

LOVELY LAMENTATION.

BY ANONYMOUS.

Who will the fall in brave Cupid's hero's... will the willow in gore?...

My heart has a great big hole bored through it... my great dynamite gun...

When we will have a parade... my heart will be so sweetly tooled...

My heart will be so sweetly tooled... my heart will be so sweetly tooled...

My heart will be so sweetly tooled... my heart will be so sweetly tooled...

My heart will be so sweetly tooled... my heart will be so sweetly tooled...

My heart will be so sweetly tooled... my heart will be so sweetly tooled...

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Poor soul! I pass by your insults; you... are beneath my contempt.

The old soldierly spirit of Richard Ry-der was aroused. The emergency called him instantly to action.

He raised the latch; he pulled; he tugged at the door. It was looked from the outside!

CHAPTER VI. A MYSTERY OF OUR NIGHT. The grinning discovery. He brandished the poker and shouted to the cowering countrymen.

One of the countrymen at each window now tugged and lifted, but neither could raise the sash.

The landlady now made a close in-pection with the light, and soon dis-covered the difficulty.

The discovery almost unmanned the landlady. He dropped the poker, and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

But it was a silence more alarming than an outcry for help could have been. The unknown, the mysterious, is ever more appalling than that which is plainly seen.

The fortitude of Dick Ryder was al-most vanquished by this crowning proof of a deliberate and well-executed design to confine himself and the others to the house while violence was being done in the parlor.

The heavy center-table was tipped over. The velvet cover was rent almost in twain. The large branch of wax candles was on the floor, the candles stamped and crushed into the carpet.

Two small stains of a reddish color were seen on a white figure of the carpet. The boy picked up something, looked at it, and cried out.

He hurried back to the tap. The ladders had summoned courage enough to come out, and were examining the device by which the shutters had been fastened.

The stable-boy was bidden to take the lantern, and, not knowing what reason there was for fear, he obeyed at once.

There was no answer. An undefined sense of dread was at his heart; a sickening sense of what the opening of that door might reveal.

He found them—many of them. With-in three yards of the steps he came upon plain marks of a man's shoes, regularly impressed upon the sand and perfectly retaining their shape as they led down in two toward the water, just as a person would make them in walking.

Where the beach was lost in the water, the sands were furrowed and ridged about in places. Closely examining all these signs of something dreadful, yet to be disclosed, often kneeling down and study-ing and counting the footprints by the lantern-light, Dick Ryder consumed twice ten minutes.

Another thought occurred to him and he acted on it. Going a little way down the beach, he dragged one of his feet slowly and heavily along on the sand.

It was in darkness, except for the light of the lantern. It was deserted. It was a place of utter confusion. Marks of a grapple, of an encounter, were plain to be seen.

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Two small stains of a reddish color were seen on a white figure of the carpet. The boy picked up something, looked at it, and cried out.

Ryder took it and examined it. It was a clasp-knife, which might be shut and carried in the pocket, but was six inches in the blade. Red stains were on the blade.

CHAPTER VII. A FAMILY HISTORY. Seated on the northern bank of the Thames, near where the river broadens out into the North Sea, no more beautiful villa, nor grounds surrounding it, so stately with well-kept parks and landscape gardens, than those of Sir Ralph Pembroke could be found from London down.

day. The lawn and walks were being swept clean. The coming great event of the wedding filled everybody with interest.

Sir Roger, florid, gouty, and rather un-wisely with generous living, rose and breakfasted late. The meal finished, he took an easy seat on the broad front piazza and looked off upon the river, where the compasses of the world, under sail, were passing before him.

"Here you are, then, father," said a musical voice, as his daughter Isabel came up to his chair.

She was a dark, haughty beauty, round- ed in form, and with almost perfect features. Those who knew her beat- and as she kept all the world at a distance, it was impossible for any one to know her well—said that her coldness, her selfishness, and her pride had but one redeeming trait—devotion to her father.

"I have, dreadfully provoked! How could I help it?"

"I have," replied Sir Roger, with a clouded brow. "I have reluctantly con- sented, to save a disgrace which I could not bear to think of. When I became satisfied that, with or without my con- sent, Blanche would marry Captain Courtenay, when I learned that his regim- ent is to sail next month on foreign service, and when I understood that the effect of my continued refusal would be to make Blanche elope with him, then, and not till then, I consented."

"I've no doubt you would have done as you say, Belle. Your ideas are right; the daughters of Sir Roger Pembroke, baronet, are entitled to look high for their husbands. Perhaps I am to blame; perhaps I ought to have treated her with severity, and broken up the match at all hazards; but, Belle—I couldn't. I'm getting old and weak, maybe; I wasn't able to stand out against that girl. She was so quiet about it, yet so determined; she was so deferential and respectful to me, yet so fixed in her mind—that she carried the day. I scolded, argued, and entreated; all of no use. 'I'll obey you in anything, in everything, dear father,' she said; 'but the man that I'm to go hand in hand with through life I must choose for myself. The one I have chosen is worthy of me in every way, and I do not care to look any higher. I want you to consent.' Old fool that I am, I consented. The fact is, she's got her poor mother's ways, as well as her face. That's how it was."

"A page out of a story-book!" she sneered. "And who is Captain Courtenay?"

"I will do justice to the young man, Belle—though he is not at all the hus- band I should have chosen for one of my daughters. He is an orphan, of respecta- ble descent, and has risen rapidly in his chosen profession by his own merits. He is educated, bright, and very intelli- gent."

"And poor," interrupted Isabel.

"Yes, that is true. He has his monthly pay, and about two thousand pounds in the funds. I inquired at the War Office for his standing and record, and found both good. I rather think, Belle, that it is the fact of his being a soldier that reconciles me to what would otherwise be a bitter humiliation. This is a warlike age. Britain is really ruled by the martial spirit. The profession of arms opens an almost boundless field to young men of energy and ability. Therefore, I have consented to this marriage, and that Blanche should go to a foreign station the wife of a Captain—trusting that she may return in ten years her husband a Major General."

Isabel tossed her head again, and had a very spiteful remark on her tongue, but managed to suppress it.

"What is it about Robert Barnwell," she asked, "whose name sometimes ap- peared in your letters?"

The baronet frowned.

"That was a most unfortunate inci- dent," he said, "though I believe that Blanche is not to be blamed for it. About the time Captain Courtenay began to be serious in his attentions, Barnwell also frequently called upon her. He was a brilliant and rising young advocate, and had some money left him by a deceased relative. He fell into bad ways, became dissipated, gambled away everything, and was finally disgraced. The time came when I peremptorily forbade him to enter the house. I don't know what has become of him and I don't care. He is a wretched outcast, whatever he is."

"I believe everything has been done that you wished, Blanche," he said. "Have you thought of anything else?"

"No, papa. You have been very kind; I shall always remember it."

"At what time will the Captain arrive?" Isabel asked.

"His trunk came yesterday by stage. He wrote me that he should leave Ipswich yesterday, on horseback, stop at Colchester overnight, and making a long ride to-day, reach here this evening."

"He doesn't seem to be in any great hurry," said the spiteful sister.

"He will reach here in ample time," replied Blanche serenely.

But he had not arrived at nightfall. At ten o'clock the house was closed, and he was still absent.

The morning wore away; the afternoon was half spent, and still the baronet and his eldest daughter sat on the piazza, conversing together and watching the sails and barges on the river. At the announcement of lunch they went in to- gether. As they were seated, Blanche came down stairs and joined them.

She was a glorious creature, blonde in hair and complexion, blue of eyes, with all the innocent frankness of a child, and all the grace of a woman. She came behind her father's chair and kissed him; she hesitated as she looked toward her sister, but the frigid aspect of the latter repelled her.

There was an awkward pause as she took her seat and the servants began to wait on them. The baronet was uneasy, and looking with a kind of tender interest at his younger daughter, cast about for something to say.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARKET PRICES.

New York Quotations for Produce of Various Kinds.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various commodities such as State dairy, Eastern Creamery, Beans, Peas, Apples, etc.

Trying to Save a Murderer.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—Attorney Blackburn will visit Gov. Altgeld to-day and lay before him the evidence and arguments in support of his petition for the pardon of George H. Painter, sentenced to be hanged next Friday. Attorney-General Maloney refuses to express any opinion concerning the value of the new evidence which Painter's attorneys will present.

Death of a Famous Architect.

VIENNA, Jan. 5.—Baron Karl von Haasnauer is dead. He was probably the most conspicuous architect in Austria. Among his works are the Royal Museum in Vienna, the palace of Count von Lutetow in Tienna and the palace of Industry, built for the Vienna Exposition in 1875.

Attached a Street Railway.

SALEM, Mass., Jan. 5.—William Blaney of Marblehead has attached the Lynn and Boston street railway in the sum of \$400,000 in a notice of intent to purchase a major stock interest in the Lynn and Boston Street Railway Co.

Tried for His Life; WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SCAFFOLD.

BY MAJOR JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER V. A MIDNIGHT.

Mr. Ryder was at first perfectly dis-ayed by the calamity that appeared to be impending. He lost all presence of mind, and gazed blankly at the shut parlor door.

The landlady now made a close in-pection with the light, and soon dis-covered the difficulty. Between the upper and lower sashes on each side a small hardwood wedge had been inserted and driven in so tightly that only the butt could be seen.

The discovery almost unmanned the landlady. He dropped the poker, and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Merciful God, protect us!" he groan- ed. "O, my wife and babes! Are we all to be murdered together, like rats in a trap?"

The terrors of his imagination gave him new energy. He dashed at the door leading from the tap to the dining-room and the living-rooms of the house.

And that door was also locked—the key was gone!

Ryder seized the poker again. He paused an instant to listen. Save the noise made by the heavy breathing of the terrified justices as they cowered together in the corner there was no sound.

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