

reeking with the blood they had shed. They all stepped aside, and consulted together in a low tone, for some minutes. The baroness was left quite alone, but she betrayed not the least wish to escape. She heard two or three thus express themselves: "Let's despatch her and the game will be up." She, however, scarcely changed her color, for the opposition of the others did not escape her acute ear. One, who was probably the captain of the banditti, now advanced towards her.

He asked twice or thrice whether he might rely on the truth of what she said—whether she actually wished to be released from the tyranny of her husband and go with them—and whether she was ready to resign herself to one of them, to himself for instance, during the few peaceful days they could enjoy. Having replied in the affirmative to all these questions—having not only suffered the warm embrace of the robber, but returned it—for what will not necessity excuse?—he at length said,

"Come along then, and lead us round. The—trust you ladies of rank, but we'll venture for once. But let me tell you, beforehand, that were you ten times as handsome, this weapon shall cleave your skull the moment we see the least disposition to escape or betray us."

"Then it will be safe enough—and were this the only condition of my death, I should outlive you all, and even the wandering Jew himself." The baroness smiled when she pronounced these words, hastily snatched up the nearest light, as though she had been as anxious as any of them to collect the plunder and be gone, conducted the whole company through every apartment, opened, unasked, every door, every drawer and every chest; assisted in emptying them and packing up the valuables; looked with the utmost indifference over the mangled bodies; spoke with the familiarity of an old acquaintance to each of the horrid troop; and willingly aided, with her delicate hands, in the most laborious occupation.

Plate, money, jewels and other valuables now collected together, and the captain of the banditti was already giving the order for the march, when his destined bride caught him by the arm. "Did I not tell you," said she, "that you should not repent making a friend of me, and sparing my life! You may, indeed, have your fling in places you find open; but it is a pity you cannot come at treasures that are a little concealed. What! do you suppose that among coffers so full of the most valuable effects there are no secret places? Look here, and then you will be convinced to the contrary."

She pointed to a secret spring in the baron's writing-desk. They pressed upon it, and out fell six rouleaus, each containing two hundred dollars.

"Zounds!" cried the leader of the robbers, "now I see you are an incomparable woman. I will keep you for this as a duchess."

"And, perhaps, better still," replied she, laughing, "when I tell you of one thing more. I am well aware that you must have spies who informed you of the absence of my tyrant—but they did not tell you of the four hundred guilders he received yesterday."

"Not a syllable: where are they?"

"O, safe enough! under half a dozen locks and bolts. You would certainly not have found them and the iron chest had it not been for me. Come along, comrades; we have finished above ground, and now we'll see what is to be done under it. Come along with me, I say, into the cellar."

The robbers followed, but not without precaution. At the entrance of the cellar, provided with a strong trap-door, a man was posted as sentinel. The baroness did not take the least notice of this.

She conducted the whole troop to a vault at the farthest extremity of the cellar. She unlocked it, and in the corner of this recess stood the chest she had described. "Here," said she, giving the captain a bunch of keys, "here unlock it, and take what you find as a wedding gift, if you can obtain the consent of your companions as readily as you have gained mine."

The robber tried one key after another, but none would fit. He grew impatient, and the baroness seemed still more so.

"Lend me them," said she, "I shall find the way sooner. Indeed, if we don't make haste,

the morning might overtake us. Ha! only think, the reason neither of us could unlock it is clear enough. As welcome as your visit is to me, yet I have no scruples to confess that the arrival of great pleasure has flurried me a little. I have brought the wrong bunch of keys. A moment's patience, and I'll soon set things to rights."

She ran up stairs, and presently they heard her coming down; but she went slowly as if out of breath with the haste she had made. "I've found them!" cried she, at a distance. She was within about three steps of the person placed at the entrance of the cellar, when she made a spring at the wretch, who as little expected the dissolution of the world as such an attack. A single push with her strength tumbled him down the stairs from the top to the bottom. In a twinkling she closed the trap door, bolted it, and thus had the whole company secured in the cellar. This was the work of a single moment. In the next she flew across the court-yard, and with a candle set fire to a detached pigsty. The watchman in the neighboring village, perceiving the flames, instantly gave the alarm. In a few minutes the inhabitants were out of their beds, and a crowd of farmers and their servants hastened to the mansion. The baroness waited for them at the gate of the court-yard. "A few of you," said she, "will be sufficient to put out this fire, or prevent it from spreading. But now provide yourselves with arms, which you will find in abundance in my husband's armory. Post yourselves at the avenues of the cellar, and suffer not one of the murderers and robbers shut up in it to escape."

Her directions were obeyed, and not one of them escaped the punishment due to his crimes.

THOROUGHLY DRUNK.—Jones is in general a good husband and domestic man. Occasionally, however, his convivial tastes betray him into excesses which have subjected him more than once to the discipline of Mrs. Jones. A few nights since he was invited to "participate" with a few friends, by way of celebrating a piece of good luck which had befallen one of his neighbors. He did "participate," and to his utter astonishment, when he rose to take his leave, at the "we short hour ayont twal," he found the largest brick in his hat he ever saw. Indeed he was heard to remark soliloquently, "I think, Mr. Jones, you were never so tight before."

He reached his home finally, but by a route which was anything but the shortest distance between the two points, not, however, without having experienced very considerable anxiety about the reception which awaited him from Mrs. J. He was in luck that night, was Mr. Jones, barring always his primal transgression; he got into his house, found his way into his chamber without "waking a creature, not even a mouse."

After closing his door, he cautiously paused to give thanks for the "conscience undefiled" which secured to Mrs. Jones the sound, refreshing slumbers, which had prevented her taking notice of his arrival. Being satisfied that all was right, he proceeded to remove his integuments with as much despatch and quiet as circumstances would permit, and in the course of time sought the vacant place beside his slumbering consort. After resting a moment, and congratulating himself that he was in bed, and that his wife did not know how long he had been there, it occurred to him that if he did not change his position Mrs. Jones might detect from his breath that he had been indulging. To prevent such a catastrophe, he resolved to turn over. He had about half accomplished his purpose—we are now obliged to use the idiomatic language of Mr. Jones himself, from whom we receive this chapter of his domestic trials—"When Mrs. Jones riz right up in the bed, and, said she, in tones that scraped the marrow all out of my bones, said she, 'Jones, you needn't turn over, you're drunk clean through!'"

DELERIUM TREMENS.—Half a grain of the tartrate of antimony, with two ounces of water, a drachm of tincture of opium, and an equal quantity of nitrous ether, or colchicum, are said to be an effectual cure for delirium tremens—allaying the excitement of the brain, and promoting the healthy action of the skin and kidneys.

Alphabetical Advice.

A. Always attend to your avocation, avoid alehouses and artful women.

B. Be benevolent but not prodigal, bury all bickerings in the bosom of forgetfulness.

C. Contrive to collect cash and keep it.

D. Do your duty and defy the devil.

E. Early endeavor to eradicate every error, both of head and heart.

F. Fight fairly when you fight; but the better way is not to fight at all. Fiddle for no fools.

G. Grace, goodness, gumption and a little goose-grease, enables a man to slip through the world mighty easy. Get them and glory in them.

H. Harbor hope in your heart if you would be happy; but hark ye, hope can't render rotten the rope of the hangman.

I. Inquisitiveness is insufferable; indulge not in it.

J. Juleps may be called the juice of joy and the yeast of jest; but let them alone, for too much joking often destroys the joviality of the social circle.

K. Kindness kindles the fire of friendship. A kiss always avails more than a kick.

L. Love the ladies, look before you leap, eschew loafism.

M. Make not mischief by meddling with other folk's matters.

N. Never be caught napping except in the night time.

O. Order is heaven's first law; obey it.

P. Pursue the plain path of probity, and put in practice what you will give in precept.

Q. Quarrel not, quibble not, be not fond of asking questions, or addicted to queries.

R. Rum ruins respectability, renounce, renew and renovate.

S. Seek salvation; oh ye sinners! become saints and you are safe.

T. Take time by the forelock; try to turn every moment to account.

U. Union unites with unity; in the whole universe there is unison; be ye therefore united for the sake of unison.

V. Vanity has no connection with valor, remember that.

W. Women and wine bring want and woe and wretchedness, when wickedly indulged in.

X. Xtra 'xertions accomplish 'xtraordinary ends.

Y. Yield to no tyrant; yeomen and their yoke-fellows are lords of the soil.

Z. Zig-zagging is characteristic of zany; take a straight course through life and zealously pursue it.

& & mind your own business, & let others alone, &c.

BENEFITS OF NEWSPAPERS.—Comparatively speaking, but few persons fully appreciate the benefits accruing from well conducted and well arranged newspapers. On its first appearance, at the regular time, a few moments, or perhaps an hour, may be allotted to its perusal by a majority of readers, and then it is cast aside as being of no further use. But those who have learned its true value are not satisfied with a cursory reading. They examine with critical minuteness the whole contents, and when they have finished the pleasing and instructive task, they carefully put it in some secure place, where it may be had for future reference. Whoever keeps a file of papers knows the pleasure as well as the advantage to be derived from a frequent perusal of them. They bring to mind scenes long forgotten. They give us a clue by which we can judge of the improvement in the social world—of changes in politics, religion, and in moral science—they are a map of the past, and may be used as a chart for the future. They are histories of the busy world narrowed down to the stated periods of a day, or a week, wherein the various characters of a motley multitude are delineated with critical skill. They show the prevailing passions of the times in which they were published, and often record on their page the essence of sparkling wits. To a family composed partly of youth they are invaluable. Show us a person conversant with the general news of the day, and we will show you one whose general knowledge is more than ordinary. Let every family, then, take a paper; not only take a paper, but read it.

GOING TO LAW.—"Lawing" is pretty well shown up in the anecdote of two Dutchmen who bailed and used in common, a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms. It seems that they had a dispute concerning certain repairs, which it required after a time. One of them declined to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of two or three planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to the neighboring lawyer and placing ten dollars in his hands, "I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit the bridge." "How much will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant.

"Well, den, not more ash five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes, and giving him the other, "take this and go and get the bridge repaired; it is the best course you can take."

"Y-a-a-s," said the Dutchman—"y-a-a-s; dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans."

As he went along home, he shook his head inquiringly, as if unable, after all, to see how he gained anything by going to law.

INTO THE RAPPERS.—Imagine a "revelation" after this sort:—"I am George Washington, (or St. Paul,) released for a time from my heavenly employment, that I might attend to tipping up your kitchen table!"

S-say! Do you believe in the Knotchester Rockers? Do you love fig's peat? Do you love tamb's lungs? Do you live near the shotecary pop? Did you ever ride in a waggage baggon?—*Sunday Mercury.*

Ye'es! Was you ever shocked by a balvanic gattery? Did you ever hear Wannel Debster's late speech in your city? Did you ever see a steamboat bile her buster? Did you ever drink a scottle of botch ale? and—oh, speak! do you always vote the tig whicket?—*Ky. River.*

ECONOMY ILLUSTRATED.—A man who had purchased a new pair of shoes, finding the road to be rather a rough one, he concluded to take his shoes under his arm, and walked home barefooted. After a while he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as "clear as a whistle." "How lucky!" said he—"what a tremendous lick that would have been for the shoes!"

LONG DRESSES.—The New York Day Book, remarks: "It is stated, on what appears to us very good authority, that the present fashion of ladies' dresses being made so long as to sweep the side-walk, originated with the ladies of color, who were anxious to conceal their long heels. We have no doubt that this putting this odious fashion on the proper footing."

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.—A drunken north countryman, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him, and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared out, "Wha's kessin' me noo? Ye see wat it is too be weel liket among the lasses."

CANDID.—"How do you like Shakespeare?" said a blue-stocking young lady to an old river captain. "Don't like her at all, madam; she burns too much wood, and carries too little freight."

The Albany Knickerbocker tells of a young man who died in that city of disappointed ambition, as he "wanted to wear high shirt collars, and his mother wouldn't let him."

DELICATE WORKS.—Women are a great deal like French watches—very pretty to look at, but very difficult to regulate when once they take to going wrong.

The New York Sun advertises the loss of a French poodle, "the pet of a sick little girl with brown ears and a spot on the left side of the back."

Emerson says, "let a man own himself." In such a case we know a good many fellows who would be as rich as Croesus—according to their estimate of things.

A SIMILE.—Grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy it is cradled; and generally it is well threshed to render it fit for use.

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay, provides a home from which to run away.