Nebraska Advertiser

J. E. CHURCH. J. L. COLHAFF. T. C. HACKER.

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PUBLISHERS,

McPherson's Block, 2d Floor, Hall Entrance,

Brownville, Neb.

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Nebraska Advertiser

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VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1868. NO. 25.

DIRECTORY.

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Episcopal.- Services in McPherson's Hall every other Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M., and every Sunday at 3-2 P. M. Sunday School at 2 1-4 P. M. every Sunday. Rt. Rev. G. R. DAVIS, Missionary

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Eastern Mail arrives daily, except Sunday, at 1, p. m.
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" " departs every Monday at 8, a. m.
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BROWNVILLE LODGE, I O of G T, meets regularly every Friday evening in the Masonic Hall.
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NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

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Beatrice, Gage co., Neb.

PERKINS & GILLESPIE,
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Meals at all Hours, or for Regular Boarders, at the usual rates. 12-11-1y

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A good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with the House. Front street, between Main and Water.

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Night calls at his Residence south side of Atlantic between 1st and 2nd streets.

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Dr. H. has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical instruments.
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Makes Horse Shoeing, Ironing of Wagons and Sleighs and Machine Work a Specialty.
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All Work done to order—Satisfaction Guarantied.

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☞ Custom Work of all kinds solicited. 12-12

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Manufacturers and Dealers in
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CHARLES HELLMER.
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Has on hand a superior Stock of Boots and Shoes and the best material and ability for doing
☞ *Custom Work done with neatness and dispatch.*

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Takes this method of informing the public that he has on hand a splendid assortment of Gent's and Ladie's Misses' and Childrens'
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☞ Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice. 10-30 1mn

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Having had eight years experience as Teacher of Music in New York is confident of giving satisfaction.
Rooms Main, bet. 4th & 5th sts.
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GATES & BOUSEFIELD
BRICKLAYERS & PLASTERES
Will take contracts for Bricklaying, Plastering, building Cisterns, and do anything in their line in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
Aug. 30, 1866. x-17-1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. P. BERKLEY,
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Grainer, Gilder, Glazier and Paper-Hanger.
All work done on Short Notice, Favorable Terms and Warranted. Office over Tabre & Co's Store, Main st.,
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J. L. ROY,
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North side Main St., between 1st and 2d.
Has a splendid suit of Bath Rooms, Also a choice stock of Gentlemen's Notions.

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Will attend to paying Taxes for Non-residents. Personal attention given to making Locations, Lands, improved and unimproved, for sale on reasonable terms. y12-n30-1y

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Will the coming Spring plant crops in Gardens and cultivate same by contract. Will also have on hand sweet Potato, Cabbage, Tomato & Pepper plants for sale

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STORAGE, FORWARDING AND
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And dealers in all kinds of Grain for which they pay the Highest Market Price in Cash.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS, AND
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Buy and sell improved and unimproved Lands. Buy, sell and locate Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip. Make careful selections of Government Lands for Location, Homesteads, and Pre emptions.—Attend to contested Homesteads and Pre-emption cases in the Land Office. Letters of inquiry promptly and carefully answered. Correspondence solicited. 26tf

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WAGON MAKER
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN-SHOP,
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, CULTIVITORS, &c., Repaired on short notice, at low rates and warranted to give satisfaction. x-13-fn nn

JONAS HACKER,
Tax Collector for the City of Brownville,
Will attend to the payment of Taxes for non-resident land owners in Nemaha County. Correspondence Solicited.
Office on Main bet. 1st and 2d,

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U. S. Assistant Assessor and Claim Agent. Will attend to the Prosecution of Claims before the Department for Ad Bounty Back Pay and Pensions Also, to the Collection of Semi-Annual dues on Pensions.
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CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
Silver and Silver-Plated Ware Constantly on hand all varieties of Spectacles Repairing done in the neatest style, and at short notice. Charges moderate. Work warranted. City Drug Store,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

W. H. KIMBERLIN,
OCULIST AND AURIST.
Will Treat all Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Rooms at the Star Hotel.
Tenders his services to the citizens of this city and vicinity. May be consulted at the above place from the 1st to the 14th of each month. And at the Salem House, *Salem, Richardson county, Nebraska,* from the 10th to the last of each month. 12-1 1ly

JOHN L. CARSON,
BANKER,
Brownville, Neb.
Exchange bought and sold on all the principal Cities. Also, dealer in Gold and Silver Coin, Gold Dust and
GOVERNMENT BONDS.
Deposits received, payable at sight.
Interest paid on time Deposits by especial agreement Taxes paid for non-residents
All kinds of
U. S. BONDS WANTED
JOHN L. CARSON.

R. F. BARRETT,
Proprietor of the
NEW STEAM FERRY BOAT,
SUN SET, and owner of the entire Ferry Franchise, at
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA,
Would respectfully represent to the Traveling Public that they can be ferried over the Missouri River, at Brownville, promptly and without delay, at all hours in the day time
The capacity of the boat will accommodate
Fifteen Loaded Wagons and Teams
OR 100 HEAD OF BEEF CATTLE,
AT ONE TRIP. n20-tf

MRS. EUNICE LEACH. MISS MARY A. SIMPSON
LEACH & SIMPSON,
Milliners & Dress-Makers
Wish to inform the ladies of Brownville and vicinity that they has just commenced a first class
MILLINERY & DRESS-MAKING
SHOP
Where work will be done with great care and neatness, and after the latest Eastern styles.
Bleaching and Repairing done in the very latest style and on short notice.
Latest styles of Ladie's and Children's Hats and Bonnets constantly kept on hand, also latest patterns of Ladies Dresses, Cloaks, and Children's clothing cut on short notice
Second Street between Main & Water
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

SELECT POETRY.

JOHN O' THE SMITHY.

SMITH "One who makes or shoes anything."—Webster.

Down in the vale where the mavis sings
And the brook is turning an old-time wheel,
From morning till night the anvil rings
Where John o' the Smithy is forging steel.
My lord rides out at the castle gate,
My lady is grand in bower and hall,
With men and maidens to cringe and wait,
And John o' the Smithy must pay for all.

The bishop rides in a coach and four,
His grooms and horses are fat and sleek;
He has lackeys behind and lackeys before;
He rides at a hundred guineas a week.
The anvil is singing its "ten pound ten,"
The mavis pipes from a birken spray,
And this is the song that fills the glen,
"John o' the Smithy has all to pay."

John has a daughter rosy and sweet,
My lord has a son with a wicked eye;
When she hears the sound of his horses' feet
Her heart beats quicker, she knows not why.
She will know very well before the end;
She will learn to detest their rank and pride
When she has the young lord's babe to tend,
While the bishop's daughter becomes his bride.

There will be the old, old story to tell
Of tyrannous wrong in places high;
A bishop glozing the deeds of hell,
The priest and the Levite passing by.
And the father may bow his frosted head
When he sees the young bride up at the hall,
And say 'twere better his child were dead;
But John o' the Smithy must bear it all.

The smith and his daughter will pass away,
And another shall make the anvil ring
For the daily bread and the hodden-gray:
But the profits shall go to priest and king;
And over the wide world, day by day,
The smiths shall waken at early morn,
Each to his task in the old dull way,
To tread a measure of priestly corn.

And the smiths shall live on the coarsest fare
With little that they may call their own,
While the idler is free from work and care,
For the best of all shall go to the drone.
And the smith complains of the anvil's song,—
Complains of the years he has wro'tand pined;
For the priests and rulers are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear strong voice from over the sea
Is piercing the murk of the moral night;
Time is, time was; and time shall be
That John o' the Smithy will have his right;
And those who have worn the mitre and crown,
Who have pressed him sore in body and soul,
Shall perish from earth when the grist is ground
And the Mighty Miller has claimed his toll.

SELECT STORY.

THE PRIEST'S STRATAGEM.

The greate ficiency of the French police system, as at present in operation, and as it was during the First Napoleon, is too well known to need comment here; yet one may occasionally happen upon unrecorded incidents which thoroughly suited, make it still more evident. Of such a character is the incident we are now about to relate.

It appears that one dark and stormy day as a good old prelate, Denjorian by name, was hastening, running along the Rue La Bertandine, wrapped snugly up in his huge capachin, he was accosted suddenly by a tall, strongly built man habited in a huge cloak and slouched hat which completely concealed his face. He had alighted from a small, close covered cab, which drew up to the walk, just as the prelate was passing.

Singular as these proceedings may appear, they would have excited little or no wonder in his mind at the time, for such mysterious proceedings were then an every day occurrence; were it not that his attention was drawn more particularly thereto by the mysterious person, who placed himself directly before him saying:

"You are father Gagnice, I believe!"

"I am, my son; what would you have of me?" returned the worthy prelate, starting with surprise.

"I have come father, a great distance to find you: and I now wish you to enter my cab and go with me."

"Go with you. Where—and for what?"

"To attend the death bed of a friend, who wishes the sacrament administered, before departing from this life."

"Lead on, then, my man; I will accompany you; lead on."

The worthy prelate was never tardy in the discharge of the duties of his holy order.

"Thank you, father; but first you must permit me to blindfold you!"

"But I'll permit nothing of the kind, my son," returned the old man, whose suspicions were now becoming aroused.

"But I say you must, most holy father!" was the deep, determined reply.

"I must not, nor will not!"

"You must, and will or—die! For, if you refuse, and resist me, I will kill you!" said the man, while drawing a small dirk from his cloak.

Our worthy friend, the prelate, was now thoroughly alarmed, but he tried hard to conceal this, by calmly inquiring.

"But why all this mystery, my son? Why this disguise?"

"I have no time, now, father, to explain, even if I would; but you shall learn all in good time. And father, to quiet your fears—for I see you are terrified—I do most solemnly swear, upon the cross of your rosary, that no harm shall come to you provided you are discreet. There, now, come. Haste, for every moment to me seems an hour!"

"You mean then, no harm shall come to me or mine?"

"I swear it!"

"Then, lead on; I'll go and submit to be blindfolded, too."

"This way, then, to the cab."

Saying which, the stranger hastily led the old man to the vehicle, shoved him in, then entering himself, closed the door, and fastening it on the inside, gave the word to the driver, and away they went.

"Now father," continued he," hold your head down;" with which he drew from his pocket a handkerchief, folded it neatly upon his knee; and bound it firmly over the closed eyes of the old man, who submitted to all in perfect silence; and then again the stranger spoke:

"And now, most holy father, you must submit to another indignity—if so you call it!"

"And what is that, my son?"

"This. You must swear that you will never divulge one word, look, or gesture you may see or hear during your present adventure. Do you understand and consent?"

"I do, but will not. I am willing to compiy with everything I conceive to be essential to the happiness of my children; but in this I neither see reason nor necessity, and therefore prefer to use my own discretion in the matter."

"But you have no choice, father, in this case?"

"I will exercise one, nevertheless"

"I mean," returned the stranger, in the same deep determined tone of voice, "If you insist on my being more explicit, that I will not permit you to exercise any choice!"

"But I will, in this respect, for in these matters I am not only accountable to my God, but also to my church, my son."

With this, the stranger paused for a while, as if in deep thought, and then, as if having come to some definite resolve, replied:

"Well, well, I suppose in this matter you may have your own way; but if you dare divulge a word out side of your sanctuary, you die! Do you hear, most holy father?"

"I do."

"And, further, even if you do, it will avail you naught, for these very precautions will render you harmless."

"True, true," muttered the old man; with which both relapsed into silence, while the carriage went rumbling and rolling along. The rain still came down in torrents, while ever and anon a deep peal of thunder made everything tremble again.

"All things temporal must have an end," thought the padre, "and so must this ride eventually."

At this moment, and as if in confirmation of his soliloquy, the carriage did stop but where he was, of course, quite unable to judge.

"Prepare to alight, father," said the stranger.

"I am ready my, son."

"Come, then."

Saying which the stranger, still hooded took the priest by the arm, and thus helped him to descend; then led him across the stone paved walk, by which our friend (who was now keenly alive to every sign that would indicate his where abouts) at once conjectured that he was yet within the precincts of Paris—and he was right; thence up a huge pair of stone steps, then through a door—which was immediately closed by the person who admitted them.

Nothing further passed between them as they thus went in and out, up and down through the house, till presently they halted before a door, and in a low voice the stranger said:

"I am now about to admit you to the presence of the invalid. When you hear the door shut, take off the bandage: when you get through, ring the little bell you will find on the table, and I will come. Now, father go in;" saying which, the mask opened the door, showed our old friend in, and then hastily, but safely closed it and was gone.

Now comes the singular part of our story. No sooner did the priest find that the door was closed, than he hastily slipped the handkerchief off, and attempted to gaze around, but the effect of the light was too powerful for a few seconds and he was compelled to cover them again out of sheer pain. Gradually, however, his eyes became accustomed to natural light, and they opened wide indeed with surprise, when they beheld the splender of the apartment he was in The furniture and decorations were of the most superb and costly kind, while the most refined taste, and scrupulous care was manifested in the order and arrangement of each and every article. Presently his gaze turned to a part of the room he had not examined, and as he naturally enough supposed, there stood a splendid ebony wood bed stead, inlaid with pearl, and covered with a counterpane of white silk of the most elaborate manufacture, beneath which between sheets of the finest linen with head bolstered up with pillows of down, reclined the form of as fair a creature as had ever delighted the old man's gaze.

She bent upon him a long and pensive glance, which appealed at once to the old prelate's heart; but finding at length that she did not intend to speak first, he lightly approached her side, saying in subdued tone—

"Madam, I am the priest, come to confess you, and give you absolution, through the mercy of Jesus Christ, and his apostle Peter. Madam, are you ready—," continued he, while bending upon her a looked of mingled surprise and penetration—"but you surely are not going to die; it must be a mistake—you still bear the bloom of health in your cheek, your eyes still glisten—and you now smile, as never smiled a being on death-bed before."

"And yet father," replied she in the bed, "and yet I am now on the very verge of the grave!"

"Impossible! I have beheld hundreds on the verge of the grave, but never before one like you. Why, your voice, madam, so sweet and clear, so strong, belies the supposition."

"And yet my words are true."

"Ah!" muttered our old friend, to himself, while a smile of gratification for an instant illumed his countenance—,doubtlessly, she is a hypochondriac. She is a fit object for the physician, not for the priest. Then turning to her he continued aloud—

"Madam, is it your determination that I shall confess you?"

"Such is my resolve, father, though heaven and my conscience know, I have but little to confess—let the world say what it may—father, I see by your look of surprise—your kindly solicitude, that—that—you—oh! you are not—are you?"

"Not what, daughter—not what?" and the padre began to look slightly alarmed.

"Yes—yes, I am certain, you are an accomplice of—of my kinsmen?"

"Accomplice?"

"Yes—yes, you know nothing of this you—are not an accomplice?"

"Madam, you mystify me very much—your mind is evidently disordered—I must depart—this is no place for me;" and he started toward the bell.

"Oh, no, no,! In the name of heaven I implore you—stay. If you have any mercy, do not ring that bell!—do not leave me!"

"Madam, your manner is most incomprehensible! What do you mean? I am led to believe you mad; and yet your language and manner are ration."

"Mad? Mon! Dieu! I wonder that I am not. No, no, I am not mad! father, sware to me that you are not an accomplice of my kinsman."

It must be understood, that all this dialogue was carried on in a low, subdred voice, not much above a whisper, through excited and animated in the extreame; and it was as much with the design of assuming a more easy position—for he had been bending over the bed all the while—as it was to enable him to hear better, that the prelate softly drew a chair to her side and seated himself while saying:

"Droughter, there is evidehtly some mystery here, and I would fathom it. Now in the first place who is this kinsman you speak of? he wearing the cloak? Speak and fear not."

"Yes—,'tis he——"

"Well, I am no accomplice of his."

"Oh! do you speak truly!" and she bent upon him a glance of such deep supplication, that his heart was touched.

"Daughter, believe me. My words are the words of truth!"

"Oh! God, I thank thee—father can you save me! See, I am young, too young, too young to die."

"Willingly, if it is in my power; but, you forget, I am perfectly ignorant of your situation. Now, if you would be more explicit."

"I will—you shall know all—look!" Up to this time it should be remembered, she had remained closely covered up to the neck by the counterpane; but now as she spoke, she violently threw the cover from her but half-robed persons, and bare arms, one of which she held up to his startled gaze, pointing the while, with the trembling hand of the other, to a bloody dyed bandage that encircled it just above the elbow.

"Look! Do you see that, father? From that would my precious life is to pour out—by that means I am to die!"

"Are you frantic woman? What do you mean?"

"Listen!—disturb me not and you shall hear all. You shall doubtlessly judge by all this splendor you see in these apartemens, that I am one of the so-called royalists, or nobility of France, recalled by an edict of the present Emperor—and rightly, too, for I am—further, you are aware, that there has lately been several attempts made by our party to assassinate the Emperor, or at least, such is the report. Also, that it is suspected, that even at this moment there are several secret societies of conspirators, now plotting for the same object. Well, it is because I chanced to discover the dastardly pruposes of one of these despicable cliques, and betrayed that knowledge to the proper source, that I am now doomed to suffer this death."

"Oh, impossible!"

"Nay, say not father, for such is the truth."

"But how then is it possible then that you have been prevailed upon to betray your people, and your own interest so much?" and the old mon looked incredulous.

"Truly, it does seem improbable, and I must tell all."

"Certainly!" and he looked, as he was, gratified at the prospect of having his suspicions proven false.

"Yes, I will even tell you that," continued she, while a faint blush for an instant suffused her fair cheek. "'Tis thus: thoughs born, as I have said, a royalist. I am one no longer at heart; for loved, and he who taught me to love taught me also to love liberty better than all the vain pomp and display of despotism; for he is one of the people—an humble sous-lieutenant, in the army of Napoleon. 'Twas my love for him that prompted me to devulge a secret which involves even a kinsman, who, urged on by a revenge, and I fear, also, a hope to thus claim all I possess on earth, in company with his associates, sat in judgment on my declared crime, and doomed me to be bled to death!"

"Most horrible! But have you no parents, brothers, or family to interpose, and save you?"

"None—none. All fell victims to the wrath of the republican—all are gone!"

"But, how is it that I am called in to confess you, truly, there seems to be some regard for your feelings and welfare!" and again a shadow flitted over the grave countenance of the cautious and far-seeing priest.

"Oh, do you still doubt me? Listen, it was thus; "They had commenced their hellish deed, attended by a fiendish physician, who even bled me till I fainted, when the flow was stopped, and I revived; but, during that fainting spell, the spirit of my mother appeared to me and charged me to be composed, for in that lay my salvation. I did not understand it then, but I do now, for I then thought she ment my spiritual salvation, whreas it now proves, she meant my life. However, upon recovering, I requested that a confessor might be sent for. They all at once abruptly objected, till at length I melted their hard hearts, though apparently a republican, and after much debate concluded to send for you. My brother then departed, and you came."

"Most wonderful!"

"You are here, father, by the direct interposition of Providence to save me—will you do it?"

"I will!" exclaimed our friend, with marked emphasis, for he now felt that he was realy an instrument in the hands of God. "If you can but succeed n delaying their hellish work one half hour, you shall be saved. But did they not make you swear not to reveal aught to me?"

"They did; but on this question of life, I deemed such perjury no sin."

"It is not, and I absolve you. And now tel me where you are—that is, what street is this residence, for I—"

"That I cannot, father, for I too, like you, was brought here blindfolded, and by force."

"Ah! that is a serious obstacle. I know not where I am. Do these windows look into the street?"

"No, they are blocked in on all sides, though open to the light of heaven."

"Ah! what am I to do?" and the old man mused for a while with serious aspect, but at length he exclaimed—

"I have it—I have it! Quick! give me a piece of the blood stained bandage about your arm there, quick! And with eager hand he drew out a penknife from beneath his robes, and cut off a piece, saying, in his hurried tones, "Now do you manage, while I am gone, to defer their operations for half an hour—just one half hour—and you are saved!"

As he ceased he replaced his knife, put the bondage over his eyes but fixed it so he could see a little in advance his path; then crushing the bloody bandage close with his hand, which was then thrust under his cloak, he took, his position by the table, and saying,

"Take courage daughter, you shall be saved!" he rang the bell. The door instantly opened, and in stalked the masked stranger.

"Are you done, father?" said he.

"I have, my son; she has confessed."

"Well and good. There is the pay for your trouble."

Saying which he placed a purse, weighing heavy of gold into the pries's hand, and then led him down several flights of stairs, through halls, round turnings, till suddenly the priest beheld the light of the hall entrance glancing through on the floor at his feet. Seeing this he slightly elevated his head that he might see the door in advance. At a glance he saw that it was large; massive, with small fluted columns each side between it and the wall.

This was just as he expected, and just as he wanted it, as will be seen; for as he reached the door, which was opened, as before, by a servant in livery, who stood at one side and behind, as was the custom, to let them pass, he suddenly pretended to slip and fell forward, and by this means forced his conductor ahead of him, at the same time catching for the doorcase, so if to stop his fall succeeded in slipping the blood-stained bandage between it and the side-pillar without being observed. Excusing his awkwardness, he grasped his conductor's arm again, and passed out to the cab, into which both then seated themselves, and once more they were driven rapidly along.

"At what place would you prefer to be set down!" inquired the stranger.

"At the barricade St. Antoine."

"It shall be so. By the-by most holy father, was the fair lady meek and penitent?"

"Seek not to know the secrets of church my son."

"Ha! ha! No delicate amours, father?"

"My son, your language is sacreligious."

"Well, I suppose it is; by Heaven, though it see[illegible] Death is a sad fellow to rob man of such charms." and he sighed with [illegible] feeling; and then, looking up, continued, "You remember, father, if you divulge one word or look."

"Oh! fear not, my son, I remember."

"'Tis well. Ah! here we are, just where you wished to stop."

Then, taking the bandage hastily from our friend's eyes, he directed him to alight, which he did then bade him adieu, but the cab door, gave the word to the driver, and was out of sight before the