

a low bedstead, lay her brother, Edward Talbot.

'He's asleep now,' the jailor said in a low voice, 'but he was tearin' round like mad all night.' I called in Dr. Bowen, for I was afraid he would beat his brains out afore mornin'.' He said he'd got a brain fever, and gin him something to make him go to sleep, and said he must not be waked.'

They approached the bed softly. He was lying in a troubled slumber, his glossy hair turned back from his broad, low forehead, and something of boyish grace in the arms thrown carelessly above his head, and the long curlish lashes falling softly over the beardless cheek. He moved restlessly, and the muscles of his face worked convulsively. Presently a mournful smile flickered over his face, and his parched lips moved.

'Mother! Oh my mother!'

Oh! what yearning tenderness, what touching sadness sat upon that youthful, upturned face! It was a sight to move any but a heart of stone; and what a world of sad memories the words stirred in the heart of poor Catharine Lee! With a bitter cry she threw herself down beside the low iron bedstead, and wept as if soul and body would part company in her terrible sorrow.

Suddenly her brother woke, and springing up wildly in bed, clutched her by the shoulder, and turned her white, ghastly face to his. She threw her arms around him, and clasped him to her heart, raining down kisses upon cheek and brow, and calling him by every endearing name.

But in his wild eyes there was no glance of recognition. He endured her caresses, but looked at her mournfully, saying, in a hoarse, terrified whisper:

'What officer are you?'

'Oh! Eddie, Eddie! I am your sister—I am Kitty! brother darling, speak to me.'

'You are not my sister; you with your faded eyes and pale face! Why the roses bloomed on her cheeks and the

violets in her eyes—and you should hear her laugh! It is music—you never did laugh!'

'Oh! Eddie, speak to me—your sister.'

'No, no! but you look kindly at me! you speak softly—but don't tell Kitty—I am going to prison! to prison for forgery.' And the last words were spoken with such a tone of remorseful agony that it smote the hearts of the listeners, and rung in their hearing for years afterwards.

'Here's Mr. Rivers and Lawyer Moore come to see you,' broke in the jailor.—'They'll help you; they'll get you off.—Keep up good courage, my young friend!'

He sprang from the bed and stood before them, bowing with a grace that would have done honor to the court of a monarch. Then striking his forehead with his clenched hands, he muttered, as he commenced walking up and down the narrow cell.

'Rivers, Frank Rivers! Moore, Lawyer Moore. The names are familiar. I have surely heard them somewhere.—Let me see! It is Christmas eve; there is a party—music, dancing, wine, sparkling, ruby wine! Oh! I remember it all now,' and now it seemed as if there was a 'method in his wildness,' as he stood again before the silent trio with folded arms, and grave, stern face.

'Yes, I remember, and so shall you, gentlemen,' and for a moment he bent his head low and compressed his pale lips, as if to say the words of indignant wrath and wild desperation that the next moment rushed torrent-like from his heart, unadvised by reproach and condemnation.

Fixing his dark eyes, glittering like ice, on his hearers, he went on: 'The story may seem flat and stale to you, but it shall not be an unprofitable one. Now listen! It was two years, as I said before, a Christmas eve, and a Christmas party in a palatial home in this city.—No matter about names now. Among that gay crowd of wealthy pleasure-seekers was a young man, poor and proud, but handsome, and educated, and ambitious. But he was weak—was this proud, handsome boy, for he was nothing more than a boy, though he had just graduated from old Harvard with first class honors. He had one of those impressi-