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The Eagle

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OFFICE, upstairs, in Roys' Block, Corner of Lawrence and Douglas Avenues, } WICHITA, KANSAS.

For the Eagle.

CONSTANT.

BY UNA.

[These lines suggested themselves to the writer's mind, upon seeing two portraits. One a young man leaving the grave of his wife, the other the same man, old and weary, "only waiting" for death to re-unite him to the object of his constant love.]

I walked in the church-yard one moonlighted night,
And paused by a tombstone so dazzlingly white,
It seemed like a spectre to rise from the earth
To tell of my lost one, her beauty and worth.

O, earth! what a treasure you've hidden from sight!
O, angels in heaven! she's with you to-night,
While I, poor, forsaken, without friend or home,
Alone in my sorrow, forever must roam.

I knelt by the marble that bore her dear name,
And prayed to "Our Father" that I might win fame—
That I might win laurels—be victor in life;
In death, rest beside her, my darling, lost wife.

I kissed the cold marble; I breathed there a vow;
Her memory should ever be sacred as now;
Her name should be cherished—be breathed in my prayers,
Until done with life's turmoils, its sorrows and cares.

I walked from that church-yard; then lingered awhile
Beside the great gate and the old-fashioned stile;
Then back to the world with my grief and my pain,
Yet cheered by the hope that my life was not vain.

Long, long years have past, and, in many a land,
I've wandered and worked at the Lord's command;
Not for honor or wealth, but I've gained a name
In the "Lamb's Book of Life," much better than fame.

Again I've knelt in the church-yard old,
And have pressed my lips to the marble cold,
Where the name of "Alice" was carved long ago,
When my heart was bowed with its weight of woe.

Now, aged and feeble, I patiently wait
For a summons to enter the pearly gate
Where Alice, *my* Alice, is waiting for me,
"Just over the river I soon shall see."

A BEAUTIFUL FIEND.

An Earlier Kate Bender---Her Terrible Butcheries, and Vanity.

It is seldom a woman resorts to the knife when she makes up her mind to remove from this scene of strife some being whose existence is obnoxious to her welfare, but Miss Sarah Malcolm added to the strange crime (for one of her sex) of burglary that of murder by wholesale.

Sarah Malcolm was born in the county of Durham, England, in 1711, her parents being people in the middle ranks of life. Her mother was an Irish woman and possessing some property in Dublin, removed there when Sarah was a child. She was sent to school, and was most tenderly brought up. She was not allowed to do any hard work, and her beauty, as she grew to womanhood filled them with hopes of her making a match far superior to her own station.

Both her parents died when she was about seventeen, and this threw her upon her own resources, for they had lost almost all they possessed in a small inn. Being her own mistress, Sarah was fired with a desire to go to the great city of London, to try if her face would make her fortune.

A friend of hers, one Mary Tracy, had gone to London some time before, and had not failed to give a glowing account of its wonders and possibilities to Sarah.

Mary had obtained a place at the "Black Horse Ale-House," and by her endeavors, Sarah was also given a place, and there she made the acquaintance of two brothers named Alexander.

The two ladies and gentlemen made one party in all their journeyings, and later on in crime.

Tiring of the ale-house, Sarah tried domestic service, and went out as parlor maid in several private families, who afterward testified to her honesty and good conduct while with them. Sarah had an ambition, which, after a little time, she was able to gratify.

She wished to become one of the laundresses in the Temple. The rooms in the Temple were occupied mainly by law students and young lawyers, generally wealthy men who devoted much of their time to sowing wild oats.

The Temple laundresses were noted for their beauty and youth, and Sarah finally become one of these, taking especial charge of the linen of Mr. John Kerrel, a young limb of the law, and very well off.

Before becoming a Temple laundress, with its emoluments and renown, Miss Malcolm had been waiting-maid to a Mrs. Lydia Duncomb.

She was old old, infirm and rich. There lived with her as a friend and companion, an old, decrepit woman named Elizabeth Harrison, and Sarah was succeeded by a young, strong and pretty girl, Ann Price. Sarah used often to drop in and see Mrs. Duncomb after she left her place, and was sometimes permitted to sleep there, consequently she knew the house well and had the confidence of its inmates.

The 4th of February, 1723, fell on a Sunday. Mrs. Ann Love had been invited to dine with her friend, Mrs. Lydia Duncomb, on that day, and went to her apartment and knocked exactly at 1 o'clock. Receiving no answer she became alarmed, and going down to the lady who lived on the floor underneath, asked if she had seen any of the family above. Mrs. Oliphant replied that she had not. Going up stairs again, she met Sarah Malcolm coming down, and said to her:

"Sarah, prithee go and fetch the smith to open the door."

Sarah replied that she would go with all speed, and went, but returned without the smith. On this, Mrs. Oliphant said she could get out of her window and walk along the roof to Mrs. Duncomb's window, break a pane of glass and get in, which she did, opening Mrs. Duncomb's window, and admitting Mrs. Love and Sarah.

The first room they entered was that of Ann Price. She was lying in bed, her hair hanging loose and falling over her eyes, her throat cut from ear to ear, her hands clinched, and wallowing in her own blood.

Her chin was fixed down as if with a design to hide the cut in the throat. She had evidently struggled hard for life.

In the next room, Elizabeth Harrison lay dead in her bed, strangled, and her throat scratched and bruised.

The last body was that of Mrs. Duncomb, in another room.

There was a little crease around her neck as if made by a string being tightly tied around.

Sarah Malcolm seemed as horrified as surprised at the discovery of these mangled bodies, and when a doctor came in, and lifting up the chin of Ann Price let it fall, she uttered a suppressed shriek; with this exception her behavior was not different from that of the women who were with her.

Mrs. Duncomb kept her money in a chest in her room. This was found broken open, and rifled of everything except a few papers. It had held a large amount of money, some articles of silveware, and underclothing not in use, and a very peculiar silver tankard.

Mr. John Kerrel had been out of town for a few days, but returned on the 4th of February. As he was going to his rooms in the Temple, he saw people standing and talking excitedly. On inquired what had happened he was told that three women—Mrs. Duncomb, Miss Harrison, and their servant, Ann Price—had been murdered during the night. Much surprised, he went into his bed-chamber and found there Sarah Malcolm. He relates, in his deposition, that he said to her:

"Are you here at this hour in the morning? You know Mrs. Duncomb. Have you heard of anybody that is taken up for murder?"

"No," said she, "but a gentleman who had chambers under her has been absent two or three days, and he is suspected."

Said I:

"Nobody that was acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb shall stay here until the murderer is found out, and, therefore take up your things and get away."

"Meanwhile, Mr. Gehagan, whose rooms are on the same floor, opposite mine, and who had come in with me, had gone down to call the watch; but he could not find the door readily, and came up again. I went down to call two watchmen, and brought them up, and I found her turning over some linen in my drawers, and I asked her who it belonged to. She said it was her own. The next thing I took notice of was a bundle lying on the floor. I asked her what it was. She said it was her gown.

"And what is it?" said I.

"Why, soiled linen," said she.

"So I did not offer to open it. I searched further, and missed several things of my own, and found other things that did not belong to me, and then I charged the watch with her, and bade them take her away and take care of her.

"When she was gone, I found another bundle, whereupon we resolved to make a thorough search. We found some more linen, (afterward proved to be Mrs. Duncomb's) and a pint silver tankard with a bloody handle."

The bundle belonging to Sarah was wet and bloody; it contained an apron and other garments.

The watchman's testimony is singular, as showing the manner of making arrests in London in olden times. Richard Hughes deposed:

"As I was upon my watch in the Temple, at past 1 o'clock, I heard Mr. Kerrel call 'Watch!' My brother watchman went, and then he called me."

Here follows similar evidence to that given by Kerrel. Hughes continued:

"As we were not charged with her before a constable, we thought we had no occasion to keep her in custody, so we discharged her. She said it was late, and she lived as far as Shoreditch, and therefore had rather sit up in the watchouse than go home.

"No," I said, "go about your business, and be here again at 10 o'clock."

"She said she would come again at ten o'clock, and so went away. But soon after she was gone, Mr. Kerrel came down with a tankard and some clean linen, and very angry he was that we had let her go. I went after her and found at the Temple gate. I told her Mr. Kerrel wanted to speak with her, and that I might get her along the more easily, I said that he was not as angry as he was before, and so I brought her with me. He showed her the tankard, and she said it was her mother's. He asked her how it came bloody. She said she had pricked her finger."

Sarah was imprisoned in Newgate. As she entered she exclaimed:

"I am a dead woman!"

She was conveyed to the old Condemned Hole. It no longer exists in the prison. One of the keepers—Johnson—was sent to search her, the delicate attention of a lady's services for such an office not being considered necessary.

Rolled up in her hair he found a bag of money, which she confessed was the murdered woman's, and offered to give it to him if he would keep the secret.

With a due regard to her personal appearance, Johnson says, "after I had taken the money away, she put a piece of mattress in her hair, that it might appear in the same bulk as before.

Sarah charged the two Alexanders and Mary Tracy with the murder, admitting that she had connived at the robbery. A prisoner being then allowed to defend himself, and even to question and interrupt the witnesses as they were giving their testimony, she availed herself of the privilege, and defended herself with great ingenuity, and even eloquence. When she was confronted with the people whose arrest she caused, she said firmly, and with seeming innocence,

"These are the persons who committed the murder. See, Mary, what you have brought me to. It is through you and the two Alexanders that I am brought to this shame, and must die for it. You all promised me you would do no murder, but to my great surprise I find the contrary."

All that she could ever be induced to confess about the transaction was about as follows:

"The robbery was contrived by Mary Tracy and myself, my own vicious inclinations agreeing with hers. I told her I could not pretend to do it myself, for I should be found out. 'No,' said she, 'there are the two Alexanders who will help us.' I met them all in Cheapside and we agreed.

"On Saturday, I went between 7 and 8 in the evening, to see Elizabeth Harrison. She was very bad. I staid a little while with her, and went down stairs. Mary Tracy and the two Alexanders came about ten. She would have gone about the robbery then, but I said it was too soon.

"Between 10 and 11 she said, 'We can do it now.' I went up stairs and they followed me.

"I met the young maid upon the stairs, with a blue mug; she was going for some mild to make a sack posset. She asked me who were those that came after me. I told her some people going into the rooms below.

"As soon as she had gone, I said to Mary Tracy, 'Now do you and Tom Alexander go on. I know the door is left ajar, because the old maid is ill, and can't get up to let the young maid in when she comes back.' Upon that, James Alexander, by my order, went in and hid himself under the bed, and as I was going down stairs, I met the young maid coming up. She asked if I had spoken to Mrs. Betty; I told her no, and then went to Mr. Kerrel's room and stirred up the fire. I staid about a quarter of an hour, and when I came back I saw Mary Tracy and Tom Alexander sitting on Mrs. Duncomb's stairs, and I sat down with them.

"It was a stormy night; there was hardly anybody stirring abroad, and the watchmen kept up close except when they cried the hour. At 2 o'clock a gentleman came and called the watch to light his candle.

"Soon after this I heard Mrs. Duncomb's door open. James Alexander came out and said, 'Now is the time.' Then Mary Tracy and Tom Alexander went in, but I staid on the stairs to watch; I had told them where Mrs. Duncomb's box stood. They came out between four and five, and one of them called to me softly and said:

"'Hip! how shall I shut the door?"

"'Tis a spring lock, I said, pull it to and it will be fast, and so one of them did. They would have shared the money and the goods upon the stairs, but I told them we had better go down; so we went under the arch in Fig Tree Court, where there was a lamp. I asked them how much they had got. They said they had fifty guineas, and some silver in the maid's purse, about £100 in the chest of drawers, besides the silver trankard, and the money in the box, and several other things, so that in all they had got the value of about £300 in money and goods. They told me they had been forced to gag the people. They gave me the tankard and what was in it, and some linen for my share, and they had a silver spoon and a ring and the rest of the money among them selves. They advised me to be cunning and plant the money and goods under ground, and not to be seen flush."

Notwithstanding the circumstantiality of this confession, the two Alexanders and Mary Tracy were acquitted, and Sarah Malcolm was found guilty of the murder of Mrs. Duncomb, having been indicted for the murder of the three women and for robbery. She was condemned to death.

Human nature does not change, though the seasons do, and the centuries are rolled up in the wrinkled scroll of Time. Then, as now, it was the fashion to slobber over the most hardened wretches.

As soon as her guilt was fully established, ministers came to offer her religious consolation, and to wrest or coax the truth from her, while fashionable ladies flocked to see her, to load her with flowers, fruits and other gifts. They sympathized with her, instead of being horrified at her crimes. The criminal classes and the members of the prize ring, gazed with admiration at the young girl, who, unaided, slew three women, strangling two and cutting the throat of the strong one, who had battled bravely for her life. It was no small feat of strength to break open the box of plate and money, and all so quietly and swiftly that not a sound was heard in the house.

So Sarah became the heroine of the hour, but would make no further confession, although urged by crowds of high-born damsels to do so.

On Sunday, as some people were in her cell, she fell into a grievous agony, which lasted for some time, with all imaginable signs of terror and fright. One of the keepers coming in said:

"What has happened, Sarah, to put you into this disorner?"

She pretended that it was occasioned by her being told at chapel that she was to be hanged in Fleet street among all her acquaintances, which gave her inexpressible pain. The keeper replied:

"That is not true; when the death-warrant came down, I acquainted you that you you were to die there, so it is not probable that that should surprise you so very much now."

The chronicle concludes with a picture of strange customs in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

When the bellman came into Newgate to give notice to the prisoners who were to die on Monday, somebody called out to Sarah Malcolm and bade her mind what he had to say.

She looking out of her window, answered that she did; and as soon as he had done, she said:

"D'ye hear, Mr. Bellman? Call for a pint of wine, and I'll throw you a shilling to pay for it," which she accordingly did.

Notwithstanding all her unswerving declarations of innocence, and constant assertions that the true murderers would be found out when she had been laid in her grave, she spent the last night of her life in prayer with a fellow prisoner, who was to hanged the day after herself.

She mounted the scaffold with a firm step and fearless mien, perishing in the twenty-second year of her age. She is described as a perfect model of beauty, and for her final taking off, had dressed herself so carefully, that she never missed a hole in lacing up her shoes.

DE FALL OB DE YEAR.

The Southern darkey has a way of his own in describing the approach of autumn and "Winter riding towards the hills of snow." An Arkansan gives this imitation of the African while speaking of "De fall ob de year:"

De Jimpson weed's yaller an' de grass is dead,
An' de air has a coolin' breath;
De sunflower bends its sleepy head,
An' de leaves looks putty in death.

De quail whirrs loud as she flies o'er de lan',
Dars nuthin' but shells in her nest,
An' she's gwine down only fur to rejine de ban',
While de dew it am still on her crest.

De ole mule stans wid his chin on de rail,
A lookin' at de lan' what he plowed;
An' he kicks at de fly what lights on his tail,
Den opens his mouf mighty loud.

In de woods dar is ringin' de soun' ob de ax
Da is fixin' fur de comin' ob de snow;
An' de wimmin hab 'gun fur ter hackle de flax,
Wid a eye ter de cold wind's blow.

De huntin' dog meets yer at de do' wid a whine,
An' he raps agin de post wid his tail,
An' Lawd, he'm dun got de season down fine,
An' is achin' fur ter take de coon's trail.

—*Opie P. Read.*

LETTER FROM FRED DOUGLAS.

Frederick Douglas has written to Private Dalzell, of Ohio, a very interesting letter, which is published in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*. We make the following extracts. The letter is dated October 3, inst:

I see that my views of the Louisville convention are variously commented upon. I am thought to be an Independent, and so I am, but I am an Independent inside of the Republican party. I can have all the independence I want inside of the Republican party. I am both independent and dependent. I do not take a step in life that I am not dependent on somebody or something. In politics I am dependent upon one or the other political parties, and I am foolish enough to think that the Republican party may as safely be trusted with the destiny of the Republic and the rights of the colored people as the Democratic party: and in this I know I am right.

For the life of me I cannot see how any honest colored man, who has brains enough to put two ideas together, can allow himself, under the notion of independence, to give aid and comfort to the Democratic party in Ohio or elsewhere.

Woe to the colored people of this country when the Republican party shall triumph in spite of the treacherous votes of colored men. Bad as our condition now is, it would be infinitely worse then; we should neither have nor deserve the confidence of any party, and would, to use a slang phrase, "Be out in the cold." My advice to colored men everywhere is to stick to the Republican party. Tell your wants; hold the party up to its professions; but do your utmost to keep it in power in the State and Nation.

What I said at Louisville about the election of a colored man to the vice presidency has been perverted. What I said was, that no class of the American people could afford to be excluded from participation in the administration of the government; and when a colored man could be elevated to the vice presidency, or hold a seat in the cabinet, the color line would no longer be significant. My views on this subject are in the last paragraph of my address, which I send you.

We hold it to be self-evident that no class or color should be the exclusive rulers of the country. If there is such a ruling class there must, of course, be a subject class, and when this condition is once established, this government by the people, of the people, and for the people, will already have perished from the earth.

I hope you will allow no man to tell you that I am not now, as I ever have been, a firm and inflexible Republican.

THE GREELEYS.

The country will learn with gratification that Miss Gabrielle Greeley has secured possession of the Chappaqua farm. She pays $10,000 for it, and it is worthy of mention that, though the property was worth more money, there was at the auction sale of which it was disposed of not a single bid against her. It was felt that the property belonged to her, and the only thing to be regretted in the premises is that it should not have passed into her hands as the gift of the people for whom her father labored earnestly, honestly, and unselfishly for so many years.

It seems a long time since 1872, when one recalls the family in which the country took so much interest at that period. Death had entered the family but once, the victim being the boy "Pickle," of whom both the father and Margaret Fuller had predicted wonderful things. The wife and mother died shortly after the melancholy campaign of that year, and the husband and father, a mental wreck, followed her in a few months. Ivory Chamberlain, himself now dead, in his very touching article on Mr. Greeley in the *World*, spoke of the far-away, absent, hopeless look of the old man as the grave closed over the woman he had loved, and who was at times, if accounts be true, a rather severe domestic ruler. Since then Ida, the wife of Nicholas Smith, has died, so that the sole survivor of the Chappaqua family is the lady who has just bought the old farm.

The place will grow more valuable as time goes on. Men like Mr. Greeley are never forgotten. They and the place that knew them pass into history, and every year adds to the interest they create. The older the picture the more the value, and the longer Chappaqua is known the greater the number of the people who will visit it and transfer to it some of the pride they feel in the memory of the man who sought it out. A place of such historic interest ought to belong to and be taken care of by the government, but for the present it is in the hands of one who has a better title to it.—*New York Graphic.*

It is told on Editor Maddox, of the Conyers *Solid South*, that when he proposed and was accepted, he said to his sweetheart: "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss." Then, observing her blush, he added: "Not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." Of course Maddox got his kiss, and is now prepared to step off.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

JOHNNY MURPHY'S GIFTS.

Mr. Bonner Gets the Noted Jockey to Perform two Extraordinary Feats.

While Johnny Murphy was exercising Mr. J. Roberg's mare on the track of the Gentlemen's Driving Park on Tuesday, Mr. Robert Bonner, Mr. Chas. Bachman, Mr Carl Burr, John J. Quinn and P. H. Jonas, who were together on the club house stoop fell into talking about him. Murphy is a noted trainer and driver. He has been so long at this work that his record runs back to Dexter. Because of his sterling honesty Mr. E. A. Buck has long ago christened him Honest Johnny Murphy. Because of the hue of his hair the late Charley Foster nicknamed him the Red Prince. His honesty was referred to on Tuesday, and this story was told of him:

Murphy was the protege of Hiram Woodruff. Hiram was as honest a man as ever followed horseflesh. Hiram had trained his hand and eye so that his accuracy of aim when he threw at a mark was wonderful. He never missed. One trick he was fond of was the blowing of straws at a mark. He reached perfection at this. On his deathbed he called his favorite, Murphy, to his side.

"Johnny," said he, "you never threw a race, did you?"

"No, sir," said Murphy.

"Do you see that speck on the wall?"

"Yes, sir."

The great horseman took a straw, put one end of it in his mouth, and with a puff from his lungs sent the light missile exactly to the speck across the room. This was done with great solemnity.

"Johnny," said Woodruff, "as sure as you saw me hit that mark, if ever you throw a race I'll come out of my grave and haunt you."

The next story was also about Woodruff and Murphy. When Johnny was a mere boy he rode Dexter in the great match against time that that monarch among horses won in 1865. Eph. Snedeker bet $5,000 against $2,500 put up by George B. Alley, Dexter's owner, that the horse could not beat Flora Temple's time of 2:19¾. The trial was made on the Fashion course in Jamaica. When Johnny and Dexter were ready, Woodruff said: "Now, Johnny, you go to the first quarter in 34 seconds. I'll be there when you pass, and I'll tell you then what to do the rest of the way." Dexter dashed up to the quarter exactly on time, and Woodruff threw up his hands and shouted: "Go on the rest of the mile your own way. You've got a better head than I have." Dexter trotted the mile in the then unparalleled time of 2:18 1-5. Thus the way was led to a discussion, on the club house stoop, of Johnny's remarkable gift of measuring time.

"Johnny can take my horse, there," said Mr. Bonner, "and drive him a mile within one or two seconds of whatever time I tell him to make." Then Mr. Bonner called Murphy to him and said: "Johnny, take my horse out on the track, put him into a sulky, and drive him a mile within two seconds of the time I tell you, and I'll give you a ten-dollar bill."

So Murphy put the horse to the sulky and presently awaited the word from Mr. Bonner.

"Drive him the mile between 2:35 and 2:37," said Mr. Bonner.

Away went the horse with Murphy in the sulky guiding the animal with the lines though apparently letting him have his own way entirely until the end of the journey. The spectators on the stoop saw, after the three-quarters, that the horse was going too fast, but it had been agreed that no one should say a word to Murphy, and no one did. Murphy had no watch. Almost at the same time they noticed Murphy suddenly pulled the horse up and kept him in hand at a slowing gait to the end. He had driven the mile in 2:35½.

"Now," said Mr. Bonner, "another one of Johnny's remarkable performances is the stopping of a watch exactly at a given time. For instance, he can take my watch, put it to his ear, keep it there, and stop it at exactly the sixtieth second."

Murphy took Mr. Bonner's watch and performed the feat twice in succession.

"Perhaps you don't know how remarkable that is," said another member of the party to Mr. Bachman, "but I'll bet you can't stop the watch at sixty seconds while you're looking at it."

Mr. Bachman took the timepiece, and trying twice failed each time, partly because it is difficult to stop a stop-watch exactly when you want to, and principally because the challenge made the great stock-breeder nervous and a trifle clumsy.—*New York Sun.*

VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye.
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

"BABY CRIED AND JACK CRIED."

It has been going on for a year past. Jack is a carrier for one of the dailies, and his circuit takes in a house on Scott street. One day last spring a baby crowed at him from an open door on that street, and Jack tossed an apple into the hall. The next day the baby was watching for him, and after three or four days the boy made bold to slip up the steps and pat the little chap on the head and leave the stick of candy he had purchased two miles away. As time went on Jack came to know that the baby was fatherless, and that his mother was pale-faced and hardly able to drag about. It was a week before she spoke to him, but the baby took to Jack right away and was always ready for his coming. After the first week it was always clean-faced, but it was a good while before Jack roused up the courage to give him a kiss and to ask for one in return. After that it was plain sailing, and the neighbors became interested. It was queer enough that a boy like Jack, having his own way to make, and roughing it until he had become suspicious and hard-hearted, should catch on to a little whitehead, and be more than a big brother to him, but that was what happened.

And something more. One day he brought up a quarter of a pound of tea and left it where the mother could find it, and this was followed by other parcels and articles. One day he missed the baby, and crept into the hall to find that he had cried himself to sleep, and that the mother was ill and helpless. Jack roused up the neighbors, and whatever was eaten in that house for the next two weeks was purchased with Jack's money. The mother could only thank him and weep. She could not speak ten words of English.

A fortnight ago Jack missed baby again, and again he found the mother ill. Friends were with her this time, and she did not suffer for care. A week ago there was crape on the door as the carrier went his round, and baby had been carried off by a neighbor. When Jack came round the next day the mother had been buried, and people were watching to tell him that the house was to be vacated and baby was to go to a distant city. He had been brought back to bid the carrier good-bye, and the poor and lowly people drew off with tears in their eyes, and Jack sat on the door-steps and took baby in his lap and smoothed his white head and kissed his red cheeks. Baby clung around his neck and seemed to realize that he was to lose a friend, and, as one who stood by expressed it:

"Then baby cried and Jack cried, and the women put their aprons up and sobbed like children. When they finally took the child away Jack's heart was big enough to break, and throwing his arms around the little chap for the last time he turned and ran away, and never looked back!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The woman question—"Now, sir, I want to know where you have been until this time of night? Let me smell your breath!"

OCTOBER.

A charmed moment poised between perfection and decay,
The aftermath of yellowing green is touched with specks of gray.

The maple's gold and scarlet leaf hangs quivering in the sun,
As though it felt a sob of grief that Summer days are done.

Along the way the tangled briers gleam with a ruddy glow;
October lights her festal fires 'neath treasures bending low;

And like a gorgeous, conquering queen, in some triumphal hour,
She scatters with a gracious mien the riches of her dower.

She hangs upon the clambering vine a robe of peerless dyes,
Ank bursting berries, red with wine, ripened 'neath golden skies.

In tawny-reds and russet-browns the forest trees are dressed;
And on the blazing crimson crowns she stamps her royal crest.

Where'er she goes, at her command, strange beauties burst to light—
A waiting hush hangs o'er the land, rich with a mellow light.

Till far upon the mountain steep she spreads a mystic haze,
As if behind its veil to weep for her last perfect days.

—*Elizabeth A. Davis, in The Continent.*

PROOF OF THE MURDER.

At one time I had a strange case put into my hands. A man was supposed to have been foully murdered. He was a traveler, who had stopped at an inn in a lonely country place and was there said to have been murdered for his money. The landlord was held to be the guilty party, though there was nothing but suspicion and his previous bad name to fasten it upon him.

This much I was told by my chief when he placed the matter in my hands. He had learned this, and nothing more, from those who had come to employ some one to investigate the mystery. I was told to go and do my best, and I went.

I went first to the individuals by whom I was employed, and of them learned all I could of the particulars of the affair. This did not take me long, for they were few, indeed.

An inn, standing in an isolated spot, in the midst of a forest, had long borne an evil name. There were many dark whispers concerning it, and more than one belated traveler was supposed to have lost his life there.

A few days before a traveler had stopped there for the night, and was not known to have gone away again. More than that, the landlord drove a new horse which some were ready to swear was the one the traveler had ridden, changed only by a few jocky tricks.

My duty was to endeavor to find out the truth of the matter, if possible. It would never do for me to go there with my calling known, as it would be sure to defeat all. But there was no need of that. I was no novice in my profession, and had all its tricks at heart. I would play the part of a tourist, in search of some quiet spot where I could spend a few days in rural enjoyment. With everything perfected in the character I was to play, I was on the point of setting out, when another party appeared upon the scene.

It was the brother of the missing man.

He had not returned at the time expected, and his friends were anxious for his safety. He declared he would go to the inn at once in company with me. But this I knew would never do. His anxiety would ruin all. His manner could not help putting the guilty ones at once on their guard. So I prevailed upon him to stay behind, promising him to report progress from time to time.

With matters thus arranged, I set out for the inn. I went on horseback as the supposed murdered man had done. I could not help thinking, as I rode along, that perhaps the landlord might try his hand on me; for, to all appearances, I was a very quiet, inoffensive looking traveler. But I was well armed and ready for him should he attempt anything of the kind.

Arriving at the inn, the landlord received me in person. No sooner did my eyes fall upon his countenance than I decided at once he was a villian. A more sinister-looking face I don't think I ever beheld. The name on the creaking sign was Saul Farman.

I stated my wishes to him, and was told that the house and all it contained was at my disposal. He would do the best for me that he could. So a bargain was struck, and I was soon domiciled in my quarters. Then I went quietly about my errand.

There was no positive proof yet that the missing man was dead. Still, in my own mind, there was no doubt. I was sure that I had seen very many of his effects. His brother had described them too minutely for me to be mistaken. Thus day after day went on. I had no fears at all for my own safety now. I had given him to understand that I was the pastor of a church who had been granted a leave of absence to recruit my health. It he believed this, he knew very well that I was not game worth the powder. Such a class are not supposed to have a great amount of ready money about them.

One day, the brother, impatient at not hearing from me, came to the inn to make discoveries for himself. I was alarmed at his appearance, for I was afraid it would spoil all. Before he could do any mischief. I determined to get him out of the way, as I was afraid he would excite the landlord's suspicions, and therefore suggested that we should go out shooting. To this he agreed, for he wished to see me alone, where there would be no chance of our being overheard.

The landlord provided us with two old-fashioned guns and we departed, taking our way down the river, which ran some half a mile from the house. Arriving upon its bank, we sat down for a consultation as to what was best to be done. I described minutely to him what discoveries I had made, and he was for arresting him at once. But to this I objected. There was no positive proof yet of his brother's death. More evidence, if possible must be obtained. I did not believe that a jury would convict him on the evidence I had got.

While thus lazily discussing the matter, I chanced to glance across the stream, and beheld a rabbit standing on the opposite bank. At sight of it I remembered the ostensible object on which we had come, and raising the gun I discharged it in that direction. I don't know whether the rabbit was harmed or not, but the piece kicked so that it sent me upon my back. To this day I don't know but what the landlord meant to kill me by putting in so tremendous a charge. My companion laughed at me as I tried to scramble to my feet.

"Your gun kills both ways," he said.

"I am sure it does one way," I answered. "But the rabbit, perhaps, is not so much hurt as I am."

As I spoke, we both glanced over the river to see if we could see anything of the game; and there we saw a sight that I shall never forget to my dying day. The dark waters of the river seemed agitated in a strange manner, as though something beneath them was trying to reach the surface. In a moment more they parted, and a human face was thrust up. It was bloated and distorted by the long time it had remained in the water. My companion gave a cry that thrilled me through.

"My brother! my brother!"

Here was, indeed, the proof of the murder.

The terrific discharge of the old gun had brought the body of the murdered man to the surface, and gave the last link of the chain.

For only a few moments did the body remain stationary, and then it slowly sank beneath the water again. A few hurried words passed between us, and then we went back to the inn. Saul Farman was standing in the doorway.

"What luck?" he said, as we came up.

"Good!" I answered, "we have the game we sought."

My hand fell heavily on his shoulder as I spoke.

"You are my prisoner!" I said, "I arrest you for the murder of Nathan Clearer!"

There was a short struggle. In less than a minute we had the irons upon his wrists. The body was recovered from the river, and at the sight of it the villian made a full confession.

In due time he was tried and convicted, and shortly after I witnessed his execution.

A REMARKABLE BUTTER COW.

Since testing the butter capacity of thoroughbred dairy cattle has been adopted for the guidance of breeders some yields were obtained that were so extraordinary as to excite incredulity until the tests were repeated under the supervision of responsible, disinterested committees, placing their truthfulness beyond cavil. The *Herald* has published the most remarkable of these for the past two years. Another has occurred which surpasses any yield hitherto reported for three months. The cow in question is the registered Jersey, Mary Anne of the St. Lamberts, 9,770, the property of Mr. Valancy E. Fuller, of Hamilton (Ont.) Canada. She was four years old in March last, and dropped the third calf in May, soon after which the test began. During the first 31 days she gave 100 pounds 12 ounces of well-worked unsalted butter, which, after being salted, one ounce to the pound, and ready for the table, weighed 106 pounds 12 ounces. The third week of the test was conducted under the supervision and control of a committee appointed by the Canadian Breeders' Association. The week's result was 23 pounds 3 ounces unsalted butter, which weighed after the salt was added 24 pounds 13 ounces. The second 31 day gave 97 pounds 8 ounces unsalted, or 102 pounds 6 ounces salted butter, and the third 31 days 98 pounds 4½ ounces unsalted, or 102 pounds 10¼ ounces salted. The aggregate for 93 days is therefore 296 pounds 8¾ of unsalted butter, which when weighed 311 pounds 13 ounces. During the test the cow had no other food than grass and five quarts of ground oats per day. She is much inbred through her sire's family to the celebrated English bred Jersey bull Dauncey's Rioter, one of whose sons was the sire of Mr. A. B. Darling's remarkable butter cow Eurotas, 7,828, that gave by actual test 778 pounds of butter in one year, producing also a calf.—*New York Herald.*

TO A DAISY.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Wee, little rimless wheel of Fate,
With silver spokes and hub of yellow,
What gentle girl, in accents mellow,
Has sought your aid to find a mate?

Who snapt your slender spokes apart,
Each one some dear acquaintance naming?
And who was he—the loved one, claiming
The choicest chamber in her heart?

O, tiny hub of golden hue
Kist by her fingers' tender pressing.
Still yet, methinks, she's vainly guessing
If what you prophesied were true.

You died between her finger tips,
Sweet gipsy maid of wisdom magic;
Pray is it worth a death so tragic
To hear the music of her lips?

—*Century.*

HE NEEDED REST.

A young "dude," whose physique is not of the Sullivan style, living on Forty-eighth street, near Madison avenue, just before the Lenten season took to himself a wife in the shape of a buxom daughter of a retired swamper who lived on the avenue. Just before the summer season began, he called on the family physician, and complained of a general breaking down for which he could not account, he said. The medical man took in the situation at a glance and said to him:

"Young man, pack your gripsack and start for some quiet place in the country, where you can get fresh eggs and plenty of buttermilk. Tell your wife you are called away on business, and don't show up for six weeks; then come back and see me."

The dude departed, and told all to his wife. She was fond of the country and eggs and buttermilk too, and would accompany him. When the doctor called at the house in the morning to see if the patient had gone, the young wife tripped into the parlor, and said:

"We are going on the afternoon train. I am busy packing my trunks now."

"The deuce you are," said the medicine man.

"Yes, indeed, we are."

"All right," said the doctor, writing something on a prescription blank. "Here, give this to Fred, will you? I hope you'll have a pleasant journey."

"When Fred got the prescription, he read: "One coffin!"

He went to the country alone.

HOW TO BURN COAL.

A very common mistake is made and much fuel wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires, both in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often, but servants, to save time and trouble put on a great deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which does not give out heat until it has become red hot. Hence, for a while, the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface, then put on enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out. Many put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal laid on is pretty well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives a more uniform heat, and prevents the discomforts of alternations of heat and cold above referred to.

TURPENTINE IN DIPHTHERIA.

A German apothecary recommends as a new remedy in diphtheria, and the effects of which he had noticed on his own seven-year-old daughter—turpentine. Children take one teaspoonful morning and night; adults a tablespoonful. To children, tepid milk is given after it; it might also be mixed with the same. The effect of this remedy, which of late has been highly praised by different authors, is said to be really a miraculous one. Within half an hour after the administration of the drug, a bright redness begins to spread from the margin of the diphtheretic exudation, and this redness becomes generally diffused over and taking the place of the false membrane, and the disease is said to disappear within twenty-four hours without leaving the slightest trace. While this wonderful effect is said to be invariably met with when the remedy is made use of at the very commencement of the disease, those who recommended it so highly contend that it is also successful, only less rapidly, in cases that have already progressed several days.

SEVERAL TRUTHS.

"Bill Arp," the Southern humorist, makes some very apt and forcible remarks in the following paragraph:

City folks eat their meals more from habit than hunger, but country folks love to hear the horn blow. Seven-tenths of the American people live in the country, but seven-tenths of the whisky and wine and beer is drunk in towns, and most of 'em drink it because they are not hungry and want to be. A right hungry man doesn't want whisky. He wants something to eat—something solid; and so, after all the fuss about the temperance problem, work, toil, sweat is the remedy, for a laboring man can't cheat his stomach with juices. Ben Franklin said that man was a bundle of habits, and he said also that idleness was the parent of vice. So it is best for a man to raise his boy in the country, where he will get a habit of work and where there are not many temptations.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A boy met a youthful acquaintance in the street, and exclaimed: "Didn't I tell you, Jack Busby, that I was a goin to whip you when I caught you out?" "Go away, Bill, I don't want to fight." "Maybe you don't think I can whip you?" "It don't make any difference whether you can whip me or not. I don't want to fight. My mother——" "Yes, your mother knows I can whale you." "My mother's dead. She died this morning." "I didn't know it, Jack, and you mustn't think hard of me. I ain't got nothing against you. I wouldn't hit you, and if any boy was ter come up and hit you now I'd knock him down. There, don't cry. What you got in that bundle?" "A black dress." "Come on, let me carry it for you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Life is a tiresome journey, and when a man arrives at the end, he is all out of breath.

At a meeting in Syracuse, the other evening, one of the speakers said: "Sin is writhing like a whirlpool, and we must meet it with the point of the sword."

The Spanish cabinet, unable to agree on a plan of vindicating King Alfonso's wounded dignity, has resigned, and a new ministry, probably hostile to France, will be formed.

A Chicago man told a lie, and then said: "I hope to be struck down if I have not told the truth!" He had scarcely ceased speaking, when he fell to the floor—a man "thumped him one."

"Mamma," said Harry, "what's the difference between goose and geese?"

"Why, don't you know?" said four-year-old Annie; "one geese is goose, and a whole lot of gooses is geese."

Here is another point in favor of the Darwinian theory: There is a boy in Norristown, who "sprang from a monkey." The monkey belonged to an organ-grinder, and attempted to bite the boy.

"No," said the poet, "my poem wasn't much of a success. The critics rather sat down on it. But in view of the fact that the printer got the words 'golden light' 'gutter snipe,' I don't quite feel that the piece had a fair chance."

"Gentlemen," said the Texas man in the restaurant, when the waiter dumped a plate of hot soup down his back, "gentlemen, don't laugh." As he had risen to his feet and drawn two revolvers, his wishes were respected.

"Why do you mutter that way when you read?" asked a man of an old negro who sat mumbling over a newspaper.

"How ought I to read, sah?"

"Why read without moving your lips," replied the man.

"What good would dat sort ob readin' do me, fur I couldn't heah it? When I reads, I wants ter read so I kin heah what I'se readin' about.

An exchange tells this good story: They stopped, looked and commented upon his being drunk or asleep. Finally one said:

"O, come along; can't you see the fellow is drunk?"

Up came the head of the drowsy individual, and with eyes half closed, leered at the man who had just spoken, and answered with a big oath:

"Yes, I'm—r drunk; but (hic) I can-er get over that. You're a d—d (hic) fool, and you'll never (hic) get over that."

Hay feverites will be interested to know that Sydney Smith was also a sneezer. In a letter written in 1835 he says: "I am suffering from my old complaint, the hay fever as it is called. My fear is perishing by deliquescence; I melt away in nasal and lachrymal profluvia. The membrane is so irritable that light, dust, contradiction, an absurd remark, the sight of a dissenter, any thing, sets me to sneezing; and if I begin sneezing at 12 I don't leave off till 2 o'clock, and I am heard distinctly in Taunton, when the wind sets that way, a distance of six miles."

It has been a long time since the country has seen anything more touching in its simplicity than Jay Gould's appearance before the Senate Labor Committee. He told the story of his modest and unobtrusive life in a most unassuming way throughout. With shrinking timidity he explained how, as a reward of true merit, he had scooped in one railroad after another, and how his sole motive throughout had been the purest philanthrophy. We suggest that the American Tract Society's next issue be entitled "Little Jay; or, the Christian's Triumph.

—*Denver Tribune.*

A Tombs lawyer had been endeavoring all the week to get his client out of durance vile.

He walked into the Tombs, and sent for his client. His face was smiling as the historical basket of chips.

"It's all right!" said the lawyer, grasping his client's hand.

"Yes!" ejaculated the client, brightening up.

"Yes. Everything's fixed."

"How?"

"I can get you out on a habeas corpus."

And then the client's face lengthened as he replied:

"Can't be done. Wouldn't dare to try it. My cell's on the third tier, and the durned thing might break."

A friend of mine who is really one of the boys, felt a little off color last week, so he went to a doctor to find out all about it.

"Do you drink?" asked the disciple of Esculapius.

"Yes, sir," replied the sufferer.

"Then give it up. Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"Then give it up. Do you remain out late at night?"

"Yes."

"Then give it up. Do you—"

"No, I don't."

"What?" asked the astonished physician.

"Pay you ten dollars to be made a fool of."

And out he walked from the office, without lightening his pocket-book.

THE MONOTONOUS ROAR.

She had a little boy with her as she sat down in the street car beside a lady acquaintance, and drawled out:

"Oh, you don't know how glad I am to get home again. We were away seven weeks."

"So long as that!"

"Yes, indeed. You don't know how monotonous the roar of the sea becomes after a week or two."

"I've heard so."

"Ma, what sea are you talking about?" suddenly put in the boy.

"Hush, boy."

"But Uncle George lives up in the woods in Isabella county, and it was all woods and mosquitoes and snakes, and such old beds and poor living, that you cried to come home! Is that the kind of roar you heard?"

The other lady was awful good. She looked out of the car window, and began to talk about the weather.—*Free Press.*

HE WINKED.

During the last break in oil, a woman who had ridden four or five blocks in a street car with a lone gentlemen, suddenly turned upon him with:

"You do that again and I'll appeal to the driver!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"Oh! you villain, you know what!"

"Madam, upon my soul I don't understand!"

"Sir! you winked at me three different times!"

"I did! great Scots! Madam, but I was not aware of it! I am the holder of 95,000 barrels of oil, and am being squeezed so hard that I am scarcely in my right mind! Wink at you! Why, woman, if oil should even advance 28 cents per gallon, I wouldn't dare wink at an hotel waiter! Squeezed out of $16,000 in one hour, and then charged with having a corner on the winking business! Madam, I ——"

But she rang the bell and left him alone.
—*Wall Street News.*

REMEDY FOR BURNS.

According to the *Practitioner* a simple and effective remedy for removing the pain of wounds caused by burns or scalds, is a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, in either plain or camphorated water. To apply the remedy, all that is necessary is to cut a piece of lint or old soft rag, or even thick blotting paper, of a size sufficient to cover the burned or scalded parts, and to keep it constantly well wetted with the sodiacal lotion, so as to prevent its drying. By this means it usually happens that all pain ceases in from a quarter to half an hour, or even a much less time. When the main part of a limb, such as the forearm or the foot and leg, has been burned, it is best, when practicable, to plunge the part at once into a jug, pail, or other convenient vessel filled with the soda lotion, and keep it there until the pain subsides, or the limb may be swathed or encircled with a surgeon's octoen bandage previously soaked in the saturated solution, and kept constantly wetted with it, the relief being usually immediate, provided the solution be well saturated and cold.