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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxv BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1898 No. 45

HE IS A WISE MAN

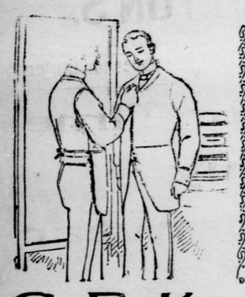
—WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM—

J. S. YOUNG,

THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

The goods, style, fit and general make up of his suits

TELL their own STORY.



STRIVING FOR EFFECT.

Men won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as they can be sold and made up properly. If you want the correct thing at the correct price call on us, we have reduced our spring and summer goods down to make room for our heavy weight goods.

Fits Guaranteed.

G. F. Keck, Merchant Tailor, 142 N. Main St., Butler

Pape Bros, JEWELERS.

We Will Save You Money On

Diamonds, Watches Clocks, Silverware, 1847 Rodger Bros. Plateware and Sterling Silver Goods.

Our Repair Department takes in all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, etc

122 S. Main St.

Old gold and silver taken the same as cash.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in this office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 10th day of December, 1898, at 9 A. M., of said day:

1. Final account of Adam Kamerer, guardian of Julia L Kamerer, minor child of John D Kamerer, deceased, late of Concord twp, as stated by Julia L Kamerer, executrix of Adam Kamerer, deceased.
2. Final account of Philip Daubenspeck, guardian of Martha I. Walley, minor child of Martha L Walley, deceased. late of Parker twp.
3. Final distribution account of W. A. Forquer, administrator C T. A of Mary Jane Reep, deceased, late of Fairview borough.
4. Final account of Mary E Sullivan, administratrix of Col. John M Sullivan, deceased, late of Butler borough.
5. Final account of J J Smith and John Kline, executors of Jacob Kline, deceased, late of Adams twp.
6. Final account of Peter Landgraff, guardain of George Schoene, minor child of Jos. Schoene, late of Donegal twp.
7. Final account of Mary A Rhodes, administratrix of Henry L Rhodes, deceased, late of Slipperyrock twp.
8. Final account of Christina Fredrick and Theadore J Fredrick, administrators of Adam J Frederick, deceased, late of Jefferson twp.
9. Final account of John A. Irvin, administrator of Geo W Irvin, deceased, late of Forward twp.
10. Final account of Rev W J Grimes, executor of Nancy Richards, deceased, late of Connoquenessing twp.
11. Partial account of Thomas L Duff and S. H. Duff, executors of Samuel Duff, deceased, late of Winfield twp.
12. Final account of A. P. Tannehill, administrator of William Tannehill, deceased, late of Slippery Rock township.
13. Final account of James McLaughlin, administrator of Hugh McLaughlin, deceased, late of Mercer township.
14. Final account of R. P. Scott, trustee of the real estate of Thomas K. Cannon, deceased, late of Parker township.
15. Final account of Edgar Cowan, administrator of Elmira A. Cowan, deceased, late of Adams township.
16. Final account of Louisa Kummer, administratrix of Adam Kummer, decreased, late of Butler borough.
17. Final account of W. D. Brandon, executor of Mary A. Cowan, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
18. Final account of Charles Divener, guardian of Mary O'Donnell, minor child of Dennis O'Donnell, deceased, late of Donegal township.
19. Final account of Ottie E. Flick, administratrix of W. J. Flick, deceased, late of Butler county.
20. Final account of W. J. Umstead, administrator of Richard Umstead, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
21. Final account of A. F. Werner, guardian, of Joseph H. Neely, Minor child of Jacob Neely, deceased, late of Lancaster township.
22. Partial account of W. W. Lindsey, surviving executor of William Lindsey, deceased. late of Cherry township.
23. Final account of George E. Hay, executor of James M. Hay, deceased, late of Penn twp.
24. First and Partial account of S. O. Kamerer and Adam Kamerer, executors of John D. Kamerer, deceased, late of Concord township, as filed by S. O. Kamerer, surviving executor, and Julia A. Kamerer, Ex'r of Adam Kamerer now deceased.
25. Final account of John Kummer, guardian of Christena Kummer, minor child of Adam Kummer. deceased, late of Butler borough.
26. Final account of Thomas A. Parks, administrator of Clarinda A. Parks, deceased, late of Middlesex twp.
27. Final account of W. H. Cubbins, administrator of C. W. Thompson, deceased, late of Allegheny twp.
28. Final account of W. A. Fleming, executor of Catherine E. Jellison, deceased, late of Petrolia boro.
29. First, final and distribution account of Alex. Mitchell, trustee in partition of the estate of Christian Otto, deceased, late of Butler boro.
30. Final account of Lavina Anderson and Joseph Sutton, administrators of J. L. Anderson, deceased, late of Venango township.
31. Final account of M. C. Searing, executor of B. F. Searing, deceased, late of Worth twp.
32. Final account of Jacob Kaltenbaugh, executor of Moses Ruby, deceased, late of Connoquenessing twp.
33. First, partial account of Owen Brady, administrator of Owen Brady, Sr., deceased, late of Donegal twp.
34. Final account of John K. Gilghrist, guardian of Blanche S. Shannon, minor child by adoption of James W. and M. J. Buchanan, deceased, late of Marion township, as filed by John McDowell, administrator of John K. Gilghrist, now deceased.
35. Final account of Sidney G. Flick, administrator of Sarah McGinnis, deceased, late of Buffalo township.
36. Final account of J. M. Black, guardian of Bertha Kohlmeyer, minor child of S. W. Kohlmeyer, deceased, late of Allegheny township.
37. Final account of John M. Reed, guardian of Pauline Kiray, minor child of John Kiray, deceased.

W. J. ADAMS, Register.

Laughing Babies

Are those who take Hoxsie's C. C. C for coughs, colds and croup. No opium to stupefy, no ipecac to nauseate. 50 cents.

WIDOW'S APPRAISEMENTS.

The following widow's appraisements of personal property and real estate set apart for the benefit of the widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Orphans' Court of Butler Co., viz:

Widow of J. Knauff,	personal p'ty.	$300 00
" " W. K. Nixon	" "	300 00
" " Jon. W. Irwin	" "	200 50
" " H. D. Ziegler	" "	300 00
" " H. S. Frederick	" "	300 00
" " W. V. Seaman	" "	300 00
" " J. M. Crooks	" "	300 00
" " Earnest Wimer	" "	300 00
" " W. S. Thompson	" "	300 00
" " O. Brady, Sr.	" "	300 00
" " T. McDevitt,	real estate	300 00

All persons interested in the above appraisements will take notice that they will be presented for confirmation to the Orphans Court of Butler county, Pa., on Saturday, the 10th day of Dec., A. D., 1898, and if no exceptions be filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

ISAAC MEALS, Clerk O. C.

ROAD AND BRIDGE REPORTS.

Notice is hereby given that the following road and bridges have been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented on the first Saturday of Dec., Court, 1898, being the 10th day of said month, and if no exceptions are filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

R. D. No. 1, September Sessions, 1898, In re, petitition of Citizens of Winfield township, for a county bridge over Rough Run on the Saxon Station and Denny's Mill road. Court appointed Geo. C. Pillow, J. S. Christley and Redick McCandless as viewers. Aug. 4, 1898. Report of viewers filed in favor of proposed bridge. September 10, 1898. Approved, notice to be given according to the rules of Court and to be laid before the Grand Jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 3, September Sessions, 1898, In re, petition of citizens of Venango township for vacation of a public road. Court appointed Levi Porter, Wm. Orr and J. J. McIlarvey viewers. August 22, 1898. Report of viewers filed in favor of vacation September 10, 1898. Approved, notice to be given according to rules of Court,

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 4, September Sessions, 1898. In re, petition of citizens of Butler township for a public road to lead from the Powder Mill Road to a point on the road leading from the Three Degree Road to the Meridian road near McCalmont Station. Court appointed Geo. C. Pillow, Robt. McClung and W. C. Fleming viewers. September 5, 1898. Report of viewers filed in favor of proposed road. September 10, 1898, approved, and fix width of road at 33 ft. notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 5, September Sessions, 1898. In re, petition of citizens of Jefferson township for vacation, change and supply of a public road. Court appointed I. N. Meals, Robert Smith and John A. Watson viewers, September 5, 1898. Report of viewers filed in favor of petitioner. September 10, 1898, approved and fix width of road at 33 ft. Notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

Certified from the record this 7th day of November, 1898.

ISAAC MEALS.
Clerk Q. S. Court

Practical Horse Shoer WILL ROBINSON.

Formerly Horse Shoer at the Wick house has opened business in a shop in the rear of the Arlington Hotel, where he will do Horse-Shoeing in the most approved style.

TRACK AND ROAD HORSES A SPECIALTY.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYwhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

THE INDEPENDENT.

New York.

CHANGE OF FORM.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Semi-Centennial Year.

THE INDEPENDENT emphasizes its Fiftieth Year by changing its form to that of a Magazine, and by reducing its annual subscription price from $3.00 to $2.00; single copies from ten to five cents.

It will maintain its reputaion as the Leading Weekly Newspaper of the World.

THE INDEPENDENT in its new form will print 3,640 pages of reading matter per year at a cost to subscribers of $2.00, while the prominent magazines, which sell for $4.00 a year print only about 2,000 pages. The subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT gets 82 per cent. more of equally good reading matter at one-half the cost!

Only $2.00 per Year,

or at that rate for any part of a year. Send postal card for free specimen copy.

THE INDEPENDENT.

130 Fulton St., N. Y.

Butler Savings Bank

Butler, Pa.

Capital - - - - -	$60,000.00
Surplus and Profits - -	$150,000

JOS. L. PETRY'S ..... President.
HENRY TROUTMAN Vice-President.
W. M. CAMPBELL, Jr. ..... Cashier.
LOUIS B. STEIN ..... Teller.
DIRECTORS—Joseph L. Purvis, J. Henry Trout man, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of all producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits.

THE Butler County National Bank, Butler Penn.

Capital paid in - -	$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits -	$114,647.87

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; C. A. Bailey, Cashier; John G. McMarlin, Ass't Cashier.

A general banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.

DIRECTORS—Hon. Joseph Hartman, Hon. W. S. Waldron, Dr. N. M. Hoover, H. McSweeney, E. E. Abrams, C. P. Collins, I. G. Smith, Leslie P. Hazlett, M. Finegan, W. Y. H. Lusskin, John Humphrey, Dr. W. C. McCandless, Ben Mossoth, Levi M. Wise, J. V. Ritts

Pearson B. Nace's

Livery Feed and Sale Stable

Rear of

Wick House, Butler, Penn'a.

The best of horses and first class rigs always on hand and for hire.
Best accommodations in town for permanent boarding and transient trade. Special care guaranteed.

Stable Room For 65 Horses.

A good class of horses, both drivers and draft horses always on hand and for sale under a full guarantee; and horses bought upon proper notification by

PEARSON B. NACE,

Telephone, No. 219.

OIL MEAL (OUR OLD PROCESS)

Now very cheap

Feed for Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Fowls etc. Health, strength and productive power to animals. Are you feeding it? Cheapest feed in the market.

LINSEED OIL AND WHITE LEAD

Makes paint last for years on house, barn or fence. Mixed paints are doubtful quality: some good and somevew bad. Write for our circular.

For pure Linseed oil or meal, and white lead, ask for "Thompson's," or address manufacturer. THOMPSON &O., 15 W Diamond street Allegheny, Pa.

MODEL Farm for Sale

I want to sell my farm of 235 acres in Oakland twp. adjoining Boyerstown, six miles north of Butler. There is no better land for all kinds of crops in Butler county. My wheat and grass, this year, cannot be beat. Come and see them.

Two good orchards, some young timber and an abundance of the best of Spring water.

The buildings consist of a good, six room, frame house; one large, new, modern barn, and a large old one; also all the necessary outbuildings, including a summer kitchen. I want to quit farming because I am alone, and will sell at a bargain on easy terms.

A part of the farm is underlaid with three and four feet veins of coal, with one bank opened; and the new railroad is surveyed within 100 rods of the house.

For terms address or call upon,

Peter Whitmire,

SONORA, P. O.

D. L. CLEELAND,

Jeweler and Optician,

125 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

THE PORTENT.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE AND POWER.

When the morning came, I began to doubt whether my wakefulness had not been part of my dream, and I had not dreamed the whole of my supposed adventures. There was no sign of a lady's presence left in the room. How could there have been? By throwing the plaid which covered me aside, my hand was caught by a single thread of something so fine that I could not see it till the light grew strong. I wound it round and round my finger, and doubted no longer.

At breakfast there was no Lady Alice—nor at dinner. I grew uneasy but what could I do? I soon learned that she was ill; and a weary fortnight passed before I saw her again. Mrs. Wilson told me that she had caught cold, and was confined to her room. So I was ill at ease, not from love alone, but from anxiety as well. Every night I crept up through the deserted house to the stair where she had vanished, and there sat in the darkness, or groped and peered about for some sign. But I saw no light even, and did not know where her room was. It might be far beyond this extremity of my knowledge; for I discovered no indication of the proximity of the inhabited portion of the house. Mrs. Wilson said there was nothing serious the matter; but this did not satisfy me, for I imagined something mysterious in the way in which she spoke.

As the days went on, and she did not appear, my soul began to droop within me; my intellect seemed about to desert me altogether. In vain I tried to read. Nothing could fix my attention. I read and re-read the same page; but although I understood every word as I read, I found, when I came to a pause, that there lingered in my mind no palest notion of the idea. It was just what one experiences in attempting to read when half asleep.

But although my thoughts were thus beyond my control, my duties were not altogether irksome to me. I remembered that they kept me near her; and although I could not learn, I found that I could teach a little.

I continued my work in the library, although it did not advance with the same steadiness as before.

That same day, I remember well, Mrs. Wilson told me that Lady Alice was much better. But as days passed, and still she did not make her appearance, my anxiety only changed its object, and I feared that it was from aversion to me that she did not join the family. But her name was never mentioned in my hearing by any of the other members of it; and her absence appeared to be to them a matter of no moment or interest.

One night, as I sat in my room, I found, as usual, that it was impossible to read; and throwing the book aside, relapsed into that sphere of thought which now filled my soul, and had for its center the Lady Alice. I recalled her form as she lay on the couch, and brooded over the remembrance till a longing to see her, almost unbearable, arose within me.

"Would to Heaven," I said to myself, "that will were power!"

In this concurrence of idleness, distraction, and vehement desire, I found all at once, without any forgone resolution, that I was concentrating and intensifying within me, until it rose almost to a command, the operative volition that Lady Alice should come to me. In a moment more I trembled at the sense of a new power which sprung into conscious being within me. I had had no prevision of its existence, when I gave way to such extravagant and apparently helpless wishes. I now actually awaited the fulfilment of my desire; but in a condition ill-fitted to receive it, for the effort had already exhausted me to such a degree that every nerve was in a conscious tremor. Nor had I long to wait.

I heard no sound of approach; the closet-door folded back, and in glided open-eyed, but sightless, pale as death, and clad in white, ghostly-pure and saint-like, the Lady Alice. I shuddered from head to foot at what I had done. She was more terrible to me in that moment than any pale-eyed ghost could have been. For had I not exercised a kind of necromantic art, and roused without waking the slumbering dead? She passed me, walking round the table at which I was seated, went to the couch, laid herself down with a maidenly care, turned a little on one side, with her face toward me, and gradually closed her eyes. In something deeper than sleep she lay, and yet not in death. I rose, and once more knelt beside her, but dared not touch her. In what far realms of life might the lovely soul be straying! What mysterious modes of being might now be the homely surroundings of her second life! Thoughts unutterable rose in me, culminated, and sunk, like the stars of heaven, as I gazed on the present symbol of an absent life—a life that I loved by means of the symbol; a symbol that I loved because of the life. How long she lay thus, how long I gazed upon her thus, I do not know.

Gradually, but without my being able to distinguish the gradations, her countenance altered to that of one who sleeps. But the change did not end there. A color, faint as the blush in the center of a white rose, tinged her lips and deepened; then her cheek began to share in the hue, then her brow and her neck. The color was that of the cloud which, the furthest from the sunset, yet acknowledges the rosy atmosphere. I watched, as it were, the dawn of a soul on the horizon of the visible. The first approaches of its far-off flight were manifest; and as I watched, I saw it come nearer and nearer, till its great, silent, speeding pinions were folded, and it looked forth, a calm, beautiful, infinite woman, from the face and form sleeping before me.

I knew that she was awake, some moments before she opened her eyes. When at last those depths of darkness disclosed themselves, slowly uplifting their white cloudy portals, the same consternation she had formerly manifested, accompanied by yet greater anger, followed.

"Yet again! Am I your slave, because I am weak?" She rose in the majesty of wrath, and moved toward the door.

"Lady Alice, I have not touched you! I am to blame, but not as you think. Could I help longing to see you? And if the longing passed, ere I was aware, into a will that you should come, and you obeyed it, forgive me.

I hid my face in my hands, overcome by conflicting emotions. A kind of stupor came over me. When I lifted my head, she was standing by the closet-door.

"I have waited," she said, "to make a request of you."

"Do not utter it, Lady Alice, know what it is. I give you my word—my solemn promise, if you like—that I will never do it again." She thanked me, with a smile and vanished.

Much to my surprise, she appeared at dinner the next day. No notice was taken of her, except by the younger of my pupils, who called out:

"Hallo, Alice! Are you down?"

She smiled and nodded, but did not speak. Everything went on as usual. There was no change in her behavior except in one point. I ventured the experiment of paying her some ordinary enough attention. She thanked me, without a trace of the scornful expression I all but expected to see upon her beautiful face. But when I addressed her about the weather, or something equally interesting, she made no reply; and Lady Hilton gave me a stare, as much as to say, Don't you know it is of no use to talk to her?" Alice saw the look, and coloring to the eyes, rose, and left the room. When she had gone, Lady Hilton said to me:

"Don't speak to her, Mr. Campbell it distresses her. She is very peculiar you know."

She could not hide the scorn and dislike with which she spoke and I could not help saying to myself, "What a different thing scorn looks on your face, Lady Hilton!" for it made her positively and hatefully ugly for the moment—to my eyes, at least.

After this, Alice sat down with us at all our meals, and seemed tolerably well. But, in some indescribable way, she was quite a different person from the Lady Alice who had twice awaked in my presence. To use a parase common in describing one of weak intellect—she never seemed to be all there. There was something automatical in her movements; and a sort of frozen indifference was the prevailing expression of her countenance. When she smiled, a sweet light shone in her eyes, and she looked for the moment like the Lady Alice of my nightly dreams. But, altogether, the Lady Alice of the night, and the Lady Alice of the day, were two distinct persons; I believed that the former was the real one.

What nights I had now, watching and striving lest unawares I should fall into the exercise of my new power! I allowed myself to think of her as much as I pleased during the daytime, or at least as much as I dared; for when occupied with my pupils, I dreaded lest any abstraction should even hint that I had a thought to conceal. I knew that I could not hurt her then; for that only in the night did she enter that state of existence in which my will could exercise authority over her. But at night, at night, when I knew she lay there, and might be lying here; when but a thought would bring her, and that thought was fluttering its wings, ready to spring awake out of the dreams of my heart—then the struggle was fearful. And what added force to the temptation was, that to call her to me in the night seemed like calling the real immortal Alice forth from the tomb in which she wandered about all day. It was as painful to me to see her such in the day, as it was entrancing to remember her such as I had seen her in the night. What matter if her true self came forth in anger against me? What was I? It was enough for my life, I said, to look on her, such as she really was. "Bring her yet once, and tell her all—tell her how madly, hopelessly you love her. She will forgive you at least," said a voice within me. But I heard it as the voice of the tempter, and kept down the thought which might have grown to the will.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW PUPIL.

One day, exactly three weeks after her last visit to my room, as I was sitting with my three pupils in the school room, Lady Alice entered, and began to look on the book shelves as if she wanted some volume. After a few moments she turned, and, approaching the table, said to me, in an abrupt, yet hesitating way:

"Mr. Campbell, I cannot spell. How am I to learn?"

I thought for a moment and replied: "Copy a passage every day, Lady Alice, from some favorite book. Then if you will allow me, I shall be most happy to point out any mistakes you may have made."

"Thank you, Mr. Campbell, I will; but I am afraid you will despise me when you find how badly I spell."

"There is no fear of that," I replied. "It is a mere peculiarity. So long as one can think well, spelling is altogether secondary."

"Thank you, I will try," she said, and left the room.

Next day she brought me an old ballad, written tolerably, but in a school girl's hand. She had copied the antique spelling letter for letter.

"This is quite correct," I said; "but to copy such as this will not teach you properly; for it is very old, and consequently old fashioned."

"Is it old? Don't we spell like that now? You see I do not know anything about it. You must set me a task, then."

This I undertook with more pleasure than I dared to show. Every day she brought me the appointed exercise, written with a steadily improving hand. To my surprise I never found a single error in the spelling. Of course, when advancing a step in the process, I made her write from my dictation, she did make blunders, but not so many as I had expected; and she seldom repeated one after correction.

This new association gave me many opportunities of doing more for her than merely teaching her to spell. We talked about what she copied, and I had to explain. I also told her about the writers. Soon she expressed a desire to know something about figures. We commenced arithmetic. I proposed geometry along with it and found the latter especially fitted to her powers. One by one we included several other necessary branches, and ere long I had four around the school room table, equally my pupils. Whether the attempts previously made to instruct her had been insufficient or misdirected, or whether her intellectual powers had commenced a fresh growth, I could not tell, but I leaned to the latter conclusion, especially after I began to observe that her peculiar remarks had become modified in form though without losing any of their originality. The unearthliness of her beauty likewise disappeared, a slight color displacing the almost marble whiteness of her cheek.

Long before Lady Alice had made this progress, my nightly struggles began to diminish in violence. They had now entirely ceased. The temptation had left me. I felt certain that for weeks she had never walked in her sleep. She was beyond my power and I was glad of it.

I was, of course, most careful of my behavior during all this period. I strove to pay Lady Alice no more attention than I paid to the rest of my pupils; and I cannot help thinking that I succeeded. But now and then, in the midst of some instruction I was giving Lady Alice, I caught the eye of Lady Lucy, a sharp, common minded girl, fixed upon one or the other of us with an inquisitive, vulgar expression which I did not like. This made me more careful still. I watched my tones, to keep them even, and free from any expression of the feeling of which my heart was full. Sometimes, however, I could not help revealing the gratification I felt when she made some marvelous remark—marvelous I mean, in relation to her other attainments; such a remark as a child will sometimes make, showing that he has already mastered, through his earnest simplicity, some question that has for ages perplexed the wise and the prudent. On one of these occasions I found the cat eyes of Lady Lucy glittering on me. I turned away; not, I fear, without showing some displeasure.

Whether it was from Lady Lucy's evil report, or that the change in Lady Alice's habits and appearance had attracted the attention of Lady Hilton, I cannot tell; but one morning she appeared at the door of the study and called her. Lady Alice rose and went, with a slight gesture of impatience. In a few minutes she returned looking angry and determined, and resumed her seat. But whatever it was that had passed between them, it had destroyed that quiet flow of the feelings which was necessary to the working of her thoughts. In vain she tried; she could do nothing correctly. At last she burst into tears and left the room. I was almost beside myself with distress and apprehension. She did not return that day.

Next morning she entered at the usual hour, looking composed, but paler than of late, and showing signs of recent weeping. When we were all seated, and had just commenced our work, I happened to look up, and caught her eyes intently fixed upon me. They dropped instantly, but without any appearance of confusion. She went on with her arithmetic, and succeeded tolerably. But this respite was to be of short duration. Lady Hilton again entered and called her. She rose angrily, and my quick ear caught the half-uttered words, "That woman will make an idiot of me again." She did not return; and never from that hour resumed her place in the school room.

The time passed heavily. At dinner she looked proud and constrained; and spoke only in monosyllables.

For two days I scarcely saw her. But the third day, as I was busy in the library, she entered.

"Can I help you, Mr. Campbell," she said.

I glanced involuntarily towards the door.

"Lady Hilton is not at home," she replied to my look, while a curl of indignation contended with a sweet tremor of shame for the possession of her lip. "Let me help you."

"You will help me best if you will sing that ballad I heard you singing just before you came in. I never heard you sing before."

"Didn't you? I don't think I ever did sing before."

"Sing it again, will you please?"

"It is only two verses. My old Scotch nurse used to sing it when I was a little girl—oh, so long ago! I didn't know I could sing it."

She began without more ado, standing in the middle of the room, with her back toward the door:

"Annie was dowie, an' Willie was wae;
What can be the matter wi' sleccan a twae?
For Annie was bonnie's the first o' the day,
And Willie was strang an' honest an' gay.

"Oh, the tane had a daddy was poor an' was proud;
An the tither a minnie that cared for the gowd.
They lo'ed ane anither, an' said their say—
But the daddy at minnie hae pairtit the twae."

Just as she finished the song, I saw the sharp eyes of Lady Lucy peeping in at the door.

"Lady Lucy is watching at the door, Lady Alice," I said.

"I don't care," she answered; but turned with a flush on her face, and stepped noiselessly to the door.

"There is no one there," she said, returning.

"There was, though," I answered.

"They want to drive me mad," she cried, and hurried from the room.

The next day but one, she came again with the same request. But she had not been a minute in the library before Lady Hilton came to the door and called her in angry tones.

"Presently," replied Alice, and remained where she was.

"Do go, Lady Alice," I said. "They will send me away if you refuse."

She blushed scarlet, and went with out another word.

She came no more to the library.

CHAPTER XII.

CONFESSION.

Day followed day, the one the child of the other. Alice's old paleness and unearthly look began to reappear; and, strange to tell, my midnight temptation revived. After a time she ceased to dine with us again, and for days I never saw her. It was the old story of suffering with me, only more intense than before. The day was dreary, and the night stormy. "Call her," said my heart; but my conscience resisted.

I was lying on the floor of my room one midnight, with my face to the ground, when suddenly I heard a low, sweet, strange voice singing somewhere. The moment I became aware that I heard it, I felt as if I had been listening to it unconsciously for some minutes past. I lay still, either charmed to stillness, or fearful of breaking the spell. As I lay, I was lapped in the folds of a waking dream. I was in bed in a castle, on the seashore; the wind came from the sea in chill eerie soughs, and the waves fell with a threatful tone upon the beach muttering many maledictions as they rushed up, and whispering cruel portents as they drew back, hissing and gurgling, through the million narrow ways of the pebbly ramparts; and I knew that a maiden in white was standing in the cold wind, by the angry sea singing. I had a kind of dreamy belief in my dream; but, overpowered by the spell of the music, I lay and listened. Keener and stronger, under the impulses of my will, grew the power of my hearing. At last I could distinguish the words. The ballad was "Annie of Lochroyan;" and Lady Alice was singing it. The words I heard were these:

"Oh, gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin' he winna come to me.

"Lang stood she at her true love's door,
And lang tirled at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, 'Wha's that wad be in?'

* * * * * *

"Love Gregory started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say:
'I dreamed a dream this night, mither,
That makes my heart right wae.

"'I dreamed that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower of a' her kin,
Was standing mournin' at my door,
But nane wad let her in.'"

I sprung to my feet, and opened the hidden door. There she stood, white, asleep, with closed eyes, singing like a bird, only with a heartful of sad meaning in every tone. I stepped aside, without speaking, and she passed me into the room. I closed the door, and followed her. She lay already upon the couch, still and restful—already covered with my plaid. I sat down beside her, waiting; and gazed upon her in wonderment. That she was possessed of very superior intellectual powers, whatever might be the cause of their having lain dormant so long, I had already fully convinced myself; but I was not prepared to find art as well as intellect. I had already heard her sing the little song of two verses, which she had learned from her nurse. But here was a song, of her own making as to the music, so true and so potent, that, before I knew anything of the words, it had surrounded me with a dream of the place in which the scene of the ballad was laid. It did not then occur to me that, perhaps, our idiosyncrasies were such as not to require even the music of the ballad for the production of rapport between our minds, the brain of the one generating in the brain of the other, the vision present to itself.

I sat and thought: Some obstruction in the gateways, outward, prevented her, in her waking hours, from uttering herself at all. This obstruction, damming back upon their sources the outgoings of life, threw her into this abnormal sleep. In it the impulse to utterance, still unsatisfied, so wrought within her unable, yet compliant form, that she could not rest, but rose and walked. And now, a fresh surge from the sea of her unknown being, unrepressed by the hitherto of the objects of sense, had burst the gates and bars, swept the obstructions from its channel, and poured from her in melodious song.

The first green lobes, at least of these thoughts, appeared above the soil of my mind, while I sat and gazed on the sleeping girl. And now I had once more the delight of watching a spirit dawn, a soul rise, in that lovely form. The light flushing of its pallid sky was, as before, the first sign. I dreaded the flash of lovely flame, and the outburst of regnant anger, ere I should have time to say that I was not to blame. But when, at length, the full dawn, the slow sunrise came, it was with all the gentleness of a cloudy summer morn. Never did a more celestial rosy red harp about the skirts of the level sun, than deepened and glowed upon her face, when, opening her eyes, she saw me beside her. She covered her face with her hands; and instead of the words of indignant reproach which I had dreaded to hear, she murmured behind the snowy screen, "I am glad you have broken your promise."

My heart gave a bound and was still. I grew faint with delight. "No," I said; "I have not broken my promise, Lady Alice; I have struggled nearly to madness to keep it—and I have kept it."

"I have come then of myself. Worse and worse! But it is their fault!"

Tears now found their way through the repressing fingers. I could not endure to see her weep. I kneeled beside her, and while she still covered her face with her hands, I said—I do not know what I said. They were wild, and, doubtless, foolish words in themselves, but they must have been wise and true in their meaning. When I ceased, I knew that I had ceased only by the great silence around me. I was still holding her hands. Slowly she withdrew them. It was as when the sun breaks forth on a cloudy day. The winter was over and gone; the time of the singing of birds had come. She smiled on me through her tears and heart met heart in the light of that smile.

She rose to go and I begged for no delay. I only stood with clasped hands, gazing at her. She turned at the door, and said:

"I dare say I shall come again; I am afraid I cannot help it; only mind you do not wake me."

Before I could reply I was alone; and I felt that I must not follow her.

CHAPTER XIII.

QUESTIONING.

I laid myself on the couch she had left, but not to sleep. A new pulse of life, stronger than I could bear, was throbbing within me. I dreaded a fever, lest I should talk in it, and drop the clew to my secret treasure. But the light of the morning stilled me, and a bath in ice-cold water made me strong again. Yet I felt all that day as if I were dying a delicious death and going to a yet more exquisite life. As far as I might, however, I repressed all indications of my delight; and endeavored, for the sake both of duty and prudence, to be as attentive to my pupils and their studies as it was possible for man to be. This helped to keep me in my right mind. But, more than all my efforts at exposure, the pain which, as far as my experience goes, invariably accompanied, and sometimes even usurps, the place of the pleasure which gave it birth, was efficacious in keeping me sane.

Night came, but brought no Lady Alice. It was a week before I saw her again. Her heart had been stilled, and she was able to sleep aright.

But seven nights after, she did come. I waited her awaking, possessed with one painful thought, which I longed to impart to her. She awoke with a smile, covered her face for a moment, but only for a moment, and then sat up. I stood before her, and the first words I spoke were:—

"Lady Alice, ought I not to go?"

"No," she replied at once. "I can claim some compensation from them for the wrong they have been doing me. Do you know in what relation I stand to Lord and Lady Hilton? They are but my step-mother and her husband."

"I know that."

"Well, I have a fortune of my own, about which I never thought or cared—till—till—within the last few weeks. Lord Hilton is my guardian. Whether they made me the stupid creature I was, I do not know; but I believe they have represented me as far worse than I was, to keep people from making my acquaintance. They prevented me going on with my lessons, because I was getting to understand things and grow like other people, and that would not suit their purposes. It would be false delicacy in you to leave me to them, when you can make up to me for their injustice. Their behavior to me takes away any right they had over me, and frees you from your obligation, because I am yours. Am I not?"

Once more she covered her face with her hands. I could answer only by withdrawing one of them, which I was now emboldened to hold in my own.

I was very willingly persuaded to what was so much in my own desire. But whether the reasoning was quite just or not, I am not yet sure. Perhaps it might be so for her, and yet not for me. I do not know; I am a poor casuist.

She resumed, laying her other hand upon mine:

"It would be to tell the soul which you have called forth, to go back into its dark moaning cavern, and never more come out to the light of day."

How could I resist this.

A long pause ensued.

"It is strange," she said, at length, "to feel, when I lie down at night, that I may awake in your presence, without knowing how. It is strange, too, that, although I should be utterly ashamed to come wittingly, I feel no confusion when I find myself here. When I feel myself coming awake, I lie for a little while with my eyes closed, wondering and hoping, and afraid to open them, lest I should find myself only in my own chamber; shrinking a little, too—just a little—from the first glance into your face."

"But when you awake, do you know nothing of what has taken place in your sleep?"

"Nothing whatever."

Have you no vague sensations, no haunting shadows, no dim, ghostly moods, seeming to belong to that condition, left?"

"None whatever."

Sae rose, said "Good-night," and left me.

CHAPTER XIV.

JEALOUSY.

Again seven days passed before she revisited me. Inded, her visits had always an interval of seven days, or a multiple of seven between.

Since the last, a maddening jealousy had seized me. For, returning from those unknown regions into which her soul had wandered away, and where she had stayed for hours, did she not sometimes awake with a smile? How could I be sure that she did not lead two distinct existences?—that she had not some loving spirit, or man, who, like her, had for a time left the body behind—who was all in all to her in that region, and whom she forgot when she forsook it, as she forgot me when she entered it? It was a thought I could not brook. But I put aside its persistence as well as I could till she should come again. For this I waited. I could not now endure the thought of compelling the attendance of her unconscious form; of making her body, like a living cage, transport to my presence the unresisting soul. I shrunk from it, as a true man would shrink from kissing the lips of a sleeping woman whom he loved, not knowing that she loved him in return.

It may well be said that to follow such a doubt was to inquire too curiously; but once the thought had begun, and grown, and been born, how was I to slay the monster and be free of its hated presence? Was its truth not a possibility? Yet how could even she help me, for she knew nothing of the matter? How could she vouch for the unknown? What news can the serene face of the moon, ever the same to us, give of the hidden half of herself turned ever toward what seemed to us but the blind abysmal darkness, which yet has its own light and its own life? All I could hope for was to see her, to tell her, to be comforted at least by her smile.

My saving angel glided blind into my room, lay down upon her bier and awaited the resurrection. I sat and awaited mine, panting to untwine from my heart the cold death worm that twisted around it, yet picturing to myself the glow of love on the averted face of the beautiful spirit—averted from me, and bending on a radiant companion all the light withdrawn from the lovely form beside me. That light began to return. "She is coming, she is coming!" I said within me. "Back from its glowing south travels the sun of my spring, the glory of my summer." Floating slowly up from the infinite depths of her being, came the