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VOLUME XL

least objectionable to her.

the Bisclaveret should discover him

Yvon's morning fit of anger had

#### Hoetry.

COMING At even, or at midnight, or at the cocl

or in the morning." When the work of the day is done. and you have time to sit in the twilight And watch the sinking sun, While the long, bright day dies slowly

With thoughts of me; Passing along the street, mong those thronging footsteps May come the sound of my feet; Therefore I tell you: Watch By the light of the evening star, When the room is growing dusky Let the door be on the latch

I will come. Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention pair to business in the Orphans Court and to the settle may be when the midnight Is heavy upon the land, And the black waves lying dumbig May 1, '79. When the fire burns low and red.

Beside the bed ; In the dark room. For it may be at midnight

Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the win Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any gal business intrusted to him in Bradford county ersons wishing to consult him, can call on H may be at the cock-crow. When the night is dying slowly ter, E.q., Towanda, Pa., when an appointme And the sea looks calm and holy Valting for the dawn d Of the golden sun, Which draweth nigh; TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27, 79

When the mists are on the valleys, shading The rivers chill, And my morning star is fading, fading Behold ! I sav unto you : Watch Residence and Office just-North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m. In your home.

etween the night and morning I may come. t may be in the morning And the dew is glittering sharply Along the shore;

Agency for the sale and purchase of all kinds of Securities and for making loans on Real Estate. All business will receive careful and prompt attention: [June 4, 1879.] and the birds are singing sweetly About the door; With the long day's work before you You rise un with the sun. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY And the neighbors come in to talk a little AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend Of all that must be done: But remember that I may be the next To call you from all your busy work,

For evermore; OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST For the door is on the latch In your room.

And it may be in the morning Office on State Street, second floor of Dr. Pratt's office. apr 3 79.

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THE EAB Vilaine. THE EYE G. W. RYAN,

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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1880.

NUMBER 36

And the hour grows quiet and holy

In your home For it may be through the gloaming

When the moonless night draws close And the watch is ticking loudly

Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch Still your heart must wake and watch

When the sun is bright and strong, When the waves are laughing loudly

Selected Tale. BISCLAVERET.

A BRETON ROMANCE.

We all have had our childish shud-Gare, or Were-wolf;" that grim ley.

However, in spite of the bad omen,
However, in spite of the bad omen, the other half roaming the high

forms, to frequent nightly gatherings | in the pasture, and made sudden and | him and find out the worst. over which "Old Nick' himself pre-

One can well imagine how number- been their ancestors. less were the tales of Bisclaveret in the days of chivalry, when the red bonpapa, drinking in the sweet scent noticed before. Just as we had got of Normandy, the boar made his lair | gable.

ine them not a century ago, when the for a newer and larger one. wild woods of France were no more; Yvon seemed well off; Annette ken the truth, for on arriving at the straight into their hiding place. when the plough-land and vineyard was happy, and what more could an ledge of rocks he stopped, lifted a But a moment, and they hurry on it was the prophecy; the omen of silver bullet bite into your wolf flesh? face, but I don't think he was a beauhad taken the place of oak and chest- old man want? But, after all, was large flat stone, and took something again, as the chase is lost in the nut grove, and when the very occa- Annette happy? Of late dark circles from under it, which, par Notre Dame labyrinth of seedling pines, which sion of a wolf coming down into the had grown under her eyes; at times d'Auray, were wolf-skin clothes. He usher in the forest, and whose sturdy Dordogne would muster out more she seemed distraught; at times men from a single village than could very affectionate; then again cold and, arrayed in the skins, started to- as they wind through them. a whole kingdom of chivalric time. and listless. What could it be? tion has died out. Nevertheless, one ping down the path as was her wont bushes. "Bisclaveret" story still hovers though, but hurrying onward with "As soon as I could me round the winter firesides of Brittany her head bent, one hand clutching courage I hurried after him.

-by which vieux bonpapa in his great arm-chair—the centre of a semi-circle of well-filled stools and the matter?

they emerge into the wild woods, and rising, his limbs were so numbed and by wolves, I suppose, though some is a sharp ynp, yap, with an answer trembling that, after carrying the one must have been there since, as very smart, and he always knew his body for a few paces, he was obliged the body had been moved. Water! lessons. He had a great deal of wolves seemed to be galloping away ing through the pine branches. wooden settles-doles out, amid the | "Bon jour, bonpapa!" "Bon jour the high road leading from Poitivy looking enviously around. to Guingamp; how, after leaving the

chaumiere, long since deserted, but once, and I did not believe him; but home, fearing every moment he would felt atigue; and as the hunted pressin my young days inhabited by one last night I found it out for certain." follow and pull me down. Very little was known of his history; he had come, he said, from

Finisterre, and was a carpenter and Yvon!" blacksmith by trade. But as he was a bon garcon, paid ready money, did ally placid disposition and somewhat my fate. looking a gully, Annette clutches the leaves sprinkled a clammy rain on not get more than ordinarily drunk. rheumatic, the suddenness of this "About his usual time he came to old man's arm and drags him behind him; and as the sleeping vale below not get more than ordinarily drunk, rheumatic, the suddenness of this and above all was loyal, nobody announcement was too much for him, the door and tried it. At last he a tree. cared what he might have been be- and he bounced out of the arm chair knocked. I could not answer. I was INSURANCE AGENCY fore; and every one liked him for like a jack-in-the-box, nearly upset- tongue-tied with tear. He knew I | moonlight. There is the stone! Let | broad moonlit bosom, as he peered what he was. At all the merry-making was Annette.

ankles incased in crimson stockings could not be kept up long, and, sink- mysterious about them, that, putting either of you, for my sake." present) on her bosom, resting on a broken by the fall. snowy-frilled bib and apron; and I As soon as his excitement waned s had married his granddaughter to a lafter a sudden burst, had stopped dead his own clothes will be there thought, as Yvon took her hand to little, curiosity took its place, and he Bisclavaret, and that it might be as howling; and, as Annette heard bon- if alive, the skins!"

banished into the woods for the on my marriage night. The next day Yvon's death or to go back to the his errand; of whom he was tracknight, the mud floor swept and sprin- when I went to the spring, the bread chaumtere; and the morning had ing; and all her year of married life kled; candles stood round the room in niches or on pine brackets, reflecting ging at it. Do what I would, I could half-coaxed, half-bullied her into If bonpapa was successful ing brightly off the old carved oak bedstead; the big chest had been shoved into a corner to give free warren for the dancers; while overhead dangled the bread-basket, bursting its sides with new barley cakes. in company with such a goodly array of sausages, onions and hams as made the hungry wish for supper time. The evening passed off gaily, and not a cloud was to be seen in

the new married couple's horizon till

Try your 'luck' in the fountain."

said one; and in an evil moment

game of chance was proposed.

Yvon and Annette consented. With solemn air Annette's bonand butter; and amid a laughing and how often he was absent. crowd they sally out under the moon ight to a spring bubbling and gurging from a network of old oak roots. have cast a sudden chill over the with unfaithfulness, and said I knew party, I know not. A dozen times he had some mistress whom he visitbefore on New Year's day had each ed regularly.

a solemn reality. Perhaps the tone in the wild woods." party returned to the chaumiere in a hundred louis. silence, which the scattering "Pauv,

So the sobered revellers made their adieus hastily-starting at the foothomeward path, and shuddering at derings over stories of the "Gar- the whisper of the aspens in the val-

of Hungary, the Black Forest, and the honeymoon seemed to pass off as wolf howl, that I determined to find lit glade against a bank of wood. even of the plains of France; that happily as could be; and the anni- out the reason. uncanny "thing"-for neither man versary of their marriage day had nor beast was he—that spent half his nearly come round ere any one knew time as an honest gentleman should, that aught was wrong in the Chau-

miere D'Yvon. morning sitting at the door of his but when I got to the door I could burch grass. During Sir Walter Scott's time the ferme, unbending from the rheumatic | see him strike into the woods oppobelief in the existence of "Gar-wolf" cramps of Winter in the warm May site, heading directly for the wolf a hillside, in an air heavy with the or "Bisclavaret" still remained in sun; now watching in the yard howls. Brittany; and a contemporary of around him the grim gambols of a Sir Walter writes: "The Bretons litter of white pigs-gaunt even in saying that he was a Bisclaveret, and suppose that certain men deck their youth; now giving an approv- when the same thing happened the themselves in the skins of wolves, ing look at the sturdy colt that bin-second night, and on the second from nied and snickered round its mother that again, I determined to follow

futile attacks on two meek-eyed cows,

scattered castles of petty Kings in prosperous these twenty years; the But it is scarcely so easy to imag- been exchanged a few days before

At the present time the supersti- Ah! here she comes! Not trip- of the ledge of rocks overgrown with freer and freer of lower branches,

ouffs of his briar pipe, the following: | ma mie!" "Is any one at home be-You may well know, my children, sides you, bonpapa?" asked she, fronted by a wolf so enormous that through the dark stems, among which

"Nobody! Jacob and Pierrot are Yvon metamorphosed. village of Corlay, it winds up the in the fields; Maman has gone to Cotes-du-Nord through wooded glens market. What is it, child?"

strike him on the head with a short in the scanty cover, twice nearly disand steep head-waters of the River For a moment or two she hesitated; ox-goad I brought with me, and then covered by Yvon, who had stopped then, throwing herself at his knees, run down the rocks again, falling to breathe a moment in the ascent; At about two miles from the sum- she blurted out fiercely, " He is a near the bottom and nearly stunning mit there are the ruins of a little Bisclaveret! He told me so himself myself. But I sprang up and fled

"A Bisclaveret! who, child, who! exclaimed the astonished old man. "Who? why, he!-he, of course-

Although bonpapa was of a gener- rushed in, barred the door and waited

Yvon, ringleader in the frolic and Had he been a German he would time, after making him swear by the slope and appears in a little cove prayer that revenge might bring at fun; and each girl in the country probably have sat still and said, Virgin he would not harm me, I let bathed in moonlight against a ledge least a poor relief to his troubled side vied with the other for a loving glance from his brown eyes.

And well they might. His tall, athletic frame was set off by dainty clothes, and dark locks rolled over his china pipe. But bonpapa, his shoulders, as long and fine as his shoulders and grashing his favorite him bonning as abruptly some thoughts.

It was nearly frightened to death thirty feet, but which a few yards on the first feet, but which a few yards on the first feet, but which a few yards on the feet out of the first feet, but which a few yards on the feet out of the fatal skins and glide into the thicket of take a fearful vengeance.

The maid contessed, drew cack from view thoughts.

It was nearly frightened to death thirty feet, but which a few yards on the feet out of the first feet, but which a few yards on the twenty armed peasants filed out of the fatal skins and glide into the thicket verte dead or alive, and, if the latter, to take a fearful vengeance. eannette's here.

briere pipe on the ground, he danced ever I played him such a trick again toward the wolves, now quite close. to take a fearful vengeance.

When I was about twelve years around the kneeling Annette, alter- he would kill me.

"Stay you here, Annette," whisper- As to have gone by Aril; 187.9

| Down Composition of the first properties of the first point point of the first point of the first point of the first point point point of the first point of the point of the first point of the first point of the first point of

**5** . .

lead her out of church, that a bettermatched pair could not be found in
Brittany.

Up to the little chaumiere they

under the pair of the way followed by a force of the many were the plans he

under the plane as a nowing; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to as moving; and, as Annette near the sollowed to a sollowed the sollowed the sollowed the sollowed to a sollowed the sollowed the sollowed to a sollowed the sol took their way, followed by a joyous "You remember, bonpapa, the formed for doing so, but they were ments to his return. omen of our marriage day foretold all marred by Annette, who would not shake off the fear of that omen. "Yvon was kind and good to me,

and I loved him; but yet he seemed

in some way connected with my fate.

Another thing troubled me; he would

Finisterre. "One night, about a month after our marriage, I was surprised, on waking up at midnight, not to find Dure of Corlay for his regeneration bave told bonpapa! Yvon at my side. Some nights after or extirpation. To this Annette, at Bonpapa! How I that he was gone again, and a few nights after that; and one morning, on asking him where he went at night, he colored up so, and made

"At last I found out that every ber. But at last it was decided that double agony of doubts and fears, other night he went about ten o'clock both should go; so toward evening she knelt and sobbed aloud to the and returned just before day. The pieces are thrown in. There "Knowing, as the whole country is a moment of breathless excitement. side does, of his many amours before dark bonpapa was ensconced in the fir-needles?" That short sigh behind 'They swim!" "They don't!" marriage, I naturally concluded that edge of the woods, with the prover-'They stick!" "No! Yes! No! he went out to see some old love, bial silver bullet in his gun in case Oh Annette sinks! and the buttered side and the idea so maddened me-for I up, by St. Yves!" Why this should loved him dearly—that I taxed him and show his wolf nature.

"Whereon he laughed, and anand every one of them tried their luck in the same way; laughing as swered that I was the first mistress pent of the night's adventure before they saw the fatal bread and butter he had ever had, and that I would her. She could not help loving him ox goad home. But not this time! foretell their prosperity, sickness and be the only one. 'But,' added he, still in spite of all; but as evening and, ere she had lifted it for the in which the bonpapa said "God pre- "Of course I then thought this the fountain might come true; be-

serve thee from ill, my Annette!"- nothing but an excuse, and things sides the scandal to the family if it broke the stillness of the forest, cut pale and hollow-eyed, shows himself, do with it. Be that as it may, the that I think he must have saved up find some way of regenerating him,

"You well know, bonpapa, that at so that by the time Yvon slipped struggle. peti. Annettes," from the more su- this time of the year when they have from the house, she was again nerved perstitious did not help to brighten. cubs, the wolves how more than at to follow out the quest, and, giving bonpapa who, having suddenly lost was put to the roof in two or three like Edgar could. Edgar was a poet instances, of a little violence to feelings, and to efforts made in defiance of Yvon, was slowly return. A bright streak in every sense of the word. One ings, and to efforts made in defiance bread and butter had foretold death night ago there was a regular chorus out across the pasture, mottled with for Annette within a year, and bon of them to the northward of the wide eyed buttercups, and over the that Annette had been attacked by papa looked sadly disturbed when chaumiere, and Yvon two or three low rail and bank beyond, under wolves or the Bisclaveret, and he times in that evening got up after whose shadow bonpapa awaited her, listening anxiously, went to the door | gun in hand! and came back with a disturbed look | Bursting through a grove of birch

"It seemed to me so odd that a moment more Annette's keen eye the last year, should be afraid of a et, now standing out gray in a moon-

scent of primroses and hyacinths. "This brought to my mind his "I did so last Monday up into the

starting from close to the corner of delicate yellow asphodel, too crush-Puffing contentedly at his pipe sat the pasture, but which I had never ed and bruised to rise again. nesday night I followed him only to they watch I von's tall figure top the night, by keeping, closer to him, I moment looking back over the trail, put his own clothes in their place, branches swish their faces and limbs one long kiss, sat dreaming and your peace with God, or the Devil, favorite with his schoolmates. I nev

> ward the wolves, to a broken part "As soon as I could muster up of bracken higher than their heads,

> through the forest; but as I scram- head, to greet them on their way. bled up over the ledge I was con-I can only believe it to have been "I had just presence of mind to needles. Warily tread the hunters

> strike him on the head with a short in the scanty cover, twice nearly dis-

as I ran that, as the chaumiere seem- louder and clearer down the breeze ed to afford me some protection. I sweep the wolf howls.

ting himself in breaking loose from was in there, and that I had shut the us wait here." door to spite him, and after a long | Slowly Yvon climbs the further

short enough to show pretty feet and | tend him !" etc. However, this strain | tecedents, he had always been so | Do nothing that may bring death on | tree over it, and flopped away and silver-buckled shoes, with bright ing into a chair and picking up his this and sundry other little things A wave of the hand, and anon he, laugh; but the body and the handker bows of ribbon on their instep, a sil. pipe, he puffed furiously at it, seem- together, coupled with Annette's too, crept out into the moonlight chief was gone! Where? ver heart and crucifix (her lover's ing unaware that the bowl had been story, bonpapa could only arrive at under the rocks, and was lost to present) on her bosom, resting on a broken by the fall.

"Look for the clothes under the present on the unpleasant conclusion that he sight in the thicket. The wolves, stone," proposed one. "If he is

Then, as she strained eyes and ears great patches, and they were bepigs and chickens had been my death, and I went sadly to bed inever consent to be the means of toward the thicket, she thought of Graggled with mud.

The proof of the longer pight. The next day I Yvon's death or to go back to the his errand; of whom he was track
"By St. Yves, his namesake, he does

> half-coaxed, half-bullied her into If bonpapa was successful, if he helping him to follow out the one satisfied himself that Yvon was a Bisclaveret; what then? What would It was more than probable that he and the Cure decide to do with cannot deny that in these he has Yvon, being out of temper with his him. He had been a good husband, wife, would go out again that very and in spite of her knowledge of his one he has buried the body in the never tell me anything of his past night; and as it would be easy to double being, she loved him; it seem-woods, and gone down to the life, except that he had come from follow him in the moonlight, the old ed now more than ever, at the chance chaumiere to brazen it out. If he man proposed to dog him to his wolf of his being condemned to death conference himself, and if he found through her means.

it to be a fact, to take steps with the Better have faced it out than or extirpation. To this Annette, at Bonpapa! How long bonpapa had the trial, they found Yvor first, would not agree, as she would been absent—he should be back by going down the mountain. not consent to bonpapa's risking his this time. The half-hour must be up. life alone with the Bisclavaret. Bon- The Bisclaveret might have seen papa to this urged strongly that he them tracking him, turned on the papa hands to each a piece of bread to lie awake and find out how long the family, and would not take her killed him. That were, if possible, for fear something might happen to worse than the other. And in her

Annette went back to the chaumiere Virgin.

Oh. God! the great wolf again at her elbow! "Yvon! Bisclaveret! have mercy! For a moment the two, wolf and passed off, and though moody at girl, glared at each other; and then times, he was kind and loving; so clashing the broad white-langed jaws much so that Annette began to re- like a steel trap, he lunged at her. With all her force she drove the

be aroused, and that the prophecy of shoulders and bosom. One long despairing death scream but the muffled worrying of the wolf

hurried back where he had left her. As the wolf raised its head to look

at the newcomer, the same idea that yourself, murderer! Show your teeth came to Baltimore that summer, and and willow they find the trail, and in occurred to Annette flashed across for the last time, and die like a brave bonpapa—that Yvon had discovered wolf!" Yvon, a mountaineer, who had been recognizes Yvon's figure ahead of them following him, that not content out at night three times a week for them, now half lost in a dense thick with his skins, he had taken a wolf's form, and having given him the slip, had gone back to kill his wife; and Now they scramble down over the horror of the scene so unnerved "About half an hour after he had moss-clad rocks into a dark glen, the old man that he could scarcely gone to bed he leaned over me to see where hazel branches arch over their hold his gun steady; but the Biscla-

Up into the moonlight again, along shambled slowly off. Ah, what a sad ending to their expedition! What a poor revenge on On either side the oak stems loom the Bisclaveret! He must die-the up gaunt and white, save where knot- silver bullet must do its work: but ted veins of ivy creep up and round how dearly had that revenge been ed with cinders.

In his eyes: "You couldn't do Nat. success which attended Lever's easy them, sucking their life blood. Anon bought! And bitter tears dimmed The sight was so unexpected that Howard and me a greater favor than and dashing sketcher; but toiled upthey drop into a low vale where the spongy moss squeezes out its water his lap that little head hacked and across the road, and fell beside the Nat. Howard would like to have his, touched at a hazard the hidden spring, from under their tread, and sighs as gashed by those cutting teeth. Who spring. blotched black and white, as had pine woods, along a beaten trail it takes it shape; once more, at the was to blame for it but himself? He should have followed the Bisclaveret | glaring round on them, he panted out alone! There was no question about with the energy of death-A rabbit scuttles across their path, Yvon's identity now. He had suddeer wandered free over the breadth of the stocks and wallflowers on the of Normandy, the boar made his lair gable.

Close to the wolf howls, by a great one ear slouched toward them, the denly disappeared only a few paces what has other cocked at the great horned owl before him among the wolves, almost death?" in the woods of Versailles and wolves He was at peace with the world bayed the moon at the gates of the and himself; his farming had been wolves, I hurried back again. Wed-Cowering in the grass and ferns the plateau, had been searched, but anger rising as Yvon spoke; "have fold stocking in the oak chest had lose him at the same spot; but last earth bank, where he stands for a ly and mysteriously had he disap- nette and I track you last night to

the fountain had come true!

stupefied, But taller and taller grow the pines, and at last, after a plunge into a dell

Ghost-like glide the three figures

gray boulders crop out mushroom-

like through the warm carpet of fir-

On the crest of a long chine, over-

"There! there it is! across in the

rouse the country side. for excitement had so kept up Antheir branches | But even that was true-Annette! Annette!" nette and the old man that neither company in the great silence of the forest, where a pine seed quivering, through the frothy lips, and dropping spinning down, clicked as it touched over her body there passed away es on again, they slip from behind "I meant to come on here, but I their sheltering trees and creep after a fallen limb. How heavy and choking from earth the soul of Yvon Cardoc was in such terror of his catching me him like a pair of panthers, while the scent of the hyacinths below. Air! air! To be again among his fellowmen, out of that dell where the

mists rose heavy and dank, and the burst on his sight and the dim outlines of the fields mapped out on its down at the ferme nestling in its sheltering aspens, he breathed s

through the woods, echoing his harsh

both of them the hair was frayed in

the Saint honor, wearing the devil's livery so freely!" said a peasant Twere to take these and confront him with them, as he is alive! Even if he does deny killing Annette, he joined in the wolf dance. Ten to chaumiere to brazen it out. If he has we can avenge Annette first and

hunt for her body afterward." The advice seemed good, and in the first piece of soft ground, along nine years old, who was the early the trial, they found Yvon's tracks At the corner of the pasture box

papa called a halt. Should they take him alive if they could and make return from their two years' visit to such a clumsy excuse, that I decided must go alone to save the scandal to old man now that he was alone, and him confess, or kill him outright? should he be allowed to live longer? who kept an English and classical in whose company no one was safe? 1825." If he would kill Annette, he would

> roof. En avant! en avant!" And soon a ring of fierce faces whose chimney a thin film of white that he could give. smoke simpers up through the morn-

ing air.

if you really want to know my se- grew on, fear came over her that he second blow he was upon her, the and show yourself! Ha, ha! we have his mind. "Why, he was a born poet. waits, doubts, and hesitates and con-But now, somehow, it seemed dif- cret, I am a Bisclaveret, and every | might any night return in his wolf's | white fangs buried in her white neck, | you now, in spite of your sharp teeth ! One day Mr. Allan came to me and ferent. The whilom jest had become other night I am condemned to spend form, that his savage nature might and the cruel claws tearing her Ho! murderer! wolf mate! show yourself. Slowly the door opens, and Yvon.

"Yvon! Bisclaveret! come out

perhaps the sombre shadow of the went on as usual excepting that once were known that she had been mar- ting through the pine stems, buffeted only to stagger back into the house, him under your care." This was friends that he has no time left to foloak, through whose heavy foliage tiny rifts of silver flickered on and the pool, had something to ack with plenty of money—so much the pool, had something to ack with plenty of money—so much the fearful thought! The Cure would the money the fact that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is no such the charges of a dozen guns rattle tried that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is no such the charges of a dozen guns rattle tried that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is no such the charges of a dozen guns rattle the most distinguished or my school. He became one of the glen down into the fearful thought! The Cure would the woold below, and then nothing to back with plenty of money—so much the fearful thought! The Cure would the woold show, and then nothing the most distinguished of my school. He were known that she had been adjusted to fill against the rocky ledge, tossed from the charges of a dozen guns rattle the most distinguished of my school. He became one of the most distinguished of my school. He would take the donkey and the nother man, beast, nor destinguished of my school. He became one of the most distinguished of my school. He were known that she had been adjusted to fill the woold that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is no such the charges of a dozen guns rattle the most distinguished of my school. He would take the donkey and the nother man, beast, nor destinguished of my school. He would the head of the place school against the rocky ledge, tossed from the charges of a dozen guns rattle the most advice. There is no such the charges of a dozen guns rattle the most advice. There is no such the charges of a dozen guns rattle to follow the fill the woold the most advice. There is no such the follow the fill the woold the most advice. The man the fill the most advice. The man the fill the woold the fill the woold the most advice. The man the fill the most advice and the fill the woold the most advice. The man the fill the most advice and the and he would not have to be killed; and the throbs of the girl's death fire to the thatch! Smoke the wolf the same class. Nat. was as good, if which man chooses to venture, if

> ing. It could only mean one thing, of flame runs up a long straw, and summer, at the end of the session, to strict and sober calculation. the roof is in a blaze. "Aha! Bisclaveret, you are trap- complimentary letter. Nat.'s was ped now! The devil will have his written in Latin, after Horace, but own sooner than he expected! Show Edgar's was written in poetry.

> > sullen rush of smoke hurtles up as "Mr. Clarke, these compositions lives behind him; and thus had the the roof crashes in, echoed by a cry would do honor and credit to the advantage, not shared by all his riof rage and pain which silenced even best educated professor in my col- vals, of thorough acquaintance with crackling straw and rafters.

In a moment more the door was and he wasn't more than twelve or are the favorites of literature, and burst outward, and from the debris fourteen when he wrote that letter among whom the finer problems of if I was asleep, and when, as he heads, the brook tinkling and simper- veret stood still frothing his bloody into their midst struggled Yvon, to me." thought, he had assured himself of it, ling down through the damp shaughs laws over his victim; and at last the shambling and tottering, grimed with when they had been married he got up, put on his clothes and coppices of alder, fringed and silver bullet sped. With a how! the smoke, and dripping blood from a now?" the reporter asked eagerly. common people believed, in a meet about ten months, bonpapa was one slipped out. The moon was young, tusted round the roots with rank wolf sprang into the air, struggled a dozen wounds; but in his arm was moment on the ground, and then clutched something, of which, in the swered sadly: "I returned it to Ed- he was never at home among gentlefury of revenge, they had forgotten gar. One day, after I had come to men, and had no freedom in handling the existence—the body of the un-Baltimore from Richmond, Edgar them. But though thus standing on fortunate Annette-in a dress once came to visit me. I told him about a higher level than his great competwhite, but now mottled with the fresh | the letters, and Edgar rose and said, itor, Thackeray had not his immediblood of Yvon's wounds, and smirch-

Still further they shrank back as, "Devils! what do you mean?

he was not to be seen. Too sudden- you not done enough? Did not An- gar would ever be a great man." ly and mysteriously had he disapprete and I track you hast high to boy, Professor?"

peared for man. Bisclaveret he must your wolf den? And did you not boy, Professor?"

Well, he had very pretty eyes kill his poor defenceless wife! But was in search of you? Did not my and hair, and rather an effeminate And do you ask what you have done, tiful boy. He had a very sweet dis He wiped away the blood from the fiend that you are? But 'tis no use; position. He was always cheerful face as well as he could, and, after you have not long to live, so make brimful of mirth, and a very great

that the excitement had worn off, use concealing it longer, as I'm how weak and helpless he felt! On dying) to find Annette cut to pieces It would be impossible for him to A year ago, in hunting, I killed two get it home alone, so he stuck a wolves in a cave, in which I found gar's little sister?" branch with a handkerchief on it traces of lead. I opened the mineover the body to keep away the used their skins to work in, so as not McKenzie when Mr. Allan took Edwolves, and started sadly home to to soil my clothes and betray myself, gar,"

Was she pretty?" sold my lead in Guingamp, and to How dreary was the downward put Annette off the scent I told her was a bisclaveret. And the omenof very well, but I think she was a very his express 'bus)—"All right, sir; all

how ghostly the ' hush, hush" of the fountain has come true, doubly sweet and interesting child." Slowly the last, words bubbled up mond, of course?" the last Bisclaveret of Brittany

> -Macmillan's Magazine. THE OLD, OLD STORY Eager to see, she pressed the sash, The slight frame broke with sudden crash. And fell into the street. A splinter struck a gallant knight, He upward glanced; there met his sight She smiled; he smiled; you know the rest-My tale you have already guessed. The end of course is plain.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Put away the curling irons, Lately used by darting Claire, For she nevermore will need them ; She has banged her golden hair. Place the frizzes in the bureau.

As she dives around the bed room Getting ready for the ball. Set her tooth-brush in the tumble Hang her stockings on the chair. So that when her young man comet She will not be in despair.

Where her eyes may on them fall

Don't forget the zebra garters That go with her silken hose, And get out a perfumed rag For her to blow her tiny nose. Now our darling's fairly ready; Soon she'll face the wintry breeze And her younger brother mu

"Oh, my! ain't she just the cheese

EDGAR ALLAN POE. Venerable Teacher Still Living cences of the Poet.

One of the Bulletin's staff, a day have an inverview with the venerable Joseph H. Clarke, now eightypreceptor of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe. In Eugene L. Didler's memoirs of Edgar Allan Poe, the following occurs: "On Mr. and Mrs. Allan's England, Mr. Allan placed Poe in "Kill him! kill him! kill the Bis- the academy of Professor Joseph H.

safe! Call him out; shoot him down! years his junior, had grown mentally and if he will not come out fire the feeble under the weight of many

"Edgar, Edgar," said the old

Nat. and Edgar both wrote me a

I showed those letters to Rev. Mr. well-established family, perhaps with Damphoux, of St. Mary's college, no floating grandeur of a pedigree, But not an answering sound, till a and what do you think he said? but with a generation of cultivated lege." Oh, yes, Edgar was a poet, the inner life of those classes who

The old man sadly answered, "No, What have I done to deserve such a sir; that's one thing I always regret number of years struggling along ted, not having kept some of Edgar's notes or poems. But then, you know, " have I couldn't tell at that time that. Ed-

tupefied,
The wild "hoot! hoot!" of a "Stay," said Yvon. "I came out to him with his schoolmates. I never may be." er had occasion to say a harsh word The wild "hoot! hoot!" of a "Stay," said Yvon, "I came out to him while he was at my school screech-owl aroused him; but now of my mine this morning (there's no much less to make him do penance." "Did he study very hard?"

"No; he was not remarkable for walk a mile to get a five cent glass of "Did vou ever see Mary Poe, Ed-"Yes; she was adopted by Mr.

"You saw Poe after you left Rich-

"Yes; when he came to Baltimore and stopped at the tavern, he would never forget to come and see me." "Do you believe that your pupil was an habitual drunkard?" ways opened a bottle for him when he came to see me; but then it was the custom of the age, you know, to drink wine at that time. Then, when he was the custom of the same to see me; but then it was the custom of the same time. Then, when he was much for a man as some reduce the custom of the same will do for more. ways opened a bottle for him when Edgar became editor of Graham's

Magazine, he sent it to me regularly "Was he affectionate to you, pro-"Yes, indeed; I think the boy and man loved me dearly, and I am sure

I loved him." "When was the last time you saw him?" "When he was laid away to rest, in 1849. I went to his funeral. A that you can eat the whole of that pud

A case of peculiar interest is down for hearing by Lord Young in the Scotch court of sessions. It appears that a watchmaker of Ayr, who had amassed a fortune of £10,000, left it by will (subject to a partial life interest for two sisters) for the rebuilding of the old bridge of Ayr, whenever such rebuilding should be required. He appointed the magistrates and town council of Ayr trustees under the will, and directed that the principal sum should lie out at compound nterest till it was required. The will contested by the brothers of the testator, who urge, inter alia, that the old bridge of Ayr has stood for several centuries, and so far as can be judged will stand for centuries to come. They therefore maintain that the will is null and void, in respect of the remoteness of its purpose. The alleged verbal testimony of the bridge might itself be called in in support of the case of what in Scotch law are called the pursuers. The depositions were taken down by Robert Burns, and stand upon record under the familiar heading, "The Brigs of Avr." At the date when Burns heard the alleged controversy between the Auld Brig and the New

The Auld Brig of Ayr.

Brig he says of the former: Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish race, The very wrinkles Gothic in his face; He seemed as he wi' Time had warstled lang. Being twitted by this condition by

his younger rival, the Auld Brig declared with pardonable pride: This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide. And though wi' crazy elid Dm sair forgairn,

I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless calrn ! There may be some difficulty in getting this evidence accepted by the court. It is, nevertheless, not altoor two ago, had the good fortune to gether without interest, and seems to go straight at the point at once.

#### Words of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their claveret!" was the answer. "Why Clarke, of Trinity College, Dublin, fort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all What was he but a murdering demon school at Richmond from 1816 to probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, He greeted the Bulletin represent in order to do anything in this world kill any one! This taste for blood tative cordially, but it was plain to that is worth doing we must not might bring out his wolf nature, and see that the aged man, though physistand shivering on the brink, and our homes and little ones are not cally as hearty as many a man thirty think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculayears. When the old gentleman was ting risks and adjusting nice chances. seated, the reporter explained that It did very well before the flood, close in on the little chaumiere, from he wanted any reminiscences of Poe when a man could consult his friends upon a publication for one hundred and fifty years and then live to see man, rising, with a far-away look, as its success for six or seven centuries memories of old times flitted through afterwards, but at present a man sults his brother and his uncle, and said: "Mr. Clarke, I have heard particular friends, until one day he finds that he is sixty years of age; gar shows a decided aptness for that he has lost so much time in conclassics, I have determined to place sulting first cousins and particular out!" rang out again the revengeful not better, than Edgar in the classe ever, is so confined, that it is no bad The scream reached the ear of voices, and ere it was well said tinder ics, but Nat. couldn't write poetry rule to preach up necessity, in such bonpapa who, having suddenly lost was put to the roof in two or three like Edgar could. Edgar was a poet instances, of a little violence to feel-

Thackeray. He was born of a well-connected "No. no." the old gentleman an- might be in which he lived, in fiction with such a strange, yearning look ate success—he had not even the in his eyes: " You couldn't do Nat. success which attended Lever's easy and I am sure I would give worlds and the door flew open before him. to have mine.' I gave them to nim." Up to this time he had lived a strug-"Then you have no memento of gling life; spending and losing in the first place the little fortune to which he was born, and then for a with varying degrees of unprosperity; neither happy in his circumstances nor fortunate in his efforts, but always cheerful, always honorable, and self-sustained; a man flung by stress of weather into many out-of-the-way vessels and voyages, but never stain-

#### ing his good name or leaving shame behind him.—Fraser's Magazine.

A TRAMP and Keely's motor are alike, nasmuch as they won't work. The thrifty man will always put some thing away for a rainy day, even if it is nothing but a stolen umbrella. PROMISE to treat a man and he will

digs in the ground and one who digs in books is that the former digs for hire and the latter for lore. The worst case of "stage fright" is that of the man who thinks he has pass-ed up a two dollar and a half gold piece nstead of a dime to the driver. CONDUCTOR (to Brown, who is pretty

An old lady in Wichita says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign, "Smith's Manufacturing Company.'

Ar the dinner table-George: "What do you call that piece of wood in the roast beef?" Lincoln: "That is called fond of wine, and I know that I al. a skewer." George: "Oh! that keep the meat se-cure. does it?"

> THERE is a patient in one of the New York hospitals who, in his delirium, continually calls out, "Next 1 next!" The college professor or a barber.
>
> Rich Dentist (who is contemplating the erection of a fine residence)-"What

"JOHN" said a doting parent to her