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EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Condensed from Telegrams of Accompanying Dates.

MONDAY, Sept. 21.—The September returns to the Department of Agriculture indicate an average condition of the wheat crop of 93, against 95 last year. The acreage of the crop is 7 per cent. greater than last year, which would bring the aggregate yield to nearly an average on last year's acreage.... President Grant has replied to the dispatch of Gov. Brown, of Tennessee, saying that he is gratified to know that the State authorities are disposed to repress and punish lawless acts, but the Constitution makes it his duty to enforce the acts of Congress, and Congress has passed laws giving the United States concurrent jurisdiction in such cases. He will give the Governor a more definite answer when the report of the United States District Attorney for the Western District of Tennessee has been received....One of the buildings of the Granite Mills at Fall River, Mass., was burned on the morning of the 19th, the fire breaking out after the operatives in the mill—over 400 in number—had commenced work. Many of the operatives lost their lives either by suffocation or jumping from the windows, and many others were injured. The loss by the fire is over $300,000. Further particulars are given elsewhere....The Democratic State Central Committee of Tennessee have issued an address condemning all acts of violence, whether committed by whites or blacks. Of the Civil-Rights bill they say: "It seems to have been intended to bring about the unfortunate state of affairs which now exists in many of the Southern States, Tennessee among the number."

TUESDAY, Sept. 22.—Denmark has directed its envoy at Berlin to demand explanations from the German Government in regard to the expulsion of Danish subjects from Schleswig-Holstein. ..Dockeray, the American who was arrested in Cuba and sent to Spain, has reached Santander, where he is said to be imprisoned and cruelly treated.... An official dispatch was received in Washington on the 21st from Gen. Emory, stating that the temporary police force in New Orleans had been replaced by the regular force without any disturbance, and that he thought the surrender was complete and in good faith....A conference committee of leading members of the Kellogg and McEnery factions in New Orleans, which has been holding daily sessions for several days with the object in view of arranging for the joint supervision and control of the machinery of the November election, has finally adjourned without having accomplished the end in view....The McEnery parish officials at Franklin, La., who had recently taken possession of the offices, surrendered them to the Kellogg Government on the morning of the 21st. All quiet there.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23.—On account of the extensive emigration of the Mennonites to the United States a St. Petersburg dispatch says the Russian Government proposes to exempt members of that sect from actual military duty, except as hospital attendants.... Representatives of the British Government on the 21st drew from the United States Treasury $1,929,818, in full satisfaction of the award made by the American and British Mixed Claims Commission. The transaction completes the negotiations growing out of the Alabama question....An order by the President has been promulgated at Washington, extending the civil-service rules to the several offices in New York city and the customs district of Boston....Congressional nominations on the 22d: Liberal—Third Wisconsin District, C. F. Thompson. Democratic—Sixth Wisconsin, Gabe Bouck; Ninth Missouri, David Rea. Prohibition—Fifth Michigan, J. A. McKay. Republican—Twelfth Ohio, David Taylor. Democratic and Liberal—Sixth Michigan, George H. Durand....A call has been issued for the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America to meet in Chicago on the 7th of October....A Montgomery (Ala.) dispatch of the 22d says W. B. Jones, United States Commissioner at Demapolis, Marengo County, and the Republican candidate for Probate Judge, had written that not a man had been killed nor a single outrage committed in that county on account of political feeling, and that free speech and Republican opinions could be indulged in anywhere The best of feeling prevailed between the colored Republicans and the Democrats.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24.—The Empress Augusta has called a meeting of the delegates from all the women's associations of Germany to be held at Berlin in October....Carlists' reports state that Brig.-Gen. Perula has carried the village of Bicarun by storm, totally defeating ten battalions under Gen. Morionez, with heavy loss to the latter....The New York State Temperance Convention met at Utica on the 23d, and after passing resolutions in favor of prohibition, and appointing a committee to arrange a plan of political action for the fall campaign, adjourned *sine die*....The New York Republicrn State Convention was held at Utica on the 22d. Gov. Dix and Lieut.-Gov. Robinson were unanimously renominated. The balance of the ticket also consists of the present incumbents, renominated by acclamation The platform adopted demands obedience to the laws and the full protection of every citizen in the enjoyment of his rights against the assaults of Ku-Klux, assassins and revolutionists; declares that an armed attempt to subvert the recognized Government of a State is revolution, and revolution must be suppressed and the supremacy of the law maintained at every cost; that the public faith must be preserved inviolate and the public debt be paid in coin; opposes any inflation of paper currency and favors a speedy return to specie payments; approves of the administrations of President Grant and Gov. Dix....The following Congressional nominations were made on the 23d: Republican—Eighth Wisconsin District, A. S. McDill; renominated. Democratic—Twentieth Ohio, Henry B. Payne; First Arkansas, L. C. Ganse; Second Arkansas, W. F. Slemons. Reform—Fourth Wisconsin, Samuel Rindskopf. Independent—Twelfth Indiana, R. S. Taylor.... The Minnesota Democratic and Liberal State Convention at St. Paul on the 23d nominated Wescott Wilkin for Chief-Justice and William Loehren for Associate-Justice. The resolutions adopted denounce the carpet-bag rule at the South as being largely productive of the present disastrous condition of the Southern States, and demand a just and impartial policy toward the people of the South; favor a return to specie payments as soon as the public interest will allow, and a tariff for revenue only; advocate home rule and no centralization; declare that chartered corporations by the State are always supervisable by the State in the interests of the people....A compromise has been effected in Terre Bonne Parish, La., between the white and colored people, and a joint parish ticket, with capital and labor equally represented, has been nominated....The Missouri Republicans, at their recent State Convention, adopted a series of resolutions reiterating faith in the principles of the Republican party; condemning all political organizations founded upon race or nationality as detrimental to good government; indorsing the candidates of the Reform party in the State, and declaring it the part no less of prudence than patriotism to adjourn without nominating Republican candidates.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25.—Bismarck has declared that the report that he was engaged in promoting the absorption of Denmark is false ....A Madrid dispatch says the Republicans have lately defeated the Carlists in the Province of Biscay and also at Alcoy and Villena ....The boundary dispute between Switzerland and Italy, which was referred to the United States Minister at Rome for arbitration, has been decided in favor of the latter power....A London dispatch says members of the Austrian polar expedition declare that explorations in the direction of the north pole are hopeless of satisfactory results, and that the reports of the existence of an open polar sea are untrue.... Two passenger trains on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad collided at Smithton, W. Va., on the evening of the 23d. Both engines were wrecked and the postal car was burned, and one of the mail clerks, named Bradford, was burned to death, and the bulk of the mail matter was destroyed. No passengers were injured....Gov. Kellogg, of Louisiana, telegraphed to Atty.-Gen. Williams at Washington on the 23d as follows: "Reports from the country show that in a number of cases where our parish officers have been ousted the old incumbents are going back peaceably. The country is quieter than expected, and in the city all is quiet. So far no reports have been received from the Red River"....Early on the morning of the 24th a southern-bound train of six cars on the Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad went through the bridge on Waxatchin Creek, falling sixty feet. The train was a total wreck. The engineer, fireman and several passengers were killed, and nearly all the remaining passengers were wounded, many dangerously.... Congressional nominations on the 24th: Democratic—Third Kentucky District, C. W. Milliken, renominated. Republican—Seventeenth Illinois, John J. Rinaker. Independent Reform—Sixth Illinois, J. H. Elliott. Liberal—Third Minnesota, E. Wilson. People's Ticket—Seventh Missouri, James H. Lay. Democratic-Liberal—Seventh Michigan, Enos M. Goodrich. Reform—Fifth Wisconsin, S. D. Burchard. Independent—Twelfth Missouri, B. S. Lipscomb.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26.—It is reported that the Czar of Russia has lately sent to Don Carlos a cordial and sympathetic letter.... The members of the Austrian Arctic expedition reached Vienna on the 25th. They were accorded a public reception, and escorted in triumph through the principal streets.... Queen Victoria has decided to pay the debts of the Prince of Wales to the amount of £900,000 ....In reply to an inquiry from Marshal Packard as to whether he had, at any time since Gen. Emory had been in command of the Gulf Department, used or attempted to use or control the United States troops for political purposes, the latter replies that neither Packard nor anyone else had attempted to use or control said troops for such purposes, in any manner whatever....William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, denies the charge that anyone had, during the recent troubles in New Orleans, exercised any censorship whatever over dispatches sent from that city ....The State Central Committee of the People's party in Louisiana held a meeting in New Orleans on the evening of the 25th, at which resolutions were adopted to go into the November election with spirit and energy.... The Democrats of the Tenth Missouri District have nominated A. R. Debalt for Congress....The Republican nominations for State officers in Nevada are: For Governor, J. C. Hazelett; Lieutenant-Governor,—Bowman; Congressman, Wm. Woodburn; Supreme Judges,—Beatty for the long term and Warden Earle for the short term; J. D. Miner for Secretary of State; L. J. Hogle for State Treasurer. The platform adopted indorses the last Republican Congress; declares that the recent outrages in the South were perpetrated by men determined to establish there a white man's Government; disapproves of the election of a President for a third term; favors the revision of the treaty with China and to restrict Chinese immigration; opposes subsidies or grants to railroads or other corporations; asks Congress to pass laws regulating railroad fares and freights; favors a return to specie payment.

THE MARKETS.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1874.

NEW YORK.

COTTON.—Middling upland, 16¼@16⅜c.
LIVE STOCK.—Beef Cattle—$10.75@13.00. Hogs—Dressed, $9.00@8.75¼. Sheep—Live, $4.50@6.25.
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Good to choice, $5.50@5.85; white wheat extra, $5.85@6.40. Wheat—No. 2 Chicago, $1.10@1.12; Iowa spring, $1.11@1.13; No. 2 Milwaukee spring, $1.18@1.19. Rye—Western and State, 95@98c. Barley—$1.30@1.33. Corn—Mixed Western afloat, 97@99c. Oats—New Western, 63@65c.
PROVISIONS.—Pork—New Mess, $23.25@23.75. Lard—11½@15c. Cheese—11¼@12c.
WOOL.—Common to extra, 45@66c.

CHICAGO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Choice, $5.75@6.25; good, $4.90@5.50; medium, $4.25@4.50; butchers' stock, $2.50@3.75; stock cattle, $2.25@3.75. Hogs—Live, $6.85@7.25. Sheep—Good to choice, $3.75@4.25.
PROVISIONS.—Butter—Choice, 28@31c. Eggs—Fresh, 14@15c. Cheese—New York factory, 13½@14½c; Western, 12½@13½c. Pork—New Mess, $22.00@22.25. Lard—14¼@14½c.
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—White winter extra, $5.50@7.50; spring extra, $4.75@5.50. Wheat—Spring, No. 2, 97@97½c. Corn—No. 2, 80@80¼c. Oats—No. 2, 47@48c. Barley—No. 2, $1.00@1.02. Rye—No. 2, 90@90½c.
WOOL.—Tub-washed, 45@57c.; fleece, washed 40@50c.; fleece, unwashed, 27@35c.
LUMBER.—First Clear, $50.00@53.00; Second Clear, $47.00@49.50; Common Boards, $10.50@11.50; Fencing, $10.50@11.50; "A" Shingles, $3.00@3.25; Lath, $2.00@2.25.

CINCINNATI.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—$5.25@5.50. Wheat—Red, $1.10. Corn—85@87c. Rye—$1.00. Oats—50@57c. Barley—$1.18@1.25.
PROVISIONS. — Pork — $23.50@24.50. Lard—14@15c.

ST. LOUIS.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Fair to choice, $4.00@6.00. Hogs—Live, $6.00@7.50.
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—XX Fall, $4.50@5.00 Wheat—No. 2 Red Fall, $1.15@1.16. Corn—No. 2, 83@83c. Oats—No. 2, 55@56c. Rye—No. 2, 88@91c. Barley—$1.05@1.15.
PROVISIONS.—Pork—Mess, $24.00@24.50. Lard—14@15c.

MILWAUKEE.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Spring XX, $5.25@5.50. Wheat—Spring No. 1. $1.04@1.04½; No. 2, 97@97¾c. Corn—No. 2, 82@83c. Oats—No. 2, 50@50c. Rye—No. 1, 91@92c. Barley—No. 2, $1.15@$1.18.

DETROIT.

BREADSTUFFS. —Wheat—Extra, $1.19@1.19½. Corn—82@83c. Oats—52@53c.

TOLEDO.

BREADSTUFFS—Wheat—Amber Mich., $1.07@1.08; No. 2 Red, $1.06½@1.07. Corn—Mixed, 87@88c. Oats—52@53c.

CLEVELAND.

BREADSTUFFS—Wheat—No. 1 Red, $1.09@1.10; No. 2 Red, $1.04@1.05. Corn—90@91c. Oats—54@55c.

EAST LIBERTY.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Best, $6.25@6.75; medium, $5.00@6.00. Hogs—Yorkers, $6.50@7.30; Philadelphia, $8.00@8.25. Sheep—Best, 5.00@5.40; medium, $4.25@4.75.

The Louisiana Troubles—Governor Kellogg Reinstated.

In accordance with the Executive order of Gov. Kellogg the old State officers took quiet possession of the Louisiana State-House on the morning of the 19th. When Gov. Kellogg reached the Executive Office Gen. Brooke approached him and informed him that he was prepared to turn over to him the State-House and all the records and public property belonging to the State which had come into his possession at the time of the surrender of the insurgents to his command. Everything, the General said, would be found in precisely the same condition as it had come into his hands. The Governor accepted the transfer and Gen. Brooke thereupon retired. Gen. George Baldy, Vice-President of the Board of the New Orleans Metropolitan Police, proceeded to the police-station at the head of about 200 police, and the building was quietly surrendered by Acting-Chief Boylan, and the Metropolitans were soon placed on their old beats. Gov. Kellogg advised that the ranks of the Metropolitans be filled from the retiring force of Chief Boylan.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Burning of a Cotton Mill at Fall River, Mass.—Several Lives Lost.

By the burning of a large cotton mill at Fall River, Mass., on the 19th several operatives lost their lives and many more were fatally injured by jumping from the windows. The operatives at work in the fifth story were penned in by the flames, and, bewildered, refused to avail themselves of the fire-escapes. A dispatch from Boston on the night of the 19th gives the following particulars:

Mills Nos. 1 and 2, of the Granite Works, Fall River, had been running about twenty minutes when the operatives in No. 1 were startled with the cry of fire and the escape of smoke from the fourth story. In this, next to the upper floor, was the mule-warp spinning department, and there were nearly 100 girls at work, under a male overseer. On the upper floor, the fifth, about thirty girls were employed, spooling and warping cotton. These were the youngest of the operatives. With the alarm the flames seemed to leap to this attic, coming from the windows below and up the great tower in the center of the building, in which were all the stairs communicating with each story. The fire caught in the mule-spinning-room, in the northwest corner of the mill, from friction in a mule-head, and spreading, by means of oil on the floor and about the machinery, with great quickness, rushed toward the center tower, the only means of escape for those in the fourth and fifth stories besides four fire-escapes, two on each gable end. Once getting into the tower, the flames ran up to and through the single entrance to the fifth story, then, springing to the roof timbers, filled the two great rooms, 450x90 feet, with dense black smoke and flame. While the flames were making such terrible headway the operatives became fairly wild. The overseers saw there was no way possible to check the fire, and gave their sole attention to those whom they had at work. They called to them to save themselves, and pointed out ways of escape, principally fire-ladders. The overseer of the spooling-room, who remained till nearly suffocated, states that the scene in his room—and it must have been worse in the room below—cannot be depicted. Children ran about crying and begging piteously to be saved, yet wrenching themselves away when taken forcibly to the tower while yet there was some chance, or to the iron ladder that reached two of the scuttle-windows of the south end opening upon the roof of the balcony at the head of the Twelfth street fire-ladders. It was impossible to get the great majority to take this method to save their lives. Some wanted clothing, others something else. As the fire frightened them away from these ladders they rushed to the windows at the south gable end, nearly sixty feet from the ground, but dared not jump down. Cotton ropes were put out for them to slide down by, but no sooner would a rope be lowered than there was a rush for it from below. Too many would take hold, when it would break, and all clinging to it would come down in a bunch. Similar scenes were going on in the mule-spinning-room. The flames had ascended rapidly to the entrance of the tower on the fourth floor, cutting off their means of escape, but the operatives had two ladders of the south gable directly before them, and were urged by the overseers and citizens below to take them. Some did, but others rushed headlong upon the balcony and dropped or threw themselves from the guards. There was ample time for every one to have been saved had the girls taken the course directed.

Fall River dispatches of the 20th say the number of killed would reach twenty, missing three, and wounded—several fatally—between thirty and forty.

The Black Hills—Denial of the Gold Stories.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1874.

Fuller and later reports received here indicate that the recent glowing accounts from the Black Hills country are entirely unreliable, and confirm the opinion of Prof. Winchell that there are no valuable minerals in the country. Col. Fred Grant, who accompanied the expedition under special instructions to report upon its geological character, says that the rock on which it is claimed gold was discovered is of a metamorphic character, in which no precious minerals have ever been found. Not over three dollars' worth was brought under his observation during the entire expedition, and it is a question whether this was not imported into that section. The timber is spruce and yellow pine, and valueless for lumber. The area of tillable lands is very small, there not being enough for a dozen good-sized farms.

The Sioux Commission lately sent to negotiate with the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail bands went in their explorations to the base of the Black Hills on the south side, and give substantially the same views as Grant regarding the character of the country and the absence of minerals.

The President is emphatic in his determination to carry out the orders of Gen. Sheridan to prevent all invasion of this country by intruders so long as by law and treaty it is secured to the Indians.

The Feeling in the South.

The following extract is made from a private letter written by a resident of Mississippi—a letter written with no thought of publication, and with all the frankness of private correspondence:

"Grant's recent order in relation to the lawlessness that has for some time prevailed in the South has had a most cooling effect upon the ardor of the would-be (again) rebels of this country. They were outspoken in their denunciations of the Government and of Republicans, both white and colored, in the South, and I feared for some weeks that it would be impossible for us to remain here in safety; but the prospect of a 'color line' of blue-coats in our midst changes their tone materially. And it will be when this generation has gone to 'Jim Fisk's favorite place' before the Southern people can be trusted in their professions of friendship for the United States Government.

"We profoundly hope that this picture of rancorous and implacable hostility, to be wiped out only with the growth of a new generation, may prove exaggerated. But that it correctly portrays the existing feeling there is, unhappily, too much evidence to disregard. The present revolutionary outbreak in New Orleans is a striking commentary upon its sad truth. The outrages at Trenton and Coushatta and in Alabama are further proofs in the same line. It is unspeakably deplorable that here, nearly ten years after the close of the war, such a feeling should prevail. But the facts are too plain to be disputed, and we must face them."

That the President's order had a salutary influence, as this writer in Mississippi describes, there can be no doubt. It has not, indeed, prevented the rebellious outrage in New Orleans, but through most of the lawless sections it has exercised a "cooling effect." It is a lamentable truth that only this exhibition of the arm of power restrains a general carnival of political crime, and it painfully suggests what disastrous consequences would ensue if the Government were to pass into hands in sympathy with the rebel element.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

THE newest thing in fans is of ostrich feathers so arranged as to form a square. In the center is a small mirror, surrounded by imitation pearls. The feathers are of every color, but the entirely black fans appear to be the most fashionable.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE old man sits in his easy chair,
And his ear has caught the ringing
Of many a church-bell far and near,
Their own sweet music singing.
And his head sinks low on his aged breast,
While his thoughts far back are reaching
To the Sabbath morns of his boyish days,
And a mother's sacred teaching.

A few years later, and lo! the bells
A merrier strain were pealing,
And heavenward bore the marriage vows
Which his manhood's joys were sealing.
But the old man's eyes were dimming now,
As memory holds before him
The sad, sad picture of later years,
When the tide of grief rolled o'er him.

When the bells were tolling for loved ones gone!
For the wife, for the sons and daughters,
Who, one by one, from his home went out,
And down into death's dark waters.
But the aged heart has still one joy
Which his old life daily blesses,
And his eyes grow bright and his pulses warm
'Neath a grandchild's sweet caresses.

But the old man wakes from his reverie,
And his dear old face is smiling,
While the child with her serious eyes reads on,
The Sabbath hours beguiling.
Ah, bells, once more ye will ring for him,
When the heavenly hand shall sever
The cord of life, and his freed soul flies
To dwell with his own forever.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE FAIRY OF THE CASTLE.

A HUNGARIAN STORY.

I HAD fulfilled my youthful dream, and become possessed of an old castle and large estate in Hungary.

It was at some distance from Pesth, and I had not visited the property previous to purchasing, for the lawyer's representations convinced me that it was a bargain, even with the incumbrances, which consisted of an adopted daughter and some favorite servants of the late Count. These were all, however, provided with annuities by his will, so that it only remained to endure their presence in the castle, and if they should prove to be serviceable I should already be provided with servants accustomed to their routine of duties.

From the lawyer's manner on discovering that I myself intended to reside in the castle I concluded that it bore the reputation of being haunted, and rather reveled in the anticipation of bringing to light the secret terrors of the place.

I wrote to the steward to send a carriage to meet me at the nearest station. This I found in waiting, with a prim coachman in deep mourning, which I at first supposed to be for the late Count.

The man understood his business. His driving was faultless. But his continual sighs and moans, alternated with weeping outright, at last led me to questions, which resulted in his confiding to me that he was mourning for his sin in having murdered his younger brother. I was somewhat startled. But in spite of his violent grief he drove well, and soon brought me to the village in a state of bewilderment both as to his actions and my duty in the case.

Some time before we reached the castle we saw the porter posted on a large stone, in military attitude, and shouldering a long stick as if it were a rifle. As we approached, he shrieked in a fearful tone, "Present arms!" and began to imitate the sounds of the drum and trumpet, while with his stick he went through the eight movements of the Austrian parade regulations, after which he jumped down from the stone, mounted the stick as if it were a horse, and galloped before the carriage like an outrider, all the time shouting, "A master is a master even in hell!" When we reached the gate the porter dismounted and stood like a post, saluting me as I sprang from the wagon, and retaining the most precise military attitude. I looked at him sharply. He had an honest, open countenance, stamped with faithfulness and loyalty. This man was not drunk, but, it would seem, somewhat out of his head.

I next encountered the gamekeeper, who speechlessly turned his back in answer to my inquiries; but in a moment there appeared the valet, a gay fellow of over forty, with his face wrinkled into the most comical expressions by habitual laughter. He was communicative and well trained in his duties. While assisting me off with my overcoat Louis informed me that the three servants I had previously encountered were all mad. By the time he had shown me to the steward's apartments it was sufficiently apparent that he himself was at least equally so, though his was perhaps a less disagreeable monomania. The prospect was not cheering. It was thankful to find the steward, at least, a rational man. He was remarkably well informed with regard to his duties, although his appearance would rather have indicated a public officer than a farm steward. After a long conversation, during which he informed me that the adopted daughter was also insane, I asked him for a pen and ink, in order to write to the lawyer from whom I had made the purchase. He politely showed me his writing-desk, and then brought me a lamp similar to the Davy-lamp used by miners.

I wrote somewhat sharply to the lawyer, winding up by saying that the only redeeming feature in this bedlam was the finding of a remarkably sensible and well-educated steward.

Having finished, I asked the steward for a light and sealing-wax. He begged me to use wafers, and upon my still preferring wax insisted that I should not seal it in his room. He begged to be pardoned, and turned pale as he said: "I must tell you, sir, that I suffer from a peculiar malady. The air in my lungs changes quickly to hydrogen, so that the room in which I am gradually becomes filled with hydrogen gas, and if any one should enter with a light the gaseous vapors would explode and would set the house on fire."

I fell back in my chair. Good heavens! this man was the most insane of all. I was here with six mad people, and was myself the seventh; for I had *bought* this splendid company. I tore up the letter and despairingly sought my room. Having locked the door after the valet, I noticed that the fire was burning brightly, and that the supper stood upon the table, and could not but wonder what madman had cooked it.

I could not sleep. I turned over in my mind scores of plans for getting rid of the property or for leasing it, but none seemed practicable. There was only the one thing certain—that I *must* get away. Excitement played tricks with my imagination; the old Count seemed to descend from his frame on the wall and approach me, murmuring, "Now I have another fool;" an old clock began to strike, and kept on into the hundreds; the bed was uncomfortable; the moon shone in and tormented me till I curtained it out, lest I too should go mad, as was everything else, servants, pictures, clocks, beds and moonlight. I sprang up in a rage, resolved that the morning should rid me of my tormentors.

Suddenly something began to steal over me which quieted thought. What was it, song or music?—a tone escaped from the harmony of the spheres? I knew not whence it came; but it was enchanting and exerted a wonderful influence. It ceased in a few moments, even before I could be certain what it was.

I forgot my annoyances, opened the window and leaned out in the moonlight, listening. But the window opened on the court-yard, and there was no sound but the low barking of a dog. I went out into the hall. The song began again, and seemed as if it were under me. It was deeply melancholy—yet not a song, only a dreamy, rhymeless melody, like the notes of a forest bird, but so charming and beautiful that I stood enchanted, forgetful of my surroundings.

As it ceased I wondered if this could be the insane girl whom the steward had said had no language but song. I took a light and started in search of some position where I could hear better; but the old castle seemed to have been built from a labyrinthine model. I went through the first story, and up and down stairs, and along innumerable halls, till at last I opened a door which seemed familiar and found myself again in my own room, without knowing how I got there. I noticed that my bed was remade, the fire replenished, and that a thick green curtain was drawn over the Count's picture at the foot of the bed. Some one had been here!

While I remained, listening, the song recommenced, but this time it seemed to be above me.

I lay down again and fell into a sleep, from which I awoke in a different frame of mind. I resolved to stay here, to continue the Count's good work, and to unravel the riddle of the nocturnal songstress.

After a residence of half a year I had discovered various means of dealing with and even decreasing some of the peculiarities of my servants. The honest and sleeplessly vigilant porter, although most foolish, gave me least care of all. The poor dunce had only one ardent wish—to wear a red coat, such as he had once seen on a fox-hunter. After that I believe the already devoted fellow was ready to go through fire and water for me.

My gamekeeper, though almost dangerous if any one else presumed to order him—the King of Lapland, as he imagined himself to be—yet bowed in humble submission before me, whom I made him believe to be the Czar of Russia.

My steward was such a learned and useful man that I resolved on a heroic cure of his monomania. I brought gas-pipes from Pesth, and endeavored to bargain with him to supply the castle with gas from his breath. The shock occasioned by my proposition threw him into a severe illness, but he arose from it an entirely sane man.

There were only two remaining in the house who had not been, at least in a measure, benefited by my system of cure: one was my invisible siren and the other was myself, who was in love with her.

As soon as daylight was gone her song began—a song of the lark from human lips; it came and went, sometimes soothing me to sleep, and sometimes waking me, but I could never discover whence it came.

Nay, more—when I slept she came and went in my room, often remaining hours. I had several means of knowing this. I always left a lamp burning on my table. When I woke it was always extinguished, and being turned down instead of blown out had evidently been touched by a human hand. This was to prevent my seeing her should I suddenly awake. Again, there was a clock near my bed; this I wound up myself before retiring. If I fell asleep at eleven o'clock, and awoke at four or five, the clock would stand at one or two, and yet it went correctly in the daytime. My invisible caller stopped the clock, so that its striking should not awaken me, and started it again when she left. By this means I could tell how long she remained.

And yet I could find no trace of her means of gaining admission. I myself locked the doors, and left the keys in the locks on the inside. My windows were protected with iron grating. There could be no trap-door in the floor, for the carpet was of one piece, and nailed down around the edges of the wall. I tried the walls, too, but nowhere was any trace of a hidden door. I took down the picture, but was rewarded with nothing but cobwebs. Then I examined the roof of the castle, but found only an immense quantity of seed corn spread out directly over my room. Neither could I discover any door leading to the part of the castle which she occupied, and her windows were doubly secured with iron gratings. What did this strange creature eat and drink? Is she really a spirit that exists without food or raiment?

I questioned my servants, except the porter, who I knew beforehand would only answer, "A master is master even in hell," whereas I was not master in my own house. The steward knew nothing of the secret, but he assisted me in my researches, and was as much astonished as myself at what I related. The coachman crossed himself, told a story of a ghost, and prayed I would allow masses to be said for the repose of her soul.

My valet, Louis, said it was a wonderfully beautiful enchanted girl, who dressed in gold and silver, who drank only dew, and lived on the nectar of flowers, like a butterfly. At her will she can change into air and pass invisibly through doors. When it should come winter I must notice the frost-pictures on my windows. If I should find a round, melted spot among the flowers, that would be the point through which she had vanished. He had, at least, a poetical idea of the matter. Not so the little gnome-like gamekeeper, who declared it to be no good spirit. At night she changed into a were-wolf and ate little children. He claimed to have met her often in the forest, and tried to shoot her, but she seemed bullet-proof.

In vain I tried feigning sleep. She seemed to understand my stratagem, and I could even hear her laughing—somewhere near me, surely, but where?

I pictured her tall and graceful, with blonde hair reaching to the floor and glittering like gold in the sunshine, complexion transparent, long black eyelashes, and melancholy, lustrous, sapphire eyes, and the delicate lips marked with a faint line of pink.

My days were spent in the care of my estate, but they were filled with impatience for the return of evening and my fairy enchantress.

At last I dreamed of sitting with her under the shade of a pomegranate tree, while the sun, mirrored in the lake before us, threw its reflection upon her angelic face. In my dream I gave her one of the apples, which she pronounced sour. I then took one myself, and putting it between my lips told her it was sweet, and that she must take a bite of it. Oh, the absurd ideas we have in dreams! She leaned over, smiling, looked at me with her glorious blue eyes, and came nearer and nearer to take the red kernel. Then suddenly she passionately pressed her lips to mine, not like a spirit or dream-picture, but as a real human being. Beside myself with unspeakable rapture, I quickly threw both arms around her—and at the instant a sharp outcry awoke me.

No, all that could not be merely a dream. It was a human kiss, a real embrace, a living outcry. And yet there was no one in the room!

A thought came into my head. I sprang up and rushed to the chimney. Then I was ashamed to have imagined that my fairy could have come through the flue! And to render the idea utterly absurd, the grate was still full of glowing cinders, and it was, besides, shut in with iron bars.

My heart was still beating from the embrace and my lips burning from the kiss.

As I relighted my lamp, and feverishly began to pace up and down the room, a strange object suddenly met my sight—a tiny embroidered slipper, so fine and delicate that it might well have been worn by no earthly foot. At last I had proof that she had been in my room, had sat by me, and fled in haste, losing the slipper, which she had no time to pick up. I dashed a pitcher of cold water over my head in order to make assurance doubly sure, and then I locked this wonderful little slipper in a drawer, still feeling that it would not be there in the morning, for men often dream that they have found treasures of gold and have locked it in an iron chest, to find, on awakening, that it was only a tantalizing dream.

Then I went to bed again and slept later than my custom.

As soon as I was fairly awake in the morning I pulled out the drawer of my writing-desk in order to assure myself that the last night's experience was either a reality or a dream. The slipper still lay there, just the same, of white lace and red ribbons, and a Julian flower and butterfly in the finest embroidery.

From this time on it seemed impossible for me to stay in the house. Day and night, with every thought intent on solving a riddle to which there seemed no key, I should soon be as crazy as the rest of the household had ever been. No, there must be an end of it! Idealistic dreams are very beautiful, but they did not suit my constitution. I resolved to quit the castle and return to Pesth, and either rent the estate or leave it in the hands of the steward. Accordingly I called the servants together and told them my plan. For a year after my departure I would continue their wages in addition to the allowance made them by the will of the late Count. I then dismissed them unceremoniously, for I was getting into that state of mind in which I did not wish to see any face about me. All departed except the foolish doorkeeper. Of course he was going to tell me that "A master is master even in hell!" To my great surprise the man put off his military manner, approached me, kissed my hand, and began to speak in an entirely changed and unaccustomed voice.

"Why will you leave this place Does? the poor girl annoy you?"

I was astonished beyond measure. The man, then, was not mad!

"It seems to me that a great change has come over you," I returned.

"Yes, sir. I wish to tell you everything, and you will then understand much that up to this time must have seemed strange; and then, I think, you will not leave the castle."

His manners, language and expression were such that I involuntarily invited him to sit down, which he did. I was now convinced that he knew the secrets of the castle, and anxiously awaited his developments.

"The deceased Count," he said, "had an unfortunate secret alliance. Wishing to make reparation to his child, who was motherless from her birth, he brought her here in order to educate and lawfully adopt her. But he was not permitted to make full reparation on earth. The girl grew very beautiful, but never learned to speak. She is not deaf and dumb, for she sings and notices the slightest sound. But she never speaks a word; she *only* sings. Like a forest bird, she has different tones, with which she makes known her pleasures or griefs to those who understand her speech. The poor Count and I learned this music language, and I understood her. I was the Count's only confidant. He once said to me: 'If I should die, leaving testimony that this child was mine, what would happen to her? People would certainly consider her crazy, which she is not. She has understanding, a good heart, natural affection, and comprehends human thought. Still they would put her in some insane asylum, and so make her really idiotic. How shall I prevent this?' Then the