

## LOVE'S MINISTRY.

BY WM. HAUGHTON.

I care not that upon thy brow  
The light of beauty glows,  
I only feel the comfort now  
Thy tender love bestows—  
A love like thine though passionless  
Has more than passion's power;  
Its sheltering holy tenderness  
Can measure this sad hour.

The pressure of thy gentle hand,  
Thy silent sympathy,  
The troubled heart can understand  
Though voiceless it may be.  
I thought, of all things fair on earth  
The fairest, best, wert thou—  
But never, never knew thy worth  
Till I have proved thee now.

O love, that soothes the sufferer's bed;  
That seeks the lone and lost;  
That lifts the lamp when hope hath fled,  
And shields the tempest-test,  
Tis thine to soothe the life's sad unrest,  
To heal the broken heart;  
We know thee and we prize thee best  
When "comforter" thou art.

I deemed thee made for summer's bloom—  
A thing of joy and mirth,  
But found thee godlike, midst the gloom,  
An angel by the hearth.  
The sorrow must be sore indeed,  
The cross must heavy be,  
And sad the heart and deep the need  
That cannot lean on thee.  
Viroqua, Wis.

## ELMER HAZEN'S ENEMY.

BY C. LEON MEREDITH.

Well back in the forest of Minnesota, twenty-four years ago, there stood a lone cabin occupied by three individuals.

Why these three chose to dwell in such complete seclusion no one could tell. Not infrequently did hunters call at the isolated habitation, and on certain occasions had partaken of food at the woodman's table.

The cabin had stood there and been occupied for more than two years, and a knoll of several acres, destitute of timber, furnished at once garden and field, where vegetables and grain grew luxuriantly.

Elmer Hazen was the name of the cabin's owner, and his family companions were his wife and a little girl of five years.

At the time we visit this secluded spot, the Sioux Indians were making their bloody raids upon the settlers of that region of Minnesota.

Consternation and ruin had been spread broadcast wherever the banded warriors had seen fit to go with firebrand and rifle.

The news of the terrible slaughter of the whites had reached the cabin of the recluse, and no little concern was felt by the family, for the red men knew very well of the hidden home in the forest wilds.

One evening, as darkness settled over the lonely abode, Elmer Hazen and his wife showed in their features uncommon concern.

Fresh news had come to them of the savages' devastating waste. Both felt a heavy weight about the heart, and their ears were constantly on the alert for any uncommon sound.

The windows and single door of the cabin were securely fastened as soon as it had become entirely dark, and the couple sat down at the hearthstone, where smoldered a neglected fire, and mused for a time in silence.

There was but a single apartment in the cabin, and but few articles of furniture.

A curly maple-stocked rifle hung upon pins driven into the logs, and nicely dressed furs hanging about the room told that the man who had dared inhabit that region alone was no inferior hunter.

The wife at length broke the silence: "To-night, Elmer, I almost regret our leaving a civilized home to come into this life of deprivation and danger."

"Deprivations are not pleasant, to be sure," the woodman returned, "but as to danger, we are safer here than there."

"You think so?"

"Yes. The lives of ourselves or little Edie are no more sacred to that Spaniard, Morales, than to the Sioux. The hunting down of the red men is only for a season, and they will become friends, but the Spaniard's search will be perpetual and murderous."

"Would not the arm of the law be something of a shield here? It certainly cannot be exercised here."

"The law is of no value to a dead man, Eliza; Morales sought my life and drove me hither. He made a vow, and one he intended to keep. His bond to keep the peace was no protection to me or hindrance to him. He is a desperate man, more venomous than the serpent, more subtle than the adder, and more artful than the savage."

"But the reign of terror in Minnesota is terrible, Elmer," the wife said, a shadow of pain crossing her features, as she drew little Edie closer to her heart.

"I can fight a Sioux in ambush or hand to hand, but I cannot contend against a villain who stabs in the dark or administers poison. I feel safer here than in the old home."

The good wife felt really as did her husband, so she dropped the argument, and both again watched the glow of the dying embers in silence.

Three years before Elmer Hazen had been a resident of New Orleans and in easy circumstances.

One evening he found an old man in the clutches of a villain, and he boldly interfered and warned the old man of his danger.

The name of the blackleg was Morales, and he became enraged, and muttered curses from between his gritting teeth. Hazen paid no other attention to this at the time.

The aged gentleman, who had taken the name and number of his protector, called upon Elmer Hazen the next day to express his thanks more fully than he had done under the excitement of the evening before.

At this interview some facts were revealed that put more importance upon the matter than Mr. Hazen had at first thought of.

On the day that the sharper was found with the veteran, the latter had arrived by boat from San Francisco, where he had been a lucky speculator, and amassed a small fortune, which he carried in currency upon his person.

Morales had met him upon the boat, and, in a friendly and most affable manner, volunteered to aid the new-comer, as he was employed by the city, he said, to protect travelers of wealth who did not know the wicked ways of the place.

"It is not safe for you to carry so much money upon your person," Mr. Hazen had said, after hearing the veteran's story. "That scoundrel is well known, and, by some device, will get possession of it. He is not too good to take life."

"No danger," was the confident reply; "I have placed the money in a bank, and have taken a certificate of deposit."

The certificate was shown, made payable to the order of Anson Gale.

Mr. Hazen was gratified at this, as the money was beyond the reach of Morales. He expressed his pleasure, and the old man departed.

The next day Mr. Gale called again, looking pale and agitated. "I am sick," he said, feebly, "and I fear my days are numbered. A strange feeling has taken possession of my heart, and I know the grim monster is at work there."

An hour later a physician called, left a sedative, and said the patient would be better in the morning.

Elmer Hazen remained with the sick man until a late hour.

"I have not a blood relative in all the wide world that I know of," the old man said, "and you are the Good Samaritan, the only friend I have in New Orleans. Should I die I must leave what I have to you."

"You must not think of dying," the benefactor returned; "long years may be before you. I hope so, and the doctor says you will be better in the morning."

"He don't know as well as I," the sick man said, feebly. "Bring me a pen and ink, then go to your rest."

The next morning Anson Gale was found dead in his bed, but the large pocketbook that had held his papers was gone.

Believing that Morales had poisoned the old man the day before and robbed him at night, Hazen had the villain arrested, but through the lack of evidence he was acquitted.

Twice Elmer Hazen came near losing his life at the hand of a masked assassin, and once his whole family came near dying through poison that had been mysteriously introduced into their food.

Through the earnest solicitations of his wife and friends, Mr. Hazen converted his property into money and went to Chicago, but scarcely had he reached that city when a detective informed him that Morales had followed.

The next move was to a town on the Upper Mississippi.

A few days after reaching that place the burning eyes of the Spaniard were believed to have been seen peering through a window upon Hazen.

Procuring a teamster, he bought a few articles for pioneer housekeeping, and was driven away across the country, far to the west, where lies the broad, wooded belt.

These facts, briefly told, were the thoughts of the exile family as they sat in the lone cabin the night I have mentioned.

The hands upon the little brass clock over the fireplace moved on and on until they indicated the hour of midnight.

Still the couple did not retire. Little Edie lay upon her rude cot all unmindful of danger, but father and mother were in no mood for sleep.

The silence had been long at the fireside when it was suddenly broken.

Both man and wife started to their feet at the same instant, and stood gazing into each other's faces with apprehensive stare.

A heavy footfall had been heard from without. The tread came nearer and nearer, and finally ceased at the doorstone. A loud, quick rap on the thick planks followed.

"Who can it be?" the wife whispered.

"Heaven only knows! It may be the Spaniard; an Indian would not come in that way."

The rap was repeated, but louder than before.

"Who's there?" the woodman demanded.

"A friend from up the Yellow Medicine," was the reply.

"What you here for?"

"I have come to aid you; let me in."

"I guess not. We are not sure that you are not a white renegade with a pack of human bloodhounds at your heels."

"Friend or foe, it will make it no worse for you to open the door."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Then I shall have to talk to you from the outside. I have come half a score of miles to save you and your family, and shall not leave until you believe me a friend and act accordingly."

"I think the man is honest, Eliza; it certainly ain't the Spaniard's voice," said the cabin owner, turning to his wife. "I've a mind to open the door, anyhow."

"It may be best," the wife returned, at the same time taking down the rifle that hung upon the wall.

The recluse did not propose to allow any advantage on the part of the visitor, so seizing an ax he placed the blade between the planks of the floor, and lifted one of the solid puncheons at the threshold end, and placed a stool beneath it, thus forming a brace so that the door could be opened only far enough to admit the body of a single person at one time.

The bar was then removed, and the wooden latch lifted.

"Come in!" rang out in a clear tone.

The door opened, and the face of a white man appeared.

It was an honest face, and the first glance at the kind blue eyes convinced the settlers that they had no cause for fear.

"Shut the door; there are none to follow," the new-comer said, in an assuring way; "but I have no time to spare. My name is Alfred Waters, and I am connected with the Indian agency. To-day intelligence came to me that a party of five Sioux were coming down the river so as to reach your cabin about the hour of dawn, for the purpose of murder and plunder. There being no one to send, I came myself."

"Thanks, friend Waters," Hazen said, extending his hand; "but I don't see how I can better fortify my cabin. I arranged for what might come as soon as I heard of the outbreak. What would you advise in the case?"

"That you make preparations to leave the cabin as soon as convenient; at least, before the hour of daylight."

"But we will be trailed if we leave, and doubtless overtaken at a spot where we cannot defend ourselves as here."

"You have not heard all of my plans yet. On Quick Water Bottom there are half a dozen trappers located. I will go for them and return at once."

"But it is a good five miles to that place."

"Yes; ten miles there and back, every rod of it; but it can be traversed in four hours."

"Four hours from now will be the time of dawn."

"I will try and be here then."

"But if you fail?"

"Then we will meet you. When you are ready to leave follow down the left bank of the Yellow Medicine; but do not attempt to get far away from the cabin, for it is here we must meet the Sioux."

"We will follow your directions."

"And I will away."

The Indian agent moved quickly to the door, then turned back again.

"I see a tin dinner-horn there upon the shelf; allow me to take that, and I will

signal you by one sharp blast, occasionally."

The man and wife gave their approval, and taking the horn Alfred Waters hastened out into the darkness, and away.

"Our forebodings were not groundless, it appears," the cabin owner said to his wife as he moved about to prepare for leaving the habitation.

Not long did it require for preparation, and then the couple seated themselves again to watch and wait.

Three hours wore away, and then little Edie was awakened and the family left the house.

Elmer Hazen set the plank so it would slip down and make an inside brace to the door.

This was to make the marauders believe that the family was within, all unconscious of danger, and in gaining an entrance a delay would be made which might prove of advantage.

To the east of the forest cabin there was an opening, while on the west there was a belt of rugged woodland, and to this they bent their footsteps.

Scarcely had they gained the outskirts of the forest when they were startled by a grating sound.

"It is a canoe rubbing upon the gravel of the creek bottom," Hazen said, as he drew his wife and child into a clump of bushes.

Presently five human forms were seen by the dim starlight moving toward the little log habitation.

They were Sioux, in war-paint and feathers.

"The trappers are not here, Elmer; what is to be done?" Mrs. Hazen whispered.

"Look out for our own safety, I suppose; but I don't like to go and leave all we have in the hands of those red-skinned wretches. I believe that—"

"There's the horn," the wife interrupted.

"I believe I heard it, too, Eliza."

"The sound came from a long way off."

"Yes; fully a mile distant."

"Can they reach us in time to save the cabin?"

"Fifteen minutes will bring the trappers to us, and then it will be nearly daylight. See how it is beaming up in the east now."

The single blast of the horn came to them again, after a little time, and it sounded nearer than before.

Ten minutes of suspense, and then the settlers were awakened to the fact that the Sioux had begun work in good earnest.

A glow of light came from the cabin window, and then a cloud of smoke arose.

"The house is on fire, Eliza!" the woodman exclaimed, leaping from his hiding-place and starting toward the cabin.

A better thought took possession of him very soon, and he turned back.

"I will not leave you here alone; prowlers may be about," he said, seating himself upon a great moss-covered rock.

The wife and child stood beside the boulder and gazed upon the scene of destruction.

The volume of smoke increased, and then small, forked tongues of flame flashed out.

Just then a volley of firearms broke the quiet of the morning hour, and a yell of anguish followed.

The trappers were armed with rifles and revolvers, and the battle was sharp and decisive.

The savages in their gloatings over the work of the fire-brand were taken by surprise, and four of them went down at the first onset, the fifth plunged madly, wildly away.

Elmer Hazen was about to go to the aid of the trappers when he saw the figure of a Sioux come bounding directly toward him.

The settler brought his rifle quickly up and fired.

The warrior did not slacken his speed at all, but leaped ahead with a wild, whirling motion.

As he drew near it seemed as if his eyes would bulge from their sockets.

His arms were held aloft and his lips were separated by nervous contraction so as to show a set of pearly white teeth.

It was a grim, horrifying object that came dashing down to them, and somehow those who watched were wonder-struck instead of being intimidated.

A few leaps more and the savage fell at the feet of the trio.

Before the woodman had time to fully comprehend the situation the savage turned his face upward and gurgled out the name: "Elmer Hazen!"

Husband and wife started.

They would have spoken, but a moan came from the wounded brave and attracted their attention. He was struggling for breath.

With a painful effort he drew from the pocket of his hunting frock a gold snuff-box, and holding it up until he felt it taken from his hand, fell back and lay quiet.

"Open the box, Elmer," the wife exclaimed; "it may contain the Indians' panacea for wounds."

"He is past the aid of earthly remedies," was the reply of Mr. Hazen, taking the red man's hand; "the fellow is dead."

The box, however, was opened, but it contained only a piece of paper, yet that little object made the eyes of the wondering couple open widely.

The slip was a bank certificate made payable to Elmer Hazen and indorsed by Anson Gale. The golden box also contained the name of the old Californian engraved upon the inner side of the cover.

The forester stooped over the prostrate form, and in a few seconds had bared a white breast.

"Morales, the Spaniard!"

The name was pronounced by the woodman in a hoarse whisper.

"He has followed us to his own destruction."

"Then it was really he who killed Anson Gale, but why did he not get the money?" the wife asked.

"He could not. He doubtless intended to make the old Californian indorse the paper to him, but reached the room too late, and now I see his plan in the last move. He has followed me to get the indorsement of myself. With the Indians at his back, he evidently intended to make me assign it to him as a condition for saving my life; but had he succeeded in that, he would have murdered us all to cover up the crime; see, the trappers are coming this way."

The story was soon told to the interested hunters, who surrounded the fallen Spaniard.

Before the sun was far up the bodies of the five who had come to destroy were buried, and the defenders of the exiled family rewarded.

No delay was made in ending the hermitage.

The cloud upon the life of Elmer Hazen was lifted, and he went back to civilization to enjoy the new fortune that had come to him in such a singular manner.—Chicago Ledger.

## EMERSON'S PURSE.

The Annoyance That the Philosopher Underwent While in a Vermont Village.

A young man in New York has among his most cherished possessions a letter written nearly twenty-one years ago by Ralph Waldo Emerson. It was sent by the philosopher to the young man's mother under rather singular circumstances.

"I never saw Emerson but once," said the possessor of the letter the other day, "and then I was too young to remember much about him. When I was a child he came to our town in Vermont to lecture, and was invited by my mother to spend the night at our house. An odd thing happened after the lecture. As he was leaving the lecture-hall his pocket-book was either lost or stolen. It contained the amount paid him for the lecture, and some money and other things besides. He came to our house, but said nothing about his loss that night. I remember that I was in the dining-room the next morning when he came in. The impression left on my mind is that he was a wonderfully tall man with a kindly face. He came into the dining-room and took me up in his arms, and lifting me up as far above his head as he could, he said:

"Where did you get those big blue eyes?"

"I don't remember whether he ate pie for breakfast. If he did, it was provided especially for him, as that article was never served at that meal in our house. After breakfast Mr. Emerson asked to see my mother alone. Then he explained the misfortune that had befallen him—that he had lost all his money—and apologized for being under the necessity of asking for a small loan. This, of course, was promptly made. The next day or the day after he returned the money loaned. Here is the letter he wrote," and the speaker handed out the following letter, written by Mr. Emerson's own hand:

"DELAVER HOUSE, ALBANY, Jan. 13, 1864.—DEAR MRS. —: I inclose \$10, the sum you so kindly lent me, with my best thanks; but am still vexed with clouding your pure hospitality by sympathy for such an absurd mishap.

"In the bare chance that the wallet should be picked up by an honest finder, I add, what I believe I told you, that there was no name; it was a common purplish one, containing the uncounted bills which Mr. — had just given me, and perhaps \$25 or \$28 more, two or three bills being of the Concord (Mass.) Bank, some postage stamps, and a blank check on the Atlantic Bank, Boston. I do not think of any other means of identification, and I am quite sure none will be wanted. But I am sorry I did not say to you that I had rather lose it than have it advertised in any manner.

"I recollect your house and its inhabitants with great pleasure, and I hope I may see you again. If you are in my neighborhood it will give me great pleasure to show you my household. One of these days Willie (one of the lady's sons) will come to see me on his way to Cambridge, I hope, if Cambridge mends its faults and desires the best boys. But the boys of this day, as I told you, seem to me to have a proud future before them. Yours with kindest regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

"Mrs. —."

The letter was written on heavy linen paper, in an irregular but easily legible hand.

"I never saw Mr. Emerson afterward," the young man continued.

"Whether Cambridge mended its ways or not, I did not go there, nor did my brother. Perhaps, though, we were not the 'best boys.' I often thought I should like to go to Concord, recall this occurrence to Mr. Emerson's mind, and introduce myself as the boy whom he lifted in his arms, and whose blue eyes he spoke of. But I never did. And I never heard the lost wallet was recovered."—Boston Globe.

## Herr Hager's Game.

Dynamiting is a game that can be worked both ways. Herr Hager, the wealthy German banker, is the most punctual man in the world, and always carries a couple of chronometers about with him. Thanks to this habit, he is a frequent victim to pickpockets, as not a week passes without his losing one of his watches. At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains; then one fine morning he took no precaution whatever, and quietly allowed himself to be robbed. At night, on returning from business, he took up the evening paper, when he uttered an exclamation of delight, and at once started off for the police station. This is what he had read: "To-day at two o'clock p. m., a violent explosion took place in a house in B— street, occupied by Mr. S—, a wealthy townsman. The hands of the victim are shattered, and the left eye gone." The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded during the operation of winding. Since that time no more watches have been stolen from Herr Hager.

CROCODILES are represented by alligators. Their tails are used for swimming, and their legs aid in lifting them out of the mud. They build nests of leaves and vegetation before it has begun to decay; a layer of eggs, a layer of vegetation. The heat of the vegetation hatches the eggs. The crocodile differs from the alligator by having no long separation between the nostrils. It has a valve in the throat for keeping out water. The crocodiles of the Nile and of the Ganges are most dangerous. Alligators are called cold-blooded because of their inability to develop heat in their bodies.

## RUMOR.

Those who never drink water are now called jugwumps.—Maverick.

You always feel surprised when you see a shooting star, do you not? That is because you did not know the sky was loaded.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

It was lately discovered that a Nevada lady had four large snakes in her stomach. Nevada should be shoved along toward Kentucky. The whisky is better there.—St. Paul Herald.

SPOODLE was saying that when he was abroad he was presented at court. "The deuce you were!" exclaimed Fogg. "How did it happen? How much did they fine you?"—Boston Transcript.

That every good Christian must sleep in his armor is a proverb as old as true goodness, but the man who goes to bed with his boots on in a strange hotel becomes at once an object of grave suspicion.—Chicago Ledger.

They may talk about old fiddles and their fabulous worth, but no fiddle awakens a livelier recollection of the past within us than the old standby with which we reluctantly tortured cord-wood in our youthful days, and which still hangs in the woodshed as of yore.—Dansville Breeze.

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S mother told him one day when he was killing flies that he must not do it, as they were God's children. Some time afterward the boy saw a lot of flies in an old molasses barrel struggling for their lives. "Look there, mamma," he cried, "I think if God cared anything for His children He would come along and turn that barrel over."—Merchant Traveler.

## PLAIN ENOUGH.

One morning in the month of Sept. A pretty clerk in Manning's dept. Took up her pen and struck a bal. Then took a train and struck for Cal. Why did she turn from Wash, D. C.? The answer is below (q. v.). Her friend had gone to join his co., And she went on to do, do, do. —Chicago News.

A LADY who received through the postoffice a few days ago a postal card containing 1,030 words written by a gentleman, replied on a card containing 1,040. That should teach him a lesson, and go far toward making such foolishness unpopular with the male sex. A man might as well attempt to get the last word as the most words with a woman.—Norristown Herald.

## THE MAJOR'S STORY.

"Waal, yes," said the Major, unfolding his knife, "And shaving a slice from his chair. I come from a family of pretty long life—The longest, I reckon, round here. My gran'father lived to a mighty old age—He died at two hundred and four. But the Major stopped short in his yarn at this stage.

For the Judge entered in at the door.

"Now, Major," the Judge very gravely remarked, "I knew your old gran'father well; He was just eighty-three when his spirit embarked.

For that bourn where the good spirits dwell."