed a halo of romance to his character. His complexion had been darkened by exposure to wind and sun. His hair was light, and his eyes were pale, keen, cold, and cruel, and had in them at times a wicked light.

He had returned impoverished in purse, hampered by debts, worn out by dissipation, with the fixed resolve At sight of her, so radiant in her beauty, his face flushed with eagerness, and he came forward rapidle.

"A rather fanciful explanation, I think," said the Lady Beatrice, in a voice firmer than usual. "If it was of urging to a consummation his claims upon the hand of the Lady Beatrice.

The Lady Beatrice permitted her returned suitor to clasp her cold, jewelled hands, greeting him politely, even kindly, her manner warming under his manifestations of extreme delight. She welcomed him home, and colored slightly under his gaze of eager admira-

manner, began to hope that his conver-sation had had the desired effect, and

He is all impatience to see you. It is cluded. "I told the porter, who knew of Lord Adlowe that I am about to me at once, that I would announce speak to you."

me at once, that I would announce myself, as I used to do. I find the place unchanged; not so, I hope, its

hostess, whose manner had resumed its usual hauteur and reserve. "I never change, Lord Adlowe," she replied, significantly. "I have always

en your friend and well-wisher.

interested in his remarks. His lord-ship had changed during his long absence; many of his former prominent traits seemed subdued, and his hostess

witty remarks from Lord Adlowe but there was no heart in her words or her mirth. The dinner over, the guest

"Do not despair, my boy," responded the Earl, kindly. "I don't pretend to understand Beatrice, but there is no ice that the sun cannot melt. I believe she will yet reward your long and un-

wavering devotion—"
"I know she will!" said Lord Adlowe, with a strange light leaping to his eyes. "I can find my way to her heart at last, my lord. In less than six months I shall be your son-in-law. I will go up to the Lady Beatrice and

back to the drawing-room. The Lady Beatrice set before the fire alone. She looked up at his entrance, greeting him with a smile. Drawing an easy chair as near to her as he dared, Lord Adlowe bent upon her a gaze of adorning love.

under his gaze, it seeming to her to be scrutinizing as well as admiring. She fancied he was trying to read her soul, and she took up the small hand-screen she had before held, saying, with an appearance of polite interest. "I understand my father to say

the response, "I shall run down to see him to-morrow. I hear that my uncle is more miserly than ever. The town-house is let, and he confines himself closely to the Park, leading a and which both interpreted favorably savage and morose existence."

"I do not understand you?" she nurmured.

"I will endeavor to explain," returned the Earl, gravely. "You are the mistress of my household. You eccive our visitors, preside at our balls, and parties, and fulfill your duble. "I do not understand you?" she knew that I had visited even here before coming to him. People would talk too, if I were not attentive to him," and Lord Adlowe smiled, "for "I entered rather inopportunely, Adeceive our visitors, preside at our balls, and parties, and fulfill your duble." I cond Hampton and his guest drew their chairs closer to the pleasant fire, preparatory to a confidential conversation.

"I entered rather inopportunely, Adeceive our visitors, preside at our balls, and parties, and fulfill your duble." know that my claims upon him are second only to those of Geoffrey Trevelyan, my cousin. Had Geoffrey lived, I should have little to look forward to."

"Lord Trevelyan is fonder of you than he was of your cousin, is he not?" asked the Lady Beatrice, staring into the fire.

the fire.

"He professes to be," was the reply.

"I hope he is, for he hated poor Geoffrey as if he had been a deadly enemy.
Geoffrey had no tact to manage him. Poor fellow! Geoffrey was not fitted to cope with the world! If he had lived, he would have covered his name

with disgrace—"
"Not so!" interrupted the Lady Beatrice, a hot flush glowing in her cheeks, and an angry light shining in her eyes. "Geoffrey was a wild, passionate boy, with great faults, but also

with great virtues—"
"Do you number his assault upon "Do you number his assault upon and robbery of his uncle among the former or the latter?" questioned Lord Adlowe, with ironical emphasis, "If Geoffrey were alive," he added impressively, "my uncle would leave no effort untried to bring him to punishment. Lord Trevelyan is very vindictive in his disposition."

"He might forgive and forget, since he believes Geoffrey dead," said the Lady Beatrice in a low tone, and with averted face.

'It is seventeen years since we heard that Geoffrey was dead, is it not?" askea Lord Adlowe, as if musingly, but with the keenest and most furtive of glances directed toward his hostess. "We received a Brazilian pa-per—I think it was Brazilian; at any rate it was South American—with a notice of his death in its columns.— We also received a letter from some Spaniard or Protuguese, stating that Geoffrey had died at his house, and had begged him with his last breath to write tidings of his fate. There was included in the letter a certificate of buriel. Upon these data we beeved Geoffrey to be dead."

"The evidence was conclusive e-nough, I should think," said the Lady Beatrice, in a cold voice. "Of course it was conclusive," replied Lord Adlowe. "But I have doubts sometimes of its truth. What if the whole story of the death were an imposture? Geoffrey knew that our uncle hated him enough to pursue him over the whole earth. He would not have dared return to England, for fear of imprisonment and disgrace. It is not probable that Geoffrey should have forged proofs of his death, changed his name, and settled down somewhere in a distant country to await news of my uncle's death. Lord Trevelyan dead, Geoffrey can walk the earth again

voice firmer than usual. "If it were true, and Geoffrey were to return, you would not be plased, I suppose."

Lord Adlowe's face darkened at the

bare possibility of such an event.
"Geoffrey's return would impoverish me," he said, "He is Lord Trevelyan's brother's son, and of course
the nearest heir. It Geoffrey were to come back at my uncle's death, he would inherit the Trevelyan title and fortune. But eighteen years of silence

and the proofs too—surely he is dead!"

He uttered the last words in a tone of relief. His apprehensions had been quieted by the manner of the Lady Beatrice, For years he had been tormented by occasional doubts of his cousin's death, and he had finally persuaded his set that if living Geoffeer Treval. himsel thet, if living, Geoffrey Trevelyan would have commun to his former betrothed. He had watched her keenly and closely, and had become convinced that she believed Geoffrey dead.

The next words of the Lady Beatrice confirmed this opinion,
"The Spaniard wrote that Geoffrey died of a fever," she said, quietly. "He was worn out by his long sea-voyage and his anxieties. He ventured out imprudently the day after landing, ex-posing himself to the noonday sun. We know that Geoffrey went to South America, for he wrote me a long letter within an hour of his going ashore, He wrote to his uncle by the same but Lord Trevelyan declared to me that he never received the letter, Some one must have intercepted it.'
Lore Adlowe flushed guiltily.

"I have always thought that Geoffrey had some enemy who incited his uncle against him," pursued the Lady Bea-trice. "When Geoffrey was a lad, his uncle loved him. He grew to hate him as he grew older, but it must have been because some envious person spoke falsely against poor Geoffrey, makink his faults into crimes, and inducing Lord Trevelyan to believe that the boy desired his death,"

Lord Adlowe moved uneasily in his 'We have chosen an unpleasant subject to converse upon, Lady Beatrice," he said. "Let us dismiss it from our thoughts, Geoffrey is dead. I have come back to England to be your suitor. I cannot live without you. Bea trice, and his voice became full and passionate: "I have loved you for Give me a chance to prove my I will wait weeks, months—"

is now, Lord Adlowe, and it is now what it was five years since. I cannot "I refuse to accept that answer!" declared Lord Adlowe, with fierce em-

phasis. "You shall yet look kindly upon me-yet promise to become my The Lady Beatrice looked at hin haughtily, her eyes flashed with anger at his persistence in offering his un-welcome love. She met a gaze, strong, fierce, and passionate. She saw that he was in earnest—that he would not

ork her woe.
"You will take time for your de-

The instinct of self-preservation was trong in the breast of the Lady Beatrice. It was awakened now, she knew not why. With a feeling of danger strong within her, she resolved to temporize with him. "I will take time, Lord Adlowe, to

consider your offer," she said. "Since you prefer to wait, you shall have my answer some months hence." Lord Hampton entering at this juncture, the Lady Beatrice embraced the opportunity of escape. With emotion which both the gentlemen mistook,

the room. CHAPTER II. A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

you had been renewing your proposal of marriage to her, and I fancied she had not given you a decided rejec-

"You are right in your fancy," re-sponded Lord Adlowe. "The Lady Beatrice has promised to consider my offer, and to give me an answer when I shall ask for it."

Tshair ask for it."

The Earl was delighted.

"Why that is positive encouragement of your suit!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly it is," sai: Lord Adlowe.

"The Lady Beatrice meant it as such."

succeed where so many have failed, assented the guest, with a satisfied look. "For the present of course, we

son-in-law."
"Thanks; but the explanation must be made, nevertheless. First I am the inheritor of the title and debts of my late father:" and Lord Adlowe's tone were decidedly ironical. "I have been somewhat dissipated, and travel and too great profuseness of expenditure have somewhat cramped my resources. That is one side of the picture. Contrast against it the fact that I am declared heir of my Uncle Trevelyan, and there is a handsome offset to my shortcomings. I am a great favorite with Lord Trevelyan, and miserly as are his habits, he is always generous to

"Lord Trevelyan has the fortune of a prince," replied the Earl. "When you come into the Trevelyan estates, you will be one of the richest noblemen in the kingdom. With your uncle's wealth united to Beatrice's fortune, you will have a colossal income. I should like to see the two fortunes wedded."

'And so should 1," said Lord Adlowe. "I love her, my lord and shall have no object in life save to win her."
"My influence shall be used in your favor," declared the Earl. I am getting old and want to see Beatrice set-tiled before I die. You are the first person she ever permitted to hope for her favor, since Geoffrey Trevelyan died and I believe that she will yet become your wife."

Lord Adlowe's eyes sparkled, and his face beamed with hope. He knew well enough that the Lady Beatrice detested him, and that he could never win her save through her fears. He saw that he had, in some inexplicable way touched upon those fears in his recent interview, else she would have given him a haughty and curt dismis-

To solve the mystery surrounding her was now his object.

He had that mystery in his thoughts

as he said, carelessly:
"Will not the Lady Beatrice return to us this evening, my lord?"
"I—I think not," stammered the
Earl, his face flushing. "Beatrice has likes to be disturbed,"

turn. "Oh, that makes a difference," said Lord Hampton, his brow clearing. "I will send a message—no, I'll go my-self and request her presence. Excuse

me, a moment Adlowe."

He arose and departed on his errand.

Lord Adlowe stole after him to the uld hear the proceedings of the Earl. Lord Hampton hastened along the upper hall to a suite of rooms im mediately over the drawing-room. He oftly then more loudly.

No one answered him. He turned the knob and the door as locked. He called his daughter's name soft-

ly, yet in a penetrating voice.

There was no response.

There were other doors along the hall, opening into the different chambers comprised in the suite of the La-Beatrice, and at each one of these Earl knocked softly, calling upon

agitation. "What is this mystery ?" he whis pered, leaning against the door. "Is Beatrice wrapped in the thrall of some delirum-producing drug or liquor? Is she awake? What is she doing?" Again he listened for a token of

There is no use in lingering here, he thought. "Beatrice will not make He sighed so heavily that the inspir-

ation was almost a moan. Then he moved from the door tow ards the staircase. Lord Adlowe noiselessly flitted on be-fore him, entering the drawing room

paused in the lower hall to command his features and to repress his agitation. He fancied he had succeeded, when he take a negative answer. She comprehended that to reject him now, as she was tempted to do, would be to make him her implacable enemy. She felt join us again this evening," said Lord with an appearance of sinopened the door and entered the pre-

Hampton, with an appearance of sin-cerity. "The dear girl was agitated cision?" he asked, in soft, persuasive by her recent interview with you, and accents, and suddenly changing his having a headache—" "No apologies are necessary." inter-

> ne circumstances. I will call upon er after my return from the country. The Earl sighed. It was hard for the circumstances. I will call him, with his clear perceptions of in-tegrity and honor, to offer these false

"Beatrice will not be visible before three to-morrow," he said. "These dis-sipations tell upon her. I am going to take her into the country as soon as the warm weather comes. We shall the warm weather comes. be your neighbors then, Adlowe, for Trevelyan Park is not many miles dis-tant from our country home. You will stop at the Park, I suppose."

tive. The Earl resumed his seat, and the two pursued their conversation with an appearance of interest in it; He had gained a clue-simple and frail—but still a clue to the mystery enveloping Lord Hampton's daughter.

but all the while the father's heart wandered to the mystery of his daughter's strange seclusion, and all the while Adlowe studied upon the same subject.

masette,

desired clue into his hands.
The two gentlemen were midst of an apparently absorbing dis-

trance door, burst into the drawingroom, his face the picture of wildest

thing must be on fire within.
The Earl leaped to his feet.

tay in the lower hall." His lordship pushed aside the astoun-ded servitor, dashed up the stairs three steps at a time, and rushed tow-ward his daughter's rooms.

Load Adlowe followed at his neels.
There was smoke in the hall, issuing from one of rooms of the Lady
Beatrice. Clearly something was

filed away through the various passages towards their own domains.
"Go down stairs, Adlowe," said the
Earl. "I am going to break the door "I will help you," was the brief re-

The eyes of the two men met. The Earl did not dare to say that he knew not what should meet his gaze when he opened. He had neither time nor inclination to explain. Submitting to the unavoidable presence of Adlowe he

"Come, then; put your shoulder to the door!"
"Adlowe obeyed. The Earl lent his assistance. The door yielded and burst

It was full of smoke, so dense that not an object within the appartment was perceptible. Coughing and choking, the Earl crossed the floor and threw up the windows, establishing a draft of

Lord Adlowe quietly closed the door, and stood against it.

The apartment cleared rapidly, and the intruders soon observed the cause of the disturbance. A fire was burn-ing in the grate, and one of the live

Lord Adlowe looked curiously a ound the apartment. It was a dressing-room fit for an em-

was not there. Lord Adlowe darted quick, scrutinizing glances to the various couches and chairs, but the form of the Lady Beatrice did not greet his vision.
"She is in one of the other rooms," he thought; "I mean to see her before

He had scarcely made this resolve, when the Earl said. "The fire is extinguished, Adlowe. Many thanks for your assistance. Let us retain to the drawing-room!"

I leave them!

"But the Lady Beatrice—"
"Is in one of the other rooms, of course. In her boudoir, or bed-chamber;" and the Farl looked from the right to the left, the dressing-room oc cupying a middle position between the two rooms mentioned.

smoke," persisted Lord Adlowe, adhering to his resolve. "Perhaps she is lying on the floor, in a swoon."

The Earl grew even paler. He looked at his guest hesitatingly. He was anxious, now that he stood upon the threshold of a discovery, to probe the secret of the Lady Bestrice. But he secret of the Lady Beatrice. But he could not bare his heart to his daughter's suitor. He thought a moment,

"Remain here, Adlowe, while I look in the boudoir." He moved towards the front room. opened the door, and passed in.

Lord Adlowe—firm in his bold pur ose-also approached the entrance and

oked into the room in question. It was unoccupied, The suitor of the Lady Beatrice re-treated as soon as he made the discovry, while Lord Hampton stood bewilred under the gleaming gas-lamps. When the Earl came out, Adlowe

of his daughter. She is in her bed-chamber," said the Earl briefly, moving towards the ast-named room. He opened the door, entering a sleepapartment. The couches were unoccu-

parting the lace curtains. Lord Adlowe stood in the door-way, watching him intently.

The pretty lace-frilled pillows were plump and round, the white satin bed-spread smooth and straight. No form within the dainty, perfumed sheets; no impress of a figure was visi-

"How strange!" muttered the father. "Where can Beataice be? She must be in her bath-room." He knocked at the door of the bath-

his daughter's wrappings, but not a shawl or cloak that he had ever seen

her wear was missing.

The only evidence that threw any light upon the subject was the discovery of the dress she had worn at dinner. The crimson velvet robe lay in a bean on the floor of a closet, a heap on the figor of a closet, as if it had been hurriedly east there.

Lord Hampton renewed his search, looking everywhere, but in vain.

mysterious seclusions! She pretends to be shut up here when she is in reality elsewhere. I comprehend now why she always refuses to employ a maid! The mystery is deeper than ever. Where is she? Why has she gone out so secretly? How did she go unseen?

Lord, Adlowe still standing in the

The Earl struggled with his emo-tions, gained a factitious calmness, and slowly returned to the dressing-room. He found his guest standing near the the door, evidently waiting the signal for departure.

for departure, "Beatrice is not injured, Adlowe," he said, quietly, not lifting his gaze.
'She will not return to us this evening.
Let us go down."

He secured the door so that it could

not be opened by any prying servant, and the two descended to the drawing-Lord Adlowe thought it best not to

prolong his visit, and took his leave.
"The Hampton mystery deepens,"
he muttered, as he descended the steps he muttered, as he descended the steps of Hampton House, setting out for the hotel at which he was temporarily stopping. "It is no vulgar and de-grading habit that enslaves the Lady Beatrice—no opium-eating, nothing of that kind. She's gone, and for years has been in the habit of absenting herhas been in the habit of absenting her-self in this strange manner. Where does she go? Can it be that Geoffrey is living, and that she meets him else-where, thus living a double life, as I so long ago suspected? I must resolve these horrible questions. I must watch—hire a detective—give up my whole soul to this enquiry. I must dis-cover something that will force her to marry me?"

beautice. Clearly something was burning within.

A group of servants, anxious and frightened, stood near the door. The Earl ordered them away peremtorily, audthey dared not disobey him. They filed away through the various was also will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for number dated July 3, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern, have articles in every number.

# Miscellaneous.

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TAHE Local circulation of the BED-

from voting in order that the

THE DOUBLE LIFE; OR,

Had she lived before the siege of Troy, Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms, And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos, Had not been named in Homer's Hiad; Her name had been in every line he wrote. MARLOWE. The Lady Beatrice Hampton, only child of the Earl of Hampton, had passed her youth and early woman-hood, and was still unmarried. She had had no lack of suitors, for she had

gainst the marble mantel-piece in an

waiting patiently, never reproaching you for your coldness, never forcing lowe, father. He is false and bad at

what I have said so many times to you and to him. I shall never marry."
"And why not?" demanded the "And why not?" demanded that time arl. "Have you realized that time arl. is slipping away, and that you are advancing in years? How long will it be before you will be pushed aside in so-ciety by younger rivals. I shall soon die, and you will be left alone. I long to see you mistress of your own house-

"Stop!" said the Lady Beatrice, a swift flush overspreading her features. uncle, whose heir he was, pursued him less vindictively for his crime, Geof-

I have so long cherished, Beatrice?"

questioned her father, bitterly. "Have you no love for me, no respect for my wishes? What would your loved 'so- "No, he is at Trevelyan Park," was ciety' say if it knew you were a mys-tery to your own father? When Lord

Bedford

murmured.

"I will endeavor to explain," returned the Earl, gravely. "You are the mistress of my household. You receive our visitors, preside at our balls and parties, and fulfill your duties to society. But day after day, evening after evening, you mysteriously shut yourself up in your own apartments, seeing no one, replying to no summors or messages, giving no evidence of life. It is as if your chambers were your tomb. I have frequent-

my welfare. What is the explanation of this, Beatrice?" The daughter stood motionless and occur at our country-seat. Do you

seasons of dumbness and silence?"
The Lady Beatrice lifted her head, turning her face to the light. Her countenance was of marble whiteness,

"I have no explanations to give, father," she said, a tremor of passion underlying her cold tones.

"Think what you will—suspect as you may I have nothing to say Bo

dess in heart or soul.

At that moment the curtains were

Lord Adlowe was in the prime of

and he came forward rapidly, extending both his hands.

Lord Hampton, delighted, sprang up

The Earl, encouraged by her gracious

He looked earnestly at his lovely

am still the same. "Nothing more?" whispered the guest, in a low and eager tone.

The increasing coldness of the lady's An increasing contress of the lady's manner was sufficient answer.

Nothing daunted by this reception, Lord Adlowe exerted himself to please. Beatrice unbent slightly as she became

began to believe that she should find In the midst of her musings and speculations, dinner was announced. The Lady Beatrice took the arm of the guest, and the three descended to the dining-room, a handsome apartment, brilliant with lights and fire and flow-The repast was seasoned with The lady listened, smiled, and replied,

escorted the Lady Beatrice to the door and then returned to his wine and the companionship of the Earl.
"The Lady Beatrice is more beautiful than ever!" he finally sighed.—
"And she is scarcely less cold than
when she drove me from her!"

Lady Beatrice moved uneasily

"Yes. My uncle is very exacting, And can put them to mending SHAKESPERE.

"I scarcely know what to say I am so astonished," declared Lord Hampton. "Before you came in this evening, I spoke to Beatrice about you and she declared, as she had done a thousand times before, that she should never marry. Only last week, she refused the Duke of Landford one of the best matches in England. And now she encourages you to believe that she will become your wife."

"It does seem strange that I should

look. "For the present of course, we must keep the fact to ourselves. That she has taken my proposals into consideration makes it necessary for me to declare to you my prospects."

"It is not necessary," said the Earl. "I have known you from your boyhood, Adlowe, and am more satisfied with the possibility of a near relationship between us. I know of no one whom I would so gladly welcome as a son-in-law."

"And so should I," said Lord Ad-

"But I understood she was to re-

door, listened, and then crept half-way up the stairs, from which point he knocked upon the principal door, first

his daughter's name, Still there came back no reply. The Earl's face was convulsed with

ovement within the rooms.

They were as soundless as a tomb. "My answer then would be the same her apperance again to night. It is always so when she shuts herself up in

without having been seen.

The Earl descended the stairs, and

rupted Lord Adlowe, as the Earl instinctively hesitated in his speech. I should be sorry to disturb her under

He groaned in the anguish of his-Lord Adlowe replied in the affirma

"If I could only get a clue to Bea-trice's secret!" thought the guest. Fate seemed inclined to throw the

cussion concerning a person for whom neither cared, when a livered porter, whose duty it was to stand near the en-

"If you please, my lord," he gasped, scarcely conscious of what he was say-ing, "there is smoke coming from the Lady Beatrice's dressing-room. Some-

"The room on fire!" he ejaculated.
"Yes, my lord. I'll give the alarm."
"No!" commanded his lord sternly. Say nothing to your fellow-servants

open. The two men rushed into the

coals had snapped out, finding lodg-ment in the thick pile of a velvet rug. Here it had smouldered and burned with sickening oder and heavy smoke. The Earl caught up the rug, rolled it tightly, stamping out the fire, and Hon. ANDREW G. CURTIN, Philadelphia. then flung it from him,

But the owner of all this splendor

"She must be suffocated with this smoke," persisted Lord Adlowe, ad-

then said:

met him with an inquiry as to the state

pied, and the father approached the bed.

room. No one answered, He looked in. No one was there,
"Not here!" exclaimed the Earl, in complete astonishment. "Her doors are all locked, to give the impression that she is here. She must have quitted the house. But where could she have gone? And when? And how? He went to her wardrobe and closets, but the bonnets, shawls, and mantles of the Lady Beatrice were all there. He knew well the various articles of

The fact was incontrovertible—the Lady Beatrice was gone!
"This, then," said the unhappy father, "is the secret of my daughter's

door-way, looked as if a great good-for-tune had fallen to him. He had gained a clue-simple and

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