THEY ARE FALLING.

BY A ASHMUN KELLY.

They are falling round us, as sternly day by day
Death the tyrant calls some loved ones away.
The aged and the young, the loved and the best,
All silently together are entering into rest.
To-day they are with us, to-morrow they are gone,
Leaving us to travel our il grimage alone;
We scarcely brush away the lately fallen tear,
Ere we are called to mourn beside another bier.

They are falling round us, like summer's latest bloom,
That sheds abroad with lavish hand its delicate perfume,
When sudden hoar-frosts come, with sure and deadly power,
And turn all black and lifeless each tender shrub and flower.
Or like in sober Autumn as falls the ripened corn
Before the reaper's blade, that proudly in the morn,
Lifted high to sunny heaven its tassel-plumed head,
And ere the dewy evening all low enough is laid.

They are falling round us, as the Autumn leaves that fall
When the herald winds of winter like spirit voices call.
Like the grass before the sickel, or bloom upon the heath,
They fall and are gathered in the harvest field of death.
Eyes that beam so brightly grow lustreless and dim,
The song of health and gladness ends in the funeral hym
And we are only waiting for the summons too to come,
That shall bid us follow our loved ones to the tomb.

They are falling round us—O, while the dear ones still are here,
May we never careless cause them the shedding of a tear;
But ever fondly cherish the affection they bestow,
For the hour they may leave us how little do we know.
In that hour we'd mourn the word that gave them pain,
When all our tears of grief would fall alas—in vain,
When the look of anguish which our cruel words them gave
Would surely rise to haunt us, like spectres from their grave.

From the HOME NEWS.

Lured to His Doom.

BY AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

It was a very singular, mysterious and complicated case.

In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London Bridge Railway Station a man was found dead, hanging by a small cord to a hook driven into the wall, his feet resting on the floor.

He was discovered some days after his death, and by reason of the strong smell sent forth from his decomposing body.

He was a stranger whom no one knew, and why he should have come to that place to commit suicide was a mystery.

He was well dressed, had a gold watch in his pocket, to which was attached a heavy gold chain; he had a diamond stud in his shirt front, and a cluster ring of diamonds on one finger; he had also a pocket-book on his person containing over two hundred pounds in bank notes.

It was therefore evident that he had not committed suicide on account of poverty, nor been murdered for his money.

Was it suicide or was it murder?

There was no scrap of paper on his person to tell who the stranger was, nor his motive for the murderous deed, if he did it.

The room, which was an upper story of an old building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a commision agent, contained no article of furniture.

It had been rented about ten days previous to a rather venerable-looking man, who walked a little lame and wore goggles, who said he wanted it for an office for the sale of a patent that would soon become very popular with sea-going people.

When questioned about the patent he said he would not then explain it, but would have some things on hand for exhibition in the course of ten days or two weeks.

The dead man was not the one who had taken the room, however; and how and when he had got access to the apartment no one knew.

There was an old-fashioned fire-place in the room, and some paper ashes in this attracted the attention of a detective, who happened to be no other than my humble self.

In turning over these ashes, I discovered two or three little bits of paper not entirely consumed, and they had these words written on them, though now barely distinguishable:

found her and locked
private room
meet you station G.

Now, after reading these disjointed sentences, I began to study and ponder them.

Might this not be a portion of a message sent to the dead man, to lure him to the city for the purpose of putting him out of the way?

But for what motive?

Ah, that indeed I could not know; that was something only to be found out after a serious investigation, in case one should be made.

I examined the charred paper as well as I could, and reached the conclusion that what I had read was part of a telegram which had been sent by somebody at a distance, and that either the sender or receiver intended to destroy it.

Now, if the deceased had received it, it must have been sent by somebody, and that somebody intended to meet him, and probably did meet him at the railroad station.

Well, then, where was that somebody and why had he allowed his correspondent to visit that out-of-the-way room alone and commit suicide without ever going near him afterward?

And why should the man come to such a place to kill himself?

And could he have found the room without a guide, and got acecss to it unknown to any one, if he were not the man who had rented it in the first place?

But then it was certain that he was not that man, unless he was in disguise when he hired it; and why had he gone to all that trouble merely to hang himself, when he could have done it quite effectually in ten thousand better places?

No; look on it—reason as I might—I could not bring myself to believe that the stranger hanging in that bare room had put the rope around his own bare neck.

I told the Ccroner of my belief; but whether he coincided with me or not it is certain his jury did not, for they brought in a verdict of suicide.

The body was placed in the mortuary for recognition, and I requested that it should be kept there as long as possible for I had a desire to see what I could do is working up the case.

I started out with the bits of paper I had secured to see if I could find at any telegraph office any message recently sent off embodying the words I had transcribed in their consecutive order.

I was soon fortunate in getting possession of what I believed to be the original message.

It was addressed to Horace Granger, 187 —— street, Manchester, and read as follows—the words found among the paper ashes I inclose in brackets:

I have [found her and locked] her up in a [private room]. Come on and use a parent's authority. Take the last day train and I will [meet you] at London bridge [station[. G.

Judging from this it was a case of a run-a-way daughter whom "G." had followed and captured in London, and whom the anxious father had come to see and probably taken back with him.

As the dead man appeared to be not far from five-and-thirty years of age, it was natural to suppose that no daughter of his could be beyond her teens.

A school girl perhaps, who had played truant and run away.

But then, if she had been caught and locked up, it was not reasonable to suppose it had been in that bare room, in a mercantile building that contained no other lodgers.

And then again, if the father had come on and found her, what had become of her, and of "G." who had sent the message? and why had the father remained behind to hang himself?

Or had the girl assisted by "G.," murdered her father?

In any event, the affair was one of great mystery, and on privately reporting my discoveries to my chief, I received the welcome order to work it out to the end.

To do this properly I immediately went to Manchester.

The addresss took me to a large elegant mansion in the suburbs, which led me to believe the owner was a person of means.

I did not ring, enter, and state my business, but visited the nearest apothecary, as the man most likely to know the general facts about his neighbors.

"Would you be kind enough to answer a stranger in the city a few questions?" I said to the dispenser of medicines.

"Proceed," he replied looking curiously at me.

"Do you know a gentleman by the name of Horace Granger?"

"I do."

"What is his business?"

"He is a broker."

"Is he reputed wealthy?"

"He is."

"Has he a family?"

"A wife and daughter."

"About what age would you judge him to be?"

"About 35."

"Is Mr. Granger now at home?"

"I cannot say. I have not seen him for more than a week."

"Is his daughter at home?"

"I think not. I think she is away at a boarding-school."

"Pardon me, sir if I seem too inquisitive," said I; but I have a reason beyond mere curiosity for all the questions I ask, and some time, if not just as this moment, you shall know all. Could you tell me if he is on good terms with his wife?"

"Ha!" he said with a start. "Is this some scandal for a law court to which I may be called as a witness?"

"No, sir. On my honor, no use of your name shall be made in connection with any information you may give me."

"Well, then," he answered, with a peculiar smile, "it is rumored—mind you, I only say that it is rumored—that he is jealous of a certain gentleman of whom he has no reason to be, and that he has all confidence in one who may yet turn out to be a treacherous villian."

This was becoming very interesting to me.

"May I venture to ask the name of this second party?"

"Well, sir, as you are a stranger to me," replied the druggist, "I will not mention any names, but if you should ever happen to have business with the head clerk of Horace Granger it is my opinion you will be within a hundred miles of the party."

"Thank you," I said, feeling now pretty sure of my course.

After some further questions I left the apothecary and repaired to the office of Horace Granger, the street and number of which I had ascertained.

I found a tall, dark, muscular, sinister-looking clerk, about 30 years of age, standing at a desk behind a counter.

"Is Mr. Granger in?" I asked.

"No," was the curt reply.

"Will he be in soon?

"Don't know."

"Has he been in to-day?"

"Can't say."

"Was he in yesterday?"

"Can't say."

"Will he EVER be in again?"

The man started and looked at me for the first time in a quick, searching way.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Has he come back with his daughter?" I questioned, in turn.

He again started, came forward and sharply scrutinized my person; but, as I fancied with a guilty conscience.

"Who are you? What do you want here? And why these impertinent questions?" he demanded in a fierce way.

"Don't you know that Horace Granger is dead?" said I, fixing a look upon the fellow that made him quail.

"Dead!" he echoed, in well-assumed amazement and horror. "Good heavens! How? When? Where?

"How?—by hanging; when?—six days ago; where?—London," I answered, categorically.

"You take away my breath," he almost gasped.

"What is your name?" I queried.

"George Grenham."

"Ah, yes—the 'G.'" I thought.

"Yow knew Mr. Granger went to London nearly a week ago to find his daughter?" I proceeded.

I saw the man turn pale and shudder as he answered in a mumbling, confused way:

"I believe — he — did — go somewhere."

"But his daughter was not in London, you know."

I said this at a venture, for I fancied I had divined the plot.

"Why, how did you know that? That is—I mean——"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "His daughter was not there, but you were."

"Man!" and his eyes fairly glared.

"You have been there before in the disguise of an old man," I went on; you had engaged a room in a commercial house to exhibit a patent; you went on again and telegraphed to your employer that his daughter was found and locked up, and to come on on the last train and you would meet him at London Bridge Station. You did meet him; it was in the night; you took him to the room you had previously engaged; you fell upon him; you garroted him; you hung him up to the wall; you burned the telegram, and then you hastened back here to play the role of innocence."

I went through with my accusations rapidly, giving the villain no time for consideration or even interruption—I piled one fact upon another so quickly and surely that I seemed to the guilty wretch to be an eye-witness, relating what I had seen; and I brought the whole damning scene so vividly to his mind's eye that, with a face distorted with horror and covered with the sweat of mental agony, he staggered back, sank down and half groaned and half shrieked out:

"Good heavens have mercy!"

Well, I had my clew; but before I could make much use of it the murderous scoundrel blew out his own brains.

It turned out in settling up the estate of the murdered broker, that his murderer had been his confidental man of success and trusted friend; that the latter has systematically robbed his employer of many thousands of pounds; that he had been too intimate with the wife, while poisoning the husband's mind against a true friend; and that, not satisfied with all this, he had concocted the hellish plot of murder, which I have thus revealed.

Of course, the affair made quite a sensation in certain circles at the time but was kept as much as possible from the public at large, and was soon hushed up and forgotten by everybody not in any manner interested beyond the mere curiosity and scandal of the hour.

What part the wife had in the wicked plot I do not know.

I, of course, won the distinguished approval of my chief for the part I had taken in the dark affair, and that proved of much importance to me in the future of my profession.

The Chickadee.

He is, par excellence, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is often too scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is his creed, which he accepts, not "for substance of doctrine," but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity (for, of course, such good nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home it a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue-pill. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfullness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder, and, after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat collar, he selected a comfortable resting-place, tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have seen him when his joy rose to ecstacy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.

COMMON WORDS MISPRONOUNCED.

Naiad — nā'-yad, not nā'-id, nor nā'-ad.

Nainsook—nān'-sōōk, not nān'-sook.

Naive—nä'-ēv, not nāve, nor nāve.

Naivete—nä'-ēv-ta, not nā-vēte', nor nā'-vē-ta.

Nauseus—naw'-shus, not naw'-se-us.

Negligee—nĕg-le-zhā', not neg'-le-zhā nor neg-le-jē'.

Newspaper — nūz'-pā-per, not nūs'-pa-per.

Nomad—nōm'-ad or nōm'-ād, not no-mad.

Nomenclature— no-men-clā'-ture, not nō'-men-cla-ture.

Nonillion—nō-nill'-yun, not nŏn-ill'-yun.

Notable—nōt'-a-ble, not nō'-ta-ble.

Nymphean—nim-fē'-an, not nimf'-e-an.

Obesity—obĕs'-i-ty, not o-bē'-si-ty.

Obligatory—ob'-le-ga-to-ry, not ob-lig'-a-to-ry.

Often—ŏf'-n, not ŏf'-ten.

Omega—ō-mē'-ga, not ŏm'-e-ga Webster sanction o-mĕg'-a.

Onerous — ŏn'-er-ous, not ō'-ner-ous.

Only—ōn'-ly, ŭn'-ly.

Onyx—ō'-nyx, not ŏn'-yx.

Opal—ō'-pal, not ō-pal' nor ō-pawl'.

Opponent—op-pō'-nent, not ŏp'-po-nent.

Orgeat—ôr'-zhat, or ôr-'zhā, not or'-ge-at.

Orthoepy—ôr'-tho-e-py, not ôr-tho' e-py.

Orthoepist—ôr'-tho-epist, not ôr-tho'-e-pist.

Bryn Mawr, (Pa.,) *Home News.*

—The New York *Herald* says: "The feet and legs of horses require more care than the rest of the body. They must not be allowed to stand in filth and moisture, and in grooming a horse the feet and legs must be as thoroughly brushed and cleaned as a coat."

Religious Sentiments.

—Virtue is the first title of nobility.

—Prejudice is the reason of fools.

—Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

—No, is a surely, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once.

—"Wheelbarrow religion" is what Richard Baxter said some persons had who lived in his day; that is, they went along when they were shoved. The same may be said of many living to-day.

—God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.

—In the estimation of the thinking class, men of deeds are held in high esteem, but the unthinking prefer men of gab. It is not the men who do, but the men who say, that generally attract the greatest attention and, for the time being, produce the greatest sensation. But sound and sense are two very different things, and we should be governed by the former and not the latter.

Self-Praise.

—Remember the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying: "Behold my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to seek and speak of other people's wrongs.

The very habit of a godly life helps to keep one from temptation and sin. There are times, perhaps, when spirituality is at a low ebb in the heart, and little of God's sweet love seems to have place therein. Then this habit of correct living—a habit acquired through years of watchful prayer and persistent purpose—holds the man to circumspectness, and keeps him from many things that might soil his soul.

In order to enjoy the present it is necessary to be intent upon the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are talking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well, and to please nobody.

What the Bible has Accomplished.

The least and most hopeful among us are, I know, sometimes disposed to despondency and almost to despair, as they witness such floods of lawlessness and infidelity swelling and sweeping over our own and other lands, dashing down so many of the old landmarks of morality and religion. But we may all take courage in thinking of all the great and glorious things which the bible has already done for mankind since the opening of the christian era, and which can never be lost. From what other source has all true civilization, directly or indirectly, emanated? Whatotherinfluence has so elevated humanity, so lifted the poor and humble, so freed the oppressed, so enlightened the ignorant, so inculcated peace and good will among the nations, so proclaimed the brotherhood of man under a common father, so restrained and rebuked vice and crime, and brought the indispensable sanction future responsibility and future judgment to the support of earthly laws and human government? From what other pages than those of the bible have all the noble philanthropies of modern times deprived their incentives and examples? What can legislation do but confess that all its laborious statutes are little more than the detailed application to existing society of the laws first promulgated on Sinai, and of the two great commandments into which those laws were condensed and crystalized by Him who died on Calvary? And even science, after all the marvelous discoveries it has of late accomplished, and all the signal triumps it is daily achieving; now soaring to the skies, questioning each particular and comet and remotest nebula, and analyizing the tints and texture of the sun itself; now sounding the depths of the sea, and spreading out its countless contents, animate and inanimate, to be the subject of an exposition for princes to inaugurate and the world to admire; now searching and exploring the caves and caverns of the earth, and laying bare to our insatiate gaze the long-buried treasuros of Illiou or Assor, or the hardly less interesting outcomes of mounds and shell heaps in our own land; and now suspended over the broad current which had so long separated two great sister cities that stupendous bridge over which travel and traffic may pass unimpeded from hour to hour, and look down upon the tall ships sailing freely beneath them—even science, I say, in all the just pride of these and a hundred other successes, has never found, never and can find any other fixed and steadfast point of departure, or any other sure and final resting-place to fall upon, save in that sublime announcement, in the very first verse of the bible: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—*R. C. Winthrop.*

Dean Swift's Loves.

Perhaps the least commendable episodes in his life are to be found in those relations of his with the other sex, which are become almost as famous as the adoration of Petrarch for Laura. Or, possibly, the loves of Abelard and Heloise would be a more apt comparison. For though we can do no more than touch the subject, it seems as clear as anything resting on presumptive and internal evidence can be that the explanation of coldness amounting to cruelty must be sought in physical reasons. Swift had always a craving for feminine sympathy and affection; he loved unreserved intercourse with a graceful, intelligent and complacent confidante, where there could be no idea of anything like equality or intellectual rivalry; but the attachments on his side were purely platonic. Up to a certain point we have no doubt his feelings were faithfully enough expressed in the lines which have always struck us pleasantly:

"That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy."

As for his first flirtation with Varina, there was no great harm done on either side. The lady was clearly a heartless coquette and voluptuous, but with a great deal of worldly wisdom. But in the cases of the unfortunate Stella and Vanessa it is quite impossible to acquit their tantalizing admirer of the egotism that consciously, although perhaps remorselessly, played fast and loose with their feelings. He abused the extraordinary powers of fascination which a stern character and an iron will must exert on certain impressionable feminine natures. He could hardly have offered a more seductive tribute than his unreserved confidence and devotion to women disposed to worship the personality which could unbend so flatteringly at convenient seasons and yet loomed so large in the eyes of the world. And the jealous sense of the rivalry which wrought such direful consequences must have stimulated devotion had stimulus been needful. All that must have been patent to the Dean, with his almost unrivaled perception of the weaknesses of human nature, and at best we can only admit some extenuating circumstances when we pronounce him guilty of sacrificing the two women to his selfishness.—*London Times.*

Domestic Animals.

Their Intelligence, Affection and Reasoning Faculties.

—Philadelphia has a dog that eats ice-cream. It is a Sky terrier belonging to a police sergeant, who shares his cream with his pet, of which he is very proud. He exhibited her accomplishments the other day, remarking: "She knows when it's her turn. You can't fool her. Watch." The sergeant took a spoonful himself and threw another on the floor. The morsel had hardly touched the wood before it was snatched up. One spoonful for the seargent and one for Nell was the order, until the sergeant purposely missed count, and then the beast set up a hideous barking as a reminder.

—The most humble of the civil functionaries of the French republic are the naval cats. There are some hundreds of them, and their importance is duly recognized by the state which supports them. The French naval cat enters the service in his kittenhood, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man-of-war, where he is berthed in the hold and permitted to devour whatever he can catch. Having thus passed through apprenticeship, he is sent ashore and quartered at one of the five naval ports as a terror to the rats and mice that swarm in the victualling yards and store sheds. He is then entitled to an allowance of five centimes a day, and this sum is regulary paid on his behalf to the director of cats, who lays it out in horseflesh for the use of his forces.

An Elephant in a Dining Room.

A French gentleman, living in India, had a tame elephant which was accustomed to go into the dining room after dinner and beg from the guest. One day the elephant came when they were at desert. A gentleman refused to give it anything, but the elephant would not go away. The gentleman, angry at its asking, gave it a stab with his fork. The elephant went into a garden, tore a branch, covered wit black ants, off a tree, and shook them over the gentleman's head. The ants got into his ears and down his neck and at last he undressed and took a bath to get rid of his tormentors,