

# THE ORDAINE

## The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,  
Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

In those days, when the shadow of the future was slowly overspreading my sky, I had one sweet consolation; then, as now, my little Ulva gave me the balm of her pure affection, and her mother's heart and mine could still meet in our love for her.

At that time England was much vexed by Eastern questions; rival tribes were suing her for help to conquer each other; many conflicting claims were made, and it was difficult to judge between which it was best to send a secret agent, accredited by the government, to the scene of trouble, to gather the real rights of the several claimants before England should enter into the negotiations with either of the warring parties.

It was sadly significant of the distance which was daily widening between my spirits, that my lord at first made his arrangements for going on his embassy by himself, and could hardly be got to believe that his wife preferred to be by his side.

"You mistake the nature of the journey," he remonstrated; "I do not travel with pomp and ceremony as the envoy of a powerful nation; there are reasons why I should go as quietly and quickly as possible. I shall take no attendants, and I shall follow the obscurest routes."

"So much the better," I cried; "we shall be the more together, and I shall be your only attendant, more loving and faithful than any ever had before!"

"Engelonde, I do not require this hard duty of you."

"Oh, Raleigh, my husband, were you blind?"

"I must go with you—do not—do not forbid me!" I prayed with bursting heart. "Why will you deem my wife's love self-sacrificing? I have no life, and you are my life. Do not forbid me to go with you. And my lord was silent; he permitted his child wife to creep within the closing fortress of his heart—almost to take her old place there—only for that shadow of a life which ever hovered between. Yet even that half victory was joy unspeakable for me; and as I saw myself included in his every plan, all heaven seemed opening before me—a heaven of hope where doubt would lead me away forever. I was happy—happy!"

We fled our Ulva to the loving protection of her mother's kindred, the old Countess of Rohau, and bade farewell to the shores of England, for me a long farewell.

At now I was my husband's constant companion, no other came between us; he leaned on me—he looked deep into my heart and almost recognized the only image there to be his own; he must have known that I was very soon, Ah! I should have died then!

We had reached that great Oriental city where he had arranged to leave me, the rest of his journey was through a hostile territory, and it would have gone for me to wish to leave him, and my presence. Four persons had gone from our household ahead of us to prepare a residence for me; my lord and I had journeyed incognito, avoiding in every way the recognition of any one who might identify us persons or rank for great interests depended upon the secrecy of the mission.

We found a pleasant residence in the suburbs of the city ready for us, and a maid household ready to do all appropriate to the style of well-to-do commoners, which was the disguise we had adopted. The four persons I refer to were: Mr. John Sircombe, who had been my lord's traveling tutor in his youth, and his secretary since; he was now placed at the head of my establishment as director in my lord's absence. The second was Kenmore, a noble old Highlander and my lord's body servant; then came Mary, my maid, a simple kind creature who loved my lord more than Mr. Sircombe's man, a shrewd fellow, like his master.

From the first moment that I had met Mr. Sircombe's cold, grudging eye when my lord presented him to his bride at Incheape Fosse, I had never liked him; I felt rather than saw duplicity under that smooth exterior, yet, as my lord placed great confidence in him I was ashamed of my dislike and never whispered it, so that my lord, though he pleased me well when he gave me his secretary for a guardian in his absence, and I accepted him in silence, hoping that I might have no need of a faithful one.

We found letters from England awaiting us which announced an important amendment in the programme Lord Incheape was to have a colleague to share the dangers of his mission, and my lord's officer with local knowledge of the territory in question, and who could guide the envoy by the shortest and safest route. This gentleman whose name was not mentioned, was to wait upon my lord immediately upon his arrival.

We were in the garden, my lord and I, when the colleague came; the splendor of the tropical verdure was unrolled around us; we were alone, we were strolling hand in hand among the roses, so sound was heard save our own low, loving voices; love, sweet as the incense of those surrounding blossoms, was in our hearts.

It was the last moment that love lived between us; already the feet that were to trample it dead were at the gate.

A carriage rolled into the court, a guard in blinding uniform rode about it. "Alas! my brother-in-law is here," said my lord, a regretfully, "we must start within" he pressed Engleonde, we must part!"

Through the scented air we heard him come—I lifted up mine eyes—my heart stood still—it was Col. Acerrington.

my insulting lover—my husband's enemy. What thought you of your young wife's heart, and a noble will, for Engleonde, that hovering doubt came closer then.

On he came, tall, haughty, with his noble air, his impassive countenance; nearer, nearer, his measured step trod upon my heart, and I felt as if I were Engleonde, that hovering doubt came closer then.

"You of all the teeming world!" he growled.

I felt the shock that thrilled through my husband as I clung, half sinking, to his arm; he scanned each conscious face with pitiless inquiry, but not a word.

"Yes, it is I, Col. Acerrington," I retorted, "strung into defiance by pain; and what is it to you, the first wife who has found her happiness in wandering the world over by her husband's side?"

"Perhaps not," replied he, domon prompted; "nor are you the last poor mortal to be among the barbarians in search of lost peace, as I have done, in vain."

My lord's brow darkened as the odious picture rose before him of two sad hearts roaming the world over in search of a but a moment's repose, and the sounds of a hopeless, an unlawful love.

I could not defend myself against the unjust truth in that hated presence, and retired. From my windows I watched the need; no have feared that Lord Incheape would forget his duty to his country to demand private satisfaction for personal injuries. They discussed business, coldly, courteously, with the infernal fires of jealousy between them.

How changed was my wicked lover's haughty beauty, how blurred by mental stress, how marred by the triumph of evil! Yet I may judge him harshly; he had sought me among the barbarians since he lunged among us in silken dala lance, and had torn and perished bravely for Engleonde's sake; who shall say that he had not been suffering withering remorse and shame because of his ill-fated love? Ay, who shall say, when suffering had not taught him mercy and he wittingly sowed misery betwixt my lord and me!

Alone, I pondered how I might save our happiness. We two, so united by true love, could never be sundered by a mere mistake! Should I now confide that long withheld secret, which had been the only disturber of our peace, leaving my husband to deal with the matter as he judged best? Ah, how I longed to know! How weary was I of standing in my own poor strength!

"Engelonde, I do not require this hard duty of you."

"Oh, Raleigh, my husband, were you blind?"

"I must go with you—do not—do not forbid me!" I prayed with bursting heart. "Why will you deem my wife's love self-sacrificing? I have no life, and you are my life. Do not forbid me to go with you. And my lord was silent; he permitted his child wife to creep within the closing fortress of his heart—almost to take her old place there—only for that shadow of a life which ever hovered between. Yet even that half victory was joy unspeakable for me; and as I saw myself included in his every plan, all heaven seemed opening before me—a heaven of hope where doubt would lead me away forever. I was happy—happy!"

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more knocked, announcing the cortege to be in waiting; my lord turned a long, white face, and his arms, which he stretched out her arms for one last embrace in speechless agitation—but stretched them forth in vain.

"When I return—if you are worthy," muttered he.

"God, you cannot leave me thus!" I whispered.

But he could; he did leave me, with a glance of love's relenting.

He was gone; my love, my life! Gone with the light shiver of harness, and the clasp of sword, with the thrasher of cavalry and the gay bugle call, gone with doubt of his Engleonde in his breast, and a hated rival by his side, whose dearest desire it must be to see his death.

I fell forward on my face as one stricken to earth.

Two volleys speaking by the door aroused me; believing me still unconscious, Mr. Sircombe, the director of my household, was questioning my maid concerning the letter which had passed between us, with the thrasher of cavalry and the gay bugle call, gone with doubt of his Engleonde in his breast, and a hated rival by his side, whose dearest desire it must be to see his death.

Mr. Sircombe had accompanied his master. Afterwards I discovered that it was Mr. Sircombe's own man Nathan who had been the bearer of the letter to me. Mr. Sircombe had contrived that through the simplicity of my maid it should be delivered to me in the presence of my lord and that Mr. Sircombe's object in questioning the shock secretary was to doubt of her mistress's fidelity into her mind, that I might be judged and condemned by my household.

Mr. Sircombe would never welcome a mistress, and his patron's house, his had since the post of good night, he had to Lord Incheape too long for him to give it up gracefully.

Night fell, the first which had seen my lord sundered from me.

In that lonely suburb perfect silence reigned; I lingered on the balcony outside my chamber windows hour by hour, heedless of the passage of the night, abandoning myself to my sorrow.

While I watched and prayed there came a moon, and light, and the horses' hoofs—almost thought it fancied for who could be coming to me out of the heart of the hot, sweet tropic night, whose golden moon shone on all I loved my long leave away!

But if you were to come to me, I heard the shiver of harness, and the clasp of armor; a horseman was galloping toward me; through the dense foliage I caught the blue glimmer of steel as he rode up to the gate. A dark presencement, raised me to a spark. I thought that the horses had forgotten that my lord was wounded or slain, and that Kenmore had returned to tell the tale.

Clinging to the marble balustrade I awaited the coming of the messenger. In that lonely suburb perfect silence reigned; I lingered on the balcony outside my chamber windows hour by hour, heedless of the passage of the night, abandoning myself to my sorrow.

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He went out, but with tardy steps, hesitating, biting his nails, his busy to subdue the flames, and his furtive eye scanning me.

"The clash of rapiers guided us to the combatants, but before we could reach them one had fallen. It was my lord. The victor was wiping his blade."

Kenmore raised his master's head upon his knee, I threw myself on the ground beside him with outstretched hands, but a stern voice cried out, "not you, Lady Incheape, it was the secretary."

Kenmore heard the insult offered, and uttered a cry of indignation. Colonel Acerrington sprang to support me, regardless of my loathing repulse.

"It is too late now for resistance," he whispered, "they all believe you guilty; they drive you into my arms."

"I will not be so far as even to act a lie? No one knows my innocence so well as you—will you deign to play a part with this poor wretch—my lord's secretary?"

While they shrank and scowled in shame the noble old Highlander lifted his broad bonnet, crying fervently: "Now God be praised, I know you are wronged, my good friend, but then he turned and cursed my base traducers, so that they skulked apart abashed."

At this moment my lord opened his eyes upon me with a stifled cry of wrath.

"Retire, madam," said he sternly, "what do you care? Falsehood, heinous! These cruel words awoke my crushed spirit, honor forbade submission then."

"My lord, as God hears me you do me foul wrong," I answered proudly. "My heart has never beat save for you."

I moved forward, and the secretary, who you claim to be an honorable man, declare the truth," I cried. But he only shrugged his shoulder with a motion of light appeal. "A base revenge, this sir, which brands you liar and coward."

I retorted, "I do not care for your claim, but you have escaped. You, who have listened to every word that passed between that man and me, can give back my lord his lost faith—dare not to withhold your testimony!" I said.

He looked upon the ground with vacant eye—he was mute.

I heard my lord's insane burst of laughter, while the red blood gushed anew from his side; and then I fell down smitten to the heart by love's cruelty and his revenge.

My lord's wound was deep and dangerous, for many weeks he lay in helpless suffering, incapable of defending his interests, and that was the time Colonel Acerrington took to compass his ruin.

He had taken from my lord all the papers connected with the embassy, and departed, accompanied by his own servant, to accomplish the work which had been confided to Lord Incheape.

I was alike beyond the reach of sorrow or shame, my shock secretary had thrown me into a languishing fever, in which for many sad days delirium lured and mocked me with visions of lost happiness; but my lucid intervals were spent in humble prayer. I earnestly examined my lord's wound, and saw that it bled; I might purify it, so that God might have pity upon me and give me back my husband's.

Alas! wherein was I lacking, that I got no deliverance at all!

My lord recovered sufficiently to travel before I knew one face from another—he had received orders to return to England instantly, and he obeyed. Mr. Sircombe accompanied him—better worded it had been for me if he had never obtained his freedom, for the day of his destruction was now become necessary to his tenure of office, and too well I know that he wielded a malign influence over my lord's mind with regard to the suspected wife.

Not till months had passed and my health was restored, did I learn the calamity which had befallen my lord Incheape through his fatal delusion that night. Colonel Acerrington had taken a foul revenge, his baseness towards me was transcended far by the cruelty of the deed with which he betrayed Lord Incheape.

Colonel Acerrington had accomplished, with brilliant success, the mission which had been confided to my lord, he had returned to England to report his success, and when questioned concerning the singular disappearance of his principal from the scene of action, had boldly stated that Lord Incheape and he had started on the expedition together, that Lord Incheape had turned back after a few hours' riding, on private business of his own, and that he had been left to proceed by himself.

No, while honors and emoluments were showered upon the successful envoy, my lord, who had been so commended before the Oriental commission to make his offense.

"What explanation had my lord to offer?"

My lord had no explanation to offer as his enemy well knew. The truth would have blotted out his fault, and blasted his adversary—but to tell the truth would have been to smirch the reputation of his wife.

My lord's secret to his frowning confessor, "how compels me to silence. I can only say that Richard Acerrington and I have played a deadly game, and that I have lost."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It was Vaccination the Best Preventive? It may be that vaccination has lessened the mortality from small-pox. But, like many other sanitarians, we believe that if nothing but isolation, and disinfection could have been practiced in Jenner's time as they can be and are now, among a more enlightened public, the mortality would since then have been still less, and the repulsive practice of inserting a disease direct from the cow into the human body need never have been adopted. As evidence of this, from among much other evidence, we may mention that we not long ago reported several outbreaks of small-pox, in one year, imported cases, in "one of the west vacinated towns in England," which were promptly suppressed by strict isolation, etc., and without spread in single instance.—Can. Health Journal.

## AROUND A GREAT STATE.

### BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

The Deadly Gasoline Steep—How the Top of His Head Off—Highwayman at Jacksonville—Murder in Massac County—Seared by a Wild Man.

Impressed by Flames.

The Springfield city fire department was called to the coal mine known as the Old North Shaft, where the wood-work on the inside of the mine about 200 feet east of the main shaft had taken fire from a lamp exploding, imprisoning seven men. Two of them fought their way through the smoke and flames to the entrance and were taken out half dead. The others turned back and were supposed to have met death by suffocation.

The firemen worked desperately to subdue the flames, and the only five men were found and brought out the surface, unharmed, though badly blinded and strangled by smoke.

Mrs. Emily Bates, of Chicago, 22 years old, was fatally burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove.

In two weeks the English sparrow will be an out and the sellers of glass eyes will begin to reap a harvest.

At Metropolis Col. R. A. Peter and wife celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The old couple are in good health.

Gov. Frier issued a requisition on the Governor of Iowa for Andrew Scott, who was arrested in Davenport, Iowa, recently. He is wanted in Cook Island for extensive burglars.

A son of J. Roberts, of Winchester, while returning from a hunting trip on a Saturday night, shot and dropped one of the hammers striking on the trigger, the gun was discharged, blowing the top of his head off.

At Salem an inquest was held by Coroner Likin on the body of Leslie White, who died suddenly at his home at Alton. There were rumors of foul play, but the investigation proved that his death was the result of heart failure.

AGUSTUS PATTERSON was stopped by two masked men near Jacksonville, and at the point of a revolver compelled to give up what articles of value he possessed. Two other citizens—Thomas and John—were also stopped and robbed of the loss of valuable horses, supposed to have been stolen by the same men.

JAMES CHARLES, a terra otta worker, was hurled to death from the nineteenth story of the new Masonic Temple building, Chicago. He fell to the first floor in the middle of the day, and was crushed into an unrecognizable mass. Charles arrived a month ago from Scotland, and secured employment with the Northwestern Terra Otta Company.

The following telegram was received at Lansing, Mich.: "By Dr. Baker, Secretary of the State of Illinois, to the Port Huron: 'State of Health A. Family with two cases of smallpox stopped and returned to Canada. The rest of the emigrants out of the same car are on train No. 12, going west, Conductor Belmont, of the Chicago and North Western Police.' The Chicago authorities were enjoined to be on the alert, and quarantine the train."

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER occurred in Massac county at the residence of Diederich Schwartzing in Benton precinct. A dance was in progress in a barn, and the slain man, who was a young man named Ed Wilkins was dragged out by the coat-tail and stabbed by a cousin named William Weaver. No quarrel had occurred that anyone knows of, hence the deed seems to be entirely unprovoked. Wilkins was a most respectable young man, only 19 years of age. His murderer is about the same age.

A WILD MAN is terrorizing the inhabitants of London Township in the vicinity of Chaffee Ford, on Beck's Creek, in the town of Liberty, Fayette county. He was seen for the second time by a party of hunters. He appears to be of medium height with features resembling those of a mulatto or a half-breed Indian, and is in a state of perfect nudity. He is the most ferocious and dangerous of the wild men of the State. The people of that vicinity are organizing a searching party with a view of capturing him.

At Benton, the jury in the case of John Duty, the matricide, returned a verdict of guilty, and fixed his punishment at twenty years in prison. A motion was made for his acquittal, but the jury refused to grant it.

Gov. Frier issued a warrant on the requisition of the Governor of Pennsylvania for the arrest and return to that State of Frederick Scaife, now under arrest in Chicago and wanted in Philadelphia for one of the assassins of President Lincoln.

A fight at Pilot Knob, between the male members of the Risinger and Williams families, young William Williams had his skull fractured. He has sued the Risingers for \$5,000 damages. The fight was the result of a feud of long standing.

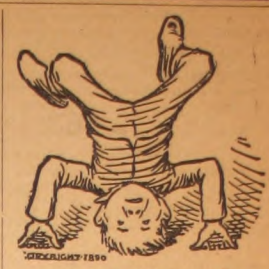
Chicago anarchists held a meeting to commemorate the execution of the Haymarket riot leaders. Utterances insulting to the American flag and Government induced Police Inspector Hubbard to insist upon the display of the American flag, and he ordered his command by the summoning of fifty policemen.

A DISASTROUS fire broke out at Dewitt. The general store of George Watts, above which was the military department of Miss Mollie Lafayette, the proprietor of Mr. Edw. Taylor, a barber shop, the dwelling rooms of A. G. Scott, and the postoffice were burned. The insurance will be partially covered the loss, which will be a great one.

A TRUNK cutting affray occurred at Jacksonville. Joe Wood, a young carpenter, and Jim Montgomery, another mechanic, were in the saloon when Wood's wife came to the door and called out that Montgomery followed, and not recognizing the woman, made derogatory remarks about her, whereupon Wood whipped out a knife and assaulted Montgomery. As soon as he saw his mistake he tried to bring a knife on his side, but Montgomery, who had not succeeded in slipping the attack until he had been tried.

A PRISONER confined in the Jerseyville City Jail, named Thomas Coates, in a moment of drunken frenzy tore up his mattress and built a fire in his cell. The smoke was allowed to time to rescue the man and save the jail.

JOSIE HARRIS, after the death of his wife at Louisville, Pa., fifteen years ago, came to Columbus with his two boys, James and Thomas, and after a year and a year later he abandoned them and was never afterward heard of until the other morning, when a letter was received from him, mailed at Pineville, Tenn. He asks to be permitted to see his sons, and begs forgiveness.



It isn't the usual way—patient when you can't cure him. Nevertheless, that's what's done by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you \$500 if they can't cure your catarrh, no matter how bad the case. It isn't mere talk—it's business. You can satisfy yourself of it, if you're interested. And you ought to be, if you have catarrh. It's faith in their medicine that's behind the offer. It has cured thousands of the worst cases, where everything else failed. You can be cured, too. If you can't, you get the money. They're willing to take the risk—you ought to be glad to take the medicine.

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MISS K. FINLIGAN writes: My mother and sister used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for general weakness. They are both perfectly well now and never tire of praising the Tonic.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Nov. 26, 1888.  
I had been a sufferer for eight long years, when Rev. NEWMAN, of Davenport, Iowa, called my attention to Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I would have known some beforehand that it was going to have a special effect on me, but I would have been glad to try it, as I was tired of everything that came in contact with me. I would have been glad to try it, as I was tired of everything that came in contact with me. I would have been glad to try it, as I was tired of everything that came in contact with me.

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