

AN OLD GARDEN.

An odor of full-bloomed flowers
Bids me restrain my steps and lean
Over an old gray wall, where cowers
The shrinking moss in crevice green.

Spread here before my listless gaze
An old-world English garden lies,
Where paths and arbors twine a maze,
And flowers woo the buzzing flies.

Untrimmed, unkempt, in lavish growth,
All nature keeps companionship;
The graceful lily is not loath
To touch the briar with her lip.

In peach tree shade lie flowers wild,
All unsuspecting of their birth;
And woe to plant is reconciled
By common love for Mother Earth.

The paths and beds would vain conceal
Distinction where the apple drops,
Or trout strawberry blossoms feel
Their way across to alien crops.

While moss and lichen intercede
All rival lives to harmonize—
Tis thuslike the rose and weed
Contribute pleasure to our eyes.

I love thee, garden, and like the bee
This blessing from thy bonny sib
"Fair in ourselves we each may be,
But fairest for companionship."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A FATHER'S SECRET.

L.

EMILY VANE sat in the drawing-room window which overlooked the sea and the Cleveland hills, but she saw neither sea nor hills. She and her father, with the servants, had been now some five weeks at Saltburn, in a large house which Mr. Vane had rented for the summer. Henry Vane, Esq., owned a good-sized mansion in Belgrave, where he had lived for the past eight years during the London season, and an estate near Nottingham, amid picturesque scenery, where he generally resided when not in London. Each summer, however, he rented his house at Saltburn; for not only Emily, but himself too, was charmed with the quiet, beautiful Yorkshire watering place. From all of which it will be at once surmised that Henry Vane, Esq., was a man of wealth.

His money had been acquired abroad, and though of his family nothing or little was known in society, he was well received by some excellent houses; for even a titled person does not care lightly to offend one whose income is £40,000.

Emily Vane saw neither sea nor hills. Her thoughts were wholly occupied by two letters in front of her. Both had come that morning, and both were proposals for her hand. The first of them was from the Earl of Seacroft, who for some time had been paying Miss Vane noticeable attentions, and who, both as regarded personal qualities and position, was indeed no bad match for any English maiden. He was yet young and fairly wealthy, and for some months—in fact, since Emily had "come out"—had been a victim to her beauty and charms. She admitted to herself that Lord Seacroft's proposal was not one to be lightly set aside.

The other letter was from Mr. Hubert Wells. Emily had met him about six months ago, at a country house, since which time he had been her devoted admirer. She frankly confessed to herself that she liked him, that she liked his society, that she knew that he loved her. But Hubert Wells was not rich, and had no particular position. He had only about £100 a year, which his father, long since dead, had left him to live upon.

Emily Vane still sat, looking first at this proposal, then at that. She had for the past week or two, expected both, and so unsettled and doubtful was she that she had given neither suitor any chance of proposing personally. But now it had come—both on one morning! The ordeal had to be faced; the decision to be made! Her pride, her love for her father, her wish to raise the name of Vane, said "Seacroft;" yet there was a small voice underneath which whispered, "Hubert."

In her perplexity she picked up the letters, and went to see her father in his study. Emily Vane's mother had died at her birth; her father was her closest confidant. As Emily entered he rose up and kissed her lovingly, then smoothing her hair, said, quietly: "Which of the two is it to be, love?"

The beautiful girl gazed at him with eyes half dimmed with tears, as she answered, blushingly: "Whichever my papa likes! He always chooses for the best."

"Well, my dear, suppose I should say Lord Seacroft? I have always wished such a husband for you—titled, yet noble in nature's best way."

"Yes, papa."

"Yet I like this Mr. Wells."

Emily's heart beat a shade quicker. "He cannot give you what the Earl of Seacroft can, and what I have so often pictured you; and yet—and yet—he is his father's son!"

The girl gazed, half in fear and astonishment, for her father was as pale as death, and shook visibly.

"What is it, papa?" she said.

"Sit down, my love," replied Mr. Vane. "It has only come, as I felt certain some day it would. God has brought it out in his time. I must tell you now. Don't be afraid, Emily. It is the secret of my life which I've hidden for thirty-five years; now you must share it. I feel I should not be doing right if I let you choose to-day without telling you of it. When you have heard my story you must choose for yourself, and be assured your choice, whichever it is, will please me. As for what you will hear, it will remain your secret and mine; I shall keep it as before, and I must beg of you to do the same all your life, even from your husband."

III.

"It was six years after this that, with money made in sheep farming, Joseph Turnell, the former convict, turned up at Ballarat just as the first rush of the gold fever occurred. It was Turnell who bought the great tract of land which was afterward discovered to be almost wholly gold under the surface, and who sold it, after getting some thousands out of it, for a very large sum. But nobody in England or Australia, when Joseph Turnell's name was mentioned, ever thought for a moment that he was the escaped convict about whom such a stir had been made at home, both on his escape and later, when a dying tramp confessed that it was his gunshot that memorable night which killed the keeper.

"Joseph Turnell was wealthy, and had married a dear girl in Victoria, who had borne him a daughter ere she died. Need I go on, Emily? You have guessed it all! He came to England, and took the name of Henry Vane, owing to having had some estates left him, as he told his friends; in reality, to throw any chance old acquaintance off the scent. There is no fear now of any discovery or disagreeable thing happening. I felt nervous the first year or two, but now the only two who know all this are you and I, for even the good

old captain is dead. So, you see, I was imprisoned unjustly after all, but it has turned out a good thing for me in the end. And, now you have wealth and beauty, I wanted, for my own ambition, to see you a lady by title and position, and the Earl of Seacroft could have no finer countess, nor you a more desirable husband."

"Thirty-seven years ago a convict ship was sailing from England for Botany Bay, under the command of a brave captain and crew. There were no fewer than forty convicts on board—desperate fellows of every description; thieves, highwaymen, manslayers, all kinds of villains. Among them was one whose case had excited much interest at home, since many people believed him innocent—morally, at any rate—of a crime he was said to have committed. Among a gang of poachers one night he, their superior in rank, had the misfortune to shoot one of the keepers who watched for them and attacked them. The shot had killed the keeper, but there was some doubt as to whose gun it had come from, and, when the convict in question was arrested and charged, the keepers swore that he had fired the shot. For himself, he knew not whether this was so; several of his fellow poachers said he was innocent, and that the real culprit had escaped. His sentence, however, was that of penal servitude at Botany Bay for life—probably the doubt alone saved him from being hanged.

"Naturally, his spirit was galled; he became morose, wild, severe in aspect as in temper, and his reputation on the convict ship was that of the worst criminal on board. He rebelled at his jailers, at his food, at his confinement, and felt ready for any dark deed. The chance soon came. The vessel was off the Cape of Good Hope, some miles away, when he first got knowledge of a projected mutiny, in which the captain, crew and jailers were all to be murdered; and the successful mutineering convicts were then to steer for some unknown point in Africa and land there.

"It was a desperate scheme and in the mutiny he was thoroughly in unison, but not with the murder. He was not yet as black as that, and tried hard to dissuade his fierce companions from it, but in vain. As they persisted in their plans, he felt that all he could do was to keep quiet till the time for action came; but the captain and his wife had been really kind to him, and he determined that they should not die. Yet he would not betray his companions like a coward.

"On Sept. 8 the attack was made. He stood near the captain's cabin to protect its unsuspecting inmates. When the mutineers, having seized the watch on deck and killed them, came rushing down, he ordered them back from that cabin; they refused to go, and a fight ensued. The captain became roused, the alarm was given, and, after a desperate resistance, the rebels were overpowered and put in irons. The captain begged of the guards to set the convict who had saved his life at liberty, but they declined, pretending that, in reality, he was as bad as the rest. So he was closely guarded.

"It was touching at Perth that the captain's opportunity came. Having secured the co-operation of his mates, he entertained the whole of the guards to dinner one evening, and made them helplessly drunk. In the meantime one of his party contrived to secure possession of the keys, and in a few moments the convict's irons had been unloosened, and he was free. The captain himself came and shook hands with him ere he sent him off in the boat which was waiting for him.

"I know," said he, "that what I have done for you is risky and may cost me something if my part is discovered; but you saved my life, so I will take this risk to save you from the crushing penal servitude. All I have to say to you is, get away from the coast, after you have landed, as soon as possible, change your name and appearance as much as you can; go into some honest business, and, though it is not likely, if ever I do hear of you again let it be in such a way that will do you credit, and repay me for giving you freedom to-night."

"The tears stood in the convict's eyes as he thanked his benefactor and grasped his hand.

"Sir, I shall take your advice. My little bit of good was almost gone by the brutal treatment I have suffered—for I don't think I killed that gamekeeper, but even if I did, it was purely accidental. You have proved to me that all the kindness and gratitude are not yet gone out of the world, and I hope some day to be able to show you how I appreciate it."

"Within a few minutes more the boat had landed him on the mainland. He watched it return to the ship and then departed.

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"She sat pale and agitated, yet smiling now, for was not her dear father free of that awful, even if unintentional, crime which had made her feel so sick as he told her the story?

"So you think I must choose Lord Seacroft?" asked she.

"Nay," replied Mr. Vane; "I have scarcely done yet. Hear the rest and choose for yourself. As you know now, all I have to do is to that good captain my freedom, my wealth, my fair fame, I promised—and God knows I have tried—never to forget him and his wife, Emily, that captain's name was Hubert Wells, and this Hubert Wells is his son I found out all easily by my agents. I have never repaid the father, never can, nor the mother, either, for what they did. My own, dearest darling can if she chooses—and I half suspect it will be agreeable—sacrifice with me in our ambitions, hopes, and repay the son for his father's sake?"

He stopped and looked at her. Emily Vane's eyes wandered thoughtfully on a long gaze over the sunlit sea; then she turned with a calm smile and whispered:

"Yes, dearest papa, and she will."

"God bless you both," said he. "The captain, though far away, will be as delighted as I am."—Tid-Bits.

DRILLED CLEAR THROUGH.

Man Pierced by an Iron and Lived to Tell the Tale.

They were discussing last night at a miners' boarding-house the recent stabbing of Tom Lynch at the Butte Hotel, and a number of cases of a similar nature were brought up in which the injured men recovered and were as healthy as ever.

"The most remarkable one, though, that I ever heard of," said Jerry Harrigan, "was that of Pat Mulligan, with whom I worked for many a year. In June, 1851, Mulligan was working at the Gray Rock, when the shaft on that property was about 225 feet deep. Mulligan was one of the sinking crew, and one day the bucket which was used for taking out the waste and water was being hoisted to the surface. The bucket was almost filled with water and the shaft men, unknown to the top man, put six dull drills in the bucket to be sent on top to be sharpened. The top man dumped the water in a trough at the collar of the shaft and, on closing the trap doors on top and one of the drills rolled out, struck the trough and fell off down the shaft.

It was an inch drill two feet long and weighed about six pounds. Mulligan was in a stooping position when the drill struck him. It hit him back of the shoulder blade, passed clean through the body, narrowly missing his heart, and partly emerged from between the ribs. Mulligan's horror-stricken comrades in the shaft rushed to his assistance and were about to pull the drill out from his back when Mulligan calmly seized the lower end of the drill from where it protruded and by a great effort pulled it through his body and threw it down at his feet. The top man dumped the water in a trough at the collar of the shaft and, on closing the trap doors on top and one of the drills rolled out, struck the trough and fell off down the shaft.

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THE JAILER'S QUERY.

SIRS, WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Converted Sheriff—A Question of Incomparable Importance—The Cry of an Agitated Soul—A Call to the Unconverted.

Our Weekly Sermon.

For the closing discourse of the year Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a subject which appeals to the unconverted everywhere—The "Philippine Jailer." The text selected was, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—Acts xvi, 30.

Imprisoned in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold and dark and damp and loathsome and hideous, unwholesome save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leather thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building and amid pleasant surroundings is a paid officer of the Government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night, and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a raving turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness, but suddenly crash go the walls! The two clerical pass out free. The jail keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, started beyond all bounds, and, flailing in hand, he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

He stopped and looked at her. Emily Vane's eyes wandered thoughtfully on a long gaze over the sunlit sea; then she turned with a calm smile and whispered:

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