

of her only surviving parent, the old Earl of Moorland.

A pleasant smile parted the lips of the lovely girl, a bright color came to her cheek, as taking her hand the young lord bent low, saluting her with the graceful yet high-flown compliments of the day. The hand of Leonora was clenched as in sudden pain, while her dark eyes filled with a flashing light as she beheld the graceful form of Lord Clairmont bend to the child-like being before him. The next moment, and Clairmont, having lifted the Lady Clare to the saddle, sprang into his own, while the whole party rode slowly fourth.

Scarcely, however, had they cleared the little bridge which separated the castle from the open country, when Lord Clairmont drew in his rein, and with a brief excuse, wheeled his horse to return. Riding quickly as he recrossed the bridge, he raised his eyes and beheld the white cheek and flashing glance of Leonora Estrange. Then a soft, winning smile fitted across his countenance; and her cold cheek grew warm, her eye lost its wild light, as she met the glance of those eyes, so large, so dark, yet so smiling in their beauty. For a moment they rested upon her; then there was a quick wave of his hand, as it raised his hat, falling impressively on his heart. When he again rode forth with a light and easy seat, Leonora, though she watched him until lost in the distance, grieved no more; but an expression of radiant happiness dwelt on her face.

It was the evening of the same day, when Leonora might have been seen standing erect on a steep hill, with her eager gaze bent upon the muffled figure that came hurriedly up the ascent towards her. The wild breeze of a coming tempest swept through the dim forest, which lay like the background of some fine painting behind her. Far away in the distance, rose the grey turrets of Moorland. She had stolen out, heedless of the lowering clouds, to meet the betrothed of Lady Clare, the young Lord Francis of Clairmont.

Soon he gained her side, and placing one arm around her waist, he drew her yet deeper within the shade of the tall trees, whispering, "My own Leonora, have you come out this wild dark night to meet me?"

He spoke in a voice of such fervent love and happiness, that the glowing cheek of the girl took a yet deeper hue. More than one hour passed, and still the young nobleman held the beautiful girl to his side, reiterating vows of passionate eloquence and unchanging love, both he and she forgetful of the dark clouds flying wildly athwart the blue sky, and the low mutterings of the distant thunder. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning, followed by a crash, as if the heavens were rent in twain. It startled the young girl from her dream of happiness; it hushed the warm words upon the lover's lips.

Clairmont said hastily, "Leonora, my beloved, let us hasten away ere the storm breaks. I will go with you to the castle gates; none will recognize me in the increasing darkness. Come, dearest, lean upon me. Surely you will not fear, when Francis is with you. Would to God," he continued, "I might protect thee from the storms of life, as I may from the winds of Heaven!"

"First, listen to me, ere I go hence, Francis," said his companion. "Before Leonora Estrange again leaves you, she must know if, evermore, like a guilty thing, she is to stand forth from yonder proud castle, treacherously to meet the affianced of her generous benefactor. Oh! Francis," she added, passionately, "if you knew how bitter it is to look upon what she deems her privileged love for you; to see her gaze and smile upon you as if the right alone to her belonged; to hear her, day by day, speak of you to me as her future husband, and press the very flowers which thou hast given to me to her lips, murmuring fond and loving words, while I must stand coldly by."

"And does she indeed think of me thus?" he replied, half aloud. "She is very lovely."

The hand that rested within his own was quickly withdrawn; and ere the full consciousness of his error came over him, his companion was speaking with an air and voice of more than queenly hauteur. "My lord, the Lady Clare's thoughts are doubtless often occupied with her betrothed. He will do well to think of her beauty and gentleness, forgetting," she added, bitterly, "her humble companion. It is not too late, my lord, to retrieve your error."

For a moment he stood gazing upon her with astonishment, as she stood before him, her chisled features glowing with excitement, her graceful head erect. Then there mingled with his expression of admiration a touching sadness. "Leonora, Leonora, he said in a low, mournful voice.

The next moment she was weeping upon his bosom, murmuring, "Forgive me, Francis. It is but my love for you that makes me so wild and frantic."

He spoke not, but drew her arm gently within his own, hurrying her down the steep hill. Darker grew the night; and with the fall of the fast descending rain, he whispered, "Are you not weary, Leonora?"

Her bright face was raised to his, as her sweet voice answered, "Was I not cradled within the forest? What fears the gipsy girl when her loved one is beside her?" Perhaps it was well that the darkness hid the shadow that crossed the young lord's brow as she spoke; but it passed away, and they hastened on.

"She shall be my own acknowledged wife, my fearless Leonora," murmured Clairmont, as he parted from her, for he felt that he had now a treasure, priceless, indeed. But as he spoke he forgot the Lady Clare; yet, at that moment, within her silent chamber, the heiress of Moorland was bedewing the fading flowers before her with tears of love and joy, guarding them as tokens of his affection.

Softly through hall and cottage, amid joy and sorrow, sighed the low musical voice of summer. Ruffling the blue waters of the Thames, as it glided on amid the city bustle, with a soft and gentle sigh it lifted the drooping curtains of a silent chamber, and murmured within the dying ear of the good old earl of Clairmont's last farewell.

"Francis," he said faintly, "put back the curtains; I would again look out upon the blue sky, the loveliness of nature, ere I go hence."

The son, obeying his bidding, again knelt beside him, pressing his lips to the cold hand clasping his own. "Again the old man's lips parted, and he murmured, 'Lady Clare!'"

From within the shadows of the curtains, which were gathered and twisted around the richly-carved posts, stepped forth, with pallid cheeks and tearful eyes, the heiress of Moorland. A change had come over her since we saw her last. Her young lip had lost its sunny smile, and her blue eyes its brightness. Sorrow and suffering had come to her, the favored child of prosperity. The mourning robes, clinging to her fragile form, spoke of death, and told that her idolising father had joined her other lost parent.

"Lady Clare," he said, taking her hand within his own, while Francis of Clairmont turned away his head from that beseeching glance, "I cannot leave you alone in this cold world. Before I go hence, let me bless you as my child! I would leave you to one who will love you even better than myself. Will you not grant me this boon?" and he laid her hand within his son's. The Lady Clare looked timidly up, but the face of her betrothed was turned aside, and she beheld not the struggle, but too vividly portrayed in the blanched cheek and quivering lip.

Still, though the gentle pressure of her hand was unreturned, the Lady Clare dreamed not that aught but the mourner's sorrow was hushing the voice that should have been whispering its love. The dying earl took his silence for consent, and seemed happy. The priest who had waited in the ante-chamber was summoned, and the sacred rite was performed. Clairmont was taken by surprise. Powerless to speak, he listened to the holy words which bound him evermore to her kneeling beside him. All seemed to him a dream; but when all was over, there arose before him the beautiful face of Leonora Estrange.

The old man's hand was now laid upon the bowed head of the young wife, and in this last effort his spirit passed away. Clairmont would have turned away with a world of wretchedness in his glance, but his young wife laid her head upon his bosom, whispering fondly, "I will comfort thee, Francis."

He buried his face in his hands, the gentle, loving words cut him to the heart; he could not forget that he loved the poor gipsy girl better than the heiress; and he felt, for the moment, as if the latter had entrapped him into a union. But even then, by the corpse of his father, and in the first moments of his married life, he could not restrain himself. He shook off, half angrily, the grasp of his bride, as she essayed gently to remove his hands from his face.

"Leave me—I would be alone," he said.

The Lady Clare knew not the terrible secret of his love for another; but, with a woman's keen instinct, she felt that his affections were not hers. No grief could else have rendered him so cold, so haughty, so angry in these first moments of wedded life. She turned sadly away, and left the chamber, hot, scalding tears chasing each other down her cheeks. "Oh, Father above!" she cried, teach me to win his love. Anything—anything will I suffer, if his heart may only be mine at last."

While lord Clairmont paces his apartment, now wrung with agony to find himself the husband of one he loves not, and now melting in grief, as he thinks of the loss of his beloved parent; and while his bride prays alone in her solitary chamber, let us seek Leonora Estrange.

She had heard of the death of the earl and of the marriage of the Lady Clare; but she seemed to remember only the last.

"Perfidious lover," she cried, with pale cheeks and clenched hands, "and is it thus you have betrayed me. You told me that you loved not the Lady Clare; that you would beseech your father to release you from your engagement to her; that you would wed me. False, false, false than hell itself!" she exclaimed, bitterly.

She rose and began to pace the floor. Her hair, loosened from its band, fell in raven tresses wildly over her shoulders, and her dark cheek glowed like fire, with passion.

"But I will have my revenge," she said; "I know where to strike; and I will wait for my opportunity. Oh, Francis, Lord Clairmont!" she exclaimed, with a mocking laugh, "you have not written to the house of Lancaster for nothing. I will intercept one of your letters. I will carry it to the king; and the monarch, incensed at your conduct, will

send you from your bride for life. Ha! ha! will I not have revenge!"

(To be continued.)

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

During the recent passage of the British exploring ship Challenger from England to the West Indies, the sounding line and dredge were kept constantly going. The former showed that a pretty level bottom runs off from the African coast, deepening gradually to a depth of 3,125 fathoms at about one-third of the way across to the West Indies. If the Alps, Mont Blanc and all, were submerged at this spot, there would still be half a mile of water above them. Five hundred miles further west there is a comparatively shallow part, a little less than two miles in depth. The water then deepens again to three miles, which continues close over to the West Indies. At the deepest spots both on the east and west side of the Atlantic, the dredge brought up a quantity of dark red clay, which contained just sufficient animal life to prove that life exists at all depths. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining these deep sea dredgings, and it was merely a question of patience, each haul occupying twelve hours. In depths over two miles little has been found, but that little was totally new. One of the lions of the cruise is a new species of lobster perfectly transparent. Not content with obtaining animals with eyes so fully developed that the body may be said to be an appendage, a new crustacean has now been dredged up, in which the body has cut itself clear of the eyes altogether, and the animal is totally blind. It has no eyes, or even the trace of an eye. To make up for its deficiency Nature has supplied it with the most beautifully developed, delicate lady-like claws, if one may use the term, it is possible to conceive. Nearer the West Indies, in a depth of only half a mile, some similar creatures were brought up, and here the claws, longer than the body, are armed throughout with a multitude of spike-like teeth, looking more like a crocodile's jaw than anything else. At a short distance from Tenerife, in a depth of a mile and a half, a rich and extremely interesting haul of sponges and coral was obtained, but the latter was unfortunately dead.—*Scientific American.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT ON SOUND.

The following beautiful experiment, described by Prof. Tyndall, shows how music may be transmitted by an ordinary wooden rod. In a room two floors beneath his lecture room there was a piano on which an artist was playing, but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding board of the piano, extending through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture table, but still no sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, which was thrown in resonance by the ascending thrills, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture room. A guitar and a harp were substituted for the violin, and with the same result. The vibration of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding board; they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carved into waves, and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.

ONE OF THE LOST ARTS.

The frescoes of Michael Angelo are the wonder and admiration of every appreciative person who has looked at them on the lofty ceilings of the Sistine Chapel at Rome; but compared with the mural paintings of Rome, traced centuries before, they look dim and almost lustreless. The mural paintings are as bright as the Nile itself, and still appear likely to claim the admiration of visitors for thousands of years to come. The colors of the ancients, when exposed for years to moisture, do not lose their brightness, while their woven fabrics, long buried in the ground, resist decay, and even timber, preserved by some unknown process, defies the action of the elements, and remains nearly as sound as in the time of the Pharaohs. It is said that numerous experiments have been tried of subjecting the ancient paintings to the flame of a gas-jet, but the heat thus imparted failed to destroy them. Egyptian cement, as is well known, is almost imperishable, uniting wood, glass, stone, iron and other articles together so firmly as to resist all efforts to sever them at the point of union. Fire and water will not destroy this cement, and it is practically indestructible. This substance is supposed to have been used in embalming their dead, preserving their works of art and making their fountains durable.

CURBING THE TEMPER.

A Danbury man named Reubens recently saw a statement that counting one hundred, when tempted to speak an angry word, would save a man a great deal of trouble. This statement sounded a little singular at first; but the more he read it over the more favorably he became impressed with it, and finally concluded to adopt it. Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas by the first of July, and each time has been retarded by Reubens' hens. The next morning after Reubens made his resolution this man found his fifth attempt to have been miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He said:

"What in thunder do you mean by letting your hens tear up my garden?"

Reubens was tempted to call him a mud-soot—a new name, just coming into general use; but he remembered his resolution, put down his rage, and meekly observed:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—"

Then the mad neighbor, who had been eyeing this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke in again:

"Why don't you answer my question, you rascal?"

But still Reubens maintained his equanimity, and went on with the test:

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"

The mad neighbor stared harder than ever.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one—"

"You are a mean skunk!" said the mad neighbor, backing toward the fence.

Reubens' face flushed at this charge, but he only said:

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste; but suddenly thinking of his peas he opened his mouth:

"You mean, low-lived rascal! For two cents I would knock your cracked head over a barn; and I would—"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight," interrupted Reubens—"Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—"

Here the neighbor broke for the house, and, entering it, violently slammed the door behind him. But Reubens did not dare let up on the enumeration; and so he stood up there alone in his own yard and kept on counting, while his burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got up into the eighties his wife came to the door in some alarm.

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said. "Do come into the house!"

But he didn't let up. She came out to him and clung trembling to him; but he only looked into her eyes and said:

"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—go into the house, old woman, or I'll bust ye!"

And she went.

A COLORED WITNESS.

During the March term of the Oyer and Terminer, held in this city, Judge Brady presiding, a poor unfortunate named Nixon was tried and convicted of murdering Charles Phyfer. Notwithstanding the gravity of the trial, the testimony of a colored man, named William Henry Johnson, was given in a manner that rendered resistance to laughing impossible. It was given thus:

William Henry Johnson (colored) testified that on the day of the shooting he saw two men having an altercation on Chatham street; one of them was on horseback, and the other drove a wagon. The man in the wagon told the man on horseback to get out of the way, when the latter turned round and attempted to strike him two or three times.

Cross-examined by District Attorney Phelps:

Q. "Where do you live, Johnson?" A. "In a garret." (A laugh.)

Q. "What is your business?" A. "My wife follows the washing business, but she makes me do the work."

Q. "Where was the wagon when you saw it?" A. "Twas in the street?" (Laughter.)

Q. "What part of the street?" A. "In the street, not on the side-walk."

Q. "On what side of the street?" A. "On the same side that I was."

Q. "How near was the wagon to the side-walk?" A. "Well, upon my soul I could not tell. That's a pretty hard thing to tell, as I did not measure it."

Q. "Are you deaf?" A. "Sometimes." (A laugh.)

Q. "When you first saw the man on horseback, where was he?" A. "On his back." (Great laughter.)

Q. "Where was the waggon?" A. "Well, boss, I guess we talked about that before." (Applause.)

Q. "With what hand did he strike the prisoner?" A. "He struck with no hand; he struck with the whiffletree. 'Pon my honor I can't say in which hand he held the whiffletree, except it was in the right or left."—(Laughter.)

Q. "Were you near Barnum's clothing store?" A. "Well, see here now, boss, I ain't able to read or write, and I can't tell Barnum from A. T. Stewart, or any of them big folks, by looking up at their names."

Q. "When did you tell this to Mr. Howe?"

A. "Mr. Howe? Mr. Howe, when was it I went to see you?" (Great laughter in the Court, and counsel joined.)

Q. "Did you know Nixon?" A. "No, I did not know him from Tom, Dick, or the devil. (Continued merriment.) The fact is, boss, men will go into musses, particularly colored folks. You know, some folks bees down on the colored people. I mean folks as has no eddication, and don't know their grammar nor their dictionary. I can write my name—no, I can't either, come to think of it." (Laughter.)

Q. "Do you know officer Van Buskirk?"—

A. "Who? What? Does he know me? I guess not. No, sah." (Laughter, during which the Court ordered the witness to retire.)—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

Lady Charlotte Guest, the widow of the great Welsh ironmaster, is the owner of one of the largest coal mines in that country. Her ladyship is generally observed to be in a state of great excitement when the time comes for making up the balance-sheet, and orders a copy sent to her by telegraph wherever she may be. Recently at her London residence, and when the festivity was at its height, a courier arrived from Dowlais with a tin box containing the expected document. Lady Charlotte ordered it to be brought to her in the brilliantly-lighted saloon, where she was surrounded by a circle of her aristocratic friends and relations, who probably enjoyed a sneer at the cinder-hole. The company laughed, for they thought of the cinder-hole, but the Welsh ironmaster's wife bided her time for she knew the laugh would be with her, as she opened the tin case and drew out the document. "And so that's a balance-sheet," exclaimed her friends, crowding round the paper with the double entries on the red lines, and they looked on it as on a phenomenon. They had never seen one before, and if they heard of one, they thought it was something belonging to a ship. "But what are the profits?" cried they, as Lady Charlotte scanned her eye over the paper. Lady Charlotte, seeming not to heed them, said, as though she spoke to herself, "Three hundred thousand pounds—a very fair year," and she re-committed the balance sheet to the tin case. "Three hundred thousand pounds profit! What! You don't mean that in one year!" "I'd be a Cinderella myself," said a Border Countess, "to a husband with such a business. Three hundred thousand pounds! Only think! And all from that nasty cold iron! It beats the glass slipper!"

"I DON'T CARE IF I DO."

In olden times, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was affected in the same way. One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room, Wing was behind the counter, Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat. A traveller from the south, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy!" said the landlord, jumping up.

"Yes, sir, I have," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger, "I asked you how far it was to Brandon!"

"They call it pretty good brandy," said Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?"

reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy stick. The despairing traveller turned to Fish.

"The landlord," says he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you."

The stranger treated and fled.

POLITENESS OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest men in the world have been noted for their politeness. Indeed, they owed their greatness mainly to their popular manners which induced the people whom they pleased to give them an opportunity to show their power.

Many years ago, the errand-boy employed by a publishing house in a great city was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-sheets of a book which he had been examining. The boy entered in fear and trembling the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books. He stood in awe of this famous man and dreaded to meet him. But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the lad with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked, "Shall I put a paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the President. The boy departed in a very comfortable state of mind; he had been raised in his esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and he never forgot the lesson it taught him.

A friendship that makes the least noise is often the most useful, for whilst reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—*Addison.*