

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

COPYRIGHTED 1888, BY COLLIERS "ONCE A WEEK." "ALL RIGHTS RESERVED." PUB-LIBHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PROPRIETOR OF

Ned Newcomb took advantage of the doctor's presence, and withdrew quietly as possible, aithough he thought he saw something more than formality in Edith's parting glance of gratitude, when she hoped that he would call ugain.

It was a dismal day for the city of Grimsby. The injured workmen who were taken to the hospital died shortly after being admitted, and nothing else was talked of but the great explosion. Everybody could describe the accident, but nobody could tell what caused it.

Noel Edwards' pain increased as the day advanced, and when evening came he was in a high fever and raved considerably. His family was alarmed, and Edith experienced a secret sense of pleasure as she heard a knock at the door. She thought the caller must surely be Ned Newcomb. During her short acquaintgreat confidence in this stalwart mechan-

When she hastened to the door, therefore, and opened it, she was amazed and dismayed to find that the caller was not Ned Newcomb, but Clarence Carson.

The presence of this man thrilled her with a thousand fears. What could be want? Was he there to add a deeper sorrow to that which overshadowed the family already? What could the visit of such a man mean? These and numerous kindred questions flashed through her brain in a few seconds, while she stood looking at the unexpected visitor, who was now entirely sober, and apparently dazed by what he imagined to be an apparition rather than a reality.

Their unexpected meeting recalled to both the unpleasant incident of the morning to Clarence Carson vaguely, and to Edith vividly.

Pardon me," he said, at last, removing his hat in a respectful manner. "I wish the whitening foam was the only thing o know if Noel Edwards lives here." Edith was puzzled to think what he sould want with her father, and hesits.

ted before making reply. Seeing her refuctance Clarence Carson

"I understand that he was seriously injured by the accident at our mill this morning, and my uncle; is auxibus to learn the condition of all the men who were hurt. This is why I called."

His voice was subdued, his manner was that of a gentleman, and there was nothconscious of the disagreeable incident of the morning

Edith also tried to control her feel-

'My father's injuries are very severe, she said, "and I fear his sight it destroyed. He has been delirious this aftermoon, and has talked wildly of the mill and the explosion, but I think he is resting now, as we have not heard his voice in some time.

Edith was deeply affected, and Clarence Carson was sincerely touched by her sorrow. She did not invite him in. His presence gave her an unpleasant sensation. It deserves to be said for Carson that he also felt embarrassed. He did not expect to meet Edith there, and he would gladly have got away at first glanco of her if he could have done so

"I came to say that we shall be glad to do anything we can for Mr. Edwards, said Clarence, after a pause, "and that if he needs a doctor we will send one at our own expense

"The doctor has been here some time ago," said Edith, adding: "You are very kind, but I do not think we need any as sistance in that way."

While she was speaking the doctor arrived again, and he proceeded at once to the room of the sufferer, which was on the same floor as the little parlor. In a

moment he returned and said: " I see you have removed the patient.

Where have you put him?" "Removed him!" exclaimed Edith, in

surprise. "Why, no, doctor he is in that "He is not there." the doctor replied.

thaking his head. Clarence Carson had become so interssted that he stepped inside, and Edith

and her mother hastened to the room in which they supposed Noel Edwards lay. At the same moment there was a knock at the door, and it was opened by Carson, who was startled to see that the new arfival was Ned Newcomb. Ned was taken iomewhat aback to find Carson there, but before he had time to advance or retreat, Edith came running from the sick

toom and exclaimed: "Oh, what shall we do? what shall we to? Father is gone!"

At first Ned Newcomb and Carson Bought he must be dead, and they were leeply impressed by the girl's grief, but they were perplexed when she said:

"I know he is gone to the mills, he spoke so much about it all the afternoon -and I must followhim. Oh, if he should fall in the river, what ever would become of us? My poor, dear father!

"Then he is not dead?" said Ned New-

"No," answered Edith; "he has left his room. We found the window open, showmy where he went out. But why do I tay here, when every moment is so pretious, and I may be able to save his

Saying this, she rushed out into the

right, and down the street leading to the | thrust late the flood to save them. iver that flowed a short distance from he dismentled steel mill

It was necessary to cross this stream by high, narrow foot-bridge in order to

vay to the mill because of his long familwith with it, and he had said so much boar a arhis ravings, that she felt she vas right in guessing that he had gone themselves and death. Ned Newcomb, fearing for Edith's own

larson, who felt somewhat fascinated by he novelty of the situation. The two nen found it impossible to keep up with er. The eager purpose of her mission nade her swift, and near the edge of the tream where the street lights glimmered few and faint, they lost sight of her. Presently, however, they saw, dimly

outlined in the gloom, a human figure crossing the marrow, slippery foot-bridge that led across the stream to the steel

Ned Newcomb followed. He found the path a shaky one, and it was covered with ice. He called out to Edith to move dowly, but he had no sooner spoken the vords, than the figure ahead of him tumbled headlong from the foot-bridge, and fell with a loud splash in the water, An agonizing cry rose up from the dark river. Carson exclaimed, "She is lost!" is he stood aghast on the river bank.

Ned Newcomb said nothing, but ran swiftly along the slippery and shaky footbridge to the point where he thought he saw Edith falling, and glancing eagerly into the water, he caught sight of the ance with him, she had learned to place face of the terror-stricken girl. Then, nerving himself for a great struggle, he plunged into the freezing flood, intent on saving her life at the risk of his own.

CHAPTER IV.



RANSFIXEL with awe, Clar ence Carson stood upon the bank as Ned Newcomb plunged into the river to rescue Edith. He looked eagerly into the water to catch a glimpse of a face, and lis-

tened intentiv

for a voice, but

he could see in the flood, while the tumbling falls in the distance, made soude by the silence of the night, was the only sound he heard.

Great masses of inky clouds rolle icross the face of the sky shrouding moon and stars, while the skeleton of the shattered steel mill losmed up lik an uncanny apparition against the hor zon. The ward blew in cold, cutting

gusts along the river, and whistled of nally among the ragged cornices of ice that lined the banks of the stream, while ing in his demeanor to show that he was out in the midst of the current the whirling waters rushed forward with foaming activity, defying congealment,

It was a grim picture for Clarence Carson to contemplate, but rendered doubly so by the true incident he had just witnessed-the falling of Edith in the water the plunging in of Ned Newcomb to her rescue, and the disappearance of both.

"They are lost!" murmured Carson. Even should they outlive the current. no power on earth can prevent them from being swept over the falls." And saving this he moved cautiously a short distance down the slippery river bank, then drawing his overcoat close about him, turned away with a shudder, intending to go home and tell his uncle of the

thrilling scene he had witnessed. Meanwhile Ned Newcomb was strug gling desperately with the swift current. A few stout strokes brought him within reach of the life that he had risked his own to save, but when he tried to make the shore, with Edith Edwards on his left arm, he found himself overborne by the flood, which was running like a millrace at that point, and grew faster as it approached the falls.

Had Ned Newcomb been alone he could grapple successfully with the subtle strength of the icy current; but with two lives to save, and the voice of death, as it spoke in the fatal fails ahead, ringing in his ears, it required more than human strength, courage, and fortitude to make the brave fight which he was now waging against overhelming odds.

Although overpowered by the flood, he felt that he could still save his own life by deserting Edith to her fate, but he banished the thought, and re-olutely determined on saving both their lives or neither. "Better live or die together, were the words that Hope whispered in his ear. And now, indeed, it seemed as if it would be death for both. The hurrying water renewed its speed for the final plunge over the falls, and "the stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip," was no longer able to resist its flerce onset. "Heaven pity us both!" he prayed as he closed his eyes, and clung tenaciously to his precious burden. He expected that both would be dashed over the falls the next instant, and engulfed for a brief space in the depths of death before being tossed into the wind-

But to Ned Newcomb's great surprise and joy there was a sudden halt in the swirling waters, and the foaming falls roared louder than ever, as if clamoring for their prey. A fallen tree that jutted out from the bank of the river impeded their progress and held them there. Ned Newcomb realized that his fair companion and himself were on the brink of death. The slightest jar might hurl them

ing-sheet of foam that whitened the

rocks beyond the black and dismal

It was then that Edith began to manifest signs of life for the first time sines he caught her drifting helplessly in the swift water. This was a source of pleasare and apprehension to Ned Newcomb. Although her father was sightless, pleasure to know that the brave girl was

which knew that he could easily find his still alive, and apprehen ions lest her exertions might prove too great a strain for the fallen tree in the flood, that seemed to be the only barrier between

Occasionally the friendly tree swayed with the current, then righted itself afety, followed her, and so did Clarence | Would it yield to the stress of the flood, and slip over the falls? Ah, no, too much depended upon its tenacity now, and Ned Newcomb prayed earnestly that it might not bend or break, as he groped slowly along the slippery trunk until he got far enough out of the deep, seethme current to obtain a foothold.

His prayer was heard. In less time than it takes to tell it, the entire scene of terror was at an end, and the big, brave-hearted mechanic was safe on shore, dripping wet in the frosty night; with Edian Edwards trembling in his

"Poor girl," he thought, "what a noble spirit hers must be to risk her life for her father's sake,"

Edith showed signs of returning conciousness, but as it was yet some distance toher home Ned Newcomb realized that in her present condition it would imperil her life to take her so far, and he resolved upon claiming the hospitality and friendship of the very first house they met.

But a short distance from the river bank, in a narrow alley, a light was seen in the window of a low-roofed two-story building. Thinking it to be the home of some friendly fellow-workman at the mill. Ned knocked at the door for admittance. The door was opened by an old woman, who was somewhat stooped and wrinkled, but who had a most agreeable and sympathetic voice.

"If you please, ma'am, I would like you to give this young lady a few hours rest and care at your house," said Ned Newcomb. "I have just rescued her from the river, and want to get her a doctor without delay, as I fear her life is

still in danger." The old dame hesitated in open-mouth-

"It's a case of life or death, ma'am, continued Ned, speaking up promptly for tear the women might refuse, "And you'll be well paid for your trouble. The young lady's home is but a little way from here, and she will not be left or your hands long. Do take care of her for a short time, and let me run for the doctor. You sha'u't lose anything by

everything was not all right, and darted look of suspicion from beneath her shaggy brows at Ned Newcorab, as much

"There's foul play here, and you know more about it than you care to tell "

"Come," said Ned, some what impatient ly; "every moment is dear; won't you care for her while I run for a doctor?" Been atryin' to drown of herself

queried the old dame, whose curiosite was greater than her sympathy. Not at ail; it was a mere accident, an

it was only by a miracle that both on lives were saved."

"Well, I'll see my son about letting her stay here," said the old woman, disappearing up the stairs a good deal quicker than Ned thought possible for one of her years and appearance. She had no sooner gone than Ned

formed the principal article of furniture n the room, and then darted off for a doctor. He knew there was no time to ose and that it would only take a few minutes to bring such help and healing as Edith needed.

As soon as the old dame ascended the creaking stairs on a pretense of seeing her son about the propriety of letting the poor girl remain for a few hours under the shelter of their humble roof, she ran nimbly along a lengthy corridor which led to the rear of the building, then passed across a narrow bridge and through a door which cummunicated with a large, well-lighted, and gorgeously furnished

apartment. In the middle of this room, seated around a table, were six men, so deeply absorbed in cards that they did not notice the stealthy entrance of the old dame, who glided with a cat-like tread over the rich velvet carpet to the side of a tall young man, who would be depidedly handsome were it not for the sinister expression of his eyes, which roved about restlessly. His long black hair was ombed low over his right temple to conceal the deep mark that had been left there by a bullet, and he glanced frequently over his shoulder as if expecting the approach of some foe from behind.

The old woman touched this striking character on the arm lightly, and in a hurried whisper said, "Dick!"

"Danger, mother?" the young man re plied, turning sharply around, his face alert with a look of inquiry. "No, my son," she answered, "but

trouble-trouble for somebody else.

Come with me." Dick disliked to leave the room. Bus iness was good. The players had partaken freely, and were in a jolly, reckless mood, and the customary supper, which formed a regular feature of the night's

gambling, was due in a short time, But Dick rarely ever questioned the prudence of the ancient looking person whom he addressed as "mother." She never called him away from his money. making without good cause, and so he accompanied her along the corridor, down the creaking stairs and into the shabby little room that fronted the alley, Edith was meaning and tossing on the lounge, and would have rolled upon the floor but that Dick Dawson sprang to her

assistance. The unexpected presence of a woman, young, beautiful and half unconscious, over the foam-covered cliff. It seemed with her clothing dripping wet as she as if a hand-the hand of God-had been was taken from the river, gave Dick

Dawson an unpleasant sensation, which Ned Newomb was heard, in the dark, was intensified as he raised her head, and the eyes of the sufferer were opened wonderingly to meet his own.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Dick Dawson, brought her here?"

"She was carried in by a big, good-lookng chap, who wouldn't take no for an answer, and who said that she fell in the river. He was wet, too, so I think both must have been in the water. But where can be be? I left him here when [went up stairs for you."

"The dence! He has deserted her. What kind of a looking chap was he? asked Dick.

"Tall, broad-houidered, black-haired, with large eyes that seemed to look straight through a body. Seems as if he was a mechanic of some sort. He said I'd be well paid for caring for this giri while he ran for a doctor, and I told him Idask my son, but you see he has skipped while I was gone up stairs, and I don't believe he'll come back. Do you, Dick?"

"I ain't quite sure of that," answered Dick, "and I ain't quite sure as I want him to come, either. There may be | ingthought, but which leads to countless trouble in it, as I've seen this pretty face before," and Dick fastened the door as

Seen her before, Dick?" queried the old dame. "Where could that be, and

who is she?" "I don't know her name, but this is the girl that dare-devil Carson was peopled his scorehung brain. knocked down for, when I was helping himself and his chum home from here. He wagered a bottle he'd kiss her, but be got a good knock-down instead, from such a mechanic chap as you have just described. I should not wonder but that fellow is her lover, and whether so or no. I don't want him here with his doc-

"But what will you do with her?" asked Dame Dawson, as Edith staggered to her feet.

First keep her from falling," answergirl is pretty; what the deuce could have put it in her head to destroy herself?"

"Father, father!" called Edith, in pitiful accents. "Oh, don't go to the mill; don't go near the river. Ugh! how "Let me get you dry clothing,"

Dame Dawson, with an attempt at kind-"I can let you have a nice gown and other thougs to make you comfortable intil your friend come back," Edith was dazed. Her eyes were wide open now, and she seemed to be strug-

gling hard to comprehend the situation. She gazed in amazement at Dame Dawson, who did not look much better than one of the witches in the play of Macand from this weird-looking dame the girl glanced rapidly at the tall, handsome, and rather gracious young man beside her, who presented such a pleasing contrast to the uncarray female

"Oh, sir, you may have seen my father go this way," said Edith, in a voice of touching entreaty. "If he should come I beg of you, for the love of Heaven, do not let him go into the river!

"It seems to me." said Dame Dawson in a whisper, and with a quick glance at the handsome Dick, "that this person is not in her right mind, and that unless we do something quick we may have a razy woman on our hands?

"There's no danger of that," replied Dick "she'll soon be all right. Get her to change those wet clothes for some thing dry, without delay, and you'll fine her as rational as any body. But Unvasting time, and time is money just now

placed Edith on the rickety lounge which | I'll look to you to see that this mysteri ous young person does not die or go crazy on our hands, and we must also see to it that neither the big mechanic nor the doctor is permitted to enter here. We cannot afford to answer too many ques

In his younger days Dick Dawson had ouse him of the crime before his uncle's studied medicine, and when occasion re face, and denounce him for his dastardly quired it, he could give some good ad- | deed. The motive? I have it. Revenue ice, but the desire to make money rap on Newcomb!" idly was his ruling passion, and of late | Controlled by this thought. Noel felt his thoughts were concentrated on his that he must carry out his plan without elaborate gambling-room, which yield delay, and hasten to the Carson mansion ed him a princely income. The "best for the purpose of denouncing Clarence men in town" were Dick Dawson's pa- before he could have time to escape justrons. They dropped in frequently to tice. ficece a neighbor in Dick's quiet nook, Confused as his ideas were, he knew and went away fleeced; but nobody knew that it would be a difficult matter to of their loss, or of the manner in which leave the house if his family became ly by its habitues as though it were the room was on the ground floor, and he tion. Those who were bitten by the noiselessly outside. This he did, and Every man who could be trusted had a groped softly away, and for the first key to Dick's "club-room," and entered time realized the utter helplessness of it by way of a drug-store, whose pro- being blind. But his eagerness to carry in Noel's tone compelled his attention. his door open. In the rear of the build- mansion as speedily as possible, and ex- by Steel Works. ing, the female, described as Dick's pose what he, in the wild delirium of his mother, warded off suspicion and un-fevered frenzy, considered the real char- Ah, well it's no wonder. I scarce know

ance, but Dame Dawson, and Dick felt gress along the streets was extremely recognize Noel Edwards. that they ought to make the best of it, slow and painful. "Come, my dear," said the dame, taking the girl by the hand, "and get those

wet clothes changed." the woman addressed her won her con,

there was a loud knock at the door, tion. Dame Dawson started to open it, thinkng it was Ned Newcomb and the doctor said, "Don't stir a step for your life." The knocking was repeated vigorously,

followed by the words "Open this door! in a sharp tone. Dick Dawson speedily put out the light. caught Edith in his arms, and ascending the rickety stairs, which creaked aloud at every step, called to the dame: "Fol-

low me! The next minute the door of the shanty came in with a crash, and the voice of residence,

deserted room, calling "Edith, Edith, Edith!" but Edith did not answer.

The bewildered girl tried hard to respond to her name, but a strong hand what does all this mean, and who choked her utterance, and a voice whis

pered in her enre "If you speak, you die!"

CHAPTER V.



F Noel Edwards had not disappeared from the room in which his family thought he was rest ing quietly awaiting the arrival of the doctor, this story would not be writ The current of hu-

man life is some times influenced for good or ill, for tim some frifling episode which in itself is scarcely worthy a pass cost and consequences, as the narrow path leads to the tangled forest or the

inv brook to the simitless sea. When Noel Edwards found himself alone in his room, and began to brood over the great calamity that had befailen him, a thousand fantastic fancies

To find one's sight gradually growing dim, until the pleasure of vision is finally withdrawn, is a loss so overwhelming that language fails to give it adequate expression; but to be stricken blind by a single flash of fate, and have those we love shut out forever from our gaze, is deprivation little less than death itself

Noel's vivid imagination made him feel keenly the full extent of his great loss He knew that he could never look apor the great city, the sky, the river, the gleaming furnaces, or the faces of his ed Dick, with a sneer, adding: "The dear ones again, and this thought was more painful to him than the physical suffering caused by his injury.

Although the room in which he lay was in darkness, he thought he could see through his delirium, once again the glowing converter of the steel mill, with its whitening flame and myriads of golden stars, as they had appeared to himhundreds of times in reality at the converting room. This waking dream be tumultous thoughts. They imagined he

casting-pit. But the hallucination was not more secure. than a minute's duration. Just as Noe as about to address his men, the entir interior of his imaginary convert no comprehend to be glowing with light and he saw revealed in the midst of it. with startling vividness, a human face clouded with hatred. It was the face of Clarence Carson, and Noel thought he sew him precipitating the di aster which

had caused the explosion. Then came darkness and pain, and the vision, felt back on h's pailow. Fie could not rest. His brain was on fire. One overmastering thought possessed him bowever and that was the guilt of Cla ence Curson. He had only seen the young man do the deed in a dream. Lu Noel was now in such a frame of min that dreams were rapidly becoming reaities, and he could not tell the dividing line between the actual and the imagin ary. This thought controlled him now and made him its slave. He wanted to him before your face.

meet Clarence Carson, and confront him with his crime. "Ay, he did it!" Noel would mutter to himself: "but what motive could be

have? never mind the motive; it was ? who did it, and I cannot rest until I ac-

they lost, except the initiated, and the aware of his determination, and he soon secrets of Dick's lair were kept as sacred- found a way to evade them. His bedlodge-room of some outh-bound organiza- could easily open its window and step tiger" hid their wounds bravely. fearing that he might be discovered, he the trouble at the mill to-day. prietor was liberafly rewarded for con- out his idea made him overcome his inveniently keeping his mouth shut and firmity. He wanted to reach the Carson this: asked the President of the Grimswelcome intruers from the swell club- acter of Clarence. Noel knew the direc- myself in my dismal plight. But there tion in which the house of the Carsons The presence of Edith was an annoy- lay, but owing to his blindness, his pro-

The hastily improvised bandage that had been placed on his head at the mill astonishment. "And what is the meanshortly after the accident, proved a com-Edith could not comprehend the sit-plete disguise, so that his dearest friend nation, but the pleasant voice in which might pass him by on the street and not be able to recognize him. But such a dis-say that your nephew caused the accifidence, and she suffered herself to be guise was not needed now, for the disaster which robbed Noel of sight, had dis- er! I saw it all in my room. I see it As they were about to leave the room, figured his manly face beyond recogni-

Slowly and cautiously he groped his

way along the streets that ied to the Caroming to see Edith, but Dick seized son mansion, stopping frequently to her by the wrist and in a hoarse whisper make sure that he was right, and to recall the ideas that he had formed of the locality before he became blind. The crowds hurried by in the chill night air, and paid but little heed to the blind man's mutterings. Those who heard him talk aloud regarded him as a drunkard or a doturd and passed on. A boy went whistling by, and Noel bailed him. The offer of a dime enlisted the lad's services, and he agreed to lead Noel to the gate of Mr. Carson's

From that time forward progress was not so slow, and the cherry "Here we are!' of the guide was spoken much sooner than Noel expected.

"That will do, my boy," he said, and he entered the gate and ascended the steps that led to the gorgeous bouse of the wealthy steel king. He found the outer door closed but unfastened, and he passed into the ample hall, whose warm glow formed a pleasing contrast to the piercing cold of the winter's night without.

Now that he had reached the place toward which he had toiled so painfully, Noel Edwards was undecided as to what he ought to do next. His brain was throbbing feverishly, and his senses were in a mad whirl. Nobody seemed to notice his presence there. The sounds of song and silvery laughter floated out from an inner room. A pure, clear so pratio voice rang out with thrilling sweetness and as Noel stood and listened be could distinguish the familiar words:

"It may be for years, and it may be forever. on why art thou stient, thou voice of my heart The song seemed to linger in the atmosphere long after the singer had ceased, and it seemed little less than profanity to break the spell of the silence which followed with sounds less sweet. Noel was sturded from his reverie by a burst of rippling laughter, as merry as a mountain brook, and it embittered his spirit Cruel wretches!" he muttered, as he

grated his teeth. "And thus is all they care for the victims at the mill." Again the frenzy which made him sas pect Clarence Carson of causing the disster at the mill took possession of him The sounds of mirth which he had just stened to increased his anger, and made hun feel that there was no sympathy in the Carson home for the poor workings who had been roasted to death in the casting-pit at the mill. Nobody noticed Noel's presence in the hall, and he was growing impatient. He could stand it no longer, and he groped his way along untit he reached a door. This he entered. but he no sooner did so than he was startled by a chorus of screams which were set up by some of the young ladies of the Carson family, who experienced a

severe shock on seeing such an uncanny visitor enter the room unannounced. The frightened girls fluttered around the room like startled birds, and continued to scream with all their might, in tensifying the wild confusion of Noel's came so intensely vivid, that Noel start must be some terrible apparation who ed up from his pillow to give his orders had come to destroy them, and it was to the workmen with which his busy not until the dignified head of the house brain had peopled the scene about the Philip Carson himself, appeared upon the scene that they felt comparatively

The president of the Grimsby Steel Works was tall, white-haired, austers and not easily angered, but the appearance of Noel, whom he considered an impudent tramp, made him terribly indigmant. Noel, standing in the middle of that elegant and richly-furnished parlor, was like a harsh discord in the midst of a sublime harmony.

Philip Carson's first impulse was to knock the intruder down, but he splenstricken workman, exhausted by his wild, did spirit of self-control held him in check, and thinking possibly this must be some poor lunatic, he resolved on givug him into the care of the police.

What's the meaning of this impert ent intrusion?" demanded Mr. Carson with a supreme effect to smother his great rage. I want to meet your nephew Clar-

trembling with excitement. "And now that you are here, I would like to see "What business can a tramp like you have with him?" asked Carson, with a

nce, Mr. Carson," said Noel who was

"To tell him that he is a numberer!" re orted Noel, with terrible emphasis. "Stop! say no more," executated Philip

irson: "quit the house at on c.

The young ladies, waose ferrs had been almed by the presence of Mr. Carson ingered at the door to ever what disposition would be made of the intruder and pered their faces in horror as they eard his fearful words. Surely, the man is mad!" whispered

bounette type of beauty, to her companas, two charming Boston girls, who had been her guests for several days. "I have used harsh words," said Noel who now stood as still as a statue in the centre of the room, unmindful of the fact tast he had been ordered to quit the

Zelda Carson, a lovely young lady of the

was your nephew, Clarence, that caused That Philip Carson could bear to listen to so much was a surprise; but something

"And who are you that dares to tell me

cause "but they are not too severe. It

"Is it possible you don't know me? was a time in the history of Grimsby

"Great heavens! Noel, can this be you! exclaimed Mr. Carson, starting back in ing of this disguise?"

The meaning of this disguise, Mr. Caron, is that I am blind, and a um here to dent that made me blind. He's a murder-

[To be Continued.]

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Now is the time to take your county paper, the COURIR, \$1.50.

THEGENERAL ASSEM BLY

SENATE -37TH DAY.

S. B. 360 (Mr. Payne's bill) to amend settele nine, section two, of the Constitution, to provide for taxes from property and polls of the white tax-payers to be applied to education of white children, and taxes from property and polls of the the colored race to schools for colored children, was taken up on

its second reading. Mr. Turner of Iredell, moved to postpone till today week on account of the importance of the subject. Mr. Payne suggested Monday next immediately after the morning hour. Mr. Campbell moved to refer the bill to the judiciary committee. The motion to postpone prevailed and the bill went over as a special

order for Monday next. The calendar was resumed and a bill to incorporate the Woman's Home Massion Society passed its third reading.

S. B. 186, to empower mortgagees to purchase at their own sales of estate, came up on its second reading. Mr. Means explained the bil and spoke in support of it. Messts Lucas, Turner, of Iredell, Williams, of Pitt, and LeGrand opposed the bill as being dangerous and granting special favor. Under a call of the roll, the bill failed to pass its second reading - ayes 0, noes 39,

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. A petition was offered asking for a change of the county seat of Ca-

taxba from Newton to Conover. The committee on jud cary reported untavorably the bill removog the political disabilities of ex-

Gov. W. W. Holder. BILLS INTRODUCED

to remove county seat of Catawba county from Newton to Conover; to mend the Constitution with repect to the corporation of town : protecting wire fences to mak + e'fective proceedings before bords of aldermen and other bodies; for the relief of S. H. Taylor, ex-sheriff of Surry county.

RAILROAD COMMISSION BILL. The hour of 12 having arrived, which was set for the consideration of the railroad commission bill as a special order, the Speaker announced the question of its passage upon the third reading. On motion of Mr. Cooke the amendments were voted upon as they were offered.

ment changing the salaries of the commission rs from \$2,500 to \$2,000 and of the clerk from 1,200 to 1,000. He spoke at some length advocating the bill and his amendment. Mr. Amis (Rep.) opposed the bill

-the only one of his party who

Mr. Alexander off-red an amend-

spoke against it-said the people did not want it. Mr. Beddingfield spoke in opposition to the high salaries but lavored the measure in strong terms. He spoke in 'as or of Mr. Alexander's amendmen Mr. Franks (who opposed the bill) called for the yeas

Mr. Cooke spoke in support of the bill. He said the question of sa aries had been embarrissing to the committee, but that it had finally settled down on the same as those paid to the judicial bench and for this reason they were fixed at \$2,500 and \$1,200 Mr. Cooke's speech was strong and eloquent. He bandled he measure from the side of the people and sustained himself with credit.

A vote was taken on the substitute offered by Mr. Alexander, reducing the salaries. The amendment was adopted by a vote of 69

Mr. Long, of Mecklenburg, offered an amendment changing the pay of witness from two to one dollar per day, Lost. Mr. Baird offered an amendment striking out the clause relating to the professions of the commissioners. Lost by a vote of

Mr. Cooke moved the previous question (the passage of the bill this motion Mr. Beddingfield called for the ayes and nays. The main

49 to 38.

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