Soft falls through the gathering twilight Soft falls through the dripping caves,
The rain from the dripping caves,
And stirs with a tremendous rustle
The dead and dying loaves;
While safe, in the midst of the spadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells. Come borne on the wind of the autumn, That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other-They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in the authem
Make harmony still in their strain— As the voices of sentinels mingle In mountainous regions of snow, Till from hilltop to hilltop a chorus

The shadows, the firelight of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time; The slumberous sense of seclusion, From storm and intruders aloof, We feel when we hear in the midnight The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings Te hive all its wanderers home, Or, afar in the regions of fancy. Delights on swift penions to roam, I quietly sib by the firelight. I quiety six of such that and so warm—
The firelight so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening. Should even the household depart-Descried, I should not be lonely, Described, I should be guests in my heart.
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone. will haunt me wherever I wander,

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and borrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holter clime! In a purer and holier clime! Then darkly, O evening of Autum Your rain and your shadow may fall; d and my lost ones you bring me-

Miscellaneous.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CHOST STORY.

I have frequently heard the following marvelous story related by my grand father as an actual episode in his life. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words, leaving each reader to form his own opinion upon the incidents, without any commentary upor my part, farther than the statement that my grandfather was a man whose veracity I had never any reason to doubt.

It was during a summer vacation that I met Kari Korner. I was reading hard for my degree; for having been some what idle and dissipated during the term, I found it necessary to spend what should have been my holiday among my books., For this purpose I pitched my tent at Bucksleigh-an ancient and romantic village in the New Forest. I was guided by several considerations in my choice of locality; first, it was a reasonable distance, even in those days, from London and Oxford; secondly, I was bitten about that time by an entomological mania, and here was the spot of all oth ers for rare moths and butterflies; thirdly, a delightful and salubrious climate. and fourthly, not far away, near Stony Cross, was the family seat of some colterflies became too montouous, I could flee for a day or two's relaxation. These friends had very much pressed me to take up my abode wholly with them; but had I done so. I might as well have left Greek and Latin behind me for all the use I should have made of them there; so I prudently declined, with the conformise I have mentioned.

The house I lodged in was at least as old as the Tudor days—pointed roof, overhanging stories, latticed windows, painted beams, dark oak stair-cases, paneled rooms, carved fire-places, &c. It belonged to a family who had resided abroad for several years, and was let. during the summer months, in apartments to visitors. I had but one fellow-lodger when I first came to Buckeleigh, Karl Korner. a German, who, with his servant and the old woman who looked after the house, was, beside myself, its only inhabitant. From the first he curiously impressed me. In appearance he was the very beau-ideal of the mysterious German of romance. Long, fair hair, blue eves deenly sunken, pale, hollow cheeks, a moody demeanor, and tall, powerful figure—he might have been Charles. Moor himself. In his habits he was reserved to moroseness. He had a weird of the yet mightier mysteries of the way of talking to himself, and a strange trick of almost every moment casting sharp, fearful glances over his shoulder. as though he fancled some unpleasant object were behind him. No one was suffered to enter his apartments save his own servant-a dark, saturnine-looking man-as mysterious as himself. I questioned Mrs. Adams, the bousekeeper, as to who he was. But she was as much. in the dark, and far more curious than" myself" respecting him About two then residing in Germany, to say that a on almost imperceptibly. foreign gentleman would, in the course of a few weeks, arrive at Bucksleigh .-The choice of apartments was to be given him; she was, in all respects, to at sound like the rustling of a woman's tend to his wishes, and, above all, was to ask no questions. The time of his sojourn was uncertain: he might leave at coming up to speak to me. I turned my any moment. This was all the informa-

that attracted, and yet repulsed me. The, mystery that excited my curiosity may be ascribed to the first feeling; the dark sinister expression that sometimes mingled with the gloom upon his face to en upon him. His face was deadly pale, the second. I frequently saw him wandering about in the forest during my enomogical rambles: but both in and out of the house he avoided an actual meet-We had been fellow-lodgers about a fortnight, when, without having previously exchanged a greeting, we became

suddenly acquainted. It happened inthis way-I had been out in the forest all the morning butterfly hunting, and having captured in my net a aplendid red imiral, two peacocks, and some smaller fry, I was lying basking in the shadon of a huge beech, gloating over my prey, when, happening to look up, I saw the German leaning against a tree, with his arms folded and his eyes bent upon me. I had not heard his foot fall upon the soft turf, and his sudden appearance quite startled me. Without a word of

quaintances. He spoke English fluently, although with a strong foreign accent, I found him to be a man of highly cultivated mind. Our topics were Greek, Latin, poetry, entomology, scenery; and upon all his remarks were equally just and full of knowledge. He grew warm and eloquent, his cheeks flushed, his eye brightened, the whole man was transformed. Suddenly, without any waruing, in the very midst of a speech, he stopped, the color died out of his face, leaving a ghastly pallor in its place, while his eyes, full of horror, stared wildly upon vacancy. The change was so instantaneous that for a moment I was struck as speechless as himself, my eyes instinctively following the direction of his. I could see nothing but the waving of the trees and the bright sun-

There was something about the incident that, in spite of the bright sunshine. gave me a superstitious feeling. After a on, that the German was mad, and that his exturnine servant was his

cast the old fearful look over his shoul-

A week passed away, and I saw n more of Korner, beyond a fleeting glanc as he passed my window on his way to the forest. In the meantime I had a visit from college chums of a few miles off, to whom I related my German experiences, and thereby inflamed their im aginations with the most outrageous ideas. He was one of Schiller's robbers Mephistopheles, a Werter, the wild huntsman, Salathiel, a banished count and I know not what. Ensconced be hind my window curtains, they waited and the sight of his strange, gloomy face made them almost seriously incline to those ideas that had been but jests before The object of their visit was to induce me to go with them to a ball that was to come off in a fortnight at Southampton'. But I heroically resisted all entreaties; so they left me to my studies in disgust. Great was my surprise one evening just as the twilight was closing in, at

receiving this message from Mrs. Adams. 'Would Mr. Serle honor Mr. Korner by his company, and sup with him that evening?' The old lady was all in a flutter as she spoke the words. We exchanged books. My curiosity was arous ed to see the sauctorum that none had

beheld, and I instantly accepted. When I entered the room I felt almost surprised to find that there was nothing peculiar in it, except that it was pecularly comfortable. Although the weather was warm, a cheerful fire burn ed in the grate, and three large lamps illumined every part of the large, sombre

'I like plenty of light,' he said, after cordially greeting me; 'I hate dark cor

So it seemed, I thought. Our conver sation turned upon German literature which the translations of Scott, Cole idue' and others, and the Lnits a host of English writers, were bringing into fashion. His mind was deeply imregnated wift its mystic and physical character. I found him to be a profound believer in the wildest dreams of the Rosicrucian and the demonologist Our conversation had naturally, although almost imperceptibly, drifted into this channel and I could not beln remarking the strange forced manner, in which he spoke upon the subject, as though com pelled to talk of it by some occult power

against his will. I ventured to be skeptical, and shall never forget the look with which he turned on me. Your philosophy, he said, bitterly rejects all things that do not come within the scope of its narrow reasonings, regardless of the fact that every object that exists contains within itself: unsolvable mysteries. Of the nature of our own souls, of their condition or destination, after they are freed from their bodies, we know nothing. Can we conceive eternity? Can we conceive illimitable space? Space before matter? The principles of our own being? We know these things are, but cannot bring them within the petty circle of our reason. In

the face of these mighty mysteries, and Christian faith, how dare man arrogant ly assert that aught can not be? One of our poets says, 'Where ignorance is bliss. 'tis folly to be wise.' Wisdom is usually purchased at a bitter cost.' There was something in his manner

that deeply impressed me, and I would have continued the conversation; but he skilfully changed the subject, and we were soon deep in the discussion of the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature. In this agreeable dis course, aided by an excellent supper, some ed a letter from her master; who was equally good wine and cigars, time glided

It was just upon the stroke of twelve when I wished him good-night. As I opened the door, I fancied I heard a dress. Thinking it was Mrs. Adams who was the only female in the house head, but there was no one upon the landing or on the staircase. The sound passed me, and there was a flutter in the air, as though it were distributed by some moving body. Following its supposed direction, my eyes fell upon Korner. In a few seconds a ghastly change had fallhis eyes fixed with a look of horror, his hands convulsively clutching the arms of the chair upon which he sat. I was advancing to him, thinking he was ill, when a hand laid upon my shoulder held me back. I turned and saw the German servant, who by word and gesture requested my absence. The next moment I found myself outside the door; A week elapsed, during which I and

Korner never once met. I had been hard at my books had completely shaken off my late superstitious terrors, retaken to skepticism and had thoroughl made up my mind that the German was the victim of some painful disease of which I, had witnessed the parox-

It was the night of the ball, which I have before mentioned. I had had a

grass, and entered into conversation as a last persuader, to meet them at the most lovely I ever beheld; the hair will endure in this life may mitigate weather which uncertain for several days past, toward the evening in question assumed a most savage aspect; the rain descended in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, and there were distant mutterings in the air that portended a thunder storm. As I looked round my gloomy room in the fading light. I could not help picturing with a sigh the brilliant ball room at South-

The American

ampton. While thus meditating, there was a knock at my door. Before I could an- skull totter and fall. forced gayety. light. Before I had recovered my self-

'How horribly dull you are here!' he essession sufficiently to speak, he sprang cried. 'Come up to my room; I'have mingled with its echos. to his feet and hurried away; as the trees hid him from my sight, I saw him a cheerful fire and plenty of light, a cigar, and Mrs. Adams is preparing an appetizing little supper.'

Now, after my one experience, I did not much care about passing the evelong cogitation, I could come to only one | ning with Korner, so I began a polite apology about the necessity of study .-But he impatiently interrupted me:-'Pshaw, man! it is the last opportuity you will have of refusing me.' 'Are you going to leave us, then?' I inquired.

'Yes; my release is at hand, and I wish you to join me in celebrating it.' 'Your release!' I reiterated.

'Yes; but we will not talk of it to night; you will hear all about it tomorrow,' he answered, lightly. After that I could not refuse his invi-

There was a strangeness in his manner that I could not understand, which from Southampton, they had come sevimpressed me disagreeably. He was as gay as a Frenchman; he laughed; told anecdotes and doubtful adventures, sang German student songs, and any mischief, they entered my room, was so unlike himself, as I had previ- lifted me out of my bed in my sheet. ously known him, that at times I had and bumped me not very gently upon serious doubts whether I was waking or dreaming.

'I astonish you,' he cried. 'I have cast aside what you call the blue devils for to-night, and, as Shakespeare says, in my old student days, the merriest fellow within the walls of Bonn.'

But I did not like his merriment—i was to me far more depressing than his gloom. I drank his hock. I smoked is cigars, and I laughed at his stories; but I felt all the time like one oppressed by a nightmare, and would have been delighted to have found an excuse to get down quietly to my own room.-In the meantime the storm was raging violently, the rain dashing in sheets against the window, and we could hear the crash and moan of the forest as the wind rushed through the trees; and the hunder, nearing, though still distant, rolled sullenly through the air.

'A pleasant night for a journey!' h

You are not going a journey to-'No; but Fritz has gone. I shall not start upon my journey until to-morrow

morning—a far longer one that Fritz's. I shuddered. I knew not why. Now, my friend, it is time that w separate,' he said suddenly, rising, and holding out his hand.

The intimation was sudden, and not strictly polite; but I took the hint with the most cheerful alacrity.

'Pardon my abruptnees, but I mus now prepare for my journey. An odd time, I thought, to begin preparations for a journey. As I wish ed him good night, I heard the rustling as of a woman's dress behind me, felt : movement in the air, and the sensation of a passing body, just as on my previous visit, and on Korner's face fell the same ghasly look. My nervous system was highly wrought, whether by the shadow of coming events, or by the electricity of the atmosphere. I knew not: and without another word hurried key turned in the lock; but, as before. I did not hurry down to my own room. for my limbs trembled so violently, and my head felt so dizzy that I was

moment, for fear of falling. The tempest had reached its culminating points. The thunder clouds were upon us, and sent forth peal upon peal, till the house trembled and shook as though swaved by an earthquake: the lightning flashed in sheets, and in streams of jugged fire now blue as steel now luridly red; the rain had abated, but the wind, rushing through the for est leaves, sounded as though a furious mountain torrent or a roaring sea was coming down upon us; while the branches crashed, and groaned, and shricked, as the hurricane swayed, and broke, and hurled them one against another... Never have I heard so awful a contention of the elements. I can never recall the memory of that terrible night without a shudder. And there

I stood in full blaze of the lightning, as it shone through the staircase window, with the fascination of terror upon me Suddenly through the din of the storm there rose a sharp, wailing cry, that curdled my blood and bristled my hair. It came from the room I had just left. By a sudden impulse, which I could never explain. I resolved to try and solve the awful mystery that was about me. There was but one way.-Across the front of the house ran a narrow balcony. The window I was standing against was in a line with those of Korner's room. With the rain beating down upon my bare head, and the wind sweeping round me and almost lifting me off my feet, I crept on to this balcony, and between an opening in the

And this is what I saw: The room was blazing with light, just as I had left it. With his back toward me, quivering and crouching, was the form of Korner; facing the window, and looking into his face, stood a woman. Her dress was that of midintroduction, he threw himself upon the letter from my friends that morning, as die class German life, but her face was then, if you can, that the tortures you valuable.

curtains peered into Korner's room.

Southampton, and accoming them to was of the brightest, rarest yellow, the the ball. But I heeded not the voice of complexion faultlessly pure; the eyes the charmer, and was further strength. | large, dreamy, and of a deep violet;ened in my virtuous resolution by the the nose and mouth of the most perfect shape. While I gazed, fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, a hideous transformation took place before my eyes. The clothes faded from her form, her beauty melted away like a vapor, and in its place my horrified gaze was fastened on a skeleton, on a grinning loathsome skull, out of whose mouldering recesses crawled bloated obscene

worms. The vision was but of a second's duration, and then I saw the bones crumble before my eyes, and the swer it, Korner stood before me. Even I saw no more. A mist gathered bein the twilight I could perceive that his air was excited with a kind of overpowered me; but as I fell I heard a loud explosion, which sounded unlike

When sense returned, I found myself bottle of good wine, an irreproachable lying upon the pavement of the balcony, saturated with rain, and as cold as wind, which still blew hard, but in fitful, dying gusts: With a dazed brain, upon which still lingered the dark shadow of the horrors I had witnessed, but no substantial idea. I mechanically sought my own apartments, and in the same automaton fashion swallowed a large glass of brandy, undressed, got into hed, and without any further recollection fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by a sudden shock, and the sound of loud laughter. When I opened my eyes, I found myself upon the floor, and my friends from Stony Cross standing over me, convulsed with laughter at, I presume, my ridiculous and scared appearance. In returning eral miles out of their way to pay me a visit. Upon hearing I had not risen, heated with champagne, and ready for the ground.

We had just sat down to breakfast when Mrs. Adams put her head in at the door, and beckoned me out mysteriously. 'I beg your pardon, sir, for 'Richard's himself again;' what I was interrupting you, but I am so uneasy about Mr. Korner that I couldn't contain myself any longer.'

'What is the matter?' I asked in great agitation. 'Well, you know he is an early riser,

never in bed after six. It is now ten, and I have neither seen nor heard him. I have knocked at his door, and can get no answer.' 'Where is the servant Fritz?' I in-

auired. 'He went away yesterday, saying he should not return for some days, and that I was to attend upon his master in

the meanwhile.

I told her to wait until after breakfast, and I would see what could be done. All the horrors of the last night cried, in the light, gesting tone he had | came vividly back upon my memory. filling me with evil forebodings. was impossible to conceal my perturba tion from my friends; and after a very little pressing I told them of the housekeeper's fears, and certain of my own experiences; omitting all mention of what I had seen through the window, which would have excited only their

ridicule. The breakfast table was abandoned: and while I proceeded to the German's chamber, the others waited the result at the further end of the corridor. No answer was returned to my knock, and bade him to return with that letter to after a little hesitation we decided to send for a locksmith and make a forcible entry. No one thought of entering by the windows, and I dared not propose it; I could not for my life have looked through them again. In a very the door thrown open. The room was darkened by the curtains, save in one spot, where the suppeams streamed through an opening, and fell full and brightly upon an awful object-the upturned blood-bespattered face of the out of the room. As before, I heard the German. He was quite dead; his hand still grasped a discharged pistol-he had blown his brains out!

I need scarcely remark that I did not pass another night under that ill-omenobliged to lean against the wall for a ed roof, but at once accepted my friends' invitation to return home with them.

Of course you are now anxious to know the explanation of the mysterious spectre and all other mysteries. All that I can tell you upon the subject was gathered more from inferences than from direct information. In Korner's writing desk was found the miniature of a lovely girl, which I immediately recognized as the face I had seen in my vision: and beside it was a strange and horrible letter; of which I made a copy at the time, and which, as nearly as I

can remember, ran thus: 'When you read these lines I shall be no more. Living, I am powerless to avenge your wickedness to me; but if there is a just God, my revenge will reach you from the grave? I have prayed unceasingy to be directed to a retribution as awful as the misery you have brought upon me. My prayer has been heard, and, mark me, scoff as you will in your skeptical conceit, it will come to pass. In my dark hours of despairing agony, this is the vengeance I have engendered, and which I will execute. From the hour in which I draw my last breath I will haunt you. Fly to the furthermost extremeties of the world, and my shadow shall still pursue you; alone or in a crowd, in the darkness of the night or in the brightest sunshine, you shall know no moment of your life in which I may not stand before you. And least habit should in time dull the horror of my presence to your hard, godless soul, in each visitation you shall behold the progress of the corruption of the buried body as it festers in the earth. As the body is at the moment I stand before you, in that guise shall you see me.-And when the last stage is reachedwhen the bones crumble into dust, then shall thy earthly career close. Pray,

those prepared for you in the next.'

Putting together the little information I gathered at various times, chiefly through Mrs. Adams, I framed this story: At Bonn there lived one Adeline Sturm, a Burgomaster's daughter. She was the beauty of the town, had been educated far above her station. and was as notorious for her haughty and disdainful pride as for her persona charms. All the your men were madly in love with her, but upon all she look ed down with equal scorn. Karl Kor ner was at that time a student at the university. He was a scion of a noble family, strikingly handsome, heir to a fine fortune, and the most heartless libertine in Bonn. The stories he was continually hearing of this girl's unimpressible nature excited his pique, and over a debauch he laid a heavy wager with a fellow student that he would the thunder that a moment afterward win her love, degrade her pride, and abandon her. He succeeded too well in all that he proposed. It was an ac of monstrous villainy; for he had not ce. The morning was just breaking; even the excuse of passion for accomthe storm bad cleared away, all but the plishing Adeline's ruin, while she loved him with all the fervor of her proud, powerful nature. Upon discovering the

> of the globe to another, but nowher finding peace or rest. AN OLD STORY.

conspiracy of which she had been made

the victim, she took poison. From that

time Korner was accursed; he wander

ed from land to land, from one division

An American Governor was building house at his plantation, and while diecting his workmen, noticed a lusty Indian who, though the weather was severely cold, was a naked as well as an idle spectator.

'Hark ye, Indian,' said the Governor, 'why don't you work as these men do and get clothes to cover you? 'And why you no work, Governor?'

replied the Indian. 'I work,' returned the Governor. placing his finger upon his forehead. with my head, and therefore need not work with my hands.' 'Well,' replied the Indian; 'and if I

would work, what have you for me to to do ? 'Go kill me a calf and I will give you shilling.

'The fellow did so, and the Governor asked him why he did not skin and 'Calf dead, Governor,' said the Indian

give me another shilling and I will.' This was complied with, and away went the Indian to an ale house with his two shillings; he soon drank one in rum and then returned to the Gover-

'Your shilling bad; the man will not take it.'

The Governor believed him and gave him another; but returning with the second the Governor found that he was a rogue; nevertheless he exchanged that too, reserving his punishment for

another opportunity, To accomplish this he wrote a letter o a friend at Boston to give th a sound whipping; and in a few days. when the Indian came to stare at the workmen, gave it to him saying : 'If you will carry this to Boston, and deliver it as directed, I will give you

half a crown. The Indian bowed assent, and set out upon his journey, but had not proceeded far, before he met another Indian. belonging to the Governor, to whom he gave the letter, and told him his master had sent him to meet with him, and Boston as fast as he could. The poor Indian carried it with great diligence. and received a sound whipping for his

The other Indian came no more, but at a meeting with some of the nation. short time the lock was taken off, and the Governor saw his fellow among the rest, and asked him very severely 'how he could dare to serve him such a

> The Indian looked him in the face. placed his forefinger on his forhead, and replied:

> 'Head work, Governor, head work!'

A YOUNG MAN OF MEANS.-I arrived in New York, a few days ago, and immediately took rooms at the Astor. I have always made it a rule to have the | cogitated. pest of everything, even if I am obliged to get trusted for it. I hadn't been at brought me my bill.

'Is it customary,' said I, 'to pay by the day? 'It is with men of your stamp,' he re-

What kind of a stamp do you take me 'What kind of a stamp do you take he for?' said I.

'You look like a two cent stamp,' he replied, very insulting. 'You either pay the bill or go out.' 'Have you got any money?' said he.

'My estimable young friend,' I replied, 'you have probably heard of Ben Frank-lin, long deceased. That eminent physician was at one time in that proverb the and did a very good business. He

sloian was at one time in that provers line, and did a very good business. He said, among other things, that time was money. Now, I haven't got any money, but as regards time, I am in affluent circumstances, and if you will receipt this bill, I will give you a check for as much time as you think equivalent, and throw you in a couple of hours for your

trouble.'
He made no reply, but from the fact of the porter's coming up immediately after, removing my trunk to the sidewalk, and hustling me out after it. I inferred that I wasn't considered a finan-Dial success.
I immediately called a hackman, and

told him to take me to a cheap but re-spectable hotel. 'And the cheaper it is' I added, 'the more respectable I shall consider it.' He drove me to the Excelsior House and I told him I was under a great many

and I told him I was under a great many obligations to him, and if at any time I could do him a favor, I should feel grieved if he didn't speak to me about it, for my proud spirit spurns an obligation.

If you don't fork over them fifty cents, sir.' said he, 'there'il be a funeral in your family, and it won't be your wife, nor one of your children.'

But I'm busted,' said I. 'If meetinghouses were selling two for a cent, I could not buy even the handle of a contribution box.'

He swore at me awfully, and said he He swore at me awfully, and said he ould have it out of my trunk, so he

burst it open.

But the contents of that trunk are far from valuable, for I carry it filled with sawdust. It looks just as respectable, and in an emergency of this kind is inearful Scene at Frankford-A Lion At

tempts to Kill His Tamer—The Man not Expected to Live. About 5.30 o'clock on the 1st inst. another tragedy in O'Brien's menagerie occurred at Frankford. A lion tamer named Joseph Whittle was nearly torn to pieces by a trick lion with which he was performing at the time. Whittle is connected with the estabishment in the capacity of a lion tamer and performer, owning himself.

A DEN OF TRICK LIONS. Another lion is also connected with he menagerie, owned by a man named Conklin, and it was this one that did he damage yesterday. At 5.30 o'clock Whittle entered the age in which this latter lion was con-

fined and began his training exercise with him. One part of the performance consists of the thrilling spectacle of the man inserting his HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

Whittle essayed this and placed his read between the laws of the brute. when suddenly the lion uttered an ominous growl and closed its jaws upon the unfortunate man. He screame with agony and the blood spurted from wounds and trickled from the mouth of the beast, who still maintained his DEADLY GRASP.

Whitele used his performing whip with all the energy left him, and lashed the lion until it released its hold, and slunk into a corner of its den, where i lay licking its lips and growling. By this time another attache of the place had seized a fork, used in training elephants, and ran to Whittle's assist ance. This was the golden opportunity for his escape, but

THE FEARLESS TRAINER. with a reckless courage, determined to conquer the brute or die, and advancing upon him rained upon his head a shower of blows with his loaded whip. For a while the lion was cowed, but suddenly lashed into a phrenzy by the punishment he was suffering, he

aunched himself into the air and bor the trainer to the earth, SEIZING HIM BY THE THIGH, and crushing his bones and flesh into a jelly. The man with the iron prong goaded the animal and finally drove him off the prostrate form of Whittle, whom he then pulled from the cage

through an aperture covered by a sliding iron door. Whittle by this time was insensible, and so HORRIBLY MANGLED that he seemed scarcely alive. He was

put upon a litter and taken to the nouse of Mr. O'Brien in the vicinity, where at a late hour he was in a low state.—Philadelphia Post.

A MIGHT OF HORROR

Shortly after being comfortably settled in my new house, along with Mrs. Spi vins, business summoned me to the ru ral districts.

I dispatched the affair in hand with Mrs. S. would be on the tenter hooks of suspense until she saw me, jumped aboard a convenient train, and burried home to relieve her.

It was right when I again reached dulce domum. There was something so provocative in the darkness and utter quiet in which I found the premises that determined to give lovey a surprise; but Nature, appealing to me on a vita point, I dropped into the dining-room with the view of refreshing myself with a bit of cold joint by way of preliminary. Striking a light, I found that my wants had been anticipated, for there on the table lay the remains of a repastbreast of cuicken, cakes, cheese, and what not. Being sharp set, I pitched in a glass of old port materially assisting the

rocess of digestion. All at once my eye caught sight of a meerschaum upon the mantle. Now there s nothing very alarming in a meerschaum per se, but when the meerschaum is the property of a stranger, and is found upon one's own premises during his absence, it becomes invested with an importance which it could derive from no other circumstance. There was also a paper of Turkish tobacco. 'The fellow has taste, at all events, bald I, and I filled and smoked, drank a bumper, and

Now Maria knows I am not in the least bit jealous; knows it had never enthe Astor but one day, when the clerk | tered my head to suspect her of an imprudence; but this, to say the least of it, had a very suspicious look. I drank again. Yet I protest I was not at all sprang from my seat as if at the touch of again, until I was out of breath, and an electric battery, for on the settee in | felt real pleasant and good natured. ment. I took another bumper, and folding my arms, glared majestically around. Not that I was jealous! Oh,

dear, no ! I was resuming my seat and pipe, to cogitate over a course of precedure, when I received another shock. My eye had alighted upon a note which had fallen peneath the table. It was in a feminine hand. 'Dear Charlie!' it ran. 'I'm so glad you've arrived. Sammy 's away .--Don't stand upon ceremony. We'll have such a nice time! Cold lunch and agreeable. Come over at once. Sammy's my name. 'Perfidious woman! It is thus---'

And rip went the odious missive into dozen pieces. There was a rose, which had, no doubt, been in his buttonhole. I suppose! I threw that in the fire, after tramping on it. I fortified myself with mother glass, took off my stockings, and started up stairs. On the way I stumbled over a strange cat in the kitchen. In my ascent I suppose I must have made some noise, for a strange dog set ne as well to go prepared for contingencies. I reflected, as I re-entered the pardesired object, and was retreating when die happy—counting twenty-five. I fancied somebody came in on tip-toe Holding my breath, I dodged past him, and crept up the stairs like a thief, not

what was going on. After a pause, during which I could count the beatings of my heart, I tries the bed-room door. I

was not locked, and all was dark with in. A gentle snore—not a rough, exas perating, reckless thing, but more of nusical moan came from the bed-'She is asleen,' mused I: 'the sleep of the virtuous; and what I thought the step of a stranger's toes was the tread of that cat. Poor, dear Maria! How could I so

wrong you?' I disrobed and slipped in-'Charlie, how long you have been! ald a feminine voice.

Gracious goodness! It was that of tranger. A cold perspiration broke out all over me as I reflected upon the horrors of my situation. The house I had purchased was one of a pair which had een built exactly alike, and, coming fatigued and sleepy direct from the cars I must have entered my neighbor's nahsion instead of my own! I bounced out upon the floor.

Excuse me, dear,' I whispered: 'I hink I hear burglars.' 'What? again? I think you must be

'I'll go and see,' said I; and, huddling on something, I groped my way to the stairs, descended them, with a cold feeling all the way down my back, and crept into the basement. There I made another annalling discovery. The clothes I had put on were somebody else's, and not my own!

Safe on the side-walk, I glanced up a the house from which I had just escaped, thinking how I should manage to return the borrowed toggery. And it was my house after all!

Resolved on an explanation, I range the bell boldly. I heard the tip, tippety, tip of a pair of well-known feet, and was once in the arms of Mrs. Spivins. 'Why, don't you remember, Sammy, she said in reply to my interrogatories,

I told you brother Charles was coming from the country with his new wife, to pass a few days with us. I have given up our own bedroom to them, and its ucky you rang.' And the note to Charlie was sufficient y explained.

I have only to add that the dog and at were presents, and also the pipe, which I might have ascertained if I had. glanced at the inscription. I will never be jealous again.

COUNTING TWENTY-FIVE. Tow the Wife of a Utica Editor Curbe

I found the cherished face of Maria Ann wreathed in smiles, the other evening, when I returned from my show you the way up." arduous daily toil. 1 am engaged as standing man at a saloon. So many candidates are treating, that the saloon keeper hires six of us to be treated. We all drink with every candidate that comes in, and it makes business pretty

Said my chosen one: "Joshua, I am afraid you do not

always find me an angel in disposi-Said I "that's so-hic-my dear. I don't seldom find you 'nangel, in—in

anything." "And." she added. "you are not. always the most pleasant man in the

I did not feel called on to reply. "Now," said she, "read that " she had cut an item from the col-

umns of some paper wherein a determined writer told about some impossible woman who, being troubled with a bad temper, counting twenty-five every time she got provoked, and thus became a sweet, amiable, and dearly loved ornament of the house of her delightful husband. I read the article as well as the condition of my head would allow, and remarked "bosh." Maria Ann paid no attention to me but unfolded her plan. She said that every time I got mad I should count twenty-five, and every time she go mad she would count twenty-five.] asked her who she thought would pay our rent while we sat and counted twenty-five, over and over all day long. Then she said I was always raising objections to her plans for our mutual improvement, and I said I was

not, and she said I was enough to try the patience of a saint, and I said I was too, and she came for me, and I told her to count twenty-five: but she forgot all about that, and just tallied one in my left eye. Then I was going to remonstrate with the poker, and she told me to count twenty-five and I said I would not but I did before she had pulled more than half my hair out. Then she made jealous. At that moment I started and me count twenty-five over, and over

the corner lay an impudent looking hat | So we went to supper. Now, the cat and cane, and even a pair of gloves! To | was curled up in my chair; but I did smash the hat into smitherens, to tear not see it untill I sat down; and I did site side of the cal the gloves into fragments, to snap the cane into flinders, was the work of a mowas there, in fact I knew it was there.

tea pot and murmured: "Joshua, your temper is rising; count twenty-five, or I will break your head," and the cat was drawing a man of the Tenth ward with her claws around behind me with the streets and boundaries marked in my blood. I

rose to explain, and said: "My dear, I-" but she caromed on

der the loving instruction of Maria lor with a view to possessing myself of and make a demand for mourning the poker. Dark as it was, I secured the goods among his friends. Then I can

that I was at all jealous, but only to see | -wers, 'because her son never sits.'

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The following amusing reminiscence, connected with the history of a famous Nashville hostlery that was numbered among the institutions of the past long years before the war, is told by the Franklin Review and Journal, which says that the principal actors are still

living: While the old inn stood on the square in Nashville it was the favorite hotel of the traveling public. On one occasion, among the guests there assembled were Harvey H-, fron Williamson county, John G., from Maury county, intimate friends, and both convivial in their temperament. They had imbibed freely of spirits, and were in that happy condition in which they considered the world all their own and were rather noisy in their demonstrations. Some of the visitors complained of their noise, and the proprietor, after some persuasion, inde gentlemen to retire to bed. He conducted them to their room, saw them safely

ted them to their room, saw them safely lodged and held whited wanted thy until lodged and held whited wanted the bed, they slept, which, as was the state of the closes bed, which, as was the state of the closes of the closes

'Harvey demurred a littleobut finally yielding to earnest solicitations, he threw himself out of bed, in the pitch darkness of the room, to the floor beneath. He was unprepared for a leap, and the shock of the fall surprised him. Instantly he conjectured that he had fallen down stairs, perhaps through a trap door, so he got down on his hands and knees and commenced groping about to find some means of ascent to the room above. The delay occasioned by these movements was torture to John, who was parched up with thirst.

So he called out, in language more prolane than polite t "Harvey, what are you doing?"

'The answer came from the depths 'John! I fell down stairs, and can't flud the steps to get up again." 'Well, must I come down there to

'I wish you would, John, for I can't find the steps. 'John, thoroughly vexed at his friend's stupidity, sprang out of bed, when lo! he too, went whirling thro' the air into the distance below and soon found himself sprawling on the floor beside his companion.

'Harvey, I fell down the stairs my self,' was the exclamation. 'Then the two commenced a search for the staircase, a ladder, anything to enable them to get out of this deep abyss. Round and round they upon their hands and knees. They found a table, upon which they discovered a pitcher of water. Quenching their thirs they resumed their search. Their clothing had deen deposited on the foot of the bed, so this was beyond their reach, and the weather was intensely cold. They must keep moving or freeze. The weary round was kept up until the gray dawn began to streak the east, when they ascertained their true condition. Stealthily they lowered the bed, hastily donned their clothing, and only remained long enough to pay their bill to the night clerk, when, mounting their horses, they made tracks for

REMINISCENCE OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

home,

In the winter of 1832, when returning from a trip through the Southern States, by the way of Richmond and Fredericksburg, we took the steamboat for Washington. At that time there were none of the modern recomode. tions of state rooms, but the berths were all open and ranged around the main cabin. It was the time of reassembling of Congress of the Christmas holiday vacation. Among the passengers were Chief Justice Marshall, Mr. Randolph, J. S. Barbour, and other members of Congress from Virgina and other Southern St

We arrived at the landing 1st Washington very early in the morning, before daylight. As the day dawned, not being disposed to much sleep, I turned out of my berihanningrepared to walk to the city, about a mile and a half from the landing of the oppowas there, in fact I knew it was there as well as I wanted to, and more too, I felt inclined to rise up suddenly, but as I gathered to spring, she branished the 4 o'clock, and you'll find no conveyance at this hour." at this hour.'

at this hour." In the band of the function, "That's true," replied the Chief Justice, but I don't intend to the beat by this young man, as my habit is to rise early and walk before breakfast. I propose to join my young friend and walk to the city." In ed. 10 septing.

"My dear, I—" but she caromed on my head with a tea cup, and sprinkled my face with a quart of hot tea, and I sat down and counted twenty-five, but it killed the cat. The old fellow died hard, though, and I could feel him settle as his nine lives went out one by one.

A few days' practice at this rule, under the loving instruction of Maria.

Walk to the city. 13131322 1111

I well remember the symmotrity of his dress, in short clothes with long blue worsted shooking to the symmotrity as a set of since the loving instruction of Maria.

I well remember the symmotrity of his dress, in short clothes with long blue worsted shooking to the symmotrity as a set of since the loving instruction of Maria.

On one occasion while presiding over

On one occasion while presiding over der the loving instruction of Maria Ann has enabled me to acquer my temper completely. Nobody can get me mad now, and I am in a state of perpetual calm, and I want to see the man that wrote that story: I want to fit him for the hands of an undertaker, and make a demand for mourning goods among his friends. Then I can die happy—counting twenty-five.

A poultry riddlemaker asks:—

'Why is a hen immortal?' and anyong the counting the trial of a case which was being argued by a young mall, who spings argued by a case which was being argued by a case