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COULDN'T THINK WHERE.

We met, though before I'd ever seen him,
It seemed that I knew him quite well;
Though why it should be so, to save me,
I never could certainly tell.
I saw his blue eyes fixed upon me,
With a sort of a comical stare;
I had seen them before, as I thought me,
Though I certainly couldn't think where.

He spoke, and his voice seemed like music,
A familiar, still long-forgotten strain;
And I listened, and listened, and wondered,
Then listened to hear it again.
Then I spoke, and no answer was given,
I knew that it hardly was fair,
But I knew that before I had heard it,
And I tried, but I couldn't think where.

Then we parted, and months quickly fleeting,
Sent a year to the grave of the past;
Then we met, and the momenta swift flying,
Were passing away all too fast.
And I gazed and I listened, and wondered,
With a feeling of happiness rare,
For I knew that before I had heard it,
But I certainly couldn't think where.

And now that again we're divided,
I muse on each action, each word,
And I live o'er and o'er our last meeting,
And I think what I saw--what I heard,
And to me comes a glow of blessing,
A measure of bliss that is rare,
For--come nearer--I've often loved him,
Though I certainly couldn't think where.

MARY KINGSFORD; OR, THE STORY OF A DIAMOND BROOCH.

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

It was toward the Christmas holidays that I was hurriedly despatched on official business from London to Liverpool, but finding my visit fruitless, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rain at which we were traveling was very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We traveled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had traveled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such a finely-attired, fashionable gentleman should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could not observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their condescension vanished at once.

To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of "swells," they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a "Parliamentary," but their copper finery could not for my present moment upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, massive; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, four-collared and buffed, were ill-fitting and second hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waistcoats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere pieces of Occasion--assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that.

I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman--girl rather she seemed--of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made hoarsest of way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshments--all of which I observed were pre-emptorily declined.

She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning, and from her timid gestures and averted head whenever either of the fellows addressed her, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise--not so much with her signal beauty, as an instantaneous conviction that I had seen her frequently before, but where and when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand with a rude familiarity upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow; and looking round as if for protection caught my eagerly fixed gaze.

"Mr. Waters!" she impressively ejaculated. "Oh, I am so glad!"
"Yes," I answered, "that is certainly my name, but I scarcely remember--Stand back, fellow!" I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drank, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face towards her, still tendering the brandy and water.
"Stand back!" he replied by a curse and a threat.

The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places--the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

"Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?" said the young woman coloring and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us, then?"
"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!"

"Do you think so? Not pretty Mary Kingsford now, then, I suppose?" she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain puss!" I rejoined quite gleefully, for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends--almost father and daughter--in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford--a humble, worthy, and much respected couple. The father was a gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognized the rare comeliness which had charmed me all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured in a sad quivering voice--"yes, father is gone. It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully after a pause, "in health, but poorly off, and I--and I," she added with a faint effort at a smile, "am going to London to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune?"
"Yes, you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke! In one of her letters, she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophy Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquetish shopwoman of a highly respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's fellow shop-assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not, of course, at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? and so kind, too, of Sophy to interest herself for me!"
"Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard--my wife at least--that you and Richard Westlake were engaged. Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one."

"Richard's father," she replied with some spirit, "has higher views for his son; it is all off between us now," she added; "and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so."

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no further opportunity for private converse.

"Those men--those fellows at Rugby--where did you meet them?" I inquired.
"About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them."

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophy Clarke received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognized, called out: "Quick, coachee, or you'll lose sight of them!" As I turned quickly round, another cab drove off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his head out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver "to mind and make no mistake." The man nodded intelligently, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I could do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary

Kingsford's place of abode, and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homeward.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophy--"Her cousin," she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, "was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best hearted creature in the world." The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop, their attentions appearing now to be exclusively directed to Sophy Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behavior, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the good will of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the care and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter, was, I was told very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and sniggering at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

"Hartley and Simpson you say?" he remarked after we had walked away to some distance; "those are only two of the numerous aliases. I cannot, however, say that I am yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, black-legs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unacquainted with something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them."

"They appear to be in high feather just now," I remarked.
"Yes; they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garshide last week in a Plymouth street. I'd lay a trade," added my friend, as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear the queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past--Good-bye!"

About a fortnight after this conversation I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels exhibited at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleety, with a sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded to a cab without me; and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way to the Strand. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passengers were visible on the bridge till I had about half crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure; it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobtrusively as I could. On the woman passed, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off gain, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full butt against a stout elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hitting at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I saw the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively to the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward, she saw, without recognizing me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down toward the river, where a number of pieces of bark and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly calling to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few mo-

ments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty, and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavoring, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate; she fought wildly with the engulfing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if I suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavor to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us onwards, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-barge. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored; guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and wine soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police officers well-known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered toward me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the police officers.
"Merely," said he, "that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery!"

"No--no--no!" broke in the terrified girl.
"Oh! of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is, that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once!"

"Save me! save me!" sobbed poor Mary as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered; "you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford." I added in a louder tone: "I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have."

"Bless you!--Bless you!" she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.
"There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure," I continued; "but at all events I shall bail her for this night at least regular."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular," I said. "You will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow."

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at head-quarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not until the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished, then throwing herself back, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavor to get at the bottom of the strange accusation against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all I had done, and entrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophy Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman by the name of Saville, residing in Essex street, Strand. One or two things I heard, necessitated a visit to other officers of police; and incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr. Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wandered my way homeward, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent-Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might perhaps leave to go. Mary expressed her doubts of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical dissenters, disapproved of play-going, especially for young women. Nevertheless, Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there, they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer-door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at my house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly-tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered to Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this, matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that he should go shares in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed: "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl! I advise you." So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman who she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length approached quite close, said: "You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?" Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

"Oh, no, no! you mistake," she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into a flame.
"Nay, but you were there," rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said: "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore to me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black silk reticule. Denials, assertions, were vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

"It is a wretched business," I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. "Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence, is another matter. I must take her to Bow street the day after to-morrow."

"Good God, how dreadful!" Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?"

"His uncle, he says, gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question."

"I did not mean that. Can you show it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels."

"Yes, you can see it." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said: "I do not believe that either the emeralds or the brilliants are real--that the brooch is, in fact, not worth twenty shillings intrinsically."

"Do you say so?" I exclaimed, as I jumped from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with-- But give me my hat; I will ascertain this point at once."

I hurried to a jeweller's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct; apart from the workmanship, which was very nice the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's chop-house, and on a quiet corner of the street, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the "Times," an earnest appeal, worded with careful ob-

secuity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person--whose address I gave--with-out delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman by the name of Bagshawe was announced; I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"This brooch is yours?" said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means."

"The rascals!" he broke in almost before I had finished; "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow by the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave, robbed me, I was pretty sure of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when you arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in the presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That statement, I have learned, did not mark as you said it would."

"True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me, by a valued relative. Losses at play--since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I must out with it--obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?"

"Not in the least; only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to-day," he said at last.

"No, perhaps not; but I have news for you. Mr. Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred and twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did not sail for India, and--"

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried, "let us have no snivelling or lumbag; mercy is no power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and we cannot find them; you must aid us."

"Oh yes; to be sure I will!" eagerly rejoined the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Nonsense! Send for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival."

His note was dispatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momentarily expected, would enclose ourselves behind a large screen in the room, while Mr. Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkling in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try to say on, Mr. Augustus Saville," I quietly remarked: "we are but two here certainly, but there are half a dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a hysterically jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most ostentatiously of all three.

"And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me."

"Nonsense! lumbag! it's all right: we all three embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-handed game. I priggled it. Saville here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and you claimed it--a regular merry-go-round, ain't it, eh? Ha! ha! Ha!"

"Quite so, Mr. Hartley," said I suddenly facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; "as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive, I added, as the officers crowded into the room, 'more gentlemen to join in it.'"

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards, and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employer. We stalked the elder with drew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bride's-maid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace and domesticity.

ALL SORTS OF ITEMS.

Mr. B. P. Mathews, of Virginia, has a diamond weighing one hundred and forty-four carats. It is valued at \$2,000,000. The Koh-i-noor diamond, which was supposed to be the largest ever found, weighed only one hundred carats. Mr. Mathews has been offered \$24,000 for it. It was found by the father of Mr. Mathews in the gold mines of Buckingham, Virginia.

The unfortunate Turk who is at present in the claws of a committee of "gentlemanly" council members is said to have inquired of the interpreter: "What makes these men spit so eternally?" In Turkey, and, indeed, in Europe generally, no man ever spits in the presence of another, excepting in the public street and with his head averted; while here there is such a continuation of firing and cross firing of tobacco-juice in front of, across, and sometimes actually upon respectable people, that even a Turk cannot conceal his disgust.--N. Y. Post.

ARMED ENGLISH MORMON EMIGRANTS--An Inspector of Customs in New York, while engaged in his official duty of examining the baggage of some Liverpool passengers, on their way to Utah, found it contained new fire-arms, guns, pistols and swords. He seized and detained the arms, and a quantity of ammunition, on the belief that they were brought here for the purpose of resisting the laws of the United States in Utah, and making war upon the Government.

THE CAPITAL OF PENNSYLVANIA--The people of Philadelphia are again urging the removal of the State Capital from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. In the course of time this will doubtless be done. The capital of Maine, too, will probably be moved from Augusta to Portland. The massive State House is the great anchor that has kept it in Augusta so long.

A gentleman of Boston who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied: "Oh, he is one of those who have soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pays cash!"

A few days since, a pious old lady, preparing to go to church, was seen to take a considerable quantity of gold from her trunk, wrap it up carefully and put it in her pocket. She remarked that it was her habit, that it kept her mind steady at her devotions, "for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

SOLITARY AND ALONE--The Boston Bee claims to be the only paper in that city which "unqualifiedly indorses the removal of Judge Loring. The fact is creditable to the other papers but not to the Bee."

A correspondent asks, what is the "milk of human kindness?" We presume it means the milk used at hotels on the tables after having the cream taken off for "private boarders."

"When thou art buying a horse or choosing a wife," says the Tuscan proverb, "shut thine eyes and commend thyself to God!"

"Sam, you little imp!" said a tender-hearted mother to her dear little son, "what on earth did you throw the kitten into the well for?" O, coz I crazy?"--"Come to your ma, you little cherub!"

A bill was passed through the New York house of assembly a few days since in consequence of one of the most active and influential opponents of the bill having been seduced away just in the nick of time by a rose-colored note from an angel in curls and flourishes.

There appears to be a very great mania for turnpike roads just at this time in this State. Almost every paper that we take up, that is published in the State, has either a call for or the proceedings of a turnpike meeting.

The American party of Terre Haute are to hold a meeting to-day, to determine which of the two State tickets they shall support.

Jerrold says that young boys who marry old maids "rather, in the spring of life, the golden furies of autumn."

The journeyman hatters in Dan