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CROWS IN THE CORN.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

Wake up, John,
An' come an' milk the cows;
The robins an' the bluebirds are a-singin' in the boughs;
The sun has been in sight
An hour above the hill—
'Tis time to feed the hosses an' to give the pigs the'r swill.

Caw! caw! caw!
The crows are in the corn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Git up an' blow yer horn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Ske-daw! ske-daw! ske-daw.
Crows are jest the meanest things a body ever saw!

John, come home
Ez quickly ez you can!
Oh, drop yer hoe, an' leave yer row, an' bring the hired man!
The cows hev jumped the bars,
And got into the rye;
The pigs are in the garden—they hev broken from the sty!

Caw! caw! caw!
The crows are in the corn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Oh, stop an' blow yer horn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Ske-daw! ske-daw! ske-daw!
Farmin' ez the nicest thing a body ever saw!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1689 there lived in Paris a woman of fashion called Lady Mazel. Her house was capacious and four stories high; on the ground floor was a large servants' hall, in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room, partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was Le Brun; the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company, which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor of one pair of stairs was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was last with the lady, and who, pulling the door after her, shut it with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber were two doors, one communicating with a back staircase, the other with a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbe Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chambermaids and two footboys; the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received; but, as she was going to church to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended this lady to church, and then went to another himself; after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling-green he went to several places, and, after supping with a friend, he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel supped with the Abbe Poulard as usual, and about 11 o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her Le Brun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out and Le Brun, following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market and was jocular and pleasant with everybody he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home and transacted his usual business. At 8 o'clock he expressed surprise that his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at 7; he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighborhood, and told her that he was uneasy that his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her 7 louis-d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady; when one observed that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy or a bleeding at the nose to which she was subject. Le Brun said: "It must be something worse; my mind misgives me; for I found the street door open last night after all the family were in bed but myself." They then sent for the lady's son, M. de Savoniere, who hinted to Le Brun his fear of an apoplexy. Le Brun said: "It is certainly worse; my mind has been uneasy ever since I found the street door open last night after the family were in bed." A smith being now brought, the door was broken open, and Le Brun, entering first, ran to the bed; and, after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said: "Oh, my lady is murdered!" He then ran into the wardrobe and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said: "She has not been robbed; how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds; they found in the bed, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a night-cap, which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and from the wounds in the lady's hands it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted around the frame of the tester, so that they were out of reach and could not ring. A clasp-knife was found in the ashes almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have ever been upon it; the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door, but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money and all the lady's jewels were found in the strong box and other places.

Le Brun, being examined, said that, after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and, sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and, going to lock the street door, he found it open; that he locked it and took the key with him to his chamber. On searching him they found in his pocket a key, the wards of which were newly filed and made remarkably large; and on trial it was found to open the street door, the ante-chamber and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody night-cap on Le Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some person who had been let in by Le Brun for that purpose and had afterward fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer, from the lady's struggling; but that it was Le Brun who let him in seemed very clear. No one of the locks was forced, and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the night-cap, and also a ladder of rope being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his; but the maids deposed they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and who was turned away about four months before for robbing her. There was also found in a loft at the top of the house, under some straw, a shirt very bloody, but which was not like the linen of Le Brun, nor would it fit him.

Le Brun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances but a uniformly good character, which he had maintained during the twenty-nine years he had served his lady, and that he was generally esteemed a good father, a good husband and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such severity on Feb. 23, 1690, that he died the week after of the injuries he had received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the Provost of Sens that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up, and the suspicion of his guilt was increased by his attempting to bribe the officers. On searching him, a gold watch was found which proved to be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's the night on which she was murdered. Berry said he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to be tortured and afterward to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed that, by the direction and order of one Madame de Savoniere—Lady Mazel's daughter—he and Le Brun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel, and that Le Brun murdered her while he stood at the door to prevent surprise.

In the truth of this declaration he persisted until he was brought to the place of execution, when, begging to speak with one of the Judges, he recanted what he had said against Le Brun and Madame de Savoniere and confessed that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he had in his pockets; that about 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and, the door being open, he tried to get under the bed; but it being too low he returned to the loft, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned to the chamber a second time in his shirt; he then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that knowing she could not come back soon, he left his hiding place, and, being incommoded with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay on a chair, secured the bell-strings, and then sat down by the fire, where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the courtyard, when he again got under the bed and remained there; that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under it and demanded her money; she began to cry out and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her, and, she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs until she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened his cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about 600 livres; that he then locked the cupboard, and replaced the key at the bed's head, threw his knife into the fire, took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it, took the key of the chamber from the chair and let himself out; went to the loft, pulled off his shirt and cravat, and, leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and, finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it and went out and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let him down from a window if he had found the street door locked; but, finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found.

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which appeared against Le Brun were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is when applied to circumstances; and the humane will agree that in such cases improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent.

A Conundrum Answered.

There is a certain Galveston family that does not attend church as regularly as they should, but they send the oldest boy every Sunday, to keep up appearances. Last Sunday the head of the family said:

"Godress yourself, boy; it's time for you to go to church."

"I would like to 'know," responded the boy, sulkily, "why I am the only one in this family who has got to be religious?"

"Because you need it most, you scoundrel—that's why!" thundered the stern parent, feeling for the young man's hair.—*Galveston News.*

Bayard on the Natural Affections.

Senator Bayard said a pretty thing and a true one at an orphan asylum in Baltimore, the other day: "The best part of a man's life is in the world of his natural affections, and that realm has laws of its own that neither know nor heed King, Kaiser nor President, nor Reichstags nor Congresses, and are deaf even to the voices of shouting popular majorities, but heed and obey rather the gentle voice of woman and the cry of helpless and feeble childhood."

One would think that near relations, who live continually together, and always have done so, must be pretty well acquainted with one another's character. They are nearly in the dark about it. Familiarity confounds all traits of distinction; interest and prejudice take away the power of distinction.

PITH AND POINT.

KIND words are baldheaded. They can never dye.

THE popular figure in the German is the female figure.

WHY is an innkeeper like a multitude of people? Because he's a *host* himself.

WHY is a bookbinder like charity? Because he very often covers a multitude of faults.

"FARE but false," as the conductor observed when the passenger tendered him a lead nickel.

NOAH was a pretty muscular sort of a fellow. On one occasion he even went so far as to pitch the ark.

MANY a man, says the New York *News*, is open to conviction, who ought to be, but never is, convicted.

THE Philadelphia *Chronicle* says it is a mistaken impression to suppose that dyed eggs are laid by sick hens.

"'Tis hard to part from those we love"—and sometimes it is even more difficult to get away from those we don't love.

A NEWLY-MARRIED couple were sitting in a palace car, when she said, "Georgie, ain't you glad? We're relatives now."

"Rows, ye Romans," quoted the poetical smith, as he sat in the gallery, looking on at the proceedings of the United States Senate.

"You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. "I guess there's the most pain at my end of the stick," replied the boy, feelingly.

"T any rate, I'd be willing to swap."

"THERE!" said Mrs. Ragbag, "I've tried four times to give that shirt away, and it's so worthless nobody'll take it. But I'll get rid of it! I'll leave it out on the clothes-line to-night."

"OH, dear!" exclaimed Edith, to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while?"

"MAUD" sends us a poem beginning:

The moonbeams shiver upon the river,
The ripples quiver in ecstasy;
The crickets' shrilness usurps the stillness,
And dewy chilliness is on the sea.

If this is so, Maud, you had better quit writing, put on your liver-pad and go to bed.—*Graphic.*

IN England rivers all are males,
F r instance, Father Thames.
Whoever to Columbia sails
Finds them ma'amselles, or dames.
Yes, there the softer sex presides
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. S pp r d's her tides
Responsive to Miss Souri!

AN exchange says that of the 600 young ladies attending Vassar College no two can agree as to what they would do in case they saw a bear. We may be sure of one thing, however—they wouldn't permit themselves to be hugged unless the bear brought good references.

A WRITER in *Appletons' Journal* occupies several pages of that publication in an effort to prove that there is no such thing as womanly intuition. Some night when this gentleman comes home about 13 o'clock and tries to sneak into bed without having his breath smell he will discover the fallacy of his theory.

THE music certainly is nice to hear,
But, when one wakes, not so well 'tis heard.
There's nothing intellectual, 'tis clear,
In dancing. Doesn't it appear absurd?
Oh, there's no dignity or common sense
In doing so. To all of these we assents
The fun is open. Here is its defense:
It's bang-up fun! Miss Dora, will you dance?

AN English lawyer went into a barber's shop to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the barber exclaimed: "Why, how long your head is, sir!" "Yes," replied the legal gentleman, "we lawyers must have long heads." The barber proceeded with his vocation, but at length exclaimed; "Why, sir, your head is as thick as it is long!" Blackstone winced.

"Look here, Mr. Gilhooly, you have been telling me now for a whole year that you would pay me for those boots. What do you think about it now?" "Well," responded Gilhooly, good-naturedly, "I should say that where there is so much smoke there ought to be some fire." "I am afraid not, Mr. Gilhooly. I think it will end in smoke." "I am glad, for your sake, that I am of a more hopeful disposition than you are," responded Gilhooly, moving the previous question.—*Galveston News.*

MR. JOHN PENDER, M. P., is the Chairman of six submarine cable companies and Director of three. He is, besides this, Chairman of the Isle of Man Railroad Company, of the Oude and Rohil Kund Railroad Company, and of the Panulcitto Copper Company, and he is Director of the Fore Sheet Warehouse Company, and of a paraffine oil company—that is to say, he is either Chairman or Director of fourteen companies, and may be supposed to make a comfortable income of about £15,000 per annum from his directorial functions.

Presidents and Their Faith.

All the Presidents were, with one exception, men who respected Christianity. Washington and Garfield, however, were the only ones who were church communicants. Adams married a clergyman's daughter (Abigail Smith), but he did not accept her views. He was inclined to Unitarianism, which, in his day, was becoming very prevalent in Massachusetts. Jefferson was not a believer in Christianity, at least while President. He had, during his residence in France, become skeptical, and his election was opposed by some on the score of infidelity. After Tom Paine had written the "Age of Reason," Jefferson invited him to return to America, which was understood to be a direct recognition and acceptance of his opinions. Infidelity, at that time, was so fashionable that, in polite society, it was rather eccentric to avow different opinions. Madison, while a student at Princeton College, was of a religious turn, but it wore off under the cares of office. His early religious connections were Presbyterian. Monroe is said to have favored Episcopacy. John Quincy Adams was inclined to Unitarianism. Jackson was a Methodist and died in the communion of that church. Van Buren was brought up in the Reformed Dutch church, but afterward became inclined to Episcopacy. Harrison favored the Methodist. Tyler was an Episcopalian. Polk was baptized by a Methodist preacher after his term of office had expired. Taylor favored Episcopacy. Fillmore attended the Unitarian church. Frank Pierce was a member of the Congregationalist society in Concord, though not a communicant. Buchanan was a Presbyterian. Lincoln attended Gurley's church as often as he could, but was not a member, though his religious convictions were deep.—*Washington letter.*

WHY is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his locks are few and his gait is broken.

Stock-Raising in the West.

The freedom to pasture cattle on excellent grazing land, together with an accessible market, are the main reasons why at present stock-farming is particularly profitable. The first of these conditions is precarious, and it is evident that in ten years there will not be much good free range left east of the Missouri river. When immigration to that extent shall have shut him off from free pasturage, the stock man can either sell his farm at probably four times its present value, and move to Dakota or Montana, or else turn his attention to fattening stock on grain for other parties.

For instance, as a practical case, there is a cattle man of Council Bluffs who is said to own 100,000 head of cattle in Idaho. He has a range of sixty square miles of land not worth a cent to the acre for agriculture, yet affording excellent pasture for cattle. He has ten men employed at wages varying from $24 to $40 per month to look after the stock. These men require 200 ponies to handle the cattle. An overseer is hired at $1,200 a year. During the winter, however, four men can do all the work required, which is mainly breaking the ice in the streams that the cattle may have water. Streams serve as the great checks upon the cattle straying away, for they never will go far from water. In the spring of the year the cattle men of the plains have a grand "round up (as it is called), the stock is picked out by means of the brand, and those cattle that are meant for the Eastern market are started for Omaha. They travel about ten miles a day, and generally take the whole season in the journey from the winter ground to the Missouri bottom. At Omaha the cattle are put on the train and shipped nominally to Chicago, but really to different points along the road, to be handed over to farmers for fattening. Mr. Stewart delivered over 1,900 head to farmers last fall, and of these only eight were lost during the winter. The parties who receive the cattle agree to fatten them at the rate of 5 cents for every extra pound of weight they add to the animal. This seems small at first sight, but when cattle put on 250 extra pounds during a winter, and where two dogs are fed from the refuse of each ox, the farmer finds that the result to him is equivalent to selling his corn at 100 per cent. profit. The large cattle-raisers, of course, have their inspectors, who travel from farm to farm to look after their property, and gather it together in the spring for shipment to Chicago, where they are either slaughtered or shipped to Europe. The cattle men have a great advantage over mere farmers, in that they are to a great extent independent of railways. If they are badly treated by one corporation, they have a simple remedy in driving their stock a few miles to the next road.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Teutonic Argument.

In the Legislature of Ohio, some years ago, there was a warm dispute whether a certain proposed railroad should commence at a given point down or at a certain other up the river.

"Who ever heard," said a down-the-river advocate, "of beginning anything at the top? Who ever heard of building a chimney from the top downward? Who ever saw a house begun at the top?"

Up jumped a Dutch member from an up-the-river county. "Meester Breziient, de jentlemans zay dat dees beezines ees all von hoomboog, because vee vants to pegeen our railroat mit de top ov de Shtate, und he make some seely comparisons apout de houze und de chimney. I veel also ask de jentlemans von questions. Een hees bart ov de Shtate, ven dey pegins to built von vell, do dey pegins mit de bottom ov de vell, or do dey pegins mit de top ov de vell? Veel de jentlemans blees answer me dat leetle von question?"

The laughter which explosively followed this Teutonic retort showed who, in the opinion of the legislators, had the better of the argument.—*Harper's Magazine.*

It Makes a Difference.

"You see, I was going up in the Woodward avenue car," explained the old man, "and a passenger got in and trod on my awful corns. I was so shocked and surprised that I yelled out: 'D—— it!' before I could check myself. Every woman in the car rose up in horror, and two or three of the men said I ought to be run out. Well, the next night I was at the theater and one actor said 'D—— you!' and every woman giggled. Then another said 'D—— me!' and every woman laughed. Then a third said 'D—— her!' and he brought down the house. How it comes about I don't know, but it seems to make a heap of difference where you are when you kick an old hat with a stone under it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Who Should Bow First?

Who should bow first? Some authorities insist that a gentleman should not bow to a lady until she bows to him. The author of the "American Code of Manners" says that this is all wrong. "A gentleman should always bow first to a lady, no matter whether she returns or not. If he sees by her face that she does not wish to return it, he can refrain from bowing the next time." This is on the ground that "a lady, particularly an elderly lady or a society leader, perhaps, has so many acquaintances that she does not remember all the young men who have been presented." This, however, does not seem to settle the question conclusively, for it may be that the young man has quite as many acquaintances as the lady, even if an elderly one. He may himself, too, very likely be a society leader; in fact, a very large number of the leaders of society at the present time are of what would have been considered fifty years ago a comparatively-immature age. Our own opinion is, and it has been arrived at after reflection, that both persons should bow simultaneously. Perhaps in the case of very near-sighted persons a little latitude might be given, providing the fact of myopia can be clearly proved by medical evidence. There is, however, always danger in these exceptions to social rules, and, therefore, it may be safer for near-sighted persons to bow in all cases of doubt, accustoming themselves to do this with uniform courtesy whether they are themselves recognized or not.

A Boot-Buttoner.

"Please draw upon the blackboard an interrogation point," said a teacher to one of her pupils.

"Can't make a good one," replied the boy.

"Draw a boot-buttoner," said the teacher; "that will answer."

The boy took the crayon and drew a hair-pin. Sharp rebuke by the teacher. Other pupils smile.