IN THE ...

A. D. 1550.

By HAROLD FREDERIC.

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The scene is laid in Ireland about the middle of the l6th century—an age of superstition, bitter feuds and savage violesce. Turlogh, son of Fincen, with a band of unwilling clansmen, has dared to approach a grove haunted by a mysterious being of whom the most terrifying tales are told. His followers dare not proceed; but with one guide—a man in monkish sarb, professing power over spirits and dehons—Turlogh enters the perilous wood. 11.

A sustained, low mutter of distant thunder vibrated throught the air as the old kerne's voice died away. The sunlight had grown yellow and gave the bleached-pebbles and shells on the dry strand beyond a brazen hue. The munk, still pausing with a thoughtful face, looked to the west. Vast walls of gloomy clouds curled upward over the face of the sky, enfolding the mountains of Beara in their coils. Beoof them, the waters of Dunmanus were as ink.

as ink...
A great storm will be blowing in from the sea," he said. As he spoke a streak of lightning flashed in their "Oh, then, forked lights and thunder on Christmas Day!" clamored Cumara.

"Twas never seen before! Be warned, my O'Mahony!"
"I will not look behind!" cried Turlogh. Pointing the way with his spear, he strode forward. The monk, with a shing of his shoulders, followed.

A kundred paces inland, through a cleft-in the barrier of tall, gray cliffs, the ascent began. As they entered this

the ascent began. As they entered this narrow glen, to the gaunt steep sides of which misshapen and stunted oaks, scarce the bigness of furze bushes, sluing with toos drawn backward from the sea, the sunlight faded. A last dismayed wall of entreaty from the men in the boat mingled with the clatter of the first large raindrops and hall on the rocks.

the rocks.
"I will not at all turn!" repeated Turlogh, stubbornly. He clambered up the
oblique ridges of bowlders, pushing
aside with a spirited hand the sprawling oak boughs from his path. The
monk followed, lifting his gown as he
state and spirited lightly from ledge. came and springing lightly from ledge

The thicket closed upon them; the storm burst. Not much rain fell through the matted canopy of twisting pare branches low overhead. The rees writhed and ground their limbs together, shricking as the tempest imote them. The splitting of dry wood made an endless crackle in their ears at the men went on, and the higher paks rocked and swung their arms, and paks rocked and swung their arms, and ried to one another while they struck their gnaried lesser neighbors down. A somber twilight reigned in these wild lepths—illumined now here, now there, by momentary gleams of blue flame, which glided downward among the messes and left vistas of a midnight blackness, veined by a flery network of ntertwined twigs and branches, before Tuniozi's eyes.

The young chieftain halted and drew pack with a little startled cry as a plinding arc of fire burst through the hanging mistletoe just before his face and culvered in zig-zag lines among he creepers at his feet. He put a hand in blood-feud against him and his peover his eyes and groped behind him ple, it would be very bad—oh, very bad. with the other to touch the monk's

"Yonder, under the ledge of rocks, we will be safer from the lightning," said he monk, still calm of voice. "I would not have you killed that way!" With a hand on Turlogh's shoulder, re guided him to one side, where a dark recess beneath a shelf of jutting bowl-lets offered refuge. The young man



"Yonder, Under the Ledge of Rocks,"

noved as one dazed, stumbling over the strewn litter of the storm, and sank apon his knees in the sheltered gloom apon his knees in the sheltered gloom ander the rocks. "I would be saying some prayers," he murmured, "If you would tell me the

the murmured, "if you would tell me the it ones."

Then a spasm of shuddering shook his thin frame. He lifted a nvid face lowerd the standing monk, and his lips moved, but made no sound. A frenzy of frightened inquiry dilated his eyes. A long-bodied dog, sleek coated and irab of hue, with a flat head and broad, hick snout, had come suddenly to him sut of the vague shadows, and stood here thrustine his cold muzzle against ruflogh's knee and licking it.

He would have screamed, but had no power save to gasp in his throat. The monk, stooping, boat the dog over the head with the cross, and it slunk off mto the obscurity again as it had come, like a thing of ho substance.

"You will be needing the prayers at later hour," said the monk. He raised his voice to make it heard above the tunuit of the blast sweeping past them.

Turlogh bit his teeth together, and struggled against his weakness.

"I am not afraid in my heart," he cried. "I' would noe suffer myself to turn back, no, not for the lordship of



les, blotches, blackheads, gh, and olly skin, prevented cura Soap, the most effect-

all Ivehagh. But my bones are like un-willing servants, and my bowels have the terror in them. But I am their master—and now I have no fears any more." He strove to smile, where he knelt, and reached forth his hand for the spear he had dropped, and which the monk had picked up. "Tell me," he added, "would it have been known to you that so much evil would happen to us first?"

"Yet more will happen," returned the monk. He did not seem to note Turlogh's hands outstretched for the spear. "But you will be remembering." he went on, "I gave you warning. It does not lie in your right to say the contrary."

trary."

There was something unusual in the voice Turlogh heard. He looked up more keenly at his companion.

"I would not be saying anything contrary to your words. Brother Florentius," he said. The noise of the storm forced him to lift his voice as well. "You are a holy man, and you are a stranger to me, and you are my guest, and I would not dispute whatever you spoke. But it is not in my memory that you warned me of anything. It was you who came to Dungeakeen two days since, and sat in my hall in the evenings, and told your part of the tales as a traveler is looked to do, and sang your songs when my bard had sang your songs when my bard had done. And your tales were bold and

done. And your tales were bold and moving, and your songs stayed me in my sleep, and these things warmed me toward you. And when the speech of my people fell upon this little oakwood of the strand, and the alder hollow beyond, and they told of the manwitch who lived here, and ran like a wolf through the thicket, and had an eye to blast what he looked upon, and feathers to his beard, instead of hair. feathers to his beard, instead of hair, it was you who laughed with scorn, and put shame in me that I had never laughed likewise. And it was your word that on Christmas day no fiends or unnatural powers could prevail against Christians who were after taking the blessed sacrament before sunrise. And it was your own word that you would come with me and go the length of the oakwood and the hollow. And why should you be saving now

And why should you be saying now that I dispute with you?" A lull had fallen upon the storm. The monk laughed, but made no answer. "You say you gave me warning." h declared, putting his foot forward to rise. "And it is my reply that I cannot



Shoulder.

remember it. I have in my memory only your promise that if I saw malignant sights they should do me no malignant sights they should do me no harm. And I have seen you drive that terrible dog away with the stroke of your cross, and my mind is at ease. I have no complaint to make, only I do not know what you mean by your words about a warning."

The monk looked down at him, a mitthless smills playing on his shaven.

mirthless smile playing on his shaven "You forget, then, my warning that

if an O'Mahony met on a Christmas day a chieftain of another sept sworn would be very bad-oh, very ndeed, for him. "Oh, then I have some memory of what you are saying," returned Tur-logh, in thought. "Those were your logh, in thought.

words, but they took no root in my mind. For our speech was of the en-chantment, and the man-witch here— "And now it is of another matter!"

called out the monk, with a ring as of metal on metal in his voice. On the instant, as Turiogh bent his knee to raise the monk drove the spear into his right shoulder and thrust him flercely backward, prone to the earth. The young man's legs were twisted under him, and the monk's sandaled foot crushed upon his breast. The thought of resistance died in his brain, for his

of resistance died in his brain, for his arms lay limp, and he could not bring a hand to touch the spear.

"I know you are yourself the devil I was enticed here to dety," he said. The spear-head in his shoulder seemed to scorch his flesh, but his thoughts were the clearer for the anguish of it. He watched the stubbled jowi of the monk, and looked to see a beard of feathers sprout upon it.

monk, and looked to see a beard of feathers sprout upon it.
"I would not be wishing you to die in error," said the other, gazing with a measured wrath downward upon him. "I made you to take the blessed sacrament this day, that your soul might not perish, and I will not suffer you to go out of the world like a fool, in ignorance of why you want to the same of the world like a fool, in ignorance of the worl norance of why you are put away. I am no witch, or man enchanted. I am am no witch, or man enchanted. I am no devil. I am no monk. I am Fineen son of Spelian, and on Christmas day, one year ago, I saw your father cleave my father's skull with a battleax, while he lay hurt in his own bawn, and put the fire to Ballyfanisk, and drive our men over the cliff his the

he lay hurt in his own bawn, and put the fire to Ballyfanisk, and drive our men over the cliff into the sea, and lay the shame of unclean beasts upon our women. And that is why I have come to keep this next Christmas day with you, Turlogh son of Fineen, and that is why you will be saying your prayers now."

Turlogh looked hard at him and remembered much. "I was not one of the raid," he said, "but I would not be blaming you, if you had come fairly to fight me and take my life. My father was a strong man, and he put his foot on the O'Dwyers, and spoiled Ballyfanisk, and openly chased you all into the sea. And I would not blame him for that either. And you say that Spellan, your father, had his head split open with an ax. That would not be his worst luck. It was more evil fortune still for him to beget a son who would be a liar and a false guest."

The O'Dwyer tore open his gown at the breast with his free hand, and cast it from him in a heap around his feet. His thick., supple form showed itself clad in the close tunic of a warrior, and from shoulder to thigh he had a shirt of fine linked iron chainwork. Out of his belt he drew a long thin dagger.

(To be Continued.)

(To be Continued.) SENSATION OF STARVING.

Great Craving for Food Soon Gives Way to Languer and Insanity. For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still, in a great measure, his body retains its strength.

On the third and fourth days but are

by names. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that cager craving which he felt in the carrier stages. Should be chance to get a morael or two

his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

existence.
On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is sayly pale, and his eyes wild glassy and cannibalistic. The tenuated, his color is say, pale, and his eyes wild glassy and cannibalistic. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weaknes, refuse. The sixth brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes diaxy: the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through his mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arm hangs listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is felt to a degree, but it must be brought not sought.

The miserable remnant of a life that still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne, yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one time he thinks his weary limbs can not sustain him a mile; next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and, if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.—Current Literature.

ELOPED WITH A WIDOW.

Henry Roddis, Who Deserted His Family Thirty Years Ago, Has Been Found with Another Wife.

Milwaukee, Nov. 28.—On the evening of October 25, 1885, Henry W. Roddle klassed his wife and two children good-by and started, as it was supposed, for kissed his wife and two children good-by and started, as it was supposed, for the south to invest a large sum of money for his uncle, Edward Roddis, who was a pork packer in this city. From that time until a year ago he was mourned by his wife and daughter, who survive, as dead. Then rumors as to Roddis' existence in another part of the country sprung up and in time were verified as facts, and a story startling in interest developed.

in interest developed.

The main fact ascertained was that for twenty years Roddis had been living at Cherokee, Iowa, a prominent and respected citizen, where he has a wife and eight children. Collateral to this main fact were others, even more startand eight children. Collateral to the main fact, were others, even more startling. At the time Roddis disappeared, it was common to send agents to Iowa and southwestern points to buy hogs and cattle for shipment to Milwaukee. On these trips the buyers carried with them considerable money. On this trip Roddis is believed to have carried more Roddis is believed to have carried more mone" than usual, as it was understood his uncle wished him to invest in southern lands, which could then be bought cheaply. It was stated that he had with him \$50,000 in currency. When nothing was heard of him, it was supposed he had been killed for his money. There were those who hinted that his disappearance could be accounted for in another way. This select few remembered that Roddis had been very much impressed by a pretty widow named Mrs. Millington, whose husband had been killed in the war, and who lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Schlinger, on a farm at North Greenfield.

field.
Thefact that about the time Roddis went away Mrs. Millington and her daughter disappeared tended to confirm the skeptics in their belief. But to Roddis' wife and daughter he was dead. Nor was their faith shaken until about a year ago, when Rev. James Slidell, of St. John's Episcopal church, had occasion to visit friends in Cherokee. Iowa. sion to visit friends in Cherokee, Iowa. Mr. Slidell knew Mrs. Roddis' story and was convinced the Cherokee Roddis was the man who had disappeared from the man who had disappeared from Milwaukee nearly thirty years ago. The matter was placed in an attorney's hands by the Milwaukee wife on charge of bigamy, with a view of making Rod-dis settle something on his Milwaukee

During the investigation the registers of the old St. Charles note: were examined and it was found that a few hours after he kissed his wife and children good-by Roddis appeared at the hotel with Mrs. Millington and her daughter and registered as Edward Mil-

lington, wife and daughter. In 1874 they came to Cherokee and ourchased a farm eight miles from the place, where they lived in great seclu-sion for several years. Then gradually they began to make their way until

sion for several years. Then gradually they began to make their way until Roddis was regarded as one of the solid citizens of the town. His eldest daughter married E. A. Kerger, superintendent of bublic schools, and the family was on the top social shelf.

When Roddis found that his identity could be clearly established he began negotiations for a settlement. His Milwaukee wife wanted nothing to do with him beyond such a sum as would tend to make her life easier than it had been all these long, weary years. In the meantime Roddis began putting his property out of his hands and arranging matters so his Cherokee family, would be taken care of. Then he disappeared for the second time. He was traced to South Dakota and Minnesota, but the searchers were always just a little too late. It is believed that he is now in hiding somewhere in Minnesota.

RAILROAD NOTES.

Although the general activity in the iron and steel trade has advanced prices considerably over what they were a short time ago, it is claimed that the present is a good time to build railroads, says the American Manufacturer. An authority on such matters claims that there never was a better time to build railroads to admatters claims that there never was a better time to build railroads to advantage than now. He holds that there is an abundance of money seeking investment where it looks safe and profitable. A good track can be built at 60 per cent of the cost of a few years ago. While rails are some highlow, even lower than iron rails at any time in the history of railroad building. Railway supplies, such as spikes, fish bars, and iron for bridges spikes, fish bars, and iron for bridges and trestles, are even proportionately lower than rails. Cross-ties are about the same as for ten years past. This authority states that as good a road can be built today for \$12,000 per mile as could be built for \$20,000 per mile ten or fifteen years ago, when railroad building was at its highest.

building was at its highest.

There is a feeling among Erie officials that the reorganisation just consummated will put the property in a strong position. This will be especially the case as regards the unifying of the system. The arrangements which have existed have kept the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio division in relatively poor condition, and generally lack of means has prevented the company's being able to work at as low a cost as it required by a line compelled to compete with New York Central and Pennsylvania. The new Erie will have a large amount of cash available and a round sum annually for betterments. It is understood to be the intention to double-track the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio and the Chicago and Erie, divisions so as to operate as cheaply on the western as on the eastern divisions.

At Devil's Lake, North Dakota, At Devil's Lake, North Dakota, the other day the superintendent and other officials of the Great Northern put all employes through an examination as to whether they belonged to the American Railway union. Very few men could be found who would acknowledge they belonged to the organisation. It is believed that the company will request those who are affliated with the organisation to withdraw from it or sever their connection with the road.

which, it is thought, will not be willing to surrender any of its prerogatives. Joseph S. Harris, the president and one of the receivers of the Reading, is, however, as an individual, a member of the Board of Control, and he has pledged the adherence of the Reading to the agreement. When the Reading is reorganized it will join the association.

Advices from Macon, Ga., say that four bills have been prepared for introduction in the legislature intended to prevent the consolidation of competing lines of railway in Georgia and to render illegal the purchases made by the Southern railway. The first bill deals with matters affecting the con-trol of Georgia Southern and Florida.

A \$500,000 mortgage has been filed by the Cincinnati, Porstmouth and Virginia road in Southern Ohio counties. It is understood the money is to be used next summer in straightening and improving the roadbed and rolling stock.

Unkind. "Oh, would I were a glove upon that hand,"
He softly quoted, as her face he scanned.
"I wish you were," she answered, "for you see, You'd be of some real value, then, to —Brooklyn Life

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