·How can I make you love me more?"-A thousand times her questioning face Has nestled in its resting-place nanswered, till, though I adore This thing of being loved, I doubt Not I could get along without.

"How can she make me love her more ?-Ah! little woman, if, indeed, 1 might be frank as is the need Of frankness, I would fall before Your very feet and there confess My love were more if yours were less."

MARK STRETTON.

Warren's Diary of a Detective. A fire suddenly burst forth late one winter evening in the stables attached to a large house on Wimbledon Common, then in the occupation of David Stretton, Esq., a retired merchant of large wealth. I happened to be not far off, and, as in duty and, hastened to afford what assistance | rould. By great exertions and good fortune, the fire was confined to the stables, which were totally consumed; and being, like most Yorkshiremen, pretty skilful in the management of horses, I succeeded in saving two very valuable fillies, which, frenzied by the flames, and plunging wildly, could not be brought out till, with considerable difficulty and danger, I had managed to blind them to the red glare of the conflagration.

There could be no doubt the fire was accidental-a groom had let fall an open lighted lantern upon a heap of loose straw; and being satisfied upon that point, I was about leaving, when I was told that Mr. Stretton wished to speak with me. Obeying the summons, as a matter of course. I, in two or three minutes, found myself in the presence of David Stretton, Esq., an aged invalid, very nearly used up ov the fret and fever of nearly fifty years f successful trade. Mr. Stretton was by no means of a niggardly disposition, as the for any sum, that they should have been injured, much less burned to death. Besides the master of the house, there were

Vignolles, Mr. Stretton's niece. This lady was plain in features, which were somewhat coarsely marked by smallpox, and could not, I guessed, be much ess than thirty; but there was an expression of sweetness, of mild good nature about her clear brown eyes and placid mouth, which was pleasing at first sight, and would, I was quite sure, improve upon

Miss Vignolles was, I observed, an object of sedulous attention to the elder of the two youngish gentlemen, whom I heard addressed as Monsieur Morny. I supposed him, from his name, to be a Frenchman, and from his fierce moustache a militaire -moustaches in those days not being such common civilian appendages as now. Indeed, a gentleman with the heroic baptismal name of Achilles, which I afterwards knew to be his, could not have properly been anything else. A tall, well-set-up ace was a hard, handsome one: his complexion a swarthy saffron; and his dark heaven, was clear to my practiced ken at

Mr. Stretton, the younger man, and Mr. David Stretton's nephew, was unmistakaaspect of intense nervousness, dejection, midity, which, in an Englishman of sufficiently vigorous physical health, could He looked me sharply in the face upon hearing my name mentioned by his uncle. and as quickly withdrew his gaze, a slight color flushing his fair, pale face as he did - Had I been professionally engaged in was ever so slightly connected, I should have felt a curious interest in those symptoms of a mind disturbed. As it was, they excited but a momentary curiosity, and vanished from my memory, till revived

Five or six months had slipped away, and I was passing along Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly, when my attention was challenged by a violent uproar in the first floor glass and crockery, flung out upon the gentleman?" pavement by a woman, who, whilst doing . screamed "Murder! murder!" with

peremptorily till it was opened by the landlady, a Mrs. Parkins, whom I knew to be the widow of a naval officer, eking out Adele St. Ange, a fine brunette, some a scanty pension by letting furnished lodg- thirty years of age." ings. She explained that the furious hubbub going on up-stairs was merely a violent quarrel between a foreign gentleman and his wife, who occupied the first floor. The lady, who was of a very jealous temperament, suspected her husband of an intrigue with a Miss Vignolles-Vignolles! Vignolles!" I interrupted;

the name seems familiar to me." The husband, Monsieur Morny-Morny! Vignolles!—I remember now.

Excuse me. Pray proceed." From what I can make out," resumed Mrs. Parkins, "the husband, in changing be added, checking himself,-"yet I see uncle, and after a struggle, brief but deshis dress for dinner, left a note in the not how any degree of skill or resolution perate, of which the cries were heard by waistcoat he put off, which Madame Mor- could help me! At all events, it's ill talk- Bayton, hurled his victim over the cliff, my, chancing to pounce upon, found to be | ing in this wretched weather. Some other | unseen by any eye save God's." rom a Miss Vignolles, and at once gave time, perhaps; good-night." way to a torrent of invective rage, accom- Another faint gleam of light was thus can be no proof, then, to justify the terri- from the room in which play was carried the minor offence of man-slaughter, can I with Mr. Stretton, on Mrs. Parkins, in to say," again attempting to repress her panying the same by smashing every thrown over what I could well believe was ble conclusion at which you have arrived! on, projected over the Saint Lawrence. hope for? And why do you so intently Half Moon Street, Piccadilly. Her quar-rampant insolence of triumph, "that is to or by hurling it out of the window."

newed cries of "Murder! On m'étranglé! Murder! Help!" &c., &c.

ing outside

I passed into the back first floor room.

aleigh

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1884.

NO. 38

I forwarded her an old Times newspaper,

which contained a resume of a celebrated

case, the decision in which confirmed the

a single woman to be his wife, becomes,

Five or six weaks passed away before I

again saw Mr. Stretton. He sought for

me at Scotland Yard. I chanced to be

there, and we were soon engaged in anx-

ious consultation. Miss Vignolles, he in-

"A very human weakness, the avowal

"For my own satisfaction, I again

"At the Bellevue House, by special

"Is M. Achilles Morny in the habit of addressing Miss Vignolles by letter?"

"Could you manage to procure me-of

'I could: will by to-morrow, if you de-

rely upon me to the full extent of my re-

The next day I received a packet of let-

Mrs. Parkiins was punctual to the ap-

pointment, and informed me that our

clever scheme, promising as it looked, had

completely broken down. She had ap-

prised Mademoiselle St. Ange that M.

had calculated, threw the lady into a

M. Morny's loud rat-tat at the street

He was hardly gone when the first-floor

"Helas, yes! What, after all, could

"I remarked," continued Mrs. Parkins,

"No-no-no!" rejoined St. Ange, with

adores Achilles-he is her god; and she

"You think then, Madame, that the

"My word of honor, no!" replied St.

"I left the room," added Mrs. Parkins,

"It is so plain, nevertheless, that he

nature exactly I could not comprehend,

word of honor, no; only it does seem silly

ing with pretended seriousness.

Mark Stretton, is Morny's slave."

"Mr. Mark Stretton!"

fortune would be strictly settled upon her-

"My good Mrs. Parkins," said she,

door checked her speech, and Mrs. Par-

Glasgow, at ---

course, without the lady's knowledge-

sight of some of these missives?"

tell you, sir. Where is the marriage to

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Yes, frequently."

sources, zealously exerted.

take place?"

license."

ipso facto, that woman's husband.

entrance from being noticed, and I paused to ask myself whether I had a legal right to interfere. I saw that not only a furious ily struggle for the possession of a note, which, as I came upon the scene, the gen-tleman was on the point of wresting from the lady's clutch. This was not the kind or degree of violence to justify cries of the close of that year's autumn when my murder; and I was about to make a move- attention was caught by the following ment in retreat when the man turned round by the swing of his successful effort to sefrom Felix Farley's Bristol Journal: cure the paper, and brought within my view the reflection of his face in a chimney mirror, which at the same moment revealed my presence to him. I at once recognized the M. Morny I had seen at Wimbledon Common.

VOL. I.

Fiercely confronting me, he asked who I was, and what I did there. "I am a police officer; and I am here because I heard cries of murder, which issued from this room." The lady, a fine creature, in a frenzy of

rage, rushed by him towards me. 'A police, are you?" she exclaimed.
'My God! that is what I wish. This man is a wretch-a monster! He is trying to

"Silence!" thundered M. Achilles Morny, catching her by the arm, and swinging her away with such force that she fell over an ottoman on the floor. "Silence, fool!" he added with deadly malignity of tone, as he seized and raised her; "or, by all the devils, thou shalt repent of it!" Fear quelled the woman's rage, and she

"And now, sir, will you begone," said M. Achilles Morny, turning fiercely upon me, "or must I kick you from my apartment?

"If the lady is willing to declare upon oath that she is in fear of personal violence at your hands, I will take you to the nearest police-station at once." You take me to the police-station, you

cursed English dog!" "Do you, madam, apprehend further personal violence from this man?" I asked. "No-no-no," sobbed the woman; "I to him, from about the spot where the acliner Napoleon, and after a pleasant voywas violent—wrong. It is a man-and-wife cident must have occurred. He hurried age, reached my destination in health and 'No-no-no," sobbed the woman; "I quarrel. Go away-go!"

"And quick! in one moment!" shouted the husband; "or, thunder of hell, I shall help you down stairs! Like this, do you Ah, the devil!"

present he made me gave twenty golden that is to say warmth, passion, were, proofs. The fillies I had mainly helped to proofs. The fillies I had mainly helped to hells of the Empire City, where I met. The fillies I had mainly helped to hells of the Empire City, where I met. The fillies I had mainly helped to hells of the Empire City, where I met. The fillies I had mainly helped to hells of the Empire City. Where I met. This, in addia to a certain extent, successfully simulated especial pets; and he would not, he said, In the passage below I found Mrs. Parkins ou the Leigh Woods?" in the drawing-room two gentlemen whom as I had witnessed, though not always so ring to his notes, said the witness Morny or French Canada in the time of Louis over the balcony into the deep, swift river port, got it printed on a slip resembling blown the ardent passion of St. Ange to everybody there. I had noticed at the fire, and a Miss Clara violent, were of frequent occurrence. had stated it was dusk, not dark, when XV. If he succeeded in clearly tracing beneath. I saw the body cut the water, a portion of a newspaper column, indiffer- consuming flame. As it was, I did not curious idlers were still assembled.

Extraordinary! very extraordinary! jealous brain. The supposition was simp- me privately on the morrow. y absurd. Far likelier that the lady callly absurd. Far likelier that the lady call-ing herself Madame Morny was her pre-pointing the Fox Tavern, Kingsland Road,

M. Achilles Morny could not forgive the outrage I had inflicted upon his personal minutes, when a hack-carriage drove up, dignity; and, chancing to see me about a and Mr. Mark Stretton presently entered week afterwards, as he-much the worse for the room. wine-was leaving Crockford's Club-house, I started with uncontrollable surprise. St. James's Street, he seized the opportu- Mark Stretton was the spectre of his foreyes were full of light-not light from nity of taking a little pleasant revenge. mer self. The paper upon which I am than outsiders would readily believe," I four hours. Having been only known in He had recognized me by the glare of the writing was not whiter than his face, his remarked, whilst Mr. Stretton moistened gas-lamps before I noticed him, and, sud- eyes glared with unnatural fire, and his his fevered lips. denly shaking off his companion's arm, he | whole frame shook as with ague. I had sprang down the club-house steps, and, ordered brandy-and-water, and as he bly of home growth. His complexion was | with arms akimbo, hurtled full at me, with | dropped into a chair. I pushed the untastas fair as that of his cousin, Miss Vig- the intention of tumbling me upon the ed glass towards him. He emptied it nolles; his eyes and hair bright brown, sloppy pavement (it had been raining all without a word, and at a gulp. The pler folk of Montreal and Quebec would, like hers; the ensemble of his countenance day), or better still, into the roadway strong spirit partially restrung his nerves, presenting a much more striking contrast slush, by accident, as it were. He nearly and he said, huskily,—

he hoped, be less difficult to fleece. He proposed, therefore, to return to Europe via to that of M. Achilles Morny than even succeeded, too-would have done so, enthe difference of contour and color, in its | tirely to his own satisfaction, I have little | you stand by me?" doubt, but that he was half drunk. As

not but strike the beholder with surprise. himself, he went headlong across the pave- frankly state whether I can stand by you two months. I at once agreed to do so. large reward for the apprehension of Mat- might espouse the niece of the venerable ment, slipped, stumbled, fell into a heap to any useful and just purpose." of slush-mud, and, quite unable to regain picked up by his friend and one of Crockford's porters.

tered at me were quite powerless to check the malicious merriment it excited; and it seemed that the man must have gone mad with rage had not Mr. Mark Stretton, and we with the slightest no- whom I had not at first recognized, com- an account of your venerable uncle's set off together in high spirits. Our first evidence given by the three men differing tice, which, as matters turned out, was pelled him, with the porter's help, to reen- death? I have done so, and have formed ter the club-house.

I had not gone far when I was overtaken by Mr. Stretton, junior. "May I ask Mr. Waters," said the young | foully murdered!" man, abruptly, "where he became ac-

"My acquaintance with M. Morny is of the slightest," I answered; "it happened that I witnessed a disreputable scene be-I hurried to the street door, and knocked tween him and his wife. That is all." "He has no wife," was the rejoinder.

> not. I think, so old as that." well." Having said that, Mr. Mark Stret- fulfilled her pledge, should not have a such excitement as the Quebec hells might ton was silent for a minute or two, looking | farthing." me in the face the while with anxious inquisition. "You have a reputation, Wa- was walking amicably with your uncle ters," he resumed, abruptly, "for singular upon the evening in question?"

acuteness and daring in your profession.'

often the reverse.

breakable thing of value upon the floor, a very gloomy business. Achilles Morny And let me ask, Mr. Stretton, how it hap- This balcony was a favorite smoking- scrutinize the piece of newspaper?" must, in some way, have got young Stret- pened that you did not present yourself place in fine weather for the gamblers This explanation was given during a partial before the inquest, and contradict Morny's during intervals of active play, or when tial bull in the marital storm, which again him at the gaming table—and was now sworn assertion, that your uncle was an fevered by the vicissitudes of the game. This explanation was given during a partial before the inquest, and contradict Morny's during intervals of active play, or when sworn assertion, that your uncle was an fevered by the vicissitudes of the game. broke forth with augmented fury and re- making use of that evil influence to ob- attached and constant friend, with whom The frequenters of Le Coq were chiefly tain the hand of the amply-dowered Clara he was amicably conversing a few mo- second of third-rate merchants, shipown- from which the report has been cut?" Vignolles. Else what meant, "He has no ments only before the deceased fell over ers, sea captains, and the stakes, as a rule, Remarking that I was bound to ascer- wife-would to God he had?" It might the cliff?" bain personally the cause of those frantic be, too, that Mark Stretton himself loved outcries, I ascended the stairs two or three his lady cousin! No, that was not likely. with a shudder, and relapsing into nervous Bontemps, the son of a shipowner. He at a time; the landlady, meanwhile, secur- | She was four or five years his senior, and ing the door with bolt and chain against young men seldom get crazed by charms "dare confide the truth to you, but that I perament, sudden and quick in quarrel, the intrusion of the mob, rapidly collect of which thirty winters, to say nothing of small-pox, have marred the bloom and famy—an ignominious death to myself,— into ungovernable fury. Few, in conse-beauty. The affair would no doubt run that Clara Vignolles shall never wed the quence, liked to play with him, and the which communicated by folding doors its course without, or in despite of my as- murderer of her good, kind uncle."

of the altercation going on prevented my natural termination—a mercenary marriage, desertion by the foreign husband, followed by years of unavailing regret and bitter self-reproach on the part of the conflict in words was going on, but a bod- wife. A true story, old as rascaldom,

common as woman's faith and folly. I erred in supposing that my aid would not be required in a matter which seemed quite out of my line. It was near upon

"DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT. - We deeply regret to announce that Mr. David Stretton, of Bellevue House, Wimbledon Common, near London, who had been for some time past residing at Clifton for the benefit of his health, fell, on Tuesday evening, at near dusk, from the lofty cliffs which beetle over the Avon. He was watching the play of the fading light upon the Leigh Woods opposite, from the very edge of the precipice. Some portion of the ground gave way suddenly beneath his feet, and, unable to spring back, the unfortunate gentleman toppled over with a loud cry, and fell headlong down the face of the cliff. This, it will be seen, is the account given of the fatal accident by Monsieur Morny, a French gentleman, the only person within sight or hearing of the deceased when the catastrophe occurred. The lamented gentleman's large property is said to be bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. Mark Stretton, and his niece, Miss Clara Vignolles, in equal portions. The verdict was, of course, "Ac-

I need not dwell upon the vague doubts, the above paragraph; and I turned eagerly to the report of the proceedings at the in-What was she to do? I could only advise the catastrophe occurred. This explana- his ancestry amongst the simple 'habitans'

passing strange! Late in the following week a hurriedlythought I, that such a person as this Mor- scrawled note, directed to me, was delivny appears to be should have obtained a ered at Scotland Yard. It was signed gaming-tables of that wealthy city. He far as memory recalls the chaotic images and South American Coffee House. The footing of intimacy in Mr. David Stret. "Mark Stretton," and expressed an ur- was again disappointed, being, in fact, of a fevered, drunken dream, from which handbill Morny could also easily have ton's family! The wife's suspicion, that gent request that I would write at once to but a sorry gamester, and utterly unfitted I awoke to find myself whirling along in a managed. It was at all events worth while he is engaged in an intrigue with Miss Bellevue House, Wimbledon Common, to cope, if only from the excitability of close carriage with Madame Morny. The to make inquiry. Vignolles, must be the coinage of her own stating where he, Mark Stretton, could see

I lost no time in posting a reply, tended husband's mistress, and that the as the place, and two p. m. as the hour of handsome Frenchman was wooing Miss meeting. Arrived there, he was to ask and Adèle St. Ange-whom I then sup- about that; his body had been picked up Achilles Morny, for a thousand! was my read for herself in the Times, that if, when Vignolles for his wife. A pity if that for Charles Smith, and would be shown into a private room. I had been at the rendezvous about ten

"Be calm, Mr. Stretton," I replied;

his feet, wallowed helplessly therein, till feared so, and - I care not! you shall own name with Monsieur and Madame know all! It can, at worst, but hasten the Morny; but the excuse I made to them The mud and slush-soused spectacle the papers," he added, with quivering should hear that I had been amusing my- before the Quebec magistrate, touching induce Miss Vignolles to break off the which prevails there. I cannot, therefore, which he presented was so irresistibly lu- eyes and tongue, "have you seen in the self in Canada, when I ought to have been the death of Aimé Bontemps. The handdicrous, that the volleys of abuse he sput- papers an account of the death of-of-" patiently awaiting instructions in New bill I have mislaid if I ever had it in my the artful scoundrel might put upon his me; and it is time, I have reflected, that

passion of tears. "You were about asking me, Mr. Streta strong opinion upon the case." "Ard that opinion is-must be-that

"That is going too far. Permit me, of No. 11 in that street. Up flew one of quainted with Monsieur Morny? and how however, to ask if M. Achilles Morny is a banished by the nevel and picturesque as- ceiving the bad effect the reported evithe windows, giving egress to volleys of he has contrived to make an enemy of that suitor for the hand of Miss Vignolles, and pect of the city and its motley population, if that suit was opposed to the wishes and and I required no coarser stimulant. I it is true, persists that his testimony was will of your deceased uncle."

"Yes-yes-yes!" cried Mark Stretton, springing to his feet, and striking the your own way." table with his clenched fist at each iteration. "Clara, infatuated simpleton! engaged "Would to God he had! You must mean herself to Morny several months since. embark for Antwerp, and where we re- guile and falsehood, and I may say that I That engagement became known to my mained three weeks, the old feeling of las- believe you-or, at least, that my belief present. However, take heart and cour Poor fool!" and again she laughed viuncle just four days before the 'accident' 'Yes; a fine brunette, as you say, but at Clifton; and he emphatically declared in Morny's presence that he should, at of Abraham,' the scene of Wolfe's victory. "Mademoiselle St. Ange bears her age once, so alter his will that Clara, if she half a dozen times over, I was fain to seek

"How, then, happened it that Morny "That was a lie of Morny's! They were "I am sometimes fortunate. Quite as not, could not be, walking together. I derer!" have no more doubt than of my own life, "I have vital need of the services of a that Morny, seizing a favorable moment, sagacious, resolute man. Yet I see not," stole behind, or treacherously accosted my

Unseen by any eye save God's! There

"I dared not." replied Mark Stretton, weakness: "I should not now," he added, was a slight young man, of excitable temam resolved, come what may, -shame-in-

penalties? Morny?" "No other. Waters, my life-my innostart back amazed-repulsed-indignant! But, at all events, you will listen in a candid spirit to what I have to say before condemning, abandoning me!"

"Certainly I will; and, if you please,

"I will be thoroughly explicit. You are aware that my late uncle was never mar-Clara, in order that the property might not be divided. Neither of us was desirous of carrying out our uncle's wish, or whim, in that particular; and as to myself, I, with the perversity common to spoiled youth, must needs fall in love with a young lady who had nothing but a pure accept it. He did so, however, reassured, mind and a charming person to offer in exchange for money-riches."

"To which exchange your uncle peremptorily objected, and the course of true love ran awry, as usual. I under-

My uncle did not insist upon carrying out his own will in that particular; but having a high respect suspicions, which, knowing what I did of for the lady-whose name had best M. Morny, arose in my mind as I ran over remain unspoken-he stipulated that the constancy of my attachment should be tested by time and absence-say a twelvequest, which, considerably condensed, was | month-to be passed by me in the United given in another column. Only one wit- States of America-New York principally ness besides M. Achilles Morny had, I -in which city important matters of busifound, been examined-a Mr. Leonard ness remained unsettled, which my pres-Bayton-who deposed that when it was ence there might help to wind up. I sailed quite dark he heard not one cry only, but | with a light heart," continued Mr. Stretseveral, of horror and despair, it seemed ton, "from Liverpool in the New York in the direction of those cries, but could safety. The commercial affairs I had to £300. see no one, and after searching about for settle occupied me some five or six months. ing up and glaring at me with blood-shot, some time he resumed his way homeward. during which period I had an abundance fiery eyes, 'you must be in league with the newspaper column were precisely parallel ters, the love-missives of M. Morny ad-This evidence had passed without remark; of idle time on my hands, whilst awaiting devil! I laughed derisively, and shuffled in both sides of the slip of paper: now, it dressed to Miss Vignolles. What a spein fact, the only pertinent question put to instructions from England as to how I the cards afresh. This was too much for is rare indeed that half a column can be clous, artful rascal they showed him to be! He had seized my arm to help me down the witness Morny was this by one of the should deal with certain cases and propo- the hot-blooded young man. 'Cheat! cut out of a newspaper without running But though exceedingly warm, impassion-Before M. Morny, les Morny, a Belgian born, of French ex- such an outrage to completely madden me. awaiting me. She said Monsieur and "who was much agitated, Mr. Stretton traction, who had come to North America I sprang upon him with a scream of rage paper to Stretton at New York, suggested I had hoped that Miss Vignolles might Ship Tavern, Wapping, where I should be Madame Morny had resided in her house having been his intimate and attached in search of reputedly wealthy relatives, -struck, seized, pinioned him, and with an about six weeks only, and that such scenes friend," could answer, the coroner, refer- whose progenitors had emigrated to Lower exertion of maniacal strength, hurled him might have concocted the pretended re- that lady, the reply to which would have brig Marie, a Quebec man, who knew

her to get rid of such undesirable lodgers tion must have been held to be satisfacto- -of that I know nothing-he altogether face; then the sudden revulsion-the as quickly as she could, and then left the ry, as a verdict of accidental death was at failed in levying money contributions up- flashing consciousness that I was a homi- off with perfect evenness. Any one who Parkins, it might be as well to take the mon to many persons of his class when in house, outside of which a small crowd of once and unanimously agreed to. Strange! on them, which, of course, was his sole cide—quelled in a moment both strength had a sufficient interest to serve might two fiercest of them with me. object in seeking them out. Disgusted by and rage; my brain reeled, and I fell upon easily do this, and I was now off to con-York, with the hope of better luck at the eight hours are a blank to me, except so ining the files of newspapers at the North his temperament, with the cool, clever first words she uttered instantly recalled Yankees. I myself won considerable sums the shame and horror of the preceding of him; and at last he was fairly done-up, | night, and I listened with a beating heart | reduced to his last dollar, and he asked to what she had further to communicate. a waiter that the missing numbers had me for the loan of means to enable him I had killed Bontemps; there was no doubt posed to be his wife-to return to Brus- by some boatmen after it had been about instant conviction, and I will tell the read-The request was readily granted, and he was set up upon his 'blacklegs' again; he being, as I had often heard landlord of Le Coq, had borne me away to hinted, and now fully believe, an arrant a place of concealment till a carriage could hand, containing the report. Moreover, intents and purposes. cheat, though generally an unsuccessful

"There are more cheats of that class

"Morny," continued Mr. Stretton, 'Morny had gained sufficient experience to refuse risking the loan he had obtained of me in the New York hells. The simposed, therefore, to return to Europe via "Waters, I am in a fearful strait! Will Canada, and suggested that I might accompany him upon so exciting a pleasuretrip as far as Quebec, as I should have it happened, I just managed to step back "and when I am informed of the nature of nothing to do till letters reached me from elear of his rush, and, unable to check the fearful strait you speak of, I will England, which could hardly be under A feeling of reticence," Mr. Stretton went of say, "disinclined me to travel in my Baltimore, in the United States; and a the said Morny had murdered. Was it with tenderness, has convinced me that "You refuse to commit yourself! I on to say, "disinclined me to travel in my inevitable catastrophe. Have you seen in was, that my uncle might be angry if he He broke off abruptly, bursting into a York. The name I assumed was that of possession; the extract from the newspaper motives in the matter-for example, a wish our unfortunate liaison, which upon its Matthew Skinner-the initials being the I have brought with me. Read for your- to drive his friend and relative from the discovery so justly scandalized you, should same as those marked on my linen. The | self." halting place was Montreal. I did not widely from Mr. Stretton's own version of small deer of that city; not, certainly, de- fixing him with the crime of wilful murthe verdict lied; that my uncle was terred therefrom by any scruple of confoully murdered!" science, but because the ennui which had driven me to gaming in New York, was is strictly correct,' said Mr. Stretton, pertire you, perhaps, with these details?"

"Not at all, sir. Pray tell your story in "Arrived at Quebec, on the Saint Lawafford. Accursed infatuation! miserable imbecility!" he added, with a burst of since been the vassal of a man I hate and loathe-the bond slave of my uncle's mur-

I remained silent, and Mr. Stretton, soon sufficiently mastering his emotion, re-

sumed :-"The play-den which Morny and I chieffirst-floor of Le Coq, a tavern in the lower lining." town, so close upon the edge of the quay, moderate. Amongst other Quebec notabilities, ef a minor degree, was one Aimé whom losses, if at all considerable, lashed less so as he was known to be ready with with the front apartment. The violence sistance, should it be asked for, to its "I do not understand! You are threat | pistol as with tongue. One Sunday even-

ened with shame, infamy, an ignominious ing—I had by that time cast off all Eng-death, if you but hint a suspicion that lish habits of reverence for Sabbath and mind. Miss Vignolles, I presume, does had been travelling in Scotland, as man your uncle met with foul play! Who is it home sanctities-one Sunday evening I not even now share your opinion of M. that can menace you with such tremendous | dropped in at Le Coq, where I found Bontemps, Morny, and a stranger, whose name I afterwards knew to be Leroux. Morny cent life—innocent in purpose, if not in and Leroux seemed to be in a very dismal deed—is in his power! A word of his mood; they had, I found, been playing at would consign me to the gallows! You hazard with Bontemps, and had lost considerably. That which quenched them had, of course, lent him fire, and he bouncingly challenged Monsieur l' American-I had given myself out to be a citizen of the Union-to recover his friend | handsomely since your return from Amerlet the solution you have volunteered of Morny's losses. I, too, was in rollicking this confounding business be as explicit as spirits, having in the course of the after-Morny's losses. I, too, was in rollicking | ica?" noon imbibed a considerable quantity of wine, and unhesitatingly accepted the challenge. The game was to be simple ried, and that I and Miss Vignolles have hazard; that is to say, as you well know, been for many years the acknowledged an even bet upon the color, red or black, turn to England. Homicide as I knew marry Achilles Morny on that very day heirs of his wealth. One wish dear to his of a card turned up alternately by each myself to be, I dared not, Mr. Waters. It week, and would listen to no remonheart was that I should marry my cousin player. It was my first turn to call, and placing a twenty dollar note upon the card, I cried 'Rouge!'"

"One might soon lose a fortune, Mr Stretton, at such play as that." "True, and Bontemps, though a rash gamester when the fit was on, hesitated to probably, by my flustered, not to say intoxicated, condition, which even at so blind a game gave promise of victory to the more sober player. 'Rouge!' I won. The play flew on, with flery speed, its rapid alternations of gain and loss, together with the stimulants we swallowed, exciting us almost to delirium. Night fell, and, declining candles, the table was removed to the balcony, and we played on by the light of the brilliant Canadian moon and about two hours play, fortune declared decisively on my side. I had not only He would dine at won back all that Leroux and Morny had lost, the whole of the money Bontemps had brought with him to Le Coq, but he was indebted to me over £100. Still fast and part to have prematurely excited the hopes sire it. furious the cries of 'Noir!-rouge!rouge !- noir !' succeeded each other, Bontemps' curses mingling with my triumphant laughter, till he was in my debt quite and disappear beneath the glittering sur- ent matter being furnished for the other see that I could make effective use of ly, he was very muzzy with liquor, and in

two hours in the water. Meanwhile er why. Neither of the English Quebec Morny, he had only once introduced her Morny, aided by Leroux and Jean Pipon, papers on the file was printed with the secretly hired to convey me over the the files of the French journals published Canadian frontier. I was now on my way in Quebec, and those of Montreal had been once, twice, twenty times, and notably in thither, and had left Quebec close upon Canada as Mr. Skinner, Madame Morny thought there was but little danger of my | Coq. This last fact was not, however, of | kins made a hasty retreat. apprehension, if I kept as much as possi- so much importance. Moreover, in an A loud, fierce altercation ensued beble in-doors till her husband joined us, affair involving such tremendous issues, it, tween the "happy pair," which gradually when it would be prudent not to delay our upon further reflection, occurred to me grew milder till their voices could no londeparture for England. This was the sub-stance of her communication, with this ad-doubly sure, it would be well if I could M. Morny left the house, as was his wont, dition-that the money left upon the table | not find the missing papers in London to | but looking more lifted up, Mrs. Parkins which I had won had been employed by send direct to Quebec for them. The thought than usual. Morny to purchase the connivance of Pi- worst was, that in those slow old days I afterwards Morny joined us there, bring- urgency for obtaining the papers, except flashing with exultation. ing with him a printed bill, offering a that in the mean time Achilles Morny long statement, cut out of a Quebec news- certain, too, that the completest demon- we never passed as man and wife in Scotpaper, giving the examination of Achilles stration of Morny's turpitude, in falsely land; he, the cunning rogue, having been

join with Morny in his forage among the the affair; and unquestionably, if true,

"My account of the dreadful occurrence dence produced upon my mind. 'Morny, liars and traitors "

distinguish the tone and language of canrence, at which place the Mornys were to dor and truth from those of fair-seeming brightened, since I left you. It will be will joyfully surrender to him, not only situde came back upon me with as much strongly inclines that way. Were it not age; to do so, whatever may happen, will clously. force as ever, and after 'doing the heights | so my duty would be a plain and very painful one, the death of Bontemps having Mr. Stretton, keep a strict, constant watch | marriage will be an unhappy one?"

taken place in a British possession.' "I knew that I incurred that danger. Do you think," he added, in a low, shak- in my hands-without an hour's delay, ing voice-"do you think that, supposing | and without committing yourself, remempassion, "to which I owe it that I have I voluntarily surrendered myself to the Quebec authorities, and the witnesses persisted in their evidence as set forth in the place.' Quebec newspaper, that I should be convicted of the capital offence?" "There can be no doubt that you would.

Still, magna est veritas-and I perceive, or fancy I do, a slight gleam of light, indica the tavern. ly frequented was an apartment on the ting that the dark cloud may have a silver

"For God's sake do not mock me with therefore, to Quebec for them. "A suspicion-surmise rather-glanced

title and the exact date of the newspaper gust 14th, last year. Why do you ask with marriage and other correlative mysthese questions?" "For my own satisfaction. How was it tion of their long stay at No. 11. This by dreadful mischief was on foot; but of what that Morny did not bring you the whole the way.

newspaper?" say, again, why these questions?" probable that I am mistaken in that sur- me at the moment, that not very long be- the Times, that according to the custom of

Achilles Morny?"

"Very far from it. His addresses and speciousness have fascinated, enthralled her; and I dread every day to hear that he has induced her to privately wed him under some lying pretext or other. Privately, of course, to avoid the scandal of marrying whilst her uncle was scarcely cold in his bloody shroud.

"M. Morny has, I suppose, fleeced you

"Enormously. In truth, he has treated me like a slave. "Exactly. You have not made a confi-

dant of the young lady you spoke of?" "I have not even seen her since my rewould have been another and worse crime strances on her cousin's part against that ble girl, by linking it with that of one -and you were right, Waters; I have not whose life is a forfeit to the law, and the nerve to deliberately face the scaffold which dread penalty may at any hour be when it looms distinctly in view, bravely affairs this! However, as I had, as usual enforced. I have rather permitted her to as you have heard me mouth of doing think me capricious-false; another heavy so addition to the burden of shame and grief which bows me to the dust. But I will of which shows courage. By-the by, were cast it off," he continued, vehemently, "if not M. Morny and Adele St. Ange travellife goes with it, sooner than Clara shall ling together in Scotland at the beginning be the scoundrel's victim! The horrible of the summer?" secret stifles, kills me-I'll be poisoned with it no longer! At the worst, it will be but the sacrifice of a year or two, more or less, of shameful, hateful life!"

"Those are sounding sentences, Mr. Stretton, very easily uttered. Much more stars. Morny and Leroux watched us easy to say than to act out the resolution with eager interest, especially when after | they express. Will you be here again at

He would dine at the Fox and await my It was so settled, and I went my way. It would have been imprudent on my of Mr. Stretton, with reference to the printed statement alleged to have been cut from a Quebec newspaper. The more, however, I reflected upon the subject, the 'Malediction!' he exclaimed, start- stronger my suspicions grew. In the first place, I had noticed that the lines of the the possibility that so wily a gentleman have expressed some jealous contempt of ill-success, M. Morny came to New the floor in a swoon. The next seven or firm or dissipate my suspicions, by exam-

> The file of Quebec papers I found to be imperfect, especially so about the time of frenzy of rage. Better still, when the Bontemps' death; and I was informed by mental tempest had in some degree subbeen stolen by some undetected visitor. plundered of the same numbers or nearly so; and the New York journals made no mention whatever of the catastrophe at Le Morny, Jean Pipon, and Antoine Leroux, accusing her cousin of such a crime, would at the time quite aware of the droll law match? By no means certain. The glaze be his wife. It is a great misfortune for society of gamblers and blacklegs, by com- cease. pelling him to acutely feel the possible consequences of such base companionship marry Miss Vignolles?" -would, perhaps, impose upon the weakness and credulity of a plain woman on do? Achilles will be very rich; and he the shady side of thirty, in love with a has promised me a moderate sum to re-es-

specious, handsome man. Too probably I tablish myself as a modiste in Brussels. It feared. Besides, I had another arrow in is the best part for both of us." my quiver, which, if critically used, would -might, I should say-prove a fatal one. "I have nothing, at present, to say, Mr. Stretton, in answer to your look of anxious softened in my favor, but he is a prince of inquiry," said I, pressing the proffered hand of the terribly agitated young gentle-"My experience has generally led me to man, "except that the faint gleam of penny will be settled upon herself! cheering light I spoke of, has wideneduscless to press me for more than that at her mature person, but her immense riches. do you no harm. Above and before all. upon your cousin, Miss Vignolles, and inform me-if you decide to place yourself Ange, checking her vivacity, and speakber, with M. Morny, if there is any likeli- for a wife to reserve nothing for herself claring that if I should be mad enough to hood of this abominable marriage taking out of so large a fortune. Nevertheless, voluntarily surrender myself to justice, her

Mr. Stretton promised to do so, adding, that he placed implicit confidence in me: and with a lighter heart than beat in his bosom when he arrived at the Fox, he left

relsome lodgers had not left; though, say, Morny will be kind towards his wife, there is no time for reproaches or regrets. since she had ascertained (how she did so, and have consideration for Mr. Stretton. quit without delay. The truth was, the Scotch story I told you was pure imagina- at the garden gate was answered by Mr. "The Quebec Gazette. The date of the loved-herself remaining severely immac- early on Wednesday next. Good eventhe of poor Bontemps' death was Au- ulate; provably so, if need be to dabble ing! teries. This, I apprehend, was the solu- "in a manner stunned, feeling that some

I had a long conversation with Mrs. "I do not remember to have heard; but Parkins, which afforded me many inter- who runs may read its meaning. Adèle Parkins, which afforded me many inter-esting items concerning the Mornys; an St. Ange convinced Morny, much against her fears for me, insist, at least, upon de-"Be calm, young man, be calm. It is especially interesting one being, it struck his will I dare say, by the case reported in

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Scotland (though I myself have strong doubts whether that custom applies in the and wife. Before leaving, I had, to a case of two aliens) she was his lawful wife. great extent, made a confidant of Mrs. He believing that, a compromise took Parkins, who had undertaken, upon cer- place. St. Ange is to permit the solemnitain distinctly understood conditions, to zation of Morny's marriage with Miss carry out my instructions. The next day Vignolles, in order that he may get her fortune, which chiefly, I understand, consists of personals, into his hands. That prime purpose effected, the duped Englaw or custom of Scotland, according to which any single man who acknowledged with his legal wife, St. Ange, as he and she believe her to be, will be off to the Continent, to avoid the penalty attached to bigamy, still keeping his fearful hold upon Mr. Stretton. That is about the essence of the programme agreed to, depend upon it." "Gracious Heaven! And will you not

formed me, had definitely promised to be able to defeat the infamous plot? "I do not think I shall. Time, fear, will beat me. I shall, however, do what I can; and do you, if you please, in to have continued an intimacy which disgraceful, fatal step. "The villain him-would have damned the future of an amia-self," he added, "defies, mocks me—and cd of any movement on the part of your ed of any movement on the part of your precious lodgers."

A disastrous, most afflicting turn of with me, been gradually worked up by the swayings of conflicting action into taking an entirely personal interest in the affair-almost as much so as if Mr. Stretton and Miss Vignolles had been my brother and sister-I resolved, and to a certain extent succeeded in neither losing

heart nor hope.
Finding, after much cogitation, and viewing the matter in every possible light, that I was about at the end of my tether, I bethought me of consulting a shrewd old lawyer of my acquaintance, the chiefs of the force refusing, as a rule, to give directions or advice in cases involving tangled questions of law, and in which police in-terference is not indisputably recognized. One of the results of that long and very depressing consultation was, that I found myself wandering about the docks the following morning, in search of ships which hailed from Quebec. They would be nu-merous, and if my conjecture was well service. I have nothing more to say at founded as to the newspaper forgery, some one amongst their crews would surely be present, Mr. Stretton, except that you may able to tell me whether or not Aimé Bontemps, the son of a man of position in that city, had been, the year previously mur-

dered by drowning. The search was a tedious one, and for a long time only so far successful that no one from Quebec that I met with had ever heard of a gentleman being flung out of the balcony window at Le Coo and drown disparaging allusion to Adèle St. Ange. ed. At last I was directed to the Old sure to find Jean Philippe, skipper of the

I found Jean Philippe, but unfortunateside, which would in such a case be struck | them. Still, as I was going to see Mrs. | that mulishly-cunning mood of mind comsuch a condition, which renders it impossible to elicit a plain answer to a plain question. Such men always fancy you are pumping them for some concealed, selfish purpose, and wonderful is the fence with which they dodge and evade your quer-Morny was certainly about to marry Miss | ies; and to aggravate the annoyance, this Vignolles-an announcement which, as we fellow believed himself to be a humorist. "Do you know a M. Bontemps and his son Aimé Bontemps, at Quebec?"

"Suppose I do, and suppose I don't: sided, and St. Ange could listen to reason, what then ?" she was elated beyond measure to hear, to "Can you tell me if the son Aime Bon-

temps is dead or alive?" she was travelling in Scotland with M. "Well, one or other he is sure to be." "Was Aimé Bontemps drowned during as his wife to witnesses that could depose the autumn of last year?' "Was Aimé Bontemps drowned during the autumn of last year? I should say, "Mon Dien!" she exclaimed, "he did so,

being as he was a wild sort of young fellow, he was hanged the spring before.' This last repartee elicited a roar of applause from the company, one of whom whispered to me that I had better see Jean Philippe early the next morning, when he would be sober, and readily afford me any

information I required. I acquiesced in that suggestion, and was leaving the Old Ship Tavern, when Jean Philippe hiccuped out, "I say, Mister Detective, you see I've fathomed you, old fellow. I say, what odds will you bet that Aimé Bontemps was drowned when pon and Leroux at my escape. We reach | could not receive a reply in less than three | bell rang. Mrs. Parkins answered it, and | the Yankee pitched him out of Le Could not receive a reply in less than three | bell rang. ed New York in safety, and about ten days months. There was, however, no pressing found the lady seated at dessert, her eyes into the river, or what will you take that young Bontemps only had a good duck-

ing? Eh? Come now." wish to say to you that Morny, whom, with "I shall bet nothing either way, but will do myself the pleasure of seeing you early to-morow."

I had not, the reader will have observed, said a word about "Yankee" or "Le Coq" in Jean Philippe's hearing, and my mind as to the trick played upon Stretton by Achilles Morny.

Still, positive evidence thereof was indispensable. I went in quest of Jean Philippe early the next morning, and "He has your consent then, Madame, to found that the Marie had sailed with a fair wind on the previous afternoon, about two hours after I left him. This was exasperating, and that exas-

peration was increased twenty-fold when, upon my return home. I found a note from Mr. Stretton, to the effect that it was all over with him and his sacrificed cousin, Clara. "that it was probable the English lady's Morny, in consequence of a hint he had received that an attempt would be made to prove him a married man according to the law of Scotland, had cast off all rea burst of scornful triumph; "not one serve, insisted that the marriage with Miss Vignolles should take place the very next day, and threatened, in the event of the slightest delay or demur, to forthwith denounce him, Mr. Stretton, as a murderer. Mademoiselle St. Ange had, moreover, been brought to Bellevue House, and had solemnly assured Miss Vignolles that no such pretended Scotch marriage had ever taken place. "Clara fully believes her. and urged alike by her liking for Morny and her fears for me, vields to the scoundrel's overbearing insistence; further de-Achilles will be a kind husband; which is marriage should not in consequence be delucky for her, as she will be quite at his laved for one hour. Thus, you see, that disposition. Her rich cousin, too. Mr. if I could summon up resolution-which God help me, I cannot do-to brave a shameful death, the fearful sacrifice would 'Yes, my good woman, Morny's slave; be made in vain! Hopelessly beset as I I could not, with all my diligence, find but that is a subject upon which I must am, I have a kind of superstitious reliance the missing papers in London, and wrote, not say another word. Enough that it is upon you. The accursed ceremony will true—perfectly true. But we shall not commence at eleven o'clock. Will you see be too cruel with either of them. That is me before then?-

Mrs. Parkins, thought I, must have been babbling about that Scotch dodge; but I must see the lawyer again.
I arrived at the Bellevne House at a lit-

tle after ten the next morning. My ring Mornys paid well; and Mrs. Parkins dearly tion, that is all. We leave your lodgings Stretton, himself, who had watched for me from a window. He looked an image of despair, agonized by self-reproach.

"Clara," he gasped, rather than said, persists in her determination to marry Morny. Still, wonderful as is the ascendancy he has acquired over her, she would, I am positive, after what has passed dur-

(Concluded on fourth page.