

Returned to warm existence—even as one sentenced, then blotted from the headsman's book, Accepts with doubt the life again begun— I leave the dures of my couch, and look Through Cass Guidi windows to the sun.

A fate like Parian's held me fast In some devouring fit of fever-dre, Until, from ceaseless forms of toil that cast Their will upon me, whirled in endless gyre, The Spirit of the house brought help at last.

Weak, wasted with those torments of the brain, The circles of the Tuscan master's bell Were dreary no more; but when their fiery strain Was fiercest, deep and sudden stillness fell. Athwart the storm, and all was peace again.

She came, whom Cass Guidi's chambers knew, And knew more proudly an immortal now; The air without a star was shivered through With the restless radiance of her brow, And glimmering landscapes from the darkness grew.

Thin, phantom-like; and yet she brought me rest, Truquent words, an understood command Sealed weary lids with sleep together pressed In clasping quiet wandering hand to hand, And smoothed the folded cloth above the breast.

Now, looking through these windows, where the shy Shines on a terrace splendid with the gold Of autumn shrub, and green with glossy bay, Once more her face, remade from dust, I hold In light so clear it cannot pass away.

The quiet brow; the face so frail and fair For such a voice of song; the steady eye, Where shone the spirit fated to outwear Its fragile house;—and on her features lie The soft half-shadows of her drooping hair.

Who could forget those features, having known? Whose memory do his kindling reverence wrong That heard the soft Ionian lute, whose tone Swayed with the silver scrapet of her song? No sweeter airs from woman's lips were blown.

Ab, in the silence she has left behind How many a sorrowing voice of life is still! Songs she left the land that cannot find Song for its heroes; and the Roman hid, Once free, shall for her ghost the laurel wind.

The tablet tells you, "Here she wrote and died," And grateful Florence bids the record stand: Here bend Italian love and English pride Above her grave,—and one remoter land, Free as her prayers would make it, at their side.

I will not doubt the vision: yonder see The moving clouds that speak of freedom won! And life, new lighted, with a lark-like glee Through Cass Guidi windows hails the sun, Grown from the rest her spirit gave to me.

Written for the Sunday Crescent. BARTRELLE. CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

He cast one more look at her, full of intense hate, and turning, left the house. Laura followed him with her eyes until the closing door shut him from her sight. Then, giving way to the consuming grief that was burning in her heart, she threw herself on a lounge and cried passionately. All the terrible consequences of this man's inexorable antipathy rose before her, and filled her mind with the most torturing apprehensions. What ought she to do? nay, what could she do? There was nothing that could appease the wrath of that obdurate and unscrupulous man. And if he had even before their interview amenable to reason, which she doubted, he was now provoked to such a degree as would render him wholly implacable.

How long she remained thus indulging her bitter reflections she did not know—hours must have passed; but she was at last aroused by the entrance of Mildred Hayes into the apartment. She came close up to the reclining girl, and stooping, kissed her tenderly: "My dear Laura, how do you feel by this time—better, I trust?" and the soft, white fingers of the young girl strayed soothingly through the dark, luxuriant masses of hair that floated around the cushioned pillow on which Laura had laid her head. "Better, dear? Oh! no. I am miserable beyond the power of words to express!" "Poor dear! poor dear! how sincerely do I sympathize in your distresses; but, dear Laura, why do you cry so? Have you forgotten that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and that He does not put upon you a load of misery we are unable to bear? He fits the burden to the back. Trust in His mercy, Laura, and it will all come out right, despite the darkness that now gathers around us."

"Oh! Milly, dear, darling girl, if you only knew all!" "Don't I know all, my dear?" and the great, wandering, blue eyes sought her friend's face with such a look of tenderness and love that Laura wondered how any one allied to so much purity and truth could be so wicked as her brother; but she simply said: "Milly, your brother has been here today."

"Oh! I am so glad. And did he promise to procure our dear old colonel's release?" "No, Milly. It was he who had him arrested."

"Laura Taylor, are you mad?" exclaimed the terrified girl, springing from her side and gazing upon her with dilating eyes and white, quivering lips. "No, no, Milly, I wish I was; but it is too true. He told me so himself. He showed me the paper upon which the charge was based—a letter written by my father to Gen. Price—and demanded, as the only way to secure his forbearance in the prosecution, that I should become his wife."

"Oh, Laura, you are mad, mad, mad!" wailed the poor stricken girl; "he could not be so base." "My poor child, I wish it were not true; but you will find it as I have said," and Laura kissed the pale lips which but a moment before was endeavoring to console her in the depths of her affliction, but now, alas, feeling the hand of sorrow pressing as heavily upon herself.

"And he said it was himself, Laura—he acknowledged it, did he? Oh! may there not be some mistake?" "None, my child, it is as I tell you."

"But his motive, Laura—he must have had some motive?" "Hostility to my cousin, I believe, was the moving cause; he said he would make him mourn an uncle slain, or snatch from his

arms his betrothed wife. I begged and implored his forbearance, but he was inexorable."

"Oh! my brother, my brother, how have you fallen!" and her hands were raised in passionate despair, "but it shall not be: I will turn heaven and earth, but that I will succeed that old man."

She raised herself from the seat into which she had fallen on the first intelligence of this terrible news, and moving to the side of her friend, bent low and kissed her.

"I am going to see my father, Laura—he must know of this—I will return very soon, but do not seek to detain me now;" and snatching her hat, she was out of the room before her friend could frame a reply to her. Down the street she ran, and crossing into Vine, hurried on towards her father's place of business on Main. She reached it at last. Out of breath and flushed with rapid walking, she entered the counting room, where her father was enjoying quietly his afternoon siesta. He raised his head as his daughter entered.

"Why, Milly, bless my soul! what's the matter, child—what brings you down town at this hour of the day?" and the anxious father moved uneasily in his chair, as he motioned his daughter to a seat.

"Father, I must speak with you," she replied, "and you must nerve your heart to hear that which will bow your head with inconceivable shame."

"Now heaven help me, what is it, my child?" "Father, Warren had Colonel Taylor arrested!"

"Child, you are dreaming; he had but just heard of it when I met him last evening."

"No, father, it is true; and what is more, he visited Laura this morning—showed her a letter written by the colonel to Gen. Price, and upon which the charge against him is based, and announced his inexorable determination to push proceedings against him to the utmost extremity, unless she would consent to purchase his forbearance by becoming his wife."

"My God, my God, what have I done, that Thou should'st curse me with such a son?" exclaimed the old man, giving way in his distress to the most passionate excess of sorrow.

"Father, this is terrible, I know, for it has almost broken my heart. On you, I know it has fallen more heavily still; but there is no time to be lost—you must be up and doing, and this most inconceivable wickedness must not be suffered to proceed. It will wring our hearts with humiliation to make the exposure, but that old man must not be permitted to rot in prison, because a son of our house has forgotten his honor, and trampled his manhood under his feet."

"You are right, my child; you are right. But oh! my son, my son! You of whom I was once so proud! Who I thought, when I was gone, would be the stay and prop of the old house, in whose annals a coward or a scoundrel never stained the page of our story! Now, alas! my trust is gone—my pride is broken; and I, who held my head so high, must shun men's glances—evade my neighbor's looks, and go down to the grave broken-hearted!" And the old soldier, who had looked upon battle-fields and met the shock of charging squadrons undismayed, but with a gleaming eye and a lofty courage, now bowed his head upon his hands and wept.

"Talk not of sorrow 'til thou hast seen the tears of warlike men."

To Mildred there was something awful in seeing her father thus affected. She flung her arms around his neck and kissed him, with passionate entreaties to be calm. He raised his head at last—the old stately head—and said, with a wan smile:

"You are all that is left me now, Milly. I have no son—he who called himself so, shall be so no longer; but, stripped of everything but his name, shall go forth into the world with a father's curse upon his head."

"Oh! father, don't say that—don't, I entreat! He is bad, I know; but he may reform, and be a better man, and then we shall all be so happy!" And the fair young girl dug around his neck with tears and embraces. To her pure, guiltless heart, there was something so terrible in a father's curse, that she would not have been surprised to see the earth open to receive the unfortunate recipient of that dire malediction.

"It is long," said the embittered father, "since I saw he was selfish and revengeful; but to be a perjured informer, worse than a common stabber! I never thought that such a blot would have fallen on my race. But he shall correct the evil he has done. He shall take back his accusation and surrender the scroll he has forged or purloined. He shall do it, or I will take the life I gave him."

And the grand old man raised his head and dashed the gushing tear from his eye.

"Oh! father, be calm, I entreat."

"I am, my child; but I have a duty to perform, and that right speedily. So return you to the hapless girl, who weeps her father's imprisonment. Poor child! Hers, as well as ours, is a hard lot. I will join you there in a few hours." And the old man took his hat and strode away in search of his son. Long and anxiously he searched, but without avail.

Warren Hayes had left the city.

CHAPTER XXIII. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style. A style for challengers. Why, she denies us, Like Turk to Christian.

Near the close of the day, about the middle of the month of August, at the period the events we have just related occurred, a lady fashionably attired and bearing evident marks of wealth and refinement, was driven in a splendid carriage up to the door of the house occupied by Gen. Seigel as headquarters while at Rolla. The lady was young and beautiful; and from the profound respect shown her by the officials as she alighted, it was evident this was not her first visit to the Union general. She passed through the ante-room, and was shown to the presence of the military chieftain. He was a man nearing the middle of life, but had in his countenance but few traces of the passage of time. Rising from his seat as the lady entered, he handed her with graceful politeness to a chair near his own. But few objects of interest were to be seen in the apartment. Swords, maps and papers, in great confusion, littered the table at which he sat.

"You must pardon our disorder, mam'selle," he remarked to the lady in French, "our affairs are so confused that we even

bring its counterpart into our domestic arrangements."

"There is no apology necessary, monsieur. I perceive it is unavoidable; but how does our own affairs progress?"

"Ah! mam'selle, I am happy to say that the maps are all completed," he said, taking a roll of parchment from the drawer of his table and handing it to her; "but I really must apologize for detaining you so long!"

"It is a matter of no consequence, monsieur; do not mention it; but how am I to reach my destination, monsieur, since the bridges are burnt?"

"Indeed, mam'selle, that will impede you—will it not?"

"I had thought, monsieur le général, of changing my dress for a youth's, and, accompanied by my servant, strike across the country towards Jefferson City, on horseback. What do you advise?"

"Really, mam'selle, I should scarcely venture to give such advice; but if you think of adopting it, I will say I think the plan an admirable one."

"Then, I will trouble you to procure me two fast horses—fast, mind, monsieur; and give me a pass for bearers—a man and youth—and I will attempt it."

"The horses shall be at your door in an hour. The pass, here it is; but I need scarcely remind you, mam'selle, that, if taken by an enemy, those papers are our ruin!" and the little general enforced his explanation with an inimitable shrug of the shoulders.

"Never fear, monsieur, the papers shall be well looked after," and with a graceful bow, Zera, for the reader has already divined it to be her, left the apartment and sought her carriage.

"Back to the hotel," she said, and sank down upon the luxurious seats.

It was but a moment before the carriage pulled up at the hotel, and leaving the vehicle, Zera mounted to her room, but not till she had given Holden directions to follow her at once. She had scarcely taken her seat before her servant entered.

"Holden," she said, "I must leave here tonight. I am in possession of all I came to seek. In an hour there will be two horses at the door; as soon as they arrive take them to the foot of the hill beyond the branch, and there await my coming. I must change this apparel for boy's attire again—by the time I have mentioned I can escape from the house unobserved. Now go and see that there is no mistake."

"I will make no blunder my lady!" "You never do—I but spoke in caution."

"Yes, my lady," and the man retired. An hour later might have been seen a youth stealing cautiously out of the house, and hurrying in the direction Holden had repaired with the horses. When he reached the branch he found everything in readiness for an immediate start. He waited for no leave-taking. Vaulting into the saddle his servant followed him. They rode slowly until the outermost picket was passed. And now, with loosed rein, the horses stretch forward at their swift speed.

After a few miles behind them—hour after hour sinks into night, and still that untiring gallop is maintained. Far over hill and valley until the dawn of another day sheds its light upon the world, rushed the dark horsemen towards the end of their journey. No words were spoken—save some inquiry addressed by the smaller of the two to his companion touching their route, in short, peremptory language, and the reply, given in the same concise and explicit manner. And again the rapid pace and the stern silence as before.

Like messengers of fate and fear they dashed along, in their wild career.

But the course they are going does not tend in the direction of the capital. Far from it. The direction they are now pursuing is in precisely an opposite course. But a few miles further on and the spires of the little city of Springfield will break upon their vision.

"We are almost there, are we not, Holden?" "Yes, my lady, the distance cannot be great."

"I am glad of it; for to tell you the truth this mad gallop has wearied me beyond all endurance."

"It has, indeed, been a long ride my lady," and again they relapsed into silence, and several miles were passed over without a word being said on either side. The youth whom his companion had addressed as "my lady" at last broke the stillness.

"Holden, as soon as this business is through with we must hasten to the city. I heard news from them to-day, or rather yesterday, which surprised me beyond measure."

"Indeed, my lady, what was it?" "Our captain's uncle, old Col Taylor, has been arrested and thrown into prison for some imaginary offense against the government at Washington!"

"But what do they charge him with?" "That I could not ascertain; but whatever it may be, the charge in itself is a mere pretext, for the good old man has done nothing I am sure, to justify them in pursuing such a course towards him."

"It is not likely, since he is very old, is he not?" "Yes, ce monde est plein de fous?"

"You may well say that; but I should judge that this thing is attributable more to malignancy than to a fool."

"It may be so! Where is Warren Hayes, now?" "I learned at Rolla that he had returned to the city, and it may be that he has had some hand in this enterprise against the old colonel."

"True, he is mean and wicked enough to have done it; but I will soon ascertain, and if he has, 'woe to his life,' it will not be worth the purchase of a pin's point."

"It will not, my lady, if you only say remove him from my path. I have some old scores to settle with him myself."

"Well, let the matter rest for the present. We will talk of it again hereafter!" and Zera gave her horse the rein and again dashed forward at head-long speed. Two hours afterward she dismounted at the headquarters of the Confederate general in Springfield. This time she was shown into the splendidly furnished parlor of a wealthy citizen instead of the plain canvas tent which the general occupied at their last interview.

As she entered the room, the general was busily engaged in writing some dispatches, while an orderly stood by, hat in hand, ready to receive them. It was some moments before the general looked up, and when he did, Zera, who had, in the meantime, withdrawn the papers she carried from their concealment, stepped forward and laid them on the table before him.

"What! ah, yes it is! why, my lad, back already? and what are these?"

"Those papers reveal the information you desired me to procure."

"Is it possible! are you sure?" "Have the kindness to read them, general."

Unfolding the papers he looked on the maps and glanced over the schedule accompanying them—and then carefully perused the written explanations. Every moment or two his face would light up with a peculiar beaming smile, and then change into keen vigilant scrutiny, as the information he was gleaming was pleasing or obscure. He read all the papers through and then commenced and scrutinized them again. Apparently they gave him room for surprise; for laying them down on the table, he looked up at Zera, and fixing upon her his splendid eyes, gazed upon her long and searchingly.

At last, as if satisfied with his inspection, he said: "My boy, you are the most extraordinary creature I have ever beheld—here you brought me documents twice containing information, that I could have thought cheaply purchased at the price of a pitched battle. When I say these papers are invaluable to me, (I do not overrate their importance, since they place in my hands the keys of the State from the capital to the border,) what am I to think of you?" and the chieftain gazed upon the young being before him in absolute amazement.

"Think, general, that I am very happy in having been able to serve you, and more than happy in meeting your kind approval."

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, were you able to accomplish it?"

"Oh! very easily, general! As you are aware, I arrayed myself in feminine apparel and, accompanied by a person acting in the capacity of my servant, reached Rolla three days ago. Taking great pains to have my toilet perfectly *recherché*, I called upon the little Dutch commander, representing myself as an emissary of the commanding general of the department, who wished explicit information of the situation. In evidence of this fact, I showed him my pass, commanding all officers to further my business and permit me to go whither I desired unquestioned. But to dissipate any suspicions that he might have, I told him that as the bridges were burnt, and no direct communication could be had with the city, and the country being full of insurrectionary parties the general thought his dispatches could be more safely entrusted to a lady than a man. I communicated with him in French exclusively, and as he speaks French, quite fluently, this in itself charmed him. In a word, he believed my tale, and furthered my design with the utmost celerity. Parties were sent out in every direction to survey the country and to make accurate maps of the different roads, military defenses, and, in short, everything you desired to know. These were all completed on yesterday afternoon, and in an hour afterward I was in the saddle. I have ridden without drawing rein since then."

"You are certainly the shrewdest and most successful scout I have ever seen in my life. And so young, too—why, you can't be over sixteen, and yet you have done what the oldest officer in the army would scarcely dare attempt?"

"You are disposed to flatter me, general."

"Not at all—I speak the simple truth; but is there nothing in which I can oblige you?"

"I don't know, general—I thought I would ask you—Colonel Taylor, that is my father," stammered Zera, in much confusion, "has been arrested and thrown into prison on some charge or other; the nature of the offense with which he is accused I don't know—I but heard the fact of his arrest."

"Indeed—can this be true?" "I fear it is, sir; the intelligence seemed to come direct, and I thought may be you would be good enough to try and help him."

"That I will, my son, that I will, if I can—your brave father shall not languish in prison if I can help it; but you are tired and hungry, and besides have not yet seen your cousin—he is much improved since you left and is now about, and almost well; go then to his quarters and find rest and refreshment, and do you and he come up and see me this evening, and we will see what can be done for your father, my brave old friend!"

"Indeed I am very grateful to you, general; good morning," and Zera turned from the room.

"Strange!" muttered the general, "very strange! what a splendid intellect that child possesses! He seems to have been a born diplomatist and turns men around his fingers as if they were the mere puppets of a show. Strange—inconceivable—incomprehensible."

And the general commenced the re-examination of the papers so singularly acquired.

Mounting her horse, Zera rode slowly in the direction of the rangers' quarters, situated in the outskirts of the town. As she went along many a friendly nod and pleasant greeting met her from the men and officers who had heard of her achievements as a scout, and who were yet to be surprised by the startling feat she had just accomplished. Before night the camp rung with the intelligence that young Taylor had penetrated the enemy's camp and had absolutely taken maps of the situation. As startling as was the story of his success—and in the eyes of the men these were almost incredible—they fell far short of the real facts. Nevertheless he became a hero in their estimation, and the undisguised admiration with which the general viewed him still further tended to elevate him in the eyes of those gallant men, who looked upon bravery and daring as the highest accomplishments with which a man could be endowed. Through this ovation of congratulatory smiles and greetings Zera passed on to the encampment of the rangers.

Bartrelle greeted her with undisguised pleasure, embracing her with the warm fervor of his nature. They were cousins, the men said to themselves, and Master Taylor, so young too, no wonder the captain pets him like he was a girl. The men too crowded around to extend their congratulations, and to ask, what success he had in his enterprise; for it was well understood among them that he had gone upon a long and dangerous mission. "The best in the world," was the calm rejoinder, while Bartrelle took him by the hand and led him into the tent.

"Well!" he said, and paused for an answer.

"I have had success, Richard—learned all I went to ascertain, but I bring you bad news, notwithstanding."

"What is it?" "Your uncle has been arrested and thrown

into prison, on some charge or other, what I could not ascertain."

"My uncle! why, what could he have done to justify them in proceeding to such extremities—surely there must be some mistake."

"There is none—arrested, he assuredly is, but for what I could not ascertain."

"My poor old uncle—God protect you!" "And you heard nothing more than the simple fact of his arrest?"

"No; but when I came up from the city he entrusted me with a note to the general, relating to some business transaction, which, he said, had been placed in his hands over a year ago. That letter was lost somewhere between Otterville and the Osage. What became of it I do not know, but it is possible it may have fallen into the enemy's hands, and have thus procured his arrest."

"It may be so! Yes, I remember of your telling me of the loss of this note, and I mentioned the fact to the general, but he said it was of no importance, as the matter related exclusively to a matter of business."

"I am sorry if my carelessness has brought him into trouble; but I will soon see, for I will start in the morning for the city. But Holden has another suspicion. He says Warren Hayes escaped the battle, and succeeded in making his way to the city. He says that when there is any devilment going on, he is sure to have a hand in it."

"And my hands are tied—I cannot fly to the assistance of the good old man."

"But I can," replied Zera.

"And will you? Oh! Zera, you don't know how much I will thank you."

"I shall certainly go to-morrow."

"Let her rest," she said to the attendants, "let her sleep—poor thing, she needed it greatly," and stooping, Laura pressed her lips lovingly on the brow of the beautiful girl. As the warm ripe lips touched her forehead, a gentle agitation heaved her bosom for a moment—the passionate mouth was wreathed in smiles—and then the emotion passed away, and left her in the same silent and serene repose.

"Oh! how beautiful, how very beautiful she is," murmured Laura, "and good and pure as beautiful!" She looked upon the sleeping beauty long and ardently, and then taking from her pocket a miniature likeness of Bartrelle, and gazed alternately upon the picture and the girl.

"How strangely like they are," she muttered to herself; the features are all the same, only she is dark and he is fair—but moulded in the same contour of outline—only hers is more delicate; more feminine! Oh! God, how inscrutable are Thy ways!"

Everyone will perceive how a countenance of this kind, possessing a captivating and stimulating originality of expression, will form on the imagination of one familiar with its outlines an abiding recollection; and when two such faces appear in juxtaposition, even complexion will not prevent us from detecting the resemblance.

It was some hours before Zera awakened from a refreshing sleep; but when her eyes opened she beheld her maidens and Laura seated beside her.

"Dear, dear Laura!" she exclaimed, springing from her couch was foiled to the bosom of her friend in a warm embrace. "How delighted I am to see you, my dear, dear girl! How long have you been here?"

"Several hours, but I would not let them arouse you; for your sleep seemed that of utter exhaustion."

"Indeed, it was! I have taxed my strength too severely of late; and now, maidens, some refreshments. I am nearly famished."

And while one of the girls went to order refreshments, the other proceeded to invest her mistress with a dress of the oriental style which Zera ever wore when in her own house and surrounded by her own domestics.

On this occasion she assumed a costume of singular beauty and attractive grace. It was composed of three or four short vests of the finest embroidered muslin, disposed one over the other in shades of different colors, from the pale pink to the deep blush of the carnation rose—these opened in front, while the body and breast were obscured by an inner robe of rich, flaky linen fringed with lace so costly that it might have purchased a prince's ransom; over all floated a robe of finest lace, but so gauze-like in its texture that it added a misty beauty to the whole charming and naive beyond anything Laura had ever seen. A small but beautiful turban was placed upon her head. The splendor and beauty of the dress, enhanced by its air of cool comfort, made an impression on Laura she never ceased to remember. Harm so perfectly with the intense tropical of the wearer, that it seemed to her the gorgeous picture was but the realized splendor of dream of romance, in which the artist sought to present to the eye a chief of feminine beauty and loveliness.

"Now, ma belle Laura, I feel my dress sit as lightly upon me as feathers whirlwind. I must array you in it so that you may appreciate how exceedingly excellent and comfortable it is beyond heavy apparel."

"I do not doubt it, my dear," said unable to withdraw her eyes from the did creature whose change of dress he on her an impression so powerful, "but your maidens are coming with your and while you are obtaining much refreshment, I will sit by and tell you of which, within the last week, have not

traced me."

[To be Continued.]

OLIVER CROMWELL'S DESCENDANTS.—A pondent of the London Times says: Lad li Russell is a descendant of Frances, lecturer's fourth daughter, by her second Sir John Russell, of Chippenham, but the tor is more directly represented in through the male line.

Oliver Cromwell's fourth son, Henry, a lord lieutenant of Ireland, married E daughter of Sir Francis Russell, of Chip (sister of Sir John Russell), who mar Lady Frances Rich new Cromwell, and by five sons, all of whom died without issue, the second son, Henry, who had also sev but only by one, his seventh son, Thos the family name handed down. Oliver, li son of Thomas, and great-grandson of protector, had two sons, who died unmar one daughter, who succeeded to the C estate and heiress. This lady, the l bore the name of Cromwell, married Mr. of Hereford, by whom she had four sons daughters. Her children and grand child therefore, the direct representatives of the well family, and possess a very valuable tion of portraits of their ancestors for up two hundred years.

Klopstock, the German poet, engraved tombstone of his wife two sheaves of thrown as it were carelessly together, words: "We shall ripen in heaven." [E Mr. and Mrs. Thall, Stevens's unfortun most bears a similar device, with the "We shall be threshed in he"—by life hasn't left room for "avea."

The young girls who attended their young mistress whenever she abided in the mansion now approached and speedily disrobed her, substituting for the boyish habit a rich, cool wrapper, which brought to the tired feverish body an inexpressible sense of comfort and repose. Lifting her tenderly they put her in the bath, and then laid her on a couch prepared with the utmost care to receive the beautiful burden they put upon it. It was a luxurious chamber in which Zera now reposed, fitted up with lavish expense in the oriental taste in which she had been born and bred. The floor was paved with mosaic slabs of