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fashionable and most modern styles of type, we
are prepared to execute, at short notice, all
kinds of Book, Job, and Fancy Printing.

Poetical.

SPRING.

Behold the sweet, the lovely spring,
Once more she doth appear,
Decked in her verdant robes of green,
The loveliest of the year.

Stern winter's chilling blast no more
Shall shroud the earth with gloom;
From nature's unexhausted store
The flowers put forth and bloom.

The streams and fountains loosed once more
From icy fetters free,
With foaming speed and deafening roar,
Dance onward in their glees.

The little warbler gaily floats,
And sweetly seems to sing;
And carol forth its joyous notes,
To welcome gladness spring.

Then welcome, sweet and smiling spring,
Whose whisp'ring seem to say,
That winter, on her sable wing,
Once more has passed away.

Odds and Ends.

[] SATAN TAKEN TO GRACE, MATRIMONY AND
A PARLOR.—On Thursday, Mr. Israel Satan
was married to Miss Grace Parlor.

Mankind are free; peace shall abound,
Since Grace by Satan hath been found;
And in full faith that peace is sent,
Israel by Grace has pitched his tent.
No more in deserts shall he roam,
He's got a Parlor for his home.

[] The following epitaph may be found on
a tomb stone in Straffordshire, England:

"Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young;
Who on the 29th of May,
Began to hold her tongue."

[] A young gentleman who received a strong
hint from a young lady that she wanted a new
shinble, sent one to her with the following
message:

"I send a thimble, for fingers nimble,
Which I hope it will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it is half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it."

[] A stuttering Vermonter was asked the
way to Waterbury. With great politeness he
strove to say it was right straight ahead,
but in vain. The more he tried, the more he
couldn't. At last, red in the face, and furious
with unavailing exertion, he burst forth with:

"Gug, gug, go long, darn ye, you'll gi-gi-gi
there afore a k-kin tell you!"

[] Small acts of kindness—how pleasant
and desirable do they make life! Every object
is made light by them, and every tear of sor-
row brushed away. When the heart is sad,
and despondency sits at the entrance of the
soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away,
and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

[] OLD GEAR.—Why don't you go to work,
and stop picking your nose?
Boy.—It's my nose ain't it? and its Fourth
of July too. I'll pick thunder out of it if I've
mind to."

[] "Sam, why is your head like the moon?"
"I don't know, Jim. Give it up." "Because,
it is supposed by some to be inhabited. Yah,
Yah!"

[] "I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a
horse." "Served him right. Why didn't he
buy one and not pay for it, like any other gen-
tleman?"

[] A young lady says she would as soon
nestle her nose in a rat's nest, as allow a man
with whiskers to kiss her. Don't try her, lest
she may not only break her vow, but take a
liking for it.

[] The lady who put her floor cloth in the
cradle and scrubbed the floor with her baby,
has since joined the Mormons.

[] The Buffalo Republican says the woman
who had a "fellow feeling in her bosom" has
sued him for assault. Poor thing!

[] A gentleman who advertised for a clerk
who could bear "confinement," was answered
by one who had lain seven years in jail.

[] The chap who courted an investigation
declared he'd much rather hug an affectionate
girl. Khen: who wouldn't like that wo-
wonder!

[] Crispin says there is no danger of hard
times among the shoemakers, because every
shoe is sold before it can be got ready for
market.

[] What is stronger in death than in life?—
An old yellow legged hen. If you don't believe
it, try to dissect one after boiling.

[] The worstest people are most injured by
slanders; as we usually find that to be the
best fruit which the birds have been pickin' at.

[] Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural
history, that the softest water is caught when
it rains the hardest?

[] In girls we love what they are, in young
men what they promise to be.

[] It is better to stop at a high door-way
than to run against a low one.

[] He that will be angry for anything, will
be angry for nothing.

LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

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A Capital Story.

THE BANDIT'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. COURIER.

For some years during the early part of the
eighteenth century the highway from Lyons to
Turin was infested with a gang of robbers of a
most bold and desperate character; and so well
organized was the band, and so secret was their
place of rendezvous, that the vigilance of both
cities failed to discover it. Now and then a
troop of *gens d'armes*, who had been sent in
search of them, made prisoner of a member of
the band; but the offer of life which was made
him on condition that he would betray his com-
panions, had always been received with the
utmost indignity.

The last individual who had suffered previ-
ously to the time our history commences, was a
lad of sixteen years,—a fair-haired, blue-eyed
boy of very delicate form, and features extreme-
ly beautiful when at repose, for then the look
of the bravo, which he could so well assume,
was exchanged for an expression of such deep
melancholy, in which, however, there was not a
tinge of repentance or fear, that scarcely was
there an eye resting on him as he was led up
the fatal scaffold but was moistened with the
tear of pity. As to the proof of his guilt, there
was no question; but had he pleaded innocence,
there were many present at his trial who be-
lieved he might have escaped justice; and when
he stood on the scaffold, the officer who had
conducted him there felt so much compassion
for the boy that he whispered in his ear:

"If you are guiltless of the crime alleged
against you, declare your innocence, and you
may yet be saved!"

"I am not innocent!" exclaimed the youth,
"and do you think I will speak falsely to save
my life? A robber may be a gentleman; but
I am not!"

"Poor boy!" said the attendant; "well,
appeal then to the sympathy of the people, and
they will rescue you from this terrible fate!"

"Appeal to their sympathy!" said the boy,
looking scornfully in the face of his adviser;
and turning to the crowd, he stretched out his
slender arm, and shook his white clenched hand
in the anxious faces upturned to his, while his
sweet-toned voice was proud and defiant. "Do
you think, base slaves!" he exclaimed, "that
you will strike terror into the hearts of my
brave and free companions, by taking my life?
They are all before me, every one of them, but
you will not see, even in the leader of the noble
band, who is my father, the quivering lip or
the downcast eye. And think not their number
will be diminished by the loss of me; no!
another will be trained to fill my place; and if
my spirit exists when my body is dead; and if
it possesses the powers it now enjoys, it shall
animate my successor in the band of brave
hearts, and you will see me again; you
shall!"

His father's speech was checked by the officer
of justice, and the lad suffered the penalty of
his crime. For some months after the execution
nothing was heard of the band of highwaymen,
and their robberies afterwards were more un-
frequent, and carried on with less boldness than
before.

At the close of a hot, sultry day in midsum-
mer, a traveller, apparently much fatigued, and
covered with dust, halted at the door of a hum-
ble peasant dwelling at no great distance from
Turin, and asked of the woman who sat in the
shade of the poplar, busily engaged in plaiting
a straw hat, for a draught of water. The lad
who had been sitting near her, instantly drop-
ped the old violoncello to which he was attempt-
ing to fasten a new string, and hastened to
supply the stranger's want, while his mother
invited the traveller to rest himself on the bench
the boy had quitted. The invitation was ac-
cepted, and as he sat down, the stranger took
up the instrument, and drew his fingers across
the strings.

"Is your son fond of music, madame?" he
asked.

"Yes, monsieur!" she returned, in very pure
French; "he has a sweet voice, and if we could
afford to give him instruction, I think he would
become a master of the science. But his father
is poor, and Francois will be nothing but a
vine-dresser."

The boy returned with a pitcher of water,
which the traveller drank of very sparingly.

"Francois, let monsieur hear you sing!"
said his mother. "I dare say he has an ear
for music; see! he has put the string to your
violin."

The lad blushed, but after a little hesitation
he commenced a sprightly *walse*, to which, as
soon as he caught the air, the stranger played
an accompaniment. The fond mother gazed
enraptured on her son as the air was concluded;
in her delight at the performance she did not
observe how much of the merit of it was due to
the stranger.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" exclaimed the travel-

ler. "I dare say do Maestro, himself, would
not have done better at your age, my lad!"

"Ah, monsieur, you flatter the boy!" said
the mother, with a smile of delight.

"Not a bit!" said the stranger, "his voice
will be the making of him. I wish do Maestro
could see the boy!"

A slight flush tinged the face of the woman,
and she bent her head again over the work she
had for a moment laid aside.

"Pietro, the boy's father, does not think do
Maestro a great performer?" said the woman.

"But," she continued, after a moment's hesi-
tation, "though he is a kind husband and
father, and is called a good man by all the
neighbors, Pietro is no musician; and beside,
he is in the employ of the Count d'Enghien."

"And why should that influence him in his
opinion of do Maestro's abilities?" asked the
stranger.

"Ah, do you not know?"

"Years ago I heard him perform several
times; and he enjoyed once, I believe, a good
reputation; but I never made inquiry respect-
ing his private history," said the stranger.

"Well, it is an old story now," said the
woman; "it is sixteen years since the count
drove him from Lyons. Maestro,—he did not
assume the prefix to his name till after his mar-
riage, was the son of a poor peasant, who lived
on the estate of the count's father. His health
was delicate when he was young, but he was a
very handsome, intelligent lad, and possessed
at an early age a remarkable fondness for
music; and the old count was so much pleased
with him that he promised his father he would
give him a thorough musical education. His
patron died, however, before the boy had time
to make much progress in his studies; and his
son, the present count, who, for some unknown
reason, had always disliked Maestro, denied
what his father had promised him, and advised
the peasant to put the boy to work. The lad
was proud and irritable, and perhaps he spoke
unadvisedly to the count; but at any rate, his
father was driven from the d'Enghien estate
without so much as a sou, though he had a sick
wife, and a large family of small children."

Nothing was heard of him for some time, but
that his mother and her babe had died from
want and exposure. At length the count, who
had always shown himself, to some extent, the
patron of young artists, invited to his chateau
a professor of music,—I cannot remember now
the foreign name by which he was called,—
whom he had found at Rome. He had heard
him perform once at the Vatican, and the cathed-
ral of St. Jean being then without a good
organist, a great salary was offered him if he
would accept the situation.

"Never did the great organ of St. Jean
breathe forth such melody before, as on that
Christmas evening! Everybody was enchanted,
and the salary offered the stranger was more
than double the salary succeeding his first per-
formance. Through the influence of the count,
he was received into the society of people of
rank, and much of his time was passed at the
chateau d'Enghien. When the stranger had
thought himself sufficiently to possess the good
wishes of the people among whom he was, he
made known his real name, and his marriage,
which had taken place about the time he was
introduced to the count in Rome."

"The stranger was, as you will suppose,
Monsieur de Maestro! and his wife was the
count's sister. They had been playmates in
childhood, and the cruelty of her brother to-
wards the youth had made the lady's friend-
ship ripen into love."

"Was it a real marriage that existed between
them?" interrupted the traveller, who seemed
very much interested in the account.

The woman looked timidly about her, and
then whispered in a low tone, "It was! her
waiting-woman, who had always enjoyed the
confidence of the sweet lady, was a witness of
the ceremony. It was Father Jerome, who died
so suddenly, and not one of his servants, attired
in his master's garments, as the count so clearly
proved it to be, who stood at the altar. But
who would have believed me? What am I
saying,—but you are the friend of do Maestro!
My dear mistress would not allow me to make
known what I know of the marriage; she said
it would in no way benefit her husband or her-
self; for the count was determined to ruin him;
it would only involve Pietro,—we had been
married a year then,—in difficulty. I would
not have cared for that, however, but she would
not allow it; on her dying bed she begged me
not to testify to the legality of her marriage even
if her babe lived, for it might cost him and his
father their lives. My dear mistress!" and the
woman's tears fell fast over her work, "she
had no friend but me, and her husband was far
away; for the count, whose influence was very
great, had so exasperated the populace against
him by his story of the wrong done his sister,
that he was obliged to escape from the city. She
died to the great joy of her brother, but he
has never prospered since. The Countess
d'Enghien survived her but little more than a
year, and it was a strange disease of which she
died; twice has the chateau been robbed, once
of the treasure he possessed on earth—

his only son, and once was the villa nearly de-
stroyed by fire. And did you ever think of
it, monsieur,—Francois, can you not find some
fruit for the stranger? did you ever observe,
monsieur—O, you have long been absent from
this neighborhood,—you say! but you have
heard of course of the robberies which have, for
some years passed, been committed between
Lyons and Turin. Well, these robberies have
always been of the count or her friends; and
—and—I know not why I am saying what I
have only dared think before,—the youth who
was executed two years since, as a member of
that band of robbers, must have been the boy
who was stolen from the count—his own son!
I saw him after the execution, and his face was
so like that of another d'Enghien!"

"Has it ever been supposed that do Maestro's
friends were the visitors of these evils on the
count?" asked the stranger.

"Friends? he had no friends!" was the
reply; and the woman hurried on, evidently
with a desire to evade giving a more direct
answer; "no friends where the count exerts
any influence. He has hunted him everywhere,
like a wild beast; it is said he has sometimes
been reduced to the utmost want, through the
count's means. Nothing has been heard of do
Maestro for some years past."

"Did you tell me," asked the stranger,
"what became of his child? It lived, you
said?"

"No, monsieur, I did not tell you it lived!"
returned the woman, quickly. "The report
was, that it was dead; and everybody believed
it was true."

"Everybody but you, Louise!" said the
stranger.

The woman started, but the man lifting, for
a moment, his broad-brimmed chapeau from his
head, and with it the dark chestnut wig which
had hid his own raven hair, and at the same
time removing from his face the moustaches
that had concealed it, and a line from his cheek
that seemed to have been a frightful scar, but
replacing each as soon as he perceived from the
change of countenance of the woman, that he
was recognized, asked eagerly, in a language
very different from the patois in which he had
before addressed her, "Louise, does he not
live? Is not Francois the son of the Lady
Emilie?"

"He is! but—but he must not be taken from
me! It would be harder to part with him now
than it was with my own dear babe, whose
place he took in my arms, and my heart—
Pietro thinks him his own son; what can I
say to my husband if he is taken away?"

"All your kindness to your mistress and her
son is known," said the stranger, "and the
boy shall never forget it. You shall see him
again, some day. Do not undecieve Pietro, nor
any one else in regard to the lad; your inge-
nuity will fail you for the first time if you
cannot satisfy him. Thank you," he contin-
ued, as Francois returned with a basket of fruits,
"but the day is almost gone, and I can carry
no longer. If you will take the basket on your
arm, however, and walk with me a little
distance, I shall be well pleased!"

"Go with him, Francois, as far as he wishes
you to! remember, my son, as far as he wishes
you to! But you must return to me again,
some time, remember that too, Francois; when
he will allow it, return to me again!" and the
woman, unable longer to control her feelings,
rushed into the cottage, closing the door after
her.

Three years had passed away since, at the
command of his supposed mother, Francois had
put himself under the control of the individual,
who came, one warm midsummer eve to the
door of Pietro's cottage, and asked for a draught
of water. But who Ruberto (so was the indi-
vidual called) was, and why he had taken such
interest in him, for notwithstanding he was sel-
dom treated by him with any show of kindness,
the youth was convinced that nothing gave his
tutor—such was Ruberto to him—so much
pleasure as the progress he made in his studies,
and his improvement in physical strength,—
who he was, and why he had taken such inter-
est in himself, Francois could not learn.

Among the inhabitants of the little hamlet in
which his cabin stood, Ruberto was known as
Un Fou, but he excited no fear nor ridic-
ule among the most timid, or the rudest, for
he was always harmless, and the sight of that
broad, pale brow, on which the raven hair was
shivering, the glance of the deep-set, melancholy
black eyes and the low-toned musical voice
never called forth any emotion but that of pity.
For some time after he had taken up his resi-
dence with the stranger, Francois believed that
the epithet applied to him was not, altogether,
inappropriate. The course he sometimes took
to procure his daily bread, more than anything
else, convinced him of the partial insanity of
his patron. Ruberto would arise from the
piano,—the principal article of furniture which
his cabin contained,—where he had been play-
ing in a manner that might have entranced the
senses of a much better critic than Francois, as
entirely as it did his,—the master-pieces of the
greatest artists, altering and improving, so his
pupil thought, their finest passages, and some

times running into a voluntary, which far ex-
ceeded in beauty any music he could place be-
fore him; he would rise from the piano, and
suspending from his neck by a cord an in-
strument carried only by the lowest class of
street musicians, would start for some neigh-
boring town, where he would be found gather-
ing a few sous from a group of lazzaroni, for
the performance, in the most wretched manner,
of some contemptible ballad. But when Fran-
cois gently remonstrated with him for the
course he was pursuing, offering to labor for
the support of Ruberto in return for the in-
struction he would receive from him, an ex-
pression would dart from those dark eyes
which only silenced the youth, but would per-
suade him, for the time, that it was not to a
disordered intellect, but a deranged soul, that
the eccentricities of his character were attribu-
table; and he was convinced, by several cir-
cumstances, that the extreme poverty of Rub-
erto was only affected. The longer he remained
with him the more was he assured that the real
character and situation in life of his friend were
very different from what they seemed to be, but
beyond that the youth could not conjecture; for
there was never a moment when that face re-
laxed its cold and stern expression; never,
though words of kind approval were sometimes
addressed to him, was there a tone which in-
vited to familiarity.

The other member of Ruberto's family was
more unapproachable than himself, for the old
Lunette was deaf and dumb too, for aught
Francois knew. During the three years he had
spent in the house, she had not uttered a word
in his hearing; and she was very unapt in
pantomime, for the youth could never make her
understand anything, though he sometimes la-
bored to do so.

Very soon after taking up his residence with
Ruberto, he had been informed that he was not
the son of Pietro and Louise; but who his pa-
rents were, and whether they were living or not,
he could not learn. His foster-mother whom,
at the request of his new guardian, and also
her own, he had not visited since leaving her,
pretended ignorance of his parentage; and Ru-
berto would not be questioned on the subject.

Three years had passed away, and a great
change had taken place in the personal appear-
ance and character of Francois. The pale, deli-
cate boy, whom the extreme tenderness of his
foster-mother had almost spoiled, and a fear of
whose discovery by the unscrupulous relative
who might have sought his life, as well as her
notions of his superiority of birth, had caused
to interdict any intercourse between him and
the children of her peasant neighbors, and to
confine him so entirely to her society that he
was timid and awkward,—had become a strong,
athletic youth of nineteen, handsome in fea-
tures, and polite and graceful in his manners;
reserved, and very sensitive from the peculiar
position in which he was placed, but proud and
self-possessed. His talent for music had been
cultivated, but not to the neglect of other stud-
ies, for Ruberto had showed himself as well
qualified for his instructor in other sciences, as
in music.

On the evening that he had completed his
nineteenth year, Francois informed Ruberto
that it was his wish to engage in some pursuit
by which he might gain a livelihood without
being dependent on the kind friend who had
cared for him so long.

Ruberto had been sitting in one of those
gloomy moods in which he had always at times
indulged, but which had, of late, seized him more
frequently than usual, with his head resting on
his hand, and his eyes fixed with a cold, insane
expression on his pupil, who, a moment before
addressing him, had executed a very difficult
but sweet piece of music.

"From the kindness you have always showed
me since I have been with you," said Fran-
cois, "I venture to hope you have already
marked out for me a course of conduct, and I
shall be ready to pursue it as soon as it is de-
scribed to me."

Ruberto started as if the simple words of the
youth had been a dagger in his soul, and the
look which succeeded that vacant gaze was so
wild and agonized, that it seemed to chill the
blood in the veins of Francois; and before he
could collect himself sufficiently to ask an ex-
planation of the sudden emotion, Ruberto strid-
ed out of the cabin. Francois rose to follow
him, but he had hardly advanced a step to-
wards the door when a hand was laid heavily on
his shoulder; and he could hardly credit the
evidence of his senses, the old Lunette stood be-
side him, gazing with a clear and bright, but
anxious eye, in his face, and whispering in his
ear in a low, distinct tone.

"Francois!" she said, "fly from this place;
far—very far from this place, and now—this
very night! Fly, if you have the least regard
for him; fly, if you honor are dear to you!"

"From Ruberto, Lunette? Does he wish
me to leave him?"

"He loves you," returned the woman; "you
cannot dream of the affection he bears you;
but Ruberto would give his right hand could
he never see you more; ay, his life, even did he
know you were beyond the bounds of Italy and

France, never more to return! Obey me, or
you will bring a terrible curse on yourself and
him. Ask no questions; henceforth I am the
mute I have always been!" and the old
woman, resuming her accustomed look of stu-
pidity, retreated to the corner of the apartment
where she usually sat, and took up her inter-
minable straw braiding.

The abrupt entrance of an individual—a
butcher from Lyons, and a distant connection
of Ruberto's, so he called himself, prevented
Francois from attempting to draw from Lunette
an explanation of her words. Merle, so was
the visitor called, was a man about fifty years
of age, and in his personal appearance, and the
expression of his features, was something that
rendered very probable the story of his rela-
tionship to Ruberto. But the two individuals
were very unlike, too.

The black eyes were equally wild and pierc-
ing, but what was deep melancholy in one,
was, in the other, the expression of dark, re-
vengeful thought: the voice, and peculiar ac-
cent of the two were the same; but the few
words of Ruberto were sweet and gentle, as
were the tones which, in his hours of better
feeling, he made his old piano to breathe; while
the voluble language of Merle was bitter and
sarcastic,—his mildest words seemed but dis-
sembled oaths.

The butcher was not a frequent visitor at the
cabin, though he had been there several times
since Francois had become a member of the
family, and the youth had always observed that
Ruberto, after one of these visits, had been
more than usually silent, and gloomy, and more
cold and reserved towards himself.

The stranger seemed, from his first sight of
him, to take a great fancy to Francois, but he
had the most uncommon ways of showing his
interest in him. Not unfrequently was his salu-
tation to the youth the presentation of a load-
ed pistol at his breast, or the holding above his
head a short, heavy blade, that he always car-
ried concealed about his person; and the ad-
mirable dexterity with which Francois knocked
the weapon from his hand and wound his supple
limbs around his strange friend, gave Merle
much amusement and satisfaction. Especially
was the butcher pleased, when those dark eyes
glowered so maliciously on him, and his words
were so bitter and taunting, at the perfect self-
possession of the youth, and the sprightly wit
that so easily parried the home thrust, or the
sober rebuke that silenced him.

He had abruptly, it has been said, entered
the cabin, and noiselessly, too, at the moment
Lunette was resuming her braiding, and glanced
with a more than usually frowning eye around
the apartment.

"And so you have been giving Francois a
little friendly advice!" he said, approaching
Lunette, and speaking in a low, quick tone, as
his hand fell rudely on her shoulder.

But the venture, though so well made, did
not surprise Lunette. Not a muscle of her face
moved; and the eye which lifted itself to his,
was inexpressive of aught but surprise at his
sudden appearance.

Francois had always felt an instinctive dislike
to Merle; the sport of the butcher with him-
self being about as amusing to him as must be
that of grimalkin to the captured mouse; and
his present visit, the youth thought, might have
some connection with the injunction of Lunette,
and the mysterious appearance of Ruberto; and
under pretence of seeking the latter, he
left the cabin, and did not return to it till late
in the evening, when the visitor might be ex-
pected to have taken his departure.

The dwelling was silent, and in darkness,
and Francois crept, noiselessly to his sleeping
apartment; but as he was preparing himself for
his couch, there was a low tap at his door, and
on opening it, the old housekeeper stood be-
fore him. By the bright moonlight he saw
that she was greatly excited, but with a look
imposing silence, she motioned him to follow
her, and then led the way to the cellar of the
cabin.

Francois groped his way down the stairs
after her, and then Lunette seized his hand and
drew him forward, he knew not whither, but
through a long, subterranean passage, which
opened now and then, he thought, into an area
of considerable dimensions. At length they
paused, and the woman, first pressing his fin-
gers tightly to enjoin silence, opened a small
aperture in the wall before which they stood,
and then drew him to the spot through which a
ray of light was gleaming. Francois peered
through the aperture, and before his eye was
an apartment perhaps sixteen feet square, com-
fortably furnished, and furnished with a large
table, on which were vials and drinking ves-
sels, and around which were seated a dozen
men. The host, to the amazement of Francois,
was Ruberto, and opposite him sat the butcher
from Lyons. All the others were unknown to
him; but they were dark-browed, ferocious
looking men, and three of them bore a very
striking resemblance to Merle.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

HONEY BEES.—A correspondent of a morning
paper says that he has lived three years in the
southern portion of Tulare Valley, California,
and can state that during the dry season the
leaves of the oak are completely loaded down
with honey, so that it drops from leaf to leaf,
and finally finds its way to the earth in fine,
transparent and crystallized honey. The wil-
low timber on all of those southern streams
from the San Joaquin down to Tejon Pass is
loaded down with sugar, so that the Indians
collect it in large quantities by cutting off the
branches, throwing them on a hide and thresh-
ing it off, then winnowing out the leaves. There
is likewise a small cane that grows in the
mountains adjacent to the Tejon, from which
the natives collect large quantities of sugar by
merely cutting it and threshing the sugar off.
They obtain it in a pure, crystallized state,
without any boiling or refining. There is a
species of pine that produces sugar in small
quantities, but not sufficient to make it an ob-
ject to collect.