

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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**DR. HOFFER,**  
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door  
from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book Store.  
Entrance, between the Book and  
Dr. Herz's Drug Store. August 21, 1859

**THOMAS WELSH,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.  
OFFICE, in the new Building, below  
Black's Hotel, Front street.  
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted  
to his care. November 28, 1857.

**DR. G. W. WIFFLIN,**  
DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above  
the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.  
Columbia, Pa. July 2, 1858.

**H. M. NORTH,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Columbia, Pa.  
Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York  
Counties. Columbia, Pa. May 4, 1859.

**J. W. FISHER,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Columbia, Pa.  
Columbia, Pa. September 9, 1857.

**C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D.,**  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa.  
Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. S.  
Fisher. Columbia, Pa. May 18, 1859.

**S. Atlee Bookius, D. D. S.**  
PRACTICER in the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical  
Dentistry.  
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House  
and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.  
May 7, 1857.

**SHAKER CORN—A fresh lot of Shaker  
Corn, for sale by HENRY SUYDAM,  
Nov. 13, 1858. Corner  
12th and Locust streets.**

**GEORGE J. SMITH,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Cakes  
Bakers—Constantly on hand a variety of cakes  
and numerous to mention: Cakes, Soda, Wine, Scallops  
and Sugar (Cakes); Confectionery, of every description,  
Ice, &c. &c. Between the Bank and Franklin House,  
Columbia, Pa. Feb. 2, 1858.

**JUST RECEIVED, three dozen Dr. Brunon's  
Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia,  
and a fresh lot of "Sage and Pine" Apples, &c. &c.  
Peters and Sons, 12th and Locust streets,  
Columbia, Pa. Sept. 5, 1857.**

**JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of  
Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and  
New Depot,  
Columbia, Pa. April 19, 1857.**

**CHEWING TOBACCO.**  
A. HENRY HOFFER, Locust street, opposite the  
Franklin House, can be had GUBA LEAF, CON-  
GRESS, and several other brands of the best CHEWING  
TOBACCO, to which the attention of clients is invited.  
May 1, 1858.

**IMPORTED Lubin's, also, Glenn's Double Extracts,  
for the handkerchief, at  
HARRY GREEN'S,  
Feb. 19, 1858. Opposite Coln. Bridge, Front St.**

**GO TO FENDRICH & BRO'S for the Best  
Tobacco.**  
The Best Sweet Cavendish,  
"Twist,"  
"No. 1" and "No. 2" Leaf,  
can be bought cheaper at Fendrich & Bro's, than elsewhere.  
The only established wholesale and retail  
Tobaccoists in Columbia.  
FENDRICH & BRO'S, 12th and Locust streets,  
Columbia, Pa. March 12, 1858.

**BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS.**  
A FRESH lot of lot A. G. Bagley's Gold Pens,  
of different sizes and prices, just received, at  
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S,  
Head Quarters and New Depot, Front street, sec-  
ond door above Locust.  
March 27, 1858.

**BROOKS—100 doz. Brooms, at Wholesale  
or Retail, at  
H. PFAHLER'S,  
Dec. 19, 1857. Locust street.**

**SINCE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild  
Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Coughs,  
Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at  
FENDRICH & BRO'S, 12th and Locust streets,  
Columbia, Pa. Oct. 22, 1858.**

**Patent Steam Wash Boilers.**  
THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on  
hand at  
Locust street, opposite the Franklin House,  
Columbia, Pa. July 18, 1857.

**Cats for sale by the bushel or larger quan-  
tity by  
B. F. APPOLD,  
Columbia, Pa. Dec. 25, 1858. Canal Basin.**

**Extra and Superior Flour, Buckwheat  
Flour, Corn Meal, and whole Corn and Oats, at  
Corner of Third and Union streets. Jan. 9, 1858.**

**THORN'S Extract of Copaliba and Sassafras, of  
a sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store,  
March 27, 1858.**

**Tobacco and Segars, at  
BRUNER'S,  
Feb. 2.**

**PRESERVE YOUR FRUITS.**  
WILCOX'S Patent Air-Tight Stopper, for  
Fruit Preserving Cans and Jars. This is a new  
patent, and is entirely new, including the stopper,  
which can be used in any kind of Jar or Can.  
The stopper can be used in any kind of Jar or Can.  
The subscriber is sole agent for Columbia. A large  
supply of Jars and Cans of all kinds and sizes kept  
constantly on hand.  
HENRY PFAHLER,  
Locust street, Columbia, Pa.  
June 13, 1859.

**Soup.**  
25 boxes of Butler Brown Soup on hand and for  
sale below at the corner of Third and Union Sts.  
August 6, 1859.

**JUST RECEIVED another beautiful lot of Vanilla  
Beans, at  
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street.**

**Snuff no longer with Corns.**  
At the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procure  
an article which is warranted to remove Corns in  
48 hours, without pain or soreness.

**Fly Paper.**  
A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruc-  
tion of Flies, &c., is just received at the  
Drug Store of  
R. W. WILLIAMS, Front street,  
Columbia, Pa. July 20, 1858.

**Harrison's Columbian Ink.**  
WHICH is a superior article, permanent black,  
and is sold at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker  
yet is that English Best Polish.  
Columbia, Pa. June 9, 1858.

**New Brand of Chewing Tobacco.**  
THE subscriber has just received 40 boxes of their  
celebrated brand "FENDRICH'S BALTIMORE  
BLACK PAT CHWING TOBACCO," which they  
offer at a very low rate. The tobacco is a fine  
article, manufactured expressly for this market.  
It is of a rich and full taste, and the tobacco entirely  
free from any objectionable substances.  
FENDRICH & BRO'S,  
Front street, Columbia, Pa.  
Aug. 12, 1858.

## Selections.

### The Barred up Rooms.

#### CHAPTER I.

The clocks of a small country place were chiming ten on a dark night, as one, dressed like a police-inspector, made his way across a piece of waste land. His destination was the Maze, a house belonging to Lord Level. A mysterious occurrence had taken place there the night previous, which caused the police to intrude: Lord Level had been stabbed in his bed. The officer rang a loud peal at the outer gate, and a policeman, expecting who it was, came from the house in answer to the ring. He waited when they got inside—he knew he should be questioned. His superior closed the gate, walked up the garden path, and placed his back against a tree in the vicinity of the house.

"What have you learnt? Any clue to the assassin?"  
The policeman dropped his voice to a whisper and began to answer as though afraid the very trees might hear. "Speak up," sharply interrupted the inspector; "the open air does not carry tales."  
The man obeyed. "It's a clear case, sir, as ever we came across—against Lady Level."

It takes a great deal to astonish a police inspector, but the words certainly astonished the one in question. "Against Lady Level?" he repeated. "His wife?"  
"She's the one, sir. But who'd think it, to see her? Only nineteen or twenty, and enough beauty to knock you over, with blue eyes that look you down in their haughtiness. She's dressed out like them high ladies do dress, in light blue silk, with her neck and arms uncovered. There's a gentleman with her now, some friend of the family, and he won't let us go on with our investigation. He came and stopped it, and said we were acting against Lord Level's wishes."

"But why do you suspect Lady Level?"  
"Look here, sir. It's sure that nobody got in; the doors and windows were safe when the house went to bed, and safe when it got up; there has been no robbery, or anything of that sort, and there's no suspicion to be attached to the servants; and then there's the facts themselves. The servants were roused up in the middle of the night by Lord Level's bell ringing violently and my lady screaming, and when they got to his room, there he lay, fainting dead, stabbed in two places, and she pretty near fainting too, and dropped down in a chair in her silk dressing-gown, and the knife it had been done with flung or carried into the chamber opening from it—"

"An unoccupied chamber?"  
"Lady Level's; the one she had been sleeping in. Not a sign or symptom was there of anybody else being about, or of anybody's having been there. Her ladyship's version is, that she was woken up by Lord Level calling to her, and found him stabbed and bleeding; that's all she'll confess to knowing of it."  
"He says nothing, as I hear, except that he won't have the police meddle with it. But as he's off his head, he mayn't know what he's saying."  
"How does Lady Level account for the knife being in her room?"

"There it is," cried the man. "Whenever these violence-workers, let 'em be duchesses or chimney-sweeps, do a deed, and think they do it securely, there's certain to be some outlet where suspicion can creep in. They over-do it, or they under-do it. If anybody else had done it, and put the knife in her room, she must have seen it done. And why did she put it there? They have got a fatality on them and they can't help themselves; if she had dropped the knife in his room and not taken it to hers, things would not have looked so strong against her."  
"But her motive for attacking him—her motive? Is any apparent?"

"They were on bad terms," said the policeman. "The servants heard a violent quarrel between them that night, previous to her going to her room."  
The inspector mused. "Did they tell you this, as confirmatory of their suspicions against her?"  
"They don't suspect her," he replied. "I and Cliff have drawn our own deductions from what they have said, and by self-observation."  
"It appears scarcely credible that a young woman like Lady Level, hardly six months married, should attack her husband," observed the inspector, as he moved from the spot. "Where are these servants?"

"In the kitchen, sir. This way. There's no establishment, because the family never live here. Lord Level came down and got his knee hurt in some how, and then my lady followed him, against his will, it is whispered, and sent for her maid and man-servant."  
The lower part of a window, close to where they had halted to pass, was hidden by dwarf shrubs, and the ever-observant eye of the inspector, less observant, perhaps, in the darkness of night than at noonday, had failed to detect that it was open. Yet at this open window, listening to his words and drinking them in, stood Lady Level. Partially standing, partially leaning against a strong arm which was thrown around her for support—the arm of her early friend, Mr. Ravensworth—half-faint-

ing she had listened to the words of the officers. Mr. Ravensworth, strangely perplexed and doubting—perplexed by the aspect things wore, yet unable to believe her guilty—had besought her to tell him the truth, whatever it might be.  
She quitted Mr. Ravensworth as the men moved away; she leaned against the side of the window, shocked, indignant, terrified, as might have been seen from her countenance, had there been light to view it.

"Arnold is there to be borne?"  
He folded his arms. He felt for her deeply—were she connected with him by near ties of blood he could not have been more anxious to protect her; but a strong doubt that she might be guilty was working within him. He knew that she had received much provocation from Lord Level.  
"How can they dare to entertain such suspicions? If they—if they—oh, Arnold, they never will arrest me—they never will publicly accuse me!" she uttered, as a new phase of possibilities occurred to her.

"Blanche, listen. All that can be done for you, I will do; but I cannot work in this uncertainty. Tell me the truth, be it good or bad, and I will stand by you; but if I am to be of service to you, I must know the truth. Did you—did you?—he hesitated to put the question so pointedly—"was it you who struck Lord Level?"  
"No. Have I not just told you so?"  
"What you told me I do not understand. You say you saw it done—"

"Then, I did not see it done," she petulantly interrupted; and no more questions would she answer.  
"Let me take you to the lighted room," said Mr. Ravensworth; "you are trembling with the cold."  
"Not with the cold," was her reply. The fire had gone low, but he stirred it into a blaze, and drew the easy-chair near it for Lady Level. He stood by, saying nothing.

"Suppose they should openly accuse me?" she began, after a silence. "Would they take me?"  
"Blanche," he returned, in a sharp, ringing imperative accent, "are you guilty?"  
"Tell me, one way or the other, that I may know what to be at."  
Lady Level rose and confronted him, her dark blue eyes wearing their haughty expression—for the first time, to him. "You have known me many years—known me well."  
"I have."  
"Then, are you not ashamed to repeat this question? I guilty of attacking Lord Level?"

"I would rather believe myself—I would as soon believe my own wife guilty of such a thing; but why have you equivocated with me? You have not told me the truth as to what passed that night."  
"He charged me not to tell."  
"Five minutes ago you told me yourself you saw it done—now you say you did not. What am I to think?"  
"In saying I saw it done, I spoke hastily; what I ought to have said was, that I saw who did it. And then, to-day, Lord Level insisted that I had been dreaming," she abstractedly continued. "Arnold, do you believe that we can see visions or dream dreams that afterwards wear to the remembrance the semblance of realities?"  
"I wish you would not speak in riddles. The time is going on, those men of the law may come in to accuse you, and how am I to defend you? I cannot, I repeat, work in the dark."  
There was a long pause—Lady Level was deliberating with herself. "It may be better that I tell you all."  
"You know that you may trust me," he replied.

"I went to rest last night angry with Lord Level, for we had spoken irritating words to each other. I lay awake, I dare say for an hour, indulging bitter thoughts, and then I dropped asleep. Suddenly something woke me; I cannot tell you what it was: whether it was any noise, or whether it was the opening of the door between my room and Lord Level's. All I know is, that the door was wide open, and some one stood in it with a lighted candle. It was the strangest object, Arnold; it seemed to be dressed in flannel, flannel drawers and a flannel shirt, with long hair and wild eyes. In the confusion of the moment I believed it must be Lord Level, and I was struck with amazement, for Lord Level was not able even to turn in his bed without assistance, on account of the injury to his knee, and I thought how long his hair had grown—that was, you know, when I was between sleep and wake. It came across the room—"

"Blanche," he interrupted, "you speak just as if you were speaking of a vision."  
"That's what Lord Level says it was. Let me go on. It came across the room as far as the dressing-table. I started up in bed then, for I saw it was not Lord Level, the wild eyes turned upon me, and at the same moment Lord Level called out from his bed, apparently in agitation or pain. The figure dropped something, turned round, and darted back again through the open door to Lord Level's chamber; and I saw the candle fall from its hand to the floor, and the place was in darkness again, save what little light came from Lord Level's night-lamp. Terror overwhelmed me, and I cried out, and then Lord Level called to me that it was his knife, but that he and Mrs. Edwards were purposely denying it."

"It is impossible to suspect them of attacking, or conniving at the attack on Lord Level."  
"They attack Lord Level! they would rather attack the whole world combined, than that a hair of his head should suffer. They are fondly, blindly attached to him. And Deborah, it appears, has been convinced out of her assertion. Hark! who is that?"  
It was the inspector, exploring the outlets and inlets, followed by his two men, who had done the same before him.

"I thought you had forbidden the search," cried Lady Level. "Why are they disobeying you?"  
"Blanche, after what you have told you, I consider there ought to be a search."  
"In opposition to Lord Level?"  
"I think that Lord Level has not taken a sufficiently serious view of the case. The only solution I can come to is, that some escaped madman got into the house before it was closed for the night, and concealed himself in it—and is in it now."  
"Now! In it now?"  
"Most probably. The house has been on the alert since it happened, and he has not been seen to leave it. Madmen are more cunning than sane ones."  
"And you would have gone away and left me in it, Arnold?"

He smiled. "You had not told me then what you have now. I shall go and speak to the inspector."  
"Shall you tell him this?"  
"Probably. Or part of it."  
The inspector had evidently made up his mind—that it was Lady Level, though he did not say so in so many words. Mr. Ravensworth repeated to him the substance of the account he had heard, and the officer, keen and practical, revolved the story to himself, and his faith grew in it. There were mysterious points about it he could not yet explain, but he deemed it of sufficient weight to justify a closer search of the premises.

Not a soul went to bed that night. Lady Level set the example by sitting up, and the servants followed it. Mrs. Edwards was in attendance on Lord Level; and the steward who appeared most exceedingly to resent the presence of the police, shut himself in his rooms.  
The inspector, accompanied only by Mr. Ravensworth, went about the house, looking here, there, and everywhere, but nothing wrong could they find or discover. Passing Lord Level's rooms and down the long passage beyond it, which was divided by a door in the middle, they came upon another door which was fastened. The inspector shook it. "It must lead to the back rooms," he observed, "and they are uninhabited."  
"I think these are the steward's apartments," observed Mr. Ravensworth.

Whoever they were, nobody came to the door, and the inspector rattled it again. It brought forth Mr. Rowlett. They heard him draw and fasten a chain, and then he pulled the door a few inches open, as far as the chain permitted him.  
"Will you let us in? I must search these rooms."  
"Search for what?" asked the old man. "I cannot have my rooms searched. This morning after the alarm, I went over them to be safe, and that's sufficient."  
"Allow me to search for myself," returned the officer.

"No, sir," answered the steward, with dignity, "nobody comes in to search these rooms in opposition to the wish of my lord. His orders to me were, that the affair should be allowed to drop, and I, for one, will not disobey him, or give help to those who would. His lordship believed that, whoever it might be that attacked him, came and went out again; the country must be hunted over, he said, but not his house."  
"I must enter here," was all the answer reiterated to him by the officer.

"It shall be over my body then," returned the steward, trembling with emotion. "My lord forbade a search, and you have no right whatever to proceed to it."  
"My good man I am a police detective."  
"You may be detective-general for all I care," retorted the old man, "but you don't come in here. Get my lord's authority first, and then you are welcome. And I beg your pardon, sir," he added to Mr. Ravensworth "but I would inquire what authority you hold from my lord that you should set at naught his expressed wishes?"  
The door was shut and bolted in their faces, and the inspector leaned against the wall to think. "Did you notice his agitation," he whispered to Mr. Ravensworth; "there's more in this than meets the eye," he called his men to him. "There must be rooms on the ground-floor, looking to the back, as well as these—how are they led to?"

How indeed! It seemed a puzzle. They took lights and went to explore. Plenty of rooms looking to the front of the house and the two sides, but none to the back; or, if there were, they could find no entrance to them. "We'll go outside at daylight and have a look at the windows," said the inspector to Mr. Ravensworth.  
Easier said than done. With the gray light of the November morning they were out of doors, these two alone. A high wall running from the house on either side, like two spreading wings, enclosed the garden at the back, and that wall was enclosed and sheltered by a grove of dwarf shrubs and tall trees. They found a door right in the corner, completely hidden by the shrubs be-

fore it. It was locked, and they went to Deborah for the key. She knew nothing about it, she said; she believed there was a key, but it was kept by Mr. Rowlett.  
"I can undo the door, sir, if you want it undone," spoke up one of the policemen, who had heard the colloquy.  
"Are you prepared?"  
"All right, sir."

Whether he was possessed of a skeleton key or keys, he and his superior alone knew. He opened the door, and Mr. Ravensworth and the inspector entered. They found themselves in a large square plot of ground, gravelled, the whole enclosed by the high wall, by dwarf shrubs on this side it also, and by more lofty trees. The windows of the back of the house looked into it, curious looking windows, long and narrow, most of them whitened over to obstruct the view, and all encased outside with strong iron bars. A small iron door was visible leading to the garden, but it was fast and firm, and there were no apparent means of opening it.

"Not much danger that he could have effected an entrance on this side, remarked Mr. Ravensworth, alluding to the mysterious visitant of the previous night."  
The inspector was taking a survey and softly whistling to himself; now standing afar off to gaze up at the whole, and now peering in through the lower windows. Of course, being whitened, he had his trouble for his pains.  
"It puts me in mind of a prison," cried Mr. Ravensworth.  
"It puts me in mind of a madhouse," was the laconic rejoinder of the interpreter.

They passed out, but Mr. Ravensworth lingered a minute behind the other. In that minute his eye was attracted to one of the windows on the floor above. It opened down the middle, like a French one, and was being shaken, apparently with a view to open it—and if you are well acquainted with continental windows, or windows made after their fashion, you may remember how long it has taken you to shake a refractory window before it will obey. It was at length effected, and in the opening, gazing with a vacant, silly expression through the glass bars, appeared a face. Just such a face as Lady Level had described, with wild eyes and uncouth features, scarcely like a human being. But he had no long hair, and appeared to be fully dressed. He remained in view but a moment; the window was immediately closed again, Mr. Ravensworth thought by another hand. What was the mystery?

That there was one there was little doubt, and that the steward, Mrs. Edwards, and Lord Level were privy to it. Were they keeping a madman there? But who was he? And had he broken loose that night from keeping, injured Lord Level, and frightened his wife? Or was it some madman who had got in, and was concealing himself there with impunity, owing to the obstinacy of the old steward?  
Mr. Ravensworth held his tongue, joined the inspector, and the gate was barred again. The latter took his departure, to return again later, and the former sought Lady Level. She changed her dress for a morning one, but she looked wan and haggard.

"Lady Level, you must go with me up stairs."  
"For what?" she asked.  
"To make old Rowlett open his door. He will not do it for me, so you must try your authority. I want to get into those shut-up apartments."  
Mr. Ravensworth was right. The steward did not presume to dispute Lady Level's mandate, which she gave somewhat imperiously. They found themselves in the old gentleman's sitting-room, and he placed chairs for them. "I have not come to sit," said Mr. Ravensworth, "I have come to explore those further rooms."  
"You must not do it, sir."  
"I will," said Mr. Ravensworth. "I have authority to act from Lady Level, and these rooms I shall examine." He penetrated to an inner passage as he spoke, where a door barred his further progress. "I will go on if I use force," he continued; "he who attacked Lord Level is concealed here."  
"Are you an enemy of my lord's?" asked the old man, greatly agitated.

"I do not wish to be an enemy to Lord Level, but I am the early friend of his wife, and in this business I will be her defender. An infamous suspicion has been cast upon her; I must do what I can to remove it."  
"My lady," called out the old man, visibly trembling. "I appeal to you as my lord's second self, to forbid this gentleman from entering these inner apartments. It must not be."  
"Be firm, Blanche," whispered Mr. Ravensworth, as she came forward; "I must enter, and it is for your sake. Trust to me."  
She turned to the steward. "I am sure that Mr. Ravensworth is acting for the best. Open the door."  
For one moment the old man hesitated, and then he wrung his hands. "That I should be forced to disobey the wife of my lord! My lady, I crave your pardon, but I may not open these rooms."

Mr. Ravensworth bade her remain where she was, near the door. He then went to obtain the skeleton key from the policeman, one that would open any lock, and came back with it. "Now," said he to Lady Level, "you will oblige me by going down stairs again to your sitting room. Leave the rest to me."  
The old man opposed him with all his feeble power, but he had lost courage. "I am a determined man, Mr. Rowlett, when I believe that I am acting in the line of duty," remarked Mr. Ravensworth as he undid the door; "I think there is no necessity to call the officers down stairs to aid me."  
The rooms, very large, were but three, a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a bath-room, self-sufficing. A staircase descended to those below. In one of them were some gardener's tools, but of a less size than a grown man in his strength would use, and by their side were certain toys, tops, hoops, ninepins, and the like. One of the rooms had no furniture, and in that, standing over a humming-top, which he had just set to spin on the floor, bent the figure—the figure Mr. Ravensworth had seen at the window, and the one no doubt, which had penetrated to the rooms of Lord and Lady Level. He had a child's whip in his hand, and was whipping the top and making a noise with his mouth in imitation of its hum.

Half madman, half idiot, he stood out, in all his deep misfortune, before Mr. Ravensworth, raising himself up and staring at him with a vacant stare. He was apparently young, too, not more than twenty. The expression of Mr. Ravensworth's face changed to one of pity. "Who are you?" he exclaimed, in a kind tone. "What is your name?"  
"Archib!" was the mechanical answer, for brains and sense seemed to have little to do with it; and, catching up his top, he backed against the wall, and burst into a distressing laugh. Distressing to a listener; not distressing to him; poor fellow. "Who is he?" asked Mr. Ravensworth of the steward, who had followed him.

"An imbecile."  
"So I see. But what connexion has he with Lord Level's family?"  
"He is a connexion, or he would not be here."  
"Can he be—a son of Lord Level's?"  
"A son!" returned the steward, "and my lord but just married! He never was married before. No, sir, he is not a son, he is none so near that; he is but a connexion of the Level family."  
He came forward from the wall where he was standing, and held out his top to Mr. Rowlett. "Do, do," he cried, spluttering as he spoke.

"Nay, Archib, you can set it up better than I; my back won't stoop well, Archib."  
"Do, do," was the persistent request, and the top held out still.  
Mr. Ravensworth took it and set it up again, he looking on in greedy eagerness, slobbering and making a noise with his mouth. Then his note changed to a hum, and he whipped away as before.

"Why is he not put away in an asylum?"  
"Put away in an asylum!" retorted the old man, indignantly; "where could he be put to have the care and kindness that is bestowed upon him here? Imbecile though he is, madman though he may be, he is dear to me and my sister. We pass our lives tending him, doing for him, soothing him—where else could that be done? You don't know what you are saying, sir. My lord comes down to see him; my lord orders that everything should be done for his comfort. And do you suppose it is fitting that his condition should be made public? The fact of one being so afflicted is slur enough upon the race of Level, without its being proclaimed abroad."  
"It was he who attacked Lord Level."  
"Yes, it was; and how he could have escaped to the other part of the house will be a marvel with me forever. My sister says I could not have slipped the bolt of the passage door upon him as usual, but I know I did. He had been restless that day; he has restless fits, and I suppose he could not sleep, and rose from his bed and came to my sitting-room. On the table there I had left my pocket knife, a new knife, the blades bent and sharp; and this he must have picked up and opened, and found his way with it to my lord's chamber. Why he should have attacked him, or any one else, I know not; he never had a ferocious fit before."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Ravensworth.  
"Never. He has been imbecile and harmless as you see him now. He has never disturbed us at night; he has, as I say, fits of restlessness when he cannot sleep, but he is sufficiently sensible to ring a bell communicating with my chamber if he wants anything. If ever he has rung, it has been to tell me he wants meat."  
"Meat!"  
The steward nodded. But I have never given it to him. He is cunning as a fox, the full ear, and were we to begin giving him food at night we must continue it, or have no peace. Eating is his one enjoyment in life, and he devours everything set before him—the kitchen-maid thinks I eat all that comes up, and sets me down as a cannibal. He has a hot supper every night; about a year ago we got to think it might be better for him to have a lighter one, and we tried it for a week, but he moaned and cried all night long after his hot meat, and we had to give it him again. The night this happened he had had real outlets and bacon."  
"Do, do," interrupted the imbecile, holding out his top again.

"I shall never be able to account for it, I say," proceeded the steward; "for he has never shown symptoms of violence. We put him in a warm bath yesterday and cut his hair close, but I saw no ferocity about him. After attacking my lord, he must have come quietly back to his room, for I

feible power, but he had lost courage. "I am a determined man, Mr. Rowlett, when I believe that I am acting in the line of duty," remarked Mr. Ravensworth as he undid the door; "I think there is no necessity to call the officers down stairs to aid me."  
The rooms, very large, were but three, a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a bath-room, self-sufficing. A staircase descended to those below. In one of them were some gardener's tools, but of a less size than a grown man in his strength would use, and by their side were certain toys, tops, hoops, ninepins, and the like. One of the rooms had no furniture, and in that, standing over a humming-top, which he had just set to spin on the floor, bent the figure—the figure Mr. Ravensworth had seen at the window, and the one no doubt, which had penetrated to the rooms of Lord and Lady Level. He had a child's whip in his hand, and was whipping the top and making a noise with his mouth in imitation of its hum.

Half madman, half idiot, he stood out, in all his deep misfortune, before Mr. Ravensworth, raising himself up and staring at him with a vacant stare. He was apparently young, too, not more than twenty. The expression of Mr. Ravensworth's face changed to one of pity. "Who are you?" he exclaimed, in a kind tone. "What is your name?"  
"Archib!" was the mechanical answer, for brains and sense seemed to have little to do with it; and, catching up his top, he backed against the wall, and burst into a distressing laugh. Distressing to a listener; not distressing to him; poor fellow. "Who is he?" asked Mr. Ravensworth of the steward, who had followed him.

"An imbecile."  
"So I see. But what connexion has he with Lord Level's family?"  
"He is a connexion, or he would not be here."  
"Can he be—a son of Lord Level's?"  
"A son!" returned the steward, "and my lord but just married! He never was married before. No, sir, he is not a son, he is none so near that; he is but a connexion of the Level family."  
He came forward from the wall where he was standing, and held out his top to Mr. Rowlett. "Do, do," he cried, spluttering as he spoke.

"Nay, Archib, you can set it up better than I; my back won't stoop well, Archib."  
"Do, do," was the persistent request, and the top held out still.  
Mr. Ravensworth took it and set it up again, he looking on in greedy eagerness, slobbering and making a noise with his mouth. Then his note changed to a hum, and he whipped away as before.

"Why is he not put away in an asylum?"  
"Put away in an asylum!" retorted the old man, indignantly; "where could he be put to have the care and kindness that is bestowed upon him here? Imbecile though he is, madman though he may be, he is dear to me and my sister. We pass our lives tending him, doing for him, soothing him—where else could that be done? You don't know what you are saying, sir. My lord comes down to see him; my lord orders that everything should be done for his comfort. And do you suppose it is fitting that his condition should be made public? The fact of one being so afflicted is slur enough upon the race of Level, without its being proclaimed abroad."  
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