

LOVE OR DEATH.

BY WM. V. LONG.

You cannot send me from you, sweet—better to me where I stand dead at your feet! I have no fear—see, with all my life's Great Love, my breast I bear, white as a woman's.

Dr. Eifenstein's Mission A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Then a violently storm was raging. The storm was strange to say, the first that had occurred in the evening since his night view of the haunted tower, and its dancing demon, just five weeks before.

It was standing on this landing that her part of the ghostly work was to be performed. Taking then a long-handled torch, with which the colored lights above were to be touched in order to light them, she applied the candle to it, and reaching up soon had every one illuminated and flaming away in the usual unearthly looking glare.

Right and see what this can be." Stopping to find the candle, another eldritch-like came, this time as if from the ruins, and with the first sound Ethel darted toward the man beside her, crying: "Oh, do not leave me! I shall die, I shall die!"

you, and she watched him disappear amid the darkness and storm. Darting out, she secured the strap without trouble, fastened down the window, and soon slept under the effects of the anodyne he had so thoughtfully left for her use.

THE FATAL LETTER. FOUND IN THE POCKET OF TWO MEN IN Railroad Accidents. A short time ago a tramp was at Wellsburg, W. Va., in a railroad wreck, and a letter found in his pocket indicated that his name was James Ray, and that he lived in this city.

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