

BY NELLIE LISTER.

I arranged a few articles in the house and then started for home as it was a long ride to Uncle Blake's. I rode up on the ridge and was enjoying a view of the splendid natural scenery that was visible for miles away in every direction; when suddenly my eye rested on the figure of a gentleman resting on the turf; only a few feet in advance of me, and directly in my path. He had apparently been sketching and was now lying on the cool grass leaning his head against a tall pine tree. He was tall, elegantly proportioned, with a profusion of wavy, golden brown hair, falling carelessly over a broad forehead of marble whiteness. The mouth was one of rare sweetness of expression; though the full, exquisitely chiseled lip and swelling nostrils of the somewhat prominent nose, dispelled all idea of that effeminacy I so disliked. His eyes! Oh could any one ever look at them and forget? They were large, lustrous, violet eyes, with a very slight roguish look, now predominating over a habitual seriousness of expression; calm, dignified eyes that made you know, even while you worshipped them. A long India scarf of variegated colors was tied under a low, square cut, Persian collar. His portfolio lay by his side, and one of those comfortable, soft hats easily remained by the side of a neat, patent leather boot. As I looked at him, at those great eyes, a thrill of unutterable joy, vibrated every nerve and fibre of my nature, and sick with the depth and intensity of the emotion, I leaned my head for a moment on Bijou's glossy neck. It seemed that, stepping forward ages upon ages, I with my mortal hand had swept aside the impenetrable veil of mystery and recognized in him, as I stood by side with him in the heavenly fields, my acknowledged and God-wedded spirit phantom. For a moment I could have fallen down, and in my passionate Italian nature addressed him in the beautiful Scriptural language, "Whither thou goest, there will I go, &c." But it was only for a moment, for when I raised my head I met only a careless, almost triumphant smile; for he knew in that short time, in my inmost soul I paid him the tribute so justly due such glorious beauty.—That one glance aroused all the tickling antagonism of my nature; my self possession was complete, and angry at my weakness I would have striven to regain my lost laurels by hounding past him without further ceremony, but his eyes arrested the motion.

VOL. 2

DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUG. 27, 1859.

NO. 7.

quaintance in advance of his expected arrival. I threw off my riding habit, and donned my simple dress of black silk, (I had always worn black since my mother's death,) plain white collar and cuffs, and no ornaments, except the diamond cross and drops, which were mother's bridal jewels. Tea over, I went into the parlor to play on the new piano, that had been sent that day from the city, while Alice and Auntie adjourned, one to the library to read to Uncle, and the latter to superintend some household affairs. Soon as the lamps were lighted I turned over my notes and commenced playing some grand old melodies from Beethoven and Mozart. While absorbed in one of these, and singing an accompaniment, the door opened and the servant announced "Frederic Percival!"—The name I was not acquainted with, and consequently felt annoyed at the interruption, and I did not look up for a moment, but whirled carelessly around, my hand still resting on the ivory keys. At the sound of footsteps, I felt the same strange thrill in my heart, and confidently expected to meet my tormentor. Well! to be sure the form was the same, but even as I gazed, the mocking smile disappeared from the mouth, and I stood trembling and embarrassed before those mournful, blue eyes.

He said he "presumed I was Miss Alice Blake's foster sister, Miss Somerford, of whom she had told him so much," and gently took my hand and led me to the sofa. I excused myself and arose to ring the bell, and have James inform her mistress of the arrival; but he said, "after our introduction of to day I think any further one, under the circumstances, unnecessary; and no doubt the ladies will be soon down."

Then he soon added, pleasantly, "an apology is due you; but with your leave we'll say nothing more about it, and will mutually compromise the saucy affair, by adjourning to the piano, and I will listen while you conclude that splendid music you were singing when I interrupted you."

I told him I should only be too happy.

He evidently possesses a will I thought; for I had no power to resist his half apology, half command; and we both laughed gaily, as he did not change his position and kept on smiling.

"I hope so," I answered, "I am not so weak as to be frightened at such a superbly bold picture; although I was really shocked when Bijou started so suddenly.—Hence he must have been amused at the mimic subterfuge, for it was very evident I raised him back on his haunches the first instant." Please lend me one of those tablets and a pencil and I will perhaps be able to make you comprehend. Pray do not do yourself the trouble to write," I continued, as I rose up and removed them from his outstretched hand. Then he quietly arose and after stamping his foot to arrange his dress, deliberately proceeded to gather up the contents of his portfolio and place them in it; all the time whistling a popular air! My hand worked busily still, for I was thoroughly vexed and puzzled by his carelessness; and in an incredible short space of time, threw the card table foot. It was a hideous caricature of a traveling artist. I expected and hoped to make him angry or at least to ruffle his countenance; but not one whit was he disturbed; he only picked it up and after examining it closely, regarded me with that provoking impudent smile playing over his exquisite features.

"Would you like to keep it?" he said, "the likeness is so very apparent, or shall I sit to you again?" and he looked handsomer than ever.

"Oh not so indeed, nor for the world would I deprive you, of even your shadow; hope you to admire it," and laughing a boisterous, musical laugh, gave my impatient steed the reins and the magnificent creature bounded by, while I waved my hand in adieu.

"Solemnly done, by Jove!" I heard him exclaim, but whether the picture or the act could not tell. After a while I felt heartily ashamed of my unlady-like conduct, but could not plead an excuse, that he was very provoking. Suddenly it occurred to me what Alice had said to me in the morning, about the stranger coming to visit with us; and that it was he and my artist knight were the same? Well it would only be right to apologize, which thing would not be wholly impossible especially, if those great eyes looked me again. I could only barely congratulate myself on my escape heart whole; angry as I certainly was, for that haughty-looking face seemed looking at me from every object my eyes rested on. And what of him, I thought? He would never cast a second thought on angry gipsy with her dark face and flashing eyes! and somehow I wanted just then to press my hand hard on my heart to still the bitterness the thought occasioned. I hurried Bijou on, and it was nearly sunset when I arrived at home; and I sent him by the groom and ran up stairs to change my dress. I met Alice on the first landing, and she told me the guest had not arrived; probably would not now until morning, she said, but she did not note the expression my face as I went on, smiling at the idea that perhaps I had already made his acquaintance in advance of his expected arrival.

I do not mention it," I said hastily, "I only was rude. In all sincerity, I said, for get it! and in future I will not be so childish."

"Then," he answered, "I will say thanks for a good night," and bowed his face for a moment on my hand, while the shining curls swept over my sleeves. The servant came to show him up to his room, and I ran to mine, not daring to stop with Alice for fear that she would see my agitation.

The next day, in compliance with Uncle Blake's earnest invitation, he had his trunk brought from the village and prepared to stay a fortnight with us. We enjoyed ourselves finely, riding, walking over the grounds and singing; but as the weather became cooler, and Alice was called away to the city to see a friend, we were thrown entirely on our own pleasure-finding resources. For myself, I was content to see him, and knew he was near, was enough all my proud

heart was his, all the light I wanted or cared for was his dear face. Do not confuse me; it must have been my fate; do not accuse, dear reader, of unkindly demonstrations, or premature fondness, for what ever else my faults were, that certainly was not one of them. How inconsistent is real nature. I said we enjoyed ourselves well wed, very much, except when hectoring each other, or quarreling, yet you see right, actually quarreling. His disposition was a strange combination of mirth and sadness, and our first and second meetings were only a fair sample of many others that followed in their wake. The result was, strength pitted vs. strength, a mortal contest, of brains and tongues; steely eyes, biting asperity, on one side, and laughing sarcasm, and a natural capacity to tease, on the other. One hour, taxing my patience to the utmost, the next, gravey and sweetly forgetful of all else, doing his utmost to entertain me, so I never knew when I was safe to unloose my fiery temper. Of my wild love he knew nothing, nor could he judge, for generally I was calmly oblivious to his friendly overtures or else metting out, point for point, item for item, ballancing accounts as near as I am interested party, was able to do. But there came a change in affairs. A few days after Alice left, the house keeper vent for a weeks holiday among her friends before returning to city, and I volunteered to assist Auntie, and save Uncle the trouble of hunting another help in her absence; and so became initiated in domestic mysteries. We had been having a beautiful day, but I had not seen Frederic since morning, for immediately after breakfast Uncle rode to the village on business, and Fred accompanied him on Bijou. (I shall note incidents, for from this day I can date the time when all astimulations were thrown aside, the gauntlet thrown down never to be taken up again; when his nature and mine were shown, free from all distortion, naturally.) All forenoon I was in the store-room with Auntie, helping put cold meats, preserve fruits, &c., &c., and at

we had a luncheon, after that I commenced the self imposed task of chamber work. I put all the other rooms in order, and concluded I would arrange Fred's room before I dressed. I knew he would be tired and dusty when he returned, so I placed a basin of pure, soft water on his stand, towels, &c., put a fresh damask cloth on the table, placed his books in order, filled the vase with fresh flowers, and finally after loosing the curtains from the bed and windows, opened the blinds and drew his chair near the garden window, which seat, I knew he liked as well. After leaving everything immaculate, I thought I would go into the library, and translate a few pages of Spanish, a language I was trying to master with the aid of a lexicon I left school; but just then the clock struck six, and I went down to arrange the tea table in the dining room—While there I heard Uncle Blake and Fred returning, heard their steps on the walk, in the hall, and their cheerful voices as they separated, the former going into Auntie's room, and the latter into his own, from which I knew he could emerge, refreshed and recharging, and I knew also that every nook of the old house would be searched until he found me. So not caring to be seen in my morning dress, I hurried through, so as to make myself neat before tea. A few moments later, I stood before my mirror giving the finishing touches to the coquettish rings I had curled over my low brow, and dark oval cheeks. To be sure I was dark, but I thought I had never looked better; the animated eye, and flushed cheeks evincing an inner beauty I could not hide. I smoothed the snowy embroideries over my plain silk dress, and laughing quietly tied on my white apron, and stepped out into the hall just as the tea bell rang. As I was running down to be in readiness to precede at table, (audt Alice or I always relieved Auntie of, when she was ill or tired,) I met Fred. He smiled when he saw the white apron, the dining room badge, and complimented me on my matronly appearance, he would have given me his arm, as he said he was coming to bid me, but I told him that to persons of my class, such unusual attentions were embarrassing, and walked on, wicketly demure, by his side.

"Would you like to keep it?" he said, "the likeness is so very apparent, or shall I sit to you again?" and he looked handsomer than ever.

"Oh not so indeed, nor for the world would I deprive you, of even your shadow; hope you to admire it," and laughing a boisterous, musical laugh, gave my impatient steed the reins and the magnificent creature bounded by, while I waved my hand in adieu.

## THE FALLS--MONS. BLONDIN'S FOURTH CROSSING.

Niagara Falls was a swarming hive again yesterday; filled and overflowing with an immense throng of people, collected to witness the fourth repetition of Mons. Blondin's daringfeat of crossing the chasm upon a cable stretched between the cliffs. The crowd gathered was almost if not quite, equal to that on any former occasion, and the gathering was warranted, for the sight which was witnessed surpassed all the previous exhibitions of the same character.

From the city, we should judge that the attendance was greater than at any time before, and from Rochester and other places in the vicinity, on both sides of the line, it could not have been much, if any less. All the seats and stand places within view along the bank in the pleasure grounds upon this side of the river were crowded, and the enclosure upon the Canada side was better filled than upon any other occasion.

Mons. Blondin rode into the pleasure ground on this side about half past four o'clock, and started on his aerial journey after a few moments of delay in preparation.—His trip across to the Canadian shore was accomplished quickly, as he proceeded at a tripping pace most of the distance, and only paused a few seconds occasionally to correct his balance and obtain slight rest. All of his feats were reserved for the return journey.

Arrived at the Canadian bank, he refreshed himself a little, and took a rest of perhaps fifteen minutes, when he again stepped upon the rope and tripped down the slant, airy plane, toward "the land of the free and the home of the brave." When about half way to the center, he stopped and sat down, then stretched himself at full length upon the rope, then performed a number of daring antics, and finally stood upright upon his head, remaining in that reversed position for a length of time which seemed a moment at least, swinging and kicking his feet in the most reckless, though ludicrous manner that can be conceived of.

Resuming his journey, he proceeded but a little way when again he halted and repeated his performance, with the addition of a backward somersault, and one or two sudden swings around the rope, which caused a general flutter among the hearts of the spectators, and brought screams from many of the ladies.

Starting forward again, he proceeded to the open space in the center, between the extreme guy ropes that branch off to either bank, where the cable spans the gulf without stay or accompaniment. Here he paused again, and laying his pole upon one of the guy ropes, he swung himself under the cable and ran across this central space of single cord, in the style of a monkey; hanging beneath, and swinging himself by his hands and feet, with great rapidity. Going back again to the same gymnastic manner, when he had returned to the point where his pole rested, he began a series of performances which outdid in thrilling and startling effect upon the nerves of the spectators, all that he had done before.

Clutching the rope with his hands, he swung his body clear from it, and hung for a lengthy period, of more than seconds, suspended by the arms, and by one arm, over the fearful depth of the chasm. Then he repeatedly turned such a somersault as is familiar to boys, throwing his feet over his head and between his arms, and hanging with the shoulder-joint in a most unnatural position. Then he straightened his body into a horizontal position, still suspended by the arms, thrown backward as described—an exertion requiring immense strength, and calculated to exhaust the nervous system tremendously—

If a man takes a road that does not lead to Heaven, If the enticements of sin are allowed to have their alluring charms, if the uncertain riches of this world are preferred to the durable riches of righteousness, if thoughts of that holy God enter the mind only to be thrust out with derision, if the requirements of that holy God are hourly disobeyed or disregarded, if the only welcome and habitual thoughts are not thoughts of holiness, but of sin and worldliness in ten thousand forms, if the character is assuming a darker hue, from familiarity with deeds of darkness, and the outline of an image begins to appear as each succeeding sin adds another stroke, and the portrait grows plainer and plainer, and every day deepens and brings out another texture, and the last earthly touch is given, and men sin at sin, even when done by others, say, what image is that meets your gaze? It is the image of that being who (as the infidel Rollins says) "is so far from promoting the happiness of others that he makes his own happiness to consist in the misery of others—who endeavor to corrupt the innocent and to enslave the free, whose business is to seduce or betray, whose pleasure is to damn and whose triumph is to torment."

The Buffalo Advocate says: "A new form of worship, as we have been informed, has just been inaugurated among the sect called Nazareites. At the late Burgen Camping, dancing, as a separate exercise, was encouraged and practiced. Circles were formed, within which a space was kept clear, and then outside that circle quick step music was sung, and from one to four danced to regular time, as regular as in a ball room, bating the fact that the floor was rather rough."

A NEW IDEA.—At a camp meeting near Boston the choice of positions for tents were sold at auction, and yielded \$400.

A contemporary thinks W is somewhat like us. He writes: "Woman, Wine, Wisdom, Wife and Water, to say nothing of Whiskey."

## THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow,  
Amidst the clouds of even;  
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,  
"Father who art in heaven!"

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud  
Those infant words were given;  
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—  
"Father who art in heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground  
That childlike voice did pray—  
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound  
Far up the starry way!

"Thy will be done"—with little tongue  
That lisping love implores;  
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng  
Sing from the Seraphic shores.

"Forever"—still those lips repeat  
Their closing evening prayer;  
"Forever" floats in music sweet  
High amidst the angels there!

THINE BE THE GLORY EVERMORE—

From thee may man ne'er sever;  
But every Christian land adore  
Jehovah—God forever!

## ROMANCE BIRD REALITY.

A most extraordinary case is about to occupy the attention of Judge Culver, involving circumstances nearer akin to romance than plain naked truth, as developed by affidavits which, as we are informed, are now in progress of being submitted for legal adjudication. The following are the principal facts set forth in the document alluded to: About five years ago there came to reside in Brooklyn a lady of remarkably gentle and prepossessing appearance, who represented herself to be a widow from the vicinity of Mobile, Ala., and who evidently had means sufficiently ample to enable her to occupy a respectable social position. She was accompanied by a little boy of seemingly mulatto or negro parentage, then about three years old, which she invariably spoke of as being the only surviving child of a favorite servant of her deceased husband. In the course of time she (being yet young and attractive) was "wooed and won" by a gentleman who formerly was engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York, but who (becoming unfortunate in business) is at present in the employ as a book-keeper, of an eminent firm across the river. The fruits of this marriage are two fair-haired children, and up to within a recent period the parents have lived harmoniously and affectionately together.

A sad blow has, however, overtaken their dream of happiness! On the morning of the 14th inst., a man of stalwart proportions, and somewhat handsome presence—but of marked ebony hue—called at the house of the party alluded to accompanied by two New York lawyers, and demanded the possession of the apparently negro boy, alleging himself to be the father of the pretended slave child, and declaring that its female custodian was its mother, and his divorced wife. So startling a disclosure has, of course, created the utmost consternation and alarm among friends of those who are most deeply interested in unravelling the truth of this "strange oriental history"—the lady stating in the most emphatic manner that the statements of her accuser are infamously false, and originated in a plot to destroy her peace. On the other hand, the alleged husband and father of the boy has sworn to the truth of his averment, and says that witnesses will be produced from St. Louis, Mo., where he is well known as a trader and property-holder, to sustain him in the proceedings which he has (only partially) instituted. The lady is of German attraction, and the person who claims to have once been her "liege lord" is either of Creole or semi-Indian breed. He states that the separation between them was caused by detecting infidelity on her part, and that until within a short period past, he was led to believe that she was in Europe.

Old Mrs. Stubbs says she has taken her daughter away from the pocky doctor to the engine doctor, who reckons he can cure her immediately. She says he has no son like Mrs. Partington has, but will adopt some poor little orful boy soon.

**BOY WITH A BRICK BAT HAT.**—The following notice was inscribed on the docket at the Hammond Street Station House last night, viz.: "Boy Lost—About three years old; has a brick bat hat, and calico shirt, and marked with the small pox on his teeth." How on earth did such a young 'un get lost?

**THEATRICAL COMPANY.**—A theatrical company was playing, in one of the interior towns out West, Shakespeare's Othello, and Othello demanded of Desdemona "the handkerchief; the handkerchief!" A greeny called out impatiently, "Never mind the handkerchief, blow your nose with your fingers, and go ahead!"

**THE LOST DADDY.**—This forenoon a man in search of a child was hailed by a portly Hibernian who thrust his half-naked frame through the window of a dilapidated three-story wooden building. "Is id a child yo want?" "Yes." "About three years old?" "Yes." "Ifas he fair hair, blue eyes, red stockings, an' smoke colored guitars?" "Yes." "Had he a plaid drees and white straw hat on 'im?" "Yes! yes! Is he up there with you?" "Ah, no, sir, but I saw his mother awhile ago lookin' for the darkin'."

**THE SUNKUSY PIONEER.**—The editor of the Sunkusy Pioneer has been presented with a fine shirt-collar. He is waiting for some one to give him a shirt, so he can put the collar to some use. At present it is a perfect superfluity to him.