at



THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT. BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It was six men of Indostan To learning much inclined, Who went to see the Elephant (Though all of them were blind), That each by observation Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant, And, happening to fall Against his broad and sturdy side, At once began to bawl: "God biess me ! but the Elephant Is very like a wall !"

The Second, feeling of the tusk, Cried: "Hol what have we here So very round and smooth and sharp? "Ho me 'tis mighty clear This wonder of an Elephant Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal, And, happening to take The squirming trunk within his bands, Thus boldly up and spake: "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand, And felt about the knee : "What most this wondrous beast is like Is mighty plain," quoth he; "Tis clear enough the Elephant In very like a tre

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear, Said : "Even the blindest man Can tell what this resembles most; Deny the fact who can, This marvel of an Elephant Is very like a fan !"

The Sixth no sconer had began About the beast to grope, Than, sciaing on the swinging tail That fell within his scope, "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan And so these men of indosan Disputed loud and long, Each in his own opinion Exceeding stiff and strong, Though each was partly in the right, And all were in the wrong !

MORAL So, oft in theologic wars The disputants, I ween, Bail on in utter ignorance Of what each other mean, Asid prate about an Elephan Not one of them has seen ?

THE DISINHERITED.

CHAPTER L.

"What, Dick," said my father, looking grimly at me across the fire-place; in your heart's set on roving?

"Why, yes, father," I replied. "I can't abide this dead-alive place; but I shall not go away till you're better." "The place was good enough for thy

grandfather and me," went on my father speaking in a resentful tone; " but there's no brooking ye young folk. Well, you'll see me under the sod anybefore you start on your travels

Something sneering in my father's voice struck me with a little apprehension. I felt a sort of misgiving lest it might prove that I had been too long a-roving already, for I had been for two years away from my father's roof-tree. There was no great love or confidence between my father and myself. He had taken little care of me in my boyhood, and I should have grown up altogether neglected and uneducated had it not been for a brother of my mother's-she

heen for a brother of my mother s-she had died in my infancy-who had in-sisted upon my being sent to a good grammar school. Here I had got on but my father withdrew me just before the examinaton, and brought mehome to live at Halton. It was a dull, dreary little township, boasting of one long village street, situ-ated in a secluded valley among wild ated in a secluded valley among wild Yorkshire moorlands. A beck or rivu-let ran through the valley, and that, widened out into pools and reservoirs below the village, supplied with water two large factories. The main part of the village consisted of low stone cot-tages, the residences of the factory op-eratives. Then there was my father's large square house, also built of the gray limestone of the district, with a court-yard at one side, containing coach-house and stable and a large bare garden beyard at one side, containing coach-house and stable, and a large bare garden be-hind it. A public house at the top of the street, and two or three houses of moderate size, occupied by the upper men of the factories, composed the rest of the village. The church was seven or eight miles away. There was no doo-tor within five miles, and the nearest hawyer lived at Slapton, a small market them some nine miles distant. Soon after I came home from school father engaged a new servant, a sekeeper. Her name was Hannah. was a fine, buxom young woman, gifted with a very violent temper. The soon began to domineer over me, and bitter quarrels were the result. My father took her part always, and my only ally was a young maid, Sarah, who was also one of her victims. At last I ran away, and took refuge at the house of my uncle, who was a dis-senting minister at York. By his inter-vention an arrangement was come to. My father consented to allow me a hum-dred a year to live away from home, and I went abroad with the son of a rich merchant, one of my uncle's pupils. Once upon my travels, I had little thought of coming back to gloomy Hal-ton. With a stick and a knapsack I traversed the whole continent of Europe, and was meditating a farther progress into Asia Minor, when I was recalled to England by the news of my father's alarming illness. It was thought that he was dying. When I reached home, however, he had rallied a little, and the end did not seem imminent. He had still strength enough to sit up part of the day, and on one of these occasions it was that he gave utterance to the half-reproach with which I have commenced my story. We were sitting in the parlor – a dark, gloomy chamber provocative of emuti and despair. A threadbare, faded car-pet covered the floor, and it was fur-At last I ran away, and took refuge at We were sitting in the parlor-a dark, gloomy chamber provocative of ennui and despair. A threadbare, faded car-pet covered the floor, and it was fur-mished with dark heavy mahogany chairs and tables, and a book-case to match, full of worm-eaten old tomes, of which an odd volume of State trials was the out of the dark det interaction an old volume of State trials was the only one that afforded either instruction or amnsement. The fireplace, with the huge coal fire, white hearthstone, and huge coal fire, white hearthstone, and high fender of perforated brass, was the only redeeming feature of the room. My father had the reputation of being a wealthy man, although he was very close about his affairs. He had once been a part proprietor of one of the fac-tories in the village, but he had retired sories in the village, but he had retired with a sufficient competence many years ago. Not that our position commanded much respect from the rough folks about ma. The factory lasses in their bed-gowns, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads, jeered and flouted at he factory with handkerchiefs tied over heads, jeered and flouted at be iky Dick," as they called me. The threw stones at me when I passed, r often in my walks over the wild a dotten in my walks over the wild a bend I would be accosted by a group mooriand I would be accosted by und sak of these rough fellows, who would sak out the same second second second second second the same second second second second second second second the same second second second second second second second the same second second second second second second second the same second second second second second second second second the same second the same second second

Involuntarily I repined and chafed at of the cottages the gable end of my fathmy detention here. I had no affection er's house was visible, and a top window, for this place, where I had always been the window of Hannah's room in fact. unhappy. The life I had led abroad had I observed, too, that a brass birdcags suited me wonderfully well. I had in- hung in the window, and I was a little sinted me wonderfully well. I had in-herited a roving disposition, I think, from my mother, who was a ship-captain's daughter, and my father, in his fixed and gloomy steadfastness, had no sympathy with me. A certain morbid melancholy that laid hold of me at times of rest and

blings I heard a hesitating single knock at the door, and as the maid was busy in the kitchen I got up and went out into the stone-paved hall and opened it. Hannah's bedroom window. As I watched this light it went out, "Eh, Master Dick," said a female

voice, familiar but strange, "what, don't you know me?" "Why, you're Sarah," I said, after a

long look at her, and taking her by the shoulders I gave her a hearty salute on each cheek. Sarah blushed and adjusted her bon-

net.

"What, you're still the same, Master Dick ?" she cried. "But I'm married now-to one of the overlookers at the factory.

"That's a pity," I said; "why couldn't you have waited for me."

"Nay, Master Dick, you never axed me to," said Sarah slyly. "But I've got a good comfortable home and a good hard-working husband; and what more can a lass want?"

What, indeed," I replied, "except a dozen habies "

"Ay, and we've made a start at that too, Master Dick," replied Sarah, laughing.

Here I heard my father's voice in com plaint of the street door being left open. "Come in, Sarah," I cried, "and talk to the old gentleman.

more.

told me.

But Sarah shook her head. "Nay, she said, "I've naught to say to him; but come out into the street, Master Dick, and let me talk to thee a bit."

I went out and shut the street door after me, and walked with her a few paces toward the village. "Have you heard of the goings-on

here ?" whispered Sarah. "No, nothing particular."

"Well, I hope thee mayn't, I hope they havn't hurt thee, my lad. But

there's been bad work going on here, I can tell thee. Hannah and that lawyer from Slapton, they've been leading the old man a fine dance. Thee keep an eye

on 'em, that's all." "What, do you mean Polkhorn ?"]

said. "Eh, no; not him. He's an honest chap yon, and your father and he couldn't get on a bit. Bruff is the man now, and he and Hannah do as they like with the old chap. Thee keep an eye on 'em. I was like to come and give thee a bit of a hint; and now good-by, I mustn't talk any longer with thee. She's over there with him yonder this very day. Thee look out."

over there with him yonder this very day. Thee look out." And with these warning words she quitted me. My father was cross enough at my ab-sence, and began to bewail his fate, and bed. I offered my services instead, as Hannah had not returned, and after p, Hannah had not returned, awhile, as he felt very weak and feeble, he consented to allow me to act as nurse. When he was settled comfortably in bed, When he was settled comfortably in bed, he seemed quite pleased at my handiness, and looked at me almost with affection. "Dick," he whispered to me, "if aught happen to me, my will's in the strong box under the bed, and the keys —the keys—. Ay, what was I saying?" "About the keys of the strong box, fether" father."

creature at heart. She will be very glad, the house. There was a full moon, and she tells me, that you should re here at present.

It was hard enough to have to listen to hung in the window, and I was a little surprised at that, for I had never given Hannah credit for any fondness for birds, and didn't know that she kept one. Mr. this-to be told that I might remain on sufferance in a house that had been my father's and ought to have been mine. "I shall leave here to-night," I replied, trying to assume an indifferent tone. "I can sleep at the inn, and I won't intrude upon Mrs. Brookbank's Bruff returned in a few moments, and I went back to my former seat. We sat that laid hold of me at times of rest and inaction was the only part of my father's temperament that I shared. Especially did the incubus of this dull melancholy hover over me as I sat by the fire talking in monosyllables to my father. Hannah was away for a day's holiday for refreshment after her labors in nursing my poor father, and we were waited upon by a girl named Bridget, the successor of Sarah. My father was iuritable and im-patient. The gruel was burnt, he com-plained, and nothing went right. In the midst of his querulous grum-blings I heard a hesitating single knock and smoked till darkness came on, and

the hill beyond-no, it was not that There was a crafty malignity about the disposition of his wealth that struck me with astonishment. "What an evil man either, it was oxly a candle burning in

he must have been !" I could not help shone again, went out; once more it shone, and then finally disappeared. When I reached home Hannah opened. all is position he was so different from my-self. This lonely seclusion had sourced self. This lonely seclusion had soured his blood. Just such another morbid, wretched creature should I become in the door for me. She seemed rather flurried in her manner. She informed me that my father hadn't felt so well after this accursed prison-house.

I left and had gone to bed. I mustn't go up-stairs, as he had just gone to sleep. As I was passing one of the cottages an arm stretched itself forth from the door and plucked me by the sleeve. I So I seated myself in the parlor. The wine I had drunk had made me heavy with sleep, and I went off into a sound turned and saw that it was Sarah, who

was beckoning me to come in. "Well, lad," she cried eagerly, as I slumber sitting in my father's angular arm-chair. I roused up once, and thought for a moment that I heard foot-steps in the house, and listened for awhile. The boards creaked overhead stepped inside, "what's been done with

the property ?" "Oh," I said bitterly, "Hannah gets everything ; I only a pitiful hundred a in my father's room, and I heard somevear. thing dragged across the floor. It was

"My goodness!" she cried : "the Hannah, no doubt, putting the room brutes, have they treated you like that? And what'll you do? You'll have the law of them—You'll take 'em to York, tidy. Sleep overpowered me again. I was aroused by the violent ringing of a bell, and started to my feet. It was Master Dick. a bell from one of the upper rooms, and I ran quickly up stairs with a quick throb of fear. I hear loud outcries from "How can I take the law of them? I've no money for that, even if it were any good. What's more, I mustn't be

my father's room, and rushed in. A glance at my father's livid face and halfaway from here more than three nights at once. closed eyes was sufficient. He was no "Eh, it's shameful !" cried Sarah. From the moment of my father's death

"But never mind, my lad, they sha'n't have it all their own way. We'll fettle Hannah's manner to me changed entirely She became deferential and subfued But what Sarah could do, or how in and asked my authority for everything

any possible way my enemies were to be fettled, I could not conceive. she did. I was the master now, she Before I went to bed that night the

CHAPTER II.

woman who came to do the last offices It was growing quite dark when I reached—my home I was going to say— but I mean the house of Hannah Brookfor the dead brought me a bunch of keys. They were clenched up in his fingers,' she told me. The strong box that was bank. I made my way up-stairs at once in my father's room I permitted to re-main there; but locked the room and to my own room to pack up my things. This chamber had been mine from childput the key in my pocket. Despite my anxiety to know how his property had been disposed of, I was determined to act with due form and deliberation. Mr. Bruff came next morning with two tall bony gentlemen in black dress suits. Mr. Bruff informed me that he had a copy of my father's will, under which these gentlemen were appointed executors. They were cousins of mine, and honest, straightforward men, and I grammar school. Round about the walls executors. They were cousins of mine, and honest, straightforward men, and I made no objection to their taking the management of affairs, being glad indeed to be relieved of all responsibility. I handed to them my fothers here a source that called a smile into my dolorous to be relieved of all responsibility. I tures that called a smile into my dolorous handed to them my father's keys, and told them what he had said as to the will. there was Hannah, as she appeared when she first came to us; a tall buxom

main though the moon itself was not visible it shed a strange diffused light over the scene. A man who seemed to be a ring-leader among them held up his hands

when he saw my head at the open window, as a signal for silence; a silence that was pretty well kept by the men, although the voices of the women still ran on in a shrill treble. "What do you want," I shouted, "at

tacking a quiet house like this ?" "Are you Master Hargrave?" said the speaker.

"Yes, I am."

"We don't mean any harm to ye. We want Braff and the woman Hannah." "Why do you want them?"

"To put 'em int' horse pond." There was a general chorus of approbation at this announcement. "Look here," I cried, as soon as the

roar had died away. "Well, master ?"

"You may do what you like with the nan, but you shan't have the woman. The man turned round as if to take the opinion of the crowd. The women's voices were raised in loud and shrill dissent. "Bring her out!" they cried; "bring her out!" And I heard a voice, too, above them all-a determined female voice-" We'll settle her."

"Yon hear, master?" said the spokes man. "We mun have 'em both." I shook my head, shut the window and returned to where Hannah was still kneeling, crying and shivering.

"You hear what they say. What more can I do, Hannah?" "Oh, save me, Richard ! save me !

she cried; "they will kill me." "I don't think they'll harm you much they'll give you a ducking, and there'll be an end of it."

"Oh, but it isn't fit for me; it will kill me indeed, Master Richard;" and she whispered something into my ear. "The deuce !" I said, under my breath 'well, I must do what I can. Where's

Bruff ? "Hiding in the cellar-the mean scoundrel ?

" Is there anybody else in the house ?" "No one."

"The horse is in the stable, Bruff's horse and trap?" "Yes, sir, and the lad's there, too."

The stable and coach-house ,and a paved yard in front were inclosed by

high walls with chevaux-de-frise on the top of them, and wide folding-gates opened into the street. A side door led from the house into the stable-yard, from which there was no exit save by the gates. These gates were guarded by the crowd, but they had not possessed themselves of the stable-yard, which in-deed was sufficiently defended by its walls and the chevaux-de-frise.

I walked out into the stable, roused hood, and contained many mementoes of my early life. A tattered kite, with a great roll of twine wound upon a stick ; cricket bats and stups ; my wooden school was a fine spirited animal—a black horse cricket bats and stups; my wooden school box, battered and inkstained, full of school books hastily thrust in, just as I had left them when I took leave of the grammar school. Round about the walls

I told Hannah to put her cloak and bonnet on, and then went to the cellar stairs and called to Bruff, but he had hidden himself, and would not answer a word. There was no time to be lost, as

were full he emptied them upon the mantle-shelf; for that was crammed with letters creased and soiled and worn at the edges, and huddled up into all sorts of folds.

Rapidly I examined these letters one hapidiy I examined these letters one by one. At last I was rewarded; here was a letter in my father's handwriting —a letter dated about a year ago, and with reference to a will then preparing. But, alas! it contained only instructions in complete accordance with the will produced at the funeral, and it was written

in terms so clear and vigorous that there coule be no doubt that he was in full possession of his faculties. "I desire," he said at the conclusion, "that my son should suffer for his neglect and inso-lence to the very end of his days." I turned away with a groan of weari-

ness and disappointment. To complete my confusion, I beheld Mr. Bruff there watching me, his face purple and menaging. "What!" he cried: "I have come

back just in time to stop thee. Here, Mr. Inspector, come in here; here's the ringleader of them all, robbing my

To explain Mr. Bruff's appearance, it is necessary to revert to the scene of the riot at Halton. It seemed that after I had driven away, the crowd, believing had driven away, the crowd, beneving that those of whom they were in search had escaped, suddenly dispersed, leav-ing one of their number—a woman, who had been most active in the riot—lying

on the ground with a broken leg.

woman, and Mr. Brun had put himself under their protection. With a view to the safe custody of the riotous female, as well as to place Mr. Bruff in safety, a vehicle had been driven over to Slapton, containing the police inspector, Bruff himself, and the woman, who was no other than my old friend Sarah, whom I had unwittingly injured by driving over

"There's no doubt," said Mr. Inspector, looking savagely at me and shaking his head, "that it's a very suspicious case. You were seen in conference with this woman, sir; the riot eems to have been got up in your interests; you take advantage of it to get away and ransack Mr. Bruff's office.

"Take him into custody, Mr. Inspector." "You insist!" cried a high-pitched female voice, and Hannah appeared in the doorway, pale with suppressed pas-sion. "You cowardly rascal! you'd leave me to be torn to pieces. Yes, glad enough you'd have been-after insuring my life, you wretch !--and that young hussey down stairs ! Oh, you villain

Hannah made a desperate dart at her husband-for such he was-who clung to the inspector for protection. Baffled of her spring. Hannah turned to me. "Ah, Master Dick," she cried, "you're worth a dozen of such scoun-

drels. I'll right you, though, my boy. Here," she said, drawing a paper from her pocket...." here's the true will your father made just before he died, written with his own hands, and testified by me and Bruff."

Bruff made a snatch at the paper, out I was too quick for him, and already had the document in my posses-

Bruff gnashed his teeth in rage and terror.

been physically a coward; but so it was, and that was the cause of his undo

and that was the cause of his undoing. Mrs. Bruff's unexpected visit to her husband's establishment revealed some cause of jealousy, which, added to the ill-feeling engendered by her husband's pusillanimity, caused the explosion which brought out the truth brought out the truth.

brought out the truth. Mr. Bruff served three years in prison, and when released emigrated to America. with the cause of the conjugal difficulty. Hannah subsists on a small annuity which I granted her in consideration of past services. She has one little boy, who takes a good deal after his father. Poor Sarah, who had suffered much for her zeal in my head!

for her zeal in my behalf, was compen-sated by a gift of a couple of hundred pounds from some unknown benefactor. But she has never quite forgiven me for putting it out of her power to "fettle" Mrs. Hannah.

My five bony cousins were a good deal exercised in mind at the loss of their yearly five guineas. They threatened five several lawsnits, but as they went to Polkhorn to give instructions he man-aged to talk them into acquiescence. But they have none of them spoken to

me since. As for myself, when I found that I was. no longer bound to reside at Halton, I didlike to live there. I lost much of my dislike to live there. The local police, who now ventured to appear, had taken possession of this woman, and Mr. Bruff had put himself am building a nice house on a hillside, a roving disposition.

The European War-Cloud,

The Paris correspondent of the Lon-don Times telegraphs (May 6) that un-easiness prevails in well-informed circles in Paris. The most serious minds believe that danger is impending. Poli-ticians from abroad, as well as those claiming to be well informed at home, assert that peace or war depends on the approaching meeting of the Czar and German Emperor. No one denies that a powerful party in Germany, comprising powerful party in Germany, comprising the entire military element, feels that the late treaty was too lenient; that the indemnity paid has already returned to French coffers; that the possession of Belfort by France is dangerous to Ger-many; that France is reorganizing rap-idly, and will soon be able to furnish a formidable array for alliance with the formidable army for alliance with other nations; that Germany is no richer than before the war, and her finances and special organization cannot long support the expense of the present armament, and she cannot disarm in the face of France. The military party in Germany are convinced that never was there a moment more propitions than the prec-ent to secure for the country a long era of prosperity and peace. War ought to

be promptly undertaken. It is necessary to march on Paris and take up a position where a new peace can be signed, which takes Belfort from France, limits her active army, and extract ten milliards in twenty years. Paris could be attached if France refused to sign. All the powers have confined themselves to timid, friendly representations with regard to the Belgian notes, which only shows that to fin-ish with France now is a duty to Germany and humanity. Europe will never be tranquil while the blunder of a treaty which leaves France ready to revive and re-enter the struggle is unrectified. What "Well, you fiend," he cried, address-ing Hannah, "it was you who tempted me to do it ; you who turned the old man's mind against his son with your false

"Ay, they're safe enough," said my father, a cunning expression crossing his face. "Good-night, Dick."

I kissed his rough grizzled cheek, and went down stairs. The parlor looked so lonely and ghostly in the twilight that I didn't care to sit down in it, but went out into the passage and opened the front door, feeling that the lights in the village and the sounds of life about it would be a little company for me. I hadn't stood there long, when I heard the clatter of hoofs and wheels approach-ing along the Slapton road. Our house stood just by the cross roads, and you could see a good way down the Slapton road from our front door. But now everything was hidden in a gray mist, and it was not until the vehicle was close upon me that I was able to distinguish that it was a dog-cart drawn by a pewer-I kissed his rough grizzled cheek, and that it was a dog-cart drawn by a power-ful black horse. I could see that a tall stout man was driving, and that a woman sat beside him, who turned her head as they passed, but it was too dark to

they passed, but it was too dark to recognize any one. The night was cold and damp, a driz-zling rain falling, and I shut the door feeling quite chilled, and went back to the fire, stirring it up into a cheerful blaze. Presently the door opened and Hannah came in, quiet and demure, dressed in a dark-cloth cloak and white-straw bonnet with black ribbons. She came into the parlor to ask how her master had been during the day, and seemed much relieved when I told her that he was no worse. She volunteered

The first and the formed in th

The day of the funeral was cold and snowy, and the drive to the distant churchyard dismal in the extreme. My uncle was there, the dissenting minister from York, and three more tall, bony Yorkshire cousins as well as the two ex-ecutors. The will was read after we came back. It bore date about a year pre-

viously. All my father's property was left to trustees, the five bony men, in trust, to pay an annuity of £800 for the term of her natural life to Hannah Brookbank, the housekeeper, provided that should she marry after the testator's death the legacy should be null and void, and merge in the residue of the estate. Hannah was to have the house, too, for life, on the same conditions. Further, to pay to his son, Richard Hargrave, an annuity of £100, with a proviso, that should the said Richard at any time sleep for three consecutive nights at any place distant more than six miles from Halton Cross, or more than seven nights in all during any one year, the annuity should cease and determine, and go to increase the annuity of Hannah Brookbank. The residue was to accumulate during the lives of Hannah Brookbank and Richard Hargrave, or till the determination of both their interests, and was then to be divided among testator's next of kin. My uncle cried that the will was a most

iniquitous one, and that it must be upset; but the five bony cousins shook their heads and said "law was law, and must

be stood by." These five cousins, it may be said, were to receive each of them five be said, were to receive each of them five guineas a year for managing the estate. They or their descendents would be the next of kin also who would finally inherit the property unless I married and had children. Thus there was no danger of the provisions of the will falling into abeyance. Hannah was interested in keeping a watch upon me; the trustees were also interested in looking after us both. both.

To me the situation was extremely cruel. I was confined for all my life it seemed, on a wretched pittance, to the dull precincts of this most hateful place. True, I could renounce the bequest, but what was I to turn to ? I was beyond the age at which youths are put to any busi-ness. I had no means of my own; no chance of making a livelihood in any one Way.

Even my uncle, after his first heat was over, confessed that he thought I ought to take up my annuity and comply with its conditions. There was a livelihood for me here; elsewhere I should prob-ably starve. So he said as he took leave

beef and a huge York ham. Each one shook hands with me solemnly as he went out. "Ye mun abide by't, Dick," the first one had said as he departed, and the four others repeated the same for-mula. Yes, I must abide by it, there was no doubt of that; but what a lot to look forward to ! The lawyer remained behind. He came to me as I sat by the fire gloomily. "Are the doors all locked ?" "Yes, they're all fastened; but they'll break them in. Oh, speak to them, Mr. Richard; speak to them, and tell them it's not my fault!" "You'd better get Mr. Bruff to speak to them," I said coldily. "They're worse against him than me. Oh, they'll kill us both !"

a sea-monster, Hannah again ; whilst Perseus, in likeness of myself, much idealized, was about to smite the monster hip and thigh.

hip and thigh. The light was gone entirely now, and a thick haze was blotting out the land-scape. The steam-whistles of the fac-tories boomed heavily through the fog, and the clang of bells sounded on my ear, and presently the clatter of wooden clogs upon the stone causeway. The mill hands were coming home from work. And yet it struck me that there was a greater number of provide coming this

greater number of people coming this way than I had ever recollected before; and, still more strange, I lost the sound of feet as the people reached the house ; there were footsteps constantly coming toward me, but I heard none going away. A confused murmur, too, was in the air, a hum of multitudinous voices. I sprang to the window, and beheld a our career, and healeft helpless on the reat crowd gathered about the house. As my face appeared at the window the smothered hum rose into a loud strident yell, so powerful and confusing that I shrank back abashed, as if I had felt the blast of a tempest in my face. blast of a tempest in my face. What could be the cause of this gath-

what could be the cause of this gath-ering? I had always from a boy been at enmity with these factory hands, but it was a mere class prejudice that was not likely to have come to such a head as

uhmistakable accents. A momentary teeling of exultation took possession of me. My wrongs had met with immediate popular sympathy; I felt for the instant as if I were the favorite of the people. But a little re-flection convinced me that I was wrong. What mattered it to these people how my father's property was distributed ? On the other hand, although it would be idle to say that there was any high stand-ard of morality among them, yet there were certain forms of immorality that sometimes aroused popular indignation. It was very possible that this populace, ubiquitous and, full of shrewdness, had detected a relationship between Bruff and Hannah that I had not even sus-pected.

the gates. We were greeted with a roar of aston-

ishment and defiance from the crowd, and the horse, frightened by the unac-customed sight and sound, turned away from the gate, and bade fair to wreck the dog-cart against the stable wall. But I gave him a couple of lashes across his flanks that sent him maldly forward the crowds shrank away, and involuntarily

opened a path for us to pass. Some one —a woman—made a wild snatch at the horse's head, but she fell, and the wheels passed over her. In another moment we were speeding along the Slap ton road. that he would make amends in every way, but I refused to listen to his

way, out I remsed to insten to ins prayers, and he was removed in custody. Indeed I knew that if he had been left alone with Hannah there would have been murder done that night. our career, and be left helpless on the

been murder done that night. Then I made my way with the pre-cious paper to the house of Polkhorn, the other lawyer, my father's old friend. To him I quickly explained the circum-stances and showed the paper Hannah had given me. It was a short will, dated on the day before Hannah had come to Slapton to fetch Mr. Bruff. It revoked all former wills end left all his property distance. all former wills and left all his property likely to have come to such a head as this. The cries, shouts, shrill whistles, and catcalls gave place by degrees to a regular definite howl. "Bruff, Bruff! Hannah, Hannah, Hannah!" was shout-ed from hundreds of throats in hearse, uhmistakable accents. A momentary teeling of exultation "It's as right as ninepence," said Mr. Polkhorn, grasping me by the hand; "and even if there were any informality in the will-and . it's a dangerous prac tice to make wills without a lawyer-but if it were informal the revocation is complete. It nullified all former wills, and as you're the heir you're right any the horse into the stable yard. There was no one there to receive the horse; and I took it out of the shafts and put it into the stable. There was a light in the office, and I thought that I had better way.

way." Mr. Bruff was prosecuted and con-victed for stealing my father's will, the circumstantial evidence being too strong to break down, although we were pre-cluded from calling Hannah, a wife's evidence being invalid. It appears that Mr. Bruff and Hannah had obtained complete ascendancy over my father, and had persuaded him to make the will that had been propounded after his death. The clause which my father had insisted upon, making void the bequest in case of Hannah marrying after his decease, they had eluded by a secret marriage during his life. Mr. Bruff had succeed-ed also in insuring the life of his wife for £5,000 to secure his interest in her tell Bruff's clerk to look after the horse. Perhaps I ought to have given the alarm about the riot to the police at Slapton; but I thought that it was no business of mine. They might wreck the house and duck Mr. Bruff as much as they ple sed—neither would affect me. I felt that I had been robbed and cajoled by the fellow, and the thought of his possible misfortunes was pleasant

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The Times correspondent adds:

tales; you who got him to make his will; you who brought me over when the young man had come back, and his father's heart had softened to him, and set me to watch for his death, that we might steal the new will from the box." Here the police inspector put an end to further confidences. "It seems to me that there's a pair of you," he cried; "but it isn't my place to listen to you. I sha'n't take your charge against this young gent; but if he asks me to take you into custody for purloining his fath-er's will, I'll do it." At this Bruff broke down at once; he

At this Bruff bloke down at once; he threw himself on his knees before me and begged of me to forgive him, promising ries.'

> Mormon Marriages .- Strange Ceremony. I have been given an account of the "celestial marriage," which I send you for what it is worth. I am loath to be-

lieve that the ceremonies are so revolting heve that the ceremonies are so revolting as they are pictured by my informant, and indeed I place little reliance on the story. Still it is valuable as showing how the people here look upon the pe-culiar institution. After being properly bathed—which typically washes away the sins of the world—the victims are anointed from head to foot with olive oil, which the bride and groom must furnish. This

head to foot with olive oil, which the bride and groom must furnish. This oil is poured over them from a small horn, called the horn of plenty. They then don their endowment clothes and ascension robes, and are led into a typi-cal garden of Eden, in the center of which is a schrubbery tree about three feet high, from the green boughs of which is suspended bunches of grapes; no apples are in sight. Reclining at thefoot of this tree is his satanic maj-esty, or the serpent, as the case may be ere were any informality esty, or the serpent, as the case may be clad in black cloth tights. This charac esty, of the scripent, as the case may be, clad in black cloth tights. This charac-ter is generally assumed by Councilor Wells, because of his peculiar fitness for-that role—possessing a redish and sharp face and large, hooked nose, resembling the "make-up" of Zamiel in the "Black Crook." This character-scripent imme-diately commences a flirtation conversa-tion with Eve. At first, she slowly shakes her head; finally she hesitates, and then, of course, she is, lost—typically. The savior (Brigham Young) appears, and a. "scene" occurs. Several have happened in families since. Their robes are taken off by a servant in waiting (an extra character rung in) and aprons of genn-ine fig-leaves are given them, which they put on, and are driven from the garden by the Savoir (Brig am Young)-into an ante-room, where they are mar-ried. They are then united for time and sternity—death is only a temporary sep-aration.—Salt Lake Letter.