

Wildly he sprang up. Despair spoke from his eyes. His gaze passed searchingly round the room. He was about to leave the house; his mother held him back. In his face she had read what was passing on within him.

"Heinrich, whither are you going?" she asked.

"To the Castle," he replied.

"What to do there?" she asked, still more anxiously.

"What to do there?" repeated Heinrich. "I will go to my father, I will fetch him back by force. I do not fear the bailiff, nor the Count either! I shall meet them without fear. They have only one life. Do you think that no one can hurt the Count? He is only a human being like you and me, and when he is dead he will not be able to beat his serfs any more."

"Heinrich!" cried his mother, "will you plunge yourself and all of us into still greater misery?"

Marie, too, seized his hand and implored him sobbing to remain with them. Her words calmed him. He saw that he could not save his father by a deed of violence, but would only make his condition worse. And yet the dark thoughts which had once taken possession of him did not leave him. Day and night they pursued him: so that each day his agony increased.

There was a savage feeling within him, such as he had never experienced before. He avoided his fellows, he wished to be alone. In the forest, or out in the fields, he would sit apart, in a solitary spot alone, brooding darkly over his misery.

Old Rude's house had been fitted up for him and Marie; the door was wreathed around with fresh, green leaves, they were withered now with his hopes, with the entire happiness of his life. Since that sad day he had not entered that house. He feared to come in contact with the old man. Had he not told him not to believe in the friendly disposition of the Count? Had he not told him that the lord of the manor had given his consent in order to make him all the more wretched afterwards? Every one of his words had been fulfilled.

Days had passed since Schober had been taken to the Castle. Still the unhappy man sat in prison, with composure looking forward to his fate. In vain had Marie implored the Count's daughter to put in a kind word of mediation to her father for the poor man, in vain had several peasants gone to the Castle to beg the Count to remit Schober's punishment—he had driven them off with angry words. For the very reason that this man was beloved by all in the village he wished to exercise all his power and severity over him, in order to intimidate the others. Moreover, he had cherished for years a secret grudge against him. He was embittered because Schober had never given him any cause to punish him. He was vexed that Schober should, by industry and economy, have risen to prosperity. That he held his head higher than the other serfs, and that he had had his boy taught by the pastor. This long-standing grudge he would now be able to satisfy.

In a dark and angry mood the Count was pacing up and down the Castle-yard; the bailiff came up to him to ask him what was to be done with Schober.

"How does the fellow behave in prison?" inquired the Count.

"As proudly as ever," replied the bailiff; "not a single complaint, not even a word, has escaped his lips. As often as I have gone to him I have found him sitting with his head resting on his hand. He has not even looked at me. I know the man—his neck will never be bent."

"I will bend it!" exclaimed the Count. "I will bend it, even if I must break it! He has no desire to open his mouth, to ask my pardon—I will drive him to it, so that he shall cling to my knees! I will bend the strong will of this man!"

(To be continued.)

WHO BEGAN IT?

BY LUCY E. TILLEY.

'Twelve sweet little jonquil maidens,
So solemn and quaint and fair,
Their little white sunbonnets wearing,
Were allowed to take the air;
They had many an admonition
As to how they must behave;
They were never to talk to strangers,
But be maidenly and grave.

Surely they meant to remember,
But right in the maidens' way
Stood twelve little daffodil laddies.
So dashing and bright and gay.
Just then, too, a bobolink whistled
In the maple tree, by chance,
The cunningest waltz, and straightway
One and all began to dance.

The soft spring breezes applauded;
Yellow caps and bonnets white
Went bobbing and swaying together,
And all were happy and bright.
Ah, me! just then they were searched for,
Alas! for the maidens grave,
Alas! for the daffodil laddies,
So dashing and blithe and brave!

The daffodils said 'twas the jonquils
Who began the dance that day;
While the jonquils said with decision
'Twas quite the other way;
That "The daffodils began it,
And went dancing to and fro,
Till we had to move a little,
'To keep out of the way, you know."

While I, who had seen from the window,
So knew who "began" quite well,
Laughed soft to myself in the shadow,
And of course would never tell.

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Happiness, of whatever kind, needs utterance, prompt and joyful. Sadness and gloom, pain and distress, may well have the shield of silence to prevent their diffusion, but everything that is bright, cheery, and delightful, should be shared and spread as far as possible. Yet how frequently is this reversed, and the misfortunes of life are disclosed in all their details while its blessings are passively accepted without remark! The shadows are eagerly described, while of the sunlight nothing is said.

♦♦♦

Mrs. Breezy (with hammer)—"There, I've hit the nail on the head at last."

Mr. Breezy—"Why do you put your finger in your mouth?"

Mrs. Breezy—"That was the nail I hit."