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### Forever.

The mulberry flowers came drooping down
Sweet over the two that stood together,
Parting there by the gateway brown,
Still and sad in the soft May weather,
He held her close for a last, long kiss:
"I will wait for you, dear," she said, "forever."
No later hour shall be false to this;
For mine is a love that can alter never!"

The mulberry flowers droop down once more
Sweet over the two that stand together:
But not the two that stood before,
Parting sad in the soft May weather!
For the earth has changed its bloom again,
And the love has changed that could alter never,
But a year has come and gone since then!
And that is the length of a girl's forever.

### Good-Bye.

Good-bye, and yet good-bye! the words I speak,
That linger long
On hearts that love too well; those words tho' weak,
Can rend the strong.
And 'tis not weakness that on souls should dwell
Their binding sway;
The rapturous transport of a last farewell
All must obey.
Right gallantly the good ship ploughs her track,
Through the salt sea foam,
And precious is the fre'ght she carries back
To many a home.
Then sail on, gallant ship; thy vanish'd bows
I will not mourn,
For rolling time will see fulfilled the vows
My lips have sworn.

### NOT LOST.

It was late in the afternoon of a dull autumnal day that a group of young people came chatting down the flight of stone steps leading from the door of a cathedral church, in an old Atlantic seaport town. They were members of the choral society attached to the church, and they had evidently been there for rehearsal. Within, the great building yawned black and lonely, save in the gallery, where, over the organ, a gas-jet spun rays of light in the gloom, and the sound of softly subdued voices broke through the stillness.

The visible occupants were two, a man and a maiden—young, and with the cabalistic word, "lovers," gleaming as did the mysterious handwriting of old on the wall, on their foreheads. Robert Field, the organist, was turning over some sheets of manuscript music with an absorbed air, while by his side stood Hester Heathersleigh, her pretty face full of anxious interest as she watched his movements. A little cloud of uneasiness wrinkled her forehead now and then as she saw the rent edges of angry clouds scud by the narrow slit of window, giving to the east where the gray sea lay tossing stormily.

"Well, Robert!" she said at last, dropping her slim hand on his shoulder. "Well, Robert, what is it?"

The musician's dark, serious face lighted a moment, gloriously, as he turned and took the little hands in his.

"I asked you to stay, Hester, because I wished to play for you some passages from my new piece. I shall submit it to the society at Music Hall to-morrow evening, and I want your opinion in advance."

The young girl laughed—a little, rippling laugh of gleeful enthusiasm.

"My opinion! Why, Robert, you know beforehand what that will be. It would be nothing but a form asking it."

Robert raised the little hand tenderly to his lips.

"I know that love makes gentle critics of us all," he said, wisely. "But now I want you to forget who is the author of the melody, and to exercise your judgment without stint. Remember, too, that love is the theme; love which, wisely or unwisely, hopes all things, believes all things, and endures all things unto the end." And then he turned to the organ.

He played slowly at first. It was a lonely opening, full of strange, sad chords, as if a soul were waiting somewhere in shadow. Then, as brightness entered, the theme asserted itself. The wonderful tones climbed higher and higher, expressive of a great faith, of a fond, mad triumph, and bewildering joy. On and on the chords swept; it was as if a living chain of light ran round the world.

When he had finished there was silence for a moment between these two. The lingering echoes rolled back and forth till one by one they, too, escaped into stillness. Then Hester Heathersleigh stooped, and with quivering lips and tear-wet eyes, reverently kissed the bowed forehead of her lover.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is so beautiful! I am so proud of you. Who taught you to play like that?"

A proud and satisfied smile curved Robert Field's lips as he listened. "My love for you taught me," he answered. My love for you, which is so great, so all-absorbing, that my music seems to be but a poor expression of it."

Then lifting her head he gazed for a moment with wistful tenderness into the rose-pink beauty of her small, sweet face.

"You think it is a triumph then, dear? Ah, Hester, are you sure you speak for the music itself, or only out of a tender mercy born of your love for me?"

An indignant light brightened the pretty violet eyes out of the drowsy languor of youth's enchanting dreams.

"Tender mercy for you," she repeated. Then her voice changed. "Ah, Robert! if my love can make you write like that now, then your future life shall be full of inspiration, for I shall love you more and more the longer I know you. I shall love you more and more forever."

She wound her arm about his neck, and with tender, maiden sweetness kissed his forehead, and kissed his wavy hair, and kissed the thin, pale hand which lay nervelessly on the yellow organ keys. And then a stillness crept about them, a stillness more fraught with eloquent joy than any measure of golden speech could have been.

While they thus stood hand in hand talking the curtain behind them partitioning off the long gallery parted and a dark face peered through. It was a man's face, handsome but cruel in that purple gloom of gathering shadow. It was no friendly face, either, that with its many changes of hate and jealous anger and furious despair seemed, while the lovers talked, to be playing a dark and stormy accompaniment to the idyl of their love.

A sudden angry burst of wind at the narrow window roused them unpleasantly to a sense of night and the nearing storm.

"Oh, the rain!" cried Hester, with a pale face. "How thoughtless of us to stay, and you have that long, desolate walk over the cliffs in the dark!"

"Never mind!" cried Robert, stoutly. "There are such light and warmth within me that I shall not heed a passing touch of wind and water. I will see you to your door first, and then good-night."

"My cousin Conrad promised to come for me," Hester answered. "I wonder what detains him. It is too bad for me to take you all this long way out of your route."

"I like it better so," the young man said, gravely. "I do not like your cousin Conrad, and I am not willing to trust you to his care. Oh, my darling!" he went on, earnestly, "if my music but brings me fame and fortune I can then make you all my own, and there will be no more good-nights, no more partings in the storm for us."

They passed down the stairs and out into the street together, unconscious of the shadow closing upon them, nearer and blacker. At the door of Hester's home they parted with a lingering good-by.

"My precious music," cried Robert, buttoning his coat closer about him. "No harm must come to that. It represents fame and fortune and love and honor for thee and me, my darling."

Hester lifted a small wet face to peer into the gloom.

"I wish you could stay," she said. "And oh, Robert, be careful of the cliffs—the path is so lonely and dangerous. I shall come early to rehearsal to-morrow for the sake of knowing that you are safe."

"Do!" he answered. "I shall bring you glad tidings. Success is too near for me to miss it now. Good-night, good-night, my sweetheart!" And so speaking he passed from her into the shadow of his awaiting doom.

After that night of storm the day dawned clear and cool. At St. Paul's the Choral Society, just then in first flush of enthusiasm over a new oratorio, gathered early. One—Two—Three! the great bells chimed the hours and the singers waited impatiently for their leader. Something had detained him most likely; he would come soon! The hour struck Four and he had not come, and Hester Heathersleigh, with a heart heavy as lead in her bosom, fell on her knees in an agony of prayer. "Oh, my God!" she cried, reckless of who might hear her. "He is dead. My Robert is dead! He has been lost in the cruel storm!"

Some one, pitying, touched her arm. It was her cousin, Conrad Charteris; he was looking down at her with a pale face—a face paler far than that which he had spied upon her yesterday from behind the gallery curtain. Her piteous cry had touched even his stony heart.

"Hush!" he whispered, "here is news from him—from Robert; come and hear what it is."

A note had been brought by a swift running messenger, and a shudder ran round the waiting circle of listeners when its contents were made known. It was signed by a leading physician of the city, and stated that Robert Field had been picked up that morning at the foot of the cliffs and taken home for dead. He was now, at the date of writing, lying in an insensible condition, and it was impossible to tell what the extent of his injuries were, or if there was any hope of his ultimate recovery.

A horror stricken silence followed the reading of the note, broken at last by a low, sobbing cry from Hester Heathersleigh's white lips.

"I must go to him—oh, I must go to him! Who will take me? You! you!" and she caught Conrad Charteris by the arm.

He shrank away from her with a gesture much as if she had pierced him with a knife. His black eyes dilated horribly.

"I? I go with you to see him?" he cried. "What are you thinking of? What do you take me for?" Then noting her astonished look he made a fierce struggle for composure; but his hands shook like withered leaves.

"Why do you wish to go to him?" he questioned angrily. "He would not recognize you—and it is no place for you! Let me take you home."

She snatched up her shawl and bound it with trembling fingers about her shoulders. "I tell you I shall go to him," she answered. "I was to have been his wife and, living or dead, my place is now by his side. You can come with me if you like!" And she flew down the steps.

It seemed an age to her, that short time she was on the road leading to the lonely house of Robert Field's widowed mother; and when at last, by dint of her prayers and tears, she was suffered to approach his bedside, she looked down on a very different Robert Field from the one with whom she had parted in such high hope the night before.

The bruises were chiefly about the head, the physician said gravely, and even if he recovered it was doubtful if his mind would ever be sound again. Hester heard him, and with a great sob fell on her knees by the bedside. Where now were the brilliant aspirations, the tender hopes, the gay courage and stout-hearted faith of one short day gone by? Lost! lost! Success so near to him, and yet to fail. Triumph so nearly won, and yet to pass by on the other side.

"Robert, O my Robert! Look up! Speak to me, or I, too, shall die!"

Ah! but love remained. Love unchanged and unfaltering. This then was left—the blessing of a love which believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things unto the end.

The drawn white face on the pillow did not change at Hester's cry, but under the half-closed lids the dull eyes gleamed feebly and the slender hand outside on the coverlet groped helplessly. Hester took his hand in hers and then, quick as lightning, by some strange, subtle instinct rather than by any demonstratien of his, she felt that the poor, stricken senses were trying to break through the darkness that enveloped them and make their unknown want understood.

"Robert, Robert! what is it?" she cried. "What is it that you want to make us understand?"

The helpless movement of his lips, the helpless groping of his fingers, were enough to make one weep. Hester bent her ear to his mouth.

"What is it, Robert, dear? Tell me —what is it you want?"

The stiffened lips strove with a terrible effort to move, and this time one word was feebly articulated:

"Music!"

Hester looked up with a startled exclamation:

"Music! He calls for his music. Do you not hear? Where is it? Who knows about it? Is it lost?" she questioned eagerly.

Again that terrible attempt at speech. The dull eyes opened wide, the feeble fingers clenched themselves on Hester's hand, and, with a last mad effort of expiring desperate strength, he raised himself and shrieked:

"My music! Find it! Save it!" And then he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

"You have killed him," said the physician, angrily, and at the words Hester, with a moan, dropped down insensible.

Not dead! But when, after weeks and months of painful illness, he faced the world again, he looked like a shadow out of the past. But bent and aged, with scarred forehead and whitened locks, the wreck of his body was not the greatest evil that had befallen him; for of the brilliant genius of other days no vestige was left. Saddest of all, the miserable ghost of his lost hopes haunted him, and in the ruined chambers of his darkened intellect he was forever groping, trying to gather up the mystic chords of tuneful thought which no longer vibrated to his magic touch. The lost manuscript music had never been recovered, and though his feeble mind failed to take in the greatness of his loss, the shadow of something beautiful which was to have been, but, somehow, failed to be, lay on him, and gave his face a wistful look, which was sadder far in its mute endurance than any wail of speech could have been.

Music was to him now something akin to the sound of "sweet bells jingled, out of tune and harsh."

One day in early spring he went to the church for the first time, leaning on Hester's arm. The old, familiar look of the place struck him forcibly and roused his dormant wits. He sat down to the organ and glided his hands over the keys; a few jangling, discordant chords followed, wandering and disconnected; then his face changed, and, with a terrible cry, he flung his head on his arms.

"Oh, Hester! tell me what is it I have lost? Sometimes I almost reach it—it is in my mind, something beautiful which I almost grasp, and then it eludes me and fades away. I have lost it now. Hester! Hester! take me home!"

She kissed him and soothed him with sweet womanly words, and when he was more composed she led him away.

Soon after that they were married. In vain Hester's friends threatened and opposed her. She was quietly determined.

"He loved me when friends and fortune smiled on him," she answered them. "He would have given me every great gift which the world was ready to bestow on him for love of his beautiful genius, and shall I desert him now when misfortune has overtaken him? Perhaps—oh, perhaps some time God may restore to him his lost mind." Tears filled her lovely, soft pathetic eyes. "If I dared to hope it—oh, if I but might hope for it, how willingly would I give my life to have it so."

The day before her wedding she received a visit from Conrad Charteris.

"It shall not be!" he cried out vehemently. "Do you recognize what you are doing? Why, you had better far die at once, for Robert Field is but little better than an idiot."

"And if he *were* an idiot," returned Hester, bravely hiding her hurt at the brutal words, "even then I would marry him. I love him, and if not one vestige of his glorious intellect remained I would be Robert Field's wife, and a proud one, too!"

"And, by God, I believe you would," answered Conrad, looking with a fond, mad longing into the small pale face, lifted so undauntedly to his dark gaze. "Hester, you will drive me mad. I would to heaven that Robert Field was dead. Why did he not die that night last winter?" and he struck his hand furiously on the table in a blind frenzy of despair.

"God knows it was from no lack of purpose in you that he did not die," retorted Hester, spiritedly.

She spoke at random, but Conrad shrank away with a white face. The idle words evidently hit him hard. They cut close and sharp as steel in their unexpected descent, and wheeling abruptly about he left her and did not seek her again.

They were married quietly, and after that, in the tender security of his modest home, under the fond and cherishing care of his wife, health and strength came slowly back to the shattered frame of Robert Field.

Slowly, too, out of the darkness he begun to wrench, one by one, the secrets of his prisoned mind. Old melodies began to shape themselves under his touch, discordant and fragmentary at first, but gradually assuming symmetry and power.

"Not quite a wreck!" he would sigh, wistfully. "Some day some good genii will unlock my prison door and set me free."

In the child that was born to them, a beautiful boy who sang sweet music in every tone of his childish voice, his pride was great. He talked of him, listened to him, watched him, and dreamed of him, predicting a future of which Bertrand was to be the perfect flower, the very golden rose of joy. So the years passed, and sweet Hester Field's fair face grew heavenly beautiful to see, with its tired look of patient waiting. God only knows how her heart failed her now at times; or with what fierce power she wrestled with her growing doubts, and prayed for strength to help her bear this cross whose shadow fell even darker and deeper on her young life.

Had her love, then, been a sacrifice in vain?

But one day the answer came!

Returning one afternoon from a long walk, Robert Field stopped in the hall, spell bound by the triumphant strains of some new and beautiful melody floating through the rooms. His worn face flashed with the old light of inspired thought; his eyes dilated; his whole form shook with a mysterious emotion.

"What is it? what is it?" he asked of his wife, who came to meet him.

"Bertrand's music!" answered proud mother Hester. "He has been engaged with it a long time. He meant it to be a surprise to you."

Robert Field threw up his arm with a joyful cry.

"It is mine!—mine! My lost music! —the music I played for you that long forgotten day! Hark, Hester! do you not recognize it now? Oh! to think that it has slept so long and now comes back to me so fresh and fair. This is what I have missed out of my life! This is my treasure which was lost to me and now is returned to me after many years. Brought back by a little child! Our child, Hester! Oh, thank God for that!"

Rushing into the parlor he swept Bertrand from the stool, and, seating himself at the organ, with one powerful sweep of his hands over the keys, he summoned his God-given genius from the tomb of his youth and bade it stand resurrectionized in new life before him. On and on the music swept; not a note was lost; not a chord dropped out of the splendid work. Shoutingly, exultantly the tones leaped forth, "and their name was called Wonderful." On! on! Up and up!

At last, from sheer exhaustion, the musician dropped to the floor, and lying there at Hester's feet he wept tears which were no shame to him.

"It is the very same!" he cried. "Bertrand has written it out note for note, a counterpart of my own work. Is it not an awful thing to think of! My own work, and yet his! Who but God can explain it. And oh, Hester! The darkness is all gone now! Let me thank God for that."

Then, wrapping his arms about her, Robert Field kissed his wife's pale face and kissed her tender mouth, her wavy hair, and her slim, pale faithful hands.

"My wife! my wife! Oh, what if your love had failed you, Hester? If, in those terrible first hours of my misfortune, your true heart had been one whit less true, then I should have been lying in my grave to-day, a broken and forgotten man!"

So fame and success in the later days of his life came, not unwelcomely, to Robert Field. The world welcomed his famous piece with none the less acclaim for its long delay, and for the strange story which accompanied it. One truth only concerning that fatal night Robert withheld—known alone to his faithful wife. But Conrad Charteris had long ago disappeared from the town, and was seen no more among them. So he and Hester buried the secret in their hearts, contented that it should be so—for God is his own avenger.

They had been taught a wonderful lesson, too, by One who, having lived on earth, knew what the full fruition of earthly life must be, and who gave, ere he passed away from among men, the crowning blessing of His wisdom in a last, new commandment—

Love ye one another!

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A "mysterious" trunk arrived in St. Louis last week. The detectives seized it, and found in it a half dozen Limberger cheeses. No arrests.

### THE PENNSYLVANIA IRON INTEREST.

**Many Establishments Suspended—A Strike Impending.**

The iron manufacturing interest of Pennsylvania, says a letter from Reading, is crippled, and over half the leading establishments are suspended, with another fourth getting ready to stop work. Fifty-three blast-furnaces have ceased production, the market is glutted and orders are scarce, while the outlook for a revival is discouraging. Prices have fallen, and the manufacture of rails, a most important branch of the trade, has almost entirely ceased. Notwithstanding this gloomy condition of the trade, the puddlers and workers are preparing for a war, and are rapidly convincing the members of the National Union of the necessity for demanding an advance of wages to the rates paid previous to the panic. A few days ago a general conference of representatives of the United Sons of Vulcan was held in Reading, at which the question of a strike was discussed, and the policy of the workers determined by the adoption of the following:

"We propose to go by market prices. If iron sells at $70 to $75 per ton, the boiling price shall be $6.75, helpers to be paid by the heat, 48 cents. When puddling is $5.75, no allowance to be received from the companies. If iron advances $5 per ton, the price for boiling shall be increased 25 cents. If there be a decrease in the prices, the puddling rates shall fall in proportion—all questions of differences to be settled by arbitration, the wages to be decided by the average price of iron during each preceding month. Pay-day shall be the third Saturday of each month."

This agreement, when signed by the officials of the Union and the companies, is to continue in effect until August, 1875. The iron-masters have determined not to accede to the proposition, and as the Union has a full treasury and the members who have work are bound to contribute to the support of those on a strike, a general conflict will probably grow out of the present complications. The trouble has already begun by the workers employed in several extensive furnaces and works situated in this portion and other parts of the State, demanding an increase of wages. At Reading the hands employed at Seyfort, McManus & Co.'s two establishments, and the Reading Hardware Company's works, have struck, and in a few days the disaffection is likely to become general. By reason of suspension of furnaces and rolling mills as the cause of the strike, fully 15,000 men are now idle throughout the State.

### Lunar Investigations.

One of the most eminent German astronomers, Prof. Hansen, claims to have proved, by his investigations, that the hemisphere of the moon, which alone is visible to us, is nothing but a mountain range, raised twenty-nine miles above the average level of the moon's surface—that is, that the centre of gravity of the moon is not her geometrical centre, but twenty-nine miles on the opposite side of that centre.

According to this, the more solid part of the moon would be on the far side from the earth, and all that we see of her would be a bulging hemisphere, comparatively much less dense and weighty, projecting twenty-nine miles beyond the surface which the moon ought to show to us if the density were equal throughout; and if the hemisphere on this side, therefore, were uniform in weight and form with the hemisphere on the other side. Prof. H. supposes, in fact, that the moon turns a sort of tower of crusty, broken porous and therefore lighter substance to the earth, so that we see only an exaggerated Alpine or Andes region. If this theory be correct, the lunar atmosphere, if it exist at all, would certainly be attracted to the opposite or heavy side, and might well fail to be sensible at an elevation of twenty-nine miles.

### A Hundred Years Ago.

It is one hundred years ago since the first settlement of Kentucky. In April, 1774, the terrible massacre of the Logan family by the Indians took place, and Daniel Boone, who hated the Indian as much as he relished the Indian life, was longing for revenge, when a messenger came riding down the valley of the Ohio with his steed in a foam; a messenger from the royal Gov. Dunmore, of Virginia, seeking one Boone, Daniel Boone, a woodman who had been in the West, to go westward to the falls of the Ohio, and conduct surveying parties and protect them as they went. Boone started on his perilous journey on the 6th of June, 1774, reached and reconducted the surveyors in safety to the settlements, the distance being 800 miles and the time two months. The Governor rewarded Boone by employing him on a larger scale for settling the West. James Harrod, the founder of Harrodsburgh, built the first house in what was then termed the West, a log cabin raised in the forest in April, 1774.

### An Opinion as is an Opinion.

A highly respectable gentleman, rejoicing in the sounding name of George Edward Fitz-Augustus, visiting the Washington Market, a few days since, thus delivered himself to a fat countryman, whose stock of vegetables he had been busily investigating:—

"Are these good taters?"

"Yes, sir!" responded the countryman.

"A tater," resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, "is inevitably bad unless it is invariably good. Dere is no mediocrity in de combination of a tater. The exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while the interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends the article ob your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man ob probability in your transactions, I, widout any furder circumlocutions, takes a bushel ob dat superior wegetable!"

### Budding into Womanhood.

There is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just crossing the limits of youth, commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her ardent, buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dew-drops exhale; the garlands of hope, scattered and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere noontide, the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the evening rest, the twilight, the night.

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KISSING.—Helen Crager, an attractive young school teacher was kissed against her will by a conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. She caused him to be arrested on a charge of assault and battery, and he was fined and discharged from his position. She then went for the railroad company, and has just recovered $1,000 damages, the Circuit Court of Sauk county, Wis., ruling as a matter of law that the company was liable to the plaintiff for the actual damage occasioned by the wrongful act of the conductor. Now let the railroad companies take warning, and employ no conductor of vehement osculatory propensities.

### THE UNKNOWN DEATH.

**A DETECTIVE'S STORY.**

Murder had been done in Philadelphia—or, at least, so it was supposed—and the papers were full of it. The journals were divided in opinion about the matter, some maintaining that it was a case of simple suicide, others inclining to the belief that there had been foul play, and still others arguing in favor of death from natural though unknown causes. Indeed, it would appear, at first sight, as if the latter were the true supposition, and the majority of superficial readers and thinkers who talked over the affair at home or in the streets the next day, seemed to have very little trouble in arriving at a like conclusion.

All that was known was this: an esteemed citizen—a man of wealth and high standing—had retired to rest the night before apparantly in sound health and good spirits, and at two o'clock the following morning had been found dead in bed, without one visible mark of violence upon his person. His son, who had returned home from a pleasure party at that hour, had entered his father's chamber to deposit the front-door key there, and had made the horrible discovery. This young man, a steady, reliable and devout church member and Sabbath school teacher, had then aroused the house, and had communicated the ill tidings to the terror-stricken family.

At the coroner's inquest I was present, and there the son, after repeating substantially what has been said above, called the attention of the jury to the following additional and important facts: that on entering the chamber he had found everything undisturbed and as usual, that the bed-clothes even were not rumpled, and that the position of the deceased, as he lay, was so natural and easy that it was not until he had noticed the absence of the deep and regular breathing of the sleeper that he suspected, for an instant, that anything was wrong.

I was not on the jury, but was there at the request of the family, in my official capacity of murder-detective, and it is needless to say that I subjected the body and its surroundings to the closest scrutiny. I could discover nothing, however, that appeared in the least suspicious, or to warrant a supposition of foul play. The post-mortem examination failed equally to satisfy, and developed no indications of poison in the system; but one thing it did develop; and that was, that up to the time of death the internal organs of the deceased had all been in a state of healthy and vigorous action.

For once in my life I was at fault, and must confess that I did not know how to proceed; but still, for all the absence of proof, and the seeming regularity of things, I felt in me a deep mistrust that murder had been done in the premises and by no unskillful hand.

Whilst I was deliberating how to act, the son came over, and began a conversation. He talked on the all-absorbing topic of the moment, and was as nervous, restless, and agitated as man could be. We were walking rapidly up and down the chamber where lay the corpse, still fresh from the searching hands of the coroner's physician, and as we paused now and then to gaze in its pale, inanimate face, I remarked that my companion shook with a slight and well-defined tremor. I made a mental note of this, but at the same time did not attach much importance to it, as I considered it but the natural effect of the trying and painful scenes through which the son so recently passed, and whose recollection was refreshed by these momentary views of the dead. I did not, of course, for one moment imagine that the man at my elbow was a patricide, but a murder detective, from habit, is always on the alert, and as I had no clue whatever to follow in this matter, I was merely searching for one everywhere—that was all.

We continued our walk about the room.

"This affair passes my comprehension," said I.

"And mine also," said the son.

I was about taking my leave when a small piece of red rag on the floor, just under the edge of the bed, attracted my attention, and I stooped and picked it up.

The son observed my motions, and said:

"I wonder how that got there? I have the rest of that article in my drawer—it belongs to me!"

"Do you want the piece?" I asked.

"Not at all," he replied; but if *you* would like to have the remainder, I will get it for you."

He left me without waiting for any reply, and quickly returned with the rest of the handkerchief. He handed it to me and said as he did so:

"I am at a loss to conjecture who could have torn that handkerchief, for I thought it was safe in my apartment when I went out early in the evening."

I put the piece he gave me with the other I already had, and took my leave.

Once at home and in the solitude of my chamber, I sat down at my table and, with my face buried in both hands, fell to thinking and reasoning. I thought of the scene I had just left, and could not doubt that the verdict of the coroner's jury would be "death from causes unknown." I thought of the son and of his torn handkerchief, and I spread out the latter before me on the table, and fitted it to the portion I had found wet and limp under the bed of the deceased. Then I took the wet piece in my fingers and felt and looked at it. It did not seem to have been steeped in water, and to the touch it was just in the slightest way sticky. I further remarked that it had a very faint white tinge in spots, as if some kind of foam had recently been upon it. Just at that instant I caught sight of a paragraph in a daily paper lying in front of me, and mechanically read it.

The paragraph was as follows:

"A ghastly scientific discovery is reported from Turin, where Professor Casturini, the celebrated oculist, has found a way of killing animals by forcing air into their eyes a few seconds, and almost without causing pain. Experiments were recently made at the Royal Veterinary School, and it is said that they have fully proved the truth of the Professor's invention. Within the space of a few minutes four rabbits, three dogs and a goat were killed in this manner. The most remarkable fact is that the operation leaves absolutely no outward trace."

I started up instantly after having read this, and began rapidly to walk the room. I was flushed and agitated. Perhaps I had the key to the mystery I was searching to solve!

"Gracious!" I thought, "if this paragraph be true, might not the method of destruction be applied as fatally to man as to the inferior animals?"

I hurriedly returned to the house of death and rang the bell.

The son answered the summons in person.

He looked not a little surprised at my sudden return.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said I—I was quite cool and collected by this time—"I merely wish to make another examination of the chamber of the deceased."

He led me to it at once.

I again scrutinized the body, this time paying more attention to the face and head of the dead man.

There was absolutely nothing to be seen there that I had not seen before. I then pressed open the mouth slightly with my fingers, and, as I did so, felt, or fancied I felt, the same slight stickiness I had detected on the limp piece of handkerchief. I looked into the mouth, and nearly trembled for joy to see there the clearly-defined white tinge of dried foam!

For a moment I could hardly contain myself, and my heart beat so loudly that I was almost afraid my companion would hear it and grow alarmed.

However, I did control myself, and as soon as I could trust my voice, said:

"Is there no way by which this house might be entered except by the first story?"

"Oh, yes," returned the son, as composedly as ever, "there is a door in my apartment opening on an old, unused portico, but that has been locked and double-bolted all winter."

This observation was just what I wanted, for it pointed out to me a way to obtain a view of this man's private room, and that, too, without exciting the least suspicion.

"Will you let me see that door?" I asked.

"With the greatest pleasure," said he; "I have already examined it myself, and found it as secure as of old—but perhaps your more experienced eye may detect some sign there that has escaped me."

I followed him, and without the slightest hesitation he led me to his bed-chamber.

There was the door fastened as he had said, and I made a show of looking at it—but that was not what fascinated me and rivited my attention at once!

The walls were full of shelves, and the shelves were crowded with philosophical instruments!

I left the portico door finally, and as I was going, carelessly remarked:

"You seem to take an interest in science?"

"Why, yes," said he, smiling, "I do, and I flatter myself that few men here or elsewhere have a larger or better collection of apparatus than I have."

I had touched him on his particular vanity, and knew now that I might search unmolested, and not only that, but with his own proper aid, for the instrument of death.

I turned back, as I spoke, and picked up a pamphlet from the study-table in the centre of the room.

The book was written in the Italian language.

I have some slight knowledge of the tongue of modern opera, and I read on the title page that the work was one on the various modes of the destruction of animal life, and that it was by Casturini.

And Casturini was the name of the Professor spoken of in the newspaper paragraph.

I felt that I was working on the right track.

I laid down the volume and gradually turned the conversation to the subject of pneumatics, in the course of which I asked if my companion had Casturini's air-pump. He told me no, but that he had his air-syringe.

I asked to look at it.

For the first time the son turned on me a hurried glance of alarm.

But I managed to appear as if I suspected nothing—as if nothing more dangerous than love of science actuated me in my investigations.

And my companion was satisfied; for he at once produced the air-syringe.

It was a strange instrument; in shape it was like an ordinary syringe, such as is daily employed in medicine, only larger, perhaps twice as large as any of that kind I had ever seen. It was mounted on a stand of polished walnut, like an electric machine, and, indeed, looked like one—that is, a cyindrical one. It was furnished with a crank, by which it was worked, and had two large, funnel-shaped mouthpieces. These latter were not stationary, but could be moved—brought nearer together or more widely separated, as circumstances required.

This, then, was the instrument of death, and it performed its dread work silently and surely, and left no external trace.

I touched it with a feeling akin to horror, and asked:

"Has this no other use than to deprive animals of life?"

"None," was the smiling response.

"Can you operate it?"

"Better than any I ever met."

I was standing facing this man as he made this boast.

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

He started and seemed not to know what to make of my conduct.

"Your crime is discovered, sir!" said I, sternly. "You are a patricide, and I arrest you for the murder of the man who lies in the other chamber!"

His face turned fairly purple with rage and fear, and then grew inky black.

He sat down in the chair without a word.

His courage, and above all things, his incomparable audacity, had altogether abandoned him at this terrible crisis!

I spoke to him again and again several times, but could get no answer.

Then I rang the bell and sent for the coroner's physician.

He came, looked at the man still sitting on the chair, speechless and black in the face, and shook his head.

"This man has lost his reason!" were his fearful words. "What has caused it?"

I told him, and showed him Casturini's air syringe.

We took our prisoner into custody and conveyed him, in a close carriage, to the police station.

The ride somewhat restored him, but he was still altogether overwhelmed and crushed.

We left him in a cell and went our various ways.

In the morning I was the first to call to see him.

The officer in charge told me he had been up the greater part of the night, and was then sleeping.

I waited half an hour, and then, in company with the doctor, who had by that time arrived, went to the cell.

The man was there on the bed, lying in his shirt and pantaloons, with his face downward, and motionless.

The doctor touched him—he was cold and stiff. The parricide was dead.

By his side lay a paper, crushed and rumpled, as if in his last agonies he had endeavored to tear it up.

I took it and read, written in lead pencil, the following:

"The shrewdness of the detective has been too much for me. It was night when I did it, and I fancied the means put it beyond reach of discovery. I was mistaken, and I pay the penalty of that mistake freely now. That doctor is a shrewd practitioner. A man does not counterfeit madness with him with impunity. Had he been as wise in his way as the detective was in his, the law would not have been cheated of its prey. I had my reasons for the deed, fully as potent as those I have for this."

Here followed the signature of the suicide, traced in a full, bold hand.

I turned to the physician and the officer who were with me, and had read the letter over my shoulder.

I must confess that I think my face showed triumph—triumph at having succeeded in tracking and taking a criminal so adroit and calculating—and possibly I had some good ground for being elated.

I did not ask the family of the murdered man for a reward, but I carried away the air syringe, and I have it to this day. I have made repeated experiments with it since it came in my possession, and each succeeding one but convinces me the more of its deadly and dangerous character.

There is another thing I must say before I close, and that is this: I have solved the mystery of that limp piece of handkerchief I found on the day I undertook the investigation of the affair I have just been speaking of: it was employed by the murderer to repress and keep back the slight foam that always flies from the mouth of the subject whenever submitted to the action of the syringe.

I look back upon this adventure now as one of the most important events in my career, and I take pride in telling it over and over again. It shows what science is connected with the detection of crime, and it also shows from what a slight link a massive chain of conclusive evidence may be forged. I say I look back to it with pride, and I can only hope that an intelligent public will hear and approve my recital—the story of the UNKNOWN DEATH.

### The Moravians.

The Moravian Church, says an exchange, was first established in this country by a colony of the "United Brethren" from Herrnhut, in Saxony. This colony went to Georgia in 1735, but being opposed to bearing arms against the Spaniards in Florida, with whom five years after war was declared, they removed to Nazareth, on the Delaware River, and in 1741, having purchased five hundred acres on the Lehigh River, commenced the settlement, to which at Christmas of that year Count Zinzendorf gave the name of Bethlehem.

It became a great centre of missionary enterprise among the German settlers and Indians. With the latter the Moravians were very successful, but the various wars and the action of unscrupulous whites at last put an end to the good work in Pennsylvania, as the same influences have done ever since in other parts of our country.

The Moravian religion is a simple form of Christianity. It originated in the appearance of some persecuted Waldenses (exiles from Piedmont) in Bohemia and Moravia, A. D. 1176. From that time till the establishment of the church in America, the Moravians were subject to the persecutions of the Roman Catholics.

The service of the Moravian Church is impressive, accompanied by much singing, and the occasional addition of string and wind instruments to the organ accompaniment. The congregation rises in prayer. The funeral ceremonies are peculiar. When a Moravian dies the trombone-players give funeral marches and hymns from the church steeple. By the music the initiated can tell if the deceased be male or female, old or young, etc. At the graveyard, after services in the church, the trombones head the funeral procession, playing, and accompany the singers in the services at the grave.

On Easter morning special services are held at daybreak in the grave-yard, at which the trombones assist. These instruments also announce from the steeple the lovefeasts, of which there are some for the brothers, the single sisters, the children, etc., and others to which all are invited. At such times the old church kitchen is in requisition, and buns and hot coffee distributed, with appropriate services.

The borough of Bethlehem is pleasantly situated on the Lehigh at its junction with the Monocacy, a small but picturesque stream which rises in the Blue Ridge.

There is much that is quaint and interesting in the old buildings and institutions of the Moravians, although the flavor of exclusiveness has passed away, and the march of improvement is gradually destroying the antique.

Churches of various denominations lift their spires above the embowered streets and houses, where forty years ago only Moravian doctrine was allowed. The establishment of the Bethlehem Iron Works, the Lehigh University, the Zinc Works, and of the depots of three railroads, has materially interfered with the former exclusiveness of the sect, while adding immensely to the prosperity and resources of the borough.

The dialect called Pennsylvania Dutch is still in common use. There are many people living in the neighboring farming districts whose parents were born in this country, but who can not speak English. These American descendants of the early Moravian settlers maintain the charming simplicity of manners by which their ancestors were marked in the Old World. They are temperate, virtuous, and industrious. To visit their village is like going into a new world, whose inhabitants are totally different from ourselves in manners and customs; but they can hardly be expected to maintain this Arcadian simplicity.

### Household Economy.

It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good-for-nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about love and devotion.

### Advertising Lotteries.

Murat Halstead, editor of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Thomas Proctor charging him with publishing in *The Commercial* an advertisement of the grand gift concert of Leavenworth, Kansas, thereby violating the laws of the State of Ohio. It should be remembered that the statutes of many of the States make it an indictable offense for a newspaper publisher to insert an advertisement for a lottery. In this case the complaint is supposed to have been made by persons connected with the Louisville Library Lottery, *The Commercial* having published what it termed "an exposition of a swindle."

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MEAT BISCUIT.—A new form of biscuit for troops was used in the Russian campaign against Khiva with very satisfactory results. This was composed of one-third rye flour, one-third beef reduced to powder, and one-third of pulverized sauerkraut. Great relish for the food and excellent health of those who used it were characteristic of the Russian soldiers throughout the campaign.

### A Saccharine Family.

There was a "candy-pulling" at Mr. Coville's residence the other evening. There were some forty people present, and they made a jolly occasion of it. Every one in attendance was pleased with the cordial welcome and assiduous attention given by Mr. and Mrs. Coville. And indeed that worthy couple did show a thorough appreciation. Mrs. Coville may perhaps have winced a little when some facetious member of the party threw a two-pound hunk of the candy on the stovepipe and roared to see it trickle down, and Mr. Coville may have looked thoughtful a moment on discovering a pan of dripping molasses on the keyboard of the piano, but they entered into the amusement with hearty good will, and when the guests departed at 2 A. M., it was with the unanimously expressed conviction that nobody ever had a better time, and that the Covilles were the sweetest people of their acquaintance. In another and less agreeable sense they certainly were. When the visitors were gone, the Covilles took a glance over their parlor, sighed audibly, put out the lights, and went to bed.

With the unrelenting light of day upon the rooms, the Covilles appeared to the best advantage as a very sweet family. Mr. Coville went down-stairs in his stocking-feet, and as soon as he struck the hall, he commenced to shed yarn. Reaching the parlor, finally, with the chords in the back of his legs aching from the exertion they were subjected to, he immediately collapsed into a chair and smote his forehead in abject despair. There were yellow streaks on the stovepipe, and dark stains on the keyboard of the piano, and auburn clots on the carpet, chairs, and wall. They were a light-hearted and joyous people were those candy-pullers. There wasn't an article Mr. Coville touched against but that he had to tear himself away from. He found treacle in his boots when he attempted to draw them on, and it seemed at one time as if he would have to cut his leg off at the knee to get free of them again. And when he rose up, the chair came up with him —that is, came part way up—and then dropped off in an unexpected manner and rapped him severely on a very sore heel. There was a sheet of paper on the chair, and glued rather tightly to it, but with enough melancholy candy on its upper surface to take a still tighter hold of Mr. Coville's pants, and to hang there even after its ally had dropped to the floor. And it being part of a programme of a panorama, and that part containing the principal announcement in very large type, Mrs. Coville, who had now made her appearance, and was trying desperately to free her stocking foot from an extra large gob of the trouble on the door-sill, was astonished and horrified beyond measure to behold her husband dancing about the room in a very ecstacy of rage, and advertising in a very conspicuous manner "Views of the Holy Land."

"Why, Hazekiah Coville!" she screamed; "what on earth are you doing with that thing on your pants?"

"An outraged heaven only knows what I am doing or going to do!" cried the miserable man, clutching at the panorama bill and bringing away a handful of it. "I never see such a house as this," he protested, with tears in his eyes, "since the day I was born. It is as good as two hundred dollars' damage. I'd butts my brain out against the wall," said he, glaring around gloomily, "if I could find a place clean enough to do it."

"I wouldn't be such hogs if I were some people, *I* know!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, and sinking on a chair she burst into a fit of passionate weeping, while Mr. Coville renewed his agonized dance, and hurled the most dreadful imprecations at society.

But this was not all the trouble. Disfigured walls, a ruined carpet, and spoiled furniture were bad enough, but the crowning evil of the occasion, the very pinnacle of the family's despair, was Master Coville. Such a spectacle as that young gentleman presented when he appeared was never before seen in any family, we are certain. There was candy in his ear, and in his eye winkers, and down his back, and in his pockets, and on his clothes, and there was candy in the inside of his jacket sleeves, and so much of it, that he could not, trying his best, get that garment only part way on. And as for his hair, no pen can describe it, and a steam-plow wouldn't attack it. It was just simply matted with candy. Had he plunged headlong into a hogshead of the molten article, his cranium would not have been more thoroughly smeared with it. Where on earth the boy could have been, and how he ever got such quantities over him, no one could tell. To a mind of ordinary business capacity, it would have been a very difficult matter to decide which should be saved—the boy or the molasses. Mr. Coville no sooner saw him than he checked a mouthful of invectives with a suddenness that made him gasp, and dropping into a chair, fell to staring at the struggling and besmeared youth with all his might. Mrs. Coville, with greater presence of mind, went for him at once, and taking him by his sound ear, shook him till he rattled like a popper of corn. All efforts to get a comb into his hair were unavailable; and made desperate by its resistance, the disgusted parents clipped it off—the father sitting on the struggling legs, and holding with the grip of a vice the struggling arms, while the operation was performing. With his hair thus cut, the miserable boy was nearly driven to the verge of despair, but finds some consolation in feeling of an iron bolt which he constantly carries in his pocket, and which he designs driving at the first favorable opportunity, against the skull of a certain insurance agent who was at the party.

### Royal Proposing.

Nicholas, the Emperor of Russia, won his bride in a singular way; yet it had a spice of gallantry in it. During a visit to the King of Prussia, one day, while at dinner, the emperor rolled up a ring in a piece of bread, and, handing it to the Princess Royal, said to her, in a subdued voice, "If you will accept my hand, put this ring on your finger." This is the imperial way of "popping the question." She took no time to deliberate, but suffered her heart to speak the truth at once, and their happy nuptials were soon consummated.

The royal way is illustrated by the instance of Queen Victoria's proposal to the man of her choice, Prince Albert.

"The prince had been out hunting early with his brother on that day, but returned at twelve, and half an hour afterward obeyed the queen's summons to her room, where he found her alone. After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects, the queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so, for the queen's position, making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself."—*Memoirs of the Prince Consort.*

### Apple Blossoms.

All day in the green, sunny orchard,
When May was a marvel of bloom,
Followed the busy bee lovers
Down paths that were sweet with perfume.

The one perfect cluster I sought for
Was not in the orchard for me;
It swung on the edge of a forest,
From the bough of a wild apple tree—

A tree that no thrift of the farmer
Had cared in its life to protect,
All twisted and stunted and barren,
The orphan of nature's neglect.

That, lone in the lavish spring beauty,
Bore only one blossoming spray;
But that, in its delicate tinting,
The blossom I'd looked for all day!

The soul of the tree in its prison
Had thrilled to the passion of spring,
And given itself in its answer—
Cophetua's "Yes" to the king.—

So told me the gray-bearded painter,
And showed me the branch that he broke,
All glowing and sweet on his canvas
The while that he dreamily spoke.

### Items of Interest.

The ladies will be pleased to help a fellow out of a "tight" place.

The last harbinger of spring is the fracture of an Illinois boy's skull by a base ball.

A new Mormon temple is being built at St. George, Brigham Young's winter home.

A poor henpecked husband declared that the longer he lived, the more he was "smitten."

The growing demand for three-masted schooners is because no man can serve two masters.

Be always at liberty to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

In some localities in Denmark a man is not allowed to drive a white and a black horse together, as it is a sign of ill luck.

The "demon of dullness" hangs over Peoria, and, according to a local paper, "he holds the engines down and smothers the flame of industry."

Hood, on being shown a portrait of himself very unlike the original, said that the artist had perpetrated a false-Hood.

A fig orchard at Mormon Island, Sacramento county, California, contains 1,000 bearing trees of the white Smyrna variety.

There are still some people living in the mountains of Kentucky who have never seen a grain of tea or coffee in their lives.

A butter factory, which, according to a local paper, "will pump four hundred cows," is about to be established in Iowa.

Our young ladies are the sweetest and most truthful in the world; at least there are none other who are so cand(i)ed.

A fellow who was cent to jail in Ohio for sheep stealing, said to the Justice, "Well, I and Bazaine and Tichborne can stand it."

The guarantee fund of $200,000 of the Boston Peace Jubilee has all been used up, and probably $50,000 more will not satisfy the demands that have a show of legitimacy.

The following is given as the new mode of parsing, down East, "I court." Court is a verb active, indicative mood, present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighborhood.

Milwaukee thought she had a case wherein a young girl died of a broken heart, but it turned out that her corset strings were too tight, and one stroke of a jack-knife revived her.

Seeing an allegorical picture of a poet on an eagle's back, Prentice remarked that be did not believe it was a custom of poets to ride on eagles, although he had met many a one "*on a lark.*"

The latest use of the bribing chromo is in Decatur, Ind., where a saloon keeper has offered one of these beautiful art treasures to the man who guzzles the most at his bar during the month.

For contraction of the hoof you are recommended to have the hoof of your horse so pared that the frogs may have due bearing on the ground and turn him on a soft pasture as soon as possible.

Not many men forget the wash-days of their boyhood, when a fond mother, with parboiled and soapy fingers, buttoned their collars for them. Its impression upon the heart and nose is rarely effaced.

People who didn't draw anything in the Louisville lottery will now swear off forever, and in about six weeks will be hunting after tickets and getting ready to be swindled again in another scheme of the same kind.

Your sterling man of sense, who thinks more of his mind than his body, need never fear competing with a dandy. The latter, whose soul is fixed upon a showy exterior, is sure in the race of life to prove nothing but an *outsider*.

A boy who had been taught that time is money appeared at the bank the other day, and remarked that he had had an hour given him, and he would like to spend a quarter of an hour, and would take the change for the other three-quarters.

Bishop Whelan of West Virginia advises Roman Catholics to abandon the use and sale of liquor. He says that the word of God does not really forbid the traffic when used with modification and with reason, but these conditions are seldom complied with.

The *Daily Herald* of Duluth is dead. Weekly receipts, $20; weekly expenditures, $80. As the Philadelphia *Ledger* might say:

*Daily Herald*, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel:
But some fool will start another—
We can all our sorrows heal.

Diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, and kindred diseases are largely induced by the poisonous exhalations which come from our uncleaned streets. When a thaw commences, the atmosphere is charged with unwholesome vapors, and in general the tender children are the sufferers.

One of the chubby class of four-year-old Sunday-school scholars, when talked to by his teacher about the sins and frailties of the body, was asked, "Well, my son, what have you besides this sinful body?" Quick as thought the little fellow responded: "A clean shirt and a nice new pair of breeches."

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slow but regularly progressive.

Since the death of Aali Pasha, in the latter part of 1871, there have been six grand viziers in succession in Turkey. The present one, Hussein Ayric Pasha, is said to be the best general officer in the Ottoman service. He was Minister of War under the last Administration, and instituted the reform in the army.

"Nothing," said an impatient husband, "reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in church and obstructing the way to indulge in their everlasting talk." "But you forget, my dear," returned the wife, meekly, "that it was the angel who stopped the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

A new method of preparing coffee is becoming popular in France. After roasting, the coffee is ground to a very fine flour, which is then slightly moistened, mixed with twice its weight of powdered sugar, and pressed into tablets. Coffee prepared in this manner is claimed, pound for pound, to be susceptible of far more complete utilization.

In 1805 there was but one man in this country who could make drawings for cotton machinery. His name was Ogden, and he was abducted from Liverpool to Providence, R. I., in those days a great offense. When it was discovered in Manchester his wife and children were turned out of employment, and came on the parish, but were soon sent to America.