

have perceptions beyond their range of vi- and the mountain air tasted like wine.

sion, should be susceptible of emotions Never a crag or chasm so sombre but

which they could never share. She real- flaunted some swaying vine or long ten-

ized that she could get no material aid driled moss, gilded and gleaming yellow.

Is quite a pleasure, I am sure. (A kiss). So kind of you to call; 'tis quite a treat ; Let me remove your shawl; pray, take a seat We're all upset this morning, it is true, But we can always find a seat for you; Pray don't apologize-there is no need, I'm very glad you called, I am, indeed.

At the Gate.

She (frigidly) Allow you to kiss me good night ere you go? l could not permit such a freedom, oh, no.

He (respectfully). Of course you know best what is Excuse me. right: But I meant no offence, I assure you. Good night!

She (disappointedly).

The fool! He must certainly have a thick head, To think for a moment I meant what I said. VARIETIES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

Drifting Down Lost Creek.

[Miss Murfree.*] PART II.

Following the voice of the Lord, Cynthis took her way along a sandy bridlepath that penetrates the dense forests of Pine Mountain. The soft spring wind, fluttering in beneath her sun-bonnet, found the first wild-rose blooming on her thin check. A new light shone like a steadfast star in her deep brown eyes. "I hev took a-holt," she said resolutely, "an' I'll never gin it up. 'Twarn't his deed, an' I'll prove that, agin his own word. I dunno howbut I'll prove it."

The woods seemed to open at last, for the brink of the ridge was close at hand. As the trees were marshalled down the steep declivity, she could see above their sech." heads the wide and splendid mountain landscape, with the benediction of the

spring upon it, with the lofty peace of the unclouded sky above it, with an impressive silence pervading it that was akin to a holy solemnity.

There was a rocky, barren slope to the left, and among the brambly ledges sheep were feeding. As the flock caught her attention she experienced a certain satisfaction. "They hed sheep in the Lord's life-time," she observed. "He gins a word bout'n them more'n enny other critter." And she sat down on a rock, among the harmless creatures, and was less lonely and

A little log house surmounted the slope. It was quaintly awry, like most of the mountaineers' cabins, and the ridgepole, negligently oblique line. Its clay chimnev had a leaning tendency, and was propped to its duty by a long pole. There was whirled fitfully. The rail fence inclosing the dooryard was only a few steps from the porch. There rested the genial after-noon sunshine. It revealed the spinningwheel that stood near the wall; the shelf close to the door, with a pail of water and a gourd for the incidentally thirsty; the idle churn, its dasher on another shelf to dry; a rooster strutting familiarly in at the open door; and a newly hatched brood picking about among the legs of the splintottomed chairs, under the guidance of a matronly old "Dominicky hen." In one of the chairs sat a man, emaciated, pallid,

the fence and looked down the hill as he feebly pointed. Cynthy-Cynthy Ware!" She called "air that you-uns?"

Cynthia hesitated, then arose and went forward a few steps. "It be me," she said. as if making an admission.

Kem up hyar. Jube's wantin' ter know why ye hain't been hyar ter inquire arter him." The woman waited at the gate, and opened it for her visitor. She looked ardly less worn and exhausted than the broken image of a man in the chair. Jube counts up every critter in the moun-

prise. "Ain't you-uns knowed that afore to decay. The money which Evander had cruel order after the battle of Culloden on had planted the seed. She had worked "Air ve sure-sure ez that war the hap pening of it-'kase 'Vander tells a differ. | ter of shrill soprano pigs, started up from | row's sake. 'Vander hev been out'n the Pen a year." and watched, and beheld it spring up and A year! A vague, chilly premonition sent from time to time, that it might be the back of this card (but the phrase was thrilled through Cynthia. "Whar be he kept comfortable, had been safely buried in use before that time;) another that it reter hey loosed a holt on him: but Satan kin foster guile whar thar ain't enough life He 'lowed ez 'twar him ez hit ye with the a clump of weeds, in maternal anxiety and Always she got a night's lodging at the put forth and grow into fair proportions; left fur nuthin else, an' poor Jube hev never been so gin over ter the glory o' this Jubal Tynes looked very near death now. calf peered between the rails in mild won men, whose names were gradually affixed only time might bring its full fruition. in varions localities and in separate instal- | fers to the arms of Dalrymple, Earl of The autumn was waning; cold rains set now?" she asked. "Yander ter them iron works. He lit out straight. I seen him las' weck, when this day the youth of Pine Mountain, when of the first) as he was held in abhorrence His pallid face was framed in long elf- der at this break in the monotony. An to the petition. But they too had ques-"He pears to be gettin' on some," said locks; he thrust his head forward, till his old man sat motionless on the fence, with tions that were hard to answer. "Are you in, and veined the rocky chasms with alien world ez now." suddenly the Indian summer, with its gold- I war travelin' from my cousin Jerry's afflicted with spasms of industry and, as for the massacre of Glencoe. Still anthe girl, although she hardly recognized emaciated throat and neck were dis- as sober and business-like an aspect as if kin of his?" they would ask, impressed en haze and its great red sun, its purple house, whar I went ez soon ez I got out'n unaccustomed, the lust for gold, dig for it other refers it to the arms of Celonel in the puny, pallid apparition among the tinctly visible; his lower jaw dropped in he did it for a salary. The porch was oc- by her hardships and her self-immolation. distances and its languorous joy, its bal- the Pen. The steam-kyars stopped at a in likely spots as unavailingly as the idiot Packer, who was on the scaffold when cupied by an indiscriminate collection of And when she would answer, " No," she samic perfumes and its vagrant day- station ez be nigh them iron works, an' I met once sought it. Evander took the family King Charles was beheaded. One or two muffling quilts the bluff and hale monntain- astonishment. household effects—cooking utensils, gar-ments, broken chairs—and an untidy, dis-not in confidence, but for mere humanity. "God A'mighty !" he ejaculated, "why dreams, slipped down upon the gorgeous crimson woods and filled them with its glamour and its poetry. ver she had known. hey 'Vander tole sech a lie ? Sure! Why, "Fust-rate!" weakly piped out the con-Stable "I cat a haffen pone o' bread fur I seen 'Lijah! 'Vander never teched the heveled woman. An old crone, visible And she shrank sensitively from these supwithin the door, was leisurely preparing the evening meal. Cynthia's heart warmed men, mostly, but one of them stopped dinner!" Then he turned querulously to his wife: "Jane Elmiry, ain't ye agoin' ter git me that thar fraish aig ter whip up Great sensation pervaded Pine Mountain. Kase we didn't nev no time ter taik whitst inde within, for the reducerned vines to represent royalty, and every ninth king twine about the rotting logs, for the porch has been a curse to that people. After at the sight of the familiar place. The his plowing to lend her his horse to the "Listen at the gal argufyin' with me!" tears started to her sympathetic eyes. "I he exclaimed, angrily. "I seen 'Lijah, I tell ye, in the light o' the forge fire. "Twarn't more'n a few coals, but ez 'Lijah Word went the rounds that a certain noto- released, the folks at the iron works tuk therein and make it a dwelling-place. in whisky, like the doctor said?" "How will yer wife like ter put up with the first explanation above given is the rious horse thief, who had served out his him ter work on wages, an'gin him eighty term in the penitentiary, had stopped at dollars a month." the idjit the blacksmith shop on his way home, glad There was an outburst of incredulity. the idjit striker. the idjit ?" asked Pete Blenkins of his old | true one. ^{*} "IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS," by Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): ninth edition: Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; New York, 11 East Seventeenth Street; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1885, 16mo. cloth, \$1.25. For sale by all booksellers, or mailed by the Publishers or sale by all booksellers, or mailed by ing the country-side gossip, that the gov-ernor was canvassing the State for reelecenough of the prospect of being there once more; "an'ez pious in speech ez the rider, mighty nigh," said the dwellers The farmers are putting in very large crops of wheat and oats. More clover is swung his arm it fanned the fire, an' it grown "gyarden-spot." lept up. I seen his face in the glow, an' the sledge in his hand. - 'Lijah war hid ahint the hood. 'Vander war 'tother side being sowed than usual .- Monroe Express, ishers on receipt of the price.

He laughed in a shrill falsetto at his joke, with a laugh. and his wife smiled, but faintly, for she re- | and his mind reverted to his refusal. alized the invalid's pleasant mood was brief. "Ef I hed a-knowed how pop'lar

no names-sends me all the liquor I kin | ain't done it ?"

I be, I'd hev run fur jestice o' the peace goin' ter die." stiddier constable. But nex' time there'll She got hom She got home as best she could, weeping and wringing her hands much of the be a differ; that hain't the las' election this world will ever see, Cynthy." Then as way, feeling baffled and bruised, and his eyes fell upon her once more, he re- aghast at the terrible perplexities that membered his question. "Why n't ye been | crowded about her. hyar ter inquire arter me?"

wunst a week. The sheriff or one o' the | ez ef I war a chicken with the pip-an'

dep'ties hain't been scarce round hyar, nuther. An' some other folkses—I name ter lay a aig, ter whip up in whisky, an'

hollow rock round hyar somewhar. They air. The red rooster, standing by the gate,

The girl was confused by his changed aspect, his eager, restless talk, his fierce he had been still for a while, and seemed Evander Price. about to sink into slumber, he would start girding at his patient wife, and lost what scanty tact she might have otherwise "git shet of studying bout'n 'Vander, an' averred. 'Lijah, an' the sledge," and violently wish- He ev "The folkses ez rid by hyar tole us how

ye be a-gittin' on. An' we-uns 'lowed ing that Cynthia Ware had died before she ez mebbe ye wouldn't want ter see us, bein' | came interrupting him about 'Vander, and ez we war always sech friends with 'Vander, an' "---

The woman stopped her by a hasty ges-ture and a look of terror. They did not escape the invalid's notice. breakfast. "What ails ye, Jane Elmiry ?" he cried, angrily. "Ye act like ye war destracted!" A sudden fit of coughing impeded his utterance, and gave his wife the opportu-nity for a whispered aside. "He ain't rest, exonerating him of all connection spoke 'Vander's name sence he war hurt.

The doctor said he warn't ter talk about his a gittin' hurt, an' the man ez done it. The doctor 'lowed 'twould fever him an' put him out'n his head, an' he must jes' think 'bout'n gittin' well all the time, an'

Jubal Tynes had recovered his voice and his temper. "I hain't got no grudge agin 'Vander," he declared, in his old, bluff way, "nur 'Vander's friends, nuther. It air jes' that dadburned idjit, 'Lijah, ez I despise. Jane Elmiry, ain't that old Topknot ez I hear a-cacklin'? Waal, waal.

claimed.

sir, dadburn that thar lazy, idle poultry! Air she a-stalkin' round the yard yit ? Go, Jane Elmiry, an' see whar she be. Ef she ain't got sense enough ter git on her nest an' lay a aig when desirable, she hain't "I mought skeer her off'n her nest," his

wife remonstrated. But the imperious invalid insisted. rose reluctantly, and as she stepped off the porch she cast an imploring glance at with its irregularly projecting clapboards serrating the sky behind it, described a The gi The girl was trembling. The mere men-tion of the deed to its victim had unnerved her. She felt it was perhaps a safe transition from the subject to talk about 'low ez 'Lijah oughter be locked up, but I dunno," she said. The man fixed a concentrated gaze upon her. "Waal, ain't he ?" 'Lijah ain't locked up," she faltered,

bewildered. His face fell. Unaccountably enough, his pride seemed grievously cut down. Waal, 'Lijah ain't 'sponsible, I know,"

he reasoned ; "but bein' ez he treated me this way, an' me a important off'cer o' the law, 'pears like 'twould a-been more re-law is along the heavy, sandy road, through the spec'ful ef they hed committed him ter jail ez insane, or sent him ter the 'sylum was mortified, hurt. "But shucks!" he ture of justice upon a foundation of fees. a worn and weary woman, who came to the county ez he done me, ef he wants ter.

mountain road.

I ain't a-keerin'.' Cynthia's head was awhirl. She could hardly credit her senses.

"How war it that 'Lijah treated youuns ?" she gasped.

In his turn he stared, amazed.

Then his brow darkened dried fruit, -but it had its value to the mountain lawyer; and when he realized "Ye jes' onderstand," he reiterated, that this was indeed "all," he drew the "ez I won't do nuthin' like ez ef I war petition in consideration thereof, and ap-

asking for it.

drink from a still ez they say grows in a A sudden wild cackling broke upon the here, and she went away at last without Buckeyes were falling, and the ashy "In-

sends me all I kin drink, an' Jane Elmiry, stretched up his long neck to listen, and Her little all was indeed little, -a few In every marshy spot glowed the scarlet car-

Dr. Patton.

up abruptly, declaring that he could not his name ter that thar petition," she

He even offered, when his energy and interest were aroused, to take the paper with him to Sparta when he next attended 'Lijah, and the sledge. Toward morning exhaustion prevailed. He sank into a circuit court. There, he promised he deep, dreamless sleep, from which he woke from the members of the bar and other refreshed and interested in the matter of prominent citizens.

When she was fairly gone he forgot his energy and interest. He kept the paper three months. He did not once offer it That day a report went the excited rounds of the mountain that he had made for a signature. And when she demanda sworn statement before Squire Bates, denying that Evander Price had resisted ared its return, it was mislaid, lost. Oratory is a legal requisite in that re-

gion. He might have taken some fine with the injuries supposed to have been received at his hands, and inculpating only points from her unconscious eloquence, in-spired by love and grief and despair, her the idiot Elijah. This was supplemented by Dr. Patton's affidavit as to his patient's scathing arraigument of his selfish neglect, her upbraidings and alternate appeals. It mental soundness and responsibility. overwhelmed him in some sort, and yet he It roused Cynthia's flagging spirit to an ecstacy of energy. Her strength was as was roused into activity unusual enough

fictitious as the strength of delirium, but to revive the lost document. She went it sufficed. Opposition could not baffle it. Obstacles but multiplied its expedients. She remembered that the trained and as-for nothin'," he said, remembering her tute attorney for the State had declared to Pete Blenkins, after the trial, that the But as he glanced out of the door, and Pete Blenkins, after the trial, that the

prosecution had no case against Evander saw her trudging down the road, all her Price for receiving stolen goods, and must have failed but for the prejudice of the convulsive, awkward haste and a feeble,

jury. It was proved to them by his own jerky gait, he laughed. confession that he had resisted arrest and For poor Cynthia had become in some confession that he had resisted arrest and ain't got sense enough ter git on her nest an' lay a aig when desirable, she hain't got sense enough ter keep out'n a chicken pie." purpose carries about with it a pitiful lit-tle personality that reflects none of its she kin git him." Now, she thought, if the jury that convicted him, the judge that sentenced him, lustre. Cynthia's devotion, her courage, and the Governor of the State were cognizant of this stupendous self-sacrifice to her endurance in righting this wrong,

fraternal affection, could they, would they | were not so readily apparent when, in the valley, she went tramping from one juror's still take seven years of his life from him ? At least, they should know of it—she had resolved on that. She hardly appreciated stained garments, her wild, eager eye, her the difficulty of the task before her. She incoherent, anxious speech, her bare, swolwas densely ignorant. She lived in a prim- len feet, -- for sometimes she was fain to a lofty martin-house, whence the birds the idiot brother. "I hev hearn folks itive community. Such a paper as a peti- carry her coarse shoes in her hands for retion for executive elemency had never been lief in the long journeyings. Her father drawn within its experience. She could had refused to aid "sech a fool yerrand," not have discovered that this proceeding and locked up his mare in the barn. Without a qualm, he had beheld Cynthia was practicable, except for the pride of office and legal lore of Jubal Tynes. He set out resolutely on foot. "She'll be joyed in displaying his learning; but be- back afore the cows kem home," he said, with a laughing nod at his wife. But they came lowing home and clauking their yond the fact that such a paper was possible, and sometimes successful, and that she had better see the lawyer at the Settlement mellow bells in many and many a red sunabout it, he suggested nothing of value. set before they again found Cynthia wait-And so she tramped a matter of ten miles | ing for them on the banks of Lost Creek. The descent to a lower level was a painful dense and lonely woods; and weary, but experience to the little mountaineer. She

was "sifflicated" by the denser atmosphere flushed with joyous hope, she came upon -fur they take some crazies at the State's the surprised lawyer at the Settlement. of the "valley country," and exhausted by piping querulously in a high, piercing key expense." He paused thoughtfully. He This was a man who built the great struc- the heat; but when she could think only exclaimed presently, "let him treat haffen He listened to her, noted the poverty of and joyously kept on her thorny way. her aspect, and recommended her to se- Sometimes, however, the dogs barked at of her disheveled, dusty attire, her awk-

The home of her lover was not an invit-ing abode. When she had turned from the thoroughfare into a vagrant, irrespon-her story and listened incredulously and "Cynthy, 'pears like ye hev los' yer mind! How did 'Lijah treat me? Waal, 'Lijah whacked me on the head with his brother's sledge, an' split my skull, an' the that in a 'group which presently met her interlocutor call out to some one at the

The ex-convict stared about him in surwas decrepit; the house was falling also that the "Butcher Duke" wrote his ous recognition. An old sow, with a lit- great, she had some tears to shed for sor- She had done all that could be done. She added, in a lower voice. "'Pears-like ter the gal?"

too. I don't want but a little, but Jane lifted his voice in jubilant sympathy. chickens, some "spun-truck," a sheep that dinal-flower, and the golden rod had scep-Elmiry air a tremenjious toper, ye know!" Jubal Tynes looked around at Cynthia she had nursed from an orphan lamb, a tered the season. Now and again the foracorns from the chestnut-oaks, and the mountain swine were abroad for the plenteous mast. Overhead she heard the faint, weird cry of wild geese winging southpended the affidavits of Jubal Tynes and ward. The whole aspect of the scene was as he went on :--

dian pipes" silvered the roots of the trees.

changed, save only Pine Mountain. There "She ain't got a red head on her for nothin'," he said to himself in admiration of her astuteness in insisting that, as a hung about with duskier shadows whereis the termine perpetation of her astuteness in insisting that, as a part of his services, he should furnish her estless and fretful, and sometimes, when he had been still for a while, and seemed head been still for a while and the formation of the store thead the shoet head been still for a while and the formation of the store thead the shoet the store thead thead head been still for a while and the fo restless and fretful, and sometimes, when with a list of the jury that convicted it within it was chanting softly, softly. "Fur every man of 'em hev got ter sot altation of the mountains. It lifted her steam-kyars ahint it. When they went a- good conduc' an' sech." heart. And when a sudden fluctuatin gred

glare shot out over the murky shades, and ear from the forge on the mountain's brink, at the t'other, a-smilin' an' tickled nearly and the air was presently vibrating with out'n his senses. An' wunst he said, 'Ef the clinking of the hand-hammer and the this ain't the glory o' God revealed in the ored with the old familiar echoes, she re alized that she had done all she had sought to do; that she had gone forth helpless

but for her own brave spirit; that she had returned helpful, and hopeful, and that here was her home, and she loved it. This enabled her to better endure the

anger and reproaches of her relatives and the curiosity and covert suspicion of the whole country-side. Evander's people regarded the situation

with grave misgivings. "I hope ter the the Pen, an' he tuk ter the work like a pig mercy-seat," quavered old man Price, "ez ter carrots." The ex-convict paused for a pore critter; but I misdoubts "-he shook his head pitcously, as he perched on the fence-" I misdoubts."

"An' the insurance o' that thar gal!" cried Mrs. Price. "She never had no call ter meddle with 'Vander."

Cynthia's mother entertained this view. also, but for a different reason. "Twar no consarn o' Cynthy's, nohow," she said, advising with her daughter Maria. "Cynthy air neither kith nor kin o''Vander, who air safer an' likelier in the pen'tiary 'n ennywhar else, 'kase it leaves her no ch'ice but Jeemes Blake, er. she hed better take whilst he air in the mind fur it an' whilst

Jubal Tynes wished he could have foreseen that she would meet the governor, for secured the pardon.

And it was clearly the opinion of the 'mounting," expressed in the choice coteries assembled at the mill, the blacksmith's shop, the Settlement, and the stillhouse, that a "young gal like Cynthy" had transcended all the bounds of propriety in this "wild junketing after gov nors an' sech throughout all the valley country, whar she warn't known from a gatepost, nor her dad nuther."

There were, however, doubters, who disparaged the whole account of the journey as a fable, and circulated a whisper that the petition had nover been presented.

This increased to open incredulity as time wore on, to ridicule, to taunts, for no word came of the petition for pardon and no word of the prisoner.

The bleak winter wore away; spring budded and bloomed into summer; summer was ripening into autumn, and every vividly reminded of her weary ploddings, valley roads. And the physical anguish she remembered seemed light-seemed

fence, and bounded about her in tumultu-And though her physical sufferings were

thia, who was leaning against the open moved to ask. door. The tears forced their way, and siwho got his pardon fur him ?" lently flowed, junheeded, down her cheeks. "I axed that word when las' I seen him, an' the critter said he actially hed never She fixed her brown eyes upon the man tuk time ter think 'bout'n that. He 'lowed

head. He war ironed hand an' foot."

"But when they struck the railroad, an' he war so tickled ter git away from the the critter seen the iron engine ez runs by pen'tiary right straight ter the iron works pected-far, far less in financial results steam, like I war a-tellin' ye about, he jes' an' the consarn he hed made ter head riv-

Waal, the gyards 'lowed ez 'Vander war a love, in comparison, was but a little thing,

war a-fetchin' him down ter Nashvul. tains that he did not regret, that had once asked, if he were indeed innocent in

He jes' seemed desolated. One minit he'd fairly cry ez ef every sob would take his life; an' the nex' he'd be squarin' off ez prison doors. His love had been an una-

savage, an' tryin' ter hit the gyards in the vowed love, and there was no duty broken. travel the old beaten road to wealth in the

For the first time she wondered if he ever | iron business, and scorned experiments and

turrible feller ter take keer on, when they and he left it in the mountains-the moun-

skeetin' along ez fast an' ez steady ez a tur-r-key-buzzard kin fly, 'Vander would the dull sighing of the bellows reached her jes' look fust at one o' the gyards an' then Jubal Tynes stirred himself right smart." he began to fear that this in itself was a out'n his senses. An' wunst he said, 'Ef home in the gorge, she did not feel that could still lift his eyes to great heights, this ain't the glory o' God revealed in the she had lavished a noble exaltation and a but alas for the wings-alas! would secure some influential signatures clanking of the sledge, and the crags clam- work o' man what is?' The gyards 'low- fine courage in vain; that the subtlest esed he acted so cur'ous they would hev b'-lieved he wara plumb idjit, ef it hedn't pended as the motive power of a result a-been fur what happened arterwards at that was at last flat, and sordid, and most

a-been fur what happened arterwards at the Pen." "Waal, what war it ez happened at the Pen?" demanded Pete Blenkins. His his woes while he was so happy, so blithely busy. She did not regret her self-imred face, suffused with the glow of the smouldering forge-fire, was a little wistful, love had given him; she rejoiced that it as if he grudged his quondam striker these

was so sufficient, so nobly ample. She unique sensations. "They put him right inter the forge at grudged only the wasted feeling, and she the Pen, an' he tuk ter the work like a pig | was humbled when she thought of it. The sun had gone down, but the light Cynthy Ware hain' gone an' actilly sot the moment, and cast his eye disparagingly yet lingered. The evening star trembled gov'nor o' Tennessee more'n ever agin that about the primitive smithy. "They do a above Pine Mountain. Massive and dark- Suke's third calf was traded to M'ria Bapower o' work thar, Pete, ez you-uns never | ling it stood against the red west. How far, ah, how far, stretched that mellow

drempt of." "Shucks!" rejoined Pete incredulously, yet a trifle ill at ease.

"'Vander war a good blacksmith fur the mountings, but they sot him ter l'arnon either hand! Even the eastern ranges were rich with this legacy of the dead and in' thar. They 'lowed, though, ez he war gone day, and purple and splendid they pearter'n the peartest. He got ter be pow- lay beneath the rising moon. She looked at it with full and shining eyes. erful pop'lar with the all gyards an' authori-"I dunno how he kin make out ter furties, an' sech. He war plumb welded ter git the mountings," she said; and then she his work-he sets more store by metal than by grace. He 'lowed ter me ez he would n't hev missed bein' thar fur nuthin'! 'Vander air a powerful cur'ous critter: he valley. 'lowed ter me ez one year in the forge at

Poor Cynthia! Her eyes, large, luminsay and this he was confident would have listening saint, were fixed upon the speak- fied, she shrank from it, as if with the er's evil uncouth face. Evander had not word she had conjured up the fact. And

then been so unhappy! "But when they hired out the convict "But when they hired out the convict should have been given the "go-by," as labor ter some iron works' folks, 'Vander she phrased it. All the mountain-nay, war glad ter go, 'kase he'd git ter l'arn all the valley-would know of it. "Law, Cynthy," she exclaimed, aghast, when the more vit 'bout workin' in iron an' sech. girl had rehearsed the news, " what be ve An' he war powerful outed when he hed a-goin' ter do ?" ter kem back, arter ten months, from them "I'm a-goin' ter weavin'," said Cynthia. works. He hed tuck his stand in metal She already had the shuttle in her hand. thar, too. An' he fixed some sort'n contrivance ter head rivets quicker'n cheaper'n it It was a useful expression for a broken heart, as she was expert at the loom. air ginerally done an' he war afeard ter try ter git it 'patented,' ez he calls it, 'kase he She became so very skillful, with pracb'lieved the Pen could claim it ez convict tice, that it was generally understood to be mere pastime when she would go to labor-though some said not. Leastwise, help a neighbor through the weaving of the cloth for the children's clothes. She he determinated ter hold on ter his idee till his term war out. But he war powerful interrupted in his mind fur fear somewent about much on this mission; for, although there were children at home, the body else would think up the idee, too, an' patent it fust. He war powerful work was less than the industry, and she

seemed "ter hev a craze fur stirrin' about, irked by the Pen arter he kem back from the iron works. He 'lowed ter me ez he an' war a toler'ble oneasy critter." She war fairly crazed ter git back ter 'em. He was said to have "broken some sence day, as the corn yellowed and thickly 'lowed ez he hed ruther see that thar big 'Vander gin her the go-by, like he done,' cure the coöperation of the convict's im- her, and the children hooted after her, and swathed ears hung far from the stalk, and shed an' the red hot puddler's balls a- and was spoken of at the age of twenty the drone of the locust was loud in the trundlin' about, an' all the wheels a- one as a "settled single woman;" for early again, along the dank and darkening upon her, and made her humbly conscious grass, and the deep, slumberous glow of whurlin' an' the big shears a bitin' the marriages are the rule in the mountains. the sunshine suffused every open spot, metal ez nip, an' the tremenjious hammer When first her father and then her mother Cynthia, with the return of the season, was a poundin' away, an' all the dark night died, she cared for all the household, and around split with lines o' fire, than to see the world went on much the same. The with bleeding feet and aching head, be- the hills o' heaven! It 'pears to me mo' like monotony of her tragedy made it unobtrutween such fields along the lengthening hell! But jes' when 'Vander war honing sive. Perhaps no one on Pine Mountain remembered aright how it had all come arter them works ez ef it would kill him about, when, after an absence of ten years, ter bide away from thar, his pardon kem. He fairly lept an' shouted fur joy!" Evander Price suddenly reappeared among " His pardon !" cried Cynthia.

folks say some o' my brains oozed out. I eyes, the animals were the more emotion-hev got more of 'em now, though, than ye al, alert, and intelligent element. The clothes in off'n the line, an' take 'em in racked her now. Sometimes she felt imothers is the suggestion that "curse" is a Old man Price had, in the course of na-"Air 'Vander pardoned fur true?" exture, ceased to sit upon the fence-he could corruption of cross, and the spots are thus ting ez kems ter inquire arter him," she hev. Ye look plumb bereft. What ails hounds came huddling over the rickety quick!" claimed a chorus of mountaineers. common sense checked the useless impulse. harily be said to have lived. The fence arranged; but so are the nine of hearts;

There was no murmur of sympathy. All knew that she cared for him-if he never new ideas and inventions, that took money listened with stolid curiosity, except Cyn- remembered. And then she was suddenly out without the certainty of putting it in. 'Did he 'low ter you-uns And she had been taught. adept in specious argument. He could not answer her; he could only keep doggedly on his own way; but obstinacy is a poor substitute for ardor. Though he had done much, he had done less than he had exthan she had expected. His ambitions "'Twar Cynthy hyar ez done some of harassed by a larking doubt of his powers; it," explained Pete Blenkins, "though he vaguely sought to measure them; and As Cynthia walked slowly back to her sign of the approach to their limits. He

on record bore heavily upon her, and there

was a breach when, in petulance, she had

He had changed greatly : he had become nervous, anxious, concentrated, yet not less affectionate. He said much about his wife to his old friends, and never a word material She did not murmur at the cru- but loyal praise. "Em'ly air school-l'arnelty of fate that she should be grieving for | ed fur true, an' kin talk ekal ter the rider." The idiot 'Lijah was welcome at his side, and the ancient vellow cur, that used molation. She did not grudge all that to trot nimbly after him in the old days, rejoiced to limp feebly at his heels. He came over, one morning, and sat on the rickety little porch with Cynthia, and talked of her father and mother; but he had forgotten the mare, whose death she also mentioned, and the fact . that old ker. His recollections were all vague although at some reminiscence of hers he crimson glow, all adown Lost Creek Val- | laughed jovially, and 'lowed that " in them ley, and over the vast mountain solitudes | days, Cynthy, ye an' me hed a right smart notion of keeping company tergether." He did not notice how pale she was, and that there was often a slight spasmodic contraction of her features. She was busy with her spinning-wheel, as she placidly replied, "Yes-though I always 'lowed ez I counted on livin' single."

It was only a fragmentary attention that went on, hearing the crisp leaves rustling he accorded to her. He was full of his beneath her tread, and the sharp bark of a plans and anxious about rains, lest a rise fox in the silence of the night-shadowed in Caney Fork should detain him in the

mountains; and he often turned and sur-Mrs. Ware had predicted bitter things veyed the vast landscape with a hard, calof Cynthia's future, more, perhaps, in anger than with discreet foresight. Now, lous glance of worldly utility. He saw only weather signs. The language of the mountains had become a dead language. Oh, how should he read the poem that the opalescent mist traced in an illuminated her pride was touched in that her daughter text along the dark, gigantic growths of Pine Mountain !

At length he was gone, and forever, and Cynthia's heart adjusted itself anew. Sometimes, to be sure, it seems to her that the years of her life are like the floating leaves drifting down Lost Creek valueless and purposeless, and vaguely vanishing in the mountains. Then she remembers that the sequestered subterranean current is charged with its own inscrutable. imperative mission, and she ceases to question and regret, and bravely does the work nearest her hand, and has glimpses of its influence in the widening lives of others, and finds in these a placid content.

THE NINE OF DIAMONDS.

Why it is "the Curse of Scotland."

[New York Journal of Commerce.] The name is more than 200 years old. and there has been much dispute as to its origin. Some assert that it came from the game of cards called "Pope Joan" in which the nine of diamonds is called "The Pope," and this to the Scotch reference was significant of Antichrist. Others trace it to the game of "Comette," introduced by Queen Mary, in which the nine of dia-monds is the winning card, and the game was the curse of Scotland because it was the ruin of so many families. Among

the Pen war wuth a hundred years in the mountings ter him." be could have told her exactly what to ous, and sweet, with the holy rapture of a when her prophecy was in some sort veri-