

and pattered like little cottage, where dwelt in love to-

r, and the widow, Arthur's knock, floor. The hostler to see Charles im- on in a moment, rapidly as possi-

in a private room, m he could not murderer had ar- night. He con- detention by an so sure that the that he had sent a of the village to e the guilty. and though the patient, the land- gh for the others

d of the suspicions en they dropped ally. All enter- of the means pro- manner from room he stamped w near the blaz- a stout, grizzled gloomily playing

Charles. evil things, have gloomy side." out it!" was the

drawn around the to a natural topic g storm without witches of olden who still believed ty natural tran- ces, among which ed. The sullen this turn in the ne opened his lips rief in ghosts. ou will not find with you in your has been along the what they dare not ther can they dis- it, and those who res."

out it," said the was giving a pre-

l began in a weak, t, and since neigh- y, and I'll have u about it, though t."

er, fiercely. h the wood that close my ears to re than half-way led like a leaf. It

y anyone cried or rterbuted stranger. a long moan or ed through blood.

stranger. For a yzed with dread. slightly, as if to slysked, sneeringly, n old times, when

heard it myself, ago. orow, and he re- n was resumed and anger seeming to terror.

es, "and that is y stones would cry murdered testify, the belief of the touches them."

"How so?" asked a traveller who was present.

"It is an old usage," replied Charles, disregarding the winks and coughs of the landlord, "to make a knife and fork handle of a bone of the murdered man, and to place them at every stranger guest's plate at the public inn. If the murderer should take them up, they will adhere to his hands, and so convict him. Now our landlord here has such a knife and fork. I have been looking at them to-night—they have a skull and cross-bones traced on them. They have never convicted anyone yet."

"But they may," said the Justice; "for I have heard that the test has been tried hereabouts and found true."

"Well, I've no need to be afraid to touch them, thank heaven!" said the traveller who had asked about them.

The gloomy stranger's face was hidden by his handkerchief, which he pretended to be using.

"Supper is ready," screamed a shrill voice from the kitchen. All received a hearty invitation from the landlord to partake of it, and all rose, but the stranger fell back to his seat again, for his knees refused to support him. He stooped to pick up his handkerchief, and the others passed on to the table before him. It would have been regarded by them all as proof positive that he dared not undergo the trial, being guilty, had he refused to come to the table; but he did not, he soon followed them, and took the vacant seat.

His hard old features were pale and ghastly. His eyes rested with horrid fear on his knife and fork. They were common-looking enough—he saw no death's head. His color came back, and he looked up boldly, but as his glance travelled around it met every eye keenly bent upon him, and there was a dread, awful silence. He paled slowly before the fixed and suspicious gaze, but turning his eyes slowly away from its fascination, he again looked at the knife and fork narrowly. He saw the fatal sign, and he fell back insensible.

"It is the judgment of Providence," said the landlord, solemnly; and the Justice said, "Amen!"

"It is the power of conscience," said Charles, triumphantly.

It began, however, to seem not the legitimate thing. They wished to see the knife and fork adhere, and these soon busied themselves in endeavoring to revive the senseless man. They partially succeeded; a strong shudder passed through the huge, stout frame, and he opened his eyes. After vacantly staring for some minutes, he suddenly started up, looked with bold defiance into every eye, and though his face and limbs twitched convulsively, he seemed to be recalling the force of his will.

Pressing his hand for a moment over his ungovernable features, he burst into a mocking laugh, and seized the fatal tests. Instantly his hands closed upon them, and he was thrown into frightful convulsions.

It was not over for an hour. Even after death, the rigid hands could not be made to unclose, and he was buried with those tokens of his guilt still grasped tightly.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was "Visitation of God." In our day it would probably have been "Epilepsy."

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When supper is served, a boy will look out for some little girl to wait on, and bring her what she asks for, a plate of oysters or a cup of beef tea, which is fashionable for parties now, or some cold tongue first, cake and jelly with ice-creams, and the grapes and candy afterward, if there are such things. But a gentleman does not take his supper till he sees that whoever he waits on has all she wants first. At a sit-down supper people look out for themselves more. Don't try to eat all the good things you can, and don't carry off anything in your pocket to eat afterwards. Don't be greedy, and what is more, don't speak of it if you see anyone else greedy. Remember the good old rabbi who was wakened by one of his twelve sons saying, "Behold, my eleven brethren lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep, too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's wrong.—Wide Awake.

Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.

A charade that may be acted by some of the young members of the household; it will be amusing to the old, and preferable to many other amusements.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. OSBORNE, a young widow. COLONEL HECTOR O'LEARY, } her suitors. MR. LINDSAY,

PROPERTIES.

Furniture for a Parlor. Table, Books, Bell, etc.

Mrs. Osborne.—Another bouquet, and with it this time a copy of verses. This is the fourth bouquet within two days, and I strongly suspect the giver is a handsome young officer who so gallantly stopped my horse as he was going toward the river, rather faster than his mistress's inclinations warranted. What a fascinating bow he made, and how beautiful his smile was! Pshaw! I am thinking of him again, and at such a time! when I am expecting Mr. Lindsay, the young millionaire, to visit me, and, I strongly suspect, propose to me. I will accept him. He is young, so am I. Handsome! I, too, or my glass deceives me. Rich, and I am not poor. He is a fool, and I am not, so I will rule. My dear departed Osborne was an old tyrant, and when I marry again, I am determined to be the head of the house. Lindsay is not so handsome as the young officer. Bah! I am thinking of him again. He fairly haunts me. [Takes the verses from bouquet, and puts them in her bosom. Bell rings.] Ah! here comes my future lord and master!

Enter COLONEL O'LEARY.

[Aside.] The young officer! Colonel. Madam, I have dared, uninvited, to intrude myself upon [the notice of one, whose beauty has—

Mrs. Osborne, (haughtily.) Enough, sir! Intrusion is the proper word, and as you find it is so, you will, of course, instantly free me from it.

Colonel. Nay, I have dared so much, that I cannot consent to abandon the siege before a single shot is fired.

Mrs. Osborne. Sir, this is unwarrantable. A stranger—

Colonel, (pointing to bouquet.) Madam, you hold my card.

Mrs. Osborne, (tossing it aside.) So, you are the person who pesters me with flowers, and—copies of verses. Such verses!

Colonel, (eagerly.) Then you have read them? Mrs. Osborne, (aside.) What a goose I am! [Aloud.] You will allow me to return them, sir.

Colonel. You are cruel. Never mind. Some day you'll read, cherish, nay, love them.

Mrs. Osborne. Sir!

Colonel, (handing her a chair.) Pray be seated, madam. It must fatigue you to stand so long.

Mrs. Osborne, (aside.) His impudence is really refreshing. [Aloud.] Mr.—

Colonel. Colonel Hector O'Leary, madam, at your service.

Mrs. Osborne. Colonel O'Leary, I have already stated that you intrude. Will you force me to dismiss you in a more decided manner? [Takes up a bell from the table.

Colonel. Madam, a gentleman never remains where his presence is distasteful to a lady, yet if you will allow me just five minutes I will then release you, never to intrude again. [Aside.] Now, old fellow, your time is limited, be awake; she's worth the trouble. By Jupiter, what a perfect hand that is upon the bell, and what a queenly air she has!

Mrs. Osborne. Be it so, then. Five minutes. [Places her watch upon the table.] Now, sir, your errand.

Colonel, (also seating himself.) If you have read my verses, you will see how fierce a flame consumes my heart.

Mrs. Osborne. I think there is something about a flame. [Looks round.] Where are they?

Colonel. I have not seen them.

Mrs. Osborne, (taking them out of her dress.) Oh, I remember. I have no pocket, so I slipped them in here.

Colonel, (aside.) Next her heart, by Cupid!

Mrs. Osborne. Now, let us see what it is. Oh! by the way, here is a line about black eyes. Mine are blue.

Colonel. Blue?

Mrs. Osborne. Yes. Can't you see that?

Colonel, (rising, and standing directly facing her.) Are you sure?

Mrs. Osborne, looking up at him.) Yes; see! Colonel, (bending over her.) I see such a flood of light, with two dazzling meteors in the midst, that I am bewildered, and cannot judge of color.

Mrs. Osborne. Flatterer! [Looks down.

Colonel. Nay, now you veil them, and I am in the dark again.

Mrs. Osborne, (looking again at the verses.) There is another error.

Colonel, (kneeling, so as to bring his face on a level with hers, and looking also at the paper.) Where?

Mrs. Osborne, (pointing to a line.) Here! You speak of my image haunting you, and the agony of seeing me and not being able to pour out your—your—What is this word?

Colonel. Love!

Mrs. Osborne. So it is—love. Now this is a false statement. You never see me.

Colonel. There's not a day when from my heart there does not rise a vision, seen once, never forgotten. A face so fair, that were the queen of beauty, Venus, to rise again from the sea, she'd throw herself upon its waves, so envious—

Mrs. Osborne. Ah, I understand; see me in imagination.

Colonel. Mrs. Osborne. Clara!

Mrs. Osborne. Why, who told you my name was Clara?

Colonel. Ah, love is a keen detector. I took some trouble to find out the first name of the future Mrs. O'Leary. [Rises.

Mrs. Osborne. Future Mrs. O'Leary?

Colonel. Certainly! You do not imagine I sent bouquets, saved you from drowning, or at least a wet habit, and finally found my way into your presence, without some hope of reward?

Mrs. Osborne. This is the most unparalleled assurance I ever heard of. Colonel O'Leary, if I have ever—

Colonel. Oh no, you never have, but you will. I do not wish to hurry you. I allowed a whole week for courtship, and then—Clara—

Mrs. Osborne. This is too much. I blame myself severely for having permitted your stay for so long a time. I have the honor, sir, to wish you a very good morning! [Attempts to pass him.

Colonel, (standing before her.) Not so. Do not leave me in anger. Forgive me, believing it was only my deep, earnest love that—

Mrs. Osborne. Enough, sir!

Colonel. Well you silence even my excuse? My passion is my only apology. If you will not heed that, I am indeed, despairing.

Mrs. Osborne. Allow me, if you please, to pass.

Colonel. When may I call again?

Mrs. Osborne, (amazed.) Call again?

Colonel. To-day, or to-morrow?

Mrs. Osborne. To-day?

Colonel. So soon. Thanks! I will be punctual. [Seizes her hand, kisses it, and exit.

Mrs. Osborne. Did ever a poor woman have such a suitor? To-day! No, that will never do. I will tell the servants not to admit him. [Goes toward door.

Enter MR. LINDSAY.

Mr. Lindsay. G-o-o-d morning. [Bows, and drops his hat; in attempting to pick it up, drops his cane; tries to get that, and steps into his hat; finally leaves both, and sits down.]

Mrs. Osborne, (concealing a smile.) Good morning, Mr. Lindsay. [Silence for a moment.] Fine weather, Mr. Lindsay.

Mr. Lindsay. V-e-r-y—very fine. I—I— [Stops, embarrassed.

Mrs. Osborne. We have had such lovely weather, lately. I have enjoyed my rides on horseback very much. Do you ride, Mr. Lindsay?

Mr. Lindsay. I—yes—when—you know—if the—on a gentle horse—I—I—[Stops again; tries to pick up his cane, almost loses his balance, and sits very erect.]

Mrs. Osborne. It is a delightful recreation. [Silence again.] Mr. Lindsay. I call—to—to—ask—that—if— Mrs. Osborne, (looking at him, with grave attention.) Yes.