

grip a moment longer, my man. Now then, hold me fast—that's right. And now tell me what a wee laddie like you can be doing all alone in the wood?" The boy did not answer; he was busy examining his torn knickerbockers and patches on his cap. He shook his d at the rents, and began rubbing

the cap with his sleeve. "I'm in for a row," he said, specula-tively; "but I should have got a duck-ing as well if you had n't passed by. I must have dropped soon,—splash,—see bors."

hinted that her guest must be in love, because he was mooning about by the waterside, in Corven Wood. He was The stranger took the little delicate, doing some bit of a painting, too, she thought; but what it was she could not get at to see, for he always locked it up

The stranger took the little delicate, childish hand in his, and saw that the fingers were grazed and bleeding. "Poor little man?" said he. "O, that's nothing, you know. But I'm forgetting. Thank you for pulling me down. Let me see, now," said the small man, gravely,—"I don't know your face. You don't belong to Corven?" "No." was the realy.

"No," was the reply. "A stranger?" said the boy. "From a long way off, eh?" "Pretty well," was the reply. "A, then you know nothing about it?".said the boy. "That's the village over the water there, and this is Corven Wood —rolly, snyt it?"

"O, they know I'm somewhere about," replied the boy; " but of course" I shall tell them all about it. That is our house,—you can see a bit of the chimneys through the trees. It used to be a farmhouse. But my father does n't form —be's a granteness. Do you have farm,—he's a gentleman. Do you have at in, -ie's a gent work, I mean, -or are you a gentleman ?" The stranger laughed, -a low, quiet

The stranger faughed, -- a low, quite laugh, like a musical note. It seemed to strike even the boy, for he stopped rub-bing his cap to look curiously into his companion's face. He did not know exactly what there was in the eyes, half grave, half humorous, that met his own. He knew nothing of that strange pathos which has the abuvent of regret. but a which has its element of regret, but a larger one, perhaps, of pity, that steals into the heart of the man who has into the heart of the man who has known sorrow, and wrong, and buffet-ing, at the sight of such a child as this. The boy's life lay before him an unwrit-ten page, and he stood at the beginning of it with a fearless front, thoughtless of care and contemptuous of danger. In-volvntarily, however, as he looked into the stranger's face, he drew nearer, and touched the knapsack that was slung over one shoulder.

over one shoulder. "I didn't mean that you mightn't be a gentleman, of course," said he; "but then you carry that yourself. Papa doesn't carry his. My name is Antony, but they call me Tony; what is yours? because I shall have to tell about **because** 

vours. "My name is Noel Caperne." replied My hame is Noel Capera, replied the gentleman, "and I do work for my living. I am a painter." Master Tony looked again dubiously at the knapsack, and began to think of certain beings with paper caps and an incurable habit of whistling popular airs, who had been occupied about the woodwork of his father's house. He de-cided that his new friend could not belong to that class. tell you what, it would be very jolly if you would come home with me. Papa won't scold me before a stranger. 'That's won't scold me before astranger. That's what people would call downy of me, is n't it. I am rather a downy chap, and that's the truth. Aunt Lucy would like to thank you. She's fond of me, though she is a bit sharp, sometimes You won't? I must go, then. Good by Mr. Caperne." The lad went a few steps and turned The lad went a few steps and turned irresolutely; then he ran back and put out his scarred little fingers to the stranger who worked for his living. "I forgot to shake hands," said he. "I fay, I've got a box of colors, myself, and I should like to see what sort of a hand you are at painting. I almost always bring Aunt Lucy to the wood some time in the day; she likes it. If I come to -morrow will you bring me a pleture to look at,—a swell one?" Mr. Caperne put his hand on the child's scarlet cap with a smille. child's scarlet cap with a smile. "I shall be miles away to-morrow, laddie. Good by, and don't climb. There might not always be a chance There might not always be a chance wanderer at hand to help you down." The Spring air was very sweet in Cor-ven Wood; and the birds sang to the accompaniment of the rippling river with a joly abandon that must have fascinated the strange artist. At any rate something did; since he was not miles away on the morrow. He was in the wood again; oddly enough, at about the same hour that had found him there the day before. I don't know whether tore him of the fidgety landlady in his room; of a big duster, and brooms, and clumsy fingers, that left no corner un-touched, and respected no look. He grew hot as he thought of it, and of his own helplessness. Then all at once a blackbird began to sing in a tree outside the window, and he was back in the woods again, dreaming. instantly demanded. "I'm like a spoilt child, my boy, that's all," replied the painter. "It's time to go back to school, and I'm fracwoods again, dreaming. Who talks about the monotonous "Holiday, indeed !" repeated Tony. "And what do you want to leave us dreariness of a sick chamber? Mr. Caperne would have spurned the notion if he had not been too utterly languid for? Hasn't Granny been good to you? "Only too good," he replied. "And haven't I?" said Tony, "And and lazy for so much exertion. Day after day he felt the latent life coming hasn't Aunt Lucy? I say she has, al-though you wouldn't give her the por-trait, you know." Involuntarily the two looked at each

block to him as he lay there, dreaming. Pleasant dreams, but foolish perhaps-whoknows? He never took the trouble to consider. He had visions of a gentle Involuntarily the two looked at each other. Mr. Caperne had finished his picture, and meant to keep it; but when Lucy begged for a copy of the bunch of violets, what could he do but put his heart and soul into each tiny blossom as it rose to life under his hand? "I tell you it isn't everybody that old lady with gray curls and a rather foreign air, whom Tony introduced as "Granny," and who purred about him in his convalescence as though her whole heart were in his comfort and his recovery. He remembered trying to utter his thanks to her; breaking down "I tell you it isn't everybody that she cuts the choice flowers for," con-tinued the boy. "Don't you like us, Mr. Caperne?" signally, and then feeling his lips silenced by the touch of the kind old

when he went for these rambles. At any rate, the longer he stayed the better for them, since his purse was open, and he neverasked questions about the items of his bills, only looking at the amount, and paying it, as a gentleman should do Mr. Caperne knew nothing of all this criticism; if he had known it, it would not have affected him in the smallest degree. When he came in one evening and found his hostess bustling about his Mr. Caperne?" "Yes, Tony," he replied. "Then what's the good of going away?" said Tony. "It's a curious thing now, isn't it?" continued the young philosopher, catching Lucy's dress. "Why does one like people?" She only laughed and said it was a curation for the chemists but Noel Ca hand upon them. "You will say no thanks, mon fils," room in all that agony of putting things which belongs to the nature of orderly housewives, he took no further notice "You will say no thanks, mon file," said the old lady, stroking his hair as if he had been a child. "You saved our boy; and, madcap as he is, we can never reply you for that." "If I might see my kind host," plea-ded Mr. Caperne, and assure him that I am sensible of his hospitality—" "That, you perceive, is impossible, since my son is from home," said the old lady. "He is in Scotland, and will probably remain there for the next

of her movements than by holding the door open with silent patience until it pleased her to take the hint and go. That was what she complained of. He never spoke to her; never asked any questions like other strangers would; uestion for the chemists, but Noel Ca-

never even gave her any opening to en-lighten him respecting the neighbor-hood, as she flattered herself she could have done. The simply dismissed her with silent politeness, when she had only been anxious to put his room into something like decent order, and goodprobably remain there for the next month, so that my patient must be con-tent with his nurse for the present.

something like decent order, and good smile, and the gray curls that always shook and quivered when she talked less knows it was a disheartening task enough. \_\_\_\_\_' Fldget!'' said Mr. Caperne, briefly, shook and quivered when she taked seemed to have a sort of halo round them. He was dimly happy. The thought of his lonely wandering life, and of return-ing to it, did come upon him sometimes with a strange sinking of the heart, but he shook it off. He knew whose hand crathered the flowers that decked his as he looked round and proceeded to undo her work. Then he went to a drawer and took out the bit of a picture upon which she had surmised him to be

upon which she had submitted interview occupied. Mr. Caperne worked at the picture for an hour diligently; the rush of the mill wheel fell upon his ear like an ac-companiment which custom or associa-tion had made pleasant to him. When the standard to examine his progress, the table. They brought a sort of mist into the room, out of which there came again to him the eyes saddened with anxiety and the shadowy touch of a soft hand upon his own. Je got to know in a round-about way at what hour Aunt he stopped to examine his progress, the orners of his mouth turned down with Lucy was accustomed to gather these flowers, and then he never rested until they let him get up and sit at the win-

corners of his mouth turned down with an expression which was not so much annoyance as perplexity. The girlish face was there, bent over the bunch of violets, a perfect likeness in feature and coloring; but that one expression which had so struck and haunted him, the ortist could not wint. Whereas in his artist could not paint. Whereas in his own mind this expression was dimly associated with wrong and suffering, while he had looked from time to time into the girl's face all idea of such words left him, and he could paint there only

your modern stucco and ginger lead in-ventions, where men were treated more likesacks of grain than human creatures,

with hones to break : and the landlad

when he went for these rambles.

perne raised his head quickly at that. "You wouldn't put the wine of life into an alembic, would you?" said he. We don't want that analyzed, I think. He saw the faint color pass over her cheek, and leave it pale again, but she Now I go to see after luncheon," Mr. Caperne looked after her with t did not answer. "To be sure," proceeded Tony, returning to the subject; "perhaps you do find it a bit dull with Granny and

Annt Lucy, but then there's me. And I can show you lots of jolly places where womankind would be afraid to venture. You don't know what cowards they are. You not know what belonging to you?" The painter's face grew dark, "No, laddle," he replied, "I had a sister gathered the flowers that desked his

once.

once." "Had you?" said Tony. "Was she like you? Were you fond of her?" Mr. Capernesaw Lucy touch the boy's lips with her finger, and he bent for-ward in a sudden tumult of gratitude. "Shall I tell you about her?" he askad

"Snan 1 von asked. "If you will," said Tony. "You are very quiet here," said Mr. Comerne gently. "Your life seems so dow, where he could see her without being seen. One day, in his absorption, Mr. Caperne bent forward to the front of the perie bent forward to the nont of the window, and Aunt Lury looked up sud-denly and saw him. It might have been the pathetic appeal of his pale face, and the coat-sleeve which hung at his side empty; at any rate, Lucy red to me more than once to wonder what you would think of my past if you knew it. What would you say if I told you I was once a murderer at heart?" Lucy looked up at him, but she did net more, and "Ony draw paperer with

of." "'No, sir," she replied; "but the young lady—Miss Dudley—Miss Lucy, as she is called about here.—" "Well, what of her?" said Noel, turn-

his hand pointing to a name written in a bold, straggled hand, on one of the songs, "Julian Dudley." "This belongs to—" he stammered,—

"tell me." Lucy looked up at him, in sudden wonder. She did not know why, but the same instinctive terror which had smitten her at the artist's story smote

"Yes, my brother's wife was an heiress, and he was required to take her name, —an unnatural arrangement, I think," she said, trying to smile. "If I were a man,—Mr. Caperne, do you know you frighten me! What is it?" Noel looked into her face once, as a man looked into her face once, as a Note looked into her lace once, as a man looks at a treasure which is to be taken away from him; he just said, "God help us both!" and turned to-wards the door. It opened as he reach-ed it. There were sounds of an arrival in the ball or the bestood foor to force with the host whom he had so longed to thank.

Noel followed into the room opposite; he closed the door behind him, and set

He closed against it.
"Julian Dudley, I have found you at last then," said Noel.
"Caperne," said Mr. Dudley, putting up his hands, deprecatingly, "listen to

know that I have shared your roof, and eaten your bread. I wonder it didn't choke me. I wish it had. I wish—" "I ask you to hear me, Caperne," said Julian. "After that, load me with your curses, if you will; but hear me first. Look at me! Am I not old before my time,—a broken man? Heaven is my

debt, Noel, and knew not where to turn for money. I had been wild. You see I confess all. I could make

It will be two years the 22d of this month since Jefferson Davis entered the portals of Fortress Monroe. In Arkansas, Governor Murphy has

issued a proclamation, based on an orde from General Ord, dissolving the Legisla ture of that State

The St. Paul *Pioneer* denies the report of destitution in Minnesota. There is a scar-city of seed grain in some quarters but of food in none.

The increase of the area under cottor cultivation in the Bombay (India) Presi-dency is about 270,000 acres, representing increased export to the value of \$5,000,000

The subscription at Pittsburg, Pa., in aid f the destitute of the South amounts to 5,813. One lady donated her ring and ear-5.813

H. PRICE, No. 6 North Duke st., Lancaster Many of the wealthy old creoles of Lou-slana are returning to France. They are disgusted with the Radical sway now ex-

WM. A. WILSON, No. 53 East King st., Lancaste WM. LEAMAN, No, 5 North Duke st. Lancaster

WM. B. FORDNEY, No. - South Queen st., Lancaster.

Legal Jotices.

B. F. BAER, No. 19 North Duke st., Lancaste

D. W. PATTERSON, No. 27 West King st., Lancester

F. S. PYFER, No. 5 South Duke st., Laucaster

9. H. REYNOLDS, No. 53 East King st., Lancaster.

. W. JOHNSON, No. 25 South Queen st., Lancaster

J. B. LIVINGSTON, No. 11 North Duke st., Lancaster

No. 21 North Duke street, Lancaster.

INSTATE OF JACOB OATMAN, LATE OF ESTATE OF JACOBE OATEAN, LOASSON STATE OF JACOBE OATEAN, LOASSON administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebt-ed thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands ugainst the same will present them for settle-ment to the undersigned, residing in Bart township. DR. JOHN MARTIN, apr 10 ftw\* 14 Administrator.

ESTATE OF JAMES GIRVIN, LATE OF Paradiso township, decessed LP Paralise township, decembed...Latt: or administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons in-debted thereto are requested to make imme-diate settlement, and those having claims or demands againse the same, will present theu without delay for settlement to the under-signed, residing in said township. JOHN GIRVIN, HENRY GIRVIN, Administrators

The third annual sheep fair of the New York sheep-breeders and wool-growers be-gun at Auburn yesterday. The show was fine, but the rain prevented a large attend-ance.

Alexander Cummings, of Philadelphia has resigned his place as Governor o Colorado, and entered his securities as In ternal Revenue Collector of the Fourti District of Pennsylvania. apr 24 6tw\* Administrators, The second se

Jacob Riley was tried recently in the Alleghany County Court, of Maryland, for killing his father, and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. The case was an aggravated one.

Some planks of a scaffolding in front of the Lindell House, in St. Louis, gave way yesterday, precipitating four men to the ground. One of them was killed, one intal-ly wounded, and two others badly injured. IN THE COLET OF COMMON PLEAS IN THE COLET OF COMMON FLEAR of Lancaster County,-In the matter of the application of "The St. Joseph's Beneficial Baving Fund Association of the City of Lan-caster," for a Charter of Incorporation April 27th, 1867. Charter presented and the Court direct the same to be filed, and notice to be given that if no sufficient reason is shown to the contrary, the said Charter will be granted at the next term of said Court. W. L. BEAR, Prothonotary, may 1 40 18 ly wounded, and two others badly injured. The eight hour labor strike in Chicago is about subsiding, many of the discontented workmen having returned to work at ten hours with the usual pay, or eight hours with a proportionate deduction. England and Wales have a great many lunatics. On January 1st, 1867, there were 30,890 lunatics confined in seylams and hospitals in those countries, and about 10,-600 were in various workhouses and poor-

may l FATE OF ELIZABETH BABD, LATE

"Tell me," repeated Noel,—"not your brother?"

your brother?" "Yes," she replied; "but—" "But," interrupted Noel, with whitening lips, "in all these books, in Tony's, and your brother's books—" "The name is Woodfield," said Lucy.

in the hall, and he stood face to face

The eyes of this man fell as they met Noel's; there was a weak, imploring gesture of his hands, and a hurried, nervous "Not here! not here, for pity's ake! Come with me.

me!'' "At last!" replied Noel; "only to

witness that I have suffered enough to satisfy even you. You think I did a wanton and cruel thing in the days gone

by. It was wicked, but not wanton. I have never loved as I did then. But even when I dared to win her, I was in

packet." "The packet ?" repeated Mr. Caperne, vacantly. "I left none that I am aware

"Well, what of her?" said Noel, turn-ing sharply from the window. "Nothing, sir," said the landlady; "only she left this; it's years ago now. We were to forward it, but we never could find out where. We've kept it safe, sir, and I'm sure—" "Thanks," interrupted Noel. "Leave it please, Good night?"

it, please. Good night." When the landlady was gone, Noel got up and locked his door. He struck his hands together roughly as he sat down again, for they were trembling, and then he opened the little parcel which Lucy had left. Noellaid it down irops to the fund. lisgusted v ting in the State. The whole amount received by New York Southern Relief Committee since its organ izution has been \$193,000, the sum expended

which Lucy had left. Noel laid it down upon the table beside him, and put his hands over his face, with a gasp. It was the little painting he had done for her-the bunch of violets. Did ever flowers look at him with eyes like those before? For the moment, when the woman first spoke, it had flashed across him that she was going to tell him Lucy was dead. He sat there ter-ror-stricken still at the shock. It had never accurred to him in all these years being \$50,000. The delegates to the Medical Convention in Clucinnati have been entertained by two bunqueta-one of them at the residence of Hon. George H. Pendleton. The plantations south of Memphis along he shores of the Mississippi are nearly all overflowed, and the planters are reported never occurred to him in all these years that she might suffer even as his little sister suffered. His own misery, his own pride and vengeance, left no room for such a thought; but it came to him now, as he sat with her token before him and remembered all. Whet hed starving. United States Marshal Underwood, Richmond, Va., has received the Davis writ of habeas corpus, and starts with it for Fortress Monroe to-day.

him, and remembered all. What had The death of Hon. Samuel S. Marshall Congressman from the Eleventh District o Illinois, is reported. He was the Demo cratic nominee for Speaker of the Fortieti he done? He never knew how long he sat there: the landlady declared that she heard him walking up and down all night like a madman, or some one who had committed a great crime, as ndeed, who could answer for it that he had not? But it was late in the morn

ing when he left his room, sane enough to all appearance, dressed very much as he had been used to dress five years ago, and took the path towards Cor-ven Wood, careless of the curious eyes that working his that watched him. It was in the sweet freshness of early

Summer that Noel Caperne passed once more into the well-known shrubbery, and found Lucy amongst her flowers. She stood up when she saw him, and then the color left her face, and she drew back the hands he would have

"Lucy, Lucy!" he cried, "won't you speak to me? Won't you forgive me?" "I have nothing to forgive," said Lucy, coldly. She had been stronger than the little girl who was at rest in the churchward on the bill. And then

the churchyard on the hill. And then, seeing his altered looks, she added, fal-tering a little, "My brother-" "What drew me hither, Lucy? I

could not know that I should find my poor little painting wainting for me, rejected. You have conquered through

the same hour that had found him there the day before. I don't know whether he expected to meet the small man again, or why healtered his plans; per-haps he did not know himself. He looked over the village, which was to have been simply a pausing place for refreshment; at the fickle sunshine throwing light and shadows over the wood, which was so beautiful even in wood, which was so beautiful even the winter bareness, and thought that day might be well spent in such a place. Mr. Noel Capernesat on a mossystone Mr. Noel Capernesat on a mossystone by the river, and watched a squirrel

springing from branch to branch, till the brown fur began to turn into a vel-vet coat, and he caught himself wander-ing back to yesterday's adventure, and speculating as to what sort of a recep-tion the little chap had met with at home. All at once, he put his bearded chin into his hands, and bent a per-plexed frown upon the river. "There's something in his face l've meen before," said the aptist to himself.

wonder what it is. A fancy of mine perhaps. Don't believe that though Whatever it is circumstances not pleas Whatever it is circumstances here pro-ant have to do with it. I am a fool," Here he broke into a laugh which the very solitude of the wood around the very solitude of the wood around course he was a fool. The day was de clining, and he had a stage of his jour ney before him; what was the use o

ating on a moss-covered stone specu-lating on ghostly resemblances? As he got up from the stone Mr. Caperne heard voices, and paused. A little below him there was a turn in the little below him there was a turn in the path, over which the branches, leafless though they were, fell so thickly that he dared to peep through them without being seen; and there was Tony, velvet-coated, red capped, and long-tongued. Mr. Caperne saw something else also which appeared to him more worthy of attention; — only a young girl, with a bunch of violets in her hand, early bunch of violets in her hand, early violets, and sweet, so far as he could judge, since each one travelled to her lips before it was arranged in its place amongst the tiny bits of moss which served as a foil to the blossoms. "In the first place, Tony," said this young lady, "you had no business 'up a tree,' as you call it,—horrid slang? In the next—" "But, don't I tell you I was after a contract." said Tony: "and don't you

"But, don't I tell you I was after a equirrel," said Tony; "and don't you know how papa hates squirrels? And this was the very chap that ate our nuts in the Summer,—I knew him by the curl of his tail." "In the next," proceeded the young lady, calmly, "you must have been shockingly rude to a strange gentle-man, by your own account." "Aunt Lucy, I didn't say he was a gentleman," cried Tony. "He works for his living. Chris never will under.

what was fresh and sweet and beauti ful. It was a beautiful face. Examin-ing it he wondered whether the land-lady, if she had chanced to stumble upon the painting in her prying visits, would have recognized the subject of it, --the fairy for whom he stayed in the lumpsy in and heunted the Corven stances clustered vaguely, insignificant accessories, until the day came when he was allowed to go downstairs for the clumsy inn and haunted the Corven

woods. The red mounted into his cheeks at first time. this thought. No, it was not for her sake, but for the acquisition of a beau-tiful picture. And he then looked out upon the mill, and thought that the whirling steps were like men who splash forever in the waters of their own little round, and never look beyond it, or write their mark upon the world out

write their mark upon the world out-side. To-day Mr. Caperne had been disap-pointed. Corven Wood was as bright as ever, the river like a silver sheet in the March sun, and the birds had sung his welcome as usual, but there was no fairy. He began to wonder if it were yet too late. How could he possibly finish his picture without another look at the original? And then there was the chance thatthey might meet.—accident. tall arum thrust forth its blossom from behind her. Mr. Caperne saw all this in his own

hurried glance. He will see it again many a time in days to come. It be-came for him one of those photographs which the brain has a trick of taking chance that hey might meet, -accident-ally, of course-and the possibility that she would look up and give him a bow in passing; for Master Tony had found out his rescuer, and darted upon him with noisy glee, and a noiser introduc-tion to A unt Lucy. It was incumbent upon the artist to lose no chance of making his work as perfect as he could. By this time he had crossed the bridge, and was entering the little footpath that led to Corven Wood. And the landlady, shading her eyes from the western light, peered after him, and said, "There he goes again; I've half a mind to follow and see what is in the wood." But Mr. Caperne was unconscious of his danger; unconscious that a crisis of chance that they might meet, -acciden for our ceaseless torment or happiness. She came forward to meet him, holding out her hand, and in his eagerness he quitted the arm on which he leaned. He was weaker than he had thought. He was weaker than he had thought. The carpet grew unsteady beneath his feet; the tall arum multiplied itself a dozen times; and, but for that out-stretched hand, he knew that he must have fallen. "You have been imprudent," said

"• tou have been imprudent," said Lucy, quietly. "My mother should have kept you prisoner a little longer, though I know how weary the days must be." It was the voice he had heard in the

wood, nearer to him now, speaking to his danger; unconscious that a crisis of his life was at hand, that he was not t return this night nor the next, nor fo him, and about him. him, and about him. "Weary!" repeated Mr. Caperne, slowly. "I think that they have been the happlest days I ever spent." She turned from him half smiling as

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many nights—some of them long and weary enough, to the inn by the river. He remembered afterwards that some sudden presentiment quickened at once his pulses and his step as he drew near the spot where the path fell steeply down to the river; and a mental speech

She turned from him half smilling, as Tony gave vent to a whistle of boylsh contempt for such an idea of happines. "In that case it was lucky I dropped into the Cor," said Tony. "But it is an odd notion. I know I shouldn't like it; and 1'm sure Aunt Lucy wouldn't either. Why, she's out all day long, amongst the flowers, or the pigeons, or the green ducks,—such swell ducks! Mr. Caperne. You wouldn't believe what a quacking they set up at the sight of us? But you shall see them. Here comes granny; and now, Aunt Lucy, go to the piano, and we'll have a jolly evening." of his own, made some days before came across his brain like a flash of fate "The lad is always climbing," he had said to himself, as he watched the little figure swinging like a monkey from branch to branch. "Should n't wonder igned switch is a standard worder if I have to fish him out some day yet." And so he had. Almost as soon as the splash and cry reached him, Mr. Caperne was in the water, seeing, as he sprang, the red cap dangling in its mocking vividness from a bramble above him. It was comparatively easy to lift the drenched boy into a position to be helped to land by the girl stand-ing on the river's brink; but Mr. Ca-perne did this with his left arm, for somehow his right was powerless. And then a sudden faintness came over him; sparks danced before his eyes; the noise Mr. Caperne leaned back in his chair,

and listened. Through the open win-dow he felt the soft Spring air, all dow he let the solution of the cheek, as he watched the tiny white clouds chasing each other, and fell into a hazy sort of each other, and fell into a 'nazy sort of speculation upon the strange chance that had brought him here; and through all his thoughts rang the music of Ste-phen Heller's "Sleepless Nights," full of wonderful pathos and wild abandon. When the music ceased, and Mr. Ca-perne looked up, the clicking of mad-ame's knitting-needles ceased too, abruptly. She gave him a little per-emptory nod from her seat in the cor-ner rose up briskly. like the resolute sparks danced before his eyes ; the nois and rush of the mill-wheel seemed to draw nearer, deafening him; and he seemed to when Mr. Caperne awoke to full con-

sciousness he was in bed in a room which turned round with him for the which turned round with him for the first few moments, and then was steady again; and at the foot of his bed there was a sturdy little chap cutting a stick, and whistling softly to himself. Mr. Caperne again closed his eyes. He be-gan to have a confused recollection of lying on a moss-covered bank; of feel-ing soft hands chafing his own; of a passing glimpse into eyes darkened ner, rose up briskly. like the resolute nurse she was, and then he knew that his evening was over, and he was to be sent away.

"I would rather live than merely exist," said Mr. Caperne. "If the pains are keener, so are the joys." He did not at once get an answer from

passing glimpse into eyes darkened with anxiety,—anxiety for him. He raised the hand that had been so chafed He did not at once get an answer from Lucy, for the "green" ducks were about her feet, gobbling up her bounty with noisy enjoyment, while Tony threw stones into the pool for a drench-ed retriever to bring out. Mr. Caperne might have gone on with his philoso-phy, but Lucy gave him her empty basket, saying lightly: "That's a slur on my poor ducks, I suppose. It is get-ting late, Mr. Caperne, and the little Cor hangs out foggy signals. You had better go in." Mr. Noel Caperne followed, not quite satisfied. He wanted to say something and passed it across his lips softly; and t seemed to him that the odor of violets lingered about it still. A little while

lingered about it still. A little while longer he lay and watched the cutting of the stick, till the boy, turning sud-denly, said, "Hallo!" and began clam-bering upon the bed. "You're to hush, you know," he said, with all the grave authority of a young physician. "But you're better. I'm jolly glad! Now I must go and tell-"" "Walt one moment, Tony," said Mr. Caperne. "Tell me what it's all about, --and how long I've been here,--and where is 'here'? It's not the inn?" The boy laughed, and then brought The boy laughed, and then brought his lips together with an odd contortio "I'm not to laugh," said he,—"I don't think I ought to speak. You're sure it won't hurt you?"

"Quite sure," replied Mr. Caperne.

knew it. What would you say if 1 told you I was once a murderer at heart?" Lucy looked up at him, but she did not speak, and Tony drew nearer with a gesture of profound appreciation. Mr. Caperne put his hand on the boy's head, but it was still to Lucy that he spoke. at his side empty; at any rate, Lucy waved her hand with a smile that moved him like sweet music. After this he used to look out for her eagerly, and that little recognition grew to be the event of this day, the one great centre round which all other circumspoke. "You don't seem half so shocked as

you ought," he said. "Perhaps in these sensation days the announcement is not

sensation days the announcement is not very startling. It is true, nevertheless. I will tell you about it. "My little sister was not strong, and we used to spend the hot months by the seaside. Well, in one of those months I found out that a chance acquaintance had become more to her than ever I could be or had been. You will multer V. Aunt Lucy was standing beside an open French window when Mr. Caperne went into the drawing-room, and he knew at once that the easy-chair drawn up near her was for him, for the man whose past had been a hard battle single-armed, upon whose life for many a weary year had fallen no touch of gentle fingers, no whisper of womanly solicitude. There was a rose in the bosom of her light Spring dress, and a tall arum thrust forth its blossom from could be or had been. You will understand that it seemed a little hard at first. She was all I had to care for in the world. Thestranger was poor, but spoke eagerly of his hopes for the future; he was a barrister. I did what I could. I stipulated for a year's grace in which to test

that large language of his, and they parted. There was a little old church standing on the top of the hill, which my sister had always preferred to the more fashionable and crowded town churches below. It was there I found her that evening when he was gone; her two hands resting on the church-yard wall, and her face looking out sea-ward towards the sunset; but when she turned at my footstep I knew the light that shone there was not for me any more. "My story is not a new one. There

"My story is not a new one. There came letters, often at first, then more seldom; at last they ceased. Twelve months after the parting in the church-yard I read of that man's marilage. He had sold himself for money. You will think, perhaps, that I should consider this giving me back my sister, and be glad; but there is a little more to tell. She was very patient and good; his name was never mentioned between us, but I knew what those solitary walks meant. I could read the listless, far-away eyes that needed many words

away eyes that needed many words from me before they could be called back to any present interest. "I thought I would work hard for a

short time, and then take my sister abroad amongst new scenes, but I never did it. One day I heard my studio door open softly, and my poor little girl stood beside me like the pale patient ghost of what she once had been. ""Noel," she said, 'don't be angry with me. I want to see on the hill once again. I want to see the little church "I drew her-down close to me and

spoke of my scheme, but she only shock her head sadly, and laid it on my shoulder like a tired child.

"'Noel,' she said, 'I want to tell you something, and you must not think I am fanciful. I believe I am very ill,--dying. Let me see the church once

stroke the curly head on which his hand rested. "I knew what was in her mind then," he resumed; "but I could not thwart her, and I was right. I left my sister at rest in the little churchyard on the hill, just where she leaned over the wall one halmy evening locking out wall one balmy evening, looking out into the sunlit West; and the waves must rock her to sleep," finished Mr.

Caperne, softly. "Now, is it any wonder that I was a murderer at heart?" he said. "I wan-dered to and fro over the earth seeking vengeance, but I have never found him

"Mr. Caperne," said Lucy, slowly,

"have you forgiven ?" He looked up at her with a strange mixture of wistfulness and determina-

"No, I am not a murderer now," he replied; "but I will tell you what I have done. I have knelt on the grave in the little churchyard and vowed a yow never to touch the hand of this man or any belonging to him in fellowship; to remember, as long as I live, that there is blood between us." Lucy's heart sank with some unde-

finable fear and foreboding, and she put her hand on his sleeve, hardly conscious

of the act. "Mr. Caperne !" she said.

Then he forgot that there were others in the room, for he took the delicate fingers in his own, and said, "Do you blame me, Lucy? You must not,—you of all people in the work. I could not lose your good opinion, and live."

Mr. Noel Caperne followed, not quite satisfied. He wanted to say something about going away; for of course, now that he was comparatively strong again, there was no excuse for remaining; but, somehow, the words would not come. He looked back upon the days that had passed since he first left his sick room, and wondered to find that he could not count them. He had had his puzzles and perplexities. It occurred to him one day, with a sense of awkwardness, that he had never known by what name to thank his good Samaritans. When No one but the person they were meant for heard those last two words; but at this juncture madame's knitting-needles, which had long been silent, man, by your own account." "Guile sure," repriet fait, capture, "and perplexities. It occurred to him "Aunt Lucy, I didn't say he was a gentleman," cried Tony. "He works for his living. Girls never will understand things." "Well, then," said the boy, "you arm. And you'd have been all to thank his good Samaritans. When stand things." "Very stupid of them, certainly," super-something. O, have'nt you said Aunt Lucy. "Then you think if talked nonsense, just! There now, is and metal cast of the consense is and the source of the consense is a consense is a consense is a consense in the breast of the consense is a consense. The consense is a consense. The consense is a consense. There i

your token; take it again from me." A little while they stood silent, Lucy trying to be calm, Mr. Caperne to read the face that changed so often. At last he spoke again he spoke again. "I have loved you so long and so well,

she lived. Think of it. What could I do? What hope was there for that other engagement? I wrote to her," said Mr. Dudley, quickly, seeing the gathering wrath in Noel's face, "and toid all, but I got no answer." "She never had your letter," said Noel. "I will pass over the rest briefly," said Dudley. "I gayfur the profession

"I have loved you so long and so well, Lucy; I have been so wretched a wan-derer; give me hope." "Your vow?" said Lucy, briefly. "Was wicked, and ought not to be kept," said Noel. "I want to give my hand to Julian Dudley, if he will take it. Let me see your face that I may know if Lan foretiven." "I will pass over the rest orieny, said Dudley. "I gave up the profession that never had been more than a name. With my wife's fortune, there was no need of it. When I heard of your sor-row, Noel, which was my sorrow too,— a darker one than yours,—I thought my heart must break. We left Engknow if I am forgiven." She raised it to him simply, with the snnlight on it, and he put out his arms. 'You will not send me away, my

love?" said Noel. "No," was the low muttered re ply 

Diabolical Outrage by Negroe Whole Family the Victims. From the Mobile Times, May 2.]

row, Noel, which was my sorrow too,— a darker one than yours,—I thought my heart must break. We left Eng-land, and wandered about the Continent for years, till my wife grew homesick, and I bought this place. Have patience a little longer. I know who you were, of course, when you heaped coals of fire on my head, and were brought here hurt. I knew also that, if you found me out, nothing would induce you to stay in the house. I told my mother the story in part,—only my mother, mind; bade her keep you ig-norant of the name as long as possible, and I went to Scotland. They told me you were going away last week, or I would not have come home." "The work was done," said Noel, grimly. "I had found you out; your presence was not needed to teach me whose guest I had been." "Hear me out, Caperne," said Dud-ley, "I have had a hope; I have prayed for it to come true. I hoped that in time you might take happhess from my hands, as you once took sorrow. Noel, I am humble enough; let me have your pardon." Noel laughed, a hard metallic laugh,

Noel laughed, a hard metallic laugh, with no mirth in it. "I vowed a vow on my sister's grave, Mr. Dudley. I owe you a double debt now; the wreck of my own life as well as that other one. Ask for giveness elsewhere."

He opened the door and passed out into the shrubbery, where he had walked so often with Lucy. He put up his hand over his eyes, for her face met him at every turn as he had seen it last, when she said that he frightened her. There was a little path leading from the shrubbery into Covern Wood, and Noel took it. He went away far into the wood, and threw himself down in that yery spot where first the childish acthe satisfaction of his ferocious passions, The unfortunate victim passes insonsible from the arms of oue to those of two of his brutal companions, while the last of them commits like violences on the unfortunate mother of the dying girl. And the father, shot at three times, knocked into a corner of the room, a loaded platol presented at his breast, is made the terrified witness of the disgrace of his family. The other children -one a girl seven years of age-are victims of a like brutal treatment. That little girl is, with imprecations, dashed against the wall, the boys are raised off the ground by the hair, and kicked until insen-sible, or hung by the heels, to make them tell where more money can be found. In fine, after four hours of rev-elry and riot, amidst blood, plunder and carnage, the monsters retire from the scone of horror, and make towards the swamps. The remainder of that horrible night was passed without any assistance being brought to the trembling annates of the desolate home, and when daylight broke in upon the fearful scene, the hands, upon approach-ing the premises, discovered the bleeding and unconscious victims. With a laudable zeal they gave them the first succor, and then went for assistance to the Freedmen's hospital, situated some distance up the river. On the facts being brought to the knowledge of the officers in charge of that institution, they hastened to repair to the spot with all the means at their disposal to rescue the victims and trace up the prep-trators of the outrage: The condition of the Peters family is still very precarious. The shardly any better and the poor children are bruised and crippled from the odious vio-lences to which they have been subjected. Mr. Peters himself is, notwithstanding his hurts and bis great age, in a better state than could be expected. The unfortunate victim passes insensible from the arms of one to those of two of his wood, and threw hitnself down in that very spot where first the childish ac-cents of appeal had reached him; and the little Cor ran brawling by, the mill-wheel sang in the distance, and all the wood was full of pleasant sounds. Im-agination plays strange tricks with a man at such times as these. He heard the hebbing of the river and the millthe babbling of the river, and the mill-wheel, and the birds, but plainer than any of them there rang through his dying. Let me see an more." Mr. Caperne stopped a moment to stroke the curly head on which his hand rested. "T know what was in her mind "T know what was in her mind No, he had not forgiven; he could not fully know yet the heaviness of the blow that had fallen upon him; he was like a man stunned and only half con-

like a man stunned and only half con-scious; shrinking from the examina-tion into his hurt, which yet he was aware must come. He knew now what was that ghostly resemblance which had so troubled him at first, both in Tony's boyish features, and afterwards in Lucy's face, as she bentover the vio-lets. At that thought Mr. Caperne sprang up to leave the wood which he might never see more; he went away along the path to the bridge under which the stream ran sullen and dark—there he paused to look round, and he said, with his eyes far away beyond Corven with his eyes far away beyond Corven Wood, "Never again-never!"

VII. Five years since Noel Caperne found Julian Dudley's name on the bit of music; five years since he lay on the grass, reviling the pleasant music of the wood, which jarred upon his misery; and he was back again; gray amongst his hair, weariness in his look and list-less gait; back beside the brawling Cor, wondering dimu what hed brought

less gait ; back beside the brawling Cor, wondering dimly what had brought him there; stirred to the very bottom of his soul by the sweet and bitter memories that hung about the place, but rigid as ever in the resolve that he had written its lines by this time in his face. He wandered about the wood until the evening dews began to fall; then he saw the foggy signals rise on the breast of the Cor, and remembered the voice that used to warn him of their danger. What on earth had he come here for? He crossed the bridge, and heard the

Democratic Victory in Indiana. New ALBANY, Ind., May 7.—The entire Democratic ticket was elected for city offi-cers, by a large majority. Mr. Sanderson, for Mayor, had over 600 majority. Only one Radical Councilman was elected.

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A company of Brownlow's Tennesse militin became dissatisfied with the resul

undersigned Auditor, appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the bands of Isnae Mishier, Administrator of said deceased, to and among those legally entitled to the sume, will sit for that purpose on FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1877, at 2 o'clock P. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribu-tion may attend. B. C. KREADY, may 14tw 17. of the election for officers recently, general fight ensued. in which one and general fight ensued, in which one mar was killed, another had his skull tractured and eight or ten more were severely injured. A. Washington letter says: Eliot has re-

ESTATE OF BARBARA NETZLY, LATE **BATATE OF BARBARA NETZLY, LATE** Jo Wost Cocalico township, deceased.— The undersigned Auditor appointed to pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of Joseph Heniy and John Fassmacht, Adminis-trators of the Extate of Barbara Netzly, late of West Cocalico township, deceased, and to dis-tribute the balance romaining in the bands of said administrators to and among those le-gally entitled to the same, will attend for that purpose on TUESDAY, the 11th day of JUNE, A. D., 1867, at 10° clock A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lan-caster, where all persons interested in said dis-tributed may attend. B. C. KREADY, may 8 4tw 18 ceived an order to paint a full-length por-trait (\$500) of Charles Knap, who made a fortune during the war from contracts for casting heavy ordnance, at the Fort Pitt Foundry, near Pittsburgh, and has located himself here. The master mechanics and manufacturers n St. Louis have held a meeting, and ulopted resolutions expressing a determina-tion to adhere to the ten-hour rule. They have also agreed not to employ any man who is a member of a workingmen's so-

tribution may attend. B. C. KREADY, may 84 w 18 Auditor. **PSTATE OF WILLIAM TUBNER, LATE** for Columbia borough, Lancaster county, deceased. The undersigned Auditor, appoint-ed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of Margaret and John A. Turner, Adminstrators, to and among in the hands of Margaret and John A. Turner, Adminstrators, to and among in the hands of Margaret and John A. Turner, Adminstrators, to and among in the lands, the same, will sit for that purpose on MONDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1867, at 10 oclock, A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interceted in sold distribu-tion may attend J. W. JOHNSON, may 84tw 18 Auditor. clety, A new and important branch of Southern A new and important branch of Southern industry is developing in the swamps of North Carolina and Virginia, from which large quantities of peat are now extracted. In the Dismal Swamp peat can be manu-factured at \$1,50 per ton, which now costs \$0 in New York.

80 in New York. Rev. Mr. Boyd, the well-known "Coun-try Parson," has charge of the largest church in the north of Scotland. He says, "Our parish church is seven hundred and fifty years old, and in our church-yard people bave been buried for one thousand seven bundred verse." TOTICE .- WHEREAN LETTERN TES NOTICE. WHEREAN LETTERN TETTERN tamentary to the estate of Alexander Mullen, late of Badabury township, Lancaater county, deed, have been granted to the sub-scriber. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay to MAHLON FOX, may 8 (t\*w) Executor. It is said the President has decided to compromise between not going South at all and going upon a general tour by going direct to Raleigh, and remaining one day and night there and then returning to Washington. If will consequently be gone three or four

He will consequently be gone three or four days. A long time ago, a little boy twelve years bld, on his way to Vermont, stopped at a country tavern, and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later the same boy passed the same little inn as George Peabody, the banker. A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.--ENTATE A of Rachol Jackson, late of Lancaster city, deceased.--Letters of administration on ssid estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indetted thereto are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the same will pre-sent them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township. EDWARD MORTON, J.K., may 8 6t\*w 18 Administrator.

The death of the old horse Henry Clay, who in his time has been one of the great celebrities, and who was believed to be the oldest living stallion, occurred in Seneca county, New York, April 22d. The age of this horse is announced at forty-three years and seven months—certainly a surprising says for a borse to attain. A CCOUNTS OF TRUST ESTATES, &c.-A The accounts of the following named estates will be presented for confirmation on MONDAY, JUNE 3d, 1807: Christian Demmy's Eestate, Henry H. Kurtz, age for a horse to attain.

undred years,"

ommittee. Peter Holl's Extate, Jacob Burn, Trustee. Mary Brinton's Estate, Rebecca B. Hood, Januah Brinton's Estate, Rebecca B. Hood, Germany shows the world at the Exhibi-tion as well as the French what's the time of the day. The clock tells the time at twenty-six different points in all parts of Committee. Phares Good's Estate, Henry Burckhart, the world. It also shows the moon's changes, the hour of noon at any spot on the globe's Jacob Charles' Estato, Jacob Seitz, Trustee. Samuel Shroad's Estate, Martin B. Harnish surface, and the state of the thern and barometer.

Wm. Trostleand wife's Estate, Jacob Getz ud Lyrus Ream, Assignees, W. L. BEAR, Proth'y. An Omaha dispatch says : Track laying An Omaha dispatch says: Track laying on the Union Pacific Railroad was resumed last week. Two miles of track were laid yesterday. General Casement expects to average two and a half and three miles of track daily during the summer. Four hundred and fifty miles of track material are lying at the depot grounds here, ready for use. John Titus, aged ten years, whose pa-rents reside at Villa Ridge, sixteen miles from Cairo, accidentally stepped into a crevice near his home, which proved to be a den of rattlesnakes. The reptiles bit him so that he died in twenty-four hours. The weather not being warm enough to have entirely restored snakes to their full vigor, citizens found and killed them. W. L. BEAR, Proth'y. PROTHONOTABY'S OFFICE, Lancaster, May 1, 1860. ) may 8 4tw 18

Hardware, Stoves. . &c. G.M. STEINMAN. C. F. BENGIEB. IBAAC DILLEN H A B D W A B E !

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST ESTABLISH MENT IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA. GEO. M. STEINMAN & CO.,

WEST KING STREET, Having recently enlarged their store and thus have entirely restored snakes to their vigor, citizens found and killed them. greatly increased their business facilities, nov offer to the community,

vigor, cilizens found and killed them. It is reported that there has been a falling out between Edwin Booth and ex-manager Stuart, the result of which is that the former will not have any interest in the new theater which the latter, with John Brougham, is about to erect on the site of the Moffat Museum, Union Square, but Booth's friends say he, too, will have a theater himself before the Stuart-Brougham combination goes into effect. AT THE LOWEST PHILADELPHIA RATES he finest assortment in the market, of H A R D W A B E SOL. A R D .. SADDLERY, OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, STOVES IRON AND STEEL, CEDAR WARE, SLEIGH-BELLS, CUTLERY, OIL CLOTHS, SKATES, &C,

goes into effect. A gentleman named Reverend J. C. White, undertook to lecture on Romanism in Quincy, Illinois, Wednesday night, but the hall was taken possession of by the Catholics, and upon his attempting to speak he was hustled out of the hall, and barely escaped lynching. At least two thousand persons were present, inside and outside of the hall, armed with clubs, stones, and other missiles. An appeal was made to the Mayor, but he answered that the people had rights as well as the speaker. PERSONS COMMENCING HOUSEKEEPING will find a full assortment of goods in their They are also agents for a superior article VAILS, and for DUPONT'S CELEBRATED GUN AND ROCK

The highest cash price paid for Clover Timothy, and old Flax Seed. [dec 81 tfdaw rights as well as the speaker. rights as well as the speaker. An important discovery has been made in Peru. It is of a silk plant. The shrub is three or four feet in height. The silk is enclowed in a pod, of which each plant gives a great number, and is declared to be su-perior in fineness and quality to the pro-duction of the silk worm. It is a wild per-enuial, the seed small and easily separated from the fibre. The stems of the plant pro-duce a long and very brilliant fibre, su-perior in strength and beauty to the finest linen thread. Small quantities have been woven in the rude manner of the Indians, and the texture and brilliancy is said to be unsurpassed. SECRET OF BEAUTY ⊷ GEORGE W. LAIRD'S "BLOOM OF YOUTH.

GEORGE W. LAIRD'S "BLOOM OF YOUTH. This celebrated preparation imparts to the skin a soft satin-like texture, and readers the complexion clear and brilliant. This delight-ful Toilet is different from anything ever offered to the public before, and is warranted harmless. Laddes give it one trial and be con-vinced of its value. Genuine prepared only by (GEORGE W. LAIRD, 74 Fulton Street, New York, Bold by Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers everywhere. Imay 16 lyw 19 insurpassed.

## The Davis Habeas Corpus.

GVery where: A GENTS WANTED.--WE WANT A Agents in all sections of the States of Penu-sylvanis, Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, to sell a very vultable publica-tion. Active agents can make \$20 per day, of which we can salisfy any one desiring the in-formation. Persons wishing agendes, will direct to SIMON C, PETERS & CO., BOX 40, Harrisburg, Fa. apr 17 2000 The Davis Hadeas Corpus. The President has directed the Secretary of War to issue an order on the comman-dant at Fortress Monre to surrender Jeffer-son Davis to the United States Marshal of Virginia, when the proper legal process shall be issued by the United States Circuit Court.

Singular Suicide of a Congressman Singular Suicide of a Congressman. A special despatch to the Louisville *Courier*, dated May 8th, suys: The Hon. Elijah Hise, just elected to Congress from the Third District by an almost unanimous vote over his Radical opponent, committed suicide this afternoon by blowing out his brains with a pistol. He left a note stating that, in the present condition of the country, his advanced age precluded his doing the country any good, and, therefore, sought relief in death.

Whole Family the Victims. [From the Mobile Times, May 2.] At a wood yard situate about ten miles from the city, at a place known as the "three forks," on Dog River, half a mile up the south fork, and about seven miles from Dog River factory, lives Mr. Fred. Peters, an old man over sixty.five years of age, whose family consists of a wife and four-children. On Saturday last, at about seven o'clock in the evening, a negro man, known as Sam. Ketchum, came to the place and asked many questions from the hands as to their oumbers, their quarters, and whether there were any dogs on the place. After-leight o'clock that same night four negroes appeared on the place, where, as in old times, and when pericet security reigned in the land, the doors and windows were unbarred. The negroes at once rushed on the family and threaten-lingly demanded from Mr. Peters his money; he handed them all he had about himself, \$3.50, but the negroes insisted that he had more concealed, and began to search for it, tearing and breaking up bed furniture, presses and finally, find-ing their attempts unsuccessful, violently laid hands on Mrs. Peters, and took from her persons \$1,300, part in gold and part in

forgiveness elsewhere." He opened the door and passed out

not forgive. In that evil hour Noel said hard things of the fate that had brought him hither; the fate he once thought so wonderfully happy. He did

1 aid hands on Mrs. Peters, and took from her persons \$1,300, part in gold and part in currency. Then they proceeded to ransack the whole house, robbing it of all provisions, meat, candles, flour, &c., &c. And now commences the tragedy, one before which humanity shudders with horror! A young girl, just twelve years and two months old is brutally assaulted by the largest of these brutes, the most olious, violence is attempt-ed upon the innocent child, and—we can-not relate further but the knife of the heartless monster is called in to aid the satisfaction of his ferocious passions. The unfortunate victim passes insonshible

