

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn keeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighboring town, where they intended after the service, to acquaint the Burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant maid having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart, and clear voice, some pious hymn; which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed when there came a knock on the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little.—Krettel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there was little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners, inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of her late adventure and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention; and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying. The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last, after a few unimportant questions the traveller desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and, turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol-handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood close up against the wall; the man, muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this movement, remounted the steps, agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes ensconced in the retreat, when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her for she knew that they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity, Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointed the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire arms, where, expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and her friends coming in sight accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she

related what happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber, whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers, who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men wandering about without a captain, were quickly taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of a banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

ONE OF THE WEDDINGS.

From the American Union.

A few days ago, she arrived at a hotel in Boston, a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined together in the bonds of matrimony.

As soon as they were fairly domiciled, the would-be bridegroom, who was a rough but apparently honest specimen of the Yankee, sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered the summons.

"Say, landlord," proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest duenna, "that is my young 'ooman.—Now, we've cum all the way from Rhode Island, and we want to get spliced. Send for a minister, won't yer? Want it dun up strait off."

The landlord smiled, and went out, and half an hour afterwards a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliged host, with one or two wagish friends, were called in as witnesses to the scene.

"Now, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "due it up brown, and your moncy's ready," and the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join hands.

The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady-love, like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick. He seized her hand, and was as much pleased as a racoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr. A.," said the parson, "to take this woman—"

"Yaas," said the Yankee at once.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife."

"Yaas—yaas."

"That you will love and honor her in all things."

"That you will cling to her, and her only, so long as you both shall live."

"Yaas, and—nothin' else," continued the Yankee, in a most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend gentleman halted, to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and discomfiture of the intended bridegroom.

"Yaas, yaas, I said," added the Yankee.

"One moment, my friend," said the minister slowly, for it suddenly occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts did not permit of this performance without a 'publication,' etc., for a certain length of time.

"Wot'n thunder's the matter, minister? Don't stop—go on—put her thrue. Nothin's spilt, eh?—Ain't sick, mister, be yer?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't?—wot'n natur's the reason? I like her—she likes me, wot's to hinder?"

"You havn't been published, sir, I think."

"Hain't a goin' to be nuther; that's wot we cum 'ere for: on the sly. Go on, go on—old feller."

"I really," said the parson.

"Really! Wall, go a head! Tain't fair, you see—tain't, I swaw; you've married me, and haint touched her. Go on, go on, don't stop 'ere! Tain't jes' the thing, naow by grasshuss tain't"

"I will consult—"

"No you won't—no you don't—consult nothin' nor nobody, till this ere business is concluded, naow mind I tell," said Jonathan resolutely, and in an in-

stant he had turned the key in and took it out of the lock, amid the tittering of the witnesses, who were nearly choked with merriment.

"Naow, my minister, as we're hero"—continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—"go on, rite strate from where you left off; you can't cum nun o' this half-way business with this child; so put 'er thrue, and no dodgin'—it'll all be right—go it!"

The parson reflected a moment, and, concluding to risk it, conti ued—

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey—"

"Them's um!" said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him so long as you both shall live!"

"That's the talk!" said Jonathan, and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—"

"Hooray!" shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

Hooray! continued Jonathan. "Wot's the price?—haow much?—spit it out—don't be afraid; you did it jes' like a book, old feller, 'eras a V never mind the change. Sen' for a hack, landlord; give us your bill; I've got her! Hail Columbia, happy land," roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy, and ten minutes afterwards he was on his way to Providence depot with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye witness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as "one of the weddings."

QUAKER SHREWDSNESS.

An aged Quaker, who kept a grocery in this vicinity, at one time became notorious for selling small eggs. The village gos-ips were ready to testify that they saw the eggs that he bought, and found them to be very large and fine looking, and where he could find so many small-sized eggs as he daily sent out to his customers, was a mystery that even the Mrs. Grundies could not fathom.

There were three mysterious looking holes in his counter, and about the size of an egg, and public curiosity was excited to the highest pitch to ascertain what use they were put to; no one ever saw him use either in any way, and he seemed desirous to keep them constantly covered with wrapping paper. This fact only excited the curiosity of his neighbours a good deal more. Some said he had some way of squeezing the eggs through these holes, to subtract, in some sleight-of-hand manner, the substance therefrom for his own use.

The only answer anybody got from the old man, when questioned concerning the use of the holes, was—

"My friend, if I tell the truth it would not benefit me nor you, and I don't wish to lie. It is a pity that lying was a sin, for it comes so easy in trade!"

At last it was resolved by some of the spinsters to watch his actions through the cracks of his shutters after he had closed his store for the night, and thus endeavor to find out their use.

This resolution was put into execution one night, and sure enough, they caught him passing eggs through the holes by the light of a pony dip. All those that would go through the smallest he put in a basket, and those that passed through hole No. 2, he put in another, and all that would not pass through either of the smaller holes, and would go through the largest, he placed in a tin pan and took them to his house, which was situated in the rear of his store.—On his way thither he heard the rustling of the women's dresses, and in an instant he saw he was caught, so he called them to him, and in the blandest manner said, "Sisters, thou has given thyself