The Lancaster Intelligencer,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

H. G. SMITH & CO.

H. G. SMITH. A. J. STEINMAN

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER is published every evening, Sunday excepted, at 5 per Annum in advance.

OFFICE—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 70 LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING DECEMBER 29 1869 NUMBER 52

RATE OF ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, $12 a year per square of ten lines; $5 per year for each additional square.

REAL ESTATE ADVERTISING, 10 cents a line for the first, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

GENERAL ADVERTISING 7 cents a line for the first, and 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted in Local Column 15 cents per line.

SPECIAL NOTICES preceding marriages and deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion.

LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES—
Executors' notices.....2.50
Administrators' notices.....2.50
Assignees' notices.....2.50
Auditors' notices.....2.00
Other "Notices, ten lines, or less, three times.....1.50

Poetry.

"GOOD TIDINGS."

Good tidings! Good tiding!
Ring out, O Christmas bells!
The old familiar music still
O'er hill and town and swells!
Go twine with ivy leaves and bay
The holly's coral gem,
And welcome, Christian hearts to-day,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Good tidings! Good tidings!
It is the seliisame strain
That once the holy angels sang
To shepherds on the plain;
A song which brings the weary rest,
And comforts those that mourn;
The ancient anthem, ever blest—
"To us a Child is born."

Good tidings! Good tidings!
The world is old and cold;
We need the blessed Christmas tide
To make us young and glad!
To darkened eyes who saw through tears
Their earth lights pale and die
This holy radiance appears—
"The day-spring from on high."

Good tidings! Good Tidings!
O meek and lowly King!
Teach every faithful heart this day
Thy praise aright to sing;
Teach us to do Thy deeds of love,
Thy precious seed to sow;
As angels work for Thee above,
So let us work below.

Good tidings! Good tidings!
The music shall not cease;
He came to guide our wayward feet
Into the way of peace;
Chime, timeful bells, and loudly ring
To hail the Christmas morn;
Awake, a Christian song,
"To us a Christ is born."

LIGHT.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled back and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the loom I rent of the firmament,
Arose on its shiny spare,
I modeled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the tints that lurked in the hollows
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art in the trust of heart
Had fastened its baleful spell,
In the silvery shore of the flow'rets' tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the wives that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the arks lone few, all tired and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wan moonglean of the bridal beams,
I bade the terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on the senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright,
O! Heaven's resplendent glory,
As they chanted the birth of a Saviour born—
Joy, Joy, to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
To the just and unjust I do send;
E'en the blind, whose vain sparks roll in darkness on care,
Feel my smile the best smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced
As the rose of the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate moan, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her chorus,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her bosom repose,
I wrapt their soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel step by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His companionless bark, long wandering dark,
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in the dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountains and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their rainbow sheen.
O, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
Though fitful and flying the minute,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright and unchanging and infinite!

Wm. Pitt Palmer.

SHARED TRUTH.

Falsehood and Truth, "upon a time,"
One day in June's delicious weather,
("Twas in a distant age and clime,)
Like sisters took a long long tour.

On, on, their merry way they took,
Through flowery meadows and verdant meadow,
To where a beech bedecked a brook
Invited rest beneath its shadow.

Their sitting in the pleasant shade,
Upon the mossy margin of the rill,
(A velvet cushion ready made)
The young adventurers fell to chatting.

Now, while in volubile discourse
On this and that their tongues are running,
A bald bird, each an ear to hear,
The one is frank, the other cunning.

Falsehood, at length, impatient grown,
With scandals of her own creation,
Sate up, stretch'd out her limbs, yawn'd twice,
And nicely screened from observation.

"Suppose, in this delightful rill,
While all around is so propitious,
We take a bath?" Said Truth: "I will;
A bath, I'm sure, will be delicious!"

At this her robe she cast aside,
And in the stream that ran before her
She plunged, like Ocean's happy bride,
As naked as her mother bore her.

Falsehood at leisure now undressed,
Put off in haste all that encumber,
And having donned Truth's snowy vest,
Ran off as fast as she could scamper.

Since then, the sports match, in sooth,
Expert in lies and shrewd evasions,
Has marred the features of Truth,
And wears her clothes on all occasions.

While Truth, disdaining to appear
In Falsehood's petticoat and bodice,
Still braves all eyes, from year to year,
As naked as a marble goddess!

Miscellaneous.

An Undertaker's Wedding.

There is a "melancholy interest" in a little affair that actually occurred not a thousand miles from Boston, a short time since. A well known clergyman received one morning an imperative summons to be in attendance to perform "the ceremony" at the residence of an equally well-known undertaker in the evening. He went, accordingly, supposing, of course, that he was to accompany the train of grief in a house of mourning, but was agreeably disappointed on finding the house (over the shop) brilliantly lighted and filled with guests, whom the undertaker proceeded to introduce as follows:

"This is my intended wife, sir. Miss Crape. I shall marry her to-night, if you'll officiate."

"Certainly," replied the clergyman, somewhat amused; "and these are your friends to witness the ceremony?" looked round at the crowded apartment.

"O, yes, you know many of them—allow me—this is Mr. Bones, Sexton of St. Charles Church."

Mr. Bones rose solemnly, and heaved a hundred dollar funeral sigh as he bowed to the minister.

"Mr. Mould, sexton of the brick chapel."

Mould, who had a low cut white vest, a large glassy white shirt bosom and collar, a pale face and sunken eyes, which gave him the appearance of being "laid out," replied to the clergymen's greeting with the usual sad shake of the head he had practiced at funerals the past twenty years.

"This," said the host, as the individual approached on tiptoe, with downcast gaze, as if afraid of disturbing the silence of a grief stricken family sitting in the front parlor at a funeral "this is Mr. Black, the undertaker; I believe you've met before." Black bowed, and inclined his head sideways, as if he expected the minister to whisper some directions to him before proceeding with the service.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Stone, the sculptor." Stone griped the minister's hand as he would a mallet; he was proprietor of Stone's Monumental Works. Then followed introductions to the superintendents of two cemeteries, a plate engraver, and others more or less connected with the grim business of the host, who after finishing introductions, announced himself ready for the marriage ceremony.

"You don't mind standing here and using this black walnut case for a table, do you?" said the bridegroom; "it was too heavy to move, besides it's full of shrouds and caps that we don't want to tumble."

The minister acquiesced, and he twain were duly united, after which cake, wine and conversation pervaded the company.

The clergyman congratulated the bridegroom on his bride. "Yes," replied the happy man, "she's been my housekeeper some time,—nice woman—aint afraid of dead folks."

"Ah, indeed," said the clergyman, getting a little chilly down along his backbone in spite of himself, and wishing to change the subject, he remarked

"Any news to-day, Mr. Tressells?"

"News, no—that is, yes! You remember Merker, who jumped overboard and drowned himself from a ferry boat last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, they found him this morning in ten feet of water, and paving stones in his pockets."

"Indeed!"

"Yes!—*We've got him up stairs, if you'd like to see him!*"

Not knowing what might come next, the clergyman thought best to take his departure, which he did with a *grave* demeanor suited to the occasion.

How the Umbrella Ran Away with Ellie.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

The old clock in the market place rang out the hour of three in tones sweet and tremulous with age. The children coming from school counted the strokes and rejoiced; for when the black, spidery pointers should have thrice again travelled around their dial, Christmas eve would be begun.

The afternoon is crisp and cool. Jets of thin, bluish smoke curl from the chimneys like long fingers, all pointing the same way—pointing to the fir-clad hill which rises beyond the town. If we followed their direction, we should find ourselves on the steep path which crosses its top, and, winding down the other side, runs close to the door of a small cottage—the cottage of Dame Ursula and her little Ellie.

A tiny place—so low, and brown, and hidden among the mossy rocks, that we might pass by without seeing it. In summer, there are bee-hives, and the bees buzz cheerfully among the wild thyme; but now their music is frozen into winter silence. And the porch, where Ellie sat at her spinning during the sweet, warm days, is empty. Only the faint gray curl from the chimney tells of life within.

The door is on the latch. Let us push it open. A few sticks on the hearth, the clock ticking—that is all. No, one other sound—a sigh from the bed in the corner. It is Dame Ursula lying there alone. Poor woman!—something very sad has happened.

She has always been so strong and active that she forgot she was no longer young, and climed up a ladder to mend the thatch on her roof. And she fell, and twisted and bruised her back dreadfully. It hurts her a great deal. She cannot move or work; and here is Christmas at hand, and all her plans for giving Ellie a treat are spoiled. No wonder she sighs.

We must speak softly that she did not hear us; but now the door is pushed open again and she looks up. It is Ellie, all flushed and rosy, and dragging a great spruce-bough fresh from the forest. She claps her hands joyously as she cries: "See, grandmother, here is our Christmas tree."

"Poor child, thou hast nothing to put on it."

"Ah! but this is not all," cries Ellie again clapping her hands. "I've thought of a plan—such a plan, grandmother!"

"And what is that, my Ellie?"

"Thou knowest the silver thaler in the stocking we said should go for the candles and the plums for the Christmas *fete*, my grandmother?"

"Yes, liebchen; but I cannot go to town to buy them."

"But I can, grandmother—that is my good plan! I will trim the fire, and set the soup beside thee, before I go. I know the way so well, and the shop with the green door in the window, and I shall say: 'I am Dame Ursula's little Ellie, and thou must sell me a good measure of plums, because my grandmother has hurt her back.' And when I come, we will light the candles and hang the raisins and almonds on the bough, and it will be so gay. Dear grandmother, *do* say I may go."

She looked so eager that the Dame had not the heart to refuse her. She thought of the long distance, and the lonely path; but she knew the little feet were light and active, and the little head as wise as a woman's. So she kissed the bright cheek and answered: "Yes, liebchen, thou mayest go. Put on thy Sunday kirtle, and thy red cap, and make thyself neat, as soon as may be, and do not linger upon the road, lest night overtake thee."

Ellie was soon dressed. The fire was stirred, the broth prepared, the little basket reached from its nail.

"And take the umbrella with thee, dear. The winter days often cheat us with rain, and I would not have the wet," said the grandmother, last of all.

Now, to be trusted with the umbrella was counted by Ellie a great honor.—She willingly obeyed. It had been her grandfather's, and was very big and blue, with his name cut upon a horn-shield on the handle. It was taller than she, and not easy to carry, but she felt proud of it, as, pounding the hilt, basket in hand, she went, looking very like Red Riding-Hood, and full of happy thoughts.

The town was safely reached, the errands done. Every one was in holiday humor, and gave full measure to the bright-eyed little maid. Jan, the fruit merchant, even tucked a gift into her hand—a bright, rosy cheeked apple. The plums, the tapers, the bit of beef, the filberts, were all stored safely in the basket; but time had flown, and it was nearly six before the heavy laden little messenger was ready to turn her steps toward home.

The pleasant day was changing into a wild, gusty evening. Little dull, red fragments of sunset were scudding over the sky, and a strong, chill wind piped through the mountain pass. It blew Ellie along, and was of use in that way; but her fingers grew cold and stiff, and she could hardly hold the basket. At last, she hung it on her arm, and just then a few heavy drops fell, and, mindful of grandmother's order, she put up the umbrella.

Alas for Ellie! As well might a lamb have attempted to manage a balloon at full sail. The umbrella took matters into its own hands or rather, as it pulled, it flapped, it tore along with the wind, Ellie holding fast the handle. It raced down the hill at full speed as if bewitched, carrying her with it. First her little cap blew off, then the ribbon that bound her hair. The long curls blew into her eyes. Blinded, confused, unaware that anything ever had been her breath, and was just beginning to cry when, before she knew her danger, the umbrella finished by twisting her sharply to one side, and over the edge of a low ravine full of trees. She felt herself falling—felt the umbrella snatched from her grasp, and then she know no more. All the world grew dark, and she lay as if asleep.

It was long before she woke. When she did, her head and limbs felt heavy and ached. She did not know where were the basket and umbrella? Gone, quite gone, and it was dark, and the wind blew loudly in the trees overhead. Was not that enough to make a little girl feel frightened?

She sat up after a while, and then she saw a light twinkling from a little hollow just below. It was bright and winking like a million of little tapers, or a whole room full of glow worms, and she thought she would creep forward and find out what it was

She did so. Such a wonderful sight she had never seen before. The hollow was lined like a nest with green and brown moss and soft yellow grasses. It was so light that she could see every blade, and the light fiery points of the cup mosses; and the light came from torches, each about the size of a pin, worn in the caps of myriads and myriads of tiny fays, who were flying to and fro, and chattering and clustering together like a swarm of bees. Thousands and thousands of them, and every moment more came—from nowhere in particular that Ellie could see They just appeared and took their part in the general hubbub.

But by far the greatest stir was going on about a mossy nook a little distance where sat three old men. Great pine-torches were stuck into the trees above their heads and showed them plainly. One had a seat a little higher than the others, and was taller and more dignified. His face was sweet and solemn, and looked at least a thousand years old, but his eyes had all the fire of youth, and seemed never to have been weary or ever shed a tear. The other two were stout and furry, with snow-white beards, and faces pink and round like a schoolboy's. One wore a queer Dutch roundabout, trimmed with lamb's-wool. The other had a great fur-lined wrapper. Both carried pointed caps on their heads, from under which their little eyes twinkled brightly. Around them on the ground lay heaps and heaps of things; clothes, books, sugar-plums, rocking horses, dolls, drums, whistles, great piles of coal, fat turkeys, smoking-hot pies with savory crusts—every kind of things that you can think of! All these they were packing away as hard as they could into great bags, and as soon as one was filled, two or three thousand fays would seize and drag it off to a place behind the bushes, from which came now and then the tinkling of bells, and a sound as of animals stamping the ground.—Ellie looked very hard, and thought she could make out in the dim light a pair of horns above the bushes, but she was not sure.

But neither the fays nor the torches nor even the mysterious sounds attracted her as did the face of the beautiful old man in the midst. It was so sweet and kind that it seemed impossible to keep away from him. Almost before she knew it she had made a few timid steps forward, and was standing in the middle of the hollow. The fays espied her first. With cries and shrieks of laughter like tipsy bells, they clustered about and drew her gently along till she was close to the larger group. A myriad tiny voices began explaining, but the grand old man held out his hand, and with a look commanded silence.

"I know all, dear little one," he said; "I heard thy steps in the wood path, and sent the elves but now to break thy fall. Thou knowest me not, but I know thee. Thou art one of my children. Dost thou not guess my name? I am Father Christmas."

"Oh! yes, dear Father Christmas, I know the well," cried Ellie in rapture, and she kissed the hand so aged, yet so unwrinkled.

Father Christmas smiled, well pleased. "And these are my sons," he went on. "Offer to your kinsfolk. Thou hast heard of him? He takes my gifts to all the little beloved ones of German land and to the Hollanders. Once, a long time since, he used to carry toys across the sea to the children in Manhattan, but it was far to go, and now my son Santa Claus takes that business off his hands. They are good boys, both of them, but they are young—quite young."

"Are they much younger than you?" asked Ellie. "Are you very old, dear Father Christmas?"

"Going on two thousand," replied Father Christmas with a genial laugh. "But I feel young as ever. Hast thou not something in thy pack for this dear child Kris Kringle?"

"Yes, indeed," cried the old "boy" at his side. "See, little one—this—and this—and this," and he held up a doll, a book of beautiful pictures, and a fat goose, with its legs tied ready for the spit. "And these stockings are for thy grandmother," he went on, as he huddled them into his bag. "but neither she nor you must have them before the time comes. I shall leave them on my way back from town. Many, many people are waiting for me there."

"And for me," said Santa Claus, "they are getting ready even now in England. The stockings are hung up, and the children have begged to go early to bed that they may wake the sooner. The ringers are collecting in the church-towers and blowing upon their fingers that they may be warm to make the bells peal merrily. And the little American boys and girls are waiting. Soon they too will be tucked up. I must be off."

"And have you done your work, my fays?" asked Father Christmas.

"We have painted all the windows in the world with pictures," answered some, "and they are all about Christmas: "crosses and evergreen-boughs and spires so delicate and beautiful. Now, if people only were not stupid. They will wake up to morrow and see them, and never guess what is meant. There is a fir-bough on your little pane," nodding to Ellie.

"And I have been round and tucked the children up all over the world," said another. "And kissed the babies so that they shall sleep like dormice while their mammas trim the nursery. Not one is awake in all the cradles, except one little deformed boy who cannot sleep, and for him I won such a pretty picture that he is laughing instead of crying."

"And I," said another, "have been to visit the crocuses, who are asleep in the cold ground. They roused a little and smiled when I told them what the season was; and I promised if they would be patient and slumber yet a while longer, that I would return and awaken them in the spring."

"And I," cried an elf, who seemed to brim over with frolic and mischief as a flower-cup with dew, "I have been tickling the noses and pulling the wigs of the rich men who sent no turkeys to the poor. "What, gnats so late in the season?" cried one, and gave his nose a great slap, while another said, 'Phew! it is indeed stinging cold!' "Ho!" cried the elf, "stinging cold!"

"And I," said a fifth, "have been distributing the dreams. To the sad, sweet ones; to the sick, peaceful ones—bright and frolicsome ones to all the children. And to good boys and girls I gave the dream of Christmas."

"And I have visited all the poor," whispered another, "and trimmed their dull fires and put sugar in their cups, and above their doors a leaf of the plant called 'Hope.' Have I done well O my Father?"

"All have done well," said Father Christmas. "And now the clock strikes ten. We must be upon our journey. harness the reindeer, my elves, and make all ready; but first this dear child must be safely set upon her homward way."

The fays bustled about her brightly. Fifty-four of them brought each a rain drop from the scattered parcel, others hunted for the basket, while a fatigue party of eight carefully rolled the big red apple into it. Myriads more pursued and found the umbrella, which had stuck fast in a furze-bush. Father Christmas gave his blessing; and sobbed and helped, she knew not how, by a million tiny fingers, she found herself again on the top of the bank whence she had fallen, her basket on her arm, and the big umbrella in her hand.

The wind had died away, and the moon shone clear. Lightly she tripped down the path and rattled at the latch of the cottage. Poor Dame Ursula had passed a wretched evening listening to the rain, fearing all sorts of evils for Ellie, and weeping over the helplessness which kept her from going to her aid. She had just fallen into a troubled sleep when in danced Ellie, with cheeks like roses, and eyes bright with excitement. She threw herself into her grandmother's arms.

"O grandmother!" she cried, "I have such things to tell thee! Such a wonderful story!"

And granny listened to the tale with utter bewilderment. Of only one thing she felt sure, she had her darling safe at home again. That was enough to complete her wishes.

It was too late for the Christmas tree, but they had it next day. The first thing in the morning Ellie looked at the pane. Yes, there was the fir bough, the fairy favor, drawn in lines of silvery frost. And at noon came the pastor's wife. She bore in her arms a doll. Her little daughter had sent it, she said. There was a picture book, too. Ellie laughed with glee. She had seen them both before. Later in the day their neighbor, the farmer's wife, who did so much for them, made her appearance.

"I have brought you a goose, Dame," she said. "I hope it is a good one. And these stockings are my own knitting. Don't be discouraged about you fall. It's a long lane that has no turning, you know, and soon you will be up again."

Ellie kissed the kind hand that brought these good things. In her heart she knew that they were not her gift only, but the gift of Christmas.

And that evening, when the spruce bough twinkled with its tapers, and the raisins and nuts hung beneath them, when the fire blazed its cheeriest, and grandmother in her new stockings was raised a little in bed, that she might see the savory goose hissing and bubbling in the pan, Ellie crept away into the corner of the kitchen and patted the big umbrella with a loving hand.

"If you hadn't run away with me," she said, "I should never have seen it all."

Lesson for Boys.

Several little boys were amusing themselves by snowballing in the upper part of New York on Saturday, when one, named James Doody, aged six years, was struck on the head by a ball with a piece of ice in it. The little fellow was taken home and, complaining of illness, was put to bed. He grew worse rapidly, and died on Monday afternoon from the effects of the injury received. We hope this sad lesson will not be lost upon the youth of our city.

The Peril of the Ice.

The broad bosom of one of our northern rivers was covered with a smooth sheet of ice; and at a point where the stream widens after passing through scenes rich in historical interest, King Winter seemed to have taken especial delight in spreading a table so attractive as to draw from out their houses nearly the whole population of a thriving village that stood upon its banks.—Men, women and children had turned out to participate in the delightful sport of skating, or to watch the evolutions of the skaters.

It was, in truth, a grand sight to observe hundreds of both sexes, dressed in various costumes, and gliding rapidly over the smooth, translucent surface, while shouts and peals of laughter rang mellow and merry on the still night air. A great bonfire, kindled on the ice, sent up its red flames, throwing their light far along the river, over the quiet village nestled near its bank, glistening from a frosted forest on the opposite side, and rendering the scene so wild and fanciful that the skaters, as they glided to and fro, might easily have been mistaken for the ghostly inhabitants of some supernatural world.

"What splendid skaters!" was the exclamation passing through the crowd, as a young lady and gentleman made their appearance upon the ice, coming up the river from below. They were skating hand in hand, now backward, now forward, now performing some difficult feat, or whirling around in wide, sweeping circles.

"Who are they?" was the question asked by many among the spectators.

"Kate Clinton and Frank Hill," was the reply, pointing them out as belonging to the most prominent families in the neighborhood, whose splendid mansions stood near the river's bank a little further down.

The young ladies, who had thus unexpectedly made their appearance, at once became the objects of universal attraction, and an admiring crowd soon collected around them.

Observing this, and not appearing to like such a public exhibition, the young lady whispered some words in the ear of her companion, who, suddenly wheeling, so as to face down the river, and taking her by one hand with him, by a few forcible strokes shot clear of the crowd, and skated rapidly away from it.

A murmur of disappointment followed their departure, while glances something like disapproval were cast after them as they glided off under the gleaming moonlight.

"They appear vexed at our leaving them," remarked the young gentleman. "They don't often meet with an accomplished skater as you are, Kate."

"As yourself, you mean, Frank. It was your performance that gave them pleasure. And now I think of it, it wasn't graceful in me to have been the cause of disappointing them. Suppose you go back and show them a little more of your skill. Do, Frank; I can wait very well till you return."

"Anything to please you, my dear Kate."

And so saying the young man released the tiny gloved hand of his fair partner; and, after a few long shots, was again in the midst of the villagers, gratifying them with the display so much admired.

The direction was down the river—towards home. At a glance Frank Hill recognized the thin, tiny score left by the slender steel blades on the feet of Miss Clinton. But the man who had gone skating so close by her side—who was he?

A painful suspicion shot through his brain. He remembered that, shortly after leaving the house, they had passed a man upon the ice, who was also on skates. They had brushed so near him as to see who he was, and in the moonlight had beheld a countenance bearing a most sinister cast.

Charles Lansing, whom Frank knew to be a rival suitor for the hand of Kate Clinton.

This man had made his appearance in the neighborhood some three months before; coming no one knew whence. In fact, there was nothing known of him, except his name; and this might easily have been an assumed one. He put up at the principal hotel of the village; appeared to have money, and to be a gentleman of birth and education. Was Charles Lansing the man who had come to Miss Clinton upon the ice and carried her away with him? It could be no other; for Hill now remembered having heard the ring of skates behind, as they were coming up the river from the place where Lansing had been seen, and shortly after they had passed him.

The first thought of Kate Clinton's lover was one of a most painful nature. It was, in fact, a bitter pang of jealousy. Had the whole thing been pre-arranged, and had she willingly gone away with this stranger, who, though a stranger to others, might be better known to her? Lansing, if not what might be called a handsome man, was good looking enough to give cause for jealousy.

It was a fearful reflection for Frank Hill; but, fortunately, it did not long endure. It passed like a spasm; another, nearly as painful, taking its place. He recalled a rumor that had been for some days current in the neighborhood—of a strangeness observed in the behavior of the hotel guest, that had caused doubts about his sanity. And more forcibly came back to Frank Hill's mind what he had heard that very morning—how Lansing had presented himself at the house of Miss Clinton's father, had acted in such a strange manner—uttering wild speeches and threats against the young lady—that it became necessary to use force in removing him from the premises.

Could this be the explanation of the disappearance? Was the maniac now in the act of carrying out the menace he had made—some terrible mode of vengeance under the wild promptings of insanity?

The thought came quick, for this whole series of surprises and conjectures did not occupy three seconds of time. And with the last of these, Frank Hill threw all his strength into a propulsive effort, and shot off like an arrow down the river.

A bend was soon passed, beyond which there was a stretch of clear ice extending for more than a mile. Away at the farther end, two forms were dimly discernible; and upon the still frosty air could be heard the faint ringing of skates, at intervals repeating their strokes.

Frank Hill had no doubt about one of these being she of whom he was in search; and, nerved by the sight, he threw fresh vigor into his limbs and flew over the smooth surface like a bird upon the wing.

On, past rock, and tree, and hill, and farm-houses sleeping in silence; on in long, sweeping strides; his eyes flashing, but fixed upon the two forms, every moment getting more clearly discernible as the distance became lessened by his speed.

And now he was near enough to see that is was Lansing.

The latter glanced back over his shoulder, recognized his pursuer, and taking a fresh hold on the wrist of his apparent unwilling partner, he forced her onward with increased velocity.

She had looked back, and saw who was coming after. The silver light of the moon, falling upon her face, showed an expression of sadness suddenly changing to hope; and raising her gloved hand in the air, she sent back a cry for help.

It was not needed. That wan face, seen under the soft moonlight, appealing to Frank Hill for protection, was enough to nerve him to the last exertion of his strength, and he kept on, without speaking a word, his whole thought and soul absorbed by the one great desire to overtake and rescue her.

From what? From the grasp of a maniac, as the behavior of Lansing now proved him to be.

Merciful Heavens! What is that sound heard ahead, and at no great distance?

Hill did not need to ask the question. He knew it was the roar of water—he knew that a cataract was below. And near below; for, on sweeping around another curve of the river, the black, smooth water could be seen rushing rapidly forth from under the field of ice, quick whitening into froth as it struck against the rocks cresting the cataract.

The pursued saw it first, but soon after the pursuer.

"My God!" gasped Hill, in a voice choking with agony. "Can the man mean to carry her on—over? Stop, madman!"

Lansing heard the call and looked back. The moonlight, falling upon his face, revealed an expression horrible to see