TRENE THE FOUNDEING

Or, The Slave's Revenge. By the Author of : The Banher of Bedford. CHAPTER XXIX -Continued. we laughed at the threatened lash and

sang at our work from morping until night.
I tolled in the cotton fields, and Maggie was employed in the planter's manifon. It was cotton-picking, a few months after our marriage, and, the crop being unusually large, my master sent my wife to work in the field; She came gladiy and asked permission to work by my side. I also pleaded for this privilege, promising to do the work of two men if our prayer was granted.
"Our master ordered us away to the field

and said that the overseer would arrange that. Soarcely had the overseer set eyes on my beautiful quadroon wife than I trembled. I saw an evil purpose in his dark eye. He refused our request and placed us on different sides of the field. I went to work sullenly and, although I kept busy, I did but little, trampling under foot more cotton than I pick ed. We had been in the field all day, and the sun was setting, when I heard a shrick from the opposite side of the field. The voice I knew well to be Maggie's, and in an instant all my wild Indian nature was on fire. I flew across the field to find the overseer beating my wife. Some terrified negroes whispered the cause to me, as I paused, horror-stricken. The overseer had offered some indecencies to her, which she had resented, and now he was punishing her.

"They tried to hold me back, but they might as well have tried to stop the fires in a volcano. One spring and one blow from my fist laid the villain senseless on the ground, and anatching up my wife, who had fainted, I hurried away to our lowly cabin.

"I expected punishment, but not such as came. The next morring Maggie and myself were put in Irons, and I was compelled to stand by while a contract of sale was read, conveying her to a Louisiana sugar-planter. Again the wild cry of my heart for vengeance rang through every nerve, and I uttered a fearful cath of vengeance as I saw them bear her away. Her shricks have rang in my ears ver since.

"For my threat I was tied to a tree, and the lash laid on my bare back by my master, Mr. Henry Tompkins. During the flogging I turned on him, and swore I would have his blood; and the blood of his whole family. It only augmented my own suffering, however. When Henry Tompkins was exhausted, he ordered me to be released, and I went sullenly away. No words except threats had escaped my lips, and they could not have wrong a groan from me had they cut me into pieces with the cowhide.

For a few days I remained about the place, planning revenge. I went about my work until an opportunity offered, and then ran away. I knew how vigorous would be the pursuit, and selected a mountain cave, which I believe to be unknown to any one but myself. Here I lived for about three weeks, frequently hearing the bay of the bloodhound and the shout of the negrohunter. They evidently gave it up at last, and one night I came from my hiding-place and went to my master's house. I knew the place well. I found an ax, and I went in at the front door.

"I will not describe, for I can not, what I did. With the name of Maggle on my lips, and the Indian devil in my heart, I perpetrated a borrible murder. The baby, a little girl, I spared, and picked up with some of its clothing and carried it away with me. The rest were all struck down by my avenging ax. As I was leaving with the baby, my conscience already smiting me for what I had done, a groan came from the eldest child, a boy. Stooping, I found he was not dead, but that my ax had fractured his skull. He was between ten and twelve years of age and slender. I snatched him up, and, having set fire to the house, I put the baby in a large basket and set off with the wounded boy and the baby girl.

"How I reached the cave, without discovery, no one, not even I, know. The burn-ing mansion doubtless aided me, by calling Mr. Tompkins was rejoicing that peace had or two, living I know not how. The boy recovered from the blow, but he was a idiot and had no recollection of his former life.

"I had no heart to kill him or the bahy now; I had had blood enough, and for some time was puzzled what to do with the baby and the idiot. There was a colored freeman, known as 'Free John,' living near, with his wife. I knew I could trust them, and, one night, I told them all. I knew that Henry Tompkine had a brother in Virginia, and to him I resolved to take the children.

"My friends went ahead in their ox-cart, leaving bits of leaves on the road to indicate which way they had gone. I started after them, with the idiot by my side and carrying the biby in my arms. I had found on some of the baby's clothes the name Irene, which I was careful to preserve, as they might lead to her discovery; a plan I had decided upon when I should be far enough out of the way. When in the State of Virginia, about twenty five miles from Mr. Tompkins, the boy ran away from me, and I did not see him again We had traveled mostly by night for vears. and found hiding-places in the cane-brakes

during the day time.
"I finally reached the vicinity of Twin
Mountains, where I found Free John, and we remained there for two or three days, as we both were nearly exhausted with our long, hard travel. One day, while at his hut, an old hunter, called Uncle Dan, stepped in for a moment and saw the little, tired, dirty baby. He looked at it curiously and asked some questions, which Free John's wife answered, but that very night I carried it to the mansion of Mr. Tompkins and left it on his porch. He raised the child, and now she is the wife of his son, and her husband does not know that she is his own cousin. The boy finally wandered to the same place and lived there and at the cabin of Dan Martin, until he was accidentally killed by the Union soldiers. He went by the name of Crazy Joe on account of his persistently calling himself

"John Smith, or Free John, and his wife, Katy, are now living at Wheeling, Virginia, and can attest the truth of my story, if it becomes necessary to prove Irene Tompkina' heirship to her father's estate.

"Since that night, I have been a wanderer through the South, and have assisted hundreds of my race to reach the North and freedom. I have become accustomed to danger and accomplished in woodcraft.

"I have searched the South over, and a hundred times risked my life in trying to to greet her long-lost brother find Maggie. Only a few weeks ago, I It was not until the third day after the nounce me a fiend if you will, but remember that I was once human. I was maddened, desperate. It was the curse of slavery that caused the horrow I have related; but now, thank God! when you read this, and I am no more, the curse is lifted from the land. For the first time in many years I write my real name.

"JEFF. WINNINGS." CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RECONCILIATION.

poor Crazy Joe was her brother.
Late as it was, he copied the confession in

tull, intending, when he reached New Orleans, oried. Brother!"
to send it to his father. He did mail it, but Oleah looked up, and with an exclamation.
afterward learned that it never got through. half joy, and half sorrow, was classed, over The next day the entire force, with all the prisoners, recrossed the lake and went to New Orleans. On reaching the city, they were allowed to occupy their own residence, and one would scarcely have thought that Colonel Mortimer was a prisoner, so little was his freedom ourtailed.

The long Summer of 1864 passed, and Abner's regiment still remained in New Orleans. But when Sherman had almost completed his devastating raid through the South Atlantic States—many of which, South Carolina especially, still bear traces of its march-Abner was ordered to join the army of the Potomac, then about to invest Rich-

On the evening before his departure, Abner sat in the parlor of Colonel Mortimer, with Olivia by his side. "To-morrow," he said, 'I must leave you; but I leave you now, feeling more hopeful than when we last talked of parting. Victory will soon grown our arms, and when Spring opens the next campaign, it will witness the surrender of General Lee and all the Confederate armies. Then, when the angel of peace shall have spread its white wings over this land, I shall return to claim you for my wife."

"Do you forget, when you speak so confidently of your victories," said Olivia, sweetly and sadly, "that you speak of our defeat? With all my love for you, I must remain a Southern girl, and the cause of the South is my cause. I love my sunny South, and I feel as all Southern people feel."

"My darling, I am sure that every true Northern man and woman will regard this unhappy war as a family quarrel, and victory something to be thankful lor, but nothing to gloat over. May we not rejeice together, when peace shall come, when the iron heel of martial law shall be removed from your city? and Irene are to live on her father's planta-Then I shall be free to claim you. Will you tion in North Carolina, while Abner and remain in this city until I shall come for you ?"

"But have you asked papa about that?" she asked, smiles brimming over her beautiful eyes. "I don't believe that he will give ful eyes. me up.

"That's all attended to." "And does'he consent?"

"Rather reluctantly, but he consents, nevertheless," replied Abner.

"Yes," said the old colonel, entering the room, "I could do no better, seeing I was

his prisoner." The next day, Abner, with his regiment, steamed down the river toward the Gulf. The steamer passed through the Florida Straits, and after a very rough voyage, which was the one event of the war that did not remind Corporal Grimm of any one of his experiences with General Preston, they landed on the coast of South Carolina, and thence set across the country to join General Sherman. They came up with him at Columbia, the capital, on the 18th of Febru-ary, 1865, the day after its capture, and Sherman at once started for North Carolina, entering Fayetteville, March 11, 1865. Abner was at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, when the final crisis came. Lee's army sur-rendered April 9, 1865—Oleah Tompkins. Colonel Scrabble, Seth Williams and Howard lones with the rest. Raleigh was taken April 13th; Mobile and Salisbury, N. C., on the same day. The Confederacy was con-quered, the war was over, and all good people rejoiced in the prospect of peace. But a wail went out over the Nation at the news of the assaysination of Abraham Lincoln.

Abner's regiment was ordered to Washington, to pass the grand review and be mustered out. The grandest army the world ever knew passed down Pennsylvania avenue

come to the country, and that he might return to his home.

On the evening of his discharge, Abner was, with his fellow-officers, making arrangements for the next day, when a messenger entered with a telegram addressed to him. He took the message and opened it. It contained the brief sentence:

"Your father is dead." No more horror can be crowded into four words. . The color left the young man's cheek as he leaned against the table for support. His associates, learning his bad news, considerately left him alone. Abner was almost stunned with grief. Now that he was so near home, after a separation of three long years, it seemed too cruel for belief. There was nothing to detain him, and he started by borne swiftly homeward, his thoughts dwelt Station at 7 o'clock. There was no help for sadly on the father whom he should never it. I dashed into the carriage sent to meet meet again on earth. He never knew before me, and arrived at the Grange in as short a how deeply he had loved him. His every word to him, when he was a child, his fond caresses, and his kind, fatherly indulgence came to his mind. As the iron wheels roared on, he read the telegram over and over again, but could gain no information from it. It contained simply those four brief words, and

The Junction was reached at last, and he saw the familly carriage there with the old coachman waiting. The old carriage had lost its stately splendor; it was faded, dilapidated and worn. He hastened to Job, half hoping he might find the telegram a mistake, but Job confirmed it. His father had died suddenly two days before, but the funeral had not taken place yet; they were waiting for him. He had died of heart disease, and had dropped dead from his favorite chair in the lawn. Abner stepped in, and Job drove off, the carriage rattling and creaking, and

the faded skirts flapping noisily on the side. From Job he learned that most of the negroes had left the old plantation, since the war had brought them freedom, that the place was greatly changed since the last time he had seen it. The houses were dilapidated and many of the fences down. It was late in the night before he reached the home of his

made on the dear old place. In the hall his mother met him, weeping and calling him her dear son, and begging him never to leave her again—a promise which he readily made. Irene also was there

find Maggie. Only a few weeks ago, I It was not until the third day after the learned that she had died, years ago, of a funeral that Abner told his mother and Irene broken heart. When you read this, pro- of Yellow Steve's confession. They had not received the copy he had sent, and listened to him with wonder and sorrow that the news came too late to benefit Crazy Joe or to relieve the mind of Mr. Tompkins. Then he told his mother of Olivia, and it was deolded that he should start the next day to bring home his bride. New Orleans, at this time, was not a pleasant or an altogether safe place of residence; hence his haste.

He went that evening alone to the grave of his father. The young leaves were green on the trees, the flowers of Spring in full bloom, The large clock in the hall chimed out the and birds were singing in lofty boughs.

midnight hour as Abner finished readin the It was g owing te as he approached the

AND HEESTER UNDS (WALLENDESS JANNED) (OASHEODILG) OF HERONDOLD

went toward him with outstretched arms and

his father's grave, in the arms of that brother, from whom he had so long been estranged. Abuer and Oleah were reconciled

It is twelve months later, and the old Tompkins manaion, has recovered some of its ancient splendor. The fences have been rebuilt, the long-neglected trees pruned, the doors are on the barn again, and the laborers' houses repaired.

A merry crowd of our old friends are gathered at the mansion and just in the act of sitting down to a dinner, given by Mrs. Tompkins in honor of her oldest son's wedding, which took place a week before at New Orleans. Many of our old friends are seated around that table. There is Howard Jones, with a sear of a saber cut on his face, but merry as ever. By his side sits Seth Williams, with an armless sleeve dangling at his | which I could see flowed from a deep, open side, but the same jolly Seth as of yore. Our | gash in her white throat. friends of both armies are met here, though all have laid aside their uniforms and appear in citizen's garb. Corporal Grimm is anxious as ever to relate to everybody his experience with "General Preston," and Sergeant Swords is ready to second Grimm in anything. Colonel Mortimer is there, erect and soldier-like, and our friend Diggs also, a representative of both parties. The little fellow is drassed with the utmost care, his short front and high collar aggressively stiff, and his glasses on his round, silly face. He confides to every one that he has tired of the patent medicines and photography, and that he intends to start a country newspaper, which eventually shall startle the world

There are the brothers, Abner and Oleah, with all their old brotherly affection renewed, and Irene and Olivia, types of the two classes of beauty. It has been arranged that Oleah Olivia remain on the old homestead.

The good minister, whose saving prayer had proved so effective in Diggs' case, is seated at the head of the table. kins, in widow's weeds, is at the foot. She has lost her brilliant beauty and her political ambition; she thinks that the happiness of the world depends on domestic peace, and that this can be accured only by perfect unanimity of feeling between husband and wife.

Olivia Tompkins is happy in the love of husband and father and her new-horn babe, and she has come to the same conclusion.

To see the happy mingling and general good feeling of those who were the gray and those who were the blue, it is hard to think they once were enemies. We had almost forgotten Uncle Dan, who has retired to his cabin on the Twin Mountains, but he is with the others, always the same Uncle Dan, whether hunter, scout, or wedding guest. They sit at the common table—the soldier of the North and the soldier of the South--- 38

though they were, as they are, of one family. Dear reader, we have written late into the night, and now, as the faces of these friends, whom we have followed so long and learned to love so well, fade from our sight among the shadows, let us rejoice that the time has come, when this great Nation, North and South, is naited once more in the firmest bonds of friendship-one brotherhood.

(THE RND.)

SHOULD I HAVE SPOKEN?

Early in the year of 1875 I received an invitation from an old friend of mine. Col. Armitage, to run down to his house, Medlicott Grange, in Berkshire, for some hunting and a couple of balls.

As in those days I was-well, some years ounger than I am now, and (having but lately returned from India on sick leave) very of the murdered girl floated before my eyes keen on all sorts of English amusements, I wrote off a hurried note of acceptance, and speedily followed it.

I knew Mrs. Armitage slightly, and was well acquainted with the colonel's taste in champagne, besides which I had met, not long before, an uncommonly pretty eister of his, whom I thought it would be by no means unpleasant to meet again; so I started off in the best of spirits to catch the 4:30 train at Paddington.
I calculated a run of two hours will give

me ample time for the three miles drive from the station, and to dress for dinner at S. However, vain were my hopes; there was a break down on the line which kept me kicking my heels at a wretched little junction for the first train for the Junction. As he was over an hour, and we only reached Eastbury

me, and arrived at the Grange in as short a time as Armitage's steady old coachman would allow, but found my host alone, awaiting me in the hall, with outstretched hand and genial welcome. I knew he was a regular martinet for punc-

tuality, so was not surprised when he hurried me up directly to my room, with orders to dress sharp. It was a large and well appointed room, with a bright fire and candles, which looked very cheering after my cold drive.

"All right, old chap, I'll send Reggie up to show you the way down in a quarter of an hour," were the colonel's last words, as he left me to my toilet.

I dressed rapidly, but remembering the long passages, unexpected steps, intricate turnings and numerous staircases I had traversed on my way up, waited for my promised conductor. Suddenly the gong thundered through the

house, and I, thinking I was forgotten, put out my candles and turned to the door-when it was softly opened, and a young man appeared, who beckoned to me. I followed him into the passage, which was rather dark, and began to say something ex-pressive of my obligations to him; but he

silenced me with a wave of the hand, and childhood; but, dark as it was, he could see preceded me, with noiseless steps and averted the sad change that time and neglect had face, along the passage. face, along the passage.
I thought this was odd, but my surprise increased when he took an abrupt turn to the left, which I did not remember, and we found ourselves in a long, low, oak-paneled corridor,

dimly lighted by a hanging lamp.

I began to feel a curious sensation stealing over me and endeavored to speak, but was withheld by an undefined feeling, so followed my guide in perfect silence to the end of the corridor. He then passed through a green baize door, up a flight of corksorew stairs, and through another passage, I still feeling myself impelled to follow, till he stopped, opened a door and stood back for me to pass

before him.

I had not seen his face before, but had observed he was above the middle height, with good figure and rather military gait; his hair was fair and out very short.

Now, however, I saw his face; it was ashy white, with such an expression of horror and fear in his widely-opened even as froze my blood; I again made an ineffectual at-

and the state of the state of

Between the windows, half in shadow, half moonlight, stood a large bed. As I gazed upon it my eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim light, and I observed with a shudder that it was draped with black, and decorated with tall black plumes, like those on a hearse, and that there was a motionless form extended upon it.

I glanced round for my guide-he was gone and the door was shut, though I had heard no sound.

A thrill of horror ran through my veins; I

on, and I approached the bed with slow and trembling steps,

white satin and lace, a wreath of orange blossoms on her head and the long white veil covering, though not obscuring her features; but, oh! horror! the front of her dress and veil were all dabbled and soaked in blood, My head swam—and I remembered no more

* * Suddenly I felt a cold shock in my face, and opened my eyes to find myself on the ground with my head supported by my kind host, who was looking down on me with anxiety expressed in his face. As my bewildered senses reasserted themselves, I remembered what I had seen, and with an exclamation sprang to my feet. There was the same bed, but in the bright light I saw that it was without the ghastly appendages I had seen before, and was totally untenanted. Colonel Armitage began asking me some questions, but seeing that I was too much dazed to answer, he took me by the arm, and half led me, half sup-ported me, for I was still faint and giddy, back to my own room. When there he put me into an armohair, gave me a glass of water, and exclaimed: "My dear fellow! What on earth is the matter with you! We sent Reggie up for you, but he came down asying you had gone. We waited ten minutes, then, thinking you had lost your way, instituted a regular search, and I found you up in the old turret chamber, in a dead faint on the floor !" I pulled myself together, and, as collectedly as I could, told him what had happened. He listened with incredulity and then said: "My dear Bruce, you have been dreaming !"

you suppose I could have dreamt myself into man servant. that rcom? I tell you, Armitage, that I was as wideawake as you are, and am perfectly certain that what I saw was no dream. "Well, then, the only other explanation

is that you must have been drunk? "Really," I said, attempting to force s laugh, "I only left town at 4 30, and there's not much to be got out of a railway flask. Then, as he uttered a disbelieving "Hm-m, I added, despondently, "I wish to goodness I could think I was,"

"Look here," said Armitage, seriously "den't you go talking about this to any body but me; of course there are stories about this house, as of every old house in England, but nobody has ever seen or imagined anything uncanny before, and it will frighten Mrs. Armitage to death if you tell her; she is awfally delicate, and I don't want to alarm her.'

"All right," I said, "but I wish it hadn't happened to me; I feel frightfully shaky

." Oh, nonsense, come down to dinner: a good glass of champagne will set you to rights," said he. Accordingly I made an effort to shake off the depression on my spirits and went down with him. The bright lights, cheerful talk and clatter of plates seemed terribly incongruous, and I am afraid pretty Miss Armitage must have thought me quite and nearly distracted me. "I'm afraid you don't feel at all well, Capt. Bruce?" she said at last. "Please don't think me dreadfully rude," I replied, "but if I could slip out un-observed I should be most grateful."

She signaled to Reggie, a bright-faced boy, in an Eton jacket, whom I begged to show me up stairs, for the perturbation of my spirits were such that, though I felt awfully ashamed of myself, I literally dared not attempt to find my way up alone for fear of meeting my mysterious guide again. The fire burned brightly in my room, the candles were lit and it presented the same appearance of luxurious ease I had before observed. Reggie regarded me with round eyes of awe, evidently restrained only by his father's prohibition from deluging me with questions; I detained him as long as I could with trivial excuses. tor a nervous horior of solitude began to BORNESS me. but I saw he was anxious to be

off again to his dinner, so I let him go.

I went to the glass—and recoiled; I hardly knew myself. My hair lay damply on my forehead, my face was very pale, and there was the baunted look in my eyes I had seen in his. Very soon the door opened-I started nervously; but it was only the Colonel with a steaming tumbler. "Look here," he said, "just drink this off and get into bed, you'll be all right in the morning." I did so, and the punch, which was, I suppose, a pretty stiff mixture, did send me off into a heavy dreamless sleep, which lasted till my blinds were drawn up by my servant in the morning, letting in the bright sunshine, which speedily dispelled the illusions of the previous nightfor illusions I was fain to believe them -in the face of the bright wintry landscape before; me, and the cheery sounds of life in a country house, which stole up to my ears through the echoing corridors.

A whole day in the saddle, and a splendid run, followed by a cosey game of billiards with Miss Mabel Armitage before dinner, decided me, ghosts or no ghosts, not to show myself ungrateful to my kind hosts by out-ting short my visit as I had thought of doing when my first impressions were strong upon me. And I found no reason to regret this decision when a most enjoyable ball was followed by another night, or portion of a night, of unbroken slumber,

The next day we spent in the covers, the adies came out to give us our luncheon, and came home to dress for dinner in a most ubilant frame of mind, much inclined to put my faith to the touch with Miss Mabel; hoping that, he my desserts as small as they might, I should win, not "lose it all." Some country neighbors were expected to dinner, and I was standing in a deep window-seat with Manel and listening to her merry descriptions of them as they were ushered into the room by the stately butler—when "Sir George and Miss Hillyard" were announced, and there entered, dressed in white, the girl I had seen in my dream! I stood transfixed, and Mabel exclaimed;

"Oh, Capt. Bruce, what is the matter?" But I could not answer. Before my eyes rose again that darkened room, that funeral bed, and the lifeless form of her who now advanced toward me, led by Mrs. Armitage.

engaged to Lovett, of the —th, and they are to be married soon after Easter. For good —The rest of ness, sake, don't go and frighten her by star-

ing like a death's head."
"I can't take her down to dinner," I said, "I should be sure to make a fool of myself, "9omehow."

"Very well," he replied, "you can takein Mabel and I will arrange it." So it was, but though I was some way from Miss Hildyard, I couldn't help watching her felt an almost irresistible desire to flight, but and picturing how differently I had first seen again the same inexplicable force urged me her face. I longed to confide in Mabel, but Col. Armitage's injunction silenced me; and she, with gentle fact, forebore to remark my evident disturbance, and talked easily on There lay a young, and, as far as I could evident disturbance, and talked easily on see, beautiful girl; dressed as a bride, in indifferent subjects till I was able to collect

myself. Indeed, so charming was she that at last the demon of superstition was successfully exorcised, and I could talk and laugh like

anybody else. After dinner I even ventured to accost Miss Hildyard, whom I found very agreeable, with nothing in the least supernatural about her; so once more I made up my mind that I was the victim of some extraordinary hallucination, and resolved to think of it no more. Well—time passed; I was obliged to say good-by to my kind friends with much regret (though it was tempered by a whispered assurance from Mabel that I might come and see her in London), and returned to my duties.

One day, soon after my return, I was drive ing down St. James street in a hansom with my young brother, when I discerned a figure in the distance walking before us which seemed familiar. The back only was visible, but somehow I knew that tall figure, those broad shoulders, that alert, regular stride.

As we passed he turned his face towards us, and—good heavens! it was he, my guide that terrible night at Medlicott. I could not be mistaken in those features, those eyes, though they had lost the wild, hunted look I remembered so well.

Was I awake or dreaming ? I stopped the cab, to my brother's intense surprise, jumped out, with what intention I hardly knew, and rapidly followed him. He turned up King street and went into a house, opening the door with a latchkey, and shutting it behind him. I remained hesitating—what should I do next? I decided on ringing the "Why?" I said, rather nettled, "how do oell; it was answered by a decorous-looking

"What is the name of that gentleman who

has st gone in here?" "Mr. Lovett, sir, of the —th," was the re-ply. I felt stinned. Surely this was more than a coincidence!

The servant looked doubtfully at me. "Want to see him, sir?" "N-no-" I stammered, quite unable to make up my mind. Fortunately at this moment my hansom, which had followed me, came up, and I jumped in, leaving the man gazing after me. At that momunt, in his opinion, I was clearly a suitable patient for Colney Hatch !

Now, what shall I do? Shall I call on Mr. Lovett, and speak to him, or should I warn Miss Hildyard? What proof had I. What right, a perfect stranger, to interfere with the private concerns of two people whom I had never met, never even heard the names of before?

Besides, after all, what had I to tell. The dream of a disordered imagination! I should only be laughed at for my pains and treated with incredulity. But again, ought I to keep such an extraordinary occurrence from the with incredulity. But again, ought I to keep I answer none of them. I did so once. I such an extraordinary occurrence from the told my story to a man I met by chance—one knowledge of the two principal actors? I renowned for medical skill and kindliness. He thought over this question till my brain reeled, and feeling at last that every one to whom I dared confide either treated the facts as impossible or laughed me to scorn at the notion of thinking seriously of believing such off my head, for I could eat nothing, drank a wildly imaginary case—as, of course, I choose, and none shall gainsay me! For the remarks and condolences, while the dead face to let things take their course, and be guided

sweetest lips that ever breathed. I implored for a short engagement, and her mother being a tender hearted old lady promised I should not have to wait long, and our marriage was tory. settled to take place as scon after Easter as possible,

In the meanwhile I waited as patiently as might be, spending my time between business in London and flying visits to friends for hunting, etc., until a week before the day

friends in the Isle of Wight, asking me to love) to cleausing fire and pure air than to lay come down for a ball at Ryde. As I had nothing particular to do, and Mabel was away on a visit, I accepted the invitation and foul and all uncorrection. went down the same day.

I found my friends had taken rooms in the hotel, and were a large and lively party. In the evening the waiter came to me and asked. apologetically, if I would mind changing my room, which was a large one, for another, as they had received a telegram from a young married couple engaging a room for that night, and, owing to the pressure caused by the ball, all their rooms were full, with the exception of a small one next to mine, which relation into its vault or hollow in the groundthey asked me to take. Of course I consented to the change, and my things were moved. After the ball I came to bed at ahout 3 o'clock in the morning, and was sitting by

my open window smoking a cigarette and listening to the duli boom of the waves, in a half sleepy condition, when there seemed to breathing came short almost in gasps, and I heard stealthy movements. The rest of the hotel was wrapped in sleep. I arose to my feet, feeling aure that something was wrong, when I heard a short struggle, a heavy fall, and a wild, plercing scream in a woman's voice, that haunts me still. I rushed to the door, and was met on the threshold by I knew it—the man I had seen in my vision before. He was in evening dress, much disordered, his shirt front and right arm were stained with blood, and in his right hand he grasped a razor, from which some ghastly drops still trickled. The light of insanity shone in his eyes, as, with a demoniacal shrick of laughter, he flung himself upon me.
Now began a most fearful struggle for life.
The manisc seemed to have the strength of

manuscript. He sat for a long time reflect ing on what he had read. The great family mystery, and with it many other mysteries, was now cleared up, and like many other mysteries, things, seemed so simple and so plain that he woolded he had not greated in that the woolderd he had not greated in that the woolden had crowded in afternoon the boards.

The great family in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres came fore, and like in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres came fores, and like it woold in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres came forest impetiously, to enter, and like it woold in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres came fores, and like it woold in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres came forest impetiously, to enter, and like it woold in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres came forest impetiously, to enter, and like it woold in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres and locked in a dream in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres and locked in a dream in a dream, but saw allock of surprise cross lemotres came forest impetiously, to enter, and like it woold in a dream, but s took Col. Armitage aside, and wnippered to hair on nail of the bed lay that inanimate him; "For heaven's sake, Armitage, am I form, blood stains all over the clothes and mad? That is the girl." He shook me im patiently by the shoulder and said. "Pon me stood dumb, as in a sort of stupor, I my word, Brace, I begin to think you are approached the bed and recognized the many recognized the features of her whom I had known as Agnes

The rest of my story is soon told. I had to give evidence before the magistrates as to what I had seen and the unfortunate Lovett, who had suck into a state of insensibility, was removed to the nearest asylum, pending the arrival of his friends. he arrival of his friends.
\Liound that I had received in my struggle

with him a severe wound in the shoulder, the loss of blood from which, acting upon a highly excited brain, caused a severa illness which confined me to my room for many weeks, during much of which time I was delirious.

When at last, much reduced in strength, and with my nerves considerably shattered, I crept out into the sunshine, I felt that my youth had left forever. I was ordered a long sea voyage, and my brave and loving Mabel insisted upon our immediate marriage, so that she could accompany and nurse me. To her naselfish care I owe not only my life but, what was thought almost doubtful at one time, my reason; for the misery of regret I suffered, added to the horor of the events, preyed upon my nerves to such an extent that I was nearly sinking into a state of settled melancholia.

However change of scene and her bright and tender companionship acted like a charm, and before many months my health was reestablished, but my haunting self-reproach can never be stilled.

Had it not been for my cowardly fear of ridicule, perchance this terrible tragedy might have been averted. Evan if I had been look. ed upon as a visionary, it might have come to light that their was incanity in the Lovett family (as I have since learned was the case), and the poor girls relations might have delayed or even prevented the marriage. Who knows? I cannot enter into the vexed question of psychics. All I know is that these events happened to me exactly as I have written them down, and if I did not act upon them it was not because I had not been forewarned .- London Society.

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER I.

I, who wrote this, was a dead man. Dead legally—dead by absolute throofs—dead and buried! Ask for me in my native city and they will tell you I was one of the victims of the cholera that ravaged Naples in 1844, and that my mortal remains lie moldering in the funeral vault of my ancestors. Yet * I funeral vault of my ancestors. Yet * * I live! I fieel the warm blood coursing through my veins—the blood of thirty summers;—the prime of early manhood invigorates me, and makes these eyes of mine keen and brightthese muscles strong as iron—this hand powerful of grip—this well-knit form erect and proud of bearing. Yes! * I am alive, though declared to be dead; alive in the fulness of manly force-and even sorrow has left few distinguishing marks upon me, save one. My hair, once ebony black, is white as a wreath of Alpine snow, though its clustering curls are

thick as ever. "A constitutional inheritance?" asked one

physician, observing my frosted locks.

"A sudden shock?" suggested another.

"Exposure to intense heat?" hints a third. heard me to the end in evident incredulity and alarm, and hinted at the possibility of

madness. Since then I have never spoken.
But now I write. I am far from all persecution—I can set down the truth fearlessly.

I can dip the pen in my own blood if I A week or two passed. I had seen Mabel several times and at last ventured on asking her that question on which all my happiness depended. I need not describe here my joy of Heaven. Within this charmed circle of the region of t of a virginal nature, almost unbroken by the of Heaven. Within this charmed circle of rest I dwell—here I lift up my overburdened heart like a brimming cualice, and empty it on the ground, to the last drop of gall contained therein. The world shall know my his-

Dead, and yet living ! How can that be ?you ask. Ah, my friends! If you seek to be rid of your dead relations for a certainty, you should have their bodies cremated. Otherwise there is no knowing what may happen! Crehunting, etc., until a week before the day mation is the best way—the only way. It is that I felt sure would secure my life-long bappiness.

One morning I received a note from some the remains of what we loved (or pretended to foul and all unnameable—long worms—sliny creatures with blind eyes and useless wings—abortions and deformities of the insect tribe born of poisonous vapor—creatures the very sight of which would drive you. O delicate woman, into a fit of hysteria, and would provoke even you. O strong man, to a shudder of repulsion. But there is a worse thing than these merely physical horrors which come of sould Christian braid. called Christian burish—that is, the terrible un-certainty. What, if after we have lowered the narrow strong box containing our dear deceased what, if after we have worn a seemly garb of woe, and tortured our faces into the fitting expression of gentle and nations melancholywhat, I say, if after all the reasonable precautions taken to insure sefety, they should setually prove insufficient? What,—if the actually prove insufficient? What,—if the prison to which we have constituted the deeplyhalf sleepy condition, when there seemed to come over me again that strange chill of fear I had felt once before. My senses seemed preternaturally sharpened, and, above the gentle rush of the waves, I could hear somebody breathing in the next rcom. I listened intently—fearing I knew not what—the breathing came short almost in gasps, and I secure and classical method of cremation? Especially if we had benefited by worldly goods or money left to us by the so deservedly lamented! For we are self-deceiving hypo-crites—few of us are really sorry for the dead—few of us remember them with any real tenderness or affection. And yet, God knows! they may need more pity than we dream of!
But let me to my task. I, Fabio Romani,
lately deceased, am about to chronicle the
events of one short year—a year in which was
compressed the agony of a long and tortured
lifetime. One little year!—one sharp thrust

from the dagger of Time! It pierced my heart the wound still gapes and bleeds, and every drop of blood is tainted as it falls!

One suffering, common to many, I have never known—that is,—poverty. I was born rich. When my father, Count Filippo Romani, died, leaving me then a lad of seventeen, sole heir to The maniac seemed to have the strength of the room by the stately butler—when "Sir ten men, while the whole of my being seemed leaving me, then a lad of seventeen, sole heat of his enormous possessions,—sole head of his lad seen in my dream!

I stood transfixed, and Mabel exclaimed: which he held his waspon. However, I was could not answer. Before my eyes, rose and the liteless form of her who now advanced toward me, led by Mrs. Armitage.

"Miss Hildyard, Capt, Bruce." I bowed as ""Miss Hildyard, Capt, Bruce." I bowed as ""Miss