

# Essex County Herald.

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**Morning, Noon, and Night.**  
The mountain that the morn doth kiss,  
Glad greets its shining neighbor:  
Lo! he! he! the homage of my bliss—  
The incense of my labor!

Sharp smites the sun like burning rain,  
And field and fower laugh:  
Hear, Lord! the prayer of my pain—  
The pleading of my anguish!

Now the long shadows eastward creep,  
The golden sun is setting:  
Take, Lord! the worship of my sleep—  
The praise of my forgetting!

### THE LITTLE LADY.

I was stopping at the Hotel Windsor, at Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

One morning I was smoking in the colonnade when a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman asked permission to light his cigar by mine. I saw at once that he was a Frenchman, although his "English" was nearly perfect.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired.

"No."

"Is it possible? Why, all Paris is alive with it at this moment."

"What has happened?"

"The Countess de Marville, the fairest of the fair, was found murdered in her bed last night, her bureau broken open and ten thousand francs missing from it. It was terrible! The brute who did the deed effected his entrance through the window of her chamber, near which, unfortunately, was a tall tree planted by the distinguished grandfather of the Countess years ago. Little did he imagine what a terrible use would be made of it."

"This is bad news. How any man could harm a woman thus in cold blood is more than I can imagine."

"Ah, monsieur, if you had ever seen the Countess you would wonder still more. She was beautiful—beautiful as an angel," he added, stroking his whiskers with an unmistakable air of vanity.

"I knew her well."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. There are in Paris few popular women unknown to me."

His manner was now decidedly conceited, and I felt disgusted. My coldness evidently repelled him, for he soon left me.

Afterwards I heard from others accounts of the late tragedy.

Among the details of the affair was one which peculiarly impressed me—namely, which my first informant had not spoken of—an oversight which surprised me, as the occurrence he had not mentioned was of that kind which would be most likely to strike the fancy.

Upon the throat of the Countess the murderer, in throttling her, had left a mark from a ring he wore—the impression of a chariot wheel with a star in the centre.

"This," said my latest informant, "may lead to the discovery of the murderer. Jean Mosqueau is already visiting the jewelers' shops to find out from which and by whom a ring with a chariot-wheel device was purchased."

"Who is Jean Mosqueau?"

"What, Mosqueau, our famous detective? Although his courage is well known, you would not, to look at his fair, delicate face and form, believe that he could fight a man?"

A week later I was aboard the steamer, bound from Calais to Dover.

Among the passengers I beheld one whose face looked familiar to me. I was not long in recognizing this person as the same I had seen in front of the Hotel Windsor, and who had first informed me of the murder of the Countess.

He was certainly a very handsome man, although his conceited air was a blot upon his good looks.

He moved languidly hither and thither, turning his brown eyes admiringly upon the pretty lady passengers, while stroking his whiskers, with one white hand, upon the middle finger of which was a superb diamond ring.

I am rather of a suspicious nature, which, combined with a lively imagination, had often led me into singular errors.

Now, a strange impulse moved me to advance and hold out my hand to the man whom I had involuntarily disliked from the first, in order that I might have a chance to glance at his ring. Somehow, the idea possessed me that I should discover a chariot-wheel device upon the glittering bauble.

The stranger did not at first recognize me. He soon did, however, and frankly extended his left hand, which was not the one containing the ring.

My brain fairly reeled; the man's behavior was a confirmation of my suspicions.

"The other hand, if you please," I said, in a low stern voice.

"Monsieur will please excuse me; my other arm is lame with the rheumatism."

He beheld me glance towards the half-hidden ring, and I was sure I saw him start and turn pale, at the same time looking much surprised. He, however, opened his right hand, as if perfectly willing for me to shake it if I chose to.

Then I had a good look at the ring, and felt satisfied by my suspicions. The device was a common heart, which certainly bore no resemblance to a chariot wheel.

After a general conversation to recover my self-possession, I turned away, resolved in the future to have a better opinion of my fellow-creatures.

The stranger's good looks seemed to attract the attention of a good many of the ladies. One especially, a modest-looking little thing attired in black, kept directing furtive glances at the handsome passenger. Finally she glided so close to him that in turning he brushed against her.

An apology, smilingly received by the little lady, a remark about the weather on the part of the gentleman, and the two were soon conversing with animation. Meanwhile the blushing cheek and bright eyes of the fair one seemed to betoken that she was well pleased with her companion, whose air was more conceited than ever.

"I am afraid we shall have a storm,"

she remarked, pointing toward a dark cloud upon which the captain of the boat was gazing anxiously.

"We may, but do not be alarmed, madame."

With an air of nonchalance he pulled a red cigar-case from his pocket and asked his companion if she objected to smoke. Then he started, and quickly returning the red one to his pocket pulled forth another of a blue color.

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?" inquired the lady, evidently amused at the sight of two cases.

"The other colored, and it struck me that his voice slightly faltered and his hand trembled as he made some laughing reply.

"Soon the storm came pattering down upon us. We were midway in the Channel, so that we caught the full force of the sea and gale. Both were terrific.

The sea swept the boat, which lay so far over that the machinery was soon damaged so that it would not work. The wind, screaming like a demon, threw her over still farther.

Suddenly we observed the sailors endeavoring to loosen a long-board on the davits at the stern. Meanwhile there was an ominous grinding, smashing noise under the counter. The truth could be concealed; we were sinking.

The ladies screamed; the handsome passenger lost his self-possession, and ran hither and thither.

The cool behavior of the little lady in black contrasted strangely with the agitated demeanor of those around her.

There she stood calm and immovable, her bright steel-blue eyes fixed upon the handsome stranger, of whom she did not lose sight for a moment.

"Between quiet ladies and gentlemen" sang out the captain—"Keep quiet, and don't crowd around the boat so! There will be room in it for you all; and, besides, there is a schooner coming to our assistance," pointing to a vessel blowing towards us before the wind.

There was, however, a panic among those addressed. The moment the boat was lowered, into it they all bundled, among the number the handsome passenger.

A huge sea coming along, roaring like thunder, parted the tackles, tearing the boat from the steamer before the lady in black or I could enter it. The handsome passenger, losing his balance, fell over the gunwale, and being unable to swim wildly threw up his arms.

I must acknowledge that I was so engrossed with the perilous situation of my fair companion and myself—now the only two left aboard the steamer—that I paid little attention to the drowning man.

The steamer was, in fact, going down fast—was already nearly engulfed in the stormy waves, her heated and half-submerged boilers hissing as the steam came gushing out like the spout of a whizzer.

I was advancing to throw an arm around the little lady, fearing to see her washed away, when, quietly motioning me back with one hand, she seized a coil of rope and threw the end to the handsome passenger. He caught it, when, turning to me, the lady requested me to help haul the man aboard.

I complied, marveling at the love and devotion shown by a woman to an acquaintance of no hour.

His power over the female sex must be great, I thought. He is conceited, but not without reason.

The idea flashed clearly across my mind in spite of my danger. The schooner, however, was very near, and I had every reason to believe that we should be picked up.

I was right. We were all taken aboard the schooner, the handsome passenger among the rest. Then the lady in black pulled forth a revolver, pointing it at the head of him whom she had rescued.

"Out with that red cigar-case!" she said, sternly. "I would like to see what monsieur carries in it."

"Why—why?" stammered the stranger.

"Before you could say another word, the little Amazon thrust her disengaged hand in his pocket, pulled forth the red cigar-case, and opening it, a ring dropped to the deck.

The ring she picked up, and holding it up before us all, exclaimed—

"I have found it at last. The jeweler assured me it was the only one of the device in Paris—a chariot wheel! This is the murderer of the Countess de Marville!"

The handsome passenger stood as if frozen to the deck, making no resistance as the lady in black slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists.

"By what right," he then stammered, "do you—"

He paused as the other threw off her dress and false hair, revealing the person of slender man with delicate, girlish features.

"I am Jean Mosqueau, the detective!" he quietly remarked, "and I robbed the sea of this man that the scaffold might not be cheated."

There is little more to add. The main proof having been obtained, other proofs on the prisoner's trial were brought forth, showing him guilty beyond doubt.

Long before his execution his name was ascertained to be Louis Rosenman, a noted adventurer and gambler, who, however, by cool effrontery and a winning address, backed by his good looks, had been enabled to move among the first circles of Parisian society.

**Saint Fanny.**

Saint Fanny was a notable housewife. Her house was a temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase. Now, her great delight was to provide all things comfortable for her husband, a hardworking merchant, much abroad, but loving his home. Now one night, he returned tired and hungry, and by some mischance there was nothing for supper. Shops were shut, and great was the grief of St. Fanny. Taking off a bracelet of seed pearl, she said, "I'd give this ten times over for a sup-

per for my husband." And every pearl straightway became a sardine; and St. Fanny opened, and the husband ate, and lot in every oyster was a pearl as large as a hazel nut; and so was Saint Fanny made rich for life.—*Douglas Jerrold's "Fire-side Saints."*

### "Spungers."

Unfortunately, a large class of people merit this name, and are not troubled with a consciousness of deserving it, either. The social spungers are generally a pleasant, affable person, always ready to do you, his "most valued and esteemed friend," a good turn, provided only he can manage it at some one else's expense, and without pecuniary or other inconvenience to himself. He does this upon principle, for, argues he, "one good turn deserves another," and this turn when rendered he carefully posts to your debt with interest compound and double compound, and falls not to remind you ever and anon that the balance of your account is on the wrong side. As we have said, our friend is not over particular in what way he obtains the needed; and if you gave him the opportunity he would not scruple to use the engine of the law to pump it out of you. Beware, therefore, of supplying the handle to the pump for the law to work the golden stream full upon his absorbing self. Our cadging friend views everything in an eminently practical manner. Number one is with him the first law of nature. Take all you can get, and give as little as possible. "Throw a sprat to which is good, resolve that which is evil"—that is to say, that which is good. These are favorite axioms of his. You are generous; well, doesn't he praise you for it, and laud you to the skies as a jolly good fellow? He robs you right and left—not in a legal sense to be sure, but he robs you none the less; you abuse him proportionately and he cries "quits."

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### "The Dignity of Labor."

Rev. Newman Hall has delivered a lecture on the "Dignity of Labor."

Labor, he said, was the great law of the universe and of humanity. The structure of the human frame betokened the activity for which we were intended. Health could not flourish in an atmosphere of sloth; the miracle which was so essential to the health developed which never moved. So it was with our intellectual and moral powers. That which was intended for the temple of the Deity, without action and industry, became a melancholy ruin. Labor was so essential to the health developed of our faculties that we could not at the same time be idle and happy. Labor of the brain was essential for directing the labor of the body. Sometimes one thought, such as that which led to the structure of the steam-engine, had produced greater results than if the author had worked with his hands for ten thousand years. The apostle, Paul said: "If they will not work, neither shall they eat, which meant that if a man had no right to the produce of other people's labor, in some way he did not contribute to the common store. There was dignity in labor, because it was the obedience of God's command. Man, more than the brutes, was dependent on labor. He must make his own raiment. Some men were said to be independent. That was a mistake—none of us were independent; we were all dependent upon labor. While the man of toil owed much to the man of leisure, the man of leisure owed his very existence to the man of toil. Working people were more willing to listen to truth than the upper classes. While the aristocracy of Judea rejected a prophet, and put him to death, the common people received him gladly. In like manner it was the workmen of Germany who upheld the reformation and supported Luther. In times of English prosecution, while there were men of gentle blood who advocated the cause of truth, yet it was the multitude of the comparatively poor who were ready to die for right, for freedom, and for God. Who composed those Ironsides, whose charge nothing could withstand? Who won for the English people their liberties? In the great struggle in America, who were the classes that chiefly and from the beginning recognized the truth and maintained the justice of the struggle for the Union? While there were distinguished people in all ranks who upheld the noble cause, yet it could not be denied that the majority of its advocates were to be found among the working classes. From the beginning to the end the working men of Great Britain supported the cause of the Union, and monster meetings were held night by night, at which most earnest resolutions were enthusiastically passed in favor of emancipation. Having enumerated some of the distinguished men who have arisen from humble positions, the reverend gentleman pointed out that the example of Christ in following the occupation of a carpenter afforded a mighty condemnation of his theme. Christ knew that the larger portion of his followers would be composed of the multitude engaged in manual toil. He knew their privations and the indignities they would suffer, and therefore he resolved to put his own royal stamp of dignity on their position. There was dignity in every kind of honest toil, and he who treated anybody with indignity because of the nature of his occupation dishonored not the man but himself.

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### What to Tell Them.

At one time John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the Treasury, was before the Senate nominated as Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Smith Thompson, deceased, and David Henshaw, a noted Democrat, of Boston, for Secretary of the Navy. These nominations were held in abeyance for some time, and after a while Spencer and Henshaw became impatient, and sought to ascertain what their fate was to be. George Evans, of Maine, was then one of the most influential members of the Senate; and Albert Smith, who had been in the House of Representatives from the same State, and was then a sort of lobbyist and general agent in Washington, called upon Evans in the hope of gaining some information. He told the Senator that Spencer and Henshaw were concerned about the action of the Senate upon their nominations.

"Naturally so," said Mr. Evans, "and one of them must have sent you to me to inquire?"

"I came at their joint request. And now what shall I tell them?"

"Well, Albert," said the Senator, "you must tell them this story. When the rich Mr. Clapp, of Portland, was at the height of his commercial career, about a dozen vessels loaded with molasses arrived from the West Indies and New Orleans in the course of two or three days. A majority of them were owned by or consigned to Clapp; and the smaller merchants did not dare to sell a gallon of treacle until he had fixed upon a price. After some days it was bruited about that he had sold one of his cargoes. Up comes one of the traders to gather information.

"So, Mr. Clapp, you've sold the Juno's molasses, hasn't you?"

"You heard so down on the wharf, eh?"

"And they are all anxious to know what price you got."

"Umph! sent you here to find out, didn't they?"

"Yes, they did. What shall I tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em you don't know."

Smith left the presence rather crestfallen, and the next week Spencer and Henshaw were both rejected.

### Wanted—A Chance.

The people who say that all they want is a chance—are you old enough to have found them out? Of all the miserable souls these used to appeal most quickly to my sympathies. Of course there are plenty of genuine cases; I think I am expert enough now to detect them at a glance. But I am inclined to think that the vast majority of chance-wanters are the people most active in throwing chances away. I never saw an earnest man long in want of a chance. The trouble is in the man, not in the situation. The individual of all others who has talked to me with the most persuasive pathos about the lack of fortunate circumstances, is the man whom I have found most ingenious in evading his opportunities. If the poor devil had persuaded the art of action with the same indefatigability and industry that characterized his cultivation of that of inaction, the world might have mistaken him for a genius. I have seen him occupy days and weeks in the most remarkable series of moral, mental and physical skirmishes with duty and opportunity, in which his inexhaustible fertility or resource, perseverance, and valor in a bad cause proved ever victorious.

In fact, a chance could never approach nearer than the outposts—he knew well the enemy's colors, and took him at long range.

"Speak to the devil," and so forth. I was about to carry out the above striking military simile, when my friend called to borrow a little matter of \$—, and to say that he had been looking all summer for a situation, but he was willing to do anything honorable, and that all he wanted in the world was—

Excuse me, sir—here's some money for you, but I am busy and can't talk.—*The "Old Cabinet," Scribner's for September.*

### The Devil Fish.

In the Brighton aquarium, England, an experiment was lately tried to ascertain how this frightful monster secures his prey. A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great male octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of his favorite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under his beak. The plate glass, just as was desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a struggle was visible or possible; not leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—unfolding in them—stretched out to its full extent by them. The black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the centre of the radially striated arms, and next it crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the miserable victim. The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror.

"Now, young people," said a Professor of Natural History to his class, "now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs, and no more, and she finishes the job in just five years. Now, what is to be done with her after that?" "Cut her head off and sell her for a spring chicken!" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

### Newgate Prison.

How criminals are treated in England—Mark Twain's last joke.

An American lady, who was being shown through one of the shows of London—Newgate—the other day, expressed herself rather forcibly to the warden concerning several features of the prison which hardly appeared to her humane. She was grieved to see the elaborate and new machinery for holding prisoners tight while they are flogged with the cat, stocks for holding their feet, and similar arrangements for the body and hands. The lady asked where the thumb-screw was. The warden innocently replied that they hadn't any. However, he must afterwards have pondered more profoundly over the sarcasm of the inquiry, for more recently another American lady, upon giving expression to a similar feeling about the re-seated stocks, was sharply told by the warden that they had managed to get along there without flogging for many years until some Americans came over and began to garrote the citizens, and this was found to be the only way of dealing with them. The lady replied that it must have been because the English came over and took away their business, since American prisons were full of Englishmen.

"However," she added, "we don't torture them."

On coming to the small alley in which executed criminals are buried, this lady—who is a good trucker—shuddered at that, and the warden said:

"You will notice here that ours is a great improvement on the American plan. In America they give the bodies of executed criminals to their friends, who, as likely as not, make a hero of him, and bury him with pomp. But these scoundrels dread being buried away in this alley almost as much as they dread the gallows."

The lady lady suggested that execution was enough, the warden replied: "Not a bit of it. I was showing our place the other day to a remarkable intelligent American, who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought we were too lenient. That gentleman said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it?' said he; 'we caught a rascal in America the other day whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we only hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.'"

"Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made that remark to thee?" said the Quaker.

"Ah, yes," said the warden, reflectively, "let me see—it was Mr. Mark Twain."—*Cor. Ctn. Commercial.*

### To Cure Cancer.

Cancer has fallen into the hands of such stupid, reckless quacks, says Dio Lewis, that it is very difficult to speak of it with patience. I will give you a slight, pale thought of forty-eight discovered a small tumor, in which she frequently experienced needle-like pains. Some one suggested cancer, and away she ran in great fright to a famous cancer-doctor. He assured her, in the most awfully solemn way, that it was a terrible case, and that if she had let it go a