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JACOBS OIL

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No Preparation equals Jacobs Oil. A few drops, simple and direct external remedy. A trial will show its superiority. It is the most reliable and every one who has used it can have a true and positive proof of its claims.

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Poetical

THE SNOW-FALL. The snow-fall that softly, all night, is whitening the roof and pathway; The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.

THE RAY. The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken the sleeping babe; The pious mother of it, in the sun-amitted reach of the dower.

THE SEED. The seed with its pregnant surmise of welcome young heart and blossom; The dispar of the wilderness tangle, and treacherous thicket of forest.

THE HAPPY WEST. The happy west wind as it starts some noon-laden river from its cradle; The hurricane creating its way through the homes and life of the valley.

THE PLAY OF THE PETS. The play of the petals of flame when the children laugh out on the hearthstone; The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible lightning conflagration.

THE GLEIS OF WAVE. The gleis of wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in the breaking; The roar and the cry of ocean, a limitless mad stream of riu.

THE LEAPING HEART. The leaping heart unto heart, with bits that can never be spoken; The passion that madmen, and shows how God may be thrust from his creature.

THE VICE. For this do I tremble and start when I rise in the vice; The vice that the storm beats me down my nose; —Mary Mays Dope, in The Century Magazine for November.

THE BLACK BAGS. A JEWELER'S STORY. CHAPTER I. MY JOURNEY.

It was on the 29th of October, 1859, that I was returning to England, having taken the steamer "The Dublin for Holyhead. Business had taken me to Ireland—I am a jeweler—and it had been necessary for me to visit a branch of my own firm in Dublin. I was bringing back certain valuable jewels which required resetting—diamonds of great value and some other things of less importance, but still valuable.

I found all the passengers talking on one subject—the terrible and appalling wreck which had occurred only three days before off Maltra, on the Anglesca coast. No less than four hundred and forty-five lives were lost that night when the Royal Charter was totally wrecked. She was a screw steamer, commanded by Captain Taylor. A large sum of money—£700,000 or £800,000 in gold—was lost also, it was supposed; but I have since heard that some of the gold was recovered. I am a silent man habitually, and the awe in the voice of my fellow passengers struck me sorely; but I had another reason, as I will presently appear, in remembering my journey from Dublin to London on this occasion.

I carried the jewels which I have already mentioned in a small black hand-bag, and so long as I knew that it was safe, I was not troubled. On my arrival at Holyhead, I took my seat in an empty first-class railway carriage. Just as the train was moving off, however, a gentleman suddenly got in. He sat down nearly opposite me, so I had a good opportunity of observing his appearance. I noticed that he was young, apparently not more than twenty years of age; that he had a broad black band round his hat, and that on his face were traces of recent sorrow, almost in fact of agitation. He seemed relieved at having caught the train, and being like myself quite disinclined for conversation, our journey proceeded in silence.

My bag lay beside me, and under my eyes. I was tired after my crossing, and fell into a sort of doze. On waking, I instantly glanced at my bag. There it lay, quite safe. My companion, however, had moved his seat. We stopped at a station, and he rose and went to the carriage. I had a broad black band round his hat, and that on his face were traces of recent sorrow, almost in fact of agitation. He seemed relieved at having caught the train, and being like myself quite disinclined for conversation, our journey proceeded in silence.

At Crews, our next stopping place, he got out, and I followed him. He was very tired now, and fell into a sound sleep with my hand holding the handle of my black bag. I did not wake until we reached London; then getting into the first hand-carriage I saw, and still carrying my precious bag, of which I was habitually afraid, I took my seat. I had these sad reflections: "She would have been a man in my trade, I instantly went to the safe in which I keep valuable jewelry, unlocked it, and, depositing the bag on a table, I opened it. Imagine my dismay at finding that, instead of diamonds, it contained only some petty trinkets, and that my bag had been substituted for it, so I very, indeed, that even the weight was as the appearance had been judged.

I put the affair into the hands of the police, giving them exactly every particular as I have here written it. "The bag was lost."

CHAPTER II. MY SEARCH. A year after the events narrated in the last chapter, I was again traveling on the line which takes passengers to Holyhead. It was the beginning of October as well as I remember.

I traveled first-class, my usual custom when I have a long journey before me. During the year not a sign had been given of my missing bag or the jewels, but I had not really despaired yet of recovering it, and then for I had a certain unaccountable feeling about the whole's thing; that there was some mystery about it I felt sure.

Regularly every Wednesday in every week I had called at Scotland Yard, and had always had the same answer, "Nothing yet, sir." The reward I had offered was sufficient to insure a certain interest, and the police, I firmly believed, were as keen in the matter as I could wish.

On this October morning in 1861, I traveled with a lady who was in deep mourning. The day was chilly, and she wore several wraps, but getting warm in the carriage, she presently threw aside a handkerchief she was wearing, and my eye was instantly attracted by a handsome brooch she had on, in which was a portrait.

Without appearing to do so, and with a sudden feeling of interest and curiosity for which I cannot account, I managed to get a nearer view of the portrait. It was—sent for me, I found the bag

THE BIGGEST LIAR.

Among the inmates of a Western insane asylum is a man who is often perfectly sensible, and who accosts at such times casual visitors to wonder why he is confined there. This inmate entered into conversation the other day with a caller, whose dress proclaimed him a clergyman. Said the madman: "It was too bad, was it not, the killing of Grant at Chicago?" "It was," said the minister, who followed the accepted custom of assenting to the statements of lunatics, for peace's sake. "Hayes was assassinated at Cincinnati, was he not?" "Yes," replied the clergyman. "And was not Queen Victoria murdered in her palace?" To this query from the madman the clerical visitor once more answered in the affirmative. The lunatic named one after another a dozen living royal personages, and the clergyman was led to admit that he had heard of them all. Finishing his catechism, the madman turned to the clergyman, and said, "You are a minister; you are a minister; you are a minister; but you are the worst liar I ever met."

President Buchanan and Secession. HOW HE REBUKED THE EDITOR OF HIS SUPPOSED ORGAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In the correspondence published by Mr. Horatio King in the December number of The Century, it appears that in November, 1861, he called the attention of President Buchanan to the successful tendencies of The Constitution, a paper published at that time in Washington, and popularly supposed to be Mr. Buchanan's organ. For this suggestion I do not know that there was any foundation, excepting the patronage of the Government. It might be inferred from Mr. King's letters to his correspondent that he spoke to the President repeatedly about this paper, and that the President did nothing. Mr. King does not appear to have known that the President rebuked the editor for his course in connection with this paper, a copy of his letter to the editor of The Constitution, written after that paper had taken ground against the President on the subject of secession.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1861. MY DEAR SIR: I have read with deep mortification your editorial this morning, in which you take open ground against my message on the right of secession. I have defended you as long as I can against numerous complaints. You have a perfect right to take in favor of secession, and for this I have no just reason to complain. The difficulty is that the Constitution is considered my organ, and its articles subject me to the charge of insincerity and double dealing. I am not at all sorry to say that I must in some instances have declared that the Constitution is not the organ of the Administration. Your friend, very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

WILLIAM M. BROWN, Esq. In the multiplicity of matters of the gravest concern which in the month of November, 1861, demanded the President's attention, it is not surprising that all his conduct down to the 17th of March, 1861, I expect ere long to give the public a full account—his may have not done everything that his anxious friends desire, before his annual message of December 3, 1861, to relieve their minds of the apprehensions that his Administration was suffering injury from this newspaper and other similar signs that it harbored secessionists among its officers or the objects of its patronage. But I take it upon me to affirm, after the most thorough study of Mr. Buchanan's course and a full examination of the very abundant materials which he has furnished me, that from the time of Mr. Lincoln's election, when the secession of South Carolina was first threatened, down to the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, Mr. Buchanan never did an important act which any patriot or any friend of the Union would not have taken many of them have been in regard to him. But it must be remembered that Gen. Dix and Mr. Stanton are no longer living. From them and from Mr. Holt, who in his duties the most important parts of the country were in his hands, and who were not only in the administration and when facts were recent, that their authority is not to be used to disparage any part of his conduct, his consistency, his firmness, his fidelity to the Constitution and the Union, the wisdom of his measures, and the propriety of his course, I have no doubt that Mr. Buchanan himself, when the truth is should have a bearing; and although I do not mean, in writing his life and times, to constitute myself his special eulogist, I intend that he and his cause shall be well and justly represented.

Geo. Tickner Curtis. New York, Nov. 22, 1881.

A HORSE TROTTER. F. L. Haight of 162 Sullivan street, New York, is interested in a story of old-fashioned phenomenal powers. The steer in Pennsylvania, but Mr. Haight doesn't care to say exactly in what part of the State, because some speculator might get at the steer and reap a harvest.

"He was just going to open it when, to my still further surprise, my mother said, 'Are you quite sure that is your bag, Arthur?'"

"I looked at her in astonishment. 'Well, mother, I said, 'I am as sure as a human being can be of anything.'"

"Did you open it after you came home dear?"

"I thought for a moment, and then said: 'No; I am certain I did not. I could not bear it.'"

"Then," said my mother, she prepared for a surprise. "I think you will find that you have some one else's bag."

"I had these sad reflections: 'She would have been a man in my trade, I instantly went to the safe in which I keep valuable jewelry, unlocked it, and, depositing the bag on a table, I opened it. Imagine my dismay at finding that, instead of diamonds, it contained only some petty trinkets, and that my bag had been substituted for it, so I very, indeed, that even the weight was as the appearance had been judged.

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