

### A Tender Memory.

A little footstep pattering on the floor,  
A golden head laid gently on my knee;  
A shadow darkening all the earth and sky,  
And life is sad and desolate to me.

Sweet lips half parted in a peaceful smile;  
The light of God upon that baby brow;  
Hush upon the tiny waxen face—  
Our darling's but a tender memory now.

Our grief night spent, we try to calmly think,  
To ask ourselves half sternly—is it right  
That we should mourn that to eternal rest  
Her infant form was laid by us to-night?

In later years her footsteps might have turned  
Aside from paths that point the heavenly  
gate;  
Perchance she might have heard the awful  
words;  
"You cannot enter now—too late—too late."

And now? Ah, yes! our darling calmly sleeps;  
Earth holds for her no hope, nor grief, nor  
loss;  
Another life has gained the pardon won  
With such deep pain upon the bitter cross.  
—Selected.

### THE GUILLOTINE.

Marat Halstead Describes How Two  
Murdurers Had Their Heads Chopped  
Off.

Correspondence Clacknagh Commercial.

Opportunity occurred this morning to witness the execution of two criminals, and I was at pains to improve the occasion. The condemned were murderers who had killed an old milk-woman for her money. She had, by fifteen years' hard work and close saving, accumulated \$3,000, and furnished milk to the men, one of whom was a notary and a writer for the press, and the other a medical student. The notary had knowledge of money matters, and the old woman told him of her wealth, with a view to its better investment. He proposed to the doctor the killing, and division of the money. There was much care taken to do the job artistically. The notary struck the victim on the back of the neck with a sand club, and the doctor used a surgical instrument to penetrate the heart and produce internal bleeding. They were named Barry the notary, and Lebeiz, the doctor.

When these intelligent and bloody scoundrels had been detected, tried and condemned, all of which happened within a few weeks, the marshal president refused to interfere with the execution of the sentence of death. It is the French fashion to execute those thus doomed to die with the guillotine in the public street in front of the prison without making known the exact time. It is the custom to use the knife axe at daybreak, and the prisoners are not notified until wanted. The people understand that very soon after the prayer for mercy of those under capital sentence is refused the guillotine will be used, and those seeking to enjoy the spectacle are watchful accordingly. The representatives of the press are allowed to know the arrangements of the authorities, that they may certify that the work has been done.

Hearing that the execution would take place at half-past 5 o'clock this morning, I started for the spot about 1—having a rendezvous with some journalists at a cafe where black coffee was the favorite beverage of the hour, though brandy was in competition as a refreshment.

When we arrived, a few minutes before 3 o'clock, within 300 yards of "La Roquette," the streets were filled with people, who were restrained by a strong force of police from crowding upon the prison doors. There were many sinister faces in this mass of men and women and the excitement was fierce. All streets leading to the prison were guarded by police in force, backed by cavalry. The latter were once used in a clattering charge to drive back the violent multitude. Only the few knew that the execution was positively fixed for that morning. The many had conjectured that there would not be further delay, and it was the third night that they had assembled at midnight and waited in straggling crowds for the dismal drama.

As the privileged persons passed through the line of police they were greeted with storm of imprecations that were somewhat softened to those not entirely familiar with the mysterious resources of the language of the French. We were among the early arrivals before an iron gate in a heavy stone archway, on which we read, "Depot of the Condemned," and over which a small tri-color was displayed. On either side of the gate was the inscription decreed for all public buildings in France, including churches: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The open space in front of the gate contains a few chestnut trees, not very thrifty, and in the center of the court are four large stones in the pavement, where the frame of the fatal knife is erected. About ten minutes after 3, two huge black vans came up, and were recognized as containing the machinery of the executioner. With them appeared Roch, the famous headsmen, who is a stout, hearty, resolute-looking man, with a very decent face. He wore a new silk hat, appearing to think something in the way of distinction necessary, was quite at ease, and his orders were swiftly and noiselessly obeyed by aids who seemed familiar with their duties. He is facetiously called by the "Monneur de Paris," and is a person of importance. There is as much gossip about his habits, and as many rumors relating to his private affairs as if he were a grand duke or one of the pretenders to the throne.

The guillotine is almost as simple an affair as a ladder. Put up for immediate service by the light of two lanterns and a gas-lamp, in the midst of a curious crowd of reporters and friends of the authorities, it was not handsome. Recently it has been improved. The triangular bit of steel, called indifferently the knife and the axe, is concealed by a board when drawn up; and this is thought to be humane, as it masks the death of the condemned the instrument of death. The second improvement is the deadening of the sound of the fall of the

knife by india-rubber. This is supposed to be a mercy to the spectators whose nerves are susceptible to shocks of noise. When erected, the height of the frame of the gallotine above the pavement is perhaps fourteen feet. It is painted a dingy red—a dry-blood color—and presents a resemblance to a section of a fire ladder. At the foot of one side is a large basket, and on the other a box. Waiting in the chill morning, in the gloomy assemblage of the "privileged," by a faint light, under the shade of dusty chestnuts, was wearisome, and the minutes passed drearily and slowly. About 4 o'clock the "machine" was complete. The bolts were fitted in their places, guided by skilled and steady hands. The ugly knife glided to the top of the frame on a trial trip—the log, acute angle of the edge showing for a second, as it answered the cord by which it is suspended.

Privileged persons increased in numbers, and pressed upon the guard in a manner not dignified. In the distance we could hear the hoarse cries and murmurs of the monstrous throngs kept back by files of soldiers. The black vans had told the tale that the hour of expiation was beyond doubt at hand. Officers with the rations and swords moved to and fro. The commissioner of security—I think they call him—appeared with a sash about his waist. Indications multiplied that the grave formalities or administration that distinguish all proceedings in this country were in progress. The police became irritated by the pressure of the crowd, and at last manifested their impatience by driving back the whole mass without much hypocrisy of politeness. I had gained a front position on the curbstone and restrained the pressure from the police for some time, but they were not grateful, and two of them, with the aid of a soldier, used me effectually against those in the rear. And I pitied a huge fat fellow who was of the second rank, though there was a degree of consolation in having such a cushion to strike when employed as a projectile. The wind was quite knocked out of my corpulent friend, while the diversion merely enabled me to obtain a few moments' relaxation. Their duty of demonstration done, the guardians of the peace relapsed into expectant attitudes, and were quiet for nearly an hour, when they again flung themselves upon the privileged classes with jealous resentment.

The guillotine was during this time displayed by the two candles of the lanterns of the workmen. There was the basket half filled with sawdust to receive the heads, and the heavy box for the trunks, and the little cradle about two feet above the stones, with the place for the necks of the criminals; and, as the cord by which the knife was raised could be seen between the posts of the frame, it was evident that the angle of steel rested upon the india-rubber improvement, and was not elevated and concealed behind the other improvement at the top of the machine. At intervals there were lights from matches used by smokers, revealing parts of the dismal congregation and the leaves and burrs of the trees. There was not a star to be seen, or a breath of air to stir a leaf.

THE ABBE CROZES APPEARED, a venerable man, with white hair, and sad, benevolent countenance, attended by officers, and passed into the prison through a narrow door in the gate. This incident caused a movement of emotion. It meant business.

Between the hours of 3 and 4 there were many conjectures whether Barre or Lebeiz were aware that they were so soon to die, and wakeful and able to hear through the thick walls the deep sounds, like the weird voices of the ocean, that told of the presence of a great multitude. It was strange to think that perhaps they did not know of the frightful apparition at the gate, or the pale faces that turned upon it. The papers tell us that Barre was awake, having just finished writing his memoirs, but that Lebeiz slept profoundly. They were called at a quarter after 4 o'clock, and their toilet made for the embrace of the guillotine. Barre wanted wine and cigars. Lebeiz did not care for anything.

At last the clouds in the east began to whiten, and we who were waiting, and watching, and growing weary, saw that it was dawn. Then we discovered that there were classes among the "privileged"—circles within circles. The favored reporters and the select important persons were passed through the lines of police. I was not of them, but made my way to the front rank of those behind the police, for the second time. A French crowd is uneasy and flexible, and a persistent push will gradually prevail. The light increased, and the masses of men became strangely quiet. At half-past 5 the day was clear, and the iron gates slowly turned. A group appeared advancing; the central figure was a short man, clean shaven, with hair cut short, his chest naked, his arms pinioned, his shoulders covered by a tunic. This was Barre.

The most miserable horror was never more strikingly depicted in the face of a man than in his at this moment. The removal of his beard had given his cheeks a ghastly whiteness. His mouth was hanging open, and his lips were blue. His eyes were rolling and red. He seemed almost incapable of walking and his attendants supported him, and urged him forward. Within a few paces of the guillotine, the Abbe Crozes, who was walking before, paused, and, turning, presented a crucifix. Barre kissed it convulsively, and was hurried on. I had expected an instant's delay before the fall of the knife, but, while I turned to see if the second murderer was within view, and saw that he was not, Barre disappeared in the group of attendants at the spot of execution (distant from my standpoint perhaps twelve yards), and in the twinkling of an eye I heard the crunching hiss of the knife as it clove through the thick neck of the murderer

I shall not forget that noise. It was distinctly rough cutting of tough meat. Barre shrank from the deadly knife, out was of course helpless. Still he gave his executioners some trouble. His body did not roll into the box prepared for it according to calculation, and an immense jet of blood spread a brilliant red over the rust-colored frame, and deluged the first assistant, whose duty it is to stand on the farther side of the knife and steady the head by holding the ears until it drops into the basket. The sight of the fountain of blood caused a low cry of horror—a sort of hoarse sob—and turning my glance again to the prison, I saw Lebeiz advancing. He was in a little better form than his predecessor, but did not seem to me heroic. The French papers dwell upon his firmness, and contrast it with the hideous collapse of his partner; but my own observation was simply that he was only less abject than the other. It is said that some one cried "Bravo!" and he answered "Adieu!" but I did not hear either word.

I only witnessed with amazement the celerity with which he vanished under the knife, and heard the click of the spring-catch holding up the deadly blade, when, the cord loosening, it was jerked, and the rasping thud of the steel, as it severed the stout neck, placed for the final stroke. The spectators murmured for a moment in a shivering way and looked into each other's faces, finding new horrors; and as they turned away, the heads and trunks of the executed were already in the black vans, and the guillotine was being snatched to pieces. There was no need of police and soldiers to disperse the people, who were in such haste that they seemed to be in flight.

The execution by guillotine is certainly more impressive than that by hanging, and if it is the purpose of the authorities to make the spectacle of the death of a felon awful, the French succeed. I am told that one executioner, Roch, (Monsieur de Paris), and his assistants serve for the whole country. The complete apparatus is arranged for transportation by rail or along the road or street. The salary of the headsmen is 8,000 francs a year, with a small sum for machinery, and 100 francs extra for each head cut off.

### Humor of the Day.

Why should a lady's home dress last forever?—Because she never wears it out. The period spent by a chicken in the shell might be designated as the inter-eggnum.

Why is a nail, driven fast into a stick of timber, like a decrepit old man?—Because it's in firm.

Talk about Chinese ways that are dark! Why, there are over 100 miles of tunnel in Great Britain. Immediately after every hard wind, farmers come into town with choice lots of fresh hand-picked apples.

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and don't want anything you can't have." Mrs. Janville has "put up" twelve cans of peaches, nine jars of plums, and a bushel of pears, while her husband has only "put up" two stoves and his gold watch.

You persuade a professional musician, pianist or conductor to give popular music, and then the critics pitch into him because he "don't (can't) play classical music."

"Oh, I know she loves him," cried the grief-stricken youth. "But how do you know she prefers your rival?" asked the friend. "Ah," was the sad reply, "I saw her look bias at him."

Passing an automatic buoy which was blowing its lugubrious note, a reflective Bostonian observed: "I'm glad the buoys have got tooters at last. Their education has been neglected."

Lady (giving an apple to a little boy): "Give this apple to the one of us three here whom you think the handsomest." The boy looked for a moment at all three ladies, took the apple, and—ate it.

"When a young female," says the author of the *Breakfast Table*, "walks with a male not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the 'feller' was you saw her with."

An old coquette, and one very fond of her reminiscences, and a censor of all present fashions and arts, looking into her glass, beheld sundry wrinkles, freckles, etc. "Now, here is my new glass," said her ladyship, "not worth a cent. They cannot make mirrors as well as they used to do."

An old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said, "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is."

He was a "culled tramp," and approached Captain Jase Phillips as the train hauled up at Pewee. "Is you de Captain ob de kears?" "Yes," replied Jase. "Don't want fo' ter hire any deck bands, duz ye?" "No! I'm not running a steamboat." "Zack'ly! Mout I ride straddle ob de cow-snatcher to de next landin'! Ise busted, an' a long ways from home." "Get on! All aboard!" And the negro straddled the cow-snatcher. Ed Gilligan pulled out the throttle wide open, and the train had not gone more than half a mile, before the engine was collided with a cow, throwing it over a fence into a corn-field, and the negro after the cow. Next day, coming down, the negro limped up to Jase at the same depot, and said: "Boss, I didn't ride fur wid you on that cow-snatcher. Kase see you der the cow wanted to ride dar too, an' dar wasn't room fo' bofe ob us, so we got off together up here in a corn-field fo' to rest. De next time I ride wid you I'll freeze to de tail-gate ob de wagon—hit's safer."

### Mosquito Song.

I come from haunts in marshy land  
I make a sudden sally,  
I buzz and sing, with sprightly wing,  
I buzz through thoroughfare and alley,  
My merry play is not for day,  
I'm sticking to the wall then;  
But when in bed you lay your head,  
No idler I'm at all then.

come in hoists, and no man boasts  
He feels but one proboscis;  
His flesh I sting while others sing  
And watch the stinging process  
He snaps, he flaps, he slaps and claps,  
But vain is all his cursing;  
By spank on flank, or cranky yank,  
His fate he's not reversing.

My legs down dangle in the air,  
My goggle-eyes they stick out;  
I bite you on the nose, and then  
Your angry legs you kick out.  
You burn, you turn, you durn nor learn  
That while you thus are knocking,  
A dozen of us settled down,  
And glad begin our picking.

Oh, hark! Oh, hark! how thin and clear  
My elfin horn is blowing;  
At early morn your horn, my friend,  
Will charmingly be glowing.  
I lurch, I munch, I punch, I crunch,  
I fly up to the ceiling;  
To howls or growls or howls these bows  
Of mine are void of feeling.

### WASHING DAY.

"Oh, dear me! what shall we do?" said Mary Lennox. "It's just exactly like those working people, to go and fall ill just when we need them most. And every napkin in the wash, and not enough table linen to last two weeks. You must be a very poor man, agr, grandma, not to have more of such things!"

Old Mrs. Lennox sighed as she rubbed the glasses of her spectacles.

"My dear," said she, "I should have had more if I could have afforded them. It's times are hard, and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before," said Mary, irreverently. "But the question is, grandma, what shall we do about the washing, now that Katrina cannot come?"

Mrs. Lennox heaved another sigh. She was old and rheumatic, and the great piled-up basket of clothes seemed a terrific bugbear before her eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know," said she. "But if you girls will help a little about the dinner, I will try and see what I can do. It must be got out, I suppose, and—"

But here a slight, dark-eyed girl, with a clear, olive complexion, and wavy black hair growing low on her forehead, turned from the table, where she was rinsing china.

"You will do no thing of the kind, grandma," said she, as resolutely as if she had been seventy instead of seventeen. "You attempt a day's washing, at your age?"

"But my dear, said grandma Lennox, feebly, "who will do it?"

"I will," said the dark-eyed lassie.

"George! I'm surprised at you!" said Mary, "why you never did such a thing in your life!"

"That's no reason I never should," said she, "but, George—if any one should see you!"

"We don't generally receive company in the kitchen," said George Lennox. "And if any one should come in—"

"Well?"

"If they like my occupation, I shall be very much pleased; if they don't, they are quite at liberty to look the other way!"

And Miss Lennox tied a prodigious crash apron around her, rolled up her sleeves, and resolutely took her stand in front of the wash-bench.

"It seems too bad, my dear, with those little white hands of yours," said old Mrs. Lennox, irresolutely.

"Oh, my hands!" laughed George. "What are they good for, if not to make themselves useful?"

Mary drew herself disdainfully up.

"Well," said she, "I never yet stooped to such a degradation as that!"

"It would be a great deal worse degradation to stand by and let my rheumatic old grandmother do the washing," observed George, with philosophy, as she plunged her hands into the snowy mass of suds.

Old Mrs. Lennox had been left with a picturesque farm-house on the edge of Sionia Lake, and nothing else. And so old Mrs. Lennox, although herself to eke her slender means by the reception of summer boarders. And in September, when her two grand-daughters had obtained their fortnight's leave of absence from the type-setting establishment, in Troy, where they earned their daily bread, they came home for a breath of fresh mountain air, and helped grandma Lennox with her boarders. For there was no girl—except the farm-house and no outside assistance called in, except as German Katrina came once a week to wash and scrub.

"It's drudgery," sighed Mary, who was tall and slender, with a fair complexion, doll-blue eyes, and a Broyne dissatisfaction with her lot in life.

"It's fun!" said George, who had no such exalted aspirations, and liked to make custards, wash china, and decorate the tea-table with flowers.

"You'll hang out these clothes for me, Mary, won't you?" said George, as she flung the last red-bordered towel on the top of the clothes-basket, "while I wash the pillow cases?"

"Indeed I shall not," said her sister. "With the Miss Pooles playing croquet in plain sight, will you let me wash?"

"Then I must do it myself," said George, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "And"—

But just as she spoke there came a tap at the kitchen door.

"Come in!" cried George, valiantly, while her sister, with burning cheeks, endeavored to hide herself and her occupation of peeling onions behind the big roller towel.

And Mr. Raymond Abbott "walked in" accordingly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss George," said he, rather blandly, "I didn't know I should disturb you."

"Oh, you're not disturbing me at all," said George, serenely, resting one dimpled rosy elbow on the washboard, and looking at him like a practicalized copy of one of Guido's angels, out of a cloud of soapy steam.

"But," he went on, "I was going to ask one of the servants for a basket to bring fish home in."

"I will get it for you with pleasure," said George.

And as she turned to the dresser her sister answered the puzzled expression of Mr. Abbott's face.

"You are surprised to see George doing that?" said she, with a gesture toward the plebeian tub. "And I don't wonder. But it's only for a frolic—a wager. Girls will do such things, you know!"

But George had heard the last words, and turned around with crimsoned cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"It is not a frolic," said she. "And it's not a wager. It's serious, sober earnest. I am doing the washing because Katrina has sprained her ankle, and there's no one else but grandmamma to do it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Abbott. "And can't I help you?"

"Yes," George promptly made answer. "You can carry that basket of clothes out to the bleaching-ground for me."

"He asked me," said George. "I shouldn't have asked him!"

"Judge Abbott's son groaned Mary. "The richest man in Ballston!" He'll never ask you to go out rowing on the lake with him again!"

But the reappearance of the gentleman in question put a stop to the discussion.

"Miss George," said he, "I would have hoisted them upon the rigging for you, but the wind takes 'em off so."

"That's because you needed the clothes-pins," said George, handing them to him with alacrity.

"Couldn't you come and help?" said Mr. Abbott wistfully. "Two can manage so much better than one."

"Oh, I'll come and help?" said George, "and be glad to get my clothes out drying."

She tied on her small gingham sun-bonnet, and ran out into the yellow September sunshine, while Mary burst out crying with mingled vexation and anger.

"I shall never get over the disgrace of it in the world," she said—"never, never! George has no dignity—no proper pride! No; don't speak to me, grandma, or I shall say something dreadful! I declare I've a mind never to own her as a sister again!"

"Have you finished the washing?" said Mr. Raymond Abbott.

"Yes, I've finished it," said George Lennox. "But I shouldn't like to earn my living as a laundress. It's very tiresome business."

George was "cooling off," under the shadow of the frost gravestones in the woods, with a book in her hand, and the curly locks blown back from her pretty Spanish forehead.

Mr. Abbott looked admiringly down on her. All his life long, his experience had lain among the smiling, artificial dolls of conventional society. He had admired George Lennox the first time he had ever seen her; but that day's experience of her frank, true nature had given depth and earnestness to the feeling.

"Miss Lennox," said he, "do you know what I have been thinking of since we hung out those towels and table cloths together?"

"Haven't I the least idea," said unconsoling George, fanning herself with two grape-leaves, plumed together with a thorn.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that I should like my wife to be just such a woman as you are."

"A washerwoman?" said George, trying to laugh off her blushes.

"I am quite in earnest, George," he said, leaning over her. "Dear George, will you be my wife?"

"But I am only a working-girl," said ingenious George, beginning to tremble all over and half inclined to cry. "We are type-setters, Mary and I, and we are very poor."

My own love, you are rich in all that heart could wish! pleaded Abbott, taking both her hands in his; "and I want you for my own!"

Raymond Abbott had fancied George Lennox when he saw her paying croquet, a pale pink muslin, with a few roses in her hair; but the divine flame of love first stirred in his heart when she looked at him through the vapory clouds of the wash tub—Guido's angel folding her wings in a farm-house kitchen. Just so curiously are romance and reality blended together in the world.

### "Here I am Again."

The Florence (Arizona) Citizen says: Once more the stage from Tucson has been stopped and plundered by a single highwayman. The stage left Tucson with two passengers, and as it happened Arthur Hill was again the driver. John Miller, one of the passengers, was sitting on the outside, and as they neared the point of the mountain he asked Mr. Hill to show him just the place where the coach was robbed on July 31. Mr. Hill replied that it was only a short distance ahead, and he would point out the spot. They reached the place. "There," said Mr. Hill, "the robber was hid behind that bush." Mr. Miller nodded, "and there he is again," shouted the driver with the same breath, as the same masked robber sprang from behind the same bush and pranced before the horses shouting, "Yes, here I am again, throw up your hands," etc. The surprise of the gentleman on the box can easily be imagined. In fact, there is a decidedly ludicrous side to this "stage of the game," or game of the stage, or the same stage robber, or—but more serious incidents follow. The mail sacks and express boxes were thrown out. The man on the inside lost about \$8; but Mr. Miller was more unfortunate; he was obliged to give up his pocket-book which contained about \$226.

### Nellson.

Christine Nilsson, in a plain gray costume and a hat shaded with gay plumes claim more than a passing glance. More for the sake of the past, however, than for that of the present, for her beauty, once so real and so winning, is sadly faded, and the passage of years has accentuated the marked points in her countenance, such as the high cheek bones and the general hardness of outline. Yet he blue eyes and flashing teeth are attractive as of old. I hear that her voice has suffered as her beauty, having lost its exquisite and subtle sweetness, that diamond-like quality that was its greatest charm. From that, or for some unexplained cause, the glory of the great prima donna's career is waning, and she does not draw as once she did. Yet she has abated no jot of her pretensions, and consequently the managers fight shy of her, as witness her non-engagement in London last season. Yet she is but little over thirty, having barely reached the age at which the powers of a great singer should be at their prime.—Lucy Hooper's Letter.

A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband in order to offer her consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact, when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No! they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such a faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming, sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him then, by this time!"

There is a man in Washington the most powerful in the country. He carries a horse scar on his cheek.