

...ly lighted, and under pretence that he was very much hurried by the captain, who wished to avail himself of wind and tide in his favor, he wore his cloak ready for instant departure. His hair was of the same color, and disposed as I always wore mine: he spoke to her in her lover's voice, and Alice hidried, agitated, half-blinded by her tears, doubted not that it was beside her. The license was handed to the clergyman, who hurried over the ceremony, and within half an hour after Reardon's appearance at the hotel, they were on board a ship which was ready to sail immediately. They remained on deck until the vessel was many miles from land; and when Reardon fell himself in the bow of his vilany, he uttered to exult in the anguish of his victim. He entered her stateroom, and seating himself before her, said:

"Alice Crawford, you acknowledge yourself my wife in the sight of heaven, and you have willy-nilly come on board this ship to accompany me to my home."

"Assuredly, dear Erion; why such questions?" said Alice.

"Erion! yes, Erion is the name I bear in common with him who is dear to you; and from him have I taken you."

He dropped the cloak, threw off his hat, and stood before her. Alice uttered an exclamation, and fell fainting from her seat. Oh, had she then died! But no; she revived to know and feel the full bitterness of her lot. Vain were her pathetic entreaties; vain her protestations that she would never consent to herself as his wife. In reply to the first he said—

"I love you quite as well as Paris, and you must make up your mind to follow the vows you have this night uttered." And he threat to appeal the captain and passengers, and state the diabolical deception he had practiced, he replied—

"I have provided for every contingency, madam. The captain believes you to be my insane wife, whom I am taking to New York on a visit to your parents, in hope that the sight of your native home may benefit your mind. I was already anticipated your story, and represented it as the vagary of a disordered intellect. My arrangements are all made, and you leave this stateroom no more until we reach New York. Withdraw your affections as speedily as possible from Paris, and centre them on your lawful husband, or it may be worse for you."

Fancy the torture of such a situation to a high principled and sensitive girl! Reardon was true to his word, and her story was listened to incredulously by the maid, the only person beside himself who was allowed access to her during the voyage. By the time they reached New York her spirit was completely broken, and her health in an alarming state of decay. This enraged Reardon, and he brutally reproached her with grieving over his loss. Indeed, I believe he sometimes proceeded beyond reproaches toward his helpless and now uncomplaining victim. She bore it all in silence, for she felt that death would soon release her from the sufferings she endured.

On their arrival in the city, Reardon procured a house, and set his servant as a spy on her during his absence from home. Alice made an attempt to escape, from his power, determined to throw herself on the protection of the first person she met who looked as if he might give credence to her story. The servant followed and brought her back to her prison, and when Reardon returned his anger knew no bounds. Then I know he struck her, for she fell with violence against the stern corner of a table; and that blow upon her breast hastened the doom that was already impending over her.

To do with him was horrible, and she next found means, through the agency of an intelligent child, who sometimes visited her window, to send to one of the city papers a letter containing an advertisement addressed to her unknown uncle. She knew that Reardon never read anything, and equally well, that there was little danger of being discovered in this last effort to escape from the horrible thralldom in which she was held.

Several weeks rolled away, weeks of sickening doubts and harrowing fears; but at length the hour of her rescue came. One morning, shortly after Reardon had left the house, a carriage stopped before the door, containing an elderly lady and gentleman, who inquired for Alice. It was her uncle and his wife, and after hearing her story he instantly repaired her to his hotel, from whence in an hour they started for his residence in the interior of the State, thus eluding all chances of discovery by Reardon.

It was a mere chance that the advertisement had reached Mr. Crawford. When it did, he lost no time in seeking his brother's daughter, and offering her his protection. Alice felt assured that I would follow her, and she returned to behold me once more, before her eyes closed forever in this world. Yes, she was dying of a broken heart, while I madly ploughed the ocean in search of her deceiver. The ship was detained by long calms, and I bowed in abject supplication to the God of the storm, to send us wind that might walt me to the aid that so ardently desired to behold. At last haggard from intense suffering, and half-maddened with the fever of my mind, I stood upon the deck of the new world.

I at once sought the post office, to know if still living. Alice would then have dejected a clue to her residence. I found a letter from her uncle, directing me to his residence, and the last words sent a cold and sickening thrill through my soul: "Come, as soon as this reaches you, if you would find Alice alive; her only desire is to be with you now." He wrote. The letter bore the date of the previous month. If I could but see her again, I felt that I could resign her; but to behold no more the being who had become so dear to my very existence, to find a grave closed over that form of unequalled beauty, was a thought which whirled my brain and chilled my blood.

I learned the residence, near which place was Mr. Crawford's residence; I took my seat in the first stage coach which left that town, and was borne towards my dying Alice. I cannot tell you how the day and night which I spent on the road passed. I know that my mind was not perfectly clear; but one idea filled it: Alice, dead or dying, and I condemned to live forever alone. In this wide and breathing world, so filled with human aspirations and human hopes, I felt myself doomed to wander about in pain and without sympathy. Thus came the change of him who had thus desolated my path, and at once a fixed resolve filled my mind:

"When we stopped, I mechanically ate, because I feared that without nourishment the unnatural tension of my nerves might incapacitate me from going through with the trying ordeal which awaited me. I at length reached the avenue. I dismounted at the gate, and walked up the avenue. My feet seemed glued to the ground, and I felt that I was a drunken man, as I slowly drew near the portico, afraid to think that I had arrived at late.

A gentleman met me at the door, and my parched lips stipulated the name of Alice. He read the question I would have asked, in my agitated and distorted countenance. "She lives here," he said and led me toward her apartment.

The doors were all open, for it was summer, and in a darkened room, on a bed whose snowy drape was scarcely whiter than her face, lay my adored Alice in a calm slumber. I approached and leaned over her; then I could mark the ravages which suffering had made on her sweet features; but I read on her brow, and in the subdued expression of her small mouth, that the angel of peace had faded this since our departing spirits. I felt that her trust in a higher Power had subdued the bitterness of approaching death, and I prayed fervently to be enabled then to say: "My God, not my will but Thine be done;" but my rebellious heart would not thus be schooled. A moment I dared to ask why she, who loved all human things, would turn aside from her path to stray the meanest insect that crawls should have this unutterable load of suffering laid upon her? I knew not that I kept until she unclosed her eyes, unscaped from her cheek a liquid drop which had fallen there. She gazed upon me with a radiant smile; a bright gleam from the heaven to which she was hastening seemed to shine over her lovely countenance, and she stretched forth her armic hands to me:

"Ah, I dreamed this. I knew you would come. Heaven is kind to permit another earthly meeting, before I go hence. My beloved Erion, you are just in time!"

She turned to her uncle, and requested him to leave us alone for a brief space. The old gentleman withdrew

...and I thus listened to the narrative of her sufferings. The twilight, in its greatest night, in the only flying type of the wild thought and bitter purpose which filled my mind. In the darkest recess of my soul registered a vow to seek Reardon over the world, until I had signally avenged her wrongs, my own highland maddened and darkened future.

Alice then spoke of me and peace to all men, and conjured me for my own sake to spare her destroyer. I heard without accurately comprehending her. My father's words were irrevocably determined, and with that thought which had become the extreme of mental suffering, I listened to her dying words.

In two hours after my arrival the family was called in to receive her last farewell. I supported her upon my arm, but she was no longer favored with wild pulsations of breath, but had long thrilled away a throb of my heart. No; the work was done, and above my great sorrow came the intense and burning desire for revenge. The great emotions cannot exist together: one must succumb to the other.

Alice comprehended something of what was passing in my mind, and almost with her last breath she murmured: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

I murmured: "Aye; but often chooses earthly instruments by which to accomplish it!"

She died; and inspiring a last kiss upon her pale lips, I left the house: I could not remain to perform the last rites to her precious remains.

I wandered in the woods in communion with the spirit of the dead, until the returning stage arrived. I was then borne to the scene of anticipated retribution. It was midnight when I reached New York. I felt that I could not rest in such a condition of fervid excitement, and I hurriedly paced the streets, arranging in my mind the means of discovering my domed enemy. Day was just beginning to dawn when I passed the open door of an eyespectator, from which two men were emerging. A voice spoke which made my blood bubble in my veins. It was Reardon. He said: "I shall leave to-day, or that fool Percival will be on my track. If that girl had not played me such a trick, I should long since have been in the far West; where I would have defied him to find me;—I have followed you too much time in trying to seek her out. He stepped on the pavement. At that moment a line of very light shot upward from the ring-stone, and streamed full as my pale and dejected countenance. Reardon recoiled and drew his knife from his breast. Not a word was spoken; we rushed on each other, and I sheathed my dagger in his traitorous heart.

The groaner ceased, and the priest said emphatically:—"Your life must be saved, my son. I must now leave you; but you shall hear from me ere long!"

We will only add that all the facts of the case being taken into consideration, the sentence of Erion Percival was finally changed to imprisonment for two years. His good conduct caused that time to be reduced to half the term. Once more free, he went to St. Louis and there joined a band of trappers bound for the far West. Let us hope that in the eternal forest, far from the haunts of civilized men, he has renounced the crime he committed, and found that peace and trust in the future which is life's most precious possession.

♦♦♦♦♦

A young lady, recently from one of those institutions where "solid branches" are taught, and exact accuracy inculcated as one of the cardinal virtues, while looking upon a sea-scene by moonlight exclaimed: "What a magnificent water-sprite!"

To the Sick and Afflicted!

CERTIFICATE and Testimonials, sufficient to fill every column of this paper, if so produced, setting forth the wonderful virtues of

Dr. Swayne's Celebrated Family Medicine,
DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

The *Orange and Lemons*...
CONSTANTLY...
Delicious, and all...
Lungs, the most...
Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
Another Home Remedy—Great cure of BILIOUS THORAX.

Dr. H. Swayne...
Dear Sir,—Being for a length of time afflicted with a violent cough, with pain in the side and breast, and a great loss of sleep, I was advised to try your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry...
It was a mere chance that the advertisement had reached Mr. Crawford.

THE GREAT WESTERN TIN SHOP.
No. 100, 000 EDWARD!!!
Great Excitement at No. 100, 000 EDWARD!!!
Jenny Lind... Not Coming!

DR. W. W. WRIGHT'S GREAT WESTERN REMEDY FOR COLIC, COLIC, CRAMP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, AND HOOPING COUGH.

REWARD TO THE DISCOVERER OF A CURE FOR THE GREAT WESTERN REMEDY FOR COLIC, COLIC, CRAMP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, AND HOOPING COUGH.

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THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

SWAYNE'S CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of
**COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS,
WHOOPING-COUGH, GORUP
ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION**

The annual of medical science informs you that no remedy of the power of Swayne's Cherry Pectoral has ever been discovered. The remarkable cures of diseases of the Lungs which have been realized by its use, attested as they are by many prominent professors and physicians in this and foreign lands, should encourage the afflicted to persevere with the above medicine, as it is the only safe and reliable CHERRY PECTORAL that will relieve and ultimately cure them.

We present to the public unobscured testimonials from some of the first men in our country, upon whose judgment and experience implicit confidence may be placed.

Dr. J. C. Aker—Dear Sir—Appreciate to the request of your agent, I have been daily using Swayne's Cherry Pectoral, and have realized a most remarkable cure. My cough, which had been of long standing, and which had been attended with great suffering, has been entirely cured. I have been able to resume my ordinary avocations, and feel as well as ever.

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