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## IRENE THE FOUNDLING:

Or, The Slave's Revenge. By the Author of The Banker of Bedford.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued. Mr. Diggs had found his company the day after battle, and narrated to his comrades his hair-breadth escape and the many heroic

deeds which he had performed among others, the deadly attack on the Corfederate cavalryman, who had wounded him in the shoulder. He became quite a hero in Corporal Grimm's eyes, his experience at Bull Run reminding the corporal of incidents that had happened in his ten days military service under General Preston; also recalling to the mind of Sergeant Swords details of his own service under Captain Strong, all of which was circumstantially rarrated for the edification of Mr. Diggs. who again rejoiced that he had not carried out his rash threat of leaving the army. Laurels yet, he knew, must crown his brow. Already he had become a hero. True, when faced by danger and death and sorely tried, he acknowledged to himself that he wavered; but, in the quiet of camp, his patriotism returned and he again felt ready to meet the fee.

The day after the battle, the body of Willie Thornbridge was consigned to its last restingplace. There were but two mourners gathered over that little mound of earth—his captain and Uncle Dan, the scout, who felt, not only grief for the brave young life so early ended, but a deeper pain for the widowed mother at home, now childless.

Colonel Holdiast's rigiment was falling back toward the Junction, its old headquarters. Their movements were necessarily slow, as they were constantly recruiting, and they were compelled to be wary, for small parties of stragglers were occasionally picked up by independent companies of Confeder-

One ovening Corporal Grimm suggested to Sorgaant Swords that they form an independent foraging corps of half a dozen and make a raid on the turkeys of an old robel, about a mile from the camp, that night. The sergeant acquiesced-we never knew a sergeant who would not acquiesco in such a plan, even at the risk of being reduced to the ranksand they were not long in finding plenty of volunteers. The corps must not exceed six, as the secret could not be so well kept among more, and a larger force could not be so well handled.

Our friend Diggs was easily persuaded to enter into the project. For the last two days he had been contemplating writing a book, to be entitled "Camp Life," narrating his own experiences. This freak, he thought, might afford a diverting incident.

Great caution and secrecy were necessary, for, if knowledge of their project reached head-quarters, it would have but an end to the'r sport. At dark, having provided themselves with a dark lantern, they passed the guard and wended their way over the long hill toward the barn-yard of the old rebet. The night was very dark with a rainy mist or fog, which made darkness and discomfort

"Now, boys," said Sergeant Swords, "this is an old rebel, and we have a perfect right to confiscate his turkeys; but let us be quiet about it, so as not to disturb the old man. "Of course," said Corporal Grimm, "let

him rest in peace, and dream sweet dreams of the coming glory of the Southern Confederacy.

They stole noiselessly over the damp ground, occasionally chuckling with delight thought of their coming feast. The at the long hill was passed over and the barn reached, where the unsuspecting rebel turkeys were roosting.

"This is delightful," thought Mr. Diggs, his short legs moving rapidly, in order to keep up with the rest of the company. "What an entertaining, amusing, and instructive chapter this will furnish for my book! This is one phase of soldier life. Night so black, so intensely black-hemthat cae might write his name in chalk upon it. Dark, wild clouds and howling winds with thick banks of for way, as six resolute, determined, dare-devil soldiers, of whom the modest writer was one He, he, he!" chuckled Diggs to himself.

His ruminations were brought to a close by enriving at the tall, dark barn, where Sergeant Swords called a halt and solemnly informed his command that the desired turkeys were inside.

"I say-hem, hem, hem!" began Mr.

Diggs.
"Well, don't make so much noise about it!" whispered Corporal Grimm, clutching him by the arm, "or we will have the old rebel and his five hundred niggers on us in no

The door of the barn was locked, but this elight obstacle was soon overcome. "Quick !" whispered Sergeant Swords,

and the men glided in.

The loud barking of a dog from the house

came to their ears, and the sound of engry voices. Tom Scott closed the large double door just as the nose of a ferocious dog came thump against them. "Hist!" said the sergeaut. "I believe wo

are discovered." "What is it, old man?" came in shrill ac-

cents from the house. "Some one's in the barn stealing hosses.

At this moment the turkeys, becoming alarmed at the very evident expressed intentions of the intruders, set up a loud "Quit,

"They're stealing the turkeys. It's some of them thievin' Aberlitionists," said the old

woman. "You bring the lantern and I'll see," answered a deep voice, evidently that of the

cross old rebel himself. "We're in for it now, boys," said Sergeant Swords, turning on the light from his dark "Hunt holes somewhere."

Inntern. "Hunt holes somewhere."
Tom Scott had enough to do to hold the doors against the dog, which seemed deter-mined to force an entrance. Corporal Grimm sprang into a meal chest, which he saw at the far end of the barn, and the lid closed down on him; two others found concealment behind a hay-mow, and Sergeant Swords and Mr. Diggs sprang up among the rafters where

the turkeys were roosting.
"Oh, Lordy! I shall be killed, I know I shall!" wailed poor Diggs, as he scrambled

up.

The turkeys were now remonstrating oudly.

"Stop your chin music!" said the ser-

Tom Scott was still holding the doors when the old man and his wife came to them. "Some one is in the barn," said the voice

of the old man. "See here, the lock is broken off." In a moment, in spite of Tom's efforts, the door was pushed open, and the bull dog,

with loud, deep yelps, sprang in. Tom kept well behind the door, and pulled it close against him. The old woman held up a lantern, and the sergeant and our friend

Diggs were both discovered by the man and dog at the same time.

The dog announced his discovery by angry growls, and his moster, a man about fifty

years of age, by closely examining an old, ngly musket in his hand.
"Halloa, you thieves: I've cotched you abow?" he said, advancing.

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Good evening, air, asid Swords. "What are you doing up there, yo

"Roosting," was the cool response. "Shoot them!" said the old woman, holding up the lantern. "Oh, no! don't, grandpa," said the ser-

"Oh, Lordy! I'll be killed!" wailed Diggs, rying to screen himself behind a turkey. Click went the old musket. "Quit, quit," peeped the turkeys.
"I second the motion," said Sergeant

"Shoot them, old man; shoot 'em dead,' enested the woman, whose eves were blazing with fury at sight of the blue-coats.

"I intend to," he said, bringing his mus-

Diggs fairly howl with fear.
"Hold on, grandpa; give a fellow a chance to say his prayers after you pop him over," said Sergeant Swords. "If you don't turn disturbed, never again to be restored. The away that old popgun you may hurt some of these turkeys. Besides, I've got a bat-talion of men here all around you, and I can raise the devil."

At this moment the dog, which had been prowling about, discovered Tom Scott behind the door, and renewed his attack upon him. Tom fired two shots from his revolver, one of which silenced the dog torever. Two men in the hay-mow now came rolling down, much of the day brought about that coolness which like two huge balls, each snatching a turkey as he came.

Corporal Grimm sprang from the meal-

chest, white as a snowball.

"Look there," old man; thar's a ghost!" oried the women, pointing at Corporal Grimm. The old man leveled his musket and fired, but the shot flew wide of its mark, and Corporal Grimm advanced.

The old man and old woman took to their heels, and the next moment was heard the sound of many voices and the tramp of many

"Secesb, by hokey!" cried Sergeant Swords, leaping from his perch with a gob-bler's neck in each hand. "Git up and git!" and all made a rapid exit, leaving poor Diggs still perched on the rafters, bewildered and confused. In their haste they left the dark lantern in the barn with the slides open, by the side of the old woman's lantern, which

she had dropped in her haste.
"Oh, Lordy, I shall be killed; I know I shall," wailed poor Diggs, frozen to his perch by his terror.

Bang! bang! bang! went a dozen shots, their blaze lighting up the intense darkness. It came from the new arrivals firing at the flying soldiers, who were rapidly retreating with their prizes. Tom Scott lost a thumb by a random shot, but he did not lose either of the two turkeys he had started with. "Who were they, Seth?" Diggs beard a

voice outside ask. "I don't know; abolition soldiers, probably, stealing chickeus," replied another voice. Diggs thought he had heard both voices

before, but in his terror he was not sure. Gueen they got no chickens," said a third voice, and Diggs could hear the speaker rain-

ming a load down his gun. "Let's take a look in the barn," said the first speaker. Hallon! if they win't left their lenterns burning; left in a hurry, I guess." The blood fairly frez: in the veins of our friend Diggs, as he heard several steps approaching the barn door. Flight was now impossible, it it had not been before.

Several men, dressed in the gray uniform of Confederates, appeared at the barn door. "Halloa!" oried one, in the uniform of a lieutenant, "here is a dead dog. Can that be what those three shots were fired at which brought us here?"

"By Jove, Lieutenant Snapemup, there's a queer rooster," and the speaker pointed to our friend Diggs, who sat trembling satride the rafter.

"Who are you and what are you doing up there?" cried Licutenant Snapemup.
"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy!" groaned

Diggs.
"Come down there, Stumpy," cried Diggs old termenter and former companion, Seth Williams, entering.

As Diggs showed no sign of an intention to obey his order, Seth adopted a summary method for bringing him down. Taking a musket from a soldier, he fired a shot which passed about a foot above the small, round head. With a howl of fear and desperation, Digge, who verily believed he was killed, let go his hold and fell from the beam, head first, into the open meal-chest that was just beneath him. "Williams, what do you mean

have killed him!" cried Lioutenant Snape-

No. I have not touched him," replied

Seth. "Who is it?" asked Howard Jones, enter-

ing the barn. "A Yank," replied Williams, and, walking forward to the chest, where Diggs was floundering and sneezing in the meal, he seized him by the nape of the neck, pulled him out and deposited him on the floor, where he stood, white with meal, and his eves and

ears full. "Who are you?" asked Soth, peering into the face of his victim, who stood digging his

fiats into his eyes. "I\_I\_hem\_that is\_I don't know."

stammered Diggs.
"Let me see," said Williams, giving him shake so vigorous that the meal flew ic white clouds from his hair and clothes. "I do, I know von. You are Patrick Henry Diggs, by all that's wonderful! Where have you been, corporal?"

"I-hem-I-I-that is to say, I don't know," gasped Diggs.
"You don't hey? Well, collect your

ideas," replied Seth. "Well, yes-hem-that is to say-hem hem—I have been a prisoner.

The men now crowded around Diggs, who. having collected his faculties, told them how he had been taken prisoner at Carrick's Ford. how he had tried again and again to escape how he had joined the foraging party with the full intention of escaping; he told a moving story of the compulsion which had been used to force him to put on the uniform

of a Union soldier.
Seth Williams told him that they were very glad they had found him, for they were going back to Snagtown, and he knew Crazy Joe would mourn if his mud man did not re turn with the rest. Diggs flew into a fury as of old; but the barn and premises having been explored, the word of command was given, and Mr. Diggs found himself again on the march, but this time with other matter for thought than a diverting chapter for his contemplated book.

## CHAPTER XVIII. MR. TOMPKINS RECEIVES STRANGE NEWS.

The war cloud grew darker day by day The time had actually come when families were divided, and brother was arrayed against brother. But little business was done in the border and middle States. Men seemed to have suddenly gone mad. The once industri-ons farmer had deserted his farm, and the plow lay rusting in the weedy furrow. A majority of the able-bodied men were either in the Northern or Southern army. The wildest and most exaggerated rumors were flying over the land. Skirmishes were reported as tremendous battles. hundreds were magnified into thousands, and tens to hundreds. Men, who had always been peaceable

the strong arm of the law in time of peace, were roused and brought to the surface.

The plantation of Mr. Tompkins had not been visited by hostile forces since the visit of Olean's company. But that event was sufficient to give him full knowledge of the seriously dangerous condition of the country. Mr. Tompkins was greatly changed. A careworn expression had settled on his face—a face haggard and livid-years older than when we first looked upon it, and hair ket to his shoulder, which movement made whitening fast. The bloom had faded from Diggs fairly bowl with fear.

Mrs. Tompkins' delicate dark face, and the

> peace which had lasted for years was broken, so were the ties of love, which had defied the ravages of time, and the thousand petty vexations of domestic life were sadly strained. Mr. Tompkins' political preference was cramped and choked by his family division, True, no open rupture had taken place between him and his wife, yet the very fact that both were silent upon the exciting topic is sure to result when there is a ferbidden topic between husband and wife. Mr. Tompkins spent the days in auxiety, and the nights brought no peace. He went to the village

while from lip to lip passed horrible ramors. When the deleat at Bull Run was rumored he waited to gather authentic news, with painfully complicated feelings-anxiety for the cause he could not openly avow, and for his sons, in either army, one always to be in the victorious army, and one in the ranks of the defeated. And this thought chased away the look of joy that for an instant lit up the

newspapers full of accounts of bloody hattles,

16978. Days passed, and weeks, but no news came that armies were murching and countermarching daily, and filling the country with

alarm. Communication north and south was cut off, and it was almost impossible for any

letter to cross the line. It was evening, three or four weeks after the battle of Bull Run. Mr. Tompkins hed, as usual, been to Snagtown and returned; the Summer sun was sinking, battling in golden sent word to their parents that they would glory, a thick, dark bank of clouds gathering | probably be able to visit home, while their in the northwest. Mr. Tompkins sat in a rustic seat on the lawn, baneath the apreading branches of a maple, which had of late become his favorite resort. As he sat, his eyes wandered off to the northwest, rather in istlessness than interest.

The sun went to rest behind the hill, and lightning foshed from the dark recesses of the clouds, and twilight, soft and gray, began to gather about the landscape.

A man entered the front yard and walked leisurely down the white graveiled walk to ward the portion of the lawn where Mr. Tompkins was sitting. He was a man apparently near Mr. Tompkins' own age, but his form erect, and lithe, still seemed to retain his vitality and youthful vigor. His woolly, sun burned hair was streaked with gray; his yellow face was wrinkled, but his eyes were fired with energy. The rapid change of expression on his face was perhaps the most remarkable thing about this man-at one moment gentle, almost appealing, the next inspired with the fary of a demom. The mulatto carried himself with a boldness and a freedom not common with those of his color. Walking up to the planter and touching the brim of his weather-beaten hat, he

"Good evening, sir. Mr. Tompkins, I believe ?"

"That's my name. What is your business

"To see me? Well, what for?" "To talk with you," was the reply.
"What is it?" demanded the planter.

'Have you a bad master, and do you want me to buy you ?" "No, sir, I am not for sale," renlied the mulatto, his face glowing with a baleful light. "I am no slave, I am free, and free by my

own exertions." "Well, what is it you have to say to me?"

"Something, I think, you will be glad to hear."

The planter began to lose patience. "If you have anything to say tome, say it atonce.' "Well, to begin with you have two sons, one in the Confederate and one in the Union

army."
"What of them"

"They are well." "Thank you, thank you for the news," cried the planter, rising and grasping the old man's hand. "When did you see them

"You are willing to talk to me now," said the mulatto, with a smile.

"Where did you see my boys last?" repeated Mr. Tompkins, eagerly, unheeding he interruption.

"Only a few days ago." "Where?" "In their camps. They both are moving back this way."

"How came you to see them both? Is one of them a prisoner?" "No.

"You can not have been in both armies?" "I have been." "How did that happen?"

"How I go is a secret known only to myself, but I go wherever desire or duty call me, and armics, guards, and prisons, locked and bolted doors, are no impediment to me. I

saw your sons, and they are well."

It had grown almost dark, yet the planter could see the eyes of his strange visitor gleam weirdly. "Who are you?" he asked, the little super-

etition he had in his nature aroused. "They call me Yellow Steve."

"Where do you live?" "On the earth, in the air, almost on the

"By that you mean you live in no particular place?" said the planter.
"Yes, There was a time when I was

human, when I had human desires and human feeling, but all that is changed. My soul has been tortured until what little reason I ever possessed has fied. There are times, sir, when I am not a human being."

an incredulous smile. "Have you ever read of Wagner, the Wehr-wolf?" "Yes, in my boyhood I have read of that

remarkable personage," replied the planter.
"You romember that periodically, he became a wolf, a demon. Well, sir, I have passed through a similar experience. There are times when my human feelings, my human reason leave me." The mulatto's yellow face seemed to grow livid in the twilight. The wind mosned wildly, and the clouds

gathered in thick, rolling masses in the north-"Have you any further business with me?" asked the planter, uneasily.

and law-abiding, seemed suddenly inspired will unlock one of the darkest secrets that lawn below attracteds her late with a manua for the murder plunder and has clouded your life, a secret that has ever family the knew had been ut destruction of all who did not adhere to their been a puzzle and a torment to you. This for hours, and it was so opinions. Friends became enemies, ueigh dark cloud will not roll off our land without the slaves to select the bors looked upon each other with cold are sweeping many from the face of the earth, grounds for midnight co picion or expressed open hostility. All baser and I feel that I shall be among the number. she as attributes of man's nature, kept in check by I can not have this earth without yielding up dow. to you the key of this mystery."

"Where is the key, and what is the mystery?" asked Mr. Tompkins. I will arrange so that you shall receive the key after my death. The secret relates to the parentage of your foster child.'

A loud clap of thunder shook, and, for one tincily every word they spoke, moment, a blaze of lightning enwrapped the The voice of one sounded familiar to Irene, earth. When Mr. Tompkins lifted his dazzled eyes, he was alone. The strange man had disappeared as suddenly as if he had melted into air.

## CHAPTER XIX.

IRENE'S DILEMMA-THE BROTHERS MEET. To Irene the varied and startling changes that had lately taken place, brought perplexity and grief. The political question, that she had heard discussed since her early childhood, until it had become to her as familiar as a household pet, and been deemed as harmless, had broken up the family, and now bade fair to destroy the Nation. Often in her childleh innocence had she laughed to hear little Atner declare himself "Papa's Whig," little dreaming of the awful meaning lurking in these words, a meaning powerful

for the destruction of homes and country. A monster had been taken into the Tompalmost daily for the mail, and found the kins' family and laughed over and caressed. and now it had arisen in its wrath to prove their de troyer. That monster was difference of political opinion. Irene, with her clear good senses saw the great mistake in the life of her foster parents. Their difference of opinion, kept alive by frequent discussion, and veiled by light and gentle jests, had at last thrown off all disguises, and stood forth a frightful reality, widening with alarming rapidity the chasm opened between them. face of Mrs. Tompkins when she learned the It may be doubted, if it is safe for husband

and wife to differ even in jest. Irene had puzzled her brain in her endeavor. either son. All Mr. Tompkins knew was to devise some plan, which might restore to the family the happy harmony of old, but, like many good men whose minds were engrossed with the same endeavor for the coun-

try's good, she falled.

The regiment of which Abner Tompkins was a member had returned to the Junction, and the regiment which Colonel Scrabble commanded was again in the neighborhood of Snagtown. Both Abner and Oleah had

companies were encamped in the neighborhood. Colonel Scrabble, finding his position in the vicinity of Snagtown rather uncomfortably near the Junction, where Colonel Holdfast and two other regiments were quartered, fell back about twenty miles south, beyond the Twin Mountains. The good people about Snagtown felt greatly relieved at the departure of the colonel's forces, for they had been

kept in a constant state of alarm, expecting battle every day.
It was the third day after the retirement of the Confederates that a single horseman, a cavalry officer, galloped down the long hill on the road leading from Suagtown to Mr. Tompkins' residence. He was a fearless looking young fellow, with blue eyes and dark brown hair, and he rode alone, though he were the blue uniform of a Union captain. Arriving at the front gate, he awang from the saddle, handing his reins to a negro boy, and walked quickly up the front walk, meet-

ing his father on the lawn. "Quite sale and sound, you see," he said in reply to Mr. Tompkins' cager, anxious

eyes. Father and son went together to the house, and, at the sound of the well-known voice Mrs. Tompkins, with a cry of joy, rushed from her room to clasp her son in her arms. What though he wore the hated uniform of a Union soldier? He was still her son.

with me?" returned the planter, sharply.

"I want to see you," replied the mulatto, coolly, taking, unbidden, a seat on the bench lieved to be her brother. She gave him a Irene's cheeks glowed with pleasure at sight of Abner, whom she had so long be-

During the evening, when alone with his father, Abner related the mysterious appearance and disappearance of Yellow Steve, and his strange words. Mr. Tompkins also had something singular to relate on that subject, and for half an hour they discussed this strange individual and his possible connec-

tion with Irene's history.
"He says he holds the key, which will unlook the mystery of her parentage," said Mr. Tompkins, "but how are we to get him to

Abner said he would make it one of the duties of his life to search out this mysterious strapger. "It will have to be managed carefully,"

said the father, "for should be be so inclined, this man, perhaps, might destroy the last trace of her parentage. My impression is intelligence. Again that curious, puzzled that it was he who placed her, when a baby, look came over the face of Joe, and he seemed "What could have been his motive?"

asked Abner.

"Motive? Any one of a thousand things might have been his motive. He might have done it with the hope of securing a reward for the recovery of the child, or he may thus have taken revenge for some real or fancied wrong, or he may have been hired by the

"Come, Irene," said the young officer, when tea was over. "I want to look around the old place once more." They paused in the garden, where the air

was sweet with the fragrance of Summer flowers, and pulsating with the evening songs of birds.

"I never come out here now," said Irene. "It is so lonesome with you and Oleah so far away," and sat down upon a rustic seat.

As Abner gazed into the depths of those soft, gray eyes he thought so much beauty had never before been concentrated in one being. Irone's goodness of heart he had

learned to know long ago. He was, ho thought, almost on the eve of discovering her

it high or low.
"Irens," he said, "I am glad to be once more in this dear old home, to be once more with the parents I love; but the greatest happiness of all is to have you again by my

"O Abner," she answered, lifting her earnest, tearful eyes, "do not say to me again what you said to me that last night! It breaks my heart to give you pain, but I know that you are wrong, that you have mistaken your own feelings. I have loved you so long as a sister! Oh, how terribly all things have "You are crazy," said the planter, with changed! Do not you change, Abner! Be my brother still !"

" Let what is broken so remain, The gods are hard to reconcile "

anid Abner, looking sorrowfully into the pale, pleading face. "When change hae come, nothing can bring back the old order of things. But I will wait, I will promise ing with himself. As she approached him you not to speak again of my love, until you she heard him say: can answer me without tears in your eyes. Now, let me see you smile, Irene, once more before I go.

Irene could not sleep that night; her bed chamber was in the south wing of the house, and her window looked out upon a portion of the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his coals, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, and his mind immediately shaded with trees and fore, but the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, and the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the grounds directly shaded with trees and fore, but the light of memory faded from his

the slaves to select that portion of the grounds for midnight consultation. At last she arose and cautiously approached the window.

The night was beautiful.

The night was beautiful, the moon shone brightly, even penetrating the dark shade of the trees, beneath one of which two figures were distinctly visible. The night was very still, and, though the men were at some distance from the house, she could hear dis-

and it took only a second glance to show her that it was Crazy Jos, engaged in conversa-

tion with some stranger. Crazy Joe had always made a strange impression on Irene. From her earliest recollection he had been either a resident or frequenter of the Tompkins plantation. The poor lunatio had always shown the warmest attachment for her, and his strange wild talk, the mingling of early Soriptural and classical lessons, with ideas dwarfed by some sudden shock, had always had a strange fascination for her.

All her fear instantly vanished as she recognized Crazy Joe, for she knew that no harm could ever come to sny one of them through him, but her curiosity to know who was his companion and what their topic of conversation, became almost painful in its intensity. Crazy Joe had of late divided his time be

tween the plantation and the cabin at the foot of Twin Mountains. Uncle Dan, when he entered the army, tried to induce Joe to desert the place altogether, but this he refused to do, always declaring he must have the house of his Uncle Esau ready at his coming. Irene could discover that Joe's companion

was a negro, a man past the middle age of life, of strong frame and strongly marked features. It was with a thrill of astonishment that she heard these words:

"When do you remember seeing your father last?" "Twas when my father dwelt in a distant land. I was much beloved of my father, for

I was the sun of his old age." "Oh, don't talk such nonsense! What was your father's name?" "Jacob, my father was Jacob, the son of

Isano." "No, he wasn't," replied the man. "Try and think if your father didn't have another

name than Jacob." The poor fellow for a moment puzzled his brain and then said slowly:
"No, it could not be otherwise. Joseph was the son of Jacob, and Jacob the son of Isaac, and Isaac the son of Abraham; so you see my father must have been Jacob. Joseph

and I am Joseph, so my father must have been Jacob. "Can't you recollect that your father had

was sold into bondage and carried into Egypt,

another name?" "No, he never had any other name but Jacob, the son of Issac." "Your father's name was Henry," said the

"Now, don't you remember that his Christian name was Henry?" The mocnlight fell full on Joe's troubled face, and Irene thought she could discover a strange expression cross it, as though a stresm of memory's supshine had suddenly

been let in on his long clouded mind, but a moment after it was passed, and he said : "No, it must have been Jacob, and if Jacob is not my father, my father must be dead. The famine has been very sore in the

land of Canaan," "There has been no famine in the land where your father dwells," said the man, earnestly. "Your father never knew a famine, never knew want or care. He was a reckless, passionate man, but at times he was

gentle and kind." "My father, Jacob, was always good and kind," said Joe, thoughtfully.

"Your father's name was not Jacob," said the man, evidently approved and puzzled. "Your father's name was Henry..." Irene listened with strained attention to hear the hat name, but the voice of the speaker was lowered, so that she failed to catch it. "Now," went on the stranger, "try and re-member, while I tell you about your father and your home. Your father was a handsome mun, with dark hair and eyes and heavy jet black whiskers. Do you not remember the home of your childhood—a large, brown atone mansion, surrounded with palmetto trees, and orange groves, and cane brakes? Do you not remember the vast fields of cotton and rice and sugar-cane, with negroes working in them, and your father riding about in his carriage with you by his side? Can't you remember your mother?

Can't you remember the tiny boats she made for you to float on the lake?" The mulatto passed and looked eagerly at his companion, as though to catch a gleam of trying to pierce the gloom of forgetfulness with his blunted recollection. After a mo-

ment his face brightened, and he said : "Yes, I remember the fields of cotton, and the carriage and my mother. I remember the great palmetto tree by the lake, where I floated my boats and made my flutter-mills." "Well, listen now," said the black, still more earnestly. "Can you not romember what your name was when you played by the lake under the big palmetto tree by the

"I was not Joseph then." "Can you not remember what your name WER ?"

" No." "Would you remember if I was to tell you?" " Yes."

Irene was lesning against the window-sill. holding the half-closed shutter in her hand. In her eagerness she pressed forward, pushing the shutter so far open that it slipped from her hold and swung crashing back against the house. She sprang back into the room to prevent discovery, and when next parentage, but he determined to win her, be she glanced from her window, Crazy Joe was alone. His strange companion had disapneared. and Joe at nodding under the tree

more than half asleep. It was nothing uncommon for Joe to pass the night under a tree, and Irene enly watched to see him stretch down under a tree and compose himself to sleep, when she crept to her own bed, filled with wonder and curiosity. Crazy Joe's parentage, like her own, was shrouded in mystery, and perhaps it may have been their common misfortune that had awakened her sympathy and drawn her so strongly towards the lunatic.

It was late before Irene closed her eves for sleep, and when she did, Joe's troubled eyes, Abner's eyes, sad and repreachful, and the gleaming eyes of the stranger haunted her dreams.

Early next morning she went out to where

Crazy Joe was sitting on the grass, commun-Yes, yes, I remember the cotton fields and the palmetto tree by the lake, the boats I saited there, but then zomething heavy

strikes my brain." She tried to persuade him to tell her who his lather Jacob, who was soon to come down Into Egypt.

It was about two weeks after Abner's visit that Olean found himself at the head of a small scouting party in the neighborhood of his home.

Scouting parties were no novelty in ard near the village of Snagtown, for this village lay about half way between the two bostile forces, and the scouts of both armies frequently entered it. These parties, not always made up of the most honorable men, kept the good offizens in the vicinity in a constant state of slarm. Hen roosts were robbed, apple orchards devastated, and the melon patches stripped, vines and all.

Oleah's party, however, attempted no exploits of this kind, for his man knew that he would regard it as base and dastardly an act to filch from an unoffending citizen as to fly from an enemy.

Our friend Diggs was of the party, and when Oleah stationed his men in a grove, about a mile distant, and set out to visit his home, Mr. Diggs volunteered to accompany Oleah was annoyed, but, having no good excuse for refusal, submitted with what grace he could to the infliction. The shortlegued soldier was now all smiles and satisfaction, being, in his own estimation, the favorite of his captain.

"I tell you—hem, hem, hem!" said Diggs, as he kicked his heels into the flanks of his horse-not January, but a spiteful little mustang-to keep up with the fierce black charger on which the captain was mounted. "I tell you hem, hem !-this reminds me more of the return of the knights of old after a battle, or a crusade, than anything in my experience, Diggs' conversation was not noted for brilliancy or point, but Oleah thought he never knew him to be so flat and pointless as on this

occasiod. "I can't for the life of me, Diggs," he said, see that we bear any possible likeness to

snights or crutaders."
"Wby, you see, they left their homes, and so did we. We are all alike there." Oleah made no answer. He was probably

Mr. Diggs went on triumphantly.

"They went off to fight, so did we; they came back clothed with victory and glory, so did we." "I doubt whether either of us have achieved any victory to be boasted of. As to the glory, I lay claim to none, and you must have little, unless you acquired it in

creek bottoms or turkey rocate." It was Mr. Diggs' turn to be silent now. His face became almost livid with momentary rage, and the ill-assorted companions rade on without speaking, until the Tompkins' mansion was mached.

The second son, in Confederate gray, was as gladly welcomed by by his father as Abner in his loyal blue, while in the mother's eyes shone not only a mother's tender love. but the proud patriotism of a woman, who had given her son to the cause she believed holy and just.

"And here is friend Diggs, too," said the

planter, taking the hand of the little

Confederate with such cerdiality that Mr. Diggs was in ecstacies of delight. "Have you been well?" "Quite well, Mr. Tompkins-hem, hem !have been quite well, except a few gun-shot

wounds, received at Carrick's Ford. Hem, hem, hem ?" Mrs. Tompkins, toc, welcomed him with gracious hospitality, and, when Irene met him with friendly greeting, he felt more than rejoiced, that he had not given up a soldier's life. He had fought his battles and was now winning his just reward, and "sweet the treasure, sweet the pleasure, sweet the pleasure

after pain," "Hem, hem, hem!—my friende—hem, hem!—my dear friends, he, he, he!" chuc kled the little fellow, looking as silly as it was possible for a man of his size, with glasses on, to look; "this gives me—hem, hem!—unbounded, I may say unlimited, satisfaction." At this moment another character entered

on the scene. It was Crazy Joe; he paused a moment, and a look of recognition lit up his features. He walked forward, and, placing his hand on Diggs' shoulder, angrily demanded! "Why are you here, sir? Why did you not remain where I left you? When I make

a man out of clay, and stand him up, I want him to stay where I leave him, until I can show people the greatness of my handiwork. It was impossible for those present to restrain their involuntary smiles, and Diggs, sceing this, lost his temper.

"Go away, fool," he cried : "take off your hands." "Oh, Mr. Diggs, that is very unkind," said Irene. "Yes," said Crazy Jos, sorrowfully, as he left the room, "it is very unkind for him to

address such language to the man who made

In spite of themselves, those prosent could

him.'

hardly restrain their laughter; but Mr. Diggs was easily pacified, and harmony was soon restored, and he related his buir-breadth ercapes and miraculous victories. Oleah had interesting adventures to relate, and the humorous mishaps of our friend, Mr. Diggs, brought out the long, unheard of music of Irene's laughter. During the even-

ing he told his father of his meeting of Yellow Steve at Mrs. Juniper's ball. "Strange," said the father, "that he should have escaped us all. He knows some-thing of Irene's history." Then he told Oleah what he himself had seen, and what Abner had told him of Yeilow Steve's visit, the

evening before the battle of Bull Run. "I will fathom this mystery," exclaimed Oleah, "though it take a lifetime to do it. He shall reveal all he knows, the next time we meet, if he does it at the point of my sword."

"Be not too rash, my son," said the father. "Never frighten a bird you wish to catch." Then his mother and Irene came in, and with a loving imperiousness, as his brother had done, he made Irene come out with him. walked through the same paths and sat dowh at last on the same seat, with the same words trembling on his lips.

The sun had gone down, the moon was rising round and full in the East, and the

whip-poor-wills were making night melodious with their song. Oleah was talking very earnestly to his fair companion; not only earnestly, but passionately.
"Irene, you comprehend what I told you before I left my home to meet death and

danger in the field, that the love I felt for you was deeper and stronger than a brother's. I love you—I love you more than all else on earth, more than life, and nothing shall keep you from me. You shall be mine—my wife."
"Oleah, believe me, let us keep the old love-I can give you no other. I can not give you what you want." Her voice died away. He saw the small, white fingers clasp, ing and unclasping, and knew that she was

resolutely keeping back her tears.
"This is something I can not understand," said Oleah, and his face clouded, "unless my brother has been before me." Irene opened her white lips, but no words

"you can not choose between us; you know She tried to persuade him to tell her who not which of us you prefer, or perhaps you it was he was talking with on the night be prefer him." His eyes shone like burning coals, and his voice was hoarse with passion.