

THE MAN OF AIRLINE.

[The song Lawrence Barrett sings in the play.]
Oh, there abou' yon heather hill,
Where the hawks come and rarely,
There's a dweller over yon crest still,
Where a host of hawks gray,
He's a hawk, he's a hawk,
But still he's had a handly way
O' standin' by his neighbor.
Hawky laugh made him a joker,
His hawkish ways galed;
The little hawks loved his voice,
And in his smile content.
The hawk's heart leapt to his lip
Became a need-to-morrow;
Hawt, man, the friendship of his grip
Was the hawk's crown.
He was no' loud, he w'nt' proud;
He hacket in hawks' society.
And yet he'd pick himf a crow,
Till he'd have a hawk's eye,
His wealth it was set in his land,
It was in the city;
A hawk's heart leapt to his hand,
His hawk's eye o' p'ity.
Hawt and gone, this prince of Fife,
Mute is his burly laugh;
But ah! the music o' his life.
The hawk's heart leapt to his hand,
His memory lives, the man may die,
The hawks bring him long life,
Just like the hawk's eye, sky,
Whose ray survives his ruin.

LINK BY LINK.

THE STORY OF A MYSTERY.

The shower was ended. A brief breeze was rapidly tearing away the gray thunder clouds from the face of the June sky, and the sun shone down with renewed fervor.

"As hot as 'twas before the rain!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, as she opened her parasol, and leisurely stepped from the Heywood dry goods store in which she had been sheltered, before taking shelter from the storm.

"Yes, it is, ma'am," said Mr. Brown, the proprietor, handing her the bundles she had bought from him, and he added:

"You'll have a hot walk under this brilin'-hot sun. Better run in to our house and stay to tea. You hain't seed the twins. Smartest little critters ever was, Mrs. Brown's gettin' on fine,

"Thanks; I'd like to, but I must hurry home and can my currants. Besides, I wouldn't undertake that long walk through the pine wood after dark for anything in the world. It's glorious enough in the daytime. Give my respects to your wife; tell her I'll drop in soon and see the babies. Good-day."

"Good-day," said Brown, and he added, as he saw Mrs. Curtis hurrying down the street, "Quitter critter!"

Yes, by all the inhabitants of Heywood Mrs. Curtis was called peculiar. She was upwards of fifty years, tall and erect, with iron-gray hair, ruddy cheeks, and a frank, kindly manner. And, indeed, she was a person who made her business.

She had lived in Heywood for five years, yet in all that time not a single person had been able to glean any information concerning her past life. All that could be ascertained was that she was a widow, childless, and with a little property, consisting of a little cottage surrounded by a few acres of land, and a sum of three hundred dollars in the Heywood bank.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brown returned to his counter to wait on a customer, and Mrs. Curtis pursued her journey homeward. For some distance her road led along the dusty highway, then she turned into a little footpath through the daisy-dotted meadow, then across the creek where the vines presently she came to the dense vine woods whose shade was very pleasing to her.

When about half way through the woods she came to a small patch of late strawberries. She stooped to pick them. Her brown, hard-working hands were nearly full of the luscious, red berries, when a rustling and a footstep startled her. She had a glance of a man in an instant, and he was clutching her throat, and—only the frightened, wild woods birds could tell her the rest.

About two miles from the village of Heywood, and on the banks of Brae Creek, dwelt Peter Groat. He was a German, who, with his family, in the previous autumn had bought a large farm bordering the creek. Here he had erected a small, but comfortable house, and was, to all appearance, an honest, hard-working man. The only thing that could be said against him by a few grumblers was that he was too "close," clinging tightly to his hard-earned pennies, and ever on the lookout for more; it was known that he had a very bad temper, and that his wife was a person of a rapidly increasing family, was enough to make any man greedy of grain.

It was evening of the day on which our story began. Peter, surrounded by his wife and children, sat smoking his pipe on the little grass plot in front of the house, in the centre of the room, lay two rows of stockings, and near them, half unrolled, was a dress-pattern of blue calico.

"That calico!" said Mr. Brown, impressively, "that calico is the identical piece I sold Mrs. Curtis, yesterday afternoon. I should know it anywhere. It's peculiar, you see, a bunch of white blacs on a purple ground. It was all I had. Besides, I should know the piece, because on one end there is about half a yard imperfectly printed, which has been mended with a needle and thread. Mrs. Curtis had a cheaper on that end, now. Peter Groat knows where the mender is, and—solemnly and slowly—he did the deed himself!"

"Come, kinder, it is late. The dew is falling, and let's to bed."

"Vater! vater!" suddenly cried Hans and Fritz, running up from the "stranger." "A man coming in our yard—a stranger!"

Peter slowly sauntered down to meet the new comer.

He was an elderly man, with a tanned and rugged face, sandy hair sprinkled with gray, and dark, deep-set eyes, somewhat infamed. His clothes were good, though worn and dirty, and in his hand he carried a large satchel.

"Good evening," he said, courteously.

"Evening to you, sir," replied Peter Groat.

"I'm a peddler," said the man, speaking German. "I have sold nearly all my goods, and am on my way back to New York. I got left by the train at the station, and had to walk to the next station. I lost my way, and find I must get home again for the night. Can you help me?"

"The good book commands us to show hospitality," said Peter. "And although we are not rich, we never yet turned away a benighted traveler. So, come in, and my frau shall get you something to eat."

The table was soon spread with a neat, white cloth, upon which was placed a platter of cold boiled meat, garnished well with vegetables, then a plate of white bread, a roll of butter, a dish of shining blackberries, and a plate of spicy ginger cookies.

"I feel too dirty to sit down to a decent table," said the traveler, with a smile. "May I trouble you for a basin of water?"

It was brought, he took off his coat, preparatory to washing his face and hands. Gretchen who stood beside him with a fresh towel in her hands, uttered a slight scream.

"Blood!" she cried. "There's blood on your sleeves!"

A quantity of water fell from the stranger's hands. His face shone white through the glistening drops of water he had dashed upon it. Then, with an effort, he said carelessly:

"Ah, yes; those rocks by the creek made quite a gash in my shoulder. You see, I'm blind, explaining, 'while I was lost, I thought I'd try and cross the creek.' It was getting dark and when I reached the other side I found it so rocky that I could scarcely climb up. I got

half way when a sudden mis-step made me fall. A sharp piece of rock pierced my shoulder, and, indeed, it has caused me considerable pain."

"Ach, too bad!" said Fran Groat. "I have a soothing lotion, which you may put on before you go to bed."

"Thanks. And I'll go to bed right after I've had my supper, if you please, for I'm very tired. Besides, I will have to rise early in the morning, so that I may catch the first train."

The next morning the whole family was up in time to see their guest depart. He partook with good appetite of Frau Groat's breakfast of ham and eggs; he listened quietly and with seeming reverence to his host as he read a chapter from the old, black, German Bible, and offered up the usual morning prayer. Then, just as he was ready to start, he inquired what he should pay for his board and lodging.

"Poor fellow!" murmured Mr. Marshall, as he laid down the paper. "It makes one dread to read the news—one comes across so many horrors."

"Papa! papa! you needn't mind about the kite now," cried Tom, rushing in with shining eyes. "Uncle George just called over to his house, and going to go fishing, and says he will take me along."

"Oh, George—notings! You are welcome to the bed and the bite," said Groat, heartily.

"You are very kind," said the stranger, "but I feel that I ought to repay you in some way. See here!"

He opened his satchel—if you will—just as I did, and took out a small box, a new piece of calico, more than enough for a dress. They are the only things I did not sell, and I do not care to lug them home again."

The two women accepted his gifts with pleasure, and with a smile, the traveler exchanged a look, the stranger parted. The woman wore a blue checked shirt of Peter Groat's. He left his own behind him, telling Fran Groat that she might keep it in exchange for the one she had given him. As the stranger's shirt was of excellent material, with linen bosom and cuffs, the worthy dame thought she had made a good bargain.

Mr. Marshall's face was white, but his voice was calm, as he said:

"Tom, just run over and tell your uncle George to come over here a few minutes—I want to talk with him on a little business."

Three days later, Myron Mason, alias Jasper Armand, was arrested for the murder of Mrs. Curtis.

William Greyson, a farmer in the vicinity of Heywood, missed one of his cows that Friday night, and early on the following morning set out to make the search for her. He hunted through the meadow lands, followed the course of the creek quite a way, and finally reached the pine woods, where the twin was lying beside it. The paper was damp with dew, and Greyson carefully turned it over in his hand, he observed some red spots on it. He examined them more closely. They were the bloody prints of a thumb and fingers.

[From the *Chicago City Mail*.]

MEMBER of this Department relieved of RHEUMATISM by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, says Geo. W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent of Police, New York, in one of our exchanges.

Nihilism in Russia.

The Nihilistic faction in Russia organized under the influence of the philosophy of Bakunin, who, in 1848, preached the doctrine of destruction. His theory was that society, as it existed, was in bad condition, and that reform was possible only after the existing state of things had been annihilated. He argued that all governments and all churches should be overthrown, and that society should be reconstructed on communistic principles. Under cover of this agitation the Nihilists entered politics, using assassination and阴谋 to accomplish their ends. The principal leaders of the party are responsible for the assassination of the Czar and other acts connected therewith. They are known as "Terrorists," and aim at the destruction of all Government. They are said to be comparatively few in number. The main body of the so-called Nihilists aim at a peaceful revolution, while the others are revolutionaries, especially such as thoroughgoing (bon-est) and others, who, steeped in hot water, produce an unpleasant and undesirable nausea. This effect is obtained by steeping in cold water, and the tea is used much stronger, and is used to better advantage.

To Loosen Glass Stoppers.—From many years' experience in the laboratory, we can say with the utmost positiveness that the best and easiest method of loosening a bottle is to loosen the cork water.

Just try "steeping" it for a few hours in cold water, using a little more tea than for the hot beverage, and having it strong enough to be weakened with ice-water when it is served. The flavor and effect are much better than by the hot-water method. And, by the way, the same plan is coming to be more recognized as the best method of loosening the cork of a bottle by the use of ice-water.

Stoppers are often tightly wedged, and will not be loosened by this method.

It is a nice as well as a fashionable drink for summer meals, but it is not so generally understood that the best ice-water is the best for tea.

"A toad! Quick! Let me see, Tom!"

Mr. Marshall did not, and it was with trouble to fingers that he opened it.

"Heineken's Curtis," was the name engraved on the inner cover.

Mr. Marshall's face was white, but his voice was calm, as he said:

"Tom, just run over and tell your uncle George to come over here a few minutes—I want to talk with him on a little business."

"See what I have found!" he cried, holding up a spool of thread. It was a large piece of wrapping paper, and a long bit of twine was lying beside it. The paper was damp with dew, and Greyson carefully turned it over in his hand, he observed some red spots on it. He examined them more closely. They were the bloody prints of a thumb and fingers.

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