### Caldwell at Springfield.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By the church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
You may dig anywhere and you will turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word
Down at Springfield! What? No? Come, that's bad. Why he had;
All the Jersey's aflame. And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say, when the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and one of the hireling crew.
Who fired the shot! Enough! There she lay.
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away!
Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him, as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of militant plow-boys! See the smoke and the heat
Of the reckless advance—of that struggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
And what could you—what should you, what would you do?
Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch.
For want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em, boys; give 'em Watts."
And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago;
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball,
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

—*Bret Harte.*

## THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

"He's a very agreeable, peaceable-behaved young gentleman," said Mrs. Peepandpry, rubbing her hands with the motion peculiar to stout, middle-aged boarding-house keepers. "Not a bit particular as to what he eats, and as regular with his week's board as the Wednesday afternoon comes around."

"But who is he?" said Mr. Majilton, who, having no special business of his own, was so good as to identify himself with that of his neighbors, and formed, in his sole individuality, the star-chamber and the judge, jury and executioner of the vicinity, speaking from a social standpoint. "That is the question, ma'am—who is he? Regular payments and agreeable manners are a good deal, I'm willing to allow; but what are his conventional indorsements?"

Mrs. Peepandpry looked puzzled.

"I am told," resumed Mr. Majilton, "Mr. Eugene Aram had the polished mien of a gentleman."

"Sir?" said Mrs. Peepandpry.

"And the Nihilists themselves probably have their social code."

"I'm not acquainted with the family of whom you speak, sir!" said Mrs. Peepandpry. "I've had a many boarder in my time, but never anybody by that name."

Mr. Majilton rubbed his nose in some irritation.

"Never mind," said he—"never mind. Details are of no importance. It's the general principle that we must look to."

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Peepandpry, more bewildered than ever.

"And you tell me you haven't any idea of Mr. Guymard's profession?"

Mrs. Peepandpry shook her head.

"What references did he bring?" pursued the querist.

"Well, sir, now you remind me of it," said the honest woman, "he didn't mention no especial references. He merely said he should probably want the rooms all summer, and would pay in advance, and he gave me a month's rent, in gold, on the spot."

"This looks very bad," said Mr. Majilton—"very bad, indeed! For all you know, Mrs. Peepandpry, you may be harboring a political spy, a forger, a counterfeiter; even," lowering his voice to a tragical undertone, "a mur-r-derer."

"Good gracious, Mr. Majilton! don't talk in that blood-curdling way!" said Mrs. Peepandpry, wringing her hands. "And him so little trouble and so regular with his pay!"

"Ah, the selfishness of this world—the selfishness of this world!" sighed Mr. Majilton, casting his gooseberry-colored eyes upward. "You seem to forget, Mrs. Peepandpry, that you owe something to your neighbors and the world in general, as well as to yourself."

Mrs. Peepandpry got out her pocket-handkerchief, and shed a few tears behind its folds. How could she tell this high-minded philanthropist that the neighbors and the world in general had never helped her to gain her hard-earned livelihood? What were her poor little private interests to the grand and colossal view of society taken by Mr. Majilton, who had a snug little income of his own, and needed not to track out the course of every penny with microscopic eagerness?

"What do you suppose General Gerard would say to this culpable carelessness of yours?" he resumed; "or Mrs. Dalrymple, whose fair, lovely daughters represent the beauty and talent of the neighborhood?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," sniffed the poor boarding-house keeper, "but—"

"Sorry!" echoed Mr. Majilton. "But of what avail will be your sorrow, when once you have introduced a serpent into these Eden bowers? No, Mrs. Peepandpry, I have no desire, believe me, to wound your feelings—I merely desire you to be a little more cautious in your dealings with the world in general. Here's this great diamond robbery at Palace Heights—Miss Duponceau's ancestral jewels gone like a vision. How do we know that your model boarder may not be the head and front of the adept gang who perpetrated this outrage? Good heavens, madam! I've locked up my collection of postage-stamps and rare coins every evening since I heard of the diamond robbery at Palace Heights."

"Oh, sir, I'm quite certain," stammered Mrs. Peepandpry, "that Mr. Guymard isn't one of the kind to—"

"And I read only last evening in the paper," inexorably pursued Mr. Majilton, "of a gigantic plot to fire all the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and set the Canada woods in a blaze. Am I by any means sure that this mysterious stranger whom you have so injudiciously admitted into our midst is not the diabolical wretch whose fiendish ingenuity is responsible for all this crime?"

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Peepandpry.

"Suppose I see him?" said Mr. Majilton, authoritatively. "I can easily introduce myself, and—"

"But you can't, sir," cried the poor landlady; "for he's just took the express to New York, to be gone all day, and I've got the whitewasher and the carpet-beater here; and Bridget, with a pale of hot water and scouring soap—"

"Oh," said Mrs. Majilton, "it's very unfortunate—very!"

"Perhaps you'd like to look at his room, sir?" suggested Mrs. Peepandpry.

"Well, it wouldn't do any harm for me just to glance around a little," said Mr. Majilton.

And with a majestic stride he followed Mrs. Peepandpry into the apartment of the city boarder.

The whitewasher, with his ebon countenance beaming beneath a paper cap, was mixing a miniature maelstrom of white foam in his pail. Bridget, mounted upon a stepladder, was dusting the books, which were ranged, not without artistic elegance and taste, on home-constructed shelves. At the sight of the house-cleaning phalanx every domestic impulse was roused in Mrs. Peepandpry's nature.

"Bridget," she cried, shrilly, "have you commenced on those books without cleaning this closet?"

"Please, 'm," retorted Bridget, "the closet was cram-jam full of things, as I didn't ventur' to take the liberty to move."

"It's only dressing-gowns, and fencing-gloves, and such like," said Mrs. Peepandpry.

"Please, 'm, there's a false-face there," argued Bridget, "and ten boxes, as I didn't know but they might be full of spirits of niter and glycerine."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Peepandpry, herself plunging into the depths of the closet, while Mr. Majilton peered cautiously over her shoulder. "Spirits of niter and glycerine, indeed! I never heard such folly in my life!"

"A mask, eh?" said Mr. Majilton. "It looks bad—very bad! And a black serge cloak with a hood! Indeed! And where's the dark-lantern and the false keys?"

"There ain't any, sir," said Mrs. Peepandpry.

"There must be!" said Mr. Majilton. "Don't tell me! In this world one thing invariably leads to another, and—Eh? What is that?"

It was a little, flat Japanese box, which had fallen from the folds of the suspicious serge cloak.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Peepandpry, "how could I be so careless? There, the hasp is broken!"

"It is providential, ma'am—quite providential!" uttered Mr. Majilton, as he solemnly opened the box.

And out dropped a string of sparkling stones!

"Lord-a-massy!" said Cæsar, the whitewasher.

"The saints betune us and all harm!" said Bridget.

"It ain't—diamonds?" cried Mrs. Peepandpry.

"Didn't I tell you so!" said Mr. Majilton. "Let this respectable colored person be sent to Palace Heights at once. Tell Bridget, here, to make all the haste she can to the nearest constabulary force. As for you, Mrs. Peepandpry, I will trouble you to write a description of this cold-blooded ruffian. While you are thus engaged I will scribble off a telegram to the Grand Central depot, in New York, that he may be arrested the very instant that he steps off the train. This is really—ahem!—what one may call a direct interposition of Providence!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Peepandpry, wringing her hands, "has it come to this? And Mr. Guymard so civil-spoken and gentlemanly, and all!"

"Pray remember, my good woman," adjured Mr. Majilton, "that time is of the first importance. Get a pencil and paper immediately. George," to the carpet-beating youth, who was standing by, all eyes and ears, "run with this telegraph to the office, and let it be charged to my account. And in the meantime, Mrs. Peepandpry, let us have a circumstantial and minute description of this wolf in sheep's clothing who has thus entered our fold."

But Mrs. Peepandpry's few little wits were entirely frightened out of her, and she could not, at a moment's notice, remember the items of Mr. Guymard's personal appearance; and the more impatient Mr. Majilton waxed the more bewildered she became; so that the carriage from Palace Heights, and the box-wagon from the police court were both at the door before she had decided whether Mr. Guymard's eyes were dark gray or light blue, his nose aquiline or Romanesque.

Miss Duponceau, from the Heights, looked around her in amazement. The constable eyed poor Mrs. Peepandpry as if he meant to arrest her at once.

Mr. Majilton began, in four-syllabled words, to explain the situation to the gentry from Palace Heights, whose acquaintance he had long yearned for an opportunity of making; and presently the complication of affairs was rendered more hopeless still by the unexpected appearance upon the scene of—Mr. Guymard himself.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Peepandpry," said he, cheerfully; "but I discovered at Chatham Junction that I had left some important papers behind, and— But, pray, what is the meaning of all this?"

And he looked around him in extreme amazement at the little crowd, the disorganized closets, the japanned box on the table, with its sparkling contents.

"Villain," cried Mr. Majilton, "your machinations are discovered at last! Constable, arrest that man! Miss Duponceau, let me be the fortunate instrument of returning to you your diamond necklace, which yonder abandoned scoundrel has—"

"But he isn't an abandoned scoundrel," said Miss Duponceau; "he's my Cousin Charles. And these things aren't diamonds at all, but miserable glass stones, not worth a farthing!"

"Eh?" cried Mr. Majilton, his lower jaw dropping, in dismay.

Mr. Guymard looked keenly around.

"It seems to me, Mrs. Peepandpry," said he, "that there has been a great deal of very unnecessary meddling here."

"But what does this disguise mean?" questioned Mr. Majilton, faintly.

"It is my masquerade dress," said Guymard, carelessly, "for Miss Duponceau's ball; and the necklace of cheap stage jewelry was intended to accompany it."

"Who are you?" demanded Majilton. "In the interests of the village, I have a right to ask this question."

"A right which I don't in the least recognize," coolly returned Guymard. "But there is no reason why I should decline to state that my name is Charley Guymard, that I am a lawyer, and that I am lodging with this good woman because I want quiet and privacy while I am engaged in studying up the details of am important will case. If you want any other particulars I can only refer you to my cousin, Miss Duponceau, who was quite aware of my residence here, as well as cognizant of its reasons."

Miss Duponceau burst into a clear, musical laugh.

"The idea of taking my Cousin Charles for a burglar!" she cried out. "Really, there is no end to the absurdity of these good people. But, now that the carriage is here, Charles, I shall insist upon taking you back to the Heights with me. Mrs. Peepandpry is very kind, I am sure; but, after what has happened, this place can hardly be a home for you any longer."

So. Mrs. Peepandpry lost her boarder; the constable slunk away, trying to hide his handcuffs under his coat-tails as he went; Mr. Majilton departed, looking like a barn-door chanticleer who has been out in the rain; and the Palace Heights people considered the whole matter as an excellent joke.

But the detective policeman who waited at the Grand Central depot for the down train, and didn't find his prisoner after all, did not participate in that opinion. And neither did Mr. Majilton, when the bills came in for his little piece of officiousness.

It is more than probable that he will mind his own business in the future.

### A Terrible Night Experience.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* writes about a terrible night experience in the Mount Washington signal service building as follows: Noticing that the sides of the summit were strewn with boards, beams and debris, my guide explained that what I saw was the result of the great January gale. He added:

"Late in the afternoon my comrade, M—, came to where I was lying abed sick, and said: 'There is going to be the devil to pay, so I guess I'll make everything snug.'

"By nine in the evening the wind had increased to 100 miles an hour, with heavy sleet. At midnight the velocity of the storm was 120 miles, and the exposed thermometer recorded twenty-four degrees below zero. With the stove red, we could hardly get it above freezing inside the house. Water froze within three feet of the fire—in fact, where you are now sitting.

"At this time the noise outside was deafening. About 1 o'clock the wind rose to 150 miles. It was now blowing a hurricane. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice of the mountain, dashed it against the house with one continued roar. I lay wondering how long the building would stand this, when all at once came a crash. M— shouted to me to get up; but I had tumbled out in a hurry on hearing the glass go. You see, I was dressed, to keep myself warm in bed.

"Our united efforts were hardly equal to closing the storm shutters from the inside, but we finally succeeded, though the lights went out when the wind came in, and we worked in the dark."

He rose to show me how the shutters of thick oak were first secured by an iron bar, and secondly by strong wooden buttons firmly screwed into the window frames.

"We had scarcely done this," resumed Doyle, "and were shivering over the fire, when a heavy gust of wind again burst open the shutters as easily as if they had never been fastened at all. We sprang to our feet. After a hard tussle we again secured the windows by nailing a cleat to the floor, against which one end of a board was fixed, using the other end as a lever. You understand?" I nodded. "Well, even then it was all we could do to force the shutters back into place. But we did it. We had to do it.

"The rest of the night was passed in momentary expectation that the building would be blown into Tuckerman's ravine, and we with it. At 4 o'clock in the morning the wind registered 186 miles. It had shifted then from east to northeast. From this time it steadily fell to ten miles, at 9 o'clock. This was the biggest blow ever experienced on the mountain."

"Suppose the house had gone and the hotel stood fast, could you have effected an entrance into the hotel?" I asked.

"We could not have faced the gale."

"Not for a hundred feet? not in a matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would have lifted us from our feet like bags of wool. We would have been dashed against the rocks and smashed like egg shells," was the quiet reply.

"And so for many hours you expected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each wrapped himself in blankets and quilts, binding these tightly around him with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron, so that if the house went by the board we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow."

### Life at Coney Island.

All the world begins to journey down to "the Island." Think of 35,000 as a beginning, in an afternoon, taking an airing in a most friendly, democratic and truly Yankee fashion. Seeing and being seen, elbowing and being elbowed, laughing and being laughed at, eating, drinking, making crabs of themselves in holes in the sand, flirting, selling and being sold, and, in fact, doing everything that our ingenuity as an inventive people can devise, and all good-naturedly. A homogenous lot indeed, is to be found at this American Vanity Fair. They pour in by boat and cars, by carriage and on horseback, and they make straight for the long, cool white shore, as if to collect their senses in the face of the majesty of old ocean before trusting them in the settling, hustling, noisy crowds about the hotels and promenades.—*New York Letter.*

A French writer says that in the United States the confectionery shops for ladies are as numerous as the liquor shops for men. American girls have a passion for sweet stuff. They only leave one bonbon shop to go and sit down in another. We thought, he adds, that the French women were he worst gourmands of the old and new worlds. We have now to offer them our most humble excuses.

Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is said to be worth $1,000,000.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

To Relieve Hiccough.—A medical journal gives the following simple means of relieving hiccough: Inflate the lungs as fully as possible, and then press firmly on the agitated diaphragm. In a few seconds the spasmodic action of the muscle will cease.

Barley Water.—A doctor says: I have found this useful in private practice to keep up the strength of a patient: A cupful of barley in two quarts of water, allowed to boil two hours. About an hour after it is on the fire add a dozen stoned raisins; strain before serving. It ought to be cooked in a porcelain-lined vessel, or it is apt to discolor.

Reading in Bed.—Never read in bed or in a reclining attitude; it provokes a tension of the optic nerve very fatiguing to the eyesight. An exchange says: Bathe your eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough, though, to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening, and we have known several persons who, after using this simple tonic for a few weeks, had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them, continuing, of course, the oft-repeated daily use of salt water. Never force your eyesight to read or work in insufficient or too broad light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is mortally injurious to the eyes.

Milk.—This article contains all of the elements needed to sustain life in the young, and is one of the simplest in use—wholesome, if it is pure. Its purity depends on the health of the producer, and that largely on the quality of the food eaten. If at first pure it may become otherwise by carelessness. To keep it in tins made of lead and arsenic, if it becomes sour, especially, is to endanger the life of the family. If uncovered or in any way exposed to fresh paint, or to filth or poison in any form, it soon becomes affected by absorption, since water and all liquids containing it are grand purifiers of the air, these impurities being retained in the liquids Never keep milk in a newly-painted pantry—only water, and that to be thrown out.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford.*

### Captured by Brigands.

Mr. Suter has given to a correspondent of the London *Standard* at Salonica an account of the experiences he had while a captive of the brigands:

"On the night of the capture, immediately after separating from his wife, he was hurried off to a distance of twelve miles from Isvor, where he was hidden all the following day. For nearly a fortnight his hiding-place was changed every night. His arms were kept bound, and two men were always standing over him with loaded rifles for two days after he was taken. The brigands were composed of two bands—one of thirteen, under Captain Aristidi and Ghiorghi Katzaro; the other of twelve, under Captain Nicola. Some of the brigands were Ottoman Greeks, some Hellenes, others Christian Albanians and deserters from the Greek army. There was always great discord between the two bands, and in their quarrels the captive's life was often in great danger. Mr. Suter and his captors slept on leaves upon the ground. The days were mostly spent in dancing, drinking and singing when the brigands were not absent on foraging expeditions, and part of their time was passed in playing cards and in telling stories of murders and exploits. The brigands used most profane and blasphemous language; but they were superstitious, and were strict in their religious observances. They fasted the whole of Lent, and celebrated Easter day with great solemnity."

Then follows an account of the negotiations for and payment of the ransom leading to the release of Mr. Suter. The correspondent adds:

"During Mr. Suter's captivity sentries were always posted at advantageous positions. They wore capes to cover their arms. The brigands were all capital shots, and well armed. Some of their rifles were Martini's, of the Turkish pattern, and some were Chassepots with Messageries Imperiales marks, and one was of Greek pattern. The brigands had no difficulty in procuring ammunition. They were most suspicious of eing poisoned. Whenever provisions were brought the peasants were forced to taste everything. They were well informed as to all that is passing in Salonica, and in the whole of Macedonia. They were supplied with Greek newspapers, and they took a lively interest in the negotiations about the ratification of the Greek frontier."

### A Very Rare Jewel.

A citizen of Atlanta has in his possession a rare natural curiosity in the shape of an amethyst recently found in Rabun county. The peculiar feature about this amethyst is that it contains a drop of water in the center of the stone. There is a specimen of white crystal on exhibition in Philadelphia containing a drop of water, but this is the only instance on record of an amethyst so peculiarly formed.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Appeal.*

It is better to bear injustice than to do it.

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

### Be True.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

—*Bonar.*

### The Laugh of a Child.

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day most sacred. Strike with hands of fire, oh weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft teacher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid vine-clad hills. But you know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. Oh, rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. Oh, Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy! there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of Grief.

### Religious News and Notes.

The sessions of the international convention of the Young Men's Christian association, which was held recently at Cleveland, O., were interesting in many respects. The work of the branches of the association in different States among various classes of young men was reviewed, and the statements made were most encouraging. It was decided to hold the next convention two years hence in Milwaukee.

Bishop Huntington, a short time ago, at Syracuse, N. Y., ordained two young Indians who have been educated for missionary work, Paul Caryl, a chief of the Kiowa tribe, whose Indian name is Zotum, and David Pendleton, a Cheyenne, whose Indian name is Oakerhater. The two men were captured on the plains several years ago by United States troops.

The annual national conference of the Dunkard or German Baptist church was in session in Ashland, O., last week. The only college belonging to this denomination is in this town. It is stated that more than 100,000 persons are connected with the church, which employs about 16,000 ministers.

That the trustees of Andover seminary believe in muscular Christianity is evident from the fact that they employed Dr. Sargent, instructor at the Harvard gymnasium, to make a physical examination of every student and to lay down a course of appropriate exercise.

There are 74,781 Methodists in Iowa, an increase of nearly 15,000 in the last ten years. In that time the number of churches has increased from 484 to 813. Of these forty-nine are engaged in German, eight in Norwegian and nine in Swedish work.

Fifteen Indian youth from Captain Pratt's school, Carlisle, Pa., was recently received into the Second Presbyterian church at that place.

### Portuguese Shepherds.

On the hillside under the cork trees we see a child tending her flock and spinning with distaff and spindle. Such a sight is very common; little girls have much to do with the domestic animals; they run fearlessly between the long horns of the great, tawny oxen, and guide them in the way they should go with a shower of blows on their long-suffering foreheads and muzzles. They milk the goats and herd the swine, and grow lithe and strong of limb and nut-brown of face in the warm sun. The herdsmen and sheperdesses beguile their lonely watch with the peculiar antiphonal songs of the country, which often display remarkable wit in repartee on the part of the improvisatores, as well as a ready talent for rhyming. These songs are composed as well in Spain as in Portugal. One shepherd challenges another to a tournament in verse, and begins by singing a stanza which is to serve as a key-note for the whole production, as well in the kind of measure to be used as in tune. In one of these lyrical ballads, which, so far as I know, has never crept into print, a man begins a song half in banter, half in earnest:

"It is better to love a dog than to love a woman,
For for a piece of gold a woman will leave you to grief,
But the affection of a dog is endless."

A woman, who perhaps has had some experience of the improvidence as well as of the voracity of mankind, replies, in ready caricature of the other:

"It is better to feed a dog than to feed a man,
For with a piece of meat a dog will leave you in peace,
But the hunger of a man will last forever."

And the keen, sharp-shooting is kept up through a long range of topics, the ball tossed back and forward from one skillful composer to another, and when improvisation fails traditional badinage is remembered and sung with equal gusto.—*Harper's Magazine.*