

ago she came in, inquiring for you, that you might take Black Norris, as she said, and hang him; for he had murdered his father. She was wet to the skin with the spray and the rain, and I was making her change herself when you came in. Hist! she is here."

Kate entered. Her lover looked at her. Nothing appeared new but the face that was the child of the weather. The hatchet was in her hand. Exultation and impatience were painted in her looks.

"Come—come!" she cried; and opening the door, at once led the way to Black Norris' house.

Scarcely had they got fifty yards from the house when at a turn of the road, they came upon four privates of the preventive service. The men were on duty. Kate instantly accosted them, related the transaction which had taken place upon the reef, and commanded them to accompany her. They looked—and obeyed.

Three weeks after there was a trial, and an execution. Black Norris was the criminal. Among the spectators at the latter, were a young man and woman. As soon as the body swung in the air, a shrill peal of laughter arose from one of the crowd. It was from the female who, the next moment lay fainting in the arms of her companion. Kate was conveyed home. She was restored to consciousness, but her mind, so highly excited before, seemed now to have sunk into a state of infantine imbecility. Thus she remained for several days, nay, weeks. A gloom seemed to have overspread her lover's mind, which threatened consequences similar to those under which the being he so tenderly loved, had labored. He avoided society—he would hardly exchange a word even with his mother. He was continually wandering about the cliff and sole alone.

One day, when he had thrown himself on the very spot, where, as we related in the beginning, he had intruded upon the slumbers of the maniac, revolving the cause which now utterly absorbed his mind and soul, and lost to external consciousness, he was startled by something falling upon his face. He looked up, and saw the loved one hanging over him. The tear drop stood trembling upon his bed, the light of reason beamed from her eye. She pronounced his name, talked to him of her father's death, informed him that she believed his murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime, but knew not when or by what means. He drew her softly towards him—encouraged her to speak on—questioned her, found that all that had passed since her wits had gone astray, that the only circumstance which had left an impression on her memory was the fate of Black Norris. He now endeavored to ascertain the state of her heart with respect to him. An eye at once cast down—a burning cheek—lips that make soundless motion, confirmed the dearest hopes, and crowned the most ardent wishes of his soul. Reason was perfectly reinstated; love had never lost its seat. He urged the soft confession, and her face was buried in his bosom. In a week she was his wife, and along with his mother, accompanied by him to a distant part of the country, lest old and painful recollections might be recalled by the presence of scenes familiar.

SELLING THE GUARD HOUSE.—A SELL.

BY DUMAS.

Alexander Dumas has been writing for the French Journal some very amusing African sketches and gossip. Whilst in Algeria, he became acquainted with many of the freaks of a battalion of French soldiers, who had christened themselves by the very poetic name of Zephyrs, which name it seems has become famous, not only by the bravery of the corps, in its very arduous and dangerous duty as an outpost of the main body of the military at the colony, but more particularly for the tricks and practical jokes of individual members of the battalion; so that "a zephyr" seems to have become French for "a sell." After a Zephyr has performed some brilliant deed of arms, or served in Africa a certain length of time without punishment, he is allowed to return to his native country. But having once tasted the wandering and exciting life of the African service, the Zephyr is miserable elsewhere. Africa is his land of promise. The discipline of France soon wearies him, and he breaks his gun or deserts, knowing that the military punishment will send him back to Africa, where he will find the wandering and erratic life which makes the Zephyr the Bohemian of the army. Bougie is for the Zephyr, almost a holy city, like Mecca, Medina, Djedda, and Aden to the Mussulman. Bougie was the scene of one of those exploits destined to transmit to all future time the name of Zephyr. The exploit was the sale by a zephyr of the very guard-house in which he was confined. This guard house was a charming building, with iron-barred windows, and a highly ornamented door, though studded with pike-heads; it was a very desirable mansion, as the Kabyles sometimes extended their incursions into the heart of the town. Accordingly, a Colonist recently landed, on approaching this house was seized with an ardent desire, betrayed by his whole air and manner, of becoming its owner. As he came within nail, the window was thrown open, a Zephyr appeared, and the following dialogue took place: "What a beautiful military residence," said the Colonist. "Yes, not very ugly," said the Zephyr. "Whose is it?" "Parbleu! why his who inhabits it, it seems to me." "Is it yours?" "Certainly, it is mine." "Do you own it or only hire it?" "I own it." "Peste! not many soldiers are lodged as you are; you're lucky." "Oh! I profited by an inheritance left to me, and have it built; and labor is not dear in Algeria." "How much did this little place cost?" "Twelve thousand francs." "Give me time and I will cause you to gain two thousand francs on your bargain."

"Eh, eh! we can easily make a bargain. The truth is, I have met with a misfortune, which forces me to sell it!"

"A misfortune?"

"Yes, my banker has failed."

"What a lucky chance!"

"What do you say?"

"No, no, I meant to say how unlucky!"

"How much can you pay me in cash?"

"A thousand francs, and the rest—"

"Oh! as for the balance, never mind, I will give you all the time you want for the balance."

"Five years?"

"To be sure, five or ten, as you please; all I want at present is the thousand francs."

"Then it's a bargain, I have just a thousand francs with me."

"Go to the wine merchant's, at the corner of the street and wait for me."

"I go."

"But as you go, just step in the shop of the locksmith of the regiment, and send him to me. Tell him that my comrades, to play a trick on me, have locked me up here, and carried off the key."

"I'll send him."

And the colonist went to the wine merchant's to wait for the real estate owner, not forgetting, however, on the way, to send him the locksmith.

The locksmith arrived; the position of affairs was explained to him; it was simply to divide the one thousand francs equally, between the prisoner, the locksmith and the sentinel. At the end of five minutes the sentinel was notified, and the door opened. At the end of half an hour the contract was discussed, settled and signed, and the Zephyr pocketed his share of the thousand francs.—Two hours afterwards, the Colonist was moving into his house.

An officer was passing with the patrol, and saw a large assortment of household furniture brought to the door of the guard-house.

The door being open, he walked in. The Colonist was nailing down planks. The officer, astounded, watched him a moment, and then said, "What in the devil's name are you at there?"

"What am I at, parbleu! can't you see? I am moving in!"

"Moving in where?"

"In my house."

"What house?"

"This house is mine."

"And how came it yours?"

"Because I bought it, to be sure."

"Of whom did you buy it?"

"Of the owner."

"Where was the owner?"

"Inside."

"This house?"

The officer looked at his soldiers; they had been exchanging glances for some time with each other, and had comprehended what was just beginning to dawn upon the officer's mind.

"What has become of the owner?" said the officer.

"That's no concern of mine," said the Colonist continuing the arranging of his bazaar.

"What! that is no concern of yours? Was he not imprisoned?"

"Precisely; would you believe it? his comrades had played him a trick and had locked him up; but I sent to him the locksmith of the regiment, a tall, light-haired man, and he joined me at the wine merchant's, where we closed the contract."

"Before a notary?"

"No, merely subscribed; but in three months I will have it done in due form."

"And he received—"

"One thousand francs in cash."

The officer roared with laughter. The Colonist looked at him with astonishment.

"Do you doubt it?" said he; "Ma foi! here's the paper!"

The officer read it, and found it regularly subscribed, and containing a receipt for one thousand francs, and an undertaking for the payment of the balance of thirteen thousand.

The Colonist had bought of a Zephyr, imprisoned for punishment, the guard-house of the regiment.

THAT'S RIGHT—STICK TO IT.

Old farmer Jones, having been for months preparing his favorite Yorkshire for "killing time" sent, finally for the town butcher—a great wag by the way—to come and prepare the "sannenger" meat for use. (This was, of course, years ago, when confidence was not so necessary in eating sausages, and dogs did not howl or go into spasms at the sight of them, as now.) Old grunter was forthwith "stuck," as the brokers say, and having gone through the usual process of being tumbled into scalding water, scraped, cleaned, disemboweled, and so forth, was hung up into the shed, for the night, to dry. After the butcher had finished his job, and was about departing, farmer Jones says—

"Fred, I'm in rather a bad pickle. I have borrowed from different families in the neighborhood, some two hundred pounds of fresh pork, all of which I've promised to pay when my Yorkshire should be killed; and now if I pay up all my debts, I shall have no pork for my own use. What shall I do? Be honest and shame the Devil or pay my debts and starve?"

"I can arrange that business nicely for you," replied the knight of the long knife. "Do you just cut up and pack your pork early in the morning, before any of your neighbors are stirring, and then swear that somebody stole the critter in the night time."

"Capital idea! First rate!" exclaimed farmer Jones, chuckling and clapping his hands in delight. "And you shall have a spare rib for the hint."

About midnight, the crafty butcher-boy might have been seen noiselessly dragging the pig from the farmer's shed, and long before sunrise, it was safely lodged in the butcher's cellar.

Next morning as the butcher was passing the farmer's house, on his way to the slaughter house, old Jones ran out, crying at the top of his lungs—

"I say, old fellow, somebody has stole that hog sure enough."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the butcher, in tones of deep surprise.

"It's a fact, by hokey! The hog is gone—he is, by the living Moses!"

"Have you told any one besides me?" asked the butcher.

"No, I haint seen nobody else this morning. But it's a fact; the hog is gone by thunder!"

"That's right," said the butcher, "stick to it like a good fellow, and there is no danger."

"But," said the farmer, "if some one haint actually stole the hog, I hope I may be stewed, and fried into boiled scraps, and chawed up by monkeys."

"Never heard a story told better in all my life," exclaimed the butcher, laughing. "Only stick to it, and you'll make all Christendom believe it is true. Good morning, farmer Jones."

SHORT DRESSES.—Mrs. Bloomer, editress of the Lily, has adopted the "short dress and trowsers," and says in her paper of this month that many of the women in that place (Seneca Falls) oppose the change, others laugh; others still are in favor; "and many have already adopted the dress." She closes the article on the subject as follows:—

"Those who think we look 'queer' would do well to look back a few years, to the time when they wore ten or fifteen pounds of petticoat and bustle around the body, and balloons on their arms, and then imagine, which cut the queerest figure, they or we. We care not for the frowns of over fastidious gentlemen; we have those of better taste and less questionable morals to sustain us. If men think they would be comfortable in long heavy skirts, let them put them on—we have no objection. We are more comfortable without them, and so have left them off. We do not say we shall wear this dress and no other, but we shall wear it for a common dress; and we hope it may become so fashionable that we may wear it at all times, and in all places, without being thought singular. We have already become so attached to it that we dislike changing to a long one."

Long dresses, with heavy borders of mud are—fashionable.

A DUTCH "SPIRIT."—A Dutch widower, out west, whose better half departed on the long journey to the spirit land some twelve months ago, determined, the other day, to consult the "Rappets," and endeavour to obtain a spiritual communication, feeling anxious respecting the future state of his wife. After the usual ceremonies, the spirit of "Mrs. Hauntz" manifested by raps its willingness to converse with her disconsolate spouse.

"Ish dat you, Mrs. Hauntz?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Yes, dearest, it is your own wife, who—"

"You lie, you tam tevil of a ghost," interrupted Hauntz, starting from his seat, "mine frau speak nothing but Dutch, and she never said 'tearest' in her life. It was always 'Hauntz, you tief!' or, 'Hauntz, you tirty skamp!'" and the Dutchman hobbled from the room well satisfied that the "rapping spirits" were all humbug, and that he was safe from any further communication with his shrewish frau on this earth.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—An exchange paper gives the following advice to the fair sex, which will doubtless be treasured up for future reference:—

"If ladies would eat meat but once a day, pickles once a week, and sweetmeats once a year—if they would take a cold bath every night and morning, and walk five miles a day, they would have no need of cosmetics to make them beautiful. But living as they do, with the sluggish blood

—creeping in lazy currents through their veins, Dammed like a dull canal by locks and chains," it is not strange that they suffer from an impaired cuticle."

GIRLS AND BOYS.—Girls get ripe much earlier than boys. The moment the former get beyond fifteen, they are "young ladies;" while boys of that age are only thought fit to lug water, and shovel away snow storms. A girl at eighteen knows more than a boy at twenty one—after that age, however, corduroy not only overtakes calico, but passes her.

A DOWNRIGHT FAMILY MAN.—There is now living in Macclesfield, England, a man who has had five wives, by whom he has become the father of thirty seven children, thirty-two sons and five daughters; one of his daughters, aged forty-six, lives in London, and is the mother of twenty four children.

PREACH SMALL.—"Mother," said a little girl, seven years old, "I could not understand our minister to-day, he said so many hard words. I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand. Won't he mother?"

"Yes, I think so, if we ask him."

Soon after her father saw her going over to the minister's.

"Where are you going, Emma?"

"I am going over to Mr. ———'s, to ask him to preach small."

Is there a man in New England—in the Union—who cannot join in this prayer, uttered by a law abiding clergyman of Massachusetts?—*Portland Transcript.*

"God grant the coming of a day when we shall all see nobler thing than the spectacle of a mighty government, embodying the power of twenty millions of people, forcing back into bondage a poor fugitive who has as much natural right to his freedom as any of ourselves!"