and heard the following words uttered, in a low, deep voice, by her boarder:

"This, this is the wage of sin. Nay! hear me through; I swear thy hour has come. O Andrea—"

"Andrew! Good gracious alive, I wonder what Andrew is doing in the stranger's room at this time o'night," soliloquized the landlady to herself. But the guest continued:

"Yes, Andrea, thou hast robbed me of my soul's fond, cherished hope; the star of my life, that thou in thy ruthless ingratitude hast plucked from its sphere, can never be replaced. Thou hast torn from me the light of my happiness, the day-spring of my hope, the only joy I lived for; what now is left for me? Alas! naught. Death may hide me from the world, but it cannot quench the ardor of my undying soul! Oh! I am wrecked, quite wrecked in all my hopes, and who has done this thing? Who, villain, has robbed me of my peace, my life? Dost thou not tremble? But I see thou dost, and I will have compassion on thy sufferings. See you this knife, Andrea? 'Tis whetted with revenge!"

"Dear me, what—what is he going to do?" gasped the landlady, scarce above her breath, for she could not as yet realize but that she was in a terrible dream.

"One moment for thy prayers have I allowed thee, and now for my revenge! Thus! thus! and thus! Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Stiff and stark across the threshold fell our worthy hostess, under the full belief that her eldest son Andrew had been called to his last account; while at the same instant from the opposite room stalked forth a gaunt, grim figure, with glaring eyes, and a face as colorless as Parian marble, holding in one hand a huge, unsightly knife, whilst the other grasped the small remains of a lighted candle.

On, on, with firm, undaunted step he pressed, and at last, throwing wide open the door of the bar-room, in which were seated some half-dozen sturdy villagers, discussing the prominent topics of the day. He stalked among them to their utter consternation and horror, and placing himself in such a position that no one could leave the room without coming in direct contact with him, he thus commenced:

"Why sit ye here, when duty calls you hence? Oh! you too passive creatures to his will, who sways an iron rule. But fear no more; henceforth be men in might, as you are men in semblance. Arise! shake off the accursed yoke of tyranny, and fear not, for Andrea is no more. This night he hath perished by my hands; this knife hath drunk his blood."

"Poor Andrew! O my God, he has killed my son!" in tones of anguish cried the landlady from the hall above, loud enough to be heard but too plainly in the bar-room; and the worthy citizens were petrified with horror, scarce daring to draw a breath.

"What! do you pause?" again and in wilder tones called forth the frantic guest. "Have I dared, braved so much, only to be entirely deserted in my hour of need? But by my soul's life, I fear you not! I did the deed—"

"Oh, the wretch! He owns it!" gasped one of the horror-stricken auditors. But a pair of flashing eyes at that moment met his own, and he cowered back as far as the stove would permit.

"Let's seize him, or he may escape," said another, becoming bold at his long silence.

"Come on, Macduff!" shouted our hero, brandishing the huge knife above his head, and advancing just one step, in the real theatrical style. "And d——d be he——"

"Good heavens!" cried the butcher, turning, if possible, a shade paler, "he knows my name. Oh, if I only had an axe——" and he lifted his brawny arm involuntarily.

Down upon the floor fell the knife from our hero's hand, and seizing him by the throat, he exclaimed:

"Coward! I would not use the plaything, for it would rob me of half the sweets of my revenge. No! with these hands will I tear thee limb from limb; drag thy base heart to the light of day, and gloat to see it quiver!"

What more he would have said I cannot say, for at that moment a big, round, red face was thrust through the open door behind him, and