

NAY AND YEA.

A pretty little maiden
Lives across the street from me;
Her father is a captain,
Who is gone away to sea.

An Unsuspected Criminal.

A TRUE STORY.

While I was journeying through Denmark as a young man, my stay at Copenhagen was prolonged by the intense interest which I took in the following case, which, for barbaric injustice and the severity of the penalty for the crime committed, exceeds any punishment which could be administered at the hands of a civilized community in modern times.

After having viewed the Danish capital, I began to explore the surrounding country.

In the course of one of my rambles, and while proceeding in the direction of Elsinore, I was overtaken by a sudden storm. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed, and the rain came down in such torrents, that, hardly as I was, and inured to such accidents, I was fain to look round for shelter; and observing a cottage, through an opening in the trees, I hastened toward it.

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The old man went on to tell me that his son Joseph, who was daily expected home, was a sailor, and that his daughter, who was betrothed to a young sailor, a shipmate of her brother, was in the service of a lady residing near Copenhagen, who had permitted her to spend a few days with her parents.

After having partaken of their frugal repast of rye-bread, milk and eggs, I was conducted to a neat chamber, where I slept as sound as a top till next morning. Soon after breakfast, I took leave of my hosts, who would not accept of any remuneration from me, saying that if his sailor boy ever visited my home, I should repay what I had received in kind.

"Why, my amiable Elise," I replied, "if all hearts were as good and kind as those I found under your roof, I should not have missed it much."

I pressed her to take a piece of gold, but she steadily refused; and, after reminding me of my promise to be present at her marriage, and expressing many good wishes for my journey, she returned home, and I pursued my way to Copenhagen, which, however, I soon after left on a tour through the country.

On approaching the cottage I observed that an unusual stillness reigned around. The door was closed, and the curtain of the little window of the room which the family generally occupied was closely drawn. I feared that some evil had befallen them.

parently overwhelmed with grief, his snow-white hair hanging in disorder round his face. His wife stood leaning over him, her eyes red and swollen with weeping, while a tall, handsome youth, in a sailor's dress, was pacing about the room, while big tears rolled down his sun-burnt cheeks. I looked round for Elise; she was not there, and I doubted not that her parents were mourning her loss.

"My good friends," said I, advancing, "I sympathize in your affliction; this is a sad stroke for parents to suffer."

"You have heard, then?" said Peter, in a stifled voice. "I have heard nothing," I replied, "but I find you in grief. I do not see your daughter; she has been taken from you. Lament not too deeply an early death; she has been removed, but, I trust, to a happier country."

The old man groaned. "Joseph," said he to the young sailor, "tell him your sister's state; I cannot."

A considerable time elapsed before the sufferers were sufficiently composed to inform me of the cause of their grief, of which I at length collected the following particulars: A few days after I had last visited them, Elise returned to the family in whose service she was engaged. About this period, her mistress, Madame Muller, began to complain of missing valuable articles of wearing apparel, which Elise, under whose charge the articles were placed, declared must have been stolen from the paddock in which the clothes were dried. The losses at first were few, and Madame Muller, after enjoining a more strict watch to be kept, passed them over; but this seemed only to embolden the culprit; and when damask napkins, laces and many other expensive articles disappeared, Madame became exasperated, and charge Elise with having secreted them.

Matters were in this state when a small silver spoon disappeared. A servant recollected having seen it in Elise's hand, who said that she had been using it for making starch, and that she had laid it down on the outer sill of the laundry window for a few minutes, while she went up to her mistress's chamber with some clothes, and that when she returned the spoon was gone. The servants, all being examined, swore that they had never gone near the window, and that no one but the family had entered the house.

You may well suppose how much I was distressed by the account. The silent affliction of the parents and the more stormy grief of the young and ardent sailor affected me deeply.

"My friends," said I, "do not despair. She is innocent; I am certain she is innocent."

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "what a comfort it is to hear these words; but how shall we be able to prove her innocence?"

"I can declare what at least is presumptive proof, that she is incapable of committing this crime," I replied; and I then reminded them of the incident of her bringing me the purse and of her refusal to accept of the gold I offered her—circumstances which I hoped would weigh heavily in her favor.

unfortunate Elise could urge no defense that made any impression on her judges. In their opinion she was clearly guilty of the heinous offense of carrying on a regular deprecation of her mistress's property, and, according to the cruel laws of the country, was condemned to death.

I took on myself the painful task of breaking the afflicting intelligence to the parents; but the shock was so severe as to lay the good old man on a sickbed, from which it seemed more than probable that he would never rise. Joseph stifled his own grief, and strove to console and comfort his sister under this terrible stroke. But the grief of Eric would not be controlled, and a brain-fever was the consequence of the agonies of his mind.

The more that I saw of the unhappy Elise, the more did I feel myself interested in her case. I perceived she was the victim of some extraordinary mystery, which would sooner or later be cleared up, and establish her innocence; but, in the meantime, she would be put to an ignominious death, and it would serve little purpose to have her innocence proved after she had yielded up her life.

"Stay but the execution for a few weeks," said I, "and I have no doubt whatever but the innocence of the young woman will, in that interval be made apparent."

My urgent representations did not, however, seem to be of much avail; the Baron was a courteous but a somewhat positive man; he did not like it to be supposed that he required any one to suggest a line of policy which he should follow. Bowing me out of the bureau, he said he would think of what I had represented to him, and see what could be done.

"I have yet another favor to ask of you. Will you deliver these tokens of my affection to my dear parents and friends?"

I promised to fulfill her last wishes, and she then gave me a number of little packages, a lock of hair to her parents, and a favorite brooch for Joseph.

"Pardon me, sir," said she, with a smile, "for tasking your kindness so deeply; but I feared that if I addressed my dear brother on this subject, his grief would destroy the fortitude which I have struggled so severely to acquire."

The fatal moment at length arrived; the term of her earthly sufferings was about to close, when a sudden tumult arose at the extremity of the crowd. I heard a confused murmur which gradually increased in loudness. The sensation, as it soon appeared, was caused by the approach of an officer of government, bearing an order to release the culprit, a pardon having been granted in her favor, or rather, as it appeared, her innocence having been made apparent.

ber of Madame Miller's premises, was discovered to be no one else but the cow which browsed in the paddock behind her mansion. Its voracity in seizing upon and swallowing articles, certainly ill-calculated to serve it for food was discovered in time to save poor Elise's life. The animal was slaughtered, and in a cavity in its stomach was found the spoon which had been carried off so mysteriously; a fact which explains everything else.

The news of this remarkable event, and the release of the deeply wronged Elise, were received by all classes of citizens with the utmost gratification. Crowds from all parts of the city—and, among the rest, Eric Polson, who would permit no restraint on account of his recent illness—attended at the prison to congratulate the now fully acquitted Elise. A shout of joy met her ear as she stepped forth hanging on the arm of her lover; the best men in the city shook her by the hand; her fortitude was the theme of every tongue; and when I departed from Copenhagen on my journey through Holstein to Kell, I had the exceeding pleasure of leaving her comfortably married and restored to the affections of her parents.—New York Ledger.

Flowers By the Ship Load.

A wonderful sight that attracts the attention of those visiting New York city is the departure of one of the across-Atlantic ferry steamships. If the day is fair and the hour of departure not too early, hundreds of people go down to the steamer off—some to say good-by to friends; others from sheer curiosity to see who is going.

The rule is inexorable, except perhaps for hand bouquets; overboard they go when the bar is crossed. The display on the City of New York cost over \$2000. About ten steamers leave every week. Figure the annual cost at your leisure.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Oldest Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes are the "flying money," or "convenient notes," first issued in China, 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks under Government inspection and control.

Long Lost Brothers.

A ticket seller in the Union Depot at Atlanta, Ga., relates the following incident as having occurred there recently: "A man came up to my window and asked for a ticket to Palmetto. Another man was standing just behind and made the same request. As I handed out the two tickets No. 1 said to No. 2: 'Are you going to Palmetto?'

The Flight of the Cranes.

Milledgeville, Ga., was treated recently to a novel exhibition by a flock of cranes. There were probably more than a hundred of the lank fowls in the drove, and quite a number of the citizens watched them for nearly an hour as they soared through the air high above the city.

Slate in Pepper.

All epicures are very particular about their pepper, and experience much difficulty in obtaining a kind to suit them. The spice is so easily adulterated that few if any manufacturers can withstand the temptation. The Biddford (Me.) Journal says that ground slate is "one of the nastiest pepper adulterates," and that it is an open secret that a few years ago quite an extensive business was carried on at the slate quarry in Saco, grinding and shipping slate to New York for the express purpose of increasing the pepper output.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Love vs. Patriotism—So Womanly—Information Wanted—Sad Experience—Smiting the Action to the Word—Etc., Etc.

The umpire stood with dauntless air, And a most handsome man was he; In the grand stand sat a maiden fair, And susceptible, very, very she.

SO WOMANLY.

"I never buy things not useful; though I do sometimes buy things I do not need."

INFORMATION WANTED.

"Ah, sure, Bridget, if I should die I wish ye'd have me leg cut open by the dockthens. I'd jist like ter know for certain what give me so much trouble."

SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.

"Get under that ball," yelled the captain, as the batter knocked a high fly to center field. "All right!" replied the fielder, running forward and then stopping. "I understand."

HIS DESIRE GRATIFIED.

"Ah, love, I would like to listen to you all night," said Clarence, as he rose to go.

UNFORTUNATE.

Out of work. "And haven't you anything to do?" "Not a thing."

SAD EXPERIENCE.

Cholly (meditatively)—"By Jove! I wish I knew what Kitty Keene would say, if I should ask her to marry me."

IN THAT THEY ARE ADEPT.

"In your experience with the Indians, Mr. Trotter, have you discovered among them any artistic ability?" "Oh, yes, Mr. Mahstick; they have no equals in drawing."

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.

"To-morrow is Bronson's birthday. I say, fellows, let's send him a phonograph."

STILL GROUND FOR HOPE.

"But, Clara, what could you have been thinking of, to engage yourself to such an absent minded man?" "I repent my word every minute, but my hope is that when we get to the church he will forget, and say 'no,' instead of 'yes.'"

A TALE OF TWO LEANS.

Duval—"I have seen a diver who stayed under for half an hour."

HE WAS FRIGHTENED.

"Oh, no, let's not go!" exclaimed the little boy, as his nurse proposed going on board a yacht, and then the youngster burst into tears.

NO CHARITY.

"May I take a kiss before I go, dearest?" said George, as he prepared to depart.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

"If I am waked at night," said the author, "I always put myself to sleep by following out, in my mind, the thread of some one of my stories from the beginning. Presently the incidents and characters become confused, and the first thing I know I am asleep."

NEVER.

Pokey—"I was surprised at what Colonel Hookem just told me about his latest fishing trip."

HELPING HIM OUT.

The Young Man (argumentatively)—"But don't you see, Miss Bessie, that when you reason in that way you are only begging the question?"

THE EDITOR'S DILEMMA.

First Subscriber—"I'm done with the editor of the Bugle."

ROTTEN STILL.

He entered the Woodbridge street station shortly after dinner yesterday, with a torn coat, his back all dust and a red lump on his forehead, and when asked to state his case he began:

THE TEST FAILED.

Chapter I.—The summer day was drawing to a close and it was time for the picknickers to return home.

NO NEWS.

"Does de razzah hurt you?" asked the barber in the uninterested, perfunctory manner usual to him.

UNDERSTOOD THE BUSINESS.

First Dude—"How is it that you get invitations to balls, parties, weddings and like festivities?"

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