

Farwell. Farwell! my darling! the words must be spoken!

Now we are parting for ever and aye. Tears may be flowing, and hearts may be broken;

Here in my arms, darling, cease your wild sobbing. Silently lie with your face on my heart.

Let me, my own one, for you it is throbbing. Well nigh to bursting, because we must part.

All your fair gold hair about me is streaming, And your soft white arms around me are pressed;

Down in your gray eyes the love light is gleaming. Bright as the jewels that flash on your breast.

Can I do, sweet? Our love dream is over. Dark is the path I must traverse alone;

Not one bright spot shall I ever discover. When I have left you, my darling, my own!

Life is but made up of all such sweet seeming. But it has sorrows that no time can quell;

Ours has just come to us—we have been dreaming. Too bright a dream of love—darling, farewell!

Farwell for ever!—no meeting to-morrow. Noting but memory with us to stay;

Here I must leave you, alone in your sorrow. Weeping and lonely, and I far away.

But you will think of me only and ever. Breathing my name in each pure trusting prayer;

And when you bend the knee to the great Giver, Darling, my spirit will surely be there!

Farwell, my own one! The words have been spoken. Given and taken the last parting kiss;

Tears may be flowing and hearts may be broken. But in the world, love, what rock they of this?

I was dreaming; in fact, I was just on that mysterious frontier land between the two states, which is not the least perplexing aspect of the phenomena of a mortal existence—that is to say, I thought I was dreaming—when I saw the figure of a man on all fours crawling out of the stream of moonlight in the salon into the shadow cast, as I have said, by the arch and heavy folds of the portiere.

But I knew I was awake when, losing sight of him for a minute there, I saw him again emerging into the rays of light which fell across the floor of the alcove where I lay. I knew, I say, that I was awake now, for could I not distinguish plainly as he came slowly and stealthily toward the bed that his face was hidden by a sort of crumpled mask?

And yet still, for a moment more, I thought I must be dreaming. I had never moved or raised my head from the pillow; I had simply opened my eyes, and I still abstained from movement which endeavoring to realize in what condition I was.

Suddenly, however, all doubt disappeared. I took in at the instant the fact that this was an attempt at robbery, perhaps worse; for, approaching the little table, the figure without raising his head, took from his breast a bag, and if to reach the marble top. The man was within arm's length of me now, and without giving him the slightest warning by any preliminary movement I endeavored to spring out of bed straight upon him.

For a second I had him by the collar and he began to grope for the door, but made straight through the door of the salon going to the landing, intending to raise an alarm and prevent an escape, but before I could draw the bolt I saw him at the window opening on the balcony. His figure came between me and the moonlight, and judging that, as the casement was open, he must have entered that way, and was now endeavoring to get out by it, I once more sprung toward him, and had him in my arms just as he stepped on to the balcony and was in the act of climbing over it. He struggled for a moment or two desperately, of course; but my hot temper was up now, and thinking of nothing but the insolent audacity of the intrusion and the attempted robbery, I tore him away with great violence, or he was but like a child in his strength compared to me—saying, in my fury: "Ho, ho, you scoundrel! you want to get out this way, do you? then you shall go!" I flung him, as if he had been a truss of straw, over the balcony into the rushing river below!

Then, and then only, for the first time, as my hands quitted hold of him, did I remember the situation of my room. I had been sleeping in different quarters of the hotel, but in the last few weeks, and in the suddenness and rapidity with which the whole of the incidents had happened I entirely forgot that below the balcony rushed the impetuous Rhine. Lightning does not express the swift keenness of the agony which I experienced in my brain at the sight of the wretched man, I caught a faint glimpse of his falling figure, and heard the faintest cry and splash rise for a second above the rush of the torrent.

Not being skilled in describing sensations I abstain entirely from attempting to express what mine were now. I pulled myself together in a minute or two, endeavoring to collect my thoughts, and to settle what I ought to do. I walked to the table where I had left my watch—it was gone; to the little stand—my pocket of notes was safe, but the piece of folded crumpled paper with an elastic band attached. In the first encounter the thief's disguise had fallen off—here it was!—and I remembered that for a second on the balcony I had met the rascal's large dark eyes as they seemed staring from his head with terror.

The balcony! As I put my hand on the side of the balustrade, in the act of looking over, it touched the top of a light ladder, the other end of which descended down on a long but best projecting ledge over the balcony. No light was over a low-pitched, *entresol*, to which this low balcony belonged.

Clearly, then, it was some one engaged about the house—a waiter probably—who had attempted to rob me; one of those who had seen me open my letter, and a candle in my room, and who also then that my movements in my room must have been watched, or that stealthily hand would never have been raised with such foreknowledge toward the spot where I had placed the money.

My impulse now was to raise an alarm; but an instant's reflection showed me that if I did I must bid good-bye to all thoughts of reaching Paris by the early train, and of saving the limit of my leave. And was it worth my while to do this? I decided in a moment—namely, certainly not. Was I to expose myself to a certain, but inconceivably possible, professional ruin, through not meeting my engagements, simply for the sake of explaining to the cumbersome law of the land what had happened, and to run the risk of an being able to do so to its satisfaction, and consequently perhaps on being incarcerated in a goal; at least it was not! I would see the law of Switzerland at Jericho first! As it was I had lost my watch, and my temper leaped up in rebellion at the thought and easily persuaded me for a time that I should be little better than for the fool to risk the prospect of my life by an act so quixotic.

If the rascal were drowned it was his own fault, and there should be an end of it as far as I was concerned. No; I would be off as I proposed; and with this determination I began deliberately to dress and pack my knapsack, for sleep was gone for that night. Only one doubt perplexed me. Should I leave the ladder standing where it was, and let the hotel authorities think what

they liked, or should I fling it into the river after the man? Right or wrong, with very little hesitation I adopted the latter course.

Not a sign of life was visible as I looked once more out upon the broad river; and as I gently raised the ladder, and considered it to its depths, I thought it was not the first secret by a good many that its impetuous current had carried away into oblivion.

An hour or two later, I had quietly paid my bill at the bureau, and was on my way to Paris, and by the following night was once more in my chambers in the Temple.

Argue, reason, justify, talk about self-defense, and, if I hadn't done this, he would have done so—and so, and so, as much as you please, you can never quite philosophize away the very disagreeable sensation which will arise occasionally if you have ever had the misfortune, however unintentionally, to kill a man. My hot temper has often given me cause for regret, not to say remorse, but since the night when I flung the robber into the Rhine I hope I can safely say I have cured it. Whenever it comes bubbling up there also comes to me the vivid recollection of the brief struggle on the balcony, and to it is attributed the instant; but the recollection, alas! is not so speedily dismissed; it still hovers painfully in my memory at times, though twelve years have passed since the deed was done—twelve years! during which no mention, that I have ever seen, has been made in the papers of any one having been missed from the hotel.

Of course I have been often to Switzerland since, but somehow I have always avoided the town where stands the history of Les Trois Sages, and I certainly should never think of going to the Rhine again. I strike the Alps now by other routes, and have a tendency to get well to the Italian side of them. Indeed, I have but lately returned from a saunter amongst the hills in the neighborhood of Como. What capricious fate led me to the spot need not be speculated upon; it was one of those strange coincidences, I suppose, which when met with in fiction excite little surprise, but which when stated as facts are generally doubted.

Well, I pulled up one day at an unpretentious little albergo, on the side of a steep declivity overlooking the "luz" lake. The light refreshment which I ordered was brought to me as I sat at a little table in the garden, sheltered by vines, olives and fig trees, by the padrone himself, a venerable gray-headed man. Only as he set the fruit and bread down before me did I observe that he was blind. He had walked so steadily and directly from the house to where I sat that none could have guessed at his condition. The sudden discovery of it, together with a sorrowful expression, which his face wore, touched me, and I began talking to him with what Italian I could muster. His speech showed him to be above the common herd, and after conversing for a while about the neighborhood, and such ordinary topics, I ventured to touch on his blindness.

"Oh," said he, "that is very little, signor; men can be more severely tried than by having to live in the dark. There are worse afflictions than that."

"Indeed," I answered; "do you speak from experience?" "I do," he said, "I have seen many cases of it." "Truly, signor, I do."

"You surprise me; I should have thought nothing could be worse. Do you mind telling me what you have found so?"

"No," he said, slowly sitting down opposite to me; "but it is a sad tale. I doubt if it can amuse the signor; but if he is willing to listen I am willing to tell. It sometimes eases the heart to pour out its troubles even into the ear of a stranger. But say to me, how long has the blindness lasted?"

"I looked into his large brown palm, and was about to answer, but the words stuck in my throat, for surely it was not the first time I had seen that dial!"

"Permit me," I said, after a pause, as, pretending not to be quite able to see it, I endeavored to turn the watch over in my hand, that I might by a glance at the back of it verify the idea which has crossed my mind. He felt what I was doing, and said: "The signor will find the time by the front, and not the back."

"Surely," I answered; "it is three o'clock. But that is an English watch you have, is it not?"

"The signor is curious; can it signify to him of what manufacture it is?" replied the padrone, in rather an altered tone, but not angry.

"Oh, no," I answered, carelessly, not wishing to arouse any suspicions in him; "it only struck me as strange to find an English watch in these parts. Pray let me look at it."

With a return of his former sorrowful manner and with an air of resignation he reluctantly handed me the watch, saying: "Certainly, if I tell you one thing I may as well tell you all."

A glimpse of the back revealed my own crest and initials; but I restrained the expression rising to my lips and went on: "Ah, a good watch; may I ask how you came by it?"

"The way of his death!" But the padrone was not to be hurried. He seemed to like to linger on the pain his slowly uttered words brought with them, little guessing how they were paining me also.

He went on: "Ever a prodigal from his youth upward my boy grew worse and worse as he reached manhood. I had looked that he should inherit my business and good name, for they were both worth inheriting at one time. I kept an hotel at Bergamo, and for a while he was my chief waiter, but his vicious courses brought ruin on us both. He contracted debts which I had to pay; ran away in evil company, and I heard nothing of him for years. When I did it was, as usual, with a demand for money. He was then in Switzerland, and so, as much as you please, you can never quite philosophize away the very disagreeable sensation which will arise occasionally if you have ever had the misfortune, however unintentionally, to kill a man. My hot temper has often given me cause for regret, not to say remorse, but since the night when I flung the robber into the Rhine I hope I can safely say I have cured it. Whenever it comes bubbling up there also comes to me the vivid recollection of the brief struggle on the balcony, and to it is attributed the instant; but the recollection, alas! is not so speedily dismissed; it still hovers painfully in my memory at times, though twelve years have passed since the deed was done—twelve years! during which no mention, that I have ever seen, has been made in the papers of any one having been missed from the hotel."

"But was he?" I inquired, with an anxiety I could ill-disguise, as the old man looked at me with a sad smile.

"No, signor; it was not his destiny to be drowned—would that it had been, for then he would have been saved from the commission of his greatest crime! No; he was restored, to return to me and his father, and I certainly should never think of going to the Rhine again. I strike the Alps now by other routes, and have a tendency to get well to the Italian side of them. Indeed, I have but lately returned from a saunter amongst the hills in the neighborhood of Como. What capricious fate led me to the spot need not be speculated upon; it was one of those strange coincidences, I suppose, which when met with in fiction excite little surprise, but which when stated as facts are generally doubted."

"And the watch," I suggested, with a sense of relief quite inexpressible, "you found in his possession?"

"Yes," he said, "I doubt if he had come by it honestly, for they tell me there are a device and letters on the back in no way belonging to him. But still I treasure it for his sake, or rather for his mother's, for he was all that remained to me of her, and she idolized him for the five years that she was spared after his birth; and," added the old man, in a somewhat more cheery tone, as if the recital of his troubles had relieved him, "a good English watch is useful to a blind man."

"I had," he said, "the last thing in my thoughts was to deprive him of his treasure. I was only too well repaid for my loss by what I had just heard; only too grateful for being able after all even to look back with complacency upon what I nevertheless still call 'My Murder!'"

The Late Alexandre Dumas. M. Alphonse Karr had just established himself at Nice when M. Dumas happened to be passing through that town, and was cordially invited to dinner by his old friend. Next day accordingly the author of the "Three Musketeers" presented himself at the time appointed, in company with twenty-two acquaintances whom he had just met that morning in his walks abroad, and whom it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world to bring to dinner at his friend's house. A Russian princess was also of the party, and everything went off as merrily as a marriage bell. At dessert the author of the "Three Musketeers" wrote his name on her glass, a request to which the great novelist gallantly acceded. Then one after another of the twenty-two preferred the same petition, which was cheerfully granted, and each accompanied him. They too had in their glasses, and the names of the guests were written on them. M. Karr looked on approvingly, but he may have been meditating at the same time over the cost of twenty-three handsome glasses, which had all been borrowed for the occasion. A more whimsical adventure is said to have befallen another distinguished French writer who had lingered with a friend somewhat longer than usual over the afternoon absinthe at a cafe. "Let us get some idea of the rapidly with which our forests are disappearing, and to discover the means for the salvation of the future, felt by those who have most carefully studied the subject of the destruction of our growing trees."

A Colored Woman's Taxes. As the officer in a section of Boston was about posting a poor colored woman's house to answer the requirement of the law, previous to selling for non-payment of sidewalk assessment, he was met by the colored woman, who inquired the cause of the notice. "It is for non-payment of tax," "Tax—what for?" asked the poor woman. "For sidewalk." "Oh! ah, that's it, hey? Well, put him up; old woman's money's more ended; one after another the good Lord's gone and taken the children, the old man's gone to rest, and the old woman's left all alone. Pray, the notice; put it up, I say, and sell; she'll not let it much longer, anyhow. Bless the Lord; pretty soon I'll go home to reign with Jesus, then there won't be any taxes to pay, and the poor old woman'll be at rest." The tax man said that was a different taxation from that which he received from another woman, whose house he posted at the other end of the street.

HIS REASON.—One of the Savannah benevolent association encountered on his boat, the other day, an applicant for aid. He asked: "Have you a husband, madam?" "Yes, sir." "What is his occupation?" "Cotton booter, sir" (laborer who stow cotton in vessels, and whose wages are five dollars a day under favorable circumstances). "Well, why don't he go to work; he can get plenty to do?" "Sure, sir, they won't give but four dollars a day." That settled her application. Equally futile was the claim of a man for three dollars a day for nursing his wife.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

To make turkey wing soup (turkey wings may be purchased cheaply from poultry dealers; the wings of four turkeys are sufficient to make soup for eight persons) trim the small ends cut each one in five pieces; put them on the fire in a stewpan, with two ounces of butter; fry them till the butter is clear and the meat lightly browned; drain the butter off, moisten with two quarts of water; set on the fire, let boil, skim well, and keep them warm; boil the livers in salted water, highly acidulated with vinegar to take out most of the strong oily taste and odor; dress the fish in a large dish; range around some thick slices of fresh peeled potatoes; season with salt and pepper; pour over half a pound of melted but not boiled butter; send to table with the livers served on a folded napkin in a separate dish and garnished with parsley leaves.

To prepare boiled cod Newfoundland fashion: Have two middle sized very fresh cod; remove the heads, tails, fins and intestines; save the sounds, tongues and livers; cut each cod in four pieces; boil them on a grate in a fish boiler, with the sounds and tongues in salted water; when done, drain them out, and set on the fire, let boil, skim well; boil the livers in salted water, highly acidulated with vinegar to take out most of the strong oily taste and odor; dress the fish in a large dish; range around some thick slices of fresh peeled potatoes; season with salt and pepper; pour over half a pound of melted but not boiled butter; send to table with the livers served on a folded napkin in a separate dish and garnished with parsley leaves.

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Advice to Drinking Men.

The question is frequently asked, says the Boston Traveller, what course a drinking man should pursue to rid himself of the craving appetite for liquor. None but one who has been there knows how terrible is the appetite and how difficult it is to resist its demands. The desire for just one more drink besets every man who has ever fallen a victim to the curse, and the cries for something to fill up the void without a return to the intoxicating cup are heard everywhere. It is a pleasure to announce that such a substitute does exist. A drinking man can apply himself easily with the remedies used at nearly all of the inebriate asylums and be his own physician at his own house, without the necessity, expense and publicity of visiting any reformatory institution.

His laboratory need contain only a small quantity of cayenne pepper, a pot of concentrated extract of beef, and a few grains of bromide of potash, without the necessity, expense and publicity of visiting any reformatory institution.

When three good little boys got together of an afternoon the chances are that there will either be a fight, a window broken, or some stray dog will have a pan tied to his tail.

Nevada never held 60,000 people. It contains one desert which alone covers 30,000 square miles. None of the mountain Territories will average one acre in twenty fit for cultivation.

Older plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a full cask, and she must drink both the first and the last glass it contains in order to be married within a year.

We can't understand why it is that a married man can't go into a store to buy a new rolling pin without blushing to the tips of his ears if anybody happens to sciggle when he prefers his request.

The man who has been sitting all summer in a public square looking for a job of work lately transferred his observation to a warm barroom, where he can see just as much and be more comfortable.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, while walking a dog, had stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

The Scotch people are horrified to find that the whisky sold in the little villages of that country is adulterated with vitriolic acid, and committees of investigation are everywhere appointed.

The territories of Russia in Turkestan cover 460,000 English square miles, or an space as large as the Austrian empire, Germany and Belgium combined. But the population is only 2,500,000, or less than that of Switzerland.

A man was hung at Tanna-Fort, near Bombay, India, for a horrible murder, and made rather a notable observation in Gujerati. Standing under a tree, he whispered to the executioner: "In one minute what a lot I shall know."

A man just returned from a prolonged stay in the Black Hills doesn't give any very encouraging account of the amount of gold to be found there, but says it is one of the grandest fields for a young man's Christian association or a temperance society to open business in he ever saw.

The total number of Irish proprietors is 19,228, representing a valuation of £10,182,681. One hundred and ten persons hold one-fifth of the soil. Ulster has 5,767 proprietors; Leinster, 5,350; Munster, 5,691; Connaught, 2,480. Only 1,443 proprietors are returned as rarely or never resident in Ireland.

Silver in Nevada is first discovered very strangely. A woman picked up a stone to throw at her husband. It was so heavy that she examined it, and it proved to be a lump of silver; \$50,000,000 was the result of this to—the country. The women make a drop, but there is no silver in this State, so no experiments.

The life of an Australian squatter is a struggle 'twixt drought and flood. He is now terrible distressed by the former. The rivers are choked up by the carcasses of sheep and oxen which have died of thirst, and they are obliged to dig the lambs to save the stock. On one station, 2,000 head of cattle have perished, and on another 10,000 sheep.

The number of convictions for murder in England has been greater in 1875 than in any preceding year, the exact figures being, since 1870, respectively, forty-four, fifty-six, sixty and sixty-three. Shooting, wounding and stabbing have also increased, the number of convictions last year having been 897. Crimes against property, and pauperism, are, however, steadily decreasing.

The buildings of the Paris exhibition of 1878 will cover a space of 1,350,000 square yards. They are to be of iron filled in with brick work, and will have the form of a Pythagorean table; if it passes through in one direction the similar productions of different countries may be inspected, while if crossed in the other direction the various products of any one country may be passed in review.

Items of Interest.

Cunning and honesty do not live together. The waltzers in the Acclimation garden of Paris have been taught to say "papa" and "mamma."

Henry Ward Beecher advising young men not to run in debt, advised: "But if you feel that you must run in debt, let it be for a little home."

A man in Louisiana, who lost his arm by the premature explosion of a cannon, offers \$50 reward for the recovery of a diamond sleeve button attached to the missing shirt cuff.

The latest instance of "married in haste" when a couple united in matrimony on an express train while it was humming along at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Jonsey was trying to explain to Julia's father that Sublime Porte meant a big gate. "Now," said the old man, "jest you take the sublimest kind of a port out of this, will you?"

When three good little boys got together of an afternoon the chances are that there will either be a fight, a window broken, or some stray dog will have a pan tied to his tail.

Nevada never held 60,000 people. It contains one desert which alone covers 30,000 square miles. None of the mountain Territories will average one acre in twenty fit for cultivation.

Older plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a full cask, and she must drink both the first and the last glass it contains in order to be married within a year.

We can't understand why it is that a married man can't go into a store to buy a new rolling pin without blushing to the tips of his ears if anybody happens to sciggle when he prefers his request.

The man who has been sitting all summer in a public square looking for a job of work lately transferred his observation to a warm barroom, where he can see just as much and be more comfortable.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, while walking a dog, had stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

The Scotch people are horrified to find that the whisky sold in the little villages of that country is adulterated with vitriolic acid, and committees of investigation are everywhere appointed.

The territories of Russia in Turkestan cover 460,000 English square miles, or an space