

of the adopted children of Father Greyson. They were unable to stand and converse with one whom they felt sure had wronged them as well as the dead, and they therefore pushed almost readily by her, and entered the house.

The morning subsequent to the funeral, Arthur Clayton and Honoria held a long, and what seemed a stormy interview in the library. The doors were carefully closed, but loud and angry voices were heard issuing from thence, more than once. Mr. Clayton finally came out looking cowed and sullen.

"The idiot! She holds the reins in her own hands, and thinks to ride over me with impunity!" he was heard to mutter, as he strode across the hall.

Passing out, he mounted his horse, a fiery, untamed creature, and went dashing down the avenue at a frightful pace. His actions were those of a madman, or one driven nearly to desperation.

Two hours later, a messenger drove up to the Hall, calling for Phil, Dote and Honoria.

"Mr. Green has sent for you," he said, "There is business of importance to transact, and I am to take you directly to his office."

Honoria made some demur at first, but finally consented to go, and the whole party was soon en route for the village.

The ride was a silent one. Mr. Green met them at the door his face very grave. "I have sad news to tell you," he said, taking Honoria's hand. "A terrible accident occurred. While returning from the hall this morning, Mr. Clayton was thrown from his horse upon a pile of stone and nearly killed."

Honoria became ghastly pale, and screamed out in sudden terror.

"It is the hand of fate she cried. "He has a confession to make," persisted the lawyer, relentless, like his kind.

"Mercy! mercy!" The blow was sudden, crushing, unexpected. It found her at a disadvantage. Some awful fear seemed to confront her, and reluctantly she allowed herself to be led into the office.

Arthur Clayton lay nearly dead on the couch and was only barely able to whisper his confession, which was of the following purport:

It was he who had given Father Greyson the chloroform, and he who had personated him in the marriage ceremony, which was easily done, as neither of them were personally known to the clergyman.

Honoria and himself had long been lovers and had mutually agreed upon the plan, promising to share the proceeds of the enterprise. Honoria, by means of a mask and light drapery, had represented the ghost; her object being to obtain the letter written by Father Greyson, before it had been seen by Dote. The secret revealed in that letter was, that Dote was his own lawful child, by an early marriage, which circumstances had compelled him to keep concealed until after the death of his wife.

This secret had long been known to Honoria, and she was anxious to keep it from Dote, as the knowledge of that fact would interfere with their plan. The will had been stolen by her and was destroyed. When in spite of all her efforts, the letter had been conveyed to Dote she, had given her patient sufficient chloroform to stupefy him, had crept along to Dote's room, as has already been stated. During her absence Clayton entered the room occupied by the invalid, and had given more chloroform which had produced his death, intending to put him beyond the power of making further disclosures. When Honoria returned from the visit to Dote's chamber, he had administered the drug to her to prevent suspicion from pointing in that direction.—Their plans worked well, but during the interview that morning, a quarrel regarding the disposition of the property arose between them, and he had left, reckless and desperate. A moment or so after he had furnished his confession, he was beyond the reach of man's vengeance.

Honoria was glad to be allowed to go away without punishment, for her share in the work of that night, and Phil and Dote both felt that in her defeat she had already been sufficiently humbled.

The after events, our readers can easily imagine for themselves, and if any of them should ever visit "Bunker Hill," Mr. Phil Merideth and his pretty wife—once Miss Emerson, will gladly extend to them the hospitality of Greyson Hall.

"You say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence, state just exactly what you meant by that." "Well," said the witness "My exact meaning is that he lied."

A Singular Story.

A MOST remarkable case of domestic infelicity has just come to light in that part of Jersey City hitherto known as Hudson. The parties to the affair are all of the highest respectability. All but one of them—the injured husband—are possessed of valuable property, which fact led to the trouble. Whether there is anything criminal in the matter is not known; but from the respectability of the parties it is supposed they are innocent of any evil except that of very persistent malice toward their deceased relative's husband. Still, as the property in question, at least so far as the dead woman's share goes, is entailed under certain conditions, a very nice legal point is involved.

Three years ago this spring, a young man named Starkey, of good habits and respectable connections, was taken into the employ of a Mr. John Tice, who keeps a dry goods store in Hudson city, and whose family is one of considerable wealth. The Tice family inherited this from their father, a hard-working farmer, who owed his prosperity to the rise in property which he purchased in his youth. When they took young Starkey into their employ they intended that he should act simply as their clerk. But there was a young lady in the family, a Miss Mary Tice, who conceived other ideas. Starkey being a rather good-looking young fellow, of pleasing manners and address, Miss Mary was not long in discovering his good qualities nor in manifesting for his company a decided preference over that of the other young gentlemen of her acquaintance. Starkey, in his turn, was rather impressed by the young lady's good looks, and the result as was but natural under the circumstances, was a reciprocal attachment.

The family, discovering how matters stood between the young couple, and having rather higher notions than the girl, at once dismissed Starkey from the shop, and forbade his ever setting foot in the house again. They also denied the girl the privilege of meeting or conversing with her lover. The result may be imagined. Opposition only fed fuel to love's fire, and within a month after the clerk's dismissal he became the girl's husband. She immediately left her relations—a brother and sister—to live with her husband. Her relatives finding their opposition useless, gave a tacit consent to the marriage, and furnished the apartments in which the young couple went to housekeeping. Young Starkey being a man of good habits, had made a great many friends, and bore a good name, so, being offered assistance, he at once went into business on his own account, and succeeded in making a very comfortable living for his family.

Things went smoothly and happily with him until a year after marriage, when his wife gave birth to a daughter, after which her health failed. Thinking that her sister and other relatives would be able to give her more care and attention than she would otherwise receive, she proposed to her husband that she and the child should go to her sister's and remain until she should recover. Mr. Starkey, although he and his wife had always lived together in the happiest manner, the two never having had a word of difference, gave his consent. Thereupon Mrs. Starkey removed with her child to her sister's residence. It was a sad day for Starkey when he gave his consent to the removal, for from that time he never saw his wife nor child again. What arts the family used, or whether his wife was confined to her bed by illness he does not know, but certain it is he never saw her, nor could he gain access to the house. The child, as he learned from the neighbors, was sent away, and the family would tell neither him nor his wife where it had been taken. This latter fact he subsequently learned from a letter his wife left for home.—Time passed and Starkey went three times to the house where his wife was lying sick, but each time he was refused admission to her bedside, although he knew she was ill.—When she died he was not informed of the fact by the relatives, but learned it from the death notices in the newspapers, the woman's death having been advertised, strangely enough, under her maiden name. Starkey then went to the house and asked to see his wife's corpse. Even this consolation was denied him by the heartless relatives. Not knowing what course to pursue under the circumstances, and overwhelmed with grief, the doubly-bereaved husband went to Justice Maires, to whom he related the particulars of the affair, when the Justice called on the Tice family and informed them that unless they manifested

decent respect for the husband's feelings he would at once issue a warrant empowering the husband to take the corpse and bury it himself. This sudden threat of the law, which they had overlooked brought the unfeeling relatives to their senses, and they then accorded the husband the required permission. They even allowed him to attend the funeral but compelled him to ride in a carriage of his own hiring at the tail-end of the procession, instead of giving him the place he was entitled to—that of first mourner.

Small as was this poor consolation, the family had their revenge, for no sooner was the funeral over than they sat up the claim that as they had given the young couple the furniture they had, it still belonged to them, and so they replevied the property and carried it off, the husband offering no objection. But hardly had this trouble been smoothed over by time than another came. The afflicted Starkey indirectly learned that he was also childless, his little daughter having died and been buried at some convenient distance in the country—when, where, or how, he has never learned, and does not know to this day.

And here is where the legal point arises. When old Mr. Tice died he left his property to his children, to be divided equally between them. Should either of the children die without heirs, his or her share was to be divided between the survivors. Now, if Mrs. Starkey's child died before the mother, then the child's right to the property as heir would revert to the mother, and the brother and sister would be her heirs; but if the mother died first the child would become the heir to the mother's portion, and she dying subsequently, her title as heir would be vested in her next kin—her father. As the property involved is worth \$200,000, the question becomes one of considerable importance.

A Spunky Girl.

A GIRL living with her father in Bartlett, New Hampshire, performed a deed which showed that she had the true spunk of her ancestors.—Her father was a Crawford and followed the profession of a guide among the mountains. Her name was Bessie, and she was the only daughter remaining at home—a dark-eyed, brown haired girl, of slight but compact frame, just entering her nineteenth year. Her mother had been dead several years, and upon her devolved the whole care of the household.

One day Crawford went, with a party of travelers, away to the head waters of one of the many mountain streams that empty into Saco, and Bessie was left alone. Even the dogs had all gone with the pleasure seekers. Near the middle of the afternoon, while the girl was sitting by an open window in the front room, engaged in sewing, a man came up from the road and asked her if she would give him a drink of water. Bessie had seen this man before, and had not liked his looks. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, ill-favored fellow, and the bits of moss and spikes of the pines upon his clothes indicated that he had slept in the woods.

But Bessie did not hesitate. She laid aside her work and went to get the water. When she came back the man had entered the room. She did not like this for she was sure he had come in by the window; but she handed him the tin dipper without remark. The man drank, and then set the dipper down upon the table. Then he turned upon the girl, and drew a broad-bladed knife from his pocket.

"Look ye, my young lady," he said, "I know there is money in this house; and I know that you are alone. Show me where the money is! If you don't I shall kill you, and then hunt it up myself! I'm in earnest and there is no time to waste. Don't make a fuss for if you do, you'll feel this jack-knife quick."

Bessie shrank back and looked into the man's face, and she could see that he meant just what he said.

"If I show you where the money is, will you promise not to do me harm?"

"Show me, honest, and I won't harm you."

"Then come with me. But you will take only the money—you won't take my father's papers?"

"Only the money, girl."

Bessie led the way to a small bedroom on the ground floor, where there was an old mahogany bureau, the upper drawer of which she unlocked. The man, when he saw this, thinking doubtless that Crawford's gold was within his grasp, shut up his knife and put it in his pocket. The girl opened the drawer, and quick as thought, drew forth a large navy revolver—one with which she herself had

killed a trapped bear—and cocked it.

"Villain!" she exclaimed, planting her back against the wall, and aiming the weapon at his bosom, "many wild beasts have I shot with this good pistol, and I'll now shoot you, if you do not instantly leave this house! I will give you not even a second! Start, or I fire!"

The ruffian could read human looks as well as could the maiden, and he could read very plainly in the firm-set lips and in the flashing eyes—but more clearly in the steady hand which held the pistol—that she would not only fire as she had promised, but her aim would be a sure and fatal one.

And he backed out from the bed-room—backed into the sitting room—then leaped from the open window and disappeared.

Bessie kept her pistol by her side until her father and his guests came home; and when she told her story, search was made for the ruffian. But he was not found. Our heroine had so thoroughly frightened him that he never came that way again.

Outwitting a Thief.

A ROBBER'S ADVENTURE.

"YOU won't be afraid to stay alone to-night?" said my husband, as he kissed me, and wished me good-by.

"No," I answered, "I don't think I shall be afraid; but, at the same time, I should feel better satisfied if you were in the house, or the money out of it."

He laughed and said, "I am sorry to leave you, dear, but I don't suppose there is any danger, though I fear it is pretty generally known that the long-looked-for money to pay off the men arrived to-day. Perhaps I should not tell you this; but," he said, patting me on the cheek, "you are a brave woman, and thieves are always cowards."

So, with another kiss, he left me. We had been settled at Milton, in Canada, for about six months; they were running a new line of railroad through the town, and my husband was chief engineer of the party. Milton was a pretty little place, but somewhat scattered, so we had no immediate neighbors; but upon one side was an apple orchard; back, and in front of us, open spaces, and upon the other side the church, a large wooden building, whose white back arose perhaps thirty feet from the side of our pretty little cottage, which I believe had formerly been the parsonage. I tell you this, so that you may better understand the rest of my story.

After my husband had left, I called Maggy, my maid-of-all-work, and told her to close the kitchen windows, and lock the back door, meanwhile doing the same myself to the back of the house. My husband ever thoughtful, had brought me home a new book; and once absorbed in its columns, I forgot that I was alone with only Maggy, a raw Irish girl of perhaps sixteen, and with a considerable sum of money in the house. The evening passed quickly away; and much to my surprise, as I finished the last sketch in my paper, I heard the clock strike twelve. It was time for bed, I thought; for I knew it certainly was useless to wait up for my husband who having been called away on important business, would probably be unable to return until the next day; so I went to the kitchen to rouse Maggy, whom I found nodding over the fire, afraid to go up stairs until I went.

"Come," I said, "Maggy, I am going to bed now."

I had scarcely spoken the words, when I heard a cautious footstep in the front piazza. I listened. Had my husband come home? Again I heard it, and then the door-knob softly turned. I took off my slippers, and went noiselessly to the front door and listened; the steps sounded again in the piazza, and then I heard them in the crisp snow, as they went round the house.

"So you are going to try the back door," I thought. "Well, you won't get in there, for we are safely locked up, I know."

But the next moment I thought with horror of the windows that faced the back of the church, which had no fastening of any kind. Maggy was white with terror, and commenced wringing her hands and crying:

"Och! it's murdered we are intirely!" she exclaimed.

"Cease your noise, you idiot," I said, more forcibly than elegantly.

I must see about those side windows, for I well knew the next trial would be there, and that it would be an easy matter to reach them, as they were not far from the ground. As I again entered

the parlor and drew up the window-blind, I caught the reflection of myself upon the white back of the Methodist church opposite. Quick as a flash, I dropped the blind again.

"Run, Maggy," I said, and get me my husband's great coat from the hall, and that old hat of his that hangs behind the kitchen door. Quick!" I said, as she hesitated, afraid to venture alone.

At the same time I looked eagerly around for something that would have the appearance of a revolver. I found what I wanted—the case of my husband's meerschaum pipe.

"Just the thing," I said, seizing it.

By this time Maggy had returned, bringing me the old coat and hat, and stood with open eyes and mouth regarding me, as I hastily dressed myself in them.

"Now open the window wide," I said to the wondering Maggy.

She tremblingly obeyed. I took my place directly between the lamp—which I turned up so it would burn brightly—and the window, and saw, with a thrill of joy, the shadow of my figure presented on the opposite church. Maggy looked first at me, then followed my gaze out of the window.

"Shure it's a man you've made of yourself," she said, as she saw the shadow.

And it was as perfect a deception as I could have wished. I listened and heard the steps coming round the house, and at once fixed myself in the best position possible, holding the meerschaum case in my hand, as though I were loading a revolver. The steps ceased; evidently the owner of them was regarding the shadow on the church. It looked formidable.—Then I heard them cautiously retreat; the gate was softly shut and Maggy, peeping out of the front windows, saw a man hastening off.

"Shut the window, Maggy," I said to the delighted girl; the danger was past. "Thank heaven!" I said, reverently, and Maggy added, "and that old coat and hat."

My husband, much to my surprise and joy, came home about an hour afterward, and found me still dressed in my strange masquerade. When I told him my story he laughed heartily, and said, "I'd back one brave woman against a dozen thieves any day."

But, nevertheless, his next present to me was a handsome revolver.

A Judge in Difficulty

A Judge in this State went into the river to bathe the other morning, and, while he was swimming about, some abandoned scoundrel stole all his clothes excepting his high hat and umbrella. We won't undertake to explain how mad the Judge was, because, although the English language is copious, its most efficient and vigorous adjectives are entirely unequal to the expression of certain degrees of emotions. But he stayed in the water about four hours, experimenting with the different kinds of imprecations and endeavoring to select two or three of the sturdiest oburgations for application to the thief. At last he came out, and, after mounting the high hat, he opened the umbrella and tried to cover his retreat up the street toward his house. It appeared to the Judge that all the female pupils of the boarding schools and the members of the Dorcas societies and the women's rights conventions were out promenading that day, and the Judge had an awful time going through the zouave drill with that umbrella. When he reached home he heard that the thief had been captured. The Judge is now engaged in writing out his charge to the jury, in advance for the trial. Those who have seen the rough draft say it is the most picturesque law paper drawn up in that section of the country.

Over the fire-place, in a quaint old mansion, erected nearly two hundred years ago in Mamaroneck, the following inscription is carved in stone:

If the B mt, put :

If the B . putting :

The present occupant of the mansion, Hans Van Hamburg, was for a long time at a loss to decipher its meaning. The matter was brought before a number of antiquarians, and finally referred to the Tautog Club, when the following, and probably correct, solution was given by the *œdipus* of that famous fraternity:

If the grate be empty, put coal on [:]

If the grate be full, stop [:] putting coal on [:]