The next that was known of the senator he knocked gently, about ten in the evening, at the door of Mrs. Norman's parlor. He was dressed with unusual care, and there was a pleasant smile on his face.

"Why, Mr. Wesley!" she exclaimed, delighted to see him, late as it was. "Come in. How well and gay you are looking! Success suits you, does n't it, now?"

"Yes, I am very well and very happy," he replied, gazing about him with a rapt expression, as though the air were full of ravishing sights. "And I am all the happier for not being too late to see you, my dear lady."

A sweet illusion had come over the terrible judgment which afflicted this unhappy misdoer. It is possible enough that for him, as for other men who have been in his lamentable case, the figures of demons and tormentors had changed delusively into shapes of celestial sweetness and brightness, perhaps playing on those golden harps which Bunyan heard ringing from the walls of the heavenly city.

"I am perfectly happy," he repeated, still smiling. "I should say that the air was full of fairies, — lovely fairies. And you are the loveliest of them all."

She laughed heartily, and also blushed heartily, as she was wont to do. She had not a suspicion but that he was speaking with jocose exaggeration, and talking of fairies figuratively, meaning thereby pleasant thoughts, or triumphant hopes.

"And now, my dear child, I have one simple thing to say to you," he added, fixing his eyes upon her with indescribable longing and tenderness. "I have learned to admire you and love you. Will you be my wife?"

All unknowing that this was a voice out of the land of shadows and great darkness, she leaned forward in obedience to its irresistible summons, and lay upon his heart. He put his arm around her, drew her firmly against his breast, and kissed her once. Then, of a sudden, he started; his face assumed an expression of unutterable aversion and horror; he stared at her neck as if he saw it twined with deadly reptiles.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, pushing her from him. "And *you*, too!"

In the next moment he had reached an open window, and disappeared through it with a loud cry.

Mrs. Norman shrieked also, but she did not faint. In one minute she had rushed down three stories and reached the granite pavement below. There she saw Blasonous lifting up the body of her lover, and gazing with a fixed, dusky stare into his lifeless eyes, while from a carriage which halted at that moment came a darkly-attired personage, whom she recognized as the secretary.

"Is he dead?" she asked a dozen times, with loud sobs and gaspings, while they lifted the suicide into the vehicle. "Oh, what made him do it?"

"An overworked brain," whispered the secretary out of the window, "is what we shall have to say. Drive on!"

J. W. DeForest.

ONE OUT-OF-DOORS.

A GHOST — is he afraid to be a ghost?
  A ghost? It breaks my heart to think of it.
Something that wavers in the moon, at most;
  Something that wanders; something that must flit
From morning, from the bird's breath and the dew.
Ah, if I knew, — ah, if I only knew!

Something so weirdly wan, so weirdly still!
  O yearning lips that our warm blood can flush,
Follow it with your kisses, if you will;
  O beating heart, think of its helpless hush.
Oh, bitterest of all, to fear we fear
Something that was so near, that was so dear!

No, — no, he is no ghost; he could not be;
  Something that hides, forlorn, in frost and brier;
Something shut outside in the dark, while we
  Laugh and forget by the familiar fire;
Something whose moan we call the wind, whose tears
Sound but as rain-drops in our human ears.

Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt.

SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER.

As it has been recently stated that the story of Sheridan's ride at the battle of Cedar Creek is a fiction, and as many other late statements in the newspapers about the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864 under Sheridan are incorrect, it seems due to the memory of the brave dead and gallant living officers and men of Sheridan's army that some one should give an authoritative account of the campaign and the man, and especially of the fight at Cedar Creek. I shall therefore relate in brief the facts of the campaign, merely premising that I was on Sheridan's staff and present at all the battles.

During the whole war the Shenandoah Valley offered to the Confederates an easy road north, being supplied with railroads and a macadamized turnpike, probably at that time the best road in the South. The valley itself was very fertile, and, notwithstanding the fighting for three years, in 1864 it was full of supplies, which, on account of the open country, their troops could easily gather and transport. On the west the mountains were difficult to pass, and nobody wanted to go that way. To the northeast lay Washington, and northward the road to Baltimore. Philadelphia was up a valley equally practicable with the Shenandoah itself, and in fact a continuation of it, flanked by the same two ranges of mountains, with the watershed, of course, in an opposite direction. Still the decline in each valley was so slight that the terms *up* and *down* were strangely mixed; generally it was called *down* the Shenandoah towards Staunton (perhaps because we are apt to associate the terms *down* and *south.*) Across the Blue Ridge lay the counties of Loudon and Fauquier, a beautiful rolling country, generally open, but well supplied with woods and a network of small roads besides good turnpikes. Here was the home of Mosby's battalion, and in spite of all attempts to drive him away here he remained, during the whole war, master of the situation, ready to harass our lines of communication south by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad and the roads towards Richmond; and by crossing the Blue Ridge he was at once on the flank of our army in the Shenandoah. It probably took, all through the war, in one place and another, twenty thousand men to watch Mosby's command. Seldom remaining to fight, he was ubiquitous, and the amount of property he destroyed and the number of prisoners he captured