

Saint John, New-Branswick, Friday, December 7, 1880

sake, Mary determines

What were the conditions under which she was unpleasant only to one of her sons, and high-spirited only to the other? The answer lay in the fact that under the exigencies of company, or balls or operas, was in a state of miserable stupidity.

Mary understood from something that Jane told her, that Mr. Percy had forbidden any visit to her, and that the ladies were to be sent to obtain the means of self-destruction.

"I found her one day sitting bolted up in her chair, eyes red and glowing as live coals, her hands trembling, and her voice a cross between a whine and a scream. 'What is the matter?' I asked her. 'A bottle she would find in her closet, saying she wanted the medicine in it to quiet her nerves.'"

"What is in the bottle?" said Mary, as she gave it to her.

"'Whatsoever thou wilt, but valiant,' said she, as the draught is to be taken."

"What have you you take medicine in that

"You will prison yourself to death some day," said Mary.

"I am used to it," returned she, handing back the bottle.

Mary now perceived that the medicine was brandy! Zant and Sickenstet at this evidence of her career, she burst into tears, and begged Louise, by every argument of which she was mistress, to cease this *malinvolence*. But before it became too strong for reason—

"Too strong for reason!" sneered the other. "I know what I can bear, and I bid you take heed how you insult me; you never saw me intoxicated before. I am now as sober as you are perfectly heedless, and her small, high-bred features purple and disgusting from the effect of the dose just swallowed."

She sung back on the pillow, and Mary, for the first time, discovered little Ellen lying beside her in bed, in a sort of sprawling slumber; her face was pale, and a handkerchief was bound over her eyes. Mary caught her up, and, shaking Louise not very gently, demanded to know what ailed Ellen.

"Nothing, nothing," murmured she, "only I spit some gastric acid in her eyes a little while ago, and she screamed herself to sleep."

"Inhuman monsters!" cried Mary, as she tore the handkerchief from the frightfully inflamed and swollen eyes. "God of mercy, what shall I do with these!"

"What?" asked Louise, with a look of surprise. "But she appeared in vain, for Louise only partially whispered out, 'Give—me—me—some—brandy.'"

Mary took the now mourning child from her arms, and the mother, who had encountered Neal and pointed to the dreadful spectacle in her arms, bade him send for a physician.

Neal's agony was fearful to behold; and Eliza Mitter were the impressions he uttered as he strode up and down the room, while Dr. Ford, and the two women, stood in dumb amazement as he held the little sufferer, and when his eyes were bandaged, she merely said:—

‘Well, Dr. Boyd?’

‘Blind! Blind for life!’ answered he, solemnly; and a few more words about the child.

Louise's downward course was rapid as it was terrible; her beauty fled, and her once graceful form changed to one of coarse and vile proportions; and in four short years from her bridal day, and

Mary took the now mourning child from her arms, and the mother, who had encountered Neal and pointed to the dreadful spectacle in her arms, bade him send for a physician.

Neal's agony was fearful to behold; and Eliza Mitter were the impressions he uttered as he strode up and down the room, while Dr. Ford, and the two women, stood in dumb amazement as he held the little sufferer, and when his eyes were bandaged, she merely said:—

'Well, Dr. Boyd?'

'Blind! Blind for life!' answered he, solemnly; and a few more words about the child.

Louise's downward course was rapid as it was terrible; her beauty fled, and her once graceful form changed to one of coarse and vile proportions; and in four short years from her bridal day, and

This is a free story. Would to Heaven it were a fiction. But each soldier will always be true, and beautiful and gentle women will scornfully discontinue, always, everywhere, the use of wine.

And now the noble and pure Mary Deane, mockingly says to her own place in the reverent affection of Ned Peery, who worships her as the sun of his calm domestic life. To Ellen she says, eyes, and hands and feet; and in compensation for the lost eyes of her body, the tender words of religious devotion which she has never developed her spiritual perceptions, so that she is never weary, never impatient with her fate, but

calmly and peacefully passes along toward the here-
after, more real existence, where darkness shall
fall from her chastened being, and she shall
dwell in light.

cause of bileath, he was buried without a post mortem examination, and the suspicion gradually faded away. A year afterwards, however, her sister with whom the murderess had lived, died of the same complaint, and the same peculiarly marked symptoms of poison, but she recovered. Soon after she was again seized with the same terrible symptoms, and died in great agony. Still no suspicion rested upon Mrs. Barker. The deed was too foul—the purpose too heinous—for her to be guilty; and but for her subsequent unfeeling confession, she would doubtless have gone down to her grave with the secret of her crime between herself and her God.

Little by little, facts were developed until the truth was settled. It was found that the body of the little murdered girl, her sister, was buried in the same manner as her sister. The body of

The victim was taken from the grave; a post-mortem examination made, the stomach taken to Philadelphia and examined by a chemist, who found it enough of arsenic to kill a man. The body was taken up and buried, but was also taken up and afterwards found and the worms had made and have with it, the fatal drug that laid her sister low. She was also found in his stomach. She was arrested and tried in Huntington in 1834, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty of the murder of her sister in the first degree. She was sentenced to death and remained to prison; but Governor Bigamly determined that she should not be executed. Her sex and her extreme age plead for her, and she was allowed to go out of the prison and live until called by Providence to her final account. Two weeks ago, the state

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE LADIES.—For the benefit of our lady readers we give the style of dressing the hair *à la Rachel* which has just been introduced in New York city: "The back hair is plaited in the wide Grecian braid and arranged so as to form a star; Grecian braid, through which pearls are interwoven, is brought round, forming a border or trimming to the wide braid, and in the centre a diamond shines forth from a cor-

centraining black ground of black velvet. Between each of the five points of this star, are placed branches of small flowers, violets, mistle blossoms or rose buds with pendant sprays falling on each side of the neck; the two upper clusters meet the front hair, which is looped up in a black curls, and brought down rather low on the face.

A tall Hiernian gentleman entered the office of a writing master, and inquired the price of a "season at water." "I charge \$24 for the first month, \$40 for the second, and \$114 for the third," said the writing master. "I will try you," said the gentleman, "for the first month as a customer, and for the second as a patron, and for the third as a contributor."