A HAUNTED ROOM.

Well I know a haunted chamber, where the tapestry is hanging
In tatters on the dusty wall, and trails upon the floor,
Where dusky shadows glide and dance, the midnight hours chasing,
Where moonbeams are like spirit forms, that wait around the door.

When round the house the wild north wind with all its strength is moaning,
I hear soft footsteps gliding up the wide and polished stair,
And a figure of a lady, clad in raiment gray and flowing,
Seems to pass into the silence that reigns forever there.

Then I take my darling's hand in mine, and as the shadow passes
The memory of a bygone crime doth rise from out the gloom,
Though so long ago that lady lived, yet still her weird she's dreeing,
Still she walks, unresting, up and down that sad old haunted room.

None can lay the poor pale spirit to the rest that she is seeking,
None restore her to the quiet tomb, where still her ashes lie,
She must wander ever restless, ever moaning in the silence,
Dead to all she loved and worshipped, yet her sins can never die!

Ah! my sweetheart, you are happy, and I take your hand and clasp it.
You hear no ghosts go walking in the stillness of the night;
And your pure young life, unsoiled by sin, flows in an even cadence.
Your lovely soul lies open 'neath love's calm and tranquil light.

If I have a haunted chamber, where remorse and dread are walking,
Never ceasing with their footfalls that echo through my brain,
I will keep it closely locked, my sweet, and go there very seldom.
Nay! if thus you love me evermore, I need not go again!

Yet ghosts can "laugh at locksmiths," and when we sit in silence,
My ghost in long gray garments ever stands my chair beside,
And she whispers, "Thus I haunt you, thus I dog you while you're living,
A sin once sinned must live for e'er. I never really died."

I may shun my haunted chamber; but the wind that aye moans through it,
Breathes upon our lives and chills our blood, aye, even at the feast,
For if we once possess a ghost, 'twill haunt us to our dying,
And none can lay it to its rest, until our life has ceased.

—*All the Year Round.*

ONLY AN IRISH BOY;

—OR—

THE FORTUNES OF ANDY BURKE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MRS. PRESTON IS UNPLEASANTLY SURPRISED.

Dr. Townley thought it best to consult with the town authorities as to the course to be pursued, since, as it appeared, the town was interested in the will. It was decided that the doctor and Mr. Graves, who was the Chairman of the Selectmen, should go to Boston the next day and inform Mrs. Preston of the discovery of the will. Until after this interview it was deemed best not to mention the matter to Andy or his mother.

Mrs. Preston was established in a showy house at the South End. At last she was living as she desired to do. She went to the theatre and the opera, and was thinking whether she could afford to set up a carriage. Godfrey she had placed in a private school, and was anxious to have him prepare for admission to Harvard College, but in this hope she seemed destined to be disappointed. Godfrey wanted to see life and enjoy himself, and had no intention of submitting to the drudgery of hard study.

'Godfrey,' said his mother, one morning, 'I have received a letter from your teacher complaining that you don't work.'

'I am not going to work myself to death,' answered Godfrey.

'I don't expect you to hurt yourself with work, but I want you to go to college.'

'Oh, well, I'll get in somehow.'

'Don't you want to stand well as a scholar?'

'I leave that to the poor fellows that have got to work for a living. I am rich.'

'You may lose your money.'

'I don't mean to.'

'Suppose you do?'

'Then I will go to work.'

'I should like to have you graduate well at college and then study law. You might get into Congress,' said his mother.

'I guess I'll know enough for that,' said Godfrey, carelessly. 'I want to have a good time.'

That was not the worst of it, however. He extorted from his mother a large allowance, which he spent at bars and billiard saloons, and one day was brought home drunk by a school-fellow.

'Oh, Godfrey, how can you do so?' exclaimed the selfish woman, for once fairly alarmed on another's account.

'Hush up, old woman!' hiccuped Godfrey.

Mrs. Preston was mortified to think this should be said to her before Godfrey's schoolmate.

'He does not know what he is saying,' she said, apologetically.

'Yes I do,' persisted Godfrey. 'I'm a—a gen'leman's son. I don't want you to interfere with gen'leman's son.'

He was put to bed, and awoke the next morning with a splitting headache. It was the morning of the day which the doctor and Mr. Graves had chosen to call on Mrs. Preston. She was preparing to go out, when a servant came up stairs to announce that two gentlemen were in the parlor, and wanted to see her.

'Two gentlemen! What do they look like, Nancy?'

'One of 'em looks like he was from the country, mum.'

This referred to Mr. Graves, who did have a rustic look. The doctor would readily have passed for a Bostonian.

'Did they give their names?'

'No mum.'

'I will go down directly. I suppose they won't stay long.'

Mrs. Preston sailed into the parlor with the air of a city lady, as she proudly imagined, but stopped short in some surprise when she recognized her visitors. Of course she did not suspect the nature of their business.

Dr. Townley rose as she entered.

'Good morning, Mrs. Preston,' he said, 'I hope I find you well.'

'I am quite well,' said Mrs. Preston, coldly, for she had never liked the doctor. She had an unpleasant feeling that he understood her, and was not among her admirers. 'Good-morning, Mr. Graves. You come to the city occasionally?'

'I don't often get time to come up, but the doctor thought I ought to come.'

'Indeed! I am sorry to say that I am just going out.'

'I must ask you to defer going till we have communicated our business,' said the doctor.

'Business!' repeated Mrs. Preston, seating herself in some surprise.

'Yes—business of importance. In short, your husband's will has come to light.'

'My husband's will?' exclaimed Mrs. Preston. 'I thought——'

She checked herself suddenly. She was about to say, 'I thought I had destroyed it,' and that would have let the cat out of the bag with a vengeance.

'You thought that he left no will,' said the doctor, finishing the sentence for her. 'He really left two——'

'Two!'

'That is, he executed two—exactly alike. One he left in my hand.'

'That is a likely story!' said Mrs. Preston, excitedly. 'If that is the case, why, I ask, have we heard nothing of this before?'

'Because it was contained in an envelope which I was requested not to open for six months after his decease. The time having expired——'

'May I ask, what are the provisions of this pretended will?' demanded Mrs. Preston, in visible excitement.

'Mrs. Preston,' said the doctor, with dignity, 'you appear to forget that you are addressing a gentleman. I am above fabricating a will, as you seem to insinuate. As to the provisions, it leaves five thousand dollars to the town for the establishment of a public library, and five thousand dollars to Andy Burke, besides the small house in which she used to live to the Widow Burke.'

The worst had come. In spite of her criminal act, she must lose the ten thousand dollars; and, worst of all, those whom she hated and despised were to profit by her loss.

'This is simply outrageous, Dr. Townley, she said.

'You are speaking of your husband's will, Mrs. Preston.'

'I don't believe he made it.'

'There can be no doubt of it. Mr. Graves has examined it, and he and myself are so familiar with the handwriting of your husband, that we have no hesitation in pronouncing the will genuine.'

'Colonel Preston must have been insane if he really made such a will.'

'I was his medical adviser,' said Dr. Townley, quietly, 'and I never detected the least sign of an unsound mind.'

'The fact of robbing his wife and child to enrich an Irish woman and her son is proof enough of his insanity.'

'Pardon me, madame, but such bequests are made every day. Outside of their legacies your husband left ample fortune, and there is no danger of your being impoverished.'

'Did you bring the will with you?'

'No. I did not feel justified in incurring the risk.'

'I shall contest the will,' said Mrs. Preston, passionately.

'I would not advise you to. The proof of its genuineness is overwhelming. I suppose you never saw the other will.'

Mrs. Preston, at this unexpected question, in spite of her strong nerves, turned pale and faltered:

'Of course not,' she said, after a slight pause.

'Your husband asserts positively in a note to me that he made one,' said the doctor, bending his eyes searchingly upon her, for he suspected the truth, and that it was distrust of his wife that led Colonel Preston to take the precaution he had done.

'Its disappearance is mysterious.'

'What do you mean?' demanded Mrs. Preston, sharply, and not altogether without alarm.

'I mean only to express my surprise.'

'If your business is over I will go out.'

'I have only this to say, that being named in the will as executor, I shall take immediate measures to have the will admitted to probate. Should you make up your mind to contest it you can give me due notice through your legal adviser. In that case,' he added, significantly, 'the question of the disappearance of the other will will come up.'

'I will consult with my lawyer,' said Mrs. Preston.

Though she said this, her determination was already made. 'Conscience makes cowards of us all,' and the doctor's last hint alarmed her so much that she decided to make no opposition to the setting up of the will. But it was a bitter pill to swallow.

'Graves,' said Dr. Townley, as he left the house, 'that woman destroyed the other will.'

'Do you think so,' asked Mr. Graves, startled.

'I feel sure of it. Let me predict also that she will not contest this will. She is afraid to.'

And the doctor was right.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Andy was quite unconscious of the good fortune which had come to him. Though a manly and stout-hearted boy, he was, in fact, getting discouraged. He was willing and anxious to work, but there seemed to be no work for him to do. He would have left home sometime since to try his fortune elsewhere but for the entreaties of his mother, who didn't like to lose him.

On the morning after Dr. Townley's visit to Boston our hero knocked at the doctor's front door.

'Is Dr. Townley at home?' he asked.

'Yes, Andy,' said the doctor, who overheard the inquiry. 'Come right in. You're just the boy I want to see.'

Andy entered, twirling his hat awkwardly in his hand.

'Good-morning, Andy,' said the doctor, cordially. 'Take a seat.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Andy, but did not sit down.

'What is the matter? You are looking rather blue this morning.'

'Faith, doctor, and that's the way I feel entirely.'

'You're not sick, are you? Let me feel your pulse.'

'No, I'm not sick, but it's discouraged I am.'

'Why should a stout boy in good health be discouraged?'

'I can't get any work to do, and I'm afraid we'll all starve.'

'It strikes me,' said the doctor, fixing his eyes on Andy, enjoying the effect of his intended announcement, 'that I wouldn't talk of starving if I was as rich as you are, Andy.'

'As rich as me?' echoed Andy. 'Sure, doctor, you're jokin'.'

'Not at all.'

'Why, I haven't got but seventy-five cents in the world.'

'Now it's you that are joking, Andy.'

'I wish I was,' sighed Andy.

'Why, I had it on good authority that you were worth five thousand dollars.'

Andy stared in earnest.

'I see you're laughin' at me, doctor,' he said, suspecting that Dr. Townley was making game of him.

'No, I am not. I am in earnest.'

'Who told you such a big lie as that, now?' asked our hero, bewildered.

'Perhaps I dreamed that somebody told me Colonel Preston had left you five thousand dollars in his will.'

'Are you jokin'? Is it true?' asked Andy, eagerly, something in the doctor's face telling him that he really meant what he said.

'Maybe I dreamed too that the colonel left your mother the house she used to live in.'

'Is it true, doctor? Tell me quick, said Andy, trembling with excitement.

'Yes, my boy, it's all true, and I'm glad to be the first to congratulate you on your good fortune.'

He held out his hand, which our hero seized, and then, unable to repress his exultation, threw up his cap to the ceiling and indulged in an extempore dance, the doctor meanwhile looking on with benevolent gratification.

'Excuse me, doctor; I couldn't help it,' he panted.

'It's all right, Andy. Are you discouraged now?'

'Divil a bit, doctor. It's wild I am with joy.'

'And you don't think of starving yet, eh, Andy?'

'I'll wait a bit. But why didn't I know before?'

'Sit down and I'll tell you all about it.'

So Andy heard the account, which need not be repeated.

'Now,' continued the doctor, 'I'll tell you what plan I have for you. Mr. Graves wants to take a boy into his store who will buy an interest in the business and become his partner. He thinks well of you, and is willing to take you. What do you say?'

'I'll do whatever you think best, doctor.'

'Then I think this is a good opening for you. Mr. Graves wants to retire from business before long. Probably by the time you are twenty-one he will leave everything in your hands. You will be paid weekly wages and perhaps be entitled to a portion of the profits—more than enough to support you all comfortably. What do you say? Shall we have a new firm in the village?

"GRAVES & BURKE."

Andy's eyes sparkled with proud anticipation. It was so far above any dream he had ever formed.

'It's what I'd like above all things,' he said. 'O, what will mother say? I must go and tell her.'

'Go by all means, Andy, and when you've told her, come back, and I'll go over with you to Mr. Graves' store, and we'll talk over the arrangements with him.'

Mrs. Burke's delight at her own success and that of Andy's may be imagined. She too, had been getting despondent, and it seemed almost like a fairy tale to find herself the owner of a house, and her boy likely to be taken into partnership with the principal trader in the village. She invoked blessings on the memory of Colonel Preston, through whose large-hearted generosity this had come to pass, but could not help speculating on what Mrs. Preston would say. She understood very well that she would be very angry.

Mrs. Preston did not dispute the will. She might have done so, but for her fear that her own criminal act would be brought to light. Godfrey, who was even more disturbed than she was at the success of 'that low Irish boy,' begged her to do it, but in this case she did not yield to his entreaties. She had never dared to take him into confidence respecting her destruction of the other will.

While we are upon this subject we may as well trace out the future career of Mrs. Preston. Some years later she was induced, by the expectation of aiding her social standing, to marry an adventurer who appeared to be doing a flourishing business as a State Street broker. By spurious representations he managed to get hold of her property, and to be appointed Godfrey's guardian. The result may be foreseen. He managed to spend or waste the whole, and when Godfrey was twenty-one, he and his mother were penniless. Andy, who was now sole representative of the firm of Graves & Burke, and in receipt of an excellent income, heard of the misfortunes of his old enemy, and out of regard to the memory of his old benefactor, voluntarily offered Mrs. Preston an allowance of five hundred dollars. It cost her pride a great deal to accept this favor from the boy she had looked down upon as 'only an Irish boy,' but her necessity was greater than her pride, and she saw no other way of escaping the Poor House. So she ungraciously accepted. But Andy did not care for thanks. He felt that he was doing his duty, and he asked no other reward than that consciousness. Mrs. Preston was allowed to make her home, rent free, in Mrs. Burke's old house, Andy having built a better and more commodious one in which he had installed his mother as mistress. Mrs. Preston grew old fast in appearance, and fretted without ceasing for the fortune and position which she had lost. Her husband left her, and was not again heard of. As for Godfrey, Andy secured him a passage to California, where he led a disreputable life. There was a rumor that he was killed in a drunken brawl at Sacramento not long after. His loss of fortune had something to do with his going to the bad, but, with his character and tendencies, neither in prosperity nor in adversity, would he have led an honorable career. His course has been in all respects far different from that of our hero, who, already prosperous, seems likely to go on adding to his wealth, and growing in the esteem of the best portion of the community. His success, aided indeed by good fortune, has served to demonstrate the favorable effects of honesty, industry, and good principles, upon individual success. He is not the first, nor will he be the last, to achieve prosperity and the respect of the community, though beginning life as 'only an Irish boy.'

THE END.

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June 27, 1883—tf

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A LARGE STOCK OF

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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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WE HAVE FINISHED OPENING

165 Cases and Bales English, and 60 Cases and Bales Canadian and American Goods,

Bought Carefully from the Best Houses.

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Our Stock will be found complete in all departments, and will be kept constantly replenished throughout the summer. We invite the inspection of Cash Buyers.

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HAVING purchased the business of the late M. BUTCHER, Esq., we are prepared to supply all kinds of

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AT EXTRA LOW PRICES.

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READ TESTIMONIALS:

From Lieut. Governor Haviland.

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DEAR SIR,—The eye-glasses and spectacles purchased from you in December last have given me comfort and satisfaction, and I never experience any strain upon my eyes after using them.

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I have been wearing a pair of eye-glasses purchased of Mr. Laurance four months since, and I can remark with truth that I see perfectly the smallest print, with ease and comfort, by artificial light.

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NEW MODEL MOWERS

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Ithaca Horse Dump Rake, Ithaca Hand Dump Rake, and all kinds of Buckeye Extras on hand.

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Also, a large quantity of MACHINE OIL, which will be sold cheap.

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Next door to Commercial College, King St.

June 27, 1883—3m