The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Poetical Selections.

expressions.

also h

cence ?"

it?"

inal.

again seeing Oscar.

whom he had any misunderstanding."

" The last person seen with him; but

seen here in the house. It is true that some unpleasant words passed between

them, but Oscar came directly to me, and

acquainted me with the circumstance .-

My father left the house while we were

talking, passed down the road, and was

out of sight before Oscar left. He must

have turned into the woods, for his body

was found there, and Oscar went straight

home by the road. He is about to leave

the neighborhood, and I have promised

"Then you have heard from him ?"

"Yes, more than once. Do you tkink

I could have lived through this, had he

not himself assured me of his inno-

about to part from the weeping Nora-

that time I do not discover the real per-

petrator of the crime, and clear my name

consider yourself as free as if he we had

never met." And so they parted. She

to bear the sorrow of this long separation

as best she could, and he to engage in the

weary work of hunting up the real crim-

Again the sunshine played, and the

Nora Overing ; yet neither line or mes-

sage had she received from Oscar. Her

mother's health was delicate, and her own

cheek was pale and her step languid. So

with Arthur they had resorted to a fash-

ionable watering place, hoping that the change would benefit them all. Nora

mingled but little with the gay crowd

that as usually frequented the place yet some few acquaintances did she make,

and among them was one, the object of

whose attentions she would not under

other circumstances have mistaken. But

now her mind was so wholly absorbed in

the thoughts of the absent, that things transpiring around her seemed like a

dream, and were as quickly forgotten .-

He had been introduced by Arthur, and

Nora had allowed him to become more

quested a glass of water.

" And you will hold our engagement

him an interview this evening.

The following curions "Incident of the War," by Mr. Bret Harte, which was first published in 1863, in a California paper, and is now having a second run through the general press, will be accepted by the author's great army of admirers as a thorough contribution to the amuse-ment of the holiday season. Its represen-tation of the farmer's incorrigible eager-ness to anticipate the "aged stranger's" fancied tidings from the battle-field where fancied tidings from the battle-field where his son is engaged, and of the stranger's repeated attempts to complete his sentence, has a ludicronsness of suggestion admirably climaxed by the dramatic re-action of the last stanza :

"I was with Grant," the stranger said ! Said the farmer : " Say no more. But rest thee here at my cottage porch. For thy feet are weary and sore

"I was with Grant"-the stranger said ; Said the farmer : "Nay no more I prithee sit at my frugal board, And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy-my soldier boy Of the old Ninth Army Corps ! I warrant he bore him gallantly

In the smoke and the battle's roar.' "I know him not," said the aged man,

"And, as I remarked before, "I was with Grant"—" Nay, nay, I know," Said the farmer, "Say no more ;

"He fell in battle-I see alas ! Thou dids,t smooth these tidings o'er-Nay : speak the truth, whatever it be, Though it rend my bosom sore.

"How fell he ; with his face to the foe, Upholding the flag he bore ? O ! say not that my boy disgraced The uniform that he wore !"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man. "And should have remarked, before, That I was with Grant-in Illinois-Some three years before the year.

The farmer spake him never a word. But beat with his fist full sore That aged man who had worked for Grant Some three years before the war

THE bright sunshine of a pleasant June morning played merrily among the branches of the tall oaks that surrounded the fine old country mansion of Mr. Overing ; drank up the dewdrops from the soft grass, and beneath the windows. But it did not penetrate into the dwelling, for every door was closed, and

every window darkened, as if to shut out

NORA'S DREAM.

the gladness of that lovely morning from the sorrowing inmates And in one of the darkest of the many darkened rooms, Nora Overing walked the floor and wrung her hands in grief, for in the large old dining room below lay the corpse of her murdered father; and Oscar Stover, to whom she had given her heart and pledged her hand, was suspected of the crucl deed.

A young man of about twenty-five, whose brown hair and eyes closely resembled Nora's, entered the room, and with only a good morning to the young lady, seated himself beside Mrs. Overing, and after inquiring after her health, requested to know her wishes in regard to many little matters relating to the funeral.

" You must do as you think best about everything, Arthur, you know I have no one but you to look to for assistance. she replied mournfully. now."

servant were repeated at the inquest, in made extensive preparations for the wedsuch an exagerated and distorted manner ding. that Oscar scarcely recognized his own Arthur assumed the manner of an ac-

cepted lover, believing that ere long he The funeral over, Miss Overing urged should receive not only the hand but the upon her daughter the impropriety of heart of his fair cousin, for neither he or Mrs. Overing knew anything of the much " But mother, I feel as certain of his prized, oft-read note, or the little miniainnocence as I do of my own, and now, ture so carefully concealed among her

when all look coldly and suspiciously uptreasures. on him, would you have me desert him " Only one day more !" said Nora, to herself, some months later, when retiring " If I understand the matter rightly, to her room for the night ; "only one day more, and not a line from Oscar1 And I circumstances are against him," said Mrs. Overing, "he was the last person seen with your father, and the only one with have staked my hand, and would willingly have staked my life upon his truth.

 Λ light tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the maid bringing the note.

" This, Miss Nora, was left by a man who charged me to deliver it into no hands but your own."

It was written in an unknown hand, and was without signature; simply requesting " that on the following day she would, in company with hor cousin Arthur, visit the large oak tree near the old spring, and see the earth on the north side dug up to the depth of several feet and warning her, "if she valued her own happiness not to neglect doing so."

Nora was startled, for she remembered the note received in the arbor. Might not this, too, be from Oscar?"

This is a strange request, Nora. The old spring has not been used for years, sacred for two years," said Oscar, when and the bushes and briars around it are doubtless so thick as to be almost impen-"Yes, as long as life lasts, if you wish etrable. I think you might at least give me some reason for wishing to visit the " No; I ask only two years, and if in spot."

"Well, cousin, if you will accompany me to the place, I will give you my reafrom the stain that rests upon it, then sons as we go along.

faltered a little. They had walked some distance in silence before Arthur again in the garden. He had accomplished his asked an explanation.

"I had a dream last night, cousin, that troubles me greatly, although I can trace June roses bloomed around the home of it directly to a circumstance which orcurred in the evening. I dreamed that I saw my dear father standing under the large oak near the old spring ; and looking at mesternly, as if demanding that I should do my duty, he pointed to a particular spot beneath the tree. And the dream has made so great an impression said, but as he approached could occa-that I am resolved to have the earth dug sionally distinguish the word money; up and the place examined."

Arthur had stopped while he spoke, and though she noticed that he turned very pale, she urged him ou.

But Nora, it is weak and supersticious to allow a dream to disturb you thus. Let me beg that you will return to the house at once, and not give this matter another thought."

"No, we will go on," she replied. "As you will," said he coldly, at the was received politely for his sake, and without thinking of what she was doing same time remembering that they had brought no implement for digging, though he had seen a light spade near and more attentive, until one lovely night the door, which he supposed Nora had his pocket handkerchief, tore off when alone with him in a vine covered arbor, he had begun to breath soft words forgotten.

of love into her car. She was both sur-As they neared the spring he noticed prised and mortified, and in order to gain that the bushes had been beaten down. little time to collect her thoughts, reand a path formed, by which they could proceed very well. He was gone but a few minutes, but

in that time the vines behind her were fore us," he said, glancing at her inquirparted and a note was dropped into her ingly.

"She hoped not," and quickened her

mother and daughter made known the following circumstances, which shall be put in as few words as possible.

Believing that he would always be suspected of the murder of Mr. Overing, if the real criminal was not discovered, Oscar resolved to devote bimself entirely to that object. He secretly questioned all the servants on the place, and learned from one who occupied a room with Moreton, that the night before his departure, the manner of the old man had been strange and uneasy, and from words muttered in his sleep, he was led to believe that Moreton knew or suspected who the murderer was.

Upon this clue Oscar acted ; but for a year the old man seeluded himself so cunningly, and moved so frequently that it was almost impossible to trace him at all. Discouraged at this, he sought his old neighborhood, hoping that Moreton had communicated with some of his fellow servants. A nephew had heard from him a few weeks before, and in consideration of a large bribe disclosed his place of residence. But an unconquerable desire to again behold Nora led Oscar to follow her, and when he reached the place where he hoped to find Moreton, the bird had flown, and it was only after weary months of search that he at last found him. He managed so as to come upon him suddenly, and when alone, and 4,50,41 they sternly demanded all he knew of the murder of Mr. Overing. The old man declared that he knew nothing of the matter, but in a frightened, uneasy way that led Oscar to disbelieve him, and finally between threats of punishment and promises of reward he induced him to go before a magiatrate and make a plain statement of facts.

The afternoon of the murder, Moreton "1 will go with you certainly," he re-plied, but Nora fancied that his voice the woods for the purpose of getting a wild vine that Nora wished to have set object and was returning, when he saw through the trees Mr. Overing walking down a path from the opposite side, and saw Mr.Dalton, who had gone to the city in the morning, ride up the path from the opposite direction. He dismounted and entered into conversation with his uncle, and their tones soon became loud, as if in dispute.

He was too far off to hear what was said, but as he approached could occaand when quite near heard Mr. Overing say, " I know that you want it to pay a say, "I know that you want it to pay a gambling debt, and I tell you I will not assist you." Upon which Mr. Dalton drew a dagger and stabbed his uncle to the heart. Moreton stopped for a mo-ment, horrified at what he beheld, then rushed forward just as Arthur drew back the bloody knife, who upon seeing the old man, declared that he would put an end to his existence also, if he did not get down upon his knees and swear never to reveal what he had seen.

Mr. Dalton then wiped his hand upon wristband that had became stained with blood, and emptying the contents of the old man's basket into a hollow tree, threw the knife and stained articles into it, and taking Moreton with him rode to "Others seemed to have been here be- the old spring, where together they bur-

> Mr. Dalton then ordered Moreton to return to the house as if nothing had happened, form some excuse for leaving the neighborhood the next day, and to keep himself carefully concealed until all search for the murderer was over.

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- 11

ied the basket beneath the large oak.

"Forgive me for troubling you, aunt, but Moreton wishes to leave, and I did not like to consent to his doing so without consulting you. Some friend or relative, I believe, he is dying and wishes to go at once.

"Do as you think best in all things,"

was Mrs. Övering's only response. "Have you seen Oscar?" said Nora, advancing and speaking for the first time since her cousin had entered the room.

"I have not, nor do 1 expect to." he replied.

" Then you believe this cruel charge ;' and she turned coldly away and continued her walk.

"I cannot say what I believe, my dear cousin," he said, arresting her steps and taking her hand gently in his own, "but Oscar is suspected, and though the evidence before the coroner was not sufflcient to warrant an arrest, there are very many who believe him guilty of the act."

Arthur Dalton was the nephew of Mrs. Overing, and since his sixth year had been an inmate of the family, and received from her the tender care of a mother. His wayward moods when a child, and reckloss expenditure of property as he grew to manhood, sometimes drew a stern rebuke from Mr. Overing, but from his aunt he had never received an unkind word or a reproach of any kind. He and Oscar had been rivals for the hand of Nora, and his aunt was greatly disappointed when she found that he was not the favored suitor.

With Mr. Overing, Oscar had been favorite, until a few days before the old gentleman's untimely end, when his manner underwent so great a change that the young man, believing that some unkind person was endeavoring to create a misunderstanding between them, had sought an explanation, unfortunately upon the very afternoon of the murder.

Something having occurred in the mor ning which ruffled the temper of Mr. Overing, he did not listen with much patience to the young man's desire for an wife of Arthur.

lap, while a well-known and much loved voice whispered, " Read this when alone.'

She started joyfully to her fact ex-pecting to behold Oscar, but the shrubbery was so thick around the arbor that she could discover no one, and had only time to conceal the note, before her would be lover re-appeared. With some confused excuses, and complaints of feeling unwell, she left him, and sought her own room in order to read the precious epis tle. It was a tender, loving note from Oscar, breathing of his unaltered attachment, and telling also of his laborious and fruitless search.

She induced her mother to return home at once, opened the house once more to her young companions and friends, and whenever an opportunity offered, expressed the firm belief in the in- Moreton, formerly in the employ of Mr. nocence of Oscar Stover.

Mrs. Overing's health did not improve, and the good lady really believing that her days on earth were numbered, and that soon she would leave her darling daughter without a protector, continually urged her to accept the hand of her cousin

"It is true, my dear, that only a few short months must elapse before the time allotted for Osear's return will have expired. But consider all the long months during which you have heard nothing from him. Contrast this indifference with the devotion of Arthur, and conclude, as I have long since done, that you will never see or hear from him again .-

I am daily growing weaker and more infirm, and the thought of leaving you alone in the world, adds greatly to my malady. If I could but see you the wife of your cousin, 1 should die content.'

"My faith in Oscar is as firm as be fore we parted," replied Norah, "and I am so sure that if successful or not he will be here at the appointed time, that I am willing to promise, that if in the course of one month after the two years have expired, I do not hear from him I will set your mind at case by becoming the

pace

A sudden turn in the path through the bushes brought them directly to the tree, where, to the surprise of both, they beheld a man standing, spade in hand, as if about to commence digging.

Arthur rushed forward, asserting that he was the master of the place,' ' und ordering him " to leave the spot at once."

The man touched his hat politely. "I the crime." am an officer, sir, in the discharge of my duty. You, I believe, are Mr. Arthur Dalton; and if you attempt to leave this spot, I shall arrest you on suspicion of your uncle's murder."

" Upon what are your suspicions hased ?" stammered Arthur, staggering back.

"Upon the testimony of one John Overing. You will please stand aside, sir, and allow me to proceed.

Arthur covered his face with his hand, and leaned against the tree.

Nora, in amazement at what had passed, stood perfectly still. The ground arm supported and prevented her from falling, while a voice, not difficult to re-cognize, whispered. "This is too much for your strength. Let me take you to the house

She only shook her head in answer, and kept her place, intently watching as the officer slowly dug up the earth at the foot of the tree. But nothing was found until Nora pointed out a particular spot as the one indicated in her dream ; when, after a few spadefulls of earth having surface

Methodically the man opened it, and took out, first the wristband of a shirt, upon which was a dark stain, then a pocket-handkerchief with some stain, and lastly a small dagger upon which was engraved the name of Arthur Dalton.

an assistant to his side, and Arthur was *cta beta pi*. The pugilist also *cum* with conveyed away in a close carriage that him. He *lambda* man badly in the explanation, and some unpleasant words Nora's promise seemed to instil new life was in waiting; and Nora, faint and eick, street. He culis nos off and noctem flat-had passed, which, being overheard by a into her mother, who quictly but busily returned to the house with Osear, who to use flounder."

"I would have spared you the scene at the tree, Nora, dear," said Oscar, " but fearing the basket had been removed, I wished particularly that you should see your cousin's manner when accused of

And, oh, Nora," said Mrs. Overing, between her sobs, " to think that I, who, was all the time fearing that after my death you might be induced to marry your father's murderer, should have been blindly hurrying you on to that very fate

"We will forget all that," said Oscar, in the hope that you will now give consent to our speedy union." But before Mrs. Overing could reply he was sum-But before moned from the room, and returned with a grave face, to inform them that at the examination before a magistrate, Arthur had acknowledged his guilt and then shot seemed to reel beneath her, but a strong himself dead with a pistol which he carried concealed upon his person.

It will of course be taken for granted that this rash act of the young man added greatly to the distress of his kind aunt, and in conclusion it is only necessary to add that long before the June roses bloomed again. Nora was traveling in a foreign land, the happy wife of Oscar Stover.

ses" Several of the newspapers of the country having perpetrated jokes on the been thrown up, a small backet, somewhat crushed and broken, was brought to the whom " Nehil Fit," and noctes head off, the Yale Coucant reports as follows :

" O num sculls ! You damnum seulls. He didn't either. Sie Transit drove a tu pone tamilem terno Ver from the Eastward. He is visiting his oute Mrs. The Terra, in this city, and will stay till Octom. Dr. Dignos the Terris likewise et A low whistle from the officer brought super with us last evening, when he

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