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Asistant Burgess—Tobert Altison.

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Assassor. John Gutshall. Assistant Assessors, Jno. Mell, Goo. S. Bactem.
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VOL. 65.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1865.

TERMS:--\$2,00 in Advance, or \$2,50 within the year.

And in this place Ettie stayed on, sad-

at home, and often walked with his mis-

fort were anxious to keep her-and they

There came at last a sweet April day,

hanced the leveliness it softly shaded.

The French windows of the drawing

room, which were now open, faced that

portion of the garden where Ettie stood.

In a minute or two it became evident

that the visitors had entered that room,

and were talking there with Mr. Mens-

fort, or "the doctor," as Ettie had now

learned to call him. Having no wish to

With a loud yell or whine he left her

Not many seconds had clapsed before

Possum re-appeared. But he was not

Heaven! what meant it? this sudden

magic vision of a tall, well knit, well-re-

membered boy's figure, of golden hair,

and a deep-bronzed face, and glittering

Ettie stood like a statue; her lips pale

and parted; her hands clasped; her

heart crammed with a nameless incred-

Wonderful. It was not a mistake .-

There he came bounding-bounding

towards her, while 'Possum capered and

barked a bark of joy before him. Yes,

there was the dear old face, all aflame

now with passionate love; the eyes burn-

ing with an intense pure brightness like

electric sparks; the excitement of the

countenance enhanced by an indescrib-

able expression of eager, wondering in-

A few moments more, and a great

strong arm was clasping the fragile girl's

figure; two trembling lips were pressed

upon the maiden's cheek; and then,

swelled up such mighty tears as no ef-

forts could suppress.

further from them.

auestion.

buttons?

quiry.

A STATE OF THE STA

ulous happiness.

NO. 10.

Moeticul.

IN MEMORIAM. He shall not die unsung, nor yet unavenged.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

Within a Southern prison, where the heavy air wa When Famine gaunt and gloomy, sat brooding night

And human beings huddled, like shivering boasts of prey, Lay a pale-browed youthful soldier whos emed to have caught its beauty

The heavy lids drooped and the light from was gone.

And day by day more slowly his feeble pulses beat,

Till the angel of Death in pity came with lagging feet He murmured sweet and childish things, and repeated his infant prayer,
While a comrade whispered his mother's name smoothed the dark waves of his hair. hen over his pallid features passed a smile as sweetly

As a beam from the open portal of the radi Then gathered 're chanted a funeral psalm.

to a hely calm. e sternest spirits grew ter ed their heads to pray,

with celestial day. his rest. Oh for a mother's or sister's kiss to pe id a tender hand to hide those eyes afar from the ligh

er his grave no friend And the southern flow Let's see! of the coming spring And the crash of War will come

Thence the cries of our starving from every sod; Swift as from out the murky sky, the livid lightnings

down to look after his chest.

Blue Boy, and of "Ocean Ripple"

vas not easy housekeeping now.

continually urged her young lady to rec-

had been, from the infancy of the latter,

while he was at home. But she exulted

inwardly now that he was gone. And

Ettie knew this, and was afraid that she

hated Hannah, and she watched her

pungent little face, reminding one some-

Papa-lawyer papa, came home as

usual to dinner. The evening had no

wheels to its chariot. Blue Boy was not

how, she thought, of the smell of gas.

ty brown eyes.

know about it?

hall be heard 'midst the ers, the clang of the sabres' ring The stately Palmetto shall box its head, while the storm is sweeping by, And the light of many a burning home, shall gl in the lurid sky.

But he will not wake, or start from his flying squadrons come Orat morn and evening list reveille drum; The angel of Freedom shall watch when he sheps never a slave shall tread,

natified dead. the Union our

our Famine slain, southern plain Strike for the living and the dead: to the traitor with your steel!

shattered columns reel Till the blood of our murdered brothers shall rie Carllele, March 4th, 1865

Miscelluneons.

[From London Society.] "BLUE BOY," OR

THE LETTER IN THE GOBLET

It was a brown November day, Na ture suffered from influenza. She sneezed fitfully a small rain, breathed hard and uncertainly, and was generally chill and discomposed.

About noon a respectable but ugly dog, of no breed whatever, was seen trotting through the narrow, slushy streets in the neighborhood of Blackwall. His journey was clearly the result of design Whatever his end, it was plain that h did not lose sight of that end for a moment. He found it uncomfortable, no doubt, to be encrusted with mud, and to be subjected to all the difficulties of animated pie attempting locomotion. But neither discomfort nor difficulty could check his steady, persistent trot towards | there to sing | Initial Lines, feet, nor to play with Ettie the accus-

the East India Docks.

Boy good-bye?

railway station and the river, he raised

"Ocean Ripple" (twelve hundred

ons) was being warped out of dock .-

She was necessarily close alongside the

quay. The seamen grouped upon the

orecastle could talk to their weeping

friends ashore. 'Possom stood close to

the edge of the quay, regardless of haw-

sers from which he was in some peril.

Suddenly his tail began to wag furiously.

A gold bound cap appeared above the

bulwarks. A sudden strong whistle was

like would have trickled down his cheeks.

heard, and a pair of eyes, staring widely

his nose inquiringly.

tomed blundering game of chess, in which 'Possum felt himself wronged. Why she would let him have back his queen had they not let him come with the caras often as he lost it-which was three riage to see Blue Boy off? Why should times at least. he have been driven to the expedient of Brown November and hoary Decemslipping his chain at the last momentber both saw Ettie to disadvantage. But dishonorable as well as a difficult feat on the twenty-fourth of the latter month to accomplish? Did not 'Possum take her spirits revived. She busied herself as lively an interest in the Blue Boy as in preparing for to-morrow's entertainany one? Did he not know (as well as ment with relish. The party would be any of the perpendicular animals could) small. An old maiden cousin a batchthat Blue Boy was going t'other side of elor cousin, papa and Ettie would conthe round world, where his legs would stitute it. But all should be perfect in be sticking up this way; and that becomfort and delicacy, so Ettie deterfore he could get back, dog-days and mined sulphurous water must come and go once at least? Why, then, should he be ex-

It was a custom in the house, after the Christmas dinner to fill a silver cup cluded from the privilege of bidding Blue with spiced wine, and to pass it (no matter how many times) round the table, As 'Possum trotted across the open that each might name, and drink to an space which lies between the Blackwall

absent one. Ettie must bring out the old goblet, never used but for this purpose. She went to the plate closet, thinking of the laughing boy who had drunk out of that cup last year, and had refused to name any absent person, because, as he said, he didn't care a rap for absentees just then. She unfolded the green baize, and took out the goblet, Why, there was something inside it-a note!

Yes, a note. And directed, too, that peculiar, satisfactory handworking, which, as Ettie always thought, looked like something good to eat-directed. moreover, to Miss Violet (i e., Ettie Ar-

Ettie's pretty retrousse nose felt white. and her heart beat snycopated time.-She opened the note and read:--- . DEAR MISS VIOLET: Did you think

eye. A handsome, impudent, funny old | in an awful funk of the governor, so he | head. It belonged to Blue Boy, mid-thought he'd write. "And after all, Ettie knows what he's shipman (merchant service), aged sevgot to say, so he needn't say it even on

"My stars!" exclaimed the lad in "Wasn't it, a good dodge to make a bassoon-like tone, as he recognized 'Pospost-office of the Christmas cup? He her.) knows well enough who would be the sum, "And what the dickens brings first to get hold of it! But how did he you, old chap?" manage to seize the keys, ch, Miss Et-'Possum understood the question, and

"Mind whose health you drink! And replied to it, as it appeared to him, with clearness. It took Blue Boy long, howwear this locket round that soft, white little neck, which I should like toever, to understand the answer. At last "But, Miss Violet; if you don't care he said, "I know. Come to see me off, about the party whose hair is insidech? Good dog! Now, good-bye, and don't wear the locket pray-on any acgo home. Love to the governor, and a count. Throw it away, by all meanswhole lot of it to Ettie. Don't forget smash it to atoms-it's all the same to me, 'Possum, when I come back." And Prior (the brute!) to give you another here Blue Boy abruptly disappeared. locket instead, with one of his own beau-

'Possum, obeyed, willing, though sad. tiful black curls in it. Heaven bless us!" he said to himself, "I am, dear Miss Violet. "Yours very" (something with two "Fs" in it scratched out faintly. as he jogged home. "We dogs have our feelings, although men ignore them Then "sincerely," struck through with That boy now! I'd do anything in the vehement blackness. Nothing else adworld for him. And yet what a life he has led me? tying every conceivable (Signed) thing to me that was calculated to alarm

"Papa mustn't know," naughty Ettie or irritate a dog-throwing the most of | thought.

days into the pond, though he knew I Papa was a wary man, who did not alhated water like a cat-setting me at | ways allow even his petted daughter to see | spring came on, reopened her portfolio, harmless kittens which it went against how much hesaw. And because he wish- and revived her German .- Thank God, my stomach (or conscience—the two are ed the little affair between the young peoindentical) to interfere with, and at big ple to take its natural course, and, there- of us. dogs which it was impossible for me to fore, appeared to know nothing about it, lick! But he has been true through it they imagined him to be ignorant of what all, and I'll stick to him. Yes, we have was, in fact, as patent as a sunflower.

our feelings, we dogs. Forget him! The Christmas dinner came. Poor homeless cousin Elizabeth, and well-to-do It was a long way home, but 'Possum batchelor cousin Jack seemed to enjoy it knew the road well, having travelled it equally. The cloth was removed in old few days ago, when Blue Boy came style; the mull was brewed and the silver cup charged; papa had begun to in-Ettic felt that day as if her heart had troduce his toast: been torn out. She scarcely noticed

"The first name I shall mention-Possum's return, although her eyes were An instant afterwards Ettie was at her father's chair. What had happened in less skies, spoke truly of his large pure watching him as he crept round to the stable yard, looking at her mutely, to that moment?

deliver his message. But she stared The augel of death had laid his hand much out-of the window in a vague, genupon the speaker's lips. eral way, thinking of her father's ward, How the Christmas glow suddenly died out of those three faces! That room he-(twelve hundred tons); thinking, too,

sometimes, it was but right that Nature should be holding a damp pocket-handof childhood looked at careworn age. The front door was open, for some one kerchief of fog to her great blue eye, this had run for a doctor. The hall candles there was a phrase of clear and concenday of sad partings-and then growing hot and moist again about her own pret- flared and trickled into mock stalicites. trated savagery at its close. Ettie must The icy, winter air came rushing in. Lit-Ettie, though only sixteen, was her the Ettie stood shivering by the door with so she hold her pen as though it had been

"What | when would be come? quantity of coals is to be ordered, please He came at last: that large grave doc- thur, who is sitting near me, while I Miss?" She nearly answered "twelve tor, with his patient corbel-head, hitherhundred tons." In sending certain com- to so impracticable and remote, had sudforts to an aged invalid in her district denly become Violet's close friend. His

she narrowly escaped telling her page to words were inspired now. carry with him "an experienced sur-But he could not prophecy smooth Amidst Ettie's burdensome household duties, Hannah, an old servant, was emfatal message. Mr. Arnold was dying. inently annoying to her to-day. She

An hour more, he was dead. And 'Possum, who had been admitted oncile herself." Reconcile herself to what? Impudence! what did Hannah nattering into the dining-room, and rested his faithful ugly chin on the sobbing This acidulated spinster and Blue Boy girl's knees. She put a hand on his hard head, and said, "Oh, 'Possum! poor papa is gone, and I am left alone. He will came down to breakfast in better spirits on cat and dog terms. She had done her duty by him with spiteful patience never come back again-never."

> 'Possum whined out a solemn oath to stand by Ettie through thick and thin to the last moment of his existence.

to have told her father. Oh! she would tie took it up, and carelessly ran her eye tell him all now if he could only come over the columns, which appeared drier back and listen for one minute!

there to sing "Three Fishers," with efthat Christmas after all! "It becomes our duty, my dear Violet," said the bland, faltering Mr. Prior, on the afternoon of the funeral, while cousin Jack, his co-guardian and co-executor looked silently on the floor, "to acquaint you with the provision made for you and with the plans we have formed as to your

> Ettie bent her head, her eyes filling .the looked a fair, frail little sprite in her deep mourning. Good hearty cousin Jack could scarcely trust himself to glance at her. She, however, kept his plain, kindly, sensible face continually in view. No realized property, but handsome insurances-a probable income for Ettie of three hundred and fifty pounds a year. This was the pith of Mr. Prior's statement, so far as it related to pecuniary matters. "And now let me say," he confor the present take up your residence in and disengaged herself.

my family. Ettie broke down here altogether. "I believe," added Mr. Prior, appealing to cousin Jack, "that we are quite agreed on this point?"

Cousin Jack gave a savage nod, and then blew his nose with such a tremend-Ettie left off crying.

"It's best for a while, Ettie," said cousin Jack as he left her a week later .-"You will be happiest at the Priors' now. for Katie is your closest friend. But reyour old cousin?" (kissing her.)

An honest Saxon head that was, with the Blue Boy had nothing to say to you chap like me." its fair hair, wide sweeping eyebrows, before he went away? It happened that She confessed it by returning his sa bold prominent chin, and clear daybreak he had something to say. But he was lutes with interest.

think you've lost me-you haven't, I'm at your beck and call always. Good by, little miss" (that was his old name for

"Goodby, dear old cousin." She had a terrible cry after he was

naturally sad. cover. Insensibly the sunshine crept was, and so those who had been in a hur- ly dreaming out her wonderful, oppressive, over her life's prospect. There came a ry to save their own lives had not known dream. 'Possum had his kennel here as brighter bloom upon that soft girl's cheeks, of his safety. and the maiden's step regained its claslicity. Ettie took music lessons again as

intense sorrow does not last long with any But there was one feeling of her heart which had not waited even this short time for restoration. The locket after all, had only been set aside for two days! The

"Blue Boy," she often thought of him! "Blue Boy! she loved the name. The lad's firstnew uniform and beaming young face had nut it into her futher's head to bestow the title, which was borrowed from famous picture, as the reader knows.

It suited him. Ettie thought, so well. The color of far, open sea, and of cloudheart. "Boy" he always must be; "par excellence." Noisy, affectionate, old pack of impulses l

Ettie wrote to him in the spring. To her amazement Mr. Prior objected to this came as dismal as a grate of dusty, spark- She did not, however, oppose her guardless cinders, as sadly strange as the home ian, except by quietly taking her own way. The letter, for the most part, was not wanting in occult tenderness; but widower-father's housekeeper. But it clasped hands, trying to be patient. "Oh! a dagger and scratched a sore place upon Bluz Boy's heart in this postscript : "Arwrite desires to be very kindly remembered."

She never told how impatient she felt at the moment, of Arthur's dandy dress | not see how it was to be. and mean-no-thing face, and of all his things. After one glance at the sofa, conventional elegancies, and opinions, and his eye commissioned his lips to deliver looks, each stolen from some other person. There is, as we all know, peculiar pleasure in driving a virulent sting right through our darling's heart; so Ettickdid to the kitchen for a Christmas treat, came not tell Blue Boy what she really thought about Authur Popinjay Prior.-How she wished afterwards that she had done so !

Summer decline l and "sea-side" came to be talked of. One morning Ettie than usual. She entered the breakfastparlor with light step, carelessly humming "Weel may the keel row." She was looking forward to Filey and freedom Violet had put away the locket now; with keen young pleasure. The Times her heart smote her about it. She ought | newspaper lay folded upon the table; Etthan usual. It was not long, however, So the Blue Boy's health was not drunk | before the heading of a paragraph awakened within her a feeling of eager, frightened interest, and bleached her rosy little face into a hue of ghostly whiteness. FIRE AT SEA.

The paragraph thus introduced ran as

ollows : "Her Majesty's ship "Conqueror," arived in Plymouth Sound this morning, rom the Mauritius, reports the total loss, by fire, of the ship "Ocean Ripple" (Sydney to London,) in lat. 42 S., long. 35 E. The "Conqueror" has on board the second mate with ten of the crew belonging to the ill futed vessel. These men assert that they were the only survivors." Ettie's terrified eyes ran quickly over

whelmed, the child swooned and fell. When she came to herself, Authur supported her head and was bathing her temples. Assistance from him at this

time seemed to aggravate her pain. With cluded, "we think it well that you should what power she could exert, she raised Her appearance at this moment was singular and beautiful. Her eyes, always full of intelligence, shone with a preterna-

tural lustre, as though they were able to forget me. He is the dog, Mr. Mensfort, discern objects invisible to others. Her brown hair, disordered in her recent swoon, fell in a rich wavy cascade over and Blue Boy was burnt or drowned at ous crack that Mr. Prior jumped, and her shoulders. Her cheeks were radiant with a peculiar ghastly pallor. A wordless stillness, or flood of tears.

would now have seemed natural. But the find that there are those living yet who talkative, tearless unrest which Ettie ex- love and care for you besides this faithful I've been in awful peril, but the good of his silly son's wishes; that cousin Jack hibited, was anomolous and alarming. - friend at your feet?" member, I, too, am your guardian, and She paced the room quickly, putting into we must correspond regularly. You trust | plain words her most distressing thoughts. "Blue Boy is dead." she said. "He Mr. Mensfort, takes nothing really away

"Good." was cousin Jack's acknowl- but without success. She walked for bours, "True, true," replied Mr. Mensfort, as dgment. "Now," he continued, "don't and would not hear of rest or food. the carriage drove off. "He was burnt then," she repeated a Some hours later, Ettie found herself

hundred times, "burnt or drowned My in a chariot more luxurious than that in worst fears have all come true; I am left | which she had left her guardian's house, alone. First mother went—then papa— with liveries before and behind her. A now Blue Boy! oh! cruel-cruel!"

Ettie a painful, puzzling dream. Once some mansion. So the pleasant home at Walthanston only-her long long months-she seemed was left. Some of the dear old furniture, awhile to wake from it. And that was gateway, with a Gothic lodge beside it, which Ettie chose, was kept and put a- one day when cousin Jack came suddenly and now brought the wandering little way somewhere; the rest was sold. She into the room with tears filling his big traveler into a perfect fairyland. Although went to live at the house of her senior long eyes, and when he took her on his, it was winter, the sloping lawns and taste guardian, Mr. Adolphus Prior, solicitor, knee, as in years before, and kissed her, fully disposed banks of evergreen, lit up who resided in Cavendish Squarc, W .- and put his arm around her waist, and let by a rosy evening sunlight, appeared to me. And get Mr Author Popinjay | She took with her to London Hannah | her head lie upon his shoulder; and when | her enchanting. from generosity, and 'Possum out of love. he told her that he did not give up hope Within the house all was as pleasant She was not unhappy in her new home yet, and that he believed Blue Boy-the as around it. Mr. Mensfort's and some Although she disliked Arthur Popinjay, strong, spirited fellow! would be sure to other ladies and gentlemen who appeared she loved Katie, yet for a time she was escape if any one could, and that it was to be visiting at Healthfield Court, receive most likely he had stayed on board to the ed Ettie with the greatest kindness. At length her little heart began to re- last, like the brave English boy that he

> To hear such words seemed like a brief tress in the lovely grounds. Somehow awakening. But the dream returned; they both came to relinquish the idea of and although kind cousin Jack often af- going away again. Was not this far betterwards spoke in the same strain, his ter, thought Ettie, than gloomy, smoky consolations soon came to be powerless, | London? And if Mr. and Mrs. Mens-

> like all others. And then all at Mr. Prior's seemed to assured her that they were so-why should crow cold towards Ettie. Why was this? she not remain? Mr. Prior himself, it was true, humored all her whims, but in a strange chilling when the maiden earth, in a blush of

> way. Mrs. Prior was continually glanc- apple blossom, seemed like a modest ing at her suspiciously, and seldom took | bride arrayed for her husband. Small notice of her remarks. Katie never came | elouds of snowy fairness wreathed the To her room as formerly. What did it all | sky, and a magic veil of gauzy mist enmean? And the dreary unvaried adligato to these enigmatical combinations was the ever present thought, "He is burnt or noting, with a feeling akin to pleasure, drowned, and I am left alone."

tie increased. Why did every one watch | sheath, or the early tulip which painted | her? Why might she not be allowed to the well-kept beds with vivid splendors. follow her own courses unnoticed, like | She walked long, 'Possum, who by other people? Why had Hannah left this time was old, keeping at her side. suddenly without wishing her good-by, The grind of wheels upon the graveled person with queer, strong manners, who and she raised her eyes towards the apgave ler peremptory orders, and would be proach to the house, whose nearest point

obeved? One warm friend (besides cousin Jack) from where she stood. A Hackney car-Ettje had still. 'Possum would come daily riage quickly swept round the curve of and rest his paws and chin upon her lap, the road visible from her station, and be guilty of inflicting just one torment; his honest dog's heart full of inarticulate disappeared. Two men were in it. So grief and affection. He would look up at much Ettie had time to notice and no her absent eyes, and whine out how much he cared for her, how well he remembered the old days at Walthamstow when papa and Blue Boy were there, and how he hoped and believed that good times would come back again, although he might Then at last he would win the girl's

wandering attention. She would pat him

gently, and say in a low voice:-"Ah! Possum, you're left to me still. You're one of the old set. It was Blue Boy himself who found you and brought you home. just because you were so ugly that he thought nobody else would. You mustn't give me up, 'Possum. Whatever happens, keep with me. Keep with me to the last!' One day a strange gentleman and lady came to Cavendish Square. The former was tall and grave, but apparently gentle and kind. The lady was a thorough lady. Both expressed great interest in Ettie's welfare. This surprised her; but she was destined to be more astonished yet. They begged her to come and pay them a visit. She declined to accept the invitation. She could not, she explained, feel comfortable in going amongst strangers now. But her guardian seconded the proposal himself. It would be so delightful to her in Wiltshire. The change was exactly what

she needed. She positively must go. At last she consented. She began at once to prepare for the journey, which would take place the next day. At the appointed hour Mr. and Mrs. Mensfort called to fetch her. She was ready, and scated herself beside here future hostess in the comfortable parriage which had been brought to take her to the station.

The carriage door was about to be closed when a sudden scuffling sound was heard in the hall. 'Possum came bounding out across the pavement. In spite of the dreadful sentence, and then, over- the footman's opposition, he scrambled into the carriage, and took up his station at Ettie's feet.

Mr. Mensfort was sitting opposite to Ettie. Motioning to the footman to offer no hindrance to the dog's remaining, he immediately said; "An old favorite, Miss Arnold? Well, its only right that he should come with us." "He must come, if I go," said Ettie.

"I had almost forgotten him, but he doesn't that knew papa and Blue Boy. But perhaps you haven't heard-? Papa is dead, sea. I am left alone, quite alone." "Well, my dear young lady, Mr. Mens-

ford answered kindly, "I hope you will Ettie shook her head. "But after all,"

she said earnestly, "death, you know, you well and happy." wrong. Their spirits are with God, And and lifted his shapely chin with the semi- marry his darling one day, and that Blue Each in turn attempted to comfort her, is not be here?" definit air of years ago. Then he fell Boy was anxious to carry out his suggest:

did so the look of eager inquiry which had characterized his first gaze at her. gave place to an expression of simple satisfied love.

When she spoke, it was with the greatest calmness.

to scanning the silent girl's face. As he

"Blue Boy," she said, "You have come to wake me up from the oddest, ugliest dream I ever had in my life."

"Yes, my darling. You have been ill, you know, very ill."

"But I am perfectly well now. Let me look at you, Blue Boy. How you've grown, but you are not altered a bit otherwise. You are quite as -ugly as ever ! No whiskers, that's right! God bless those brown cheeks!"

"Bless you, my Violet! But may I call you mine? Will you have me, pretty lass, for your sweetheart ?"

short drive in this stately conveyance "Yes, Blue Boy, I will, because I can't From that morning there began with brought her in sight of a large and hand help myself. Your eyes, sir, are forgetme-not. I thought so long ago, though The carriage swept in at an imposing I never told you. The made me obey their blue command. I have never forgotten them."

And then he took her round the waist and led her about the garden (which appeared to him to be Eden), and laughed, and half cried again, and said if his great staring eyes were forget-me-nots, he should uncommonly like to know what hers were! And he went on to tell her that she was made of diamonds and gold, and sunshine, and honey, and harmony. And he said that the bliss of to day would have made up for agesspent clinging to charred timbers upon a stormy sea; and that he didn't care for anything; and that God was too good; and that the world was the jolliest, happiest place going; and that it was all right; and that (by Jupiter) he'd never swear again nor have another pipe as long as he lived. And he added that Ettie must come away to-day, of course, and that it was all humbug about her being And such a lot more he said, that we despair of telling it all.

By-and-by he grew quieter, and then Ettie looked up into his face and said: "Blue Boy, I know what's been the matter with me."

"And I know," he answered, kissing her, "what's been the matter with me, ever since that gloomy November day Ettie walked in the beautiful grounds, that took me away."

"My mind has been affected," said Etthe purple iris as it began to push its tie, "and this is an asylum that I am stay-The peculiarity of manner towards Et | rich petals through their flat and folded | ing at now. Are you afraid that I shall get wrong again?"

"I'm afraid of nothing. And let ma tell vou, Ettie, my mind has been affected. and I. too. have found an asylum: but it is one which I have no immediate inand why had a new attendant come-a drive yonder presently caught her car, tention of leaving, although the treatment I have received there has completely cured me. Here it is," he added, laywas some hundred vards or so distant ing his head upon her bosom.

Ettie smiled with a smile so thoroughly her own, that it was clear enough her cure was in every sense as perfect as Blue

Boy's. or, as he patted the old dog, "you deserve a little notice. So you remember me, as I told you, did you? And you come just now to put an end to the doctor's doubtings and head shakings, by bringing me direct to my darling? And you took care of her and stuck to her while I was away? A good old dog!"

They patted and fondly caresped him

be observed by the strangers even at a distance. Ettie turned her back upon The ugly and aged animal panted out the windows, and began to walk still upon his young master and mistress a heart full of love, and thanks, and good As she did so she was suddenly puzwishes; and then, feeling, perhaps, that zled and alarmed at the conduct of 'Posthere was nothing left in this life which be particularly cared to see, or it may be. unable to indure, after his late bodily exlike a shot. She turned herself once ertions, the bliss of the moment, he sank more to discover, if possible, the cause upon his side, and stretching suddenly of this unexpected move. But no reaout to an appalling length, while everyson for the dog's departure suggested itthing belonging to his frame bent in a self. He ran vehemently till he reached hideously wrong direction, poor 'Possum the drawing room, where he disappeared. took his departure for that land where For a few moments Ettie stood gazing flies never annoy, where no ghastly moons after her companion, wondering what compel the midnight howl, and where might have been his motive for leaving voung masters (if indeed, any in the bipher in this precipitate manner. But she ed form there exist) are as considerate had not long to wait for a solution of the as they are fond.

The doctor owned to Violet's complete cure. She did not now stay long at Healthfield Court.

That second gentleman who had come with Blue Boy proved to be cousin Jack. Although unable often to bear the sight of poor Ettie while she had been suffering from mental aberration, the kind, good creature had continually been near her He had never given up his hope that Blue Boy still lived, nor his firm faith that the moment of the lad's restoration to Ettie--if only that restoration might be granted-would be the moment of the return to health.

Cousin Jack took a pretty furnished country house, with a large garden, a conservatory, and many other attractions; and there he placed little Ettie for the summer, sending poor homeless cousin Elizabeth to take care of her. And he often came himself to see her, and we need not say that somebody else often came too.

And now Ettie learnt several new and some plaesant things relating to the past. She learnt, first that her senior guardian was dead, and that his charming son, Authur Popinjay, was engaged to a Miss from that true, manly sailor's heartthere Emilia Emptyhead, who, as report said, was pretty and well dressed. She learnt, further, that Arthur had at one time de-"My own darling," he said when he termined to marry her (Ettie,) and that could sob out anything like a word. her removal to Cavendish Square had been "You see that I'm all safe and well offected by the father in the futherapce God brought me through it. He sent had not approved the plan for her removme back to you, dearest, that I may make al although, in ignorance at the time of its real object, he had recommended Ettie And as he found his self-possession to fall in with it for the sake of peace. inclined to roturn, he hurried it back Cousin Jack said, too (what Ettie listened

came in view. Not that Blue Boy saw anything particular, or felt inclined for nold. music. But had he not stared and whistled, his throat might have burst, and certainly something shining and unsailor

"Indeed-indeed I do."

I am left alone for ever. Oh! cruel!"

was burnt to death or drowned. Nobody from us. It may make our dear one's in-"And love him?" (kissing her again.) was there to comfort him. None of you to flowers or summer nir. But every part with all its might. He swallowed, to with tears,) that her father, on the day "You may contess it to a gray haired old understood what we were to each other. of them is still here? You will say 'No! sniffed, stared, raised his white eyebrows, he died, had said how much he should No one can console me. He is gone, and their spirits are gone away. But you are set his small lips in the old decided style, like honest, hearty, true Blue Boy. to