

del, finishing some ruffles in lace and ribbon, and singing softly to herself, when suddenly the house was filled with sharp cries.

An old man servant, while cutting the grass upon the lawn, had wounded himself severely. The doctor was sent for at once, but was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding to death.

Suddenly Ella Halfont remembered that Mr. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though he had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her to call upon one who was soon to be her protector, in a moment of anxiety. She would call him herself, that there might be no delay, and, seizing her garden hat, she ran along a little path that led from her grounds to that of Mr. Humphries, climbed a low fence, to save time which would have been lost in reaching a gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terrified and distressed. She felt rather injured that such an unpleasant thing as the wounding of poor Zebedee should have happened on the eve of her wedding day. Ten minutes after she thought of her self at that moment as utterly at ease—wonderfully happy—for as she reached those windows and peeped half timidly through the curtains, a thing happened that made all she had ever suffered appear as nothing.

The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out of a conservatory. She saw Colonel Humphries, busy with some rare plants he had just set out in the warm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward, proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that had been set ready for him. He was close to Ella Halfont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him. Why did she not speak and call him by name? Why did she sink down upon her knees and clasp her hands and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: Upon that right arm, to which she was about to give the right to clasp her in tenderest embrace, she saw a terrible mark—a mark she had seen once before. She knew its shape and size, and color. Her eyes had been riveted upon it as the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended, grasped her dying husband's throat. She had learned it all by heart; she could not be deceived. Though years had rolled away, that horrible marked arm was not to be forgotten or mistaken for any other.

Suddenly Colonel Humphries felt himself grasped by a hand that, small as it was, had the fierce clutch of a tiger's claw. The fingers closed over that red mark—a white face came close to his.

"You are my husband's murderer!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Then the two stood staring at each other. He made no denial. He only looked down at the red mark on his arm and cursed it aloud.

"How dare you make love to me?" she gasped. "You—"

"Because I loved you," he said. "Woman, if I had not fallen in love with you that night I should have killed you also. It was risking my life to spare you, with your screams calling men to haunt me down—"

"Oh, if you had but killed me then!" she moaned.

"Well, I am at your mercy now," he said.

She answered:

"You can kill! I wish you would. I pray do it. You killed my husband. The murderer of my husband must be brought to justice, and I—yesterday, my own hour ago—loved you! Oh, God pity me! I loved this man, this thief, who came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered him!"

She remembered saying this. Afterwards a strange drowsiness overcame her. She seemed to let go her hold on the world. She faintly

recognized the fact that Colonel Humphries knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were blank hours, and strange wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight and found herself bound fast to the great armchair, long cords about her arms tying her hands and confining her feet.

So her servants found her; but she was the only living being in the great house. Colonel Humphries and his two black servants had vanished, no one knew whither.

The empty bottle of chloroform on the floor—the fact that he had left little behind him, and that he had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time, all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced—or had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track.

Ella Halfont lived through it all. She lives to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever seen her smile since that hour. No one will ever see her smile again; and from her deepest slumbers she often starts in terror fancying that she sees uplifted menacingly above her that cruel, terrible arm, masked with the blood-red stain. There is no hope of happiness for her, for she never can forget that this arm has also embraced her.

[For the Torch.]
JOTTINGS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Taking unto yourself a wife is a Miss taken notion.

The Undertaker sooner or later will overtake us.

To be witty a man must say a good deal. To be wise a man must say very little.

2 A. S. WIFE.—Adolphus! what's kept you to this hour again? Anonims—"He, I've been enjoying the—hic—legitimate dram—ah—hic."

Miss Howard's playing is perfection. How and she must have studied to be sure.

YOUNG LADY.—How delightful it must be to travel. I suppose you now have seen foreign places. SWELL.—Ah yes. I've been to, ah, distant, ah, climbs. N. H.—Climbing the rocks in Carleton was the extent of his experience.

THE ROAD SONG.

The teamster whistles, laughs and sings,

As he presses to and fro;

But he must be sad because his life

Is full of wheel and whorl.

—*Fulton Times.*

But, ah! the ombs he does invoke,

Amid the songs he's sang;

'Tis time the very wheels had spoke

'Gainst such a wiggla' tongue.

—*Chautauqua News.*

If, when he starts to travel home,

He sees his wagon mired,

He, like his wheels, will soon become

All mud and badly tired.

—*Ticksack Republic.*

But at the cottage door there stands,

His wife, with chubby cheeks,

The little Edloe claps his hands,

While mamma hugs her hub.

—*Ivanti Envy.*

But if a load he's got aboard,

Which seems a little bulky;

Forth will come his own accord

Who'd be a little sulky.

—*Whitehall Times.*

And then she'll scold, and sulk, and pout;

There'll be the "devil to pay"—

While he will giggle, laugh, and shout

"My (hic) darlin' what'd yer shay?"

Is the horse jockey a agriculturist?—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

[For the Torch.]

DIGGING FOR THE INFINITE.

If I were to dig a hole

To the centre of the world,

I wonder what I should find

Coiled up and on a bed?

Perhaps I should find hot water,

Perhaps a primeval wall;

Perhaps a mastodon's funny bone,

Perhaps nothing at all.

Perhaps I should find the d—l,

Curled up and quiet,

Perhaps he might come up the hole—

And so I won't try it.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

PROBABLE TEXT FOR THE GOVERNMENT NEXT FALL.—"The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved."—*Grip.*

Surely there is something new under the sun, in the case of a boy who has recently had his pants patched.—*Fulton Times.*

When you refrain from being mean to others, you are good to yourselves.—*Cinn. Breakfast Table.*

They have a police clerk at East St. Louis name Scullen. Wonder how he rows to the position.—*N. Y. News.*

Dr. Mary Walker deserves to be called the modern Venus de Medicines.—*New Haven Register.*

Every lady in a car is hand-sum when she is passing fair.—*Exchange.*

In a Kansas school girls who spell poorly are kissed by the boys. This makes all the girls have a poor spell.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The sheriff visited our town yesterday.—*Ex.* We warrant he has an attachment for the place.—*N. Y. News.*

"Goldsmith Mai" front gait: 2 14.—*Utica Observer.*

Competition is so strong among the cotton factories down east, that ten mills don't make a cent.—*Stamford Advocate.*

With the exception of delinquent subscribers, everything is about a fortnight earlier than usual this year.—*New Haven Register.*

The man who escapes in a ten-mile race with a county sheriff—although he is an inhabitant of this County, we should set him down for a far-runner.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Important, if true.—That strenuous efforts are being made to have the Government pension the punsters.—*N. Y. News.*

A boy with a patch on his knee can't be hired to go on an errand to next house, but he will follow a band wagon all over town, and never realize that he isn't dressed in broadcloth.—*Free Press.*

A Boston woman dislocated her shoulder the other day, while attempting to lift a pail of water to throw in her husband's face. When will women learn to call on the fire department when anything of this kind is to be done?—*Dunbury News.*

The *N. Y. Mail* had several copied "paragraphs" without credit, in its last issue. Before the next publication, the Sheriff had possession of the office, and the paper had ceased to appear.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A Boston man has a vest made by "Fanny Fern." We suppose he will be averse to Parton until he has to wear his clothes to somebody.—*N. Y. News.*