

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.

The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,
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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Edgar's heart beat faster as he recalled the vision of the beautiful girl, with her inspired face, and her dauntless glance that swept the ravening waves, disputing with them for their prey.

"I could describe her for you—every flowing curve, and her tones vibrating with feeling, while he raised his eye to his elbow in his enthusiasm. She is dark and richly beautiful, like an Assyrian; her hair ripples in blue-black waves above her proud, innocent brow; she is as merciful as she is brave; the people worship her for her tender goodness, and she is just what a sea princess ought to be."

A slight stir and a sound like a stifled breath attracted their eyes to a tall figure which stood just beyond the circle of candle-light.

Lady Dunraven started visibly, and recalled with a swift and notable change of countenance. All her soft, womanly interest was gone, she had turned proud from head to foot, her eyes flashed with a wonderful fire; yet her voice was low and even as she spoke.

"Approach, Mr. Sircombe; you know how welcome you always are. Mr. Sircombe, Mr. Edgar. Your patient is comfortable, you see, sir."

"How is my dear aunt?" In all his astonishment Edgar could not but examine the man who had wrought the transformation with sudden, eager suspicion. Remembering that this lady was wronged, he was ready to suspect any one whom she disliked as being the wronger.

He saw a tall, gaunt man, middle-aged, his shoulders bowed and his chest hollowed; his temples were sunk, his forehead bald, his eyes weary and haggard, and his countenance careworn. He looked like a worn-out student, or like a man who has outlived every satisfaction his life ever possessed.

There was, however, a gloomy fire in his eyes when they first encountered Edgar's which showed that he had even yet some interest in life, and was quite capable of animosities. His acknowledgment of Lady Dunraven's introduction to the stranger was particularly formal.

"I am gratified to learn that Mr. Edgar is comfortable. Although not a doctor, I was fortunate enough to have acquired some medical knowledge in my university days; and such simple skills I possess is sometimes useful on this unfrequented island."

Edgar murmured his thanks for Mr. Sircombe's ministrations. He wondered whether Mr. Sircombe had been among his men applying his simple skill to their bruises, and if so, whether he had extracted from them the information which he was anxious to keep back, namely, that he was Arden of Incheape and the were Incheape lads. He thought not. Mr. Sircombe's morose visage expressed no indignant astonishment when Lady Dunraven named him Mr. Edgar.

But if he was safe so far, he could not count upon his future safety unless he made an effort to maintain it. He inquired how his men were situated, and gathered from Mr. Sircombe's answer that their hurts had been efficiently dressed by the old "Spawwife" of Sleat-na-Vreckhen while he was engaged with Edgar, and that by the time he was at liberty to walk down to see them at the cluster of cottages by the shore, they would report to be all sound again.

"And how fared my fine old enemy, Kenmore?" asked Edgar.

Kenmore had fared the worst of any. The old sea lion, inspired by his adored Oolava's presence on the scene, had divined after the stunned and sinking young captain again and again; and having brought him down to land, he had sunk down at Ulva's feet utterly exhausted, and had not shown any signs of life for many hours.

Indeed, Lady Dunraven's whole night had been spent between the rooms of her favorite servant and her guest, and the attention which she gave to Sir Kenmore's report of Kenmore's present state showed how deeply she would have mourned his loss.

"Has he spoken yet?" asked she. "No, he had been conscious, but too weak for any effort. Mr. Sircombe had left him sleeping profoundly with a watcher in the room; he believed all danger was past."

Edgar heard the story of his rescue by the stern old Highlander and the lovely girl-noble with thrilling emotion. It seemed like some fine old romance of ancient chivalry; he made a picture of the wild scene in his mind and pondered over it. There was something fascinating in the situation, and fair Ulva ever grew in his imagination with ever brightening beauty. He asked no more questions, but with half-shut eyes, which saw nothing present, and a faint smile on his lips, lay dreaming.

At last a low, murmuring voice attracted his attention. A young girl snow-white creature, with delicately modeled form and pale, poetic face. She never was a daughter of the bleak Northland, this sprightly, pink-eyed beauty? Not for her the brief summer, and the long, moaning witer of the winds, with the swollen seas and the cold, mournful frowns. Who could behold her justness, sparkling loveliness, and her sunny smile, the hot, sweet, lavish summer eternal of the Orient?

And yet he knew well that her mother had been of a noble Scotch house, and that her name had been a favorite one in the records of Rothgar.

Then from her long-ago foreigner had Ulva inherited her sumptuous Southern beauty?

She spoke in a dainty murmur, with many a cautious glance toward Edgar; and the distant door ajar so that she might fly upon his faintest movement.

"But why are you here yet and alone, Engolende?" she said, child-like, "I thought Mr. Sircombe was to relieve you whenever Kenmore slept; he promised me that he would."

"He is not here," returned she, "my patient sleeps sweetly, but I have returned Lady Dunraven, in the same low tone.

"And now it is dawn," continued Ulva, holding up her pretty finger reproachfully, "and you have been here all night! Imprudent, wayward Mamma Engolende! And if I had not come down stairs to see if Kenmore I should never have found you out. Ah, you had child!"

With what passionate delight the half-delirious Edgar watched the arch, laughing girl as she menaced the lady with her lifted finger, a star of mischief in each dancing eye!

Lady Dunraven drew the slender white creature to her, and framing her lovely young face between her two hands, kissed it fervently.

"Now, go back to your pretty sleep, my own girl," said she, "you know it is too late to watch the night away. And the servants are weary, they might sleep at their post, and the stranger, whom the sea has cast into our care, needs vigilant watching, for he is much hurt. No doubt some mother's heart would break should he die."

While speaking, Lady Dunraven drew Ulva away with her to the great yawning fireplace, where a bank of scented petals gleamed in the fire, and though the length of the magnificent room was now between them and Edgar, and they maintained a low murmuring tone lest they should awake him, he could hear every syllable, so preternaturally sharpened had his hearing become in the state of his brain, and his fevered faculties. It seemed to him that his heart would break were he to lose one word or one glance of Ulva's, already she was standing within the world of delirium, and it confused him to dissociate her from the haunting Oolava of the cliff. He watched her from afar with a kind of yearning.

"Dear mamma, how bright your eyes are!" were Ulva's next words, "and how hot your hands! And your heart beats so fast, so very fast! Oh, I am afraid when you look like that. Let me stray with the poor invalid. I shall not wake him, I promise—and do you rest, do, Engolende!"

She hung about the lady with sweet insistence, her mood was changed, sudden anxiety sobered her manner.

Lady Dunraven laid her slight hand on her daughter's lips, with a faint smile. "Foolish child, what would the young man think to find such an attendant by his bedside?"

"But he is fast asleep, mamma, I am quite sure of that," entreated Ulva; "I stood ever so long by the door watching him before I ventured in, and he never once moved. And, mamma, I watched you, too, and oh, how sorrowful you looked! Tell me why?"

"Do not ask, my consolation!" faltered Lady Dunraven. "Be happy while you may!"

What anguish thrilled beneath the low pathetic tones! Ulva looked at her wonderingly and then kissed her with passionate sympathy many times.

"Mamma," whispered she, holding her off to gaze at her worn face with dark, frightened eyes; "Sweet Engolende, begin to think that you are always suffering pain or grief! You put on a cheerful manner whenever I am with you, but it is only for my sake; meanwhile your eyes are growing larger and brighter every day, and your beautiful face more worn and pale. And you call me your consolation—your only one. Oh, my own kind mamma—do you think I am a liar for you?" She spoke in an agitated murmur, growing pale from feeling, and tears standing in her eyes. But Lady Dunraven turned away with a movement of despair, concealing her too eloquent face.

"Child!" said she, wildly—"who has dared to open your eyes? Do not believe him—but shut your ears from every treacherous whisper. Oh, child, be happy while you may! It was a cry from her very heart."

"And she is merciful as she is brave, the Oolava," muttered he dreamily—"but she can escape from her cage; she cannot escape—til she is freed from the bonds of her prison, and comes from afar, to open and set her free!"

Pale as death, the ladies looked at each other.

"Nothing, nothing but the ravings of fever," faltered Lady Dunraven; but to herself she said: "Is this a prophecy? Is deliverance at hand?"

CHAPTER III.
You'd swear, as her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round.

The steps are of light and her home is in the air, and she only par complaisance touches the ground!

"Alice, is that Lord Incheape? See, your husband is going to meet him—there by the private door."

"Yes, it is indeed that unfortunate man. We had not ventured to expect him, although we always send him invitations. Dear heaven! what a wreck of his former self! Laura, I can read in his face that he is broken."

The two ladies who exchanged these remarks were, Alice, the wife of Squire Greyc of Salford, and the hostess of the occasion; and Laura Dellamere, a beautiful widow of 34.

They were long-time intimates, and had many chords of sympathy between them.

"Five years since he left England, in the zenith of a useful and able public life, with his sweet young wife," continued Mrs. Greyc; "then came this mysterious calamity which has blighted him, and led to his exile. Sweet, loyal soul! Ah, Laura, you and I know how truly she loved her lord."

"Each heart loved its own bitterness," answered Mrs. Dellamere, her proud face paling; "and if my lord had been so 'shame' (she whispered the word with a tremor) 'shame' with herself, 'he has hidden it well.'"

"He never had, through Engolende, never, never!" exclaimed Alice Greyc, with energy; "if the faintest shadow of blame ever fell upon her, it was through the wicked folly of that intruder."

"Nush! Don't utter that name," interrupted Mrs. Dellamere, the blood mantling to her brow. "I know to whom you refer, though what your grounds for suspicion in that quarter are I cannot guess."

"Mrs. Greyc was silent, her sweet face shadowed by the sadness of her thoughts, for her friend's challenge had thrown open a gate in the past, through which crowded reminiscences little suspected by the proud Laura, and not for worlds would she have humiliated her by betraying her knowledge of her sad secret."

Mrs. Dellamere eyed her searchingly, and perceiving that she did not intend to speak, remarked:

"I have noticed that your suspicions of the Colonel date from the day of his departure from Salford. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps it is," faltered Mrs. Greyc; "all events I am convinced that a great wrong was committed by that man, and that an innocent lady was made to suffer the consequences."

"Innocent!" repeated Laura Dellamere, in an indelible tone.

"Yes, innocent, white, flawless as truth itself!" said Mrs. Greyc, firmly; "I would pledge my life upon that. But surely you are mad and untrue, such a theme here! Nush! Forget it, dear my Lord Incheape comes."

These two ladies were seated side by side in two great blue easy chairs, in the center of a brilliant company; the place was the little gem theater in Dorchester, the society of the evening, and on this occasion was a grand entertainment given to the local gentry by the Squire and his wife, in honor of their only son's return home from the university for the last time.

A fairy extravaganza was about to be performed by several of the youthful belles and beaux of the neighborhood, and the little company were enjoying their light talk and waiting for the azure and silver act-drop curtain to rise upon fair land.

"Faith! I take this as very kind of you!" exclaimed the jolly Squire, who had hustled forward to meet Lord Incheape, and he grasped the pale, slender hand which he held with a warmth that might have crushed the flabby member of a fine gentleman.

"I wanted to see your boy, Hal," replied Incheape, his dark, unsmiling eyes softening a little as they met the simple delight expressed in the Squire's.

"Nineteen now, isn't he? I've heard Arden speak about him—he likes him."

"Auberon's his mother's boy. There ain't much of rough old Hal in him," said the father, proudly. "But come along, George; won't Alice be pleased?"

He led him down the aisle towards Mrs. Greyc, a murmur of surprise and interest following them.

The Earl of Incheape was still in the prime of life; a noble martial carriage and the easy grace which is learned in courts, spoke of a time not far past when he must have participated in all that was most stirring and glittering in life; and yet, as he walked down the center of the theater, he might have come from the antipodes so struck were they by his appearance in public, and so sternly unresponsive was he to all their glances.

But his proud mien altered when he stood before Alice Greyc and Laura Dellamere—they were indubitably linked with a time when his earthly felicity was at its zenith.

These two fair women had been the favorite associates of his wife, Engolende, his beautiful young wife whom the world had for five years deemed dead. The lady who now stood by his side, wife a fascinating American; and for one fair summer she had ruled, a queen of society, in his ancestral castle, and these two ladies had been her chosen aids in the entertainment of her guests.

So inseparable were they that a fatterer need not actually name them, Three Graces. A phrase which must have occurred to the ear with poignant associations as he now stood in their presence for the first time in five years, and looked from face to face, wistfully, as if he missed the third Grace from her place.

But he eyed them with a cold, unfeeling himself and greeted them with faintness formally. One would have supposed that the haughty earl had not one reminiscence in common with these once intimate companions of his adored wife; and the eager interest of the one lady, the other's, the other's, was to be none for their amusement.

"Your son is to remain at home with you for the future, I understand," said Lord Incheape to his hostess.

An involuntary smile indicated the mother's pleasure in the subject chosen by his lordship.

"That is his own election," said she, proudly, "and a very welcome one to us,

although we would not have acted if as a duty, for Auberon possesses some gifts beyond the requirements of a country gentleman."

"Madam, your son is a genius, Edgar Arden says," remarked Incheape, "a poet and a musician. He will lose nothing by a season's retirement in a happy home, as a scholar will certainly benefit him," and he pointed the compliment by a courtly bow.

"The boy's no sighing milk-sop, either," cried the jolly squire, chuckling. "I'll lay my head against a penny you'll find him as good a scholar as any humping turpentine among us all."

"His father's son could be nothing less than a thoroughbred English gentleman," returned Lord Incheape, with that softer look which he always gave to bluff his Greyc, "and what of your fair daughter, madame?" added he, addressing Mrs. Dellamere. "Is she not a grown-up young lady now?"

"This is her first presentation to society," answered Mrs. Dellamere; "she is now seventeen and as tall as she looks, which, however, is not up to my shoulder."

"I remember her as a little wench in short frocks and long golden curls, the inseparable playmate of Auberon Greyc," said Incheape dreamily. "They used to come to the Fosse for Ulva; what a picture the little group made. We used to walk there from the windows."

WESTERN INNOVATION. PLANKINTON'S HAPPY SUBSTITUTE FOR THE COUNTY FAIR.

A South Dakota Town Sets an Original Example in a Beautiful Temple to Ceres and Plover's Combined to Create a Novel Festival.

The county fair, subdivision of the genus fair which has been a feature of agricultural life since recorded ages, has finally been supplanted in the enterprising commonwealth of South Dakota, and its place has been supplied by something so entirely new and attractive that it is likely to be widely, successfully and profitably copied. This substitute is nothing more nor less than the erection of a grain palace, Plankinton, S. D., is the energetic place to first attempt the new order of fair, and from all appearances it is evident she has made a "ten strike."

"Plankinton does not claim to have originated the idea of a palace, for of late years palaces have multiplied, town after town choosing that method of attracting attention to itself and its enterprise; but Plankinton is probably the first community to experiment upon a distinctly new order of fair, as a substitute for the annual agricultural fair, and her effort has been a marked success."

The recent opening of the Plankinton grain palace was auspicious for more reasons than one. Plankinton has never before had such a large fair, and she is located in a region which has for a year or two before this suffered more or less from insufficient rainfall. The splendid crops of 1891, however, loaded her granaries to overflowing, and from this she naturally came the beautifully decorated grain palace, a thank-offering for nature's lavish bounty.

Sioux City, the nearest commercial center, responded to an invitation to assist in the inaugural ceremonies of the palace, and sent a special train load of representative business men "to rejoice with those who did rejoice." A well-arranged program was carried out, which included glowing tributes to the beauties of the palace, the splendid fertility of the soil whose products had been so artistically drawn upon, and to the hopeful promise of future prosperity which the exhibit voiced. A paragraph from the opening address of President Andrews indicates the confident hopefulness of the new order of fair.

"From hillside and plain and valley, where the silence of ages has lingered, the white incense of steam, the curling smoke of industry's fires, and the musical hum of a busy, prosperous and contented people ascends like a grand thank-offering to heaven for the good time coming, come at last, thank God."

The palace itself, measured by the rule of proportion, is remarkably creditable to its builder, and in its exterior decoration, distinctly symbolic of grain, corn occupying no conspicuous place, but ranking in its order. The tasteful building, adorned with gable, tower and minaret, had an attractive heading for the principle street. Within every township in the county was represented by an exhibit of agricultural products, similar to, though more artistically arranged than the usual fair exhibits. The wheat, flax and other small grain specimens won the admiration of all. Wheat sheaves from fields that yielded over forty-six bushels per acre, and other grain in proportion, attracted the attention of the spectators. The Plankinton schools occupied a handsome array of corner, including art pieces worthy the best efforts of older hands and heads. Three specimens of genuine art in decoration challenged particular attention. One was an elk, with head upraised as if suddenly startled. The blending of color was produced by the different shades of corn, silk, while the spreading anthers were composed of wheat and flax grains. The whole effect was beautiful and the general design thoroughly artistic. Opposite this picture was one representing sheep in the field. The wool on the animals, perfect in appearance, was composed of climatic. The third piece represented a corn field, with field and buildings, taken from nature and done in cornstalks.

The conduct of the grain palace festival is not particularly different from that of the county fair. There is art instead of horse racing, that is about all. Bands of music, decorated buildings, agricultural addresses, stock pens—all these there is ample time and space for, but no time to come to a new order of fair. The new order of fair is developed by the novelty of artistically embowering a suitable building in the gorgeous and easily blending colors of the harvest time. The painter's brush long ago detected the voiceless melody of color in wood and field and rick; it remained to the present generation to make the colorist's art more composed of wheat and flax grains. The whole effect was beautiful and the general design thoroughly artistic. Opposite this picture was one representing sheep in the field. The wool on the animals, perfect in appearance, was composed of climatic. The third piece represented a corn field, with field and buildings, taken from nature and done in cornstalks.

How far east the "fair" for palace building may extend remains to be seen. It seems as yet to be confined to the west and north. Texas built a spring palace of grain, grasses and cotton, and won wide notoriety by it. Sioux City has its annual Corn Palace festival, with increasing interest from year to year. Other Iowa towns build palaces—a flax palace at Forest City, a hay palace at Algona, a blue grass palace at Creston, and a corn palace at Ottumwa. But not that a notion of a general grain palace, created by and for a county population, has been successfully experimented upon it is not improbable that the idea may be expanded and enlarged until the palace idea obtains a footing in the west and north. It is a peculiarly apt and happy expression of an appreciation of nature's bounty. The community that has material for a lavish grain palace has the inherent qualities of soil and climate which assure prosperity.

PERSONALS.

DR. EMMA GUNDEL, of Newport, Ky., a graduate of a Cincinnati college, and who completed her studies in Germany, has become one of the most successful physicians in her state. She is the daughter of a noted homeopathist.

JAY GOLD says he devotes more of his time to Missouri Pacific than to any other of his properties. That is what troubles Missouri Pacific. Mr. Gould possesses the railroad Jettatura, or "Well Eye," and when once he casts his eyes upon it, he finds that road's afflictions begin forthwith.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

All Game Is Now Lawful Prey—The Grant Monument Unveiled at Chicago—A Boiler Explosion Kills Eight People—Other Accidents.

The Census Office issued a bulletin which shows that the real State mortgage debt in force in Illinois Jan. 1, 1890, was \$384,295,200, of which \$165,250,000, or 43.01 per cent. of the total, was on acre tracts, and \$219,045,000, or 56.99 per cent., was on village and city lots. The debt of Cook county, containing Chicago, was \$191,518,200, of which \$14,065,905 was on acres, and \$177,452,000, or 43.01 per cent. of the total, was on acre tracts, and \$219,045,000, or 56.99 per cent., was on village and city lots. The debt of Cook county, containing Chicago, was \$191,518,200, of which \$14,065,905 was on acres, and \$177,452,000, or 43.01 per cent. of the total, was on acre tracts, and \$219,045,000, or 56.99 per cent., was on village and city lots.

The latest weather crop bulletin of Illinois reports great relief by rains. In some sections, this will be the last bulletin of the season.

Mrs. S. D. Perry, of Shanaber, while suffering with the toothache, took a dose of corrosive sublimate, thinking it bore. She will hardly recover.

ROWELE GIBSON, an employe of Libby, McNeill & Libby's packing house, Chicago, was severely scalded while at work in the hog scalding department.

The boiler explosion of the tug C. W. Parker exploded, at Chicago, killing three of the men, five spectators, and seriously wounding ten others.

UPWARD of 3,500 persons were at the Salem fair grounds to attend the old settlers' reunion of Marion County. Uncle Frank Binnion, of Patoka township, was the oldest person present. He was 91 last August.

A MAN by the name of H. Lyons, who has several aliases, represented himself as the agent of the J. D. Penner firm of Bloomington, wholesale grocers. He took a number of orders for goods and forged a number of others, then hurried his goods to Clinton, delivered them and disposed of the rest, skipping the town with the money.

A MARRIAGE, imposing monument to Gen. Grant, the returned ex-President of the United States, was unveiled at Lincoln Park, Chicago, before a vast concourse. Mrs. Grant, accompanied by her sons, viewed the procession from the balcony of Potter Palmer's mansion, and was driven to the park just before the oration. The balance of the day was passed at the Palmer mansion, and two days later she returned to New York. Her strength would not permit her to formally receive her friends.

EXERCISES citizens of Illinois can give game dinners whenever they choose; to the game warden's duties will be less onerous, and the restaurant keeper who serves game can do so knowing that if he should unwittingly serve it to the warden, that warden would not come to him to bring suit for violation of the law. And all this is possible because the "open" season for partridges, plover, prairie chickens and quail has begun. All other descriptions of game have been in season for some time past.

The two days reunion of the Kags family closed at Salem. Several hundred people were present from Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, and Virginia.

Lightning struck the house of Mr. and Mrs. Christianson, at Ramsey, partially wrecked the house, and injured Mrs. Christianson, that her recovery is improbable.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Illinois Board of Live Stock Commissioners, at Springfield, the Secretary reported twenty-nine glandered horses and forty-nine exposed horses quarantined during the month of September.

NEAR Shawneetown, Mrs. White shot and instantly killed Miss Belle Jamison. The dead woman first attacked Mrs. White, who was returning to New York. Mrs. White, who was returning to New York, fired a shot at Mrs. White. The latter then seized the weapon and shot her assailant twice in the breast and through the head, death ensuing instantly. The girl had been working for Mrs. White, who had been discharged. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

At Springfield, the Committee on Personal Property reported to the State Board of Equalization, making a net increase of the personal property of the State of \$19,163,755, making the aggregate value as equalized \$1,415,000,000. The increase of the personal property of Cook County comes in for a good share of the increase, 100 per cent. being added, making her personal property assessment \$58,519,622. There is, however, a surplus for Cook County amounting to \$7,541,632, and if this is taken out of the total, the net increase will be \$50,978,010. The committee on lands has made additions aggregating \$18,976,779, and deductions aggregating \$8,205,641, making the net increase \$31,671,137. This makes the total assessed value of the land of the State \$374,000,000. Fifty-one per cent. of the land assessment of Cook County, raising it from \$14,984,804 to \$22,627,054.

A YOUNG Irish dock laborer named Cornelius Sullivan, was stabbed and instantly killed by a colored youth named Joseph Bales, at Chicago, and this deed was followed by two determined efforts at grafting which, through the influence of circumstances, were in both cases unsuccessful.

At Lincoln, the Second Illinois Cavalry elected Maj. B. Moore of Alton President, W. L. Rider of Monticello and S. S. Brown of Lincoln Vice Presidents. The Robinson of Farmer City Secretary and Treasurer, and decided to hold the next reunion at Warsaw, and to be hereafter named by Co. Marsh.