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TWICE LOVED;

OR, The Romance of Etsy Peyton.

BY D. D. HOWARD.

N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

"Do not return to the Grange, Etsy. Come with me to Newport; the beautiful Mrs. Lansley will be the rage there, as she has been in Philadelphia this winter, even though she does keep herself close."

Etsy's lips curled with something of the haughtiness of early days.

"I cannot, Aggie. I am tired of going. I am so tired--so tired of living."

"What, Etsy! tired of living at twenty-five!"

"Even so, Aggie; fatherless, motherless, and a deserted wife--it is enough."

"Not deserted, Etsy, you have twice refused to join him."

"Yes, I know; we have both erred--we are both too proud. In some of my moods I do not blame Lionel. I was so changed, so sorrowful, and bony, and homesick, and then I never could forgive him that first unconsoling start and shrinking away. I had loved only Lionel in all my life, and I forgot for a moment how changed I was, and how to meet him. He recovered himself in a moment, but it seemed as if it changed my whole nature, and I grew cold and disdainful; but a great pain at my heart, even when I have the same pain to-night."

"You love him still, Etsy?"

"The crimson lips grew scornful, and then tremulous."

"Yes; I have never loved any one else. You will think me mean-spirited, Aggie?"

"No, Etsy; I honor you for it. But we will not talk of it. Papa will go anywhere I wish. I have never been to Niagara. If you would like we will go there, where all will be strangers to us."

"So they went to Niagara--Mr. Warner, Agnes and Etsy. Leaving the ladies in the reception room, Mr. Warner went to register their names in the hotel book of entry, but returned in a moment with a face from which every vestige of color had flown."

"Etsy, when I went to write my name a gentleman was just returning his pen to its case, and the ink was yet wet with the name of Lionel Peyton!"

"My husband?"

"I fear so; but do not grow so pale, child. I thought, perhaps, you might wish to leave this place, and so did not register our names."

"The beautiful, pale face was pitiful to see."

"Stay, let me think. It might not be my husband, and yet I never knew a Lionel Peyton out of our family. Was the gentleman's face anything like this? and poor Etsy took a miniature from her jewel case."

"Yes; it was very like, only this face is more youthful. The face I saw was bearded and bronzed, and careworn looking."

"If I thought he would not know me, I would stay and see him for myself--I would like to."

"He would never know you, Etsy. You are as unlike the Etsy of fifteen as you are unlike the wife of twenty. I think you might remain with perfect safety; and it may not be your husband, after all."

"So Etsy stayed, and on the book of entry was written Mr. Ely Warner and daughter, and Mrs. Willis."

"We will call you Essie, and then if it is your husband he will never know you."

"Mr. Warner was right. Lionel Peyton could never recognize in this brilliantly beautiful woman either the rosy school girl of fifteen or the wife of twenty. Etsy at twenty-six, was tall and stately, with a clear, dark skin, brilliant color, and large, shadowy, haunting eyes, in whose depth lay a great pain; you felt it as soon as you saw her. She was her husband; Etsy knew him the moment she saw him. It was in the dining room she first met him. He looked at the party entering as any gentleman would look at pretty women, his gaze resting longest on Etsy, her gorgeous eastern beauty overshadowing the pale loveliness of Agnes Warner; but it was evident he did not recognize her."

"He was bronzed and bearded, and something more than careworn--sad. Etsy began to question whether he, too, had not suffered. There was the same table day after day, this husband and wife, till poor Etsy's heart was like to break. By and by, Mr. Warner made Mr. Peyton's acquaintance in the reading room, and together they traveled over Europe--where Mr. Warner once spent many years of his life--Mr. Peyton's great descriptive powers painting, as with a pencil, every subject he touched upon."

"One day Etsy said, half scornfully, half earnestly."

"What do you think of my husband, Mr. Warner?"

"His answer surprised her."

"I admire him more than any man I ever knew, Etsy. I wish I could understand what it is keeping you apart."

"That night he sent for the ladies to join him in the parlors. To Etsy's surprise he introduced them to Mr. Peyton, who threw the charm of his conversation over them, as he had Mr. Warner, and the evening passed ere they had begun."

"Time passed on, and other evenings were spent together, and it soon required but a careless eye to see that the beautiful face of Etsy Peyton was the only face on earth to their new friend."

"Essie, your husband is falling in love once again," Agnes said, but the said "Essie" made no reply.

"One night Mr. Peyton said to her: "Mrs. Willis, your face haunts me; it reminds me of some one I have seen before, perhaps it was in my dreams." And Etsy only answered, "Perhaps."

"She sat on the veranda one night, waiting for Agnes and her father. They were to leave for New York the next day, and there was a great ache at Etsy's heart."

"Mr. Peyton stepped through the window, and stood beside her. He merely bowed his stately head, and she never spoke--she dared not."

"You are sad to-night, Mrs. Willis. Are you sorry to leave Niagara?"

"For the life of her she could not have answered him, but, without waiting for one, he sat down by her side."

"I, too, am sad to-night, but my

address has a deeper meaning than yours. At my heart are tugging love, remorse, regret and a wretched quarrelling, with fate. I wish I dare lay bare my heart to you, for my soul is famishing for human sympathy."

"You may."

"And you will not think less of me because I have sinned and suffered?"

"I will not."

"Five years ago--nay, I must begin further back. Ten years ago, I knew and loved a young girl. She was a loving child, tender-hearted and winning. She won my heart ere I knew it, and I asked her to be my wife. She consented; and when we parted, hung round my neck and wept so bitterly that I found it very hard to leave her. I went back to Germany, and afterward carried with me all over the continent the memory of that beautiful face, and more than that, the memory of the gentle, loving heart. I returned five years later to find a cold-hearted, haughty woman, who repelled my tenderness, and threw back upon my aching heart the love I would have felt for her if she had but been tender and patient. But I must be just--I found the lady so changed, so personally unattractive that I did not know her at first and doubtless my manners seemed cold to her, for I was mourning for my beautiful little Etsy, and could not believe this cold, pale woman was she. We were married within the hour of my arrival, and I thought at first my soul sickened, I did strive before God, to give her my love, but I verily believe she hated me, for she grew more and more cold and disdainful every day, till, mad with sorrow and regret, I left my home to wander, disconsolate and sad, all over the earth. Twice, remembering she was my wife, I wrote, begging her to join me, for I could not bear to return to the grange where all knew my sad history; but she haughtily refused, saying in her last letter that she fancied our paths would be happier far apart. You, too, have known Mrs. Willis, but it is better to mourn for the dead than for the living."

Lionel Peyton loved Mrs. Willis, and it required all his honor and manhood, all his self-control, to keep from taking her in his arms and telling her so. He did not, but continued:

"Later, I met with one who, before I was aware of it, crept into my heart--a beautiful, regal woman, with a pale, a tropical nature, entirely suited to mine. I fell in love with her, but I dared not tell her so; my honor forbade it, and yet I love her! Oh, my God! thou knowest it all."

"As the white lips grew calmer, he said: "To-night, for all my battling, this wild love is clamoring to be heard; all the anguish and regret, all the harder to bear because unspoken. I thought I must speak or die, but when the storm was at its height a great calm came over my spirit, and something like God's will" fell upon my tempted soul, and once more it was able to overcome. I have come to say good-bye, Essie. There is only course for me to pursue. I must rejoin my poor wife, and, if she is willing to receive the prodigal, try to make her happy."

"Did you love her so much--this beautiful woman of whom you spoke better than any beauty of Italy or Spain, or any one you met in your wanderings?"

"His face flushed and then paled."

"Better than any woman on earth--better than anything but my honor and my God," and he held with an iron grasp the small white hands he had taken in his. "Love her! ah, it would be heaven to be always by her side, to watch the flash and gleam of those proud eyes, and the sweet trembling of the red lips, and the shining dark hair, and the proud throat, white as snow."

"It must have been very hard to give her up?"

"It was hard. What would you have done so circumstanced?"

"I would have been true to my honor and my God, as you were."

"God bless you, Essie; now we must part."

"Essie had been merciless, but her starving heart craved all she could hear of the love he bore her. But the strain had been too great; and when she rose to go, she faltered, and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. He seated her again and brought a goblet of water."

"You know who the woman is, Essie, that is so dear to me."

"I have known it from the first!"

"And you still advise me to return to my own wife?"

"I do."

"Then return to Europe and work for the good of others and for God's glory."

"He drew her close to his heart, and said: "This one let me hold you here; and now farewell!"

"A moment more and she was alone, and Lionel Peyton was wildly pacing his chamber floor with broken words of prayer upon his lips."

"A week from that time found Etsy at the Grange where she found a letter awaiting her announcing the arrival of her husband on the following night."

"Oh, Etsy, if you only loved Lionel," said the disappointed mother.

"Perhaps I may, mother; perhaps he may find me more worthy to be loved."

"He came at seven o'clock. The long drawing-room was lighted in honor of his coming, and the servants, at least, with bright new suits and shining faces, showed joy at his return."

"He was shown into the reception-room while a servant went to apprise "Miss Etsy."

"He returned in a moment, saying she would see him in the drawing-room."

"Lionel bit his lip and followed the old servant with a proud step."

"At least she might have been here to welcome me," he thought. Under the brilliant gaslight stood that beautiful Essie he was trying to forget."

"Again--must he again battle with his spirit to keep down that mad love which hunted him every hour! What could have brought her to the Grange?"

"She sprang to meet him."

"Oh, Lionel, I am so glad." And bending back her beautiful head she held up her lips for a kiss.

"I cannot, Essie--I dare not. I am glad and yet sorry that we have met."

"But she fettered him with her

white arms, and drew his face closer to hers.

"Lionel, if you will take me I am yours--for I am Etsy Peyton."

The strong man staggered and would have fallen had she not supported him. Need we describe the joy of the wanderer, or can you imagine it for yourselves? How the past seemed like a hideous dream, how memory he was trying to forget; and the future so rich with immeasurable hope, and how two souls came out from the fiery crucible, purified.

"Twice loved!" Etsy whispered softly to herself. It was a triumph after all, and oh, I am so happy! God is good--I will praise him all the days of my life."

A DARE DEVIL DEED.

A Daring But Unsuccessful Attempt to Escape by a Captured Stage Robber.

Denver Republican.

The people who arrived on Rio Grande train were the witnesses of an exceedingly thrilling incident. This was nothing less than one of the boldest breaks for liberty that a captured criminal ever made.

In accordance with order from the postal service headquarters in this city, City Marshal Pat Desmond, of Pueblo, who captured H. M. Burton, the supposed stage robber, last week, boarded the train to deliver the prisoner to the United States authorities at Denver. Mr. Desmond realized that he had in custody a desperate man, and paid great attention and care to his charge. He was leading his side until the train was speeding along down grade this side of the divide and south of Castle Rock. Becoming exceedingly thirsty at that point he left him for a moment to go to the rear of the car for a drink. As he turned about after Burton's seat was empty, and looking towards the opposite door, he saw to his astonishment that the prisoner was making his escape. The train was then moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Not losing a moment in thought, Desmond rushed through the car after him, and just as Burton was about to leap from the lower platform step, Desmond clutched his coat. The grip was not a good one, and Burton throwing his full weight in the effort, fell from the step, his shoulder striking a tie, and his head falling but a few inches from the rails.

A young man on the train who witnessed the affair, followed Desmond to the platform, and when he saw that the prisoner had escaped, pulled the bell cord. Owing to the speed that the train was making it was impossible to stop it until it had gone several hundred yards. In the meantime Burton had recovered from the shock of the fall, and, rising to his feet fled across the country.

When Desmond saw his man fall he pulled his pistol and fired at him, taking the best aim he could as the train left him behind. The excitement that ensued among the passengers beggars description. The women and children screamed, and the men rushed frantically to the platform to see what was the matter. As the train began to slacken its speed, in answer to the ringing of the signal bell, the frightened people thought that a band of highwaymen were stopping it, and immediately many of them commenced to hide their valuables, and it was not until the train had pulled up and a party started out in pursuit of the criminal, that the fears of the passengers were at all quieted.

The delay in bringing the train to a stop gave Burton a good start, and by the time that Desmond and a few enthusiastic followers started in pursuit he had a lead of nearly 700 yards. He had evidently in just that brief moment of the lead and the pursuers rapidly closed the gap. When within range the latter commenced firing. After several shots had been expended, one carelessly aimed by Desmond grazed Burton's head near the left ear. This shot brought him to his senses, and thinking doubtless, that the next might prove his death, he fell on his face.

When the pursuing party came up he expressed his disappointment, and said that it would have been better, after all, if the shot had killed him. It surprised Mr. Desmond not a little to find that Burton, in escaping, had taken his (Desmond's) satchel. On being questioned as to why he did so, he replied that it contained a six-shooter, and he resolved to get it out and defend himself to the death. The injuries sustained by Burton in the fall from the car were comparatively light. His hand and his right shoulder were bruised somewhat, but aside from this he did not suffer. After regaining his feet he managed to get his left hand out of the cuffs. How he did this is a mystery.

After being taken back to his seat in the car he became very despondent and had but little to say. From latest accounts it appears that Burton, had no assistance whatever, but cleverly deluded the victims into the belief that he had a gang secreted who would fire when he gave the word. This gives strength to the theory that the woman was an aid. The officers, in searching Burton's effects, found in his valise the sum of \$300 in gold, silver, and greenbacks tied up in an old stocking.

The money of all the victims was not secured. Mr. A. D. Hudnall had a large roll of bills in his fob pocket, which was searched. A tipsy passenger who was seated on the outside of the coach, had a pouch containing several hundred dollars. While alighting, he dropped this on the top of the coach, and there it remained undiscovered until the robber had finished his work and departed, when he recovered it.

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