

"What may this mean? Pause before you go further or I shall suspect you of love?"

"You may more than suspect it. Behold me now a Lazarus restored to life. If known the misfortune of my family and my name, with all my numerous demerits, Mary can so far condescend as to deem him whom she has saved worthy to live for her, the homage of a fond faithful nature I offer, and am hers for ever."

How she replied to such an appeal—how farmer Brown listened to the tale of her adventures, and what was his decision on the claim preferred to his daughter's hand, it were needless to relate. A wedding was soon celebrated in the village, and the blushing bride was Mary of Eltham.

The secret confided to Mary—that of the mayor and jailer of Calais, was faithfully kept. More than two centuries had passed from the period identified with her story, before the narrative now furnished, was permitted to see the light.

THE FATAL TRICK.

Upon one evening, a party of collegians and young bloods of the town had met together at my room to play and carouse. In fact, it was a regular meeting of the hunters, who assembled twice in every week. We kept it up jolly until midnight, having in that time managed to get full of Bacchus, when Somers proposed that we should sail forth and astonish the town by some well-planned and well-directed piece of mischief. Without any of us having a very clear conception of our actions or intentions, we hailed the proposition with drunken rapture, and started forth.

A travelling menagerie had arrived in town the day before, and among the wonders it contained was a young bear. The poor animal had been so well beaten, that he became very humble, and acquired a number of amusing tricks. Of this we were well aware, having visited the menagerie the day before. Just as we passed the spot, it occurred to me what rare sport it would be to capture young Bruin, and place him in the chemical lecture room to astonish, on the next day, the professor and the class.

No sooner had I made a proposition to this effect than it was adopted, and all volunteered their assistance in carrying it into execution. The tent or pavilion which covered the beasts, was erected in the great yard of the principal tavern. The cages, each containing one or more animals, were iron grated boxes, standing on wheels, by means of which they had been dragged into town. They were ranged round the interior of the tent, forming a circular array of wood and iron. Not imagining that any one would disturb the animals, the showmen and keepers had retired to rest along with the inmates of the tavern, leaving the tent entirely unwatched. Thus we were afforded a clear field in which to execute our scheme. After several of our number had been posted as sentinels the rest crept in under the canvass, and entered the arena. It was some time before we could in the deep darkness identify the cage in which our friend Bruin had been placed to sleep. After stumbling over divers things which lay scattered about, and peering here and there in the dark, we found the object of our search. There, in a substantial cage, was the dim outline of the animal, his two eyes flashing drops of fire at being aroused from his quiet slumber.

The next difficulty that occurred to us was the mode of conveying him to the college, which was several hundred yards distant. Some of the revellers proposed that we should throw a halter round his neck and drag him along. We rejected this, not from any personal fear, since we had arrived at that point which makes one oblivious of danger, but lest we should be seen by some late straggler, and have our fun spoiled. A better plan was, after much scheming, devised, and one which met with universal acquiescence.

In the tavern yard stood a water hogshend, with a sliding lid fastened by means of hasp and staple. We had only to roll this in, slide down the box from the wheels, open the door immediately in front of the hogshend, and drive the animal in. We could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll our prisoner and prison house to the college.

No sooner was this suggested than we hastened to put it into execution. The cage, with our united efforts, was slid down quietly from the wheels—Bruin growling all the while with anger—the hogshend was rolled in and placed upon end in front of the cage, and the animal stirred up with our canes. With a terrific yell he rushed in and we closed the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at the same time in a secure manner. The yell of the bear had roused the other animals, and our ears were regaled for the next ten minutes with a variety of other sounds, that weakened fearfully the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hogshend growled, and his voice came like distant thunder, so deafened was it by the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no encumbrance to their voices, and they howled as clearly as though they had been in their native forests.

Fearful of being discovered, we remained quiet for a time, holding our breaths in suspense. But no one disturbed us, or thought of disturbing us. The animals often started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, merely cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest, and turning back, went to sleep again.

As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in the canvass, for we were afraid to emerge by the aperture which faced the tavern, rolled our hogshend over the yard to the back gate, which we unfastened, and then passing the road started at a quick rate for our spot of destination. Over and over went the hogshend the animal din growling at the rough treatment he experienced, and we nearly convulsed with laughter at the uncouthness of the noise which he made.

At length we reached the back part of the college, when one of our party climbed over the wall and unfastened the gate. We rolled in our prize to the back door

of the laboratory, which was the place where our professor of chemistry lectured. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the door, the hogshend would not enter. Such being the case, we were about to start the animal through the open door, when an idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers. Back of the lecture room was a small apartment containing odds and ends, which was not visited perhaps once a month. He said rightly, that if we placed Bruin in this apartment, he would not likely be discovered until sometime during the lecture of the chemical professor, when the noise he would be not to make, attracting attention, the plot would readily be brought to a crisis.

We joined our strength, and upon our shoulders, up went the hogshend, until it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party climbed up, hoisted the window, and slid up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshend violently, but at first to no purpose. The animal was thoroughly frightened, and lay still, or with only an occasional growl. We shook it again, and he started. There was but one possible mode of progression, which was straight forward—and the brute made a spring through the window. There was a crash of glass, a howl, and the terrified animal, crouching in the corner, remained silent. Our little companion closed the cask and leaped down. We rolled the hogshend into a corner of the yard, and returning to our rooms continued our revelry till near daylight.

It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried on my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda water, and afterwards a cup of coffee, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour of the professor of chemistry, and I entered the room just as he commenced to descend upon the subject. The class were all wrapped in attention—for the lecturer was an able man, and was treating upon "Light," a matter of interest, and capable of beautiful illustration. He had scarcely finished his short and excellent exhortation, before we heard a crash of bottles, and a low, startling growl in the next room. The professor started, and stopped a moment, while those of the class not in the secret, looked at each other in astonishment. There was a pause of a few seconds' duration—and then the professor proceeded.

I began to feel alarmed. I remembered what had been done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances there was no danger to be apprehended. The bear was tame enough, and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper sense of the superiority of man. But from the sounds I judged that Bruin had worked himself into the room, only separated from us by a thin partition full of windows, in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrating experiments. There were a great many carbons and bottles of acid in that room—should he overset any of these, and the contents reach his skin, he would be apt to break through the windows of the apartment, and do some mischief before we could secure him. By the looks of my companions I saw they entertained the same fears.

There was another crash and growl. The professor stopped again, and the class looked round in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise could scarcely keep their countenance. In spite of the alarm under which they laboured, there was something so ludicrous in the growl, especially when we figured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class, that they could hardly refrain from laughing outright. The professor, who could not tell from whence the sound proceeded, and thought it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture. "Gentlemen," said he, preparing for a brilliant experiment, "I shall show you a most startling effect."

And he did. Hark! there was a sudden crash, as if every bottle in the whole place was destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrific howl, that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill—and, through that trail glass—Father of truth! we had mistaken the cage—there leaped forth infuriated with the burning liquid which streamed over him—horror!—an untamed royal tiger.

No words can describe the consternation of the class. No one stirred. Petrified by horror—motionless—breathless—there we sat. Not a muscle quivered, so rigid were we with our intense fear. It was our preservation—Maddened with the pain, he rushed on with terrific bounds and meeting with no obstacle passed down stairs into the great hall. There as he leaped and rolled, and howled in his agony, the eldest daughter of our janitor, coming with a message, unwittingly entered. She screamed and fell. The tiger, frantic with the acid that was eating to his very flesh, heeded her not. On he passed, and the girl lived. Better had she died, for never more shone the light of reason in her vacant eyes. From that day forth she was a gibbering, miserable idiot.

On passed the tiger—on I said!—through the streets with the populace flying on every side for shelter—passed his old prison, where the keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound after bound, howling, screaming with agony. On he went, while behind, before, and around, rose up the mingled cry of men, women and children—"The tiger! the tiger!"

At the extremity of the main street a traveller was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and casting his eyes around him, discovered the cause. He spurred his horse, who started snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted, not the man—he only saw the terrified steed. One leap—the distance was just saved—and he struck his claws into the hind quarters of the horse, who, unmindful of the double burden, rushed on, bearing the fatal load as though it were a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With presence of mind and coolness most determined—for it resulted from despair—he drew his bowie-knife from his bosom, and, with a firm stroke, buried it to the hilt in the neck of the tiger. The spinal marrow of the Royal brute was severed, and he died on the instant. But he did not release his hold. Still, with the death-grip, he clung to his place, his eyes glassed and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh!

On went the horse, snorting, plunging and rearing in mingled pain and terror—on he went until exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour after, cautiously and timidly, saw the three stretched together. They watched awhile and found they did not move. They stole up—lo, the horse and tiger were dead, and over their lifeless forms was the traveller, insensible, though alive, and still grasping in his hands the friendly knife.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.—I had never shot a peacock, and the sportsman's lust overcome both the miser's greed and the prudent man's caution. I started up from the voluptuous rest into which I had fallen, and was deep in the thick mazes of an undeniable, though not thick forest ere I felt convinced that this was the principal quarter prohibited by my guide. I had twice raised the gorgeous bird, and had twice fired in vain, when, as I was entering a narrow ravine, over which it had passed, and through which ran a little thread of water, my eyes became all at once riveted on certain marks in the sandy soil, the unmistakable *bagh-ka-punja*, the traces of a cheeta's feet. Knowing that the leopard and panther frequent the deepest dells, making their dens in such cool retreats as are likely to furnish water as well as shade, I resolved on instant return: but had not retraced my way forty paces, ere a growl in the advance startled me into the certainty of near and immediate danger. Before me, in almost the very track I had come and glaring through the acacia bushes, I saw a pair of fiery globes, the eyes of the crouching peril, whilst lashing its tail, it gave, in truth, a dread note of preparation. I was, as nearly as I could calculate, within two springs of it. My Maton was loaded, but not with ball; to my right was an open space, leading to a few scattered *kared*, or wood-apple trees, between which and me the ground seemed to have been recently broken up for several yards, for it was here and there cut up, divested of turf, the grass lying about, while leaves and branches were strewn over all. A glance was sufficient to convince me that, if attainable, my post of defence would be the hole of the nest, which was also the largest tree, but, almost despairing of reaching it before the cheeta made his attack, instead of turning back I made a sudden leap to the right and in another moment gained the desired position, yet not without running a new and unexpected risk; for, in my momentary descent upon the intervening space, I found the leaf-strewn soil gave way under me, and instantly became aware that beneath it was a hollow or chasm of some sort. In another instant the unsteady footing I there had occupied was invaded by the pursuing cheeta. The enormous and ferocious creature, lighting within a foot of me, at the very verge of the pit fall, for such, indeed, it proved, had scarcely touched the treacherous superstructure, ere, the whole giving way, he was precipitated backwards, still, however, clinging with his fore-paws to the margin, whence his hot and fierid breath struck against my forehead. In my utmost terror I could yet gaze with a strong fascination on the grand and awful appearance of the animal, itself full of fear as well as rage; its eyes, red and ravenous, sent a chill to my blood, while from its distended jaws, covered with spumy foam, issued the appalling discord of his voice. Once it raised itself so completely from the chasm into which his hinder parts depended, that I was sure it would escape, and with a last effort, I raised my fowling piece, levelled it at his eyes, and fired. The cheeta, yelling hideously, fell into the pit; and breathing a fervent thanksgiving for such an issue to my well founded apprehensions, I sank, utterly unable to stand upon the ground.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

"I say, Jim," said a ploughboy the other day to his companion, "I know of a new fashion maskintosh to keep out the wet."

"What's that?"

"Why, if you eat a red herring for breakfast, you'll be dry all day."

CONFIRMATION AND AGREEMENT.—In a lesson in parsing the sentence "Man courting in the capacity of bliss," &c., the word "courting," comes to a pert Miss of fourteen to parse. She commences hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed and held down her head.

"Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?"

"Yes—yes, sir!"

"Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?"

Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen says—"It agrees with *all the girls*, sir!"

There is a man in this city, who never reads a paper. Passing along Broadway, the other day, he noticed the telegraph poles and wires, and exclaimed: "What a pity these fine houses have no back yard—they have to dry their clothes in the streets."

When you see something mysterious in your neighbor's conduct, you have no occasion to get astraddle of his fence to watch the movements of his yard, and thus solve the mystery.

The memory ought to be a store-room. Many make theirs a lumber room.

An old lame joker in this vicinity says he is continually performing the Olympic game.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—PRESERVATION OF STACKS FROM LIGHTENING.—It is offered as a sensible hint, that a simple preventive from injury by lightning to corn and hay ricks may be found in putting an inverted broken bottle on the point where the thatch terminates; instead of which it is no unusual thing to see a spiral pinnacle placed at the summit, both of which are, with the exception of iron, the best conductors of the electric fluid, and are the causes of the accidents which occur from lightning; whereas glass and sealing wax are non-conductors and therefore repel the fluid instead of attracting it.