

# CORDEL

## THE GRAVE

**The Secret of Dunraven Castle.**

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CHAPTER I.  
SLEAT-NA-VRECKEN.

All day long the blast had scourged the northern seas into a mad storm of boiling surf; the heavens were eclipsed by leaden clouds which trailed their ragged skirts along the surface of the waters; lightning streamed from the rent skies, and fire fell through an open door; thunders rolled in a wailing cry.

Set in the midst of this elemental frenzy, a rock-bound islet, stout, black and steadfast; its basaltic cliffs were crowned by an ancient square embattled tower. A flag streamed from its turret, the broad rose-window of its chapel glimmered amid the wild wrack of the storm.

The breakers roared around the foot of the isle—leaped upon its rocky walls, flinging their snowy foam up even to the castle parapet, and fell back in a thousand silver rills, to crouch and leap again in endless, unintermittent fury.

When the howl of anger came, a wild glare shot from the angry west across the seething waste, and along that fiery pathway a little ship came fleeting before the storm under bare poles.

She was a slight and dainty craft, more fit for the silver reaches of the Thamus than for these fierce Hebridean seas. Yet, like some high-couraged, beautiful animal running for its life, she still kept her ravening pursuers, the waves, behind her, and staggered on undaunted.

It was Edgar Arden's yacht, the Merganser, which had been blown out of her course, and was now running head on for the iron-bound isle as fast as the wind and current could drive her.

Edgar Arden and his stout-hearted mate were utter strangers in these seas; they had made a long and gallant voyage for dear life, and hoped even yet to slip by the looming rock and find safe searoom beyond.

But as that fierce ray lit the scene, showing distinctly for the first time the form of the foam-swathed rock, a voice rose from among the little company on the laboring bark, a voice like the knell of doom:

"The Sleat-na-Vrecken! Beware the Sleat-na-Vrecken!"

The men, clinging each to his place that he might not be swept away by the crowding waves, turned with one accord to gaze at the utterer of the warning.

It was the only man among them who knew these waters, an old Highlander whom they had picked up about Tona pier.

and formal in what brief intercourse he had designed to hold with him, and a board the Merganser.

He was a man of giant stature, straight and massive as a tower, with snow-white locks and pale-blue, piercing eyes. An expression of haughty vanity, and a rough-hewn features from respect of master and his nautical skill and the scrupulous fulfillment of his duties.

As Edgar Arden demanded the nature of the words which threatened them, the old man answered sternly:

"Many a brave thralld here has laid her bones at the foot of yon black rock. There's a current that runs like a mill race, and a rock—it has got a grip on our keel by now, and we're but a leaf in the storm."

The boating words struck heavily on the hearts of the men; they sought eye blankly; they were weary and faint from the toll of the day.

But Arden's cheery voice rang out again:

"While there's life there's hope," cried he. "My stout men, know no fear, and we're all brave swimmers. I see an inhabited fort on the rock, and if our ship must go to pieces the people will doubtless be on the lookout for the poor castaways."

The half-drowned sailors burst out with a rousing hurrah! Hope returned when Arden spoke, his gallant spirit infused itself into every breast.

Kenmore turned away with a look of chagrin, and fixed his eyes upon the isle, which he viewed with a look of anger. Gradually his stern features softened, and his keen eye filled with gentle emotion.

"Farewell! farewell! unhappy Dunraven," Edgar heard him muttering; "I've seen it often, but not only that, I'll never see it lifted. Farewell! fair day to you, but you'll carry long fare to Kenmore, as ye've tarried for deliverance; they will not come! Farewell to you, proud Oolava, child of sorrow!"

When Kenmore had ceased to speak and was sinking into mournful reverie, Edgar abruptly addressed him:

"What do you know of Sleat-na-Vrecken?"

Kenmore started and met his eyes sternly:

"I was born upon Sleat-na-Vrecken—ay, and it looks as if I was e'en dead at its foot!" replied he.

for at this moment a loud cry from the sailors recalled his attention to their present danger. The vessel was now near that very seaweed on the rocks could be distinctly seen, as it rose from time to time out of the boiling surf.

"Suddenly a blaze streamed up from the top of the tower, and a deep-toned bell began to clang; the Merganser was seen, and the people of the tower were signaling her."

Arden cheered his men with new hopes of rescue, and gave them careful instructions how to light for their lives after the vessel struck. He then spoke a few quiet, heartfelt words to his mate, an intelligent young man who was much attached to him; he was giving him a message of farewell for Lord Incheape in case of his own death.

"Tell him I love him, and bid him his love," said he, with a rueful laugh.

He then turned to Kenmore, who was once more wrapped in his own thoughts, saying heartily:

"You don't like me because I'm an Englishman, but then you don't know me, and I'm a loyal fellow and I honor you. There, let us die at peace with one another, if die we must!" He extended his hand to the old Highlander, but even then Kenmore shook his head with a look of utter aversion.

"Little and mellow was the tongue that brought ruin upon Dunraven!" muttered he, "and that tongue was English. I canna forget! I canna forget!"

Edgar turned from him more in wonder than anger; a strange impart came upon him, it seemed hard that he might die just when his lot was upon the verge of this undreamed of mystery.

And now the Merganser was under the isle—entering its shadow—surrounding the tower—and another—a swarm of rescuers covered the wave-washed platform; and the small figure that clung to the face of the cliff above them, assigning to each his place with a wave of the hand.

Arden could see her as distinctly as if she stood beside him, a darkly beautiful creature, in the earliest bloom of youth, clad in dark blue, with a glimmer of gold at forehead and throat, and a wild, white, hooded face turned toward the doomed yacht.

"It is Colava herself!" shouted Kenmore in ecstasy. "Saw you ever her peer among your whimpering sisters?"

"So that is 'Oolava,' that fiery sea princess!" thought Edgar, with a leap of the heart, "that is Lord Dunraven's daughter."

He could see the jetty curves of her hair and the pouting of her breast. He met her deep, dark, flashing eyes; they pierced him to the very heart; when, with a shivering shock, the Merganser struck the rocks, and he felt as if a pursuing wave had caught him to last, lifted themselves up like a mountain, and descended with a crash upon the pretty toy, which went to pieces instantly.

CHAPTER II.  
"DO THE DEAD AND THE LOST COME BACK?"

Highland fishermen down by the shore. Does not the wind at times seem to be the voice of the dead?

He nodded mute assent; his mind was in such confusion that he could do nothing but stare and regard her with his soul in his eyes.

"Sweet lady, is this your fate? Chained to this storm rock in the midst of the seas, consigned to your gnawing grief unhelped and uncomfited, while your bright beauty wastes in its summer prime?"

A beautiful Engleloze Incheape, what had you done to deserve this? "You are trying to recall whether you have ever seen me before," said she, shrinking uneasily under his unaccountable gaze.

"No, no, no, my path has never intersected with yours," she replied, as she brooded mournfully over the thoughts suggested by her own words.

Edgar shook off the preoccupation which had hitherto held him dumb; he had seen the lady Incheape, and he suspected that he was her husband's heir, nor had he any right to complicate the situation by enlightening her.

Therefore he answered Lady Incheape's last words by the statement, meant to reassure her evident anxiety lest he might have died.

"No, madam, I am sure I have never met you anywhere before, far as I have traveled. I should never have forgotten you. And now that I owe my life to your goodness, I trust the day may come when I may prove my gratitude. Allow me to give you my name—Edgar; I am an Englishman."

He could not look at her, or speak to her in the impersonal conventional fashion warranted by their brief acquaintance, with all that he knew of her heart and she felt the peculiar magnetism of his manner; she was attracted strangely, every word he spoke entered her heart as genuine.

"I make you welcome to my lonely home, Mr. Edgar," said she with her positive smile, "though your visit was involuntary and we have the tempest to thank for our introduction to each other. None enter here from the outer world save the wretched and the lost—the pathetic wretch pined here and she seemed to follow the thought suggested by her last words.

"I then I and my faithful crew owe our lives to your stepdaughter!" cried Edgar, with sparkling eyes.

"How can you guess that she is only my stepdaughter?" inquired she, looking earnestly at him. "I could not have said that—I never call her that; she is too dear to me!" she broke off in agitation, her eyes searching his piteously.

"Perhaps Kenmore has been talking about this family?" asked she, a burning blush gradually making her pure, pale face glow, and she looked before him in deep and painful embarrassment.

His heart beat for her. She shrank in anguish under the very idea of being recognized; yet he could have staked his life upon her innocence of the fatal crime, and she called her an "injured lady"—yes, she had said, Edgar was convinced of it.

Small Fur-bearing Animals.  
The polecat, or fourmart, is next to the marten as regards size and strength, but there is great difference between them. While the marten is all life and activity the polecat is, comparatively speaking, slow, although he manages to make sure work of it when he is in pursuit of any creature he is capable of killing.

He kills game and poultry of all kinds and ages; not even geese and turkeys are safe from him. Soon after sunset he sets forth on his deadly errands. Where a fox will kill one animal a polecat will kill ten, carrying off the bodies of the victims to his haunt in some adjoining wood.

Frogs, mice, rats, birds and fish may all be found in his lair, where his home is in the wilds; but he preys on finer and more valuable creatures when he has his home near man and his belongings. The name fourmart is evidently a corruption of foul marten, given him on account of his offensive odor, which proceeds from a fatty substance, secreted by a gland beneath the tail.

The stout, or armine, is a bright, active creature and handsome, too. He is smaller than the polecat, the body being scarcely ten inches long, apart from the tail, which is about four and a half inches long and brownish red, the upper part creamy white. In spite of his small size he is the Nimrod of the woodlands, and a most determined one. He is equally at home on the ground, in the trees, in the hedge or in the water, and he hunts openly, making no secret of what he is about.

If he crosses your path he is not put out in the least, but will even stop and look at you with his bright eyes and then go on with his hunting. His victims are rabbits, rats, mice, and birds; but his favorite prey is the common wild rabbit, which he hunts with the dash of a fox-hound, killing quickly and neatly.

I never weary of watching that Puck of the stone wall, that weasel, for he surpasses the whole of the tribe in agility. His color is the same as the stoat's, excepting that his tail always matches his upper parts. The smallest of his kind, his body only measures about eight and a quarter inches in length, his tail two inches. It is a fine sight to see the diminutive creature carrying a mouse almost as large as itself, retriever fashion, with all the confidence imaginable. Small as he is, he is very strong and continually on the move. As he runs along the wall or by some old fence so light is his step that the dead leaves are but turned over.

Lately one came and deliberately inspected me, as I stood perfectly still, watching some beautiful admiral butterflies which were sunning their wings on the bramble sprays.

Three times he left his mouse-hunting and came up so close to me that I could have touched him with my stick. But I had no wish to frighten the small creature; it gave me pleasure to watch him. After he had seen enough of me he ran away again as quietly as he had come up. The weasel is a very careful and affectionate parent. If there is danger near the mother will take her young in her mouth, just like a cat does, and place them in the first shelter that offers.

Why is This?  
Nearly all men want to seem tougher and rougher than they really are. Certainly not one man in twenty plays poker, yet if a poker joke is cracked in a crowd, all the men present laugh; and the nineteen who do not play laugh harder than the one who does, who is rather ashamed of it. Nearly every man laughs at jokes concerning husbands staggering home drunk, yet not one in fifty does it. This sort of thing seems to be more enjoyable in the abstract than in reality. Getting drunk is quite a serious thing. You are exhilarated for a little while, and do all sorts of fool things, but it takes you three or four days to get over it. Not only your head is out of order, but your stomach shares in the general demoralization. Playing poker is also quite serious, as you are liable to run away with a man who will win your money. After an experience with drinking and gambling, these sins never seem worth boasting about, therefore we wonder that men who know nothing about them take so much pains to create the impression that they know all about drinks and deals.

Electric Light Prospects.  
Experiments recently conducted by Mr. Nikola Tesla for the purpose of showing how houses can be electrically lighted by lamps with one wire, or even with no wire at all, have produced a great sensation in Europe. Mr. Tesla showed that Geissler tubes three feet long were converted into brilliant beams of light by being held near a coil or a large sheet of tin plate connected with a pole of an alternating machine, and he remarked that if he had time at his command to make the necessary preparations he could have produced an electrical field capable of lighting up the whole of the lecture hall by means of similar tubes suspended at intervals from the ceiling. It is generally believed that the results obtained by Mr. Tesla will within a very short time lead to a complete revolution in the artificial production of light, and that we stand on the threshold of discoveries even more startling and possibly more momentous than the invention of the dynamo or the telephone.

Whisky is too often the power behind the throne.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.  
BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

A Mammals Tramp Confesses a Murder at  
Centralia for a Tramp Named Jacob Brown, who had been an inspiring vision, confessed to the Chief of Police at Minneapolis that he did the murder. His story is that he sought a night's shelter in what he thought was an empty car. In getting in he stumbled over an awfully dead man who, aroused, assailed him. In self-defense he struck his assailant, who was much stronger than himself and bent on seriously injuring him, with a coupling-pin.

GEORGE B. HOWARD, recently a Government Pension Agent at Mount City, was captured at Adrian, Mich. He is wanted for using government funds.

L. W. Wilson, of Houseville, Ind., was run over by an Alton train at Chester. One leg was cut off and he was otherwise so badly injured that he cannot recover.

A CHICAGO scavenger wagon ran over Flossie Church, a 2-year-old baby, and killed her. A careless nurse-girl allowed the baby carriage to run off the sidewalk and spill the little one.

IS A drunken quarrel on the train near Mount Vernon, William Robinson stabbed Sheriff Williams slightly, and a man named Staley, who went to Robinson's assistance, was so badly cut that he died.

The Grace English Lutheran Church, of Springfield, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. The Rev. Francis Springer, D. D., the first pastor, now in his 84th year, preached a sermon from the same text that he preached his first sermon from fifty years ago.

MARY BALLENTINE, the notorious woman charged with an assault to murder the Governor, was fined in the Saline County Court \$300. Accompanied by the Deputy Sheriff she went to her home in Carmi. She got the officer in charge under the influence of liquor and disappeared. Her whereabouts is unknown.

The dead bodies of two infants were found at a well at Lanard, Ill. Louis Brown was killed at East St. Louis by his brother-in-law, August R. Bendorff. The latter claims that he acted in self-defense.

The Adjutant General of Illinois issued a new commission to Capt. Henry A. Falles, Company B, Fourth Infantry, stationed at Newtun.

FAYETTE COUNTY, and several others, report severe drought. Pasture is burned, crops are threatened, and sickness is so prevalent as to be almost epidemic.

Governor FIFE has issued a writ for a special election to be held in Montgomery County, Nov. 3, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of County Judge Louis Allen.

FIREMAN JOHN COIN, of the Panhandle road, was crushed to death at the Omaha road, near Chicago. He leaves a wife and two children at Loganport, Ind.

A GREAT mass of coal and slate saved in on the workmen at the Trenton coal mine in Clinton County. Fred McIntosh was instantly killed, and several other miners were seriously injured.

GEN. R. CLARK, Department Commander of the G. A. R. at Chicago, inspected the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Quincy, and were well pleased.

At Chicago, William Lewis shot and instantly killed Maggie Sells, with whom he had formerly lived, and also shot and seriously wounded John Moore, with whom the woman had been living since the latter's slayer. All three are colored.

LOUIS LEVI, clerk for Grocer C. W. Rich, Chicago, was locked up, charged with tapping his employer's till for \$400 wherewith to take advantage of the straight tips on a card game.

When a. Levi was at the track backing the losers.

RUMOR has it that the Santa Fe is negotiating for the purchase of the Quincy, Omaha and Kansas City Railway. The price is \$1,750,000. By getting this the Union Pacific would shorten the distance between Chicago and Kansas City forty miles.

At Springfield, at the meeting of the Illinois Bill-Posters' Association, the following officers were elected: President, George A. Treyster, Chicago; Vice President, L. E. Thomas, Louisville; Secretary, Springfield.

Gov. FIFE issued a warrant on the requisition of the Governor of Kentucky for John L. Johnson, under arrest at Cairo and wanted by Kentucky. He was arrested on the Governor of Missouri for Henry Willingham, under arrest at Charleston, Mo., and wanted in Pulaski County for burglary and larceny.