

A REGRET.

I met the maiden that I loved
One evening on the lea,
And save a peering star or two,

I met the maiden that I loved
One sweet May-morn again,
And save the happy Sabbath bells

I met the maiden that I loved
Once more in after years,
And she passed me in the street

MORN.

Oh, how beautiful is morning
To our fresh enwashed sight,

O, the glory of the night;
O, the rapture of the scene;

Lifting up to meet the sunbeams
As they flash athwart the hills,

Chasing darkness down the hillsides,
From the forest and the dell,

Floating up from dell and dingle
Comes the sweetest melody;

Nature with her grand orchestra]
Hails the rising of the morn,

SELECT STORY.

LOST WILL.

CONCLUDED.

Instead of following the path which
would for a considerable distance
around the rock, Mr. Osdell sprang

Indistinctly, through the fast gathering
gloom of the evening, he could see
a human face peering after him

Presently he heard a footstep coming
along the road—a footstep so light
and swift that he thought his ears

He was convinced now that the man
had been waiting for him at the rock,
was even now in pursuit of him.

He was now but a short distance from
Crawford's house; a little way up
the road he could plainly see the white

He was within twenty feet of the
garden gate, when a dark form swooped
down upon him from the side of the

moment in the air, descended, and Bill
Davis had earned his thousand dollars.

The next morning, George Crawford
saw a sign at his very gate that made
his blood run cold. There before him

I have this day made a will in revoca-
tion of the one in Haight's possession
June 2, 1862.

CHAPTER III.

Far and wide rang the news of that
fearful murder. Men stopped each
other to talk of it in the crowded streets

At last the police took the matter in
hand. They were used to such mat-
ters. They went to the spot and exam-
ined it; overhauled the paper that had

Soon the wonder grew stale; it gradu-
ally melted away, and in a year was
entirely forgotten.

Ten years had passed away since the
murder, and in all that time George
Crawford had never ceased his search

Times had grown hard with them,
and, during the last winter George had
been out of employment altogether.

It seems strange, George, very strange
replied his wife. It is a mystery I
cannot fathom.

A violent gust of wind rushed around
the old house, rattling the shingles on
the roof, and pouring down the garret

George sprang to his feet and his
wife clung in terror to his arm. They
listened a moment but the sound was

Nothing, however, seemed to have
been disturbed, until they reached the
extreme end of the room. There some-
thing lay in a heap of ruins.

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It's you, Davis, is it? said he, in an
altered tone.

At the same time he unlocked the
door and admitted the burly form of a
man, with his hat sloped down over

You are the very man I wanted, said
the lawyer as he came in, at the same
time locking the door.

Davis strode up to the fire, and ex-
tended his hands to the flame.

Put on more coal, said he. I'm
freezing; and I guess you have made

I'm afraid it will all be taken away
again, Davis, said Haight as he heaped
on the coal.

How? What do you mean?

Why, that infernal Crawford! is
searching for the will.

Oh, the devil! He's been doing that
for ten years, hasn't he?

Not that I know of; and it don't
matter—he's got to be stopped.

Look here, counselor, I've never
murdered but one man, and I'll never
murder another—unless it be you for

Not so loud, Davis; not so loud,
whispered the lawyer, in alarm. Can't

Davis thought over the matter for a
few moments, and finally said,—

I've got a plan, counselor, that I think
will work, but I must be paid.

I'll give you anything you want, Bill,
if you succeed.

Well then, my plan is this: George
Crawford is very poor and wants a few
boarders. He don't no me, and so I'll

All right, counselor, I'm your man
I'll go to-morrow.

It was on this very night that George
Crawford and his wife were sitting by
a blazing fire, in their large old parlor

Times had grown hard with them,
and, during the last winter George had
been out of employment altogether.

It seems strange, George, very strange
replied his wife. It is a mystery I
cannot fathom.

Well, I'll tell you, Lucy, I'll—hark!
What was that?

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the old house, rattling the shingles on
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When morning came the good news
spread far and wide.

That night, the lawyer did not go
home. He was waiting to hear some
news from Davis as to the result of his

He drew his chair closer to the fire,
and stirred up the dying coals, for he
was beginning to be chilly, and felt

That if there were a blaze he would be
less lonely. He coughed loudly, too,

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annoyance showed itself plainly as she
said.—

Will Nettie never give up such child-
ish actions? Mother, if you let her go
to the country, she will be a perfect

Ere the mother had time to reply, the
door opened and Mr Granville entered.

He was a tall, dark handsome man, with
jetty hair and eyes; the same haughty

It was not often he refused Nettie
anything, so she was pretty certain now
of gaining his consent to her visit,

With a feeling partly of horror, and
partly of relief, Haight sprang to his
feet as the light revealed to him the

Davis exclaimed he.

That's me! said the man, looking
vacantly about him. I wonder where

Osdel! exclaimed the lawyer staring
at him. Why you should know. He's

Davis had heard the news of the
finding of the will and to his mind al-
ready half crazed with liquor, the dis-

Dead! Then who murdered him? he
cried advancing on the lawyer. You
did it? You—ha! have I found you?

He clutched the lawyer in his vice-
like grip.

Hurra! hurra! shouted he, dashing
his hand in his bosom and drawing out

God of heaven! protect me! exclaimed
Haight, struggling to get loose.

Now, however, Davis was ungovern-
able. He sprang upon the lawyer, and

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