

If any thing has been forgotten, you have but to speak and it shall be given you. Do not judge me harshly, it is my love for you that has done all this.

Your affectionate

Phillipe.

When Alice had read this she said to Estelle: "We are in the power of Phillipe the bandit, who is as we know, Charles Ulrich; he assures me that his conduct shall be extremely gentlemanly, and that escape is impossible.

I think the best thing we can do is to submit patiently. But why are we here, what harm could we have done to Charles, that he should make captives of us?"

"That shall be explained afterwards.

As we have no clothes of our own we can but accept those which he has prepared for us, and going up to the wardrobe, she opened it and beheld the most beautiful dresses, the mind could imagine.

The other wardrobe was filled with ladies' underwear.

"There is no other choice left us Estelle, so let's make the best of it," and taking out two of the most beautiful dresses, they with the assistance of the maids, dressed themselves with more than ordinary care. The dressing-case was abundantly supplied with articles necessary to a lady's complete toilet, among which were beautifiers, powders and most delicious perfumeries.

When they had finished dressing they entered the diamond chamber.

During the day as well as night, it was necessary to have a light in this home under the mountain, and the light from the chandelier lit up the beautiful place which was a most magnificent sight.

The girls paused with an exclamation of delight, as they beheld the beautiful room.

They had not been long in the room, before a knock was heard at the door.

Alice was startled by first, in her excitement soon passed away.

Assuming a quiet look, and seating herself near the table, she said: "Come in."

A man nicely dressed, entered, coming up to Alice bowed, and handed her a card on which the names of Phillipe and Pedro were written.

"Say to the gentlemen that we will see them," said Alice, as she handed the card to Estelle.

Phillipe and Pedro neatly dressed, entered, followed by two men, who bore a table, on which breakfast for four was served.

"Good morning ladies! we hope you are well, let's have breakfast," and drawing up chairs they invited the ladies to be seated.

"Miss Alice, will you not take the head of the table, and make the coffee?"

"With pleasure," answered Alice.

Very little conversation took place during the meal; when it was over, and the gentlemen were about to retire, Phillipe asked if Alice would see him at eleven o'clock.

She gave him permission to call, and he left the apartment.

"So far as to our treatment, I can not complain. What next, I wonder, I rather like the idea of being stolen by a bandit."

At the appointed hour Phillipe entered the Diamond Chamber where Alice was seated alone.

She arose as he bowed before her.

"Alice," said he "my happiness is now complete; you assured me in your sleep, that your love for me remains unchanged."

"The punishment which was put upon me by my father was the most unjust act which man could commit; but it was the wish of the whole country, and they got their wishes.

I swore to be revenged, and that I should merit such punishment. Now I defy even the law to punish me.

I have left no stone unturned, I have paid each one who sanctioned my sentence.

The last victims were the men who passed the sentence, and he who was the advocate of that sentence, though the true cause of your

presence here is because I love you deeply, truly and honestly."

"How can you expect me even to respect you, while you lead the life which you now lead."

"I shall give it up as soon as two things are granted me."

"And they are what?"

"Your love, and my pardon."

"Why is Miss Bennett served in like manner as myself?"

"She is not my captive, but that of old Hobble, who was greatly wronged by her father."

"Old Hobble, of whom are you speaking?"

"Of an old man whom I shall send in soon."

This interview had been too much for Alice, she had been playing a part, and thoughts of home crossed her mind and she burst into tears.

"Oh! Charles! Charles! though you were a demon, I could but love you, but you must send me back to those two old people who have been more than parents to me."

"That can not be Alice," said Charles as he passed his arm about her waist, and her head rested on his shoulder; but you shall write to them, that they may know you are safe, and that no harm shall come to you."

The conversation soon ended, and Alice was left alone.

Later in the day Estelle had an interview with the Bandit, during which she was told the story which the old man had related to him, and that it was from revenge that she was their captive; but promising that she should be treated with extreme courtesy, and that she had permission to write to her father.

To describe the excitement which prevailed in the town when the letter and card, which had been left in the rooms of the house from which the young ladies had been kidnapped, was found, would be utterly impossible.

The place was thronged with people who had come to escort the Governor to the Capital, a man was ordered to ride distant from the crowd, and the night was soon spent, the crowd became wild. All thought of the inauguration was thrown aside, and hundreds of men volunteered to go in search of the kidnapers, and for two months the search was kept up without flagging.

At last a letter was received from Estelle, and it was given to the public for perusal.

She described her situation, and told her father that it was impossible to rescue her, and begged that the outlaws might be pardoned unconditionally. "I believe," she wrote, "that if this is granted them, that they would become quiet citizens; but she thought they would more probably leave the state."

"There is provision for twelve months," the letter continued, though this matters very little, as the men leave the cave daily, and return laden with plunder of game. Though an army of many thousands were to find, and attempt to enter, it would be impossible."

Alice also wrote home, but her letter was very similar to Estelle's.

The inauguration had taken place, but it was a very quiet affair. The Governor was overwhelmed with grief, and it was feared that he would become insane.

He felt that he could not pardon the Bandits, because their depredations had been practised upon the whole community; but when it was found useless to continue the search, a petition was gotten up, and signed by nearly every person in the state, for the pardon of the outlaws.

When Governor Bennett received the petition, the temptation was very great, and his heart was very full of gratitude towards his people, and the pardon was granted and published.

During the two months since the captivity of the two girls, Pedro and Estelle had been thrown together constantly. At first, they saw each other at the table only. Phillipe and Pedro always dined with the young ladies, and in a few days all form was laid aside.

The men behaved very gentlemanly in the

presence of the ladies, never coming into their presence without their permission. At night Pedro would fetch his guitar into the diamond chamber, where the ladies always sat after tea, and would sing to them. His rich voice soon found its way to the heart of Estelle, and she soon felt that she was wholly in love with the handsome fellow.

Pedro loved the girl with a deep, earnest, burning passion, and when he one day while alone with her, told her of his love, her head sank upon his bosom, which was her answer for "Estelle, do you love me?"

With Phillipe and Alice it was the same; the old love, which had been smothered so long, now broke forth, and burned too brightly to ever be smothered.

While seated as usual one evening, Phillipe drew from his pocket a paper, and calling the attention of Pedro, Alice and Estelle, read the pardon which had been granted to him.

The girls screamed with delight and wept tears of joy.

"Oh! Charles, (Alice always called him Charles) when may we go home, tomorrow?"

"I think not," said Phillipe.

"Why not?" dear Charles, you have nothing to fear now."

"Nor have I ever had a fear, not even of the law; I am very comfortably situated here, and I will not leave unless two things are granted." The girls did not ask what he wished, for they felt what it was.

"Alice you are my promised wife, Estelle you are the same to Pedro. By your own free will, are you not?"

"I am," answered both the girls.

"Then each of you write to your parents and tell them this. That when their consent is given to our marriages, that then we will accept the pardon which is offered us, then, and not till then."

"To be sure, we will accept it, and we will leave you."

Long after the men had quitted the room did the girls sit in conversation. "Estelle," said Alice, when Charles has said he intends to do; no power on earth could change his resolution."

"To night I shall write to those who have been more than parents to me, asking their consent to my marriage with their only son."

"And if it is not granted will you marry him in spite of them?" "You do not know the man, Estelle; if permission is not given to our marriage, Charles Ulrich would never marry me. He has brought me here that he might be with me, but on no condition would he marry me without the consent of my parents, and I shall remain with him till it is given." "His conduct has been that of a gentleman, and I do not care for the censure of the world."

"Willingly, my parents will never consent to my marriage with Pedro.—First, because they do not know him, and therefore cannot appreciate him; secondly because he is an outlaw; but I will be true to him till death, and like you, this shall be my home till my request is granted."

[To be Continued.]

JOSH BILLINGS' FREE TICKETS.—Honesty is like 7 per cent interest; it will beat all kind of speckerlashus in the long run.

If a mule kicks me the second time I alass blame myself, and give the mule credit for it.

It iz az hard work for a man to keep quiet who haz suddenly got weth or fame, az it iz for a bladder to keep still after it iz blown up.

Pashunce iz ov more consequens to skool masters than intelleckt. No man iz fit for a skoolmaster who kant look upon muskeetoze az a blessing.

Urly impreshuns are never lost, and while the katekism iz the hardest thing to turn, it iz also the hardest to forgit.