

of such extravagant
on'clock; if we start
in the "Calm Retreat"

named Herbert, rising

and in twenty min-
utes the road to East Fe-

Retreat "so late that
the porter awoke

up to his own dormi-

stance of time since
bed, Herbert."

First by five hundred
Traverse, the slow
and how on stormy

to rain pattering on
inches of our faces,
afraid to turn over,
our heads against

launched into
the two widows
—(the two women
who boys the other,
apt up until long
all sleep overlook

we conducted his
arior, to introduce
as soon as he per-
stant, sprang for-

on you? Have you
ou run away with

great haste, upon

so, I when you
saying a word! If
would have been
hasty and so im-

less trouble than
the happy circum-
here, who has
the same busi-

friend. In the

me me to present
of the—th Rogi-

is the brave, the
er, so honorably
the inevitable
said the little
pped head down

the bow. And
ing to Traverse,

important and so
or illustrations
explaining to
office, if he will
not to retire."

rept in speak-
form style of

re done, John I

Traverse said
thence over our
or illustrations

explaining to
office, if he will
not to retire."

rept in speak-
form style of

re done, John I

Traverse said
thence over our
or illustrations

explaining to
office, if he will
not to retire."

rept in speak-
form style of

re done, John I

Traverse said
thence over our
or illustrations

rejoice in a Frenchman, for the frank abandon
with which he gives himself up to his emotions.
Our doctor, after staring at the confusion, took
hold of the top of his blue tasseled night-cap,
pulled it off his head, and threw it violently upon
the floor. Then, remembering that he was ex-
posing a cranium as bald as a peeled potato, he
suddenly caught it up again, clapped it upon
his crown, and exclaimed:

"Saer! Diable!" and other ejaculations
dreadful to translate, and others again, which
it would be profane to set down in French or
English.

Gabriel Le Noir was no longer an officer illu-
strations, a gentleman noble and distinguished,
compassionate and tender; he was a robber, in-
famous! a villain atrocious! a catfif ruthless, and
without remorse!

After breakfast, the doctor consented that his
young hero, his little knight-errant, his dear son,
should go to the distressed lady, and open the
good news to her; while the great Major Greyson,
the warrior invincible, should go around with
himself to inspect the institution.

Traverse immediately repaired to the chamber
of Mrs. Le Noir, whom he found sitting at the
window, engaged in some little trifle of needle-
work, the same pale, patient woman, that she had
first appeared to him.

"Ah, you have come! I read good news upon
your smiling face, my friend! Tell it! I have
borne the worst of sorrows! shall I not have
strength to bear joy?"

Traverse told her all, and then ended by saying:
"Now dear Madam, it is necessary that we
leave this place within two hours, as Major Grey-
son's regiment leaves New Orleans for Washing-
ton to-morrow, and it is advisable that you go
under our protection. We can get you a female
attendant from the St. Charles!"

"Oh I can be ready in ten minutes; I have
no five lady's wardrobe to pack up!" replied
Mrs. Le Noir, with a smile.

Traverse bowed and went out to procure a
carriage from the next village. And in half an
hour afterwards the whole party took leave of
Doctor Pierre St. Jean and his "institution in-
comparable," and set forth on their journey to
New Orleans, whence in two days afterwards they
sailed for the North. And now, dear reader, let
you and me take the fast boat, and get home be-
fore them to see our little Cap, and find out what
adventures she is now engaged in, and how she
is getting on.

CHAPTER LX.

CAPITOLA A CAPITALIST.

Planned victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look,
Equally distasteful from proud insolence
And sad dejection. —MASONBORN.

How glad I am to get back to my little Cap;
for I know very well, reader, just as well as if you
had told me, that you have been grumbling in
suspense for the want of Cap. But I could not
help it, for, to tell the truth, I was pining after
her myself, which was the reason that I could
not do half justice to the scenes of the Mexican
War.

Well, now let us see what Cap. has been doing
—what oppressors she has punished—what vic-
tims she has delivered—in a word, what new
heroic adventures she has achieved.

Well, the trial of Donald Bayne, alias Black
Donald, was over. Cap, of course, had been
compelled to appear as counsel. During the
whole course of the trial the court-room was crowd-
ed with a curious multitude, "from far and
near," eager to get sight of the notorious outlaw.

Black Donald, through the whole ordeal, de-
ported himself with a gallant and joyous dignity,
that would have better become a triumph than a
trial.

He was indicted upon several distinct counts,
the most serious of which—the murder of the
solitary widow and her daughter in the forest
cabin, and the assassination of Eugene Le Noir
in the woods near the Hidden House—were sus-
tained only by circumstantial evidence. But the
aggravate weight of all these, together with his
very bad reputation, was sufficient to convict him,
and Black Donald was sentenced to death.

This dreadful doom, most solemnly pronounced
by the judge, was received by the prisoner with a
loud laugh, and the words:

"You're out of your reckoning now, cap'n! I
never was a saint, the Lord knows, but my hands
are free from blood-guiltiness! There's an honest
little girl that believes me—don't you?" he said,
turning laughingly to our little heroine.

"Yes, I do!" said Cap., bursting into tears;
"and I am as sorry for you as ever I can be,
Donald Bayne."

"Bother! it is sure to come to this first or
last, and I knew it! Now, to prove you do not
think this rugged hand of mine stained with
blood, give it a friendly shake!" said the con-
demned man. And before Old Hurricane could
prevent her, Capitola had jumped over two or
three intervening seats and climbed up to the
side of the dock, and reached up her hand to the
prisoner, saying:

"God bless you, Donald Bayne. In your great
trouble, and I will do all I can to help you in this
world. I will go to the Governor myself, and
tell him I know you never did any murder."

"Remove the prisoner," said the judge, per-
emptorily.

The constables approached and led away Black
Donald.

Old Hurricane rushed upon Cap., seized her,
and, shaking her fiercely, exclaimed, under his
breath:

"You—you—you—you New York hurrah boy!
you foundling! you vagabond! you vagrant!
you brat! you hogart! will you never be a lady!
I to go and shake hands with that ruffian!"

"Sure, uncle, that's nothing, now; I have
shaken hands with you often enough!"

"Dumny, you—you—you New York trash,
what do you mean by that?"

"Of course I mean, uncle, that you are as rough
a ruffian as ever Donald Bayne was!"

"Dumny, I'll murder you!"

"Don't, uncle; they have an unenvied way
here of hanging murderers," said Cap., shaking
herself free of Old Hurricane's grasp, and hast-
ening out of the court-room to mount her horse
and ride home.

One night after tea, Capitola and her uncle
occupied their usual seats by the little bright
wood fire, that the chilly evening and the keen
mountain air made agreeable, even in May.

Old Hurricane was smoking his pipe and read-
ing his paper.

Cap. was sitting with her slender fingers
around her throat, which she, with a shudder,
occasionally compressed.

"Well, that demon, Black Donald, will be
hanged the 26th of July," said Old Hurricane,
exultingly, "and we shall get rid of one villain,
Cap!"

"I pity Black Donald, and I can't bear to
think of his being hanged! It quite breaks my
heart to think that I was compelled to bring him
to such a fate!"

"Oh! that reminds me! The reward offered
for the apprehension of Black Donald, to which
you were entitled, Cap., was paid over to me for
you. I placed it to your account in the Agri-
cultural Bank."

"I don't want it! I won't touch it! The
price of blood! It would turn my fingers!" said
Cap.

"Oh, very well! a thousand dollars won't go a
begging," said Old Hurricane.

"Uncle, it breaks my heart to think of Black
Donald's execution! It just does! It must be
dreadful, this hanging! I have put my finger
around my throat and squeezed it, to know how
it feels, and it is awful! Even a little squeeze
makes my head feel as if it would burst, and I
have to let go! Oh, it is horrible to think of!"

"Well, Cap., it wasn't intended to be as
pleasant as tickling, you know. I wish it was
twenty times worse! It would serve him right,
the villain! I wish it was lawful to break him
on the wheel—do you!"

"Uncle, that is very wicked in you! I declare
I won't have it! I'll write a petition to the
Governor to commute his sentence, and carry it
all around the county myself!"

"You wouldn't get a soul to sign it to save your
life, much less his."

"I'll go to the Governor myself, and beg him
to pardon Donald Bayne!"

"Ha! ha! he! the Governor would not do it
to save all our lives; and if he were to do so, such an
outrageous thing, he might whistle for his re-
election!"

"I declare, Donald Bayne shall not be hung—
and so there!" said Cap., passionately.

"Who-ew! You'll deliver him by the strength
of your arm, my little Donna Quixota."

"I'll save him in one way or another, how mild
I tell you! He sinned more against me than
against anybody else, and so I have the best right
of anybody in the world to forgive him, and I do
forgive him! And he shan't be hung! I say it!"

"You say it! You'll ha! ha! Who are you, to
turn aside the law?"

"I, Capitola Black, say that Donald Bayne,
not having deserved to be hung, shall not be
hung! And in one way or another I'll keep it
word!"

And Cap. did her best to keep it. The next
morning she mounted Gyp and rode up to Tip-
Top, where she employed the village lawyer to
draw up a petition to the Governor for the com-
mutation of Donald Bayne's sentence. And then
she rode all over the county to get signatures to
the document. But all in vain! People of every
age and condition too thoroughly feared and hated
the famous outlaw, and too earnestly wished to
be securely and forever rid of him, to sign any
petition for a commutation of his sentence. If a
petition for his instant execution had been carried
around, it would have stood a much better chance
of success!

Cap. spent many days in her fruitless enter-
prise, but at last gave it up—but by no means in
despair, for—

"I'll save his life, yet! by one means or an-
other! I can't change clothes with him as I did
with Clara, he's too big! but one way or other,
I'll save him," said Cap. to herself. She said it
to no one else, for the more difficult the enter-
prise, the more determined she was to succeed,
and the more secretive she grew as to her measures.

In the meantime the outlaw, double-travelled,
was confined in the condemned cell, the strongest
portion of the county jail. All persons were
strictly prohibited from visiting him, except
certain of the clergy.

They did all they could to bring the outlaw to
a sense of his condition, to prepare him to meet
his fate and induce him to make a confession and
give up the retreat of his band.

And Donald listened to them with respect, ac-
knowledged himself a great sinner, and knelt with
them when they knelt to pray for him.

But he denied that he was guilty of the mur-
ders for which he had been doomed to die, and
utterly refused to give up his old companions, re-
plying to the ministers in something like these
words:

"Poor wretches! they are no more fit to die
than I am, and a condemned cell, with the
thought of the scaffold before him, are not ex-
actly the most favourable circumstances under
which a man might experience sincere repentance,
my masters!"

And so, while the convict listened with docility
to all that the ministers had to say, he steadily
persisted in asserting his own innocence of the
crimes for which he was condemned, and in his
refusal to deliver up his companions.

Meantime, Capitola, at Hurricane Hall, was
doing all she could to discover or invent means to
save the life of Black Donald. But still she said
no more about it, even to Old Hurricane.

One evening, while Cap. was sitting by the fire
with her thoughts busy with this subject, her
uncle came in, saying:

"Cap! I have got some curiosities to show
you!"

"What are they?" said Cap., languidly.

"A set of burglar's tools, supposed to belong
to some member of Black Donald's band! One of
my negroes found them in the woods in the
neighbourhood of the Devil's Punch Bowl! I
wrote to the sheriff concerning them, and he re-
quested me to take care of them until he should
have occasion to sail for them. Look! I did you
ever see such things?" said Old Hurricane, setting
down a canvas bag upon the table, and turning
out from it all sorts of strange-looking in-
struments—tiny saws, files, puncher, screws, picks,
etc., etc., etc.

Cap. looked at them with the most curious in-
terest, while Old Hurricane explained their sup-
posed uses.