THE HERALD

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[illegible] H. PATTERSON, Dallas, Texas.

[illegible] to say that for a year past we [illegible] Specific (S. S. S.) than [illegible] combined, and with most [illegible] gentleman who used half [illegible] has done him more good [illegible] him $1,000. Another who [illegible] affection reports a per[illegible]

[illegible], STEVENSON & CO., Chicago.

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O. KLETTNER,

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Poetry.

WHAT HE TOLD ME AT THE STILE.

It was the day before he went
To join his ship, a Sabbath day;
The air was fragrant with the scent
That came from fields of new-mown hay.

When church was out, I know not why
I paused a moment at the door;
He did not bow and pass me by
As he had often done before.

But, coming straight to where I stood,
He asked if he might see me home;
And o'er the field and through the wood
A happy hour we two did roam.

We plucked the poppies in the field,
And in the wood we gathered ferns,
But half his thought he kept concealed
Like hidden fire that smoudering burns.

But when we reached the stile that crowns
The hill above my father's farm,
Even as a sinking man that drowns
He seized me quickly by the arm.

And as I stood with bated breath,
Not knowing what to do or say,
He told his love, and said till death
My face would be his star alway.

I wonder if he sees his star
While sailing weary, weary miles
Over the southern billows, far
Away among the tropic isles?

Surely he must, for steadfastly
It shines with light for none but him:
Ay, everybody seeing me,
Says that my eyes are growing dim.

It is because from morn till night
I gaze across the treacherous deep;
But when he comes they will be bright
Once more, and I no longer weep.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Selected Story.

THE BREWSTER DIAMONDS.

'And you say the diamonds were very valuable?'

'Worth twenty thousand dollars, Mr.— what may I call your name?' asked Harold Brewster of the plainly-dressed man seated upon the opposite side of the table.

'Oh—Smith,' responded the man. 'Quite a common name, that; but I suppose it will suffice as well as any,' said Mr. Brewster.

'Precisely.'

A short interval of silence then elapsed. It is quite evident that the two are studying one another—Mr. Brewster because the man is a stranger, and the latter because it is his calling.

Finally Mr. Brewster broke the silence by asking—

'You are a detective?'

Smith acknowledged this by simply, bowing.

'And do you think, Mr. Smith, that you can help me to recover the jewels?'

"I can try—'

'So can any one try,' quickly interrupted Brewster.

'Let me finish, please,' said Smith, 'When I try I succeed. If you wish my services give me some points. Tell me who the diamonds belonged to. Give me some explicit idea as to their form, number, and the like. I cannot work in the dark, and blindfolded, Mr. Brewster.'

'That's a fact. Well, in the first place, the jewels are old family heirlooms. They consist of a necklace, eardrops and a pair of bracelets. Ah! by the way, I can give you a better idea by these,' said Mr. Brewster, taking from a drawer a box. He took the cover off; and there, ensconced among downy cotton was a perfect mass of glittering shimmering jewels.

Smith uttered an ejaculation of surprise as his eyes fell upon the sparkling gems.

'You seem surprised, Smith; well, they are pretty fair counterfeits,' said Brewster, as he laid the diamonds upon the table.

'Counterfeits, did you say?' asked Smith, as he bent lower to examine them.

'Precisely; they are but paste representations. They are the same in size and number as the originals; were made expressly for such an occasion as this. Please examine them closely, Mr. Smith, for by these must we recover the originals.'

The detective took the pieces up one by one and examined each closely. He counted the stones; noted the quaint, old-fashioned setting, which was intricate, delicate, and a marvel of skilled handiwork. 'and you say these are 'bogus?'

'Yes, sir. If the originals were here you could then compare the two sets.'

'Who usually wore the real ones?'

'My daughter, which was seldom; for she is an invalid and goes in society but little. Poor Lucy! she does not even know that the diamonds are missing.'

'Does not know? What do you mean, Mr. Brewster?'

'The two sets are kept in a secret drawer in my desk at home. The originals in a plain white box; these in a blue box, as you see.'

'Precisely; go on.'

'If possible, I would like to recover the diamonds before my daughter finds out about the matter. You may proceed in your own manner, Mr. Smith; if you succeed in recovering the jewels and punishing the thief, I shall not hesitate to reward you handsomely.'

'Of course you will allow me to take these,' said Smith, pointing toward the counterfeits.

'Certainly; they are only paste,' said Mr. Brewster, as he laid the bogus jewels back into their downy nest.

Smith took the box, rose, buttoned his coat and turned to leave, when he suddenly asked as he looked over his shoulder.

'Does your daughter know of the existence of these 'bogus jewels!'

'She does.'

'Let me see—you have a son?' asked Mr. Smith.

'I have.'

'Is he a member of the firm?'

'No, sir.'

'What does he do?'

'Sir, my son is a gentleman of leisure.'

'That's all; good-night;' and the door closed behind the officer's form.

Jack Smith was one of the best men on the force. He was sharp, cunning, and knew not the meaning of the word fear. As he wended his way from Harold Brewster's office he began to cogitate, to wonder if there was no possible light ahead concerning the case in hand, Just as he was about to pass a jewelry store a sudden thougnt illuminated his mind. He stepped in, and showing the 'bogus' diamonds to the proprietor, asked him one question. When Jack Smith emerged from the door a strange look was upon his face, and he hugged the box more closely to his breast as he threaded the great Broadway throng.

Fred Brewster was one of those gay, petted darlings of society, of which New York has a surfeit. He toiled not, neither did he spin, yet no one of the fashionable set in which he moved had finer raiment nor spent money more lavishly. Perhaps if Fred had had some aim in life his lot would not have been so vapid as it is. But, as the case now stands, he is rapidly going to the dogs. He knows it, and his boon companions know it; but he cared as little for his mistaken career as they did. He was petted by his mother and sister, and his father condoled his many foibles by saying:

'Let the boy sow his wild oats; he'll settle down soon enough.'

The young man gambled; was a frequenter of sporting circles of every description, and did not disdain to bet hundreds of dollars on a brutal prize-ring affair. Upon the evening following the interview between Harold Brewster and the detective, while Fred was in one of the noted gambling resorts on ——street, he found that a plainly-dressed man of middle age was watching him closely.

It troubled him exceedingly, and made him careless in his play. The consequence was when he rose from the game he found that he had lost five hundred dollars. He went to the bar and called for brandy. After drinking it he took his departure. The middle-aged man who had watched him so closely was at his heels.

'Look here, stranger,' said Fred, turning to the other when the pair had reached the walk, 'am I such an object of curiosity that you must keep your eyes upon me?'

'Be calm, Mr. Fred Brewster. I arrest you in the name of the law,' said Jack Smith; for he it was in one of many disguises.

'Arrest me? For what?' gasped the young man, starting back.

'No matter; come with me,' simply returned Smith.

The young man now saw that it would be utterly out of the question to offer resistance, and so he accompanied the officer. The pair passed into Broadway, and after reaching and passing through Bond street, went down the Bowery.

A strange expression of fear came upon Fred Brewster's face when the officer told him to step into a pawnshop with him near Canal street crossing.

'The ticket, please,' said Smith.

Fred trembled in every limb; his face was the picture of abject despair.

'What—what do you—mean?' he ejaculated.

'The pawn-ticket for the diamonds,' whispered the detective.

Fred took his pocketbook out, and, extracting the slip of paper from its contents, passed it to Smith.

'Now I'll take that lot of diamonds in the white box, please,' said Smith, handing the ticket to the man behind the counter.

'Yes, but I must have my money. Twenty-five dollars, and five for the use of the money,' returned the man.

Smith handed him the required amount, and took the diamonds.

After the pair had reached the street, the detective said to the thoroughly-astonished young man.

'Now, my young man let me give you a piece of advice; mend your ways; change your manner of living, and be a man for your mother's sake.'

'And—am I—at liberty?' asked Fred, as the other turned to leave.

'You are; go and do the right thing hereafter. But recollect there's one man who knows of your crimes, and will not hesitate to use this incident against you if you ever give him occasion.'

The next day, while Harold Brewster was seated in his office, he was startled by the appearance of Smith, the detective.

'Ah, Smith, I see by your face that you have succeeded.

'I have; there are your diamonds,' said Smith, laying the two boxes upon the table.

'I am so happy! Are they not beauties?' asked Mr. Rrewster, lifting the jewels from the white box.

'They are fair,' responded Smith, smiling.

'Fair! What do you mean? They are worth twenty thousand dollars. Compare them with these,' said Brewster, taking the jewels from the blue box.

'Suppose you tell me which are the originals, the genuine ones,' said Smith. Mr. Brewster looked up quickly and asked:

'What do you mean?'

'Simply this. Mr. Brewster—the real diamonds have not been stolen at all.

'Eh?—not stolen! I—bless my soul! what—do you mean, man?'

'It is the truth, Mr. Brewster. The boxes must have got changed, or rather the contents. You gave me the real diamonds, and I have recovered the bogus ones.'

The listener was so thoroughly astonished that he could not speak at first. Finally he asked, 'How did you learn of it?'

Smith then told the astonished merchant how he had stepped into a jewelry store and asked the proprietor to examine the jewels and tell him their value. He also told Mr. Brewster how he had found the paste gems in a Bowery pawnshop.

'And did you not capture the thief?' asked Brewster.

'Don't press that part of the case, Mr. Brewster please. I guess he has had a lesson.'

After receiving remuneration for his services the detective took his departure.

Mr. Brewster never questioned his son because of his changed manner of living, but he imagined he knew the reason of Fred's change for the better.—*New York News.*

"FOR SALE"—A Detroiter who advertised a horse for sale last week noted down the objections of all who called to look at the animal, and some of them are here given:

"Too large"

"Too small."

"Too old."

"Not old enough."

"Too lively."

"Rather too sleepy."

"Object to the white hind feet."

"Would take her if she had more white feet."

"Don't like her color."

"Color is just right, but she is too fat."

"Weighs too much."

"Don't weigh enough."

"Has a bad eye."

"Eyes all right, but ears too small."

"Yes, handsome ears, but the nose spoils her."

"Legs all stocked up."

Legs all right, but feet bad."

If Shakespeare had said that no man knew what he wanted in a horse there would be none to dispute it.—*Free Press*

HE COULDN'T BEAT THE TIME.—She laid her head upon his shoulder as he held her close to his bosom. Her eyes beamed love, etc., into his.

"Do you love me, Alphonso?"

"Yes, sweetest."

"Then why delay naming the day?"

"I will not delay, love. It will be some pretty day in the next spring-time when the flowers are budding fourth in beauty and delightful fragrance."

"Oh, pshaw! Why, Will Jones said he'd marry me next week. But if you can beat that time, dearest, I'm yours, for I love you so much."

Alphonso took his hat and retired from the race.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

'Yes.' said the father, 'I like to have my daughter to have a beau on the score of economy. If she didn't, some one of the family would occupy the parlor and burn the gas.'

A New York man has invented an ear-trumpet which is concealed in the head of a cane, so that a sensitive deaf man can hold it to his ear without attracting attention.

The only difference between one yard and two is a fence.

Miscellaneous.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL,

OR THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty, who afterward deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was to be tried. General Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of the overseer. The husband had threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence prodnced a great excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending, for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was the 9th, and the throng of spectators great in number as excitement; public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, kindly, looking at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bnrsting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some member of the bar volunteer?" said the judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd behind the bar,

At the sound of that voice many started—it was so unearthly, sweet and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby, that the Court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the roll of the State?" demanded the judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a fiendish sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed the judge a broad parchment. The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defense to lead off, Ashley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the honse down with a cheer, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn; he rises—before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury, that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony finger—proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam; every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lips grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer; but vivid as lightning, red as fire-globes, as glaring as meteors. The whole soul was in the eye, the full heart streamed out of his face. Then, without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the court house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger; he inspired them with the power of his malignant passions; he seemed to have stolen Nature's long-hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come. His eyes began to glance at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument cutting of all hopes of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemma, and held the slanderer up to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself for the massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions became as impetuous as the actions of the oak in a hurricaae. His voice became a trumpet, filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard, like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such an accursed monster. Then, fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, he fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness. All at once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed like little children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; he advised the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, but to leave punishment with God!" This was the most artful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterward Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned, the stranger said: "John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle-light." He did preach, and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dwight, Bascomb, and Beecher—but never heard anything in the form of sublime words, even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

PROPORTIONS IN HUMAN FIGURES.

Clara Belle, the New York fashion correspondent, inquired of an artist concerning the proportions of human figures, and received the reply:

"In well proportioned figures it is usual to find the length of the body from head to foot to be about eight times the length of the face. The length of the hand bears a certain proportion to the forearm, and this to the arm from the elbow to the shoulder. The foot is in length shorter than the leg from the ankle to the knee-joint, and this is shorter than the leg from the knee to the hip. An idea of the proportion which the limbs bear to each other may be inferred from the following numbers, which appertain to a figure measuring five feet ten inches from head to foot; from ground to ankle, two inches and seven-eighths; from ankle to knee, eighteen inches; from knee to hip, nineteen and two eighths; from hip to collar-bone, sixteen and six-eighths; from collar-bone to top of head, thirteen and one-eighth; length of foot, from heel to toe, ten and five-eighths; hand, finger-end to wrist-joint, eight and three-eighths; wrist-joint to elbow-joint, ten inches; elbow to shoulders, twelve inches."

Taking a long stick, or alpenstock, that some pedestrian had abandoned in a corner of the yard, the artist said: "If you wish to test your own symmetry here's a good method. Cut this stick exactly your own length. Then mark it off into twenty-four equal parts. Number one should mark about the ankle-joint from the bottom of your foot; number seven the knee, thirteen the hip, twenty the shoulder and twenty-four the top of the head. The length of your foot should be somewhere between three and four parts, from your middle finger's end to wrist-joint three parts, to elbow six and one-half, and to shoulder ten. The female head is smaller than the male head."

"Because it holds less?"

"I didn't say that. Only, to measure the body by lengths of the head is a method, though common, by no means infallable. The body is longer in the child than in the adult figure, to which alone the foregoing measurements apply. The growth is greater in the limbs during youth until womanhood. There can be no settled or fixed measurements employed to decide what should be the widths or circumference of the chest compared with the height of the figure or of the limbs."

Just so long as woman retains her maiden name, her maiden aim is to change it.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cent per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates

—:o:—

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION.

The cosmetiques and various powders and washes applied to the face, neck, and arms nowadays, it ought to be explained do not produce the same injurious effects on the skin that they did twenty years ago. This is due in part to the careful preparation of the same and also to the healing properties of the ungents, and fur rubbing off the "make up" at night. These oily substances are a great preservative of the complexion, as actresses know full well. All the young and pretty ones practice smearing the face and neck with some ungent every night after the performance is over and the "make up" has been rubbed off.

In this connection occurs the advice of Mr. Labouchere to ladies, so often quoted—to wash the face in very hot water if they wish a beautiful complexion and no wrinkles. Now, with all due respect to Mr. Labouchere and other advocates of the hot water system, it must be said that while hot water is in certain cases beneficial to the skin, as a rule it cannot be recommended to either face or hands. The correct temperature for such portions of the body as are exposed is unquestionably the same as that of the body. The surest road to a smooth, soft skin is the avoidance of either extreme of hot or cold water and the brisk friction of a dry towel after every bath.

To bathe the face in hot water just previous to a walk, drive or sail is to call down on the face thus treated a number of ills, such as chapped skin, tan and the like. Ladies who experience when traveling on the water annoyance from tanned or chapped hands and face, are recommended the plan of applying a little glycerine and powder immediately after bathing, to the hands and face. A good way is, while the skin is yet damp, to rub over thoroughly, by means of a moist towel, the glycerine, then apply rice or other harmless toilet powder.

After a day's exposure to wind and weather it is best to avoid bathing the face until next morning. If the skin naturally inclines to chap, apply glycerine diluted with water, thoroughly rubbing it in. When the complexion is liable to burn, a generous coating of fine rice powder on the face at night will be found beneficial.

There is no better plan for preventing wrinkles and that drawn appearance about the eyes and mouth which naturally come with age, than rubbing the face vigorously with a dry towel every time it is bathed and as much oftener as many be convenient.—*Chicago Herald.*

THINK OF THIS.—If a mechanic works ten hours a day and receives one dollar and fifty cents for it, and buys three drinks of whiskey per day at ten cents per drink, he works two solid hours every day for the saloon keeper. In six days he has worked one day and one-fifth of a day for the saloon keeper. In a year of 313 working days he works 625 hours for the saloon keeper. Counting ten hours a day, he works 62 days and sixtenths of a day for the saloon keeper. These 625 hours at 15 cents per hour makes $93. This would buy four ordinary paintings, for the walls, $10; subscription to five first class weekly newspapers $10; a comfortable suit of clothes, including boots, hat and overcoat, all for $40; five cords of wood at $2.50 per cord, or 100 bushels of coal at 12½ cents per bushel, and he would have $12 and a clear head and sound body left.

CHICKEN FEED.—They were called the belles of the boarding house because they were lean and ugly and ill natured, and yet hopeful of escaping the painful isolation of old maidenhood. They sat on opposite sides of the table and affected a civility toward each other which they did not feel.

"Goodness gracious!" observed the elder of the two, one evening at dinner, as a dish of corn was passed to her, "I can't eat such stuff as that. It's only fit for chickens."

"Well, then," amiably added the other, "you've got a good reason not to touch it, for you know you're no chicken."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars easy," was the reply.

The difference between a bakery and a printing office lies in the fact that in the former the pie is formed, while in the latter occasionally the form is pied.

Simpson says that when he asked the girl who is now his wife to marry him she said, 'I don't mind,' and she never has minded.