#### Songs of Spring.

These are the songs of spring,
Of spring, the flower of time
Of silence and of sound, and truth. The waters of eternal youth, Long sought and never found Yet who, yet who shall sing?

These are the songs of spring, Of spring, the month of coming birth Of all things born again; inspiration of the earth. The morning light of men ho, yet who shall sing?

These are the songs of spring, Of spring, the season of desire, Of passion, and of pain; Of heat and cold, of frost and five Of sun and wind and rain-Yet who, yet who shall sing?

WILD GEESE.

While the storm once more may break through the gray, And the frost strike sore ere the promptings of

the May, With the clang of sleet and the clash of rain, To the northward fly the geese again.

Clenched in the fingers of March the forests

Held in his gauntlet of ice and wrung in his

And now, with the clangor of bells in the frosty

The wild geese follow the storm-wind back with a strong, discordant cry.

This is the note they bring The harsh, conflicting prolude of the spring: The wild, forbidden March-bird sending forth The bugle-call to April, who waits to follow north. Still to northward, wind and frost following

To the tempest-beaten coast of Labrador.

BLUEBIRD

'Tis a morning all in the April weather. With the April cloud and sun, When spring and winter are near togethe And you know not either one, And once again from earth or sky The windy distance answering I hear the bluebird's subtle-cry, The magic vo.e: of spring.

My window, that looks to the uplands yonder, In the russet vines is bound: And here of an April day I ponder To the rhythmic April sound ; Her changing pulses beat for me Her chilly languors touch me here With all the wine of ecstacy. The coming of the year

Bird of the magic April weather, And the distant April sun, Bringing the earth and sky together, To belong to neither one; The sun is strong, the wind is wild, The blue at variance with the gray, Your broken song has reconciled The conflict of an April day.

The wheat is not yet sown. But half the field is plowed, And I hear, with the promise of st The voice of a blithe new-comer, The robin, singing loud. Sing the eager winds are blowing. And in the waiting farrow Sing while the border woods are bare, And pattering rains are on the air;

The rebin's flight is strong.

Or be it storm or sun: With the favoring May wind follows The first of the tardy swallows; But he shall follow none.

The hope of harvest rules the sowing.

Let pass despair and sorrow; Sing on-I knew you in the wood, Among the last year's robin brood:

Sing on-to-day, to-morrow

You may not sing to-morrow.

I knew you in the nest, With yellow, gaping throat.

Had I crushed you, as one crushes With the heel the sweet-fern bushes You had not sung a note. The mother was beyond our hearing : Yet who would license borrow? thought, if I should fling you by Your yellow beak would scarcely cry Yet sing-it storms to-morrow

### A DOUBLE CRIME.

Dora Read Goodale, in the Independent.

The wholesale produce and commission store of Mr. Purvis, on Delaware the night of October 17, 1865.

The safe had been opened apparently by false keys, and upward of nine thousand dollars in greenbacks were abstracted. A package of bonds to the amount of \$3,000 more remained untouched.

Two clerks, both young men, usually slept in the store. August Yerkes had been in the employ of Mr. Harrison Purvis about four years, and enjoyed the confidence of his employer. Pembroke Sharon, the other clerk, had only recently been taken, but the manner in which he took hold of the business impressed Mr. Purvis so much in his favor that he predicted a successful future for the young man as a very able salesman ultimate prominent merchant. Under this impression he placed implicit trust in Sharon, and selected him as a companion of Yerkes in the store at

store on the night the robbery occurred; but when the place was opened in the morning Sharon was missing and Yerkes lay on the floor near the safe with a severe gash on the side of his head, which had been bleeding profusely, judging

by the amount of blood on the floor. dently endeavored to stanch the blood, in length.

for both his hands were stained, as also were his clothes. By the disorder in the office and the numerous blood stains both on the floor and walls it was evident that a desperate struggle must have taken place.

It was conjectured from this that Sharon, having provided himself with false keys, had opened the safe and been surprised by his fellow clerk in the midst of his work, who in turn dealt him the blow near the temple, and then, after a severe struggle between them, Yerkes fainted from loss of blood and the robber fled with his booty.

Varnoe, the detective, and a physician were at once sent for, and while Dr. Edson attended to his patient the detective examined the premises with his usual carefulness, particularly the second floor, and returning to the lower floor found that Yerkes had recovered and sat in an arm-chair with a bandage around his head.

"Well, Mr. Varnoe, what have you discovered?" asked Mr. Purvis.

"I find that the robber has been the second floor," replied the detective; "possibly he has taken some valuables from there as well."

The merchant hastened upstairs, but been disturbed or removed as far as he could see.

"Whatever his object may have been, I am positive that he visited the second taken place.

Then Yerkes gave the following ac count:

lit a parafine candle by the small gasjet in the room and began to search for him.

Not finding him on the second floor he descended to the first floor, and discovered him before the open safe. They saw each other at the same moment, and he Sharon was spell-bound at being dis-spell of sickness covered in his criminal act. Then began the struggle, the evidence of which the stronger of the two soon overpowered his opponent, and threw him so violently on the floor that he 'ecame insensible.

Varnoe listened with wrapt attention to the end, then made a few notes in his book, after which he walked out of the store with his eyes bent on the floor before him until he reached the street; then, after easting his eyes seaschingly around on the ground, he walked over to the dock and gazed for a few moments into the water in a thoughtful manner. When he returned to the store and rejoined the others in the office, it was with a grave countenance.

"Mr. Purvis, the robber has evidently escaped by way of the river, as the blood tracks reach to the dock.

All eyes were now directed toward the wounded man, who had suddenly grown very pale. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but fell back in his seat with a groan and fainted away.

While the doctor was applying restoratives to his charge the detective drew Mr. Purvis away to the rear of the store and remained there for half an hour in conversation with him, and judging by his frequent exclamations he must have been greatly astonished at what the detective told him.

Re-entering the office, they found Yerkes still unconscious, and at the suggestion of Varnoe he was conveyed in that condition to the hospital.

"Now, Mr. Purvis," said Varnoe, "you will please point out to me which are the clothes usually worn by Mr. Sharon while on duty at the store."

"Certainly, sir," replied the gentlewent to a closet where the clerks kent took piece after piece from the hooks, an exclamation as if of surprise escaping him as he did so.

"What is it?" asked Varnoe, when avenue, near Vine street, was robbed on Mr. Purvis laid the garments on the bed.

"Why, as I live, Sharon has not only left his coat and vest behind, but also his pants !" said Mr. Purvis, with a look

of bewilderment. "That is singular," remarked the detective, exchanging significant glances with the doctor; "the more so when you bear in mind that Mr. Yerkes when found had on his coat, vest, pants and boots, while the robber even left his boots behind him," pointing to a pair beneath the bed.

'You will now please see whether Mr. Sharon has left anything of value in his pockets."

Every pocket was instantly divested of its contents. There was found a valuable gold watch and chain, a wallet containing a trifle over \$5, a penknife, pencil and memorandum book, etc.

"Retain the articles, Mr. Purvis, and restore the clothes to the closet," said Varnoe. "I have another surprise in store for you, I think."

When this was done Varnoe took off all the bedclothes and threw them on the floor, leaving the mattress bare. exclamation of surprise burst from Mr. Purvis as he pointed to the mattress where a number of bloody finger-marks The unfortunate young man had evi- stained it along a seam about ten inches

"Now I see what you are driving at," cried Mr. Purvis, scanning the seam. 'You mean to say that the robber has hidden his booty in the mattress?"

"I think so at all events," was his reply, as he took out his knife and opened the seam.

Then inserting his hand into the backage of greenbacks. They were intact, so Mr. Purvis announced after examining the fastenings and seals.

"What am I to think of this?" asked the gentleman, in a helpless tone. "I declare that my head aches trying to divine the motive of this most extraordinary robbery."

"Think as I do." "What is that?"

"Why, that Pembroke Sharon, instead of being the robber, is the victim of the robber, which accounts for his leaving all his outer garments behind. He evidently surprised the robber at his work, and in the encounterd that took place he murdered poor Sharon, dragged him across the street, as the trail showed to me, and tossed him into the river.'

"Then you really suspect August Yerkes as the robber?" asked the merchant, greatly agitated.

"I am sure he is not only the robber, presently returned, saying nothing had but possibly also a murderer," was the reply "Oh, the wretch!" cried the mer-

chant, passionately; "and in my heart I admired his bravery, while I pitied floor after the bloody struggle had him for what he had endured for endeavoring to protect my property.

"I am convinced that you have hit on the right man," said Mr. Purvis. He awoke suddenly and found that "If he knew of this he might give us Sharon had left the bed, and fearing the slip. The next thing to be done is that some mishap had overtaken him he to use every means in our power to recover the body of poor Sharon.

"Poor, indeed, since all the clothes he has on his back are not his own," spoke a voice behind them.

All looked at the speaker, who wore an old 'seaman's suit, and looked as if had just recovered from a severe

Something in the tone of the voice struck a chord in the breast of the merwas so plainly evident. Sharon being chant. He approached the man and asked, eagerly

"Who are you?"

"My name is Pembroke Sharon." In a moment he was surrounded by

the trio, who congratulated him on his escape from death. He requested permission to assume his proper dre after which he would tell exactly what had occurred during the past night.

His story was very similar to the one told by Yerkes, with this differencethe positions were changed. It was the amateur was to play one of the in-Sharon who surprised the other before struments I was leader. I thought the opened safe just in the act of stowing in his pocket the package of greenbacks alluded to. It was Sharon who denounced the act, and Yerkes, both angry and frightened to be thus detected picked up a paper-weight and hurled it at his fellow-clerk, striking Sharon on the head, inflicting a ghastly wound, from which he fainted, and knew no more until he awoke on board a vessel near the pavy yard. He was told that they picked him up in the river.

The captain and two of his men had been to the theater and were returning in a boat to the vessel when a white object floating on the water attracted their attention and they made for it, and drew the apparently dead man in the boat and took him on board the vessel, where his wants were at once attended to.

When Yerkes' version of the affair ly, and was on the point of making a remark when familiar footsteps were heard ascending the stairs.

"By heaven! I believe it is August man; "that is readily done," and he Yerkes!" whispered Sharon, as he hastily entered the closet and drew the their outer garments and opened it. He door to. He was none too soon, for the next moment Yerkes walked briskly up to where the three gentlemen were standing. Something in their faces told him that something was amisssomething to his disadvantage, too.

"You are probably surprised to see me here again?" remarked he, for want of anything else to say.

"We are indeed," said Mr. Purvis, regarding him with an ominous frown. You all appear to be anything but pleased to see me?" next remarked the robber and would-be assassin.

"On the contrary, we are very glad to see you," here spoke Varnoe, with an ambiguous smile.

Glancing at the detective with a skeptical air, Yerkes walked to the closet and opened the door, and the next moment he uttered a fearful shrick and started back with his hair standing on end, and his face the color of ashes.

He had seen (as his guilty conscience told him) the ghost of his victim, for Sharon remained standing in the closet perfectly immovable, his eyes fixed reproachfully on the guilty wretch.

The horrid vision was too much for his brain to endure. Yerkes became a raving maniac and became so violent that Varnoe was obliged to manacle him hand and foot and again return him to the hospital, from whence he was shortly afterward conveyed to the insane department of the almshouse.

Penbroke Sharon was generously recompensed by his employer for his heroic attempt to prevent the robbery, nerve tissue.

and promoted to a responsible position in the store, which he filled with credit both to himself and his grateful employer.

Yerkes nyed a year or so after his confinement, and died a raving maniac, a terrible retribution for his attempt to fasten a crime on an innocent person opening, he presently drew forth the and thus rob him both of his reputation and life at one fell blow.

#### Rules for Living.

I am no doctor, quack or pill-vender, yet I have had a pretty good long life and a happy one. May I not, therefore, give my simple rules for health in hopes some poor traveler on the up or down hill of life may look at them and perhaps be benefited by them? I had short address, full of good points and practiced them for many years, and they have done me good; perhaps they I shall begin: #Fellow citizensmay do good to others.

They are inexpensive and may be easily abandoned if they cause any

Keep in the sunlight just as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam, much less a man.

Breathe as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood; but it will never be found within the four walls of your build

Beneath the open sky, just there, it comes to you. Be strictly temperate. You cannot

break organic law or any other law with impunity. Keep the feet always warm and head cool. Disease and death begin at the

feet more commonly than we think. If out of order, see which of the abov rules you have not observed, then rubyourself all over with a towel, saturated

with salt water, well dried, and begin

upon the rules again. Look ever on the bright side, which is the heaven side of life. This is far better than any medicine.

These seven simple rules, good for the valid or invalid, if rightfully observed, would save, I apprehend, a deal of pain, prolong your life, and so far as health goes, make it worth having.

Will you, then, practice them?

#### A Fiendish Joke.

"I think," said a well-known orches tral leader, "the best joke ever played in this town was on an ambitious amateur amateur's father was the owner of a to Gottschalk for his benefit. There do we do for her as daughter? was to be a piece for eight pianos, and Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him that the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece.

"'He is sure to throw us all out.

said I, 'and ruin the performance.' "Gottschalk swore like a major, but 'twis no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit on an idea that fixed the whole business. The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him up until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he left we took the hammers out of his piano and made it dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference, with several pianos going at once."

The tuneful convention laughed. "And just as I thought," said the leader, hammering on the table with was related to him he laughed derisive- his glass, "that amateur or his friends never discovered the trick."

" No?"

"No, sir; he just sailed in and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his keyboard until the perspiration nearly blinded him. Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time that I did he gave the piano a lick that nearly made matchwood of it. His friends all around threw bonquets at him till he looked like a wedding arch, and when 'twas all over his fond parent fell on his neck in the greenroom and slipped a check for \$250 into his hand. The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled."

"'Didn't he do fine,' said he to me among so many first-class professionals

"'I never heard an amateur do so well in public,' said I, and what's more I meant it, eh? Dont you think I was right?'"-San Francisco Chronicle.

The microscope is a wonderful instrument. It tells the murderer that the blood which stains him is that of love her when we don't always his brother, and not of the other life show it.' That's sensible and it's which he pretends to have taken, and, as a witness against the criminal, it on one occasion appealed to the very sand and then the good woman opened on which he had tread at midnight.

Dr. Glenn, the largest wheat-grower in California, pronounces the wheat profit so small that he must seek diversity of culture for his 45,000 acres.

Butter is said to be the best medicine for a class of nerve diseases, being almost chemically identical with healthy

#### Mr. Spoopendyke Prepares a Speech Upon " Woman."

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew writing materials toward him, "now I want your woman's wit. These fellows insist that I must respond to the toast, 'Woman,' to-morrow night, and I must prepare a few remarks. If we both go at it, we'll get up something nice."

"What you want?" argued Mrs. Spoopendyke, entering into the spirit of the undertaking, and tapping her teeth with her thimble. "What you want is woman in her various phases

"What I want is a speech," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "They haven't put me down for a panorama. I want a pleasant things about the ladies.

"But women ain't fellow citizens. should say-

"You'd say, 'fellow back hair,' that's what's you'd say. I'm addressing the I've got to commence somewhere, and then I go on. ' Now, fellow citizens, regarding women, our origin, ters, what more can we say than that they give us life, make it happy

and soothe its decline?' How's that? Mrs. Spoopendyke, bending over the table. "It don't strike me that she Why not say: 'Fellow citizen: we are

"What's the matter with you?" denanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Tve got to open with a sentiment, and you can't find anything more graceful than that. Then I will go on: 'She rises in the cradle, reaches her meridian at the altar and goes down in a flood of dew at the grave.' Can you grasp that?"

"I don't like that as well as the other," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. You make her a mother while she's a paby, and as for the grave part, you don't stop to think that she may be another meridian by getting married again. I would say something like this: low citizens we are assem-

"No, I won't either. Who's going to I'm only carrying out the first idea of origin, companship, and posterity? Rising in the cradle means giving us pianist when Gottschalk was here. The birth. Now you hold up. Suppose I ay next: 'We revere her as mother, large hall, and he offered the use of it adore her as wife, and-and, say what

> "We provide a home for Wouldn't-?"

"Yes, of course!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "That's the idea! That fixes All you want now is two 'prolonged laughters,' four 'continued applauses,' one 'enthusiasm' and 'a voice an oration! 'Fellow citizens, we furnish her with peached eggs and beans! Fellow citizens, we pass her the gravy! Fellow citizens!"" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, gesticulating like a horse-chestnut tree. "'Fellow citizens, if she wants her beef rare, we give it to her! low citizens, we give her all the dod gasted butter she can paste on her bread!' is that what you want me to say? Expect I'm going to stand around and make a measly ass of myself? 'Fellow citizens, as mother we revere her! Fellow citizens, as wife we adore her! Fellow citizens, to help a man get up a speech she's the dod slamdest donkey that ever raised a family!' wah-h-h-h," shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, purple in the face, "got any more suggestions? Know any more eloquence?" and the worthy gentleman leaned back in his chair

speechless. "Couldn't you leave her out altogether?" recommended Mrs. Spoopen-'Can't vou just revere her as dvke. mother and adore her as wife? As for lished a blockade by fastening down the the daughter, you might pass it over with saying: "Fellow citizens, we are

"Yes, or I can cut her throat!" claimed Mr. Spoopendyke. "I can take her to the pound! I can salt her down for winter use! Dod gast the speech!" and Mr. Spoopendyke danced on the fragments of his notes. "To-morrow night I'll answer that toast by telling what a dod gasted old mule you'd make of any man that would listen to you,' and Mr. Spoopendyke banged himself into the bed like a beer spigot and went to sleep "Well," thought Mrs. Spoopendyke,

as she took down her hair and put it up again, "I don't see why he 'Fellow couldn't say: citizens. we are assembled here to say something poetical about women. and the best I can say is we show her when we don't always love her, and we so," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke falling over her husband's boots, the window on her spouse's side of the bed, and sticking a few pins in the pillow in case she should want them in the night, she went prayerfully to sleep .-Brooklyn Eagle.

Something must be done; we are getting lonesome. Neither Charley Ross and tunnies, asked the price of earnor the Bender family has been found and then—went off to the sprats." at least a month.

### Earthquakes.

The most notable and disastrous earth-

quakes on record, it may be said, are those of Italy (526), when 120,000 persons perished, and of Sicily (1693), when 60,000 lost their lives. According to Gibbon, toward 542 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken above forty days-of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole surface of the empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague (542-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Arabian and Persian chronicles record 111 earthquakes between the seventh and eighteenth centuries, some lasting from forty to seventy days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms of lightning and thunder. Readers of the "Relations des Jesuites" will remempeople, and they're all men; don't you ber the great earthquakes of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaspe to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 in our companions, our posterity, our the Mississippi valley. The severest of mothers, our wives and our daugh- the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755, an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbonand saved the Pompay ministry, "Is that the same woman?" asked through the fact that the minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured and his family one of the few would care to have it put in that way. not bereaved of a member. Hein, in his interesting work on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occur on the earth. In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged in Italy, ninety-eight persons killed and 223 wounded. The same shock may last for years; instance that of Viege, in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1857. At Cabul thirty-three severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras, in 1856, 108 were counted in a week, and at Hawaii, in 1868, 2,000 shocks occurred in one month. Hein, it may be said in conclusion, opposes the theory of a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and considers that of their coincidence "with atmospheric get married again? Can't you see that phenomena as better supported by facts; for they are occasionally preceded or accompanied by thick and widespread fogs at seasons when fogs are not frequent, by sudden falls of the barometer and equally sudden changes of temperature. Their occurrence, however, in the majority of cases coincides with normal meteorological conditions. Earthquakes are more frequent after sunset than in daytime, in autumn and winter than in spring. The influence of the moon is insignificant.

## An Obstinate Sailor.

It is on record that shipwrecked mariners have sometimes been driven by thirst to drink salt water, with the result of going mad immediately afterward. But the writer does not remem ber any instance of a sailor attempting to scuttle the ship in which he was sailing for the purpose of getting at the water outside. This was the defense put in by a Russian tar who has just undergone trial at Liverpool for various crime and misdemeanors on the high seas. Having done that which he ought not to have done he sought refuge from imprisonment in the hold. Here he remained at bay for several days, hurling lumps of coal and iron at all who ventured to approach him.

In vain were muskets and revolvers brought to bear upon the dauntless mariner; the darkness of the hold pre vented his assailants from taking good aim, while he could see them so clearly that several were injured by his missiles. The skipper, therefore, estabhatches until a passing ship kindly reinforced the besiegers and carried the stronghold by assault. It was then discovered that the resolute Russian had made considerable progress with a hole through the ship's timbers, and it was this ugly fact which he attempted to account for on the plea of raging thirst. The desperate man seems to have really determined to sink the vessel and all on board her, including himself, sooner than admit he had been in the wrong.

# Greek Fish.

Fish was a favorite diet, the tunny being probably coarser food, as the eel was one of the more costly and delicate, especially when stewed and smothered in beet-root. Many kinds of shell-fish were in use, oysters being, as with the Romans, especial favorites. The cuttlefish and the sea-urchin (echinus) do not seem to us tempting food; snails (eaten with bulbi), cray-fish, several kinds of crabs, prawns, mussels and whelks are often mentioned. In truth the anecdotes about the fish market are endless. "It is a nice thing," says a poet of the "Middle Comedy," "to see a wellstored fish shop when you have money in your pocket-not otherwise. There was poor Corydus with just four coppers, who first looked at the crabs, eels and tannies, asked the price of each, Frazer's Magazine.