

rested upon the youth's face, and saw that it was  
"He is, sir. We found only a simple wound  
upon him, and that we took from him."  
A contemptuous look overpowered the youth's  
face as he thus found a monarch so fearful; but  
when he passed full upon the features of the ty-  
rant who had slain his loved kindred, an expres-  
sion of deadly hate swept over his noble brow,  
and a keen fire burned in his dark eye.  
"You have," he said, "killed the king, and caught  
a full of the youth's face, with his deep ex-  
pression from the soul upon what have we here?  
Come on nearer! guard him well! Who art thou?"  
Had the sword of death been at that moment  
suspended over our hero's head, and ready to  
fall at a breath, he could not have oared to the  
ambitions that swelled in his soul. In all his na-  
ture there was not one principle or incentive that  
would lead him to bow and cringe before one  
whom he utterly despised and detested. Had  
he thought of the future, he might have spoken  
differently, but he thought only of the present  
and the past—he thought only of the bloody  
wrongs that had been done, and he allowed his  
soul to have full sway.  
"I am Alario," he answered, looking full into  
Pyrrho's face.  
"Alario! Alario! What Alario art thou?"  
"Alario," interposed the chamberlain, who had  
been regarding the youth narrowly. "He is the  
son of the monarch."  
"Hal! Now, by the gods, I know him!" cried the  
king, starting up from his seat, but quickly  
sinking back again. "Art thou the son of the  
petrified Orestes?"  
"When my noble father lived, I was his son,"  
the prisoner replied.  
"And when your noble father died you had  
the country?" said the monarch, with sarcastic  
emphasis upon the words he had repeated from  
the youth's speech.  
"I did live," was the reply.  
"And have you been absent ever since?"  
"Where?"  
"In Greece."  
"Why hast thou returned now?"  
"To see the land of my birth."  
"Who came with thee?"  
"I landed alone upon these shores, your ma-  
jesty, and had no thought but to find a friend;  
and then, if need be, to leave the country again."  
"And who is the friend you sought?"  
"A bosom friend of my early youth, whose in-  
fluence extends not beyond the walls of her home."  
"Ah—a female, is it?"  
"Yes."  
"And lives she with the artisan Belleur?"  
"I went there to seek her."  
"And there you found her?"  
"I heard of her there."  
"Answer me," cried the king, in a voice of  
rage. "By the sacred crown of Jupiter, thou  
hadst not hit off thine own head than answer  
me again as thou hast done. Who is the maiden  
thou hast come to seek?"  
Alario hesitated ere he replied to this. He  
remembered the warning he had received from  
Belleur, and he began to feel that he had been  
too rash in his speech. But he had no choice  
now. If he refused to answer, the king could  
easily send to the dwelling of the maiden, and that  
maiden might be only made worse.  
"She is the daughter of Belleur," he finally  
said.  
The monarch gazed into the youth's face for  
some moments without speaking. There was a  
look of deadly meaning upon his hard features,  
and his fingers moved nervously over his knees.  
At length he turned to his chamberlain, and  
said:  
"This is a curious freak of circumstance.—  
But the young man is like a stranger in our city,  
and we must provide for him—at least for awhile.  
Then, according to the law, he is added:  
"The king called on his officers to his side  
and whispered something into his ear, and then  
turned once more to the youth.  
"It is waiting late now, and we all have need  
of rest," he said; "so thou shalt be conducted to  
a place of safety until the morning."  
"But, sir," insisted the hero, "why should you  
keep me here to-night? I can be found  
wherever I want me."  
"We are not so sure of that. But it is our  
will that you remain—Hippion, you will conduct  
him to a place of rest, and report to me when  
thou hast done it."  
The man thus addressed approached our hero,  
and placed his hand upon his arm.  
"Come," he said.  
Alario started as he heard the tones of that  
voice, for they sounded like a knell. The word  
was not spoken in a harsh tone, but it was a  
quiet chamberlain, who leads a guest to a  
quiet chamber, and who leads a guest to a  
quiet chamber. "Go with him," spoke the king.  
Alario turned, and was led away. In an ante-  
room his conductor was joined by four dark,  
sullen looking men, who had more the appearance  
of common ruffians than waters upon a king,  
and then he was seized by both his arms, and  
buried through a vaulted passage to a dimly lighted  
corridor. Presently the officer, who was Hippion,  
was passed, and he was thrust down a passage  
which he had led on once more.  
On, through dark and narrow passages—and  
down, down, down, long and steep stairways, the  
youth was led; and when his conductors finally  
stopped, Hippion opened a door of solid metal,  
which swung out from a jagged wall, and the  
prisoner was forced roughly in, and the massive  
door was closed. It was shut with a dull, heavy  
sound, the reverberations of which drum up by  
the solid walls as so they fell upon the air, and  
the prisoner was left in utter darkness. He  
closed his eyes, and then opened them again, to  
see if some glimmer might not be found to break  
the horrible gloom; but it was all in vain. He  
groined his way to the wall, and leaned against  
it for support, for there was no seat save the  
floor.  
The youth was not long in making up his  
mind that he had been doomed to death. He  
knew the character of the monarch, and that no  
deed would be too evil for him. He knew, also,  
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ful chamberlain could descend.  
It was a terrible thought, and for a while Alario  
was inclined to blame himself for what he had  
done; but when he came to reflect upon the  
transactions of the day, he could not see how the  
present result could have been avoided. It ex-  
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go to his room, when he was arrested by the  
sound of a footstep without, and presently  
the moving of bolts fell upon his ear. In a  
few moments more the door of his dungeon  
was opened, and three men entered, one of them  
being a sallow torch, and each wore a sallow  
sword in his hand.  
Alario recognized these men, for he had seen  
them before, and he knew that only the  
condemned were there. The moment his eyes  
rested upon the grim visitors, he knew that his  
doom had been spoken, and that the time for  
execution had come; instinctively he placed his  
head upon his hip, but there was no weapon  
there. He was all unarmed, and seemingly pow-  
erless against the gigantic ruffians. The man  
who had the torch leaned it up against the wall,  
where a projecting point of rock helped support

it, and then the three entered the prison.  
"How do you do, Alario?" "What is your  
business here?"  
"A foul business, you'd say, if you knew my  
master," replied the leader of the infernal  
troop, in an unfeeling tone; "but when 'tis done  
we'll do it so well, you won't know we're do-  
ing it at all."  
"I am to die," the youth said, with his hands  
clapped upon his bosom.  
"We'll all go to die some time, and the  
one who dies first gets the sooner out of a very  
wicked world. And since you know what's  
coming, I suppose you'll take it as easily as pos-  
sible."  
What a lifetime of thought and feeling was  
crowded into the next moment! The three  
gleaming swords were raised, and the doomed  
youth saw them pointing surely towards his heart.  
There was no escape by flight, for between him  
and the door advanced the workmen of death.—  
There was no hope in his own strength of body  
and limb, for, unarmed as he was, he was oppo-  
sed to him by unconquerable force. He looked  
back against the reeking wall, and shot the hor-  
rid monsters from his sight.  
The above is the commencement of Mr. COBB'S  
great story, which is now being published in the  
New York Ledger. We give this as a sample;  
but it is only the beginning of this most inter-  
esting, fascinating and absorbing tale—the bal-  
ance of the story of it can only be found in the  
New York Ledger, and it is worth the price of  
the paper for the most part of the country, where  
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York. It is the handsomest and best family pa-  
per in the country, elegantly illustrated, and  
characterized by a high moral tone.  
"Good morning,—how do you feel?"  
asked Jenkins of one of our defeated Democratic  
candidates, as he met him near the head of State  
street, just after breakfast, yesterday morning.  
"Feel," replied, "very feelingly,—feel why  
I feel just as I suppose Lazarus did when he was  
toked by the dog."  
"What a fellow!"  
"Yes."  
"And lives she with the artisan Belleur?"  
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