

first been held by the old woman; and either she or Poll passes through it every day. The poor sportsman was found by the old woman; and when she appeared he was astonished; and brought her assistance. But her reply was made with that very same iron poker with which she attempted your life to-day. Silent Poll and the Lifter afterwards dragged the body to the pond. How my heart ached as I heard the dog of the poor young fellow whine as it went about the wood, seeking for its master. The captain sent the Lifter out to fetch the animal in, but the poor brute, seemed to know that harm was intended, and it went back further into the bush. All the night it cried there; but at sun-rise Murfrey crept out with a long-barrelled gun and shot it."

They had now reached the extremity of the tunnel, and Nancy suggested that they should hasten back.

"Above all other things we must prevent them from surmising that there is any friendship or understanding between us," Nancy said, "and the only way in which this can be done is by your pretending to hold me in the same sort of cold contempt as you bestow upon Silent Poll. You must impress them with the belief that you look upon me as an abandoned woman and a murderer. My part shall be to show sympathy with the old woman in to-day's offense, and to denounce you. I shall speak of you to Murfrey, as well as to the woman, as a desperado. In doing this I shall serve the double end of blinding their eyes, and of making them fear your arm." To this plan Roland cordially agreed, and the two returned to the robber's lair.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DISCIPLINE AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

On the morning after the foregoing occurrence breakfast was taken at the usual hour. All the robbers were present; and the Rev. Mr. Jones thanked God for the repeat, and begged that his brethren would be given strength from above to carry on the good work in which they had engaged.

The old woman had taken her place at the head of the table, and upon her hands and face were many plasters. The face of the captain was as dark as night; and he did not, for many minutes, speak to anybody. At last, when the meal was nearly ended, he fixed his fierce eyes upon Roland.

"Those whose hearts are too craven," he said "to go out for adventure among men, like to amuse themselves by assailing old women."

"She may thank the fiend who presides over her destiny that she came off so easily," Roland replied with the most contemptuous coolness.

"But the fact remains," sneered the chief, "that while you are afraid to face man, you wreak your vengeance upon an old woman."

"If you were not what you are, a despicable villain, I should open this discussion by saying that you are a liar. I will merely say that, at all events, I am not afraid to meet you now or any other time, here or any other where. The effect of this daring speech was much the same as if a thunderbolt had fallen out of the heavens among the party. As Roland concluded his race from the table and placed his back against the bluff face of the bounder. The chief did not reply or make any demonstration of violence as they all evidently imagined that the would. Murfrey looked meaningly at his captain; and then rushing from the table approached our hero. He had his hand in his hip pocket, and there was a gleam of a brutal ferocity on his face. Roland immediately drew his pistol.

"Ruffian," he cried "I am always prepared. If you make one step further you fall where you stand. I am not afraid of you, nor of you: Captain, nor of any one, or of all, your bloody band. I seek no quarrel with anybody; my great wish is to avoid quarrel; but as you choose, one and all, to insult me, and to attempt my life, this is my only course." The robber was dumfounded, but he was speedily recalled to his senses by his chief.

"We will deal with this fellow at some other time. I have a different matter on hand now. Take this rope and fasten an end of it to his arm," pointing to The Lifter.

The poor wretch knew that some terrible punishment was in store for him, and his face grew deadly pale. Otherwise he showed no sign of terror. Murfrey "astem-

ed the cord, securely, as directed, and stood awaiting further instructions. But the chief had a lecture to deliver before he gave the order; and this was the lecture:

"I desire one and all to know why this punishment is inflicted. It is for treason. My mother was about to take vengeance for insult offered her by this man," pointing to Roland, "but my son interfered in a way that you all know. Now I am glad that my mother did not succeed, for I have an object in keeping this young man here for the present. Nevertheless the fact remains that the Lifter broke the compact which binds us loyally to one another. Hold him up, Murfrey!" This burly robber threw the rope over an oak limb, and directed the Lifter to stand "plumb under." Murfrey now tightened the rope but he could not raise the Lifter from the ground.

"Since this punishment is for the promotion of one of the great virtues," chimed in the Rev. Mr. Jones, "I may help you." The exertions of the two robbers availed, and in a minute the unfortunate Lifter, his face convulsed with agony, was hanging by one arm four feet from the ground. Our hero had looked on, a silent spectator, while this brutal act went on, lamenting his powerlessness to prevent it. But when the robbers coolly took their pipes and began to smoke, paying no heed to the agonized means of the victim, a courageous resolution began to form itself in Roland's brain.

"To save my life," he thought, "this poor wretch incurred and suffered this punishment." He had no sooner made up his mind than he made a step from his seat towards the group.

"How long do you propose keeping him there?" The captain did not reply, but Murfrey made answer.

"Perhaps an hour, perhaps two. But what is it of your business? Do you wish to get strung up?"

"It is so far my business, that if I can release him, not ten seconds longer will he hang there;" and saying these words he strode toward the tree. Facing in such a manner that the entire gang was in front of him he drew his pistol, and by the aid of his left arm began to make his way up the tree. He paused on the first limb, for he perceived that Murfrey was about to spring upon him.

"The first man or woman that makes a move to help me, I will shoot," Murfrey stood irresolute, then moved a step nearer the tree, whereupon Roland promptly covered him with his weapon.

This was more than the bully had looked for; and upon noticing that no one seemed disposed to assist, he turned away and joined the group. With one blow of his knife, then, Roland severed the cord, and The Lifter fell like a log upon the turf.

Descending then he found that the miserable wretch had fainted from his suffering; indeed for a time he could discover no trace of a pulse.

"Nancy, fetch me a glass of brandy, immediately."

Nancy looked at the chief as if to ask his permission, but he merely said:

"I have no concern in the affairs of this whelp."

"Then I will go," the girl said, and darting below she soon returned with a flask. Forcing open The Lifter's mouth Roland poured in about half a glass of brandy, which in a few seconds brought back the sufferer's pulse. When he had recovered his consciousness he said in a low voice:

"Stranger, you have made me your friend, you are a man."

Meanwhile the old woman had begun to stert and gesticulate.

"What has the place come to?" she screamed, "if the master is to be bullied before us all. Is there no one here who will take this impudent upstart and tie him up?"

Nobody moved.

"Pack of cowardly curs," she screamed, "to allow a thing like him to frighten you so."

"Peace, mother," intoned the Captain. "These things are to be punished, not to be tolerated. I think you may safely allow all these matters to remain with me. For the present let nothing further be said about this business." The old woman scolded with a scowl; and Murfrey's eyes gleamed like a beast who has resolved that his prey shall not escape him. The robbers threw themselves about on dried bushes strewn about for such purpose; but Roland and the Lifter took their

guns and set out through the bush to hunt partridge.

"You saved my life to-day," The Lifter said, as he looked in our hero's face; "and if ever the opportunity comes I will show you that, wicked as I am, I can be grateful."

"Peace. There is nothing to be said on that point. You saved my life; and we are square."

"Ah, but it was different. I did it among my friends; you among your enemies."

"I should like to ask you a favor in return for what you consider my generosity, then," Roland said, looking at his companion.

"Name it; and if the thing be possible, I shall do it."

"I would not think of asking if I did not know it to be possible."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Peculiarities of One Hundred Years Ago.

An English paper which has a taste for the things of yesterday, reprints the following paragraphs from the Stamford Mercury of 1808:

February 1.—Elizabeth Masd died at Florence, aged ninety. She has had seven husbands, marrying the last at the age of seventy. She ordered by her will to be buried next her fifth husband.

June 15.—Mrs. Harris, of Hill Farm, Berkshire, aged nearly eighty, was married to her plebman "a stout young fellow of twenty."

July 20.—Married at Formby, Lancashire, Mr. Norman, age ninety, to a lady of sixteen with a genteel fortune; and at St. Lawrence's Reading, Mrs. Matthews, widow, aged seventy-four, to Mr. Allen, aged twenty-two.

August 9.—Two ladies were convicted before the Lord Mayor of London, in the penalty of twenty-five dollars for wearing chintz gowns.

The Queen of Spain has given the sword of the late King Alfonso to the Royal Escort Horse Guards of Madrid, having had inscribed on it, "Guard the sword of him who guarded in life."

## A Scene in Summer.

Turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honey-suckle hedge. There we'll sit and sing while this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a yet sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look, under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, come leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and saw others craving comfort from the woolen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content that I thought, as the poet has so happily expressed it—

"I was for that time lifted above earth. And possessed joys not promised in my birth."

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. It was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale.—Isaac Walton.

Charles Crocker, the San Francisco railway magnate, is worth about \$12,000,000. He is said to be plain, sensible and kind-hearted, and to possess marked practical ability.

"Pretty girl that." "Yes." "She looked at you as if she knew you." "Yes." "Does she?" "Well, the fact is, my boy, she's my sister. But she married a fellow that runs a saw, aw something of that sort, and they live in a bawdying house, so I can't afford to associate with her in public. But I always send her my cawd on New Year's. Paw girl! She has been foolish wathaw than criminal, den't cher know."



From the "Fence" didn't she look awfully  
Brer Power: "YAS, 'o seen her wear that  
NOVA SCOTIA. YOU KNOW, zen times before."  
ADJANS OJBUR. DE BELLE-annet of her! Why,  
COLLODE DE CIVILIZED WO'D W!