OFFICE-SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

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From Cornhill Magazine. The Mystery of Sister Leucathea. Towards the end of the last century, when popular princes and governments engaged, with something of romantic eagerness, in the task of reforming or the light in the task of reforming on the light in the last century.

abolishing monastic institutions on the Continent, many singular revelations continent, many singular reveations took place of the mysteries which their walls had concealed; mysteries so lorg guarded by the religious veneration of the multitude for those walls, and also the their their walls fullers of the testing walls followed the continuous states. by the jealous watchfulness of the State authorities, while their alliance with

authorities, while their amance with the Church subsisted.

How much of substantial foundation there may be for the history disclosed in the following pages, the translator is unable to suggest. The events described must evidently have taken place in Germany, though the German narrator the thought programparently for purhas thought proper, apparently for pur-poses of disguise, to envelope, in a thin Italian costume, the names and rank of the personages concerned in them. This circumstance may also account for some particulars of the convent, more in ac ordance with honest German ways than those of more suspicious Italy.
"After I had received priests' orders, I became curate in a small country village. After three years' duty there, I was removed to a cure in a large city. In my new line of life I had of course the opportunity of becoming more ex-tensively conversant with my fellow-creatures; yet not, perhaps, so famil-iarly, because their hearts were less open to methan those of the more child-like rustics among whom I had hitherto dwelt. Passing from one office to another, I was at last appointed spiritual director to the convent of Ursuline nuns And here a new and a very painful, if very instructive, field of ob ervation opened itself to me. In my former avocations, I had possessed op-portunities of studying the hearts of women, of all ages and positions, from the peasant-girl to the lady of rank. But I had, as yet, no idea of those ter-rible secrets which familiarity with the strivings and workings of the female soul woder the unatural compression soul, under the unnatural compression of the cloister and the vow, was now to disclose to me. I carry about with me the burden of many such disclosures. They must remain buried in my solitary remembrance. My duty to Heaven as a consecrated priest, my duty to my confiding penitents as a man, impose on me equally a rigorous silence. One ex-ception only I am about to make, because, under the strange circumstances of the case, I feel not only permitted, but as I may say invited, by the tacit instigation of her who was concerned

in it, to reveal its mysteries.

I had won so thoroughly, and I must add, by honesty and uprightness, the confidence of the lady superior of the convent, that she would undertake nothing without calling me first into One day—it was the eve of the As-

sumption of the Blessed Virgin—she sent one of the convent servants to fetch me. She received me, not in her chamber as usual, but in the passage leading to it. There was, she said, a stranger in her room. The portress of the convent, in opening the outer door that morning, had found a strange young woman sitting on the stone bench outside. She had apparently passed the night there. To the questions of the portress, she replied that she wanted to be received into the convent. For what purpose? As a nun, lay sister, maid-servant even. "The portress admitted ie her name and place of birth, and repeated to me the requests she had addressed to the por tress I explained to her the imposs: bility of complying with them; how our numbers were full, and other rules respecting admission could not be comd with in her case. She fell at my plied with in her case. She tell at my feet, wept bitterly, prayed me in God's name to receive her. She has, she says, no other refuge in the world, and if driven from the convent must only seek the way to the nearest deep water.

"There is something to earnest and determined in her my more?" said the determined in her manner," said, the abbess, "that I really dare not repulse abbess, "that I really dare not repaire her as I had intended; and I have sent

"Before I can give it," I replied, "must talk with the maiden myself."-The abbess led me to her room. I found there even more than I had conjectured. The visitor was a young female of extraordinary beauty, an noble figure. Her black eyes gleamed, even proudly, through her tears. Her black hair fell in abundant ringlets around a finely formed bust. Her dress was of the simplest burgher class. At first sight I set her down as a city damel of more than usual refinement whom some mischance or other had moved to seek this refuge.

"Is it your serious purpose," I asked

" to be received into this convent? she answered with a steady look and voice, "It is my fixed, unchangeable purpose."
"What brings you to us? Is it pov

erty, or unhappy love, or an unruly temper or caprice, or a real desire for the life of a recluse?" Only a longing to consecrate my life in solitude to God. 'That is a noble resolution. But can

you answer for it, that your mind wil That my year of probation mus

And have you no refuge in the world but this convent?"
"None in the world." Suppose our rules made it impossi

ble for us to receive you?" 'My lot would be a pitiable one." "What would you do?"
"Throw myself into the first water

could find. "Then it is despair which brings you to the convent? Such an offering could not be acceptable to God." "Do not call it despair. But if it were so, the results would show that I can serve God in this state with a happy

"Do you not believe that one may serve (fod also out of the cloister." Surely. But the world is not nothing to me. I have no ties to it. "Have you any crime on your soul, on account of which the world has re-

nounced you?"
(With a smile). "Oh, no. I bring to God a pure conscience."
"Do you know whether your friends would not disapprove of your resolu-

'I have no friends."

"Or your parents?"
"I have no longer a father. My mother has been dead many years."
"Who are you, and whence com I am a poor orphan, from ---father was a merchant; he met with

What matters a name? Johanna D—."
"You must pardon my next question; are you free from all attachment, lawful or unlawful? Do you bring a virgin soul to the cloister?"

'Heaven knows my heart; I am an I was overcome, and yet hardly. I counselled the abbess to accept Johanna as a lay sister; and the girl thanked me on her knees.

"What do you think of her?" the abbess, when we were alone. "Of all the females whom I have received

into this convent, none has appeared to feel such passionate gratitude towards "I must confess," I said, "that I

suspend for the present my judgment on her. I will only say, she seems ex-cited and enthusiastic." "I am the more glad that I received

her," said the good abbess. "She might have executed her threat. Tranquility here will, at all events, calm her mind, and the rest time will show." And time only confirmed the abbess satisfaction with her charitable resolution. Johanna, in her low estate of lay sion. Johanna, in her low estate of lay sister, became gradually the favorite, and example, of the convent. She was active, dexterous, obedient, persevering: most eager to execute, and, if possible,

anticipate, every duty imposed upon

her. Her accomplishments as a seamand in other feminine work, were the marvel of the community. And the time not devoted to such occupation was time not devoted to such occupation was spent in earnest prayer. Recreation she could scarcely be persuaded to take. Always amiable and helpful among the sisterhood, it was nevertheless noticed that she made no special friends; all her associates seemed to stand equally high in her force. This particularly

high in her favor. This particularly pleased the abbess, as it left no room for pleased the abbess, as it left no room for that petty partnership and cabaling which are the curse of convents. I had, myself, frequent occasions for conversa-tion with her; and I must own that I endeavored, by every little art, to sur-prise her secret, for such I was con-vinced she had. But her acuteness enabled her to evade all my endeavors abled her to evade an my her knowledge, surprised me; and though I held her at first for a little romantic, her quiet, sensible, unobtrusive demeanor, through a period of several months, effaced to a certain extentthis impression. Johanna had been regularly admitted a novice, and I was now directed by the abbess to prepare her for taking the yows at the approaching end of her probation. I had often performed this duty for others, and generally found

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duty for others, and generally found that it was an easy task: a few commonplace exortations, easily given and readily received, sufficed to confirm the ordinary class of novices in their vocation. I was not long in preceiving that on Johanna's quick understanding and energetic nature all such trivialties had no effect whatever. And at the same time—now that the hour, for which she had to all appearance so much longed was approaching—the much longed was approaching—the cheerfulness which had hitherto distinguished her seemed to subside, and a fitful but increa-ing melancholy took possession of her soul. She would pray for half a day together in the chapel for half a day together in the chaper, before the picture of Santa Maria del Pianto, so rapt in her enthusiasm that I have stood close beside her without her perceiving me. Her bosom heaved umultuously; deep, long sighs seemed o force themselves from her heart, as f under the pressure of a heavy burden. When she thus knelt, with folded hands and immovable, before the blessed im-age, she seemed like one who was expecting to be addressed by a supernatural voice; and then her lips would move, as if in answer to her unseen companion. She grew gradually sac ler and more reserved, and her bodily frame seemed to suffer with her soul. The abbess and nuns held her for an

incipient saint, and were product in acting such an estatica among them, and that in the person of so universal a favorite as Johanna. I, more amply conversant with the dark ways which led to religious insanity, looked on with eep concean and fear. On one occasion, having communi-cated to the abbess my apprehensions on account of this strange and strangely ateresting girl, I received a message t pay the venerable mother a visit. I re-peated what I had urged before. "Your

acipient saint, and were proud of hav-

neated what I had urged before. Total inxiety comes too late," said the abbess with a smile. "How?" said I, eagerly: "You cannot mean that her reason has already given way?" 'By no means," said the abbess; "but she is here, and shall speak for herself." She called her in, and Johanna entered. What was my agranishment, to see be-What was my astonishment, to see be fore me, not the melancholy enthusiast whom I had last seen, but the same bright, satisfied, cheerful creature that she had appeared to be during the first months of her sojourn! Her modest smile, her color, her beauty, all had returned to her. She brought with her a basketful of needlework. The abbess could not repress her astonishment at the amount, and the perfection, of the work thus executed. "It is wonderful, indeed." she said. "Take with you indeed." she said. "Take with you this new task to perform; but mind no over-exert yourself, or injure you es." With a graceful reverence and ight step, the lovely novice departed.
"I confess," said I to the abbess, "tha

cannot tell what to make of her. The onger I observe, the less I understand her. I have learnt to know many uman beings; but all my experience s wasted here. Such profound melan-choly—and then so sudden a return to good humor.

good numor.
"I can understand it no better than
yourself," said the abbess. "I can only yourself," said the abbess. "I can only wish all my nuns were as good, as bedient and attentive as she is. But she is a mystery. No one from without makes inquiries after her. Shall w ver discover who she really is? "If not by accident, I doubt it. have made every effort, in vain, to learn

anything from herself."
"So have I. But she always abide:
by her first answer: "I am of such i
name and place; I have no father, and my mother has been long dead.' 'Jo hanna!' I have answered, 'speak the truth; I am very sure you have more to tell than this.' 'I have said the truth, she would reply, in tears; 'I am an honest girl.' I cannot make up my nind to torment her further. But that

she is something more than she avows have no doubt." "Have you watched to find out whether she ever writes letters, or re-ceives them?"
"I have. It is impossible she can have written a line. And all letters which arrive pass through my hands." "Yet it is still possible inquiry may be made for her. Will you not delay a

ittle longer the period of her taking "I have delayed it already, until l

have delayed it already, until have felt myself unjust towards one who longs so intently for the privilege, and is so worthy of it." "At all events, permit me to put her through a further course of prepara-And I devoted myself, most earnest

ly and most conscientiously, to this per-plexing task. That I still sought, and ven by artifice, to wind myself, if poseven by artifice, to wind myself, if possible, into her secret, I cannot deny; but all my efforts were in vain against her sharp-sightedness and determination. She felt, or assumed, indignation at my tactics. "I am an honorable maiden," she repeated, over and over again, "and you set to work with me as a detective with a runaway criminal, an adventurer, a swindler. How can you expect me to return open-How can you expect me to return open-hearted confidence for treatment like this, or to be other than you often see me-sullen and reserved?" Foiled in this direction, I tried her in another. That she was more familiar with the world than was consistent with her story, I had no doubt. Instead of following the confessor's ordinary course of depreciating its attractions, I painted in the highest colors. I adjured. I implored her not to relinquish society; not to throw away innocent, earthly oyment in a delusive longing for ima inary perfection; not to mistake, as so nany had done within my knowledge, o the destruction of soul as well as body, disappointment, or pique, or grievous sorrow, for real vocation. All in vain. She listened to my eloquence

with a slightly contemptuous smile; she did not doubt my kind intentions in thus warning her against an over-hasty step; she did not depreciate those secular pleasures which I depicted to her; but she had lost everything dear to her in this world, and with that loss all innterest in it, and her heart was solely set on a religious life.

Once—and once only—I seemed on the point of penetrating within the uarded boundary.
I had been dwelling on some case

with which I was personally acquainted, where religious insanity had followed a rash taking of the vows. One of these victims belonged to our convent and was known by name to her. She asked me the cause of her calamity. "I believe," I said, "that her affections had been fixed, in the world, on some one of whose death she suddenly heard; that on this she became a nun, and afterwards, when too late, was ap prised that he still lived.

She almost started back, and the colo off her face. "That is indeed a pitiable ot," she murmured. "And what more likely than that the same terrible deceitshould occur again; if not precisely in that form, in something resembling it? that the unhappy victim, just when the irrevocable vow had resembling it? that the unhappy victim, just when the irrevocable vow had separated her from outer life forever, should discover that the overmastering regret which had driven her into the

snare was unfounded-that the shipwreck, which she had deemed total, was partial only, or was altogether imaginary—that the clouds were about to clear away from her young life, just when she imagined them closing in utter darkness? How would it be with you—oh Johanna—if you, too, were to make this fatal discovery when to make t could only light within you the neverlying fire of disappointment and im-

"Then, indeed," she muttered with broken voice, "I should be of all women most miserable. But it cannot And to all efforts of mine to open any

farther the door, which I for a moment fancied I had unlocked, she remained utterly impassive. She only repeated her firm resolution to take the veil, and her entreaties that no further delay might be interposed. might be interposed.
"I remain as undecided as before," I said to the abbess. "Either Johanna is almost a saint, or she is the most consummate hypocrite with whom I ever made acquaintance."

"I accept this alternative," said the kindhearted superior. "Heaven shall judge between me and Johanna. I will not abandon the orphan, who has edified me for these many months by her obedience, her virtue, and her piety. She shall have her wish." The decisive ceremony soon followed: and Johanna went through it with calm resolution, and every appearance of deep devotion. All those who had assembled to witness the proceeding were edified as they looked on her; the young were enchanted with her beauty;

and matrons wept over her tears of joy and sympathy. If her voice for once faltered, and a convulsive effort of selfrestraint passed over her features, at the moment of pronouncing the awful vow, every trace of emotion had disappeared from face and forehead before she lifted from face and forenead before she fitted her eyes from the ground. Her nun's attire became her infinitely, and she was pronounced by all the handsomest inmate of the convent. Soon after her admission, however,

the melancholy fit returned upon her. But she performed all her new duties with the most zealous alacrity; continued punctually obedient to the abbess, and full of attentions for all her associates; while at the same time she appeared wrapt in devotion day and night and even her hours of ordinary occupation were hours of prayer also, for she sang psalms continually at her work. After half a year thus passed, her cheerfulness seemed gradually to return. The portress of the convent was lately dead: and the exemplary sister Leuca thea (such was the religious name bestowed on Johanna by the bishop at her

stowed on Johanna by the bishop at her admission) was appointed to the vacant place to the satisfaction of all.

She fulfilled its duties, for a long time, to equally universal admiration. They o equally universal admiration. They brought her, comparatively speaking, into much contact with the outer world. Her constant occupation in answering inquiries at the gate, conveying mes sages, discussing matters of business with strangers, and transacting no small share of the affairs of the convent, seemed to leave her scarcely an opportunity for relapsing into that melancholy to which she had appeared subject. fits of sadness were forgotten by the sisterhood, and so was her questionable

origin.

One day, however, on advancing to greet her as usual, I was struck with the recurrence of the old expression, which had so much saddened and perplexed me, on her countenance. "She is much altered," said the abbess, in answer to my question." If four a fit of her former devression. tion . "I fear a fit of her former depression is impending over her. The sisters weep and sob in the night, and talk as if in conversation with some one. She prays more zealously than ever, and spends hours, as formerly, in a kind of rapture at the feet of Santa Maria del veep and sob in the night, and talk

Leucathea now entered with a letter for the abbess. I was looking fixedly at her mournful features, when sister Agatha and Lucia rushed suddenly into the room. "Venerable mother," ney began—but suddenly lost the power f speech, as they stared, with open, errified eyes, at Leucathea.
"What is the matter, you hasty,

noisy girls, that you frighten me so Both.—"O, God! Leucathea!" Leucathea.—"What is this?" Abbess.—"What have you to so against her? Here she is—speak; but one at a time."
"Nothing to say against her; she

our dear, good sister; but when we saw her just now, we were so frightened! You, Agatha, tell me the story. "I—I—we went, just now, to the altar of Santa Maria del Pianto. There we saw Leucathea kneeling and praying

so earnestly."

(I observed Leucathea's countenance strangely disturbed.)
"She sank all at once to the ground We hastened to her; she was cold, life-less to all appearances; we thought she had fainted and hastened to you t get cordials for her," and here, to our terror, we find her standing beside you—her whom we had just left lying, as

f dead, at the foot of the altar."

We all looked astonished at each other. "Are you sure," said the abbess, "tha your eyes did not deceive you?"
"We are ready to die in your pre

ence, if we have not seen what we say.'
"Did you go into the chapel, Leu eathea? "She (composedly).—"Not a step. "She (composed y. — Not a step."
She moved as if to leave us.
"Stay here," said the abbess, "and do not stir from your place. We will go together to the altar. If these girls," story is true, she whom they have seen will be lying there still. She cannot

"Leucathea trembled and shook; an anguish as of death made large drops o perspiration stand on her brow.
We went into the chapel. A name-less feeling of dread overmastered me.
It was true. There was our Leucathea mot in a fainting-fit, as described, but kneeling, in a rapture of devotion, be-fore the image. The nuns crossed themselves in silence. Atthis moment the Leucathea who was following us stepped in. When she beheld her double self, she uttered a scream of terror, and fell backward. We hastened to her help; there was no sign of life in her: we raised her, to carry her to the bed; when we looked round, the other Leucathea, at the altar, had disap-

peared.
"Heaven help us!" said the abbess,
"she has seen her wraith! it is the
token of her death." She was removed to her cell, where she lay, apparently at death's door, many days; and yet during that time several nuns asserted that they had seen her, sometimes in the chapel, sometimes at her accustomed gate; but we set these revelations down the credit of fancies excited by the to the credit of fancies excited by the strange scene which we had actually witnessed. Slowly she recovered, and prayed to be admitted to the sacraments. Once more I had to undertake the task of confessing her, but she disclosed nothing but trifling everyday faults, such as no one but a nun would ever think of confessing at all. She denied, as obstingtly as ever, the existence of any essing at all. She denied, as obstinately as ever, the existence of any obstinately as ever, the existence of any secret. I gave her absolution, and extreme unction, which she received to the edification of all. But after the celebration she grew gradually better, and seemed as if inspired with a new second control of the control o life. She recovered. She was active and helpful as ever; lively, and full o

spirit : quick even in her movement which had not been observed in her before; she became once more the favorite of all, and the weird sight which ve had once seen only haunted us like Such she remained for more than year, and then (it seems trivial, yet it is indispensable for my purposes to chroni-cle the vacillations of her mental condition,) the melancholy fit returned anew, and grew so on her in the course of another twelvemonth, as to seem likely to end in the gloom of fixed despair.

On the morning before the eve of
Saint Peter and Paul, when I came to

the sisterhood in the most frightful confusion. Every one was running against another, the inmates were crossing and blessing themselves, and lamenting as if the last judgment was at hand. They collected in groups in the corridors, talking vehemently and gesticulating

to each other.

I was taken to the superior. "Only think, reverend father," she said, "how one's judgment may be deceived. Could you have believed that the pious, deyou have believed that the pious, de-vout Leucathea—she who, though still living, was praised as asaint—she whom I set before all the members of the con-vent as an example of holiness—has, after all, deluded the whole of us—that he is the greatest and most shameless f hypocrites?" 'Inconceivable!"

"So it was to me; and I could scarce-believe my eyes when they brought er to me to-day.

"What is her crime?" "This morning, when the sacrista-ness was going through the corridor choir, on her way to ring the bell for matins, she found oportress, this saint of a Leucathea, found our lady's secular dress, just about to scape through the gate. She seizes on scape through the gate. the fugitive, and pulls her back. cathea falls on her knees, and prays her for God's sake not to inform against her; she promises to return at once to her; she promises to return at once to her cell and to keep quiet, if only she is not betrayed to the sisterhood. But the sacristaness would not attend to her, and called for help. The other nuns came hurrying in and dragged Leuca-thea to me. Conceive my terror and astonishment when the hypocrite was breught before me in complete lay brought before me in complete lay travelling attire, and made her confes-sion to me! She could not deny that she had been out of the convent, but declared that a restless conscience had made her return to it. The nuns heaped reproaches on her, and some of them vould have actually ill-treated her, had I not rescued her from them by order ing her into the convent prison. not and cannot decide on such a matter by myself. I mean to hold a solemn chapter with my nuns and judgment

will be given according to the voice of the majority.' "But are the majority always the wisest?"
"Therefore I pray you, reverend father, not to abandon me, but to give me your assistance."
I accompanied the abbess to the chapter invessing on her the pecceit. ter, impressing on her the necessity of acting in such a matter with infinite forethought and consideration. How-ever strong appearances might be on one side, a single circumstance forgotten or misreported. I said, might often uflice to alter the whole character of a

transaction. We went into the chapter-room. The benches were covered with black; on a red carpet stood a table, in the same sable attire. On it were placed a cruci fix, a death's head, and a bell. Not far off was another table, with a chair and writing materials for the registrar of he tribunal.

The abbess addressed the assembled nuns solemnly and touchingly, praying them to give the accused the full benefit of every doubt and misgiving which might arise in their hearts, but at the same time to remember the awful purposes of justice for which they were met together. And then followed an earnest prayer, in which we all took part. Two lay sisters now brought in Leucathea, and set her before the abbess, on the other side of the black table.

She showed not the slightest confusion. Her eye wandered freely round the scene. No sign of terror or anguish lisfigured her beautiful countenance. She had on a white linen travelling robe, and a linen scarf, wound turbang fashion round her head.* She stoo undisturbed and unabashed, and awaited her doom with a calmness which astonished me, and which could nly belong either to the most innocent or the most obdurate of her sex.

"On what account are you here?" asked the abbess. 'To answer such questions as may be What induced you to leave the convent, and to commit perjury before God and the Holy Church?"
"What induced me? That I cannot fully explain to you. And the particulars would needs be indifferent to you. I fled from the convent and my yows. ecause an earlier vow, which worn on the altar of nature and of love.

called me away. But my conscience soon awoke, and punished my apostacy o severely that I came back to you o my own accord."

All at once.—"You came back?" Sister Lucia.—Did I not fortunately arrest you just as you were running away? Liar!"

away? Liar!"
Leucathea, composedly.—"No. When you thought I was escaping, I was in the act of returning. And I should have gone back quietly into my cell, unperceived by you or any one else."

Abbess. "Then you were absent the whole night?"

"Yes."
"How long were you absent?"
"Two years and six months." They all looked confounded at eacl

ther.
"She does not know what she says she has lost her senses; she is inventing romance."
"No; I am telling the truth. I re

peat, that I have lived the last two ears and six months outside the con-But where did you pass that time "That I may not and will not say."
A Nun. "You perceive how she lies;
she is mad; she imagines she has been

absent; the devil—Heaven defend us—has blinded her."
"Permit me to examine her," said I. "You will all allow that, during the years she has passed here, she has never up to this hour shown the slightest sign of madness. That is not a calamity which comes considering and withy which comes so suddenly and without prognostics, especially on one so , so collected, as you now see her. I believe she was absent last night; her meaning, in adding to her confes-

sion this impossible story about the length of her absence, must now be investigated."

Leucathea had looked at me, during my address, without altering a feature. "You give yourself much unnecessary trouble, reverend father," she said, "in endeavoring to defend my understand ing from the suspicions expressed of it. I repeat, of my own accord, that I have peen absent from the convent two

years and a half."
"That is to say, by night, remaining there the day? "No; day and night, without inter-ruption. It was more than six and forty miles from thence."* "Six and forty miles!" murmured

'Even so. I.—"And what was the name of the place?"
"That I will never disclose."

"O, you shameless liar!" screamed one of nuns; "Now I will tear off the mask from you before the whole chapter. Can you deny that it was vou who, yesterday, at vespers, stood by me, and joined me in the 'confitebor?'' "Was it not you who intoned the lesson?" called another.

Leucathea.—" Not I. For two years and a half I have not even thought of vespers, much less sung a psalm."
A Nun.—" Will you make fools of us before our very faces?"
Another.—" Or could it have been Leucathea, with a scornful smile.-

The Sacristaness.-"Permit me, venerable mother, to put an end to this shameless imposture with a single word. You all know that we had the tonsure Sister Leucathea, did I no myself cut off your hair?" Leucathea.—" No." The others .- "How dare you deny it?

Perhaps.'

We were all present when she cut your Sacristaness.-"Since she will speak *I infer from this costume, that the

German miles—equal to two hundred

falsehoods, remove the band from her head." Leucathea tore away the scarf her self, and her long, magnificent hair fell in sable masses over her shoulders and back.
"What is this?" they all cried in dis-

may. We saw her hair cut with our own eyes; and these locks? This is magic; she is in league with Satan."

Leucathea.—"Examine, if you wish, whether it is Cale heir." whether it is false hair." The examination took place; it was

"This is the jugglery of hell!" they exclaimed with one voice, and their amazement seemed to have reached the amazement seemed to have reached the utmost point. Just then we were interrupted by the appearance of a body of the police, with its chief at their head. He excused himself with the utmost courtesy for his boldness in interval to the courtesy for his boldness in interval. truding on such an assembly: but he was compelled to it, he said, by his duty, and in the interests of his estabishment itself. At ten o'clock last night a carriage had stopped at the door of the convent. The door opened, and a person whom he recognized at once for the pious sister Leucathea, known to him as portress, attired in a white traveling dress, hurried out of it; a young gentleman lifted her into the carriage, and the coachman a young gentleman inted her into the carriage, and the coachman drove away immediately, with such swiftness that they had found it im-possible to arrest him. The carriage went directly to the city gate, and thence, it was thought along the road to V——. He had already sent officers in pursuit, and hoped that the ugitives would soon be brought back.
Who can describe the confusion and terror which pervaded the whole sembly? Leucathea alone remained inmoved, without changing place or at-itude. "How can this be?" exclaimed the abbess, in the utmost perplexity. You declare that your people saw Leu-

cathea taken away 'We declare it on our conscience and official duty."

Abbess—" Nevertheless, here she stands.' The chief of the police looked round,

and shrank back in affright. "God for-give me!" he said; "that is the very same person who eloped last night. Her dress, and her appearance, identi-cal. How comes she here, while my officers are in search for her on all the roads?"
I deemed it due time to put an end to
the bewildering scene. I thanked the
chief of the police for his attention to
the concerns of the convent; and he
was dismissed, with full powers obtain-

ed from the abbess to arrest and detain the fugitives wherever they might be When the officers of the police had

gone, the abbess said to me,—
"What is' the object of all this? why
try to arrest any one? Is not Leucathea with us?"
"That," said I, "cannot be answered "That," said 1, "cannot be answered in a moment; but, on reflection, you will perceive that the precaution is not superfluous."

The Abbess (to Lcucathea)—"Iadjure

The Abbess (to Lcucathea)—"Iadjure thee by the everlasting all-merciful God say who art thou?"
Leucathea.—"You know me. Your Leucathea for these years past."
"Speak the truth. All depends on it."
"So I believe, too. But what I have said is the purest truth. I am ready to You, Leucathea, took the vows in

this convent? night?"
No."

"And you declare that you have been you lived all that time among us, and no one missed you for a single minute?

"I suppose so."
"Is it possible you can be 'double?" "I know myself only as one person.
Whether it is possible that I can also be another living being in this material world, that I can person. world, that I cannot tell. "If you were absent; as you say, then, in order to save your honor, you ought to tell us where. Name the place."
"That I never will."

That I never will, "Do you not believe that we could force you to it?"
"No! not if you employed torture." "What fate do you expect?
"I am in your power, and abide all that waits me."

"Are you ready to swear, and upon that oath to take the holy communion, that you have in truth been absent from this convent two years and six nonths since your profession.

"I can do so with a safe conscience. Leucathea was remanded to her prison and eight days were given her to re-flect whether she would undergo the fearful ordeal of solemnly swearing to he truth of her incredible tale. Meanwhile repeated announcements were brought us from the police, that Leucathea had been seen, sometimes at one post-station, sometimes at another, in company of a young cavalier. The description was so minute that it was appossible not to recognize the person described as the same with her who was a scribed in our convent prison;

but the authorities were always at fault—always just too late to catch the fugi-The captive endured her imprison ment with all the patience, and with all those outward signs of piety, with which her former life had made us familiar. The day for the awful ceremony arrived at last. I did my utmost to render it as impressive as possible— to awaken the terrors of conscience, and bend the obstinate resolution of the sinner. With the chalice in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, Leucathea repeated, with unfaltering lips and un-changed demeanor, the long and cir-cumstantial form of oath which I repeated to her, comprising the details of which she had asserted the truth. Thereupon she received, devoutly, the lessed sacrament; and I could perceive tears streaming from the eyes of many of the nuns as she did so. I addressed the chapter in a few words, in which I endeavored to give the event a color—I will not say of the mysterious, for deeply mysterious it was in truth to me—but of the supernatural; and advised but of the supernautar; and advised that no further inquiry should be made, the accused having been admitted to pledge herself by the most solem of all declarations to the truth of her tale. The chapter absolved her from all purposes the solution of the chapter absolved her from all purposes. ishment. True, Leucathea had con-fessed a breach of her vow and a long absence from the convent and had brought ocular proof in support of her confession; but then, all the time, Leu cathea had been in her place within its walls, and fulfilling assiduously all her duties. The whole event was suppressed and no one spoke more of it. At the and no one spoke more of it. At the end of the ceremony, Leucathea re-quested the abbess to relieve her of the charge of portress; and implored that she might be spared further in-trusion for the last few days of her life. She had vowed to God, she said, not to speak another word among the not to speak another word among the sisters after that day; and God had, in reply, revealed to her the day of her death, which would be on the feast of the patroness of the order-Saint Ursula, the 31st of October. Amidst the awe-struck silence of the assembly, she gave back the keys of her office to the abbess, and retired to her cell. From that time forth she kept abso

lute silence. I saw her several times she moved about like a living corpse Early in October she became confined to her bed. On the thirtieth—the eve of Saint Ursula—she sent for me. "You, she said, "have ever been considerate and tender towards me. Your behavio deserves my confidence. The mask now falls, and a fearful eternity opens upon me. I here impart to you the true history of my life. Think of me what and you please. Communicate the con-tents of this paper to others, or whelm them in the dust of oblivion; it is all the same to me. Only promise me, not to open the packet which I give you, until I am buried." I promised. I per-formed for her the last offices of the church for the sinner. On the following morning—the day which she had pre-dicted—she was found dead in her bed. dicted—she was found dead in her bed. On the third day she was buried. Not until then did I open the packet. "You were in the right, reverend

father,"—"so the manuscript began—
"when you told the abbess that I was
more than I appeared to be. When you
read this, and the cold earth has covered ne, you will know that I was the s Pauline, ——— daughter of the Duke of

count in detail the particulars of the early life of the unfortunate writer. But I must abridge this portion of her story in order to come more quickly to that which connects itself with my own observation and oversitions. servation and experience.
Princess Pauline was destined by her father, in virtue of family engagements to marry an ally of his house, the Prince -. He was a young and accom plished cavalier, who, by his personal advantages alone, might well have gained the heart of a maiden; but hers was given inevitably, before she had at tained her sixteenth birthday, to a young nobleman whom she chose onl to designate by a fictitious name, as the Marquis Montano. The tale which fol-lowed was the usual one of passion and paternal opposition. After violent scenes with her father who threatened her with his irreconcilable hatred uness she consented to become the bride less she consented to become the order of him for whom he destined her, she escaped from the duke's palace in company with her lover. They found a priest who blessed their union in secret. They field together, she in the dress of an ordinary citizen's daughter, he, dis-guised as one of his own servants, in order to avoid detection. This they succeed in doing; but as they approached the end of their day's journey, driving through a wood to reach a small, secluded town where they ina small, sectuded town where they have tended to rest, they were attacked by robbers. The princess, in the terror of the moment, sprang out of the carriage, and managed to conceal herself in the wood. She remained hidden there all night. In the morning she found her way back to the scape of the outrage. The ground

to the scene of the outrage. The ground was covered with blood. A horrible presentiment seized her. She made her way to a neighboring inn, and there learned from the host that a young man had been killed in the attack on the carriage. The description only too exactly suited her husband, Montano She visited the spot pointed out as his grave; for three days and nights she wept over the earth which concealed his beloved remains. Then the painful thought of suicide assailed her; but it rielded to that of devoting the remain der of her life to prayer and sorrow, in any convent which she might find hospitable enough to receive her. All thought of return to her father's court was cut off, not only by the feeling exited by the fresh memory of her be loved one, but by the fear of meeting that parent's bitter hatred. Mother she had none left to receive and forgive

her.
"I had no money left after paying
the landlord. I had no resources but to it all night on the stone bench at the sat all hight on the stone central the gate of your convent, determined, if I was not received there, to throw myself into the nearest river. To your interces-sion I owe it, reverend father, that this crime at least was spared me. You saved me from despair. You will bear witness, deem otherwise of your un-happy friend how you may, that I did no dishonor to the humble office into which you caused the superior to receive me, that I performed my duties punctu-ally, that I passed with unblemished

character through my period of proba tion.
"My grief for my beloved one, to "I did."
"Were you not carried off from it last the reason which made me keep apart from all the sisterhood. I prayed day and night for his soul. I cannot deny it, I prayed also frequently, unceasingly become united with my Montano once more. What effect this misery had at limes on my outward demeanor, you know. But as the mere effect of time abated the sting of my grief, I became at least to appearance, more cheerful and resigned. Such I remained, until one day reading through some accident -rare enough in these walls-a portion of a newspaper, I learned from it that, in consequence of his vexation at the elopement of his laughter, the Princess

Pauline, with the Marquis Montano, the Duke of —— had undergone a stroke of apoplexy, and died on the spot. As he had only three daughters, and his duchy was a male fief of the crown, the King had invested the Count of —— with it Murderess of my of —— with it, Murderess of my father! The thought breathed despera-

tion into my soul. Henceforward what could the world outside be to me except a prison-deprived of my love, abandoned by all, the cause, by my own wilfulness, of the death of a

You know how I became the favorit of the abbess, and how she entrusted to me the key of the convent—that fatal key, which opened the door to my ruin and eternal perdition. "Heaven is my witness, I endeavored do my duties honestly.

One day I was standing at the gate; I expected to see you. A young man passed by. We recognized each other at the first glance. "Montano!" "Paulive!"

I must here again reduce to a mere abstract the communication of the deceased Leucathea. She dwelt only too ceased Leucathes. She dwelt only too complacently, and with all the particularity of a memory concentrated within itself by long and violent repression of the feelings, on the one bright event which chequered the darkness of her unhappy history. The meeting between Montano and herself, at the gate of the convent was simply acciof the convent, was simply accidental. The belief in his death at the hands of the robbers was mistaken one. He had, as has been a ready said, put on the livery of one of his own servants by way of disguise His coachman, a young man of similar stature with himself, and clad in the same uniform, was killed by the shots of the assailants; while he was himself wounded only, taken up senseless, and carried to the house of a charitable neighbor. It is easy, therefore, to understand how the mistake arose which deceived the unfortunate Pauline. Mon tano, on the other hand, spent in vain his time and labor in endeavoring to acquire intelligence of his lost bride. After she had been traced to the inn, where she had last lodged before goin to the convent, no clue could be to her whereabouts. Slowly, and in de spair, he relinquished the search. He wandered, without aim or purpose, over many regions; and attracted back at last to the neighborhood of the spot where he and his love had been parted.

Fate led him to her arms again. What was now to be done? Although the union between them was sacred in of Heaven; yet the absence of parents' consent and of other legal formalities would have rendered it impossible for him to set up his claim, against the claim of the Church; independently of the heavy punishment to which Pauline, as Leucathea, had exposed herself by her fraudulent misrepresentation to the convent authorities. Irresolute, and uncertain of their future destiny, they lived for a time only in the present, under the enchantment of a passion conscrated by the purest mutual devotion. They met in secret, availing themselves of the faciliof the Church; independently of the secret, availing themselves of the facili-ties which Pauline's control of the keys of the convent placed at their disposal of the convent placed at their disposal.

For many months, lost to the sense of danger, as well as of duty, Pauline abandoned herself to the enjoyment of her lover's society. The consequences of their reunion now threatened to become evident, and the prospect filled them with terror. They dared not expose their secret to the world; but the state of the convent to the contract. temporary removal, at least, from the convent, became absolutely

In this extremity a strange resource suggested itself. Pauline had a twin hister, the Princess Eugenia; allied to her by one of those almost preternatura resemblances which defy, at times, even the *perspicacity* of the nearest relatives. Foiled by Pauline's obstinate refusal to follow his wishes, her father, shortly before his death, had endeavored to set up again his favorite project of an union between his family and that of the Prince of T—, by substituting Eu-genia as the latter's bride for her sister.

The prince, as had been said, was deserving of a maiden's love; and Eugenia was brought with some difficulty to accede with the project. They were affianced. But then came the death of the duke, the transfer of his flet to a distant male connexion, the disruption for the time, of the ties which bound his family together. The Prince The narrative then proceeded to re of T ——, meantime, deeply involved in the political complications of the

> his nuptial projects. He departed, to lead for some years a wandering life of political missions and public business. Eugenia was living by herself, at a distant country-house of the family, forty-six miles from the town in which the Ursuline convent was situated. Pauline relied on the tenderness and self-devotion of her sister, and she was not deceived. The plan arranged between them, in writing and through the intervention of Montano, was thus:—Montano was to bring Eugenia to the convent. By the help of the portress' power of admission, Pauline was to in duce Eugenia to her own cell. They were to remain a short time together-concealment for this purpose, although nazardous, seemed possible to one so hazardous, seemed possible to one so well acquainted with the hiding-places of the convent as Pauline and with the extreme regularity of its observances—until Eugenia had learnt the ways of the place, and could perform the part of Pauline without danger of detection. Then Pauline was to put on the worldly dress of her sister, and remove to Eugenia's country-house, until the ne-

period, found it necessary to postpon

cessity for her absence was past; after which she was to return to the convent, resume her duties there until at least ome change of plan could be suggested and liberate her sister.

The first part of the scheme was such essfully performed as it had been ar ranged. Pauline provided her sister with a nun's dress, and for some days they remained together in the convent Although they used every art to avoid detection; yet on one occasion their wit failed them; and in this manner the strange apparition of Sister Leucathea kneeling before the altar of Maria del Pi-anto, at the very same time that she was in attendance on the abbess in her room. was easily accounted for. Frightened at this narrow escape from detection, Pauline judged it best to affect a dangerous illness. For a few days longer, Eugenia remained concealed about the convent, but dared not keep in her sister's cell and this is the reason why she was oc casionally seen in the corridor, chapel and elsewhere. At last they seized a favorable opportunity to effect the ex-change. Eugenia remained in Pauline's bed; Pauline, in her sister's attire, hastened with her Montano to the distant residence of Eugenia. It has been resolved, for further security, that not even the Prince of T—— himself should be admitted to the secret, and that his letters to his betrothed should, during

the interval, be opened and answered by Pauline. When her time approach-ed, she and her husband removed to a neighboring town; here she was brought to the bed of a boy; and from thence she divided her time between acting Eugenia at the country-house and anioning the society of her child and enjoying the society of her child and her husband in the retired spot husband in the retired spot she had chosen for her confinement. The remainder of the unfortunate nun's avowals shall be given in her own

 $\mathbf{words}:$ "And now it would have been my duty to release my noble and devoted sister—her who had sacrificed freedom and happiness for me, who had entrusted to me the secrets of her love, had voluntarily submitted for my sake to the yoke of the convent, and saved me thereby from shame and destructionshe was suffering for my sake. Alas! alas! I was too happy. The feeling of my freedom intoxicated me. Enjoying life as exquisitely as I did, at the side of my beloved and of our child. I could not esist the infatuation which made me resist the initiation which made he linger on day by day in that precarious Paradise which her self-abandonment had created for me. I was continually making resolutions to perform the necessary sacrifice. As continually my cowardice gave way at the last momen A year had passed, it was the period be-yond which I had bound myselffixedly in my own mind not to delay: the next year followed it; a third glided on, and duty; gratitude, sisterly affection, all were forgotten. But I was awakened,

most justly awakened, out of my dream of unrighteous pleasure by a single crushing blow.

"A fearful epidemic visited the district in which we resided. My child— my beloved one—the object, above all others, for the sake of which I had committed this grievous sin towards Heaven and my sister, was one of its first vic-tims. Its father, who would not leave

its bedside during its rapid illness, was next attacked, and expired in a few days in my wretched arms. I, the guilty one, saw them both perish, and remain ed untouched and unharmed. Such easy retribution as this would have been.

was not meant for me. "I was again alone in the world: I was standing bewildered beside the fresh graves of my two darlings, when astrange announcement recalled me to my senses. The Prince de T—— had come in search, not of me, but of his Eugenia. Reports had reached him that his betrothed was fatherless; that she had yielded herself to another; reports, no doubt, arising from my sojourn in her former neigh-borhood together with my deceased Montano. The error was, of course, easily removed, and my marvellous confession made. But, as soon as he had heard it, he would not admit of a day's delay wihout my hurrying to the rescue of his unforgotten Eugenia. 'I was ready enough to execute his wishes. But, even in my utter desola-tion, I could not bear the thought of returning to convent life. The coldness and oppression of that livinge tomb from which my Montano had taken me away in vain, weighed with a fearfuload on my imagination. To pass the load on my imagination. To pass the brief time now left me—brief indeed, as hoped-anywhere in the world-anywhere, however secluded, in the fre air and light of heaven—this was all, fancied, which was now left me to de

sire.
"Accordingly it was arranged between us, that after Eugenia had been safely removed, he would carry me off also should say that, following a precau ion which I had exercised during Mon tano's visits, I had in my possession a second key of the outer gate. We travelled together to our destination. We stopped at an obscure inn in this town. In the evening I went to the convent gate. I found poor Eugenia still punctually performing my office; she had tually performing my office; she had made no sign, though illness and de-spondency had only lately brought her to a very low condition; and no one had ever imagined a difference between her and me. I prepared her for the visit of her lover, and gave her a key and a white linen travelling-dress. At ten that night the prince went with the carriage to the convent gate, where she was ready to join him. I remained, by his direction, at the inn, where he pror ised that they would call for me. I was dressed in a similar costume to that with which I had provided my sister. I waited till two in the morning had struck; but they returned not; in my despair and terror for Eugenia, I returned once more to the convent. The rest you know. I should have slipped quietly into my cell, should have re-sumed my nun's habit, and all that has passed would have had existence for me sione and for me only as a dream when one awakeneth, had it not been for the sacristaness's discovery. Now you have all my confidence. Deal with it, and with my memory, as you will. One circumstance only I have to explain my exact prediction of my death. my exact prediction of my death. It scarcely needs such explanation. The resolute, to whom life no longer offers any prospect, save that of speedy release from it, can fix, and anticipate,

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I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing his offer of marriage after I had lured him on to a declaration. My last victim's name was James Frazer. He was a tall, awkward, homely, ungainly man, bu his heart was true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I wit-nessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was I had fallen in love with Captain Elliott, who had been unremitting in his attention to me. Mr. Frazer warned me against Mr. Elliott, but I charged him with jealousy, liott, but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warning as an insult.

A few days after Mr. Elliott and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed in a fair way of realization. I hada week of happiness. Many had not so much in a litetime. Many awake from the bright short dream to find themselves in a life-long darkness and bondage from which there is no

and bondage, from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not to be

escape. Thank God, I was not to be so miserable as they! My mother was a widow of good circumstances, but having very bad health. She was also of an easy, listless, credu-lous nature—hating trouble, and willing to take things just as they happen to present themselves. She therefore made no inquiries about Captain Elllott -but fondly believed that inasmuch as he was a Captain, he must necessarily be a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea, and had served in the Crimea, and in India, and won medals. His regiment was quartered in the neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, as he was certainly the handsomest officer in it. I remember well the day we be in it. I remember well the day we be came engaged. He was on duty, but he managed to ride over to our house in his uniform, and while we were walking into the house he made the tender avowal. I referred to mamma; he hastened to her—returned in three minutes, and led me into her presence to received the assurance that the maternal consent had been readily and freely given. My dear mother hated trouble, and moreover loved me ten-derly, so that she was well pleased to find a husband presenting himself in a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter. for her beloved and only daughter.
Well, a week passed quite delightfully as I have said, and at the expiration of this there might have been seen a gay equestrian party winding through our oid Devonshire woods and quiet our old Devolshire woods and died the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful brown Bess. Captain Elliott was mounted on a handsome black horse that had been sent him from London.

Frazer. His presence had marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him. And so we rode on through the woods and I listened, well pleased, to the low, animated words of the gallant Elliott, who wished himself a knight and me a faire ladye of the olden times, that he might go forth to do battle and compel ill men to recognise the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of his inspirations of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might proclaim his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to his and believe it sincere, though l surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test. A shot suddenly rang through the woods, and a wounded bird darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of Brown Bess. With a bound and

Following us was a bevy of merry girl

and their cavaliers; and among them was tall, awkward and silent James

a spring that nearly unseated me, she no power to check her, and even as she flew the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly where this ma gallop was to end. Sheswerved from a gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a path that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands, and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and shut my eyes that I might not behold the fate that that I might not belief the late that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last! How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love, rose up before me? I thought of the pang that would rend Elliott's heart as ne south and then the thought would come if he were pursurend Elliott's heart as he saw me lying ing and trying to save me, even, as he said, at the risk of life and limb. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and I knew no more

through the air, and I knew no more for days afterward, when I awoke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliott afterwards. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of a knightly king. The last action of his life, in connection with mine. was to follow in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its bank, to ride hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely, but it was hoped, not fatally injured. He thence-forth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improve-ment as could be gained by mere rumor. At last it was known that I would activate was known that I would never recover entirely from the effect of my injury, and that very day Captain Elliott suddenly departed from the neighborhood. He made no attempt to the neighborhood of the neighborhood when the new formula! see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning with much unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resigna-tion that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said he presumed my own judgment had taught me in my altered circumstances our engagement must come to an end; but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his thonor!) he wrote to say that while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of the Writing on the bottom of the "Let it be as you wish," I reletter, "Let it be as you wish," I re-turned it to him at once, and thus ended

ny brief dream of romance.

I heard ere this of Mr. Elliott's cowardly conduct on that day; but now first bethought me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent death. And then I learned that James Frazer, his armaiready broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess had torn away from him as he caught at her bridle, had him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me, and was the first to lift me from the water. Many times daily he had made inquiries concerning me; his had been the hand that sent me the rare flowers that had been the hand that sent me the rare flowers that had decked my room, his were the lips that breathed comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books that I read during the days of convalescence; and his, now, the arm that supported me, as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walls.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have been his wife for many a year.

I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me,
because I see his grand and loving spirit
shining through his plain features and
animating his awkward figure. I have
long since laid aside, as utterly untenable, that beautiful spirits dwell only in
the beautiful spirits dwell only in
the beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a Providential dispensation that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or marred by petty vanity or love of the

How to Select Your Poultry.

A young turkey has a smooth leg and a soft bill, and if fresh the eyes will be bright and the feet moist. Old turkeys have scaly, stiff feet. Young fowls have a tender skin, smooth legs, and the breastbone yields readily to the pressure of the finger. The best are those that have yellow legs. The feet and legs of the old fowl look as if they had seen hard service in the world. Young ducks the old fowl fook as it they had seen hard service in the world. Young ducks feel tender under the wings, and the web of the foot is transparent. The best are thick and hard on the breast. best are thick and hard on the breast.
Young geese have yellow bills, and the feet are yellow and supple; the skin may be easily broken by the head of a pin, the breast is plump and the fat white. An old goose is unfit for the