

The Wolf and the Lamb.

FROM "CAST ALIBET" BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE YEARS IN A MAN TRAP."

[CONCLUDED.]

Poor Flora was already too much confused by the drugged liquor she had taken to know what they were doing with her.

Hastily paying for the oysters and liquor, Pinky was on hand in a few moments. From the back door of the house they entered a small yard, and passed from this through a gate into a narrow private alley shut in on each side by a high fence. This alley ran for a considerable distance, and had many gates opening into it from yards, hovels and rear buildings, all of the most forlorn and wretched character. It terminated in a small street.

Along this alley Pinky and the girl she had met at the restaurant supported Flora, who was fast losing strength and consciousness. When halfway down, they held a brief consultation.

"It won't do," said Pinky, "to take her through to — street. She's too far gone, and the police will be down on us and carry her off."

"Nora's got some place in there," said the other, pointing to an old wooden building close by.

"I'm out with Nora," replied Pinky, "and don't mean to have anything more to do with her."

"Where's your room?"

"That isn't the go. Don't want her there. Pat Malley's cellar is just over yonder. We can get in from the alley."

"Pat's too greedy a devil. There wouldn't be anything left of her when he got through. No, no, Pinky, I'll have nothing to do with it if she's to go into Pat Malley's cellar."

"Not much to choose between 'em," answered Pinky. "But it won't do to parley here. We must get her in somewhere."

And she pushed upon a gate as she spoke. It swung back on one hinge and struck the fence with a bang, disclosing a yard that beggared description in its disorder and filth. In the back part of this yard was a one-and-a-half-story frame building, without windows, looking more like an old chicken-house or pig-sty than a place for human beings to live in. The lot over the first story was reached by a ladder on the outside. Above and below the hovel was laid off in kind of stalls or bunks furnished with straw. There were about twenty of these. It was a ten-cent lodging-house, filled nightly. If this wretched hut or sty—call it what you will—had been torn down, it would not have brought ten dollars as kindling-wood. Yet its owner, a gentleman (?) living handsomely up town, received for it the annual rent of two hundred and fifty dollars. Subletted at an average of two dollars a night, it gave an income of nearly seven hundred dollars a year. It was known as the "Hawk's Nest," and no bird of prey ever had a fouler nest than this.

As the gate banged on the fence a coarse, evil-looking man, wearing a dirty Scotch cap and a red shirt, pushed his head up from the cellar of the house that fronted on the street.

"What's wanted?" he asked, in a kind of growl, his upper lip twitching and drawing up at one side in a nervous way, letting his teeth appear.

"We want to get this girl in for a little while," said Pinky. "We'll take her away when she comes round. Is anybody in there?" and she pointed to the hovel.

"The man shook his head.

"How much?" asked Pinky.

"Ten cents a piece," and he held out his hand.

Pinky gave him thirty cents. He took a key from his pocket and opened the door that led into the lower room. The stench that came out as the door swung back was dreadful. But poor Flora Bond was by this time so relaxed in every muscle, and so dead to outward things, that it was impossible to get her any farther. So they bore her into this horrible den, and laid her down in one of the stalls on a bed of loose straw. Inside, there was nothing but these stalls and straw—not a table or chair, or any article of furniture. They fill up nearly the entire room, leaving only a narrow passage between them. The only means of ventilation was by the door.

As soon as Pinky and her companion in this terrible wickedness were alone with their victim, they searched her pocket for the key of her traveling-bag. On finding it, Pinky was going to open it, when the other said: "Never mind about that; we can examine her baggage in a safer place. Let's go for the moveables."

And saying this, she fell quickly to work on the person of Flora, slipping out the ear-rings first, then removing her breast-pin and finger rings, while Pinky unbuttoned the new gaiter boots, and drew off both boots and stockings, leaving upon the damp straw the small, bare feet, pink and soft almost as a baby's.

It did not take those harpies five minutes to possess themselves of everything but the poor girl's dress and undergarments. Cloth oversack, pocket-book, collar, linen cuffs, hat, shoes and stockings—all these were taken.

"Hallow!" cried the keeper of this foul den as the two girls hurried out with the travelling-bag and a large bundle sooner than he had expected; and he came quickly forth from the cellar in which he lived like a cruel spider, and tried to intercept them, but they glided through the gate and were out of his reach before he could get near. He could follow them only with obscene invectives and horrible oaths. Well he knew what had been done—that there had been a robbery in the "Hawk's Nest," and he not to share the booty.

Growling like a savage dog, this wretch, in whom every instinct of humanity had long since died—this human beast, who looked on innocence and helplessness as a wolf looks on a lamb—strode across the yard and entered the den. Lying in one of the stalls upon the foul, damp straw he found Flora Bond. Cruel beast that he was, even he felt himself held back as by an invisible hand, as he looked at the pure face of the insensible girl. Rarely had his eyes rested on a countenance so full of innocence. But the wolf had no pity for the lamb, nor the hawk for the dove. The instinct of his nature quickly asserted itself.

[Avarice first. From the face his eyes turned to see what had been left to the two girls. An angry imprecation fell from his lips when he saw how little remained for him. But when he lifted Flora's head and unbound her hair, a gleam of pleasure came into his foul face. It was a full suit of rich chestnut brown, nearly three feet long, and fell in thick masses over her breast and shoulders. He caught it up eagerly, drew it through his great ugly hands, and gazed over it with something like a miser's pleasure as he counted his gold. Then taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, he ran them over the girl's head with the quickness and skill of a barber, cutting close down, that he might not lose even the sixteenth part of an inch of her rich tresses. An Indian scalping his victim could not have shown more eagerness. An Indian's wild pleasure was in his face as he lifted the heavy mass of brown hair and held it above his head. It was not a trophy—not a sign of conquest and triumph over an enemy—but simply plunder, and had a market value of fifteen or twenty dollars.

The dress was next examined; it was new, but not of costly material. Removing this, the man went out with his portion of the spoils, and locked the door, leaving the half-enclosed, unconscious girl lying on the damp, filthy straw, that swarmed with vermin. It was cold as well as damp, and the chill of a bleak November day began creeping into her warm blood. But the stupefying draught had been well compounded, and held her senses locked.

Of what followed we cannot write, and we shiver as we draw a veil over scenes that should make the heart of all Christendom ache—scenes that are repeated in thousands of instances year by year in our large cities, and no hand is stretched forth to succor and no arm to save. Under the very eyes of the courts and the churches things worse than we have described—worse than the reader can imagine—are done daily. The foul dens into which crime goes freely, and into which innocence is betrayed, are known to the police, and the evil work that is done is ever before them. From one victim to another their keepers pass unquestioned, and plunder, debauch, ruin and murder with an impunity frightful to contemplate. As was said by a distinguished author, speaking of a kindred social enormity, "There is not a country throughout the earth on which a state of things like this would not bring a curse. There is no religion on earth that it would not deny; there is no people on earth that it would not put to shame."

And we are Christians! No. Of what followed we cannot write. Those who were near the "Hawk's Nest" heard that evening, soon after nightfall, the single wild, prolonged cry of a woman. It was so full of terror and despair that even the hardened ears that heard it felt a sudden pain. But they were used to such things in that region, and no one took the trouble to learn what it meant. Even the policeman moving on his beat stood listening for only a moment, and then passed on.

Next day, in the local columns of a city paper, appeared the following: "FOUL PLAY.—About 11 o'clock last night the body of a beautiful young girl, who could not have been over seventeen years of age, was discovered lying on the pavement in — street. No one knew how she came there. She was quite dead when found. There was nothing by which she could be identified. All her clothes but a single undergarment had been removed, and her hair cut off close to her head. There were marks of brutal violence on her person. The body was placed in charge of the coroner, who will investigate the matter."

On the day after, this paragraph appeared: "SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY.—The coroner's inquest elicited nothing in regard to the young girl mentioned yesterday as having been found dead and stripped of her clothing in — street. No one was able to identify her. A foul deed at which the heart shudders has been done; but the wretches by whom it was committed have been able to cover their tracks."

And that was the last of it. The whole nation gives a shudder of fear at the announcement of an Indian massacre and outrage. But in all our large cities are savages more cruel and brutal in their instincts than Comanches, and they torture and outrage and murder a hundred poor victims for every one that is exposed to Indian brutality, and there comes no succor. Is it from ignorance of the fact? No, no, no! There is not a judge on the bench, not a lawyer at the bar, not a legislator at the State capital, not a mayor or police-officer, not a minister who preaches the Gospel of Christ, who came to seek and save, not an intelligent citizen, but knows of all this.

What then? Who is responsible? The whole nation arouses itself at news of an Indian assault upon some defenceless frontier settlement, and the general government sends troops to succor and to punish. But who takes note of the worse than Indian massacres going on daily and nightly in the heart of our great cities? Who hunts down and punishes the human wolves in our midst whose mouths

are red with the blood of innocence? Their deeds of cruelty outnumber every year a hundred—nay, a thousand-fold the deeds of our red savages. There haunts are known, and their work is known. They lie in wait for the unwary, they gather in the price of human souls, none hindering, at our very church-doors. Is no one responsible for all this? Is there no help? Is evil stronger than good, hell stronger than Heaven? Have the churches nothing to do in this matter? Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost—came to the lowliest, the poorest and the vilest, to those over whom devils had gained power and cast out the devils. Are those who call themselves by His name diligent in the work to which He put His blessed hands? Millions of dollars go yearly into magnificent churches, but how little to the work of saving and succoring the weak, the helpless, the betrayed, the weakest and the dying, who lie uncaared for at the mercy of human fiends, and often so near to the temples of God that their agonized appeals for help are drowned by the organ and choir!

Wholesale Executions in China. "One hundred bamboo cages are wanted." Such was the form of an order issued a short time ago (says a Shanghai paper) from the office of the Chow Yang district magistrate near Swatow. The plain meaning was that about that number of men were to be beheaded, and the bamboo workers were required to furnish the requisite means of conveying the victims to the execution ground. The occasion of this hecatomb was the presence of General Pang, who by special imperial commission is meting out justice to delinquents in the district indicated of twenty and thirty years' standing, as well as to those of quite recent date. It so happened that only eighty of the cages were used, the remainder being kept in reserve, for the prisons are yet full. The victims, on arriving at the Acalania, were placed in long rows, the men in each row being some ten feet apart, so as to furnish plenty of room for the agile executioner, after leaving one to get a good swing of his blade before coming to another. When all were arranged, and relays of swords or chop-pers were placed at suitable intervals along the line—for the executioner uses a fresh one for every half-dozen men—the horrible work commenced, and the fellow went bounding and dancing down one row and up another, whacking off a human head at every fall of the bloody cleaver. The scene we have attempted dimly to shadow forth is more suggestive of the slaughter of hogs in those large American establishments where they make away with a thousand a day. But, for celerity, that one Chinaman can surpass any guillotine that ever was made. During the past three years General Pang has beheaded some three thousand at least, and the most of the work has been done by this one man—a short, stout-built fellow, with a hawk nose that well befits his calling—who attends Pang wherever he goes. His history, as told by the people of Swatow, is curious enough. One day, in old rebel times, Pang had a file of rebels kneeling before him for execution. The executioner began, and was bungling in a horrible way. The hawk-nose fellow was down the line awaiting his turn. He was used to such scenes, and did not quail. He watched the bungler for a few turns, and then called in a loud voice to Pang to know if they were all to be hawked in that manner; and then asked to be released, and he would show them how to do it. Pang was struck with his audacity, and ordered his request to be complied with. He went at it and made short work of it, then throwing down his sword and resuming his kneeling posture, he called upon them to finish him. "No," said Pang, "that man is too useful, I want him myself," and so he was spared, and a bloody career has since led. He prides himself on his horrid calling, and boasts that he never misses his aim, nor takes a second blow.

There were ninety-seven wrathful women in New Orleans the other day, ninety-eight mothers having taken their darlings to a baby show. The trial of Dr. Edward Brown, charged with raking an assault, with intent to kill, upon Sanford Murray, collector for the New York Gas Company, resulted in a verdict of guilty.—Sentence was suspended until Monday. The prisoner will probably get twenty years.

During a recent heavy rainstorm, a beautiful young lady was waiting in a doorway for a car. Up came a polite youth, and with a Chesterfieldian bow that would have delighted Edmund Yates, said: "May I have the pleasure of protecting you with my umbrella?" and she answered, in a charming voice, "Elevate your rag." He looked as though the remark depressed him considerably.

None but a physician knows how much a reliable alternative is needed by the people. On all sides of us, in all communities everywhere, there are multitudes who suffer from complaints that nothing but an alternative cures.—Hence a great many of them have been made and put abroad with the assurance of being effectual. But they fail to accomplish the cures they promise, because they have not the intrinsic virtues they claim. In this state of the case, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, have supplied a COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA, which proves to be the long-desired remedy. Its peculiar difference from other kindred preparations in the market is that it cures the diseases for which it is recommended, while they do not. We are assured of this fact by more than one intelligent physician in this neighborhood, and have the further evidence of our own experience of its truth.—Nashville (Tenn.) Farmer.

Albany women are charged with plundering the graves in the cemetery of flowers.

J. W. Wallace, the New York actor, died the other day in a sleeping car while en route from South Carolina to New York.

Mr. Lewis Carvell, Superintendent of the Government Railway, and Father Chiniquy, arrived at Halifax from Europe on the 23rd.

A boat containing five boys was captured off Gananoque on the Queen's birthday, and one of them, named Nelson Free, was drowned.

Last week 40,000 immigrants arrived at Castle Gardens, New York, and on Monday the arrivals were 8,388, the largest known number for one day.

The Pope, it is stated, contemplates unathematizing the members of the Italian Cabinet and all other parties engaged in secularizing the monasteries.

A certain country squire, conceiving that the word "clause" was in the plural number, would often talk of a "claw" in an Act of Parliament.

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in a corn-field. "Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know that the prophet says, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth!'"

A great deal is now said about the improving the "lot of woman." In our opinion, the best way is to build a good house upon it, and put a good man in it to live with her.

Two corpses have been found near Barcelona, each bearing a placard, on which were the words, "Killed while attempting to assassinate Don Alphonso."

The Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland has invited the New York Yacht Club to participate in their annual regatta at Queenstown on July 30th, and compete for the Queen's cup.

A servant girl fired her employer's house in Philadelphia, eleven times one day last week, and endeavored to throw suspicion on the son of the family, aged three years.

On Queen's birthday the son of Col. Isaacson, of Montreal, was accidentally killed by a companion on an excursion party to Carillon. The careless handling of a revolver placed a ball in the head of the young man.

A collision occurred at Verennes the other morning, between the steamer Meloway, of the Temperley line, and the Missoiri, by which both were injured. They are at present in Montreal harbor.

Archibald Frame, of Maitland, Hants County, has been selected as candidate for the seat in the Commons vacated by the elevation of Hon. Mr. Howe as Lieutenant-Governor. It is thought there will be no opposition.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens is called by the Montgomery Journal "the working man in the South, never being idle, but while sick, crippled and emaciated, writing histories for old and young, editing a daily paper, canvassing and getting elected to Congress, and making the grandest speech of his life while held up by a pair of crutches."

If any one is desirous of keeping their rose-bush free from the small green vermin that frequently infest them, the following remedy will be found a most effectual one.—To three gallons of soft water add one peck of foot and one quart of unslacked lime; stir it well, let it stand twenty-four hours, and when the sput rises to the surface, skim it off. Use a syringe for applying it.

The New York Legislature has passed a bill amending the existing statutes relative to murder and arson, so that hereafter a person who kills another "by an act imminently dangerous to others, and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without any premeditated design to effect the death of any particular individual," shall be deemed guilty of murder in the first degree. The bill also provides that persons convicted of murder in the second degree shall be imprisoned for life.

The New York Evening Post thus discourses of a female gymnast who is at present delighting metropolitan audiences:—"Lulu is the young woman who swings on the trapeze, and the people stare at her feats of nimbleness and strength as Spanish women do at a bull fight. A net is spread underneath to catch her if she falls; but those who enjoy the show would probably feel additional delight if the net should some time give way and drop her mangled to the floor. She also jumps—that is, a four thousand pound weight drops suddenly on one end of a lever, and the other end, striking a platform on which she stands, sends her some thirty feet in the air, where she catches to a stationary platform, amid rapturous applause. She is called the 'eighth wonder of the world,' and if jumping like a frog makes a young woman wonderful at all, the play bill describes her truly."

Some few years ago, says the Pall Mall Gazette, a gentleman who had been dining "not wisely but too well," in the course of the evening drew a cheque for a large amount, and having signed it, he placed it in a box placed at the gates of a charitable institution to receive the donations of passers by. When he regained his sobriety the next morning he remembered with horror his liberality of the previous evening, and addressed a moving appeal to the managers of the institution in question to restore him the amount of the cheque, which he found had been cashed before he had had time to dress himself and drink one bottle of soda water. As it was found that the unfortunate man had absolutely left himself penniless, the managers, it is believed, kindly allowed him a small sum to carry him on until the next quarter, but the shock was too much for him, and after a few days of intense mental agony he fell into a state of total abstinence, from which he never rallied. [He couldn't do better; the only pity is that he didn't discover the value of total abstinence a few months earlier.]

The twenty-third regiment of artillery in the French army has a white Cochon-China roster, upon which a great value is placed on account of his meritorious services in the field of a whole. This cock passed through the whole campaign of the Rhine and was carried to Augsburg as a prisoner of war. At Metz, during the siege, the soldiers, although obliged to eat their horses, held the life of this truly Gallic cock as sacred. At the battle of Gravelotte he was perched on the shoulders of his master, who was in the Fourth battery, and was so used to the cannon's roar that he did not pay the slightest attention to it. After his master was killed another artilleryist adopted him, and he still remains in the military service.

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