## CENES FROM LIFE'S STAGE,

BEING TEN ORIGINAL STORIES,

### WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY SIR CILBERT E. CAMPBELL, BART..

author of "Detective Stories From Real Life," "The Avenging Hand,"

### IN THE DEER PARK.

Apart from the magnificent chase which inded the fine old Tudor mansion of Greystoke, there was an inner division, carefully paled off with strong oaken rails, which many a smaller landholder would have looked on as a comfortable little estate, so many acres did it contain of hill and valley, meadow and woodland. This interior inclosure was known as the Deer Park, and had been railed off at a great expense to prevent the red deer, which at

ain seasons are especially dangerous, injuring those who used the roads which the park itself was intersected. revstoke was a wonderful old place, and suff King Hal, the Virgin Queen, and the Scotch pedant who succeeded to her throne had often taken their pleasure in the vast demesne, and followed the deer with hound

The masters of Greystoke had always been a wild and reckless set of men, caring for little but the indulgence of their own passions and vices. There had, however, always been a certain method in their reck-lessness; they had never exceeded their princely means, and had never interfered in val quarrels, and by these means had kept and acres intact.

Griffith Greystoke, the present possessor if the wide domain, had followed in the otsteps of his ancestors. As a lad he had consteps of his ancestors. As a not be had been an adept at all sports of the field, and when a mere boy he had climbed to the summit of the ruined tower, known as the Wizard's Keep, and swam in the fathomless the Deer Park, said to be the abode a water Kelpie, and which was the only in the inclosure where the red deer

sould quench their thirst. When old enough he had joined one of the regiments of the Household Cavalry, and for a brief space had run a wild career of dissipation, but his untamable spirit would not submit to the trammels of discioline, and, after a short military career, he cound it expedient to throw up his commis-

on and retire for a term to Greystoke. Thus his devotion to field sports won for him the golden opinions of the country gen-try, but after a time he grew wearied of the ie, and taking with him his foster brother, tachment existed, he started, not on a con-tinental tour, for that would have been far

ters, all beauty and refinement, in spite of their coarse surroundings, evolved out of the inner consciousness of American writers and their imitators, but a fair, handsome Englishwoman, some three years older than her husband, the widow of a West Indian sugar planter.

How such a marriage could ever have

come about was a mystery to which no solution was offered, and the only person capable of doing so, Gideon Carthwaite (Griffith's foster-brother), maintained a dis-

creet silence.

Besides a wife, Greystroke, of Greystoke, Besides a wife, Greystroke, of Greystoke, brought other followers back with him. An aged, white-headed negro, an old and confidential servant of his wife; a young Seminole Indian- whom he had picked up in Florida; a Zulu, and a Chinaman, who had noted as a valet and general factorum in camp. All these different nationalities found accommodations within the old walls of Greystroke, and matters would have of Greystroke, and matters would have cone smoothly enough had it not been for Mrs. Greystoke's temper, which was as fiery and violent as her lord's.

In her West Indian home she had been a

little queen of society, and she could not understand why other women, who did not possess her good looks or charm of manner, should have precedence over her, and she was even jealous of the respect accorded to

One afternoon, after a more serious jargle than usual with Mrs. Greystoke, who had objected to the archery club holding its usual meeting at Greystoke, Griffith retired to his usual sanctum, the armory as it was termed, from a collection of weapons of all countries which adorned its walls, and, lighting a cigar, rang the bell furiously. After an interval of some five minutes the door was slowly opened and the gray head of Manuel, Mrs. Greystoke's confidential ervant, appeared.

"Master want me?" asked he.
"What should I want you for, you black-faced imp of Satan?" demanded Griffith, whose temper had been sorely tried. "Are

there no other servants but you?"

The man made no reply, but still lingered in the doorway, and Griffith noticed that there was a cut on his forchead covered with

a piece of dischylon plaster.
"Who have you been fighting with,
Manuel?" said he. I no fight, master; missie throw candlestick at me in one of her debbil's tantrums," returned the negro, grinning like an angry

devil," remarked Griffith, who was quite disposed to sympathize with any victim of his wife's ill-temper; "take that, and send Gideon Carthwaite to me." As he spoke he tossed a sovereign in the As he spoke he tossed a sovereign in the direction of the black servant, who pounced upon it with alarity, and then departed on his errand. In a few minutes Gideon Carthwaite entered the armory, and stood awaiting his foster-brother's orders. A tall, fair man was Gideon, apparently possessed of immense muscular strength, and with a frank, open expression of coun-tenance, which was very pleasing to look

"Sit down, man," said Griffith. "We have gone through too much together to stand on any ceremony when we are alone. I am driven half mad with that woman's airs and graces, get me something to soothe my nerves, or I shall do something I shall be sorry for afterward."

Gideon crossed the room, and opening a cupboard concealed by a Moorish shield, brought out a bottle of brandy and a cuple of glasses, which he placed upon a small table at his master's elbow.

"Help yourself," said Griffith, as he filled a glass and tossed off the spirit as if it had been water. "Do you know what new trick she has played me to-day?"

"You both spoke loud enough, when you were discussing the matter in the pink drawing room for everybody to hear," answered Gideon, as he sipped his brandy.

"I wish I had never seen her face," broke out Griffith. "They talk about obeah spells in the West Indies, and surely she must have employed one of them to induce me to have employed one of them to induce me to bring such a woman home to Greystoke."

"There is no use in crying over spilt ilk, Master Griffith, returned the foster-

"The Mystery of Mandeville Square," Etc. "I would give a thousand pounds to the man who would spill her blood."

"Hush! hush!" answered Gideon, looking round him cautiously. "It is not well to say such things. One never knows who may be listening. A thousand pounds is a big sum, Master Griffith, and some people might feel inclined to take you at your word."

"Yourself, for instance," said Griffith, with a slight sneer.
"I have always asked for money, have I

not, when I was fortunate to do you some slight service?" demanded the man, calmly. "I deserve the reproof, Gideon," replied the Master of Greystoke, after a short pause, "but I am so badgered and worried that I hardly know what I say or do. Why, if the archers meeting does not take place if the archery meeting does not take place in my grounds I shall be the laughing stock of the whole county."

"Let things go on as usual," suggested Gideon. "There is a week before the meeting takes place, and a great change may come in that time."

stoke," returned Griffith, with an ironical laugh, "you are far more sanguine than I am. I coufess that I would rather abide by

my £1,000 offer."
"We have been in many lands where a "We have been in many lands where a quarter of that sum would have silenced half a dozen troublesome women, or men for the matter of that, "but there is an uncomfortable institution in England called the Law, which is apt to express itself rather forcibly concerning acts which it calls by some uncomfortable names, such as man-shaughter, homicide, and murder," observed Gideon, laying a strong emphasis upon the last word.

Griffith started from his seat, "I never meant that," said he. "I only wanted some one to give her a bit of a fright so that she might pack up her traps and take herself

off."

"Then it only shows you how right my warning was," replied Gideon:" for I certainly thought that you were willing to give £1,000 to anyone who would take your wife's life; but I see now you would pay an equal sum for her disappearance. Why not offer the lady a good round sum, and perhaps she will consent to return to Trinidad, where she can vent her temper upon her black servants?"

she can vent her temper upon her back servants?"

"She would laugh in my face if I made such a proposal," returned Griffith. "No, I must take your advice, and see what time will do for me."

"But after all, it is a munificent offer," laughed Gideon, as he followed his master through the door of the armory: "and I dare say there are many men who would cheerfully pay a like sum to be freed from the incubus of a wife."

Next morning there was considerable ex-

between whom and himself a devoted attachment existed, he started, not on a continental tour, for that would have been far too common-place an affair, but for an excursion into wild lands, where the more sayage animals were still to be found in comparative abundance. For three years Griffith Greystoke was absent, and his name began to be almost forgotten. The game in the Greystoke preserves increased and multiplied to an extraordinary degree, for by the master's orders not a gun was to be fired in it during his absence. The red deer wandered about their domains without fear of a rife bullet arresting their course, slaked their thirst at the Kelpie's pool, or fought out their quarrels in the battle field of fern and bracken. All at once, with a suddenness which was characteristic of all the Greystoke movements, Griffith made his appearance once again at the home of his ancestors, and with an addition to his retinue which caused the squires to hold up their hands in wonderment and sent many a bitter pang of disappointment to the hearts of the country matrons who had marriageable daughters on hand.

Griffith Greystoke had brought home a wife with him. Not a Mexican senorita; not the daughter of some Indian rajah; not one of those impossible goldminer's daughters, all beauty and refinement, in spite of of the establishment to believe that he was

This official made himself generally obnoxious, and compelled each individual member of the establishment to believe that he was the suspected person, insomuch that after his departure nearly the whole establishment of Greystoke came before the master and announced their determination of leaving forthwith

and announced their determination of leaving forthwith.

The obstinate spirit of his race now blazed forth in Griffith, and confronting the malcontents, he poured out a torrent of objurgation upon them, cursing them for a set of cowards, who wanted to leave the pumps when a leak had been discovered in the ship.

"Whom do you suspect?" cried he angrily; "are we not ali in the same boat?"

For a moment there was a dead silence, and then one of the footmen spoke out: "The talk is that you offered a big reward to get rid of your wife, and that he," pointing as he spoke to Gideon Carthwaite, "did the trick for you, but you managed matters so cleverly that it is impossible to bring the crime home to either of you."

With the bound of a tiger Griffith sprang forward, and grasping the man by the collar forced him upon his knees. "You lying

With the bound of a tiger Griffith sprang forward, and grasping the man by the collar forced him upon his knees. "You lying secondrel," said he, thrusting his hand into his bosem. "Confess that it is all an invention, or I will blow your brains out."

The man turned ghastly pale, and stammered out, "Everybody says the same, and Manuel heard you offer £1,000 to get rid of the missis."

"Get up, you coward," exclaimed Griffith, putting him contemptuously away. "I had no revolver or firearm about me, as you might have known had not your fear blinded you; but as there have been suspictions I will take measures to find out the real truth. Who is on my side among you?"

About a dozen of the outdoor servants, gamekeepers, gardeners and grooms stepped forward.

"That is well," said the master of Greystroke. "And now, listen: until this mystery is cleared up not a single communication shall be held with the outer world. Some one among us is the possessor of the secret, and if we draw a ring around the inhabitants of Greystroke we shall doubtless find out who he is. You will say that I have no right to act as I propose doing," he continued, as some of the servants appeared disposed to offer a remonstrance. "I daresay I have not, but I have the power, and that comes to very much the same in the long run. After the blockade is raised, you may take what steps you please."

may take what steps you please." From that day Greystoke was like a beleagured city, or a piague-stricken spot around which a sanitary cordon had been drawn. No one went out from it, and no one was permitted to enter. Oxen and sheep were in plenty, and there was no deficiency of ale, wine and flour. There was a good deal of murmuring, but the outdoor men kept good watch and ward at the gates of the park by day, and at night Gideon Carthwaite mustered the unwilling garrison, and saw that not one was absent. Society wondered a little at first, but after a time all was set down to the strain of eccentricity always visible in Greystoke betters and the matter dropped.

The blockade had now lasted a week, when one evening the headkeeper sought an audience with the master of Greystoke. "Weil, Randal," said Griffith, impattently, "What is it; has anyone been trying to run the blockade, or have you made any discovery?"

covery?"

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and twisted the brim of his hat between his fingers.

"You'll be laughing at I, "Squire," said he at length, "if I tell you what I be come about."

"Never mind what I shall do, but let me hear what you have to say," answered Griffith.
"Well, the deer be bewitched, and there's an end o' it," replied the man.
"Are you mad!" retorted Griffith, angrily.
"No, 'Squire; but the beasts be," replied

"No, 'Squire; but the beasts be," replied Randal.

"Will you speak out?" returned his master, driven to the end of his patience by the man's reticence, "or get out of the room, and leave me in peace."

"Well, 'Squire, the deer be all wandering about the place like lunatics, their coats staring, their eyes swollen, and looking more like ghosts of themselves than anything else."

"Pshaw! don't bother me with such trivial details," broke in Greystoke.

"But, 'Squire, a buck and two does are dead," said the man, "and, as far as I can see, the rest of the herd be agoing to follow their leader."

Without a word Griffith Greystoke got up, and, beckoning to his foster-brother, made

their leader."

Without a word Griffith Greystoke got up, and, beckoning to his foster-brother, made his way to the deer park. A number of the deer were standing close to the fence, tossing their heads, and looking at the intruders with a strange and piteous expression quite foreign to their usual wild and free manner.

eer are dying of thirst," replied he,
Gideon made no reply, but walked straight
away to the piece of water, which was situated in the center of the deer park.
"There," he exclaimed triumphantly, as he
came up to the brink, "it was raining last
night, and yet there is not a single fresh
hoof mark. Something has frightenedsway
the deer from the pool."

"It must be the Kelpie then," said Bandal,
with an air of conviction.

"Stay," exclaimed Griffith, "what has become of that large flat stone with a crown
carved on it, and the date James I. hunted
in the park? There is the spot from where
thas been wrenched up, but where has it
gone?"

it has been wrenched up, but where has it gone?"

He turned as he spoke to his foster-brother; a meaning glance passed between the men, and Gideon proceeded to pull off his boots and remove his upper garmenta. "Have you got a knife?" asked he, addressing Randal. With a look of puzzled surprise the keeper produced a broad-bladed clasp knife, and Gideon taking it from him began to wade into the pool. "Where be you agoing, Gideon?" demanded the keeper. "The Kelple will lay his claws on thee as sure as eggs is eggs."

"I am going to bring up the Kelpie," replied Gideon, and as he spoke he dived beneath the surface of the water, a few bubbles only marking the spot where his head had been. He remained so long under water that Randal was seriously alarmed, and muttered that the Kelpie had got him certain sure, and even Griffith, who was well acquainted with his foster-brother's skill as a swimmer, began to grow alarmed.

As they were gazing anxiously at the sullen water, Gideon Carthwaite's head appeared above the surface, apd he began to swim slowly and laboriously toward the side, as if some heavy object which was not visible was holding him back.

As he got into shallower water he stooped, and with the words, "Here is what has bewitched the deer," raised the dead body of a woman from the pool.

With a cry of surprise and horror, Griffith

witched the deer," raised the dead body of a woman from the pool.

With a cry of surprise and horror, Griffith and the keeper recognized the form of Mrs. Greystoke, swollen and bloated with her so journ beneath the waters of the Kelpie's Pool.

"Has she committed suicide?" exclaimed Griffith, as he assisted to lay the dead woman on the bank.

"She was kept down by the great stone," answered Gideon, "which was fastened round her waist by this red silk scarf, which I had to cut away in order to release the body."

round her waist by this red slik scarf, which I had to cut away in order to release the body."

"Why that be what that woolly-headed nigger used to wear round his waist," exclaimed Randal, taking up the limp rag, and surveying it with an air of disgust.

"Stay by her side, Randal" said Griffith, "and do you, Gideon, come with me."

With as little delay as possible the men returned to the house, and in a few moments the whole of the domestics were summoned.

"Manuel," said Griffith, "after you had murdered Mrs. Greystoke, and thrown her into Kelpie's Pool, what did you do with the dressing bug with the gold and ivory fittings?"

The old man's face changed to that strange gray hue which betokens abject terror in the negro race, his knees trembled, and when he strove to speak only a few inarticulate sounds feel from his lips.

"Quick," said Griffith, sternly. "I have no time for delay."

"In the vault in the Wizard's Tower," murmured the old man, whom terror had deprived of all the power of judgment.

"You see he confesses," said Griffith, addressing the other servants. "And what



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then—my blood boiled, all grew red, and I stabbed her."

"But how did you get to the deer park?" demanded Griffith sternly.

"I heard what you said to Gideon," answered Manuel, "and I thought I might frighten my mistress into returning to the old, bright land, for I hate this cold country. I told her that you had offered Gideon £1,000 to slay her, and that he had accepted the bribe. She feit that she had gone too far, and got alawmed, and agreed to fly. That night we stole out of the house, and got into the deer park intending to make our way to Dulford and procure a conveyance there, but when when we got as far as the pool she said she was tired, that she would go no further, that she was a fool for believing me, and that she would not sacrifice the position she had gained. I remonstrated with her, but she burst out into one of her storms of passion,

feet I grew frightened, but after a time I collected myself, and tying an old stone which lay by the side of the water round her waist. I threw her in. Then I took the bag and reaching the old tower unobserved I hid it, intending to carry it away at some other time, but the shatting up of the place upset my plans. But you will let me go now that I have confessed all, will you not?"

In spite of his age, and in spite of the fervid appeal by his counsel, entreating the jury to deal lemently with 'a man and a brother," the murderer and robber was duly convicted and executed. Peace once more fell on Greystoke, the shadow that had rested upon Griffith's name was cleared away, and the deer once more slaked their thirst in the waters of the Kelpie's Pool.

[THE END.]

[THE END.] THE MAJOR'S BUNGALOW.

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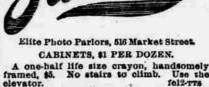


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