

B 88.

(CONTINUED.)  
He went out, but returned presently with a spade, a pickaxe, and one or two other implements from the garden. Then he turned back the faded carpet, and proceeded with workmanlike dexterity to take up a portion of the oaken flooring. In the ground thus exposed to view he dug a deep and narrow trench, throwing up the earth on the board as he did so. It was a work that took some time, and long before he had done it, great beads of sweat rolled down his haggard face. But they fell unheeded, and he never ceased digging till the hole was to his waist. Then he got out of it, and rested for a little while. But presently he was up and examining the contents of a dusty old box that lay neglected in one corner of the room. From this box he produced a sheet of parchment, and, going to a table on which stood pen and ink, he proceeded slowly, and with much deliberation, to write out a statement, which, when finished, he signed and dated. Next, from a cupboard he brought a small tin canister. As soon as the writing was dry, he folded the parchment, and with it up in the canister. Next, from the same cupboard he brought a large traveling-cloak, which he proceeded to spread out at the bottom of the trench. Then, but not without some inward shrinking, as I could see, he went up to the body and raised it in his arms; but, before placing it in the hole he had dug, he kissed it tenderly on the forehead. "O, my dear friend," he murmured, "if by the sacrifice of my own life I could bring back a smile to those white lips, I swear to Heaven that I would gladly die this minute. To think that I should make a murderer of myself for any woman's sake—least of all, for her!"

In three minutes more the body was in the hole, and the trench was closed. To receive it, the canister and the riding-whip had been laid beside it, some folds of the traveling-cloak had been thrown over the whole, and Mr. Muxie, spade in hand, was standing with an anguished face, gazing his last on the man whom his fierce passion had blotted suddenly out of existence.

I saw no more. I think it must have been the loud whistling of the engine as we shot into Fall Side tunnel that awoke me so suddenly. Ah, how, at this point I did awake, and found myself still sitting in the middle compartment of B 88, but with no Mr. Muxie opposite to me. My limbs were so numb and stiff with cold that for a few minutes I seemed to have no use in them. Gradually some warmth crept back into my veins, and as soon as I felt that my strength and nerve were equal to the task, I made the best of my way back to my own compartment. We were but five miles from Park End by the hand at once. It is almost worth one's while to leave home for a time, just to see how pleased the mind and the bairns are to get one back again.

I said nothing to any body about what I had seen and gone through in B 88. I kept it about up close in my own mind, but I could not help thinking it all over at least twenty times a day. That scene in the oak-paneled room was so deeply impressed on my memory, that, after all these years, I can recall every feature of it as clearly as if it had happened but yesterday. Had it been a scene in real life, I should doubtless have half forgotten it years ago; but the extraordinary circumstances were so strange, and out of the common way, that I should live to be a hundred, it would all be as fresh in my memory as it was the morning after it happened.

A week came and went without my seeing or hearing any thing more of Mr. Muxie. One evening, as I was going off duty, I was met and stopped by a gentleman dressed all in black. "Can you tell me," said he, "whether your Company has a guard of the name of Preston in its employ?"

"My name is John Preston, at your service, Sir," answered I.

"Then you are probably the man I want," said he. "My name is Koppel, and I am a nephew of the Mr. Muxie who was so unfortunately killed at this station about six months ago. I was out of England at the time, and was obliged to depend on a brief newspaper report for the details of the occurrence. I am greatly desirous of having full particulars from some one who was on the spot at the time. If you be the man I take you for, it was you who lifted up my uncle from the spot where he fell, and it was in your arms that he died."

"I am the man you mean, Sir; and to any information I can give you, you are quite welcome."

"Then here is my address; and if you will come to my house for an hour this evening, you shall have no cause to regret having obliged me." I promised to be at his house by nine o'clock; and with that we parted.

I was there by the time. The house was in the outskirts of the town, and stood in its own grounds. It was too dark for me to see much of the outside, but the moment I got indoors I saw that the whole place was very old. I was admitted by a servant, who, after telling me that Mr. Koppel would be down in two or three minutes, threw open a side-door, and showed me into a long, low, old-fashioned room—into no other room, in fact, than the oak-paneled room of my dream. I knew it again in a moment, although it was now furnished very differently, and I sank into a chair all of a tremble. Yes, there was the very oak-paneled wall, with its quaint, carved panels; there the wide old fire-place, inlaid with blue and white Dutch tiles; there the huge window-place, in which half a dozen people might have sat with comfort. I recognized them all.

To be continued.

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MRS. WILKINSON,

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Wishes to inform her Friends and Patrons that she will

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The 23rd Instant,

A SPLENDID STOCK OF

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FANCY DRESS GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

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RIBBONS, SATINS, SILKS,

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Expressly Selected to Supply this Market.

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LAST evening, from the 7th Ward, a Pinto

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with three white feet, about 4 years old,

14 hands high; no marks, had on a saddle and

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These as well as other varieties will be sold

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We are desirous of buying All the Fruit Crop of this Territory that we can obtain.

We will pay Cash, the Highest Price

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In Connection with the above we have opened a

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