The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL

IS THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY.

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DEMOCRATIC CREED.

No. 1. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political.

No. 2. Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none.

No. 3. The right of States and Territories to administer their own domestic affairs

No. 4. Freedom and equality, the sovereignty of the people, and the right of the majority to rule, when their will is constitutionally expressed.

No. 5. Economy in the public expenditures, and a sacred preservation of public faith.

No. 6. Freedom of religion, freedom of the press and general diffusion of information.

No. 7. Opposition to all secret political organizations, and to all corruptions in politics.

No. 8. A sacred preservation of the Federal Constitution, and no religious tests for offices.

No. 9. No bigotry, or pride of caste, or distinction among American citizens.

[illegible]

No. 11. The preservation of the naturalization laws, and the right of all to the public domain and the protection of the American government

No. 12. Opposition to all chartered monopolies

No. 13. Common brotherhood and good will to all—especially to those of the household of faith.

WEARING FLANNEL.—*Hall's Journal of Health* says, that in our climates fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a coquette in her smiles and favors, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorite victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure, for when once more seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved, but pasteboard soles, low-necked dresses, and Lilliputian hats, sow annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion of the following article, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

Put it on at once, winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose, red woollen shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a tittillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take cold; "red," for white flannel fills up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy, and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woollen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woollen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.

THE GREATEST CITY.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and far surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome, in the height of its magnificence, was 2,200,000. Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000, and Dr. Medhurst supposes the population of Pekin is about 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 2,500,000—404,622 having been added to it during the last ten years. The census shows that it contains 307,722 inhabited, and 16,389 uninhabited houses.

Paris proper has increased 200,000 in population since Louis Napoleon first assumed sway.

New York is stretching on toward 1,000,000.

HIGH LIVE.—A letter written from San Francisco, California, says that $40 per month are common wages for female domestics there. He writes: "It would astonish you to see some of our servant girls in full rig in Montgomery street. A $75 blue velvet dress, a $30 bonnet, gold chains and big diamonds to match, are not at all unfrequent."

WHOLESALE POISONING.—At a campmeeting, on the 6th inst., at Shady Grove, Tennessee, thirty-five persons who had dined at the tent of Mr. J. E. Shaffell, were taken sick with the usual symptoms of having taken poison, and a negro woman died. The rest are recovering, and it is supposed that the poison was prepared by a negro belonging to the family.

THE EFFECT OF POLITICAL PREACHING.—The Boston *Post* says the Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Shawmut Church, on the last Sabbath, in an attempt to arouse his people to Christian labor, stated as a fact that there are three hundred less members in the *evangelical* churches of Boston *now* than there were ten years ago, notwithstanding the large increase of population.

SOME YEARS AGO, when Queen Victoria returned from a visit to her uncle Leopold of Belgium, her baggage was searched, and much smuggled lace was found. One of her maids of honor was suspected, although the laugh was against the Queen for operating her own Custom House.

For the Watchman.

LINES TO MISS MARY T. W. AUTHOR OR SEVERAL EXCELLENT POEMS.

BY VIATOR.

Mary, I love thy magic lines—
Thy sentiments are richer far
Than are Potosi's boasted mines,
Thy ideas like the evening star
Which blazes in the golden west,
A sparkling gem to gulfs the rest.

I know not if thine eye be bright,
For we have never met;
Perhaps, 'tis dark it may be bright;
I know thy mind is richly set
With gems, not brought from Golconda's clime,
But sought and found in wisdom's mine.

I know not if thy brow be fair,
Or if dark curls be thine;
I know a wreath is twining there
Of laurels justly thine;
And, until verse no readers find,
A bright festoon thy brow shall bind.

And when no more thy song we hear,
A heavenly crown be thine;
While history lives, thy generous fear
Shall mark thy lines sublime;
And when death steals thy form away,
History shall twine it o'er thy tomb.

Bald Eagle, Penna.

HOW THE PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT ARE ELECTED.

We give below the Constitutional requirements and the acts of Congress upon the election of President and Vice President of the United States:

1. The Electors are chosen by the votes of the people on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

2. Electors meet on the first Wednesday in December, and cast their votes. They then sign three certificates—send the messenger with one copy to the President of the Senate, at Washington, before the first Wednesday in January—another by mail to the same person, and the third deliver to the United States District Judge where electors meet.

3. Each State provides by law for filling any vacancy in the Board of Electors, occasioned by absence, death, or resignation. Such of the electors as may be present are generally authorized to fill any vacancy.

4. The Governor gives notice to electors of their election before the first Wednesday in December.

5. On the second Wednesday in February, Congress shall be in session and open the returns. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the House of Representatives, open the certificate of returns, and count the votes. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such a number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed. And if no person have such majority, then from the person having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President: but in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote: a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice.

6. If the choice devolve upon the House of Representatives, and they fail to make a choice before the 4th of March next following, the Vice President is to act as President.

7. A Vice President may be elected, or chosen by the Senate, as above provided, before an election or choice of President.

8. The day fixed by act of Congress for opening and counting the votes of the electors, and, in case of its being necessary, for the election of President by the House of Representatives, and of Vice President by the Senate of the United States, is the second Wednesday in February, after the appointment of electors.

9. There is no Constitutional provision for the case where there is neither a President or Vice President elected or chosen, in the manner directed by the Constitution. The act of Congress of 1792 provides that, under such circumstances, there shall be a new election.

A DINNER WITH WASHINGTON.—While Washington was at West Point, at the close of 1779, fortifying that strong position, says "*Notes and Queries*," he bethought him of inviting a certain Dr. Cochran to dinner, and his letter of invitation, besides giving a picture of the style of living at headquarters, is more remarkable, since it is almost the only instance of sportive writing in all Washington's correspondence. The letter is as follows:

"Dear Doctor: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is covered is more essential, and shall be the purport of my letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteak. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin, but now iron, (not become so by the labor of scouring,) I shall be happy to see them."

THE STATE ELECTION.—The official returns have been received at Harrisburg. The following are the majorities on the State ticket:

Scott, Canal Commissioner,	2,771
Fry, Auditor General,	3,207
Rowe, Surveyor General,	3,735

THE SMITH OF RAGENBACK.

In the Principality of Hohenloho, Laugenburg, is a village called Ragenbach, where about twenty years ago the following heart-rending, but heroic event took place. One afternoon in the early spring or autumn, my kind informant did not exactly know which, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the merry company, a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mein, but also with such a good natured smile upon his lips that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil, disposed person shunned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge-hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, I know not what; all at once the door sprung open, and a large dog came staggering into the room, a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect, his head was hanging down and his eyes bloodshot, his red-colored tongue hanging half-way out of his [illegible] Then the ferocious beast entered the room out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bathkeeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deathly pale, sprang up and exclaimed with a horrid voice, "Good Heavens, the dog is mad!"

Then rose an outcry! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with divine fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple minded man.

"Back all!" thundered he with his deep strong voice, "Let no one stir, for no one can vanquish the beast but I. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim, I will hold the brute, and whilst I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started towards the shrieking people. But he went not far. "With God's help!" cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor.

Oh, what a terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously upon every side in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, biting, howling brute, until all had escaped!—till all, all were rescued and in safety. He then flung the half strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But oh! merciful God, what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surround him, who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, my friends, do not weep for me," he said, "one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead think of me with love, and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop, and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs and around the anvil so firmly that no power on earth could break it. "There," said he, "its done," after silently and solemnly completing the work. "Now you are secure, and I inoffensive. So long as I live, bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit."—Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died—but truly, he died only to awake to a more beautiful and glorious life at the right hand of God. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.

Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man, the smith of Ragenbach. It is easy for noble minds to die like Winkelried or Martius Curtius, the high-spirited Roman youth—but to go to the sacrifice with the certainty of death, and moreover, being obliged to await a death so awful, during long fearful hours and days—that is to die not once but a thousand times. And such a death was that of the smith of Ragenbach. Such a sacrifice the smith of Ragenbach made, in order to save his neighbors. May his memory ever be sacred to every Christian.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

We take the following curious narration from an article in "Household Words:"

The owner of an estate in Manchester, some time in the first half of the last century, married young; he and his wife had several children, and lived together in a quiet state of happiness for many years.—At last business of some kind took the husband up to London—a week's journey in those days. He wrote and announced his arrival; I do not think he ever wrote again. He seemed to be swallowed up in the abyss of the Metropolis, for no friend (and the lady had many powerful friends) could ever ascertain for her what become of him: the prevalent idea was that he had been attacked by some of the street robbers who prowled about in those days, and had been murdered. His wife gradually gave up all hopes of seeing him again, and devoted herself to the care of her children; and so they lived on, tranquilly enough, until the heir [illegible] age, when certain deeds were necessary before he could legally take possession of the property.—These, Mr. S., (the family lawyer,) stated had been giving up by him into the missing gentleman's keeping just before the last mysterious journey to London, with which I think they were in some way concerned. It was possible that they were still in existence; *some one* in London might have them in possession, and be either conscious or unconscious of their importance. At any rate, Mr. S.'s advice to his client was that he should put and advertisement in the London papers, worded so skilfully that any one who might hold the important documents should understand what it referred, and no one else. This was accordingly done; and, although repeated at intervals, for some time it met with no success. But, at last, a mysterious answer was sent, to the effect that the deeds were in existence, and should be given up; but only on certain conditions, and to the heir himself.—The young man, according to directions, went to an old house in Barbican; where he was told by a man, apparently awaiting him, that he must submit to be blindfolded, and must follow his guidance. He was taken through several long passages before he left the house; at the termination of one of these he was put into a sedan chair, and carried about for an hour or more; he always reported that there were many turnings, and that he imagined he was set down finally, not very far from his starting point.

When his eyes were unbandaged he was in a sitting room, with tokens of family occupation lying about. A middle-aged gentleman entered and told him that, until a certain time had elapsed (which should be indicated to him in a particular way, but of which the length was not then named,) he must swear to secrecy as to the means by which he obtained possession of the deeds. This oath was taken: and then the gentleman, not without some emotion, acknowledged himself to be the missing father of the heir. It seems that he had fallen in love with a damsel, a friend of the person with whom he lodged. To this young woman he had represented himself as unmarried; she listened willingly to his wooing, and her father who was a shop keeper in the city, was not averse to the match, as the Lancashire squire had a goodly presence, and many similar qualities, which the shop keeper thought might be acceptable to his customers. The bargain was struck; the descendant of a knightly race married the only daughter of the city shop keeper, and became the junior partner in the business. He told his son that he has never repented the step he had taken; that his lowly born wife was sweet, docile and affectionate; that his family by her was large, and that they were thriving and happy. He inquired after his first (or rather he should say, his true) wife with friendly affection; approved of what she had done with regard to his estate, and the education of his children; but said that he considered he was dead to her. When he really died, he promised that a particular message, the nature of which he specified, should be sent to his son Garret; until then they would not hear more of each other; for it was of no use attempting to trace him under his incognito, even if the oath did not render such an attempt forbidden. I dare say the youth had no great wish to trace out the father, who had been one in name only. He returned to Lancashire; took possession of the property at Manchester; and many years elapsed before he received the mysterious information of his father's real death.

FLETCHER WEBSTER says, "There are but two ideas in the Republican party, the broken head of Charles Sumner, and bleeding Kansas. With regard to that damaged gentleman, I will not justify the assault, but if I had made that speech, I should have taken care to put an iron pot on my head."

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT has received information of the fact that a man down East was lately subjected to the payment of two hundred dollars, on conviction of having used a second-hand postage stamp contrary to law. Dear, not "cheap postage."

MR. ALBERT SMITH, (the London Smith,) once wrote in an hotel visitors' book, his initials "A. S." A wag wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

"HIRE A CLERK."

The *Marysville* (California) *Herald* gives an account of a "sharp business transaction" which was lately consummated in "them parts." The *Herald* says:

A tall, rough-shod, sharp-visaged, good-natured looking individual, arrived in our city about a week ago, fresh from the "mountains," and put up at what might be called one of our third-rate houses. The rules were like those at most other establishments of the kind, boarders being taken by the day, week, or meal, Jim Potter (we take the name from the register) had "gone in" by the week, with the understanding with the landlord that he was to be credited for what he called "lost time" at the usual rate. There was nothing very unusual in this arrangement, though it did not turn out altogether to the landlord's satisfaction.

At the end of the second day, it occurred to Jim that he had not seen Sacramento for upwards of a year, and, as a thought with him was almost a deed, so, without saying a word to the landlord, disappeared. He spent the remaining part of the week at Sacramento, and reached his boarding-house here just in time to find the proprietor calculating that Jim Potter was indebted for one week's board. It didn't take Jim long to prove that he had been out of town four days, and the bill against him was cut down accordingly.

"See yere, old feller," broke out Jim, as the bill was being altered, "of it's all one to yeou, I'll take a squint at them 'ar *books*."

"There's your account sir," said the landlord, pretending not to notice Jim's last remark. "Two day's board, $2 00."

Jim took his bill, and eying the puzzled landlord as though he suspected some sharpe monigan," he broke out—

"I want to see them are books."

The landlord told him he was asking too much—that no outsider was permitted to examine his books.

Jim was satisfied now that all was not exactly right, and resolved to see the end of it.

"Give me pen, ink and paper," said he. "I want to show you how to keep books."

He took the pen, and, after having added up various small sums, made out and handed to the amazed landlord, the following account:

Jim Porter to Landlord—Debtor.	
Two dais board.	$2 00
Landlord to Jim Porter—Detter.	
4 dais lost time	$5 00

"Thar she is!" said Jim, as he tossed the slip of paper across the counter. "Cordin' to your way of keepin' book, I feller 'aint 'lowed for lost time."

The landlord said nothing, but looked with astonishment.

"You see," continued Jim, anxious to establish the correctness of his bill, "I tuck board by the week, you know?"

"Y-e-s," muttered the half-crazed landlord.

"And the bargain was that you was to credit me for lost time at the usual rate, you know?"

"Y-e-s."

"I didn't board with you four days, you see?"

"Y-e-s."

"And you owe me for that!"

The landlord took a long breath, brushed the perspiration from his face and casting his eyes vacantly about the ceiling, slowly ejaculated—

"Oh, y-e-s."

"Now I ain't going to be hard on you," said Jim. "As you feed very well, and as I'm goin' up country to-morow, we'll spend that little balance for champagne to-night. But I'll tell you one thing, landlord," he added, after a pause, "you would make money if you would hire a clerk."

We are inclined to think it would have taken a number of clerks to make Jim believe that the landlord did not owe him for four days' board.

THE WORLD IN A LITTLE.—There is no community in the world so essentially cosmopolitan in its instincts, customs and practices, as that of New York, says the New York *Ledger*. It represents every part of the globe. We have Turkish saloons, opera houses, and reading rooms. *Spanish hotels*, Italian churches, houses inhabited only by Chinese; and, in the lower part of the city, there is a gambling place, we are told, supported principally by natives of Portugal. The Celts, the English, and the natives of "Bonnie Scotia," have also their special resorts; so have the descendants of the Africans. If the New York "Yankee" cannot, with this condensation of the world before him, cut his eye teeth without making "the tour of Europe" he is beyond all improvement and hope.

IS VIRTUE HEREDITARY?—Is a love of truth, justice an goodness transmitted from parents to children? Facts appear to answer these questions in the affirmative. In England it has been ascertained that out of one hundred criminal children, sixty were born of dishonest parents; thirty of parents who were profligate, but not criminal, and only ten of parents who were honest and industrious. The rule is, virtuous parents raise virtuous children. Not more than one out of every ten criminals has been born of honest religious parents. The characters of parents and children are nearly as much as their features.

SINCERITY does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing so when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

There is a lonely mill close beside the little hamlet of Udorf near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersdorf and Urser, on the left bank below Bonn. This is said to have been the scene of the following s

It was on Sunday morning "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went to church in the village of Hershel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant girl named Hannechen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter, all of a sudden, but an old sweetheart, of hers, named Heinrich Bottelar. He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny with all the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, the better, because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him and she told him so, too, and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him: as haste, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he in a joking manner, to the good natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long, and you do nothing. But never mind, 'twould go hard with me an' I refused to do more than that for you, bad enough though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest; for she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage and approve of idleness, and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villian drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers, to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now, lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is your master's money? I'll have that or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass!" was all the answer vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the alternative offered her; the grave or the gold!

She saw there was no hope for mercy at his hands; and as she saw it her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her sex, she was timid at trifles, a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; unwonted sounds filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused, by an adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources of emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich," she said resignedly, "what is to be must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with you. This will not be a home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little—don't squeeze me so hard. I can't move you hug me so tight; and if I can't stir you cannot get the money—that's clear, you know. Besides, time presses, and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the family will shortly be back from Hershel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and finally let go his hold. His reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said, "quick, quick; no delay; the money is in master's bedroom."

She tripped up stairs, gaily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bed-rooms, and pointed out the coffer in which his money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him a knife which lay in the corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once; and while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years."

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was certain to be his destruction."

"Go lass!" was all he said, "but do not be long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the word. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rumaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in contemplation of prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down stairs on tip-toe. Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed to the outer door of the mill and gave the alarm.

"Fly, fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only person within sight or sound of her. "Fly, fly to thy father! fly as you life! Tell him we shall all be murdered if he haste back! Fly, fly!"

The child who was at play [illegible] ar, at once obeying the energetic [illegible] of the brave girl, aped as fast as his [illegible] legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannechen cheered him onward and inspirited his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy, bless thee!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart.

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door, to ease her over-excited spirit; and she wept at the thought of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God," she ejaculated, "thank God for this escape. Oh, the deadly villian! and I so fond of him, too."

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Deither! Deither!" she heard him shout, "catch the child, and come hither; I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up to the casement, from which the imprisoned villian's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however, and she thought to herself the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear, and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heat of summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and catching him in his arms, hasten towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the windows being by means of a strong iron grating fixed against all the windows, and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to wait patiently either her master's return and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villians, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks and curses and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee," he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free speaking Teutonic languages are so copious; "open the door or I will break it in on ye!"

"If you can you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat," roared the imprisoned ruffian above: that will bring her to reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hannechen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"Ah, ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without; accompaning his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations. "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "never shall you set your foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the boy for a moment upon the sward, as he sought for combustibles wherewith to execute this latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the boy, and, tying the hands and foot of the child, threw it on the ground, even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for a slaughter, to await the time for slaying. He then stole back to the apparture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meantime her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on exclusion of her foe depended her own existance. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; the mill never works on the Sabbath: suppose I set the mill going now? It can be seen afar off, and happily my master or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may hasten