



Select Poetry.

LADY OF DREAMS.

There was a land, a radiant land,
That the spirit often seeks,
Upon whose golden strand
The waves of fancy break.

PENDERLEITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FLORENCE BRANDON,' 'WIDOWED AND RIGGED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE WATCH—FRUSTRATED.

The hour was scarcely eight, when Susan Pinnerfold slipped noiselessly from her bed-room, where, on the plea of putting things to rights, she had managed to pass the entire evening, and timidly, with no little trembling, traversing the gloomy, dimmed rooms, lighted only by the dull autumn twilight, hastened swiftly down the narrow staircase, and opening the little door leading into the fir-wood, passed out. It would have required a treble amount of courage to that which the girl possessed, to have remained inside in a darkness filled with noises and shadows suggestive of such numberless terrors to a superstitious mind.

No one had yet come, but she was not kept long waiting. A few moments, and she heard the sound of men's feet treading stealthily among the brush-wood, then, through the fir-tree trunks, she perceived Gerard Penderleith and the gamekeeper rapidly approaching.

Where is Mrs. Lyell? she whispered, as they reached her.
On second thoughts, answered the Baronet, in the same tone, she thinks it better that I should take the place she allotted for herself, as, if there chance to be a pursuit, the fewer here the better.

That's true. But should you find Miss Alma?
I do not leave the place without her! rejoined the Baronet, resolutely. 'A carriage is waiting with you out the park, to carry her away from this wretched place; let Lady Penderleith do what she may to prevent it.'

Then, oh, please, sir, take me with you! exclaimed the girl, with an imploring gesture. 'For if her ladyship were only to suspect I had a hand in this, she'd kill me—I know she would! Indeed, I couldn't stop and please, sir, Miss Alma will be sure to want a maid, after being days in them wretched places.'

Don't be frightened, answered Gerard, reassuringly; you may accompany us, if you like. The carriage is at the west gate, down the lane. If there is any alarm of pursuit, make at once to it. Now lead the way; a moment lost may ruin our plan entirely.

Come on, sir, then. Oh, what a blessing it is such a dark night, though how you've got courage enough to remain alone in them horrid, ghostly rooms, sir, I can't tell!

It was, indeed, dark, entirely precluding any danger of their being seen; for as the three figures, quitting the fir-wood, stole across the open space, the black night enveloped them like a pall.

On reaching the door, the girl said, 'You remain to watch here, Richard, while I show Sir Gerard the way. I'll come back soon. I haven't got any light, as it wouldn't be safe, so for goodness sake, sir, come quiet. Here's the first stair.'

The noise is not so very loud, rejoined the Baronet, 'and I shall not come out while her ladyship is in hearing. There; that will do—now go, quickly. So far, we are safe.'

While speaking, he had stepped inside the press, and now pulled the door nearly to. To the satisfaction of both, it closed far less noiselessly. Then Gerard found himself in complete darkness, and was but just able to discern the figure of Susan Pinnerfold for a second, ere the obscurity had enveloped it.

Their arrangements had only been completed in time; for scarcely had the girl gone—indeed, she must have still been on the stairs—when a light appeared at the far end of the room.

A cold shiver ran through the Baronet's frame as, recognizing the bearer of it to be Lady Penderleith herself, he reflected how very narrowly he had escaped detection. A moment later, and aunt and nephew would have met face to face, and the endeavor to rescue Alma been frustrated.

Happily, he was safe, and could, without danger, from his hiding-place see all that passed. Slowly, but with assurance, her ladyship advanced. Her face was pale, even to ghastliness; while a resolute, concentrated expression rested on her handsome features, as of one who, having a purpose to perform, had mentally vowed no obstacles should prevent her fulfilling it.

Looking neither to the right nor left, she passed the doors of the press so closely, that her dress brushed them, and the Baronet had to stay his breath, lest it should be heard. Had he made the slightest movement then, detection would have been inevitable. To his amazement, she continued straight to the opposite wall. What could be her intention for there was not the slightest indication of a door. He watched anxiously, and his astonishment increased when, after raising the lamp she carried as if to find some mark, pressing against the wall with her hand, he perceived the panel slide back. An instant more, and Lady Penderleith had passed through, reclined the slide; leaving all again in darkness.

The Baronet stood rooted to the spot. The mystery as to how those subterranean places were reached was a mystery no longer. But could he really be in the nineteenth century? Had he not in some dream stepped back a hundred years or more on to the shores of romance?

No; a vigorous rub of the eyes proved he was wide awake enough; while it recalled to him that, though he only dated from the nineteenth century, Penderleith reckoned its existence from the fifteenth. What was he to do?

As yet, nothing. While her ladyship was at the other side, he dared not commence his investigations. He must wait till she returned. Then, in no danger of being disturbed, by the aid of the dark lantern beneath his coat, he might proceed.

It was a dreary waiting; minutes crawled by like hours. The dense darkness of the press grew painful, producing bright, starry, floating lights before his gaze. He dared not move from the position he had taken because of the creaking it produced in the old wood, and the utter stillness was only broken by the tick, tick of the death-watch calling to its mate.

When the silence and the waiting to the anxious watcher had reached that point when it feels impossible longer to be borne, a sound at the wall aroused him to vigilance. Directing his gaze to the spot, he perceived the slide move back, and Lady Penderleith re-appeared.

Her look, her manner, were totally changed. The former was anxious and troubled; the latter, hurried. She pushed the panel back, hastened across the apartment, and disappeared.

Now in my time, murmured the Baronet, tremulous with anxiety—'now to discover—to rescue Alma!'

ed some turning. No parent would follow his child in such a living grave as this! Ah, what is here? His eyes had rested on the door of Alma's prison. At the same moment a faint sound, like a sigh, reached him; violent trembling seized every limb; his heart beat high with hope; so he sprang forward; the key was in the lock, and turning it, he entered.

His first glance showed him the place was furnished. The second fell on the form of Alma, extended on the bed. Alma! Could it be? How awfully changed—how white was her once fair face—how haggard—how hollow were the cheeks! The ivory lids were only partly closed over the large, blue eyes; the teeth were clenched; her golden hair floated a bright wave over her motionless bosom; her arms lay passively by her side. A cry burst from the Baronet's lips, as if his soul went with it. He believed her dead; and, rushing forward, cast himself upon the senseless girl.

Dead—dead, my Alma! he cried. 'I have come too late—too late!' In a paroxysm of despair, he kissed her hands, her lips, when a peculiar odor arresting his attention, he stopped. It was an odor he knew well. It was chloroform.

The truth flashed upon him. The singular appearance Alma presented was explained; she was not dead, but under the influence of that subtle drug. Quickly he looked around. Yes, there was the handkerchief steeped in it, on a chair which stood near lay Alma's shawl and a bonnet.

What did it mean; that, and these signs of departure? He had no need to put the mental question twice. Readily he divined all, for it was what he most feared—Alma had resisted her mother's will, and her ladyship, unwilling that she should perish, intended, while she was unable to prevent it, to have her carried from hence that very night. Had he come too late? No; but only just in time; yet, perhaps too late, after all; for the open panel indeed now showed plainly that Lady Penderleith intended soon to return. If Alma was to be saved, he must get her away before she came.

Immediately raising her inanimate form in his arms, clasping her tightly to his breast, feeling, holding her thus, strength and courage to undergo any perils for her sake, the Baronet, taking his lantern, quitted the cell, and locked the door, in order to throw every delay in the way of Lady Penderleith discovering Alma's absence.

Scarcely, however, had he done so, than, to his consternation, he heard footsteps descending the stairs. What was he to do? There was a man's tread beside her ladyship's. She had assistance, then. Therefore, to seek to pass them was too hazardous to be thought of, as failure would necessitate Alma's recapture. In despair, he looked round. Was there no place of concealment?

At the foot of the stairs the passage ran some feet back, forming a dark recess, ending in another door. Success or failure, it was the only means open to him; and surrendering their fate into the hands of heaven, the Baronet, darkening his lantern, clasping Alma firmly entered, and crouched down in the darkest corner. There he was safe from observation, unless they looked back; then he would have a few feet start, and must trust to that.

How loudly his heart beat, as the steps drew nearer; then their voices, at first low, but finally distinct, reached his ears. It was Lady Penderleith who spoke, in her accustomed proud, cold, repellent tones.

'You have a closed carriage ready?' she asked. Yes, your ladyship, answered a rough, uneducated, masculine voice; 'at the east gate of the fir-wood.'

That is well. My daughter is now under the influence of a drug, which has to be given in order to remove her without resistance; therefore she will give you no trouble. When she recovers, she will be far from here, and you can tell her that it's by my orders she is being taken to Northerton, her aunt's. If she resists, you must have recourse to the same means I had to resort here. But she will not; she is far too weak, and in any way will be glad to change this place for another of a more cheerful aspect. Do your work well, and on reaching Northerton, my sister is instructed to give you another twenty pounds.

The man expressed his thanks, accompanied by assurances that he would try to give every satisfaction. I have told you the reason of my removing my daughter thus, continued her ladyship, indifferent to his reply—'she would wed one utterly unworthy of her—a mere fortune hunter—against my will, my commands. She is obstinate, stubborn, driving me to this course. I would secretly separate her from all risk of meeting this man again, till his dangerous power over her has died out.'

Yes, my lady, rejoined her companion; 'some children are so very contrary-will, ain't they? an' thinks as 'ow their young uns'oficiated 'eads is a precious sight better than all the old 'uns put together.' They were level with the Baronet, when Lady Penderleith stopped abruptly, and turning, remarked, with a bitterness that displayed how deep was her hate. 'This man, this fortune-hunter, whom I would rescue my foolish child from the misery of wedlock, is, I have

reason to understand, in London. But should he have returned—should he be laughing about, as he might—should he seek to hinder you carrying out my will, as he would—shoot him! There is a weapon—it is loaded! Do not fear! I will take all the consequences! And if you aim well, a thousand pounds shall be yours.'

But that's murder, my lady, said the man. No; manslaughter at the most. And a thousand pounds to such as you is endless wealth, was the calm, almost contemptuous rejoinder. But steady your trembling nerves, man, there will be no need of such work. He is far from here at this moment.

They had now descended the steps, and Lady Penderleith, with her companion, a broad, thick-set, dolous-looking individual, approached the door. The Baronet's pulse beat rapidly. He held his breath; each muscle was knit by the tension placed on it. The moment for action had arrived. The opening of the door, and the two entering, was the signal for him to start.

The key seemed difficult to turn. Had he hampered it? If so, and they retraced their steps, they must see him. No! finally, with a rustic cry, as of warning, it turned, the door opened, and Lady Penderleith and her companion disappeared.

At the same moment the Baronet had leaped to his feet and to the stairs. Hardly, however, was his foot on the first step, than he knew all was discovered. He heard Lady Penderleith's cry of surprise, followed by the wails. She has escaped! She has been stolen from here! Quick! After them! Lose not a moment!

Then the lamp flashed upon the darkness, and he was aware he was pursued. It gave him renewed strength and speed. Onward he ran, stumbling here and there, for the stairs made sharp turns, and were strange to him. The man's clumsy tread still sounded behind, accompanied by the lighter one of the woman. Then mingling with them rang her ladyship's voice, hoarse with frenzied passion.

I see him! There! there! Fire! I command you fire! exclaimed her ladyship. Kill him! Kill her! and five thousand pounds are yours!

It was a golden reward, too great for human nature to resist. The report of the pistol instantly rang out, filling the confined space between the walls with deafening echoes and smoke.

The Baronet reeled, staggered, and only by a supreme effort saved himself from being precipitated down the steps upon his enemies. The sharp peculiar blow he had experienced on his shoulder told him where he had been hit, and soon he felt the warm blood flowing from his wound.

But the dread of capture, of having to surrender Alma, now so nearly rescued, supported him, and with unslackened pace he hastened on. Then the thought flashed across him, was the panel still open? If not, he was ignorant of the spring, and must yield at last. His blood was fast fever heat with excited anxiety as he sprang on, and reached the top.

Eagerly he felt the wall. The panel was open! He shouted back at his pursuers with a wild, exultant joy, bounded through, and slid fit after him. Then, uncovering his lantern, it was but a matter of time, no difficulty, to find the door, rush down the other stairs into the open air, where Richard Maybrook and Susan were anxiously awaiting him.

What success, Sir Gerard? exclaimed the gamekeeper. Oh, he has got her—my mistress—my dear young mistress! ejaculated the lady's maid, clasping one of Alma's hands in ecstasy. She is saved—saved!

As yet, gasped the Baronet, his voice hoarse and tremulous; but we have been discovered. We are pursued! Didn't I hear a pistol, Sir Gerard? asked Richard Maybrook as they moved from the place.

Yes—I am hit in the shoulder! My strength, I fear, fails me! Let me carry the young lady, Sir Gerard. Do so, and hasten. You are fresher and stronger than I am, besides knowing the place well. Carry her quickly to the carriage, my good fellow. I will follow as well as I am able, but if I don't soon come up to you, start off for Roseden without me.

No, Sir Gerard, I'm blest if I leave you to her ladyship's tender mercies! cried the young gamekeeper, resolutely. Come on, Sir! Miss Alma's no weight. Lean on my arm; and I know a short cut through the woods, which will soon distance them.

this gap, and here's the carriage at last. Jump in, sir, and I'll place Miss Alma comfortable. You mount the box, Susan, for we must be off.

As rapidly as he spoke, action followed upon words; in a second, he had seen Alma supported in the Baronet's arms, closed the door, sprang up by the side of his sweetheart, and lashing the horses, started at a break-neck pace for Roseden.

Richard Maybrook had been correct respecting Alma! The rapid transit through the cold night air had served speedily to restore her. As the heavy eyelids lifted, and her gaze fell on the Baronet's face, bent anxiously over her, with a cry, she exclaimed, Gerard! Gerard here! Where am I? Oh, can it be—is it possible that I am free?

Free, free, darling!—my own love! Before your unamiable mother can get you again in her power, my claim to you shall be greater than hers—the claim of a husband!

Ah, Gerard! Am I awake, or do I dream? she murmured, delirious with joy. Ah, yes, it is real; for am I not by your side, and away from my gloomy prison? Ah! the change is too sudden—my happiness is more than I can bear!

She sank upon his shoulder faint with the rapturous sense of freedom. But quickly again she looked up, surprise depicted on every feature. The Baronet had made no response to her words. His arms had ceased to enfold her. His head had fallen heavily forward. She raised her hands to lift his face, to see if he was ill, then shrieked aloud. Her fingers were dyed with blood.

Oh, heaven! he was dead? To be continued in our next.

Miscellaneous.

A FAIR IN SPAIN.

BY A TRAVELER. By far the most curious part of the fair at Tordesillas was the ass market, held by a gay fraternity of Gipsies. There were about a dozen of these, for the most part of middle stature, beautifully formed, with very regular features of an Asiatic cast and having a copper tinge; their hands were very small, as of a race long unaccustomed to severe toil, with quantities of silver rings strung on the fingers.

They had very white and regular teeth, and their black eyes were unusually large, round, and projecting, and impressively, habitually laughing and melancholy if moments of restlessness, they kindled into wonderful brightness when engaged in commending their asses, or in bartering with a purchaser. Their jet black hair hung in long curls down their backs, and they were nearly all dressed in velvet, as Andalusian majos, with quantities of buttons made from peasetas covering their jackets and breeches, as many as three or four hanging freely from the same outlet hole. Some of them wore the Andalusian legging and shoe of brown leather, others the footless stocking and sandal of Valencia in general, their dress, which had nothing in common with the country they were in, seemed calculated to unite ease of movement and freedom from embarrassment to jauntiness of effect.

All of them had a profusion of trinkets and amulets, intended to testify their devotion to that religion which, according to the popular belief, they were suspected of doubting, and one of them expressed his excessive zeal in wearing conspicuously on his neck a silver case, twice the size of a dollar, containing a picture of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Saviour in her arms.

Four or five females accompanied this party, and came and went from the square and back, as if engaged at each branch of trade. They had beautiful olive faces, with fine eyes and teeth and high olive complexions. Their costume was different from anything I had seen in Spain, its greatest peculiarity consisting in a coarse outer petticoat, which was drawn over the head at pleasure instead of the mantilla, and which concealed the whole of the face, except only a single eye.

I was greatly amused in observing the ingenious mode in which they kept their beasts together in the midst of such a crowd and so much confusion, or separated them for the purpose of making a sale.

They were strung at the side of the parapet wall, overlooking the river, with their heads towards it and pressing against it, as if anxious to push it over, but in reality a desire to avoid the frequent showers of blows which were distributed from time to time, without motive or warning, on their unoffending hinder parts, and to withdraw them as far as possible from the direction in which they were inflicted.

The mode of extracting an ass was equally ingenious, and, if anything, more singular; continually pressing their heads against the wall with all their energy, it would have required immense strength, with a chance of pulling of the tail if it was not a strong one, to drag him forcibly out; a gipsy, taking the tail of the required animal in one hand, would stretch his staff forward so as to tap him on the nose, and thus encouraged, gently draw him out.

I might long have continued to watch the movements of these strange beings, had I not just then been attracted by the passing chant of a religious procession. It consisted of apparently all the children of Tordesillas, preceded by a friar of some mendicant order, who bore high before him an ebony cross, having a little silver image of the Saviour; a second friar, bearing a mace, closed the procession.

As the holy man swept by, the traffic was arrested, the worldly business of each forgotten, as all gipsies, as well as 'old Christians,' knelt before the sacred symbol of their faith; when, however, the friar, closing the procession, disappeared, the bystanders regained their feet, and the business of bargaining was resumed.

Life is what we make it. To some this may appear strange, as all are apt to look forward to life as a season of perpetual sunshine, little thinking of those dark and troublesome days, the shadow of which sooner or later overtake them.

The school boy, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and joyful step, in life's early morn thinks the school-room the happiest spot in his little world; he enjoys the recreation, while his less favored companion is enveloped in those gloomy shadows. To one life is indeed beautiful; to the other it is but a time of trials, passing through life as best we may.

We soon become aware that after our school days are over and we venture forth upon the arena of life, it is then that we fully realize our duty; 'tis then we see life in all its reality. It is true of many that their life has been one of continual light or a pathway strewn with roses; while on the other hand we may find those whom nature has lavished her gifts upon. We think that nothing but happiness is theirs, yet oftentimes we are mistaken. Their sky is darkened, as it were, and clouds, dark and heavy, seem ready to burst upon them. To such persons life is but a dreary, useless waste of time. A writer once said:

'The world's most rapid heritage is his who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgets.'

We are not placed in this beautiful world to make ourselves miserable by wishing for that we have not—constantly looking on the shadowy side, and for getting there is never a cloud without a silver lining. Enjoy life while we may; be happy, speak a kind and loving word to the downcast or afflicted; ever have a smile of encouragement for the little one. Such kindness costs nothing, and yet we cannot tell how much good it can do. Never repress the innocent laughter of childhood, for we know not what may be in store for them.

'Mirth is the medicine of life. It cures its fits, it calms its strife. It softly smooths the brow of care, And writes a thousand graces there.'

Who can look out upon this lovely landscape and say I see no beauty in the works of nature. Everything, from the smallest blade of grass to the loftiest tree of the forest, speaks of God's love to us. He has adorned the earth with beauty for our enjoyment. Though the cold shadows of misfortune may cross your path do not indulge in morbid fancies. Exert yourself to use those talents which have been given you to win the love of your fellow mortals.

Life's pathway may be darkened, foes may assail you, and yet through all remember the darkest hour is just before dawn. We shall see life in all its beauty and loveliness when we learn the spirit of forgiveness.

Hand Shaking.

How did people get in the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage and semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends and acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each other the right hand—the hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another when he is in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-eyed traitor and villain, and strives to catch a fly off his counter, hold it up by its legs, and look into the cracks of its feet, to see if it hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

The Ghost of Sag Harbor.

During the last few weeks the residents of Sag Harbor, Michigan, have been excited over a supposed spiritual visitor who perambulated the streets of that village during the night time. According to the testimony of the many who assume to have seen the fearful spectre, its shape differs wonderfully. At times it bears the primitive ghostly shape and is covered with the winding sheet. At another time the beating of a lamb is followed by the appearance of animals of that shape with bloody neck, which vanishes instantly when approached. Sometimes his ghostly form assumed the form of a beautiful maiden, clothed in spotless white, who, like her spiritual predecessor, evades all attempts to communicate with her, by vanishing into thin air. Some of the villagers claim to have seen the apparition in forms far more unearthly, and that horses, accompanied with the usual cetera, are its attributes. To some the figure assumes the shape of a man, whose boot-heels are easily distinguished. One thing is certain, whatever the thing is, it has frightened the inhabitants of Sag Harbor, and the local papers freely discuss the subject. It is to be investigated by a committee.

Needle Making.

There is a needle factory in New Haven where the whole process is done by a single machine, without the manual labor of any person. A coil of steel wire is put in; the machine cuts it off at the required lengths; it cuts the steel pieces consecutively, punches the eye-holes, counter-sinks the eyes, and grinds the points—and, in fact, does everything until the needles drop out completely formed. Another machine picks them up and arranges them heads and points together, and a third piece of mechanism puts them into paper. One of these machines occupies no more space than an ordinary table and each of them turns out from 30,000 to 40,000 needles a day. Most of the needles were imported from England a few years since.

The Russian Emperors during the present century have been: Alexander I., who succeeded Paul, his father, in 1801, and reigned until 1825. He was succeeded by Nicholas, who was Emperor from December 1, 1825, to his death, March 2, 1855. Alexander II., the present ruler, was born April 29, 1818, and in March, 1855, succeeded his father. He married Mary, Princess of Hesse, April 28, 1841. His heir is his eldest son, Nicholas, who was born September 28, 1843.

HASS, do you see der red cow vat had der cabbage last night? 'Yaw!' 'Well, bow, yer dakes der vowling piece, and yer you see her prake her snout unter der fence, load de barrel mit powder and ball, and prake de stock of de gun over his tam head.'

When Cesar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to defend him, he always replied to these admonitions, 'He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures; I will die but once.'

The hardest thing in the world to understand correctly—except women, of course—is when an irritated cross-eyed man is going to hit you. If he looks at your feet, the chances are that your nose will be split wide open.

Man who devote all their time to other people's business don't generally prosper in worldly affairs, but they'll have their reward when the devil gets them.

This drum major who ran away from Chickamauga, when reproached with cowardice, remarked: 'I'd rather be a coward all my life than a corpse fifteen minutes.'

The first qualities wanted in all who deal with the education of children—patience, self-control, and a youthful heart that remembers its own early days.

A grief-stricken Connecticut widow telegraphed to the friends of her late husband: 'Dear John is dead. Lost fully covered by insurance.'

What is the difference between the entrance to a barn and a loafer in a printing office? One is a barn door and the other is a darn bore.

It is with narrow-necked people as it is with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A rural paper remarks: 'Cold nights have put a stop to gate-sparling. If she doesn't ask you to come in now you had better quit.'

A writer on school discipline says: 'Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make boys smart.'

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

'Dear for a thousand tongues!' as the lad said when he crawled into a molasses hoghead.

There many who are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you.

A lovely mode of reasoning: Men and women putting their heads together.