

its open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for it the next morning. But it was not the smoke that I cared so much about. I only knew that it curled upward from the fire-side where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke and dreamed as I watched—until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shimmering silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carry Mason. Before the mellow haze of autumn had dropped its dreamy hue on leaf and stream, I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home.

The leaves faded and the winter winds swept through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabin homes were bright and our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened and the birds returned we were to be married.

I was happy.

A winter evening party in a new country. Did you ever attend one, reader? There are large hearths and open hearts there to be found.

Carry and I were invited to attend the party. A rude "jumper" had been built, and in this we started. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the wide hearth, and old-fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall. But we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horse sped on the forest path.

Carry grasped my arm and whispered hist! "The wind shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side, and talked with less glee. In spite of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirits.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines, which shot upwards and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip, and he moved briskly through the woods.

Again Carry grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. With a heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of any danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm. I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood rush quickly back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrific, it burst out in an unearthly howl like a wail from the world of fiends. I heard it. Its dismal, heart-chilling echoes had not died away on the storm, when it was answered from a score of throats.

Merciful God! A pack of wolves were around us! In those dark woods at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry throats were fiercely yelling each other on to the feast.

For a moment, my senses reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily on my shoulder, and I aroused.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddened ones were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

That was a vain chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carry. The quiet cabin and the happy hearth at home, flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment, a dark shadow glided up by the side of our sleigh, and so cold and devilish a yell, I never heard since. My flesh crawled on my bones. A cold shiver ran to the heart and crept over my head as though the hairs were standing on end. Two orbs glared on like demon lights, and I could hear the panting of the eager beast.

Firmly grasping the lines and shouting sharply to the horse, we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act, the infernal chains again burst out in earnest, and their dark forms leaped in lengthened strides on either side of us. The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling devils kept peering forward to speak to Carry. I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead, his teeth shut with a vice-like snap, missing Carry, but stripping her shawl from her shoulders. With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of the seat.

God! It was horrible. We were to be eaten alive!

I became maddened—reckless. I shouted to the horse, now reeking with foam. We went at a fearful rate. The stumps, and roots and uneven places in the road, threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles ahead! O, for a world to give for home!

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a new danger. It was a difficult place, and not only danger of upsetting, but of being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to the clearing, than by the river. But I durst not attempt it with the sleigh.

On we sped! that infernal pack neck and neck with us, and every now and then, jaws shutting like steel-traps close to our persons! Once around that angle, and I hoped!

How madly I shouted to the noble brute! We neared the turn in that race for life.

Heavens! the infernal devils had crossed ahead and hung in dark masses ahead. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.

A few rods more! The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilishly than ever.

With a swoop the horse turned in spite of me. The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow. Away sped the horse, and my heart sunk as I heard his quick foot steps dying out towards home!

But I had no time to think. In truth, I can remember nothing distinctly. It all seems a nightmare which I can never forget.

The maddened pack had followed the horse, and shot by us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods. A shriek from Carry arrested them in their career. In an instant, they were upon us. I gave one long, desperate shout, in the hope of arousing the folks at the cabins. I had not time to shout again. Their hot breath burned upon me, and their dark masses gathered around like the shadows of doom. With a broken limb, I wildly kept them at bay for a moment; but fierce and closer surged the gnashing teeth. Carry lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more chance. A stunted pine grew upon the outer edge of the bank, and shot out nearly horizontally over the river below, full a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in the teeth of the pack with my cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy of despair, grasped Carry with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine. I thought not of danger—I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches, and breathed freer, as I heard the fierce howl of the baffled pack.

I turned my head, and God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along the trunk to our last refuge. Carry was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was within reach of my arm! I struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carry! O for help—for a weapon—for a foothold upon earth, where I could have grappled with the monster.

I heard the long fangs crunch into the flesh, and the smothered breathing as the wolf continued to make sure of his hold. O it was horrible. I bent him over the head, but he only deigned a munching growl. I yelled, cursed, wept, prayed; but the hungry devil cared not for curses or prayers. His companions were still whining, and venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carry. None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a wrench and nearly threw me from the pine. Carry was helpless and insensible. Even the crunching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deathly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf, and Carry's waist slipped from my clinging grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had not released his hold, but as if aware of danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carry.

The end had come! My brain reeled. The body of the wolf hung downward like a dark shadow into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils, and danced and flashed across my eye-balls. The corded muscles of the hand would relax and as they closed convulsively upon the eluding skirt. I began to gasp for breath. The black mass beneath me and wrenched, as if to deepen the hold. A cracking mingled with the humming noises in my ears, and the dress parted at the waist! I shrieked in and the swooping sound of the fall of the black and insidious, as they shot down, down into the abyss. I heard something like the bay of the old dog and the firing of guns—and heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away, before the delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, was prematurely old. The raven black locks of my youth, had changed to the silvery ones of eighty years of age. Look at this arm that clung to Carry! It withered. I never have raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and am covered with the cold, clammy sweat that gathered on me while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse, as he dashed into the ring, had aroused the people at home. The engine broken sleigh told a brief story. The howling wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and a house dog, they rushed to the scene. They found senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and feeling his way towards me. In turning at the moment of their approach, he slipped and went down to his death.

Our people looked long for Carry Mason but did not find her until next morning. They then went to the ice, and found her corpse. The wolves had picked her crushed bones—I thanked God for that. The fall had partially broken the ice, and the water had frozen and fastened her long black hair had floated out. The wolf had not released his grasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure shoulder.

The spring sunshine, and birds, and green leaves come again, as I tottered out. My sisters led a grave on the river's bank—the grave of all my hopes, and of all that I loved. The wild-flowers already starting on the sacred mound. I wept and blessed them, for they were blooming upon the grave of Carry.

Such was the fate of my first and only love.
—There never was but one Carry Mason!—
Chief.

Items of News—Foreign and Domestic

A resolution has been introduced in the Board of Health of New York city, to require a certificate from the public institutions under charge, except in cases prescribed by physicians.

At a recent Conference of Churches in Boston, Mass., the identical Bible used by Joan Rogers, martyr, and carried by him to the stake—one of the leaves of which bore the marks of the flames—was brought to the Conference by a descendant of the martyr.

Tall Drinking.—They have a bar-room in California one hundred and fifty feet long, in which forty bar-keepers are employed 14 hours out of 24, in retailing liquor, at twenty-five cents a gallon.

Chicago is the most rapidly growing city in the Western country. It has now a population of 600,000 (although but 25,000 in 1850,) and real estate selling at higher prices than can be obtained anywhere else. Its supremacy as the great metropolis of the West will not be long a matter of dispute.

Three hundred prisoners in the State Prison at Charlestown have petitioned the Legislature of the Maine Liquor Law. There are now 499 in the institution. Upward of fifty convicts in the New York prisons had already been total abstinence men.

The people of Indiana are petitioning the Legislature for the passage of a law which shall prohibit the wife, and all others injured by the sale of intoxicating liquors, may maintain an action against the vendor who furnishes the liquor.