W. A. LESUEUR, Publisher and Proprietor.

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A STORM AT THE SEASHORE.

Adown along the pebble shore I watched the sea-gulls flying; While way off in the distant fore

The western sun was dying. The ashen hue-flecked clouds o'erhead Swift through the air went cleaving, While on the ocean's placid bed

The waves began upheaving, Full soon the ebon hugh of night Began the sky o'erwreathing,

And nature seemed filled with fright, Marked by her labored breathing. Anon, bursts forth the deleful sound-The harbor's awful moaning; And earth, and sea, and sky-all 'round,

With agony seemed groaning. Quick through the pall hung o'er the sky-The lightning's dart is flashing: While 'gainst the beech, the rocks so high,

The waves are madly dashing. Hark! what sound breaks on the air! The thunder's loud complaining: While with a force that comes but rare, In torrents now-'tis raining. The morning mists begin to break

While oceans stormy crested wake With placid smiles is beaming. Above, the sun pours dowy each ray Through clouds of snowy whiteness; While here below a perfect day Assures us of its brightness.

On shores so whitely gleaming;

OUT IN THE STORM

She stood with the open letter in her hand, trembling and and-pale, and at last had to clutch at the nearest chair

to keep herself from falling.
"It is all over!" she cried, after a while putting her hand to her forehead with a dazed look; "all over—all over! And yet, oh, how I loved him!"

The match between Lydia Trentham and Leonard Drake had been a runaway one. Her family was richer than his, and ambitious that she should make a great alliance, for she was beautiful and accomplished, and had such a charming manner that everybody raved about her. When, therefore she fell in love with Leonard Drake, who had but a comparatively small competence, and no business knowledge whatever, her father augrily bade her to dismiss such a lover for ever from her thoughts. But with Lydia. as with most romantic girls, this stern decree acted only as an additional incentive. She thought her father unjust, and went on loving Drake more than ever. She eloped. From that day her parents looked on

her as on the dead. "She had made her bed, let her lie in it," said her father savagely. There had been only one cloud on the happiness of the wife. She had come to her husband penniless when he had aright to expect a fortune and she feared that some day he might regret his choice. All at once, like a father. thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came the crushing blow which destroyed clenching hands.

her happiness in one hour. her heart had been given to Leonard a knife.

Drake; that Leonard had really loved She a her, and that Miss Bently had only taken the rich banker "because," as

too poor to marry." Lydia, at the time hearing these had, in the the end satisfied her; and for years she had forgotten even the

existence of Mrs. Dorchester. Suddenly Mrs. Dorchester had appeared at the summer resort where the Drakes were residing temporally. Here she had renewed her acquaintance with Leonard. Mrs. Dorchester was a widow now; notes began to pass between her and Lydia's husband; and twice the wife had detected them walking together in the dusk of the

For weeks she had struggled against conviction, hoping towards the last against hope, until this day, when she had found a torn and crumpled letter hidden between the pages of a book, the first words of which drove her almost insane. She remembered now that she had surprised her husband that morning reading a letter, which, to her astonishment, he had shuffled into an open volume before him, but she had not noticed what book it was and it was by accident only she now

discovered it. It was but one part of a letter, however, that she found. The paper had evidently been torn into several pieces and only a portion had been thrust to you carefully." into the book as if (so she reasoned now) her husband's agitation had deprived him for the moment of his selfcontrol. Under any other circumstances a paper belonging to Leonard when she saw the first significant she read Mrs. Dorchester's signature

at the end. Much was lost, all was more or less incoherent, but enough remained to convince the tortured wife that every- table before her, her face supported

happiness in this world. She remained there for nearly half at last and old Dorcas came in. Old had followed her after marriage, the

"What is it ?" said Lydia, rousing herself. reply. "But deary me, are you ill,

ma'am ?" "No, I am quite well, answered the poor wife, with a great effort. "Ah, I see that Mr. Drake writes he Dover not to return till to-night, if I will excuse his coming back to dinner."

"Yes," Dorcas said vaguely,
"The man who brought the note waits for an answer. Tell him to say to Mr. Drake, "Go by all means, haven't time or I would write." Dorcas started off, but her mistress'

voice again made her pause.

"When you have sent him away interviews with me. One evening he come to my room-I want you." There was a little delay, but when

Dorcas entered the room her mistress was busy with a traveling-bag.
"Dorcas," said she, "you have been with me all my life—do you want to remain with me still?"

The voice was so cold, the face so

white Dorcas dared make no scene.
"I will go with you to the world's end, ma'am," she answered, feelingly. "Then get ready. I am going to Boston—on from there as tast as I can. Tell nobody. Get your things out of the house as secretly as possible." "Going where? What is the matter 1" groaned Dorcas.

"If you can't be quiet and obey without a question you might stay be hind," Lydia answered, in the same hard natural voice. "Be quick and choose—I have no time to waste."

She sat down and wrote a letter to her husband, inclosed the torn pages she had found, and poured out the mad jealousy of the past weeks that had this day culminated. "I have done now, she wrote. "Peo-

ple were right; you loved her and not

me; and now that she is rich and I am poor, I am too proud to wait till I am cast off. So I go, and you need not follow; you could not find me even if you wished. Remember that henceforth your life is free from me. Think of me as dead, if you like. In your hands is the only proof of our marriage-destroy it; nothing will then stand between you and peace. I have only to beg you to forgive me for allowing you to link your fate with a miserable and impoverished wife instead of with an heiress, as you hoped"

The letter ended as abruptly as it began, and was sealed and placed on Drake's writing-table. Dorcas came softly into the room crying a little in a quiet way. Everything was ready—they could go.

Late that evening Leonard Drake returned to be horrified by the news that his wife was not there, though the domestic had supposed, from what Dorcas said that she and her mistress had gone to Dover to meet Mr. Drake. Leonard took a light and hurried to his room where the first object to meet his eyes was the letter Lydia had

written. Five years had elapsed since Lydia's disappearance. But she looked older even than that. The agony of that day; the horrid flight afterwards; the constant fear of discovery, and lastly the struggle for bread, combined with her never-ending heartache, had begun to cut wrinkles in her still fair

In all this time she had never heard of her husband nor of her early home. She was too proud to return to her

"I will starve first," she often said, Whether Leonard was alive or dead

In his bachelor days, and before he she did not know nor did she wish to cas asked. met Lydia Trentham. Leonard Drake's know. Sometimes she said to herself, name had been associated with a beautiful girl who afterwards married a is with Mrs. Dorchester," and the Instinctively Do Mr. Dorchester, a banker. People thought went through her heart with her arm to support Lydia as she asksaid she had never loved him, but that actual physical pain, like the stab of ed, "Who is that—his mother?"

she said, "Leonard and herself were discovered. She earned a scanty living, and it was of the scantiest by coloring photographs. Into the more things, had not been without jealousy; fashionable streets she never venbut the entire devotion of Leonard tured, except when she had to go to sell sketches, or get orders. On one of the occasions she came suddenly face to face with Mrs. Dorchester. She turned and fled immediately, regardless of her errand-fled down side streets and close alleys-and only stopped to breathe when she had the most secluded parts of the city. But hardly had she begun to tell Dorcas that they must fly when Mrs. Dorchester unannounced forced herself

into the room. "I have followed you," said the latter, unceremoniously, as Lydia rose angrily. "I will speak Mrs. Drake." "Have the kindness to leave my room," answered Lydia. tottering to her feet. "I don't know you nor the

name by which you have addressed "You have been mad long enough," sternly exclaimed her visitor, sitting down, "Try to come back to your senses I shall not go until I have explained. A few words will do it. Your husband and I, instead of being what you thought, were trying to keep a great misfortune from you, or, if that could not be done, to break it

There was an air of truth about the speaker that staggered Lydia. She

sank nervelessly into a chair. "I must tell the whole story in order to exculpate ourselves," said Mrs. would have been sacred to her, but Dorchester. "Your father got into difficulties, forged my husband's name words, "We must keep the secret," to a large amount, and was on the point of exposure when Mr. Dorchester died. The affairs then came into

my hands to settle." Lydia sat leaning both elbows on the thing was over for her in the way of on her hands, listening and looking as if at her doomster.

"I could have prosecuted your fathan hour, dazed, crushed, not knowing er, but it would have sent him to die as yet what to do. The door opened in prison," continued Mrs. Dorchester, "and would have publicly disgraced Doreas had been Lydia's nurse and all his family. You, I knew by name the wife of my cousin, with whom I only one poor or rich, that had stuck had been brought up in the country to her fallen fortunes. She started back on seeing the ashy face of her mistress.

nad been brought up in the county as a child and whom I loved as a brother, nothing more," she added emphatically, "Besides I was a woman, and I hope not a cruel one, so I refused to prosecute, suffered the loss Lydia!" "A note from Mr. Drake," was the of the money and hushed the matter

A groan burst from Lydia. Mrs. Dorchestor went on : "Then I had received some hints about your is going to join a party to go up to father, and he insisted on knowing bright room. She saw Dorcas, a the truth. He then said you ought to be told. But I replied that it would Leonard, and shrieked aloud. only pain you needlessly; if you continued estranged you might never his voice sounded close to her ear. bear the story. He answered that it would come to your ears, sooner or later. This is why you saw us talk- Don't you remember that I told you I

nearly won my consent to tell you the secret. But hardly had he gone be-fore I repented—I shrank from it you

hurried to consult me. You were, he said, getting jealous; you evidently misunderstood us; and he must tell the whole story now in justice to himself. I was engaged with a party to Dover, and the room was full; so he joined us, in order to have an opporand refused to have anything to do

fixed on her so angrily, had fallen be-fore her; she hid her face in her hands; and now, as Mrs. Dorchester ceased, the wretched listener sank senseless

in Morrisania, N. Y. The next morning saw Lydia and

Dorcas on their way to N. Y.

When Lydia revived, Mrs. Dorches-

It had been snowing when they reached the metropolis and by the time they left the railway-train which they had taken in Morrisania it had settled into a heavy storm. Lydia wanted to walk; so Dorcas wrapped a water-proof cloak about her, drew the hood over her head and did her best to shelter her.

"Ask how we go!" was all her mis-tress said. "Be quick—I want to start; but I must walk—I should go mad." Dorcas stepped into a hotel near

the station and made her inquiries.

house, half villa, with a long garden attached. They mounted the steps and Dorcas ran the bell.

with suspense.

"No; he is in New York. Mrs. Instinctively Dorcas reached out punishment.-Plaquemine South.

"No; his wife. Do you want to see She and her faithful Dorcas were her ?" asked the servant rather curtly, settled in Boston now, in an obscure beginning to think them people in corner, as the least likely place to be search of charity and not liking to encounter the cold air.

he been married ?" "About six months." A low choked whisper from her

companion reached Dorcas. It said, come away! Quick! Come!" Dorcas turned without a word and supported her mistess down the steps. not. She put her arm about her mistress and drew her on as fast as she reached her humble lodging in one of could. The house stood in a plot of ground by itself. They turned the corner, where the garden led down a

side street. "Wait!" said Lydia suddenly. "I can't go any further; let me rest a lit-

tle. Only den't speak to me-don't say a word." They sat down on the jutting line of stone that supported the iron fence, Dorcas half sustaining her mistress, who crouched forward, hiding her face with one hand. Dorcas bent over to see her face-it was distorted by an-

guish. "Mistress, dear!" she sobbed, "Only speak—only—"-

walk." Doreas was assisting her to rise,

coat, Dorcas knew him and uttered a ery of terror. "It's his step," whispered Lydia. "Sit down—he'll not know us! I less manner.—Farmerville Gazette. promised never to trouble him! I must keep my word. Don't look up, Dorcas. Sit down, I say !"

The very act attracted the attention of the gentleman. He halted in front of them, saying, "Why do you sit here in this storm ?" Neither answered. Dorcas felt

Lydia's hand press her arm like a

hand of stone. "Can't either of you speak?" he continued, rather impatiently. "This is not weather for two women to be sitting out of doors." Still no answer! Some mad idea

that she could pull Dorcas away; and

run from him, seized Lydia. She at-

tempted it. The hood fell from her face. He knew her, and cried, "Lydia, She felt that she was fainting; that he had caught her in his arms; then an awful blackness closed over her. When consciousness came back she met your husband unexpectedly. He thought at first she must be dead: then she knew that she was in a warm,

young, pretty lady near the bed, then

She was held fast in his arms again; "Lie still, darling; it's all clear. My cousin's house-my cousin's wife.

ANOTHER REAL ROMANCE.

from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and determined to have one anyhow. He joined us, in order to have an opportunity to say all this. Of course, in this crisis, my scruples gave way. My reward is that you have believed me a vile woman. There, that's the whole. I've told the story, perhaps in a hard way; I'm sorry for you, all the same. Thank God. I've found you!"

She had risen while speaking and caught Lydia's dress in the excitement of telling her hurried tale. Lydia's gaze, which at first had been fixed on her so angrily, had fallen be-

ways done. She said:

"There is no change in you as far as I am concerned." The years rolled on. The young work boy became immensely weal-thy, and is now the Mayor of New ter finished. Leonard Drake had spent three years in searching for his wife, and the last time Mrs. Dorches-owner of a factory in which fifteen ter had heard from him he was living | hundred men and women are employed. The young girl grew to woman-

hood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum from Mr. Bige-low, and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little proerty. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for her husband's indebtedness, and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young work boy at college.

ANOTHER HORRIBLE MURDER.

On Monday night last, at the store of Lipman Kahn, at the Indian Village, in this parish, a drunken broil The road was straight enough. Mr. Leonard Drake, she was told, lived out beyond the town a little: she would know the place by such and such directions.

They were less than half an hour died. Coroner Schwing held an inon the way. They reached the man-sion, a handsome dwelling, half town-accordance with the above facts.

Three of the parties in the fight have been arrested and accused of murder—James Farrell, Tom Welsh "You ask," she heard her mistress whisper.

She caught a sight of her face. It was lined and seamed with pain; the dark eyes fairly strained and dilated with response. with suspense.
"Is Mr. Leonard Drake in ?" Dorparty to the murder, although present at the time.

This was a most brutal murder, and the murderers should suffer condign

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Feliciana Sentinel. From a gentleman visiting the town earch of charity and not liking to en-ounter the cold air.

"No," Dorcas said. "How long has able case of hpdrophobia: A strange dog was seen to rush down one of the principal streets, and in its progress overtook a goose, and biting the same, passed on, and before being checked by a gun-shot, bit some half dozen other animals, among whom was a very fine specimen belonging Lydia did not speak. Dorcas could to Mr. Guy Rogillio. The remarkable part of the proceeding lies in the fact that almost immediately on being bitten, the goose as well as the dogs became rabid and proceeded to snap and bite at every creature in sight. A hog in the streets was also bitten and became rabid. "It was queer," says our informant, "to notice the antics of the goose, especially in its wild endeavors to bite every creature in its course." The hog, goose and some half-dozen dogs were killed into the house, I said :

FATAL ACCIDENT .- On Saturday evening last some three or four young men from the neighborhood of Downville, in this parish, started for the pigeon-roost, some five miles from this place. When a mile from town "Hush!" muttered Lydia. "Come a flock of pigeons passed over their away; I can walk now. Let me alone; heads, and one of the boys, David don't talk yet. Help me up; I can Rainey, in drawing his gun from the did faint away. I was just in time wagon, with the muzzle towards him, to catch her; and as she lay in my accidentally discharged it, the conwhen a gentleman turned into the tents lodging in his left side. He street a little way down and walked lingered in great pain for about an rapidly towards them. lingered in great pain for about an hour and a half, when he expired. Muffled though he was in his great The deceased was about nineteen years of age, and the son of a widow-

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT

The most melancholy accident we

have been called on to chronicle for a

long time occurred at the residence of

one of our most esteemed citizens,

Capt. T. L. Morse, on Wednesday,

the 25th ult. The Captain's youngest

child, a dear little girl only about 19

months old; swallowed some concen-

trated lye, and although every means to save the little sufferer's life that

by the frightened inhabitants.

human iugenuity could devise was resorted to, she died the following morning. Capt. Morse and his wife have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.—Sugar Bowl. "There's something about your daughter," Mr. Wanghop said, reflectively, "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. you can't pass this post with it."

Thistlepod, "there is, I have noticed it myself. It comes every evening about eight o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about two. And

The Capitolian office is supplied wanted to eat me.,' ing so much together, and why, on had a cousin with the same Christian with the latest styles of job type, and several occasions, he sought private name as myself?"

with the latest styles of job type, and is doing work at the lowest rates.

OLD DUBLLE.

nearly won my consent to tell you the secret. But hardly had he gone before I repented—I shrank from it you see, as a woman—and I wrote to him, telling him he must still keep our secret. That letter, it seems, or a portion of it, you found. He was tearing it up, when you came into the room, and he put what was left of it hastily into a book near by, as he afterwards remembered. As soon as he could, he hurried to consult me. You were, he Parliament was more than once com-pelled to frame penal enactments with the view of restraining their peculiar rufflanism; but as there was no properly constituted police to enforce them these statutes were of small effect.

Among the tricks of the Dublin bucks was this: One of them would take his stand to the middle of a take his stand to the middle of a crossing on a dirty day, and, drawing his sword, thrust everybody who wanted to pass into the mud. It was a common thing to see half a dosen or more of these unpleasant sentries lining a leading thoroughfare all ready to afford each other support. Nor were they content with merely obstructing the passage. They knocked off hats, ripped up garmenta and pricked the limbs of the wearers with the points of their weapons, and broke ribald jests on them the while—to the vast amusement of the ragamuffins who used to collect in the vicinity. If anybody turned on one of these If anybody turned on one of these bullies the rest would rush up and form a circle round him; then seizing him by the collar and the arms they would prick him about the legs until they considered him punished suffici-

ently. Fitzgerald proposed to some of his brother exquisites and fire-eaters that they should clear the streets of the they should clear the streets of the metropolis of these pests. It was just the sort of proposal to suit such daring spirits, and an association was immediately formed to cary it out. Like their leader, they were consummate swordsmen and dandies of the first-water—the Dandy being in all essentials the antipodes of the Buck—a distinction which people who write about the Irland of the past are very aut to forget.

are very apt to forget. The association set to work most heartily and in this way: Whenever a fine afternoon followed a showery morning they would sally forth in morning they would sally forth in knots of four or five, each being followed by a lusty valet carrying an oak sapling. On reaching the haunts of the bucks the servants kept the rabble off while the exquisites did the work they had undertaken. For a couple of months few days passed without three or four affrays between the bucks and the dandies, in which the former invariably came off second-best. Erelong the mainstay of the best. Erelong the mainstay of the bucks, the mob, turned against them, too. This meant that defeat was sure to be followed by hooting and pelting with mud and stone. Then the pleasant pastime of blocking the throughfares in broad daylight was

HOW THE WIFE FELT.

A man at whose house I was a guest, told me that he had been a hard drinker and a cruel husband; had beaten his poor wife till she had

almost become used to it. "But," said he, 'the very moment I signed the pledge I thought of my wife—what would my wife say to this? Strange that I should think of my wife the first thing, but I did; and as I was going home, I said to myself: "Now, if I go home and tell her all of a sudden that I have signed the pledge, she'll faint away, or she'll up and do something; and I must break it! to her by degrees., Only think of it! Why, the night before I'd have knocked her down, just as like as not, if she hadn't looked to please me; and now I was planning to break

news to her for fear it would upset "I found my wife sitting over the embers, waiting for me. As I came

"Nancy, I think that—"
"Well, Ned, what is it?" "Why, I think I shall-that is -I mean—
"What's the matter, Ned ? Is

anything the matter?

"Yes, said I, 'the matter's just this -I've signed the temperance pledge, and, so help me God, I'll keep it.' "She started to her feet, and she arms, her eyes shut, her face so pale, thinks I, 'She's dead, and I've done it now." But she wasn't dead. She opened her eyes, and then put her arms around my neck; and I didn't know she was so strong, as she pulled and pulled till she got me down where I had not been before for thirty years
—on my knees. Then she said, 'O
God! help him! and I said, 'Amen!'
and she said, O, God! help my poor
Ned, and strengthen him to keep his
pledge,' and I hollered 'Amen!' just
pas loud as Leould holler. That as loud as I could holler. That was

A short while after Stonewall Jackson's death, when the whole army was in deepest melancholy, an officer who wished to pass beyond the lines and had not thought to secure the countersign, drew from his pocket book an old pass given by "Old Stonewall" before his death. The sentinel lit a match, read the pass, lingering tenderly over the writing of his old and much beloved commander. He handed it back to the officer, and said reverently: "Major,

the first time we ever knelt together,

but it was not the last."

Several young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approch the vicinity. One "real some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate, and see what there is in it."

to approen the vicinity. One read sweet" young fellow, seeing as he supposed, the young lady looked at him, remarked playfully, and with a becoming simper, "Well, Miss.—you needn t look at me as though you "Oh, no," sweetly replied the young