THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. NANNIE STEELE MOORE.

She stands in the dewy twilight,
Her blue eyes brimming with tears;
Her beautiful brow, pure and white,
Bespeaking her youthful years.
Her sweet, smiling face is clouded
With a look of anxious care;
A shadow of grief has shrouded
The being, lovely and fair.

One jeweled hand presses lightly
The arm of a dark-haired youth,
His soft, dark eyes beaming brightly
With love, emotion and truth.
As they stand 'neath the tall old trees
With their branches waving high,
On a carpet of bright-hued leaves,
Under a clear autumn sky.

They form a grand picture, I ween,
An artist would love to trace—
The youth of manly, graceful mien,
The girl with the sweet, sad face.
But why are pearly tears stealing
Adown that pink velvet cheek?
Oh! why is that young heart feeling
More than the rosy lips speak?

She stands in the twilight dreaming,
"A beautiful, far-off dream;"
Her brain with memories teeming,
That through the dark present gleam.
'Tis the old homestead she's nearing,
The home of her childhood years,
And through the dim twilight peering
In silence, in sadness and tears.

She sees the familiar faces,
Listens, their voice to hear;
But strangers have filled the places
Of the forms to her so dear.
Far out from across the threshold
Her loved ones have long since fled;
Some are sleeping, silent and cold,
The last, long sleep of the dead.

Others are wandering to and fro;
Their footsteps restlessly roam,
And only shadows come and go
Silently in the old home;
Shadows of the past flitting by,
And echoes of by-gone years;
Forms that have vanished now draw nigh,
Mocking her sorrow and tears.

The snowy white hands are folded,
The lips move in silent prayer;
The merry child has been molded
Into a woman of care.
"Alone, alone! O, heaven!" she cries,
"Alone with my sacred dead;
Alone with shadowy forms that rise;
Alone in the old homestead!

"The smiles and forms of other years,
The faces that I have known,
I see again, through falling tears,
In the homestead all alone."
A warm hand gently clasps her own,
And a soft voice whispers near:
"My darling, you are not alone;
You forget that I am here."

A radiant light breaks over
The beautiful face once more;
Smiling on her handsome lover
She stands by the homestead door;
For a new love springs to her heart,
And the future gleams more bright,
As two young hearts vow never to part,
By the pale, shadowy twilight.

CORINTH, Miss.

A DESPERATE EXPERIMENT.

BY W. R. STEELE.

In the year 1870 there was located, some ten miles northwest of the city of C., an old brick building, which had for several years been unoccupied. It was an old-fashioned structure, with small, blindless windows, and a dingy, dirty-looking affair, forbidding in general appearance, when once one could get a close view of it; for it was inclosed by a high brick wall. The inclosure comprised, perhaps, an acre and a half of ground, covered with stunted trees, which had been so long untrimmed and uncared for that the branches were a tangled mass of unfruitful limbs, upon which now and then a blossom would show itself as the spring advanced, only to receive a smile from the sun, and then, as though ashamed of its surroundings, droop and sink and drop off, and no fruit was ever known to mature. The place had an evil name. No one could explain why, or seemed to know anything of its former tenants, except that they had rented it, occupied it for a few months, and then silently and mysteriously disappeared.

The property was in charge of an agent, whose office was in the city. He advertised it repeatedly, and had succeeded in having three or four parties go out to look it over, with a view of renting it; but one and all returned, threw down the keys, granted it disapproval, and declared they would leave it alone for ever.

At length, at the time stated, a young man calling himself Dr. Elihu Thorpe made his appearance, and stated to the agent that he had made inquiries concerning the place, and thought it would suit a friend of his from the South—a certain Capt. Cross—a quiet, eccentric gentleman who desired a retired dwelling at a convenient driving distance from town. He obtained the keys, went out and inspected the place, and rented it at a nominal price for such time as his eccentric friend might feel contented to remain. The agent was quite elated at having the premises tenanted, and asked few questions, as the doctor paid a year in advance, and the business closed.

A few days subsequently, Capt. Cross, accompanied by Ned Waters, his steward and servant generally, repaired to the old mansion, and quietly took possession. There were no other servants or companions. They furnished only two or three rooms, and stocked their kitchen with only such implements and articles as seemed necessary for men of simple habits. As the house was isolated from other dwellings, they had no near neighbors, and no one visited them save Dr. Thorpe, who resided in the city, and his calls were seldom, and always in the evening.

In order that our story may be thoroughly understood, it is necessary that we here insert a few words as to the personal history of Dr. Thorpe. His parents had both died during his youth, leaving him a small legacy—barely sufficient to meet the expenses of his student life, until he should master a profession, and be able to care for himself. At the close of his collegiate course he at once commenced the study of medicine, applying himself assiduously, and finishing in one time with the usual attendance upon lectures, an examination, and—a diploma.

The doctor had in the wide world but one relative, an uncle, Gen. Israel Thorpe. A few years prior to the opening of our story, the General had retired from the regular army, and settled down to the quiet enjoyment of a delightfully pleasant home, with his amiable and loving wife, among many old friends in the city of C. Surrounded by every luxury that wealth could supply, the closing of his active and eventful life promised to be a more than usually peaceful and happy one. They had one son, who entered the navy during the rebellion, and who, while in the discharge of a dangerous duty, was run down by a blockade-runner one night off Charleston, and drowned.

The death of this son had cast a gloom over the General's entire household, and the mother felt beneath the blow, pining and mourning, until refusing to be comforted or become reconciled to her great bereavement. Her spirits drooped, and her life was blighted forever. She moved about her house with great dignity, but with an air of pensive sadness that went to the hearts of the servants even, and caused a settled melancholy that a visitor would have been unable to understand or account for. A few months later the poor heart-broken mother died, and the General was left solitary and alone to mourn for the absent, and pray for a reunion beyond the river.

Time mitigates wounds; at the time the nephew, Dr. Thorpe, came West for a three-months visit to the General, preparatory to the selection of his future home and the commencement of his professional career. Those who knew Dr. Thorpe best never accused him of any dishonorable act. He was tall, dark-featured, and somewhat forbidding or repulsive in his manners, so that those with whom he came in contact seemed to feel a certain inward relief when they had left his society. A good facial observer or character reader would have said that his thoughts were not of a kind to bear the light of truth or honor. And this features did not belie him.

The presence of such a man did not help to dispel the gloom or brighten the home of the uncle, and, though the General frequently entered into pleasant conversation with his nephew upon various subjects, the discourse was always labored, and continued with an effort that was monotonous and tiresome, and consequently of short duration.

It was during this visit of Dr. Thorpe that the old brick mansion in the country was taken possession of by Capt. Cross. Within twenty-four hours after the latter had got settled in his new quarters the bell rang out, and Ned, who attended the summons, announced Dr. Thorpe. As soon as Ned had retired the Captain produced a bottle of wine and a box of choice cigars, and the two settled back in their easy-chairs to talk business. During the interview it was observable that the Captain generally concluded in everything advanced by the doctor; indeed, a listener would have sworn that the pair had been concerned in something of a secret nature in days gone by, and that the Captain was ever ready to comply with the demands and carry out the plans of his more wily and crafty companion.

"Well, Captain," said the doctor, "I suppose you are anxious to know why I sent for you, and what my plans for the future are, eh?"

"You've struck it exactly, doctor. What's up this time?"

"I've got a scheme," said the doctor, "which cannot but be successful, and with proper care there will be no risk or danger. The stake is heavy, and if you follow my advice to the letter you shall have enough out of the job to live in luxury the balance of your days."

The Captain smiled and rubbed his hands together with the utmost satisfaction.

"You may be aware," continued the doctor, "that Gen. Thorpe, of C., is my uncle. He has an immense fortune, and is now childless. As a matter of right I ought to inherit his property as sole heir; but for certain reasons I have my own impressions as to the disposition he will make of it. He is clearly under the strong influence of several old friends, who are managing various charitable institutions and asylums, and I am convinced that I shall be remembered in his will for a comparatively small legacy only—a mere pittance—while the bulk of his fortune will go to churches and hospitals. It is possible to defeat this project, and with your assistance I am determined to do it," and the doctor's palm came down on the table with a force that set the glasses fairly dancing.

"Listen further," said he. "During my college days I made the science of chemistry prominent and the chief of all my studies. Night after night I have bent over the crucible and experimented with the wonderful combinations. This small vial," said he, drawing one from a little case from an inner pocket, and holding it up to the light, "contains a colorless, tasteless liquid, a few drops of which will so paralyze the body that many a skillful physician would not doubt that death had actually occurred to the one who has partaken of it. A few days hence the friends of Gen. Thorpe will learn of his illness. His physician will prescribe for him, but he will not recover. A week will elapse, when apparently death will occur. Then will come the funeral, and the last will and testament will turn up. This document, after bequeathing a few hundred dollars here and there to charitable institutions, to avert suspicion, will leave homestead, bonds, bank stocks, etc., to my nephew, Elihu Thorpe. At midnight following the burial you and I will visit the grave, raise the body, bring it hither, and I will administer ten drops or a liquid that will resuscitate it in the twinkling of an eye. He will be kept a close prisoner in one of the inside upper rooms, which you will proceed to make secure immediately by bars and bolts. He will see no living soul but yourself and Ned. At the proper time, when all his effects have been changed into gold, I will place in your hands $100,000 in gold. Then away to a home of ease and luxury in some distant part of the globe. You will then set the General free, and take good care that you are never again seen in this part of the world, if you value your future health and happiness. How does the scheme strike you, Cap? Another glass of the wine, please."

The Captain had been gazing at his companion with open mouth and protruding eyeballs, as the cold, heartless, villainous scheme was unfolded to him, and he shuddered at the doctor's recital. Bad as he was himself, the plan proposed almost seemed to freeze his blood. However, he rallied, and, as he poured another glass of Cliquot for the doctor, he replied:

"Doctor, you're the boss. Heavens, how the papers will howl when the affair is ended! It has chilled me clean through to listen to you; but if your force no accident will happen, and that the corp—that is to say, the body—will turn out all right, I'm with you."

"All right, then; you need have no fears for the result," said the doctor, and, rising suddenly, he turned the key, and threw the door wide open and looked into the hall, having evidently suspected Ned of being near the keyhole. But the hall was empty.

Satisfied that his arrangements, so far as Cross was concerned, were complete, the doctor prepared to depart, charging the Captain to hold him elf in readiness for immediate action. Crossing the grounds, he unhitched his horse, which he had left inside near the entrance, and, drawing forth a duplicate key to the great gate, he passed out, hastily mounted, and speedily slipped away in the darkness.

As he rode along the lonely and deserted road he congratulated himself upon having been so fortunate as to secure this out-of-the-way and secluded old house—so gloomy in its solitude, so isolated from the rest of the world. An hour's ride brought him back to the city, where at midnight he entered the residence of Gen. Thorpe and retired to his room.

CHAPTER II.

Two or three days after the scene narrated at the close of the last chapter, Gen. Thorpe complained of a sudden illness soon after he had dined. During the meal quite an animated discussion had occurred upon a subject of more than usual interest, which had been terminated only when the Doctor withdrew, saying he had letters to write. The General's illness commenced until late in the evening, when a servant was dispatched for his old family physician, Dr. Davids, who found his patient with a high fever, flushed face, burning eyeballs and a general weakness of the system which seemed to place his old friend quite at a loss as to the cause. He, however, let a prescription and took his leave, saying he would call again early in the morning. The nephew manifested his anxiety and sympathy in various ways; went to the druggist's for medicines, and prepared them for use on his return.

The next morning Dr. Davids found the General much worse, and commenced a course of treatment usually adopted by old-school practitioners for typhus fever. The patient continued low-spirited, debilitated and fatigued. He was dull and morose, and complained of a sensation of constriction and oppression at the chest, and of soreness and lassitude of the back and limbs. His countenance was now pale and sallow; the eyes had lost their brilliancy; the breath came cold and fetid, and the appetite was all gone. Every symptom led the good old doctor to believe it a case of typhus. The surface of the body became dry and hot at length, and then a deep red suffused the cheeks; the tongue was dry and shrunken, turned brown, and there was great difficulty in swallowing. There was also a low and muttering delirium—the brain being affected. In short, the medical attendant began to believe that the disease would terminate fatally. In spite of constant watching, and the best of care and tenderness on the part of nurses and friends, the General continued to decline.

At length the nephew professed sickness himself and kept his room much of the time, stepping down occasionally to inquire if there was any improvement in the General's condition. He would stand at the bedside of the sick man and converse with the nurse for a moment, and, as would often happen when the latter left the room for an instant, he would rearrange the glasses on the little table where the medicines were, and then retire, saying he sincerely hoped the General would be better in the morning.

Thus passed away several days, when one night the nurse called Dr. Thorpe, telling him the General seemed to be choking. Dr. Davids was hastily summoned, but arrived only in time to gently lay his head back upon the pillow and pronounce him dead. The old physician was a skillful practitioner, and seemed struck with dismay at the sudden demise of his friend. The nephew suggested a post-mortem examination of the body, in which he was at first seconded by Mr. Davids. The friends, however, knew that the latter had done everything in his power to save the life of his old friend, and objected to the mutilation of the remains. Notice was given for the funeral ceremonies, and, on the following day, the body was deposited beside the lake in the cemetery.

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Since the last visit to the old brick house by Dr. Thorpe, Capt. Cross had left the place but once. This was one evening to meet the doctor at a notary's office for the purpose of stamping and signing a will. This document being duly attested and witnessed, Thorpe returned to his quarters to remove his disguise, and place the will among the General's private papers—all of which had been thoroughly overhauled and examined, to see that no other will was in existence.

The state of affairs upon the return of the friends of the General from the cemetery was of the most satisfactory character to Dr. Thorpe. His infamous scheme had been shrewdly planned, and, thus far, successfully executed. His conduct had been that of a dutiful and affectionate friend during the illness of Gen. Thorpe, in the estimation of servants and visitors, and he was respected accordingly.

All that was now necessary was to notify Cross to meet him at midnight, repair to the cemetery, remove the body to the asylum prepared for it, administer the proper restoratives and carry out the plan of resuscitation. It was only a question of time when the General would be set at liberty, to find himself fleeced of his fortune, and absolutely as much a pauper as though he were still in his grave, and sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

Cross was at the rendezvous at the hour appointed, with swift horses, an easy carriage, and all the tools necessary for the work to be accomplished. He had left Ned on guard at the asylum, with instructions to be at the gate at 3 o'clock in the morning to admit his master and the doctor.

We leave them now on their way through the drizzling rain and the thick darkness toward the cemetery, while we describe what took place in another part of the city.

CHAPTER III.

"Come in, Bob; Crowe will soon be here. Fact is, it's about time for him now."

Thus spoke a rough fellow, some 50 years of age, in reply to the knock of his pal, Bob Selby, as he opened the door for him to enter. The latter stepped in, taking a keen glance around the room, including the clock, and seated himself near a table upon which stood a bottle and two or three glasses, the former with the cork drawn and emitting an odor through the apartment that seemed very like gin. The new-comer, not being possessed of an overstock of modesty where any kind of spirits were to be had, reached over and helped himself at once to about three fingers of the soothing beverage. After taking breath, he remarked to his companion:

"Well, Dan, what does young Sawbones want now? Another stiff, I s'pose? And I can't say as how I like him or his work, anyhow. Crowe is a coward. If he smells anything like danger, or there's trouble a brewin', you can just bet he'll skip an' leave you an' me to bear the brunt o' the thing. Then ag'in, he wants a feller to work for nothin'. The last hole we opened or him took us pretty nigh all night, dodgin' the cops and getin' away with the meat; and all he give us was $12. He sent for me to come here to-night, but I'll be hanged if I'm goin' to run any more chances without better pay. What a cussed rough night it is, eh, Dan?" And here the refined Bob Selby reached over for another pull at the gin, in which he was joined by his partner in the resurrection business, the worthy Daniel Hicks.

Both these fellows had been frequenters of a low groggery in one of the worst streets of the city—the resort of thugs and thieves—and had picked up an occasional odd job together, until they were induced by one Dr. Crowe to make a nocturnal visit to the cemeteries now and then and secure a body for the dissecting table. A summons from Crowe had now brought them together, and they were awaiting his coming.

They had not long to wait, for, as the clock struck 9, a knock was heard, and the doctor entered. Let us briefly describe him. Dr. Crowe was about 40 years of age, and of genteel appearance. He had been brought up in New York, where, in his youth, he had obtained but limited schooling. Being constitutionally lazy, he preferred to visit some loafer's roost to witness a chicken fight, a rat match or a dog fight, to bothering himself with study. He had managed to gain a smattering of knowledge in medicine, and had the cheek or impudence to call himself a regular physician, though he never had secured a diploma. His excessive vanity and egotism made him a laughing stock wherever he was known; and his foppish ways, his ogling, smirking manners in the presence of ladies, and other eccentricities, were barely tolerated by the softer sex, while his naturally overbearing and tyrannical habits in the club rooms wherein he had wormed himself were considered as intolerable and disgusting. He was hale fellow well met with the owners of dogs. An inveterate blower, he could always command the respect of the owner of a pup, and nothing pleased the owner of a sick dog more than to sit and listen to Crowe, with his legs cocked over his desk, as he would rattle off a tirade on the particular case before him, and conclude by saying: "I, ah, myself, individually, ah, think that dog has worms." Then he would prescribe a little arecа nut, and swell up as though there was absolutely nothing about the dog he did not know.

Dr. Crowe had, soon after removing to the West, become acquainted with several young bucks, in the medical line, who had persuaded him to help them to procure a subject occasionally for the dissecting room. His vanity was flattered by this mark of confidence, and the thought that he possessed superior wisdom in the ways of the world and in tricks that were dark. And this was the fellow who had dropped into an out-of-the-way rookery of the city to meet Messrs. Selby and Hicks.

"Well, boys," said he, "you're on hand and on time, I see; and now for business, for I've an engagement yet to-night. I suppose you know what I want done. Here is a map of G. Cemetery. Get your wagon well over toward the lake; take your bar and pry off two or three of the high pickets, and about fifty feet from the fence, near where I have marked a cross, you see, you will observe a new grave. The body you will get is that of a man who was buried to-day. You can't mistake the locality, as it is the only new grave in the vicinity. Be careful to round up the grave neatly again, and tack on the pickets lightly, so that your work will not be suspected. Drive the sack with the body at the usual place, by 3 o'clock sharp, and I'll be there and make it O. K. with you."

After fully explaining the approaches upon the little map or diagram, he passed it over to the two men, and prepared to leave.

"Hold on, doctor," said Bob, "let's have an understandin' before you go. You've laid out the work very nice, but you hain't told us how much you'll pay. It's a dangerous job; and if we get the stiff out all right we might be overhauled by the cops, as we are comin' home. A couple o' coves like us drivin' round t'wixt midnight and daylight 'ud be likely to be noticed, eh, Dan?"

"Yes, and some one might want to see what kind o' wegetables we had in our wagon," said Dan, "which, to say the least, 'ud be mighty awk'ard."

"Well," said Crowe, "I want to pay you well for the job, and I'll give you $10 each."

"Make it $15 apiece, an' it's a go, doctor; eh, Dan?" said Bob, eying his partner.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Dan, and the doctor yielded, after a little more parleying, took his umbrella, and opened the door.

"I say, Doc," said Bob, "participate with us in a mouthful o' this, won't you?"

But the doc or, though no more honest than his hirelings, sped on out into the darkness, and toward a street car that would take him to the club room, where he could get a nip out of his own bottle.

Left alone, Dan and Bob proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Lighting their pipes and making a sight draft on the gin at stated intervals, they discussed the business in hand, not forgetting to give, in plain language, their private opinion of their employer, Crowe, and "swell coves" of his caliber generally.

The night was very dark, and the rain came pattering against the window panes in little dashes as it was driven by the fitful gusts of wind; a fitting time for such a deed of darkness as was in contemplation by Hicks and Selby—the robbery of a grave.

At length the evening wore away. The theaters were closed, and amusement seekers had retired to their homes. One by one the lights in shop and store windows were extinguished, the saloons were generally deserted, and the city was at rest.

"Ain't it a hut time we was a movin'?" said Dan. "I reckon, time we got over five mile o' ground, we'll find it pretty quiet around the bone-yard. Come on."

"All right, Dan; but, I say, ain't you got another bottle o' gin about? You'll find a toothful of it jis' go down wthout much coaxin' by the time we get our passenger ready to ride back to town with us," said Bob, with a grin.

Dan proceeded to a closet in the corner, took out a pint flask of "soothin' sirup," as he called it, and after placing in his capacious pocks a dark lantern, a hatchet, a few nails, and a match safe covered with hollow silk, he joined Bob at the door. The two proceeded a short distance, entered a narrow alley, and soon halted before a stable door. Here Dan drew out a key, unlocked a small door, passed round and threw open a couple of large doors, backed out an express wagon, from which the owner's name had been removed, and in five minutes they had thrown in a couple of spades, a jimmy, or heavy chisel, a large sack, the horse was hitched on, and they were away.

Dan had been quite certain as to Crowe's business when he received the summons, and had paved the way, to prevent delay, by seeing his friend, an ex-fireman, who was always glad to accommodate Mr. Hicks for a little night ride, at a nominal sum, and no questions asked in the morning. Hence there was no time lost in this part of the affair.

The pair were not molested during their ride. They passed rapidly on through the principal streets, in a careless way, the rain pattering on the clear rubber coats, and the darkness shielding them from especial observation.

After nearly an hour's drive, during which there was but little said by either, Dan, who was driving, stopped suddenly, and, after listening for an instant attentively, turned suddenly to the seat, and passed into a dense mass of woods, composed mostly of scrub oak which abounded in the vicinity, and, whispering to his partner, "Now, Bob, mum's the word till we're out o' this again," moved forward carefully and silently forson a distance. He then passed the reins to Bob, and, taking the horse by the bit, began to pick his way along a high fence, with wide slats sharpened at the top. At length he halted once more, drew forth his dark lantern, lighted it, and, judging about the distance from a certain landmark, turned the wagon homeward, and hitched the horse to a tree. Then the two went boldly but quietly to work. Two or three of the pickets were soon pried off as noiselessly as possible, and thus an entrance to the cemetery was effected. Listening again, and moving cautiously, Dan opened the bull's-eye lantern, which threw a bright red streak forward and directly across a newly-made grave. A grunt of satisfaction was the only sound to be heard from either of the vampires. Extinguishing their light entirely, both went to work with a will, throwing up the damp clods rapidly, and only once or twice stopping to listen for an instant. Feeling perfectly safe from intrusion, they labored on until a dull thud of the spades told them they were at the outward shell of the coffin. Here Dan took his jimmy, and in a second he had ripped off the cover, tearing the screw-heads through the pine wood, and making considerable noise. Both men trembled, but the spot was a very lonely and isolated portion of the grounds, and they were soon reassured, and proceeded to remove the cover from the coffin. This was soon accomplished.

"Get the bag, Bob, and be lively about it, too," said Dan, as he drew out the body. It was at once slipped into the sack, and carried three or four rods away to the opening in the fence, where it was left under a tree, and the men returned to fill up the grave. Just as they were about to resume their work, a sound was heard which alarmed them and left them standing in speechless amazement. It was as though some heavy body had dropped from a tree top to the ground. Both stood looking at each other in terror. Dan spoke first in a hoarse whisper:

"Bob, what in —— was it, d'ye think?"

"I'm blest if I know. Get your light, and let's see who's monkeyin' round here," said Bob, "an' if I find any one he'll be mighty unhealthy for 'em you can bet."

The lantern was again lighted, and a thorough examination made. The sack was just where it had been left, and it was finally concluded that the horse had made a sudden spring, and caused the alarm. With a feeling of safety after this investigation, they went to work, and filled up the grave, carefully rounding and smoothing the surface, and making what Bob called "a right clean job of it."

Gathering up their tools, they walked toward the fence to pass the body through and place it in the wagon. Upon arriving at the spot it could not be found. The body, bag and all, had mysteriously disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

We left Dr. Thorpe and Capt. Cross on their way to the cemetery. They coasted along like a couple of belated suburban citizens on their way home, and finally reached the north end of the cemetery. Here, while quietly prowling along the fence, they discovered a horse hitched to a tree, and rightly judged that some resurrectionists as bold as themselves were at work in the vicinity. Carefully threading their way, they came to where Hicks and Selby were at work at the very grave they were seeking themselves.

What was now to be done? It would not answer to let their presence be known, and the idea of permitting the body of the General to be carried to the dissecting table was horrible, even to these heartless villians. A cold perspiration stood upon their foreheads at the thought. A whispered consultation was hurriedly held between the two, when it was decided that the body must be abandoned to those first on the ground. In order, however, to endeavor to identify those at the grave, the leaders of the pickers with the aid of Cross, and leaped to the other side. The noise so startled Hicks and Selby that for a moment it seemed as though the doctor would be discovered. He seized the limb of a tree, however, and with the agility of a cat lightly swung himself into its friendly branches, where he was free from observation during the hasty search of the other two vampires. Fortunately Dr. Thorpe and Cross had left their carriage some distance from the fence, and the latter had no difficulty in skulking beyond the line of search. But during the investigation of Hicks, one thing had been revealed to the doctor—the body in the sack at the opening in the fence. The instant Hicks and Selby had commenced their work at the grave, the doctor drop ped noiselessly to the ground, passed through the fence, met Cross, and the two quietly lifted the body through the opening, carried it swiftly to their carriage, and drove away at a flying gait toward the asylum.

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The stupefaction and astonishment of Hicks and Selby, when they discovered that the body had been spirited away, is impossible to describe. For a moment they gazed into each other with blanched faces, and eyes almost bursting from their sockets. Their limbs were literally paralyzed, and they were unable to move from their tracks. Bob was the first to recover his speech.

"Dan," said he, "the cops ain't far off, an' as soon as they've stowed away the dead meat they'll be back for some that's got life in it; an' I tell you that means an invitation for you an' me to go to quod. Let's git away from here, an' devilish quick, too."

Dan needed no urging. They rushed for their wagon, and were soon on the road, driving like mad for home, and leaving Crowe, at 3 a.m., waiting to buy a corpse for his medical friends.

Before daybreak Dr. Thorpe and his companion, Cross, arrived at the asylum, with the inanimate form of the General was taken to the room intended for its safe keeping. Every preparation had been made for active operations and a speedy restoration. The doctor first placed the body under a shower-bath, allowing the tepid water to fall gently, and gradually increasing its force for some time. Then he blew in the eyes, rubbed the limbs, inserted a small tube between the lips and forced air toward the lungs, and finally gave it a light shock from a small battery. This, together with some stimulating fluid that was forced into the throat, had the desired effect. The body was placed on the bed, the lungs gently pressed, when signs of recovering animation were at once apparent. The lips moved, a little moan escaped, the eyes were slowly opened, and a voice faintly uttered, "Where is Dr. Davids? I am dying."

The resuscitation was complete, and Dr. Thorpe was, notwithstanding his disguise, anxious to get away from the scene and finish up his work. All that was now necessary was constant and tender care, and proper diet, to restore physical strength and health. Giving such directions as were needed to bring about this result, the doctor departed, Cross promising to notify him immediately in case of a relapse or any unfavorable symptoms in the way of a full restoration to health.

While the Captain was devoting his time to the care of the General, the doctor was stealthily, and without creating a suspicion of his real feelings, laboring to bring about a settlement of the General's affairs. All personal property was soon converted into such a shape that the doctor could realize at pleasure; the small legacies were distributed according to the terms of the will, and sales were effected of real estate preparatory to the doctor's removal to New York, where, he announced, he should invest his funds and settle down.

At length, after several weeks' active work, all was in readiness for the departure of himself and Cross. He intended, on the following day, to hand over to the Captain the reward of his shameful crime, and bid him farewell forever.

During the early days of Gen. Thorpe's imprisonment he had pleaded to be taken to his home, but Cross had informed him that he had been brought hither by kind friends for treatment, and that he should return as soon as his strength would permit. Though the General was not of a suspicious nature, he soon discovered that he was a prisoner, and he knew his only plan was to feign weakness, and seem to be thoroughly prostrated with the least exertion, and at the same time watch for an opportunity of escape.

A whispering direction from the Captain to Ned, one day while they believed the General asleep, convinced the latter that his nephew was the prime mover in some plot relating to his present condition, but he could only surmise and bide his time, and wait at last.

One day the Captain was absent. He had grown impatient at the doctor's seemingly long delay, and his failure to pay over to him his share of the spoils. This impatience had grown into suspicion, until at last he believed the doctor capable of absconding from even him, and defrauding him out of the promised reward entirely. The idea almost crazed him; and accordingly, on the day Dr. Thorpe decided on the general break-up, Cross drove to the city and watched the General's residence from a convenient point in the vicinity.

During the forenoon of this day the General had called for the Captain, and had been informed by Ned that he was absent, and would not return till evening. This statement instilled new life into the frame of the General. He felt that he possessed the strength of a giant, and determined that now was the time to use it to free himself from his prison. At about noon Ned brought up some wine and biscuits for lunch, and, while placing them upon the table, the General made a sudden spring from the edge of the bed, grasped Ned by the throat and hurled him to the floor like the crash of a thunderbolt. The young man was literally stunned, and, thinking the General had really gone mad, offered but little resistance. His captor proceeded to bind him securely, threatening to kill him if he did not quietly submit. Tearing up the sheets, he quickly gagged him and fastened his arms and feet. Then, seizing a bar of iron from the fireplace below, he rushed into the road.

Hurrying along blindly, not knowing where he was, he aimed for the nearest dwelling, upon reaching which his story was briefly told, and he at once gained the sympathy of the tenant, who agreed to drive with him to the city immediately. They were soon on the way, and proceeded first to the residence of Dr. Davids. The old man stared at his visitor in a dazed and bewildered manner for a moment, as though he had lost his reason, but the General soon convinced him that there had been some foul plot which the future would unravel. Indeed, he felt that all would soon be known, when he was informed of the particulars of the wild plot which had been admirably red upon by his villainous accomplices.

Officers were at once called, who proceeded with the two old friends toward the residence of the General. Before arriving, however, they were seen by Cross from his post of observation. He saw that the game was up, and made a dash through the rear of the building, leaping a high fence, with an officer in close pursuit. He was commanded to halt, but paid no attention to the order, when a bullet entered his back near the shoulder. Even this did not end his flight; being a swift runner, he succeeded in making his escape. Two or three days afterward, a laborer gave notice to the Coroner that a stranger had sought refuge in his house, and had died before a physician could be called. It was the last of Capt. Cross.

Dr. Thorpe had packed his portmanteaus and trunks. Filled as they were with treasure, they were a source of considerable anxiety to him. He was standing in the center of his room in deep thought, previous to locking the doors while he should ride out to settle with Cross, whom he supposed keeping guard over the prisoner, when the door was thrown open and he saw the police officers with Dr. Davids and the General. He turned a ghastly yellow, and was filled with terror. His limbs trembled, and he felt as though he should sink through the floor. Never was man in such abject misery. As the officers stepped forward with the handcuffs to take him into custody, he gave one look at the General, and then, quick as the lightning's flash, drew from his pocket a small revolver, placed it to his temple, and, before his suicidal hand could be stayed, he pulled the trigger and fell a corpse at the feet of the kind old man he had so cruelly wronged and outraged.

The old brick house was visited soon after, where Ned, stiff and sore, was unbound; and, as nothing could be traced to his complicity in the affair, he was released.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Small Change in the West.

A Kansas correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes:

In truth, a person who waits for change in the shape of 2, 3 or 4 cents is looked upon with something like scorn in the West. Is your bill 78 cents? You pay 80, or the obliging shopkeeper says: "Call it 75."

I recalled an incident which one of the merchants of Salina related when speaking of his recent trip to New York for goods. After making his preparations for returning, he went to settle his bill, which proved to be $40.03. He paid $40, and was turning away when he was recalled by a tap on his shoulder, and the 3 cents were pointed out.

In scornful amazement he threw down 10 cents, and again started away.

"Here is your change, sir," said a voice, in no wise overwhelmed by his contempt.

The merchant waved his hand and bowed.

"Keep it, sir. I am a Western man. We don't grasp 3 or 4 cents there so closely."

THE increase of the German and Russian armies necessitates an increase of taxation.

FARM NOTES.

A STOCK-KEEPER reports curing many bad warts on cattle and horses, during several years, by application to each of "one good daub of tar."

CALIFORNIA cultivates Brazilian artichokes, which yield 400 bushels to the acre. They are fine for stock, but are difficult to get out of the ground when once established.

A WRITER in the *Garden* says that if potting soil is placed for a day or two in the hen-yard every particle of it is dug over, and all grubs and eggs of insects are picked out.

BUCKWHEAT-STRAW, which heretofore has been considered of little value, has of late been utilized by some of the Western farmers by chopping it fine and adding meal to it. A small quantity fed to stock occasionally would be relished, no doubt.

PROF. SHELTON, of the Kansas Agricultural College, favors September calves, because, dropped in that month, they escape the trying heats of summer, can be pushed during the winter with grain, and in spring are ready for grass as soon as it appears.

A GOOD test of the hardiness of any variety of forest treee is found in the ripening of its seeds (fruit). If a tree does not perfect its seeds in a given locality, it is good evidence that it is not sufficiently hardy to be generally cultivated in such sections.

BEES WINTERED ON SUMMER STANDS.—"I have wintered on summer stands ten years and have not lost a colony. My plan is to drive stakes around and within six or eight inches, then fill in hay or straw, and cover over to keep rain out."—*E. D., Godfrey, Iowa.*

SEEDING CLOVER WITH MILLET.—"In June, 1778, I mixed two quarts of clover seed with four to six quarts of millet, as near as I can recollect, and sowed it on about one-fourth of an acre, from which I had taken a crop of potatoes the previous year. The ground was plowed and harrowed before sowing, and the millet and clover dragged. I not only obtained a good crop of millet, but a perfect catch of clover.—*E. M. Potter, Kalamazoo, Mich.*

TO KEEP WELLS PURE.—A correspondent of the *Inter Ocean*, writing from Battle Creek, Mich., says that he purified his well of water, which was so subject to many worms, bugs and other insects as to render it almost unfit for drinking, by placing in the well a couple of good-sized trout. They have kept perfectly healthy, and have eaten up every live thing in the water. In the winter season crumbs of bread or crackers are thrown in. The water is perfectly pure and sweet.

GREEN MANURE.—"My success has been very gratifying in sowing corn, oats, buckwheat or rye for plowing under instead of clover. For this purpose I use one or the other of the crops according to the time of the year for sowing, and taking into the calculation the length of time the crop could occupy the land. All these crops, however, could be grown and plowed under within the time required for growing the one crop of clover. In this contains the main advantage of their use over clover as a renovating crop."—*Henry Ives, Batavia, N. Y.*

DRY COWS.—It is a common practice among some dairymen to give their cows, when dry, but scanty living. When a cow ceases to give milk, or is dried up, any feed is considered enough for her. I think this is a great mistake, and the result is a diminished product of milk, both in quantity and quality, when she does come in. There is a large draught on the system to sustain the calf while the cow is carrying it; and to keep the cow in a good condition good feed is as important as when she is giving milk. It is my opinion that one dollar's worth of feed when the cow is dry is worth one and a half dollars after she comes in. An animal in poor condition cannot digest as much food as an animal in good condition. If the cow is poor when she comes in she will not digest enough food to support the system, and, at the same time, to make a large quantity of milk.—*Monthly Bulletin of the American Jersey Cattle Club.*

FARMERS WHO ARE WIDE AWAKE.—Farmers who are wide awake and given to investigation don't sow so much wheat to the acre as they formerly did, and they don't sow it so deep. The great, heavy harrows of ten or twenty years ago are not now employed by them in covering seed, and the drill, which can be depended on better, is becoming universally popular. In broadcast sowing, after the ground is thoroughly prepared, the Thomas smoothing-harrow covers the seed deep enough. A Wisconsin writer gives the result of an experiment in planting at different depths—on the surface, one-fourth inch, one half inch, three-fourths inch and so on to several inches. That on the surface lay two weeks before sprouting; that one-fourth to three-fourths inch deep came up in four or five days, and so on, getting later as the depth increased. The last to come up was planted three and a half inches deep, and was fourteen days in reaching the surface. At the end of six weeks that planted one-fourth to one-half inch deep stood far ahead of the rest.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Importance of a Letter.

Curious blunders have been made by telegraph operators in changing words of messages sent. But it would be hard to find a case parallel to the following, related in *Scribner's*, where the change of a single letter turned a living into a dead man. "Mr. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, often visited the army during the Rebellion, and was intimate with many officers. He received one day a telegram from Col. Swain, which startled him: 'Your brother's corpse is at Belle Plaine. Come immediately.'

"He started early the next morning for Washington, and, missing Col. Swain there, pushed forward to Belle Plaine, full of sad thoughts that his brother, who had been very sick, had died so suddenly. On the way he met Dr. Dean, of Albany, who was engaged in embalming the dead bodies of soldiers, and made arrangements to have his brother embalmed.

'Going to Gen. Wadsworth's headquarters, to whose division his brother's brigade was attached, the General kindly sent one of his officers to inquire into the circumstances of his brother's death. The officer soon returned, and the brother with him. The telegraph had blundered by adding a letter. Col. Swain had written, 'Your brother's *corps* is at Belle Plaine.' The telegrapher made it *corpse*. The blunder was pardoned, however, by both brothers, on account of the joy of meeting."

A Composite Odor.

"John, what odor is that?" "Cloves, love." "But that other?" "Allspice, my beloved." "But isn't there another?" "Yes, apples, belovedest." "Just one more." "Raisins, my most belovedest." "Well, John, if you'd only drink just a little brandy now, I think you'd make a good mince pie."

WHEN you go to Chicago, stop at the TREMONT HOUSE, which is one of the neatest and most comfortable hotels in the city. JOHN A. RICE, the well-known landlord, with an able corps of gentlemanly clerks, will attend to your wishes in a manner that will make you feel perfectly at home, and you will be surprised at the reasonableness of the bill when you settle up. Try the Tremont.

An Open Letter.

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Oct. 23, 1879.

L. Candee & Co., New Haven, Ct.

GENTLEMEN: Out of the case of "95" rubber boots sent me last April,
I sold one pair April 4, to Alvin Bliss;
" " " 5, to George Reusch;
" " " 7, to Gill W. Randall;
" " " 8, to Albert Mallory;
" " "