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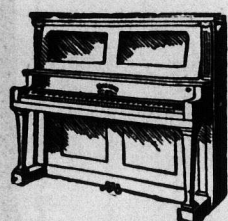
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whole gang are in the grip of the law."

I think the shock must have given my weak brain the impetus it needed; that boy who was hanged was my child, my little Harry; and I would have a life for a life—and eye for an eye—they read it us out of the Bible, and if it was right for the men of old time, it was right for me. A plan of escape, for which I had been racking my weary brain for many a long day, seemed to come to me all in a minute, and in a week from the time of my seeing that paragraph, I was outside the asylum and had managed to elude pursuit.

CHAPTER III.

I could not have been mad; no mad woman could ever have carried out so fixed a purpose as mine, and had the patience that was necessary to do what was wanted. I was penniless and friendless, and in danger of being retaken and shut up more closely than before, and yet I managed to elude pursuit and get away across the sea. It was summer time, and I resolved to lose myself for a little amongst the farm-workers and hoppers, down in the Kentish valleys, and earn my bread for a time, and some money, too, for future expenses.

I was going across the sea to America, and I was going to kill the man who had robbed me of my son. This was my fixed purpose, that was with me, sleeping and waking, all through the long summer. I was never detected; I was not so mad but that I could hold my tongue, and work with the rest of the people, if not quite so hard, hard enough to pass muster, and earn the money I wanted. I spent nothing except a very few shillings to make some little change in my attire, and I kept to myself, and did not herd with the others when I could possibly avoid it.

When the last hop was gathered, and the season over, I had some money by me, enough to help me on the first stage of my journey. I got to Liverpool, and there I engaged myself as servant to a woman who was going to cross the Atlantic. She was not a good woman, and she could not get any honest servant girl to go with her. I had no character to give, no one to refer anyone to, and no one else would take me; it did not signify much; she was very good to me as far as food and clothes went, and not stingy of money, so that when I landed in New York and bade her good-bye, I had a fresh supply.

Then I had to get West, and that was not so difficult. I made cautious enquiries, but the name of the man I wanted was well enough known. I should have no difficulty in getting to the neighborhood, at least, of Red-handed Ned. He was known; his name was no secret to some people, and I knew without a doubt that it was my old admirer. The story of the boy who had been hanged was not forgotten, and I heard the whole horrible details over and over again till my brain used to reel when I thought of it. My boy! my darling! my Harry's living image! That he should have been stolen from me for such an end as this. I met a man one day who had seen him, and he told me that such a young ruffian and desperado had never been known even in that lawless part of the States.

He was a fair-headed, slight stripping, he said, looking younger than he was, with a face more like an innocent child's than a boy fiend, which he must have been to commit the crimes for which he was executed. "It must have been born in him," the man said, in speaking of him. "Even Red-handed Ned—and he is about the worst and most desperate man in the world—could not have taught him what he knew of wickedness in the time he had him; he brought him from Europe after one of his trips."

I heard it—I, his mother, and I did not moan or cry. I was stunned, and could not speak. But after awhile I gathered my senses together enough to ask the man how it was that the man he called Red-handed Ned had never been taken.

"That's the puzzler," he said. "He is as wily as a fox, and somehow manages to be out of everything that other people swing for; but his turn will come some day. He will get his deserts as sure as he is alive this day. If he is alive no one has heard of him lately."

I could not have been mad, or I could not have listened as I did and continued steadfast in my purpose without betraying myself, and I made my way steadily on till I got into the country where the man I wanted was heard of last. He seemed to have disappeared. I found out what I wanted to know by accident. It all seemed accident, but I think Providence helped me for a wise purpose. If I had not gone on, then I should never have known—but I am rambling on, and the story will tell itself in due course.

It was through a woman that I found out where Red-handed Ned was—a woman who thought I was seeking him with some other motive than the real one.

"If I thought you wanted to betray him," she said, looking curiously at me, "I wouldn't tell you, for he has been good to me and my children, though he is a ruffian."

"I don't want to tell anyone anything about him," I replied, "I shall not tell a living soul that I have found him. I only want to see him for a minute; I have come many thousand miles for a word with him."

She did not suspect me—no one did—and she told me he was very ill, at death's door, hidden away in a little shanty in a town called Austin, about five miles away to the south. She was a native of Michigan, which I had reached by this time, and had been in the neighborhood of Red-handed Ned and his doings for many years. She told me the story I had heard, till my heart seemed turned to stone, of the fair-haired lad who had been so apt a pupil of the desperado, and I thanked her and went my way.

I found the little town of Austin without any difficulty, and the hut I wanted as well. I looked only a quietly dressed woman of the poor classes; no one would have guessed I carried a dagger, and that my purpose was as deadly as ever Jael's was when she went into the tent of Heber, the hermit. He was alone when I reached the shanty where he was lying asleep, with the rays of the evening sun slanting across his face, which was worn and thin, and evidently not long for this world. I knew him—I should have known him anywhere—the man who had courted me as a girl and persecuted me as a woman; and he was there at my mercy. He had done my boy to death—stolen him from me when he was an innocent child, and trained him to such wickedness that the world rejoiced to be rid of him, and not one voice was raised in pity for his youth or sorrow for his death.

Surely Heaven had given him into my hand to revenge that awful tragedy! My hand was uplifted, and in another moment he would have paid the penalty of his crimes, and I should have stained my soul with murder, when my hand was stayed. Harry, my husband—just as I used to see him when we were boy and girl together; before love stepped in to blight our lives—stood before me and wrested the weapon from my hand. I remember a scuffle and a struggle, and hearing the man on the bed call my name. There was a rush of hurrying feet and a confusion of many voices, and then a blank.

It had been spring-time when I entered that little hut with my fell purpose full on me; I had to wait for the melting of the snow and the opening of the roads to pursue my journey; it was glowing autumn, and the fruit was ripe on the trees when I came once more to myself in a clean, comfortable house, with a woman watching by my side. I would have questioned her, but the form of a man took her place, and a gentle voice called me "mother," and I knew that my boy was alive. I learned the story by degrees; it was all true except the last item: Edward Bathurst was dead before I recovered

ed my senses. He had been with the intent of doing down in that cruel no-trade of his had brought child had won upon chance touch or son of memory or feeling his hand and stopped purpose. For some him by him, and then to such schools as I him a rambling kind bringing him up in his mother was dead keep from the lad for he and his associat gang of thieves, and to those natures to not cling as it does remarkably free from ing his association w

The young man hanged was one of the man who had be urst's messenger to beyond the fact that Harry, and about there was no rese them. But they the child that Red-ha known to have brou and reported accord

I was a long time to life and health, were sadly put to it the means of living of property in the Bathurst died, but ed blood-stained, an

The V

We often hear th How much should a income expend on th seau?

Now, it is always that a trousseau is an and such a thing as a trousseau, one does sible; but in my opin cases there should be seau.

The ostentatious d and extravagant exp with them, is one of ing evils of the day gravity of the situat Bride and bridegroom of, in the concentrati on clothes, presents, c and entertainment of things.

More often than no signal for lavish exp justified by the mean the bride; and the co of debts which can r paid in the long run such stress, strain, s that one would think ashamed to feel she bringing it about. I less selfishness and tion.

The girl who woul "I will have no wed cause my family are to make any extra personal outfit. I a wearing clothes that made, and perfectly in life, and I always coming, as every do not see why I a paration of clothes t my coming marriage known what it was t good, tasteful, servi fore. What I am m importance, and not are."

Such a girl would