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### A MARVELOUS EVENT.

Mrs. Janet Mowbray and her four sons lived in 1823 at Harwick Hall in the County of Durham, England. Mrs. Mowbray was a tall, powerful woman, of great energy and bravery, in her fifty-fourth year. Her sons were aged respectively thirty-four, twenty seven, twenty-four, and twenty-one.

Her husband had been dead many years. Her two eldest sons were married, and their wives and families lived with her. The youngest, George, was wild and dissipated, and had given his mother much trouble. He was deeply in debt, and had been repeatedly threatened with arrest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and kept in her bed-room, besides a quantity of valuable plate, a large sum of money.

On Christmas eve Mrs. Mowbray's son and daughter-in-law paid a visit to the residence of a relative, Mr. Chater, of Chatersburg. The domestics, relieved from duty, were in their own portion of the dwelling, enjoying the festivities of the season. The watchman, who was ordinarily on duty in the kitchen garden, took a hasty survey of his beat, and joined the revelers in the kitchen.

On Christmas night they were to have a small gathering of friends and neighbors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to consider the arrangements necessary. She would require the old punch-bowl and the ladles and goblets, which she kept in the closet of her bed-room. She went accordingly and entered the closet, and took out the silver and laid it on the shelf, ready for removal the next morning. And then she took out a large old-fashioned carving-knife and fork of a quaint pattern, and deposited them on the shelf, ready for removal the next morning. She then returned to the parlor. After sitting and musing for some time, she took up the Bible and fumbled for her spectacles. She could not find them, and at length remembered that she left them on the shelf in the closet. She at once returned for them. Entering her bed room, she placed the candle on the dressing table, and lighted a small lamp, with which she entered the closet.

As she took the first step inside the closet, she heard the sound of some one breathing heavily. She looked up, and saw right before her the face of a man. She was a brave, resolute woman. She advanced a