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THE MAIDEN SLEEPS.

The maiden sleeps—why mourn ye in this wise,
Ye parents! Let her rest.
The little face that 'mid the flowers lies
Speaks to your aching breast—
"My lot is light; oh, wherefore weep?
I lay me down in peace and sleep."
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—wearied from play to rest,
Tired out with happiness.
The doll the little arms had fondly pressed,
The pretty Sunday dress,
Her story book remembered not—
All, all her treasures now forgot—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—her life was peaceful made,
And light her earthly lot,
A little stream that through the flowers strayed,
With love and music fraught—
No bitter grief the child's heart pained,
Soon was the short fight fought and gained—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—how blest she slumbered in
Her tender Saviour's arm;
That spotless heart, unsoiled, unstained by sin,
No earthly fear could harm;
A conscience pure, a sinless breast,
This is a couch the head to rest—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—earth's pain, earth's strife no more
May break that sweet repose;
Know'st, mother, thou, what might have been in store
For her, of bitter woes?
She feels no more the tempest's beat,
Feels not the summer's sultry heat—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—only one short, calm night,
That peaceful sleep will last;
And, oh, how bright the morn that greets her sight
When that brief night is o'er?
He, who by His resistless will
Soothed Jairus, lives and comforts still—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—and now the last kiss press
Upon the lips so still.
The Father help thee in thy sore distress,
O mother! 'tis His will.
Now, as they bear her to her rest,
Sing ye the hymns she loved the best—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—now, Shepherd take her home,
Thine for eternity;
Ye glorious stars, bend down from heaven's dome,
Watch o'er her tenderly;
O wind, howl not so loud and shrill
O'er this little flower-decked hill—
The maiden sleeps.

—The Scotsman, from the German.

TODD AND HIS DOUBLE.

BY S. W. DUFFIELD.

I propose to myself the unpleasant but necessary duty of setting myself right with the world. In a very short time I hope to slip out of the name I now wear, to leave it with its honors and dishonors, and by the help of the legislature to begin anew. For there was born at about the same time with myself a young man whose parents gave him the very name my parents gave to me. The Todds are an old and honorable family; but by some whim, to make me separate and distinct among them, I was entitled Anthony. In the meanwhile the other Dromio—the pseudo Anthony—had drawn the same prize from the wheel of fate.

I was to be well educated. School preceded college, and college preceded the profession of law. As Anthony Todd I had my fair share of success. There was a certain "taking" character to my name which was in my favor. I was never blessed or cursed with a nickname. And by my label in the great cabinet of human-kind I might as easily be gold as quartz. No success became impossible by reason of the fact that my father and mother had made a mistake in nomenclature. Had they marked me "Coal." I should have burned down quietly in the furnace of life. Had I been christened "Malachite," I might have risen to a Russian royalty. But plain "Anthony Todd" meant neither one thing nor the other. A scholar, a poet, a financier, a statesman—nay, even a doctor of divinity or a doctor of medicine—would have felt as if the name and the pursuit fitted well together.

Meanwhile, growing up, I can't tell how (and I wish I never need have thought about it), was my *alter ego*, the aforesaid spurious Anthony Todd. But he kept his light under a bushel, and no one knew of him.

Let me see—it was after I had graduated from Columbia College Law School and had entered my uncle's office in New York City. About this date a college classmate dropped into the office with a paper, exclaiming:

"Why, Todd, I really congratulate you! Didn't know you wrote verses, old boy. Knew you wrote confounded good English, but wasn't prepared for this, I must confess."

I took the paper. It was the *Evening Post*, in which Mr. Bryant is popularly supposed to care for the poetical tone. And there I certainly saw an "Ode on Italian Liberty," with my name as that of its author.

When I look back I see at this very moment I made the blunder which has cost me so dear. Harrington, my classmate, was an inveterate joker—a rhymester of more than ordinary power—and it flashed into my mind that certain things in the poem made it desirable to take the edge from his joke. If he had given me the glory of his own production it would foil his stratagem if I failed to be surprised. So I smiled, and said to him:

"There isn't much difference between good prose and good verse."

"But did you really write it? Because, seriously, it's uncommonly nice—sort of super-extra; you understand."

"O! come now, Harrington; I'm nervous about first attempts. Don't bother me. Besides, I'm busy—got a case in court ——"

"Bah! Carry law books, you mean. Look here, this is a good deal more valuable than law books or cases in court. Confound it all, can't you comprehend that you're the coming poet!—or shall I have to get at you and hammer it into your stupid head?"

Well, this was certainly carrying a joke some distance, but I was sure of the joke, nevertheless. So the more he praised the more I simpered about it; and he went away, convinced that when a man did achieve a literary success it assuredly made an ass of him. Yet the success remained in spite of its author.

I heard of that "ode" so often that I took pains to read it through. It was largely after the manner of Swinburne, with a dull glow of fleshy color striking up through its fervor, suggesting the Rome of the decadence, and the luxuriousness of Pompeiian aristocracy. In fact, I should not have liked to read it aloud before some of my lady friends. Still, I found they did not get possession of it, and the dear creatures considered me a most interestingly wicked personage—calm outside but volcanic within. I became a lion, and understood practically Horace's remark about the

"Monstrari digito ac dicier, Hic est!"

Light whispers attended me, and I was wafted along by them upon the perfumed waves of "good society."

Now, I would have you observe that a man's public is not at best a very large one—that many a "feeble taper" casts its rays into a charmed circle totally unconscious of some other equally brilliant tallow-dip in some other circle equally charmed. And to confess it, I was shining at the expense of a very different tallow-dip called Anthony Todd. But I plead in extenuation two circumstances. First, I accepted homage, but never claimed it or sought it, or said in so many words, "I am the author." Secondly, I really had no knowledge of the existence of any other Anthony Todd than myself, and still supposed this to be the joke of my jovial friend Harrington, who took every pains and care to spread my fame, and so encouraged the thought.

A few more of my butterflies took wing meanwhile. (I ought to confess that I had tried verse after the "Ode" appeared, and had totally failed inside the limit of three lines.) Wherefore when the name of Anthony Todd became more common property, and even lay down gently in the green pastures of the cover of *Putnam's Monthly*—that truly democratic magazine—I grew somewhat uneasy.

How glad I was that I had not to write in albums like Charles Lamb and Tom Hood, and was not pestered for autographs like Tennyson and Longfellow. Yet with a faint fragrance of Scripture to my thought, I "doubted whereunto this would grow." I became seriously alarmed lest, being accused of a hundred pretty things, I could not compose a stanza or strike off a single madrigal.

And now Anthony Todd became rampant, bacchanalian, delirious, as one of his own butterflies drunk on dew. His Cupids were Watteau's, copied by the pencil and after the manner of Dore. He confounded Lucretia and Cleopatra; changed Hercules into Commodus; dashed in his larger figures all aflame with scarlets and crimsons, and set everything in his verses to quivering and palpitating. Circumspect mammas looked on me askance, attracted by my reputation, and yet considering me a sort of Minotaur after all. For my own part, I began to perceive the joke, and thought it a very poor one. I must confess, however, that I am now unable to retreat.

I am afraid my very particular friend, Miss Mattie Pemberton, of Forty-ninth street, had something to do with it. There is a most seductive power in flattery, delicately administered in homeopathic potions by a pretty girl. I remember a picture of a parrot, which a bright vision in airy vesture was feeding from her own mouth. My friends—to whom I make this long delayed confession—I was that parrot. Mattie posed for her own picture. Indeed, I had by this time taken to reading and committing to memory whatever appeared under my own name. It was a measure of self-defense. And it had once occurred to me that if I were ever driven to the dreadful dilemma of furnishing an autograph poem or else exposing my own incompetency, I should by this means be prepared.

I paid diligent court to the dear Mattie—more diligent than to any judge on the bench of the metropolis. I had imagined a wild flight—like that of De Quincey's Tartar tribe—a new residence, and then a disclaimer offered there at first and working its way back among my friends. But I little knew my fate. When the edge begins to crumble one falls from the precipice with a swiftness which is surprising to all except the individual who knows that such a fate must come.

I had arrayed myself gorgeously in broadcloth and fine linen, and had rung the bell in Forty-ninth street, feeling with poor Tom Hood that

"There is even a happiness
Which makes the heart afraid."

There had been a little disturbance that day in the city, consequent upon some Communist excitement. I believe it grew out of the siege of Paris. I had not minded it at all, and should probably never have noticed it had I not met the banker papa instead of Miss Mattie herself.

As near an approach to a chill as I ever experienced affected me when I met him. My moral and mental atmosphere cooled down as quickly as though I had run out of the Gulf stream into the shadow of an iceberg. I have no doubt that my change of countenance told against me.

The banker papa wished a trifling explanation with me. The *Evening Mail* (he was good enough to observe) had named Anthony Todd as the orator of some red-capped *sans-culottes* in a noted wine shop that morning. Of course it could not be the gentleman with whom he then conversed? He "paused for a reply," like Brutus—holding the *Evening Mail* as though he were ready to show the "rent the envious Casca made." It amused me, even in that moment of agglomerating misery, to perceive that his careful forefinger was laid upon a column of rents quite different from Casca's. And when he paused for my reply, I was able to declare with a clear conscience that there was a mistake, and that I was not the man. Indeed, I was quite voluble on the subject.

The banker cleared his throat. It was a most unfortunate circumstance that Mr. Todd was the only American present—that he had remained, by the newspaper report, strictly sober, while all the rest got drunk—and that finally he had been arrested for his inflammatory harangue, but had been released on bail. And at this last statement he eyed me closely, severely, and with an austerity I could not have expected from his port-winy appearance.

I hastened to explain.

Cæsar's mantle fell upon an arm chair. Another mantle—the *Evening Post* to wit:—was outspread before me. The countenance of Brutus became placid. He begged to compliment me on one of my pretty poems which he had just discovered. I took the paper and read:

"SEMBLANCES.

"The rim of the moon,
The lilt of a tune,
And a rose leaf blown by the breath of June.

"The waft of a cloud,
The drift of a shroud,
And a thought which a dreamer spoke aloud.

"For I see them there,
In her face so fair,
And they hide in the tangles of her hair.

"ANTHONY TODD."

"Rather inconclusive," remarked the banker papa, "but of better tone than some things I've seen of yours."

I mustered moral courage into a leap for life.

"The fact is," I began——

"The fact is," repeated my prospective father-in-law, getting up and emphasizing each word; "the fact is, that the *Evening Post* editorially identifies the author of that poem with the low-lived scoundrel who was bullyragging around in that wine shop this morning. I wonder I have had the patience to hear you civilly. James!"—and James became visible in the darkened hall—"open that door, and show Mr. Todd the way out. You needn't know Mr. Todd when he calls, James."

There was pretty blue blood in the banker papa, or he never could have done it so nicely. And I never was more puzzled than when I found myself on the last of the brown stone steps.

My first effort was to find my *doppelganger* if I could. But, lawyer as I was, I found the "defendant in error" a most intangible quality. After my long acceptance of homage I was thus suddenly cast down. Dagon on his face before the ark. My only hope was to prove an alibi. And that, for a curious reason, was utterly impracticable.

I had spent nearly the whole day roaming among old book stores, and I had been up and down Nassau street twenty times. Having discovered nothing of which I was in search, not having reported at the office that day, and then having gone into Green street to see a man who printed in gilt letters on silk, I confess I had compromised my character most shamefully. The only part of the city in which I could prove my presence satisfactorily was the shop of a fiery French silk-printer.

I thought Harrington ought now to come to my rescue. But Harrington was confounded worse than myself.

"There's another fellow, Todd," he said to me. "Shall have to find him. But I'm dreadful sorry those aren't your verses."

Well, to make a long story short, we could not find him. He was released on suspended sentence, and then he began turning up unexpectedly at every corner. The newspapers and periodicals could not help me to him; they considered his name a nom de plume. He had refused his address. He was not in the directory.

But he was perpetually itemized, that man! He was ubiquitous, and in rows, mobs, violent assemblies, and incendiary meetings, he rivaled Billy Patterson. His verses were the reflection of his better moods, and they reminded one of that strange contradiction, Adah Isaacs Menken. As a speaker, too, he seemed to be in repute, but it was among a class I never knew, never associated with, and did not wish the defilement of investigating.

By this time I was out of society in dead earnest. No one wanted me any more. There were only two or three who disbelieved in my double existence, and they had a troublous time of it with questions and answers, contradictions and comparisons. The poems, too, became redolent of tobacco and gin. I suppose I might have tried the detectives, but I had little faith in them. After all the talk I did not dare to attempt my own vindication by a personal search. Everybody would say, "Yes, we always knew he was little good, and now he's gone to the bad openly, the good-for-nothing. Bright fellow, though. It's a pity."

Waking and sleeping, I wanted to find Anthony Todd. But I could neither get to him nor away from him. He bedeviled me until—Harrington out of town for the summer, every one gone with him for whom I cared, and I myself utterly indifferent what became of me—I fled for refuge to Coney Island, as so many celebrated characters have done before me.

I landed at the usual barroom, and escaped from the dummy train to walk along the sand. A three-card monte man was plying his vocation. Some sirens of a neighboring establishment were displaying its bathing suits in the surf. The great ships were moving calmly far over on the rim of the world, dropping down to Europe and the old lands of song and story. Here and there a steamer left a trail of smoke upon the sky. The breakers tumbled merrily in, and it was about half-flood—good bathing time.

There was a semi-respectable person who kept a semi-respectable blue check bathing suit loan shanty just beyond. To him I went, and put myself in pawn for the regulation costume. I remember my number well. It was fifteen. And I remember the board seat and the party of the second part in the next compartment; for he dashed his elbows against the narrow limits while he gracefully struggled with some of his habiliments, and then he dashed, double dashed, and asterisked all proprietors of bathing establishments from Coney Island to Cape Cod, and thence to Kamtchatka in certain inclusive maledictions which revealed him as a genius in profanity.

When I was bobbing in the surf at the end of the safety-line my friend of No. 16 became apparent to me by the profound and searching anathema with which he spread gloom upon the life of a certain crab that had sacrificed his toe. If I had been that crab I should not have felt completely safe even in the zodiac, to say nothing of the fact that I was then at the very nadir of his wrath. In fact, the fellow looked a rough—a short-haired rough—one of the "Mulligan Guards," out for a holiday, as likely as not. And the other five of us—for "we were seven"—were of the same kidney, and bowed reverentially before him, saying, I doubt not, in their secret souls, as did Master Stephens in Ben Johnson's "Every Man in his Humour," "I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman."

This present Captain Bobadil might have gone unnoted but for these same maledictions, if one of his fellows had not struck in:

"Blank it, Rube, yer oughter drive some o' them' loads inter th' *Evenin' Post*, 'stead o' that stuff yer call Anthony Todd."

That was all I wanted to hear. I had found my other self. We all bounced up and down on our rope, I as mad and merry as the rest. And then it began to rain, and we all ran in out of the wet, and howled derision at each other as we ran. My watch was safe in the toe of my shoe, and I kept up a running fire with No. 16 through the partition. He was in advance of the rest in many matters, even profanity. I made up my mind what to do. I took him aside, and told him my name. He set up a whole rocket battery of corruscating curses, and then leveled a perfect fusillade of all he had remaining right upon me. I bared my breast like Marshal Ney, and received the shot, small and large. Then I asked for a hearing, and I had it.

The result was that I imparted to him my plan. We "shook" the "Mulligan Guards," and stayed until evening at the beach. I fell back upon his better self, a self I knew in his poems pretty thoroughly. I found him not so bad but that he might be worse. His real name he had used as a *nom de plume*, his false one as an every day truth. Reporters had identified Anthony Todd and Rube Albertson without trouble, and the very name he had hoped to keep clean until he could stand up and claim it had been smirched and defiled. From that moment he had become desperate, and when I found him there were detonating nodes in every fibre of his brain.

They talk now about "Todd and his Double." Well, they can talk all they choose. That double of mine is doing himself some credit, and when my great-uncle heard the story he made up his mind to help on the young genius by a trifle of this world's empty show and shining dross. So I take another name in the place of my own, and by act of the legislature I hope soon to be Arthur H. Barrington.

True, I have to begin all over again; but then I had not really begun before I was cast upon a lee-shore, and to-day I am only twenty-seven. And, for the matter of that, Anthony Todd had to begin all over again, too; and he has done it nobly.

Let me just add that I took him with me to Forty-ninth street the other evening. I had completely dropped out of society's knowledge, and was not afraid of recognition under the disguise of Arthur H. Barrington and a heavy mustache. Todd was well dressed, and looked a perfect gentleman; but you may well believe I sent in no card for him.

The banker papa was graciously pleased to grant us due audience. He also was pleased to bestow fit attention. I felt that he, like the host of the Ancient Mariner, "could not but choose to hear."

His eyes enlarged, his jaw dropped. Meanwhile, Todd struck into the conversation with a singular force and brilliancy, and painted up the whole panorama for the old gentleman until it was better than Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins to listen to him.

The banker rose and reached the bell. He said:

"Keep your seats, gentlemen."

James came. "James, call Miss Mattie."

Miss Mattie came. "There! You two go into the parlor and talk it out. This gentlemen and I will stay here."

Tableau!—*Overland Monthly.*

The Artesian Well.

Max Adeler has the following: They have been boring an artesian well out at the iron foundry, and for some time the work seemed to go along very nicely. The boring was done with a two-inch auger fixed in the end of an iron rod, which was twisted around by a wheel worked by two men. One day, after they had gone down a good many feet, they tried to pull the rod out, but it would not come. They were afraid to use much force lest the auger should come off and stay in the hole, and so as the boring went along well enough they concluded to keep on turning, and to trust to the force of the water, when they struck it, to drive the loose dirt up from the hole. When they had gone down about three hundred and fifty feet, they began to think it queer that there were no signs of water; but they bored a hundred feet further, and one day, just as they were beginning on another hundred, there was an excitement in at Murphy's.

Murphy lives next door to the foundry, and on the day in question his boy came running into the house and told him to come into the garden quick, for there was some kind of an extraordinary animal with a sharp nose burrowing out of the ground. Murphy concluded that it must be either a potato bug or a grasshopper that had been hatched in the spring, and he took out a bottle of bug poison to drop on it when it came up. When Murphy reached the spot there certainly was some kind of a creature slowly pushing its way up through the sod. Its nose seemed to resemble a sharp point like steel. Murphy dropped some poison on it, but it didn't appear to mind the stuff, but kept slowly creeping up from the ground. Then Murphy felt it, and was astonished to find that it felt exactly like the end of a fork prong. He sent the boy to call Perkins and the rest of the neighbors. Pretty soon a large crowd collected, and by this time the animal had emerged to the extent of a couple of inches.

Everybody was amazed to see that it looked exactly like the end of a large auger, and two or three timid men were so scared at the idea of such a thing actually growing out of the earth that they suddenly got over the fence and left. Perkins couldn't account for it, but he suggested that may be somebody might have planted a gimlet there, and it had taken root and blossomed out into an auger; but he admitted that he never heard of such a thing before.

Murphy said that if that kind of thing would work, he probably might go into the business regularly, and raise axes by planting hatchets, and guns by sowing pistols. The excitement increased so that the men who were boring the artesian well knocked off and came over to see the phenomenon. It was noticed that as soon as they stopped work the auger ceased to grow, and when they arrived they looked at it for a minute, and one of them said:

"Bill, do you recognize that auger?"

"I think I do," said Bill.

"Well, Bill, you go and unhitch that wheel from the other end of the rod."

Bill did so, and then the other man asked the crowd to take hold of the auger and pull. They did, and out came 450 feet of iron rod. The auger had slid off to the side, turned upward and come to the surface in Murphy's garden. Then the artesian well was abandoned, and Brown, the foundry man, bought a steam pump and began to get water from the river.

GYP TIE.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

A very small boy was little Gyp Tie,
With a dusky face and an almond eye,
A queer, small voice, most slippery sweet,
And the busiest pair of noiseless feet
That one could ever have wished to n eet.

A very hard lot had little Gyp Tie,
Though his innocent face was never awry;
He washed up the dishes, and did the chores,
He blackened the stoves and scrubbed the floors,
And—he never listened behind the doors.

He sang at his work, did little Gyp Tie,
A sorrowful song that he wished to die,
And go to the bright Celestial land,
An angel there with his mates to stand,
With "crown" on his head and "hop" in his hand.

We grew very fond of little Gyp Tie,
He never was known to cheat or to lie;
He went to church, and he learned to read,
And he prayed so hard that we all agreed,
That he was a rescued "brand" indeed!

He felt very sad, did little Gyp Tie,
And he wiped a tear from his almond eye,
And he sang his sorrowful song all day,
When the silver spoons were stolen away
From the secret drawer where they always lay.

But sadder yet was little Gyp Tie,
When we hailed the big policeman nigh,
And he looked on Gyp as a child of sin,
And he called his tears and prayers "too thin,"
And he pulled out the spoons with a scornful grin
From the folds of that blouse, sewed safely in.

We want no more like little Gyp Tie;
We think of his prayers with a dreadful sigh,
And his sorrowful song that was all of it "bosh!"
But we want a youth to scrub and to wash.
Who has the profoundest belief in Josh!

—*Scribner for September.*

A STORY OF THE SHERIFF.

A well trained hotel clerk, who knows his duty rightly, considers that the accepted guest in the hotel is as much in his own castle as in his own house, and will not permit him to be knowingly disturbed by unpleasant or unauthorized intruders. This, sometimes, is of service, and prevents disagreeable consequences, as will be seen in the history here about to be given, the scene of which was at the Tremont house in Boston several years ago, and one of the actors therein a well known merchant of Boston, who, over the *nom de plume* of "Acorn," used to furnish some of the liveliest sketches of humor, and sharpest of dramatic criticisms to the old New York *Spirit of the Times*, whom we shall designate as Jim Pines; the other a well-known business man of our sister city of Portland, whom, for convenience sake, we will call Short, inasmuch as he was short when one of the actors in the scene we are about to recount.

It chanced one fine evening that a stranger entered the Tremont, and addressing himself to the "gentlemanly clerk," inquired if Mr. Short, of Portland, was stopping at the house?

"He is," said the clerk, referring to the register.

"Well, I want to see him; show me up to his room, if you please."

"If you will send your card I will see if he is at home," replied the clerk.

The visitor produced a card, which was handed to the bell-boy, whom he was about to follow upstairs, when he was restrained by the clerk.

"Be kind enough to wait till we see if Mr. Short is in, and will see you."

The bell-boy returned with word that Mr. Short "would see the gentleman to-morrow morning."

"Where's his room?" said the visitor. "I'll go right up myself."

"Excuse me, sir. Mr. Short has already sent word he does not wish to see you till to-morrow, and I cannot permit him to be disturbed."

"Well, sir, I think I shall go up if you will give me the number of the room, for I'm the sheriff, and I intend to arrest him."

At these words Jim Pines, who was sitting in a little room behind the key-board where he had heard all the conversation, and who is always ready to aid a man in difficulties—Jim, knowing this to be a case of a late-at-night arrest to force a claim, rose and remarked that "he was going to see if his supper was ready," and slipping through the dining hall up to his room he took from thence an old pair of boots and went to Short's room where he was at once admitted.

"Take your valise and duds, old boy, and come along with me."

"What's up, Jim?" asked Short.

"Not much, but the sheriff will soon be, so come along."

The pair left the room, locked it behind them, and Pines dropped the old pair of boots outside the door, after which they passed over to another wing of the house, to Pines' room, where Short was left, and the former descended, where he found the hotel clerk still engaged in conversation with the sheriff.

"I've seen about my supper, and it's all right," said he, as he passed the clerk with a wink.

"I see this room against Mr. Short's name on the register is twenty-six; is that where you put him?" asked the sheriff of the clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I demand to be shown to that room, immediately."

"All right, Mr. Sheriff. Boy, show the gen'leman No. 26."

The unwelcome visitor was conducted up stairs to the desired room. There it was, sure enough, number on the door, pair of boots sitting outside. The sheriff looked at his watch. Half-past nine. "Humph! goes to bed early." He knocked; no response. Knocked a little louder; still no reply.

"Boy," said he to the bell-boy who still stood near him, "is there any door opening out of this room to the chambers either side?"

"No, sir; you can see for yourself there's nobody in this one."

The sheriff looked into the unoccupied rooms on each side, and satisfied himself that there was no communication, and then, with a grim smile, took a chair from one of them and sat down beside the door of No. 26.

"Boy," said the officer of the law, "do you want to earn a dollar?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, as his eyes sparkled.

"Well, take this note for me," said the officer, as he hastily scribbled on the back of an old letter, "and bring me an answer, and you shall have it."

The waiter was off like a shot, and returned with an answer, which was nothing less than a deputy officer, to whom the other in a whisper explained the situation. "He's in here, and no way of getting out; we can't break in the door; you must watch here till morning, and when he comes out to breakfast arrest him. Boy, there's your dollar."

Thus left, the deputy settled himself comfortably down in his chair, and the sheriff walked off, satisfied that he had trapped his bird.

Next morning about eight o'clock he reappeared. There sat the watchman, looking a little red about the eyes, and there stood the boots, as when he left the night before.

"Any movement, Linx?"

"Not a bit, as yet; quiet as a church-yard."

"Ah ha! Thinks to tire us out. Go down and get some breakfast, Linx, and I'll mount guard while you're absent."

The deputy went away, and in half an hour returned invigorated and refreshed, and resumed his post, which he faithfully held till noon, when his principal again made his appearance on the scene.

"What! Not up yet?"

"Not a motion."

The two men looked at each other doubtingly. At this moment one of the chambermaids came along, with broom and a bunch of keys in hand.

"Got a key that'll open this room?" said the sheriff.

"Yes, sir," said the maid. Applying it, the door flew open, and the two officers rushed in.

It was empty.

The bed was undressed; a half-smoked cigar and a newspaper of the day before lay upon the table, which were all the traces of its having been occupied.

From force of habit the deputy guarded the door, while his principal looked into the shallow closet, under the bed, out of the window (it was forty feet to the pavement), and had even taken off the blower at the little fireplace, with the vague idea that the man sought might have vanished, in some mysterious manner, up the chimney, when his eyes caught sight of the bell boy, standing outside the door.

"Say, boy, do you know where Mr. Short is, who occupied this room?"

"Sure, sir, he must be in Portland," said the boy, with a grin, "he left in the seven o'clock train, and it's twelve now."

The sheriff glanced at his watch. "Yes, but whose boots are those at the door?"

"These," said the boy, taking them up; "these be Mr. James Pines' boots; here's his name on the lining."

And so it was, and the officers had never thought to look in them.

"Are you afraid any one would stale 'em, that ye sit by 'em so?" asked the waiter, maliciously.

The sheriff made no answer, but strode out of the room, sending the boots aside with a vigorous kick as he passed toward the staircase. When he was half way down he was stopped by the voice of the bell boy, who, leaning over the banisters, called out:

"Sir, jist a moment, plaze."

"Well, what is it?" replied the officer, turning up his face.

"Would you tell me, plaze, how much it is Mr. Pines pays an hour for the watchin' av his boots?"

The sheriff vouchsafed only an indignant "humph," and passed on. He and his deputy had passed out upon the front steps of the house, when another waiter, running after him, tapped him on the shoulder with the message that the hotel clerk wished to speak with him. Hastening back with the thought that he was to hear something respecting his lost game, he was met with a bland smile by the clerk, who remarked:

"I b'lieve you forgot this little bill."

"Little bill! What little bill?"

The clerk presented a paper bearing the pictorial representation of the Tremont, and beneath which was the charge:

STEPHEN GRAHAM, Esq.,
To proprietors Tremont House, Dr.
Lodging..$1

"Do you mean to say that you intend charging me a dollar for my man's sitting up in a chair here all night?" said the officer of the law, red and irritated.

"Can't tell how he passed the night; all I know is that we gave him lodging, and one dollar's our price," replied the clerk icily.

"Say, Charley, have you seen my old boots?" asked a gentleman at this juncture who appeared to be accidentally standing near. "I've missed 'em from my room. I hope some one has kept an eye on 'em, for I would rather give a dollar than lose 'em."

"Ah! right, the boots is safe, sure didn't the gentleman sit by 'em all night," answered the grinning waiter as the sheriff turned around.

"Ah! Graham, good morning—much obliged to you—here, let me pay this lodging bill, for I prize those boots," said Jim Pines, as he took the slip of paper from the sheriff's hands, who stood staring at him.

"Mr. Pines, I give it up. I'm euchred," said the officer, "and that's the first pair of boots I ever knew that helped a man to run away without his being in 'em."

"Ah," said Jim, "there's nothing like leather when there's business afoot."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

The Hand Which Won.

It was one of the handsomest packets on the river, and among the passengers bound for Vicksburg were a Georgian and his wife, who have relatives in Mississippi.

He was a large-sized, handsome looking man, and she was a pleasant looking little woman, with blue eyes and short chestnut curls. One would have said that she would have screamed at a tilt of the boat.

He sat smoking with other gentlemen after she had retired to her state-room, and the cabin was entirely clear of ladies, when some one proposed a game of cards. In ten minutes after half a dozen men were shuffling cards over cabin tables, and the Georgian was matched against a stranger to all on board. He was a quiet, courteous, well dressed man, and had been taken for a traveler in search of health. He was lucky with his cards, but he did not propose playing for stakes. It was the nettled Georgian who proposed it. He called himself a champion hand at poker, and when he found that he had met his equal he determined to test the stranger's financial metal.

They had fifty dollars on the table when the captain looked into the cabin. He caught the Georgian's eye and gave him to understand that his opponent was a river blackleg, but the other gentlemen had dropped their cards and crowded around, money was up, and the information had come too late. Besides, the Georgian was doing well enough, and he flattered himself that he could teach the courteous blackleg a lesson.

It was a very quiet group around the table, and after the play had continued for fifteen minutes the gentlemen spoke in whispers, and some of them were reminded of the old time on the Mississippi, when gamblers had the full run of every boat.

The Georgian had luck with him from the start, and while he looked smiling and confident, the gambler appeared to grow excited and uneasy. His money was raked across the table until the Georgian had $200 in greenbacks before him. The stakes had been light up to this time, both men seeming to fear each other's skill. The Georgian proposed to increase them and the gambler agreed. In ten minutes the latter had his $200 back. Luck had turned. The Georgian lost $20; then $50; then $80; then $100. The gambler's face wore a quiet smile as the Georgian became nervous. His hands trembled as he held up the cards, and his face was wet with moisture.

"Come, gentlemen," said one of the group, "let's have a general hand for amusement, and then turn in."

The Georgian looked up with a fixed glance, and replied:

"I have lost $400; he must give me a fair show!"

The play went on. The heap of greenbacks at the gambler's right hand grew larger. Once in a while the Georgian won, but he lost $10 for every one gained. He finally laid down his cards, pulled a roll of bills from his breast pocket, and counted out $300. This was his pile. In less than ten minutes every dollar of it had been added to the gambler's heap.

"Gentlemen, will you smoke?" asked the gambler, as he turned around and drew his cigar case.

They knew his true character in spite of his disguise, and they refused.

"I am sorry for my friend," he continued, biting at the end of a cigar; "but you will agree that the play was fair?"

The Georgian had passed out on the promenade deck. The gambler turned to his stack of bills and was counting them when there was a sharp exclamation, the sounds of a brief struggle, and the little woman with blue eyes and chestnut curls entered the cabin. She was half undressed, a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and she had a revolver in her hand. No one had seen her leave her stateroom and cross the cabin. No one knew that her husband had the revolver in his hand as she softly came upon him. "Go back!" he whispered; "I am coming in a moment!"

With swift motion she seized the weapon, wrenched it from his grasp, and as she came down the cabin to the table at which the gambler sat, and around which half a dozen men yet lingered, her blue eyes were full of fire.

The gambler looked up.

The hammer of the revolver came up with a double click.

A white arm stretched out, and the muzzle of the revolver looked straight into the gambler's face.

He turned pale; the men fell back.

For half a minute the deep silence was broken only by the faint splash of the paddle wheels.

"Go!" she said.

He looked into her flaming eyes as if he could bluff her.

"Go!"

He rose up and reached for the money.

"Leave it!" she whispered, making a threatening motion with the revolver.

He retreated back.

She followed.

Foot by foot he backed across the cabin, the muzzle of the revolver always on a line with his face. He backed through the door on the promenade deck and the railing was there.

"Jump!" she whispered.

The boat was running along within three hundred feet of the shore. Over the rail to the water was a terrible leap.

"You can have the money," he said.

"Jump," she repeated.

"I will not!"

The arm came up a little, and the light from the cabin showed him a bold, strange, determined look on her face. He turned about, shivered, and was over the rail, leaping far out and unable to suppress a cry of alarm, as he felt himself going down.

The boat swept along, her arm fell, and, re-entering the cabin, she sat down, leaned her head on the table and wept bitterly.

The passengers said she was a "brick." Was she?—*Vicksburg Herald.*

PARTING.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

For a day and a night, Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he hidden us,
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues that had chiden us,
Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us:
Morning is here in the joy of its might;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for us;
Now let him pass, and the myrtle make way for us;
Love can but last in us here at his height
For a day and a night.

UNVAILED.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand and such patient suffering on the other that one can not but—"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed."

"But what could induce a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well, I don't know—the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses would have married a man with his habits if she had known of them beforehand."

"There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the men they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch! I have no patience with him."

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean windowed, gauzy curtained houses that form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one mistress of the said nice looking cottage villa, and the other her guest—a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

On the following morning Mrs. Barton and her guest, Mrs. Kennedy, were at the window of the parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Morton, when the hall door was quietly opened and was as quietly shut again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Barton. "Only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she makes, even in the street, may wake that fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Kennedy, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes as far as the street allowed, this quiet looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the neatly trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; and then, fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said:

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I can not comprehend, for, were Kennedy to act in any such way, I'm sure I wouldn't endure it for a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Barton; "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out—I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by and by return, looking up as she approaches at the bedroom window, and, if the blinds are drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—or one—or two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh—his dinner! I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers, poor thing! He dines, no doubt, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he had seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits for him?"

"Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed, and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary soul! I don't know that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear; it is terrible!" sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Kennedy. "But does any one visit them; have they any friends, do you think?"

"I don't think he can have any friends—the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people who call, stylish people too, in carriages; and there is he—the wretch!—often with his half sleepy look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she any children? I hope she has, for they would console her in his long absence."

"No—even that comfort is denied her. She has no one to cheer her—her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of a father could such a man make. Oh, I should like to know her! And yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband. Barton, you know, wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy. Let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon, and here we are, losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies hereupon set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" in Regent street, all the "sacrifices that were voluntarily being offered up in Oxford street, bought a great many things for "less than half the original cost," made calls, and laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot, in the bustle, the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage at Merton road.

The next day a lady friend called on Mrs. Barton.

"I find," she said in the course of the conversation with that lady and her guest, "you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Morton."

"Mrs. Morton!" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity, "Mrs. Morton! Oh, how singular that you should know her—poor, miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about——"

"Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake. My Mrs. Morton is the happiest little woman in London."

"Oh, it can not be the same!" said Mrs. Barton. "I mean our opposite neighbor, in Hawthorn Villa. I thought it couldn't be—"

"Hawthorn Villa. The very house! You surely can not have seen her or her husband, who—"

"Oh, the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Barton. "I wouldn't know such a man."

"He," in her turn, interrupted her friend, Mrs. Law—"he a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Law, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood—a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose—who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours, whose only ostensible means of living is gambling or something equally disreputable—who—"

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Law. "Who can have so grossly slandered the best of men! He can not help his late hours, poor fellow! That may be safely called, his misfortune, but not his fault!" And the lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune," murmured Mrs. Barton; "how can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he can not help it; he would be too pleased to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what, in heaven's name, is his business?"

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Law, looking extremely surprised. "Why, he's the editor of a morning paper!"

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

BY M. QUAD.

He thought he recognized me the moment I entered the door, but I refused to encourage him in that belief. It was a strange town to me, all the people were strangers, and I was so far from home that I doubted if man, woman, or child in that locality had ever met me before.

The barber smiled tenderly as he pointed to the chair, and then led right off as familiarly as if he had shaved me every day for a month past. While mixing the lather he remarked on the weather, the crops, the panic, the lost balloonists, and other matters, and although I did not pretend to hear him be was not to be beaten.

"I hope you'll do well here," he said as he pushed my head over and daubed the lather on the right cheek, commencing at the butt of the ear.

(Silence on my part.)

"This town needs another dry goods store," he continued after a moment, "and I shouldn't wonder if you just coined money."

(Long silence.)

Perhaps it was the silence which convinced the barber that he had made a mistake, but he was not discouraged. As he lathered the left cheek he suddenly said:

"There are three or four lawyers here now, but, as Christopher Columbus said, 'There's room at the top of the heap,' and I think you'll be full of business all the time."

He was looking right down into my face, and through the foam of lather he might have detected a faint smile, a frown, or some other expression which hurt his conceit. He instantly suspected that he had made another mistake. I was looking into the glass on the wall and I saw his countenance change. Some barbers would not have pursued the subject further, but he was the only barber in the village, and he felt that he had certain rights which I was bound to respect. He might have reasoned that I was mulish and obstinate, and needed coaxing and flattering, or perhaps he theorized that I was timid and hesitating, and wanted encouraging. At any rate he soon attacked me again, saying:

"This is a nice village, but I never saw so much sickness in my life as we have had this year. Our doctors don't seem to know enough to manage the diseases, and I'm glad you are going to open an office. I am pretty healthy as a general thing, but if I get sick I'll give you my custom in preference to any one else."

Still watching the glass, I saw a self-satisfied smile ripple across his face. For about half a minute he was dead sure in his own mind that he had boxed me up. Then a shade of suspicion crossed his face. Silence sometimes gives consent, but in this case, after scrutinizing my face sharply for an instant, he interpreted it to mean that he had blundered again. He was vexed. I had no right to sit there and treat his round-the-corner queries with such contemptuous silence. He would pay me for such conduct. I saw the spirit of resolve creep into his face, and he said:

"I was saying only the other day that this town was able to support another blacksmith shop! Old Jones is good-hearted, but he knows no more about shoeing a horse than a coon does about sailing a canal-boat."

His eyes glistened, and he took no pains to keep down the chuckle of satisfaction bubbling up into his throat. He regarded it as a line shot—a crusher—and if he hadn't been shaving my chin at that time he would have been unable to suppress a laugh.

His razor crossed the chin, scraped up and down, and skipped around to the jugular vein before the barber's smile faded. He had been watching me to catch a start of surprise or a look of displeasure, or something to guide his opinion; and as he had been unsuccessful, he renewed the lather on the left cheek and sighed drearily. I hoped he was a man of determination, and trusted that he would not give up. Fearing that he would, I was about to speak, when he smiled blandly and remarked:

"I can tell a school teacher the minute I set eyes on him!"

(Lather and silence.)

"And it's funny, too," he continued, "that I have shaved every professor in the Normal School here the very first morning of his arrival, and have told each and every one that he was a professor before he had said a word to me."

(Silence and shave.)

"Well, I suppose teaching is a good paying business," he went on, as he looked my face over to see if he had skipped a spot, "and I'm willing to help you all I can. I haven't any children—am not married—but if ever I get married and have children I'll send them to school to you."

His persistency and flattery deserved some encouragement, but I was determined to hold out to the last ditch. He shut up his razor with a quick, vexed motion, tossed it on the stand regardless of damages, and he smiled maliciously as he got down his bottle of unadulterated bay rum. I knew it would bite like a serpent and sting like an adder, but could I show less stoicism than he had shown diplomacy and persistency? Didn't I commence the struggle?

I shut my teeth, looked straight into the glass, and he sopped the fiery stuff over my cheeks and chin. He expected a squirm and a yell, and his surprise was great. The light of revenge had crept into his eyes, but it quickly faded away, and as he replaced the bottle and wiped my face with the towel he said:

"I never saw but one other man who could stand bay rum like that, and he was a returned Californian. The climate of that country hardens the flesh, I suppose?"

I refused to reply. He got angry again, dug my scalp as he combed my hair, gave my head several unnecessary twists and knocks and pushes, and he jerked the big calico apron off my lap as if he hated me. However, curiosity suddenly overcame his vexation of spirit, and as he brushed me off he said:

"This town ought to support another undertaker, and if I can be of any assistance in finding you a shop you can call upon me day or night."

I wouldn't speak, and I heard him gritting his teeth. He also struck me several hard blows with the brush, and once tried to hit me fair on the nose. I thought I had discouraged him, but just as I had put on my hat and opened the door he made a last desperate charge. Smiling sweetly, he inquired:

"Less see? Reverened—Reverend—what did you say it was?—Rev. Mr. Brown?"

I didn't say.—*New York Graphic.*

Chivalry Dead.

Porte Crayon writes: It was really the discovery of painting that killed chivalry, soul and body. Then the power that comes of knowledge passed over to the unarmed people. The unlettered prince could no longer delegate the writing and reading of his letters to a hired varlet, and the doughty Douglas dared no longer boast,

"Thank Heaven that no son of mine
Save Gawain ever penned a line."

It became a question of learning to read, instead of learning to ride. Life is not long enough for both. Warriors were superseded by philosophers, tournaments by scholastic disputations; study bowed the stalwart frame, the pen cramped the iron hand, Latin and Greek quelled the passionate energy, while subtleties and dogmas addled the simple brain of knighthood, incidentally engendering more quarrels than all the gunpowder, percussion, and nitroglycerine since discovered have ever been able to settle. It was the discovery of printing, then, that overturned chivalry, and is undermining many other ancient systems that people don't suspect. Whatever of knightly spirit remained to the nineteenth century, high-cocked bonnets and Colt's revolvers will certainly exterminate. "The age of chivalry is indeed past."

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints we trust."