STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

OLDEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN OREGON.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

MART. V. BROWN.

OFFICE IN PARRISH'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, $3; Six Month $2 One Month, 50 cts.; Single Copies, 12½ cts.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. VI. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1871. NO. 47.

TRAGEDY OF CROFTON WOODS.

A young lady, with streaming black hair, and great purple-black eyes, was standing with clasped hands in the doorway of a pretty country house. With head bent forward and lips parted, she listened and peered through the shrubbery, as if expecting some one. A step sounded on the gravel walk at last, and a tall form came hurriedly forward in the twilight. The lady in the doorway, Calista Langdon, shrank back a little in the hall, and the eager, anxious look passed from her face. Her white hands unclasped, and she changed her position of inquiry and watchfulness to one of inquiry and indifference. She plucked at a blood-rose that grew and drooped over the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Holliston," she called out, in a pleasant, musical voice, "I have been looking and watching for Alice."

She dropped her eyes as she uttered these words, which were false, but in an instant after flashed them full upon Herman Holliston in all their bewitching splendor.

"Careful and thoughtful, as usual, Calista," said the young man, springing to her side and taking her hand. "Where has Alice gone?"

"She went over to see Miss Prudence, a short time ago, and said she would be home at sunset; she will be here shortly, I think. Come into the parlor, Herman; I have a bunch of water lilies there, your favorite flowers."

"Thank you, Calista," said the young man a little uneasily; "I think I'll go across the field to meet Alice; then I shall be most happy to see the lilies when we return."

A dark shadow flitted across the face of Calista Langdon; her eyes flashed with a baleful light, but she said, very calmly, as she plucked at the petals of the blood-red rose in her hand, "I presume Alice will be glad to have company across the lonesome field."

Herman Holliston ran down the steps, and walked hurriedly along. He looked behind him, and waved his hand towards Calista, smiling pleasantly as he passed under the great elm trees which grew on each side of the gravel walk. He had gone but a few rods in the green fields before he met Alice Gray, a delicate blue-eyed maiden, with long, golden hair, and a slender, graceful form.

As they were walking back to the house, Herman drew the young girl under the shadow of the great elm tree; and with the moonbeams struggling through the leaves, and sifting down upon them, he asked her to be his wife. Obtaining her blushing consent, he placed the betrothal ring on her finger. With hearts overflowing with happiness, they returned to the house, and found Calista awaiting them at the door.

"Give us your blessing, Calista," said Herman, as, clasping the hand of Alice, and stood before the queenly form of Miss Langdon. "Alice has promised to be my wife," he continued; "and to make our happiness complete, we want your approval."

Calista Langdon staggered back into the hall, her face blanching as white as death; but in an instant she was calm and composed, and held out both hands to them.

"If that is all you need," she said, "it shall not be denied you. My approval is given most heartily." She drew them into the house as she said this. "The dew is heavy to-night," she added; "come into the parlor."

They followed her; and entering the prettily furnished room, sat down side on a sofa near the open window. Calista sat down for a few moments, then graciously bidding them good night, she retired from the room, leaving the lovers alone.

"Once I thought it was Calista you loved," said Alice, timidly, when they were alone.

"I was dazzled, at first, by her beauty," he replied, "but my infatuation soon passed away when I came to know you; and now one ringlet of your golden hair has a greater charm for me than all of Calista's surpassing beauty. She is very kind to you though, Alice; and I love her as a friend."

"Calista has changed much of late," said Alice; "she once was so cold and unapproachable, I almost feared her; now she is so gentle and so kind to me, that I love her dearly."

While these two lovers sat conversing so happily together, the subject of their conversation was pacing her room with her hands clenched and her black eyes flashing with anger and evil determination.

"They shall never be united," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "Never! never! I will stab her to the heart first. Herman Holliston shall marry me yet. If that little dough-faced Alice had not crossed my path, he would me mine now. I was a fool to come here, but I little thought Herman Holliston was a man to turn from my dazzling beauty to that baby-faced Alice. She shall not be his wife. I swear it!"

Until nearly morning she paced her room, forming plans to prevent the marriage of the man she loved and her pretty cousin Alice. She had met Herman Holliston the past winter, in London, and he had shown her marked attention. But when the warm days of June came, she left town to spend the summer months with her cousin Alice, who was an orphan, and lived with a maiden aunt in a beautiful country-house.

Herman Holliston followed her, taking his abode at the hotel in the nearest town, and calling often at the house. He became acquainted with Alice, whom to know was to love. Calista soon lost all charms for him; and it was not long before he asked the golden-haired country maiden to be his wife. We have already told the result, and the effect which the betrothal had upon Calista Langdon.

A week after the engagement ring had been placed upon Alice's finger, she was sitting in the library, reading, one lovely afternoon, when Calista entered; and bending over her she kissed her on both cheeks, and said, "Come, Alice, let us have a ride on horseback. I want to go up to Crofton Woods. It will be magnificent there to-day. Shall I order the horses?"

"Yes, do, Calista," said Alice. "I am glad you proposed it; it is so dull now Herman is gone."

"Foolish girl," said Calista, playfully; "he has only been gone one day, and you expect him back to-morrow. But girls will be foolish. So be ready as soon as possible, Alice, and we will canter off to Crofton Woods."

She went gaily from the room, and Alice laid by her book, and went to prepare for the ride. She had no presentiment of evil. Innocent herself, she suspected wrong in no one, especially her cousin, who, of late, was so kind to her. When they were about to mount the horses, Calista said, gaily, "Let us change to-day, Alice. I want you to try Flyaway, and I want to ride Gip."

"Do you think I could manage Flyaway?" said Alice, a little anxiously.

"Oh, yes, easily enough; he is a little fiery, to be sure, but I shall be near you. I have never ridden Gip, you know, and want to see how she will like me."

Alice's aunt, Miss Gray, stood in the door.

"You will keep near Alice, Calista?" she said, "and see that Flyaway is kept quiet?"

"Indeed I will," answered Calista, "Don't you fear for her, Miss Gray."

They mounted the horses and proceeded toward Crofton Woods. When they arrived at the forest they rode along leisurely, looking about them, and remarking on the beauty of the day and scenery. They soon came to a by-path, that struck off into the woods; and Calista drew rein and said: "This path is the one I took the other day, when I came here alone, Let us go through it, and I will show you one of the most magnificent scenes you ever saw."

They turned their horses into this path, and cantered off into the heart of the forest. They had ridden nearly a mile when they came suddenly upon a great ledge of rocks, standing out bare in the wood and overlooking a frightful chasm or ravine.

"What a strange place this is!" said Alice.

"We will ride to the top of the hill," said Calista, "and then we can see the ocean."

"Can we?" said Alice. "I want to see it, but I'm almost afraid to ride there on Flyaway; let us dismount and walk."

"Oh, fie!" said Calista, a little nervously. "I will warrant Flyaway to behave just as I want him to. Come along, Alice; don't be timid."

They began to ascend the jagged hill, the horses stumbling over the rocks; and at last they stood at the summit. There was the ocean, sure enough, lying blue and fathomless away off in the distance; but Alice gave it but a passing glance; she was gazing in terror down the terrible abyss, on the edge of which their horses were standing.

"Oh, Calista," she cried, "why did you bring me here? It is terrible! I am frightened! I shall be drawn into that terrible abyss, in spite of me."

Calista raised her riding whip.

"Alice Gray," she said, her eyes gleaming with hatred and evil resolve, "you shall never marry Herman Holliston! A few minutes more and you will be in eternity, and I shall be avenged."

"Oh, heaven! save me, save me!" cried Alice, attempting to dismount from her horse; but Calista struck him with her riding whip, speaking sharply to him, and like the wind he flew down the jagged rocks.

Alice, in terror, lost all power and presence of mind, and in an instant was hurled down the frightful chasm and lay torn and bleeding at the bottom.

Calista, with a hollow, demon-like laugh, dismounted and climbed down the rocks to where Alice was lying. With eyes like balls of fire, and face as pale as death, she put her hand on the pulse of the bleeding girl, and found that life was quite extinct.

She then climbed up the steep, mounted her horse, and rode with full speed toward the house. When she reached the highway, she saw two gentlemen in a carriage coming leisurely along. She screamed to them wildly, and told them that Alice Gray had been thrown from her horse on the rocks in Crofton Woods and she feared she was dead. The gentlemen, who knew Alice well, left their carriage in the road and hurried to the place where the poor murdered girl lay mangled and dead, her beautiful golden hair dripping with her blood. They took her up tenderly, and bore her to their carriage, and then drove slowly toward the house.

Calista had arrived there long before, and was swaying to and fro, white as a ghost, and blaming herself to the distracted aunt of Alice for allowing the poor girl to ride the fiery horse, Flyaway.

When Herman Holliston came back to the home of his betrothed, the whole neighborhood was in commotion over the accident that had befallen the beautiful and beloved Alice Gray; but no one distrusted Calista Langdon for an instant. When the funeral was over the heart-broken lover, after spending a whole night on the grave of his loved one, left the place, and soon afterward Calista went back to her house in town. They sometimes met, but the guilty woman could never call up a smile to his haggard face. He wandered about from place to place, never at peace, and his hair grew gray before its time.

Calista Langdon, from the time she murdered sweet Alice Gray till her death, never spent one happy moment, and at last on her dying bed she sent for Herman Holliston and confessed the whole. It was hard for him to forgive her; but when he saw her writhing in anguish, and calling for mercy and forgiveness, he pardoned her, and she died with a faint hope of salvation.

Herman Holliston is an old man now, but every summer he visits the grave of sweet Alice Gray, and only looks forward to their reunion in the world where all is pure and beautiful.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]

AN OLD PIONEER.

DEATH OF A NOTED INDIAN HUNTER AT THE AGE OF 102 YEARS.

A few weeks ago a most extraordinary character and venerable pioneer died at Bridgeport, immediately opposite the city of Wheeling. I refer to Joseph Worley, whose early history and subsequent career have been so intimately connected with the frontier annals.

Joseph Worley was born in 1769, just 102 years ago. His relatives say that his birth-place was at West Liberty, in Ohio county, now West Virginia, but it is certainly true, that whether born there or not, his early childhood was spent in that locality, which is no more than 12 miles distant from where he died. At the time of his birth this part of the west was an unbroken wilderness. It was yet 13 years before the first white man had fixed his abode west of the Ohio river; a few hunters held Kentucky against the Indians north of the river and sustained with that region the primitive relations of horse-stealing and scalping; in Virginia the frail and lonely settlements (of which West Liberty was one), creeping westward made friends with the desert, and produced a population nearly as wild as its older children, and quite as fierce and truculent.

Into such a heritage was young Worley born; and from his earliest childhood he displayed an aptitude for frontier life. He was particularly skilled in the use of the rifle, and all his early thoughts and plannings had reference to the savage foes that surrounded him. The numerous expeditions for which he was chosen showed the confidence his fellow pioneers had in him. Simon Girty, the notorious white renegade, was at this time with the Indians on the Sandusky plains, and frequently headed their marauding raids upon the settlements. It was the aim of the settlers to vanquish this most formidable foe, and Mr. Worley, with others, undertook the task of capturing him. In this work, Girty, at the head of the Ottawa warriors, pursued across the Ohio at Meig's island, up the waters of Cross creek, and far into the interior of what is now the State of Ohio, his pursuers enduring unparalled privation and encountering perilous difficulties, but always unsuccessful in his capture.

Some time early in life Worley and his brother Jacob, who seems to have been as heroic as the other, drifted toward Fort Henry, occupying the point where Wheeling now stands, and here they became acquainted with the famous Wetzel, one of the most noted Indian hunters of American pioneer history. Worley, who was several years Wetzel's junior, was his very intimate friend, and his almost constant companion in the woods.—On one occasion, having discovered fresh evidences of the presence of Indians in the neighborhood of the settlement, Wetzel and Worley undertook to ascertain their whereabouts. They followed their tracks for several miles, and became so intent upon their prey as to scarcely become aware of the distance until they had wandered from the settlements, until they had gone eleven or twelve miles south and nearly opposite to the point where the Baltimore and Ohio railroad now strikes the Ohio river.

Here they came upon a camp of Indians, who discovered the hunters about the same time they were themselves discovered. Both parties took to the trees, after the custom of Indian fighting, but the Indians greatly outnumbered the others. Six or seven stalwart and trained warriors of the Huron tribe were now pitted against two determined hunters, and, as if to add to the danger of their position, Wetzel was recognized by the Indians as their implacable and lifelong enemy. Now began a duel; a running fight; a life and death contest. No reinforcements could reach the hunters until they had travled at least ten miles, and long before that their wily foes would overpower them in all probability. Yet they determined to sell their lives dearly.—Wetzel took command, and Worley obeyed him implicity. In recounting it oftentimes afterward Mr. Worley grew animated, and nobly attributed to Wetzel the salvation of his life.

A tall Huron warrior was the first to fall. He rushed out from his covert with demoniac yell, thinking that they were unprepared for a sudden attack, or would readily yield to the force of superior numbers. But in this he was mistaken, and his life paid the penalty. For a moment or so afterward the other Indians were silent and apparently awe-struck, but in that instant Wetzel had again loaded his gun. Several shots were fired at him, but he was securely shielded by a tree. And so from tree to tree for four exciting miles the hunters dodged and crept. Another warrior, in seeking stealthily to cut off their retreat, was killed, and the others became more cautious. Once Wetzel put his cap on the ramrod, as though he was peeping round the tree, and when the Indian shot a bullet through it, he let it drop to the ground. The Indians all rushed out, when two others fell. The movements were now carried on, on both sides, with the utmost caution. The hunters gradually worked their way toward the fort, the three remaining Indians becoming more anxious.

One of their number, perhaps while carefully climbing a tree on the opposite side from the hunters, with a view of starting them from their lurking place, unconsciously exposed himself and was wounded by the hunters;—whereupon the other Indians took to their heels and left the hunters to return in peace to the fort. For many years after civilization had claimed and metamorphosed these western wilds, the Worley brothers lived not far from Bellaire, on the Ohio river. A numerous progeny grew up around them, and their interest never abated in the march of progress and in the surrounding improvements. Until a few weeks previous to his death his interest in current events continued very lively, and his memory and strength were remarkable. His death was sudden but not unexpected.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is an institution ordained by God. A good husband supplements the weakness of a woman with his rude, rough strength. A good wife softens the rude, rough man with the tenderness of her own being. Marriage is a coming into the soul, bringing with it new duties and joys, a revelation of heaven and earth, and is often a positive means of salvation to both parties. Many a young man has been urged on in his career by the feeble woman who stands by his side, aiding him by her love and spirit to rouse his energies, so that at last he is able to reach the height of his ambition.

While we must advocate marriage, we must not join with those who with keenest satire ridicule the bachelor and the maid. Can there be a greater heroism in the resolution of a young man who never dreams of a home of his own while his old mother needs his strong arm and aid; or the maiden who banishes her dreams of hope when the voice from the sick-room calls her? No—these holiest duties, come they to man or woman, are sacred.

How is it that those who have pledged their love at the altar, who go forth into life, shortly after become so unhappy? How is it that there are so many happy unions which soon make desolate homes? Because they were not married in heaven as well as on earth. The holiest and happiest event that can happen on earth—the holiest and happiest event that can happen this side of the celestial city is a right marriage.

Every young man and woman hopes to get married. It is an instinct imparted by God; but do not let romance run away with your common sense. That stretches younr imagination and fancy till you think you are the most unfortunate being on earth.

Get hold of the romance that keeps everything young, bright and beautiful before you; cling to it, for this world is awfully prosy at times, and we require the halo of true romance then. Marry for love.—*Rev. Mr. Hepworth.*

The Dutchman's Trick.—While a Dutchman was reading the advertisements on the new post-office fence, a professional "beat" come up to him and said:

"Shon, if you treat to the whisky, I will learn you a trick."

Shon agreed. "Beat" then placed his hand against the fence and told him to strike it as hard as he could. Shon, not thinking that any harm could befall him by doing so, struck a blacksmith's blow, but instead of hitting "beat's" hand, the latter, jerking it away, poor Shon struck the fence-board, knocking it off.

"Mein Gott in Himmel!" cried Shon. "Vat for you makes foolish? I knocks mine hand clean off up to der elbow! Oh, socker blitz! my poor frau, vat vill she say?

Boor Shon was bound to have revenge; so one day as he was passing through the streets, he espied a man. Going up to him, he said:

"Mynheer, I shows you von leetle drick for nodings."

As there was no fence nor tree near, Shon put his hand against his mouth, and said:

"Strike yust so hard as you can."

Mynheer struck, and Shon pulled away his hand and received the blow on his mouth, and was knocked down. Shon jumped up, his mouth bleeding, and commenced dancing with pain.

"Sherusalem! a thousand tuyfels dake dis goontry! I goes pack to Holland!"

A Rat Whips Two Snakes.—A fight between a rat and a couple of snakes (a copperhead and a rattlesnake four and a half feet in length) occurred at McKeesport, Ohio, last week. The snakes, not having been fed for several days, were first presented with a mouse, which both reptiles attacked, killing it in thirteen minutes. A large rat was then but into the cage, when a terrible battle ensued, both snakes striking as rapidly as they could; the rat also displayed considerable pluck, keeping up his end of the fight bravely. The fight continued from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 9 at night, when the copperhead threw up the sponge, and was taken out dead. To prevent the rattlesnake from sharing the same fate, the rat was then removed from the cage. The rat showed considerable generalship in the encounter, and every time it was bitten it would retire to the corner of the cage and bite out the piece from its body.

A Strange Fact.—The Jackson county (Illinois) *News* tells this:

We learn of a good, kind-hearted woman in Jefferson county, in this State, who took a colt, six months old, to her breast, and thus saved its life. It had lost its parent, and but for the kind interest taken in it would have starved. It is said that the colt would, whenever the lady was seen, run whinnying to her, and laying his head on her breast, would partake of food with great relish.

A REMARKABLE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

The "Bleeding Girl of Hainault" is the latest Catholic miracle, and is just now being made the subject of numerous newspaper notices, through the country. The condition of the "bleeding girl" presents a curious physiological phenomenon, and as physicians have vainly endeavored to account for it, the priests have made a miracle out of it. The case of the fasting girl of the South Wales who, after going without food for many months, died of exhaustion some 12 or 15 months ago, was one of the strangest on record; but the bleeding girl of Hainault, is almost as strange and is equally well authenticated.—The main facts connected with the latter are as follows: Her name is Louise Lateau, and she is now about twenty years of age. When seventeen years old she went out to service, and shortly after was taken ill, and it seemed as if she were going to her long home; but one Friday morning a slender rivulet of blood began to ooze from her left side, which continued for a short time and then ceased. On the following Friday it but re-appeared, was on the upper surface of her feet. The following week, on the same day, the crimson stream issued simultaneously from her side, feet and hands; a few months later it came from her head; and latest accounts say that every week, only on Fridays, she presents an awful sort of image of the Savior bleeding on the cross. Cataleptic symptoms accompany each recurrence of the bleeding,—the girl going into a kind of trance, in which she says she beholds the scene of the Passion.—Tears roll down her cheeks, and she remains insensible to all outward sights and sounds, and cannot be awakened by numerous and powerful electric shocks during the paroxysm, which usually continues from eight o'clock in the morning till five in the evening, blood flowing during the whole time. She awakes from her trance with a leap, falls into a cold sweat, has a rattle in her throat, an imperceptible pulse, but she recovers in about fifteen minutes, and contiues in her usual health until the next Friday.

The most eminent medical men of the locality have examined the case and profess to be unable to discover any trickery or imposture connected with it. One of the doctors has made experiments, and having scrutinized whence the blood exudes with a microscope, found that on those places the epidermis is very thin, so that the true skin can be seen through it. When the bleeding is going to begin, a little bladder appears on the spots, filled with a transparent, reddish fluid. A rent presently takes place in the cuticle, the serious fluid escapes, and the blood begins to ooze from the surface of the exposed papillæ within.

The flow often amounts to nearly a quart; and pending that the doctor has tickled the patient's nose with a feather, tested her sense of smell with ammonia, pricked her with a needle, and passed a strong electro-magnetic current along her arm, all of which she bore without the least manifestation of feeling. On one occasion the girl's hands were encased in well-stitched leather gloves, which were drawn tight at the wrist, and the strings sealed, the object being to detect trickery if any were employed.—The Dr. watched the result, which was, that when the gloves were taken off they were full of blood.

The above are the leading items recorded in this singular case, and they seem to be well attested; but despite the evidences as to the absence of all collusion or trickery, there may be some who will doubt it. To all such it need only be said that Hainault is a well-known town in Belgium, and that traveling by railroad and steamer can be done expeditiously and at a tolerably cheap rate.

Ninevah was fourteen miles long, eight wide, and forty miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high and thick enough for three chariots to ride abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides. Its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed about 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents twenty-seven miles around. Athens was twenty-five miles around, and contained 650,000 citizens and 400 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of fifty million of dollars, and Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

A few years ago, at a negro camp-meeting held near Flushing the colored preacher said: 'I tell you blubbed brethren, dat de debble is a big hog, an' one of dese days he'll come along an' root you all out.' An old negro in one of the anxious pews, raised himself from the straw, and clasping his hands, exclaimed in the agony of his tears, 'Ring him, Lord, ring him!'

An Indiana boy induced his father to give him five dollars to go to a dance by pinning him to the barn door with a pitchfork and holding him till he "came down."

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Greaty. "Miss Glass," replied the barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the facetious judge; "I should often be intoxicated could I place such a glass to my lips."

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FAREWELL.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand with thine. How canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow comes? Men have been known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in love on eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time or distance, clasp with pleasure true
The hand of him who goeth forth; unseen
Fate goeth too!

Yes, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, ever, night and day,
Regret should walk.

—*Galaxy.*

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Four years of the fourteenth century had passed away. All Austria was plunged into dismay and confusion, Albrecht, emperor and king, and equally tyrant and despot, had been slain by a band of desperate nobles, of whom Rudolph von der Wart was chief.

Agnes, the widow of the murdered Kaiser, vowed vengeance, and kept her vow. One by one the conspirators were hunted down. Last of all Rudolph was doomed, and on the fair morning on which our story commences Rudolph came forth to die.

Knight and noble were ranged in a glittering circle around the imperial throne raised on the execution ground and on which was seated the empress. Her haughty face was set in pitiless hate and triumph, as the scaffold opposite, topped by the dreadful wheel on which the criminal was to be bound, and guarded by the red-caped headsmen. The solemn tolls of the old church bells fell heavily on the ear of the guard, with the prisoner in their midst, as they neared the scaffold.

Greedily the empress watched him as he mounted the stair. His haughty face was rigid with repose, and his blue eyes were glittering as steel.—His brow flushed angrily, as the headsmen roughly tied his hands, but a sneering laugh from the empress seemed to restore his calm.—Agnes looked on triumphantly, as he was bound to the wheel, and a thrill ran through the great assembly as the executioner lifted the iron bar and let it fall with a crash on the limbs of his unfortunate victim.

He gave one moan of agony, and was silent. The torture that for hours he knew would be his, he steeled himself to bear. Before the eyes of his deadly enemies, Von der Wart resolved he would wait the bitter end in silence.

There was a yielding of the vast crowd around the scaffold, and a murmur of sympathy, unchecked, even, by awe of the empress. A woman passed swiftly up the scaffold, and paused for a moment as she glanced at the criminal stretched on the wheel above.

She was very beautiful. Her golden hair fell in thick ringlets over her rounded neck, and her dark blue eyes and sculptured face were of rare loveliness. She was Gertrude von der Wart, come to soothe her husband's agony to the last.

The empress laughed in bitter derision, and the supple courtiers around, taking their cue, launched shaft after shaft of biting derision and coarse double entende against the woman who dared to cling to a traitor. Her face crimsoned for a moment, but she crushed down her woman's torture at the voices around her, and looked only on her dying love.

"Water!" he muttered. "Water! this thirst burns."

Gertrude glanced around, and saw near by a tank which fed a fountain. Swiftly she swept down the steps, and taking off one of her shoes, filled it with water. Then re-ascending, she climbed slowly up to the side of her husband, and heedless, in her loftly love and sublime calm, of the venomed tongues around, pressed her lips passionately to his face, which worked in agony.

He scarcely seemed to feel her lips on his brow at first, for he only muttered "Oh, death, end this slow agony! Come — come — welcome death!"

"Rudolph, my own!" she whispered and placed her shoe to his quivering mouth, which seemed to cling to the welcome water.

The sun sloped to the west, and its red rays fell on the damp brow of the dying man. His wife kept her marble calmness and with ceaseless care her little white hand wiped the drops from his forehead, and wet his blackening lips with water.

"I prayed for the *coup de grace*," he whispered "before thou camest, darling, but I am content to linger now."

"So perish traitors!" said the empress.

A mortal wrench of pain shook Rudolph's every limb for a space, but he set his teeth hard and made no sign. Then he caught Gertrude's wrist, and looked at her with the last long gaze of unutterable love radiant in his dimming eyes.

She drew his head upon her bosom and clasped it, as if those twisting arms could have guarded him from death. And she heard him say with such gratitude in his tone as could only be syllabled by lips to be stilled forever in a moment's time:

"Gertrude! my Gertrude! This is indeed love until death!"

The question, does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky—Oh, biddy, it's a trate intirely, to see two of your purty faces instead of one.