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THE LAST WISH.

This is all; is it much, my darling? You must follow your path in life.
Have a head for its complex windings, a hand for its sudden strife;
The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom, though my course 'mid them all is o'er—
I would not that dear living eyes should light in their joy no more;
Only just for the sake of the happy past, and the golden days that have been,
By the love we have loved, and the hopes we have hoped, will you have my grave kept green?

Just a moment in the morning, in the eager flush of the day,
To pluck some creeping weed, perchance, or train the white rose spray;
Just a moment to shade my violets from the glare of the noontide heat,
Just a tear and a prayer in the gloaming, ere you leave me with lingering feet,
Ah! it is weak and foolish, but I think that in God's serene,
I should know, and love to know, mine own, that you keep my grave so green.

I would fain, when the drops are plashing against your window pane,
That you should be thinking wistfully of my grasses out in the rain;
That, when the winter veil is spread o'er the fair white world below,
Your tender hands twine the holly-wreaths that mark my rest in the snow.
My clasp on life's rich gifts grows faint and cold, I ween;
Yet oh! I would hold it to the last—the trust of my grave kept green.

Because it is by such little signs the heart and its faith are read;
Because the natural man must shrink ere he joins the forgotten dead;
The heavenly hope is bright and pure, and calm is the heavenly rest,
Yet the human love clings yearningly to all it has prized the best.
We have been so happy, darling! and the parting is pang so keen;
Ah! soothe it by this last vow to me: you will watch that my grave keeps green!

—All the Year Round.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

How long ago exactly I can not tell—but long enough for two little boys to have grown into two great men, and you can judge how long that must be as well as I—there lived in a gentleman's family in England a pretty housemaid and an honest young coachman. And in course of time—how much time or how little I can not say, for this is a matter in which it is not so easy to judge of time—the housemaid and the coachman fell in love. It was a very foolish thing to do, of course; but people do foolish things in this world occasionally, even so foolish as that, and I don't know any better way than for wise people, like you and me, to look on and say, "I'm so glad it was not I!" and then walk off.

The coachman's name, by the way, was John, and the housemaid they called Susan.

So one day, when Susan was standing in the garden door, with a clean white apron on, and a cruel pink ribbon in her hair, John came by with the silver-handled whip in his hand, which he was just going to polish up. Said he, "Susan, I don't like these goings on with the butler, and that's the truth."

Said Susan, just turning her head so that the unkindest bow in that merciless little pink ribbon shone like a star in her beautiful hair, "And what if I do take a walk with the butler of an evening when I like? It ain't any man's business, John Jacobs."

"I don't know as it is," said John, reflectively; it had never struck him in that light before. He wished it were his business, with all his heart, but he wouldn't say so; and Susan wished the same, you may be sure, but she couldn't say so; so he went away to the great coach house with his whip, and Susan sat down on the steps with her thoughts. And so, pretty soon, when the honest coachman came back, the pretty housemaid was crying.

Said John: "Why, Susan!"

Said Susan: "G-g-go away!"

Said John: "You don't mean as you cared because I was cross to you?"

Sobbed Susan: "I d-d-don't know-ow!"

Said John: "Susan, will you have me?"

Said Susan: "Yes, I will."

Now, I'm not going to write you a love-story, because I don't believe the editor would think that was proper; but I had to tell you about John and Susan, because that was the beginning of everything; and as a love-story always is the beginning of everything, perhaps the editor will excuse us this time.

The long and short of it is, that the honest coachman and the pretty housemaid were married.

At least, that's the short of it; that generally is the short of it; the long of it comes afterwards.

The long of it came to John and Susan when their children came. Two at a time, to begin with; twin boys; "beautiful" boys, their mother said; "bouncing" boys, their father said—and their names were Titus and Tam o' Shanter. And before Titus and Tam were able to walk across the kitchen to the molasses jug on their own feet, dear me! bless it! there was another.

"But she's a girl," said John, "and won't cost so much."

For John had just reached that desperate point in a young man's life when he first begins to suspect that it costs five times as much to support five people as it does to support one. This is a great discovery in domestic science, which you will observe as you grow older, people seldom do make till they have five people to support.

But then, you see, when the little girl (I think her name was Betty, but I can not be quite sure) was beginning to talk, she had a little sister to talk to, and that was serious.

Said John, decidedly, "My dear, we never can manage it in the world. How's one coachman's wages to do all this?"

Said Susan, dejectedly (for the baby and one twin had cried all night), "I don't know, John. Can't we go to America?"

"And what should we do in America?" said John.

"Live!" said Susan, and her tired black eyes snapped.

Well, the long and short of that was, they came to Nebraska; and here, perhaps, my story should properly begin.

So long ago as it takes for little boys to grow great men, it was not so easy to live in Nebraska as it is now, when the great land commissioner of the great railroads hangs a buffalo's head in every depot in Boston, to show the world how much more delightful is the society of buffaloes than the society of Bostonians.

When John, and Susan, and Titus, and Tam O'Shanter, and Betty, and the new bady came to Nebraska, that plucky young State was, for the most part, an ugly, howling wilderness.

In the thick of the wilderness Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs dug out for themselves a home. Literally, they dug it out with their own hands. Susan was a tough little woman, with stout hands and a stout heart, and she dug too. I think, if the truth must be told, she rather enjoyed leaving Titus and Tam with the other babies—there's no gussing how much care one baby will take of another till youv'e tried—and taking an ax to help her husband fell trees and cut underbrush, or taking a hoe to hoe her row in the darling little garden, out of which they meant to make a living, if they died for it.

It was only because they meant to, so very hard, I fancy, that they made the living without dying for it. It was almost worse, at first, than coachman's wages in mother England. There was the newness, and there was the homesickness, and there was the distance from the market, and there was the bitter cold, and there was the blighting heat, and always there were the babies, and besides, there were the Indians.

Yes, an Indian story. "Truly, honestly," as my little friend Trotty would say, a live Indian story; and though it isn't a very long one, it is every word a true one. Most true things are not very long in this world, unless you except the moral law or the multiplication table, or a few such things as that.

John, and Susan, and Tam, and Titus, and Betty, and the new baby, and the newest new baby (when it came) got along pretty well with everything else; but it wasn't pleasant to see an Indian come walking by with a tomahawk just as you were quietly sitting down to supper; and they got a little tired of sleeping with one ear open, listening for the awful, echoing sound of the cruel Indian war cry; and whatever might be urged against life as a coachman in England, at least it was a life in which one's attention wasn't called so frequently to the top of one's head.

"Mine is fairly sore," laughed Susan, "with thinking how it will feel to be scalped."

But Susan was such a brave little woman! And if there is anything very much needed in this world it is brave women.

"I'll have a gun," she said. So she had a gun. "I'll be a good shot," she said. And quickly she became as good a shot as John. And when John was at work in the woods of the garden, Susan gathered her brood about her in the house, and, lynx-eyed as a sentry, and fine-eared as a mother, mounted guard.

Now, there came a time when nobody had seen any Indians for so long a while, that even the wise heart of the mother forgot to feel keenly about anything in this world, if we do not see it—an absent duty, or an absent friend, or an absent terror—all alike they grow a trifle dim or dull.

And one day, when Titus and Tam said "Just one gallop on the prairie, mother, with old Jerusalem," their mother said "well, I don't know," and their father said "I guess I'd let 'em;" and the lynx eyes, and the keen ears and the wise head of the mother said not nay—and so it happened.

Old Jerusalem was the big white horse; the faithful, ugly, grand old horse, that took steps almost as long as a kangaroo's, and was more afraid of an Indian than Titus and Tam.

So Susan kissed Titus good-bye tenderly—for he was the good boy of those remarkable twins—and that was why they called him Titus; and kissed Tam a little more tenderly still, because he wasn't so good as Titus, and so had got called Tam; and she said "Hold on tight!" and John came out and said "Come home pretty soon;" and Tam got on first, and Titus got on behind him, and Jerusalem gave one great bound and away they shot, clinging with shining bare feet to Jerusalem's white bare back—for they were magnificent little riders, seven years old now, and brave as cubs.

Susan stood watching them after John had gone back to his work—stood watching long after they had swept away into the great, green, beautiful sea of the treacherous prairie grass.

Uneasy? Not exactly. Sorry she had let them go? Hardly that. She was a sensible little woman, and having done what she thought was right, had no idea of being troubled by it, till the time came. But still she stood watching, her hand above her eyes—this way—and she did not go into the house till the newest baby had cried at least five minutes at the top of its new little lungs.

Titus and Tam and Jerusalem got pretty far out on the beautiful, terrible prairie. How beautiful it was! It did not seem as if it ever could be terrible if it tried. The green waves of the soft grass rolled madly. The wind was high. The sun was so bright they could not look at it. The strong horse bounded very mighty leaps. The boys could feel the muscles quivering and drawn tense in his soft, warm body, as they clung. It was like being a horse yourself. They did not know which was horse and which was boy. They laughed because they could not help it, and shouted because they did not know it. Hi! Hi! O, the sun, and the mad grass, and the wild wind! Hi! Hi! Yi-i-i! Who could be two boys on such a prairie, on such a day, on such a horse, and not yell like little wildcats?

"It's pretty," said little Titus, softly, when they had got tired of yelling.

"You bet!" said Tam, loudly. "Hi! Hi! Hi! Yi-i-ee-ee!"

"I guess we ought to go back," said Titus, pretty soon; Titus was so much more likely to remember to be good.

"Oh, no," said Tam, who was generally a little bad when there was a chance.

"Father said to come home pretty soon," said Titus.

"But," urged Tam, with a bright air, "mother said to hold on tight. Hi! Yi! Yi!"

"Ah! what was that? What was it? Could Jerusalem answer? Can the wild winds talk? Will the mad prairie speak? The sunshine is tongue-tied, and the great sky is dumb. But something answered Tam O'Shanter's shout.

O, there! O, Titus! Quick, quick, quick! Turn him round, Tam! Turn Jerusalem round! Injuns! Injuns! Oh, I wish we hadn't come! What shall we do? Oh, Tam, they've all got horses, and they're coming straight! Get up! Get up! Oh, Jerusalem, do hurry! Old fellow, do get us home! Good boy! Good old fellow!

Oh, Tam! they've got arrows, and they're going—to—shoot!

Pretty little Mrs. Jacobs had got the newest baby to sleep, and got the baby that wasn't quite so new to sleep, and given Betty her patchwork, and sent her husband out his beer, and swept the kitchen, and built the fire, and started supper on the way, and I don't know what else besides, when that fine mother's ears of hers detected, through the sough of the wind upon the prairie, a sharp, uneven, and, to her notion, rather ugly sound.

Betty was sitting in her door, but she heard nothing. The sleeping babies did not stir from their baby dreams. John was in the garden, but John heard never a sound.

Only the mother heard it. Only the mother grew lynx-eyed in an instant, and in an instant was out with hand upraised—just so, again—bareheaded, stern-mouthed, anxious-hearted, watching as those watch who have lived much face to face with death—without a word. She did not even call her husband. The time had not come to speak.

It might have been three minutes; it might have been less or more; who could tell? when John Jacobs, digging heavily over an obstinate potatoe, felt a hand laid lightly upon his shoulder. His wife stood beside him. She was as pale as one many hours dead; but she stood quite still.

"John," she said, in a low voice, "come into the house a minute."

He obeyed her in wonder and in silence. He just dropped his hoe and went.

"Now, shut the door," said Susan. He shut it. "Shut the windows."

"What's the matter, Susan? Anything wrong? Ain't the boys in? What? You don't—mean—"

"Hush-sh! Before the children. Don't, John. I'll tell you in a minute. Bolt the front door."

He bolted it.

"Lock everything. Draw the shutters. Fasten them with case knives besides the buttons. Is the cellar door tight? Is everything tight? Betty, take care of the babies a minute for mother. John, come here!"

She led him to the little attic, and from the narrow, three-corned window pointed to the prairie, still without a word.

And still, how beautiful it was! How the wind played like one gone crazy for joy with the tender tops of the unbroken, unbounded grass. And soft, as if the world had gone to sleep for very safety, fell the magnificent western sun. Beautiful, terrible, treacherous thing!

Cutting through the soft horizon line, sharp as the knife through shrinking flesh, six dark figures loomed against the sky. Wildly before them, with the gigantic strides of a long-stepped roadster, fled a big, gaunt, homely, grand old horse. And clinging with little bright bare feet to his white sides, and clinging with little despairing arms to one another.

"My God! They are our boys!"

John Jacobs threw up his arms and ran. Quick as woman's thought ran, his wife was before him, and had bolted the attic door.

"Where are you going, John?"

She spoke, he thought, in her natural tones, though she trembled horribly. Where was he going? Why, to meet them, save them—get his gun—blow these devils' brains out—what did she mean? Why did she keep him? Quick, quick! Open the door!

"My husband," said Susan, still in those strangely quiet tones, "we can not save our boys. Look for yourself and see. They will be shot before they reach the house. We have three children left. You must save them, and for their sakes, yourself, John. Keep the door locked. Keep the the windows barred. Keep the shutters drawn. Give me the old pistol and my gun. Take your own and guard the door. There's a chance that they'll live to get here and be let in. But not one step outside that door, John Jacobs, as you're the father of three living children! Oh, John, John, John! My poor little boys!"

He thought she would have broken down at that. He thought he could never get her from the attic floor, where she lay trembling in that horrid way, with her chin on the window sill, and her eyes set upon the six dark figures, and the grand, old, ugly horse, upon which the slipping, reeling, hopeless burden clung. But all he could hear her say was, "Mother's poor little boys!"

Mother's poor little boys indeed and indeed! Leap your mighty leaps, Jerusalem; they're none too large; your great legs that Tam and Titus have so often made fun of, are none too long for their business now. How the splendid muscles throbbed beneath the tiny, terrified bare feet! No wondering which was horse and which was boy this time. It was all horse now. There was no will, no muscle, no nerve, no soul, but the brave soul of old Jerusalem. Will he get us home? Can he ever, ever keep ahead so long? O, how the arrows fly by! We shall be hit, we shall be hit! O, mother, mother, mother!

"Tam, why doesn't father come to meet us? Why don't they do something for us, Tam? Has mother forgotten us?"

That, I think, must have been the cruelest minute in all the cruel story.

And yet, perhaps, not so cruel as the minute when the mother, at the attic window, gave one long, low, echoing cry, and came staggering from her post, down stairs to say—still in that strange voice that mothers such as she will have at such a minute, "John, they are hit, the arrow struck them both, let me go to the kitchen window. You stay at the door. There's just a moment now."

There was but a moment, and like a wild dream, the whole dreadful sight came sweeping up, over the garden, into the yard.

Now John could not see anything but the mighty form of the horse Jerusalem. To this day, he says that the saddle, to his eyes, as the magnificent creature leaped by, was empty as air. He only saw the horse—and the horse made straight for the barn.

But why did the savages pursue a riderless horse? And whooping and shooting cruelly after it, into the barn they plunged.

"The boys are on the horse," in a hoarse whisper said the mother; "I saw them both. They are bleeding and falling. The arrow has pinned them together, John, but theyv'e kept their seat."

"My boys are pretty good riders," said John, turning his white face round with a grim, father's pride, even then; "but even my boys can't keep a horse after they're shot through the body. Fright has turned your brain, Susan."

I tell the story just as it was told to me, and the way of that was this: How Jerusalem leaped into the barn with the boys, or, so the mother thought, bleeding upon his back; how the savages scoured the barn, the yard, the garden, plundered a little here and there, and fitfully attacked at intervals the barricaded house; how John, brave and white at one door, and Susan, white and brave at the other, abundance of powder and unflinching hearts, and the love of three helpless babies, drove them by and by sullenly away; how, when they had been a long, safe hour gone, the parents, shivering and sad, crept out with white lips, little by little as they dared, to hunt for the bodies of their murdered boys.

"They ain't in the barn," said the father, bringing his hands heavily across his eyes. "Ill go to the woods. I suppose they scalped the little fellows and left them there."

But the mother, when he was gone, went around and around stealthily as a cat about the barn. Ah, blessings forever on the mother's ear, and blessings on the mother's eye!

From a pile of fresh earth thrown up in the barn yard, a little stream of blood came trinkling down—and she saw it. Deep from the middle of the mound a little cry came, faint, terror-stricken, smothered—but she heard it.

To be sure. When Jerusalem—bless him! went leaping through the barn door, just an arrow's length ahead of his pursuers, off tumbled Tam and Titus, and out into the barn yard, and down into the pile of mud and gravel, deep and safe, And about and about, and here and there, the Indians had searched, and scoured, and grumbled—and gone; and there they were.

Pinned together with the arrow? Truly, yes. Just under the shoulder (and Titus had the worst hurt, as will sometimes happen with the good boys); and how they ever did it and lived, I don't know.

I'm sure they never would have, but for their brave, black-eyed little mother, who picked them up and washed them off and carried them in (but she pulled out the arrow first), and put them to bed, and bandaged, and contrived, and cared, and kissed, and cried, and prayed—and they got well. Probably if she had lived in the city of Boston, where there are two medical schools, or in Philadelphia, where there are three more, or in New York, where there are five, to say nothing of nobody knows how many full-fledged doctors, the boys would have died. But as she lived in a howling wilderness, and they had nothing but clean water, and soft bandages, and mother's eyes and hands and love to get well upon, they lived.

They lived to be six feet high, and as they are living now, I presume they measure six feet still.

It is a pretty long story, I know, but it is a true one, for I've seen the arrow. John gave the arrow to a gentleman; and the gentleman gave it to his daughter; and the daughter—no, she wouldn't give it to me; but I held it for five minutes in the very hand with which I write these words. And if that doesn't prove that the story is true, what could?

And Jerusalem? O, Jerusalem lived to a good old age, and was buried in the barnyard with great honors. And Tam and Titus cried, and John and Susan cried, and Betty, and the new, and the newest, and the very newest, and all the babies cried, and it would have been very sad, if it hadn't been a little funny.

But I think, take it altogether, it was an Arrow Escape.—*Wide Awake.*

MY WIFE AND I.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

We're drifting out to isles of peace,
We let the weary world go by;
We sail away o'er summer seas,
My wife and I.

We bear to rest in regions fair
The faltering spirit of the mind;
The kingdom wide of toil and care
We leave behind.

How poor to us the proudest prize
For which earth's weary millions sigh;
Our meed we see in two dear eyes,
My wife and I.

This way and that the races go,
All seeking some way to be blest;
Nor dream the joy they never know
Is how to rest.

The travailing nations rise and fall,
They lift the palm, they bear the rue;
Yet bliss is this, to know through all
That one is true.

They perish swift, the gala flowers,
The lauding people love to fling;
Waits silence, dearth, and lonely hours
The once crowned king.

But never shall he faint or fall
Who lists to hear o'er every fate
The sweeter and the higher call
Of his true mate.

I hear it whereso'er I rove;
She holds me safe from shame or sin:
The holy temple of her love
I worship in.

We're drifting out to realms of peace;
We let the weary world go by;
We sail away o'er summer seas,
My wife and I.

We sail to régions calm and still,
To bring in time to all behind
The service of exalted will,
Of tranquil mind.

The fading shores grew far and dim,
The stars are lighting in the sky;
We sail away to ocean's hymn,
My wife and I.

—Independent.

THE SPIRIT HAND.

A MYSTERY.

For what I am about to relate, I can offer no explanation. I merely state the facts, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

On the night of March 20, 1868, my friend, Dornton Leroy, and myself were seated together in my room in the —— Hotel. The night was a very bitter one outside, but we cared little for it as we sat there talking of the past and the present, in which there was little that was disagreeable to discuss, and of the future, the knowledge of which was mercifully withheld from us.

"Do you remember old Doctor Trent?" Leroy asked with a laugh.

"Indeed I do," I replied; but I did not smile, for I could never think of the man without a strange feeling of horror.

He had been at one time a member of the faculty of the college which Leroy and I had attended. He was deeply learned in metaphysics, and was in many respects a remarkably agreeable man, but he was not generally liked. One morning there had been a terrible interview in his room between him and the president of the college, and the next day he was dismissed from his position and left the institution, since which time he had not met him. It was never known why he had been discharged; there were many vague rumors afloat, but nothing definite was known. One of the students had heard him say to the president as the latter left his room: "Remember, Dr. D——, this secret is mine and yours alone, and, by the Eternal Powers, if it becomes known through you the vengeance of one of whose might you have never, until this day, dreamed, will follow you through a wretched life and into a restless grave."

The student said that President D—— tottered through the hallway as if he had been face to face with death.

What occurred in Dr. Trent's room that morning, I do not to this day know.

"Do you remember," Leroy continued, "what singular ideas the old doctor had regarding a future existence?"

Leroy, though a splendid fellow, a brilliant scholar, possessing a wonderful intellectual power, was an infidel.

"I wish you would not mention the man," I said, impelled to the utterance by the unaccountable feeling of horror of which I have spoken. "I can not bear even to think of him. I do not know what his ideas of futurity were; I do not think I ever heard him express them."

"It seemed to me," Leroy said, "that the old man used to take a strange delight in drawing me aside and reiterating to me his belief of what occurred after death; and now that I think of it, I do not remember that I ever heard him ventilate his ideas in public. Why, he believed—"

"Excuse me, Dornton," I interposed. "I don't want to hear what he believed, or anything about him. I can not bear to hear the man mentioned."

"Well, he was a disagreeable old fellow," Leroy said, "and we'll let him rest; though I can't understand why you have so great a horror of him. Take another glass of sherry, my boy, it will steady your nerves."

"As we are on the subject, Dornton," I said, "do you still maintain the same opinions regarding a future existence as of old? Have you not been forced to change your views?"

He replied that he had not. We then entered into an argument. I endeavored to make him understand the subject as I understood it; but all my efforts were in vain. At last, jumping up from his seat, he exclaimed:

"Frank, listen to me and remember what I say. If I die before you I will, if I still exist as a spirit, return to you and tell you of the existence after death."

"Dornton," I interposed, but he went on:

"I will do this; and if in this future state I am forbidden to fulfill my purpose, I swear to resign my right to existence in the spirit land and remain on earth a wanderer forever."

"Dornton, Dornton," I cried in horror, "you know not what you say. You can not comprehend the terrible significance of the words you utter."

"And yet," a voice said, "I question not that the vow he has made is registered in the spirit land."

Whose voice was this? Not Dornton's; not mine. The door which separated my room from the adjoining apartment was open, and on the threshold stood Dr. Trent.

Dornton Leroy and myself each uttered his name.

"At your service. gentlemen," he said, bowing, and continued, "Mr. Leroy has not told you what my ideas of futurity are; but they are not very different, Mr. Remington, from your own. One thing I know, which is that such vows as he has uttered are registered by the unseen hands, and a strict fulfillment of their conditions demanded—always, always."

His last words died away to an almost inarticulate moan, and he closed the door and left us together—Dornton Leroy and myself. For a moment we sat paralyzed with astonishment; then I rushed to the door and attempted to open it, but it was locked on the other side. I knocked and rattled the handle. Soon I heard Mr. Trent's voice:

"Mr. Remington; you will oblige me by making less noise; I wish to sleep."

I retired from the door and resumed my former seat.

"What do you understand by this?" I asked Leroy. "Is it not strange, mysterious, incomprehensible?"

"Not at all," he said; merely a coincidence. We happened to be talking of Dr. Trent while he was in the next room. He overheard us and seized the opportunity for ventilating one of his peculiar ideas."

"But how came he in the next room?"

"This is a hotel; therefore I see nothing singular in his presence there. It is extremely improbable that he came there by any other than natural means. If you will take the trouble to accompany me down stairs to the office when I start for home—which will be directly—you will doubtless see his name upon the register. You have a singular dread of this man, Frank."

"I have, I always have had; I can not help it. You're not going yet?"

"Must, my dear boy, I have to get up early in the morning, and it's already——," consulting his watch, "as I live it's midnight—an hour later than I thought."

I went down to the office with Leroy, and on the hotel register we found the name "S. Trent, M. D."

"So you see, my boy," Leroy said, "our old friend came in that room by perfectly natural and legitimate means."

Notwithstanding this, I could not suppress a shudder of loathing at the very thought of the man.

Dornton Leroy left me with a cordial pressure of the hand and a good humored admonition to carefully fasten the door between my room and Doctor Trent's—which advice I followed.

That night I was awakened from a sound slumber by a peal of unearthly, horrible laughter in Doctor Trent's room. I sprang from my bed and lighted the gas; a cold moisture was upon my forehead. The laughter ceased. I consulted my watch; it was just twenty minutes past four. It was long before I could sleep again. At last I fell into a slumber, from which I was awakened at eight o'clock by a loud knocking at my door.

"Who's there," I cried.

"George Charlton," was the reply, let me in; I have news for you."

"Good or bad?" I asked, as I admitted my old friend.

"Bad, bad," he said, gravely. "Dornton Leroy is dead."

"What!" I cried, grasping his arm.

He repeated the words.

"It can not be," I gasped, "you are mistaken. He left me in perfect health at midnight—it can not be!"

"I have just left his home," Charlton said, "it is true."

"I can not realize this! What was the cause of his death?

"Remington, 'twas suicide."

"Suicide!" I exclaimed, almost prostrated by the accumulation of horrors. George Charlton told me that the inmates of the house in which Leroy had boarded had been awakened by the report of a pistol; it proceeded from his room. They had found him lying upon the floor, dead, the fatal weapon in his hand, a bullet in his hand. Upon the table was a note containing those words:

"I have no desire to live longer. Farewell, all."

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed when I had heard this; "it seems impossible that this is so. When he left me at midnight he was in the best of spirits."

"And yet," Charlton said, "at twenty minutes past four he took his own life in a fit of melancholy. Is not——"

"At what hour?" I interrupted.

"The shot was heard at precisely twenty minutes past four."

It was at that very moment that the peal of fiendish laughter from the old doctor's room had awakened me from my sleep! I did not tell Charlton of this. It seemed a horror too great for utterance. The thought occurred to me to notify Doctor Trent of Leroy's death. I rapped on his door, informing Charlton briefly that an old friend of the deceased occupied the room, but there was no response to my knock. On inquiry at the office I learned that Doctor Trent had left the hotel at six o'clock that morning.

I went with George Charlton to the room where Dornton Leroy lay dead. As we looked upon his face we each thought of one to whom his loss would be a far more bitter application than it was even to us, his bosom friend. That one was Alice Bentley, the young girl to whom Leroy was to have been married in a month. They had been engaged one year with the full approval of all concerned or interested. She was a rarely beautiful and intelligent girl, the idol of her parents, who thought Leroy the only man in the world worthy of becoming her husband, while he considered her far too good and too pure for him. She was a frail, delicate creature, and I feared that this blow would kill her. While Charlton and myself were still in the room she entered; we immediately withdrew, and left her alone with her dead lover. Two days later we laid Dornton Leroy beneath the sod.

Six months passed. Alice Bentley did not die as she stood by the coffin of the man she loved so dearly, but as the days and weeks passed on, she faded like a plant torn from the soil which matured it, and the physician said that an entire change of scene, at once, might save her, but that nothing else could. So a European tour was planned. A large party party was formed, of which I was a member. On the third of October we sailed for Liverpool. We had scarcely left the wharf when I discovered that among the passengers was Dr. Trent. I recoiled with positive terror as my eyes fell upon his face. Must I be brought for two weeks in constant contact with this man whom I detested? For a moment I thought of leaving the steamer at Sandy Hook and returning to New York in the pilot boat, but I dismissed the idea, for I knew I could give no satisfactory answer to my friends for such an act. I endeavored to persuade myself that I was wrong in feeling as I did toward this man who had never harmed me by word or deed, that I was morbidly sensitive upon this subject; but all my efforts were in vain; I still felt toward Dr. Trent as toward a poisonous reptile, I despised, dreaded, loathed him.

But he soon became very generally liked by the passengers. My friends soon learned that he was an acquaintance of mine, and each insisted upon an introduction, which I gave with a reluctance I strove in vain to conceal. During the voyage Doctor Trent spent the greater portion of his time in Alice Bentley's company. It gave me the keenest pain to see them together—she whom I loved as one far above me, and he upon whom I looked with loathing. But what was my horror on hearing that this old man, Dr. Trent, had asked Alice Bentley's hand in marriage, and that she had promised him an answer in three months. I refused to believe this at first. I could not comprehend how this girl, pure as an angel, who had been betrothed to Dornton Leroy, could for a moment listen to the addresses of this creature, Trent; how she, upon whose lips my friend's kisses had been pressed, could fail to spurn this man with contempt. But as time passed on I saw that she was completely in his power—that he was drawing her to him, nearer, nearer, day by day, by means of a dreadful fascination, a magnetism which she was evidently powerless to resist, her will being completely subservient to his.

Doctor Trent traveled with us through Europe. He was constantly at Miss Bentley's side, and she never repulsed him. I knew that Alice did not love him, but I believed she would marry him. She marry him! O, the thought was torture to me!

I avoided Doctor Trent as much as possible; I seldom spoke with him. But one day he met me in a cafe in Paris, and, seating himself by my side, said abruptly:

"That was a terrible death of my old pupil Leroy, was it not, Frank Remington?"

The question was so strangely and suddenly uttered that for a moment I knew not what to say. Finally I murmured an affirmative response.

Fixing his eyes upon my face with a strange earnestness, Doctor Trent continued:

"Do you remember the oath which Dornton Leroy uttered that night, a few hours before he died?"

I did not reply; I could not speak with this man's fiery gaze upon my face. He read my answer in my eyes and went on:

"I can recall his exact words; they were these: 'If I die before you I will, if I still exist as a spirit, return to you and tell you of the existence after death; and if, in this future state, I am forbidden to fulfill my promise, I swear to resign my right to existence in the spirit land, and to remain on earth a wanderer forever.'" These words, as Dr. Trent uttered them, seemed to burn into my very soul; I strove to speak, but could not.

"Ah!" Trent exclaimed, seizing my hand in his own, which was so cold that it chilled me through. "It is not safe for man thus to trifle with a power of whose might the human mind can have no conception. Frank Remington, where, in all the universe, think you is Dornton Leroy now?"

My face must have shown the horror I felt of this man and at the fearful thoughts he suggested, for he paused suddenly, and said, with a laugh, "But my talk does not suit you. Well, well, let us dismiss the subject. By the way, you will be at Mme. ——'s ball to-morrow night, will you not?"

I replied in the affirmative, and as soon as possible left the man.

The next night I was at Mme. ——'s ball.

The company were about dispersing when Trent advanced to the centre of the room, holding Alice Bentley by the hand, and said, in a loud voice:

"Friends, congratulate me; Miss Bentley has consented to make me the happiest of men by becoming my wife."

He had scarcely spoken the last word when the girl uttered a terrible shriek and fell fainting to the floor. When a few minutes later she regained consciousness, she cried:

"Where is he? O! where is he?

They asked her whom she meant.

"Dornton—Dornton Leroy," she said. "As Doctor Trent finished speaking Leroy appeared before me, and, gazed fixedly into my eyes with an expression of terrible anguish, seized my wrist in his hand. Did you not see him?"

Doctor Trent burst into a shriek of wild laughter which thrilled me with horror. It was the same which had echoed through my room on the morning of Dornton Leroy's death.

A moment later the man was profuse in apologies, attributing his sudden and inappropriate outburst to nervous excitement.

"But ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, taking Alice Bentley hand, "look here; is not this a remarkable phenomenon?"

Upon the girl's wrists were distinctly the marks of human fingers, as if some one had grasped it very tightly.

One morning two months later I entered a little English church in Florence for the purpose of witnessing the marriage of Alice Bentley and Doctor Trent.

The bridal party arrived at the time appointed, and the ceremony began. Alice was in tears, and murmured the responses in an almost inaudible voice.

Presently the clergyman read the words: "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

A terrible cry rang through the chapel as the clergyman paused, and Alice Bentley fell to the floor. Again came that wild burst of laughter from Dr. Trent, who rushed to the door and left the church.

"Stand back!" cried the clergyman to the friends who crowded around the altar. "give her air. Too late," he added, as he bent over her, "she is dead."

And upon her wrists were the marks of human fingers, as we had seen them two months before at Mme. ——'s ball.

Not one of our party ever saw Dr. Trent again.

The Fate of Colonel Offutt's Assassin.

The following account of the capture and lynching of the colored man who assassinated Colonel Offutt in St. Landry parish some days ago, is from the Washington *Enterprise*, of the second.

The news spread like a prairie fire, and the suspicious circumstances mentioned above, together with many others too numerous to mention here, all pointing unmistakably to Gustin, citizens of every shade of politics and color began to arm for his pursuit, he having made his escape from the party first attempting his arrest. After one week of constant search he was captured near the junction of the Bayous Teche and Fuselier, some eighteen miles from Opelousas. The two gentlemen who effected his arrest were at a shop about one mile below the junction, and the refugee was being described, when a mulatto who was listening said: "That man is at my house now." The three going to the house together, the mulatto got his gun out of the house without alarming Gustin, under pretence of wanting to kill some ducks. As he left the cabin the white men took each a door; he succeeded in passing one of the men and started to run but was shot, when he fell but rising started again, when he was shot a second time and fell. Both the gentlemen now approaching him he feigned to be dying, asked them to turn him over on his back, upon doing which he made a desperate effort to possess himself of a revolver in the hand of one of them and very nearly succeeded.

He was then brought to Opelousas and delivered to the sheriff. As soon as this was known, rich and poor, old and young, Republican and Democrat, white and black, some armed, some not, commenced to gather at Opelousas, all with the one intent of helping to execute summary justice. After a short but fruitless resistance from the sheriff and deputies, he was taken and brought through Washington to the place where, nine days before, he committed the outrage, and there, quietly and soberly, he was pulled up to a limb some thirty feet from the earth, and there left hanging, to the satisfaction of all except those who would not have been satisfied had his execution taken place under sentence of court.

New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago.

A special meeting of the stockholders of the New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago railroad was held a few days ago, at which a resolution was adopted authorizing the issue of preferred stock, to be used in settling the floating debt and retiring the Mississippi Central income and equipment bonds, and also the issue of new mortgage bonds, not to exceed $3,000,000 in amount, to be used for the purchase of additional equipment for the road.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Grandpa's Hour.

At the close of the day Grandpa Cr[illegible] would get his four grandchildren round his chair and tell them stories and jingle rhymes for them, making them very happy, and he was full as happy as they were. The names of his grandchildren were Jimmie, Willie, Alice and Mary; and they were all good children and loved their grandfather very much. One night he said to them: "Come, children, let us make some rhymes."

They all clapped their hands and were as glad as they could be. They brought their chairs close to his and sat with the light of the fire shining out on them, making a cheerful picture.

"You begin," said Jimmie.

"Very well," said the good old man; "but you must all do something." So he began:

"There was a rash boy in Malden
Who drank his milk when 'twas scaldin',
And the foolish lad
Burned his mouth so bad
That a doctor had to be called in."

"Is that true, grandpa?" said Willie.

"Well, perhaps not, exactly," replied his grandpa. "But we musn't question such things, because they are rhyme, you know, and rhyme has very little to do with reason."

Willie was silent.

"Give us another, grandpa," said Mary.

"No; Jimmie must try now," said grandpa.

Jimmie thought a moment, and then said:

"There was once a boy called Ned
Who tried to stand on his head;
The brains they were loose
Of this stupid young goose,
And they all ran down into his head."

The children screamed to hear it, and grandpa, smiling, said it was pretty good. At which Jimmie looked very proud.

"Now, Willie," said grandpa, "it is your turn."

Willie took some time to think of what he should say, and then he broke out:

"There was a bad boy named Jink,
Who drank his grandpapa's ink.
'Now,' said he, 'I will
Just swallow a quill,
And then I can write, I think.'"

The children thought this was very funny; but Willie was particular to tell them that it was not true, but was only a rhyme, at which his grandpa laughed. Then grandpa called upon Alice, who hesitated a good deal; but, after looking into the fire quite a while, she spoke:

"I caught a little fish,
And put him in a dish,
To stay till I could cook him;
But Puss came to the door,
And crept across the floor,
And out of the dish she took him."

Grandpa said he thought that was very fine, and all the children praised it; but Alice sat soberly looking at the fire.

"That isn't true, either," said she. "But it might have been so; couldn't it, grandpa?"

"Yes, my dear," replied he. "And very few rhymers come so near the truth as that. Now, Mary, it is your turn."

She was a funny little thing, and full of all sorts of queer fancies; but she hesitated. At last her eye brightened up, a laugh spread over her face, and she said:

"Little Jimmie Brown
He went to town
Without a cent in his pocket.
He run his nose
'Gainst a tree that was froze
And fearfully did knock it."

"Was it the nose or the tree that was knocked?" asked Jimmie.

"I guess it was both," said she, laughing. "But it hurt Jimmie Brown the worst, I guess; or would, if it was true."

"Now, Willie," said grandpa, "can't you say something about your little sister Marian, who is too young to rhyme, but not too young to be rhymed about?"

"She was named after her two grandmothers," said Willie, "Mary and Ann; and so they called her Marian—a sort of grandmothers mixed up, you know."

"Well, Willie," said grandpa, "try what you can do."

After a little thinking about it, Willie said:

"Marian, my baby one,
Is a dear little pet.
You can not find beneath the sun
A sweeter one, you bet."

They all praised Willie but Alice, who looked as if she was about questioning the truth of the rhyme.

"Well, Alice," said grandpa, "out with it. Don't you like Willie's rhyme?"

"Yes," replied Alice, "the rhyme is good. But his pet isn't so sweet as my little baby brother Sumner."

"Oh, ho! That's the matter, is it? Well, your brother may be full as sweet for a boy, you know."

This cheered the little girl up, and grandpa told her to make some rhyme about her little brother. After a while she said:

"I have a baby brother,
And Summer is his name;
You can't find such another
In all the world, I know."

"That isn't rhyme," said Jimmie.

"Well, it is true," replied she.

Grandpa laughed and patted her on the head. By this time they had grown a little tired, for thinking is very fatiguing; and, after kissing them all, grandpa dismissed them, and they then had a race through the parlors and the long entry, making more noise than ten men could.—*B. P. Shillaber, in Independent.*

A Miraculous Cure by the Pope.

The *Courier de Bruxelles* gives the following account of a miraculous cure effected lately by his holiness Pius IX:

A religieuse of the Order of the Sacred Heart, the Rev. Mother Julia N——, daughter of one of the most distinguished diplomats of Belgium, after a violent nervous attack, had her right arm so completely paralyzed that it had to be banaged to boards for a support. Her finger nails had become black, and the bones of the fingers and elbow had become displaced, and, as it were, dislocated. In vain had the medical men prescribed change of air. At Vienna, whither she first betook herself, afterward at Rome, where she arrived about the end of September, the disease assumed even a more aggravated form. The sufferer, nevertheless, cherished a secret hope that she would be cured, and through her being at Rome, if she could but see the holy father. She obtained audience on October 19. The holy father, at first surprised at the request for cure that had been made him, and wishing, too, perhaps, to try the faith of the invalid, said to her: "My daughter, I have not the gift of miracles." But he immediately added: "Put your trust in God, for nothing is impossible to His mercy."

However, as the religious ladies, and especially the niece of the holy father, besought him that he himself would deign to commend the sick person to God and to bless her, the Pope became for an instant recollected in prayer, his hands joined, and his eyes raised to Heaven; then, addressing the invalid, he said: "My daughter, have faith—the faith which moves mountains."

He several times repeated the same words to her. "St. Julia," he said, "gave her life for Jesus Christ, and she proved by her martyrdom how ardent was her faith." Having then taken the ring of the religious profession which the invalid wore on her left hand, the holy father blessed it, and made her place it on the finger of her right hand. "At that very instant," the Rev. Mother Julia asserts, "I felt life return to the paralyzed arm, and the blood resumed its circulation throughout the entire arm."

The Pope then bade her make the sign of the cross; but as instinctively, and by the force of habit, she was about to make it with the left hand. "No, no, not like that!" said the holy father; "the sign of the cross must be made with the right hand, the Catholic sign of the cross." And, in fact, the Rev. Mother Julia was able to sign herself with the right hand, although still hesitating, and with some difficulty.

At the bidding of the holy father she made a second sign of the cross, and this time without the smallest hesitation in a perfect manner. She was cured. On her return to the Villa Santa she was able to write on the same day a long letter of thanks to the holy father, and she wrote it with the very hand which shortly before was paralyzed. The cure is complete. The finger nails have recovered their natural color, and the bones of the fingers and nails have resumed their normal position.—*Paris Correspondence New York Times.*

If a will counts, the best man in the world recently died in Georgia. The fourth clause in his will says that "he can recollect no act of his life to be atoned for or regretted by himself or family."