

agony that had been on his white face a moment before, while the devilish look came back to his evil eyes, though he tried to control it, and render his manner pleasant and affable.

"Stay, my young friends; you shall have your wish. I will marry you. I used to know your mother, young man, and hearing that she was dead took me by surprise. Yes, I will marry you, certainly," he continued, gleefully rubbing his hands together; "only tell me first who this young lady is. Is her papa rich like your father?"

"No, sir," replied Dora, promptly, her anger vanishing at the squire's pleasant manner. "Poor papa is dead; he was a doctor; and my name is Dora, and mamma lives in a little cottage; but that is no matter, for Robbie will be rich, so it doesn't make any difference."

"No, no, certainly not, my little miss," and he laughed disagreeably again.

"You stay here a few minutes while I go and make out a certificate—for, luckily, I happen to be clerk as well as justice—and then I'll come back and perform the ceremony, and you shall be truly Mrs. Robert Ellerton before you go home."

So saying the squire strode with hasty steps towards his elegant mansion, where once within his library, he gave free vent to his pent-up feelings.

With clenched hands and wrinkled brow he paced back and forth the spacious length of that great room, cursing, bitterly cursing, and muttering to himself:

"Oh, Robert Ellerton," he said, "I have you now; I can now pay you twice told 'or all my weary years of woe and anguish. You shall moan and weep, and gnash your teeth even as I have done. Your false pride shall have a blow from which it will never recover. I remember you too well to know how it would gail you to have your son marry a poor girl, and under such circumstances too. And he—he too, will chafe in the future at the chain that binds him. I know how you have built proud castles in the air for him, even as you used to for yourself, but they shall all tumble about your ears in confusion. It is in my power to crush you now, and, curse you, I will do it! Oh, Jessie, my poor blossom, had you but given yourself to me, how bright would I have made your life! I would have held you close—close to this beating heart, and it should have given you life. My life has been, and is, like the dregs of the wine-cup, sour and bitter, but you could have made it sweet and fragrant as burning incense. But now there is nothing left but revenge, and—I will take it! Oh, how I hate you, blighter of my happiness! I curse you! and I will crush you and yours if I can."

It was a fearful passion that moved him. One moment of intense hatred and anger toward one whom he imagined had wrecked his life. The next full of tenderness and sorrow for the one loved and lost sweetness of his existence. It was a long pent-up agony flowing afresh over his soul, a wound long since healed and scarred over now torn rudely open, and pouring forth his inmost heart's blood. He tore his hair, he beat his breast, as he strode wildly back and forth, until at last, utterly overcome, he sank back exhausted upon a chair.

Several moments passed, when with a mighty effort he conquered his emotion

in a measure, and rising, he went to his secretary, took out some papers, and sitting down, commenced writing. He soon finished, folded the paper, and then went back to the arbor, where the children, having forgotten all unpleasantness, were chatting merrily.

They became silent as he approached, and looked uneasy; but he entered with a pleasant smile, told them to rise and take hold of each other's right hand, and going hastily through the marriage service, he soon pronounced them man and wife.

His own face paled as he looked into those so earnestly raised to his, and his heart half sank within him as the thought of what he had done rushed over him. But he quickly cast it from him, and giving the folded paper to Dora, he told her, with a sinister smile, that she must never part with it, but treasure it sacredly, or she could not prove that she was Robert's wife.

She took it, with a feeling half of awe, half of shame, and thrust it quickly within the depths of her pocket.

How could that bold, bad man, stand up so calmly and perform such a mockery in the sight of Heaven? How could he so deliberately plan to blight and crush two innocent hearts and lives—two babes, as they were, who had never had a thought or wish of evil for any of God's creatures? He little knew or realized to what extent his threat would be carried. Perhaps, could he have looked into the future, even he would have shrunk from the depth of woe to which his curses consigned them.

After he had performed this diabolical act, he instantly became the most agreeable of hosts, taking them all over his grounds, showing them the statuary, and explaining the different subjects to them; afterward giving them a sail upon the miniature lake in the daintiest of dainty boats. He then invited them into the grand old house, where, after looking a half-hour or so at some magnificent paintings, he ushered them into a pleasant little room, where they found a tempting little treat of strawberries and cream and cake.

They made merry here for a while, and then, as their buggy was ordered to the door, they bade their host a pleasant good-bye, thanking him for his kindness to them; took their seats and drove merrily away.

Squire Moulton watched them until they disappeared from view; then, raising one clenched hand, he shook it threateningly, and hissed through his shut teeth:

"Go, you young fools! and my worst curses go with you!"

He then went within, slamming the door violently after him. As he did so, two men arose from behind some bushes and shrubs which grew beside the arbor where the strange marriage had taken place, and stealthily made their way out of the grounds, whispering as they went.

(Continued.)

A Western schoolma-am has become famous by getting all of her pupils out of the school-house while a blizzard was in progress. Some day she may succeed in keeping them all in school while a circus procession is passing, and then her name will go down in history.

"THE OLD, OLD SEA."

The evening falls, and the sun doth rest
Behind a cloud in the golden west;
Wandering alone on the pebbly shore,
I list to the waves as they idly roar.

Oh! how I love the old, old sea!
For a voice of music it brings to me;
Murmuring ever, ceasing never,
How sweet the voice of the old, old sea!

With sails outspread, the ship doth ride
Nobly over the foaming tide.
Bearing the gallant sailors along,
Cheering each other with joyous song.

Ye sailors brave who dare to breast
The angry ocean's foaming crest,
May ye be cheered on the sea afar
By the silvery moon and twinkling star!

Roll on, roll on, ye ceaseless waves,
Murmuring from out your hoary caves;
For music sweet is wafted to me
From out thy depths, thou fathomless sea.

Oh! how I love the old, old sea!
For a voice of music it brings to me;
Murmuring ever, ceasing never,
How sweet the voice of the old, old sea!

SOMETHING IN STORE.

A policeman patrolling Gratiot avenue yesterday was called into a shoe-shop, the proprietor of which is an honest, unsuspecting burgher, and asked:

"Can you tell me if Sheneral Grant is still in der city?"

"Grant! Why, he hasn't been here in a year."

"Ish dot bossible! My frent, vhas der President here about two weeks ago?"

"No."

"Vhas dere a big riot down tree weeks ago in which some Dutchmans got kilt?"

"No, sir."

"Vhas dere some ferry boats got blowed up?"

"Never heard of any."

"My frent, ledt me ask one more question. Vhas some orphan asylums all burned up one night last week and all der leedle children roasted like ducks in der oofen?"

"Of course not."

"Vhell, dot explains to me. I haf a poy Shon. He vhas oudt night, und he doan' come home till two o'clock next morneng. When I ask him about it he says some orphan asylum burned down, or some ferry-boat blew opp, or Sheneral Grant vhas in town and vphant's to see him. So dot poy has been lying to me?"

"Looks that way."

"Vhell, to-night he vhill shlip oudt as usual, und by one o'clock he vhill come creeping in. I shall ask him where he vhas all der time so long, and he vhill say Sheneral Sherman vhas in town. I shall tell him dot I take him out to der barn und introduce him to a school-house on fire, und when I am all tired oudt mit clubbing him I pelief dot poy vhill see some shokes und sthay home nights. I tought it vas funny dot so much happens all der time und dey doan' put it in der Sherman bapers. Vhell, vhell, I vish it vash night so I could begin to show him dot I am der biggest sheneral of all."

The woman question: "What are you going to trim it with?"