

## The Story Teller.

### THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

A Danish Tale.

BY H. STEFFENS.

The north-western part of the island of Zealand has a very bleak and lonely appearance. No plant can grow in the quicksand. Moveable sandhills, the play of the winds constantly shifting their places, arise and disappear, to arise again at some distance. When traveling through the island, I spent an hour here, which impressed me with the idea of loneliness and desolation. While I slowly rode along on horseback, a storm arose in the north from the sea-shore. The river rose up, the clouds were driven along in the firmament, the sky grew darker and darker, the sand began to move in larger and larger masses under the hoofs of my horse, it was whistled about by the wind and filled the air. The horse sank deep into the loose sand. Sky and earth and sea were mixed up with each other, and everything was wrapped in clouds of dust and sand, so that I found it utterly impossible to see my way or to know in which direction to go. There was no trace of life or vegetation—the storm howled through the air—thunder rolling at a distance—and the flashes of lightning could scarcely penetrate the thick clouds of dust and sand. The darkness was apparent, when a sudden violent rain brought the sand to rest, and rendered it possible for me, wet to the skin, to find my way to the next little town.

In this lonely neighborhood there was a hundred years ago, a village at a distance of about a mile from the sea-shore. The quicksands have buried the village; the inhabitants, most of whom were sailors or fishermen, have erected their cottages closer to the shore. Only the church, built on the top of a hill, is still in the same place, surrounded by the dreary moveable wilderness. It is in this church that the event took place which I am going to relate.

The venerable old country parson sat in his lonely room, being absorbed in pious contemplation. It was about midnight. The house was at the end of the village; its door was not locked, the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants being so great that lock and key were almost unknown to them. The parson's lamp shone dimly, while the sudden rain, which had been only disturbed by the rushing of the waves. He heard that the door was opened, and heard many steps approaching on the staircase; he expected that he should be summoned to give spiritual comfort to a dying man in his study. Two women came, wrapped in white cloaks, stepped into the room. One of them said, while approaching in a civil manner: "Sir, you must officiate at the marriage. Bride and bridegroom are waiting in the distant church. This sum," said he, pointing to a filled purse, "will sufficiently make up for your trouble and for your being started by the unexpected summons." The old man stared at the foreigners, whose appearance seemed to him strange and fearful—may, even ghostlike. The man repeated his demand in a pressing and commanding manner. After having recovered from his astonishment, the clergyman began mildly to remonstrate that his office did not allow him to dispense with the due formalities, or to perform the sacred duty without knowing the bridal couple. Then the second of the strangers stepped forth in a threatening attitude. "Sir," said he, "you can choose. You follow us, and take the offered sum of money, or you remain; but then you are a dead man." He raised a pistol to his forehead, and waited for the answer. The old parson grew pale, rose up in fear and silence, dressed himself and said: "I am ready." The strangers had spoken Danish, but in such a way that there could be no mistake as to their being foreigners.

As they crossed the village in the silence of a dark autumn night. When leaving it, the clergyman perceived with horror, that his church was brilliantly lit up. And forth in silence marched his companions over the lonely sandy plain, while he, absorbed in his reflections, with difficulty followed them. When arrived at the church-door, they found up his eyes; he heard a well known mid-door opening with a creaking noise, and was pushed forward into a dense crowd. All around through the whole church he heard a whispering murmur; in his neighborhood, discourses in an unknown language, which he took for music. While thus standing in utter perplexity, with closed eyes, and pressed from all sides, his hand was taken hold of and he was forcibly pulled through the crowd. At last the people gave way, the tie was taken off, and he found himself standing before the altar. It was adorned by a long row of wax candles, in magnificent silver candlesticks; the whole church was so well lit up by a great many candles, that the most distant matters could be distinctly recognized. The solemn silence of the great multitude filled his soul with horror, as he felt himself alone in the midst of the crowd, but the multitude passed by clear, and the minister saw deep below himself a fresh dog grave. The stone, that before had served to cover it, stood leaning against a pew. The minister saw nothing but men, except one woman, whom he could dimly recognize in a distant view. The willows lasted some minutes. No one moved.

At last a man arose, whose magnificent garments distinguished him from the rest, and manifested his high rank. He stepped resolutely through the empty passage, his steps resounding through the church, while stared at by the multitude. The man was of middle size; broad shouldered, his hair brown, his countenance of a brownish-yellow color, his hair black, his features hard and severe, the lips tightly closed, a bold aquiline nose increasing his commanding appearance; his little black eyes burning with a wild fire, overshadowed by a long dark bushy eyebrow. He wore a green coat, trimmed with broad gold lace, and a star shone on his breast. The bride, who knelt at his side, was dressed carefully and magnificently. An aureole of richly trimmed with silver surrounded her head. A diadem glittering with jewels adorned her fair hair. Her features were graceful and handsome, although dimmed by anxiety. Her pale lips had a dusky appearance, her eyes were dim with tears.

The clergyman, paralyzed by terror, remained for some time dumb in his position, when a savage glance of the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony. A new perplexity for him was his doubt whether the bridal couple would attend

stand his language. He composed himself, and asked the bridegroom what were their names.

"Neander, Feodora," answered he, in a coarse voice.

The clergyman began now to read the formula of marriage. His voice trembled. He was often obliged to repeat his words, but no one seemed to perceive his perplexity, whereby he was confirmed in his supposition that no one in his congregation perfectly understood his language, when he now proceeded to ask—

"Neander, will you recognize Feodora, who kneels beside you, for your lawful wife?"

He thought that, from ignorance of the language, the bridegroom might not answer the question; but the answer, "yes," was given in a loud, clear, ringing sound, which resounded through the whole church. Deep sighs coming forth everywhere from the surrounding congregation accompanied this terrible "yes," and a convulsion, like the flash of distant lightning, agitated for a moment the pale features of the bride. Directing his words to the bride, he said then—

"Feodora, will you recognize Neander, who kneels beside you, for your lawful husband?"

She answered with a perceptible "yes." The half-eyes bride arose, as it were, from a deep dream, her pale lips shivered, her eyes flashed with a momentary fire, her breast heaved up and down, a violent shower of tears extinguished again the light of her eyes, and her "yes" was heard like anxious moan of a dying person, and found a willing echo in the multitude, expressed in voluntary sounds of sympathy, that came forth from all parts of the church. Some minutes passed in dreadful silence. Then, seeing the pale bride kneeling in her place again, the minister finished the service. His companions came forth again, tied his eyes up, pulled him with some difficulty through the crowd, pushed him out of the church door, which was bolted inside, and left him in the open air.

Standing there in the dark, lonely night, he was for a moment uncertain whether the horrible event, had not been only an anxious dream. As soon, however, as he had torn the tie from his eyes, saw the church brilliantly lit up, and heard the murmur of the multitude, he could not help being convinced of the dreadful reality. In order to learn the issue, he concealed himself on the opposite side of the church. The murmur increased, a violent altercation followed, he thought he heard the rough voice of the bridegroom imposing silence in a commanding manner; then a long pause; a shot was fired, the cry of a woman's voice was heard; another long pause followed; a noise like shuffling and digging ensued, that lasted almost a quarter of an hour.

The lights were extinguished, the murmur rose anew, and the whole crowd rushed out of the church and hastened with a humming noise to the sea-shore. The parson returned to his village, and, full of horror, told his friends and neighbors the wonderful and incredible things he had witnessed; but the simple fishermen could not be prevailed upon to believe in it. They thought that an unhappy accident had disturbed the imagination of their beloved teacher, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

Morning had dawned meanwhile; the sun rose, and while the parson, with his companions, went up the hill, they saw a man-of-war under full sail, leaving the shore and steering in a northern direction. Such an uncommon sight in this lonely neighborhood startled them; but soon they got still more disposed to waive their objections against the old man's credibility. They entered the church, full of curiosity. The parson showed the fresh grave to them; the tombstone was removed, and a new, richly adorned coffin was discovered. The lid was taken off, and the parson saw his dreadful foreboding confirmed. The murdered bride was in the coffin; a bullet had pierced her breast. The features of deep sorrow had disappeared from her countenance, heavenly peace glorified her face, and she looked like an angel. The old man threw himself upon the coffin, and wept over the fate of the murdered girl, while his companions were startled with astonishment and horror.

The clergyman sent a circumstantial written account of the event to his superior, the Bishop of Zealand, and prevailed upon his friends, until further notice, not to divulge what they had learned. A man of high authority in Copenhagen arrived soon afterwards in the village; he inquired for all particulars, caused the grave to be shown to himself, expressed satisfaction with the preserved secrecy, and ordered a severe penalty that no one should speak of the matter.

After the decease of the parson, a detailed written account of the event was found inclosed in the parish register. Some think that the event had some mysterious connection with the sudden and violent alterations in the Russian succession, after the death of Peter I. and the Empress Catherine. To explain the mystery of this horrible deed will, however, under all circumstances, be difficult, if not altogether impossible.

How far there may have been a historical foundation for the foregoing strange tale, we do not know. Many legends abound in the northern lands of Scandinavia, though few of them have been reproduced with the artistic effect of the Danish author Steffens. This tale has been immensely popular, not only in Denmark, but throughout Germany, and Schiller has given it to his countrymen in stanzas of terse verse.

**Hotel Rules at the "Digins."**

The Landlord of Rees River Hotel (according to Hopley, who has just returned), has posted up the following "Rules and Regulations":

"Board must be paid in advance; with beans, \$15; without beans, \$12; salt free; boarders not permitted to speak to the cook; no extras allowed; potatoes for dinner; pocketing at meals strictly forbidden; gentlemen are expected to wash out of doors and find their own water; no charges for ice; towel bags at the end of the house; extra charges for seats around the stove; beds on bar-room floor for regular customers. Persons sleeping in the bar-room requested not to take off their boots; lodgers inside arise at 5 A. M.; in the barn at 6 o'clock; each man sweeps up his own bed; no quarts taken at the bar; no fighting allowed at the table. Any one violating the rules will be shot."

(Published by request.)

**Uncle Sam's Funeral.**

"Twas but a little while ago that the Copperheads were found.

With their great Vallandigham a hammer round,

And they tried to smite us with their dastard hand,

Ha, ha, (whistle the rest.)

Said they, O people dear, poor Uncle Sam is dead,

Let us put him in his coffin and hammer down the lid,

And to work they went as the words they said,

Ha, ha, (whistle, &c.)

Said the people, is it so pray, what made him die?

(We do not believe it, for we know you love to lie.)

Of the sinner's proclamation they all began to cry,

Ha, ha, (whistle, &c.)

But the people only laughed at the story that they told,

For they knew his constitution, and answered them so bold,

Oh, you silly Copperheads, you are badly sold,

Ha, ha, (whistle, &c.)

Uncle Sam, he then arose, like a giant bold and strong,

With his people and his army, a glorious loyal throng,

And the Cape they marked to where they all be- long,

Ha, ha, (whistle, &c.)

Now where they all have gone 'tis impossible to tell,

But if they don't repent we all know very well,

That some time or other they will all go to—

Ha, ha, (whistle the rest.)

**THE GODDESS OF SLANG.**

I was once a beautiful girl one night,

Whom I worshipped as almost divine,

And I longed to hear breathed the sweet little word,

That told me she would be mine;

I was praising the wealth of her chestnut hair,

The depth of her eyes' matchless blue,

When she laid her sweet cheek on my shoulder

And said,

"Hush! that's bully for you!"

I started in terror, but managed to keep

From showing my intense surprise,

And pressed my lips lightly on brow and on cheek,

And then on her neck my closed eyes.

I told her my love was as deep as the sea,

(And I felt her heart go pit-patter.)

I would worship her always as she would be mine,

And she whispered, "That's what's the matter!"

I told her cheek would the rose put to shame,

Her teeth the famed Orient pearl;

And the ocean's rich coral could never compare

With the lips of my beautiful girl.

That her voice was like music that comes to the ear.

In the night-time and sweet as her smile

As that of an angel, and softly she breathed,

"Oh that you can just let your little girl—"

In the bush of the starlight I still whispered on,

And her sweetest to me, and her sweetest to me,

Talked sweeter than Romeo, dearer than Claude,

And told her how true love was best:

Of bliss in a cottage, of flowers and of birds,

(The old folks said it was queer.)

When she looked with a smile and dimly I heard

In my ear, "I can't see the point!"

I pressed her still closer, I kissed still more sweet,

Called the stars to look down on our love,

Made love rhyme to doze, and kiss rhyme to bliss,

And vowed by the heaven above

I'd be constant and true if she'd only be mine—

Poised her lips and carressed her brown locks

When she answered me back with a rich, saucy laugh,

"Look 'er here! ain't you after the rick?"

"Bluffed!"—The following is "on exhibition" at the great Sanitary Fair of Brooklyn, New York:

"Sent by the Managers of the Cincinnati Fair. Greeting: We have swept up \$240,000. Brooklyn, best this if you can."

Brooklyn says that \$240,000 and goes \$260,000 better.

Mr. Jones—"You know my dear, that I am liable to conscription, and in case the Habeas Corpus should fail—that?"

Mrs. Jones—"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness on my account, Jones; if you can't find a substitute I have no doubt that I can."

At a crowded concert a young lady, standing in the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance: "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a seat, but the empty ones are all full."

**Cabinet Shop!**

The subscriber keeps constantly on hand, and manufactures to order, every variety of

**CABINET WARE,**

consisting in part of

Tables, Stands, Dressing Bureaus,

Split Bottomed, Cane Seat and

Rocking Chairs, Lounges,

and EVERYTHING in his line of business.

**COFFINS**

Made and Trimmed Cheaper

than at any other establishment in Plymouth.

Rosewood & Gilt Mouldings

of all sizes and varieties, and very cheap.

JONATHAN WRIGHT,

Opposite Mitchell's Foundry.

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Stave Bolts and Logs

We will pay \$4.00 per Cord

for good Red Oak Stave Bolts, until the 1st of April next, and

\$1.50 each for Red Oak Logs,

suitable for making good Stave Bolts, on delivery at our Saw-Factory in Plymouth.

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Jan'y 21-1891

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We have just opened an entirely new stock of Clothing, which is well

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

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DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS, SEXUAL, AND URINARY SYSTEMS—new and reliable treatment—in reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent by mail in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address: DR. J. E. HUNTER, HUNTER, How-ard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

**Not a Rum Drink!**

**A Highly Concentrated**

**VEGETABLE EXTRACT!**

**A PURE TONIC,**

**THAT WILL RELIEVE THE AFFLICTED, AND**

**NOT MAKE DRUNKARDS.**

**Dr. Hoofland's**

**GERMAN BITTERS,**

**PREPARED BY**

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**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

**WILL EFFECTUALLY AND MOST CERTAINLY**

**CURE ALL DISEASES**

**ARISING FROM A**

**DISORDERED**

**LIVER.**

**STOMACH,**

**OR KIDNEYS.**

Thousands of our citizens are suffering from **DYSPEPSIA** and **LIVER DISEASES**, and the following questions apply—we guarantee

Hoofland's German Bitters

WILL CURE THEM.

Do you rise with a coated tongue mornings, with bad taste in the mouth and poor appetite for breakfast? Do you feel when you first get up so weak and languid you can scarcely get about? Do you have a dizziness in the head at times, and often a dullness, with headache occasionally? Are your bowels costive and irregular, and appetite changeable? Do you feel a fullness after eating, and a sinking when the stomach is empty? Do you have heartburn occasionally? Do you feel low spirited, and look on the dark side of things? Are you not unusually nervous at times? Do you not become restless, and often lay until midnight before you can go to sleep? and then at times, don't you feel dull and sleepy most of the time? Is your skin dry and scaly? also swollen? In short, is not your life a burden, full of forebodings?

Hoofland's GERMAN BITTERS

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

Observe the following Symptoms

Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Digestion for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Heartburn and indigestion, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin, Pains in the

the Fleas, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of spirits.

**Particular Notice.**

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, but only one is the real Bitter, and that is Hoofland's German Bitters, and the result will be a preparation that will cure the most chronic cases of the above diseases, and will cost you nothing more than the price of the Bitters in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hoofland's Bitters in connection with a good article of Bitters, at a much less price than these other preparations will cost you.

From J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D. Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of the ingredients and effects; I yet know of no scientific reason why a man may not testify to the benefit he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thereby do good to his fellow-men.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The age of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not seen for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1861.

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**In Young or Aged, Male or Female,**

are speedily removed, and the patient restored to health.

**Delicate Children,**

Those suffering from MARASMOUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases, will have a most surprising effect.

**PARENTS**

Having suffering children as above, and wishing to know, will never regret the day they commenced with these Bitters.

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And those working hard with their brains, should always keep a bottle of Hoofland's Bitters near them, as they will find much benefit from its use, to both mind and body, invigorating and not depressing.

**It is not a Laxative Stimulant,**

And leaves no prostration.

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AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We are the only ones of all having relations or friends in the army, who can testify to the benefit of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published at most daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from men who are in hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

**Beware of Counterfeits!**

See that the Signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER

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Price per Bottle 75 cents; or half dozen for \$4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the imitating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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