

Tight Binding

A GOOD NIGHT
Sleep sound, dear love! Though the winds
be high, the dark clouds drift through the
troubled sky.
Though the rising waters foam and roar,
And mournfully howl round the ruined
shore.
Ill sounds from the hummers, the far
distant, and the distant, and the distant,
And soft, the distant, and the distant,
Sleep sound! Though the world be
in a fever,
And the night be dark and dreary,
Yet never a sorrow, a pain, a grief,
And never a pang, a sorrow, a grief,
No shadows pass o'er thy closed eyes,
But their visions be visions of Paradise.
Sleep sound, sweet love! Till the morn-
ing's light,
Lead up a new day with its fresh de-
light.
Till the welcome sun, as it mounts above,
Reveals the duty and peace and love,
To a calm existence, untouch'd by strife,
And the quiet round of a holy life!

Select Story.

THE WAY MY WIFE CAME TO

CONCLUDES.

I felt a buzz in my ears as I heard the
snoring remark—it was so then; they
had understood my intentions—I heard
Lady Grey say, in reply, "You are look-
ing, brother, to fancy such a thing; and
Bess is too sensible to encourage a stran-
ger."

Bess said nothing, and I was startled to
hear the old gentleman say, "Look, daugh-
ter, Van Holt is going to Dover, to-mor-
row, thence home to Holland; and I have
decided that you will go with him. A
clergyman will come here to-night at
nine o'clock to marry you; we have made
our arrangements, you can now make
yours." Mr. Conyngham continued to
impress upon his daughter that necessity
alone had thus hastened the marriage,
and that they must make the best of it.
He then went out, probably to report to
Van Holt.

"What can you do, dear Bess?" asked
Lady Grey, as soon as he was gone.
"Great heavens! I don't know, but I
will never marry that bad man. I must
conceal myself until night comes, and then
fly away somewhere."

"Yes, that is it, you must run off; I
will see that a carriage is in readiness, and
my maid Betty will go with you to Barn-
well depot to take the train. You can
both go down to cousin Egbert's; he
will conceal you till this hurricane has
blown over."

"Yes, that," replied Bess, after a while.
"I think it the best way for me to adopt
in this emergency; I thank you for the
help which I so much need."

"No thanks, darling, and the sooner it
is arranged, the better I will go now to
see about it."

Directly she left the room I raised my-
self upon the chair by the opening
in the wall; I was irresolute; I hardly
durst look in, and yet I must let her know
that I heard it all, and that she had a
friend to help her. I cautiously peeped
over and met—Miss Conyngham's eyes.
She, too, had climbed a chair, probably to
see where or what the ventilator led into,
and we shot face to face. I bowed and
blushed an apology, about her being in
trouble.

"You need not proceed," she inter-
rupted quickly, "I presume you have
heard the wrangling from this room?"
She said so quietly, but with a face pale as
snow.

"Yes, I heard it all, and I am ready to
help you, if it should cost me my life; I
would give my life for yours."

She colored at my vehemence, and her
eyes were instantly suffused with tears.
She looked at me with a look of
astonishment.

"Give me the right to protect you,"
I cried. "The right to call you mine will
forever place you beyond the power of
that man. I cannot speak of myself, but
whatever you wish to know of me, you

can ascertain of Mrs. Lovelace, Lady Grey
can ask him."

"Pray, sir, do not talk in that way,"
she said, yet I saw she was not angry.

"No, I would not," I answered. "I
could not speak of your situation, as ac-
quaintance, it is wrong that you are in
trouble, and need a friend; how can I
otherwise supply the office? Let me beg
of you to consider that, while there is
time to consider, and this is what my
heart would prompt me to say with better
advantage."

"Yes," she said, simply but earnestly;
"but you are right—I cannot not thus
sue."

You heard our arrangement—my
father's plan—I will adopt that, we will
know each other better, before—

"No, no," I exclaimed; "we shall never
know each other better; it is rash to
delay; if we postpone our designs they
will be frustrated." Who is there but a
husband that can preserve you from the
passion of that bad man. Your father,
forgive me for thus alluding to him—but
I heard last night that he lost everything
to Van Holt, at faro—thus he is power-
less to protect you."

"I expected as much," she said, sail-
ly.

"Do then give me the right to take care
of you."

"But now, urge me no more."

"But will you decide to-day? Meet
me on the beach, after dinner, and tell
me there. Promise to meet me?"

"Yes, I will go, if I am not prevented.
I must consult Lady Grey first."

She slipped down from the chair, and
was gone in a minute. I did not finish
my letter that morning, but went out to
engage a carriage and four, and make other
preparations for a rapid leave taking of
Brighton.

Bess met me, as she promised, on the
beach. Lady Grey, whose presence I
had no reason to regret was with her;
and was a strong advocate in my favor.
She said we could never hope to change
Mr. Conyngham's prejudices; his daugh-
ter was a minor, and still subject to her
father's control and disposal; and though
she would not advise us, yet she would
not withhold her consent, if we concluded
to fly together. After saying so much,
she kindly walked on, leaving me to ar-
gue my cause, which was indeed her
cause also, with Bess. I succeeded so
well that she promised to marry me that
night. The words had barely escaped her
lips when we met Van Holt, who
glanced at me, and gave my companion
a glance of distrust and displeasure. So
soon as he was out of sight, I left the la-
dies and hurried up the flinty street to
the parsonage. The old clergyman was
quite willing to come down; he had al-
ready, he said, promised to marry a cou-
ple at No. 54 at nine o'clock; and he could
easily come down an hour earlier at No.
30. I designated my own room as the
place to meet me; but we had decided
that the ceremony should be performed
in Lady Grey's parlor, a room adjacent
to Miss Conyngham's own. After en-
closing the arrangements with the clergy-
man, and obtaining a license I hasten-
ed back to prepare my luggage and send
it to the depot. At eight o'clock every-
thing on my part was ready, and in the
large arm chair, beneath the ventilator,
waiting for the signal that would indicate
that Miss Conyngham was ready. The
signal did not come, but in its place I
heard a low voice repeating my name. I
sprang up; there stood Bess.

"I am locked in," she exclaimed in
terror.

"Herr Von Holt saw us together,
and informed my father, and he says I
shall not leave this room, or communicate
with my aunt even, until the clergyman
comes at nine o'clock. He suspects us,
you and I, of eloping."

Only one moment was I confound-
ed; the next an expedient occurred to me;
but would Bess take advantage of it, that
was the question?

"Wait a moment," I said, "until I
write a note to your aunt, Lady Grey."

It was written and sent; and in five mi-
nutes Lady Grey and her maid stood at
my door. I briefly informed her of the
facts, and suggested her only chance of
flight. Bess came into the room, and
the clergyman would be there in
fifteen minutes, and we could be married
in my parlor, if Bess would.

"She can never do it," exclaimed, he
ladyship, and I saw that she was not
angry."

"Well, we will abide by her decision,"
she answered. I lay up, and in half an
hour she was gone.

The word was no sooner spoken, than
Bess began to cut away with my knife a piece
from the panel of the door, in which re-
solved the axis of the ventilator. The
glass was soon removed, and the ventila-
tor free of incumbrance. It reached
through the trembling of the door, and
a girl came at once. She sprang up
without hesitation, and in five minutes
she was safely by my side. I then hesi-
tated to put back the window in its place,
since the vacuum might not excite suspi-
cion.

Bess had a short time to compose her-
self before the clergyman entered. He
began the ceremony directly, and I was
soon the husband of the loveliest girl in
the world. As I was paying my five
pound lecture fee, I heard a door unlock-
ed in the adjoining room, and a loud ex-
clamation, accompanied by an oath. I
did not wait for the denouement, but
hastily bade Lady Grey and the clergy-
man good-bye; the latter by the way, I
saw going around to the performance of
the other ceremony at nine o'clock, and
carried off Bess to the carriage. We
went to London that night by rail. The
next week I got a letter from home with
permission to return. I availed myself of
it, and brought my English wife to Amer-
ica, and to this day I hold in reverence
the ventilator, for by what other way
could my wife have come to me?—London
Family Herald.

A Lost Woman.—The past quarter of a
century, disentering from the dust of
ages the hidden secrets of generations so
long gone by that the very names of many of
the nations which once figured so conspicu-
ously in the world's annals, have perished
with them, has developed many strange
facts with regard to ancient America. It
would be strange, after all, if, instead of
having "no past," "no antiquity," as has
been alleged by her detractors, the conti-
nent discovered by Columbus should prove
to be the older of the two. Throughout
its entire length and breadth traces have
been discovered of a race, or rather of a
world of people who performed their part
in the great life-drama as so early an epoch
that nearly every vestige of their exist-
ence must have disappeared centuries be-
fore the discoveries of Columbus. The
hardy Norsemen, who visited the Atlantic
coast as early as the fourth or fifth centu-
ries, found them occupied by hostile races,
in such numbers as to repel every attempt
to penetrate the interior; the Norsemen
who made the first authentic record of dis-
covery in the Western Hemisphere, in spite
of the fact that Columbus has always re-
ceived that honor, and who must still have
been preceded by others, whose accounts
of the strange lands they had visited, and
the wonders they had seen, in the absence
of corroborative, were received as fables
by their countrymen. Little there been in
those days such things as newspapers, the
whole world would have learned of the
existence of another continent. It
would have been interesting in a histor-
ical point of view, as it would have devel-
oped the existence, and perhaps have
preserved the records, of a number of na-
tions of which the last vestiges are now
fading from the earth. Whatever may
have been the Aborigines, it is certain that
large portions of what are now the United
States, and of countries farther South,
were inhabited by a numerous people,
wearing comfortable clothing and being
somewhat advanced in the arts. Some
of them, as those of Mexico and Central
America, have left behind them vast ruins,
proving that the cities which they founded
were not unworthy of being ranked with
the proudest of olden times.

Throughout the Northern country nu-
merous traces of a vanished people have
been from time to time discovered, but
fainter and less absolutely defined than
those of the Aztecs—showing conclusively
the greater antiquity of the Northerners.
The mounds, mounds, indications of whose
industry and engineering skill have been
found by the archaeologist, Squiers, sent

over the Middle and Northern States,
must have been more numerous in their
day than the enlightened people who
have supplanted them, yet they have van-
ished so entirely from the scene of their
earthly labors, that, unless we adopt the
theory of retrogression and accept the
North American Indians and the South-
ern Americans as the lost representatives of
ancient America, we have not the slightest
clue to them. The most remarkable cir-
cumstances in connection with these peo-
ples is that they left behind them no
implements or other implements, and that
in cases where records have been discover-
ed, there were no alphabets so much as
anything ever been known, the tablets of
Cogan and Palenque, for instance, as to
defy all research. These tablets are of
customs similar to those of the Aztecs,
and of a variety of languages, but all
too vague and uncertain, as yet, to base a
theory upon. It seems as though at some
far-gone period of the world's history a
mighty Providence, as a punishment, for
its sins, had blotted out at once from ex-
istence an entire world, whose very monu-
ments mock the proud and vain-glorious
spirit which led to their creation. But
these will doubtless arise, persons com-
petent to the task, who, from their knowl-
edge of dialects and hieroglyphic writing
may yet succeed in clearing up this most
wonderful and impressive of modern my-
steries.

DELL CARLSON.—Dr. Young, in one
of his rare satires, announces that
"The body father craves a booby son,
And by heaven a blessing think himself
undone."

But literary history shows that the booby
father is not sure of the future dullness of
his offspring by the promising signs of it
in youth. Instances without number can
be found which show that it is impossible to
judge correctly of the intellectual ability
of the future man by the indications of
early life. Douglas Jerrold was so dull
a boy that, at nine years of age he could
scarcely read. The schoolmaster of the
brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan pro-
nounced the boy to be an "incorrigible
dunce," and the mother of the future
orator and dramatist, said Richard was
the dullest and most hopeless of her sons.

Goldsmith was an unpromising youth.
Dr. Scott, the commentator, at the age of
twelve could hardly compose a sentence of
English; Walter Scott had the credit of
having the "thickest skull in school" he
attended; one of the most popular female
writers in England at the present time
could not read when she was seven years
old; Sir Isaac Newton was very inatten-
tive to his studies when at school, and
ranked very low as a scholar until he
reached his teens; Dr. Adam Clarke could
not commit a short piece to memory so as
to recite it; Milton was an indifferent
scholar early in life; the father of Rev.
Dr. Barrow thought he was the miracle
of God to take from him any of his children,
he hoped it might be Isaac, as he was
the least promising.

The words "indifferent in behavior and
of doubtful hope" were scored against the
name of Barzilai, the noted Swedish
chemist, when he left school for the uni-
versity. The above cases show that some
of the most eminent men have been re-
markable only for dullness in their youth,
and to the list may be added the names of
Davy, Swift, Gibbon and Dryden, none
of whom appear to have exhibited, in
their childhood, those talents which in-
sure future success.

As we are now speaking of dull children
it would not accord with our present pur-
pose to name any of that large number of
persons, whose manhood did not show
that intellectual power indicated by their
early brilliancy and precocious talent,
which induced friends and relatives to an-
ticipate exalted position and permanent
fame. Almost every one of our readers
will remember such persons in the circle of
their acquaintance, while on the other
hand all will admit that many of the first
scholars at schools or colleges, were after-
wards the first men in the full meaning of
the term, in their day and generation.

A malacca joint, with a gold head, has
been purchased by the friends of Heenan
in New York as a present to Jack Mac-
donald the English second of the Boy.
The cane is valued at \$75.

TAKING A MAN TO PIECES

Captain Evans was an old naval veter-
an of sixty-seven, and an old seaman and
every year before the war, which last
action unsettled his understanding, he
logically carried off by a chain shot.
Evans was certainly in fashion. Cap-
tain Evans had a pair of the best quality
for him, he had a false arm, and a
to the latter he addressed a few words
on occasion required, and being a
was most easily deceived. As a success-
years rendered him a formidable valet
advantage of him, so that he was a
where a Somersetshire squire, to be
him up some famous son, as body ser-
vant.

"No matter how stupid if but honest and
faithful," he wrote.

His brother was absent, and sent to his
steward to select a lad. This the steward
did but merely mentioned that Captain
Evans was indignant, not approving the sug-
gestion of his new master's deficiencies, and
sent him to London at once, where the
Captain lived.

At ten at night he arrived, and was im-
mediately shown at once to Capt. Evans's
sitting room.

"What is your name?"

"My name is John, sir."

"Well John, my regular valet is absent
again, without leave; help me to bed, as
late, and then you can go down to
your supper."

According to the bedroom, the old
gentleman said.

John, unscrew my leg."

"Zur, said John."

"Unscrew my leg this way, etc."

John did so tamblingly.

"John, unscrew my other leg."

"Zur," said John.

"Unscrew the other leg, sir."

John did so, now in a state of bewil-
derment.

"John, unscrew this arm."

Trembling still more, to the Captain's
great amusement, he obeyed.

"John, put this eye on the table."

John took hold of it as if it would have
kitten him.

"Now, John—no I won't take the other
eye out—lift me into bed."

This done the waggish Captain contin-
ued.

"John beat upon the pillow, it is not
comfortable." It was done.

"Beat it up again, sir, it is quite hard."

John again shook the pillow.

"That won't do; John I can't get my
head comfortable. D—n it, John, unscrew
my head!"

"No, my thunder, I'll unscrew no more
and John fled from the room to the kit-
chen, swearing his master was the d—l, tak-
ing himself to pieces like a clock.

When (said an old-darkey preacher), I
can't "swade 'em, I fittens 'em—dat is
great art, and white preacher don't dat
stand de nature ob colored folks. Now,
Boppay, dere is one nature ob nigger and
one nature ob Massa Buckra. You can't
scare our people by tellin 'em dey'll go
to berry hot place if dey is sinners, for no
pleas is to hot for dem dat sleep on pillow
of hot roasted sand in de boiler. heat ob
day, wid dere faces turned up to it like a
sun-dawg, I sassa dem by cold. I talk
ob brozed ribbons dat dey must walk on
baricoot, and ob snow drifts, and ob es-
sary great chunks ob ice on dere bare
heads foreber and ever, like discharging
cargoes ob Yankee fire from Boston vessels,
which kills more ob dem dan yeller fever.
I can't talk book learnin' cause I can't
pronounce 'em. But I fittens dem to death
almost, so day call me Sassa Crow.

NATIONAL EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND.—An ex-
change gives the following as the origin of
national emblem of Scotland:—When the
Danes from England invaded Scotland,
they availed themselves of the phrean-
diness of night to attack the Scottish forces
unawares. In approaching the Scottish
camp unobserved, and marching barefoot
to prevent their tramp being heard, one
of the Danes tread on a large prickly thistle,
and the sharp cry of pain which he
instinctively uttered suddenly apprized the
Scots of their danger, who immediately
ran to their arms and defeated the Danes
with great slaughter. The thistle was
therefore adopted as the national in-
sign of Scotland.

Deport: always owe it to themselves not
to forget what they owe to others.

SONG

in William
O Spirit of the Sun
Bring back the rose
The yellow from the
The honey-bee has
Bring back the flower
The golden evening
When merry children
And merry stars
Bring back the living
O bring me back the
Teach Spirit of the

THE ISLAND

There are few count-
which have a greater
empathy than the island
of the nations now de-
posited liberty; but
away. With Sicily
By a series of misfor-
tunes of her own, she has
that compared with the
Venetian or Hungarian
light. She has a high
and an industrial, sub-
jected to the full
unrelenting, English
monarchs, ancient of
exceeded the Northern

Before the British
summed a definite shape
possessed a Parliament
ecclesiastical nobles
years rolled on, the
of each became dech-
ple house was com-
elected for their war
it had the right of in-
clearing war, and after
pursue. Through in-
der many monarchs
served complete, vi-
tive.

From the year 17
of Sicilian calamity
that year Ferdinand
Third of Sicily, was
was a weak-minded
haughty and the
son. The affairs of
wife, Catharine of
great determination
cruel. For the first
hand's reign, this
rough, but the
out; unsettling the
foundations of three
who were foolish ex-
pression was de-
Piedmont. He, o-
it impatient even
old constitutional
dom to his people
Parliament of 1799
Caroline demanded
per month for all
They would grant
refused any further
Sicilians were fir-
bably have chosen
armies made hun-
troops on the tra-
jeiled Ferdinand
gould to take re-
they had insulted

A series of ex-
next few years, in-
situations later
pression that Great
session of Sicily
plain the appe-
behalf of this
months after Fe-
Naples, the Pe-
driven from Italy
and recrossed
Napoleon swept
more Sicilian
sworn. At the
tor of the con-
Britain, a most
Mafia was there
son in the Me-
two greatest in
other basis of
French. Sicily
Britain guaran-
polem, and in
of £150,000 was
to allow 15,000
within it.

It might be
diagnosed and the
circumstances
secure the go-
whom they in-
instead of doi-
in whose ha-
was, appears
feelings to the
pushed this
velution was
went this Gen-
sign of inva-
Naples, to a
tion her own
English. As
ther engaged
troops upon
those of Gre-
though a ch-
tor Lord N
bassador. I
of the plot,