

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 49-1

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1859.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,506.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office in Carpet Hall, South-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription. \$1.50 per annum, if paid in advance; if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2.00

4 CENTS A COPY. No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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Poetry.

The Froward Rose.

A rose-bud said to her mother, May—
"I am tired of this dowdy green array,
I will put on my new pink dress to-day."
"For I know by the warmth of the fair sunshine
I shall have a call from some fellows of mine,
From Fines and Fren—some friends fine."
"The sparrows twit me as they pass,
[But I care not for folks of that common class,
I heard them say I was green as grass."
"They wit the Dandelions bold—
Ugly as sin and yellow as gold—
And that maiden lady—the Grecian old."
"But I know their talk is all of me,
So badly dressed in my high degree—
I will let those vulgar creatures see."
"Be prudent, Rose," said the mother May,
"I have many a chilly and gusty day
When my child would shiver in slaty array."
"The violet wears her robe of blue,
Humbly in texture and dim in hue,
But her large leaves shield her from cold and dew."
"The princely tulip, who loves the glare,
Flings out his motley mantle rare,
But its velvet richness is warm to wear."
"The hyacinth stands on her stately stem,
Crowned with her massive diadem,
And clothed with strength—you are not like them."
"For frail your robes as the satin alone,
Such as is spun for the fairy queen,
By Aracoe Gray, where the lilies lean."
"So wait, my child, till my crescent moon
Shall wax a shield for thy martial noon—
Your stately bridgework cometh soon."
Sealed with a kiss was this counsel mild,
To pass the mother turned from her froward child,
To pass where her younger blossoms smiled.
Nor came the back until dawnspring morn,
Had waked from its slumbers the plumed pine,
And called into being the Columbine.
Vainly she sought for the rosebud fair
She had counseled mildly and held in care,
She saw but a blighted calyx there!
And the old brown bee—that drowsy drone—
Hummed in his ear with his buzzing tone—
"Your child is dead—you careless crown!"
"What could the helpless creature do
When her ball drains fall—so fair to view—
In the cold rains fell and the wild winds blew?"
"I brought her a flask of my honey-wax,
I plastered her wounds with wax so fine,
But she sank away in a deep decline."
"She lieth low in her virgin bed—
She will not hear her bridegroom's tread,
And Fines and Fren forgot the dead."

Selections.

Sister Madeleine.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER V.

"From the time I discovered this picture," continued Madeleine, "I lived almost exclusively in the turret chamber; there it was I could commune with the being I was vowed to love, and give form and reality to the dreams that haunted my heart. Not content with this mute study alone, I one day searched the drawers of an escritoire which stood in a corner of the room, and discovered two papers, evidently preserved by chance, for both were more or less torn and crumpled. The first was in a female hand-writing, and apparently addressed to him, at least I believed so:
"I have wronged you, Monsieur," said the unknown correspondent; "I have betrayed the faith and love you reposed in me; and when the power of revenging yourself was in your hands, you came forward, not to exercise it, but to save my husband from ruin and dishonor. Generous friend, how can I ever thank you as you deserve to be thanked! I seek not to do it, but I cannot rest till I have implored your forgiveness.—It is true that your actions have proved it, more than words can do; but in my dying hour the record from your hand will give me peace, the assurance of it will console me for—"
"Here the fragment ended. 'He has loved,' I said. But the letter is dated five years ago."
"The other was in a manly hand, and seemed to be the draft of a letter. It ran thus:
"I thank you for your friendly advice, my dear Louis, but I cannot profit by it.—From my early infancy, from the first hour when I could feel, long before I could reason or think, I experienced my mother's coldness and indifference. I am not surprised, then, as you seemed to be, by the fraud you have discovered. Having deprived me of her love, what matters it that she has taken from me some of the broad lands of the De Kerdooc, and given them to my brother! Heaven knows I would gladly exchange the richest acres in the wide globe for some few of the words and looks of affection she lavishes on him."
"You say this attorney may be bribed. Then purchase the deed of him, Louis, and send it to me, that I may remove all dread

of discovery. My pining infancy, my uncherished boyhood, the sufferings of my later years, shall be sweetly revenged by the destruction of this monument of my mother's hatred to her son."
"This was all that was written; but love, that requires so little for its nourishment, found abundance here. The neglected, unloved child, the betrayed lover, the noble, generous man—I needed no more than these fragments of his heart's history, and pity and sympathy came in aid of my new-born passion. 'Oh! if love of mine,' I said, 'can atone for his past sufferings, my whole life shall be gladly devoted to this work!'
"Once, and once only, I questioned Madame Kerdooc as to this room and its former inmate, but she repulsed my curiosity in her usual stern manner, and I never ventured to resume the subject.
"Indeed her whole conduct towards me was indicative of strong dislike; and but for my recently acquired knowledge that she had no love for her son, I should have thought her jealous of my new relation to him; as it was, I could only suppose that she visited on me a portion of the hatred she felt against him. Of her youngest son she never spoke; and it was only from the mention of him in the letter alluded to, that I knew of his existence.
"It was during the summer following this occurrence, when the weather was oppressively warm and close, that I was seized with a feeling of feverish restlessness, a strange oppression in breathing, a lassitude of body and mind, a weariness by day, a sleeplessness by night, for which I could not account. It increased upon me daily; and it was with difficulty I contrived one morning, on receiving a summons from my mother-in-law, to reach her room.
"She announced to me that my husband would visit us in two days. With difficulty her words penetrated my suffering brain, and awoke a dim feeling of pleasure in my whole being. Nothing short of this could have roused me at all from the callous indifference to life or death which had invaded every faculty. I contrived to answer her intelligently; and receiving permission to retire immediately, staggered back to my own room. Arrived there, I bathed my forehead with cold water, and the momentary relief enabled me to realize more fully the nature of the intelligence I had just received.
"I should see my husband at last. The dreams of months would be fulfilled. I should win his love—I doubted not of that; for a fond heart has confidence in its strength of power and purpose; and I should never be alone, or sad, or solitary again.
"Then I struggled—oh, how desperately! against the torpid sensation that stole over me afresh, dragging myself from place to place, striving to rouse my old dead life to being again—but it was all in vain; before night I was raving with delirium. Even then the same thought pursued me, and I strove to grapple with the hot hand that burnt into my brain and heart. I have a dim recollection of some one standing beside me, and of my seeking vainly to speak a word of recognition, and then of his vanishing. I knew not when or how, and of a long, long night of darkness succeeding, haunted by dismal spectres.
"At last my illness passed off; but the slow return to health which followed was protracted by regret that I had been prevented from seeing my husband. After a time my life returned to its old, dreary, solitary course—its one sorrow, my separation from the object of my passionate love; its one hope, that of being re-united to him ere long.
"It boots not now to tell what ideal pictures I formed of that happiness to come; how every simple art by which woman strives to win the heart of one she loves was pondered on and studied; how I sought in all things to adapt myself to that character whose minutest trait I believed I had mastered. In the meantime great events had transpired in France; Napoleon had fallen, and lived, the shadow of his former self, at Elba. Louis XVIII ascending the throne, gathered round him many of the brave soldiers who had joined the Emperor's campaigns. Among these, the Marquis de Kerdooc and his brother were the foremost. Their allegiance and love were alike given to the monarch, and so well known was their affection for the Bourbon cause that they were immediately taken into his Majesty's confidence, and sent abroad on some delicate mission. They had only recently returned to France and rejoined their regiments, when in the month of February, 1815, they announced an intention of shortly visiting the chateau, and taking up their abode with us for some time. This intelligence roused the dormant faculties of Madame de Kerdooc, and she insisted on being led from room to room to watch every preparation that was making for their arrival; while I shut myself up more closely in my own apartment, nursing in secret, my love, my expectation.
"It was a tempestuous afternoon in March; the wild clouds were hurled and tossed by the violence of the wind; the leafless boughs—waved to and fro, and moaned in the stormy air. I heard a horse hastily gallop up to the entrance of the chateau, and my heart throbbled faster, for I thought it was a messenger, perchance, to announce the coming of my husband. Presently a message from Madame de Kerdooc summoned me to her apartment; with trembling haste I ran through the passages, but as I approached,

the door was open, and I could hear her voice, raised in tones of angry reproach. I stopped a moment, and she was answered by a clear, manly voice, that fell like music on my heart. I held my breath, and listened, a new hope springing to life as he spoke.
"I tell you, my mother," I heard him say, "that this revolt could not be resisted. The news that Napoleon had landed in France passed like an electric shock from soldier to soldier; they insisted on marching to meet him; we refused, the mutiny increased, and at last rose to such a height that our only remaining chance was flight. Even now we are pursued, for the soldiers, in their mad rage, have sworn that one or both shall die. We took different roads, appointing to meet here. Heaven grant that my brother may not have been overtaken by the way!"
"You should not have left him," said Madame de Kerdooc, angrily.
"It was in the king's service, my mother," was the respectful reply. "I am the bearer of a dispatch to his majesty, who has also taken flight, and—"
"I would wait to hear no more, and I entered the room. My first glance fell on Madame de Kerdooc; and such was the agitation depicted on her face that she was startled and alarmed. Without returning my greeting she said sharply, "Do you not see my son, Rene, madame?"
"I turned. Before me stood the idol my heart worshipped, the object of my solitary dreams. Had I heard falsely, then? It must be so. My brain reeled, my eyes swam, and covering them with one hand, I extended the other towards the beloved stranger.
"Gustave," I said faintly.
"I left my brother well, madame," was the reply. "I have every hope of his safety!"
"I looked up bewildered. 'You then,' I said, 'you are—'
"Rene de Kerdooc," he said, with a low bow, "the brother of your husband, madame."
"Something there must have been in my face that startled and alarmed him, for he approached as if to support me, but I sprang away from him and fled out of the room, not to my own apartment—it was haunted by the presence of him I loved, but into the wild free air, where in nature's solitude, I might hear the voice of my heart. Ines, since then I have watched beside the beds of the dying; and in that fearful severing of body and spirit, in the wild glare of the last look, when the soul is parting, in the solitude of those pangs which none can share and none console, when for the first time and the last man is utterly alone—I have fancied I saw something of the agony in which my soul was plunged at that moment—something of the desolation which fell upon it, as love and its familiar delusions were lost and shrouded in the darkness and horror of despair.
"But for me that transient passage was not to open on eternity and its wondrous glories; for me the solitude would not be peopled with new sympathies and kindred spirits. I had passed from darkness into darkness like some deluded heathen, wrapped in dreams of heaven, and awakes amid the maddening cries of despair.
CHAPTER VI.
"As I paced up and down an avenue in the park there was no settled thought in my mind save this one: 'The man that I love is not my husband!' I could not follow out any chain of reasoning; I could not see how the error had arisen; I could only repeat these words, and suffer the torture they entailed. How long I stayed there I know not, but I was aroused at last by hearing steps, and looking through the slight barrier of shrubs that separated me from the adjoining road, I saw Rene de Kerdooc leading a horse by the bridle. He stopped a few paces from where I stood, at a tree where four roads branched off in opposite directions; the main one being that which led from the village to the chateau, the others leading, one towards Nantes, the other to Paris. Throwing the reins over his arm, he leaned against the tree, apparently expecting some one. After awhile he appeared to grow impatient, for he several times looked at his watch, and listened for approaching footsteps. At length the distant gallop of a horse was heard; it drew near in the increasing darkness, and pulled up suddenly close to the tree where Rene stood.
"Is that you, Gustave?" said the latter, advancing a step.
"Yes, yes," was the reply, and as the rider sprang to the ground they exchanged a hasty greeting, as if of two men who had escaped some great danger.
"Thank Heaven, you are safe, Gustave!" I heard Rene say, "why are you so late?"
"The soldiers had sent messages on to the neighboring barracks, and taken possession of every village on the route, so that I was obliged to come across the country," replied Gustave. "I met a peasant but now, who told me several were waiting here for their comrades to join them, and had seized every horse in the place for their use."
"Do not stay, then," said Rene. "Take this animal, it is a good one, and the dispatch I bear, and ride on to Nantes, where you will reach the sea shore without difficulty."
"And you, Rene?" said his brother, as he sprang on to the horse beside him.
"I will follow you. Adieu, Gustave—we shall meet again."
They parted. Gustave pursued the road

to Nantes; Rene stood watching his receding form.
"Mother," I heard him say, "surely you will bless your son in death!"
"At this moment an old man approached, in whom I recognized the servant I had conversed with in the turret chamber.
"Monsieur Rene," he said eagerly, "there is not a horse."
"I know it, my good friend," said his master, interrupting him.
"What will you do then?" asked the old man, in a respectful but anxious tone.
"Listen, Pierre," replied his master, laying one hand on his faithful servant's arm, while the other rested on the neck of the tired animal beside him; "I must impede my brother's pursuers at any risk, and turn them from his track; his escape is more important than mine."
"Well, sir."
"To effect this, and in order that my mother and the young marquis may not be alarmed, I shall mount this poor fellow," he patted the horse as he spoke, "and take this road," and he pointed to that leading towards Paris.
"You will be overtaken, sir. That horse cannot go another league."
"Probably," replied Rene, "but then we shall fight for it, and if I am not victorious, I shall at least hinder them for awhile."
"It is certain death, sir; they are numerous; they will pass over your dead body to pursue your brother."
"Exactly; but they will pursue him on the wrong road. Look you, Pierre, you must go the chateau, and bid the youngest and strongest men-servants arm themselves and join me at the old stone cross beyond the park; then return here immediately, and when our pursuers come up, direct them to follow on my track, that—"
"What are you telling me, M. Rene?" cried the old man. "I betray my master!"
"Pierre, my good friend," said the young man earnestly, "it is I who bid you do it, to save my brother, for his mother's and his young wife's sake."
"Why should you die for him, M. Rene?" said Pierre. "He has been—"
"Silence, Pierre! I death so hard to a soldier!"
"The old servant turned round and obeyed, for Rene's look and voice were those of one who no longer asked, but commanded. As he went hastily towards the chateau, he passed so near me, that by putting my hands through the shrubs I could have touched him, and I heard him sobbing like a child. Rene sprang on the horse, and as if moved by regret followed after him. I could just see him bend towards the old man and take his hand; then he turned back, and as he took the road he had previously indicated, I sprang through the shrubs in time to catch a last glimpse of him. He was going to die, and I might not bid him a last adieu. The sound of his horse's tread had scarcely died away, ere I was conscious of a stealthy footstep approaching behind me, and before I could escape, a hand was laid on my arm, and a voice close to my ear whispered, "Do not be frightened, good woman, I will not hurt you. Tell me which way did the horseman go who passed but now?"
"I looked at the man; he wore a military dress. I knew whom he sought and why he came. I might save Rene, then; I might save the generous man who had risked his life for his brother, the beloved of my heart—I might save him—but my husband!
"I did not hesitate. I stretched out my hand and pointed to the road Gustave had taken.
"That way?" said the man, suspiciously. "Will you swear to it?"
"I took from my bosom a holy relic, and, showing it to him, kissed it, and repeated the gesture. He seemed satisfied, and retiring a few steps rejoined his comrades. Presently one by one I saw them pass before me, a troop of horsemen following the road I had pointed out to them. Even then, I could have saved him, I could have stopped them with a word, and have left to Pierre the choice I had taken on myself. But I would not. Another moment, and it was too late!
"I knelt before the altar which had heard my marriage vows. The church was lit by moonlight, and the shadow of the cross, black and fearful, hung like a threat above my head. I had a heavy presentiment on my soul. I knew my punishment was preparing, that the sentence had gone forth, and there was no salvation. I, who but a few hours ago knelt before my Maker comparatively pure and holy, dared not now to lift my guilty voice in prayer, for the brand of murder was upon my soul.
"The chapel bell had tolled many a long hour, and the church was growing dark and dreary, when I heard the doors of the holy building open heavily, and solemn and slow the chant of the priests broke upon my ear, mingled with a wild cry of grief and agony. That cry was the cry of a bereaved mother, the chant was the service of the dead!
"Nearer and nearer they came, with wailing and measured tread, carrying some heavy weight. I knew, oh! I knew who it was they bore, to rest beneath the shadow of the cross. I knew how in the pride of manhood he had bent out down to that soulless thing I shuddered to contemplate. I knew how he had died without word of prayer or priestly blessing, and I knew who was his murderer! I believe I fainted, for when I ventured to look around me again,

the priests, the torches were gone; only the dead was there. I had no strength to move away, I leant against the pillar that had concealed me from observation, and, as if spell-bound, my gaze was fixed upon that shaded form.
"Ines, it is madness to recall the horrors of that night. It was passed alone, alone with the ghastly dead! I was discovered and borne away in the morning, and for months I was a raving maniac. And yet I was conscious of my madness, of every speck that haunted my brain; they were less visionary than those who attended me believed, for they were born of remorse, and will pursue me to my grave.
"When I returned to a calmer state of being another crime was laid to my guilty soul—my mother-in-law was dead. She had not long survived the loss of her only son. I instantly announced my intention of retiring into a convent, resolved to devote the remainder of my days to prayer for the soul I had so fearfully hurried into eternity. That task is nearly concluded. Ines. Peace has returned to my tortured spirit. These long years of penitence, these ceaseless prayers and tears, have not been in vain. The Saviour of sinners, that blessed One who pitied the Madeleine of old, will at last take pity on me.
"Twice only has my solitude been interrupted. Once when I was on the eve of taking the black veil, a proposal was made to me by some friends of my late husband to marry Rene de Kerdooc, probably with a view to secure my dowry. Ah, how life and youth, and love rose up with bewitching glance again, and wooed me back to the world! But the very love that had caused my crime and suffering enabled me to conquer. I would not that the man I loved should take a murderer to his bosom; I would not sully his soul's purity by contact with my guilt; and I refused, and raised an eternal barrier between us by the utterance of those solemn vows. It was another expiation, for my sin! Then you came, Ines; and when I heard you were Rene's intended bride it was long before I could pardon your happy destiny; but I learnt to love you at last, and to take pleasure in fitting another to contribute to his happiness, whose life I had preserved at my soul's peril. Nay, more—for your sake, I have unfolded the records of the past, and revealed a secret that but for you had died with me. If I have succeeded in opening your eyes to your husband's worth, if I have shown you how much he has suffered, how much he deserves at your hands, and love has been engendered in your heart as you have read my tale, the end for which I wrote it is answered. Ines, if you and Rene are united in love, if you can look forward to years of joy and peace, purchased by my sacrifice and my sufferings, hallow that future—reward those pangs by one fervent prayer for the soul of Madeleine."
CHAPTER VII. AND LAST.
The tale was ended, and wearied by emotion I threw myself on the bed, but not to sleep. My feverish heart could not be still; and the remainder of the night passed like a waking dream. Now I was consoling Madeleine, now talking with Rene, fashioning sentences in which I could tell him how changed I was, how deeply I loved and revered him.
These thoughts of how I was to be reconciled to my husband occupied me on the following morning while I dressed; every phrase I had arranged was revised and improved as I wandered in the flower garden where I expected he would join me. As the breakfast hour approached and he did not come, my thoughts passed through another edition suited to the altered circumstances in which we were about to meet; but my trouble was to little purpose. The breakfast bell called me in; and with a beating heart, and with a rose in my hand, which I had gathered as a peace offering, I entered the house.
One cover only was laid. Astonished, I asked the cause. The servant replied that M. de Kerdooc had breakfasted early, and was gone to Paris.
To Paris! and he could not possibly return before the morrow, and would probably be absent many days. I sat down and tried to eat; it was impossible—I was sick at heart. Had I offended him so seriously? How much I would have given to recall the scene of last night! Now it was too late.
He did not return for a week. The first three days I was feverish, watchful and impatient; for the last three and broken hearted. On the seventh evening, just at dusk, I heard a horse approaching up the avenue. I felt sure it was Rene; I longed, but feared to go and meet him. I was in my own room, his miniature and Madeleine's narrative still before me, when I heard his tread on the corridor. It was hurried, but not eager; quick nervous steps but not rapid bounds, such as I could have wished to hear when he approached me. I bade him enter when he knocked at my door, but I did not look up at him; he thought I was offended.
"Are you angry with me, dear Ines," he said gently, "for leaving you so abruptly? Indeed you had no cause to be. Your happiness was all I sought."
I could have told him that my happiness would have been better insured by his remaining at home, but a faint "indeed" was all I uttered.
"Yes," he continued, "I have discovered what your ingenious nature could not con-

ceal. I have sought, (Heaven knows, Ines, how sincerely!) to win your love. Believing your heart disengaged, I thought this possible, despite the difference in our years. But I have striven in vain; I know now that you love another."
I made a hasty movement of surprise.—He went on.
"Knowing this, Ines, I understand why my presence was a restraint to you, why you were so reserved with me; but you need not have feared me my child, I know if your young heart has loved, it is a love pure and innocent as an angel's might be, and God forbid that I should reproach you for this. But my own p. o. of mind, as well as yours, Ines, requires that we should part; for a while at least. I have made arrangements for rejoining the army, and for you I have found a home in Paris with a lady who was an intimate friend of your family, and will be as a mother to you; by her you will be introduced into society, and will, I hope, find in its distractions a cure for your suffering heart."
I could not answer him, my silent tears were dropping like rain. He waited a moment, and finding I did not speak, added, in a voice of tender pathos. "Although I have not myself seen this miniature nor these letters, yet I am satisfied that it were better you should not look at them so often nursing your grief, as you have done of late. Will you seal them up and confide them to me, dear child? The trust shall be sacred but as we get higher, the view opened under our feet, I saw that the streets were already thronged with starers. Cooley was very quiet, and when I wared my hat to the people, he said snappishly, that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse these gaping fools, who, he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident.
I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the top, and had nothing as it seemed, to do but to strain our eyes, but that straining rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Cooley thought of it I don't know—he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he should do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might grow used to the height.
Good Heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away, without slackening speed, in the least! I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that, with the great purchase of that windlass, the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and clung head over hand to the coping, Cooley, too, sprang up and followed me. He, too, got up safe; and still they went on, winding up, winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it.
Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling line, and the main rope with its block fell down. Thus were two poor men left in a most dangerous situation.
Poor Cooley was completely dazed with affright, and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot and a half broad, he called out: "Where can I pray? where can I kneel and pray? and so I said very solemnly: 'Sit down, God will hear us if we pray to him sitting down.'"
The color of his face was of a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were wild and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady but swung his body backward and forward, so I felt certain that he must topple over.
"Come, Jem, lad," I said, thinking to take the fright off him, "It's bad enough but it can't be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your arm round the rod, may be it will steady you."
"Where are you? and where is this rod?" he asked in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew he was gone blind with the fright, and self-preservation said: Don't go near him; but then I remembered his new wedded wife, and that taking him all through he was always a very decent fellow, and I thought how I should liked him to have done if I had been in his case, so I determined to run a bit of risk in his favor. Of course I durst not get on my feet; but working myself on my hands, I got to him; and putting my arm round his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm round the rod. It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected to see him fall head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.
There was a great bustle down below; people were rushing round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there was some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and I close looking saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him—generally away toward the engine house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand, then I knew that somebody had been hurt by the falling cradle; and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us. I learned afterward that our men were so taken up with sorrow that so good a man and so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never a thought about

us, and the people outside imagine that we had come down with the cradle, so that we were left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.
While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Cooley, who began making calculations, and yelling as if he was possessed. Then I knew, of course that he was gone mad.
Even now, I tremble when I think of that place; it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and sooty and yawning, and sneer less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons sweeping round at considerable less height than we were. Then Cooley—(thank God! he was so dared that he could not see me—called my name three times, and I sat fully cringing in dread that his sight might clear, and with a ghastly grin and chewing with his mouth he began working him self toward me.
I worked away from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed me twice round that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then being erime a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his mad brain, lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet, but at the risk of my own life I could not let the poor fellow rush on certain death without one more effort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and he covered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose that it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.
That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get out time keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom; and by another good providence I happened to have a bit of red lead pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, "Got us down—Cooley's gone mad!" this I shut in my tobacco box, and was fortunate enough to drop it just at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine house floor.
one, and believe me it is for your good I ask it. Heaven knows, Ines, if by lawful means I could make you free, I would give my heart's blood to do it."
And I mine, I thought, to preserve my bonds; but I did not say so. I took up the miniature and pressed it to my lips.
"It would break my heart to part with it," I said through my tears.
"And the letters?" he asked.
"They are not letters, monsieur. It is history of your brother Gustave's wife, of the Sister Madeleine, my kindest, dearest friend."
"But this picture," he said hastily, "is that of her?"
"Oh no, monsieur," I answered with enthusiasm; "it is that of a young and noble man; you will not wonder that I love it when you see the face."
I knew he was wounded by my tone but I did not heed it now. I placed my hand on his arm and guided him through the dusk to the crucifix. I placed the picture in his hand. He hesitated, looking earnestly at me.
"It would be better not, perhaps," he had said: "some day you might wish you had not done so."
"I shall never change my opinion, monsieur," I said. "You asked for my confidence; you shall have it entirely."
A sad, very sad look crossed his face, to be chased a moment after by one of exquisite delight. "Oh! who would doubt the existence of Heaven, when such bliss is granted us on earth."
"Ines," he said falteringly, "is this true? Are you not deceiving yourself, or me?"
"No, Rene, no!" I replied.
"He did not doubt me now. For I was filled in his arms, my heart beating against his, my eyes responding to his look of love."
"And your strange conduct the other night?" he asked presently.
"Ah, Rene, I found Madeleine had loved you, and I feared—"
"That I had loved Madeleine," he said. "What, jealous, my sweet wife? And your dress?"
"Madeleine looked so beautiful in her picture, that I—"
"You wished to see if you were equally so—was that it?"
"Oh, Rene; I am ashamed of my conduct, so very much ashamed! You do not know how much we owe Madeleine—all our love, all our happiness!"
"Well, you shall tell me the tale, love, and we will reward her devotion by being as happy as we can. Is it not so, Ines?"
"Hush, dearest, we have another duty to perform first."
"What is it, my sweet wife?"
I led him to the front of the crucifix, and said: "We must pray for her soul, Rene—Sister Madeleine is dead!"
A Perilous Hour.
I was apprenticed to a decorative painter but being of a bold, daring loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out. After some years of knocking about, I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder whose peerless line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a very cool head and could stand on elevations that made most men dizzy, and I was soon a favorite hand with my