POOR COPY

was a mystery. The boy took no no. e at the first.³ He never spoke to me came into the room; he passed me in as if he did not see ine; indeed, he has at manner to my he did not see me_1 ast for him. I was well content that d be; but, after I had been there a Mr. Brand began 'to make distinct between us. When he met me in the fields he made mouths at me, at table kick me silently, and whenever I caught made hideous grimaces, muttering in made indeous grimaces, mutaring in provincial accent, "Mad dog! mad hang mad dogs hereaway!" His in-d brutality increased daily, and Brand d him. This was the mystery. Why wish this lad to hate me ?

is a plot underneath it all which I tor-seelf to discover. Day and night the united me, till i felt growing orazed unted me, till i felt growing crazed i and terror. I could not conceal my s of the youth-I was too nervous for hide the fear with which that wicked of me. ed me. I was as helpless as the poor in there, and as thoroughly the victim of fate

ht Master George had been more than tolerable to me. He had struck me misfortunes, and spoken with brutal of my family. It was a wild winter's the howling wind shook the windows e panes; a fearful night, making all freedom and escape impossible; I necessitated one to be content with fireside, and forbade the idea of wanther. Yet it was something worse to me to be shut up in that mean its squalid furniture and scanty fire. companions, and to feel that I could from them-that they might ill treat me, persecute me as they would, and d to bear all without protection or scape. The storiny night had excit-I felt less than ever able to bear all ce and brutality heaped upon me. ter George struck me again, and cal-ad dog," something seemed to take something seemed to take My timidity and nervousness of me nd I felt as if swept away in a very assion. I do not know now what it said or did, but I remember rising from my place, and pouring out a oitterness and reproach. I was alscious of what I was doing, for I was the moment insane, but I remember 'You shall die! you shall die!" risream through the room. I have not tracollection of how I left the par-w I got to my own chamber, but it dhight when I awoke from what must kind of swoon, and found myself floor.

was still raging, howling through utside, tearing down branches, and he dead leaves like flakes of frozen he ground. Every door and window ghout the old house, and the wind the chimneys came startling like the fired beings. Confused and giddy, I my trance. stiff with cold, and nscious. But as my brain grew But as my brain grew ew also feverish, and I knew there or me to-night. My hearing began to gly soute, and every painful t ought tance of my life to rise up before force and vividness of living scenes sent to my senses. I paced my to time in a state of despair. wrings and subbing violently, but without legrees a little calinness came to me. I to go down stairs for a book. I ome quiet, calm, religious book. soothe me like a spiritual opiate, out of the abyss of misery into sunk. What friend, indeed, had I save the Great Father above us ? ed the door I fancied I heard a be along the passage. I held my sten, shading the candle with my as not deceived; there was a step ively over the creaking boards in of Master George's room. I shrank door-way. Yet there was nothing A quiet footfall at midnight might ounted for ; why should it affect me and dread ? and why should I feel ering impulse to go toward the carcely knew what I expected to ething stronger than myself seemne to the discovery of something placing the candle on the floor. I ssly along the passage, every nerve utmost tension orge slept in a room at the end of s gallery, which ran at right angles in which my room was situated. d Mr. and Mrs. Brand's. Master d the kitchen stairs, and was proant's room, but she had been n closet near me. Mr. Brand not her holding so large a chamber for ar willing to allow the boy anything ass. When I stood by my door I and Mrs. Brand's room; but it oing the whole length of the back hat I could get to Master George's. ow: however, along the staircase aid hear his heavy snoring breath. another sound. I heard a maa's m; I heard the boards oreak and as softly rustle ; I heard an imatient kind of moan as of some one disturbed books and tables; dust on the pictures on the

patient kind of moan as of some one disturbed in his sleep, and then a heavy blow a stifled groan, a man's deep drawn breath, and the quick, sharp drip of something spilt woon the foor. Dumb from terror, I stood in the door-way of the boy's room. Pale, heavy, motion-less on the bed lay the youth, his large limbs carelessly flang abroad in unconsciousness of sleep, and his face as calm and quiet as if still dreaming. The sheets were wet with blood-red—the light of the candle glistening upon a small red stream that flowed over the side of the bed, on the floor beneath. At a little distance stood Mr. Biand, wiping a knife on a handker-chief. He turned and our eyes met. He came up to me with an oath, caught me by the throat and drew his knife across my hands. I remem-ber no more until I awoke in the broad daylight and found myself in the midst of a crowd gath-ered cound my bed.

and of und my ked:
Curious eyes stared at me ; harsh voices; and I keard myself braaded with the burning; and of Murderess. Red tracks måde by av feet-led from worms is naked feet-anade by my feet-led from the boy's room to mine ; each track plaining; mine of Murderess. Red tracks måde by av feet-led from swama's feet, and of none other. There was on explaining away these marks and signs of thing that we look upon diale. Who would believe me a half-mad lov-ry syns, in a keet there also of thing that we look upon offending. Had not this unfueppy youth noto-riously offended, and had I not, only that very evening, openly defied and threatened hing thade to an ausupported assertion, which eeen the case against me.
All day I ky there; all that weary solving fastened me with such at tand upon the solve advanta and with order and their the marks on the full performed the dust - to mark to the for hor hore ofter inough set down as manifued rawing, and only deepen the case against me.
All day I ky there; all that weary solving fastened me with cords, and left me ence man for the hight with a lunatio murderer, as I was ealled. So they went, and Mr. Brand hore, the night with a lunation murderer, as I was ealled. So they went, and Mr. Brand hore, the night with a lunation murderer, as I was ealled. So they went, and Mr. Brand hore, the night with a lunation murderer, as I was ealled. So they went, and Mr. Brand hore, the night with a lunation murderer, as I was ealled. So they went, and Mr. Brand hore, the night with a lunation murderer, as I was ealled. So they went, and Mr. Brand hole and the orgen the orgen to mark and the to man the orgen to mark a full the set and the add here track plain the soft went, and Mr. Brand hore, and the track plain the to statificate and there were all too much excited and over wrought to remain thou the night with a lunation murderer, as I was an was and the the mark and the track and more the trook went have never underestood the plain language of th

the night with a lunatio murderer, as I was called. So they went, and Mr: Brand locked to believe that a few of the apparently unaccount called. So they went, and Mr. Brand locked the door saying, as he turned away, "We must have no more such dangerous fits of madness. Miss Eifurt !" with a sneer on the word. I was too hopeless and desolate to think of any plan of escape, feasible or not. The reac-tion had set in. and I was content to lie there in quict, and to feel that I had done with life for-ever. It had not offered me so many joys that I should grieve to leave it, and for the shame-who cares for shame in the grave? No. I was content to have done with all that had weighed upon me so long and heavily. T had no one to mourn for me, no ene to love me, with a broken heart and sorrowing faith; I was alone—alone mourn for me, no one to love me; with a broken heart and sorrowing faith; I was alone—alone— and might die out at once, and sleep tranquilly in my murdered grave. And I was not unhap-py, thinking all these things. Perhaps my brain was slightly paralysed, so that I could not suffer. However, it might be, it was a merciful moment of calm. It was nearly three o'clock when I heard a light hand upon the door. The key was turned softly in the lock, and, pale and terrible, like an avenging ghost, the poor bereaved mother glided

sorting word, she gave me no kind look, no pitying human touch, but ip a strange, weak, was way, she unbound me limb by limb, until I

The second secon DUST. FRENCH PRAYERS.—During the long French war two old ladies in Stranzaer were going to the kirk, one said to the other. "Was it not a won-derful thing that the Breetish were are victori-ous over the French in battle ?" "Not a bit," every picture; you may wipe all about the book-shelves and the floor with a damp cloth; and yet, after all your labor, there will be dust; Dust flying in the air; dust sottling on the understail them." FRENCH PRAYERS .- During the long French

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April 13, 1861.