

# THE NEW REGIME.

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	1 mo.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
One inch	\$2 00	4 00	6 00	12 00	20 00
Two "	4 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
Three "	6 00	12 00	18 00	30 00	50 00
Four "	8 00	16 00	24 00	40 00	65 00
Five "	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00	80 00
Six "	12 00	24 00	36 00	60 00	100 00
Seventh "	14 00	28 00	42 00	70 00	120 00
Half "	15 00	30 00	45 00	75 00	130 00
One "	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00	180 00

## THE STEP-MOTHER; OR, ONE GREAT MISTAKE.

BY  
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The Diamond Bracelet, Secret  
Caves, Etc.

### CHAPTER LIII.

#### A CONFESSION.

"And he was false—and yet I breathe, but not the breath of human life. A serpent round my heart was wreathed. And stung my every thought to strife. Alike all time, abhor'd all place. Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face. While every hair on my body before The blackness of my doom was torn."

Instantly all was confusion and wilder terror, where a few moments before all had been mirth and gaiety. Every smile was banished, and horror was visibly stamped upon every face. Olive had been borne from the room in a dead faint, and Gerald Fitzjames, as if in revolt to the spot, stood gazing upon the awful scene with ghastly face and shaking limbs, while with pallid faces, the frightened guests, looked from one to another. All this transpired in a moment's time, for scarce had the man sunk to the floor, when Mr. Arvin dashed through the crowd, and with a groan, which went to the heart of every one present, sank on his knees by his prostrate wife, and lifted her head to his bosom. Her eyes were closed, a ghastly shadow rested on her face, and from the wound in her breast, the blood was issuing in a copious stream.

"God help me!" he exclaimed; then looking wildly about him he cried in a voice of agony:

"Will no one help me? Looster! Looster my wife, look at me!"

"Send for a doctor," commanded some one, a command which was instantly obeyed. The crowd now gathered around the wretched man, but he paid no heed to them or the many ejaculations that fell from their lips, as they looked from the woman to the gaunt form of the prostrate man, whose hand had accomplished the awful deed. His stilled-like eyes were closed, the hue of death had overspread his dark features, and a cold shudder shook the frame of every one present, as they gazed upon the disfigured face.

"Looster! Looster!" cried Mr. Arvin laying his cheek against the cold face on his bosom. The assemblage moved to tears as they witnessed his heart-rending agony, and some one was about suggesting the lady's removal, when a shrill cry, like the cry of a wild animal, rang through the thronged room, and all fell back as the next moment, a slight form rushed through the startled crowd, and threw herself by the seemingly dead woman, crying aloud:

"Merciful heavens! is she gone? Speak to me, Olive my darling! my darling!" Then starting wildly up, Mrs. Weyemore, for it was she, threw an agonized glance upon the company as she cried:

"Tell me—oh! tell me who has done this deed? Tell me who has robbed me of my precious Olive, that I may be avenged!" All looked strangely at her then some one approached her, and said:

"You are mistaken madam, for it is not Miss Rosencrance who has been stabbed but her mother. There lies the madman who did the deed, for there is no doubt but that he is some escaped lunatic." Slowly Mrs. Weyemore turned and looked upon the man's distorted face. The next moment she reeled and would have fallen, but some one caught her, and conveyed her from the room. As they bore her away a faint sigh fluttered from Mrs. Arvin's colorless lips, and slowly her great luminous black eyes opened and set in her husband's agonized face.

"Is this death, Norman?" came almost in a whisper from her lips.

"God grant it is not, my wife!" he exclaimed.

"It is though," in the same faint voice.

"I feel that I am going rapidly," she looked about her, she whispered: "Where is he?"

"Mr. Arvin could not reply, but pointed toward the unconscious man. She turned her eyes upon him, then a deadly palor swept over her face, and she again sank into a state of unconsciousness. By this time the physician had arrived, and as he entered the room and looked around upon the strange scene, he exclaimed:

"In the name of heaven what does this mean?" Some one replied:

"We cannot tell; we only know that this escaped lunatic, for he can be nothing else, entered a short time ago, stabbed Mrs. Arvin, then buried the weapon in his own breast."

"Buried it in his heart you had better have said," replied the physician bending over him; then added: "Unfortunatly man! he is done forever, so far as this world is concerned. Horrible! horrible! Stand away and let me get to the poor, unfortunate lady." The crowd fell back, and bonding, the unconscious woman the doctor examined the ghastly wound in her breast, from which the red life current was still slowly flowing. When he lifted his head his face was very grave,

and Mr. Arvin whose head had sunk on his bosom, looked up exclaiming: "Is there any hope, doctor? Oh, don't—don't tell me she must die! Tell me there is hope, doctor: and tell me you can save her life!"

"Arvin, my poor friend, calm yourself, and let us have the lady conveyed to her room." The stricken man looked at him for a moment in a half unconscious way, then without another word, he lifted his wife in his arms, refusing all assistance, and bore her from the room. As he reached their own apartment and laid her on the couch, Mrs. Weyemore who had recovered from her swoon, glided in, and took her station at the head of the bed, where she remained, looking like a marble statue, all the time the physician was making his examination.

"Must she die, doctor?" cried the unhappy husband, as the physician finished probing the wound. He looked at him piteously, then laying his hand on his arm replied:

"Prepare to hear the worst my friend would I could save the lady's life, but such a thing is beyond all human skill." A low wailing cry sprang from Mrs. Weyemore's white lips, and casting herself on her knees by the couch, she after sob shook her slight frame.

"Oh God!" moaned Mr. Arvin. "My darling! my darling! oh, look up and speak to your Norman!" And Mr. Arvin was bending over his wife, a world of love and pleading tenderness beaming in his passionate dark eyes. It seemed as if that agonized cry had power to call her back to life, for with a faint sigh the luminous black eyes opened, and she looked about her with a shudder. She lay quiet for some moments, then whispered:

"Norman send for a doctor."

"I have my wife," he answered.

"Where is he?"

"Here," and Mr. Arvin motioned the medical man to approach. She looked at him intently, then asked in a voice scarcely above her breath: "My wound is fatal, is it not?"

He avowed his face, but she again repeated her question, saying:

"Answer me please, and tell me honestly, how long I have to live."

Thus pressed for an answer he replied:

"Perhaps until morning."

"And must I die so soon? Then what I do must be done quickly. Norman," turning her eyes upon Mr. Arvin, "send Mrs. Weyemore to me, then leave us two alone for a few moments."

"I am here already," and Mrs. Weyemore arose and bent over her, while Mr. Arvin and the physician silently withdrew. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, then Mr. Arvin received a message to return to the room alone. When he approached his wife she turned her eyes upon him saying:

"Send for Olive and Gerald Fitzjames."

He went out, and a short time afterwards returned with Olive leaning upon his arm, and Gerald Fitzjames walking by his side, his face devoid of color as the face of the dead. Silently and with an expression of anguish on her dark face, Mrs. Weyemore came forward and placed chairs for them near the couch. When all were seated Mrs. Arvin asked in a faint voice:

"Are we entirely alone?"

"Entirely so," replied her husband bending over her.

"The doctor—"

"Is in the parlor." She closed her eyes for a moment, then opening them again, her lips parted and she spoke:

"Retribution has come to me in a most unexpected moment, and I am now about passing away from earth, but ere I go hence I have a secret—a dark and terrible confession to unfold. Norman," turning to her husband, "for twelve years you have loved me truly and devotedly, yet little have you known, what manner of woman you have been cherishing. When you have heard my confession you will know and comprehend all, and the love and tenderness you have shown me will be changed to scorn and contempt. I do not expect your forgiveness. I do not ask it; neither do I make this confession through any penitence, but merely because of a strange desire to say something before I leave this world, and go down—down to hell!" Her eyes flashed and gleamed as she spoke, and in the surprise of the moment Gerald Fitzjames and Mr. Arvin started to their feet, while Olive, white as the folds of her satin robe, made a motion to leave the room, but the voice of the dying woman arrested her, and she again sank back on her chair and buried her face in her hands.

"Call the doctor, for her mind is wandering," dropped from Mr. Arvin's pale lips. A scornful smile wreathed itself about the woman's mouth, as she replied:

"Let the doctor remain where he is, for I tell you my mind is not wandering. Be seated and hear what I have to say. Mrs. Weyemore your story comes first." The house-keeper looked up, a visible tremor running through her entire frame, while her face overspread by a ghastly shadow, seemed to grow paler and paler. Feeling that he was laboring under the influence of some horrible dream Norman Arvin bowed his head on his hand, and

Gerard Fitzjames unable to comprehend the strange scene, sank back on his chair, feeling that his senses were somehow strangely bewildered.

"Mrs. Weyemore when are you going to speak? Be in haste for my time is limited." At the sound of the dying woman's voice, the house-keeper smothered a sob, and began in a tone so low that Gerald Fitzjames bent forward to catch the words.

"Would to God, I could be spared the bitter story I am about to relate, but since she wills it, I must speak. Listen all of you, and I will begin a story, which she will finish."

"Some years ago, there resided in a beautiful town in England, a wealthy, retired old sea Captain, with only one child—a daughter, the pet and idol of her father's heart."

When this girl, Miss Trenton, had completed her twenty-first year, her father suddenly died, leaving her alone and immensely rich. At the time of his death she was betrothed to a young man, Herman Watson, whom she married when sufficient time had elapsed for her to lay aside her mourning. Four years after this union, young Watson passed away, and Olive was again left alone, a young and wealthy widow, with one child, a daughter whom she had called for herself. Well, five years passed, then a suitor appeared in the field, a dark sinister looking man, almost twice the young widow's age, yet strangely enough he won her heart and in a short time became her husband. How vividly I seem to see her now, as on the night of her marriage, when the child of Herman Watson stood at her knees sobbing:

"Mamma! mamma! will he love me as my own papa did!" From the moment of this unhappy union Olive Watson's troubles began, for she soon awoke from her dream of bliss to find that Alva, Irving had married her, not for the love he bore her, but for the wealth she would bring him. He spent her money for all kinds of unholy purposes, and if she remonstrated with him, brutal blows were the results. As time went on the little Olive Watson, seemed to become an object of hatred to him, and when under the influence of wine many were the cruel blows she received from his hand. The mother would have defended her child, but she was helpless, and when seven years of torture had gone by, and her money was all spent, she, her mother, and her daughter, now a girl of fifteen to the tender mercies of the monster who had broken her heart. Now indeed did Olive Watson's troubles begin, for the inhuman wretch who had married her mother, cast her wealth to the wind and broken her heart, now turned her helpless daughter adrift in the world. Young, inexperienced and not knowing what to do, this stainless girl, for she was stainless then, wandered from place to place, until through pity for her desolate condition she was taken into the home of a farmer and paid for her services. Here she remained well contented, for some time, but soon there came upon her an accursed shadow—oh, God! a shadow that stained her soul forever! She paused for a moment and looked about her, then continued:

"When Olive Watson had been in this farmer's family about a year, she told her one day that a young man, a great lord from London, was coming to board with them for a few months. Well, he came, this young Lord Broughton, and never could she forget her first view of him. He came a day earlier than they were looking for him, and she was sweeping the front yard when she heard the gate open, and looking up saw a man standing inside regarding her attentively. He was low in stature, skin very dark, hair of midnight hue, and eyes, large, black and strangely luminous. But the poise of his head was what mostly drew my attention, for at that moment he was standing, his body slightly bent, forward, his head up-lifted and so strangely resembling a serpent when it is about to strike, that she dropped her broom and fled with a cry of terror. The next day when having occasion to pass through the room where he and farmer Atherton were sitting she heard him exclaim:

"A duced pretty girl, Atherton!" Well, to make a long story short, Lord Broughton began to notice and talk to her when none of the family were around, and she young and innocent never dreamed of harm or danger. In a short time he began to make love to her, and she herself deeply fascinated by his apparent goodness and soft persuasive manners, listened to him with bonching heart and delighted ear. But this is not all, for with the consummate skill of a deceiver, he breathed sweet though false words in that innocent girl's ear, lured her on, tempted her and she fell! When he left that farmhouse, it was with many fair promises, whispered promises to return to the girl he had deceived, but the months went on, and he came not. At last when the poor girl's shame became apparent she was driven with harsh words from the farmer's home. It was then she sought her vile deceiver in his city home, but when she fell on her knees before him, he turned from her

saying with a cruel, derisive laugh: "I never saw you before—I know nothing about you." Then he ordered her to leave his house. She left it, and after wandering up and down the streets all day, cold and hungry, when night came she could stand it no longer, and approaching a house, where only the most depraved of women go, she knocked and was admitted. Here amid these fallen wretches she gave birth to an infant daughter, whose little face was but a true reflection of her deceiver's, but this did not lessen her affection for the helpless creature—the tender nursing who lay in her arms, looking up in her face with the black luminous eyes of her father. She remained in this unholy place, until her little Olive had completed her tenth year, then with a sudden determination she heart that the child should be educated, despite the mother's opposition, and so left this haunt of vice, and obtained employment, by which she managed to eke out a livelihood, until the child Olive was fourteen."

Here Mrs. Weyemore paused and lowering her head, she wept for some moments like a child; then looking up she said:

"I leave the rest for other tongues, than mine to tell."

### CHAPTER LIV.

#### A CONFESSION CONTINUED.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done: The most arch deed of piggish massacre That ever yet the land was guilty of."

In these a crime, Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul Of men with more infernal hues, than damn'd Assassination! O'er.

There was unbroken silence in the chamber for some moments after Mrs. Weyemore had ceased to speak; then in a low, laborious voice Mrs. Arvin said:

"Norman, raise me higher." Soberly puzzled and acting like one in a dream, Norman Arvin arose to comply with her request; but the moment her head was lifted a ghastly pallor overspread her face, and he would have called the physician, but she forbid it, saying:

"Give me a glass of wine, and I shall be better." Mrs. Weyemore went out, but soon returned with the wine, which Mr. Arvin held to her lips.

"I feel better now," she whispered after her head sank back amid the pillows.

"Now Norman, take my hand, sit down by me and turn your head away, for you have that to hear, which will cause your blood to run cold; and I do not want your eyes fixed upon me."

"For heaven's sake spare me!" The words fell gaspingly from Olive Rosencrance's lips, and she half rose from her seat, a deathly pallor on her face and her limbs trembling as if from cold. For a moment there was a half irresolute expression in the dying woman's eyes, but it quickly passed away, and in a low stern voice she replied:

"Olive, keep your seat." Endeavoring to still the guilty throbbings of her evil heart, she sank back, and buried her face in her hands.

Mrs. Arvin remained perfectly quiet for some moments, her restless eyes roving here and there, but at last as if by a great effort she spoke:

"As Mrs. Weyemore has said, another one must complete the story which she has commenced—that one must be myself, but I must speak quickly for death is rapidly approaching. I will take up the thread of the story where Mrs. Weyemore left off." And folding her jeweled hands over her breast, she began in a low, almost gasping voice:

"As Mrs. Weyemore has told you, Olive Broughton, as we will call her, had now completed her fourteenth year and was called very beautiful by strangers. About this time her beauty secured for her a place on the stage, in a London theatre—one of those theatres where the refined class of people never came, and whose association with such men and women of low and vicious habits. The moment Olive Watson discovered the nature of the people she had allowed her child to go among, she returned to the stage, had it not been that she became dangerously ill about this time, and was for months confined to her room, and to support her mother for whom she had cherished a strong love, Olive Broughton entered into a year's engagement with the managers, for which she received a sufficient sum to keep her mother in ease. By the time Olive Watson was again able to leave her room her daughter was thoroughly established in the theatre and no persuasion could induce her to quit the stage. Strange as it may appear she had become attached to the low, vulgar characters around her; and among the actors was one Albert Dallas who had made a long story short, one year after she entered this theatre, she met with his death six months afterwards by the bursting of the theatre. After this she removed with her mother to a small village some forty miles from London, where they took up their abode, and earned their

livelihood by doing fine sewing. In a few months Dallas' young widow gave birth to an infant daughter, whom she called for herself, Olive Dallas. All the love that the young widow had bestowed upon her husband, now centred in his child, for whose future welfare she was henceforth to work. When the infant had completed its first year, a wealthy, retired merchant from London made his appearance in the village, and to use a common expression, fell in love with the youthful mother. Leopold Lander was himself a widower, and the father of one child—a boy of four summers he told her, when he laid his wealth at her feet and asked her to be his wife. She did not love him, but accepted him for her child's sake, and with her mother entered his household.

Through avarice her soul was first stained with crime. But I will not anticipate. She lived two years as the petted darling of this man's heart, then he died, and she was again left a widow, but this time wealthy. His will made her child co-heiress with his, and in case either one died, all reverted to the one living. His child, a weak, fair-faced boy, had for some unaccountable reason become an object of hatred to the step-mother, who had no love for any, save her own child, the little Olive Dallas now three years old. One bleak winter day, as the young widow sat alone in her room, the two children, Olive and Leopold playing at her feet, a horrible thought entered her mind in regard to the orphan boy, and looking at him she muttered:

"If he were dead my child would heir it all." Scarcely had she said this when the thought came; and she asked herself, "Who can he not die?" Then, "It would not take much to put him out of the world, and if he were gone little Olive would heir it all." As these thoughts were passing through her mind, the boy raised his innocent blue eyes to her face, and she turned away with a shudder. But that awful thought haunted her still, and each day it grew stronger and stronger. One day she said to her mother, "If Leopold were dead, Olive would heir the entire Lander estate." "She will heir half and that is enough," replied the other, never dreaming of the horrible thought in her daughter's mind.

"But I want Olive to be a great lady," she whispered to herself, and she shall be, if I wade through blood to make her one. Olive Lander possessed a large share of her father's disposition, and the supreme cruelty and wickedness of her character was just now beginning to show itself. One cold winter day, as she stepped from her house to enter her carriage, which was to convey her to the home of a friend in another part of the city, she saw sitting on the side of the frozen pavement, a young man of perhaps nineteen, literally clothed in rags, and with the most abject look of misery on his face, she had ever beheld. Stepping to his side, she asked:

"Young man, why are you sitting here—and what ails you?"

"Why am I sitting here—and what ails me?" he cried in a tone of bitterness. "I am starving—that is what ails me; and I am sitting here, because it is anguish to me to go home and witness my invalid mother's wants, and yet be unable to relieve them." All at once a thought flashed into the woman's mind, and she said:

"Come to me to-night and I will see what can be done for you," and entering her carriage, she drove off muttering:

"If I can tempt him with money, Olive will heir it all and be a great lady." That night this starving wretch came to her, and she said to him:

"You are starving, and in need of money?"

"God knows I am!" he exclaimed.

"If you will promise to serve me in one thing, your every need shall be supplied."

"Command me, and I am ready and willing to do anything."

"Swear to do whatever I may ask of you, and not to betray me, and I will place two hundred pounds in your hands to-night," and the woman administered an oath, which the poor starving wretch repeated after her, scarcely comprehending what he did. The first act was accomplished, and taking up a night lamp, the woman led the man into a sleeping apartment where her step-son lay, and leading him to the couch she turned down the covering exposing the peaceful face of the sleeping boy, saying as she did so:

"Help me to remove this child from my path, and you shall never again feel cold or hungry." He stared at her vacantly, asking:

"Madam what do you mean?"

"A sharp knife will do it," was the significant reply. He understood her now, and starting back with a look of horror on his face he exclaimed:

"What! would you murder your own child woman? No, no, don't ask that of me!"

"It is only a step-son," replied the woman in a hoarse voice.

"Assist me and live in plenty, or refuse and go forth and starve."

"I can not do this awful thing! Great heavens! I can not dip my hand in human blood!" he cried falling on his knees and burying his face in his long bony hands.

"Then you will see your mother starve?" tauntingly replied the woman.

"Starve! yes, she is starving now. Mother! mother! must I do it for your sake?" For one long hour he pleaded with her, and at last growing weary of him she bade him leave the house. He rose to go—reached the door, then turned back, and clasping his hands exclaimed in a voice of agony:

"Mother! mother! must I see you starve?"

"You have it in your power to save her from starvation."

"I will do it," he said, then he claimed, dashed his hand across his forehead. Then coming back in the room, he said:

"Madam, I will do what you ask." Her point was won, and her heart bounded with a wild triumphant joy.

"We must arrange some way to dispose of the body," she said. The man shuddered as he looked at the sleeping child.

"Come with me," said the woman, and she led the way into an upper apartment of the house used only as a lumber room. "We will put the body in here," she said, lifting the lid of an old trunk which looked with a spring lock.

"And where will we put the trunk?" asked the man, with a shudder.

"In here," and she moved to the wall, touched a panel which slid back revealing a dark cavity. "And this will prepare him to go there," she said turning away, and taking up a long bright point which she placed in his hand. He shuddered visibly as he took it, and followed her back to the child's sleeping apartment.

"The deed must not be done here, but up in the lumber room," she whispered. The boy must have been dreaming, for just then a low, sweet laugh broke from his lips. The man's face turned ghastly and he sank cowering on his knees.

"Fool! coward!" hissed the woman, "are you going to fail?" Tremblingly he arose, and lifting the slumbering child in his arms, retraced his steps. When they entered the lumber room, another light illuminated it, and Olive Watson saw her mother enter it in search of something, started forward exclaiming:

"My God! Olive, what are you going to do?" Just then the boy awoke and with a frightened cry sprang from the man's arms. "Do your work quickly!" sternly commanded the woman. Drawing his point he made a step toward the boy, who seeing the movement, sprang with outstretched arms to Olive Watson crying:

"Save me! save me! Oh, don't let them kill me!"

"In God's name what are you going to do?" gasped the frightened woman.

"I will show you," cried the step mother, and springing forward she caught the boy in her arms, smothered his cries, best she could, and laying him in the trunk she held him down, saying to the man:

"Be in haste, and do your work!" He staggered forward, bent over the child, and in a moment more the steel was buried in his heart, and the lid of the trunk had closed over him. A few moments more the trunk had been placed in the cavity, the panel closed over it, and then the man and woman passed from the room, bearing between them, the fainting form of Olive Watson, for while the deed was being accomplished, she had fainted. From that moment Olive Watson was a changed woman, and she became if not an actual abettor, an encourager to all that her daughter did. The next day about ten o'clock, great consternation reigned at the Lander mansion for the little Leopold had disappeared and the step-mother was frantic with grief. Sympathizing friends tried in vain to comfort and inspire her with hope, but it was all in vain, for she walked from room to room, calling wildly for "My boy—my little Leopold!" Advertisements were inserted in the papers far and near, and the city policemen worked unwearily, for it was the general impression that the child had been stolen. Days, weeks, months passed, and the child was not found, still the step-mother mourned and grieved, and the world pitied her and wondered at her strange love for a mere step-child. One day about six months after the occurrence I have related, Olive Lander found herself peneless and almost as poor as she was when she married her second husband, for the thousands he had amassed, bursted in an unexpected hour, and she was left with nothing but the family residence—the house which contained her terrible secret. She now determined to quit London, and feeling sure her secret would never be discovered, (for the panel behind which the murdered child was hidden, was opened by means of a secret spring which no stranger with the closest scrutiny could discover,) she disposed of the residence and quitted the city forever. She was

accompanied by her mother, and the man who had assisted in the murder of her step-son, for on the very night when he was doing the deed his mother, breathless her last, and since that time he had been in Olive Lander's employ; and when she left the city went with her. Well, with the money which she had realized by the sale of her city residence, she purchased a farm house some eighty miles from London in a wild unfrequented part of the country. They had not lived here long, when one wild, stormy night, a carriage drew up in front of the farm house, and the driver dismounting came to the door, requesting a night's lodging for a lady and her child.

"My lady is on her way to London," he said, "but the storm has overtaken us, and we can not go further to-night." His request was granted, and upon the lady, a beautiful creature of pure blood, entered the house, bearing her child in her arms. Olive Watson started back with a low cry as her eyes fell on her face, for the face of the stranger bore a striking resemblance to her own daughter's. The lady did not seem to notice her agitation, but said as she took her seat:

"I am on my way to visit my father, Lord Broughton, of London, and my husband humored me enough to let me have my own way and go by private conveyance." As she finished speaking Olive Watson left the room muttering:

"She is then his child. My heavens! how I hate her!" Shortly afterwards she was joined by Olive Lander who said:

"Vengeance even at this late day would be sweet."

"What do you mean?" cried the other.

"Is not this woman, whom we have taken in, my own half sister?"

"She is."

"Well, such being the case, she will never leave this place alive. It is the only way to avenge the wrong done you. I have just seen inside of her trunk, which contains many jewels, rich and rare, among which is a complete set of diamonds. All these jewels I intend to possess to deck the child of his eldest daughter. Don't stare at me so, for a hatred has entered my heart for this proud half sister of mine, and before the return of morning her blood shall flow." Olive Watson was quiet for a moment, then she replied in a low hoarse voice:

"I neither tell you to do it, or not to do it." Nothing more was said, and late that night, when the travellers were wrapt in slumber, Olive Lander awoke her mother saying:

"Come, they sleep, and I want you to hold the light." The woman arose with a shudder, took the light and followed. Entering the apartment where the lady slept, followed by her mother, Olive Lander first approached her trunks, and taking out the costly jewels she had mentioned, she dropped them and their gilded cases in her pocket; then softly approaching the couch, isho bent over the sleeper. The lady was wrapt in a deep sleep as was the babe which lay on her arm. One moment Olive Lander gazed upon the slumberer, then drawing a dagger from her bosom, she raised it aloft, and the next instant it was buried in the lady's bosom. A shrill cry broke from the sleeper's lips, then all was silence. Another instant, and the child was pierced as the mother had been; but the sound of footsteps now broke on those midnight assassin's ears, for the cry of the mother had been heard, evidently by her servant who was now rapidly approaching the room.

The two women looked in each others faces for an instant, then extinguished the light and all was in darkness."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gail Hamilton has a nack of saying things, and here is one of her latest sayings: "No prettier sight can be shown to the Prince of Wales than a music hall full of white-robed, flag-bearing school children; and a class of boys and girls at the black board