IRENE THE FOUNDLING;

Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER VII .-- Continued.

There was a ring at the bell, and the girl who answered the summons ushered in Uncle Dan, closely followed by Crazy Joe. "Good evenin' to ye all," said the old man,

as he entered the cizy sitting-room. "How do you all do?" Pretty well, Uncle Dan. How are you and Joe this evening?" returned Mr. Tomp-

kins, rising and grasping the hard, rough hand of the old hunter. "We at' both purty well," said Uncle Dan,

shaking hands with all present. "I tell ye what's a fact, it's gettin' cold out, an' no mistake, snowing just like blezes." Joe, who was in no talkative mood, took a

seat in a corner, and fixed his gaze on the fire.
"I thought from the way the wind whistled it had grown colder. Come, Maggie, fix Uncle Dan and Joe some supper," said the

planter. "Ya-as, fur I'm hungry as a wolf," returned the old man, with the familiarity of a frequent and welcome guest.

"Are you hungry, Joe?" asked Mrs. Tompkins. "I am, but it is written that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of

"I'll put that ar' tellur agin any preacher in the settlement for quotia' Scriptur. He jest seems to know the whole thing by

heart. "Have you heard any news recently?"

Mr. Tompkins asked. "News! Don't talk about news! Jist wait till I've had some supper, an' I'll give ye a little mess o' news that'il make ye tair

After the mountaineer had partsken of a warm meal, and returned to the comfortable sitting-room, Mr. Tomokins asked : "What is that remarkable news, Uncle

Dan ?" "Wall, I kin tell it now," he answered, resuming his seat, "but I sw'ar it war too much for a empty stomach. About two hours ago the news first come to Sasgtown, an' now the whole place is wild. The con vention, which met at Charleston, South Carliny, three days ago, passed ordernances of secession, and declar' the State out of the

"Oh, pshaw! it must be a mistake," said Mr. Compkins. ... Mistake? Not by a jug full. It a.' actual fact. The news come in as straight as a crow dies. There was rumors of it be-

fore, but now it's sartin." "Great heaven! that means civil war." "It means war, but it wont be civil, not by a jug full. They ar' already talkin' about musterin' men and gettin' realy to fight That's to be a grand muster and speakin' at Snugtown next Saturday. They say that Mississippi, Florida, Alabares, Georgia, Louisiani, en i Texas ar sure to foller South Carliny, in a few weeks, and maybe all them slave States, even Virginia and Missouri." "Have the people gone crazy?" cried Mr.

Tompkins. "It's no more than might be expected, said O'can. "The North has set her foot on the South, and if she feels like withdrawing from the partnership, she certainly has a right to do eo.

"Partnership?" put in Abner, with an astonished look. "It is merely a confederation of States,

formed by a compact, and, if one wishes to withdraw, she has the right," answered "Our Government is formed by the people,

and not by the States," said Abner. "Then, why is it not called the United Te ple, and : ot the United States? Each State is a separate corporation, capable of hous vari contract solving contracts. They were originally colonies, but when they freed themselves from Groat Britain, for protection and safety, they united. Who can doubt that South Carolina has not the right, when she has become capable of taking care of herself, to withdrive from others?"

"There 's a great difference between corporations and governments," sail Abner. "Our Constitution does not say, 'We, the United States,' 'As the people of the United Styles, in order to form a more perfect When they belonged to England, they were considered as a whole and not as a part. In the Declaration of Independence, de brieg th Colonies free and independent States, dos to in the name and by the authority o the good people whom they represenced, and not of the Scates?

"Ail that sounds very well, Abner," said Oleah, bitterly, "but words will have no offect on un oppressed and down-trodden people. The South will be free-" Yes, if they have to enslave one-half of

humanity to do so," interrupted Abuer. "That's just the point Abolitionists are driving to, though few are as honest as you to admit. The slaves make the South wealthy and powerful. The North is jealous and wants to deprive us of the means of wealth. There is but one remedy left usthe same remedy adopted by the Colonies when oppressed by Great Britain-withdraw.

"You are too hasty," said Abner, more coolly. "You have no assurance that when Abraham Lincoln does take his seat, the 4th of March next, he will abolish slavery. " Wait and see?" cried Oleah. "Wait

until he has withdrawn every gun and armed vessel from the South? Wait until he has overrun the whole country with armed soldiers? Wait until he has bound us hand and foot? Then what can we do? No! Now is the time for action."

"I don't believe Lincoln will free the negroes," said Abner.

I will stake my life as the wager," said Oleah. "that before his term of office expires, he declares every negro in the United States a free American citizen, war or no war. Mark my words and see if I am not a true pro-

"Come, come, boys, we have had political discussion enough for the present," said Mr.

"Ya-as," said Uncle Dan, "we don't want the civil war to commence to-night; least of all places, heah. One thing sure about it. you youngsters had better let us old folks bout these things, we can do it without gettin' so red in the face. The whole country is in a bad fix, an' ef it comes to a smash up, I swar I don't want to see it begin between

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DIGGS IN A NEW FIELD.

Mr. Diggs was defeated for the office of county attorney by a large majority, but he was young and buoyant, and after a few days of replaing began to revive.

A new excitement took possession of him. Strange talk came to his ears, and his little round eyes glistened with delight from behind his glasses, and his little round lips parted with smiles of pleasure. War on a gigantic scale—a new Nation, with new men at its head-was the all-absorbing topic.

was rising out of the ruins and fragments of the old.

Mr. Diggs concluded to espouse the cause of the new Nation. He would raise a company of volunteers to fight its battles; he would be captain. From captain he would be promoted for his bravery to colonel, from colonel to brigadier-general, or commanderin-chief. Mr. Diggs' fertile imagination planned a glorious tuture for himself. Other friends pulled him down, men had risen from obscurity to renown, and why not be?

Nation was his all-absorbing theme. When he met any one he would say : "Well, what's the news, and what's the

prospect of war?" The prospect was very good, every one

thought. Oue day, talking with a young man about his own age, but couler and less broad-thirsty, Mr. Diggs said they were too slow about fighting. Since the surrender of Twiggs in Texas no other event had transpired, and

each indifference was monstrous. "Don's be in a hurry, Diggs," said his friend. "Let them have time for considera-

tion."
"There's no need of consideration. I am
"There's no need of consideration to avenge ready now. I will go, like Marion, to avenge my country's wrongs," said Diggs.

"This is war against our own country-men," said his friend, "and I don't think there is any place in either rank for me." "There is a place for me," said Diggs, strutting about with his hands in his pockets and expecto: ating profusely. "My country

needs me, and I reckon there's a place for "Will you take a colonelcy to commence with?" his friend asked, with a smile.

"I don't expect a coloneley at first," said Diggs. "I want to start at the foot of the ladder, as captain, and gradulty rise until I am commander-in-chief."

"You would make such a nolle-looking general!" said a bystander, surveying the fat little fellow. "You can talk, Howard Jones, but I

hem! hem!-have always had a taste for military life." "You would make such a fine-looking commander," said Jones. "Mounted on a

tall charger you would yourself stake terror to the cuemy." "I can prove that all generals were an all

men," said Dirgs, strutting about. "Of course they were; but you-you would kill all your enemies. They would die with laughter when they saw a general

on a horse neventeen hands high, looking like a bag on a log.'' "O', ta'k sense, Jones." "On a big war-herse you would look very much like a bug on a log," said Jenes.

"But wouldn't it be grand for Crazy Joe's mad mac to turn out a general?" "C.n b you talk sense, or are you a fo 1?" longer to endure the ridicule of his compartions, he turned shruptly around and left

the growd gathered about him. The winter of 1860-61 pasted away; but little had been cone in Spactown tave mustering and speech-making. Trose in favor of open rebelifon were in the minority in the neighborhood, but those in favor of neutrality in the majority; but those in favor of standing for the Stars and Stripes the smallest

class of all. Patrick Henry Diggs was in a dilemma. His ambition pointed him to the battle-field, that his great abilities, which no one seemed to appreciate, might be shown to the world. The idea of a new Nation dezzed him and showed a path as splendor for his willing feet to follow. But he felt reluctant to draw his sword against the flag of Washington and Marion. He was sure, however, that these turbulent times meant something great for himself. He never lost an opportunity to muster in the ranks of the Home Guards or

to make a speech. The eastern part of Virginia acceded on April 17, 1861, but the co.towestern portion, about Snagrown, was at peace, save from the mustering of Home Guards to protect home and families from the incurcious of either

Olcah Tompkins was an avowed accessionist, attended the meetings of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and was already aworn to support the Southern cause. Secret meetions were taking place all over the country, and night meetings held three or four times a

Mr. Diggs joined one of these secret organizations, and met them one night in an old school-house which stood on the side of an abandoned road, about four miles from Snagtown in the direction of the Twin Mountains. About forty in all had assembled there, among them Howard Jones and Seth Williams, two men who seemed, Mr. Diggs thought, to live only to annoy him.

Mr. Diggs had come to the meeting with the intention of making one of his most patriotic speeches; but when he discovered his old enemies, their eyes sparkling with mischief, his heart sank within him. Nearly all present were armed with shot-

guns, rifles and pistols, and a guard was placed about the school-house. Preliminary matters settled, Howard Jones rose and ad dressed the chairman of the meeting, stating that, as they had with them the distinguished attorney, Patrick Henry Diggs, who was in sympathy with the cause, he would like to

Despite the stirring times, everybody presont was eagerly expectant of fun. Cries for Diggs were heard all over the house. Mr. Diggs' opinion of Jones rose rapidly.

"Mr. Speaker," began Diggs, rising and gazing about through his glasses, "in the language of one of old. -I come not here to talk. You know too wel

The story of our thraldom.-Here he made a gesture with both hands which Jones declared looked like a turtle trying to crawl up hill.

" We are slaves." A solemn pause.

" 'The bright sun rises to his course, and lights A race of slaves; he set, and his last beam Falls on a slave.

Friends, Romans, countrymen—'"
'I say," interrupted Seth Williams, in an "I say," interrupted Seth Williams, in an audible whisper, nudging the orator, "a'pose you leave Rome, and come down to our present age. Give us something about the new

Confederacy.' "That's just what I am coming to," said Mr. Diggs, "and I hope you will not interrupt me again. After a short pause he re-

sumed:
"It is no common cause which brings us here to-night. Tyrants and traitors are abroad in the land. A gigantic foe is invading the fair soil of Virginia, and we are able to have the equipage in readiness by four learning the fair soil of Virginia, and we are able to have the afternoon.

At Mr. Tompkins' door Mr. Diggs alighted,

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At Mr. Tompkins' door Mr. Diggs alighted,

At Mr. Tompkins' door Mr. Diggs alighted, here to protect our firesides. All law writers. from Blackstone down, agree that all men should protect their homes. Now, fellowcitizens, remember our forefathers all fought, and bled, and died for this glorious Union."

(Applause.)
"Touch lightly on that," whispered Jones. "I repeat," said Mr. Diggs, "that Washington was the greatest man that ever lived," And now, grown elequent and excited, he mounted a bench and whipped his hem—that is—hem—I came on purpose to see left hand under the tails of his coat, while he waved his right in vehement gesture. All the elected of Seth Williams and Howard good-by before I leave for the field of glory, must protect ourselves while we can. We

The Union was shattered, and a new Nation | Jones to keep him on the track were unavail- | I have joined the Confederate army—hem— | can not live in peace with the North; the and Stripes.
"Oh, thunder! go back to Rome if you

can't make a better secession speech," said Jones. The truth was that Mr. Diggs, like a great many others at this time, hardly knew which side he was on. When he swore to preserve the Union at all hazards, his astonished

A call was made for volunteers, and Mr. Diggs was the first to enroll his name. He strutted about with his hands thrust Though calling themselves a Home Guard, deep into his pockets, reveling already in his these volunteers were really enrolled in the future greatness. The new and powerful army of the Southern Confederacy. Oleah Tompkins was among the first to thus espouse the Southern cause.

The clouds of war grew darker and darker every hour. At any moment the storm might burst in all its fury. Snaglown was in a constant state of excitement as the crisis approached. Her more timid citizens trem bled with dread.

Henry Smith, a farmer's son, a young man of limited education, but of strong common sense, stood in the street one bright morning, engaged in conversation with Seth Williams "Come, now, Harry," said Williams, persuasively, "you had better come in with us.
The time has come, or will scon come, when our homes will have to be defended. We shall be overrun with soldierly hirelings, who will rob and burn and murder as they go. Our families will need protection, and this duty devolves on us.

"But, Seth, some say the Home Guard will be marched South into the Confederate

army. "Oh, nothing of the kind," said Williams. "Our only object is to protect our homes from the soldiers of both sides, and to meddle with neither unless they invade our State." "I think we are justified in protecting our

own interests; but, though I despite Abraham

Lincoln, I cannot raise my hand against the old Stars and Stripes" "Oh, there is no danger that you will be forced into the Confederate army. We are only organizing a Home Guard now; if we raise troops for the South, that will be

another thing.' "When do you meet again?" asked Harry, "To-morrow night; we go into comp next week in real earnest."

"Where?" "On Welf Creek, about three or four miles away, between here and the Twin Mountains.

"Where do you meet to-morrow night?" "At the school-house on the road cetween here and Twin Mountains. "I will be there," said Harry.

As Williams wa'ked away, a young man who had been observing the two with keen interest, approached Harry and said: "I can tell what you and Seth Williams were tasking about "

"I will give you three guesses, Abner,' said Harry, Loughing.
"He was trying to persuade you to enlist in the Home Guards."

"That was just it," replied Harry. "Don't do it, Harry, or you will repent it. tell you the some Home Guard is only a sover, and every one who enlists will be in the Confederate army in three months. Unless you mean to take up arms against your country, keep clear of the Home Guard."

"I don't want to fight in Lincoln's army, nor do I want to enter the Confederate ranks, so I thought the Home Guards would be the "Don't you calist," said Abner Tompkins,

"or you will repent it." As Harry walked away, Mr. D'ggs came along, his short lege, in rapid motion, resembling the thick spokes of a wheelbarrow, and his head inclined backward at an angle of firty-five degrees, and his glasses, as usual,

on his nose, and his little fat hands thrust deep into his pockets. "Hold on, Digs !" said Abner. "I want to speak to you.' "Hem, hem, hem!" hegan Mr. Diggs.

"Good merning, Mr. Tompkins, Wellem-that is I am-hem-glad to see you. I was just going to have my man drive me out to your house. Have a little important business with-that is with one member of your family, he—he—he!"

"Digge, I hear that you have enlisted in the Confederate army; is it to?" asked Almer, abruptly. "Well, sir, I expect—that is, I apprehend,

my dear sir, that you -perhaps are conrectly informed. "Why, Diggs, what in the world do you

nean ?" asked Abner. "On, our country is too large; should be divided. We intend to build up a vast Southern empire. The North has always tran-pled on our rights, and it is time for us

"But how do you intend to resist? By overthrowing the liest government the world has ever known? Build up a Southern empire! Is not the grand old republic established by Washington good erough for you? The North is not trampling on your rights. Your wrongs are imaginary. And as to our country being too large, can a nation like ours grow too powerful? Think, Diggs, be fore you act, or, like Calhoun, you may expect Washington to come to you in sleep, and place the black spot on your hand which Arnold wears in the world. Think Diggs! Don't rale your hand against your country without wall considering the matter.

Diggs, for a few minutes, was silent, and then he said: "I think you are right, Abner. I will not prove a traitor to my country. I shall ask to have my name taken off the roll to-morrow night."

night."
"Do so, or you will surely repent it as you live. If you want military honors, seek them in the ranks of your country. There is a call

for seventy-five thousand volunteers." "You are right, you are right. I will go Where shall I go ?" and volunteer.

"We are raising a company at the junc-tion, about twenty miles from here." "I will go day after to-morrow, but I am in a hurry now. I am going to your house on business. The fact is-I don't mind telling the facts to you—I am going on purpose to see Miss Irene. He, he, he! I am determined to see how I stand there; he, he, he !"

movement. The consummate fool!" muttered Abner. The idiot! To think of our Irene!" Mr. Diggs hurried off with an air of much importance, and ordered Mose to make ready out fail, now. We want every member of the carriage, and drive him to the Tompkins | the company there, as we shall go into camp

Diggs hurried away, without observing his

mansion. Mose was not as quick of movement as he had been fifty years before, but he managed almost concluded not to go. I can not-hem,

to be informed by Miss Irene's maid that her mistress was calling with Mrs. Tompkins, and | you?" would not roturn for an hour. "I will wait," said Mr. Diggs. "I must

-hem, hem-must see Miss Irene. After a few moments of waiting Mr. Diggs became tired of sitting in the house and rag with certain stripes and certain stars sauntered out to the plazzo, and there met the ladies on their return. "Miss Irene, -hem, hem, hem," he began advancing. "I am delighted to see you, I-

ing. He commenced to speak about the Stars no, I mean to say I am going to join the next best thing is to separate."

union army in a day or two. That is, I "That's so,—hem, hem!—that's so," said don't know exactly which army I shall join Mr. Diggs. yet-and I come to bid you adieu.

Irene looked a little puzzled and felt not a little annoyed at this address. There was something she did not like about Mr. Diggs'

"Will you come in?" she said, "and I and Marion were rebels." will see you presently."

dress. She managed to detain herself until away. tea was announced and then invited Mr. Diggs to the dining-room.

After tea the little fellow followed her back to the parlor, and she resigned herself to be bored for an hour or more by him, but did the household were silent on the question, not yet suspect the real cause of his visit.
"Hem, hem!" began Mr. Diggs, "Miss

Irene, these are troublous times. "They are indeed," answered Irene, from her sent opposite the loquacions Mr. Diggs.

"We don't know one minute what will happen the next." No, we do not," said Irene, who really threatened danger. did not imagine what was to happen on this

"Hem, hem! two large armies are raising."
"So I am informed," said Irene.

"And they mean destruction to each other." "I fear some damage will be done."

"Hem, hom! Sumter bas fallen." "So I have heard."

"Dauce take it!" thought Mr. Diggs aside "she is as cool as an iceberg, and I am get-ting flurried. What had I better say or do Then a short pause.

"Some of your friends will doubtless take part in the coming struggle," he finally said. "I fear they will be rash enough to do so," she replied.

"And some may go to return no more,"voice and eyes were growing pathetic. "Alas! such is too often the fate of war.

"I have concluded to enter the army." of going into the army."
"I feel that my country needs my ser-

vices.' "You are patriotic."

Mr. Diggs felt flattered. "You are-hem-hem, very kind, Miss Irene, to attribute patriotism to me. Patriot

ism, true patrictism, is one of man's most noble attributes." "I agree with you."

"But, Miss Irene, it is hard to go, even to cur country's aid, and leave behind friends dearer to us than life." "Mercy!" mentally ejaculated Irene"does the little fool mean to propose?"

Then, still without any encouraging warmth in her tone, shoasked, "When do you expect to leave Snagtown?" "In two or three days at most, and I feel

-hem-pardon me, Miss Irene." He rose and drew his chair nearer to her's. "He really means it!" thought Irene, her eyes bright, half with mischief, half with an-

noyance. "I have something-hem, hem, hem !wish to say to you. 1-1-that is-hemcannot leave for the field of danger until Ihave-hem, hem! until I have revealed to you my feelings."

Mr. Diggs paused, and tried to look sentimental; but a more sheepish, simple-looking specimen of humanity Irene was sure she had never before beheld.

The farce had been carried too far, and she said coldly: "Your manner and words are quite incom-

prehensible, Mr. Diggs." "I will make myself plain," said Mr. Diggs, swallowing something in his throat, and taking hope. "You shall understand me. I say I cannot leave for the field of battle, cannot face the cannon's mouth, in this suspense--

"Then don't go, Mr. Diggs," interrupted Irene, with difficulty restraining her merriment, all her pity put to flight by his affectation and conceit.
"I should almost feel inclined to turn a deaf car to the 'obstreperous trump of fame,'

and 'only list to love and thine,' should you command me to stay," "Sir, you are growing more and more in-comprehensible. Let us leave this subject." Not yet, oh no, not yet! Wast until you have heard all. I love you, Irene,

dearest, and-and-ah! come to my arms

and say you will be mine !' Down he went on one knee, with upturned face and outstretched arms. Poor Irene felt an almost irresistible impulse to laugh, and for a moment dared not epeak.

He mistook her silence and again kegan to "Speak, O brightest sylph, fairer than the angels, sweeter than-hem, hem !-than the horev in the honev-comb!

For mercy's sake, stand up, Mr. Diggs! said Irene. "Not until you say you will be mine!" and his arms expanded, like an opened double gate. "Then Mr. Diggs, I fear you will never

reach the field of glory, for the war will be over before you rise from your knees," said Irene. "Oh! ah! Hem, hem! You cannot be so

cruel,"-still kneeling, and leaning further forward, as though to compel her to his embrace. "Mr. Diggs, you can never be to me more

than a friend. Pray, do not pursue the subject further." "Miss Irene, dear, dear Miss Irene, you utterly wreck my life! I care not a straw for it now !" whinned little Mr. Diggs, turning, still on his knees, towards Irene, who

had cros.ed the room, the most pitiful of faces. No answer. "You are-hem, hem !-very cruel, Miss Irene;" he rose and awkwardly took his seat. "I regret to have given you pain," said Irene graciously, as, at Mr. Diggs' request, she rang for his carriage, "but I am sure you

will soon forget it, and will see that you had mistaken your feelings." As Mr. Diggs was in the act of getting into his carriage the sound of horse's feet came to his ear, and a moment later Oleah Tompkins Abner started back in amazement, but Mr. | galloped up to the side of the old rockaway. "Halloo, Diggs! are you just leaving?

asked Oleab. "Yes-hem, hem!-I am going home," said Diggs.
"Well, be on hand to-morrow night with-

in a day or two." "Well,-hem, hem, hem !-Oleah, I have

care you for a flag that will not protect "That's so," said Diggs. great and good Washington fought under a

upon it?"
"That is so. Hem, hem, hem! 'They first have breathed treason.' "Yes, they stole our property. The interests of the North and South are directly you, and-and talk with you, and bid you opposite. They want to ruin us, and we

"Then why refuse to enter the Confederate army? The South is your country, and if you want military renown seek it in the ranks of your country. If they call you a rebel be proud of the name. Washington

Mr. Diggs was completely won back to the Mr. Diggs accordingly re-entered the house, Southern cause; and, assuring Oleah he and Irene went up to her room to change her would be with them the next night, drove

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHASM OPENS. The storm clouds were gathering dark about the Tompkins mansion. The heads of

each knowing the different feelings and sympathies of the other. Their sons were also silent, but there was a sullenness in their silence that foretold the coming strife. There was one member of the once happy household who could not comprehend the trouble, whose very gentleness kept her in ignorance of the

Yet neither love nor loving care could keep her from knowing that trouble was brewing. She could not but notice the coldness gradually growing between the two brothers. Brothers whose affection she once thought no earthly power could lessen, were growing daily colder and more and more estranged. Every morning each mounted his horse, and rode away alone, and it was always late in the night when they come home, never tegether. Gloomy and tilent, the morning meal was harried through, the pleasant conversation that had always accompanied it, was heard no more, if we except the efforts of Irene, who strove with all her power to infuse some of the old-time harmony and brightness

into the altered family.

It was the evening of Mr. Digga' visit to the Tompkins mansion, one of those clear bright evenings when the curtains of night seems reluctant to fall, and the fluttering folds seem held apart to reveal the beauty of "A great many young men are now talking the dying day. Irene sat by the window, gazing up at the dark blue vault, and listening to the far-off song of a whip-poor-will upon the lonely hillside. Nature to her had never seemed more calm or lovely. The moon, serenely bright, shed mellow light over the landscape, and the dark old forest, on whose trees the early buds had swelled into green leaves, lay in a quiet repose. Only man, of all created things, seemed unresting. Far down the road she heard the clatter o horses' hoofs. At all times now, day and

night, she heard them.
Clatter, clatter — sleeping or waking, it was always the same, always this beat of hoofs. To her it seemed as if ten thousand dragoons were constantly galloping galloping, galloping down the great road; somewhere their marshalled thousands must be gathering. Horsemen singly, horsemen in pairs, horsemen in groups, were galloping, galloping, until her ears ached with the awful din.

As she looked, a horseman came dashing down the hill; he passed through the gate and down the avenue.

"That must be either Abuer or Oleah." thought Irene. "Six months ago, they would have gone and returned together." When he stepped on the piazza, the moon fell on his face and revealed the features of

steps and into the house. Staying only a few moments in the room below, where his parents were, then came directly to Irene's door and She bade him come in. "Irene," he said in tremulous tones. "I have strange news for you. I must leave to-

night for months perhaps, perhaps forever, my home, my parents-and you. Irene sprang to his side eager and excited. "Why, Abner, what do you mean?" "Is it such a surprise to you? I will try

to speak calmly, but I have only a few mo-ments to stay. I have a load on my heart that I must unburgen to you." "What is it?" she said; drawing a low stool to his feet and seating herself, she took both his hands in her own. "Tell me what troubles you, let me share it with you. Who

ter? "Irene, what I have to say will shock you."
"No, no, it will not. If you have done
" No, no it will be sure it was not anything wrong, I shall be sure it was not your fault—"

"No. you misunderstand me; it is nothing I have done." he interrupted. 'Then what is this secret, brother?" "I am not your brother."

not shock her, yet had a bombshell burst at her feet, she could not have been more autonished. She sprang from the low stool, and stood with clasped hands, the color fading from her

Irene had promised that his secret should

had received a blow. Abner, alarmed, sprang from his chair, and caught her in his arms. "Irene, Irene, don't take it so," he said." bending tenderly over the white face.

face, her slight form awaying as though she

" Not my brother? Why you must be mad!" she gasped. "Irene, I am not your brother, but I love you a thousand times more fondly than a brother could love. It was this I wanted to tell you before I leave you. What, Irene, weeping-weeping because I am not your brother! My darling, let be nearer and

dearer than a brother !" "Abner, I can not realize it, I can not think!" she said, pressing her bands to her

throbbing temples. for the past fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. Gradually the disease worked down upon my lungs. About a year and a ball "Think of it when I am gone, Irene, for I must go. To-morrow's sun must find me miles from here. But through all the coming strife I shall cherish your image. I shall hope for your love if I return. Now, good-

by, my love, my Irene!" He caught her in his arms, but it was only a sisterly embrace that Irene returned. She could not yet believe that Abner was not her brother.

He went down stairs, she heard his

mother's sobs, his father's broken voice; the

door opened and closed, and from her window

she saw him pass down the avenue, out of sight. Soon she heard a horse galloping lown the road, and knew that Abner was riding swiftly away in the gathering dark-"Completely overcome, and not daring to meet Mr. or Mrs. Tompkins till she had controlled herself, Irene, throwing a light shawl about her shoulders, went down stairs, stepped through an open window out on the broad piazza. The cool night air fanned her cheeks

trailing vines whose fragrant flowers filled the air with sweetest odors, "It can not be, it can not be," she mur "Then why should we consent to bow our mured. "He was surely jesting. I an outnecks to tyrant's heels simply because the cast or foundling or a oh! merciful Heaven! great and good Washington fought under a I can not endure the thought!" and her beautiful eyes were filled with tears. The whippoor-mill's call still sounded from the distant hillside, and soon another sound broke the evening stillness—the tread of a man's feet on the graveled walk. Irene turned her head quickly, and saw Oleah standing in the door-

way. "I thought I should find you here, Irene,

he said. "You always choose this arbor n

moonlight evenings. "Ah! Heaven be praised, Ircne, darling Irene, that you know nothing of it!" "Abner left to night, perhaps never to re-

turn he said," she went on, wiring the tears "I see you have been weeping, dear Irene. I have more news for you. I too have to bid you what may prove a long farewell. I leave to-night for our camp, and shall soon march to join the main army. But I can not leave you, Irene, without telling you of something I have long kept a secret."

Irene could not speak; sobs choked her voice. Then from Oleah's lips fell those same startling words:

"I am not your brother." She sat motionless. Then it must be true. They could not both be mistaken, could not both possess the same hallucination. If any one was mad, it was herself. But Oleah went

on in his quick passionate way: "You are not my sister, dearest Irene, and that you are not gives me only joy. When you were left at our house a tiny baby, I claimed you for my sister, at d when I learned you could not be my sister, I raid you should one day be my wife. I leved from the first time those bright eyes laughed into mise, and that love has grown with my growth and stregthened with my strongth, until it has taken possession of my entire being. (), Irene, Irene, you can never know how deep is the love I have berne you from early childhood. I could not leave this old home with. out telling you that I loved you with more than a brother's love."

He raused, and Irene remained silent.

"Speak, Irene! Will you not speak?" She was still silent, her large dark eyes fixed and staring, her white lips motionless, her whole form rigid as a statue. She thought of Abner's parting words, and pain and terror filled her soul. Had she entered this happy home only to bring discord, to

widen the breach between the two brothers: " () Irene, Irene," he pleaded, "by the memory of our happy childhood 1 implere you, speak once more before I go. Say that you will love me, that you will pray for mepray for my safe return, pray for my soul if I fall in battle!"

The marble statue found voice.

"I will pray for you, Oleah, to heaven day and night, for your safe return." "But will you give me your love! O Irene, if you only knew how dear you are to me, you will surely learn to love me!"
"I have always given you a sixter's warm-

est love, Oleah," she replied, "and this is all too new, too strarge, for me to change so suddenly." "But you promise you will change?" he asked eagerly.

"I can not promise yet," she said. "

do not know myself, and neither do you comprehend your own feelings." " Irene, dearest, I have known myself for years. Try to love me, and pray for me," ne said, and taking both her hands as she came to his side, "for now I must go." He stooped and pressed a kies on those white lips, and Irene was alone. Soon she heard again the roof beats of a flying horse, and

knew that Oleah had left his home. When he had returned to bid farewell to his home, Abner Tompkins, before entering the house, walked down the long gravel walk, through the avenue of grand old elms, until the outer ga e was reached. Here he paused Abner Tompkins. He came rapidly up the a moment, and guzed up at the moon riding through the dark blue, fathomless vault of heaven; then he turned his gaze upon the spacious pillared mansion, his pleasant home, that he was to leave that night, perhaps for ever. It was the home of his childhood; bemeath its roof dwelt those he loved; and feelings of tainers filled his heart as he realized the fact that he must leave it. On his right lay the great road, the road that, in his boy. hood, he had imagined, led to far-oif lands and fairy kingdoms; the road he had thought must be endless, and had desired to follow to its end. Across the road was the forest where he and his brother had so often wandered. ery spot seemed hallower membrances of childhood, and associated with every object and every thought was that brother from whom he was gradually drifting away. He stood beneath the old hickory tree, whose nuts they had gathered, and should share your troubles if not your sixwhose topmost branches they had climbed in their adventurous hoyhood. Tc-night all were fading away. He was going to different scenes, to see strange faces, to meet hard-ships, danger, perhaps death; worse than all, to draw his sword against that very brother whose life had so long been one with

(To be continued.)

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friend. 35 doses, 35 cents. BLACKMAILERS ARRESTED.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 11 .- Ruth Whitfield, aged 19, and her aunt, Emma Whitfield, 42 years old, who live at 42 Howlett street, were arrested yesterday afternoon on the charge of blackmail, preferred by Professor Albert A. Michelson, of Case School of Applied Science, and one of the most widely known educators in Ohio. I HAVE BEEN a severe sufferer from Catarrh

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most gratifying results, and am to-day apparently cured.—Z. C. WARREN, Rutland, Vt.

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and revived her spirits. She walked through the grounds to a summer house covered with = CURES = CHOLERA CHOLERA INFANTU DIARRHEA, ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.