

never read anything, and equally well, that there was little danger of being discovered by him in this last effort to escape from the horrible thralldom in which she was held.

Several weeks rolled away—weeks of sickening doubts, and harrowing fears; but at length the hour of her rescue came. One morning, shortly after Reardon had left the house, a carriage stopped before the door, containing an elderly lady and gentleman, who inquired for Alice. It was her uncle and his wife, and after hearing her story he instantly removed her to his hotel, from whence in another hour they started for his residence in the interior of the state, thus eluding all chances of discovery by Reardon.

It was a mere chance that the advertisement had reached Mr. Crawford. When it did, he lost no time in seeking his brother's daughter, and offering her his protection. Alice felt assured that I would follow her, and she yearned to behold me once more, before her eyes closed forever in this world. Yes, she was dying of a broken heart, while I madly ploughed the ocean in pursuit of her destroyer. The ship was detained by long calms, and I bowed in abject supplication to the God of the storm, to send us wind that might waft me to the land that I so ardently desired to behold. At last, haggard from intense suffering, and half-maddened with the fever on my mind, I stood upon the sod of the new world.

I at once sought out the post office, for I knew if still living, Alice would there have deposited a clue to her abode. I found a letter from her uncle, directing me to his residence, and the last words sent a cold and sickening thrill through my soul:—"Come as soon as this reaches you, if you would find Alice alive; her only desire is now to behold you," he wrote. The letter bore the date of the previous month. If I could but see her again, I felt that I could resign her; but to behold no more the being who had become so knit to my very existence, to find the grave closed over that form of unequalled beauty, was a thought which made my brain whirl and my blood grow cold. I learned the route to —, near which place was Mr. Crawford's residence. I took my seat in the first stage-coach which left for that town, and was borne towards my dying Alice. I cannot tell you how the day and night which I spent on the road passed. I know that my mind was not perfectly clear; but one idea filled it: Alice dead or dying, and I condemned to live for ever alone. In this wide and breathing world, so filled with human aspirations and human hopes, I felt myself doomed to wander without ties and without sympathy. Then came the image of him who had thus desolated my path, and at once a fixed resolve filled my mind.

When we stopped, I mechanically ate, because I feared that without nourishment the unnatural tension of my nerves might incapacitate me from going through with the trying ordeal which awaited me. At length reached the house. I dismounted at the gate, and walked up the avenue. My feet seemed glued to the ground, and I faltered like a drunken man as I slowly drew near the portico, afraid to learn that I had arrived too late.

A gentleman met me at the door, and my parched lips syllabled the name of Alice. He read the question I would have asked, in my agonized and distorted countenance. "She lives," he said, and led me toward her apartment.

The doors were all wide open, for it was summer, and in a darkened room, on a bed whose snowy drapery was scarcely whiter than her face, lay my adored Alice in a calm slumber. I approached and leaned over her; then I could mark the ravages which suffering had made on her sweet features; but I read on her tranquil brow, and in the subdued expression of her small mouth, that the angel of peace had folded his wings over her departing spirit. I felt that her trust in a higher power had subdued the bitterness of approaching death, and I prayed fervently to be enabled to say:—"My God, not my will but Thine be done;" but my rebellious heart would not thus be schooled. A moment I dared to ask why she, who loved all human things, would turn aside from her path to spare the meanest insect that

crawls, should have this unutterable load of suffering laid upon her? My burning tears fell over her; I knew not that I wept, until she unclosed her eyes, and wiped from her cheek a lucid drop which had fallen there.—She gazed upon me with a radiant smile; a bright gleam from the heaven to which she was hastening seemed to shine over her lovely countenance, and she stretched forth her emaciated hands to me:

"Ah, I dreamed this. I knew you would come. Heaven is kind to permit another earthly meeting, before I go hence. My beloved Erlon, you are just in time!"

She turned to her uncle, and requested him to leave us alone for a brief space. The old gentleman withdrew, and I then listened to the narrative of her sufferings.

The whirlwind in its greatest might, is the only fitting type of the wild thoughts and bitter purposes which filled my mind. In the darkest recess of my soul I registered a vow to seek Reardon over the world, until I had signally avenged her wrongs, my own blighted manhood, and darkened future.

Alice then spoke of mercy and peace to all men, and conjured me for my own sake to spare her destroyer. I heard without accurately comprehending her. My future course was irrevocably determined, and with that stupefaction which only the extreme of mental suffering can produce, I listened to her dying words.

In two hours after my arrival the family was called in to receive her last farewell. I supported her upon my breast, which no longer heaved with the wild pulsations of anguish that had so long thrilled every throb of my heart. No; the worst was known, and above my great sorrow arose the intense and burning desire for revenge. Two great emotions cannot exist together; one must succumb to the other.

Alice comprehended something of what was passing in my mind, and almost with her last breath she murmured: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

I muttered:—"Aye, but he often chooses earthly instruments by which to accomplish his vengeance."

She died; and imprinting a last kiss upon her pale lips, I left the house; I could not remain to perform the last rights to her precious remains.

I wandered in the woods in communion with the spirit of the dead, until the returning stage arrived. I was then borne to the scene of anticipated retribution. It was midnight when I reached New York. I felt that I could not rest; in such a condition of feverish excitement, motion was the only state I could bear, and I hurriedly paced the streets, arranging in my mind the means of discovering my doomed enemy. Day was just beginning to dawn when I passed the open door of an oyster-cellar, from which two men were emerging. A voice spoke which made my blood bubble in my veins. It was Reardon. He said:—"I shall leave to-day, or that fool Purcel will be on my track. If that girl had not played me such a trick, I should long since have been buried in the far West, where I would have defied him to find me. I have fooled away too much time in trying to seek her out."

He stepped on the pavement. At that moment a line of rosy light shot upward from the rising sun and streamed full on my pale and determined countenance. Reardon recoiled and drew his knife from his breast. Not a word was spoken; we rushed on each other, and I sheathed my dagger in his traitorous heart.

The prisoner ceased, and the priest said emphatically:—"Your life must be saved, my son. I must now leave you, but you shall hear from me ere long."

We will only add that all the facts of the case being taken into consideration, the sentence of Erlon Purcel was finally changed to imprisonment for ten years. His good conduct caused that time to be reduced to half the term. Once more free he went to St. Louis, and there joined a band of trappers bound for the far West. Let us hope that in the eternal forest, far from the haunts of civilized men, he has repented of the crime he committed, and found that peace and trust in the future which is life's most precious possession.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

THE FIRST FORGED BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE.—The day on which a forged note was presented at the Bank of England, forms a memorable era in its history. For sixty-four years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and, during this period, no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrong-doing has more than the simple act to answer for; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Staffordshire linen draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common.

THE SCIENCE OF CANDLE BURNING.—Before you put your candle out, look at it. It has been burning some time unsnuffed, and gives little or no light; the wick is long, and is stopped by a heavy black clot, a lump of unconsumed carbon; take the candlestick in your hand, and move it gently from side to side; the superfluous wick burns away, and the candle is again bright. When you ask yourself why this is, you learn that flame is hollow, and it admits no oxygen, which is necessary for combustion; the wick which it surrounds remains unconsumed, and diminishes the light. When the flame, by motion, leaves the wick exposed at intervals to the oxygen of the atmosphere, it speedily burns away. Note the valuable deduction from this fact: the formation of a wick which constantly turns outward and reaches the exterior air, and so gives us a candle requiring no snuffing. There is much philosophy in the burning of a candle. The wick, you may think, is intended to burn and give light; but this is not exactly the fact—The wick is simply to bring the melted tallow, or oil if in a lamp, into the finely divided state in which it is best fitted for combustion. The heat applied to "light" the candle decomposes into its constitution the small quantity of tallow next the wick; heat and light are produced in the operation, and the heat so produced carries on the decomposition.—*The Builder.*

PAYING LIKE A SINNER.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern-keepers to charge the minister anything for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presumingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night and in the morning entered the stage, without offering pay for his accommodations. The Landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said, "There was some one who had not settled his bill." The passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who said he understood that he never charged ministers anything. "What, you a minister of the Gospel—a man of God?" cried the innkeeper, "you came to my house last night—you sat down to the table without a blessing; I lit you to your room, and you went to bed, without praying to your Maker (for I stood there until you retired); you rose and washed without prayer; ate your breakfast without saying grace; and as you came to my house a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner you have got to pay like a sinner!"

TO KEEP WELL.—Take a brandy sling early in the morning and throw it out of the window after which dress yourself, walk out into the country, and wade through clover till you get an appetite that can saw through penny nails, or digest one of Pope Emmor's tragedies.

A white man was sold for vagrancy, for the sum of twenty-five cents, the other day, in Ogle county, Ill. His purchaser not being able to make change, the "chattel" loaned the necessary sum. The man had a family.

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The Envious Man—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The Jealous Man—who spreads his bed with stinging-nettles, and then sleeps in it.

3. The Proud Man—who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. The Litigious Man—who goes to law, in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

5. The Extravagant Man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. The Angry Man—who learns the ophelide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

7. The Ostentatious Man—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

To repress a harsh answer, to confess a fault, or to stop (right or wrong) in the midst of self defence, in gentle submission, sometimes requires a struggle almost like life and death; but these three efforts are the golden threads with which domestic happiness is interwoven, once begin the fabric with the wool, and trials shall not break, nor sorrow tarnish it.

PARSON OUTWITTED.—A parson once asked an honest Quaker, where his religion was before Gen. Fox's? "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now thou hast been free with me," added the Quaker; "pray let me ask thee a question. Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?" "No, nor you either, I believe." "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker, "he was going into his eleventh year, was he not?"

THE REFORMER.—He must learn that although the most needful truth may be unpopular, it does not follow that unpopularity is a proof of the truth of his doctrines or the expediency of his measures. He must have the liberality to admit that it is barely possible for the public, on some points, to be right and himself wrong; and that the blessing invoked upon those who suffer for righteousness is not available to such as court persecution, and invite contempt. Folly has its martyrs as well as wisdom.—*Whittier.*

WIRE LACE.—At Nottingham, England, the great center of the lace manufacture, they are now manufacturing a most beautiful fabric of lace for window and bed curtains, &c., of iron wire. Verily, this is an iron age.

For what could the greatest epicure wish rather than to eat with many mouths instead of one? which may be predicted of any one who knows that the bread of many is owing to his own largess.—[Fielding.]

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those below them.

When a man cannot contain himself, is it because he is too large or too small.

Once and again, I have found that the most cross-grained are by no means the worst of mankind, nor the humblest in station the least polished in feeling.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Duties in general, like that class of them called debts, give more trouble the longer they remain undischarged.

A man recently purchased a link of sausage "long drawn out," and was nearly choked to death by a piece of brass collar, marked "Fido." How the collar got into the sausage, is the question.

AN EASY WAY TO FIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—Spend nine shillings every time you earn a dollar. Ambitious females will please notice.

"Father wants to know if you'll lend him two sticks of wood?" "Yes, there are a couple of logs; but you did not return the last." "No, nor I sha'n't tech them 'ere, without you split 'em!"

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.—"It will rain yesterday," said one Frenchman to another, in English. "Be Gar, it snowed to-morrow," replied his companion, equally well skilled in the language.

An editor's highest hope—lots of friends and no money.