



-IB AT OUR-





Dec. 31, 180 with AN HOUR OF TERROR. narking withal."

"Either you or I must go help," I uttered very distinctly. "If it wasn't for goin' right I "If you please, ma'am," said Bet-, the hired help, presenting her-if in the doorway with her arms elf in the doorway the barn door. I wouldn't mind," said Betsey. "It's fastened, Betsey," I pleaddripping with hot scap-suds, and her callco skirts festconed about her spare form in a way which Worth never would have imagined, "But them there wooden but-"there's an insane man in

ans doesn't amount to nothing." I had just settled myself comfort umps out at me?" ably down to my morning task of

I was just about to reproach Bet-ey with having none of the elements of the heroine in her comp inents of the hercine in her compo-sition, when little Donald who had posced himself in the garret-window to watch, came tumbling head over heals into the room with Tommy clore tehind. "Mammal mamma!" they shout-

Was

agony of

anid Betsey, who

kespearian faculty of "not

ed, in chorus; "there's somebody coming, and we guess it's Deacon Gadaley, on horseback, riding back from the train." "Stop. him!" I gaeped - "for

mercy's sake, srop lum!" "He's a-makin' straight for the barn, ma'am," said Betsey, who had stretched the skinny length of her neck further out of the window than I dared. "He's heard that feller's hollerin'. He's unbarring the big doors! Land o" liberty!"— with a long breath—"there comes on impromptu sharves and city, will "in all the dusty heated city, will you find a nook like this, with the scent of giant pine trees floating in at the casement, and the whistling of the blackbirds filling up the sithe poor, crazy creetur out, with a hop, skip and jump! Wal, if Dea-con Gadsley likes to risk it, I wouldn't."

lence? I declare, it is enough to in spire anyone! I could almost write a novel, or an epic, if it wasn't for baby, and the children, and my flower-painting, and the tarts, and "I have heard of instances," said faintly, "where some particu-far individual exercises unbounded influence over the mind of the insyllabubs, and frozen custards, that Betsey can't be got to compresane, and__

At this moment, however, Deacon stairs, he went down into the Gadeley himzelf knocked briskly at kitchen; he laid his hat and the key the door. I made haste to open it. "Be ye all crazy here?" said the deacon, with a broad smille upon Thus, lapped in Elysian dreams, and secure in my own estimation sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep;that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door he found it open; that he locked it and took the key with him to his cham-Betsey's announcement came like a 'hunder-clap upon my hearing. I dropped my camel's-hair pencil, and sat gazing blankly upon her ghastly his sun burned countemance; "if ye ain't, what in the name of all crea-tion possessed ye to shut up my son Hiram in the barn?"

"Your son Hiram !" I gasped feebly. "Was that your son Hi-ram? I—I thought it was an insane

countenance. "A-what?" I gasped. "An insane man, ma'am," sakt Betsey. "Leastways, that's what Deacon Gadsley shouted out, as he was a gallopin' by on horseback to catch the down train with the mail bag, hollerin' good and loud, as he's nware I hain't quick o' hearin." Tell your missis,' says he, 'to call the children in-there's an insane man in the harn,' says he." "What!" roared Deacon Gadeley. "Betsey said that you should out as you rode by, "Tell your mistress to call the children in; there's an "Good Je-rusalem!" cried the dea-

Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was con, slapping his knee; "how folks will get things twisted around! I committed to prison. On his trial it appeared as if the never said no such thing. What I lady was merdered by some person who had been let in by Le Brun for did say was, "There's a tame lamb in the barn." I've promised one to that purpose and had afterward fied. It could not be done by himthem boys of yours ever since they came up here, and this morning our Hiram fetched 'em a reg'lar little self, because no blord was found

was subject. LeBrun said: "It must be something worse, my mind this deed of darkness, and all th misgives me; for I found the all the door open last night after all the family were in bed, but myself." From the wh Brun said: "It is certainly that in such cases imp my mind has been uneasy ever to be

Found the strest doer open last night after the family were in bed." in should be cond possibly be innocent mith being now brought, the

of Neva .- Paris Letter.

entering first, ran to the bed; and A Famous French Clown back the custains, and said: "Oh, my lady is murdered!" He then

the strong box, which being heavy, he said: "She has not been robbed;

nost consumeil by the fire which

stairs, he went down into the

trying the bloody night cap on Le

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"That's what Deacon Gadaley