

RED HOUSE by Mrs. Hungerford (THE DUCHESS) Author of "Molly Bawn," "Alry Fairy Lillian," Etc. Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Chapters I. and II.—Dr. Darkham lives with his wife, a coarse, uncouth woman, almost beneath him in mentality, and hates his father. She angrily charges him with love for Miss Agatha Nesbitt, daughter of one of his patients, a charge which he repudiates. A few minutes afterwards he visits his patient, Mrs. Grestor, and has the small satisfaction of holding for a moment Miss Nesbitt's hand as he leaves.

CHAPTER III.

"Fear is the last of ill; In time we hate that which we often fear."

Agatha came back to the drawing-room, and went straight to her drawers. She did not look at her aunt.

"Well, there is nothing new. He evidently thinks you immensely better. So much better that I wonder he comes here at all."

"It is very kind of him to come," said Mrs. Grestor, calmly.

"It is too kind. And for nothing."

"My dear Agatha, I'm afraid it cannot be for nothing. I expect he will see little symptoms of—"

"I don't mean that. What, impatiently, 'I want to say is, that he gains nothing by coming here.'"

"Nothing in a pecuniary sense, certainly," said Mrs. Grestor, "but he likes good society, and—"

Agatha made a sudden movement.

"I wonder how you can do it," she said, abandoning the position she had taken up a moment ago in the window with a view to hiding her face from her aunt's inquisitive regard, and now turning to face her openly. Her tone was impulsive—even passionate. Her slender, girlish figure seemed to vibrate with the angry emotion within her.

"Do what?" asked Mrs. Grestor, letting the little pink silk sock she was knitting fall upon her lap for a moment. She lifted her bright brown eyes to her niece's face.

"I mean to say that I will not allow him to come here."

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"Strange how people like that live on. Useless—mere burdens—creatures one shrinks from. Why, he must be almost grown up now."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Grestor, "but he looks a mere child. He has grown, but his face has not; it is so young—pathetically young; and at times almost beautiful. Nearly all idiots are hideous, because of the want of soul in them, but Edwy sometimes—"

"Not when he is excited."

"No, no. And not when he laughs. What a frightful sound it is. You know, at least, that he can say a word that has a meaning."

"Mr. Blount told me about it. 'She' is the sound, is it not?"

"Yes, you do. Like all girls, you are full of non-sensical fads, and—"

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"You know," said Agatha, slowly, and neatly. "You're lovely; you're a perfect de-light," said Mrs. Firsi-Robinson, her eyes shining more brightly than ever; "but really, I don't know why I should want to be—"

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"A Gentleman Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: 'For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.' 'In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair which she had kept falling out every day, I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that is claimed to be.'—Antonio Alarun, Bastrop, Tex.



Ayer's Hair Vigor

be magnificent. And so you call Mr. Blount a person?"

"Perhaps I was wrong," said Ambert, contemptuously; "a 'beggar' would be nearer the mark."

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SPOOK.

THE GHOST THAT WALKED WITH GRAND DUKE PAUL OF RUSSIA—A CHILLING COMPANION.

The amicable relations existing between France and Russia are of no recent origin. Toward the end of the eighteenth century Paul, the son of Catherine II., was accorded the most cordial reception at the court of Marie Antoinette and at the palace of Versailles, as well as at the charming rural village of Trianon (that elegant rural conception of the ill-fated queen, with its model farm and park). The most brilliant fetes and balls were given in honor of the young "Comte de Comtesse du Nord," this being the adopted title of the august traveller and visitor to the French court.

One evening, at the "appartements" of the Princess de Lamballe, he was afterwards to reign under the title of Paul I., and his young wife, Marie Fedore, la Baronne d'Oberkirch (a childhood friend of the grande duchesse, and educated with her in the little German court) the nonchalante Septimanie d'Egmont, daughter of the Marshal de Richelieu; the handsome Vaudreuil, Kourakir, aide-de-camp of Paul; the Prince de Ligne, who so well personified the frivolous spirit of the age, and some other personages of "le grande monde" were seated together at a recherche supper, such as only the cooks of the "petit appartements de Versailles" were capable of creating. An immense chandelier of rock crystal hung from the ceiling, and threw its thousand brilliant reflections on the powdered heads, flashing jewels and shining silken robes of lovely women and distinguished men who composed this assembly of the "creme de la creme" of the French court.

In exquisite Bohemian glass sparkled the clear, ruby and topaz wines; while the table itself was a dream of artistic confectionery and luscious fruits. It was the convivial hour when the ladies and gentlemen of the day being over, conversation flowed in one inextinguishable stream of wit, humor and hilarity, which the august presence of the heir to the Russian throne seemed ready to enhance than diminish. Every one was at his ease, while low-breathed vows of love and courtly compliments mingled with the witty anecdote, the tacy witticism and the occasional elegant philosophy of that brilliant company, whose expression and attitude showed the interest they felt, he began: "On a lovely night, such as we are sometimes favored with during the pale spring of the north, a fancy party was given at the walk across St. Petersburg. My good aide-de-camp here accompanied me, together with two stout Cossacks of the Don, ready to defend their master and to enter the lists against all comers and to take the life of any man who should dare to offend the honor of the Cossack."

"The aide-de-camp and myself walked ahead laughing and joking about our expedition, and, certainly in no visionary or spirituous frame of mind. It was a pleasant walk through the sleeping town on that sweet spring night. The moon shone so brightly that one could easily have read a letter by the light of the moon. My object was to see distinctly seen as by daylight."

"On turning a street corner I perceived in the portal of an ancient hotel the tall figure of a man enveloped in a mantle which he had on his hat or covering pulled low over the forehead. It was the first person we had encountered during our midnight peregrination, and as I paused, the man emerged from his retreat and took his place by my side, keeping step with me as we proceeded. I softly touched my aide-de-camp and whispered, 'Don't you think we have met with a strange companion?'"

"What do you mean, monseigneur?"

"Why, the man on my left. Surely he makes noise enough for you to hear his footsteps."

"Then surely you must be both blind and deaf if you do not see and hear the man enveloped in a mantle who walks on my left, for my own sake, I do not wish to see any other man."

"To convince myself I stretched out my hand and found to my amazement that I was walking close to the wall. However, the man was there, regulating his pace with mine, and I began to experience a strange sensation of terror as I felt my left side, which was next the stranger, become cold as marble, while the blood seemed to freeze in my veins."

Here the duke looked round on his audience. The pretty faces had pale visages, and the ladies, throwing their hands up in alarm, exclaimed, "Oh, monseigneur, I should have died of fright!"

"I acknowledge," replied the duke, "that I was greatly impressed by this strange experience, especially as my companion, in spite of myself, and from the influence of the man enveloped in a mantle, one of which I was powerless to escape. Suddenly, from out of the darkness, a voice addressed me, and it seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth. 'Poor, poor, poor prince!' it repeated three times, when, without any accent, which, however, had nothing of

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Among the many bargains can be had:— 350 SETS DINING CHAIRS, Light or Dark Case Seats, \$4.90 per set of Six Chairs.

75 HALL RACKS, Nicely Carved, Finished Dark with Mirror 12 x 20, \$4.75.

50 BEDROOM SUITES, Solid Oak quarter cut, Has dromely Carved and Polished, with Bevel Mirror, 20 x 40, \$39.50, retail price \$55.

40 PARLOR SUITES, Handsomely Upholstered in Silk, Tapestry and Plush, with Spring Edges, \$65, former price \$90.

75 EASY CHAIRS, Beautifully upholstered in Tapestry and Silk Plush, Spring Seats, Solid Walnut Frames, \$9.95, regular price \$15.

100 ROCKING CHAIRS, Perforated Sides, Strong and Well Made, \$1.90 each.

500 RUSTIC GARDEN CHAIRS, 40c each.

125 BEDROOM SUITES, Finished in Antique, \$12.50 equal to any in the market at \$16.

1,000 Case Seat Chairs, 50c; 500 Plush Rocker, \$3.75; 250 Lounges, \$9.50; 300 Oak Centre Tables, \$5.75.

Endless variety of Parlor Suites, Dining-room Suites, Cabinets, Bookcases, Deaks, Tables, Easy Chairs, Hall Racks, Hall Chairs, etc., etc.

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