

**The Two Rivals.**

OR OUT IN A SNOW-STORM.

BY ALICE MUDD

The cold, bleak winds of November wail whistling through the tree-tops. The sky was dark and murky and a misty rain was falling upon the frozen earth. With this a transformation took place, and the falling mist was changed to fleecy flakes of snow, that fell with great velocity.

Our story opens in the Northern lands; 'tis in the state of Switzerland where sleighing is the usual pastime, and furs and buffalo rugs are used for winter wrappings.

On the side of a craggy hill there is a Gothic built cottage, as white as the street of snow that surrounds it. From each window streams a mellow light, shed from cheerful fires burning within. There are but two occupants in this cottage, one a woman of thirty-five, and notwithstanding the sorrow depicted on her countenance, one can judge from fine outlines, and from lingering traces of youth, that she had once been a handsome woman. She is dressed in widow's weeds, black bombazine frock, crape collar, and a jet brooch.

This personage of pleasing appearance was the well known Widow Leslie. The other, her daughter Katie, who had just arrived at the longed-for age, sweet sixteen. Katie Leslie was a flashing brunette, brown eyes, large and of almond shape, complexion a rich olive, and lips of carnation hue, which parted now and then revealing teeth of alabaster whiteness.

Her hair was of luxuriant growth and blended between a chestnut shade and Vandyrke brown. If long hair be the glory of a woman, as is said in tradition by St. Paul, surely Katie Leslie's was a shining glory. Upon the whole she was a Switzerland beauty; the flickering rays of the fire illumined her form, and bright jewels glittered upon her neck and arms.

"'Tis very cold to-night, dear mamma," said Katie, drawing a rose-colored robe about her form.

"Yes, 'tis cold, Katie; and with the solemn dirge that to-night's wind seems to whisper, there looms before my vision strange recollections of the past."

"Explain, mamma; what is it the bleak November winds remind you of?"

"It was on such a night as this, Katie, that your father and I were married. And those were the happiest hours of my checkered life. O never will I forget it, darling; I was young and fair like yourself, and was seated in this same room waiting for my lover to come and claim me as his bride. Comparing my life and happiness to the zones, Katie, my past was temperate, my present then torrid. Oh! but the future was frigid. Never did my poor guileless heart dream of my trouble before me; and with Tom Moore, I almost learnt to say, 'Here is a heart for every fate.' And when the darkest shades of trouble began to be dealt out to me, my heart did not seem in fortitude, as if destined for what fate had in store for it. My joys were fleeting, darling, and in the place of sunshine came sable clouds of sorrow."

"What were your troubles, mamma?"

"They were numerous, Katie, but one there was that out-balanced all, and came near rending my heart-strings asunder.

"For one year after our marriage I considered myself the happiest mortal in existence. Your father loved me with devotion, and I returned his love and made him my very idol. We should not love an earthly creature greater than the One above, Katie; in this we are commanded, and I am afraid that in my girlish devotion I broke the beautiful commandment; and that great trouble referred to was just retribution sent down upon me," said Mrs. Leslie, wiping the tears from her eyes, while regarding her daughter's beauty and admiration, and contrasting her bright face and happy heart with her own.

"You have not told me your greatest trouble; proceed," drawing her chair close to her mother.

"One year precisely, Katie, from the night that I was married, there was another snowstorm, and just such a blustering night as this. On that night a great event took place, it was on that night, Katie, that you were born."

"Sure enough, this my birthday, but go on, mamma, and don't cry so."

"Yes, you were born that night, Katie, and your father and I looked into your great brown eyes, and smiled with gratification, for we always wanted a brown-eyed little girl."

"We will be proud of her when she is a grown young lady, dear," he said, laying the little velvet babe upon my arm. The winds were howling without, and the snow was falling fast. A few hours later I was taken violently worse; your father, leaving me in charge of a faithful nurse, went for the family physician who lived many miles distant. Upon the chronicle of time was recorded that stormy night a sad event. The greatest event held upon the annals of my memory is the mystery of your father's sudden disappearance. Night waned, the morning sun rose in the east, and illuminated the scolloped hill-tops, and your father had not returned; and to this day, Katie, his disappearance been a mystery to all. The snow was very deep, as it usually is in this country. At first your father was supposed to be lost in the snow-storm, and, becoming cold and exhausted, might be buried under some enormous snow-drift. Search was in vain, when the

show had melted from the earth, and his body could nowhere be found. Then the natural supposition that he had drifted with the snow-barges into the river. So, thus Katie, was I made a mother and a widow on the same eventful night. God gave me a child and took from me a husband."

"Oh! that was hard, mamma!"

"It was hard, my child, but God, in his might, struck the hard blow, and it behooves his children to bow in submission to his will. And you, Katie, are about to take the same step that your mother took seventeen years ago. Do not dwell too lightly on the greatest era of your life; remember that life is two-fold, and its constituents are joy and sorrow. Do not think that you will not have a sufficient share of the latter. If the two constituents should come to you in equal proportions, then you may consider yourself one among the favored ones."

Just then the tinkling sound of sleigh-bells were heard without, and Katie Leslie hastened to the door to meet her lover.

Lem Rachaump was a man of fine and prepossessing appearance, tall and well-built, black hair and eyes, and their heavy lashes were not blacker than the moustache that flourished a curl at each corner of his fine chiseled mouth.

"I am come at last, Katie," said Lem shaking the snow from his turban.

"You will find a welcome awaiting you."

"Thank you, Katie, dear; but what's this? You have been crying."

"Yes, mamma has been relating to me the saddest part of her life, and it has cast a gloom over the merry part of my nature."

"I, too, have heard a history, Katie, that has cast a gloom over my heart."

"Indeed! explain, dear Lem."

"I cannot just now; but this much I can say, my father cannot live until morning. To me he has revealed a great secret of his past life, and our wedding must be postponed. I cannot tarry long with you, darling; be ready for the approaching nuptials."

"And your father must die?"

"Without a doubt!"

Lem Rachaump remained awhile with Katie, then bounded into the sleigh, hastening to his father's bedside who was suffering with extreme agony. The dying man was not Lem's own father, but his step-father. However, he had honored and respected him as much as if he had been. Lem's step-father was a man of immense wealth, and his name was Col. Renton.

**CHAPTER II.**

As soon as Lem was gone, Katie again joined her mother.

"Mamma, Lem's in trouble."

"Every one has their troubles, Katie. How is Lem's father?"

"In a dying condition!"

"Lem's father and yours were rivals, at one time, Katie."

"Is that so?"

"Most assuredly. Col. Renton became very angry at our marriage, and swore vengeance against your father; and I suppose, if he had lived, there might have been trouble between them some day," said Mrs. Leslie, with a sigh; and she and Katie began fixing to retire.

The wind blew without, and the snow fell thick and fast. Mrs. Leslie had disturbed dreams of a clouded past, while Katie indulged in sweet dreams of future bliss.

Time passed, and the cottage on the hillside was brightly illuminated, voices of mirth and hearts filled with rapture formed the merry throng within; low rippling music floated out upon the night breeze.

"There's a wondrous charm in music," Stealing fast—

O'er our hearts awakening memories Of the past.

There are notes of heavenly sweet, that prompt the soul to look upwards, and cause the weary heart to rejoice. This night of gay festivity was Kate Leslie's wedding night. The reason was unknown, but Mrs. Leslie appeared happier on this occasion than she had for many years. She seemed to comprehend the approaching bliss that Katie held in sweet reality.

Katie was robed in a thin, white fabric, her rich Creole beauty was paramount, and queenly grace and stately beauty attractive in the extreme.

Lem Rachaump was what might be called a handsome man; and without exaggeration, as the bride and groom walked out upon the floor, they were regarded with great attention.

One there was, among the guests, who stood erect in a far corner of the room. His arms were firmly folded across his broad chest; his hair and beard as white as the driven snow, and his vision pale and cadaverous. The steel-like glitter of this strange man's eye first glanced at Katie, and then at her mother, whose face was unusually bright with smiles.

"May your lives be one constant gleam of sunshine," was the minister's pronounced blessing upon the happy pair immediately after the ceremony. In the meantime, Mrs. Leslie, fearing that Katie might become faint, had left the room to procure the camphor. On returning, great was her astonishment on beholding Katie stooping over the prostrate form of Lem, who had swooned on the floor and the strange man was raising him from the floor while saying—

"Arise, Lemuel, and salute thy bride."

Lem, as pale as marble, imprinted a kiss on Katie's brow; then turning to Mrs. Leslie, said:—

"My mother, my wife—let me

gladden your hearts by bringing into your presence one who has long since been considered dead."

"O God! can this be true?"

And the fainting form of Mrs. Leslie was supported by the protective arms of her husband.

"Father, father! Oh! it is you that stands before me? If you are my long lost father, I implore you to speak," was Katie's convulsive sob.

"Be calm, my daughter."

Katie's arms were around her father's neck, and in his weak state would have pulled him to the floor in her moments of excitement, had Lem not borne her from the room while screaming frantically. There was an exciting wedding; great consternation was depicted upon the face of each guest.

"Is this a dream?" said Mrs. Leslie when she opened her eyes and saw her husband bending over her.

"I am the husband of thy youth, and have a long story to tell thee, but cannot relate it until you become calm."

"I am calm; I am satisfied it is you, Richard, but oh, how sadly changed. Your silvered hair, your furrowed brow, and the steady glitter in your eye. But ah! darling, there is the same musical, loving tone in your voice that has lingered in my memory ever since that fatal night. Oh! that fatal night," and again did she faint away.

Days passed, and this unexpected news had been too great a shock for Mrs. Leslie's nerves. She raved in wild delirium, caused by a violent fever that followed the shock.

"Are you better to-day, dear wife?" asked Richard Leslie one morning, as his wife opened her eyes and cast their languid expression upon the lone watcher by her bed side.

"Some better, thank you," she responded with a sigh of relief.

"I will call Lem and Katie."

"Stay—wait! I am dreaming, or was it you, Richard, that nursed me in my illness?"

"It was I who cared for you; but you are very weak and must not talk more," while smoothing the folds of the snow-white counterpane.

"But, Richard, tell me where have you been these many long years? Did you desert me with a false heart during my illness?"

"God forbid such!"

"Where, then, have you been?"

"Be calm, and I will explain."

Mr. Leslie replenished the fire with fuel, gave the invalid a spoonful of pounded ice, then heaving a deep sigh, proceeded with the story, which was as follows:

"You remember, darling, old Col. Renton and I were bitter rivals?"

"I do," responded the attentive wife.

"And that stormy night when our little Kate was born?"

"Oh, yes, 'twas then my troubles began!"

As I was returning at the hour of midnight, I heard tramping of horse's feet in the snow; and being aware of my dangerous situation, I rode along unconcerned, and utterly unconscious of the blackened scheme of immortality and vice that surrounded me. But soon I was aware that I was at the mercy of a band of rousers, who held me as their captive. Great horrors then and there did I recognize the captain of that band, and who do you think it was?"

"I can't imagine!"

"My rival!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and he bessed these words between his teeth—'This is my hour of vengeance; you shall die a slow death, and by the instrumentality of my hands, too.'"

"My entreaties were in vain. I told him of my wife's and child's illness, who needed my immediate attention. And he curled his lip with scorn and laughed with bold derision."

"Horror! the villain, the brute!" said Mrs. Leslie, placing one hand over her eyes as if to shut out momentary pain.

"Col. Renton owns a lofty tower, the loftiest in the State."

"Yes, I remember it."

"After being sufficiently drugged I was borne to this in an insensible state of mind. When I became conscious my captor was near me, enjoying with a revenged heart his wicked triumph; my first enquiry was my wife and child."

"And his answer?"

"First a scornful laugh, then a taunt by asking me if I knew where I was. I told him that I thought I was in his tower; but he endeavored to assure me that I was in New Mexico. 'We have brought you here in safety,' said he. 'You will live and die in this prison; you are in my power and need show no resistance, for the guards around these walls are great. Your wife and child are better. I received a telegram from Switzerland to-day.'"

"These were the taunting words of my rival. And thus have I lived, dear wife, for seventeen years in perfect torture. My prison was the dormer-chamber of Col. Renton's tower. This, I afterwards found out. The only rays that penetrated it was through an oval skylight. The first time that it was opened, heavens! I found my hair to be as white as the driven snow, and my hands and face wrinkled as if with age."

"My captor endeavored to make me believe that I had been insane for the space of five years. The assertion I could not doubt, knowing that I had been insensible, but how long I could not tell. And furthermore, I afterwards learned that while insensible, there had been applied to my hair a liquid to change its color, and the untimely wrinkles were not natural, but were ingeniously made

by the careful application of a caustic-like substance. In this prison I had books to read, and refreshments in plenty. This kindness was unexpected of my captor. 'Tis said that every man has his ill humors, his fits of peevishness and exacerbation. Is it better that he should spend these upon his fellow man, or suffer them to subside of themselves? In this instance it was spent upon a fellow being."

"In my deep affliction my senses refused to fill their office. I could neither eat nor sleep. On one occasion, when my captor came in my presence, I became desperate, and made a spring toward him, trying the while to overpower him and make good my escape if possible. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the guard was upon me, and that night I was prostrated upon my back, fettered in cords. Part of the night was spent counting the stars through the skylight, and imploring the mercies of *One* who reigned beyond those stars."

"Time dragged heavily along. I was tortured many ways, while in my prison, by that wicked man, Renton. I knew when the broad orb of day lit up the verdant earth, and when the sable curtain of night overshadowed it. I had no calendar from which to reckon the days, weeks, and months, nay, years that elapsed into eternity while in my prison walls."

"How did you obtain your release, dear Richard?" queried Mrs. Leslie, interrupting her husband's long narration.

"I will relate. Some time ago I heard voices conversing in the distance. The hour was twilight. My attention was directed to the words of a man, apparently young from the tone of his voice. He called the name of *Kate Leslie*. My whole frame trembled like an aspen. It reminded me of the long ago. You had told me that you would name our little babe *Kate*. That night I could not sleep; and when my captor made his usual round I told what I had heard, and begged to see *Katie Leslie*. His answer was a cold retort.

"Why do you wish to see people that do not concern you? No! you will see no one but me and these your guards."

"Thus did he respond to my request. Afterward the sound of the young man's voice I recognized to be Lem's. I never knew of my rival's marriage, nor of anything that transpired in the outer world. You may imagine my surprise and joy when the guards admitted a stranger, a few days past. It was Lem Rachaump, who stated that his father was dead, and had revealed to him the secret of my confinement in the tower, while dying. And, furthermore, stating that his father ordered my release. Lem was kind, and told me where I was, and that my wife and child were both living, and were precisely in the same house where I had left them. Language cannot describe, nor pen portray my feelings at the knowledge of this unexpected news. Lem told me of his utter ignorance of my existence, and of his and Katie's approaching union, adding with agitation,—

"But of course our happiness is now blasted."

"Why so?" said I.

"You would not suffer your daughter to wed the son of that black-hearted man?"

"Cheer up, young man," said I. "If the mother wills it, Katie shall be your wife. The child is not responsible for the parent's deeds; and, again, not one drop of that man's blood courses its way through your veins."

"No! thank God; he was only my step-father. And my mother has been spared this trouble and disgrace by going before him."

"This was the conversation that passed between Lem and I. And on the night of the wedding, as soon as his eyes met mine, a sick tremor overpowered him. I would not make myself known until after the ceremony, for I knew that a commotion would follow."

"O! father, is mamma better? We are all so happy now," said Katie, entering the room and throwing her arms around her father's neck. Lem came in and took a seat near the sick couch. He had been telling Katie all about her father's confinement in the tower, and the lasting disgrace and trouble that lurked around his heart."

"Never mind, dear Lem, I love him all the better for liberating my poor father; you could have continued to hold him in bondage, and saved the public disgrace of which you speak, had you been mean enough," said Katie, imprinting a kiss upon her noble husband's pale forehead.

Now, reader, we will bring our story to a close. Mrs. Leslie recovered and the first year of her wedded happiness could, in no wise, excel the blissful present, although in the noon of youth, these two tried hearts loved with the fervor of youth. Katie and Lem lived at the cottage with the old people, and after the sable clouds of sorrow had been dispersed, all went merry as a marriage bell."

A young married gentleman of Boston, who has no children, gave the other evening, a birthday party, for an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen of a very merry order. Tom was adorned with ribbons and furbelows, and his portion of the feast consisted of a game supper and plenty of catnip. The rest of the assemblage sat down to a collation of which the centre piece was a cake covered with silver casts. Each guest had also a baked cat—made of gingerbread. Tom excused himself early in the evening, as he had an engagement with other felines, and just before the party broke up, he came round with a set of jolly fellows and serenaded the company.

**The Trial of Scannell.**

The trial of the murderer Scannell, which has occupied the New York Court of Oyer and Terminer for about three weeks, four days of which were consumed in obtaining a jury, is at last concluded, resulting in a disagreement of the jury, eight being for conviction and four for acquittal. It will be remembered in connection with the case, that on the evening of the 2nd of November last a political pool was being held on the eve of the then pending election at Johnson's pool room, corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, in a basement under Apollo Hall. A deadly feeling of passion and hatred had for a considerable time previous to the shooting rankled in the breast of the prisoner, John Scannell, against his victim on the occasion. Scannell had been in the room some time before Donohoe's entrance, and but a few moments elapsed from his appearance there until the moment that Scannell, encountering him, drew a heavy navy revolver and at once commenced firing at him. The very first discharge of the weapon was the death of Donohoe, although Scannell fired three other shots at him as he lay dying on the floor at his feet. Scannell was at once arrested and the circumstance of his guilt was clearly established at the trial. The defence rested solely and absolutely upon the irresponsibility of Scannell for the shooting of Donohoe. Judge Brady, before whom the trial was held, discharged the jury with great reluctance after they had been looked up all night and all day.

In connection with the termination of the trial and the final result of the deliberations of the jury, the New York Herald remarks:—"The result is another confirmation of the truth of an assertion which brought Jack Reynolds to the halter—that 'hanging is played out.' No other offence is so little likely to be punished in New York as the taking of human life. It may occasion temporary loss of liberty, but its chances of bringing the slayer to the scaffold are very slim. Society cannot long afford this practical abandonment of the penalty for murder. Life becomes utterly at the mercy of any drunken ruffian in the car, or an embittered antagonist in any feud. Scotland requires only a majority of a jury for a conviction. A change of English law is proposed in the same direction; and in the New York Assembly on Thursday last Mr. Voorhis introduced a bill declaring 'that after the passage of this act a verdict rendered by two-thirds of a regularly empanelled jury shall be considered in all criminal cases the verdict of such jury.' Such a farce as Scannell's case has proved shows that our own statutes might be improved, in the interests of public society, by a modification of rules governing trials for murder."

An English auctioneer's advertisement once described a country villa having for its only drawback the abundance of the rose-leaves, which littered the walks, and the songs of the nightingale, which almost prevented sleep. The London Times thinks this fancy picture actually exceeded in description by the picture of real life transmitted recently from New Zealand in sober earnestness. There is but a single qualification in the whole tale of happiness—a single exception to the rule of universal success. Money-lenders are not doing very well, simply because every body in the colony has so much money of his own that there is no need of borrowing. Joint-stock banks accordingly issue indifferent reports, and declare diminished dividends. One of these establishments has \$3,000,000 unemployed, and informs its shareholders that the demand for cash has fallen to such unpleasant amount within the last six months. Perhaps it is still more extraordinary to find the Colonial Government in the same state of exceptional and fortunate embarrassment. It has now, "in lieu of financial difficulties, to deal with the difficulties of excess of means at its command." A large balance of the public revenue stands to the credit of the Administration at the Bank, where it is not wanted, and Ministers are compelled to lock up \$200,000 of trust funds, "because securities in which to invest it cannot be found." The Times has long been an ardent supporter of the Australian Colonies, and this description of affairs tickles its fancy, causing it to say that "never, even in the hyperboles of Asiatic story tellers, has such a picture of wealth and ease been presented to the world."

During the municipal year the Bangor, Me. police have seized 5,679 gallons of liquor. Last year 222 gallons were confiscated.

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