

his pirate cavern. He enjoyed the daring mischief in her eye, and the free and easy pose of her trim figure as she walked about the hills of the neighborhood. He had at once concluded to make her his on this same Sunday evening, before referred to as offering unusual opportunity in the absence of her father and mother. With this object in view, then, he had come over to the Brown farm-house when the darkness was becoming sufficiently dense to offer concealment, and had stopped to take a preliminary look into the kitchen windows to see if the coast was clear and to perfect his plans. What was his amazement then to see our young friend Napoleon, evidently got up with much care and wearing an air of confidence, come boldly to the kitchen door and gain admittance. Mr. Pease took the whole proceeding as a personal affront. Words would fail to convey a tithe of the emotions of fury and revenge that raged in his bandit bosom. At first his fiery spirit prompted him to draw a revolver and shoot the unsuspecting Napoleon through the kitchen window. But instead he crept softly upon the porch and glared within to see what should take place in the kitchen. The scene that met his eye was not one to soothe his angry feelings. On one side of the fireplace sat Napoleon and on the other the smiling Theo calm and bewitching as ever, looking at her agitated lover from the mischievous depths of her bright eyes. As Mr. Pease watched all this he could hear the trembling tones of his rival now rising with emotion so as almost to be heard in the eagerness of Napoleon's wooing, now sinking to scarcely audible murmurs, and the sounds still further inflamed the wrath of the waiting Zeb. He ground his teeth in an ecstasy of rage. Now he fingered his revolver with an awful look of revenge upon his features, and now he drew out his saber and made the air whistle with swift slashes at space. At last matters came to a crisis. As the angry Zeb watched from his post in the darkness he saw his rival gradually lean toward the object of his affections in the eloquence of his pleading, and when at length Napoleon stepped from his chair and fell upon his knees on the hearth at Theo's feet, as if about to carry the citadel of her heart by storm, so to say, the wrath of Zeb could be restrained no longer. With one mighty kick of his heavy boot he demolished the kitchen window, sash and all, and with saber aloft and a terrible smile upon his features leaped into the room, grasped the amorous Napoleon by the crown of his carroty hair, and while he made the air whistle with the vengeful sweeps of his mighty