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Poetry.

GOD IN THE STORM.

"Did you hear the storm last night, my child, As it burst o'er the midnight sky, When the thunder rattled loud and wild And the lightning flicker'd by?"

Selected Story.

A TRUE STORY.

I had always a hankering after a mystery, and this often served me a good turn in cases where my skill as a detective was called in. I don't speak of my skill in a vain sense at all—but as a detective I was reckoned a right smart chap.

in regard to the arrest, and trial, and acquittal of Will Allan, I got her to go over the whole ground; and she told me how she had watched over the sick bed of Mrs. Havens, the daughter of the murdered man, and the only living being who could absolutely prove Allan's innocence—how her patient's condition fluctuated for months, growing better and then worse, and then better again, and finally how she entirely recovered and rewarded the young wife's devotion, by giving testimony which in the eye of the law wholly cleared him from the shadow of suspicion. Then she added:

"Mr. Burns, there is something else that I want to tell you, although it may not be of any such importance as I have thought it. One of the most mysterious things about the murder was the want of any clue to the real murderer—it seemed absolutely a dead secret; but interested as I have been, both heart and mind in this dreadful affair, I have, naturally, noted some things that to others would have had no significance. In talking over all the possibilities of the case with Mrs. Havens, with whom I became intimately acquainted during her illness, I learned that Mr. Loring's chief objection to her marriage with Mr. Havens lay in the fact that he had promised her hand to Mr. Warfield, a junior member of the firm, admitted within the past two years, and till then, a stranger in L—.

"It was immediately after this conversation that Miss Loring eloped and became the wife of Mr. Havens. Mr. Warfield behaved like a maniac on finding that he had lost his bride; and Mr. Loring was in despair over his daughter's elopement."

"I suppose my face showed my admiration of this little woman's shrewdness in seizing on all these facts and putting them together. She flushed up and said:

"Do you think there's anything in it, Mr. Burns?"

"Ma'am, I think you would be a credit to the force if you would join us—but, in course, that isn't your line. But with your very valuable assistance, ma'am, I think I can work up this case in a way to satisfy you."

"O Mr. Burns, if you can do that I feel I will owe you more than my life, and you will see that I can be substantially grateful."

"Not another word of that, ma'am—it'll be a pleasure to work for a lady like you. One or two questions if you please—this Warfield, I don't know him at all—has he the place?"

"O no; he is now the principle in the bank."

"Ah, I thought so—shrewd. If he had left the place it would have occasioned remark, and perhaps suspicion."

"Mrs. Allan now rose, and I said nothing to detain her further. I was already busy in my brain with all she had told me; and notwithstanding my admiration of her and my interest in her, I was right glad to be alone. So I saw her to the front door, and promised to let her know as soon as I had any intelligence worth talking of. By this time change of air and quinine had done a good deal for me and I was feeling pretty hearty. By a series of inquiries I found out in a slow and apparently careless manner, where Mr. Warfield lived, and also about the internal economy of his household. He was still unmarried and kept a bachelor establishment, superintended by a young and good-looking housekeeper—the only one of his servants who seemed a fixture in the house; for the under domestics never staid more than a month; and it was easy to understand why the housekeeper held her place, for it was currently reported that she booted in time to become the wife of her master. I had one of my little plans on hand; and as I learned that a kind of gardener and general male servant was required in the Warfield house, I introduced myself to Mrs. Clemens, the housekeeper, and pleased her so well that I was next day installed. I knew lots of gardening, having been bred up to it long before I was a detective; and I gave satisfaction in my new capacity. As soon as I had been in my situation long enough to win a certain amount of confidence from Mrs. Clemens, I turned my attention towards making myself especially useful to Mr. Warfield. I must not omit to state that the moment I laid eyes on that man something told me he was the murderer; and I felt as sure of it as if I had seen him commit the deed. In my way of life, you see we get to have a great knowledge of faces, and there's something in the look of a murderer that's unmistakable to a practiced eye. Now, the thing was to prove to others what required no further proof to myself, so I began to develop my plan. It was simple—so very simple that any one new in our business would never have thought of using it; but I had been catching criminals so long,

and I had seen how easy it was to trap 'em. They are so mighty keen to look out for all the clever traps, that they walk right into the simple ones without ever seeing them. I saw from a look of strong restraint that had become fixed on Mr. Warfield's face, that he was most crazy from fright and remorse—accordingly I concluded he was the kind of man to be scared into exposing his own guilt. I had a little bottle filled with a red fluid which made a stain so like blood, that the quickest eye might easily be deceived by it; but the principal thing about it was, that on being exposed to the air it speedily faded away, leaving no stain. I had more than once been called on to assist Mr. Warfield in matters of this kind, and in that way I had gradually come to have the run of his room; and all such matters as bringing up his linen, shaving-water, and the like, were soon considered a part of my work. One night Mr. Warfield complained of illness and retired to his room at an early hour; I was called to wait on him for something, and while he was in his dressing-room I dipped my pen in a red stuff and wrote on the pillow of the bed a large "W. R. L." They were the initials of Mr. Loring's name, imitated so well from his handwriting, procured for me by little Mrs. Allan, that they might have passed anywhere for his own writing. I had but just finished and turned away when Mr. Warfield, in his dressing-wrapper returned, and sat down on the bed, his glance falling instantly on my work. He gave a sharp scream and bounded to his feet, but his eyes glared on those red letters.

A Smart Dog.

A gentleman connected with the New foundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of extreme peril just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger had increased rather than diminished. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a long time, evidently aware that there was great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come on board, but he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After awhile, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands divined his apparent meaning. "Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that is what he wants."

The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned around and made straight for the shore, where a few minutes later, thanks to the intelligence of the dog, boat and crew were placed safe and uninjured. Was there no reason for this? No, no acting with a view to an end, or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?

Nothing to Live For.

A negro planter came to Vickburg the other day, sold his cotton, put his money in his pocket-book, and started down the river. Leaning too far over the guards as the boat backed out, he fell overboard—His portmanteau, which was in his inside pocket, floated out and rode with his hat on the surface of the water, while the current carried the negro away. The yawl was lowered, and assistance at once started for the drowning man, who, perceiving his treasure floating off, raised his voice and shouted:

"Save dat pocket book!"

His head went under, and he disappeared. As he rose again, he gasped:

"Dat's one hundred and eighty dollars in dat pocket book!"

Scarcely had he uttered the words before he sank the second time.

"The yawl came within reach just in time to rescue the drowning African as he came up to the surface for the last time. As soon as the water was wiped from his nose and mouth, so that he could see and speak, he said:

"Did you save dat pocket book?"

"No!" was the response.

"Well, den," said the negro, regretfully, "what de debil was de use ob savin' me?"

Next morning the landress gave me some linen handkerchiefs to carry to Mr. Warfield. I wrote across the upper one, "W. R. Loring," and gave it to him while the color was fresh. He read it and gave me an awful look.

"Thomas," he said, "What does this mean?"

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked, looking at him, while he kept his eyes away, and held the handkerchief from him, as if he was afraid it would blind him.

"Who gave you this handkerchief?" he asked sternly.

"The landress, sir—Bridget."

"Tell her to come here this instant."

Of course I took care that Bridget did not come too soon; and when Mr. Warfield thrust the handkerchief before her eyes and demanded to know why it was written on, she stared as if he had told her it was a rattle-snake. Sure enough there was nothing to see, for the writing had faded all away. Mr. Warfield presently perceived this, and uttered some feeble words of apology; but he was white as death, and his eyes looked wild and fierce.

Well, I needn't repeat all the things of this sort that I did; but I kept it up for weeks, till at last everything in his room—every bit of linen he wore, used to bear that terrible writing. I saw that he was breaking up fast, and I knew a crisis was approaching. He neerer spoke now when he saw these signs, but he still grew pale as a corpse, and spasms of pain contorted his face. One night when I had left a great deal of the writing about his room—on the pillows on his counterpane, on his handkerchiefs, I was a good deal surprised to note that he observed it all quite calmly, and instead of the customary horror and terror that his face showed, a sad but calm smile rested about his lips. I was troubled about this change, and asked myself: "Does he at last suspect me?" But he dismissed me and bade me good-night as usual; and I had no excuse for lingering; but I saw his light burning till very late, and though I passed the door often I heard no sound of distress.

"He suspects me!" I thought, "and means to make his escape." So I watched his room all night. But the poor man escaped me after all. In the morning he was found dead, looking very quiet and peaceful; and on a little sheet of lined note-paper, folded in two, and laid upon his heart was his confession:

"I killed Mr. Loring—his death was accidental, and not a premeditated murder. We quarreled on the subject of his daughter, when I adored, and of whom I thought myself basely cheated. In the heat of passion I struck him a blow which caused his death. From my heart and soul I ask forgiveness from him and from his family,

and voluntarily give up my life as the forfeit for his."

That was all. I felt kind of sorry; but it is my business to detect criminals, and I must take such means as come to my hand. Will Allan was cleared of the last suspicion; and his sweet, clever little wife was properly grateful.

Good Advice.

Some years ago a young man presented himself to the then United States Secretary Corwin, for a clerkship. Thrice was he refused and still made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the Secretary advised him, in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose and go to the West, if he could do no better outside the departments.

"My young friend," he said, "go to the Northwest, buy 160 acres of Government land, or if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an ax and a mattock; put up a log cabin for a habitation, and plant a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear and live like a free man; your own master with no one to give you orders, and without dependence upon anybody. Do that and you will become honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence your energies become relaxed and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and more independent position. I may give you a place to-day and I can kick you out to-morrow, and there's another man over at the White House who can kick me out, and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it's your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle—you are a sovereign and you will feel it in every throbbing of your heart, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you."

Ought Girls to Court?

We have often thought (for editors never speak from experience) that a young fellow must have a good stock of assurance—nay, of downright impudence—to go through the tedious, terrible, torturing ordeal of a regular courtship. He has not only to run the gauntlet of succeeding young gentlemen, but also the gauntlet of gossiping young ladies; to be talked of, and to be the mark of watchful observations for the whole neighborhood in which his fair one resides. Nor is this all. If his addresses are only acceptable to one member of the family, and that member the depository of the garnered-up love of a whole life, he is sure to meet the savage glances of savage brothers, and is just as sure to encounter other equally flattering manifestations of paternal, maternal, or fraternal opposition. Now this is all wrong. The exchanges should be more equalized; and some are sanguine enough to believe that the day is not far distant when they will be equalized; when we shall hear of young ladies paying their addresses to young gentlemen, visiting them nightly at their houses; inviting them to ride, to walk, to dance, to sing, to eat ice-cream, and, as soon as matters are brought to an interesting crisis, "popping the question" itself.

Ah! what a delightful thing it would be, hurriedly waiting in our mother's parlor, carefully brushed and strapped, to be courted! To be tenderly stared at, night after night, by girl after girl; to have one's brown, rough hand occasionally squeezed! And to have one's waist delicately encompassed (of course only after the "engagement") by some of the most delicately tapering arms in the world!

The Reason Why.

The Mormons tell a good story of Brigham Young. Among the applicants for the special privilege of taking a second wife, there came one day, a brother of very doubtful character, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

"So you want another wife, do you?"

"Yes, if you please, Brother Brigham."

"Well, the short of the matter is, that you can't have one."

"Why can't I have one as well as the other saints?"

"So you want to know the whole story, do you?"

"Yes; I should like to know why I can't have more than one wife, as well as the rest of 'em."

"Well, you shall know, then, in short order. I want your race to die out!"

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"Cause he says if my body will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask:

"But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

The retreating chin is indicative of the want of attachment, and but little ardor in love.

The chin, in its length and breadth, indicates self-control, self-will, resolution, decision, etc.

Carnivorous animals have the upper jaw projecting, while those of a graminivorous nature have the lower jaw projecting. In men with a projecting upper jaw will be found large destructiveness and love of animal food, when the lower jaw projects, then the love for vegetable food.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

An Iowa paper declines to publish the name of the prettiest girl in town. The editor says his wife can tell if she wants to, and he will pay the bills for all the jute that the young ladies pull to pieces, but he thinks he is too young to be bald yet.

The envious Louisville Courier Journal says: Boston has a brains club, made up exclusively of women. Such is the astonishing amount of intelligence and culture in that city that there even the women have brains.

An old crow sat upon a hickory limb, None knew him but to praise; Let me miss him for his mother, For he smells of Schweitzer kase.

A New York paper tells us that a favorite hotel is to be kept this season at one of the watering-places, "by the widow of Mr. —, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

A Rock County, Ill., farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: "I will bet \$1.25 that my hired man can take longer to go to the harvest field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down harder on the panel of a fence than any other hired man within fifteen miles of a flagstaff in Janesville."

Next year the Hartford female Seminary is going yet further in the new departure, and in addition to the prizes which will be offered for the best bread made by the pupils, a prize will be given to the young woman who can cut, make, and do up a gentleman's shirt in the most approved manner.

A schoolboy being asked to define the word admission, said it meant twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents!" echoed the teacher. "What kind of a definition do you call that?" "I don't know, sulkily replied the boy, "but I'm sure it says so on the circus bill down there. 'Yes,' said another boy, "and children half price."

A church member once said to a minister who wanted a little more salary as his family increased, "I did not know that you preached for money." "No, I don't," said the minister. "I thought you preached for souls." "So I do; but I could not live on souls, and if I could it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal."

Colonel Haskell, of the Boston Transcript, a man of general experience and tact, says that the form of a tender confession in Boston is something like this: "Dearest, believe me, I do love you with my whole nervous organism. You share with no other being the emotions which pervade my undivided gray matter, and if I were conscious of a ganglion that throbbled but for thee, he sure I would not sleep till I had procured its neurotomy." It is all owing to a medical lecture recently delivered by Dr. Holmes.

A married man left home the other day stating that he would be gone all night. His wife dispatched a messenger to a gentleman friend, who came to pass the evening, and late at night they drove out to a distant hotel, returning early in the morning. About halfway home the team they were driving collided with another, and when the occupants of both got out to disentangle the horses, the occupants of the other carriage were found to be the husband who had gone to Salem on business accompanied by a woman. Little was said on either side.

There was a deal of pith and point in the comment of the African preacher on the text, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Said he, "I've knowna many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough; but I never knowd a church to die 'cause it gave too much. They don't die that way. Brederen, has any one of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you hab, just let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to that church, and I'll climb by de soft light of de moon, to its moss-covered roof, and I'll stand dar, and lift my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed am de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

Fishing is not always a remunerative business, neither does it always pay as a recreative sport. A man went out for a day's fishing last week, and when he returned he had walked fifteen miles, lost a gold watch, sprained his thumb, spoiled a \$10 pair of pants by sitting down on his load-fish, and caught a bad cold and two tooth-aches. On his arrival his favorite eat attempted to get away with a piece of clam that he had left on his hook, whereat said eat caught the hook in her throat and couldn't cough it up; and his son, in trying to assist her, got another hook into his toe, and the doctor had to cut it out; and to top all his wife was disgusted and snappy. He says fishing may do all very well for a man who was born lucky, but no more for him.

Old Col. S—, one of the State Senators of Minnesota, tells this of himself: He was going down to St. Paul to join the session, when a train-boy passed through the car, and approaching the old Colonel and showing his wares into his lap, sung out:

"Buy a pack of cards, sir?—only half a dollar."

Turning to the lad with an expression of countenance calculated to impress him with the enormity of the offence, the Colonel slowly and solemnly said:

"My son, I never play cards; I am a member of the church."

"Oh!" exclaimed the disgusted urchin, "I thought you was a member of the Legislature!"

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Attorney & Counsellor at Law

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