CHARLESTON, CHRISTMAS MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1872.

The Golden Side.

There is many a rest on the road of life, it we only would stop to take it; and many a tone from the better land, if the querulous heart would wake it. To the sunny soul that is full of hope.

And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth, the grass is green and the flowers are bright, though the wintry s. orm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eye still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through, When the ominous clouds are rifted. here was never a night without a day, Nor an evening without a morning; and the darkest hour, the provero goes,

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle plessure, That is richer far than the jeweiled crown Or the miser's hoarded tressure; It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to Heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling.

And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate silver thread Of our curious lives assuder;
And then Heav'n blame for the tangled ends,
And six to grieve and wonder.

THREE TIMES.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Seeret," dec. CHAPTER I .- THE FIRST TIME.

"Positively the last night of Herr Rudolph Prusinowski and the performing lions! Positively the last night! For the benefit of Herr Budolph Prusinowski! Under the distinguished patronage of their Majesties Queen Victoria, the Emperor of China, the Cham of Tartary, his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, Simeon Muddlebrain, Esq., M. P., the Mayor and Corporation of Spindlecum, and other angust personages too numerous to mention Come early. Positively the last time. Come and see the lions. Herr Budolph Prusinowski the favorite of crowned heads and the élite of Europe. Take notice! The great Prusinowski has had the honor of performing before the Mikado of Japan. The world-renowned Prusinowski has been decorated with the order of Rouge et Noir by the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasserburg. Dont miss the lions!"

The above sentences, and many others of

ve sentences, and many others of character—in which a picturesque the same character—in which a picturesque fanoy, aided by the experience of a public career, trifled with sobrieties of fact and tripped lightly across the borderland of fiction—appeared in gigantic black letters upon a yellow poster on the side wall of the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, and in the streets and market places, upon the quays, and in the black slums of the

and close-cut hair sat in a lounging attitud upon a low wall opposite the stage door of the Queen's, smoking a meditative pipe, and contemplating the big yellow poster with a dreamy fondness. He had a little group of sattleites about him, also close-cropped, blue-chinned, and tobacco-consuming; minor lights o beheld them with impati andience who beheld them with impatience, and heard them cometimes with derision, eager for the grand business of the evening.

"I think that ought to hit 'em up,' said the Harr thoughtfully. [He spoke excellent bears of the spoke excellent bears and should be spoke excellent bears the spoke excellent bears and should be spoke excellent bears."

well, doesn't he?"
"First rate," replied Mr. de la Zouche, the
walking gentleman. "Was he a nice kind of
chep, the Mikado?"
Herr Prusinowski turned his contemplative
eyes upon the inquirer with a look of placid

scorn.
"You ain't so jolly green as to suppose I ever set eyes upon him," he said, knocking the sakes out of his pipe. "I was never in Japan in my life; never nearer than a japan candlestick. The Mikado is a safe card, he is; candlestick. The Mikado is a bout him? And

candlestick. The Mikado is a safe card, he is; who's to ask any questions about him? And so's the Cham of Tartary."
"I expect you'll have a clipping house cully," remarked Mr. Tiddikins, the low comedian, a small man with a falsetto voice.
"I look forward to it, Tiddikins; and if it goes over eighty, I'll stand a supper, mind that."
There was a subdeed manner of analysis.

There was a subdued murmur of applause.

There was a subdeed murmur of applicates.

"Hot or cold?" inquired Mr. de la Zouche.

"Hot," replied the the hon tamer. "None of your cold fowl and 'am, your pastry and rubbish, for me. A sirloin of beef at top, and a prime goose at bottom, a veal pie and a stewed steak at the sides, and plenty of smoking hot vegetables; a prime old stilton and a bowl of salad to wind up with, and as much champagne as you can swallow, with brandy and water to settle it on your stoma.bs. That's what Fit do, at the Lion and Lamb, if the house goes over eighty when the half-price to the boxes is in."

This time the applause was louder.

This time the applanse was louder.

"Is time the applanse was louder.

"I always said you were a jolly good fellow,
Bill," said Mr. Tiddikins, "and I don't mind
how often I say it again."

It is to be observed that Mr. Tiddikins addressed the distinguished Rudolph by the
simpler cognomen Bill, one of the playful
licenses of friendship, no doubt.

"It's wonderful how those animals draw,"
said Mr. de la Zouche. thoughtfully, as if he
were contemplating the feasibilty of setting-up
on the ours account as a lion-tamer.

were contemplating the feasibilty of setting-up on his own account as a lion-tamer.

"You've been here three seasons, Prusinow-ski, and, egad, the people ain't tired of 'em yet. They seem as eager as ever. One would suppose they liked to see a poor beggar hazard his life every night."

"There's comething in that." replied the

life every night."
"There's something in that," replied the
Herr. "If it wasn't for the danger, the wildbeast business would be as flat as ditch-water.
"Were you ever frightened?" asked the walking gentleman.
"Nover but once," answered the lion tamer,"
and then I thought it was all over with

me."

He grew suddenly grave, gloomy even, at the mere recollection waked by the walking gentle-

man's inquiry.
"How did it happen, old fellow?" asked Mr.

"Well, you see," the lion-tamer began in a leisurety way, stopping to take a few preliminary whiffs at his pipe, "I was at Manchester nigh upon five years ago, and it was my last night and my 'ben,' as it might be 'to-night. We was doing a first-rate business, and I don't think I was ever in such high spirits in my ife."
"Why, Bill," says my little woman, when I but of our lodgings

kept running in and out of our lodgings between whiles at rehearsal—we was close agen the slum—taking her in a handful of money

the slum—taking her in a handful of money every time, "you seem as if you was bewitched; I don't like to see you like that. I had a Scotch friend once as said it was a bad sign—a sign disomething going to happen. "Lord love your little foclish heart," I answered, "it's a sign of nething except that I'am going to have a screaming house to-night. I don't suppose there'il be a corner you can screw yourself into if you want to see me." For she's a rare one for going in front of a night, you know, is the missus. you know, is the missus.

Mr. de la Zouche and Mr. Tiddikins mur

mured their acquaintance with this domestic fact. Herr Prusinowski smoked his pipe for a minute or so, and then went on: "Why, there's the family box!" she said.

That's a large private box on the opposite prompt, that don't often let, unless there's Italian opera, or Charles Mathews or something out of the common.

"No, there ain't," I answered, laughing.

"What!" cried the missus, "is that let

"Let this morning," said I "and there's the money—three pound three—thirty-one-and six of which comes to us."
"For I had a half share clear of expenses, "For I had a half share clear of expenses, same as here. Lizzie—that's my wife, you know—was quite proud to think I was going to have such a good box audience, for it isn't every box audience as will take to wild beasts." I wonder whether it's the mayor and his family," she said, speculating about that big

family," she said, speculating private box.
"No." I told her. "it's a gentleman and a stranger, no name,"
"Well, the night came, a sweltering hot sum"Well, the night came, a sweltering hot sumgentles." mer evening, such as it will be to-night. The performances began with one of your genteel comedies, and the house was so full and noisy

covered in a forest, to slow music, which gets are—all agog for the lions. I want to have a round for them, and gives me my entrance look at the beasts before we begin, and I'm al

and reception.
"You know the beasts; they were the same three I've got now.—Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Old Brown's a harmless old chap enough, not a sound tooth in his head, and no more harm in him than in an elderly Jackass; Jones is a deep old dodger, but there isn't much harm in him; but Robinson is a nasty-tempered beast, a brute you never can be sure of, an an mal that will lick your hand one minute, and

mai that will lick your hand one minute, and be ready to snap your head off the next.

"Well, I got a first-rate reception; I thought the gallery would have never left off applauding; and the sight of the house, crammed to the ceiling, made me almost giddy. Perhaps it was the heat of the place, which was like an oven, perhaps, as I'd been standing treat or being stood far off and on pretty well all day, I being stood iar on and on precty wen and it may have taken a little more than was good for me; anyhow, I felt the house spinning round me, just as if I'd been some duffer of a novice, instead of the old stager I am.

"I looked at the family box O. P., curious to

see who'd taken it. There was only one gen-tleman there, a man of fifty or there-abouts, with a cadaverous lantern-jawed tace, and light reddish hair, very straight, combed neally on each side of his forehead. He was dressed in black, regular evening dress, white choker and all complete, and, do you know, the instant I set eyes upon that man, he gave

"That was a queer fancy," said Mr. de la Zouche, helping himself to tobacco from the Herr's gutta-percha pouch, which lay open ou the wal!

"Perhaps it was; but if that night was to come over agan, I should have the fancy over again," replied Prusinowski. It was partly his again," replied Frusinower. It was party his own looks, I think, partly the way he looked at me; not like the rest of the audience, all good nature, expecting to be amused, but with a steadfast ravenous kind of look, that made my lood, run cold. 'That's a man who'd like to se something happen to me,' I said to myself. 'I didn't give way to the fancy all at once, I began the performance; but I stole a glance at my sandy-haired pale-faced gentleman now and then, and always found him looking at me in the same way. He had large light-gray eyes, very light, and very prominent. I can see them now, and they followed every move I made like a cat's following a monse. He never moved his eyes from me, he never smiled, he never applauded; he sat in a half-crouching attitude, leaning over the front of the box. attitude, leaning over the front of the box watching me, and he made me feel as if I had watching me, and he made me reet as it had a ton weight tied to each of my legs. Everything went well for some time, though I felt I'd never done things worse. Brown and Jones behaved beautifully; but just toward the last, when I had to put my head into Robinson's mouth to bring down the curtain, I saw that the brute was in one of his nasty tempers. I suppose the heat had put him out. Anyhow, suppose the heat had put him out. Anyhow, he turned nasty, and when I wanted to collar im, bounced away from me.

The house turned as still as death all in a moment, and I could see the audience was frightened. I gave a look at my gentleman in the box. He was leaning a little farther over the cushion, with something like a smile on

his face.

"Bray to not pe vrightened, laties and shentlemene," I said, in my broken Euglish—old Sauerkraut, the ophecleid at the Lane, taught me that dodge; "id is nozing. Te peast vill to all I veesh;" and then I gave Robinson a pretty smart cuff, and began to draw his jaws open.

The brute snarled, turned upon me, and in the next instant would have had his teeth in my shoulder, if I hado't civen the signal for my shoulder, if I hadn't given the sigual for the curtain. Half a dozen carpenters rushed upon the stage and helped me to tackle him. We had him safe in less than a minute, but just at that one moment, before the curtain

I ust at that one moment, before the curtain dropped, it was as near as a toucher.

There was a good deal of applause; not that I'd done anything to deserve it, for the business of putting my head in the brute's mouth was in the bill, and the audience had been windled out of that; but they evidently I'd been in danger, and they called me before the curtain. I looked up at that white-faced devil in the private box. He was standing up, rubbing his hands in a satisfied kind of way. s if he had seen what he wanted to see; and a I passed just under him he said in a slow

as I passed just under him he said in a slow measured voice that gave me the shiyers.

"A narrow escape, Herr. Very well done indeed. I congratulate you."

I gave him a look which he ought to have understood, if he didn't, made my bow to the house, and went off the stage. Robinson was quiet enough by this time. My man Joe Furdy had walked him off to his box, and there he was growling over his shin-bones, as mild a lion as you'd wish to see, "Only let me get you safe back to London, my friend," says I. "and I'll take you down to Jamrack's and swop you tor something better tempered. Talent is all very well; but temper's worth all the talent in very well; but temper's worth all the talent in and there's Robinson still performing The brute has such a wonderful gift for his profession, and his heart and soul's in it, too, Take that animal in the middle of the day, when he ain't particular bungry, and he

Take that animal in the middle of the day, when he ain't particular hungry, and he's a decent fellow enough; but come; bet ween him and his business, and you'll find out what a lion is. He's been a fortune to me first and last, has that animal, Rrown and Jones are nothing more than supers to him.

"You didn't see any more of your friend in the box?" inquired Mr. de la Zouche."

"Gurse him, no! By the time I'd changed my clothes he had left the house. I went round to the box-office to see if the box-keepers could tell me anything about him. No, he was a stranger. He had taken his box that morning, finding there was no stall to be had, and paid his three guineas without a question,

"Now, I daresay you'll think me an out-and fool, when I tell you I couldn't sleep that night, nor many nights after, for thinking of that man. I couldn't get his pale cheeks and lank laws and light gray-eyes, with that hornd gloating look in them, out of my mind. "That's a fellow who'l go to see a man hung," I said to myself. "That's a min who'd stand by to see his fellow-oreatures hung, drawn, and quarter-dead eventy it enversals who drawing." I

has fellow-creatures hung, drawn, and quarteried, and enjoy it—especially the drawing." I hadn't a doubt in my mind that he was on the nadn't a doubt in my mind that he was on the ookout for an accident all the evening; I nadn't a doubt in my mind that it was through him I made a mess of it at the end.

him I made a mess of it at the end.
"Didyou never see him again?" asked the

"Never; God forbid I ever should, for I've a notion that if I did, it would be the death of me. I'm not a nervous man in a general way, nor superstitious, either; but I'd give up the biggest haul I ever made by a benefit, rather than act before that man."
"A queer notion," said the humorous Tid-

diking

dikins.

"A very queer notion," echoed the gentlemanty de la Zouche,

He was not a fine actor, the walking gentleman, belonging rather to that class of performers who is contemptuously likened to a stick, and his dramatic path had been by no means strewn with roses; yet he was fain to congratulate himself that it had not been beset congratulate himself that it had not been beset with lions. He had been somewhat inclined to envy Rudolph Prusinowski the distinction and prosperity of his career; but just now it occurred to him that there were two sides to the picture. He rubbed his shoulder thoughtfully, and was glad to think that he was exposed to the assaults of no flercer animals than those rampant tragedians who snubbed him when he played "Horatio," and made light of him in "Cassio," but who melted a little on their benefit nights, and treated him to beer.

CHAPTER II.—THE SECOND TIME.

The Spindlecum people showed their appreciation of the British drams, as represented by liou-taming, by giving Herr Prusinowski abumper. Whether it was the influence of the Cham of Tartary, or the Mikado, the Grand Duchess of Selgerwasserburg, or the local member, or the simple merits of the performance is a most question; but the Sciedlecum. ance, is a moot question; but the Spindleoum-ians assembled in full force; and, before the Herr had ie't the family tea-table to repair to the theatre, he received the pleasing intelli-gence that the crowd at the pit and gallery doors was half way across the atreet.

"If we only go on like this for another year or so, Liz, I'll cut the profession," exclaimed Herr Prusinowski cheerily, "and start a theatrical public somewhere on the Surry side. It's

rical public somewhere on the Surry side. It's a trying life, is the wild beast business."

"And a dangerous life, too, William," said the little woman with a sigh,

"Not much of that, old girl. I'm more than a match for Robinson by this time. There isn't a move he's up to that I'm not down upon.

Vertex calon into the front to-night, sh. Lig?"

a move he's up to that I'm not down upon.
You're going into the front to-night, eh, Liz?"
"O yes. I shall get a seat at the back of the
boxes. Mrs. Prodger's going with me. She's
took her ticket, and paid for it, you know,
William, like a lady."
"Ta-ta, Lis, then; I'm off,"
"It's early, William. There's the 'Miller
and his Men'—that'll last an hour and a half
envelv"

are—all agog for the lions. I want to have a look at the beasts before we begin, and I'm always a little nervous on my ben. Good-bys. This was a mere conjugal excuse. The theatre, to a man bred at the side-scenes, is his club. The Herr preferred emoking his pipe in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the dressing from at the Oneen's to the tamer delights of room at the Queen's to the tamer delights of the domestic tea-table. He had very little anxiety about his beasts. Joe Purdy, his factotum, a keeper who had served his appren-ticeship with the great Wombwell, had the custody of them.

custody of them.

The house was an excellent one. The boxes were not so well filled as on that memorable night at Manchester, which Herr Prusinowski had described to his friends; but the pit was a seething cauldron of humanity; the gallery looked like a wall of eager faces piled one upon the other up to the iron roof. The "Miller and his Men" was performed almost in dumb show, or seemed to be, though the leading tragedian retained on the establishment was roaring himself house in the character of Grindoff, with the faint hope of snatching a stray leaf from the crown of wild olive which would be cast at the feet of the lion-tamer by and-by.

Then came a stirring overture—the "Bronze Then came a stirring which the audience cracker Then came a surring overture—the "Brobbe Horse"—during which the audience cracked nuts and became momentarily more excited; and then the act-drop rose to slow music of a soul appalling character, and revealed Brown, Jones and Robinson picturesquely grouped in

ciferously. There was something stirring the notion that these three unfettered in the notion that these three differences beasts might leap into the pit at any moment It was quite a pleasant sensation—especially for the gallery. Brown, who was elderly and decrepid, yawned and stretched himself out as if for slumber, with the air of having been unforted that the stretched himself out as if for slumber, with the air of having been unforted that the stretched himself out as timely disturbed from his after-dinner Jones, who was of a lively temperature Jones, who was of a lively temperament, whisked his tail, and mapped at an imaginary fly. Robinson stared full at the audience, as if he really did understand and appreciate

their plaudits.

The music quickened, broke into a stirring march, and then, at a fortissimo chord from the full orchestra, the lion tamer bounded on to the stage—a striking figure, broad-shouldered and muscular, in close-fitting flesh-colored raiment, a scarlet girdle round his waist, and a leopard's skin over his shoulder.

There was a good strong Sheffield knife in his belt, but he had no appearance of being armed.

His reception was tremendous. He stood His reception was tennenus. He reception was tennenus. He with an air of being quite overcome by his feelings, for nearly five minutes before he could begin his performance. His eyes wandered all round the house with the gaze of calculation, till they grew suddenly fixed, glaring at the stalls.

at the stalls.

To-night there were three people in all the length and breadth of them—two faded-look To-night there were three people in all the length and breadth of them—two faded-looking elderly women in opera cloaks at one end, and in the middle, in a position that commanded every inch of the stage, a middle-aged man, with a cadaverous face, prominent, light-gray eyes, and lank, reddish hair, carefully dressed in rull evening coetume.

He sat in an attitude of extreme attention, with his arms fulled on the back of the seat.

with his arms folded on the back of the seat in front of him, (he was in the back row.) and his eyes fixed upon the lion-tamer. For the moment, the sight of him seemed to turn Ru-

moment, the sight of him seemed to turn hudoloh Prusinowski to s.one. It was the man he had been talking of that day.

The cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; but he stamped his foot savagely, angry with himself for this folly, muttered an oath, and began his business with the lions—standing upon their backs, riding round the stage upon the stag all three at once, leading them through a kind of dance movement, described in the hills as a set of quadrilles, with garlands of paper roses, and otherwise disporting himself with them, set of quadrilles, with parinting in paper to see, and otherwise disporting himself with them, the red-haired man in the stalls watching his every movement and every movement of the animals breathlessly, and never surring by a hair's breadth from his attentive attitude, or

Robinson—who was described in the bills, by way, as 'Moloch, the royal brindled lion, pre-sented to Herr Prusinowski by one of the na-tive princes of the Punjaub'—at the end of which the Herr dragged asunder the animals jaws, and put his head into the red-hot-looking

To-night, in spite of that deadly terror which To-night, in spite of that deadly terror which had come upon the Herr at the sight of that one detested spectator, everything went smoothly enough. Robinson, otherwise Moloch, kept his temper, suffered his jaws to be opened to their widest extent, and the tamers head to repose upon his tongue as on a pillow for half a dozen seconds or so, and the curtain came down to vociferous applause; but when the beneficiaire was called for there was no reagainst one of the wings, white to the lips.
"Did you ever see a man tremble?" he asked, in a voice that shook so much as to be scarcely intelligible. "If you want to see one,

stricken with ague

stricken with ague,
"Why, what's the matter?" asked the prompter, with more friendliness of tone than elegance of diction. "They're calling for you like
mad. You'd better go on."
"'I'm going, as soon as I can steady myself,
I never neglect my business; but I've had a
turn. I never thought I should come off the
stage alive to-night."
"Why, the animals were griet enough."

Wby, the animals were quiet enough."

'Yes, as mild as lambs; but there's a man in "Yes, as mild as lambs; but there's a man in front that's my evil genius. I never felt superstitions about anything else before—none of your ghosts or that kind of rot—but I've got my fancy about that man. He'd like to see me killed, and—he'll contrive to see it."

"Prusinowski," said the prompter, "I couldn't have believed it of you. I thought you was a man of sense."

But the prompter felt uncomfortable never-theless. The human mind is especially open hou the prompter reit uncomfortable never-theless. The human mind is especially open to uncomfortable sensations of this kind. "Come, my boy," he exclaimed, "they're losing temper." This in allusion to the audi-

losing temper." This in allusion to the audience, who lwere clamoring hoarsely for their favorite. "You'd better go on."

Prusinowski wiped his damp forehead, pulled himself together, as it were.
"All right," he said, and followed the prompter to the first entrance. He went on, made his

accustomed mechanical bo , and pressed the stage, to disappear with renewed bowings on the opposite side. He was looking at the stalls at the time. The man was gone. "Curse him!" muttered the lion-tamer, "If he'd given me time to change my clothes I'd have been in front of the house in time to see him come out. I want to know who he is; I want to know what he means."

He dressed burriedly tearing off his close-fitting garb, and shuffling on the costame of everyday life anyhow, and then went back to the prompt entrange before the curtain had arisen for the farce, and took another survey of the stalls, thinking it just possible that his evil genius had returned. But the man's place

was empty.

Herr Prusinowski went round to the public Herr Prusinowski went round to the public doors of the theatre, and hung about there, with a vague ides, that the man might be ingering also. There was a large tavern just opposite the Queen's, where the audience was went to refresh themselves—even the stalls and box2s—with brandy-and-soda. The Herr crossed the road by and by, went into the crowded bar, still looking for this man, and looking variely.

crowded bar, still looking for this man, and looking vainly.

While he was staring about him a friendly hand tapped him on the shoulder.

"It was well over eighty, my boy," said the voice of De la Zouche, upon whose youthful check still lingered some trace of the vermilion it had worn in the "Miller and his Men."
"Nearer ninety, Tiddikins tells me, and he knows how to reckon up a house with any man in the profession. I wish you joy."

"Thank you, old fellow," replied the liontamer, vaguely. 'Yes, I think its a good house."

"Think! There's no room for thinking. The perspiration was running down their faces in

"Think! There's no room for thinking. The perspiration was running down their faces in the pit all through the 'Miller.' The house was like a turnace; and uncommonly thirsty that kind of thing makes a man. The pongelow you sent in was very acceptable. But I say, Prusi, how about the little supper you talked of?"

Prusinowski stared at him blankly for a moment, and then said coulean!"

Prusinowski stared at him ment, and then said carelessly, "The supper—O, to be sure. I'd forgotten all about it." The noble countenance of De la Zouche fell, and his open brow was overshed the sure of the sure owed by a sudden gloom. "But it's all right," continued the beneficiarie, '1t's ordered for twelve o'clock sharp. I ordered it on spec. I thought I should have a good house."

"Prusinowski, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the actor. "Pil go home and put on a clean collar. I think you mentioned. comedies, and the house was so rull and holsy the actors couldn't hear themselves speak.

They got through it somehow; there was a short overture, and then the curtain went up for my performance. The three lions dis
"It's early, withiam. There's the 'Miller and hought I should have a good house."

"Prusinowski, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the actor. "Fil go home and put on a clean collar. I think you mentioned a goose?"

bottom," said the Herr absently.
"It is a bird which, on the supper-table, lappreciate above any of the feathered tribe, replied the walking gentleman. "Au reser-

He departed, wondering at the silence and gravity of a man who could draw an eighty-Herr Prusinowski left the tavern and stroll

which he could do what he pleased with himself. Under ordinary circumstances he might have gone home, to have a few words with his slittle woman, and make some smendment in his toilet; but te-night he hardly cared to face his wife, she would see that something was wrong, and question him. The impression that man's appearance had made upon him was a subject he did not want to talk about, not even with her. He turned out of the busy thoroughfare in which the Queen's Theatre was eithered presently into a broad, quiet, oldthoroughnare in which the queen's Ineatre was situated presently into a broad, quiet, old-fashioned-looking street leading down to the quay—a street of broad square red-brick houses of the Georgian era, grim and respectable, with a shop only here and there, and then a with a shop only here and there, and then a superior class of shop. It was a very quiet street at this time of night. The summer moon was shining full upon the broad pave-ment and empty road, and there was just a glimpse of moonlit water at the end of the

there was only one shop open at this hour, a tobacconist's at a corner. Prusinowski feli in his coat poolet with a dim recollection of having allowed Mr. Fitz Baymond to empty his tobacco pouch that evening, and then strolled across the road towards the tobacconist's shop. while he was in the act of crossing, a man came out of the shop, and walked slowly away toward the quay. The lion-tamer recognized him at a glance and darted after him. It was he occupant of the stalls, a tall angular figure in the moonlight, with more or less the air of s

"I beg your pardon," he said, at the stran-ger's shoulder; "I believe you were in front to-night in the stalls at the Queen's?"
The man turced and faced him. It was not a preposessing countenance by any means; that long cadaverous visage, with the pale prominent eyes and lank sandy hair. The moonlight made it look more than usually ca-

Yes, he said, "I have been at the Queen's Theatre this evening. Dear me! you are the lion-tamer, I believe. This is really curious."

He spoke in a formal deliberate way, that was strangely irritating to Herr Prusinowski's

erves. ...You have some kind of business with me. "You have some kind of Dusiness with the Herr Prusinewski?" the stranger said interro-gatively, the lion-tamer standing for the mo-ment staring at him, utterly lost and helpless. "I—I wanted to ask you a question." he said abruptly, rousing himself with an effort. "This "I—I wanted to ask you a question. "I as said abruptly, rousing himself with an effort. "This isn't the first time I 've seen you. You took a private box at Manchester five years ago for my benefit."

"I did," replied the stranger. "I congratuate the procession of an excellent."

late you on the possession of an excellent memory, Mr. Prusinowski. You had a narrow escape that night at Manchester, I imagine. One of your animals turned restive."
"Yes," said the lion-tamer, moodily, "that brute Robinson cut up rough; I lost my nerve,

and he saw it. It was a narrow escape—a dis-appointment for you, wasn't it?" "Excuse me, I hardly catch your meaning." ught it was all over with me, didn't

you? Come now, I want to know your mo-tive for coming to see me that time—I want to know your motive for coming to see me to-night." "Motive?" repeated the stranger. "I should suppose the motive must be sufficiently ob-vious. People generally attend that sort of enertainment, and every sort of entertainment, n search of amusement."

"Other people perhaps—not you. I know what a man's face means, and I watched your almost as close as you watched

You seem to have a peculiar way of looking "You seem to have a peculiar way of looking at things, air. Prusinowski," replied the stranger, rubbing his buyy close-shaven chin thoughtfully. 'However, to be caudid with you, I am somewhat interested in liou-taming. I am an idle man, you see. My means enable me to live pretty much as I please and where I means the transfer of the pretty much as I please and where I means the transfer of the pretty much as I please and where I lease, and a man without occupation is tu s an amateur of wild-baset sho so. There was a man called Green—you may have heard of him perhaps. I saw that man Green perform seventeen consecutive times. I was peculiarly interested in him,"

"Yes," said Prusinowski, "I know all about Green. He was killed—killed by a tiger that he'd made a good deal of money out of." "He was," answered the stranger; "I saw

Herr Prusinowski shuddered, "I thought so," he said; "I thought as much. You've tasted blood"

"Upon my honor that is a very unpleasant way of putting it." replied the stranger. "I look at these things entirely from an artistic point of view. I have heard it asserted that point of view. I have neard it senerced that men of your profession always do meet with some fatal accident sooner or later. Since you push me so closely, I am bound to admit that has formed one element of interest for me in this kind of performance. I can understand the delight of the Roman people, from the Emperor down to the humblest freedman, in their relative all shows.

peror down to the numblest recomment, in their gladiatorial shows."
"I don't understand half that palaver," said Herr Prusinowski, rudely; "but I trust in God I may never see your face again."
"Beally, now! but wby?"
"Because you are a cold-blooded scoundrel, and you would like to see me killed."

and you would like to see me killed."

"My dear Mr. Prusinowski, that is a style of language which, if I were an ill-tempered man. I might resent. But if you are destined to meet your death in that manner, which it is to be hoped you are not, I freely admit that I should wish to be a spectator of the catastrophe. It would not make the smallest difference to you, and it would be highly interesting to me. Is this your way? No? In that case, good night."

good night."

He lifted his hat ceremoniously, and depart ed toward the patch of moonlit water at the end of the street, leaving the lion-tamer standing on the pavement, transfixed and brooding
It was just as be had imagined—the mar
was an amateur of sudden death.

The supper at the Lion and Lamb public The supper at the Lion and Lamb public-house—s anug little hostelry, five doors from the theatre, and much affected by the actors—was a gastronomic success, but not a social one. The fare was excellent. The giver of the feast ordered liquors on a liberal scale, and eatables and drinkables disappeared with a celerity cheering to witness. For the banquet was not a cheerful one. Nothing could rouse Prurinowski from the gloon that had fallen upon him. The actors did their utmost to begule him into gayety, with boisterous talk and laughter, racy anecdotes, and an unlimited amount of that humorous converse commonly mount of that humorous converse commonly ohaff," to which the theatrical min

s especially prone; but all their efforts failed. By degrees the talk fell flat, and the revels. which, under happier auspices, would have asted far into the summer dawning, broke up

abruptly at a quarter past two.

Mr. Warbeck, the prompter, walked home
with Tiddikins and de is Zouche, and told
them what had happened after the fall of the curtain.
"Prusinowski's as good a fellow as ever breathed," he said. in conclusion. "If he was my own brother, I couldn't like him batter than I do. But I'm afraid there's something queer

nergabouts,"

He tapped his forehead significantly. "A loose slate." said Mr. Tiddikins.
"A bee in his bonnet," said Mr. de la Zouche

CHAPTER III. -THE THIRD TIME. It was three years later in the life of the

lion-tamer, and he was performing for three nights only at a sea-coast town in the north of Eccland, a dreary little place enough, whither he had strayed from the rich manufacturing districts where his harvests were wont to be s districts where his narvests were want to be so pienteous—a dismal little town, beside which the sea seemed to howl more delefully than by other shores; a stony High street, a damp windy fish market, a beach of great loose peb-bles, and a long wooden jetty siretching out

"Roast beef at the top, roast goose at the public house," which was his notion of peace "I wish it was to be to-morrow, William," the little woman answered sadly; "I shall never know a happy moment till you've done

The first two nights at Lowshore, this ob accessful; but what the drama, whether legitimate or illegitimate, failed to do, the lions successful; but what the drama, whether legitimate or illegitimate, failed to do, the lions succeeded in doing. They draw very fair houses—not the nobility and gentry, as represented by one elderly peer, whose estates bordered Lowahore, but who was rarely known to inhabit his great stone castle, preferring a lice.

dered Lowshore, but who was rarely known to inhabit his great stone castle, preferring a lit-tle box at Richmond, stuffed with rare old sil-ver and costly curiosities, and the vicar; but the shopkeepers and their young men and maidens; the few visitors and the lodging-house proprietors; all the seafaring men and their families; the maids-of-all work and sher-boys; the policemen off duty, and a sprinkling of farmers from inland farms. It was late in boys; the policemen off duty, and a sprinkling of farmers from inland farms. It was late in October, the very dreariest time of the year, and Herr Prusinowski had come to Lowahore

in his winter programme.

The house was nearly full the first night, a trifile less well attended the second, and on the third a considerable falling off was apparent. Still, it was a very fair house for Lowshore. There was a cheerful sprinkling in the pit, a very good gallery. The boxes alone had a cavernous and dismal aspect. Herr Prusinowski had brought a dramatic

company of three with him to support the lions, and to eke out the evening's entertain-ment with a couple of farces or comedi-ettas. The performances began with "Delicate Ground." and were to conclude with the "Se ret," a farce of an ancient and respectable The weather was against Herr Prusinowsk

on this particular evening. The north winds came howling across the German Ocean as if they were intent upon sweeping Lowshore from the face of the earth, driving a salt-favored sleet before them, which well nigh blinded the adventurous pedestrian. The Herr expressed himself very foreibly about the weather, as he took leave of his family before setting out for the theatre. The comediatta was just over as he went in at the stage door, and he had to dress in a hurry, struggling into his close-fitting raiment, and girding himself with scarlet and gold, while a feeble little orchestra of four played some old-fashioned country-dance tunes, what time the audience regaled themselves with prawns and porter. The three

dance tunes, what time the andience regaled themselves with prawns and porter. The three lions looked tremendously hig on the small stage, awfully real against the back ground of faded scenery. Bolinson was out of sorts. He was sensitive upon the subject of weather, and had an especial aversion to high winds.

The feeble little orchestra made a great struggle to produce a soul-inspiring chord, and came out superbly, the second violin a trifls in the rear. Herr Prusinowski bounded on the stage from a rocky set plece, and began his work rather languidly, handling Bobinson with a certain amount of caution.

He had got through half his performance.

He had got through half his performance, and was leading the three lions round the stage on their hind feet, to the stirring music of the march in "lidne Beard"—stirring even from those poor feelsle players—when he heard the opening and shutting of a door at the back of the boxes. He koked up quickly. A gentleman in evening dress was easting himself deliberately in the centre place—a pale-dom-plexioned man, with straight reddish hair. The lion-tamer's heart turned cold. It was The lion-tamer's heart turned cold. It was the man he had seen at Manchester and Spindleoum—the man whose presence, by some morbid fancy, he associated with the idea of peril to himself. During the last three years he had been always more or less on the look out for this man, and had never seen him—had begun to congratulate himself upon the probability that he would finish his public career without ever performing before him again; and without ever performing before him again; and here he was in this remote seaport town, watching him with the same eager eyes and hungry face—watching as men watched the gladiators in old time, greedy for their plood.

It he could have brought the entertainment to an elevant conclusion that instant he would to an abrupt conclusion that instant he would have done so. He would have willingly re-

to an abrupt conclusion that instant he would have willingly returned the people their money, and sacrificed the night's profits to escape performing before that man. He was half inclined to plead sudden illness, and bring down the curtain with an applogy; but to do that would be to confess himself atraid of that man. himself atraid of that man.
"D—n him!" he multered to himself, "he shan't see that I'm afraid of him." "Faster!" he called out to the orchestra. "Faster and louder!" and as the music quickened, he urged the animals with his whip.
Robinson, alias Moloch, resented the impertinence with a suppressed roar, and from that remeat Radolp! Presinoval's lost his presented.

moment Rudolph Prusinowski lost his pres-ence of mind and logt his temper. He was de-termined to hate not one of his tricks, to de-monstrate to that cold-blooded wretch in the boxes that he was not arraid of him. He made boxes that he was not a trained that the animals do more work than usual, looking defiantly at that watchful face in the boxes all the while. The little theatre shock with applause, the put rose to him, as the good old actors were wont to say; the gallery rang with

All in a moment, at the last, in the crowning All in a moment, at the 1885, in the growing feat which was to conclude the performance, the hraves changed to an awful shout of horror. No one could say how it happened—the brute's movements were too rapid for human eyes to follow. Elerr Prusinowski was lying on the stage mangled and torn, the lion crouching upon him.

ing upon him.

The keeper and a couple of brawny sceneshifters rushed upon the stage; they dragged
him from under the infuriated beast insensible
and covered with blood, and carried him off to
the dreasing from where the two rival surgeons
of Lowshore came rushing in to him five minutes afterward. Surgery could do nothing; his
ribs were crushed to powder, and there was a
perforation of the lung and hemorrhage. He
breathed stentoriously for about half an hour,
and then died, without one ray of returning
consciousness. ing upon him. The keeper

consciousness,
"thrapge," the red-haired gentleman used to
say afterward, when he told the story as a
pleasant kind of thing after dinner, and in
some manner reflecting distinction upon himself; "The poor devil was the second of his
trade I saw killed, and I had come across him
three times at long intervals in the course of
many travels in the north. I take a considerable my travels in the north. I take a considerable interest in that sort of thing; there's more excitement about it than there is in the drama. Prusinowski was a very respectable fellow; had saved money, I believe, and left his wife and children comfortably provided for."—Belgravia Annual.

A PROPOSED NEVI YORK CRISTAL PALACE. A PROPOSED NEW YORK CREATEL PALACE.—
A number of gentlemen interested in the New
York Industrial Exposition met in that city on
Friday, with a view of developing a plan to inaugurate a Crystal Palace Exposition worthy of
the increased demands of the times. General
Dix, the Governor elect of New York, and president of the association, occupied the chair,
with Mr. Erastus Brooks on his right. It is
represed to erect the crystal palace in the proposed to erect the crystal palace in the vicinity of One Hundredth street and Fourth vicinity of One Hundredth street and Fourth avenue. Land has been purchased at \$1,700.600, of which \$386,000 has been subscribed. There are \$55 building lots in the tract upon which it is proposed to erect the crystal palace. Mr. Diven, vice president of the Crystal Palace Company, said "that but for the supmeness of New York, the people of Philadelphia would not have asked, or Congress granted, a series of acts by which Philadelphia is to be honored and enriched by the holding of a world's fair, and by the United States proclaiming to all the and enriched by the holding of a world's fair, and by the United States proclaiming to all the world that Philadelphia is the commercial metropolis of this country." Speeches were also made by by General Dix and others, and there seems to be a serious effort on foot, calculated at least to stimulate the world's fair stock in Philadelphia.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON SELF-DISTRUST.

Mr. Beecher writes in the Ledger: "Consider morbid self-distrust as an intruder that has no business in your brain. Treat it as you would morbid self-distrust as an intruder that has no business in your brain. Treat it as you would insects or vermin that infested your dwelling. Hunt it, crush it, give it no quarter. But while thus seeking relief from a painful and depressing action of a faculty, it would be a pity to overcome the feeling in its milder form, so as to have no diffidence of you own power whatever. It may be of some consolation to you to know that you are one of a thousand. to sea, and slippery always with slime and weed, dead fish, and other refuse of the great ocean.

Three years l—and yet on his benefit night at Spindlecum Herr Prusinowski had talked sbout retiring on his laurels in a year. He had not been doing badly either; prosperity had followed all his wanderings; but the human mind is elastic in its estimate of money, and Herr Prusinowski's notions of the fortun he ought to retire upon had widened with the passage of time.

"Another six months, little woman," he said, "and I'll sell the beasts by auction, and take a saft and I'll sell the beasts by auction, and take a saft and a saft a saft and a saft a saft and a saft a saft and a saft and a saft and a saft and a saft a saft and a saft and a saft and a saft and a saft a saft a saft and a saft a saft and a saft a saft and a saft a saft a saft and a saft a saft a saft and a saft a saft

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