



A Terrible Plague.

Esquimaux Bay Depopulated by an Unknown Disease.

Invalok Inlet, or Esquimaux Bay, on the Atlantic coast of Labrador, has been utterly depopulated by a scourge, in many of its phases similar to Asiatic cholera. More Esquimaux inhabit this bay than any part of the peninsula, there having been previous to the visitation about 450 of them at Invalok and vicinity. At this bay there is a sizeable dwelling erected by the Moravian missionaries who landed on that frozen and barren shore in 1852. They became the doctors, physical and spiritual, of the lazy people they had come to teach. The missionary house was freely turned into a hospital, and the fathers attended to the sufferings of those mysteriously stricken in their midst. Their dwelling soon became a house of death, and twelve of them, who had held almost ceaseless vigil over the dying, fell, even to their last man, in business, victims of the plague. On the 15th of October a dense fog overspread the coast of Labrador. Though intense frost had been experienced on the 13th and 14th ultimo, this fog brought with it an unaccountable warmth and dampness. There was no rain, yet the rigging of the brigantine Ann (the vessel which brought the intelligence to St. Pierre) was dripping, and the decks were slippery. It was impossible to see the bowsprit from the poop, and the lugs and people on shore were lost to sight in the impenetrable fog. On the morning of the 15th ultimo, the morning which succeeded that phenomenon, more than sixty men, women, and children, principally Esquimaux, were prostrated with a disease, the nature of which the most skillful of the missionaries could not define. A vomiting of yellowish fluid, accompanied by acute pains in the stomach and contraction of the muscles, were the first symptoms. The patient was suddenly prostrated, and the groaning and writhing of many persons struck down by the disease in the same part of the harbor were heard, principally in a row of the mysteriousness of their disorder.

On the afternoon of the 18th of October the Ann put into Invalok Inlet again. To use the exact words written by one on board that vessel, "In the aspect of that plague-stricken settlement will never grow less terrible in the memories of all those who beheld it and still live." Women were fleeing with their children and little bundles containing provisions and clothes. In every hut there were several dead, and others, who remained piteously, unable to move a limb. The captain sent in a message of lamb to the house of the missionaries, and, in grateful recognition of the offering, they raised a flag on the pole in front of their house. Later they sent word to the captain not to come ashore, or permit any of his men, as already many of their people had fallen victims to the plague. The messenger stated that a schooner from the United States lay inside the harbor, and the captain, chief mate, and nearly all her crew had been prostrated by the disease.

Before night on the 18th ult. the news reached the Ann that six of the sailors lay dead; that on the instant after death all the corpses of those carried off became of a bluish-black hue, and that decomposition had set in. The captain of the American vessel (the Henry F. Bolton, of Gloucester, Mass.) and four of his crew died at night. The next morning the captain of the Ann ordered a signal to be raised for a messenger to board them. There was no one to answer the signal. The men of the Ann who volunteered to go on shore were given plenty of rum. At the missionaries' house they found an aged Esquimaux alone and sobbing. He spoke very little English, but the sailors could understand that the last of the fathers had died, that all his people had been cut off, that the awful plague, only in every direction was putrid and sickening.

The sailors with desperate recklessness entered several of the huts in which there was not a living person left to tell the tale! In one instance they found the corpse of a white man in a kneeling attitude with the hands and head resting on a bed, and a paper of pepper beside him on the floor. Finding his knees to prepare for the other world. The corpse of a woman were found stretched in all parts of the huts, and the feet in many cases protruded out the open doors of the huts. A peculiar feature of this lamentable scene was the forlorn appearance of scores of trained Esquimaux dogs who lounged about in utter bewilderment. Many of these animals clung to the doors of their dead friends, and hunger sometimes evoked a plaintive whine from the masterless brutes. The oppressive stench finally overcame the men and they were compelled to quit the shore. Captain Richardson, of the Ann, could do no more, and the vessel set sail from the dismal bay on the morning of the 19th ultimo.

On the 21st of October, John Casey, one of the few men who had volunteered to go ashore at Invalok, died after only a few hours' sickness. His body was launched overboard and the forecastle was dashed with spirits, the only disinfectant on board. On the 25th the lookout sighted the coast of Michigan. Before landing, Captain Richardson and the second mate were taken ill. The official doctor of the harbor of Miquelon (French) came on board and pronounced the captain's malady a virulent fever. Later the captain was attacked by a severe vomiting and cramps. The doctor then pronounced it Asiatic cholera. Between 9 and half-past 9 on the night of the 25th ult. the captain and mate of the brigantine Ann were dead, and the physician, Dr. Bonvier, was confounded. He bade the survivors to leave the ship immediately, and had her thoroughly fumigated. Up to the morning of the 26th ult., no other cases had developed. On that date the mate and crew of the Ann sailed for Sydney, Cape Breton, on board the British brig Taurus.

Real Backwoods Humor.

Anecdotes of the "Hawbucks."

Edward Eggleston in a sketch of backwoods humor gives us the following: I have been not a little interested in studying the humor of the "Hoosier"—that is, the rough back-country class who are laughed at by all the rest. You laugh at the hawbuck, but the hawbuck has somebody in his imagination greener and lower than he is, and it gratifies his vanity to tell stories of blunders which he would have scorned to make. I have found, in conversation with the roughest people, that they always told me the jokes of ruder people. There is no fun in these stories, or not much to cultivated people, but they are at least curious as illustrating the character of these people who tell them and laugh at them by the wide open fire-places of their log cabins. Will you hear some of them?

There were once two young men who had never been away from home, who went to town on an errand of some sort. They conspired together and bought two and a half cents' worth of ginger-bread. As they walked along the streets, stuffing it into their mouths, one of them, judged the other and said: "How, Sam! if I mark knowed we wuz a hakin' such a splurge woud'n she gin us goss?" There's not much humor in this truly, as I tell it; but told by a boy, who, poor as he is, never takes change below a "fip"—five cents—and who laughs all over when he tells it, I have found it quite amusing.

Here is one like unto it: Two young men from "Injeanny," strolling through Cincinnati, come to the sign "City Hotel." One of them speaks it thus: "C-i-t, Kitty, Kitty, Hot, Kitty, Hot, e-l, Kitty, Hottel, Thunder, Bill! that air mus' be the same Kitty Hottel!"

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them; for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and she presently said— "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given us all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gives us we can't be happy." He has very hard work who has nothing to do.

A Turkish Princess.

M. Betham Edwards visited a Turkish princess, whom she describes as follows: "She was tall and slender and very handsome, with a pearly skin, delicately cut features, and black hair and eyes. Her dress was simply perfect, ample, flowing, easy, of soft, noiseless, lustrous silk, the precise hue of which it would be impossible to describe; it was something between an asphodel-blossom and the palest pink color, and yet neither the one nor the other approached it at all nearly. Around her head was wound a little turban of delicately colored gauze, fastened over the forehead with a jewel. Now, I am sorry to confess that this graceful and imposing creature was such an inveterate smoker that it seemed the sole business of two or three of her slave-girls to supply her wants. During the two hours that we were honored with her presence one of these automaton-like figures would come in about every seven or eight minutes, unsummoned, and hand each of the ladies a cigarette. Anything more like machinery could not be conceived. There was no salutation on the part of the servant, no acknowledgment on the part of the mistress. The cigarettes came and went, and that was all."

Suicide of Nine Chinese Girls.

A recent China newspaper publishes the following account of an incident which is reported to have taken place at Whampoa: "Nine young girls, living with different families in the village, seem to have entertained an aversion to married life. Seeing the misery and toil to which the members of the families with whom they lived were subjected, and above all the slave-like obedience of wives to the wills of their husbands, the damsels in question came to the resolution of putting an end to their earthly careers, which is here carried into effect by a different *modus operandi* to that of opium-poisoning in vogue in Hong Kong. The nine damsels met by appointment on the banks of the river, at the entrance of one of the creeks in the vicinity of 'Brown's Folly,' attired in heavy winter garments, which they had sewn all together in order to prevent a separation. While thus united in body, heart, and mind, the damsels plunged into the deep. As this happened close to the time of the festival of the seven female geni, who descended from heaven and are called the 'seven sisters,' all sorts of superstitious conclusions are drawn from it."

Wisdom for the Crisis, by Bill Arp.

Munny to be helthy must be skattered around so that everybody can git sum. When it's most all piled up in a few pyramids the least jostle will tumble it to the ground. If I was King I'd fix a remedy for bloated fortunes nitty quick. I'd tax a man nuthin on an incum of 5 thousand dollars and under. I'd tax 10 per cent. on all between 5 and 10 thousand; twenty per cent. on all between 10 and 20 thousand; and so on, double up to 50 thousand. Above that I'd take it all every dollar. I tell you that will git them. That will keep down these Wall street rings. It will let a man have enuff for all decent and respectable purposes, and after that he must do his havent been so smart or as mean or as lucky as himself. It will put a limit upon a man's avarice and keep munny in better employment than paying \$50,000 for a horse or 100 thousand for a diamond pin.

A Whole Day to Do Nothing.

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work, and no lessons, only play all day—I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school; and they envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry tree, and picked a lapful for pies; but when she carried them in, her mother said—

"That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know." And the little girl went away rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it awhile, but was soon tired. She tried all her toys; but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play." Bessie went into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over and her father away, she said wearily—

"Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing. If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you any work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them; for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and she presently said—

"Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given us all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gives us we can't be happy." He has very hard work who has nothing to do.

Executed by Beheading.

A correspondent gives the following account of an execution at Yeddo in Japan:

The culprits were eight in number, one being a woman. They were all beheaded with a sword. The operation was performed with wonderful dexterity and coolness, and not one of them, even the woman, showed the slightest symptoms of fear. There was a space of ground roped off; inside were three holes dug in the ground, with a little mound behind each, on which was spread a mat for the criminal to kneel on. On one side of the inclosure were two Japanese officials, in chairs, to see the thing properly conducted. I had a place directly in front of the mounds, at about six feet distance. The criminals were placed in a row, on one side of the inclosure, blindfolded with pieces of paper (they use paper for everything there).

What struck me most was the horrid coolness of the executioner's assistant, a good-looking lad of about 18; he went up to each poor wretch in his turn, gave him a tap on the shoulder, led him up to the mound, and made him kneel on the mat; he then stripped his shoulders, made him stretch out his neck, said "That will do," and in a flash the man's head was in the hole in front of him, and his bleeding neck was as it were, starting me in a way. The assistant, with the same pleasant smile, picked the head up, threw some water over the face to wash off the mud and blood, and presented it to the Japanese officials, who nodded and signed to go on with the next. The assistant then gave the corpse a blow between the shoulders to expel the blood, and finally threw the carcass aside like a log of wood.

He repeated the same pleasant programme with the next. I never thought a man's head could fall off so easily; it was like chopping cabbage, only accompanied with a peculiar and most horrid sound—that of cutting meat, in fact. There was a dense crowd of Japanese present, including many women, and even children; these people never ceased to eat, smoke, and chatter the whole time, making remarks on the performance, and even occasionally laughing, just as if they were at a theatre.

A Strange Discovery.

The arrest of a number of poor coal-pickers in Kansas City, recently, has resulted in the discovery of a once very popular actress, who long ago drove the play-going public of London wild over her beauty and power of delineation. A railroad watchman caught a bright-eyed little girl of thirteen years filling her basket with coals from the cars of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. When the child was brought before the authorities, Mrs. Caroline Whiteley, more familiarly known as "Brighton Pearl," of the Drury Lane Theatre, appeared in her behalf, and her calm and lady-like manner, and pale, careworn face, were all the eloquence required to release the little girl from the watchman's grasp. This man, to test the somatic words as to her poverty and destitution, visited her rude, unplastered hovel in the bottoms near the railroad track. A clean but humble bed, a few chairs, a table, a number of relics of the stage, such as play-bills, portraits, &c., and a sewing machine, comprised all her earthly possessions. Mrs. Whiteley, it appears, went to Kansas City about five years ago, and has lived there since the death of her husband by her own exertions as a seamstress. When she left the stage she did so expecting to become the wife of Lord Denbigh, with whom she went, as his wife, to Geneva and thence to Florence, where they lived in retirement several months. On his death her claims as his wife were set aside, and having neither money nor friends, she came to America to seek a livelihood. Since the death of her husband, whom she married in Kansas, she had gradually become reduced in circumstances, and now found herself compelled to send her child to gather coals to assist in eking out the scanty support won by her needle.

The Hoosac Tunnel.

The work of the Hoosac Tunnel was commenced as far back as 1850. After that it was abandoned and recommenced some three or four times within a period of twenty years until in December, 1869, a contract for completing it within five years was undertaken by the present contractors. Since then the work has gone forward without interruption. The time required to complete the work, including the laying of the permanent track, will be about seven months from the 1st of December next, and the tunnel will probably be open for traffic by the 4th of July next.

The total length of the Hoosac tunnel is four miles and three-quarters. It is twenty-four feet wide, that being sufficient for a double line of rails, and its height is twenty-six feet. Compared with the Mont Cenis Tunnel, after which it takes rank in point of length (the former is about seven miles long), the conditions attending the work of the Hoosac made it a much more difficult undertaking. The exigencies of the situation required that the work should be carried out by means of shafts, of which there are two—the west shaft, about half a mile from the western portal, and 318 feet deep, and the central shaft, which is sunk in the lowest part of the mountain between the two ends, to the depth of 1,030 feet. The pumping of the latter alone, to allow of the tunnel being driven east and west, involved an expenditure of \$300,000. It is estimated that the Hoosac tunnel, when completed, will have cost the State of Massachusetts some \$12,000,000, including interest and sums vested in unsuccessive attempts to carry on the work under State management. By whom the tunnel is to be worked is still an open question, to be settled by the Legislature of the State.

Executed by Beheading.

After the lapse of some days the first claimant returned, accompanied by an ill-looking man of aged appearance.

"I have found out the real murderer," he said; "but, unfortunately, he is beyond the reach of justice."

"His name?" I asked.

"Richard White," he answered.

"What proof have you?"

"This," pointing to his companion, "is the man with whom White pawned my uncle's watch shortly after the murder. The pawnbroker has kept it ever since, and has it with him now."

"Yes, here it is," said the gentleman referred to, producing the watch. "Misther Ehler, pawned him mit me for foofy dollar. I can swear to dat. Und my fren, Sharley Wilson—I can swear to him, too—know't him from a pop."

I stepped out, and sent a messenger privately for the other claimant. In a few minutes he entered the office. At the sight of him the first claimant started to his feet and sprang toward the door. It was plain that he recognized the real Charles Wilson, and saw that his own game was up.

A couple of officers intercepted his flight. The pawnbroker was fain to make his peace by confessing that the counterfeit Charles Wilson had placed the watch in his hands, and instructed him what story to tell.

Both the watch and the ring were identified as the property of the murdered man, other circumstances coming to light, the criminal was, in due time, tried and executed, first making a full confession of his guilt.—Ledger.

Adventures of a Burglar.

A man tried to burglarize the house of Mr. Smith, residing in the neighborhood of the railroad track, but was successfully foiled in the attempt. It seems that the fellow forced an entrance through the back kitchen door by prying off the hasp, about 11:30 o'clock, soon after the occupants of the house had retired. The burglar, after getting into the kitchen, commenced walking around the room. Mr. Smith, who had not yet gone to sleep, heard the fellow, but kept quiet. In a few moments more the burglar entered the sleeping apartment. About this time Smith had gotten out of bed, and, arming himself with a bootjack and one of his heavy boots, awaited the approach of the other. It was as dark as tar, and as soon as the man came within striking distance he let fly at him with his bootjack, hitting him over the head.

The fellow beat a hasty retreat, but not quick enough to escape the heavy boot, which was thrown after him. When he got into the kitchen he didn't know which way to turn, as he had closed the door when he came in. Before he knew where he was he had fallen over the stove, knocking half a dozen tea kettles and pots off with him. This created such a terrible din that Smith thought four or five burglars were in his kitchen, and was afraid to follow. Lucky for the other that he did, for he had become so demoralized by the fall that he wasn't worth a cent for fighting. Getting on his feet again, he struck for the door wildly, and this time came in contact with a rocking chair, and he fell head over heels into a tub of water. His splashing and floundering around in the tub of water terrified Smith more than ever, and he began to think his house was possessed of devils. The man at last found the door, and jumped down the steps; he ran across the yard like lightning, and this time rushed into a small hen coop, which he knocked over, and killed several of the small hens. What happened to him after this no one knows. Suffice it, he has not shown himself around those parts since.—Valley (Cal.) Independence.

The Old Woman of Shamokin.

Some few miles from Shamokin, Pa. says the *Episcopal Register*, lives a character that those manly people, the "woman's rights women," should certainly know, as she is decidedly the champion. The singular being is some seventy-two years of age, and is altogether the most manly woman I ever met with. A tenant-at-will, she has occupied for many years the farm she cultivates with her own hands and the assistance of hired laborers. She owns about forty-two head of cattle, some of which I saw, and are really fine stock. She lives alone in her log cabin, her only companions being two shepherd dogs and her chickens, many of the latter sleeping under the same roof with her, she calling them her children, and training them up in the way they should go, so as to cause the least inconvenience to her in their habit of life. She is utterly fearless, and with her dogs and gun, which she can use with unerring aim, Lize Schuler is a character that few would care to triffl with. Imagine, if you can, a woman of medium size, dressed in men's clothes, with a soft hat variously indented upon her head, no coat, barefooted, and you have this champion of woman's rights before you. Wrinkled though her face is by the storms and trials of many years, the strength and activity of this man-woman of seventy-two is somewhat wonderful. Voluble is hardly the term suitable for the expression of her powers of talk, and few men, however disposed for such perfection, may boast themselves superior to her on the score of profanity. Much and varied has been my travel, and strange sights and objects have I seen and met with, but the Hermit of Shamokin, with her supernatural powers of tongue and limb, far surpasses anything of my previous experience.

GEN. BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.—In the case in which William A. Button sought to recover from Gen. B. F. Butler the value of two drafts for \$15,000, seized by Gen. Butler at New Orleans on the ground that the drafts were property, contraband of war on account of an attempt to smuggle them through the Union lines, Judge Woodruff gave a decision for Gen. Butler, holding that the General was justified in making the seizure.

Long Ago.

Two roses bloomed upon a tree; Their white leaves touched with every twig. Bent to gather one, while she Picked of the other, gently saying, "When things do grow and cling like this, And Death almost appeareth leech To take but one, 'twere greater bliss To both for Death to smite them both."

Lost Love! Dead Love! They come and go The summers with their sun and flowers, Their song of birds. I only know There is a blight upon the hours. No sun is like the one bright sun That shone upon that golden weather, In which she said those flowers were one, And Death should spare or smite together.

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

Who Mr. Wilson was, whence he came, and what had been his antecedents, were points on which the good people of Pokebury remained as unenlightened after he had dwelt ten years among them, as they were at his first coming.

His health had been for some time failing, and one day I was sent to write his will. The instructions he gave me were very brief. He wished his entire estate to be vested in trustees, the annual income to be devoted to certain specified charities; but in case his brother, of whom he had lost sight for many years, proved to be alive and should be discovered, the above bequest was to become thenceforward null, and the entire property to go to the brother.

"This brother—have you any clew that may lead to his discovery?" I asked.

"None," he answered; "and I greatly fear, for certain reasons, that even if he be living he will never, voluntarily, make himself known."

"Few people purposely keep out of the way of good fortune," I remarked.

"He made no answer, but seemed to be reflecting deeply. "I wish to confide a secret to you," he said, at length. "May I do so safely?"

"A lawyer's oath," I answered, "forbids him to betray his client. You may speak with freedom and safety."

"My words may place my brother's life in your hands," he said; "yet it may still be possible to clear up a horrible suspicion which, for years, has haunted me. I have read of so many cases in which it came out that men were innocent whose guilt seemed proved to demonstration. I blame myself for not sooner seeking aid in the solution of a dreadful mystery, instead of helplessly brooding over it."

He paused, as if still hesitating to disclose his secret. The indecision, however, was but momentary. "My brother Charles and myself," he resumed, "were brought up in a distant city by a wealthy uncle, of whom I was the favorite.

"Charles was younger than I, by some years. He was a light-hearted, affectionate boy, a little wild and extravagant, but not vicious—just the person, on the whole, not to meet the approbation of our strict old uncle.

"When the latter made his will, he left the bulk of his fortune to me, appointing me also trustee of the very moderate provision made for my brother.

"Charles expressed no displeasure at this. He placed too little value on money, I thought, or had too much confidence in my generosity to care which of us our uncle left his wealth to.

"Not long after the will was made, returning home one night, I found the front door unlocked. I paid but little attention to the circumstance, attributing it to the carelessness of the servant.

"On reaching my room, I discovered that I had not with me a valuable book which I had whetted with from a public library to which I was a subscriber. I had stopped to visit a friend on the way, and conjectured that I might have left the volume at his room. I determined to act on the surmise, and return to my friend's at once.

"As I passed out of the door, I met Charles coming in. I do not know if I spoke to him in my haste. I found the book where I supposed it was, and had nearly reached my uncle's door again, when I saw it open and my brother rush out excitedly, and walk rapidly away.

"I met the housekeeper in the hallway. She seemed to be paralyzed with fear.

"I'm afraid something terrible has happened," she said, recovering her voice with an effort.

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