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## Noetry.

At the Well.

Shestoof beside the ancient well.
Like some enchanted water sprite; The rosy sanset round her fell, Flushing her form with glowing light.

No rustic was she, though she dipped Her bucket in the fountain deep, Laughing to see how silvery dripped The water from the bending sweep.

If ever angel troubled pool-As the old legends love to say-An angel stirred the waters coo Within that well at close of day.

The sunset's gold was not more bright Than the rich tresses of her hair, Just where they rounded to the light, While nestling on her shoulders fair. Eyes laughing, and yet full of pride,

And fuller still of love and hope;
And cheeks as deheately dyed
As flowers which in the moonlight ope. The lips half parted, and yet mute,

The duzzing arm—the slender form, Light perched upon one slender foot— Ail bath id in rosy radiance warm! As if to greet her own bright eves, She bent above the mossy curb; I longed, yet feared, by some surprise,

"Wilt give a thosty traveller drink?" She gave it, with a blush divine; Which blinded me, that I did think Twas Hebe standing on the brink Of Helicon, and dipping wine
In goblets that like gold did shine.

Fifty and Fifteen. With gradual gleam the day was dawning ne lingering stars w 4e scen. When swung the garden gate behind us,— He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped charse and old gray pony Stood waiting in the lane; Idly my father swayed the whip-lash, Lightly he held the rein.

The stars went softly back to heaven The night fogs rolled away.

And rims of gold and crowns of crimson

That morn, the fields, they surely never So fair an aspect wore: And never from the purple clover

Such perfumes rase before. O'er hills and low romantic valleys And flowery by-roads through,

I sang my simplest songs, famil ar, That he might sing them too.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,-No shadow came between: Two children, busy with their leisure,-He fifty, I fifteen.

As on my couch in languor, lonely, I weave beguiling rhyme, Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance That far-removed tim

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes, That morn and this between; And now, on earth, my years are fifty, And his, in heaven, fitteen.

(Atlantic Monthly.

# Selections.

From Household Words.

By Night Express. "I shall be late! I shall be late! Only ten minutes to the hour! Run, some one, Edouard, by ingenuous reasoning, has juand see what can Victor be doing with that succeeded in convincing Marie that her law

the door of a grand hotel in a very grand upon her against her inclinations. That he Parisian street. He is bound for Marseilles (Edourd) was, in the eye of justice, and by the night express; and is vainly seeking baiting a few ridiculous formalities, the to have his mails brought down. The grand true and lawful spon-e, the other a low in people of the grand hotel (it was of all nat truder. "Ces pauvres enfans." continued tions and of copious flourish) are in the the little sea-green romance. But here the habit of doing things in their own way, and darkness closed in effectualy, and some one at their own time. So that the chances of came tramping along overhead, dropping is that infuriated Briton's going down peacefully by night express, of that infuriated Briton's paying his cab fare, taking through ticket, having his mails weighed, and being handit's-dark, handsome, and with piercing peared ludicrously poor to unoccupied bystanders. Practically speaking, he might

altogether-perhaps scratched. ralise? O (here suppressed oath) execrable towards me and the window with much cannille! Laziest crew! I must bring it down myself!"

A sympathising fille de chambre, leaning face, groaned aloud. against the door, observes:-"How cruel! Jacques has deplorable lungs, the boy!-Twill kill him, laying these heavy burdens was a real flesh and blood narrative that

look of defiance, and meets his valise-con | end. structed to be carried in the hand-borne arducusly by two men. He snatches it aloud. "Malediction! You have brought from them, and bears it down himself .- | me into all this! I shall nover survive it! Then bids Cocher, if he would love double I shall die! We were doing well as we fare, drive like five hundred devils. Cocher | were! Oh!" lashes his steed furiously, swears profanely that he will drive like five hundred thousand said gently; "we are quite safe. No one of those condemned spirits-adding, that his can harm you."

pace shall be as the residence of those unhappy beings. The infuriated Briton leans out, Oh!" him back in the vehicle, and is gradually tranquilized.

It may be as well confessed at once, that

I was that excited foreigner, wishing, per haps, through all that turbulent scene to veil my own proper personality under the thin guise of a species of allegory. As I was borne away at the unholy pace promised, now speeding round corners in arcs of fearfully small radius, now taking crossings with a bound as though they were leaps; I began to find myself rising, as it were, in the betting, and to feel a yearning to hedge, if possible; a change of feeling, in a great measure, owing to a certain yellow facre that kept steadily before us, describ ing the same fearful arcs, also taking the crossings like fences, and imperiling human yellow fiacre might, in all probability, have had its unholy company, five hundred thousand strong, chartered and in yoke.

To our charioteer it was a terrible rock try to shoot past it by the right or by the left; destined to be always stopped by the dissolved in tears. were his oaths when so checked; awful his hand to him with a charming frankness. | self abroad." adroit obstruction of yellow fiacre. Fearful round of imprecation. I noted, too, that u dark face, with black glossy moustaches, offend again!" was put from the window every now and then, speaking words of encouragement, and band, falling on his knees and kissing her glancing anxiously behind. So the yellow hand hysterically. Begs pardon, too, of about my face." fiacre went on until both came clattering up to the railway door, the yellow fiacre leading to the very last, with just one minute to spare. So Cocher and his five hundred thousand auxiliaries had deserved well of his fare, and there was joyfully counted out to happiness of two such angel beings. him the promised bounty with handsome pour-boire to boot. Rushing past to secure a railroad ticket, I just caught a glimpse of the dark man-, all, well built, and in a grow sleepy. Sleepy, even in despite of the richly braided cloak-helping out a lady in hollow roaring outside, as though the ear ed forward to speak, and I saw into the vela cloak and hood.

click clack (sounds resulting from loading and talking loudly at the top of his voice.the steel-yard,) or in the wild chaunt that This time he was in a terrible rage, that follows. "Dix-neuf! q'rante!" or in the de- swarthy bandit, eating his glossy moustache through a little pigeon hole. Express trund- He was standing up, too. ling, too, of the weighed mails along the platform, with express ringing of bells, and me into this! You and your triply accursed express jostling, and express seeking of vacant places; much calling, much whistling, much shutting of doors; and I am thrust hastily into a roomy carriage where there are only two persons seated. The night ex-

press moves off with a shrick. It was just beginning to grow dusk; but I could make out very plainly that one of cloak, and that his companion was a lady, they will spare me? No! they will kill me, ment no doubt." I was still the dry Brit- and putting it round him. "There!" braided cloak; some brave doubtlessly going | terror. southward with his wife. When we had grown a little accustomed to each other's faces. I should, probably, learn more of them. With that I took out the shining sea-green volume of the chemin de fer library bought by express and charged double ac cordingly) and began to read. In that pleasant romance are soon forgotten all thoughts of the swarthy personage opposite, and of

his delicate companion in the velvet hood. From dusk to semi-darkness-from semi to Cimmerian darkness-and then progresin the little sea-green romance is stopped valise. A child could carry it. O, O, these ful husband, besides being turnkey, gaoler. rascals! These (something) French rascals!" and filling other such ungrateful offices, was Words spoken by an infuriated Briton at no other than a base imposter, being forces

a lamp as he passed. The yellow light streamed down full upon. one of the faces opposite. A perfect Italian improperly assessed thereon, would have ap-The velvet hood was whispering carnestly to him, laying her hand upon the braided have been taken to be out of the betting cloak, conjuring him, or remonstrating, a it seemed. But he kept turning his face "Will no one seek that fellow and the away in the same uneasy fashion, looking trouble of soul. Finally, he pushed her hand away roughly, and, covering up his

I was half inclined to continue Edouard's and Marie's curious adventures; but here romised to be infinitely more entertaining. The infuriated Briton darts past her with If possible, I would read it through to the

"O malediction!" said the bandit quite

"Courage, my friend," the Velvet Hood

"Hush, hush! my friend," the Velvet

of himself. A partial recognition, he thought, or less. was not unreasonable; he knew Monsieur Edouard's superior claims, but-Edouard a sadden: flooding the platform with popuand Marie will speak to him will see the un- lation. What will my companions do? The life precisely in the same manner. The happy wretch together. They do speak to bandit has been biting his nails in silence him with gentleness; for, though he has in- for some minutes back. jured them deeply, they are above resentment. They show to him the impropriety last. of his conduct; they show him how wrong ahead, that yellow flacre. Vainly did he has been. He is touched, he becomes conscious of his fault. The strong man is

"Courage! you are forgiven-you will not

"Never, never!" says the imposter hus Edouard; who promises to think no more about it. The wretched man is to be seen any hour from ten to six. It preyed upon with Velvet Hood. his mind-that feeling of having marred the

What with the dull yellow overhead and thing of the mystery. rumination on the sad catastrophe of the sea green romance, the travelor begins to were being held eternally to a gigantic shell; During that precious three-quarters of a in despite of wild crashing through tunnels minute everything must needs be done by and of wilder swooping through stations, express. Express taking of ticket-to takers | whose lamps, red and green, whose illumia certain disadvantage in the matter of nated waiting rooms would all dart past like change; express weighing of baggage per flashes of lightning; indespite of such alarms steel yard: it is to be feared, to owner's I begin to doze, and must have dozed and damnification; there being a looseness in dreamed for a good round hour, when I wake their fashion of appraising weight. It is up wearily, and my eyes light on the swarthy hard to bring ourself to trust in that hasty figure opposite, who is gesticulating wildly livery of that blotted, sanded docket thrust with passion, and snarling, dog fashion .-

> "I tell you, it was no other than you led wheedling."

have said, I thought it would be for the best," beats me with his long riding whip, if I do five minutes. No stir from my two com the Velvet Hood said. She seemed to be so much as look from a window. See!" and panions.

teeth, "that smooth witch's tongue of yours! neck and shoulders; where there was a long, The two tigers will hunt us down,—that is, raw welt, quite red and angry. the persons opposite had on a richly braided will hunt me down. And do you suppose closely wrapped in a velvet hood. She kem like a dog; twice over if they could! O mon far away in the corner, with the hood drawn | dieu! mon dieu! it makes me tremble and | instant. over so as to hide her face. A very hand- hrink away to think of it." Here he fell some, martial personage, the man, in the back and rolled on the seat in an agony of

have fled. We have escaped them entirely." bitten?" "And tell me this," he said, starting up

whose was that face I saw at the half opened jalousic. They were spying, the devils!" "Imagination, dear friend." "Woman's nonsense! I tell thee they are

hasing us at this instant. They know it all, and wee to me if they find us." "It is the last train, mon ami, Heaven be

praised, so they must tarry until morning." "Ay, but the brother is great with the not that do? Look to those long wires .-Besides, O mon dieu! mon dieu! is there not train some two or three hours later? O eavens! if there should be!"

"No, no," said the Velvet Hord, "why listarb yourself with these delusions?" "Monsieur is not asleep," he said, turning

in the matter." I was sure there was no such train; but rtunately I had a railway guide book with ne. He consulted it greedily.

"There is, there is!" he said with a sort f shriek. "Now weare lost, indeed; I shall was back in her place in an instant. lie! O, I shall die!"

"Allow me to look," I said, taking it from im. He was right. There was a train that started some hour and half after the express train, but went no further than one half of the road. "The gentleman is right." I said. "There is a train not very far be-

hind us now." "O Scelerate!" he said, turning on her and clutching her arm. "I could kill you this instant!"

She gave a short shriek. "Have a care, sir," I said, indignantly, 'You must use the lady gently. I will suf- yours." fer no violence in this carriage."

He cowered down and cringed. "No. no."

whispering again. Edouard and Marie, as set out in the sea- soon be through it." green romance. Something tragic, like "Through it." he said roughly, pushing be well nigh dragged from the carriage.

"Harm me! if those two tigers track me enough, to come of it; which issue I was not away the hand that was laid upon his armto see in all probability.

An hour past midnight by the clock, the Hood whispered, looking over uneasily at figures being made out dimly by the yellow light. Here slackening of pace and stray My soul is sick with suspense.' With that they lowered their voices, and lights shooting by-signs as of nearing a and I could hear no more. I was driven in station. By the railway guide it was disthere is the bell! One more halting-place perforce on Edouard and Marie; which poor covered that there is an important half-way and we are safe." young people were now in fresh perplexities. house approaching:—a centre where lines I had left them sitting for whole days by meet and radiate away to right and left .the bank of a river, plaiting reciprocal gar- Flashing of lights going by slowly, illumidarkness. The great sea shells were held lands, and trying their effect on each other's | nated chambers seen through open doors, heads. Now it had come to this, that the luxuriously garnished with couches and mir- ourselves back in our places, against a turnkey, gaoler or imposter husband had rors-going by; crystal pavillions with refecbeen indiscreet enough to effer gentle re- tion laid out-going by; and then halt .- fresh store of that sea green aliment, just monstrance against this wholesale ignoring | Halt for some five-and-twenty minutes, more

The Night Express has disgorged itself of

"I am thirsty, O, so thirsty," says he at

"Descend then, my friend, and refresh yourself," suggests Velvot-Hood.

"What precious advice," he said, in his Courage! says Marie, holding out her and retired? Yet she tells me: show your-

"It would be wiser, certainly;" she said gently.

"But I have a thirst as of Inferno in my throat. I must go. I can wrap this cloak "Do so, in Heaven's name." 'And he

stole past me out of the carriage; crawling at the Morgue during all the next week, at down the steps like a scrpeut. I was left

"Madame has had a weary journey," I said, burning with curiosity to learn some

"It is only the beginning monsieur," she said. Then rising, she came over, and placed herself exactly fronting me. She stoopmir; with a composed, gentle expression, in keeping with the voice. "What do you make of all this?" she said

carnestly. "Speak quickly." What could I make. I would confess to

It bore the look of an advance "An adventuce Indeed! Ward you sup

pose that I am flying from my husband: from a cruck, persecuting monster?" I was a Briton, and had Briton's old fash

ioned notions about such things. "II'm, ind'ed!" I was saying, drawing myself up sidly enough. "Ah!" continued Velvet Hood, reading

me with a French woman's quickness, "I know what you think of it. But, if you form. "You know, dearest Carlo, whatever I may | could learn what a wretch he is. Sir, he with a strange confidence, she let down the "Ah! sorceress," he replied, between his Velvet Hood, and showed the back of her I tremble with the cold. Feel me. O, I am

"II'm!" I said, "highly improper treaton; but was growing more mystified every

"Sir," she continued, "that was this morning's work. See again;" and she had stripped her arm in an instant. "That is "Dear friend," said Velvet Hood in that his bite! Ah! the savage! And he is a gentle tone of hers, "do not give way thus. margus of the purest blood in France.-They do not know at this moment that we Was I to stay-to stay to be lashed and and heart out! Why don't they go forward?"

"II'm! certainly not. That is-"

"That is-that is, of course. Fortunately, there was the Neapolitan gentleman to stand between me and this vile oppression -this woman beating!"

"Pardon me Madame: but from what I iave seen"-

"He is naturally a little timorous. But has a gallant heart for all that. I am under safe-guard of his honor, and he will postes and the police direction. What may take me to his Neapolitan estates, where be that either. Ah! here they are." his mother and sisters live."

"II'm!" I said: "quite correct." "Yes," she went on. "There we will stay until this wife-heating monster dies .-Dieu merci! he is near to seventy."

"That is the arrangement?" I said: "That is the arrangement. Carlo is fearsharply on me. "Monsieur will set us right ful of pursuit; but there is no danger .-There is my brother, too, another savagea bully----

"Most curious history," I said. Here the Neap ditan appeared at the door, glouring at us both. Velvet Hood

eyes shooting out sparkles: -"What is this themselves." hole and corner work? These confidences when I am gone—speak?"

"Sir," I said, "what do you mean?" I did not over relish that tone of his. The old cringing way was on him again

n an instant. "Sir, there is no offence to you whatever. I had forgotten myself but for an instant. Accept my humblest excuses." Then, un- toilette, which is sufficiently disarranged probability, and after assuming a more deli- consulting a "wise woman" residing in our der his teeth, "Ah, Seelerate! I could whip already: Rrather let us descend." you worse than ever did that husband of

I turned from him with contempt.-Wonderful mystery! How she could tolernonsieur, I did not so mean it. I have been ate this other mean souled spaniel of a Neamuch fretted; I have a great trouble on my politan! But there she sat, quite composed mind." So they both relapsed into their and smiling even, with the velvet hood thrown back.

he was an unredeemed savage-"how shall you tell me that? What do you know of it? Ah! I have no patience with your idle talk!

"Courage," said Velvet Hood. "Hark

As she spoke we began to move slowly. and the express shot forth again into the to our ears again, and we once more settled long spell of journeying. I had taken in a as engine had been taking in store of coke and water; but, there was a second Edouard and Marie whose history seemed deeply interesting, still, with eyes tolerably bleared and drowsy brain, it was not possible to de muhe in that way. Those who sat opposite seemed to be wearied out of their troubles The Velvet Hood sleeping tranquilly, but the Neapolitan still kept watch-shooting his eyes from right to left, ceaseles-ly. So. the Marseilles express went forward through the night, and gray morning, too. snarling way. "Should I not keep close Until, grown drowsy myself, the sca-green romance slippe I away down to the bottom of the carriage.

No more consciousness until a loud, despairing engine shrick, prolonged infinitety, roused me up. The Neapolitan had his hands clasped and was crying out piteously; and at the same time serve as a warning to "O Mercy! Mercy! Signors! O, gentle signors, listen to me! Spare, spare-ah. tis cold. Where are we? Wake, wake!" He justled his companion as he spoke .-

She roused up in a moment, and turned to him with that strange sweetness of hers. "Are you refreshed, Carlo?" she said, patting back the velvet hood and smoothing her bair.

"Tell me what hour it is?" he said. She consulted a little jewelled watch hanging at her waist. "Half past four," vet hood. A round, pale face, with saffron she said, with a smile. "How the hours have run on!"

So they had. There was a cold blueish atmosphere abroad, and the three night travellers were shivering miserably with the cold of that early morning. Some stray Madame that it embed so lose not a little, men in blouses were going to their work but they had not been up all night.

The train was slackening its speed; it was drawing near that other halting place. More platform, more range of offices, gliding by in the cold blueish light. There are some early morning travellers closely muffled up, but very fresh and buoyant, standing ready, and waiting for the express Very different from the bleared, haggard souls that were pouring out upon the plat-

But a short span for stoppage here; barely

"Mordieu! why do they not go forward?very mishable, heart and body!" "Wrap this about you," Velvet Hood

Have you any nerves, or feeling?" She laughed pleasantly. "Should you ask that, after-"

"Don't-don't!" he said, covering up his opened, and one of the brisk, muffled travellers stepped in. He had a little handy valise, which he put on the seat beside him, and a snug comforter about his neck .--"Fine, fresh morning it was." he said, as

he loosed his comfort; "good for the coun-"What is this delay?" the Neapolitan said gruffly. "Why do we not go forward?" "They were getting up the passports,"

the brisk man believed. "No, it could not The door opened again. Three gentlemen in black standing near the steps—one ing at me, not merely with the inquiring same forments over and over again. Once ascends them with a paper in his hand.

"All here have come down from Paris?" he says, interrogatively. "Yes" I answer, being next the door,

"except this gentleman." "Pardon, Messieurs." the lady remarks,

so back." "Never mind," says the gentleman with

All this while the Neapolitan has been he says faintly, "it is no matter about the

"By no means," Velvet Hood says

to the arms of the seat with both hand -. "Leave us?" "Sacre!" exclaims one of the gentleman

near the steps, "are they coming down?"

A dim suspicion took possession of me. "What can it all mean?" I said aloud. ng sir-good voyage, sir!"

With that he bowed himself down to the that what, it waited for was accomplished.

The Neapolitan and Velvet Hood, waiting wearily in the private room of the stashrill departing shrick dying off in the dis-

## The Confession. amongst the papers of a decemmed Prassia

This is my last night!-and standing as I ow in the water, and turned r und. do on the brink of eternity, I will fill up the few hours that intervene before my execu- his eyes. The sun new burst forth from tion takes place, in writing down the his behind a cloud, turning the water into a tory of my progress in crime, and how, step sheet of molten gold. Therything parkled by step, I reached this dangeon. May it be accepted as an act of atmement on my part.

I was a forward child, of a sullen suspicious character, and I afterwards become a rough soldier during a couple of campaigns, to the house as fast as he could. at the close of which, peace having sucsmall estate which my wife had inherited. Soon after my return from the army, my brother-lickened and died. He was an openmyself, and universally beloved. All those at home or abroad, from being his friends, in person and manners.

We had married two sisters: and this cir ditional bond between us, only contributed to estrange us still more. His wife saw always felt, whenever I gave way to any necessity of hiding every clue to my had impulse of envy or hatred in her presence, as if she read my thoughts like an open book. It was a relief to me when the coolness between us ended in an open rupture, and a still greater relief when I rewith my regiment abroad. It now seems to me as though I had a presentiment of the frightful tragedy that was to take place! I -aye! even now I see her reproachful eyes "How quiet you take all this!" he said. care. He bequeathed all his property to

from which he never awoke. As we had no children, and the two sisters had always been very united, my wife secure. loved this boy as if he had been her own .--He was passionately fond of her; but, being the true picture of his mother, both in mind and person could never, somehow, take kindly to me. I cannot fix any particular period at which I first became aware of this kind of antipathy on his part, but I soon began to feel uneasy whenever he was present. As often as I awoke out of a train of was only an idle tancy of my brain. Then gloomy thoughts, there was that child stargaze of childhood, but with the piercing that I had never attempted its life; and the look, so full of meaning, that used to annoy me in his mother. It was not merely an empty fancy of mine, attributable to his strong likeness to his deceased parent, for I Next morning I again took my place at never could stare him down, let me look as the window and never turned my eyes off quite composed. "We only got in at the fierce as I might. He was evidently afraid the fatal spot, which though now turned last halting place, some twenty leagues or of me, in spite of which he seemed to have into a grass plot, only presented to me the imbibed a hereditary contempt for me.

the paper. "the lady and gentleman yonder think that I intended at that period to do to sink in: if a bird alighted upon the grass must descend. There is a mistake about him any harm. It might, perhaps, occur to I dreaded lest he should become the instru-Said he, in his snarling way, his black their baggage. They must please to hasten me how advantageous it would be for us to ment that was to bring my crime to light; inherit the boy's property, and I might see and every breeze that Hew across it seemed cretly wish him to die, still I do not think to whisper "Murder!" There was nothing turning whise and red, his teeth chattering I had the least idea of taking away his life, animate or inanimate, let it be ever so ingalvanically. "Don't trouble yourselves," The idea came very slowly at first, and significant, but what seemed endowed with merely in the dim and distant outline in the supernatural power of upbraiding me baggage, we can leave it-we do not care." which we set a vision of an impending earth- for my heinous crimo, quake, orthoday of the Last Judgment-then My wife, who was as superstitious in her sweetly; "we could not afford that, Mes- it approached nearer and nearer still, and be- way as I was in mine, and was in despair sieurs. What is to become of my poor gan to lose a portion of its horror and im- at the child's disappearance, was bent on nite shape, it became the constant theme of neighborhood, supposed to have the power "No! no!" the Neapolitan cried clinging my speculations. When these foul plans of reading the decrees of fite by spirit him; yet, by a kind of fascination, I could sybil should infuse any suspicions of my not help gizing on his fragile form, and crime into her mind. On my wife's ask-"Now, mon ami," Velvet Hood said, thinking how casy the work of destruction ing the question. "Where is the boy?" the raising and passing him, "be reasonable. would be! Sometimes I watched him in his an wer returned to the rapping was found Let us go, if they require us so particu'a-ly. sleep, but oftener still from the garden, as to spell out the words, "With its mother." "Don't fret yourself, Carlo, degreet. It Adieu, Monsieur," she said sweetly, turn- I or nuched behind the bushes, glaring like My wife was deeply affected, and I was much more interesting mystery than that of is a weary journey, doubtless, but we shall ing to me. Then she drew the velvet hood a tiger on his prey, into the parlor, where ready to sink into the ground, though I close over her face. The Neapolitan had to he sat learning his lesson on a low stool, blushed and said the woman spoke nonvense. beside my wife's knee.

Close to our country house lav a deep pool, but it was not visible from our window. "An affair of police simply," the fresh I spent several days in carving a rough man remarked. He had, euriously enough, model of a boat with my penknife; and taken up his handy valise and was prepar- when it was completed, I purposely left it ing to go too. "A veteran gentleman was in the child's way. I then hid myself near murdered last night in Paris by his wife, the pool, in a spot that he must pass by, in a grisette he had married off the pave) and case he came to set the little toy affoat on his courier. Suspicion-telegraph-noth- water. But he cause neither on that nor on ing more. It is very simple. This ludy the following day. Stid I fel, certain be and gentleman who have just left us are was in my tolls, for I had heard him prate ingularly like the description. Good morn- about his toy, which he had even taken to bed with him. I waited patiently, and on the third day I could see him, from my teps; a shrill shrick from the engine, im- hiding-place, come running along joyously, nationt to go forward. Well it might, now with his silken locks streaming in the wind. and singing-poor chil! - a merry tone, though he would scarcely lisp the words. I stole behind him, beneath some bushes that tion, must have hearl with heavy heart the grew near the bank, and the Evil One knows how I. a strong, grown man, trembled in every limb as I followed the footsteps of this little child, while he approached the water's brink. I was close behind him, crouching on my knees, and was raising my hand to push him in, when he saw my slind-

> His mother's spirit gleamed forth from as if all Nature had eyes. I den't know what the boy said-though to young he did not fawn upon me, nor try to soothe me; all I recollect was that he screamed out, not that he loved me, but that he "would try to love me:" and then he rushed back

The next time I saw him, my sword was ceeded to war, I left the service to farm a in my hand, and he was lying stiff and cold at my feet, I took him up in my arms and laid him gently in a thicket. My wife was not at home that day nor was she to hearted, noble fellow, for better looking than return till the morrow. Cur bedroom window, the only one on this side of the house, who ever sought my acquaintance, whether being but a few feet from the ground, I resolved to get out through it, in the middle seldom took kindly to me, and generally ob of the night, and bury my victim in the served, the first time they saw me, that garden. I had not the slightest idea, at never were two brothers more unlike, both that moment, that I had frustrated my own scheme, and that when the pool would be dragged and no dead body forthcoming, the cumstance, which ought to have been an ad. property must remain in abeyance, as I meant to confirm the belief that the child was lost or had been stolen. For the presthrough my character but too well, and I ent all my thoughts were centered on the

crime. What I endured when the servants came and told me the child was missing, and when the messengers. I despatched in all directions, returned to inform me their ceived the news of her death, while I was search had been in vain, no words can possibly describe. That same night I builed him. But now the worst remained to be done; and that was to for my wife, and dreaded her, and she seemed to pursue me give her has that the child would yet be found. .This I continued to do with such a glaring upon me, and freezing up my blood! show of sincerity, as I believe, that no sus-She died shortly after giving birth to a child. picion rested upon me. The next thing I When my brother in turn fell ill, and his did was to seat myself at the bedroom "Wrap this about you," Velvet Hood said, taking her shawl from her shoulders and putting it round him. "There!"

Ile looked at her surlily.

"How onier you take all this!" he said, care. He bequeathed all his property to been recently dag up, ready for laying him, stating in his will that should the down fresh sods, and I had chosen it as the child die, his fortune was to devolve on my one where the marks of my spade would wife, as the only return he could make for her affectionate kindness. Then, after exface. "O, I could cry now-cry my eyes changing a few fraternal words with me, have thought me erazy. I was continually and regretting our long estrangement, he calling out to get on faster, and occasionally At this moment the door was softly fell back, exhausted, into a deep slumber, running out to help them, and stamping on greater ha. e. Their task was finished before night, and I now felt comparatively

> I fell asleep at last that night-but what a troubled sleep it was, and what trightful dreams were there! I familed I saw now a hand, now a head, raising out of that unhallowed spot of ground. And each time that I awoke out of this horold nightmare, I crept to the window to convince myself it I dreamt that the child was still alive, and waking from this dream was more dreadful than all the rest.

appearance of an open grave. If one of I may deceive myself-and yet I do not the farm servants passed by I expected him

one crossed my brain, I could not bear that rapping. I accompanied her most reluche boy should perceive I was staring at tantly, but preferred being present, lest the With its mother! Aye, it had a double