

STOLEN SWEETS.

THE GEORGIANA FEATHERSTONHAUGH.  
A day's footstep bright has vanished  
On the threshold of the eve,  
The red light and the twilight  
On pale tints with moonbeams weave,  
Ah, meet me in the gloaming,  
When the birds are flown,  
A sweets will lose their rapture  
On we both have older grown.

On the perfumed wings of zephyr  
The darkening lindens tall,  
To the rose leaves red are sleeping,  
Each sudden as they fall,  
Ah, meet me, I'll be waiting,  
Till "neath the lindens lone,  
A sweets will lose their rapture  
On we both have older grown.

On sunshine there is gladness,  
Gleaming it may prove;  
There's something in the moonlight,  
Nothing subtle is it love?  
Ah, meet me in the gloaming,  
Till the day with joy is sown,  
A sweets will lose their rapture  
On we both have older grown.

UNDECEIVED.

Miss Powers had never felt the  
cause by labor nor the hard-  
suffering entailed by poverty;  
ne would be quite sure, to see her  
eat listlessly before the piano in  
ch and tastefully furnished apart-  
ment, that the thoughts of woe and  
y never found even a transient  
in her breast. But although  
and beautiful, and possessed of  
luxury which money could pur-  
or, a refined taste could contri-  
buted to her self the duty of  
bearing the burdens of her sex  
less fortunate than she, by  
ling each day for the wants of  
unhappy creature. For this pur-  
trusty servant Peter was sent  
every evening to investigate the  
tion of such as were receiving her  
ance, or to discover new objects  
or generosity. At the time she is  
t to our notice, her attitude  
ates that she has been indulging  
of those harmless reveries called  
dreams." Her thoughts seem to  
er far away from her surround-  
and even the crumpled letter  
he holds in her hand has appar-  
eased to excite her emotion. The  
r may, however, glance at this let-  
It was written in a plain, school-  
land, and ran thus:

KIND FRIEND: The trouble you have  
y taken in my behalf causes me to  
before acquainting you with what  
and my greatest anxiety; but as  
I requested me to notify you in case any  
occurred, and as you are my only  
in whom I can confide, I feel it my  
o comply. The man who has so greatly  
ed me, and at whose door I lay all my  
and degradation, passed the house  
I am living this morning. He has  
ly discovered my whereabouts, for he  
very hard at the windows, and will,  
I use every means to frustrate my intent.  
Had he never treated me so cruelly,  
hen left me to die alone, I could still  
him; for, notwithstanding all the dis-  
e has caused, the vision of happy mo-  
e still haunts the vacant chambers of  
What his object may be in seek-  
out I cannot say. He may fear I will  
out his true name, for I am sure he  
use of a fictitious one, and disclose his  
conduct, but this I will never do.  
could only go away from here, I think  
I be happy, but I am so weak that I  
cruelly move.

It shall I do? Cannot you, my good  
advise me? I am so entirely alone,  
noble friend.  
MAY. Miss Powers had read this letter an-  
or so previous to our introduction  
e, but now she seemed to have lost  
terest in its contents.  
sently a servant entered bearing  
I which he handed to his mistress.  
Mr. Walter, she muttered half-  
"show him in, William." A  
n later Mr. Walter was ushered  
the room. His appearance was  
if a man about six and twenty,  
ver handsome, but with a face  
with intelligence and a tall, well-  
rtioned frame. As his eyes met  
of Miss Powers his countenance  
ly told the admiration with which  
garded her. All his inmost soul  
e expressed that one look. "I  
brought you," he said, after a mo-  
e's pause, "some money your father  
sed me to hand you. He also  
ed me to ask, now that Peter is ill,  
ould be of any assistance by ac-  
panying you on your visit to that  
girl of whom you spoke to him  
morning?"

ow thoughtful a paper is," interrupt-  
e girl; "and I am sure it is very  
of you, Mr. Walter, to consent to  
er me such a service. I am quite  
in you did not understand this was  
part of your duty when you en-  
ed the banking house of Powers,  
er & Co."

the young man was about to make  
e remark expressing his willingness  
ndertake the mission with so agree-  
e a companion, when he was inter-  
ed by the entrance of a servant  
ing the card of Mr. Nathan Far-  
Mr. Powers' partner in business,  
ood afternoon, Miss Powers," ex-  
ed that gentleman a moment later,  
an indeed happy to see you  
ng so much better than  
ere yesterday. Ah! good after-  
n, Mr. Walter, for the first time  
ing in the direction of his em-  
e, "you have left the office rather  
this afternoon."

It was to deliver a message from Mr.  
er," explained the clerk.  
es," added Miss Powers, "Mr.  
ter has come to offer me his serv-  
y accompanying me on a visit of  
y this afternoon."  
Ah!" and Nathan Farlow's face lost  
easant expression. "I should like  
er my assistance if I could hope to  
that confidence which Mr. Walter  
as to have inspired."

Why, Nathan!" exclaimed Miss Pow-  
I always imagined you would much  
er be at your club than wading  
e filthy streets and tenements in  
ch of worthy destitutes. But if you  
ld really like to accompany me, I  
ld be so happy to have you go to-  
e, and her face lighted up with  
pleasure as she spoke.  
What is the especial object of your  
e, and at what hour do you intend  
e, inquired Farlow.

The other part of the question she  
seemed either not to desire to answer,  
perhaps, on account of its delicate  
nature, or else had forgotten it, at least  
it went unanswered.

During this conversation Walter  
had remained a quiet spectator. Several  
times he attempted to say that, since his  
services would not be required, he had  
better hasten back to the office, but on  
each occasion he was interrupted. Now,  
however, he embraced the opportunity,  
and was soon on his way down town.

When Augustine and Farlow were  
left alone, the conversation turned upon  
matters which more nearly concerned  
their personal affairs and prospects.  
For it must be known that Nathan was  
Miss Powers' affianced, and their mar-  
riage was to take place at no distant  
day. That the only child of that proud  
aristocrat, Schuyler, Powers should  
marry a man of Nathan Farlow's wealth  
and social position seemed but natural.  
Mr. Farlow was what would be termed  
"a man of the world;" handsome in ap-  
pearance and fascinating in manner, he  
had gained the purest affections of this  
lovely girl, and as they conversed to-  
gether on this bright autumn afternoon,  
no one could doubt the depth of her  
feeling. Once during the conversation,  
when Miss Powers reverted to the sad  
case of the young girl they were about  
to visit, and pictured the cruel treat-  
ment and misery she had endured, a  
keen observer might have noticed a  
flush pass over the handsome face of  
Farlow, which deepened perceptibly  
when she expressed her sympathy for  
the poor creature, and her contempt  
for the man who had so basely deceived  
her.

Just previous to their intended de-  
parture, Farlow gazed anxiously at his  
watch, and then, as if a sudden thought  
struck him, said:  
"I am sorry, Augustine, that it will  
be impossible for me to accompany you  
to-night. I have an important engage-  
ment, which I had entirely forgotten;  
you must defer your visit until to-mor-  
row, when I shall be glad to assist you  
in doing so good a work."

With reluctance the young girl prom-  
ised to comply with his request, and  
neglect what she knew to be, her pre-  
sent duty. After some further conver-  
sation upon general topics, Farlow bade  
her an affectionate adieu.  
He had scarcely left the room when  
a servant entered with a note addressed  
to Miss Powers. The handwriting was  
the same as that received a few hours  
previous, although it was written by a  
weaker and far more unsteady hand. It  
contained the following:

MY VERY KIND FRIEND: If you can con-  
veniently, please do come and see me. I have  
grown so much worse since morning, and I  
fear a sad and miserable life will soon be  
ended. You are the only friend I have in the  
world. Do not deny my last request.  
MAY.

Miss Powers had no sooner finished  
reading this note than her course was  
decided upon. Surely, thought she,  
Nathan will not object to my respond-  
ing to so earnest an appeal as this. I  
will send immediately for Walter and  
get him to accompany me.

A few lines were hastily sent to the  
lodgings of Mr. Powers' employer, and  
were as hastily answered by the clerk  
in person.

After explaining her object Miss  
Powers excused herself for a moment,  
and soon reappeared attired for the  
street.

It was almost dark when they reached  
the lower part of the city. Men, wom-  
en, and children were hurrying along,  
shopkeepers were commencing to "light  
up," and all the confusion and din of a  
great thoroughfare sounded in their  
ears. Presently they turned into a  
side street, and then into another, the  
filthy condition of which plainly indi-  
cated the poverty of the neighborhood.

At last they halted in front of a large  
tenement, around which a dozen or  
more half-clad and dirty children were  
at play. Into this house they entered and  
ascended its gloomy staircase. At the  
fourth floor they paused a moment, and  
Miss Powers scrutinized the passageway,  
as if in doubt which door to en-  
ter, when they heard angry sounds  
come from one of the rooms near at  
hand. Anxious to shield the delicate  
ear of Miss Powers from such harsh  
language, Walter hastened along the  
passage, but when he reached the door  
of the room from which the sounds  
came, he hesitated a moment, as though  
he recognized the voice within, then,  
casting a hurried glance in the direc-  
tion of his companion, passed on as if  
unwilling to have her understand the  
cause of his hesitancy. The sounds  
from the room became louder and more  
distinct as Miss Powers approached the  
door. She stopped, looked steadfastly  
at the door an instant, then stood as if  
riveted to the spot.

"Ah!" said the person inside, whose  
voice was that of a man speaking  
in great passion, "so after offer-  
ing you money, a comfortable home,  
and everything, you still refuse, do  
you? I should like to take you by the  
hair of your head and pull you out of  
that bundle of rags."

And he seemed to move toward the  
object of his fury as if about to exe-  
cute his wish.  
"Oh, William, don't, please, don't,"  
pleaded a female voice. "I shall leave  
here soon enough, and will want neither  
your money nor your home. Home!"  
she repeated, half sarcastically, "you  
took me from the only home I ever  
had."

"Well," said he, "that is immaterial  
now. I tell you, you must leave here  
to-night, and the sooner the better,  
and be sure no traces of your intended  
whereabouts are discovered. I don't  
want that fool of a girl hunting you up  
again."

"Oh, William," returned the other,  
"don't say that! She has been so kind  
to me!"  
"Kind! She's a little fool," retorted  
the man; "but I did not come here to  
talk about her. You must be got out  
of here before to-morrow, dead or alive.  
I will go now and call a carriage."

"Oh, please, spare me!" pleaded the  
other, in a weak voice. "Before to-mor-  
row my spirit will be far away; then  
you can do what you choose with my  
body."  
"Nonsense; you can't deceive me,"  
replied the man. "Do you think I want  
my aff repeated to such a silly fool  
as this Miss Powers must be?" Saying  
this he moved hastily toward the door,  
where it flew open the flushed and

the cold, scornful glance of Augustine  
Powers. He staggered back a moment,  
then stepped forward, and would have  
hurried past her, but she stood in the  
doorway and prevented his passage.  
Then summoning all her courage, and  
with a look of infinite disdain, she took  
him by the coat sleeve and led him to  
the bedside of the dying girl. All  
through this scene the occupant of the  
room, who was none other than the un-  
fortunate Mary, gazed vacantly around  
as if bewildered by what had transpired.  
Then, as if suddenly recalling her  
senses, she seemed to compre-  
hend the question Miss Powers  
was about to ask. "No, no! my dear  
Miss Powers, this is not the man I  
spoke of. He never treated me  
unkindly. Did you, William? You  
would never desert your little Mary.  
You said so, William?" She was evi-  
dently fast falling. "William," she  
murmured, holding out her thin white  
hand toward him, "they shall never say  
that you deceived me. He would never  
deceive me." She grasped his hand  
tightly, and added, in half broken  
whispers: "I hope God will forgive me  
for all the wrong I have done. Heaven  
bless you, William." These were the  
last words she uttered. In a few sec-  
onds she was a corpse. For a moment  
all remained quiet as the grave. Then,  
as if moved by a sudden impulse, Far-  
low made one dash for the door, and  
ran hastily down stairs and into the  
street.

The Powers family never saw him  
after that night. Through his attorney  
he withdrew his interest in the firm of  
Powers, Farlow & Co., and it was un-  
derstood that he had gone abroad. Miss  
Powers, after making provision, as well  
as her condition would allow, for the  
burial of her dead friend, was taken  
with a severe fit of illness which lasted  
many months, and the physicians say,  
was caused by extreme nervousness.  
Many years after might have been  
seen, in one of the daily papers, the  
notice of the marriage of Augustine Pow-  
ers, daughter of Schuyler Powers, to  
James Walter, of the firm of Powers,  
Walter & Co.

The Sun's Supply.  
From an article on "The Sun's Ener-  
gy," by S. P. Langley, in the Century,  
we quote the following: "How is the  
heat maintained? Not by the miracle  
of a perpetual self-sustained flame, we  
may be sure. But, then, by what fuel  
is such fed? There can be no question  
of simple burning, like that of coal in  
the grate, for there is no source of sup-  
ply adequate to the demand. The State  
of Pennsylvania, for instance, is under-  
lain by one of the richest coal fields of  
the world, capable of supplying the  
consumption of the whole country at  
its present rate for more than a thou-  
sand years to come. If the source of  
the solar heat (whatever that is) were  
withdrawn, and we were enabled to  
carry this coal there and shoot it into  
the solar furnace fast enough to keep  
up the known heat supply, so that the  
radiation would go on at just its actual  
rate, the time which this coal would  
last is easily calculable. It would not  
last days or hours, but the whole of  
these coal beds would demonstrably be  
used up in rather less than one thou-  
sandth of a second! We find by a simi-  
lar calculation that if the sun were  
itself one solid block of coal, it would  
have burned out to the last cinder in  
less time than man has certainly been  
on the earth. But during historic  
times there has as surely been no no-  
ticeable diminution of the sun's heat,  
for the olive and the vine grow just as  
they did 3,000 years ago, and the hy-  
pothesis of an actual burning becomes  
untenable. It has been supposed by  
some that meteors striking the solar  
surface might generate heat by their  
impact, just as a cannon ball fired  
against an armor plate causes a flash  
of light, and a heat so sudden and in-  
tense as to partially melt the ball at  
the instant of concussion. This is  
probably a real source of heat supply  
as far as it goes, but it cannot go very  
far; and, indeed, if our whole world  
should fall upon the solar surface like  
an immense projectile, gathering speed  
as it fell, and finally striking (as it  
would) with the force due to a rate of  
over three hundred miles a second, the  
heat developed would supply the sun  
for but little more than sixty years."

Longevity in the Cyclopes.  
We came to a low, whitewashed cot-  
tage, where lives, high up on the moun-  
tain top, a tottering old man, ninety-  
five years of age. He looks after a  
small garden, and whenever he wants  
anything he walks into Hermonopolis to  
do his shopping. Our mulatto called  
him out and he came to welcome us; he  
was full of stories about the wonderful  
changes he had seen during his long  
eventful life; how he had fought for  
his country's liberties; how he had as-  
sisted in building the first house for  
the refugees down by the harbor. When  
we left him, I asked our mulatto if  
people frequently lived to be so old at  
Syra. "Yes," was the reply, "an old  
woman died at 130 only a short while  
ago; in former years people lived so  
long that the aged had to be thrown  
down a mountain cliff, which is still  
called Gerousi. This tradition of long-  
evity in Syra is curious, and more es-  
pecially so in connection with the  
slaughter of the aged. On the neigh-  
boring island of Koes it is well known  
that the old and useless members of  
society were obliged to swallow hem-  
lock when a certain age was reached.  
The Abbe della Rocca, one of the  
Roman Catholic brethren in Syra, writ-  
ing a century ago, tells us of the same  
tradition existing then about the great  
age and general healthiness of the Sy-  
riotes. Homer gives us the following  
testimony:

There in the city, void of pain and fears,  
They dwell, and even as they wax in years  
Apollo coming with his silvery bow  
Sings with his sister to the feathered sparrow  
Against them, and the sweet life fades like snow.  
—Macmillan's Magazine.

The reputed site of the Garden of  
Eden, at the junction of the Tigris and  
Euphrates, is now a sterile tract, where  
the only vegetable life consists of a  
clump of date trees near a very small  
and dirty village called Garana, at  
which the Turks maintain a garrison  
and a telegraph office. The inhabitants  
point out to strangers the tree of knowl-  
edge—a most sickly specimen, bearing  
a small green berry which would cause  
a man to die.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

As the meeting opened there was a  
strong smell of burning meat in the  
hall, and the echoes of the triangle had  
scarcely died away when Elder Toots  
made a break for the door in a way to  
unsettle half a dozen different members,  
and bring down another large piece of  
plaster from the ceiling. He had gone  
to sleep with his foot on the hot stove  
to thaw out the chilblains. They had  
thawed, and the heat had worked down  
through five years' layers of cement  
and got at the real flesh. When the  
excitement had been allayed, and the  
keeper of the outer door had reported  
that the Elder was down in the alley  
with both feet in a barrel of ice-water,  
Brother Gardner said:

"When I find a sober, industrious  
workman who am out of work I am  
gwine to reason dat it am de nateral  
consequence of de general deprehn in  
bizness. When I find dat same pusion  
in want of bread I am gwine to ax  
him sartain qeshuns. I want to know  
what he did wid his wages. If he libed  
as became a man airnin' \$2 per day, I  
want to know why he hasn't sunthin'  
laid up. If he earned \$2 per day and  
gibed at de rate of \$25 per week, I has  
no furder use fur him.

"Each winter we h'ar dis cry of  
charity. Each winter de man who has  
managed to save up a leetle am told  
dat it am his solemn dooty to hand a  
part of it ober to charity. We am not  
to ax men and women whether they  
worked or idled de summer away;  
whether deir airnin's went for luxuries  
or necessities; whether they spent wid a  
free hand or denied demselves a single  
thing. If de sales of beer an' tobacco  
depended on de rich an' moderately  
well-off de bizness would decrease twu-  
thirds. If our summer excursion boats  
depended on de same classes dey  
couldn't run. If our street-cars had  
no other patrons dey would stop deir  
trips. Our circuses an' theaters are  
supported by de workin' classes. Our  
toy stores an' bazars make few sales to  
de rich.

Nineteen out of twenty of our work-  
ing-men use ebry dollar of deir wages  
from week to week, an' not one labor-  
er in fifty am satisfied to lib on his  
airnin's. De rich practice economy; de  
poor waste an' destroy. In my humble  
cabin we practice economy. We remake  
an' remode. We color over old clothes,  
an' peel de 'aters blose. If I airn seben  
dollars a week we stop when we hev  
spent six. When de fall cands an' win-  
ter comes we has sunthin' laid up. Does  
dat sunthin' belong to us, who have  
pinched an' planned an' saved, or to  
charity—which means de man who has  
idled half his time away, an' had his  
tobacco and beer regularly—which  
means de woman who has dressed in  
cashmere when she oder hev dressed  
in caliker—which means de family who  
has had oysters on Sundays when I  
has had o'n beef. I ax no man to close  
his heart or purse agin honest people  
who hev met wid bad luck, but de so-  
called charity of to-day am a premium  
on idleness and extravagance—an aid  
in maintainin' a class of leeches who  
have neither shame industry nor grati-  
tude."—Free Press.

Hawthorne and Emerson.  
In Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her  
mother there is a sketch of her hus-  
band's ways which is too good not to be  
quoted. She says: "Mr. Hawthorne's  
abomination of visiting still holds  
strong, be it to see no matter what  
angel. But he is very hospitable, and  
receives strangers with great loveliness  
and graciousness. Mr. Emerson says  
his way is regal, like a Prince or Gen-  
eral, even when at table he hands the  
bread. Elizabeth Hoar remarked  
that, though his shyness was very evi-  
dent, yet she liked his manner, because  
he always faced the occasion like a  
man when it came to the point. Of  
what moment will it be, a thousand  
years hence, whether he saw this or  
that person? If he had the gift of  
speech like some others—Mr. Emerson,  
for instance—it would be different, but  
he was not born to mix in general so-  
ciety. His vocation is to observe, and  
not to be observed. Mr. Emerson de-  
lights in him; he talks to him all the  
time, and Mr. Hawthorne looks an-  
swers. He seems to fascinate Mr. Em-  
erson. Whenever he comes to see  
him he takes him away, so that no one  
may interrupt him in his close and  
dead-set attack upon his ear. Miss  
Hoar says that persons about Mr. Em-  
erson so generally echo him that it is  
refreshing to him to find this perfect  
individual, all himself and nobody else.  
He loves power as little as anybody I  
ever knew, and it is never a question  
of private will between us, but of ab-  
solute right. His conscience is too fine  
and high to permit him to be arbitrary.  
His will is strong, but not to govern  
others. He is so simple, so transparent,  
so just, so tender, so magnanimous,  
that my highest instinct could only  
correspond with his will. I never knew  
such delicacy of nature. His panoply  
of reserve is a providential shield and  
breastplate. I can testify to it now as  
I could not before. He is completely  
pure from earthliness. He is under the  
dominion of his intellect and senti-  
ments. Was ever such a union of  
power and gentleness, softness and  
spirit, passion and reason? I think it  
must be partly smiles of angels that  
make the air and light so pleasant here."

The Quicker the Better.  
She had named Friday of the follow-  
ing week as the day for her wedding.  
"But Friday is an unlucky day," said  
George.  
"Oh, so it is!" she exclaimed; "I had  
forgotten that. No, it wouldn't do to  
be married on Friday."  
"How would Saturday or Monday  
do?" suggested George, tenderly.  
The girl hesitated and blushed a lit-  
tle. Then she said:  
"I—I think Thursday would be bet-  
ter, George."—Detroit Post.

MASSACHUSETTS has a rival in the  
number of marriageable women. Par-  
aguay has only 30,000 men to 270,000  
women, a veritable woman's kingdom.  
The men sit at home drinking and  
smoking, and the women are the farm-  
ers, producers, and workers.

MICHIGAN farmers are thinking that  
beef pays better than wheat.  
Fishes claims to have gained 1,000  
pounds the last year.

HUMOR.

THE price of writing paper is going  
up. We always thought it was station-  
ery.

AMERICAN young ladies who have  
been abroad as-ert that it is dreadfully  
hard to find an honest Cou t.

PROG-LEG croquetts are a late thing  
at fashionable restaurants. There will  
be many a croak ate in this way.

"MR. SMITH, do you dye your hair?"  
asked the small boy. "No; why do you  
think so?" "O, I dunno, only it's  
black, and sister said she reckoned you  
was born light-headed."

TOO CAUTIOUS: He—I am going to  
take away a bottle of salt-water as a  
memento of this watering-place. She  
—But don't fill it too full, or it will  
slop over on us when the tide comes in.

AMERICAN renovators now undertake  
to repair garments and sew on buttons.  
An unmarried man can now meet a  
Vassar College girl during leap-year  
without dodging into a barber-shop.

"Is it cold up your way?" was asked  
of a man from fifty miles north of St.  
Paul. "Well, I should say it was. We  
had to give the stove four doses of  
quinine yesterday to keep it from shak-  
ing the lids off."

"CAN you tell me, sir," asked a young  
lady at a book shop, "in what order  
Thackeray wrote his books?" "No,  
lady," replied the gentlemanly sales-  
gentleman; "but, don't you know, I  
guess it was in order to make money."

NO LONGER.  
No longer does the boy  
In shady brooklets swim,  
Nor seeks the maiden coy  
The goldenrod so prime.  
He to his sorrow learns  
The way to school and back;  
His steady mind is always bent  
For that lovely salskin saque.

A LOVER thus wrote to his sweetheart,  
whose name was Rain:  
Whist! shivering beaux at mothers rail,  
Of frost and snow, and wind and hail,  
And heat and cold complain,  
My steady mind is always bent  
For that lovely salskin saque.

He considered it a parental duty to  
see that his daughter kept only the  
very best, marriageable company.  
"Mary," said her father, "you have  
been going with that Mitchell fellow  
for more than a year now. This court-  
ship must come to a termination."  
"O, pa, how can you talk so? He is, O,  
so sweet and nice." "Ah," and the fond  
father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet  
and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"  
"Well, pa, not exactly," and the girl  
hung her head down and fingered the  
drapery on her dress. "He didn't ex-  
actly propose, but, then last evening,  
when we were out walking, we passed  
by a nice little house, and he said,  
'That's the kind of a cottage I am going  
to live in some day,' and I said, 'Yes,'  
and then he glanced at me and squeezed  
my hand. Then just as we got by I  
glanced back at the house, and—ah,  
I squeezed his hand, pa." "O, ah, I  
see. Well, we'll try him another week  
or two."

THE OLD GOLDEN DUCAT.  
How dear to his heart is that yellow-backed  
bank-book.  
His trusted condition recalls to his view  
The paces all doc-ed; the general bank book;  
The money has left it save ducats but two!  
Ah, many's the time he has drawn from its  
pages  
And speeded with the principal interest as  
well!  
But now there is left him in longer age  
Two old golden ducats that cling to the wall.  
Those bilious old ducats, those clip-edged  
ducats.  
Those old golden ducats that cling to the  
wall.  
—Life.

Henry Clay's Favorite Dishes.

"I want to tell you," said the super-  
annuated restaurateur, "of Henry Clay.  
Perhaps you never heard of what an  
eater he was. Well, I can say that I  
knew Mr. Clay a great many years, be-  
cause I waited on him both at the Na-  
tional Hotel and at Hancock's restau-  
rant, as well as a good many other  
places. Mr. Clay was a great lover of  
broiled oysters and baked pumpkins.  
He could eat more than any man I ever  
saw. Perhaps you don't know that Mr.  
Clay used to eat butter on his water-  
melons? Well, he did. I remember  
very well that on a certain day when  
there was a great many famous men at  
the table, including Mr. Corwin, Cal-  
houn, and Gen. Carey, of Michigan,  
Mr. Clay had his watermelon set out  
before him. He said: 'Now, gentle-  
men, you have before you the most  
magnificent product of the vegetable  
kingdom. Now, here is the most mag-  
nificent product of the animal kingdom  
—butter.' Well, sir, Mr. Clay pro-  
ceeded to butter his watermelon, and  
he put the butter on thick, and I can  
say that he did not stop at one slice.  
In fact, he did not stop at four or five  
slices of buttered watermelon, every  
time they put watermelon on the table.  
But I can say that none of the other  
gentlemen ever followed his advice.  
One of Mr. Clay's friends, a Kentucky  
Colonel, tried it once, but you ought to  
see him lay it down real quick. No,  
sir, I never see nobody else 'cept Mr.  
Clay take a buttered watermelon."—  
Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

A Soft Answer.

A small, ragged urchin was observed  
by a philanthropic gentleman on How-  
ard street, grinding his knuckles into  
his eyes and howling dolefully.  
"What is the matter, my boy?"  
"Feller pasted me in the snoot."  
"What did you do to him?"  
"Nothing, sir. I am a good little  
boy, and goes to Sunday school, and  
the teacher sez, 'remember, boys, a soft  
answer turneth away wrath,' and when  
I steps on the feller's corns, and he gets  
wrathy, I jest sez the softest thing I  
could think of, and calls him a dude,  
and he up and straggled me!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old  
gentleman, aghast, when, suddenly  
abandoning his whimper, the urchin  
took a caper on the pavement, put his  
fingers to his nose, gave utterance to  
an ecstatic "sold again!" and darted  
swiftly down an alley.—Boston Globe.

Chinese "Shicing."

In China paricides and matricides  
are executed by the "alicing" process.  
After a criminal has gone through this  
operation he resembles a dog that has  
nosed his way through an active and  
aggressive sausage machine.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

The Crouch Murder—A Concise  
History of Michigan's  
Dark Tragedy.

Jacob D. Crouch went from New York State  
many years ago to Michigan, and there engaged  
in farming near Jackson. He prospered in all  
his enterprises, and amassed a large fortune.  
Besides his farm, which was one of the largest  
and best in the State, he owned extensive tracts  
of land in Texas, and was largely interested in  
stock raising, both in the West and here. About  
twenty-five years ago his wife died, leaving an  
infant girl named Eunice. Besides this child  
there were three sons and a daughter. The  
latter had already been married to Daniel  
Holcomb, and lived on the latter's farm, ad-  
joining that of her father. Jacob Crouch, then a  
mere boy, lived with Mrs. Holcomb. He was a  
cripple, and for many years was not expected to  
live, but while with his sister his father paid for  
his care. The two other sons, Byron and Wil-  
liam, were in Texas, superintending the estate  
there, in which both were interested.  
The Holcombs did not prosper. Mortgages  
and debts accumulated, and when compromises  
could not be made they would appeal to Mr.  
Crouch for assistance. Many times he gave  
them large sums of money. Once they present-  
ed him with a bill for \$10,000 for supporting  
Judd from infancy, and when, after some high  
words, he paid it, he threatened them with dis-  
inheritance. The old man, as the years crept  
upon him, grew morose and gloomy, and re-  
sided in his great house alone with his daughter  
and the servants. For several years when she was  
away at college he was quite alone, and was  
seen but rarely. On her return a few years ago,  
a beautiful and accomplished girl, she intro-  
duced some life into the old home, and, as her  
father was in failing health, she took upon her-  
self the duty of attending to his correspondence  
and keeping his books. In the course of time  
Eunice was wooed and won by Henry White, a  
young business man of Jackson, and Mr. Crouch  
consented to their union on the promise that  
they would live with him. This was assented  
to, and White took up his residence at the  
Crouch homestead.

During the last year of his life Crouch  
frequently talked of his business affairs in the  
presence of the Holcombs and his daughter.  
Eunice. It was understood that before long he  
would call his heirs together and divide his  
property between them. He did not wish to  
make a will, and he thought it wiser to have  
satisfactory all around to dispose of the prop-  
erty by deed. For some reason, however, this  
was postponed from time to time. Presently  
there came a prolonged quarrel between the old  
gentleman and the Holcombs over the settle-  
ment of some of their indebtedness. He held  
several of their notes and a mortgage on their  
property, which the understanding was  
should be deducted from their share in the  
estate when the time for settlement should ar-  
rive.

On the morning of Nov. 22, Bolles, a little  
negro boy, who was employed about the house,  
ran to a neighboring farmer's, and, almost  
speechless with fright, said that Mr. Crouch  
had been murdered. Hurrying to the house, the  
neighbors discovered Mr. Crouch dead in his  
bed with a bullet hole in his temple. In the  
apartment adjoining was found the dead  
body of Moses Polly, a cattle buyer from Mer-  
cer County, Pennsylvania, who had accepted  
the hospitality of the Crouches and Mr. Crouch  
and had lost his life in consequence. He also  
had been shot in the head. Both men lay in  
their beds as if they had never moved after re-  
ceiving their death wounds. Giddy with the  
apartments occupied by Eunice and her hus-  
band the young couple were also found dead.  
White had received but one wound, like the  
others, but Eunice was shot four times, twice  
in the head and twice in the body. The negro  
boy and the servant girl, who slept in  
another part of the house, were not in-  
volved, and both admitted that they heard the  
shooting, but declared they were paralyzed  
with fright and were unable to move until day-  
light. Although there was little doubt that they  
knew the guilty parties they were placed under arrest.  
A hasty search of the house revealed the fact  
that nothing had been taken but the one and  
gold box on the washstand, although there was  
over \$1,000 in money in the house and much  
valuable jewelry.

The night on which the murder was perpe-  
trated was one that had been waited for. It was  
of inky darkness and a furious rain-storm pre-  
valled. The wind blew almost with the violence  
of a tornado, and the noise made by the war-  
ing elements was such as to serve a murderer's pur-  
pose well. Nobody would be on the highway on  
such a night, and the sound of a revolver shot  
would be drowned instantly by the tumult of  
the winds.  
There was one footprint, however, which the  
rain did not obliterate. Under a rubber boot  
west side of the house was the mark of a rubber  
boot or shoe, showing that somebody had stood  
there and watched while the murderer was at  
his work inside. Everything connected with  
the case indicated that the murder had been  
done by somebody familiar with the house and  
the habits of its occupants. Without doubt the  
guilty parties knew where the servants slept,  
for after the shooting they opened the stair  
door and listened. Had the servants made the  
least sign of wakefulness they, too, would have  
been slain.

Suspicion attached to the Holcombs, though  
no arrests in that quarter were made. It was  
found that a man in Holcomb's employ, John  
Foy, had a pair of rubber boots which fitted  
the track made by the window. Mrs. Holcomb  
took to her bed after the murder and refused  
to see any one, but her deposition was taken  
soon afterward. She admitted