

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 51

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1858.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,462.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription. One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1 50. A year in advance, \$2 00. Single Copies, 5 Cts. Rates of Advertising. A square (10 lines) one week, \$3 00. Three weeks, \$7 50. One month, \$12 00. Three months, \$30 00. Six months, \$50 00. One year, \$80 00. For longer periods, by agreement. A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

## Poetry.

### The Land of Dreams.

BY W. G. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the land of dreams,  
With steeples that hang in the twilight sky,  
And wailing oceans and trailing streams  
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.  
But over its shadowy border flow  
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,  
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,  
And flowers in the vernal fields are born.  
The souls of the happy dead repair,  
From their bowers of light to that bordering land,  
And walk in the fainter glory there,  
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.  
One calm, sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,  
From eyes that open on earth no more;  
One warning word from a voice once dear,  
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!  
Far off from those hills that shine with day,  
And feet that tread the heavenly gates,  
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away,  
To dimmer mountains and darker dale.  
There lie the chambers of guilty delight,  
There walk the specters of guilty fear,  
And the soft low voices that float through the night,  
Are whispering sin in the hush of ear.  
Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,  
Scarce waned from the love of childhood play!  
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower  
That freshens the early blooms of May.  
Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow  
Past thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,  
And I know, by the moving lips, that now  
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.  
Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy fate!  
Oh, keep where thou art, in that paradise fall,  
And only wander when thy spirit's call  
The blessed one from its shining walls.  
So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,  
With love and peace in thy world of strife;  
And the light that over that border stream  
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.  
[Graham's Magazine.]

### I. November.

The dead leaves their rich mosaics,  
Of olive and gold and brown,  
Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,  
Through all the embowered town.  
They were washed by the Autumn tempest,  
They were trod by hurrying feet,  
And the mists came out with their besoms  
And swept them into the street.  
To be crushed and lost forever  
Nest the wheels, in the black mire lost—  
The Summer's precious dainties,  
She nattered at such a cost!  
O words that have fallen from me!  
O golden thoughts and true!  
Must I see in the leaves a symbol  
Of the fate that awaits you?

### II. April.

Again has come the Spring-time,  
With the crocus's golden bloom,  
With the smell of the fresh-turned earth-mould,  
And the violet's perfume.  
O garden! tell me the secret  
Of thy flowers so rare and so sweet—  
—I have only enriched my garden  
With the black mire from the street.  
[Atlantic Monthly.]

## Selections.

From Harper's Magazine.

### Nancy Blynn's Lovers.

William Tansley, familiarly called Tip, having finished his afternoon's work in Judge Blynn's garden, milked the cows, and given the pigs their supper—not forgetting to make sure of his own—stole out of the house with his Sunday jacket, and the secret intention of going "a sparking."—Tip's manner of setting about his delicate business was characteristic of his native shrewdness. He usually went well provided with gifts; and on the present occasion, before quitting the Judge's premises, he "drew upon" a certain barrel in the barn, which was his bank, where he had made, during the day, frequent deposits of green corn, of the diminutive species called *tucket*—smuggled in from the garden, and designed for roasting and eating with the widow Blynn's pretty daughter. Stealthily, in the dusk, stopping now and then to listen Tip brought out the little milky ears from beneath the straw, crammed his pockets with them, and packed full the crown of his old straw hat; then, with the sides of his jacket distended, his trousers bunched, and a toppling weight on his head, he peeped cautiously from the door to see that the way was clear for an escape to the orchard, and thence, "across lots," to the widow Blynn's house.

Tip was creeping furtively behind the wall, stooping, with one hand steadying his hat, and the other his pockets, when a voice called his name.

sharing the popular prejudice in favor of fine clothes and riches, preferred, apparently, a single passing glance from Cephas to all Tip's gifts and attentions. Tip dropped down behind the wall. "Tip Tansley!" again called the hated voice. But the proprietor of that euphonious name not choosing to answer it remained quiet, one hand still supporting his hat, the other his pocket, while young Blynn, to whom glimpses of the forsook hat, appearing over the edge of the wall, had previously been visible, stepped quickly and noiselessly to the spot. Tip crouched with his unconscious eyes in the grass; Cephas watched him good-humoredly, leaning over the wall.

"If it isn't Tip, what is it?" And Cephas struck one side of the distended jacket with his cane. An ear of corn dropped out. He struck the other side; and dropped another ear.—A couple of smart blows across the back succeeded, followed by more corn, and at the same time Tip, getting up, and endeavoring to protect his pocket, let go his hat, which fell off, spilling its contents in the grass.

"Did you call?" gasped the panic-stricken Tip. The rivals stood with the wall between them—as ludicrous a contrast, I dare assert, as over two lovers of one woman presented. Tip, abashed and afraid, brushed the hair out of his eyes, and made an unsuccessful attempt to look the handsome and smiling Cephas in the face.

"Do you pretend you did not hear, with all these ears?" said the Judge's son. "—I was huntin' for a shoe-string," murmured Tip, casting dismayed glances along the ground. "I lost one here some 'ers."

"Tip," said Cephas, putting his cane under Master Tansley's chin to assist him in holding up his head, "look me in the eye, and tell me—what is the difference, twixt you and that corn?"

"I don't know—what?" And liberating his chin, Tip dropped his head again, and began kicking in the grass in search of the imaginary shoe-string.

"That is lying on the ground, and you are lying—on your feet," said Cephas. Tip replied that he was going to the woods for bean-poles, and that he took the corn to feed the cattle in the "back pasture, cause they hooked."

"I wish you were as innocent of hooking as the cattle are!" said the incredulous Cephas.—"Go and put the saddle on Pericles." Tip proceeded in a straight line to the stable, his pockets dropping corn by the way, while Cephas laughing quietly, walked up and down under the trees.

"Hess's ready," muttered Tip, from the barn door. Instead of leading Pericles out, he left him in the stall, and climbed up into the hay loft to hide, and brood over his misfortune until his rival was gone. It was out alone the affair of the stolen corn that troubled Tip; but from the fact that Pericles was ordered, he suspected that Cephas likewise purposed paying a visit to Nancy Blynn. Resolved to wait and watch his departure he lay under the dusty roof, chewing the bitter cud of envy, and now and then a steam of new-mown Timothy, till Cephas entered the stalls beneath, and said, "Do still!" in his clear, resonant tones, to Pericles.

Pericles uttered a quick, low whinny of recognition, and ceased pawing the floor. "Are you there, Cephas?" presently said another voice.

It was that of the Judge, who had followed his son into the barn. Tip lay with his elbows on the hay, and listened.

"Going to ride, are you? Who saddled the horse?"

"Tip," replied Cephas. "He didn't half curry him. Wait a minute. I'm ashamed to let a horse go out looking so."

about that matter. I hope you ain't fooling the girl, Cephas." And the Judge, having broached the subject to which all his rubbing had been introductory, and his remarks a prologue, waited anxiously for his son's reply.

Cephas assured him that he should never be guilty of fooling any girl—much less so worthily as Miss Nancy Blynn.

"I'm glad to hear it!" exclaimed the Judge. "Of course I never believed you could do such a thing. But we should be careful of appearances, Cephas. (Just another little handful of straw; that will do.) People have already got up the absurd story that you are going to marry Nancy."

Tip's ears tingled. There was a brief silence, broken only by the rustling of the straw. Then Cephas said, "Why absurd, father?"

"Absurd—because—why, of course, it isn't true, is it?"

"I must confess, father," replied Cephas, "the idea has occurred to me that Nancy—would make me—a good wife."

It is impossible to say which was the most astonished by this candid avowal, the Judge or Master William Tansley. The latter had never once imagined that Cephas' intentions respecting Nancy were so serious; and now the inevitable conviction forced upon him, that if his rich rival really wished to marry her, there was no possible chance left for him, smote his heart with qualms of despair.

"Cephas, you stagger me!" said the Judge. "A young man of your education and prospects—"

"Nancy is not without some education, father," interposed Cephas, as the Judge hesitated. "Better than that, she has heart and soul. She is worthy to be any man's wife!"

Although Tip entertained precisely the same opinion, he was greatly dismayed to hear them expressed so generously by Cephas.

The Judge rubbed away again at Pericles' flanks and shoulders with wisps of straw.

"No doubt, Cephas, you think so—and sartin I haven't anything agin' Nancy—she's a good girl enough, fur's I know. But just reflect on't—you're of age, and in one sense you can do as you please, but you ain't too old to hear reason. You know you might marry 'most any girl you choose."

"So I thought, and I choose Nancy," answered Cephas, preparing to lead out Pericles.

"I wish the loss'd fling him, and break his neck!" whispered the devil in Tip's heart. "Don't be hasty; wait a minute, Cephas," said the Judge. "You know what I mean—you could marry rich. Take a practical view of the matter. Get rid of these boyish notions. Just think how it will look for a young man of your cloth—worth twenty thousand dollars any day I'm in a mind to give it to you—to go and marry the widow Blynn's daughter! a girl that takes in sewing! What are you thinking of Cephas?"

"I hear," replied Cephas, quietly, "she does her sewing well."

"Well, suppose she does? She'd make a good enough wife for some fellow as you, no doubt; but I thought a son of mine would ha' looked higher. Think of you and Tip after the same girl. Come, if you've any pride about you, you'll pull the saddle off the colt and stay at home."

Although the Judge's speech, as we perceive, was not quite free from provincialisms, his arguments were none the less powerful on that account. He said a good deal more in the same strain, holding out threats of un forgiveness and disinheritance on the one hand, and praise and promises on the other, Cephas standing with the bridle in his hand, and poor Tip's anxious heart beating like a pendulum between the hope that his rival would be convinced and the fear that he would not.

"The question is simply this, father," said Cephas, growing impatient; "Which to choose, love or money? And I assure you I'd much rather please you than displease you."

"That's the way to talk, Cephas! That sounds lik!" exclaimed the Judge.

"But if I choose money," Cephas hastened to say, "money it shall be. I ought to make a good thing out of it. What will you give to make it an object?"

"Give!—Give you all I've got, of course. What's mine is yours—or will be, some day."

"Some day isn't the thing. I prefer one good bird in the hand to any number of fine songsters in the bush. Give me five thousand dollars, and it's bargain."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Judge. "Very well; than stand aside and let me and Pericles pass."

"Don't be unreasonable, Cephas! Let the colt stand. What do you want of five thousand dollars?"

"Never mind; if you don't see fit to give it, I'll go and see Nancy."

"No, no, you shan't! Let go the bridle. I'd rather give ten thousand."

"Very well; give me ten, then!"

"I mean, don't go to being wild and headstrong now! I'll give you a thousand dollars, if nothing else will satisfy you."

"I'll divide the difference with you," said Cephas. "You shall give me three thousand, and that, you must confess, is very little."

"It's a bargain!" exclaimed the Judge.—And Tip was thrilled with joy.

"But she has no position; there is the same objection to her there is to Nancy.—The bargain is, you are not to marry any poor girl; and I mean to have it in writing. So pull off the saddle and come into the house."

"If I had been shrewd I might just as well have got five thousand," said Cephas. Tip Tansley, now more excited than he had ever been in his life, waited until the two had left the barn; then, creeping over the hay, hitting his head in the dark against the low rafters, he slid down from his hiding-place, carefully descended the stairs, gathered up what he could find of the scattered ears of *tucket*, and set out to run through the orchard and across the fields to the widow Blynn's cottage. The evening was starry, and the glittering edges of the few dark clouds that lay low in the east predicted the rising moon. Halting only to climb fences, or to pick up now and then the corn that persisted in dropping from his pockets, or to scrutinize some dark object that he thought looked "pokerish" in the dark; prudently shunning the dismal woods on one side, and the pasture where the "hooking" cattle were, on the other, Tip kept on, and arrived all palpitating and perspiring, at the widow's house, just as the big, red moon was coming up amidst the clouds over the hill. He had left a good deal of his corn and all his courage behind him in his flight; for Tip, ardently as he loved the beautiful Nancy, could lay no claim to her on the poetical ground that "Only the brave deserve the fair."

With uncertain knuckles Tip rapped on the humble door, having first looked through the kitchen window, and seen the widow sitting there, sewing by the light of a tall candle.

"Good evening, William," said Mrs. Blynn, opening the door, with her spectacles on her forehead, and her work gathered up in her lap under her bent figure. "Come in; take a chair."

"Guess I can't stop," replied Tip, sidling into the room with his hat on. "How's all the folks? Nancy to hum?"

"Nancy's up stairs; I'll speak to her.—Nancy," called the widow at the chamber-door, "Tip is here! Better take a chair while you stop," she added, smiling upon the visitor, who always on arriving "guessed he couldn't stop," and usually ended by remaining until he was sent away.

"Wal, mmy as well; jest as cheap sittin' as standin'," said Tip, depositing the burden of his personality—weight, 146 lbs.—upon one of the creaky, splint-bottomed chairs.

"Pooty warm night, kind o'," raising his arm to wipe his face with his sleeve, upon which an ear of that discontented *tucket* took occasion to tumble upon the floor.

"Hello! what's that! By gracious if 'tain't green corn! Got any fire? Guess we'll have a roast."

And Tip, taking off his hat began to empty his stuffed pockets into it.

"Law me!" said the widow, squinting over her work, "I thought your pockets stuck out amazin'! I ha'n't had the first taste of green corn this year. It's real kind o' thoughtful in you, Tip; but the fire is all out, and we can't think of roasting on't to-night, as I see."

"Mebby Nancy will," chuckled Tip.—"Ain't she comin' down? Any time to-night Nancy!" cried Tip, raising his voice, to be heard by his beloved in her retreat. "You do no what I brought yet?"

Now, sad as the truth may sound to the reader sympathizing with Tip, Nancy cared little what he had brought, and experienced no very ardent desire to come down and meet him. She sat at her window looking at the stars, and thinking of somebody who she had hoped would visit her that night; but that somebody was not Tip; although the first sound of his footsteps did set her heart fluttering with expectation, his near approach, breathing fast and loud had given her a chill of disappointment—almost disgust; and she now much preferred her own thoughts, and the moonrise through the trees in the direction of Judge Blynn's house, to all the green corn, and all the green lovers in New England. Her mother, however, who commiserated Tip, and believed as much in being civil to neighbors as she did in keeping the Sabbath, called again, and gave her no peace until she had left the window, the moonrise, and her romantic dreams, and descended into the prosaic atmosphere of the kitchen, and of Tip and his corn.

Tip's month, which had been watering in anticipation of the roasted *tucket*, watered more than ever at the sight of Nancy's exquisite eyes and lips. Her plain, neat calico gown, enfolding a wonderful little rounded embodiment of grace and beauty seemed to him an attire fit for any queen or fairy that ever lived. But it was the same old tragic story over again—although Tip loved Nancy, Nancy loved not Tip. Well for him had his mouth only watered for corn! However, he might flatter himself, her regard for him was on the cool side of siverly—simply the toleration of a kindly heart for one who was not to blame for being less bright than other people.

She took her sewing, and sat by the table. Oh, so beautiful! Tip thought; and enveloped in a charming atmosphere which seemed to touch and transfigure every object except himself. The humble apartment, the splint-bottomed chairs, the stockings drying on the pole, even the widow's

cap and gown, and the old black snuffers on the table—all, save poor homely Tip, stole a ray of grace from the halo of her loveliness.

Nancy discouraged the proposition of roasting corn, and otherwise deeply grieved her visitor by intently working and thinking, instead of taking part in the conversation. At length a bright idea occurred to him.

"Got a slate and pencil?"

The widow furnished the required articles. He then found a book, which happened to be a Testament, and using the cover as a rule marked out the plan of a game.

"Fox and geese, Nancy; ye play?" And having picked off a sufficient number of kernels from one of the ears of corn, and placed them on the slate for geese, he selected the largest he could find for a fox, stuck it upon a pin, and proceeded to roast it in the candle.

"Which'll ye have, Nancy?"—pushing the slate toward her; "take your choice, and give me the geese; then beat me if you can! Come won't ye play?"

"Oh dear, Tip, what a tease you are!" said Nancy. "I don't want to play. I must work. Get mother to play with you, Tip."

"She don't want!" exclaimed Tip.—"Come, Nancy; then I'll tell ye suthin' I heard jest 'fore I come away—suthin' 'bout you!"

And Tip, assuming a careless air, proceeded to pile up the ears of corn, log-house fashion, upon the table, while Nancy was finishing her seam.

"About me?" she echoed.

"You'd ha' thought so!" said Tip, slyly glancing over the corn as he spoke to watch the effect on Nancy. "Cephe and the old man had the all-fired row—tell you!"

He hitched around in his chair, and resting his elbows on his knees, looked up, shrewd and grinning, into her face.

"William Tansley, what do you mean?"

"As if you couldn't guess! Cephe was comin' to see you to-night—but I guess he won't," chuckled Tip. "Say! ye ready for fox and geese?"

"How do you know that?" demanded Nancy.

"'Cause I heard! The old man stopped him, and Cephe was goin' to ride over him; but the old man was too much for him; he jerked him off the horse, and there they had it, lickety-switch, rough-and-tumble, till Cephe give in, and told the old man, rather'n have any words he'd promise never to come and see you again if he'd give him three thousand dollars; and the old man said 'twas a bargain!'"

"Is that true, Tip?" cried the widow, dropping her work and raising her hands.

"True as I live and breathe, and draw the breath of life, and have a livin' bein'!" Tip solemnly affirmed.

"Just as I always told you, Nancy!" exclaimed the widow. "I knew how it would be. I felt sartin Cephe couldn't be depended upon. His father never'd hear a word to it, I always said. It'll be all for the best, I hope. Now don't Nancy; don't, I beg and beseech."

She saw plainly by the convulsive movement of the girl's bosom and the quivering of her lip that some passionate demonstration was threatened. Tip meanwhile had advanced still nearer, contorting his neck and looking up with leering malice into her face until his nose almost touched her cheek.

"What do ye think now of Cephe Boxton?" he asked, tauntingly; "hey?"

A stinging blow upon the ear rewarded his impudence, and he recoiled with such sudden impetuosity that his chair went over and threw him sprawling upon the floor.

"Gosh all hemlock!" he muttered, scrambling to his feet, rubbing first his elbow, then his ear. "What's that fur, I'd like to know—knockin' a feller down?"

"What do I think of Cephas Boxton?" cried Nancy. "I think the same I did before—why shouldn't it? Your slander is no slander. Now sit down and behave yourself, and don't put your face too near mine, if you don't want your ears boxed!"

"Why Nancy, how could you?" groaned the widow.

Nancy made no reply, but resumed her work very much as if nothing had happened.

"Hurt you much, William?"

"Not much; only it made my elbow sing like all Jerusalems! Never mind; she'll find out! Where's my hat?"

"You ain't going, be ye?" said Mrs. Blynn, with an air of solicitude.

"I guess I ain't wanted here," mumbled Tip, pulling his hat over his ears. He struck the slate, scattering the fox and geese, and demolished the house of green corn. "You can keep that; I don't want it. Good night, Miss Blynn."

Tip placed peculiar emphasis upon the name, and fumbled a good while with the latch, expecting Nancy would say something; but she maintained a cool and dignified silence; and as nobody urged him to stay, he reluctantly departed, his heart full of injury, and his hopes collapsed like his pockets.

For some minutes Nancy continued to sew intent and fast, her flushed face bowed over the seam; then suddenly her eyes flamed, her fingers forgot their cunning, the needle shot blindly hither and thither, and the quickly-drawn thread snapped in twain.

"Nancy! Nancy! don't!" pleaded Mrs. Blynn; "I beg of ye, now don't!"

"Oh mother," burst forth the young girl, with sobs, "I am so unhappy! What did I strike poor Tip for? He did not know any better. I am always doing something so wrong! He could not have made up the story. Cephas would have come here to-night—I know he would!"

"Poor child! poor child!" said Mrs. Blynn. "Why couldn't you hear to me? I always told you to be careful and not like Cephas too well. But maybe Tip didn't understand. Maybe Cephas will come to-morrow, and then all will be explained."

"Cephas is true, I know—I know!" wept Nancy, "but his father—"

The widow came and passed, and no Cephas. The next day was Sunday, and Nancy went to church, not with an undivided heart, but with human love, and hope, and grief mingling strangely with her prayers. She knew Cephas would be there, and felt that a glance of his eye would tell her all. But—for the first time in many months it happened—they sat in the same house of worship, she with her mother in their humble corner, he in the Judge's conspicuous pew, and no word or look passed between them. She went home, still to wait; tortured with the wasting anguish known only to those who love and doubt. Day after day of leaden loneliness, night after night of watching and despair, succeeded, and still no Cephas. Tip also had discontinued his visits. Mrs. Blynn saw a slow certain change come over her child; her joyous laugh rang no more; neither were her tears often seen or sighs heard; but she seemed disciplining herself to bear with patience and serenity the desolateness of her lot.

One evening it was stormy, and Nancy and her mother were together in the plain, tidy kitchen, both sewing and both silent; gusts of rain lashing the windows, and the cat purring in a chair. Nancy's heart was more quiet than usual; for, albeit expectation was not quite extinct, no visitor surely could be looked for on such a night. But it is not true that the spirit loves surprise; and that, when least expected, grace arrives.—This truth applies alike to the seeming trifles of life and to matters of the greatest moment; and it was made manifest to Nancy that night; first when, amidst the sounds of the storm, she heard footsteps and a knock at the door. She need not have started and changed color so tumultuously, however, for the visitor was only Tip.

"Good evening," said young Master Tansley, stopping, pulling off his dripping hat and shaking it. "I'd no idea it rained so! I was goin' by, and thought I'd stop in. Ye mad, Nancy?" and he peered at the young girl from beneath his wet hair with a bashful grin.

Nancy's heart was too much softened to cherish any resentment, and with suffused eyes she begged Tip to forgive the blow.

"Wal! I do 'no' what I'd done to be knocked down fur," began Tip, with a pouting and aggrieved air; "though I s'pose I dew tear. But I guess what I told ye turned out about so, after all; didn't it, hey?"

At Nancy's look of distress Mrs. Blynn made signs for Tip to forbear. But he had come too far through the darkness and rain with an exciting piece of news to be thus easily silenced.

"I han't brought ye no corn this time, for I didn't know as you'd roast it if I did.—Say Nancy! Cephe and the old man had it again to-day; and the Judge forked over the three thousand dollars; I seen him! He was only waitin' to raise it. It's real mean in Cephe, I s'pose you think—mebby 'tis; but, by gracious! three thousand dollars is a tarnal sluic of money!"

Illegally satisfied with the effect this announcement produced, Tip sprang upon a chair and chewed a stick, like one resolved to make himself comfortable for the evening.

"Saxafraz—ye want some?" he said breaking off with his teeth, a liberal piece of the stick. "Say, Nancy, ye needn't look so mad. Cephe has sold out, I tell ye; and when I offer ye saxafraz, ye may as well take some."

Not without effort Nancy held her peace; and Tip, extending the fragment of the saxafraz-root which his teeth had split off, was complacently urging her to accept it.—"I was real good"—when the sound of hoofs was heard; a halt at the gate; a horseman dismounting, leading his animal to the shed; a voice saying, "Be still, Pericles!" and footsteps approaching the door.

"Nancy! Nancy!" articulated Mrs. Blynn, scarcely less agitated than her daughter, "he has come!"

"It's Cephe!" whispered Tip, hoarsely.—"If he should catch me here! I—I guess I'll go! Confound that Cephe, anyhow!"

"Rap, rap! two light, decisive strokes of a riding whip on the kitchen door."

Mrs. Blynn glanced around to see if everything was tidy; and Tip, dropping his saxafraz, whirled about and wheeled about like Jim Crow, in the excitement of the moment.

"Mother—go!" utter Nancy, pale with emotion, hurriedly pointing to the door; "I can't."

She made her escape by the stairway; observing which, the bewildered Tip, who had indulged a frantic thought of leaping from the window to avoid meeting his dread rival, changed his mind and rushed after her. Unadvised of his intention, and thinking only of shutting herself from the sight of Cephas, Nancy closed the kitchen door rather severely upon Tip's fingers; but his fear rendered him insensible to pain, and he

followed her, scrambling up the dark stair case just as Mrs. Blynn admitted Cephas.

Nancy did not immediately perceive what had occurred, but presently, amid the sound of the rain on the roof and of the wind about the gables, she heard the unmistakable perturbed breathing of her luckless lover.

"Nancy," whispered Tip, "where be ye? I've most broke my head against this blasted beam!"

"What are you here for?" demanded Nancy.

"'Cause I didn't want him to see me. He won't stop but a minute, then I'll go down. I did give my head the all-firdest tunk!" said Tip.

Mrs. Blynn opened the door to inform Nancy of the arrival of a visitor, and the light from below, partially illuminating the fugitive's retreat, showed Tip in a sitting posture on one of the upper stairs, diligently rubbing that portion of his cranium which had come in collision with the beam!

"Say, Nancy, don't go!" whispered Tip; "don't leave me here in the dark!" For the widow had closed the door, and Tip was suspicious of bugbears.

Nancy had too many tumultuous thoughts of her own to give much heed to his distress; and having hastily arranged her hair and dress by the sense of touch, she glided by him, bidding him keep quiet, and descended the stairs to the door, which she opened and closed again, leaving him to the wretched solitude of the place, which appeared to him a hundred fold more dark and dreadful than before.

Cephas in the mean time had divested himself of his oil-cloth capote, and entered the neat little sitting room, to which he was civilly shown by the widow. "Nancy'll be down in a minute," and placing a candle upon the mantle-piece, Mrs. Blynn withdrew.

Nancy having regained her self-possession, appeared mightily disguised before her lover; gave him a passive hand; declined with averted head, his proffered kiss; and seated herself at a cool and respectable distance.

"Nancy, what is the matter?" said Cephas, in mingled amazement and alarm. "You act as though I was a pedlar, and you didn't care to trade."

"You can trade, Sir—you can