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# Selections.

#### Not Married for Love.

"And so you are married, Melvil! Rather a rapid proceeding for a curate just ordained By-the-by, did you not say you were married before you were ordained?"

"Yes, before I took my degree." "I would have kept you out of that folly if I had been at hand, at any rate. And of

course, you are as poor as church mice?" "As poor as church mice-not a doubt about that;" and the young clergyman glanced round his little cottage study, which was luxuriously furnished with two cane chairs, and a low-railed chair, cushioned with gray chintz, which indicated a feminine occupation, a stained deal-table, and heaps of books piled on shelves fitted into late as might have been supposed. Mr.

before, but he fancied it poverty-stricken now, because his wealthy college friend seemed to pity him for having nothing bet-"Married for love?" suggested his friend,

ironically. The curate contemplated the threadbare knees of his black trowsers for a minute or

two, and then said, confusedly: "No." "Not married for love, yet so indiscreetly

tied up! How was it then pray?" "I'll tell you—it was for pity."
"Could not have had a worse motive; but

that's by the way-go on." "You remember Sandys, our tutor."

"Yes-a good fellow."

"Too good by half. He provided for ev erybody but his own family, as if he meant to live forever; then at the most inconvenient season possible he died, and his income died with him. There was the widow and the two boys, and there was Claryyou recollect Clary?"

"Yes; the wild little gipsy! but you surely did not marry her?"

"Yes, Clary is my wife." "Why she must have been a baby?"

"She was sixteen within a few weeks afwe were married. You see, the little thing came to me crying, and saying she was to be sent to some horrid school, where she did not want to go-"

"I perceive; and you, being soft-hearted, ,învited her to become your wife on the spot."

"Precisely so."

"And she, blushing celestial rosy red, answered that she would be very glad!"

"Mamma consented promptly, and the sacrifice was accomplished," said the curate in mock heroic style. "Clary is a good girl, but I never was in love with her. Is it not that sagacious worthy Sir Thomas Moore, who says we never ardently love that for which we have not longed? I had never thought of Clary except as a child, until pity for her forlornness surprised me into the commission of matrimony."

If Mr. Melvil and his friend had been quick-eared.or less absorbed, they might have heard a light step crossing the turf as they that she was, instead of being rashly hetalked together, and retreating fast-fast as the last words were spoken. It was Clary. Neither of them, however, saw either the talking quite composedly.

"Benham offered me his London curacy; but Clary hates London, so I took this, and thought myself very lucky. We get the cottage cheap, and eighty pounds a yeara decent starving for the three of us; we bave a treasure of an Irish servant, besides ourselve to feed."

"And how many more by-and-by?" in-

sinuated Mr. Warenne, spitefully. Just in time to prevent a reply, the treasure of an Irish servant opened the study door, and announced in her rich brogue, "Place, Sir, t'tay's ready in t'drawing-room, an't' missus waiting."

"Come along, then, Warenne. I wonder whether Clary will recognize you."

The two gentlemen crossed the passage to the tray, prettily dressed in a clear blue supplied by another clergyman. muslin, with her soft, brown hair flowing

in his own mind that-the indiscretion of be resigned altogether. the marriage apart—she was as comfortable a little wife as a man need desire to possess. She was not exceedingly pretty, but she so girlish and graceful. Then all her ways were quiet and gentle; she had affectionate eyes, and an expression sensible as well as sweet, and her voice as musical as a bird's. Unless Mr. Melvil had told his friend in so many words, that he was not in love with his wife, Mr. Warenne would never have discovered it, for the curate was

these were their courting days. Clary gave no sign that anything had happened to grieve her; but she was relieved when tea was over, and George went out with Mr. Warenne to show him the village, which was considered pretty by stran-She had been very happy with her young husband, and had found nothing wanting to his content; but now, as the two walked away through the garden, she stood watching them with clasped hands and tears in her sunny eyes, repeating under her breath. 'George said he did not love me: he married me for pity! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Perhaps many young wives in Clary's of proclaiming their wrong, and inflicting misery on themselves and helpmates; but not so George's girl-wife. Her first impulse was against herself, that she should have been so blind as not to see that it was a the walls. It was summer-time, and as the sacrifice and not a joy to him to marry her; work of creepers all round it, and the sun revocably, and that she could only fret and her! shining in, it did not look so very disconso disturb his peace by betraying ; what she had accidently overheard; so she kept it to Melvil had often thought it a happy retreat herself, and only tried to make him love her better.

would miss me and be very sorry if I were gone," she said in her heart; and after a while the sore pain that first stab had given her had passed away, and the same bright face smiled by his hearth, the same lighttripping feet went by his side, and the same affectionate sunshine filled his house as heretofore.

There was plenty of work in his parish for Mr. Melvil, for his rector was rarely at home; but the young clergyman took a conscientious view of his post, and did his utmost. Clary was a great help to him .-The cottagers liked her, and the school-children liked her. The people, and the 'squire at the head of them, said the Melvil's were an acquisition to the parish, and long might they stay there! The young wife cspecially was beloved: those who were in trouble said she seemed to know how to talk makes nonsense of every other paragraph" to them about faith, patience and comfort, better than the curate himself, though what &c.; and, when he came to the end, he protrials could she have known at her age?,

and double, portionless and well dowered, and agreed with George that it was silly: pretty and plain, but among the whole troop, but there was a mischievous sparkle in her had the curate been free to choose, he could eyes, as if she were sorely tempted to make

as Clary. Greenfield had its drawbacks as well as its delights, like other pretty villages; and one of the most serious of these was a tendency to low fever when the spring had been unusually damp.

A brook that ran across the green overflowed in the rains, and when it retired to its bed, left behind a deposit that bred pestilential vapors that poisoned the lives of the people. The curate's cottage stood high, and out of the influence of the baleful exhalations; but his duties carried him to and fro among the poor, and exposed him daily to the contagion. No danger would have made him evade these duties, heavier at this season than any other; but when fover was in the village, he laid his commands on Clary that she should stay at home; and Clary stayed, like the obedient little wife roic, and adding to his inevitable anxieties.

But Clary watched him with furtive tenderness all the time, and was ever ready approach or the flight, and they went on with dry clothing and warm slippers when he returned home, to snare him the risk of cold. But what was to be came to pass,

for all her love and all her care! One steamy April night, after a long and fatiguing afternoon on the Marsh, as the lower part of Greenfield was called, the curate came home, ready to sink with weariness, and complaining of a pain in his head and sickness. Clary stole out of the room, and despatched the Irish treasure for the doctor. When the doctor came he ordered George to bed, and said he hoped to set him up again in a few days. But instead of improving, George grew worse; the fever ravaged his frame terribly, and he was delirious day after day. This went on to the climax of the disorder, and then it took a favorable turn; but a long senson of usclessness and the opposite parlor, which Nora signified inaction lay before the curate. He must as the "dhrawing-room," and found the leave Greenfield for sea-air, and lie by for young mistress of the house sented before months. Meanwhile his absence must be

These inevitable musts, so trivial to other rosy mouth—the little hypocrite! Her and simply a sentence of destitution to the heart was fit to break under that gently Melvils. George wanted to stay at home. swelling boddice, where she had so daintily and get occasional help from his neighbor-

welcome of an old acquaintance, he thought strength for him, even if Greenfield had to to the astonishment-of Mr. Warenne and credit, not only with the laity, but even ing her visitor, "you came too late; he died as well as a man could be hung; but it are

as assiduous in his attentions to her as if and strong, and selfish to a very great de- was about, or he should be obliged to quarcare of him. She liked to hear herself overhear. called in his short, imperative way; it gers, and which had been heaven to her. to him. If she had gone into the polished and mental strain had been, for the last being lighted; to force open the tabernacle. ing dish, to coax his delicate appetite, preden crying out, "Clary, what are you doing? painful position would have made a virtue tell him she had not been gone ten minutes; what did he mean? and then disappear again. Sometimes he would come into the kitchen himself, and sit down in farmer Hood's great chair, and follow her about all." with his hollow eyes, and finally take her off with his arm around her waist-although window was open to the lawn, with a frame but then she rensoned that it was done, ir he was not a bit in love, and only pitied

He was not allowed to study solemn books; but Clary permitted a light mental aliment to be taken each morning and evening from certain thin blue magazines, which she borrowed from the library in the nearest village, which was slowly developing into a fashionable watering-place. One evening, while she was doing a little of the fine darning, in which nobody excelled her, George, who had been for some time sitting silent over his book, broke out into his merry laugh, saying: "Listen here, Clary; here are some beautiful verses! Hark how the lines limp! I wonder how the editor could print such

He began to read the lines in a mockheroic style, which certainly made them infinitely ludicrous. At first Clary colored a little; but before he came to the end she was laughing as heartily as himself.

He then volunteered to read a short story. entitled "Patience Hope's Trial," which he did with a running commentary, such as "That is bad grammar"-- "The punctuation -" Highflown, rhapsodical rubbish," &c., nounced it the silliest little tale he had ever In the village were many ladies, single read. Clary darned on most composedly, a confession about the same silliest of little tales; however, reflecting that the shock of learning he had a literary wife might be too much for his perves in their present weak state, she discreetly held her peace, and contented herself by making him imbibe her earnings under various strengthening and

agreeable forms Before the summer was ended, the thin, blue magazine readers were familiar with Clary's signature of "Ivv;" but after that she disappeared suddenly from its pages, to many people's regret; for its subscribers were not, as a rule, highly trained, educated college gentlemen, but day-workers and toilers in the world's wide labor fields, who find an agreeable relaxation in the perusal of a silly little tale, whose interest turns on the humble, daily virtues which they have so much occasion to exemplify in their own obscure lives. I believe the editor was in quired of once or twice why "Ivy" had ceased her contributions. "Ivy" was other-

wise occupied. In the first place, Mr. Warenne, had presented George with a small living, and there was a queer little rectory-house to paint, paper, and generally embellish. Far he it from me to derogate from Clary's dignity; but I will tell one thing of her, because I Mr. Warenne went to see his old friend, George was in his study, as usual, but it had been made to look more cosy and homelike than that at Greenfield, and the young rector looked proportionably more dignified in it. After a little desultory chat, George proposed to seek his wife-and how does everybody think they found her employed? She was papering her own drawing-roomthat little drawing-room which was afterwards the admiration of the whole neighborhood! Mounted on some steps, in a big apron, the property of the Irish treasure, with her brown curls tucked behind her little ears, and with pasty hands, and sleeves the pretty, simple paper upon the wallthe last bit. What did she do? Jump down in blushing horror at being caught in

George.

keep his mind quiet; and in the beginning window-seat, she placed herself on the low- put under contribution by a daring suc- suspended from around his neck. of June they found themselves lodged in a est step but one of her ludder, and they all cessor of the Cartouches and the Mandrins, retired farm cottage, standing in the midst talked about the island, and the sea, and one Artaifaille, whose wife, living in Etam- abbe. of delicious meadows, with a view of a glo- George's recovery, and the new rectory, and pes, was on the contrary a model of propriety, rious bay, cliffs, and distant towns. They other interesting topics; and Clary was so and who spent her days praying for the luxuriated in the beauty around them like a altogether bright, unaffected and charming, conversion of her husband. pair of happy children; and, and, though that when George and his friend left her at It happened that one evening, exhausted George was not in love with his sunshiny length, the latter said, "Melvil, if Clary by labors, the holy man fell asleep in the go where his body hangs, and repeat five confess, even at the last moment. He allittle wife, he would have got on there very were not your wife, I should make up to confessional, and was awoke at midnight Paters and five Aves. He said you would ways asked for you on his way here, and differently without her. She petted and in- her myself!" And George actually laughed, by unusal sounds in the church. When not refuse." dulged him to that extent that he grew stout and said he had better take care what he sufficiently aroused to a sense of his posigree; and would sometimes have forgotten rel with him; and then he extelled her vir- noise he had heard, came from a man who last bidding." how very ill he had been if she had not tues very much, as if—as if he were in love was busy striking a light by the choir. He watched him and taken such extraordinary at last; but this time Clary was not near to was a man of about middle height, carry-

This was Clary's first occupation; her showed, at any rate, that she was needful next was different. Perhaps the physical farm kitchen to superintend or to concact twelve months, almost too much for her -and so Clary seemed to fade.

"George, you must take care of Clary, or you will lose her," her mother told him sacriligious robbery should not take place abruptly; "I do not like her symptoms at thus quietly, the abbe issued from the con-

It was after this harsh communicationtarily betrayed to his young wife how much he feared for her.

"And you would grieve to lose me George?" said she, a little mournfully. "It would break my heart, Clary! Oh! don't talk of my losing you!" cried he, kissing her thin, white hands. "Who have I in the world besides you? Who loves me as church I wish to save these things—the

you do?" "I think nobody loves you as I do, George. it is selfish in me-but it is the happiest chase salvation at any price." time I have had for a long while, to see how you would be sorry if I were gone. I should not like to think you could forget me soon.'

"Clary, you will live to bless me for many vear vet.'' "That must be as God wills, George; let as both say, that must be as God wills."

"As God wills, my darling!" and George hid his face on Clary's bosom, that she might commit. For her sake and your own, I not see his tears.

Perhaps the covetous, watchful tender ness that now surrounded the young wife er's heritage to obtain them, to restore revived her courage and strength, for she these objects to the place where you got allied visibly; and, after a few months, them.' George had to baptise a little copy of himself, and return thanks for Clary's safe deliverance. After that day, nobody could have persuaded him that there had ever been a time when he was not in love with it will save a soul. Now will you follow his wife, or that he did not think her the me to the presbytery." dearest treasure in the whole wide world.

now, and it is one of the happiest homes that can be found in the country. Mr. Wa- cade. Arriving at the presbytery, he rerenne, who has become more cynical than mained at the door, while the abbe went in ever, quotes the pair as an exemplification to bring the money. He soon came back by a voice which seemed to be strangling; shudder pervaded his whole frame, and he of how well two people who are rightly to the door, carrying a weighty bag with matched in other things may get on through | him. life, without falling into that enthusiasm of love which hot-headed boys and girls es- six weeks to pay me the other two thouteem the climax of existence. One day, in advised as to remind the rector of the confession he had formerly made to himself. and

George was actually offended. "Not in love with Clary? she is the only woman for whom I ever cared a chip," cried he; "you are under a delusion, Warenne: I never can have said anything so absurdly false."

The rector thinks so now; and Clary is converted to the same opinion. I do not see what Mr. Warenne has to do with it. Bygones should always be bygones. Clary has never yet confessed about the silliest of little tales in the thin blue magazine; perhaps it has slipped through her memorybut all her love, devotion, and patience of that time will never escape George's. If he knew who wrote "Patience Hope's Trial." he would possibly be inclined to call it a "gem of fiction" now, instead of what he think it was to her credit. The first time did then, because he would see it from a real point of view.

## The Bandit.

A SUPERNATURAL TALE. Every system, it may be observed, is ounded upon conviction, and that convic- so much good to himself, from about his ion is based upon facts more or less nu- own neck, and gave it to the bandit. The henticated. The attempts made by the latter pressed it to his lips and hurried skeptical to explain away as hallucinations away.
the reasures of individual experience, because the facts themselves do not carry con- heard anything more of the bandit. At the viction simply as recorded by others, are expiration of that period he left his diocese always legitimate where there are many for a short time, to visit his mother, who be obvious sources of error, or where the will ing unwell, he remained with her six weeks. to admit the truth of some popular super- Upon his return he heard that the celebrarolled up above her clows, she was sticking stition or mysteries of a rarer description ted robber had been captured near Orleans. is overtaxed. Few, for example, will be and having been condemned to death had ready to give entire credence to the story of been sent to Etampes as the principal scene the worthy Vicar of Etampes, in which he of his misdeeds, and that he had suffered in wavy curls, and with a smile on her people who have long purses, were purely such dishabille, and cover everbody else and details of a wonderous act of sensibility on the last penalty of the law, the very mornherself with confusion? Not a bit of it! the part of a hanged man. The vicar in ing of his return, She looked radiently over her shoulder, and question, devoted to the church at an early Without stopping even to shake the dust swelling boddice, where she had so daintily and get occasional help from his neighborfastened a cluster of George's favorite flowing clergy; but Clary made up a detering clergy; but Clary made up a deterin Ao her husband's friend honor, and as Mr. must go over to the Isle of Wight for the treasure, who had acted as her assistant, was in the habit of ascribing an unusual applications during his absence.

tion, he was enabled to discern that the man, "I shall immediately go and do his I answered. There is nothing so annoying ing in his waistband two pistols and a dagger, and casting at once, a threatening and searching glance, he prepared, his candle This he soon accomplished, and he drew with her own hands some wonderful tempt- youth; for those who loved her began to forth, first the holy pyx, a magnificent cup notice that her spirits flagged, and that her of old!silver chiselled in the time of Henry sently he was heard from the parlor or gar- brisk feet went slowly to and fro the garden II.; and next a massive chalice, which had walks. George watched her anxiously; but been given to the town by Queen Marie I want you!" Then, when she appeared his friends told him to be patient, and wait Antoinette; and lastly, two crystal bottles, with floury paws and fire-beaten cheek, he awhile, and she would be better soon. But He then shut the tabernacle, and drew from would just look up at her and say: "Why it is very hard to be patient when we see beneath the altar a Notre Dame in wax, do you run away and leave me for hours what we have learnt to prize above all else crowned with a wreath of gold and diatogether, Clary?" and she would laugh and in the world fading slowly before our eyes | monds, and the dress embroidered with precions stones.

Being determined that if possible such a fessional and confronted the robber. The latter, on hearing footsteps approaching, for the mother spoke as if he was to blame drew a pistol from his girdle; but the tranfor her child's fate-that George involunt quility of the man of God awed even the rude handit.

"Friend," said the holy man to the robber, "you shall not committ this sacrilege." "Who will prevent me?" inquired l'Artaifaille.

"I will-not by physical force but by pursuasion. Friend, it is not for the church can afford to buy other holy vessels; it is for your sake, who cannot pur-

"My good man, do you think that it is the first time that l'Artaifaille has committed sacrilege? Besides, as to my soul, that concerns my wife; she is pious enough for two, and will save mine with hers."

"Yes, my friend, your wife is a good and pious woman, but who would die 'of grief did she know the crime you are about to offer you 100 crowns; 1000 francs to be given now, 2000 after I have sold my moth-

"You mother is rich, then?" observed the bandit.

"No: she is poor and will be ruined: but she will give up her all gladly, if she knows

The bandit did as was desired, casting There are three children in the rectory however many furtive glances around him, lest be should be betraved into an ambus-

"And now," said the handit, "I give you sand; and you may place them in the hands the confidence of friendship, he was so ill of my wife, but you must not tell her how I came by the money."

> on his knees, he prayed humbly and earnestly for the conversion of the bandit. He so, l'Artaifaille was standing behind him. "Here," he said, "I bring you back your money. I do not want it, or your other two thousand." And so saying he depos-

ited the bag of money on the sideboard. his countenance. "What you have done is other body continued motionless. well; do not be ashamed to do better."

"You believe that, by the intercession of l'Artifaille. "Give me then, in exchange nized him as the executioner. for my three thousand francs, a relic or chaplet, such as I can carry about with me, and embrace at the last moment."

The holy man did not hesitate: he took the consecrated medal, which had wrought

A year elapsed before the good abbe

Warrane shook hands, and received the summer months, and regain health and and also to the admiration—and not a bit smount of picty for which he had gained "Ah, M. l'Abbo," she exclaimed on sec-

among ecclesiastical colleagues. At the without confession. He would not confess pears that I was deceived. I wonder when Clary managed somehow; she would not The work done, she descended; and, as period when this hely man flourished, to any other but you; and saying so, he he made me take his place, he did not take give details, on the plea that George must the gentlemen had got possession of the Etampes and its environs were continually embraced with fervour a medal which hung advantage of the circumstance and run

"Is that all he said?" inquired the good

"No, he told me that you would come to Tell me who brought you here." see me to-night, and he begged as a last rerequest-I dare scarcely tell you what strange favor!-actually that you should you know, Monsieur l'Abbe, would not

priest and wept with gratitude.

latter days of April; the sky was clear, and third, "lot me see if the Abbe is not arthe air refreshing. The good priest follow- rived." "You may look I answered; and I ed the city walls till he came to the gate of thought I had hothing to do but to push him Paris-the only one that remained open at off, but he anticipated me. "One moment that late hour. The point to which his more," ho said, "I want to kiss a medal of steps were directed was an esplanade which our Lady, which is suspended to my nock." domincered over the whole town, and upon "Well, to that," I said, "it is but fair-kiss which to the present day are to be seen the away." "And my last wish," he added, traces of the scaffold, upon which in former "is to be buried with this medal." "Hum," times three gibbets were creeted. But we says I, "all that is found upon a man who shall now proceed with our story in the is hung belongs to his executioner." "That words of the narrator-the worthy abbe does not concern me," he insisted; "I will himself.

me that I was going to see, not that which may go to the devil." And so saying, I I came to see, but something unexpected. threw him off, and jumped on his shoulders. Still I kept ascending.

perceive the summit of the gibbet, com- the same time." posed of three pillars and their horizontal beams of oak. I distinguished at the same moment the

body of the unfortunate L'Artaifaille dri- part of the story." ven to and fro by the wind, like a moveable shade.

Suddenly I stopped; the gibbet was now a dog, more massive than a wolf.

Suddenly it raised itself upon its hind legs, and I discovered that the animal was ladder against the nearest upright, and got neither more nor less than what Plate de- up and drew the corpse towards me." signated as animal with two feet and without feathers, that is to say, a man.

What could a man be doing under a gib religious heart to pray-or with an irreligious heart to commit some sacrilege.

Under these circumstances, I determined came from behind a cloud, and shone brightly upon the gibbet, I could now distinguish a man distinctly, and see every movement that he made. The man picked up a ladder from the ground and placed it against the upright that was nearest the swinging inquired. body. He then mounted the ladder. The body a strange group, in which the living enough to get rid of it. and the dead appeared to be confounded in a mutual embrace.

Suddenly a fearful the air. I saw the two bodies moving as if neck of the ex-bandit. At the moment detached itself from the gibbet, while the made the executioner replace the corpse in other remained suspended by the cord, beat- its former situation, and I then went down ing about with his arms and legs.

It was impossible that I should comprehend what was really taking place under the infamous machine; but certainly the "It shall be done; and sin no more." And work of man or the devil was taking place the good priest turned away, and bending - something that called for help, that claimed assistance.

I accordingly hastened forward. At the had not finished his prayer when there sight of a newcomer, the struggles of the for me below. came a knock at the door. "Come in," hanging man increased; while beneath him said the abbe, without rising; when he did lay the body which had fallen from the gibbet, motionless and lifeless. I ran first to the living. I hastily as-

cended the steps of the ladder, and cutting to me last night, just as it struck twelve by the cord with a knife, the hanging man fell Notre Dame, and enid to me, 'Go to-morto the ground, and I jumped down to him row morning to the Abbe's, and tell him "What do you want?" said the priest to from the ladder. He was rolling on the thanks to him and to our Lady, I am saved." the bandit, seeing hesitation depicted on ground in fearful convulsions, while the

strangling the poor devil, so I quickly knolt starvation. It is only a question of time. our Lady, a man, however guilty, may be down, and with great difficulty loosened it. just as with the burning of college libraries. saved at the hour of death?" observed Whilst so doing I saw his face, and recog-

"Monsieur l'Abbe," he said hesitatingly,

"Yes it is I. What were you doing He appeared to take some time to collect

at the corpse lying close by. "Oh, Monsieur l'Abbe," he said, "let us nasten from this place. In the name of

Heaven let us go from here?" "Why so? I have promised to say five

gibbeted man." when he hung me?"

who had rendered him that particular ser-

"Truly so; and I thought I had hung him

away."

"Run away; why he is dead and motionless. There is some mystery beneath this. "Well, I suppose I must tell you, in con-

fession or otherwise. The miscreant then, again at the gibbet. "Is not the Abbe "And he said right," replied the holy come?" he repeated at every step. "No," as to be perpetualy asked the same ques-The widow embraced the hands of the tion. I put the cord round his neck, and bade him mount the ladder. "Step a mo-It was about half-past ten o'clock in the ment," he said, when we got up about one be buried with this medal." "You will, My heart beat. The feeling came over | will you," said I, losing all pationco; "you "Our Lady have pity," he said; but the Arriving at a certain height, I began to rope strangled the man and the sentence at

"Well, but all this does not explain to me why you came here."

"That is because that is the most difficult

"Well, I will tell you; you came to take the medal."

"You are right. The devil tempted me. exposed to me from its summit to its base, I said to myself, you will? That is all very and I perceived a mass without form, that good, but when night is come we will see. looked like an animal on four legs, and that So when night came I returned to the gibmoved about. I stopped and hid myself bet. I had left my ladder in the neighborbehind a rock. The animal was larger than hood, and knew where to find it. After carefully looking around, and seeing that nobody was watching him, I placed my

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, I had got hold of the medal and had just succeeded in drawing it off the bet at such an hour, unless he came with a neck, when believe me if you will, the corpse seized me bodily, and drawing its; head from the running knot, passed my head in instead of his, and just threw men to watch. At the same moment the moon off as I had thrown him off. That is exactly what happened."

"Impossible, you must be mistaken." "Did you find me hanging or not? Well promise you I did not hang myself."

"And the medal, where is it gone to?" I "You must search for it on the ground."

next moment he formed with the hanging When I felt I was hanging, I was glad

I accordingly sought for the medal, and was not long in discovering it. Having on my kness and repeated the prayers which the sufferer had demanded of me. As I finished, midnight struck at Notre Dame.

"Come," said I to the executioner, "we have nothing more to do bere." The next morning, when I woke up, I was told that the bandit's wife was waiting

Her face wore an expression of satisfaction, and of a mind relieved.

"M. l'Abbe," she said to me, "I have come to thank you; my husband appeared

## Death of the Tutor

I saw that the running knot was still! The natural end of a tutor is to rerish by These all burn up sooner or later, provided

they are not housed in brick or stone and His eyes were starting out of their orbits, iron. I don't mean you will see in the reghis face was blue, his jaws distorted. I istry of deaths that this or that particular placed him against a stone; gradually the tutor died of well-marked, uncomplicated fresh air revived him; he breathed more starvation. They may, even in extreme cafreely, and finished by looking at me. His ses, be carried off by a thin, watery kind of surprise was not much less than mine had apoplexy, which sounds very well in the returns, but means little to those who know that it is only debility settling on the head. Generally, however, they fade and waste under various pretexts-calling it dysnepsis: consumption, and so on, to nut a decent and pearance upon the case, and keep up the is ideas, and then turning round he looked credit of the family and the institution where they have passed through the successsive stages of inanition.

In some cases it takes a great many years to kill a tutor by the process in question You see they do get food and clothes and Paters and five Aves for the soul of the fuel, in appreciable quantities, such as they are. You will even notice rows of books in ... "For his soul, Monsieur l'Abbe. He is their rooms, and a picture or two-things Satan personified. Did you not see him that look as if they had surplus money; but we these superfluities are the seater of crystalie: "Hang you, why I thought it was you sation to scholars, and you can never get them away till the poor fellows effloresce into dust. Do not be deceived. The tutor breakfasts on coffe made of beaus, adultura-