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HOLMBY HOUSE.

"Doth it not show us that without the light of Revelation, our own intrinsic blindness leads us but farther and farther into error? That man, with all his self-sufficient pride, is but a child in leading-strings at his best; that he must have his hopes and fears, his tears and smiles, like a child; and that though he wince from the chastening Hand, it deals its stripes in mercy, after all. Yet, Herbert, have I often found it in my heart to envy these callous natures, too. Would that I could either place complete reliance on Heaven, or steel myself entirely against the anxieties and affections of earth. Would that I could keep down the turbulent heart that rises in wrath against the treatment it feels it has not deserved; that longs so wearily for the absent, that aches so painfully for the dead, that cannot stifle its repinings for the past, nor cease to hope in a future, which becomes every day darker and more threatening. No tidings, and yet no tidings," proceeded the King, in a lower voice, and musing as it were aloud, whilst his large eyes gazed far ahead into the horizon; "and yet letters may have been sent, may have been intercepted. I am so watched. so surrounded. Still there might be means. There are loyal hearts left in England, though many are lying cold. Alas, it is a weary, weary world! Yonder is a happy man, Herbert, if you will," added Charles, brightening up, and once more addressing his conversation to his companion. "He has not a care for aught but the business in hand. He is a Stoic, a king, a cobbler—what you will. Good faith! he should be a successful fisherman at the worst; I have watched him for the last ten minutes as we rode along. Doth he see kings and courts every day that he hath not once lifted his head from his angle to observe us, or is he indeed the sage of whom we have been talking—the '*sutor bonus et solus formosus, et est rex!*'"

As the King spoke he pointed to an angler who having taken up a position on Brampton-Bridge, had been leaning there immovable, undisturbed by the noise of the approaching cavalcade,, and apparently totally devoid of the two sentiments of admiration and curiosity which the neighborhood of a sovereign is accustomed to provoke.

The man seemed deaf or stupid. He remained leaning against the broken parapet, apparently unconcious of everything but his rod and line, which he watched vigilantly, with his hat drawn over his brows, and his cloak muffling his face to the eyes.

Lord Montague pressed forward to bid the angler stand out of the way, and leave room for Royalty to pass; but the King who was an admirable horseman, edged his lordship so near the undefended brink of the half-ruined bridge, that Montague was fain to fall back with a bow and an inward thanksgiving that he was not overhead in the river. Etiquette forbade any one else to ride in front of the Sovereign, and Charles was consequently at the head. of the party, who now defiled singly across the bridge.

The angler's back was turned, and he fished on without looking round.

"By your leave, good man," quoth Charles, who, though somewhat haughty, particularly since his reverses with his nobility, was ever courteous and good-humored to those of humbler birth: "there is scant room for us both, and the weakest, well we know, must go to the wall." While the King spoke, his knee as he sat in the saddle, touched the back of the preoccupied fisherman.

The latter started and turned; quick as thought we thrust a small packet into his Majesty's hand, and almost with the same movement flung himself upon his nest at the royal stirrup in a paroxysm of pretended agitation and diffidence as unreal as the negligence for which it affected to stone.

Rapid as was the movement, it sufficed for Charles to recognize his trusty adherent. He crumpled the paper hurriedly into his glove.

"Faithful and true!" he whispered "save thyself!" and added aloud for the edification of his attendents, "Nay, good man! we excuse thy rudeness on account of thy bodily infirmity. Look that thou be not trodded down by less skilful riders and less manageable steeds."

As he spoke the King passed on to the other side, followed by all his attendants save only the Lord Montague, who had turned back to give directions to a patrol of the Parliamentary cavalry which had arrived at the bridge at the same moment as the Royal cavalcade, and had drawn up to pay the military compliments due to sovereign.

The patrol, consisting of two efficient-looking dragoons, were remarkably well-mounted and armed, in addition to swords and pistols, with long deadly carbines. They listened attentively to Lord Montague's directions; and while his lordship rode off in pursuit of the King and his party, scanning the fisherman as he passed him with a strange look of malicious triumph, each soldier unslung his carbine, and shook the powder carefully up into his pan.

The King looked back repeatedly, as he rose the hill in the direction of Boughton. Once he beckoned Lord Montague to ride alongside of him

"We thought we had lost your good company, my lord," quoth his Majesty; "what made you turn back down yonder by Brampton Mill?"

"I dropped my glove, your Majesty," replied the nobleman, scarcely concealing a smile.

"Whoever picks it up, my lord, will find a bitter enemy!" answered Charles; and he spoke not another word till he reached the great gates of Lord Vaux's hospitable hall.

Meanwhile the angler, resuming his occupation, fished steadily on, glancing ever and anon at the retreating troop of horsemen who accompanied the King. When the last plumed hat had disappeared over the verge of the acclivity, strode briskly away, with the air of a man who has performed a good day's work, and is about to receive for the same a good day's wages.

He thought now that he had accomplished his task, he would linger about her residence and see Mary Cave once more—just once more—ere he went into exile again. He trusted none but the King had recognized him; and he had delivered his packet with such secrecy and rapidity that he could not conceive it possible for any other eye to have perceived the movement. He little knew Montague's eagle glance. He little knew that, in spite of his disguise, he had been suspected for more than four-and-twenty hours, and that measures had already been taken for his capture. He would know it all time enough. Let him rest for a moment on the thought of his anticipated meeting with his layde-love. The wished-for two minutes that were to repay the longings and misgivings of as many years, that he must live upon perhaps for another twelvemonth, and be grateful that he has had even such a crumb of comfort for the sustenance of his soul. Strange hunger of the heart, that so little can alleviate, so much fails to satisfy! He walked swiftly on through the fragrant meadows, waving with their long herbage, and bright with buttercups and field-flowers; his head erect, his eye gazing far into the horizon, as is ever the glance of those who look forward and not back. Bosville had still a future; he had not yet thoroughly learned the bitterest of all life's lessons—to live only in the past. No; he was a man still, with a man's trust and hope, a man's courage and self-reliance, a man's energy and endurance. He would want them all before the sun went down. Suddenly a shout smote upon his ear; a voice behind him called on him to stop and surrender. Halting, and turning suddenly round, he beheld a mounted trooper, the tramp of whose horse had been smothered in the long grass, close behind him; another was nearing him from the river side. Both had their carbines unslung, and even in the confusion of the moment he had time to perceive an expression of calm confidence on each man's countenance, as though he was sure of his prey. For an instant his very heart seemed to tighten with a thrill of surprise and keen disappointment; but it was not the first time by a good many that Humphrey had looked a catastrophe in the face, and in that instant he had time to think what he should do. Twenty yards in front of him grew a high luxuriant hedge; in that hedge was a gap fortified by a strong oaken rail. The foremost horseman's hand was almost on his shoulder when he dashed forward and cleared at a bound. Accustomed to make up his mind in a moment, his first idea was to run under shelter of the fence down to the river, and place the stream between himself and the pursuers, trusting that neither heavily armed trooper would choose to risk man and horse in deep water. Alas! on the opposite bank he spied another patrol gesticulating to his comrades, and watching for him should he attempt to land. In the meantime his first pursuers, both remarkably well mounted, had ridden their horses boldly over the fence, and were once more close upon his tracks. In another stride he must be struck down and made a prisoner! But, as is often the case, at the supreme moment succor was at hand. Not twenty yards in front of the fugitive stood Hugh Dymocke, holding his sorrel by the bridle. The wily old soldier had anticipated this catastrophe the whole morning, and was not to be taken unawares at the crisis. He had been watching the movements of the fisherman and the patrol, nor, except for a chance shot, had he much fear of the result. With a rush and a bound, like that of some stricken wild deer, Humphrey reached the sorrel and vaulted into the saddle. As he turned the horse's head for the open meadow with a thrill of exultation and delight, Dymocke let go the bridle and hurriedly whispered in his ear, "God speed ye, master! Never spare him for pace; he had a gallop yesterday, and he's fit to run for a man's life!"

Ere the sentence was finished they were a hundred yards off, and the good horse, flinging his head into the air and snatching wildly at his bridle, indulged in a few bounds and plunges in his gallop ere he settled down into the long sweeping stride his rider remembered so well.

With a bitter curse and a shrewd blow from the butt of his carbine, which Dymocke avoided like a practised tactician, the foremost trooper swept by the old soldier, calling to his comrade in the rear to secure him and take him to head quarters. Both were, however, so intent on the pursuit that Dymocke, greatly to his surprise, found himself totally unnoticed, and walked quietly home with his usual air of staid gravity, reflecting, much to his own satisfaction, on the speed and mettle of his favorite and the probable safety of his young master.

And now the chase began in serious earnest. It was a race for life and death, and the competitors were well aware of the value of the stakes dependant on their own skill and the speed of the horses they bestrode.

Each trooper knew that a large sum of money and speedy promotion would reward his capture of the Royalist, whom they had now succeeded in identifying. Each was mounted on a thoroughly good horse whose powers he had often tested to the utmost,and each was moreovar armed to the teeth,whilst the fugitive possessed no more deadly weapon than the but of his fishing-rod, which he had retained unconsciously in his hand. Being two to one they had also the great advantage of being able to assist each other in the pursuit, and like grey-hounds coursing a hare, could turn the quarry wherever opportunity offered into each other's jaws. Despite of broken ground, of blind ditches choked with grass, and high leafy hedges rich in midsummer luxuriance, through which they crushed, bruising a thousand fragrant blossoms in their transit, they speed fiercely and reckless ly on. All along the low grounds by Brampton, where the rich meadows were divided by strong thorn fences, the constantly recurring obstacles compelled Humphrey, bold rider as he was, to diverge occasionally from a straight course, and this was an incalculable advantage to his two his two pursuers, who, by playing as it were into each other's hands, were enabled to keep within sight and even within shot of the pursued, though the pace at which they were all going forbade any appeal to fire-arms, or indeed to any weapons except the spurs.

But on emerging from the low grounds into a comparatively open country and rising the hill toward Brixworth, the greater stride and speed of the sorrel began to tell. His condition, moreover, was far superior to that of the troopers, and it was with a glow of exultation not far removed from mirth, that Humphrey, finding at last a hand to spare with which to caress his favorite, looked back at his toiling pursuers, whose horses were now beginning to show undoubted symptoms of having had enough.

Even in mid-winter, when the leaves are of the formidable blackthorns, and the ditches, cleared of weed and grass, yawn in all their naked avidity for the reception and ultimate sepulture of the horse and his rider, it is no child's play to cross one of these strongly-fenced Northamptonshire valleys. Ay, with all the fictitious excitement produced by the emulation of hunting, and the insatiable desire to be nearer and nearer still to that fleeting vision which, like happiness, is always just another stride beyond our reach; though the hounds are streaming silently away a field in front of us; though the good horse between our legs is fresh, ardent, and experienced; though we have already disposed of our dearest friend on his best hunter at that last "double," and are sanguine in our hopes of getting well over yonder strong rail, for which we are even now "hardening our heart" and shortening our stride; though we hope and trust we shall go triumphantly on, from fence to fence, rejoicing, and at last see the good fox run into the middle of a fifty-acre grass field,—yet for all this we cannot but feel that when we have traversed two or three miles of this style of country, without prostration or mishap, we have effected no contemptible feat of equitation, we have earned for the nonce a consciousness of the thorough self-satisfaction intensely gratifying to the vanity of the human heart. And so perhaps it was one of the pleasantest moments of Humphrey's life when he pulled the sorrel into a trot and looked back upon the vale below. The horse snorted and shook his head. He was only breathed by the gallop that had so distressed the steeds of the two Parliamentarians. His master patted him fondly and exultingly once again. What a ride he had enjoyed! how the blood coursed through his veins with the anxiety, and the excitement, and the exercise. For two years he had not mounted what could be called a horse, certainly not one that could be compared with the sorrel. How delightful it was to feel his favorite bound under him as he used to do, once more! What a sensation to speed along those rich meadows, scanning fence after fence as he approached it, and flying over the places he had marked out, like a bird on the wing, to the unspeakable discomfiture of the dragoons toiling on his track. How gallantly he had cleared the rivulet that the two soldiers had been forced to flounder through. Well for them that it had shrunk to its summer limits, or they would have been there still. and now in another mile or so he would be safe. His pursuers horses were too much exhausted even to continue on his track. They would soon lose all traces of him. Near Brixworth village was a cottage in which he had already passed two or three nights whilst waiting to fulfil his mission. Its owner was a veteran who had fought in his own troop at Edge-hill and Newbury, who would think little of imperilling his life for his old officer and King Charles. Arrived at the cottage, he would disguise himself again, and sending his sorrel out of the way, would lie hid till the search was past; he might then venture a few miles from his hiding place, and at last reach the seashore and embark scatheless for the Continent. In this manner, too, he would have a chance of seeing Mary once more before he departed.

Trotting gently along, he was thus busily weaving the thread of his schemes and fancies, and his hopes and fears, when alas! the web was suddenly dispelled by a shot! The crafty Parliamentarians finding themselves completely outstripped by the sorrel, and aware of a picket of their comrades stationed close under the village of Brixworth, had turned their attention to driving their quarry as much as possible towards the hill. In this they had been successful, and Humphrey's line of flight had already brought him within a few hundred yards of the enemy's post. As is often the case, however, their strict anxiety to preserve themselves unseen, had somewhat abated the vigilance of their look-out, and Bosville, accidentally changing his direction, narrowly escaped passing the negligent picket without observation or interruption.

But the veterans who pursued him were skilled in all the various practices of war; the leading horseman, quietly dismounting from his jaded steed, slowly levelled his carbine, and took a long roving shot at the fast diminishing figure of the fugitive. The bullet whistled harmlessly over Humphrey's head, but the report roused the inattentive sentry in advance of the picket, and the well known sound of a trumpet rang out within musket range, whilst a dozen horsemen emerging from a clump of trees not two hundred yards to his right, dashed forward at a gallop, with the obvious intention of intercepting or riding him down.

Unarmed as he was, and notwithstanding the number of his foes, Humphrey never lost heart for a moment.

"Not trapped yet, my lads!" he ground out between his teeth, as with a grim smile he caught the sorrel fast by the head, and urged him once more to his speed, reflecting with fierce exultation on the mettle and endurance of his favorite, still going fresh and strong beneath him, and on the "neck or nothing" nature of the chase, in which his only safety lay in placing some insurmountable obstable between himself and his pursuers.

They, for their part, seemed determined to make every effort for his capture, dividing into parties so as to cover as large an extent of country as possible, and to prevent any attempt at turning or dodging on the part of the quarry, and forcing him by his means into a line of difficult and broken ground, such as must at last tell even on the power and stride of the indefatigable sorrel. The two original pursuers, moreover, whose horses had by this time recovered their wind, labored on at a reduced pace along the low grounds, so that a diversion in that direction was impossible.

There was nothing for it but to go straight ahead, and straight ahead he went, laughing a strange wicked laugh to himself, as he thought of the Northern Water, no mean tributary to the Nene, which was even now gleaming in the distance a mile or so in front of him, and reflecting that if he were once well over such a "yawner" as that, he might trot on and seek safety at his leisure, for not a dozen horses in England could clear it from bank to bank!

He trusted, nevertheless, that the sorrel was one of them. So he spared and nursed him as much as possible, choosing his ground with the practised eye of a sportsman, and bringing into use every one of the many methods which experience alone teaches, and by which the perfect horseman can assist and ease his steed. At the pace he led his pursuers, he cared but little to be out of musket-shot, and he reserved all the energies both of himself and his horse for a dash at the Northern Water.*

Down the hill they came at headlong pace: the troopers, espying Bosville's object, now tax all their energies, to catch him ere he can reach the brook, and spurs are piled and bridles shaken with all the mad recklessness of a neck-and-neck race.

Humphrey's spirits rise with the situation. He longs to gives vent to his excitement in a wild "hurrah" as a man does in a charge, but he is restained from the fear of maddening his horse, already roused by the shouts and clatter behind him, and pulling harder than his wont. Were he is to get the least out of his hand now it would be fatal.

He steadies him gradually till within a hundred yards of the brink, and regardless of his followers' close vicinity, pulls him back almost into a canter—then tightening his grasp on the bridle, and urging him with all the collective energies of knee, and thigh, and lions, he sets him going once more, the horse pointing his small resolute ears, the rider marking with his eye a sedgy patch of the soundest ground from which he intends their efforts shall be made.

Straining on his bridle. the sorrel bounds high into the air, the waters flash beneath them, and they are landed safe on the far side with half a foot to spare! Humphrey gives a cheer now, and a hearty cheer it is, in answer to the yell of rage and disappointment that rises from the baffled Parliamentarians.

Was there ever man yet that could "leave well enough alone?" Alas! that we should here have to record the only instance of bravado on the part of our hero during the whole of his perilous and adventurous career. What demon prompted him to waste the precious moments in jeering at a defeated foe? Humphrey could not resist the temptation of pulling up to wave an ironical "farewell" to his pursuers. The movement was fatal; in making it, he turned his broadside to the enemy, and half a dozen carbines were discharged at him on the instant. One bullet truer than the rest found its home in the honest heart of the good sorrel. The horse plunged wildly forward, fell upon his head, recovered himself—fell once more, and rolling over his rider, lay quivering in the last convulsions of death.

When Humphrey had extricated himself from the saddle and risen to his feet, he had no heart to make any further effort for his escape. He might perhaps have still had time to elude his enemies even on foot, but the strongest nature can only resist a given amount of difficulty and disappointment. 'Tis the last drop that bids the cup brim over, the last ounce that sinks the laboring camel in the sand.

He was weak, too, from mental anxiety as from bodily privation, from the conflict of his feelings as from the harassing nature of his task. Brave, generous, hopeful as he was, something seemed to give way within him at this last stroke of fortune, and when his captors, after making a long circuit to cross over by a ford, arrived to take him prisoner, they found him sitting on the ground, with the sorrel's head upon his knees, weeping like a woman or a child over the dead horse he had loved so well.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"FOR THE KING!"

We left our honest friend Dymocke, with the sweep of the trooper's carbine still whistling in his ears, sauntering quietly homewards, his grim visage bespeaking more than usual satisfaction, his mental reflections sometimes rising soliloquy, and taking much such a form as the following.

"Ah! Hugh! Hugh!" quoth the old soldier, apostrophizing the individual whom of all in the world he should have known best, "there's few of them can hold a candle to thee, old lad! when the tackle's got fairly in a coil. Brave!—these's plenty of 'em brave enough—leastways there's plenty of 'em afraid not to seem so—but it's discretion, lad, it's discretion that's wanting; and thankful ought thou to be, that thou'st gotten enough for thyself and the whole household. There's not a man of 'em, now, could have managed this business, and not made a botch of it! Take the old lord to begin with. He'd have gone threatening and petitioning, and offering money and what not, till the Major was blown just the same as if he'd had him cried in the market. That's the way with your quality; they can't abide to see a thing stand simmering; they must needs go shaking the frying-pan, and then they wonder that all the fat's in the fire. The women! I'll not deny but the women are keen hands at plotting and planning, and many's the good scheme they hit upon, no doubt, but where they fail is in the doing of it. It's 'not now,' or 'I'm so frightened!' or a fit of crying just in the nick of time; and then the clock strikes or the bell rings, and it's too late. For the women must either wait too long, or else they'll not wait long enough, so it's as well they wasn't trusted to have anything to do with it. As for the steward, it's my opinion he's a rogue! and rogue was never good for anything yet that wanted a bit of 'heart' to set it straight and the rest of 'em's fools one bigger than another, there's no gainsaying *that*.

"No! there was just one man that *could* do it, and he's gone and *done* it. To think of the sense of the dumb animal, too! Never but once did he neigh the whole blessed morning, though there was his master fishing within a pistol-shot of him; and every time he come by the turn of the meadow, he laid his ears back, as much as to say, 'I see you! I am ready for you when you want me.' Ready! I believe he *was* ready. I should know a good horse when I'm on him; but the way he came round the park with me yesterday afternoon ———. Oh! it's no use talking. A hawk's one thing, and a round shot's another; but he's the fastest horse in Northamptonshire at this blessed moment, and well he need to be. St. George! to see the example he made of those two! and the Major sitting down upon him so quiet, the way I always told him I liked to see him ride, popping here and popping there, with the horse as steady as a psalm singer, and every yard they went the soldiers getting farther and farther behind. Well the ladies will be best pleased to hear the Major's safe off, no doubt of that; and my pretty Faith, she won't cry her eyes out to see me come back in a whole skin—poor little woman! she hasn't the nerves of a hen. It was a precious coil, surely, and precious well I've got 'em all out of it. There's few things that can't be done by a man of discretion, 'specially when he's got the care of such a horse as that!"

Dymocke had arrived at home by the time he reached this conclusion. His self-satisfaction was unbounded. His triumph complete. It was well for him that his powers of vision were limited by distance—that he possessed no intuitive knowledge of the events of the day. It would have broken honest Hugh down altogether to know that the good sorrel was lying within four miles of him, down there by the Northern Water, with a bullet through his heart.

But the news he brought was right gladly received by every one of the anxious inhabitants of the old house of Boughton.

"Safe!" shouted Sir Giles with a loud "hurrah!" that shook the very rafters of the hall. "Ay! safe enough, no doubt, with that good horse beneath him, if he did get a fair start! We'll drink the sorrel's health, my lord, this very night, after the King's."

"Safe!" echoed Lord Vaux: "delivered out of the jaws of death. Blood has been shed more than enough in these disastrous times, and I thank a merciful Providence that his young life has been spared."

"Safe!" repeated Grace Allonby, with a sparkling glance at her father, and the old smile dimpling her triumphant face. "Far out of danger by this time, and perhaps not recognized, after all."

"Safe!" whispered Mary Cave, keeping out of observation as much as possible, her hands clasped tight upon her bosom, and her eyes looking up to heaven, filled with tears.

When the intelligence thus reached them, the party were assembled in the great hall immediately subsequent to the King's departure. Whilst honored by the presence of Royalty, Dymocke had no opportunity of communicating with any of the family, and being, as he himself opined, a particular discreet individual, he wisely abstained from dropping the slightest hint of his errand that might in any way compromise his employers, or afford a clue to his connection with the fugitive fisherman.

Even Faith was not esteemed worthy of his confidence till he has made his report to her superiors; and to do her justice, that deserving damsel was so much taken up by the presence of Royalty, and her own multifarious duties of assisting to provide refreshments for the attendants who waited on the King, that the only notice she vouchsafed her admirer was a saucy inquiry as to whether "he had been courting all the morning?" to which Hugh replied with a grim leer, "it was like enough, since he confidently expected to be married next month;" whereat she blushed, and bade him "go about his business," returning with much composure to the prosecution of a demure flirtation, on which she had even now entered, with a solid sedate yeoman of the guard.

The King's visit was short and ceremonious enough. His manner to Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby was as gracious as usual, the few words he addressed to the young ladies kindly and paternal as his wont; but his Majesty was evidently pre-occupied and ill at ease! The intelligence he had that morning received from Mary harassed and disturbed him, though indeed somewhat to her surprise he had made no further allusion to it, and indeed addressed but a few commonplace remarks to that lady.

It was evident to her that he was brooding over the threatened violation of his personal liberty, which was in effect about to take place that same night, and that his apprehension united with other causes to make him very anxious and unhappy. The letter from the Queen, which Humphrey had delivered at such risk, was also unsatisfactory and distressing. He had looked for his epistle for weeks, and when it come at last, behold! he had been happier not to have received it.

It is often thus with subjects as well as kings.

Under these circumstances, Charles was unable, according to his custom, to forget all other considerations in the trifles on which he was immediately employed—could not as usual throw himself heart and soul into the fluctuations of the game, as though life offered no other interest than a bowl and bias — did not, even for the short half-hour of his relaxation, succeed in stifling the bitter consciousness that he was a prisoner, though a king.

With his usual grave demeanor and mild dignified bearing, he played one set with the old Earl of Pembroke and a few others of his *suite*, Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby standing by to hand his Majesty the implements of the game, and then taking his leave with sad and gentle courtesy, the Monarch called for his horses to depart, resisting his host's humble entreaties that he would re-enter the house and partake of a collation ere he rode.

Walking down the terrace to the gate at which the horses awaited him, accompanied by Lord Vaux and the two ladies, and followed at the prescribed distance by his personal attendants, a damask rose-tree on which Mary had expended much time and care, caught the King's attention, and elicited his admiration, tinged as usual with the prophetic melancholy that imbued his temperament.

"'Tis a fair tree and a fragrant," observed Charles, stopping in his progress; "grateful to those who, like myself, love the simple beauties of a garden better than the pomps and splendors of a Court. In faith, the husbandman's is a happier lot than the King's. Yet hath he, too, his anxieties and his disappointments. Frosts nip the hopes of his earliest blossoms; and the pride even of successful maturity's is the commencement of decay."

As the King spoke, Mary, from an impulse she could not resist, plucked the handsomest flower from its stem and presented it to her Sovereign. He accepted it with a grave courtesy peculiar to him.

"If we ever meet at Whitehall, Mistress Mary," said Charles, with his melancholy smile, "neither you nor I will forget the blood-red rose presented to me this day by the most loyal of all my loyal subjects. Had other hearts been true as yours," he added, in a low solemn voice, "I had not been a mimic King, soon to lose the shade and semblance of royalty." As he spoke, with a courtly obeisance he mounted his horse and departed, riding slowly and dejectedly, as though loth to return to his palace, where he had already anticipated the insults and humiliations to which he was about to be subjected.

She colored deeply with gratified pride, and a sense of duty strenuously and consistently fulfilled. Poor Mary! it was the last act of homage she was destined ever to pay the Sovereign in whose cause she would willingly have laid down her life. The damask rose was fresh, and bright and fragrant—the very type of beauty and prosperity, and a worm was eating it away, silently and surely, at the core.

After the King's departure, however, Dymocke's intelligence was imparted to rejoice the hearts of the somewhat dejected Royalists. When people are thoroughly "broken in," so to speak, and accustomed to misfortune, it is wonderful how small a gleam of comfort serves to shed a light upon their track, and dissipate the the gloom to which they have become habituated. Everything goes by comparison, and a scrap of broken meat is a rich feast to a starving man; nevertheless, the process of training to this enviable state is painful in the extreme.

So the ladies sauntered out into the park, and enjoyed the balmy summer afternoon, and the luxuriant summer fragrance of leaf and blossom, and the hum of the summer insects all astir in the warmth of June. Grace laughed out merrily, as she used to do years ago; and Mary's step was lighter, her cheek rosier than it had been of late as they discoursed. The King's visit, and the peculiarities of the courtiers, formed their natural topics of conversation; but each lady felt a weight taken from her heart, and a sensation of inexpressible relief which had nothing to do with kings or courtiers, save in as far as the actions of those important personages affected the fortunes of one Major Humphrey Bosville.

We must now return to that adventurous gentleman, gradually awakening to a sense of his situation as he sat on a raw-boned troop-horse between two stern-visaged Roundhead dragoons, his elbows strapped tight to his sides, his feet secured beneath his horse's belly; and notwithstanding such impediments to activity, his attempts to escape, if indeed any were practicable, threatened with instant death by his rigorous custodians.

The Major accepted it as a compliment that not less that eight men and a sergeant were esteemed a sufficient force to secure the person of the unarmed fisherman. This formidable escort was commanded by his old acquaintance, "Ebenezer the Gideonite," who still slung his carbine across his back in the manner that had once saved his life; and who, to do him justice, bore his old antagonist, not the slightest malice for his own discomfiture on that occasion. It was composed, moreover, of picked men and horses from the very flower of the Parliamentary cavalry.

Humphrey rode in the midst of them and tried to recal his scattered senses, and realize the emergency of his present position.

Weak and worn out, we have already said that after his horse was shot he had fallen an easy prey to his pursuers. When brought before the officer in command of the party that had captured him, he was neither in a mood nor a condition to answer any questions that might be put. The subaltern's orders, however, seemed sufficiently peremptory to absolve him from the vain task of cross-examining a fainting and unwilling prisoner. In the event of capturing a certain mysterious agent described, he was strictly appointed to forward him at once to the Parliament with as much secrecy and dispatch as was consistent with the security of the captive. So after providing Humphrey with the food and drink of which he stood so much in need, and suffering him to take a short interval of repose, whilst men mustered and horses fed, the officer started prisoner and escort without delay on the road to London.

There it came to pass that while Grace Allonby and Mary Cave were taktng their afternoon stroll through the park at Boughton, Humphrey Bosville and his escort were winding slowly down the hill on the high road to the metropolis.

The Major's eye brightened as he caught sight of their white dresses, and recognized the form of the woman he had loved so long and so dearly. He started with an involuntary gesture that brought the hands of his guardians to trigger and sword-hilt. Although at a distance, it was something to see her just once again.

The ladies were turning homeward when, startled by the tramp of horses, both were aware of an armed party advancing in their immediate vicinity. An unconscious presentment prompted each at the same moment to stop and see the troop pass by. The captive's heart leapt within him as he rode near enough to scan every lineament of the dear old face he might never hope to look upon again.

"They have a prisoner!" exclaimed Mary, turning as white as her dress. "God's mercy! it is Humphrey."

Not another word did either speak. They looked blankly into each other's faces, and Grace burst into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE BEGINNING OF THE END."

The soft June night sank peacefully upon Holmby Palace, with all its conflicting interests, all its complications of intrigue and treachery, as it sank upon the yeoman's adjoining homestead, and the shepherd's humble cottage in the vale below. The thrush had finished the last sweet tones of her protracted even-song, and not a sound disturbed the surrounding stillness, save an occasional note from the nightingale in the copse, and the murmur of a fountain playing drowsily on in the garden. Calmly the stars shone out in mellow lustre, looking down, as it seemed, mild and reproachful on the earth-worms here below. What are all the chances and changes, all the sorrows and struggles, of poor graveling mortality in the sight of those spirit eyes? Age after age have they glimmered on, careless as now of man's engrossing troubles and man's predestined end. They shone on Naseby field, whitening in their faint light, here a grinning skull, there a bleached and fleshless bone turned up by the hind's careless ploughshare, or the laborer's busy spade, as they shone on Holmby Palace, stately in its regal magnificence, sheltering under its roof a circle of plotting courtiers, with a doomed King; and their beams fell the same on both, cold, pitiless, and unvarying. What are they, these myriads of flaming spheres? Are they worlds? are they inhabited? are they solid anthracite, or but luminous vapor? material masses, or only an agglomeration of particles? Can their nature be grasped by the human intellect, or defined in the jargon of science? Oh for the child's sweet simple faith once more, that they are but chinks in the floor of Heaven, from which the light of eternal day shines through!

The King was preparing to retire for the night. Notwithstanding all the anxieties and apprehensions that had arisen from the warning he had that morning received, notwithstanding the reception of his Queen's letter—a document by no means calculated to soothe his feelings or alleviate his distress—the force of habit was so strong that the numerous preparations for his Majesty's "coucher" were made with as scrupulous an attention to the most trifling minutiæ as when he was induced with all the pomp of real royalty and consciousness of actual power long ago at Whitehall.

After "the word for the night" had been given a word which it seemed a mockery to ask the prisoner himself to select, and the other attendants had been dismissed, after Doctor Wilson had paid the customary visit and received to his respectful inquiries the customary answer that nothing was amiss with the royal health, preserved as it was by the rigid and undeviating temperance, Mr. Herbert, as groom-in-waiting, presented the King with an ewer and cloth, making at the same time the prescribed obeisance, and setting a night-lamp, consisting of a round cake of wax in a silver basin, on a chair, proceeded himself to retire to the couch prepared for him in a small ante-room opening into the apartment occupied by his Majesty, so that the King might not, even in the watches of the night, be left entirely alone.

We have often thought that this habit of being constantly, to a certain extent, before the public, may account in great measure for the fortitude and dignity so often displayed in critical moments by sovereigns who have never before been suspected of possessing these Spartan virtues. Never, like a humbler individual, in his most unguarded hours of privacy entirely throwing off the character which it is his duty to sustain, a sovereign, even a weakminded one, acquires a habit of reticence and self-command which becomes at last second nature; and he who is every day of his life obliged to appear a hero to his *valet de chambre*, finds little difficulty in sustaining the part to which he is so well accustomed under the gaze of a multitude, even in a moment of general confusion and dismay.

As Herbert backed respectfully from the room, the King recalled him, as though for a few minutes' confidential conversation.

"Herbert," said he, taking up at the same time his jewelled George and Garter, which, with his customary attention to trifles, he insisted should be placed near his bed-head, "Herbert, you are becoming negligent; you have omitted to lay these gands—empty vanities that they are!—in their accustomed place. Also this morning you neglected to observe the command I gave last night."

His Majesty spoke with a grave and somewhat haughty air, which concealed a covert smile.

The attendant, in some confusion and no little surprise at the unusual displeasure of the King's tone, admitted that he had aroused his Majesty five minutes too late, and pleaded in extenuation the usual excuse of a discrepancy amongst the clocks. The King preserved an ominous frown.

"You are aware," said he, "that I never pardon a fault, nor overlook even the most trifling mistake. Have you not often heard me called harsh, vindictive, and exacting? I have prepared your punishment; I trust I will admonish you for the future. Here is a gold watch," he added, his assumed displeasure vanishing at once in a hearty burst of laughter at the scared expression of his attendant's countenance, "a gold alarm-watch, which as there may be cause shall awake you. Wear it for Charles Stuart's sake; and years hence, when perhaps he is no more, may it remind you of the stern, unkindly sovereign, who, albeit he valued to the utmost the affection and fidelity of his servant, could not pass over the slightest omission without some such token of his displeasure as this."

So speaking, and good-humoredly pushing Herbert from the room, he bade him a cordial "good night," leaving the groom of his bed-chamber more devoted to his person, if possible, than before.

Such was one among many instances of Charles benevolent disposition; such little acts of kindness as this endeared him to all with whom he came in daily contact, and the charm of such a temperament accounts at once for the blind devotion on the part of his followers, commanded by one who was the most amiable and accomplished of private gentlemen, as he was the most injudicious of and inefficient of kings.

Musing upon the fortunes of his master, and regretting in his affectionate nature his own powerlessness to aid the sinking monarch, Herbert fell into a broken and disturbed slumber, from which, however, he soon awoke, and observed, somewhat to his dismay, that the King's chamber was in perfect darkness The door of communication being left open, in case his services should be required during he night, the attendant's first impulse was to rise and relight the lamp, which he concluded had been accidentally extinguished. He was loth, however, to disturb the King's rest, and whilst debating the point in his own mind, fell off to sleep. After a short slumber, he was again aroused by the King's voice calling to him, and was surprised to see that the lamp had been rekindled.

"Herbert," said his master, "I am restless and cannot sleep. Thou wilt find a volume on yonder table; read to me, I prithee, for a space. It may be the good bishop's discourses will lull me to repose. Thou, too, are wakeful and watchful. I thank thee for thy vigilance in so readily rekindling my light, which had gone out."

Herbert expressed his surprise.

"I have not entered your Majesty's chamber," said he. "I have never left my couch since I lay down; but being restless, I observed your Majesty's room was dark, and when I woke even now reproached myself that your Majesty must have risen to perform a duty that should have devolved upon your servant."

"I also awoke in the night," replied the King, "and took notice that all was dark. To be fully satisfied, I put by the curtain to look at the lamp. Some time after I found it light, and concluded then that thou hadst risen and set it upon the basin lighted again."

Herbert assured his Majesty it was not so.

Charles smiled, and his countenance assumed that mystical and rapt expression it so often wore.

"I consider this," said he, "as a prognostic of God's future favor and mercy towards me and mine—that although I am at this time so eclipsed, yet either I or they may shine out bright again!"

Even as he spoke a loud knocking wa heard at the outer door, communicating as it did with a private staircase that led to a private entrance into the court. Sounds of hurry and confusion at the same time pervaded the palace, and the tramp of horses mingled with the clash of steel was distinctly audible outside the walls. Major-General Browne's voice was heard, too, above the confushion, calling on the few yeomen of the guard and other officials who formed the garrison to "stand to their arms," exhorting them at the same time to preserve the King's person from injury, and the majesty of the Parliament, as represented by the Commissioners, from insult. Meantime, Mawl, Maxwell and Harrington, all personal attendants of the Sovereign, rushed to his bedchamber, scared, pale and half-dressed, but ready, if need were, to sacrifice their lives in defence of the King.

Charles alone preserved his usual composure. The knocking at the door of his private apartments being violently repeated, he desired Maxwell to hold converse with this unmannerly disturber of his repose. Reconnoitering the assailant though a pannelling in the door, the old courtier was horrified to observe a Cornet of the Parliamentary dragoons standing at the head of the stairs in complete armor, with a cocked pistol in his hand, and clamoring for admittance.

The dialogue was carried on with a military sternness and brevity shocking to the prejudices of the Gentleman-Usher, more accustomed to the circumlocutions of diplomacy and the compliments of a court.

"What would you?" inquired Maxwell, through the pannelling. "Who are you, and by whose orders do you come here?"

The Cornet was a stout, resolute-looking man, with all the appearance of having risen from the ranks. His voice was deep and harsh, his countenance of that dogged nature which sets argument and persuasion alike at defiance. His answers were short and categorical.

"I would see Charles Stuart," he replied. "My name is Joyce, Cornet in the service of the Parliament. I am here on my own responsibility."

"Have you the authority of the Commissioners for your intrusion?" gasped out Maxwell, totally aghast at the unheard-of breach of etiquette, in which he felt himself aiding and abetting.

"No!" thundered the Cornet; "I have placed a sentry at the door of every man of them. Keep quiet, old gentleman—I take my orders from them that fear neither Commissioners nor Parliament."

In effect, the Cornet's entrance into Holmby House, and his rapid occupation of every post in its vicinity, as of the palace itself, had been achieved in a masterly manner that showed him to be no inexperienced practitioner in war.

With a numerous body of cavalry at his disposal, he had been all day occupied in concentrating them silently and steathily around the beleaguered palace. His main body had that afternoon bivouacked on Harleston Heath, strong pickets had been placed in every secluded spot which admitted of concealment within a circuit of a few miles, and constant patrols had been watching every road by which an escape from Holmby was practicable. As darkness fell he had pushed forward his several posts to one common centre, and by the hour of midnight a summer moon shone down on the court-yard of Holmby Palace, filled with a mass of iron-clad cavalry, whose numbers rendered resistance hopeless and impossible.

Colonel Graves and General Browne, however, two old Parliamentary officers, seemed to have had some inkling that an attack was meditated; for without any apparent reason they had doubled the guards around the King's person, and contrary to their wont had remained astir till midnight. When the first files of the approaching cavalry marched into the court, they had called upon the handful of soldiers and yeomen that formed the garrison to resist to the death, and had themselves held a parley with the redoubtable Cornet. When asked his name and business, he had replied, with the same bluntness that so discomfited Maxwell, that "his name was Joyce, Cornet in Colonel Whalley's regiment of horse, and his business was to speak with the King."

"From whom?" said Browne, with rising indignation.

"From myself!" replied the Cornet, with provoking coolness.

The two old solders burst into a derisive laugh.

"It's no laughing matter," said the unabashed intruder; "I come not hither to be advised by you, nor have I any business with the Commissioners. My errand is to the King, and speak to him I must and will."

"Stand to your arms," exclaimed Browne, to the handful of soldiers inside the palace; but these had in the meantime held some conference with the intruders, and finding that they all belonged to the same party, and that several were old comrades who had charged together many a day under the same banner, they refused to act against their friends, and drawing bolts and bars, admitted them without further parley, bidding them welcome, and shaking them cordially by the hand.

Thus it was that the Cornet obtained admittance even to the very door of his Majesty's bedchamber. A certain sense of propriety, however, which almost always accompanies the responsibility of a command, forbade him from offering any further violence, and with a most ungracious acquiescence he consented to leave the King undisturbed till morning, stipulating, however, that he should himself take up a position for the night on the staircase, which in effect he did, being with difficulty persuaded to lay down his firearms and return his sword to its sheath.

Charles sought his couch once more in that frame of placid helplessness which seems usually to have taken possession of him when in the crisis of a difficulty. He slept soundly, and awoke with characteristic regularity, little before his ordinary hour. His toilet was performed with elaborate care, his devotions not curtail d of a single interjection, his poached egg an glass of fair water leisurely discussed, and then, but not till then, his Majesty expressed his readiness to hold an interview with the personage who seemed to have power of life and death over his Sovereign.

The King's simplicity of manner and quiet dignified bearing overawed even the rough and low-born officer of the Parliament. Half-ashamed of his insolence, half bullying himself into his naturally offensive demeanor, Cornet Joyce was ushered into the presence with a far different aspect from that which he had assumed the night before. Such is the innate dignity afforded by true nobility of soul, that Charles and his captor seemed to have changed places. The King appearing to be the offended through placable judge, the Cornet wearing the sullen, apprehensive, and abashed look of a guilty prisoner.

Charles's good-nature, however, soon restored the official to his self possession, and by an easy transition, to a large portion of his original insolence. In reply to the monarch's gentle interrogative as to the cause of the last night's outrage, he answered boldly, "My orders are to remove your Majesty at once, without further delay."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*A fair leap in the present day, when, under its later appellation of the "Brixworth Brook," it spoils many a silk jacket, as the flower of the British army can testify, who, in their modern substitute for Tilt and Tournament, yclept "The Grand Military Steeple-chase," plunge into its profound with a reckless haste truly edifying to the less adventurous civilian.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—In Western Australia a new tariff has been proclaimed which, it is expected, will yield £200,000 per annum.

—An enormous conger eel, seven feet in length, and weighing 45 pounds, was caught in the River Dee in England the other day.

—Capt. Thomas Simpson, of Burnet, Texas, keeps the remains of his wife, recently deceased, in his parlor in an elegant metallic case.

—Vitznau, the village at the foot of the Rigi, in Switzerland, is threatened with destruction, the wall of rock behind it showing signs of falling.

—A hard-working girl who was recently married in Groton, N. Y., bought the groom's wedding clothes, paid the marriage fee and all other expenses.

—Londoners have tired of drab-colored houses, and everything is now *couleur de rose*. The *Builder* says that Lord John Manner's pillar posts look like drummer boys.

—The attendance at the Sydney International Exhibition since its opening foots up over 180,000. The admission has been fixed at the uniform charge of one shilling.

—Louis Lusignan, a Captain in the Russian service, claims the sovereignty of Cyprus and vast estates in that island, and has begged the Russian Government to intercede for him.

—The *Germania*, the Ultramontane organ, forbidden to enter Alsace-Loraine for the last five years, is readmitted; and there is talk of the French papers being distributed by the Post Office without undergoing the censorship which now effaces objectionable passages.

—Ada Clifton, an actress, became discouraged in Cincinnati, because she could not get employment. Going into the green room of the Robinson Opera House, she drank a glass of wine, remarked "This is my last drink," placed a pistol at her breast and fired; but the wound did not kill her.

—After a close and long examination of the various plans yet sent in for the Channel tunnel between England and France, the well known French engineer, M. Verard de Sainte Anne, has declared, in the presence of many eminent engineers, that the proposal was quite possible and practicable.

—A St. Louis boy was delighted when a fine, six bladed knife dropped down to him apparently from the sky. Wrapped around it was a paper on which was written, "We are fastened in the dome; for heaven's sake help us out." Two girls had ascended to the top of the court house, and closed a self-locking door.

—The Rev. James Tripp, a clergyman of evangelical views, to whom Cardinal Manning was once curate, died lately, aged 92 years. Until within a few months he spent many hours on horseback, riding about his large parish unattended. In middle life he had to live four years in Madeira on account of asthma.

—Under a South Carolina law which provides that money won at gambling shall, upon proof, be restored four fold, a firm at Charleston has entered suit for $79.000 against the proprietors of two fashionable resorts, the amount alleged as having been lost by young men in whom the firm was interested.

—Farmers Crockett and Nichols quarrelled about a hog, at Lindale, Mo., and agreed to settle the difficulty with knives. One had a dirk, and the other a less handy but larger pocket knife. Nichols was killed on the spot, and Crockett lived only two hours after the fight. Twenty-seven cuts were counted on their bodies.

—The wife of Judge Paine of the Cleveland County Court has left him to become a variety show actress. He was 60 and she 20 when they married, five years ago, and she gained a luxurious home, in which she was supposed to be contented. As an amateur actress she was successful, and this has led to her choice of the stage as a profession. Her husband has begun proceedings for a divorce.

—A wild story is current in Owingsville, Ky., of a man floating over the place in the air. Several persons declare they saw him. A woman describes him as making extravagant gestures awhile, and then rising out of sight. One theory is that he was Wise, the missing aeronaut; that he had let himself down by a rope from his balloon, which the startled spectators failed to see, in the hope of effecting a landing.

—Samuel Shook got married at Hillsboro', Ohio, and took his bride to the home that he had prepared. Two rowdies of the neighborhood, desiring to play what they conceived to be a good joke on the husband, broke into the house that night while he was asleep and carried off the wife, frightening her into silence by brandishing pistols. They hid her for three days, and then returned her to the anxious Mr. Shook. They said they meant no harm, but he refuses to regard the exploit as fun, and has had them arrested.

—The population of the globe may be roughly assumed at 1,421,000,000, divided thus: Europe, 309 000,000; Asia, 824,000,000; Africa, 199.000,000; Oceanica, 4,000,000; America, 85,000,000. It has been calculated from the mortality tables of known countries that annual number of deaths throughout the world is 35,693,350, or that, in other words, 97,790 persons die every day. On the other hand, the balance of population is more than kept up by births at the rate of 104,800 per day. Seventy new lives are ushered in every minute of the twenty-four hours.

—New Zealand has for some time suffered from an over supply of rabbits, which have eaten up the growing crops with comparative immunity. But a sharp way with the depredators has at last been happily discovered. By aid of an ingenious machine carbonic oxide gas is introduced into the burrows,after all the holes have been carefully stopped. The rabbits are soon in the condition of the Arabs whom the French smoked in their caves. In in a few seconds a great bubbub is heard inside, but this quickly subsides. The burrow is dug open after a short time, when the dead bodies of the rabbits are found huddled together in a corner.

—The commune of Oberammergau has built a new theatre for the representations of "The History of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus," which will be given in the famous valley next year. The part for the spectators will accommodate between five and six thousand persons. Exactly as in the great theatre built for the Wagner festival at Beyreuth, the orchestra will be placed quite of view of the spectators. The number of persons who will be engaged in the performance, including children, will be between 650 and 700. Of these, 19 will be actors and solo singers. The orchestra will consist of 30 performers. Almost the entire population of the district will have some share in these gigantic representations.

—Official whippings are continued regularly at Newcastle, Del., and are regarded as a matter of course by the residents, though strangers are sometimes shocked at the sight. On the last whipping day five convicted thieves were punished. The first was a German, who was not severely lashed, and he walked away smiling. The second was a miserable tramp, who bore the ordeal without flinching. Two negroes, who came next, writhed and muttered under the pain of severe blows. The fifth was a boy of 15. He was so frightened that it was necessary to force him to the post, and at the first stroke he desperately freed himself by pulling his hands out of the staples. A handkerchief was used to fasten him, but he got loose again before the prescribed twenty blows were completed, and pathetically begged the Sheriff not to strike so hard.

—A remarkable article on the military colonies of the Cossacks is published in the St. Petersburg *Gazette*. The writer says it is high time to abolish these colonies, as their organization is not in accordance with the requirements of modern military science, and that regular cavalry regiments should be created in place of the Cossack regiments. The St. Petersburg *Gazette* is, however, of opinion that such a change could not well be carried out at the present crisis, when a war between Russia and some of the other European powers may break out at any moment. No one, adds the *Gazette*, deserves the outbreak of war so much as the 100,000 Cossacks on the Don and the Kouban, for they have grown up in the tradition of the plunderings and robberies which accompanied the wars of the beginning of the century, and hope some day to return with as much booty as their fathers did.

—The corps of skaters, a force peculiar to the Norwegian army, has been lately reorganized, and consists now of five companies, each of 110 men, which in time of war can be reinforced by calling in 270 skaters belonging to the landwehr. The men of this corps are armed with rifles, and can be manœuvred upon ice or over the snow-fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. The skates they use are admirably adapted for traveling over rough and broken ice or frozen snow, being six inches broad, and between nine and ten inches long. In ascending steep slopes the men take a zig-zag course; tacking up the mountain as a ship does against a head wind. As an instance of the speed at which they can go, it is mentioned that last winter a messenger was dispatched from Roerass at 3 o'clock in the morning arrived at Drontheim at 9.30 in the evening of the same day, having consequently accomplished 120 in 18½ hours.

A MERRY THANKSGIVING.

An aged couple in Medway, Mass., had a merry Thanksgiving. At the outbreak of the war their only son ran away to sea, and served under Farragut at New Orleans and with Cushing in the Albermarle exploit. Here all trace of the sailor was lost, and it was supposed that he was drowned in the river when the torpedo exploded. His sister died a few years ago, and his parents have been living in retirement and poverty. Late on Wednesday night a man with a scar on his face knocked at the door and requested a lodging. He was admitted by the old lady, who asked her aged husband to entertain the stranger while she was making a cup of tea him. The stranger kept his hat on, and the old lady noticed that his eyes followed her every movement. To the old man he represented that he had formerly lived in the neighborhood. When asked his name he gave an evasive answer, but asked if James Merrisk lived there yet. "I am James Merrisk," answered the old man. The old lady had been watching the stranger closely. Before he could utter another word she stepped quickly to his side, lifted the hat from his head, gazed a moment into his face, and sank into the arms outstretched to receive her, loudly screaming, "Jim! Our Jim?" "Yes, your Jim; come home for Thanksgiving." exclaimed the stranger, as he kissed the aged face with joy and turned to his father, whose frame was trembling with gratitude. After a while he related the eventful history of his wanderings He had been severely wounded by the explosion of the torpedo, as the scar on his face testified. He was pulled from the river by one of the boats which came to the relief of the crew of the Albemarle. He lost his senses by the concussion and wound, but after the latter healed he was permitted to go at large as harmless, knowing nothing of himself, not even his name. Finally he fell into the employ of a former surgeon of the rebel army, and with him went to a plantation outside of Raleigh, N. C. One day, however, the surgeon examined his wound, and determined to try an experiment. He opened the wound in the head, and found the skull fractured and pressing on the brain. With the aid of another surgeon the skull was lifted or trepanned, and the wound again closed gradually. Merrisk's condition improved, but it was fully a year before his memory returned.

SEEING A MAN HOME.

I picked Simmons up pretty near drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him a bit and said:

"Here you are."

"Right," said he, and gave a big bang at the door. Up went a window.

"Who's there?" screamed a woman.

"I have brought the old man home," said I.

"All right," she cried, and came to the door.

She immediately seized hold of Simmons, and gave him such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head.

"Who are you shaking of?" says he.

"Good gracious!" cried the woman; "that is not my husband's voice."

I struck a match, and she found she had been shaking the wrong man.

"There," said the woman ferociously, "I've been sitting up here and expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've wasted my strength on a stranger."

"Don't he live here?" said I.

"No," said the woman, "he don't."

"What made you knock?" said I to Simmons.

"Knock," said he: "you told me to."

"I thought you lived here," said I.

"Glad I don't," said he.

I suppose he was thinking of the shaking he'd had.

At last I found where he did live, and got him home. Mrs. Simmons was sitting up for him. As soon as ever we knocked, out she came.

"O!" says she, "you're the wretch as makes my poor husband drunk are you?" and she gave me a slap across the face.

I've never seen a drunken man home since.

—*Exchange*.

VALUE OF WATER FOR COWS.

Cows should have access to water at all times, especially cows that give milk. They want to drink often and return to their feed. The best stable and one in which stock do the best is one where water was always running in troughs before the cattle. Thus managed cows may be kept up to a full flow of milk either winter or summer, and for this reason, if the pasture fails from drought it may be supplanted with other feed, but a failure of water cannot be remedied. So in winter cows that are only watered once a day, as many do who consider themselves good farmers, the cows shrink in their milk and it can never be regained. The same rule will hold good in the stable; abundant feed may be supplied, if the water supply fails, the profit will be *nil*. The necessity of plenty of pure water for stock is one of first importance to breeders and feeders. It must not only be in abundance, but it should be in such supply that stock may either take it at will, or if supplied at stated times it should be offered at least twice a day and three times will be better. No animal can thrive properly that has access to water but once a day. Every good breeder knows this and hence in all large feeding establishments, the greatest care is taken to keep the supply ample and constant. Many farmers neglect this, and always to their cost. If water cannot be had near in any other way, wells should be dug, and the water raised by wind or other power as the case may be. Having plenty of water see that stock get it as regularly as they feed. It will pay.

—The system of denationalization in Poland is, we learn, pursued with even greater strictness by the Russian government now than formerly. M. Lapoushkin, Curator of Education at Warsaw, has just issued a decree forbidding the students of the university, under severe penalties, to use the Polish language, either in private or in public.