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NO. 5.

THE HAWK'S NEST.

BY BRET HARTE.

We checked our pace—the road sharply rounded;
We heard the troubled flow
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding
A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the canyon, lifted,
The gray hawk breathless hung,
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted
Where ferns and thorn-bush clung;

Or where, half way, the mountain side was
furrowed
With many a seam and scar,
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed—
A mole hill seen so far.

We looked in silence down across the distant
Unfathomable reach,
A silence broken by the guide's consistent
And realistic speech:

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through
Peters
For telling him he lied,
Then up and dusted out of South Horvats
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's and up through
Eden,
And 'cross the ford below,
And up this mountain (Peter's brother leadin'),
And me and Clark and Joe.

"He fo'nt us game; somehow, I disremember
Just how the thing come round;
Some say 'twas waddin', some a scattered
ember
From fires on the ground.

"But in one minute all the hill below him
Was just one sheet of flame;
Guardin' the crest, Sam Clark and I called to
him,
And—well, the dog was game.

"He made no sign—the fire of hell were
round him,
The pit of hell below
We stand and watch, but we never found him,
And then we turned to go.

"And then—you see that rock that's grown
so bristly
With chaparral and tan—
Suttin' crept out—it might have been a
grizzly,
It might have been a man.

"Suttin' that howled and gashed its teeth
and shouted
In smoke and dust and flame;
Suttin' that sprang into the depths about it,
Grizzly or man—but game!

"That's all. Well, yes, it does look rather
risky,
And kinder makes one queer
And dizzy looking down. A drop of whiskey
Ain't a bad thing at night here!"

TOO BASHFUL.

BY HARLAN E. WARD.

"Hang it all, what can a poor fellow do?"

A great, handsome, good-natured,
honest-hearted fellow was Charley Winter,
but so very bashful, that in the presence
of the gentler sex he never could have
told whether he was standing on his feet
or on his head. Just now his falling was
immensely aggravated by the fact that he
was over head and ears in love with
Clarice Wilmer, the sweetest, prettiest,
most bewitching little beauty in all the
region round about.

"O dear, I wish I knew a way to tell
my love, and not be there myself. Deuce
take the girls! they bother you on purpose,
I believe, and always manage so your
courage oozes out of your fingers' ends
before you can quite ready to ask the
fatal question!"

"Why don't you write?"

"Write! I shouldn't know a word to
say; and then I'd never dare to look her
in the face again."

"O, what a spoozy! Simply say you
love her, and ask her if she will make
you happy. Then face the music like a
man, and meet her next time as if nothing
had happened—unless she answers yes,
and then, of course you'll act as if
something had happened."

Charley groaned despairingly.

"Easy enough for you to talk," he
muttered, dubiously. "You who have
been married seven years—with me the
case is different. I tell you, Tom, you
don't know anything about it."

"Yes I do. Didn't I have to do my
courting just the way you've got to do
yours? Didn't Nell act just as Clarice
does, bewitching me at one moment, and
driving me almost to suicide the next?
You're a lunatic, you are, and I hope
Clarice will give you the mitten."

"I'm afraid she will."

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,"
quoted Tom Hildy, indignantly, as he
arose to take her next time as if nothing
had happened—unless she answers yes,
and then, of course you'll act as if
something had happened."

Charley thought about it after he was
gone. The more he thought the better
pleased with it he was.

"It's terrible, but I suppose I must!"
he groaned, seating himself at his writing
desk, and clutching wildly at paper,
pens and ink.

An hour of torture. Charley began a
dozen billet-doux and tore them up, then
wrote a dozen more, and tore them up
also.

"It's utterly useless," he moaned, at
last; and then the great boy laid his
head upon the desk and fairly sobbed.

"I'll write and ask her to go to the
opera with me to-morrow night, any way,
and then, perhaps—" he dared to
think no further.

"My dear—no, that never'll do—was
ever a mortal so perplexed as I am? I
wish the girls were all at the bottom of
the ocean, and Eve had never been
created. Well, I'll begin again."

This time he was successful. His note
was short enough, and some young ladies
might take umbrage at such an invitation,
but Clarice knew his bashfulness. It
read as follows, and was not dated at all:

"Will you be kind enough to honor
me by the acceptance of my escort to the
opera to-morrow eve?"

And that was all besides the signature.
Well, there," said Charley, as he got it
done. "I promised sister Minnie I
would write to her this week, so I will
do it now while my hand is in." And
tossing the note one side, he soon began
his letter.

"SISTER MINE" (it read) "Yours of the 17th came to hand, and I have meant to answer it before. The fact is, I am deep in love with a young lady—Clarice Wilmer, of whom you've heard me speak, and am afraid she don't return it. You know that I am so confoundedly bashful I daren't speak a word to her about it, and neither can I write. Sometimes I think I've got the necessary courage, but when I meet her it vanishes like dew before the sun, and I'm a bigger fool than ever. I know she thinks that I'm a fool, but I can't help it—I'd rather face a battery of mitrailleurs, or any other engine of destruction, than a pretty woman, any time, and Clarice is the fairest, sweetest, and most beautiful young lady I ever saw."

Here followed three whole pages of lover's rhapsody, interspersed with wailings of despair, and then the letter wound up thus:

"I've asked her to the opera to-morrow night, and if she goes, 'tis possible that I may learn my fate."

"Three o'clock—can it be possible?" cried Charley, glancing at the clock, and stuffing his letters into two envelopes, which he backed in awful haste. "The mail goes out in half an hour. I shall be late, as sure as fate."

And paying no heed to the rhyme, and little to the letters, he grasped his hat and started for the post-office.

Clarice smiled her brightest when Charley, glancing at the clock, and seeing it impossible to persuade her, the two gentlemen used force to remove her. At this she consented to make a slight preparation, and without at all changing her dress (for the mob had already entered the Palace), catching up a small leather reticule, she put into it two pocket-handkerchiefs, and two books, the New Testament and an American book. On her head she put a riding-hat, and then by that time thoroughly aroused, she fled through the palace; through long corridors, down, up flights of stairs, through chamber and salon, a long walk before they came down to the Rue Rivoli, on which side of the Palace the mob had not collected. Here she awaited her. She with the lady who attended, was put into it. "Now," said the friends, "we must leave you; too well known, our attendance would but bring destruction upon you! Make good speed! Yes, good speed, for she heard the cries of the furious mob, and as she was entering the cab, a little boy exclaimed, "There is the Empress," and she thought all was lost; but it proved that there was no one there to take notice, and so the two ladies drove off. Soon they came into the midst of the excited crowd, and the lady accompanying her questioned on this side and the other the meaning of it all, and appeared to be greatly interested in the proceedings, while the Empress sank back out of sight in the carriage. They had a long ride out beyond the Champs Elysees to the quieter parts of the city, when they alighted, dismissed the cab, to avoid giving any clue in case of pursuit, and walked some distance. Where should she go? To whom flee? What friend trust? There was but one to whom she would venture, and that one an American gentleman of some note, who with his wife had long been a friend of both Emperor and Empress. So they took another cab for the house of this gentleman (whom we will call Mr. W.), arriving there to find him away from home, and his wife absent for the summer at a small seaport on the coast.

The servant, and the two sisters, one extremely ungracious, and quite refused to admit these strange ladies, and when at last, upon their insisting, they were admitted to the house, she was unwilling to show them into an apartment suitable for them, and it was not without some difficulty that they were allowed to wait in the library for the owner's return.

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THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

BY BRET HARTE.

The following account of the flight of the ex-Empress of France from Paris, when the population rose and threw off the yoke of her husband, was given lately by Bishop McVivane, at a meeting called by the students of Kenyon College, in Gambier, Ohio. It resembles in most particulars an account which has already been published, but the incidents related are given with such striking particularity, coming from such a source—the Bishop had received them from one who aided the flight of Eugenie—that our readers will be interested in its perusal. We copy it from the *Cleveland Herald*:

"It seems the safety of the Empress had been assured to her by General Trochu, who had solemnly promised to inform her of the approach of danger. For some unexplained reasons he failed to do so, and when on Sunday the mob began to assemble about the Tuileries, three of her friends, Prince Matternich, the Spanish ambassador, and M. Lesseps formed a plan for her escape and went to her rescue. M. Lesseps stood outside and harangued the mob for the purpose of detaining them, while the two other gentlemen went in search of the Empress. They found her partaking of a very frugal lunch with one of her ladies, and her four children, next night, but he fancied there was mischief in her eyes, which perhaps was not quite all a fancy. At the opera she talked and laughed between the scenes in such a way that he was quite bewildered. He did not learn his fate, and after he got home felt worse than ever.

Next day he got a letter from his sister. "I am very sorry," wrote she, "but I could not well come to two hundred miles, simply to attend an opera. I suppose, however, the invitation was intended for another person, and it—"

"O Jove, I am undone!" said Charley, dropping the missive to the floor, and breaking out in a cold perspiration. "I read the letters wrong, and now I have done it brown. What will Clarice think of me?"

Driven to desperation at last, he plucked up courage and hurried to Clarice's residence.

"Is Miss Wilmer in?" he asked the servant who answered the bell.

"Yes," and he speedily found himself in the parlor, and face to face with his innamorata.

"I—I—did you receive a note from me the other day, Miss Clarice?" he stammered, wishing the floor would give way and precipitate him into the cellar.

"Ah! Yes—I ask your pardon, Miss Wilmer, for the inadvertency. I meant—"

"Oh, you need not apologize, Mr. Winter. I rather like it, I assure you. You did not try your fate at the opera, though. Why didn't you?"

"How mischievous her eyes were sparkling! A faint crimson dyed her cheek, and altogether, Charley looking at her sprightly, thought he never saw her look so gay."

"But the annoyance—"

"It wasn't an annoyance. I was pleased."

Charley's heart thrilled suddenly with hope. He took one step forward.

"You say that it was no annoyance. Dare I believe you care for me?"

"The faint glow deepened suddenly. "You may," said she, "but I don't know."

If Charley's friend, Tom Hildy, had dropped in five minutes later, he would have thought Charley's bashfulness was all a sham. It never troubled him again.

Candy For Children.

It is ever a matter of wonderment how people seemingly possessed of a fair amount of judgment and information will so often after years in committing faults so grave as to be, in fact, crimes. Parents and guardians who give doses of strichnia or arsenicum to children, and kill them outright, are sometimes brought to the bar of justice to answer for the murder. But what can be done with those criminal adults who tamper with the health and life of children, by giving them candies, in any one of the thousand forms for them to eat, and which they do eat? Like many other devices of the devil, (which is a word signifying with us, evil, only the d before it gives it an emphasis we sometimes like), these bon-bons of poison are deadly dyes to give them an attractive look to the eyes of the innocent and ignorant, and delude the steps of the unwary into the stalls where they are sold. If children were educated to regard confections as poisons just as they are taught to avoid poisonous plants and reptiles, do you think they would ever plead with papa or mamma to buy them candy? Now and then one finds a father and mother intelligent enough to be intrusted with children who would hardly sooner give them candies than the berries of the deadly nightshade, and yet who are constantly annoyed by visitors and relations giving candy to their children. It is hardly necessary to remark that such proceedings on the part of friends or strangers is a matter meriting the most vigorous rebuke. If you cannot give your children all the good things of this life which you would wish, you can at least withhold a few evil ones, in the shape of abominable confections. Ah! if we were only a sovereign, what a day of emancipation we would evoke! We would emancipate, by issuing such laws as never as yet have inspired the world like bands of sunlight freedom—laws forcing men to be men, in acts at least, if not in truth—and laws giving rising Anglo-Saxon names to Anglo-Saxon things—such as, "Candy—a detestable poison—purchased only by fools and idiots."

To what stultification will not intemperance lead its victims. A poor devil at Hartford got an order from the select-men for a coffin for his little girl, and then tried to pawn it to get money to buy rum with. Meantime the "deceased" was at play in the street.

A GHOST AT COLLEGE.

BY BRET HARTE.

South Memphis is in a furor of excitement over occurrences of a supernatural nature recently made public, and which concern the Brinkley Female College and its inmates. The college is a spacious frame structure, with rather a sombre and dreary aspect, situated at or near the intersection of Georgia and De Soto streets. The school at present numbers between forty and fifty pupils of various ages, and two teachers, including the principal and his wife, there are some six or seven. Many of the pupils come from afar and are boarders at the institute, but not a few who reside in the city, and near the college, are but day attendants. Among the latter is Miss Clara Robinson, daughter of Mr. Robinson, an attorney residing on De Soto street, between Vance and Linden streets. Her age is about 13 years, and her temperament is of the nervous kind, while her health is rather what might be called delicate. Her experiences with affairs claimed to be supernatural within the last two weeks are more wonderful and startling than the "Mysteries of Udolpho" or "The Horrors of Kenilworth Castle."

One week ago last Tuesday night Miss Clara was alone in one of the rooms of the institute practicing her music lesson, an apparition suddenly appeared before her in the shape of a girl of about eight years of age, with sunken, lustreless eyes and strikingly emaciated form and features. The object was virtually a skeleton in appearance, clad in a dingy and tattered dress of faded pink, which was sparsely covered with a greenish and slimy mold. It seemed also to be transparent. A sad expression rested upon the features of the strange visitor. Naturally frightened, Clara ran into an adjoining room and sprang into bed with a sick girl, at the same time motioning with her hand to

THE UNSIGHTLY OBJECT

to begone. The apparition advanced, however, with slow and noiseless steps to the bedside, and laid an emaciated hand on the pillow, while Clara, aghast and speechless with terror, never thrown into spasms, but all the time motioned away the object, which finally disappeared through a side door, as noiselessly as it had entered. The apparition not appearing next day, Clara's tranquility of mind was however restored. On Thursday, however, while again practicing at the piano in the music room, two other young ladies being present, she was startled by an unusual noise, as if by some water being dashed over the floor, and on turning her head in the direction of the sound, was dismayed at the appearance of the same spectral-looking visitor of two days before. It was seen by all three, more distinctly by Clara than the others, and the trio fled in terror from the presence of the fearful apparition, ghost, goblin, or whatever it might be. The story was again told, and was ridiculed as nonsensical, as in the first instance, notwithstanding the testimony of the two young ladies who were in the room with Miss Clara, to whom, however, the figure appeared rather shadowy, though to their friend it was well defined and distinct.

APARTITION THE THIRD.

Last Tuesday the ghost appeared at the same place and under like circumstances. Miss Clara ran down stairs in great fright, and, trembling like an aspen, related the occurrence to Miss Jokey Boone, one of the teachers, who induced the girl to return with her to the music room. As they opened the door the figure stood plainly in view of Miss Clara, but only imperfectly in the eyes of Miss Boone. Induced to address her strange visitor, Clara asked what it was doing there, and what it wanted. Pointing a thin, ghastly-looking finger in a scutterly direction,

THE GHOST REPLIED

that under a stump, some fifty yards from the house, were secreted some valuables which she would have Miss Clara take possession of, and use to her advantage. Miss Boone heard a rumbling noise, but could not distinguish any words, but a pupil present at the time relates that words similar to those heard by Miss Clara were distinct to her ears also. Having spoken as above, the object vanished through the garret door as on former occasions. Dismay now prevailed throughout the institute, and there were none to ridicule or to question. Clara Robinson related the full particulars to her father when she went home on Tuesday night, who next day visited the college and had a consultation with Mr. and Mrs. Meredith about the matter. It was agreed that the affair should undergo a rigid investigation, as it was doing no good to the reputation of the college, while little Clara was much troubled and disturbed in mind.

THE FOURTH VISITATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Meredith believing they were being duped by some practical joker, undertook to investigate the matter. With this object in view, they on Thursday last had every pupil of the college assembled in one of the halls. Miss Clara was sent into the yard while the remaining scholars were being questioned and examined. She walked quietly around the house, and while engaged pointing a pencil some fifty yards from the building, the apparition suddenly appeared before her, not more than half a dozen feet away. She attempted to scream, but the vision spoke quickly, in a mild, pleasant tone, and said: "Don't be alarmed, Clara."

MY NAME IS LIZZIE.

I will not hurt you." Clara stood transfixed with terror. The vision spoke again, and in a distinct tone related that the remaining scholars were being questioned and examined. She walked quietly around the house, and while engaged pointing a pencil some fifty yards from the building, the apparition suddenly appeared before her, not more than half a dozen feet away. She attempted to scream, but the vision spoke quickly, in a mild, pleasant tone, and said: "Don't be alarmed, Clara."

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