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Masked Marriage

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN IN THE ENTERPRISE MARCH 28TH AND WILL RUN ABOUT 8 WEEKS.

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER V.

struck her in the face, causing the beautiful girl to fall stunned and bleeding on the floor. It needed no blow to strike down Noel. Young Carson's declaration that he had seen Edith near Ned Newcomb's place...

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPIDER WEB.

Edith struggles of Edith Edwards to answer Ned Newcomb when he called her name. She hesitated for a moment, then she spoke. "I don't know who you are, but I will take a cup of coffee, and wait here until you come back."

"Your father, girl? And what might be the matter with him?" "Ah, don't you know? Did you not hear how he was injured at the mill today? Lost his sight, possibly his reason, and wandered away from home to-night. Oh, it is terrible! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

ached to get away, that she might ascertain what had become of her father. "Dame Dawson hastened off, and Edith seated herself in a chair, near the stove, to await her return. Presently a drowsy feeling began to take possession of her. She tried to shake it off, but found herself powerless to resist its influence. She stood up in the hope that by walking about she could keep awake, but her senses were overpowered. She made a supreme effort to reach the door, so that she might call on her benefactor for help, but her brain was in a whirl. She saw the room spin rapidly around, and then she fell forward heavily on the carpeted floor, as if stunned by a blow, and there she lay, the stealthy Dame Dawson found her, when she returned a minute later, deep in the oblivion of a drugged sleep. The friendly drink had done its work."

touch of gallantry, suggested that Miss Alice might favor the company with her presence at supper. "Just as she pleases," said Dick. "Of course she is at home here, like the rest of us, and if it is agreeable to the company and she desires to remain, it will be all right. She is now visiting her mother and myself for the first time in five years. The party was just in the mood to enjoy Alice's company, and after a little show of reluctance, she remained. Her part in the feast, however, consisted in saying bright things in a modest way, and inspiring the company to indulge liberally in the wine, of which there was an abundance. Clarence Carson was dazzled and delighted with her winsome ways, and when Dick suggested that she favor the party with a little song toward the close of the supper, Carson was the most urgent member of the company to secure her compliance. Alice knew precisely the point at which to yield to the general request, and taking up her mandolin, which happened to be close at hand, she sang the following Baccchanian ballad, in low sweet voice, to a witching accompaniment."

AT PLEASURE'S SHRINE. Let others walk the thorny path And drink the bitter cup of life. While they view Dame Fortune's wrath And ponder on its constant strife. But give to me a cup of peace. A knowing cup of golden wine. I care not what this life shall cease. I'll live and die at Pleasure's shrine— At Pleasure's shrine— I'll lead a life of pain and joy. Why wrinkle brow and cheer with care. Why sink in sorrow's undertow. When all the world is bright and fair? But I will never more repine. For Nature bids the heart be glad. And I will live at Pleasure's shrine— At Pleasure's sunny shrine. The gentlemen expressed their delight with Alice's song, and her singing of it in extravagant terms. That they were evidently in the mood for the sentiment, was seen in the hearty manner in which they quaffed the wine while they "toasted" the fair singer. The game was resumed. Clarence Carson was eager to have Alice remain and take a hand, and her presence was so agreeable to all the others, that they united in the request. "Alice was no novice at the game. Her mind was clear, her nerves steady, and she felt that the great moment had come which Dick and herself had so often discussed. Dick was sober. He always managed to keep in that condition when superintending his club-room, and he keenly eyed a swift glance at Alice, who sat at the table as demure as a boarding-school girl. The game at first began rather tamely, but interest in it increased as it progressed. It is unnecessary to go into details, since it is the result that interests us. Suffice it, therefore, to say that in a short time the game was over. Alice Dawson called Clarence Carson with a hand worth anything, when he held the enchanting apparition of lovely womanhood that stood before him in the hall. "I declare, Alice," he called, in a somewhat tender tone, "you make me almost fall in love with you again. But I suppose there is no more romance for us. Your father made me realize hard facts when he sent the bullet that made this scar plowing through my forehead," and he raised the heavy mass of jet black hair which half concealed the wound on his temple, and added, "Alice, you can always claim me by this mark. It is your lawful man."

prepared to sell his life dearly in case of attack. The footsteps drew nearer, and the paralytic ruffian in the corner heard some one open the door. Then a woman's voice in a tone of half-supplication called, "Father, father! Are you here?" It was the voice of Zaida Carson, who had been lying awake, thinking over the exciting scene which occurred earlier in the evening, and in the stillness of the night heard the struggle in her father's study, and wondered what it might be. She pushed the door of the study open, and was amazed to find the room in dark tress. She called her father repeatedly, in quick, nervous tones, but there was no response, and then becoming awed over the loneliness of the place, she was about to return to her room, when a low moan sent a chill to her heart, and filled her mind with a thousand fears. Her first impulse was to enter the room, but the dark, lonely, and mysterious situation caused her to shrink, and on second thought she resolved on rousing her sisters and the servants, and bringing them to the scene. That pitiful moan sounded like the wail of some lost spirit, and Zaida Carson almost fainted when she heard it, but she rallied all her strength, for she had a foreboding that it would be needed before morning. Then she ran off to procure help. The assassin, who had been crouching in the corner, experienced a great sense of relief, as he heard her retreating footsteps hurrying along the hall, and when he thought she was gone a safe distance, reasoned with himself, "Now is my time, and I will step to the cash-box, which lay on the desk. The sweet-toothed lock indicated that a quarter of an hour had passed since Philip Carson noted the time. Now the millionaire lay insensible to sound. How great is man's power of enjoyment! How trivial a thing it is that ends it all! The assassin moved lightly in the direction of his plunder. He knew there must be a great amount of money in the cash-box, and that if he could only get away with it he would be rich. This thought spurred him and gave wings to his soul. Stealthily he groped his way to the desk. The corner of the room as well in the dark as if it was day, because he had often been there before, but he did not quite realize the direction in which the deliberate opening of the room-door. The assassin moved as lightly as a cat, and quickly stepped back to the corner he had just left, and where, owing to a friendly book-case, he would be partly concealed, even if the gas was lighted. It startled him to hear some one moving about the place. Then there was a pause of a few seconds, but no light, and presently the sound of footsteps in the room again. The robber was amazed. Could it be that Philip Carson, to whom he had given his quietus, had come back to life, or was it simply the effect of imagination. The door of the study made a creaking sound once more, and then came one passed out and moved quickly down the hall. Now the robber was interested in knowing if Philip Carson still lay where he felt, a little to the right of the desk, and he groped about for the body. This time his touch had no terrors for him, and he experienced a real relief on ascertaining that the millionaire was really dead. Just then there was a commotion in the hall, and the robber heard a woman's voice calling loudly: "Clarence, Clarence. There's something wrong in father's study. Come with us." The assassin wanted to hear no more. He seized the cash-box, snatched it from the desk, and for a moment hesitated as to whether he should run the gamut of the hallway, and take the chances of escaping with his life and his plunder. Instantly a new idea occurred to him. There was the window! Truven it was but the work of a few seconds, and the thief was gone. He had gone but a few yards from the place, when the room was filled with light, and he heard the cry of horror which escaped from Zaida's lips, as she beheld the prostrate body of her father. Now the assassin was in the shadow. He had left the window open, and he could hear distinctly what was said by the startled Zaida, her sister, and the servants. "Oh, dear God, my poor father has been killed!" exclaimed Zaida, as she knelt beside the body. "Who could have done such a cruel deed to one who was so kind?" The servants looked at each other in amazement and grief, then the coachman said: "Why didn't you stop that man what run out as we came along the hallway?" "What man?" asked one of the women. "Why the man what run when Miss Zaida called. That's the villain who done this awful crime." "Hush," said the other, "That was Clarence Carson." "Oh, heavens! my cousin!" cried Zaida, in despair. "It cannot be—it cannot be," and the heart-broken girl covered her face with her hands. "Clarence Carson was evidently in an advanced stage of intoxication, but not so advanced that he did not know what he was doing. His face was white, and he was evidently laboring under some great excitement, when he struggled hard to control, but he made some kind of a forced answer to Tom Eckert's greeting."



A HAPPY TRYST.

With Madge the miller's daughter,
While she gazed at the waving corn,
I wandered 'neath the waving corn...

WOUNDED UNTO DEATH.

An Accident at the Battle of Fair Oaks.

A battle is not always a whirl of confusion and uproar, with men fighting as if on a random. At Fair Oaks on the morning of May 31st...

When the fury of the battle had passed on I was lame and stiff, and the location was strange to me, and I did not know whether we were still advancing or in retreat...

"You have given me my death wound."
"But you sought to kill me," I protested in astonishment.

"It is I who am wounded," he said. "I have found my death wound."
"Let us be friends," I said, as I knelt beside him.

THE REJECTED SON.

LESLION II, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 14.

Text of the Lesson, Mark 4:1-12. Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Classified from Lesson-Book, Quarterly by permission of the Rev. D. M. Stearns, Publisher.)
"Leslion II began to speak unto them by parables. This was done that they should hear, but should not understand, and should not be converted."

"I have seen a servant that he thought to be a certain man, and he called him 'a certain man'."
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