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Business Announcements

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JEWELLERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS
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 ARDY AND COMPANY
 VICTORIA STREET, CONSETT.
 GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF WINE
 STOCK will commence on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11th.

372, and continue for 21 Days. The whole of the valuable Stock will be offered public at greatly reduced prices to make the Spring Deliveries. Those who are in first-class Cheap Draperies will find this opportunity. A very large portion of our Men, and Cotton Goods was purchased at a advance.

The following Goods are being sold off
Manufacturers' prices—Green and Blue Wo
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Saddles, English Saddles, Blankets, and

**DIES AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING.
1,000 REMNANTS at Half-price.**

ARDY & COMPANY
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(CORNER OF NUNS' STREET)
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THOMAS LAMB,
STATIONER, BOOKSELLER, PRINTER
AND BOOKBINDER,
ANNFIELD PLAIN,
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BIBLES, Hymn Books, Ledgers, Day Books,
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tion and Prize Books. Periodicals. Weekly

ly, of all kinds. All kinds of Tin and
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10 CHAINS in Dry Coloured Gold	£8 6s. to £20
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REID AND SONS,
GERRY STREET, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

A TALE OF DOMINION

CHAPTER III

THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER.—A VISIT
AN ACCOMPANY WITH THOMAS W.
STROUBLE FOR THE KEY, AND ITS
INTERPRETATION.

When Thomas Wentworth took care
from the cold white face of his dead
suddenly clutched his wrist, raised his
browed from his loosened grasp, and
words whispered hoarsely in his ear.

"He can do you no harm now, but
"What would you with him, or what
Had the dead man himself risen
and uttered these words, they could
fallen with more terrible effect upon

awe-stricken visitor to the chamber of in that dark dull room, and in a low that seemed scarcely human, they fe Wentworth's ear with hideous distinc ceased for a moment to beat, his lips sively, and his teeth clicked; against though an agony rattled them.

He staggered back towards the foot passing his hand across his dazed eyes mysterious intruder in an agony wonder.

"Who, and what are you?" he gas

of a hood that enveloped the face of
pair of piercing eyes seemed to strike

Lightning bolts, in the gloom of the
"Who are you?"
"Do you not know me, Thomas W?
the voice. "Well, a pretty mild man
want of perception."
The hook was suddenly thrown back
grook clash in which the
"Do not ask, and tell to the ground."
"Was it Mr. Martin Bayle, the hon.
"I was," he exclaimed.
covering for his exertions. For
a while you are shy, but it will
as you suppose."
"Merely a trick to see if my supri-
your designs are well founded."
"Indeed!" said Thomas Westworth
har. "And you find me so?"
"do I?"
Thomas Westworth went to the door
on the inside. He then walked toward
keeper, and looked her fiercely in the
"Give me this key!"
"Why?" replied Mrs. Bayle, back-
"Because I demand it."
And what if I refuse to give it you?"
"I shall ask it of you, and at any
"Thomas Westworth
firmly," you mistake me, if you imagi-
are an easy victory.
you think me, nor by the means you lay
sary time out. You are not to know
my voice will reach beyond that
make a hellion even of this chamber
for a finger soon, and

upon the face of this resolute woman.
moved nervously to clutch her, but he

mined eye kept him aloof. He stared at her strangely, wondering how she could have so easily circumvented her husband and enter the house freely. She saw his embarrassment, and then with a look of confidence. Then she lightly and so coolly turned away.

"You meditated one crime, Thomas I see by your eye-eyes that you meditated a second. I have no fear of you. I have no fear of your guilty thoughts are dwelling upon."

"Martha Bayle," said the young apprentice, "I am not an impetuous person. I am pushing to extremes, a desperate man, but I am not a madman."

"But that key I must have."

"Yes, I will take you to the house. It is better. It can be opened with it. It is better to break a lock, I should think, than to commit a murder. You can break from beneath the pillow of your dying wife, and you do it. What are the tests of that citizen. It is like to take the key and all to the reputation of a thief and a burglar; only instead of the thief and burglar, he has the name of breaking into a house. It is no secret now."

at him Thomas Wentworth gradually ap-
till he could have laid his entreaty.

But when he had gained this position, he started to bring about the scene that her cold demeanor too plainly threatened.

He stood before her, irresolute, trembling, and glaring at her from beneath his eyebrows with a fierceness that would have stirred effect upon any but a woman cast in the mould of immaturity.

But he had what his match in cold, determination, and the housekeeper gave him glance in that rencontre between two warring powers.

Thomas Wentworth was not, however, foiled, even at any cost; and he feared

If he could silence for a time that resolu-
 thought he might trust to the future for

But he felt that the first real movement in this dangerous direction would bring to his discovery he dreaded. It occurred to him to temporize—to seem to yield, and to housekeeper's intentions by an appearance.

He drew back from his forward position in an almost familiar tone:

"I think, Mrs. Baylis, we had better—let's matter a little more coolly. What do you think to be my intention in possessing myself of this?"

Matthia Baylis again regarded him—winked, and her eyes looked sarcastically at him as he replied,

"Who can know but yourself? Per-

Perhaps you took it for fear that some forestal son and hinder his intentions.

"You do!" said Thomas Westworth, his hands, and settling some of the books on the table. "You credit me, then, with such a forgery?"

The housekeeper smiled grimly again but said nothing.

"And you, know I suppose, the countess?"

"Which you say is in that bureau?" he asked.

"I do," said the countess.

"You need not ask me that," she took

have watched him," and here the pointed man, upon whose face the awakening day play with a pale spectral light. "You bring closely enough to answer that question."

"Well," Jack Baylis," he replied, trying at his ease, but failing to deceive the keen eyes of the housekeeper, "since you are fond of the house, and I am, though you may doubt it, a true friend of the house, I will tell you the truth."

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1

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