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NO. 26.

The Last.
Never the patter of baby feet upon the shining
floors;
Never the rustle of maidens' robes in the long
corridor;
Never a boy's whistle to ring through the
silent room;
Never a thrill of girlish laugh, like a sun-ray in
the gloom.

Nothing to break the order that reigns in the
glit saloon,
Through morning glimmer, or gloaming hush,
Or sultry haze of noon;
Nothing to break the stillness of the great an-
cestral house

That lies 'mid its stately terraces, smooth
lawn and oak-boughs.

In the proud painted gallery the portraits hang
on the wall;
You may trace the haughty smile on the lip, the
dark eyes' glance in all.

Oh, lovely lady! ah, gallant knight! ah, beauty
and valor free!
The last pale leaf hangs fluttering upon the
mouldering tree.

He stormed the breach at Ascalon, at Cour de
Lion's side;
He held a pass in Wensleydale against Crom-
well in his pride;
She saved her home's honor in a day of de-
perate fight.

For her fearless frown and wooing voice made
every soft a knight.

Now, staid in the dim east parlor, fragile and
white and old,
The one lone soldier of their line waits till her
hour is told;
The flickering of the dying flame just shown
in the chimney.

Do the spirits of the glorious past come whis-
pering round her now?
Do they peep from the oriel's glowing glass, or
lean on the tapestried chair?
Do they speak from the blessed breviary that
lies at the lady's side?

O, kids by the hearth where the nighty logs
pile in the chimney side?
Or does there lurk in the pensive blin of the
widow's childless eyes

A yearning for the days when never known,
The sweet home paradise,
For the husband's shelter, the household
warmth, the gliding of childhood hours,
The tender bedside vigil of true woman
understands?

Who knows? The daughters of her house
made never public moan;
Sorrow, or wrong, or bitterness, if they bore,
they bore alone.

The wild winds moan around her towers, the
snow-haze park and chase,
And there, in a stately solitude, sits the last
of all her race.

The MISSING RING.
My father had been dead a month,
when one morning Mr. Maitland, our
family lawyer, one of my father's oldest
friends, called on me.

"Mr. Charles," he said, after we had
shaken hands, "we have arranged your
father's affairs, and found a purchaser
for the estate, but—"

"Are all our debts paid in full?"
I interrupted, quickly.

"They are, out," continued our kind
friend, in a troubled voice, "I grieve to
say there is hardly anything left for you
and your sister; scarcely a thousand dol-
lars."

I stared at him a moment in dismayed
astonishment.

"Ah!" he went on, "if you had only
followed my advice! There were among
your father's debts more than one that
could honestly have been cut down by
one-half. Your father had ever an open
hand and a generous heart, sir!"

"I regret nothing that has been done,
Mr. Maitland, and have but one more
question to ask you: When can I have
the thousand dollars?"

"To-morrow, if you wish it."
A few days later my sister Emmeline
and I bade adieu to our once happy
home—ours, alas! no longer—and de-
parted for New York.

In spite of my efforts to bear up
against the sudden adversity that had
fallen upon us, the blow nearly over-
whelmed me at first. I did not think so
much of myself; a man can always
make his way in this world with energy
and a strong will, but I was troubled for
my dear sister. How should I find the
means of providing for this fragile, deli-
cate girl of sixteen all the comforts and
luxuries she had hitherto enjoyed!

On her quivering lips, and gave place
to bitter sobs. And I could do nothing.
Nothing! Ah, yes! one last hope re-
mained to me. Some days previous I
had written to Mr. Maitland, telling him
of my desperate condition and request-
ing him to give me some letters of in-
troduction to the New York law offices,
and that very morning had received an
answer in the shape of a large, official
envelope, bearing the address of the
Hon. Mr. Carleton, an eminent member
of the judicial bench. Taking up my
hat, I straightway bore the letter to its
destination, and, having read it, the
judge said to me: "In a few days you
shall hear from me, and I think I shall
have good news for you."

On the third morning after this inter-
view I had persuaded my sister to take
a walk with me. During our prome-
nade we happened to pass before a res-
taurant in the neighborhood, whence a
waiter had just issued forth, bearing a
luncheon tray, on which, among other
things, were delicately roasted
chickens. My poor sister involuntarily
fixed such a longing, hungry look on the
food as it passed before her, that it al-
most broke my heart. On our return
home, I found a letter from Judge
Carleton awaiting me. Apologizing for the
delay in his invitation, he said he
should be happy to see me as a guest
at dinner on that same evening.

As the servant announced me Judge
Carleton came toward me, and, taking
me kindly by the hand, introduced me
to his wife and daughter, and then to
several of his guests who had known my
father. All were so kind and cordial to
me that in a few moments I felt quite
at home. The dinner was a brilliant one.
I was engaged in an animated conversa-
tion with a charming and very witty
lady beside whom I was seated, when
suddenly all my gayety fled from me. I
had just perceived at one end of the
table a splendid roast fowl that a domes-
tic had just placed there. The scene of
the morning and the hungry look in my
sister's eyes rose up before me, and my
heart was wrung by the remembrance.
The next instant a portion of the fowl
was placed before me. In the meantime
the lady beside me, finding I had sud-
denly become taciturn and distrustful,
gave her attention to my next neighbor,
and left me to my own devices and the sat-
isfaction of my greedy appetite. I made
such good use of the liberty thus ac-
corded me that in a few seconds every
trace of the food on my plate had disap-
peared. Dinner was nearly over, when
the conversation turned on a lawsuit
which my host had gained for one of his
clients.

"Well," said the judge, laughing,
"the case was one of my best, I'll allow;
but my client deserves a little mention,
and I'll tell you the name of the man
he has sent me, and he drew from his
finger a magnificent diamond ring, and
handed it for inspection to the lady who
sat next him. In the midst of expres-
sions of delight and admiration, the
jewel was handed from one guest to an-
other, until it had passed through the
hands of all present. Judge Carleton
had just risen and was proceeding when
my pass into the drawing-room, when
my husband exclaimed: "My dear, have
you my ring?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. M. returned it to
you a few moments since.

"Bless me! I don't know what it is,"
he said, taking out his pocket, and feel-
ing in all his pockets, one after the other.
No one stirred from the table, and for
some minutes the room was filled with
a confused hum of voices and the jing-
ling of knives and forks, china and
glass, brought into violent collision by
the sudden and unlooked-for search for
the missing jewel. But the search was
all in vain; the ring had certainly disap-
peared.

"I see it now," said the judge,
jokingly, "that ring must be some
wicked fairy who has maliciously hid-
den it away in the pocket of one of our
number. Now, I am going to make a
proposal, ladies and gentlemen—an odd,
extraneous, impossible proposal, if you
will—and which you would utterly re-
ject if it came from any other quarter;
out which you will accede to, as com-
ing from an eccentric individual like
me."

"Explain!" cried all the
guests in chorus.

"I propose, then," continued our
host, "that before we leave this room
we shall proceed to search each other,
the ladies on this side, and we gentle-
men on the other, for all who object hold
up their hands."

At the word "Search" all the blood
in my veins rushed back to my heart,
and a cold sweat broke out on my fore-
head and trickled down my face, which
I felt had become ashy pale. I stood
there apart, with a rush of sound in my
ears, a mist before my eyes, and swaying
to and fro like a man drunk with wine.

And through it all, I could hear the
laughing voice of my host counting the
votes in favor of his proposal. Suddenly
he confronted me, and said, in a peculiar
tone and with a significant glance at my
arms, which were tightly folded on my
breast: "And you, sir, do you not ap-
prove my suggestion?"

"I do not, sir," I replied, with out-
ward firmness, but with a face paler
than ever. A silence as of death suc-
ceeded these words, and every eye in
the room was turned in my direction.

"I beg your pardon for this foolish
joke, sir," said the judge, after a pause,
in a tone I shall never forget. "I would
rather be the loser of ten thousand dol-
lars than wound the feelings of a guest
under the shelter of my roof," and,
moving toward the door, he added,
lightly, "gentlemen, coffee will be ruin-
ed if we delay here longer." Just as he
was passing through the open door I ad-
vanced toward him.

"I owe you an explanation, Mr. Car-
leton," I said; "will you bear me? I pray
do not refuse me," I begged, seeing his
tongue coldly away. He stood still for a
moment, and then turning toward me
he said, brusquely, but without looking
at me:

"Very well, come," and he led the
way to his study.

"Where?" stammered Mr. Carleton,
with a look of stupefied amazement.
"Just in your plate," he answered,
laughing merrily.

"Very well, Annie, leave us for the in-
stant and we will join you in the draw-
ing-room." As the door closed behind
his wife, Mr. Carleton came up to me
and seized me by both hands.

"Before you say one word, sir, hear
my story, I entreat, and then with rapid,
feverish eloquence, I told him of
my struggles, my affection for my sister,
and, finally, of the heart-wringing scene
of the morning. "And this is why I
preferred to pass for a thief rather than
have it known that my father's daughter
was dining in Paris, where her mother
still resides; spoke several languages
with fluency, and was fitted with every-
thing but money for adorning the circles
of upper tenor. Our Scotchman be-
came deeply enamored of the beautiful,
friendless girl; proposed, was accepted,
and they were married."

"Gentlemen, I present to you the
most honorable and worthy young fel-
low I know, my private secretary."

There were two happy, thankful
hearts that night in their humble apart-
ment.

Servian Mounted Infantry.
The London News correspondent in
Serbia says: As we walk in the sunshine
there is a patter of horses' hoofs on the
timber flooring of the bridge, and to
these approaches a column of cavalry of
a sort. The mounts are not horses, but
diminutive rat-like ponies, with long
tails and manes and longer necks. They
move with a brisk pace, half walk, half
amble, and seem good for any distance,
notwithstanding the loads they carry, as
they jog along in double file. The lead
of a Servian war pony—I suppose that
is a correct explanation—consists, in the
first instance, of a large blanket, then of
a huge double-plug Turkish saddle, and
then a whole pack of things, with two
huge packs slung across the loins, then
with miscellaneous wallets and blankets,
and various belongings fastened on and
above the saddle, and on top of every-
thing, stuck up high above the pony's
back, a full grown Servian peasant, car-
rying across his shoulders a great and
fixed bayonet, a sword and an odd por-
tion or two. This queer column of cav-
alry forms the escort to a line of provin-
cial wagons that follow slowly in long
procession, each wagon drawn by its
patient team of oxen. "Is that your cav-
alry?" I ask, with a great expectation
of a staff officer. No, said he, it was
the volunteer escort of the provision
train; the pony riders are but peasant
militia untrained, and without, as you
see, a scrap of uniform about them.

But ragged and droll as they look, "I
wrote you a high praise of them," said
the officer, "and I can assure you they
are doing very well. They are not only
good for any distance, but they are
very nice time. A gentleman made a
short journey in his company, slept in
the room with him, and concluded that,
notwithstanding his great good humor
and pleasant manners, something must
lie heavily on his conscience."

The way he had followed; the messes
he had taken to clothe those delicate
limbs in the next room in purple and
the linen; the price he had paid for the
jewels that sparkled on those dainty
fingers; the soul he had exchanged for
baubles; the misery, the anguish he had
endured for the sake of a few dollars;
a nest of luxury for birds in gay plumage;
the cunning friend of his youth
doomed to a sudden and terrible death
that this woman might dawdle away her
life in ease and indolence, and disregard
all his admonitions and orders about
carelessly lavishing the money won by
such terrible expedients! These
thoughts maddened him, until, spring-
ing up with foam on his lips and fierce
revenge in his eyes, he rushed into her
room, dragged her from her luxurious
bed, dashed her to the floor, and, with
repeated and furious blows, sought to
make an end of her. Her cries brought
all in the house into the hall; but no one
dared to enter the room, except an old
nurse who had been with them a long
time, who rushed in to her mistress's
rescue.

The sight of her diverted the maniac's
attention from his prostrate wife, so that
he left off beating her, and darted after
the nurse. The wife made good use of
the diversion to get to an open window
and throw herself out, although the
room was in the second story. Some
vines and trellis caught her, and she
held on shivering lest he should murder
the children. The nurse got out of her
way; and after searching for them both
for some time, and making every one
treble with his horrible cries and im-
precations, he went back to bed. The
nurse helped her mistress back into the
room. She was terribly bruised and
blackened. She kept her bed, and re-
fused to see her husband for days—
would have left him, but she had no
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THE DYNAMITE FIEND'S END.

A Love story begun in New York and ended in Bremen.—The Fortunes of a Beautiful French Girl.—An Indolent Husband and his Peevish Wife.

Jane G. Swishelm writes the follow-
ing romantic story from Saxony: Some
years ago a Scotchman migrated to
America. By unknown ways he suc-
ceeded in getting enough money to give
him the appearance of great wealth.
He spent freely; was an eminently
pleasant man, and social instincts;
liked society, and made himself a most
delightful member of it; was a mat-
rimonial catch, and might have married
money, but he saw one who put out of
his mind all thought of making it by
marriage.

The lady who sealed his fate was
much younger than himself—a French
girl in New-York, without a permanent
home, or friends on whom she could
rely for support. She was beautiful—
surpassingly so—accomplished, grace-
ful, and intelligent. Her mother had
brought up in Paris, where her mother
still resides; spoke several languages
with fluency, and was fitted with every-
thing but money for adorning the circles
of upper tenor. Our Scotchman be-
came deeply enamored of the beautiful,
friendless girl; proposed, was accepted,
and they were married.

His wife's tastes were expensive. She
believed him to be a person of almost
unlimited resources, and spent freely
for the adornment of the lovely person
he loved so much to see beautifully
adorned. He proved to be an almost
total failure. His resources were ex-
hausted, and he was obliged to perform
with his own hands for his wife and
children services usually rendered by
servants, and for the performance of
which he had plenty of paid attendants.

For instance, he thought no one could
prepare his wife's coffee and carry it to
her bedside in the morning so well as
he, or wrap her shawl around her so
carefully when she sat up to drink it.
If baby cried, nurse and mamma gave
place to the superior tenderness with
which he soothed his sorrows. Their
style of living was superb, and his out-
goings were enormous. He was ex-
posed to be very great, and, when he
began to complain of his wife's bills,
she thought him stingy, and spoke of it
to her intimate lady friends, who spoke
of it again to their husbands, and it was
a good joke to think of the cunning
Scotchman being despised by the mil-
lions' bills of his beautiful young wife.

Years ago they came to Continental
Europe, and here he passed as a South-
ern American; and, as a matter of
course, they were all the possessors of
untold wealth. The war might have de-
prived them of their slaves, but the
Scotchman was a man of great expecta-
tions, as well as of past magnificence,
attached to them.

Our Scotchman and his bewitching
French wife lived here in Leipzig in
the style, and had many warm friends.
The lady's almost perfect knowledge of
several languages had her for a long
time had plenty of money, and had a
very nice time. A gentleman made a
short journey in his company, slept in
the room with him, and concluded that,
notwithstanding his great good humor
and pleasant manners, something must
lie heavily on his conscience.

The way he had followed; the messes
he had taken to clothe those delicate
limbs in the next room in purple and
the linen; the price he had paid for the
jewels that sparkled on those dainty
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