

escaped, (how, we could never contrive,) there lie buried the bodies of more than twenty persons whom we have robbed and murdered in this vicinity for their money, and we intended that you should have been buried there with them before this time. I have another reason for hating you. Thirty years ago you married the only woman I ever loved, and I tried then to kill you. You remember the time, soon after your marriage, when, as you were returning home one evening, accompanied by your colored boy, who is now here with you, that a man fired at you from the roadside; how that servant saw the gleam of the gun-barrel in the bright starlight, and dashed in between us, and received the ball in his shoulder. Well, Walter Lane, it was I who shot at you then. I fled the country to escape detection and punishment. Several years after I returned; you were happy and prosperous, and I hated you all the more for that. I watched for weeks for an opportunity to kill you, but failed to find one. You had a little girl then about three years old, and whom you and your wife worshipped more than you did your God. The nurse one day left her asleep in the arbor near the river, while she ran to the house for something she wanted. While she was gone I stole your child and fled with her. You thought she was drowned in the river. You searched days for the body but failed to find it. Your wife died broken hearted, and you were a raving maniac for months. Your brother-in-law, Ben Russell, told me all about it. He is our captain, and is the landlord at the Millport House. That is him over there in the corner with the big whiskers. He never knew I stole your girl, I did not tell him about that, but I have been trying for the last two years to make her marry him, and if I had lived two weeks longer your daughter would have been her uncle's wife."

"My God," cried Mr. Lane. "What do you mean? Is my daughter living and in this neighborhood? Oh, tell me where to find her."

"There she is," said Clark, "just back of you, fainting in the arms of her lover, Nash. She is just like her mother."

Lane turned and stretched out his arms and Nash placed his daughter in them, and turned aside to hide his tears.

We shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed—our readers can well picture it for themselves. When the parties to it became a little calm, they turned again to Clark, but he was dead.

We must conclude our story in a few words.

The parties arrested were tried for murder, convicted and hung, within six months from the date of their arrest.

About one year from the date of the attempt to murder Mr. Lane, there was a wedding at the old stone house; Nash was the groom and Eunice Lane the bride. They all still live at the Old Stone House, which has never been troubled by ghosts since the breaking up of the Millport band of murderers.

A BRILLIANT ADDRESS.

At the dedication of the Masonic Hall, North Andover, Mass., on St. John's day, the Hon. George B. Loring delivered an oration which will amply repay perusal. After some introductory remarks relative to the building, he says:

I hail every organization designed to cultivate the mind and heart, every bond intended to bind men together in a holy brotherhood, as an evidence of a determination to build up society on the sound foundations of intelligence and morality.

But I am compelled to believe that the Masonic Order had a higher meaning than all this—a higher duty to perform than merely the erection of imposing edifices—the material expression of man's faith in God and immortality. Of the time when the rites and injunctions of Freemasonry were established, we have no knowledge. In searching for the origin of the organization, we may be lost in historic fable; but the language has in all time been the same—the thought and sentiment underlying all the ceremony has not changed—and we have a right to believe that the bands of architects and operative masons, who were engaged in erecting churches and monasteries, and who were by papal and royal decree made free, were also the depositories of profound and philosophical truth and a pure and elevated religious faith. Associations like these entrusted with the business of erecting the great theocratic places of the world, building temples equal to man's highest spiritual aspirations, would naturally be surrounded with mysteries and clothed with the robes and vestments of a sacred Order. Associations like these, man has never failed to employ in the preservation and expression of his religious sentiment and faith. They have been to the heathen and to the Christian alike the guardians of his inner temple—that holy of holies, that sacred spot from which the world is shut out, in accordance with a universal religious desire for secret worship and the voice of symbols.

The records of the Order, no less than its history proves this. According to the old ritual of England, the first charge is "that ye shall be true men to God and the holy