JOB PRINTING & ALL KINDS. MONTROSE DEMOCRAT. TROSE DEMOCRAT. THE DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE ISHED THUESDAYS, DY DEMOCRAT. A. Jeerritson. NEATLY AND PROMPTLY, ON PUBLIC AVENUE, "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES. IS ABOVE SEARLE'S HOTEL. TUREE The office of the Montrose Democrat ins ccently been implied with a new and choice variety is recently been implied with a new and choice variety itype, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlety itchars, etc., etc., in the besi style, on short notice. 50 per annium in ADVANCE; be charged and fify cents per annum at the option of the Publisher, to pay on, etc. ADVANCE payment preferred. TERMS. otherwise sa added to arre Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and ther kinds of work in this line, done scoording to oper. ENTS will be inserted at the ADVERT WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION. Business, Wedding, and Ball CARDS, e, of ten lines or less, for the first three for each additional week-pay down, cinted with neathers and despa Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes, is, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to or MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1860. NO. 33. **VOL** 17. Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery. cent to those of known responsibility No credit g houses are relieved against in angle of the garret." March!" was the next order, and nape of the neck, their hands behind their cause they could not go with us, and Mike lay acattered around the base of the tree, sky. At the extremity is a shed, be I descended the staircase, supported under backs, and smoking tranquilly their pipes; gave one of his expressive doughs, that You were playing in that garden, oetica l neath it a wood pile, upon which is a lad- cach arm, like a consumptive in his third then the noise, the tumult of the crowd said as plainly as words, " Now for it." and the aminals that had surrounded us, Throwing blossoms in the air, each arm, nike a consumptive in his thard stage of illness. They put me into a hackney coach. I asked what I had done, but they only ex-changed significant smiles. Soon a deep shedre environment of the crowed is and as plaunty as words, "Now for it." We were soon dutside of the glare of the tones of the voice, the expressive gest the unexpected attitudes, which be the camp fire, the little creek was crossed, and our torch flashed brightly on the port runks of the pine trees, the climbing the glowing embers, and held back just. Soon a deep shedre environment on the first limb. And laughing when the petals floated Downward on your golden hair; der, and scattered around are seen ropes, stage of illness. ____ bundles of straw, a rabbit hut, and hen and the fond eyes watching o'er you, From Dickens' Household Words, And the splendor spread before you, Told a House's Hope was there. coop, past service. now due these neterogeneous details changed significant sinies. come into my head? I cannot tell. I had Soon a deep shadow enveloped us; the ual-all this captivated me, and in spite of vines, and the broad-leafed plants that so of gratitude passed over my soul, and my set point in y set point. There was be provided under a my sad position, I felt happy to be in the no wind, and walking in the pine woods, feelings were as warm as a child's. Noth-How did these heterogeneous details changed significant smiles. THINGEL'S STORY. When your servants, tired of seeing Through the and frosty heavens, yet every stroke of the pencil seemed by vauit. We had entered the prison. The world. its truthfulness an exact copy. Nothing jailor shut me up in a cell as tranquilly as if he had been putting a pair of stockings with his back bent, bearing an enormous if he had been putting a pair of stockings with his back bent, bearing an enormous a sand-hill crane, disturbed in his wander-But on the right a corner of the sketch in a drawer, thinking all the time of some-memained bare. I did not know what to thing else. I looked all around my cell. Were naked, his elbows in the air, and his head inclined on his breast. His floating hair, like a sentry is Suddenly. There was nothing mon the walls but a there was nothing the there of Salvator's "Signaphre" "Signap Through time and irosty nearens, Christma ars were shining bright; The glisten lamps of the great city, Almost thed their gleaming light; His pale face of want and woe, Turning to the ragged orphan, Gave him coin, and bade him go, Down his cheeks so thin and wasted And the wir snow was lying, And the ter winds were sighing, Bitter tears began to flow. put there; but I was disquieted, agitated, It nad been newly white washed, and as I looked upon it. Suddenly I saw a foot, but it was in a reversed position, and detached from the ground. Spite of its improbability, I followed the inspiration, and sketched it, without stopping to ac-ount for my from the ground. Spite of its improbability, I followed the inspiration, and sketched it, without stopping to ac-ount for my from the ground. I have a more the first group with my heart. I de-count for my from the ground it is a spite of the furniture consisted of a bed of stray. I set down upon the straw with my heart. I de-count for my from the stopping to acderbrush would tell us that some one of and snorting sounds and champing: techt, the many little harlequins of the wood, made the black night alive with imagina-Long ago oChristmas night. But that look of childish sorrow, On your tender young heart fell, And you pluck'd the reddest roses, While fromery tower and steeple, Pealing b were sounding clear, (Never withch tones of gladness, that gambol most when men do sleep, had ry shapes. I wondered how it fured with the Doctor, yet dared not call, for the unfled from this unusual spectacle of a mo-From the tree you loved so well, certainty was less fearful than the reality The blood rushed to my heart. I de-scended into my cell. My whole frame ving light. But no deer rewarded our Passing then through the stern grating, With the gentle word, 'Farewell!" and sketched it, without stopping to ac-count for my fancy. Then the leg appear-ed and a portion of the dress. At length the whole figure—an old woman, haggard, despair. I had killed Rapp. He had de-"It is he?" I stammered, with a half might be. I pictured him fallen, dragged back from his half attained refuge, and di-Save whe hristmas time is near;) search-no bear showed us his heavy coat. Many a one c night was merry, Who had ed through all the year. "Faith," said the doctor, "this roman-Dazzled by the fragrant treasure And the gentle voice he heard, vided among the hungry pack; and the very noises below might be the mumbling wan, dishevelled, thrown down on the nounced me before dying. I should be choked voice. "He is there—there—and hung as his murderer. I started up, I am about to die to explate his crime.— hand which had grasped her throat. tic promenade is getting somewhat long." "Think of the deer, one buck will well That night old wrongs forgiven, In the poor forlorn boy's spirit, of his bones, Friends loparted reconcile; Voices, all used to laughter, Eyes, that if forgot to smile, Anxious heathat feared the morrow, Freed from their cares awhile. pay us." "Fudge! if there was no one to laugh Joy the sleeping Scraph stirred ; "While their white tasks crouched o'er his whiter skull. As it slipped through their jaws when their edges grow dull." coughing, as if the hempen cravat already. pressed my throat. In his hands he clasped the flowers, at us I would have turned-back long ago. A sudden thought from Heaven inspir-It was a murder that I was sketching! In his heart the loving word. Give me the gun, and you take the light. Again the jailor appeared, and ordered ed me. I put my hand into my pocket; At length I summoned courage and The crayon fell from my hands. The old Accordingly we changed positions-I going ahead, carrying the torch before me, in such a mainer that it would throw me to follow him. He conducted me my crayons were there. Then, springing called, " Poke!" 'So he crept to his poor garfet, woman-her face contracted by terror, her form bent over the margin of the well, 'through long galleries to a sombre hall to the walk, I began to trace the scene of Poor no more, but rich and bright; For the holy dreams of childhood-"Hulloa!" was the response-more both hands grasping the hand of her mur- with benches in a semi-circle, opposite the murder with almost supernatural en-Rich and poilet the same blessing From the cious season fall; grateful to my car than any sound, in the derer-terrified me, I dared not look at which, on an elevated seat, were two ergy. No more uncertainty-no more the light ahead as much as possible, and Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light workl, her. But the man-the murderer-to persons whith their backs to the light, hesitating experiments. I knew the man. none on our persons, and the Doctor re-Joy and pler in the cottage, Peace and sting in the hall; And the voi of the children Floated round the Orphan's pillow "How are you, my boy?" I called whom the arm belonged. I could not and their faces in the shadow; but as I had seen him. I reproduced him before ceived the gun, and took my place directly behind and shaded by my person. The night had become still darker, and a misty rain commenced falling. We had left the Through the starry summer night. again see it. It was impossible to finish my one of them turned to his companion, I me. sketch. At ten o'clock the jailor appeared in my "Safe, thank the Lord !" Day dawned, yet the vision lasted; "What a disgraceful situation to be in, Ringing o r above it all! The sweat-drops stood upon my brow. "I am fatigued," I said. "But little re-mains to be done. I will complete it tosketch. All too weak to rise he lay ; Did he dream that none spoke harshly All were strangely kind that day ! Spreekdal. Beneath them at a low table, cell. His owlish stupidity gave place to and how are we to get out of it?" nine woods, after walking a couple of *Yet one hou was dim and darkened : "I will be grateful if I can only keep in admiration. miles, and had come into a grove of low- it; for this tree is so small that the wolves "Is it poosible?" he cried, standing on the threshold. Gloom, arsickness, and despair Abiding in t gilded chamber, ear with the feather of his quill. "Christian Venius," said Spreckdal, ing me my nocturnal work, of which they my work with increased exultation. had taken possession at the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are they are waiting for work of the time of my are th er timber. The long moss drooped in Yes : he thought his treasured roses can almost reach me when they jump ;--morrow;" and terrified by the vision, I Must have charmed all ills away. curtains, the odor of magnolias burdened Climbing the marble stair, and, as I climbed up, one caught my coatdown upon the bed, and in five minthe air, and every minute a denser copise fail and tore it entirely off." Stilling ever he voices of mourning-For a chilay dying there. And he smiled, though they were fading, utes slept profoundly. would force us to turn aside from our "Climb up higher, thea." The next day, as I was about to resume One by one their leaves were shed; "I can't-the tree is so small that, when Silken curta fell around him, Velvet earets hushed the tread, Many costlypys were lying All unuse around his bed, Anl his taned golden ringlets Vere on ewy pillows spread. Such bright things could never perish, ny work, a knock resounded at the door. rest. "Hush!" whispered the Doctor, sud-"I wish to make some revelation," I I get any-higher, it bends over and lets. "I am the author of it." "Conre in," I called out, and a man They would bloom again,' he said, There was a long silence. The clerk me down-oh dear!"

"Haven't you your pistols with you? Try and shoot one, and it may frighten them."

"Oh, dear, no; there are hundreds of them. Just look at them below,"" I looked down, and surely I could see a drove of them. They were evidently the gray wolf; for, in spite of the darkness, I could once in a while detect their motions from their light coats.

Poke suggested that they were phantom wolves, and declared they were all white.

All the fearful stories that I had ever read came coursing through my brain. J saw snow buried huts snuffed out and rav-The man entered. Van Spreekdal point: heavy wind fall lay ahead of us, and the ished by these prowlers, and heard the ed in silence to the picture. He looked at mingled trunks and twisted branches look-shrick of the child, thrown from the sleigh y an Spreckdal rose as a main and gnant, then be in shence to the picture. The booken at the choice at the shence to some great the shence of the child, thrown from the sleigh seating himself he appeared to consult his it a moment, turned pale, then with a roar, ed like the choice at the side of the state of the shence to the child, thrown from the sleigh seating himself he appeared to consult his it a moment, turned pale, then with a roar, ed like the choice at the state of the st seating himself he appeared to consult his it a moment, turned pale, then with a roar, en nice the chegona de frise to some great by its fear-maddened mother, and many, colleague in a low voice. Suddenly he that chilled us with terror, he struck out "Take the prisoner to the carriage." Vas out of the door. There was a fearing We are going to the Metzerstrasse." I was placed in a carriage with two po-panting respiration of the butcher, low again the two phosphorescent stars that the butch is the barded in the barded inter the barded in the barded inter the barded in the barded in the barded in the barded inter the barded in the barded in the barded in the barded inter the barded inth

When the next day's sun had risen Child and flowers both were dead.

Know dear little one! our Father Does no gentle deed disdain ; And in hearts that beat in heaven, Still all tender thoughts remain; Love on the cold earth remaining Lives divine and pure again !'

Thus the angel ceased and gently Oer his little burthen leant ; While the child gazed from the shining Loving eyes-that o'er him bent, To-the blooming roses by him. Wondering what that mystery meant. Then the radiant angel answered. And with holy meaning smiled : Ere vour tender, loving spirit. Sin and the hard world defiled, Mercy gave me leave to seek you ; Cicked these constant mourning cries, Still d the little heart's quick fluttering, I was out the lively whit

Miscellaneous.

somewhat advanced in years, tall, thin, and dressed in black, appeared upon the

and imposing. He saluted me gravely: "Mr. Christian Venus, the artist?" he said. "That is my name, sir." "The Baron Frederic Yan Spreckdal." The appearance, in my poor garret, of his judge of the criminal court, impressed me strongly. I threw a glance upon my worm catch furniture, tattered draperies, and dirty floor, and felt humilitated; but tion to these details.

cóme-

he asked after a moment's pause. "Yes, sir."

'Are you the author of this sketch?"

"What is the price of it ?"

"And what will be the dimensions of

"Undoubtedly." "You have never seen her?" "Never."

"No, sir; I have imagined them all." "And this woman," pursued the Judge, "who is murdered on the edge of the well; have you imagined, her, also?

Van Spreckdal appeared to pay no atten-"Master Venins," he restand, "I have But at the moment his eyes were ar-

topped.

I continued, putting the last touch to the mysterious personage. In a few minutes the two judges came. They looked on stupefied. With one hand extended to the picture, and tremb-ling in every limb, I called out: without seeing one.

"There is the assassin !" moment's si- it." Van Spreckdal, after a lence, asked his name "I do not know," I answered, " but he "You have not copied the details any-

s there now in the market." Some of the officers went to seek the The judges remained standing, man. looking at the picture. I sank down ex-

hausted with excitement. The noise of steps beneath the resounding arches of the corridor aroused me.

night."

denly, with a spasmodic pull at my coat tail, "there's a deer." "I was just wondering at this absence

of deer, and could not account for it, as it

without seeing one. "Where?" I whispered, "I don't see

"Hush! it has gone now, but we will see it in a moment again." We advanced on tiptoe, both in body

and expectation. "There! there!" said the Doctor. pointing with his finger a little distance to

the left: but the luminous spot was gone before I hardly got my eyes on it. We were in the very place for deer. A heavy wind fall lay ahead of us, and the

I was placed in a carriage with two po-licemen. One of them on the way offered imprecations, brief words and the sound apinch of snuff to his comrade. I extend-ed my fingers mechanically to the box.

took down my answer; aud as I listened threshold. The whole physiognomy of the man, his closely approximating eyes, his large aquiline nose, his lofty, broad and bony brow—had something severe "You are the author of it," said Van Spreckdal, "where did you get the subiect?

For a adiant angel hovered Smilng o'er the little bed; While lis raiment, from his shoulder Snowy dove-like pinions spread. And a stalike light was shining In a glosy round his head.

Al the skill of the great city,

o save that little life was vain;

The little thread from being broken,

Nay his very mother's pain, Aid the nighty love within her, Coul not give him health again.

Andsheikhelt there still beside him,

Sh along with strength to smile,

And with murmured song and story

Rised the blue and wondering eyes,

Th long weary hours beguile.

Fixei on some mysterious vision, Wih a startled sweet surprise.

Andto promise he should suffer .

Nomore in a little while,

Sudduly an anseen Presence '

That filal word from being spoken;

While, wits tender love, the angel, Leaning d'er the little nest, In his arms the sick child folding, Laid him gently on his breast, Sobs and wailings from his mother, And her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising, Spread his wings; and through the : Bore the pretty child and held him On his heart with loving care, A red branch of blooming roses, Placing softy by him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated Toward the mansions of the blest. Gazing from his shining guardian To the flowers upon his breast, Thus the angel spake, still smiling On the little heavenly guest:

"Know, oh, little one! that heaven Does no earthly thing disdain, Man's poor joys find there an echo Just as surely as his pain : Love, on earth so feebly striving, Lives divine in heaven again.

"Once in yonder town below us. In a poor and narrow street, Dwelt a little sickly orbhan, Gentle aid, or pity sweet Never in life's rugged pathway Guided his poor tottering feet.

" All the striving anxious forethought That should only come with age, Weighed upon his baby spirit, Showed him soon life's sternest page ; Grim Want was his nurse, and sorrow Was his only heritage! .

" All too weak for childish pastimes Drearily the hours sped; On his hands, so small and trembling, Leaning his poor aching head, Or, through dark and painful hours, Lying sleepless on his bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies. Of cool forests far away; Dreams of rosy happy children, Laughing merrily at play; Coming home thro' green lanes hearing Trailing branches of white May.

"Scarce a glimpse of the blue beavens Gleamed above the narrow street, And the sultry air of Summer-(That you called so warm and sweet.) Fevered the poor Orphan, dwelling . In the crowded alley's heat.

" One bright day, with feeble footsteps, Slowly forth he dared to crawl, Through the crowded city's pathway, Till he reached a garden wall; Where 'mid princely halls and mansions Stood the lordliest of all.

"There were trees of giant branches, Velvet glades where shadows hide; There were sparkling fountains glancing Flowers whose rich luxuriant pride Wafted a breath of precious perfume To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron Pressed his wan and wistful face, Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure At the glories of the place; Never had his fairest day dream Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"I do not sell my sketches. It is a de-sign for a pieture." From the Germa THE SUPERNATURAL SKETCH.

" And the price ?"

AN INEXPLICABLE STORY.

Ar the corner of the Rue des Rabans, opposite the chapel of St Sebald, in Nuremberg, there stands a little inn, tall and plaintive buzzing of a fly caught in a spinarrow, with notched gables, and dim der's web. window panes, and its roof surmounted by the picture. Master Venius?" he said at a plaster Virgin. In this I passed the saddest days of my life. I had gone to Nu- length, without looking at me. remberg to study the old German masters, but the want of money had compelled me to have recourse to painting portraitsand such portraits ! Fat gossips, with their cats on their knees, aldermen and perukes, burgomasters in three-cornered hats, &c. -all brilliant with other and vermillion. From portraits I descended to sketches. then to profiles; at last, even these failed mė.

There is nothing more pitiable than to have constantly at your heels a landlord staircase. with thin lips, a screaming voice, an impudent air, who never looses a chance to call out: "Are you going to pay me soon, Monsieur? Do you know how much your bill amounts to. Oh, no! of course this does not trouble you. Monsieur eats, drinks and sleeps quietly. The good Lord takes care of the little sparrows. Monsienr only owes two hundred florins and ten kreutzers. A mere trifle, not worth the trouble of mentioning." At this moment, Rapp, according to Those who have never heard this gaunut

ounding in their ears, can form no idea his praiseworthy custom, opened the door naturally wide, her tongue between her of the horror of it. "The love of art, im- without knocking. His eyes fell upon the teeth. It was a horrid spectacle! agination, the lofty enthusiasm for the pile of ducats, and he shrieked : "Ah, ah! I have caught you, Monsieur beautiful-wither at the very breath of such a rascal. You become weak and painter! You pretended you had no

tired; you loose even the sentiment of money!" and he extended his crocked distance, and respectfully, the most clown-, the sight of gold always produces in a ter having strangled her, that you might that maditative Ninest who was based man of the Hartz Mointains than to saw h of burgoinasters. One night, having not a sou in my The remembrance of all the insults I sh of burgoinasters.

pocket, and being threatened with a prison had suffered from him exasperated me. by the worthy master Rapp, I sat down With a single bound, I seized him, and God help me !" on my trackle bed and gave myself up to thrusting him over the threshold; flatten-""That is enou reflection. The thought of suicide chter- | ed his nose with the door. The old usurer

the irresistable force of logic should com- the stair case. "That is the matter," I said; and clospel me to commit suicide by cutting my

termination to come to a decision on the saluted the old miser in his progress down desire to see what was going on in the stairs. next day.

, **:**

My dreams were usually of the abominable Rapp; my one desire to get money resumed my work with some prospect of They had dug holes in the wall, that they ence. But this night a singular revolu-tion took place in my mind. In about an of arms and the trainp of men ascending to took place in my mind. In about an hour I rose, then wrapping myself in an the staircase. A cold chill ran over me. that I might rid myself of his odious presold grey coat, I began to trace on paper a Can I have broken that rascal's neck ? and I thought no more of suicide. I experirapid sketch in the Dutch style-some are they coming to seize me? There was enced the strongest desire to live. thing strange, fantastic, quite apart from a knock at my door and a rough voice might condemn me to the hardest labor,

my habitual conceptions. said : Imagine to yourself a somber court, in-" In the name of the law, open !" closed by high dilapidated walls, garnished with hooks seven or eight feet from over the roofs; but a vertigo seized me at the ground, suggest at once a slaughter- a mere glance at the dizzy hight, Again house. On the left, through a trellis- the summons came:

work of laths, you discern a quartered "Open, or we will break down the ox, suspended by strong pulleys from door!" the ceiling; drops of blood trickling I turned the key and saw the chief of

ed my fingers mechanically to the box. He drew it quickly back. The blood moun- eyes blood-shot; his hands bound behind "Ah!" said he; and lifting the paper ted to my face, and I turned away my his back. He fixed his gaze once more upand to conceal my emotion. I on the picture, appeared to reflect, then, "If you look out of the windows," said in a voice, as if speaking to himself, he with his long, yellow finger, he took an head to conceal my emotion.

"It is a fancy sketch."

where ?"

eye glass from his waistcoat pocket, and began to study attentively. The silence the man of the snuff box, "we shall be said: was so great that I heard distinctly the obliged to put manacles on you." When the carriage stopped, one of them alighted while the other held me by the

I was saved Many years have passed since this tercollar; then seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he pushed me out rudely. We rible adventure. Ino longer cut frolies, entered a narrow alley, with broken, ir- or paint portraits of burgomasters. By regular pavement. A yellowish moisture stood on the walls, exhaling a fetid odor. sistance by such labors as can alone satisfy I walked in darkness, with two men be-Van Spreckdal laid the sketch down on hind me. Farther on appeared the light the aspirations of a true artist. But the

the table, and drawing from his pocket a of an interior court. As I advanced, a feeling of terror took never left me. Sometimes, in the midst of long purse of green silk, began to slip the possession of me, like the natural horrors my finest efforts, the thought of it returns, rings along. "Fifty ducats," he said, and counting them ont, "here they are." of a night mare. I recoiled instinctively. He rose, saluted me, and departed; "Go on !" cried one of the policemen while I sat stupefied; listening to the behind me, putting his hand on my shouliours. clink of his heavy headed cane upon the der, "march !"

My terror was no longer instinctiveaircase. When I had recovered from my stupe pencil, even to its smallest details? Was when I saw before me the court which I faction, I sat down to finish my sketch. had sketched the night before; its walls is chance, after all, but the effect of a garnished with hooks, the wood-pile, the A few strokes of the pencil and it would cause of which we are ignorant? ladder, the rabbit hut, the hen coop; etc. Schiller was right when he said :-- "The be finished. But these few strokes were out of my power. The inspiration was Not a sky-light, great or small, high or immortal soul does not share the imperfeclow, not a cracked window-pane, not a over. The mysterious murderer would tions of matter; when the body sleeps it not disengage himself from the convolu- single detail had been omitted. I was unfolds its radiant, wings, and wanders, thunderstruck at this strange revelation. tions of my brain. I tried again and again. God knows whither." Nature is bolder Near the well were the two judges. At I forced myself to draw; but the results in her realities than the imagination of were as discordant as a figure of Raphael their feet was the old woman, lying on man in its wildest fancies. her back, her long gray hair straggling in a Dutch inn of Teniers.

From Whitehead's "Wild Sports of the South." over her form, her face livid, her eyes un-A Night Among the Wolves.

"Well," said Van Spreckdal, in a solemn tone, "what have you to say?" I was silent.

"Do you confess that you threw this "No;" I cried, "no, I do not know this sewing up a moccasin by the light of the

woman. I have never seen her. May campfire, after a week of travel.

"That is enough," he replied, in a dry voice, and departed with his comparions. reneetion. (The thought of satisfie enter-ed my head; and the more I reflected, the more desirable such an exit from my troubles appeared to my mind. So nu-merous and convincing were the argu-till every lodger in the house ran out, ask-ing "What is the matter?" I opened the trouble me. I asked myself if I had not to think. My conscience even began to the house ran out, ask-ing "What is the matter?" I opened the trouble me. I asked myself if I had not to thought of the old woman. I pass-I was carried back to the prison in a state. ments in its favor that thronged upon me, door quickly, and with a single stroke of really assassinated the old woman. I passthat I dared not look at my razor, lest the foot sent Master Rapp rolling down ed a night of doubt, bewilderment and while." despair.

With the dawn, some of my black throat. At length I blew out my candle ing my door, I double locked it, while the thoughts disappeared. I felt more con-and threw myself on the bed, with a de-shouts of laughter from the neighbors fidence in myself, and at the same time, a world without. Other prisoners before

This adventure had inspired me and I me had climbed to the narrow aperture. success; but an unaccustomed noise soon might mount more easily. I climbed there They might attach a cannon ball to my leg, if

I thought of escaping by the window to be happy. over the roofs: but a vertigo seized me at The old market, opposite my window, resting with its roof like an extinguisher, resting

"Open, or we will break down the The old women, seated by their baskets of

the refuse of snamples. The light in the said, and made a box-wood; the butchers, with naked arms, left the camp. court comes from above, where chimneys, sign to two men who seized me by the chopping meat at their stalls; the pease and weather cocks, and storied roofs of collar, while the others rummaged my ants, with large fe' hats planted on the

bor. It seemed a long time in again. "That deer must be very shy," whison the picture, appeared to reflect, then,

pered the Doctor, just above his breath. some distance ahead, and there were two. "Who could have seen me ?-at mid-

Just before I could point them out to my comrade, they had disappeared. Present-Iv, we saw it one side of us. "Charlie, that's a will-o'-the-wisp," said

Poke, in rather a subdued tone, "or the dint of labor and perseverence, with the devil; who ever heard of a deer going blessing of God, I gain an honorable sub-"He is examining you to see what man-

ner of man you are.' "Perchance it is some spirit of a deremembrance of the nocturnal sketch has destroy us."

"There it is, right behind me, as I live!" and I lay down my palette and dream for How could a crime, committed by a tion.

Sure enough, as I' turned my head, I had never seen, be reproduced under my saw the two blue lights that indicate the nan I did not know, in a place which I reflecting lenses of the eye. The Doctor t a chance? , No! And, besides, what was taking aim, but I noticed it was not very steady. He pulled the trigger-a dull snap announced a miss fire. He pulled the other trigger-it snapped in the same way. The gun was wet with rain. "Was anything ever so provoking?"

said Poke, as the eyes vanished in the darkness. " If it is the devil he will have you now."

"How can you talk so?" said the Doctor, with a strong accent on the "can." "There is your deer, Poke, in the wind-

fall," said I, as I caught sight of the eyes moving rapidly along over the mass of timber that lay heaped and knotted to-"The pass was steep and rugged. The wolves they howled and whited; But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass And left the wolves behind." gether.

"That's no deer," said Poke; "no clo [Macaulay. even foot could go over that Windfall that "Mike, what kind of night would this I saw in the inky darkness ahead of us "So, so," replied Mike, without looking

"I am going, I think." No answer. Mike put on the mended moccasin, and drew off the other. the wolves were around us. "Do you think we can kill anything?"

S'pose," replied Mike "Come, Charlie, let us try it for a little

This was all a ruse on the part of Poke, but it was of no use—the cones were sat in our necessity. in order to make Mike think our great urated with water. We turned toward trees we were in. hunt was in unpremeditated affair, and the camp, but in our confusion we forgot thereby increase the glory of killing so the direction. To heighten the misery of are the wolves?" he should in his sento-nuch game. It had been arranged be the scene, our torch was almost burnt out the scene. tween us during the day that we would try --let that die and the rest could be easily "Darc's de sheep I'mbin huntin' all dis

We were standing at the time under a grove of small pecan trees, and at that inseeing anything of the hunters, and at the stant a low snort was heard from the seeing anything of the numers, and at the stadow near us, like the cough of a dog. Is up in the trees and at their master by flective when exposed to the torchlight. Poke did not say a word, but dropping turn. It had been their eyes wo had seen We had even gone so far as to make our the gun and seizing a limb of one of the in the darkness. pitch-pine torches, and the whole prepara- trees over his head, with an agility which And there was Jackson see sawing on a might attach a cannon han to they leg, it would be rather more interest in getting feet from the ground. they would only let me live; to live was the game along; and besides that, Mike's I did not want to do to be happy.

and we knew he would not go with us— placed my back against a tree, and won a maussy!" Poke slid down the tree he was in, pick-so constant a hunter scorned so primitive glorious death in battle against my nuon heavy pillars, offered a fine spectacle, The old women, seated by their baskets of Vegetables, their cages of poultry and bas-kets of eggs behind them; the Jews, old clothes dealers, with faces the color of box-wood; the butchers, with maked arms, chopping meat at their stalls; the pess-chopping meat at their stalls; the pess-chopping meat at their stalls; the pess-they watched us co-the deare herid to they watched us co-the deare herid to

in the midnight forest? I heard a voice it was Poke saying his prayers. I listen-ed devoutly, but could offer none myself. When he had finished I called to him. The next time I saw it first. It was He answered faintly-

hold on much longer." "Fire your pistol-do try; it may bring some help, even if it does not kill." "I will try," answered Poke There was a momentary pause, and then the sharp crack of a pistol was followed by the singing of a bullet close by my ear. By the flash I saw Poke, hatless and almost coatless, hanging on to the

topmost branch of a young pecan, that parted back, leading us on a wild chase to bent with him like an orange tree under a heavy load of fruit. With the report of the pistol there was a scramble among ejaculated the Doctor, in evident trepida- the voracious crew at our feet; but they did not go away permanently, and were

back in a moment. "Fire the other barrel, dear Poke, but try and fire it the other way-point it. down."

Bang! sounded the pistol, and I heard thump on the ground, as the poor fellow threw away the now useless weapon. "Hold on, Poke-take heart, my dear.

"Oh, it is easy enough to say take heart, but when the tree bends a little more than usual I am within a foot of these hell hounds. Oh, dear!"

At this moment I thought I saw a light flashing through the foliage. A moment more, I was sure of it. "Where-where! Oh, dear, I can't

turn my head lest I slip off." "There they come; I see them-three torches and men and dogs." "God bless them !" I heard Poke sav,

faintly. I was afraid he was fainting. "Hold those eyes again." As he was speaking, on, Poke," I said, and screaming to the men, I called them to hurry. On they another pair of eyes, and two or three came at a run. I recognized them as they pairs on the left. The truth flashed on came up with their torches flashing thro' came up with their torones, flashing thro those baleful eyes, all gave me the clue- day previous, and told us he had a sheep farm in this neighborhood. "Quick, this A word to Poke and the affair was ex-plained, and we stood still for consulta-wolves!" He answered me. How bless-

tion. We tried new daps on our guns, ed a thing was the sound of a human voice but it was of no use-the cones were sat in our necessity. They came under the "Hullon, there! where are you? Where

bressed night," exclaimed a negro who accompanied Jacksou on his search. Hooked around, and there was Jackson's big flock of sheep, staring blandly at

tion was complete. It was a party of I had never given him the least credit, el- fallen tree, hiccoughing and laughing and two-the Doctor and myself. There evated himself to the crotch, about ten crying by turns; and there were the nefeet from the ground. I did not want to do anything of the ho! ho! Oh, laws a maussy! did I ever

opinion on fire-shooting was well known, kind, of course not; I would rather have ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! wolves! Oh, haws a

fire hunting that night. It promised to divined. be a cloudy night, which was of great advantage, as it prevented the game-from

1.