

INTO MISCHIEF.

Dancing feet and busy fingers. Never still the whole day through. For the little brain from dreamland, brings them work enough to do.

[Written expressly for DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN]

WEARING THE CROSS!

A NOVEL.

BY NELLIE MARSHALL

Guy glanced around and an irrepressible expression of disdain flashed across his face. "No—Moll, I don't wish any breakfast. Tell Cop to bring my horse to the door."

"Which one, marse Guy?"

"Jeff Davis."

"Papa, are you going to see Miss Sallie Hulbard? again to day?" asked Gabriel, as Moll closed the door.

"No! no! I can tell you!"—said Bessie curtly.

"Where am I going if not there?" asked Guy, eyeing her with a scornful, steady stare, as she rose, yawned, and turning his back to the fire, folded his hands behind him.

"You are going in entirely a different direction," said Bessie saucily.

"Well, what direction?"

"You are going to the Grandisons. Do you suppose I am ignorant of the way you carry over that wicked girl—that yellow haired flirt?"

"If you do you are mistaken! I know every thing."

And she nodded her head with an airy emphasis. "And you are welcome to know everything," said Guy, looking sternly down upon her.

"But I warn you now, madam, you are not to speak disrespectfully of Miss Grandison. I will not allow it for one moment."

"Will not allow! Humph! Will not allow—well to my tongue—for you cannot stop its wiggling any other way! I have been silent just so long as I intend to be. The world shall know you—shall see you in your true colors: I am fully resolved to expose your outrageous injustice towards me. I am determined to assert my rights and to maintain them! that is the best of it," said Bessie in a loud, angry voice, rocking vigorously to and fro.

"Assert and maintain them as much as you choose. But you have my positive commands in regard to Miss Grandison. It matters not what you have done hitherto to others. Ethel Grandison shall not be slandered. If I hear her good name banded from mouth to mouth—mark me! you will be the sufferer."

Guy Arnold had never before spoken to his wife with such stern solemnity. Instead of impressing her with his earnestness, as he desired to do, he exasperated her jealous suspicions. Why should he desire to protect her reputation above that of all other women, if she was not dearer to his heart than all others?—And action and impulse were synonymous with her!—Thought and speech, also. She put the question to him, scornfully.

"And she is dearer than all others, because she is far above all others," he replied, unhesitatingly.

"Well, let her be dearer, but she will suffer through her goodness, mark me!" said Bessie imperatively.

"I shall make it a point to go to Mrs. Grandison and personally inform her of the outrageous conduct of her daughter Ethel; she is dying, I understand, and I shall tell her enough to influence her, with her dying breath, to curse her wretched, disgraceful child!"

While Mrs. Arnold was pouring out her jealous anathemas, Guy, had gone to the wardrobe and commenced pulling the contents of one shelf, and then another out upon the floor, until he found his scarlet riding blanket—gloves and whip—these he donned in nervous haste, as if fearing to trust himself longer in the presence of his wife. At her last words his strength gave way; with a quick stride he gained her side and raised his riding whip. She covered away from the blow.

But it did not fall. Gabriel with happy face peeped in at the door, and cheerily called out: "Here's your horse ready, Papa!"

At the sound of his voice Guy's arm fell.

"I spare you," he said, in a low, deep voice—"because you are the mother of my child; but I warn you if you dare to do what you say,—you shall suffer the tortures of the damned for it. You know me! Beware!"

Haughtily he strode from the room.

"Good-by Papa," said Gabriel, clinging to his hand.

"Good-by, my darling—my precious, my suppleam, good-by, my boy!" said Guy, stooping suddenly and catching the child to his breast, kissing him over and over again with passionate, desperate tenderness.

"Are you coming home tonight, Papa?"

"No, son; not to-night!"

"Oh Papa, please do," said Gabriel, winding his little arms about his neck and looking pitiful.

"Why, darling?" asked Guy, his voice trembling in spite of his mad self-control.

"It is so lonely when you are gone away," said Gabriel tenderly.

"God bless you, boy, I will come back—if you wish it," answered Guy softly.

"Moll," he continued raising his voice and looking over Gabriel's shoulder at Bessie, who had followed him to the door.

"Make a fire in the spare room to night for me; I may be in late."

"You had better announce the order as permanent, since you never sleep any where else, when at home," said Mrs. Arnold, faintly.

Guy bowed coldly.

"The order is permanent, Moll," he said, "do you understand?"

"Dat means allers, don't it, marse Guy?" asked Moll, with a grin.

"Yes, always," replied Guy as he gave Gabriel one more kiss and sprang in his saddle.

Bessie stood watching him out of sight. That proud, Apollo-like form with the scarlet blanket swinging from his splendidly proportioned shoulders and the jet black prancing steed! What a beautiful picture they made as they bounded over the fields of unbroken, spotless snow.

"Fore God—Miss Bessie, look a yere!" said Moll, calling her attention away from the figure lessening in the distance—"ain't dis a tear on little Gabe's cheek?"

Mrs. Arnold's eyes flashed down on the child's face. Yes, there on the round pink cheek, shone a tear as peerlessly pure as any dewdrop that ever glistened in the flushed breast of a rose!

Taking Gabriel's hand she turned shortly away, saying "Don't be a fool, Moll," and going in, closed the door.

"No, dat I won't be a fool, chile!" said Moll nodding her head in a wise way. "Dis nigger sees and her two eyes, good as any body!—You don't know how to manage 'em! Dis nigger knows! Marse Guy like all de rest! You's his'n, and dere ain't no use of fusin ober what he's already got! He lubber—but yer frets him, cause yer donno dat's de way wid 'em all!"

CHAPTER IV

With anger and pain and passion in his heart Guy Arnold turned away from "Cottage Home;" he wished he could never lay eyes on Bessie again. All along he had known he was doing wrong to seek so much of Ethel Grandison's society—but the spell was upon him; hitherto he had thought when the time came for him to turn away his face from her that he would have the requisite strength. Then he knew that he madly loved her—that he had loved her from the first, that he cherished for her a genuine, absorbing passion; he knew it to be this, because it had smitten him so suddenly; it had so taken him by surprise! He had never loved Bessie so! His connection with her was something to which he had years ago, deliberately yielded his heart, but this irresistible attraction snatched him from himself—from the world—from honor—from fame—from home! He knew that these words were but empty sounds to him—that all life was a void beyond her! What a bitter thing it is to go so deep down into one's heart as to come to pain!

Guy Arnold sounded the depths of his nature that day. The hour came to him in that lonely ride, when he stood face to face with his own soul, and saw it stained and warped and ruined! The repentance and tears of a life time would scarcely serve to redeem his past! How dwarfed and degraded his nature has become. And yet here he was pressing eagerly on into what he confessed was sin! here he was striving to crown all with a final degradation. He had married because life was aimless and purposeless. He had been guided hither and

thither by youthful fancy, and wanton impulse. He had married Bessie full of an insane notion that she would be a guardian angel! Ah! if she had cared to exert her influence, what might he not have become. A wife is a magnet who can draw her husband upward—or down—down—down! Bessie had kept no vestal fire burning on their marital altar for him. Ambition was dead within his heart; it had never existed at all in hers. While his brain was filled with these regrets, and all this self disdain, he was plunging alone over fields of snow, up hills, over bald, stony summits and through dark valleys. Finally he emerged on the level lands of the Grandisons.

Ethel's room window faced the Western horizon, and on this memorable afternoon she stood beside the lattice, gazing out upon the landscape with lonesome eyes and hopeless heart. Guy saw her as he rode in sight. Saw the golden-gleam of the sun on her beautiful hair—her sweet sad face—and her richly stained-rosin lips! He noticed the red window-drapes about her graceful form, and his heart bounded madly with the thoughts that suddenly presented themselves to his mind. "Did she love him? Had his own reverie about her induced her to think of him? Was there any psychologic fascination about him? Had he any mesmeric influence over her? She looked lonely—was she pining for him? Was she thinking how long the time had been since he had been to see her? Oh, if he could only be sure, how bright his future would be! If not—if she was indifferent! But no, he would not inflict the pang of a doubt upon his own heart! Suddenly the black steed, the royal form, the scarlet blanket, stationary in the field of snow, attracted Ethel's attention. She recognized Guy Arnold, and with a glad cry she turned away from the window, caught up her shawl from the bed, where she had tossed it when she came in from her morning walk, and wrapping it around her, she bounded down the stairs and out across the lawn to meet him.

"Oh, Mr. Guy," she said in her eager, girlish way, "I was never so glad to see any one, as I am to meet you to day."

As she spoke she yielded both hands to his grasp.

"Have you missed me so much then?" he asked softly, a tremor stealing irresistibly into his voice.

"Missed you?" Ah! that I have—she paused—blushed—and withdrew her hands from his palms. She was startled. His gaze had in it all the passion of a fierce career.

"Ethel," he said, "there is no surer test that we are loved, than that of being missed when we are away."

Ethel had regained her self-control. "Mamma has often wished she could see you," she said, in a slow, repressed voice, "and has wondered why you did not come? She will be very glad to welcome you again! Come to the house, Mr. Guy."

He followed her like a man in a dream.

"How is Mrs. Arnold, Mr. Guy?" she asked, but evidently it was a question given, whose answer would convey to her no interest.

"Mrs. Arnold!" he said in a wondering way, "she?—she? O, she is well, I dare say!"

"You dare say?" Ethel laughed in spite of herself. "Why you talk as if you had not seen her for a month of blue Sundays, Mr. Guy! Come now! Confess. When did you see your wife last?" She turned with a pretty solemity and awaited his reply. On her cheek was a flickering blush; and it heated his blood and his brain like the sparkling flush of champagne.

"I left her to come to see you to day—and your mother—" he added after an instant's pause—a pause just long enough to render his hesitation observable.

Ethel turned shortly about, without replying and continued her walk to the house.

"Isn't it cold riding?" she asked again, as they ascended the front porch, and Ethel hastened in the world to open the door.

"It may be cold—" said Guy, "but I cannot vouch for the fact. I did not feel it. I was so full of warm pleasant thoughts."

He paused;—His tone evidently expressed a desire for a question and half from an impulse of coquetry, and half from idle inquisitiveness, she asked: "Of what were you thinking?"

"Shall I tell you?" his voice was hoarse and hurried.

"I asked—" she said with a quiet smile.

"I was thinking of you—of you, Ethel Grandison."

He put out his hand to clasp her own. But she anticipated his movement. Stepping towards the sitting-room door, she opened it, and said: "Mamma; here is Mr. Arnold, at

last;—after all our watching and waiting, and wishing—he has come."

"And I am indeed glad to welcome you, Mr. Guy!"—said Mrs. Grandison. "You must pardon my lack of ceremony in remaining still; I am too weak to rise."

She gave her hand to Guy, Arnold, and he bent reverently to kiss it.

"How deeply I regret your indisposition, Mrs. Grandison!" he said with emotion. "Can it be that your husband is aware of your condition?"

"O, no; Charles does not know—nor do I desire that he should be pained and harassed by the knowledge—"

she replied in a quiet tone—"Ethel, my love," she added addressing Ethel, who had taken her seat at a distant window.

"We must not forget how to be hospitable. Have Mauma La to prepare tea immediately."

Ethel rose, and left the room to fulfill the commission, and then, in the same calm tone, Mrs. Grandison continued.

"I do not like to talk before her of this—this illness of mine, Mr. Guy, because it troubles her so; I know that I am dying."

"O, no, no, Mrs. Grandison; you must not be so despondent!" exclaimed Guy, in what he meant should be a cheerful voice. "It is not so bad as all that, you are harassed and worried—but it will all be right in a few weeks now. The Confederates will soon be in Kentucky, and when you see the Colonel you will regain all your health and vigor."

"My dear, Mr. Arnold," she said, shaking her head gravely; "false hope cannot buoy me up—nor specious promises of returning health, and invading forces. I will never see my husband upon earth again. I felt a presentiment of this when we parted. I told him so, but he laughed at what he considered an exhibition of womanly weakness. It is too late to think of anything now but the welfare of my blessed, beautiful, unprotected child."

Her hand was lying still in Guy's palm, and at the reference to Ethel he pressed it, sympathetically; he knew of Ethel's danger better than this dying mother of hers would ever know. How angry he was with himself as he looked down on this woman's pure, pallid face; how he shrank away from the galling scourge of self-disgrace!

"Mr. Guy," she said in a quick earnest way. "I want you to make me a promise! a faithful solemn promise can I trust you?" She looked searchingly in his eyes.

He never flinched.

"You have but to remember the past, madam," he said with dignity, "and you are answered."

"I want you to promise me that you will watch over; and protect my child—after I am gone—as her own father would guard her, until you can take her to Colonel Grandison."

In her excitement she had raised herself into a sitting posture upon the sofa. A wild light blazed in her eyes—red flushes burned upon her cheeks; looking upon her, Guy saw death in her face; he was awed, and kneeling beside her he said solemnly.

"Just as faithfully and conscientiously as I would protect my own sister I will protect her."

"I swear it," she answered.

"I will trust you—implicitly trust you," she said as she scanned his face with her dying eyes, "and may God deal by you and yours as you keep or break your oath; say this too!"

"May God deal by me and mine as I keep or break my oath to protect Ethel Grandison with my life," he said in a slow, earnest manner which convinced Mrs. Grandison of his utter sincerity.

"I am satisfied," she said falling back amid her pillows again, and smiling faintly.

Just at that moment Ethel entered.

"Mother, dear," she said, tenderly, "it is time to take your biters shall I pour it out?"

"Yes, darling; you see Mr. Guy," said Mrs. Grandison turning towards him, "my Ethel never even momentarily forgets me, and my necessities; Ah, she is a good—good daughter to me."

"Who could be otherwise than good with such a mother, little madam? tell me that, said Ethel, playfully, putting her mother's cheek; then she laughingly added as she turned towards Guy; "Don't she take medicine bravely?"

"One gets accustomed to nauseous doses, and one learns to take them with a sort of a grim satisfaction that they have a smack of bitter." Guy laughed as he said it, for surely if any body had taken nauseous doses in life, he had done it since he had been Bessie's subject. He was half tempted to explain himself only he feared to shock these ladies, whose domestic life had never been marred by an angry word or hasty impulse of resentment. He

had taken an oath, and if he hinted what kind of a woman his wife was, he felt confident that Mrs. Grandison would rebuke him from it, but then how pained and uneasy she would be regarding Ethel's affairs!

She should have rest, if he could grant it, he said to himself, and with this specious assurance to his conscience that he was doing his duty, he silenced his reproaches, and did not gratify the surprised expression on the countenances of these ladies by any explanation of his enigmatical words, for that they had a double meaning they both intuitively felt.

Guy sat there chatting in his charming debonair way, and Ethel served his tea to him with a grace he deemed irresistible. How pretty she was in her neat, tidy calico dress, and coquettishly ruffled white apron—with her glittering hair and lper deep, earnest eyes. Guy leaned back in his arm chair, and looked upon her as he had regarded another woman.

"She is what I dreamed Bessie would be," he said to his own heart. "Ah, what a devoted brother and guardian I will be to her!"

Of what mixed motives is the creature, man! In his best deeds there is always the heaven of selfishness, as in his uncommendable actions there is frequently to be found some redeeming property of good; it was always so with everything Guy Arnold did or thought.

(Continued in our next.)

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican]

Punishment For Crime.

Florence Nightingale's Short Method with Criminals.

In the discussion now going on every where about the expediency of giving long sentences to persons convicted of minor offenses, one of the many reasons for increased terms of imprisonment is admirably stated by Florence Nightingale, in a letter to Dr. Wines, of the New York Prison association, which we have the opportunity of publishing, through the kindness of Dr. Wines. It was written in response to a communication on the proposed international congress to consider discipline.

"London, Aug. 16, 1869.—Sir—I need scarcely tell you I believe, how warmly I feel interested in the perfect success of your project for an international congress on prison discipline, of which you have done me the honor to inform me. I entirely concur in the necessity for such a congress. But I am a woman overwhelmed with business, which never leaves me 10 minutes leisure, and with illness which gives me no repose. Time and strength are very short with me, and I am afraid, therefore, that any active operation of mine is simply impossible.

"But I have already published the principle which seems to me to be at the root of treatment of all crimes against property, namely, to cease to board and lodge thieves at the cost of the people they have robbed, and to teach them by practical experience that it is cheaper in actual money value to work than to steal. As far as I have opportunity to judge, the most valuable reformatory education is miserably, viz. teaching a man that it is dearer to steal than to work—(the only lesson which most thieves are capable of receiving). If a thief or a forger's sentence were that he had to work his way out of prison by repaying the amount, or more than the amount, he had stolen, and repaying the state besides for his sustenance out of his earnings, instead of being provided for and lodged in prison, he might then, perhaps, learn this lesson, instead of the one now actually taught him, that it is dearer to work than to steal.

"Pardon me for these few lines, which do not at all express the deep interest I feel in your most important proposition. But it is one which requires so much real thought and labor to carry out that it is impossible for me, who have, alas! not an atom of either to spare, to write to men like you anything but the shortest expressions of that opinion which you have asked from me.

Ever your faithful servant,
—A FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

HEROISM OF WOMAN.—Said a noble woman: "I am afraid to live alone, but I dare not marry unworthily." Is this not true heroism? The woman who can bear the burden of life alone—who administers cheerfully to a single life when circumstances have been unkind—who chooses it from a strong sense of duty, or accepts it for the sake of loyalty to the high ideal, is a brave woman. There is an element of grandeur in her composition, and as she is so far superior to those who marry for a "home," or for "convenience," or from fear of becoming "old maids," that there is no comparison between them. But, after all, the woman who does this simply demands to be let alone. She begs that you will not suppose her insensible to a stab because she does not cry out. She has her pride and delicacy. She urges no claims upon admiration, but she has no consciousness of disgrace. One would naturally prefer swift death by a sharp blade to a continuous hacking with a dull weapon; and the dullards who exercise their weak wits upon her should be pilloried by public scorn.

—A school teacher received the following note from one of her scholars as an excuse for tardiness: "Baby cross, Biscuit to Bake Had no Baken Powders the dog upset the coffee pot the cat kicked up the Milk and got up late Excuse."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

JOHN A. WILSON, Esq., has resigned the position of chief engineer of the Pennsylvania railroad.

No less than six young men have been arrested for disturbing a public meeting in Chartiers, Washington county.

NINETY-SIX love-letters are the evidence which a nice Pennsylvania girl brings against a Doctor of Divinity who refuses to marry her.

FORNEY says of the negroes:—"They are tortured by no remorse. They are conscious of no ingratitude." Wouldn't Forney like to be able to say as much for himself?

The editor of the Clark county (Wisconsin) Republican, says he is willing to give the fair one who sent him a valentine "a practical illustration of locking up a form."

A WESTERN editor who found a case of homeopathic medicine, has set up as a doctor, and offers to physic or bleed at the usual rates, ten cents a line, first insertion.

THORODRE TILTON is going to print ten copies of the Independent on white satin for the crowned heads of Europe. What have they done to deserve this infliction?

WISCONSIN cheese factories make a brand of cheese called "Truth." We should think it would have a good run, and it doubtless will, as "truth is mighty" and will prevail.

A MAINE doctor, applying for a position as examiner of a life insurance company, replied to the question as to the system on which he practiced: "On the human system."

A PITTSBURGH paper has a long article headed, "Can Women Fight?" We know of one who can, if we may judge from the chronic black eye which her husband wears.

A PROSPEROUS revival in a Wisconsin town was demoralized and broken up by the conversion of two lawyers and one editor. The good people couldn't stand all that at once.

We should judge from the numbers of rooters in our exchanges, crowding over the Connecticut election, that eggs would get to be cheaper when they get over crowding and return again to business.

A MISSIONARY to the Feejee Islands recently sang to his congregation the beautiful hymn beginning, "I want to be an Angel." No effort was spared on the part of the people to aid him in the matter.

WORRELL, the clown father of the Worrell sisters, a graduate of Harvard College. That is considered the best college in the country in that line. There are four hundred chairs, studying for clownships, there now.

An old merchant once instructed his clerks as follows: "When a man comes into the store and talks of his honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar."

An English writer thinks the American early potatoes will come to an end ere long, for as each new variety is claimed to ripen about ten days earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be used up.

In a Boston theatre recently, a subscription was passed about to purchase a silver cup for a retiring customer. On applying to a well-known actor he refused, saying, "I've no objection to your cupping Mr. P., but you can't bleed me."

This is called a Colorado romance. Seven miners exploring the mountains found an enormous chunk of gold. They fought for its possession till all were killed but one. It was too heavy for him to carry off, so he sat down beside it and starved to death.

An old man named Acker, aged seventy-eight years, residing in Erie, recently became enamored of a young widow aged forty-five, and eloped with her leaving his wife aged seventy to shift for herself. The clippers were overwhelmed in Cleveland.

As a proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact that had the girls were driven out of the world one generation, the boys would all go out after them.

A GERMANY remarked over the grave of a tricky politician, who was never known to do anything without some sinister purpose, that it "would be a great consolation to his friends if they could have ascertained his motive in thus suddenly leaving them."

"To the parent whose son dies in infancy," says the Louisville Courier-Journal, "there must be something peculiarly soothing in the thought that, no matter what may be the fate of the child in the next world, it can never become a member of a base-ball club in this."

"TALKING OF LAW," said Pompey, makes me think of what the mortal Cato, who lib mot a thousand years ago, once said, do law is like a groon's glass window, that gives light to us poor errand mortals in the dark passage of life but it puzzle do debble himself to see throo it."

A BOSTON writer comes to the defense of women against the current notion that they are peculiarly addicted to gossip, alleging that in a country grocery store, among the barrels of molasses and piles of salt fish, more gossip is talked by men in one evening than is heard in all the farm houses of the town.

We see advertised among the latest batch of novels, a story with the title of "The Barronet's Sunbeam." If this should prove successful, we may see it followed by "The Marquis's Moonshine," and, indeed, a further sequel may with safety be anticipated, entitled somewhat similarly, "The Countess's Starlight."

RECENTLY a man engaged in cleaning the windows of a house accidentally dropped a large sponge, which he had been using. Two ladies passed soon after, one of whom noticed the sponge. Without stopping to see what it was, she instinctively clasped her hands to the back of her head to see if her "chignon," "waterfall," or whatever it is called, was safe. Finding this was all right she went on her way satisfied.