CLARA'S LOVER:

OR

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

"AND so he's coming to-night, Miss Clara?" Lyman Palmer asked, standing, just at sunset, in the porch of Mr. Townley's fine, broad-fronted residence in L——. Clara Townley stood beside him and a very tearful look stole into her deep-blue eyes as she answered the question.

"Yes, Lyman. Papa received his note this morning, saying that he would surely be here in the eight o'clock train."

"Your father is as determined as ever, I suppose, about this affair of—of the marriage?" Lyman Palmer's look was averted from Clara while he pronounced the words. One of his white, slender hands played rather nervously with a seal ring on the finger of the other.

They were both delicate enough, both in shape and hue, those hands of Lyman Palmer's, to have belonged to a woman; his face, also, devoid of beard or mustache, and glowing with the fullness of healthful beauty, entirely lacked (he was only twenty-two) the element of manliness. It was a face that Lyman Palmer's enemies—had he really possessed any—would have been very likely to call insipid and girlish. But they could not truthfully have said the same of the man himself. He was every inch what his youthful appearance failed to show—a high-bred, honorable, courageous gentleman.

"Determined!" Clara Townley exclaimed, in answer to her lover's last remark. "Why, papa is so bent upon my becoming Mrs. Livermore that he would die of rage, I think, were my resolution known to him."

"And that resolution is, Clara——"

"To give Mr. Livermore plainly to understand that the times we live in are not those which tolerate the affiancing of two children in their cradles, merely because their parents happen to be friends. And then this creature, Richard Livermore, is a perfect fiend of homeliness, if you will pardon my intense style of rhetoric, Lyman. The photograph which he sent me, through papa, is just about the most frightful thing I ever beheld. He has passed his whole life, you know, in some obscure place out West—all places out West *are* obscure, in my opinion—and, to all appearances, he has the manners of a regular clod. He actually had the impudence to speak of me, in his last letter to papa, as the 'sweet Clara whom he longed so passionately to behold,' and whom he fondly believed to be 'a picture of womanly grace and loveliness.' I've never told you this before, Lyman, for fear of making you ungovernably angry at your unseen rival."

"We ought not to be called rivals," Lyman Palmer answered, in a voice in which there was much more despondency than anger—"his chances are so far above mine."

"Nonsense, Lyman."

"How 'nonsense,' Clara?"

"Do you believe in proverbs?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I do." Clara Townley's face wore a look of very firm determination as she spoke.

"To what particular proverb do you have reference just now?" Lyman asked.

"To one which says, 'Where there's a will there's a way.' I think that adage a remarkable true one. And I think, Lyman, that you and I may test its truth if we are so inclined."

"You don't mean by an elopement, Clara, do you? Often and often have I pleaded——"

"And often and often have I refused," was the prompt interruption. "Of course, I won't elope with you, Lyman. I don't consider elopements respectable. I shall never marry you if I have to do it so—there now!" And she looked quite serious enough to keep the resolution if called upon to do so.

"You mean, then, Clara, by coming the mighty eloquent over your papa?" Lyman questioned.

"And get poo-poohed for our pains," said Clara, with a slight laugh. "No, Lyman, I mean something else. Papa is still asleep, and likely to remain so for an hour. Besides, he is too feeble to leave his room this evening. Let us take a stroll through the garden, and, while we stroll, I shall disburden myself of a weighty secret."

"Is Mr. Townley at home?"

Richard Livermore asked the above question of Mr. Townley's servant, and, receiving an affirmative reply, was shown into a small sitting-room on the ground floor of the house.

While the man is seated, awaiting the appearance of his host, we have time to observe that his face and figure are scarcely the face and figure of a gentleman.—"The obscure place out west" has evidently left its impress upon the general bearing of Mr. Richard Livermore.

Presently the door of the sitting-room opened and a servant—Clara Townley's private maid, as it happened—entered the room.

"Mr. John Townley has been unwell for several days, sir, and as he has lately fallen into a doze, his daughter, Miss Clara, does not consider it advisable to awake him. But Miss Clara will be very happy to see Mr. Livermore herself provided he wishes it."

"Of course—of course—by all means—certainly," stammered Livermore, to whom the immediate prospect of beholding his *fiance* was thoroughly overwhelming. "I shall be most happy to see Miss Clara Townley. Be good enough, won't you to tell her so?"

He was gratified not long afterward, by the appearance of a tall young lady (who struck him, the more he looked upon her, as a very unnaturally and disagreeably tall young lady) attired in a rather short, ill-fitting dress, and wearing upon a countenance full of "broad-blown comeliness, red and white," about the most thorough from ear-to-ear sort of a smile that Mr. Richard Livermore ever remembered having seen.

"How d'ye do?" said the gigantic virgin, accompanying her salutation with a rather vacant, sounding laugh. Hope you're well. You're Mr. Livermore, of course? Well, Livermore, I don't like your looks a bit. How do you like mine?"

"I—I—think there must be some mistake," murmured Livermore in amazement. "I—I—understand that Miss Clara Townley was to——"

"Well, I am Miss Clara Townley.

"Impossible!"

"You're complimentary, I'm sure!—But perhaps you mean that I disappoint you agreeably, Mr. Livermore. I hope I don't. I dare say you're a good enough kind of a fellow, but then you're not the fellow for me. Saw that the instant I clapped my eyes on you, Livermore, if you'll pardon such a vulgar expression—I'm the sort of a girl that likes plucky sporting-men with lots of 'go' in them, and a general air of being 'up to snuff.' Now, you're not that sort of a chap, Livermore, as I told at a glance."

"No!" exclaimed poor Livermore, who had grown pale by this time, and with something which was not embarrassment—"no, Miss Clara, I decidedly am not the type of manhood which you seem to admire. Is—is—your father in? I—I mean can I see him for a few moments?"

"Our girl told you he was asleep, did she not?" was the young lady's indifferent answer, searching for something, as she spoke, in the pocket of her dress.—"Besides, Livermore, as you've come to stay several days, and have brought your portmanteau—there, for that purpose, any time will do, I suppose, at which to hold confab with pa."

Mr. Livermore seemed to be regaining his self-possession. "Since I cannot see your father, Miss Townley," he said stiffening visibly in manner, "it is better that I should at once take my departure."

"And why so, Liv?"

"*Liv!*" Could Richard Livermore believe his own ears? Was this vixenish, hoydenish, over-grown female the Clara Townley whom he had worshiped in his dreams as his future wife? Had her father been mad, to write as he had concerning her? He would rather die—the man was already telling himself—than become the husband of so hideously ogreish a creature."

"I have no reason to give for leaving so abruptly," he now said in sharp, cold tones.

Miss Townley made some odd sound between a giggle and a chuckle. "You do not like me; confess you don't," she cried—and taking the unsuspecting Livermore thoroughly by surprise, she performed the action popularly known as "a poke in the ribs."

"Miss Townley," gasped the unlucky gentleman, maltreated, "do you intend insulting me?"

"Pshaw! not a bit of it. Only in fun. Have a cigar, won't you?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the bewildered Livermore, holding up both hands and stumbling backwards in his astonishment, "you can't possibly mean that you smoke?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply, of Miss Townley, biting the end off a very nice-looking *figaro* as she spoke.

Mr. Livermore once again, and as if by a masterly effort, regained his self-control. Walking deliberately toward his portmanteau, he picked up the article, and having bowed to his hostess was about quitting the apartment when Miss Townley exclaimed:

"I hope I havn't offended you. Pa'll be dreadfully mad when he hears you've gone in this style. He'll be sure to blame me, too. I wish you'd leave a little note explaining that you go of—of your own free will, as it were. You don't mind doing this, do you?"

She looked at him with what was evidently intended for a winning smile, but poor Livermore thought it only a repulsive leer. I shall be very willing, Miss Townley," he said, "to leave a note for your father, thoroughly vindicating you in the matter of my departure. What is it that you desire me to write?" taking a card-case and a pencil from one of his pockets.

"Only that you don't want to marry me—that you don't think we shall suit each other, and all that. Please be good enough not to say anything about the smoking, because pa don't know that I smoke, and—"

But Livermore without waiting for further instructions, began rapidly writing on one of the cards which he had selected from his case. When he had finisfied he turned toward Miss Townley with these words:

"The following is my message to your father:

"'Sir—I desire to have the agreement broken concerning my future marriage with your daughter. I have held an interview with her and confess to being wholly unwilling that such a lady shall become my wife. RICHARD LIVERMORE.'"

That's precisely it!" boisterously exclaimed Miss Townley, when her companion had handed her the card. "Old fellow," suddenly slapping Livermore on the back, familiarly—"old fellow you've got a handsome streak in you, for all we don't like each other. Better try a cigar before you go."

But Livermore rushed from the apartment as though willing to remain not another instant longer in the society of so out-and-out a monstrosity of womanhood.

And shortly afterward the hall door closed upon his retreating figure.

"Lyman, you have certainly been making the most utterly revolting creature of yourself that it is possible to conceive of. I have been listening in the dining room, yonder, to every word you said." And the *real* Clara Townley having just entered the room by a different door from that by which poor Livermore had made his exit, surveyed her disguised love with laughing eyes.

"There is my chief trophy," exclaimed Lyman, waving above his head the card which contained Livermore's message to Clara's father.

"*In hock signo vinces.* your father will of course consent to our marriage, now, Clara; for he will become alarmed lest you lack the power to attract a husband to your side, on reading this stinging criticism from Livermore, and gratefully accept the next chance that offers itself."

Whether Mr. John Townley indulged in any such train of reasoning as the above, it would be difficult to say. But two facts are certain, viz: His deep indignation on reading Livermore's message, and his ultimate consent to Clara's marriage with Lyman Palmer, the man of her choice. So much for the clever disenchantment and the verification of Miss Clara Townley's favorite maxim—'Where there's a will there's a way.'

A Misunderstanding.

Mr. Pilkinson, a farmer in Pennsylvania, was drafted for the service of his country. His wife, though she possesses but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off the door-step, a rough-looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear, madam, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinson, "though, dear knows, there's few that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, madam, I have come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinson, with some excitement.

"I am willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman, in that way, you vagabond!" cried Mrs. Pilkinson, as she discharged the dirty soap-suds in the face of the discomfitted and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to save having his head broken by the bucket.

A Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

THE CONVICTION OF GEORGE Vanderpool recalls to our recollection a circumstance which illustrates the unreliability of circumstantial evidence. During the last century, in England, a man was hanged for murdering his ward a niece. The evidence was conclusive that he had chastised her frequently, and only the day before her disappearance he was heard correcting her in an out-building, and her voice was also heard piteously exclaiming, "Don't kill me, uncle don't kill me!" The motive for the murder was proven in the fact that according to her father's will on her death, her property was to go to the guardian, her uncle. Three or four years after the assumed murder, the niece returned and claimed her property. It appeared that she had run away and married, and came back to demand her property on reaching her majority. Parliament then interferred with a statute requiring the production of the body to authorize the sentence of death. This is now the general rule in our criminal proceedings, but has not always been adhered to. And it was not in the case we are about to narrate.

In 1840, when the State House at Springfield, Ill., was being built, one of the stone-cutters engaged was a man named Martin from New York city. Martin was not of sound mind; at least he was a monomaniac on one subject, which was that there was no good money except that of the old Metropolitan Bank, New York. Every Saturday night, when the men were paid off, he was wont to go around among them and buy up this money, often giving as high as 10 per cent, for it. He was known to have a considerable sum of this money hid away or about him.

During May, of the year above, he and one Smith hired a horse and wagon to go to the Sangamon river, four miles distant. At night Smith returned, but not with Martin. When asked where Martin was, he said he did not know. Martin was soon missed—the ground where they went was searched—and the plainest evidence was presented that they had quarrelled. The ground was trampled on the river bank, and some of Martin's clothes were found. It was also discovered that some drops of blood were dried on the sand, and that the buggy had been drawn into the water. The supposition was that Martin had been murdered and his body carried into the river. Search was made for days but no body could be found. Meantime Smith, the assumed murderer, was arrested and put in the old log jail.

In a few weeks the prisoner was regularly arraigned in the Circuit Court on the charge of murder. Abraham Lincoln then rising into fame as a lawyer, was engaged for the defense. The production of the body was not insisted upon the evidence seemed as clear and conclusive as though a dozen persons had seen the act of murder. The witnesses were few, yet the evidence that there was both the motive and the means was overwhelming. The marks of the struggle on the river shore—the drops of dried blood on the sand—the driving of the wagon into the river, as if to throw the body into the swift current—were circumstances that only could be accounted for in connection with the "deep damnation" of the taking off of poor Martin. The defense could hardly make a show of evidence, and the verdict of guilty seemed a foregone conclusion.

Meantime the Sheriff of Tazewell county had read in the Sangamon *Journal* a description of Martin's person, and heard that an insane man had appeared in a distant part of the country, without coat or hat, and who could give no intelligent account of himself. An inspiration prompted the Sheriff to go and see him, and he became satisfied that he was the missing man. Having in his possession still a considerable amount of Metropolitan Bank money made the Sheriff morally sure on the point, so he took the man in charge and started with him for Springfield. Arriving the last day of the trial he lodged the man in jail, and went into the court room and saw Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln asked a suspension of proceedings, as he had an important witness to introduce. With the Sheriff he went to the old jail, saw the prisoner, and was satisfied that the dead was alive. Returning to court, Mr. Lincoln said he could not look for anything but a verdict against his client, as the case stood but he asked permission to put a new and very material witness on the stand.

The murdered man was placed upon the stand, and the case fell to the ground in a moment.—*Jackson, Mich., Citizen.*

The Best Walk on Record.

IN 1772, Thomas Penn contracted with Tedyuscung and some others for a title to all the land in Pennsylvania to be taken off by a parallel latitude from any point as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between sunrise and sunset, from a certain chestnut tree, at or near Bristol, in a northwest direction. Care was taken to select the most capable for such a walk. The choice fell on Jas. Yates, a native of Bucks county, a tall, slim man, of much agility and speed of foot; Solomon Jennings, a Yankee, remarkably stout and strong; Edward Marshall, a native of Bucks county, a noted hunter, chain carrier, &c., a large, heavy set and strong-boned man.

The day—one of the longest in the year—was appointed and the champions notified. The people collected at what they thought the first twenty miles of the Durham road, to see them pass.—First came Yates stepping as light as a feather, accompanied by T. Penn and attendants on horseback. After him, but out of sight, came Jennings with a strong heavy step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging a hatchet in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Bets ran in favor of Yates.—Marshall took biscuit to support his stomach, and carried a hatchet to swing in his arms alternately, that the action in his arms should balance that of his legs, as he was fully determined to beat the others, or die in the attempt. He said he first saw Yates in descending Durham creek, and gained on him. There he saw Yates sitting on a log very tired; presently he fell off and gave up the walk.

Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh, overtook and passed Jennings—waded the river at Bethlehem—hurried on faster and faster by where Nazareth stands, to the Wind Gap. That was as far as the path had been marked for them to walk on, and there was a collection of people waiting to see if any of the three would reach it by sunset. He only halted for the surveyor to give him a pocket compass, and started again. Three Indian runners were sent after him to see if he walked it fair, and how far he went. He then passed to the right of Pocono Mountain, the Indians finding it difficult to keep in sight, till he reached Still Water; and he would have gone a few miles further but for the water. There he marked a tree, witnessed by the three Indians. The distance he walked between sun and sun not being on a straight line, and about thirty miles of it through the woods, was estimated to be from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles. He thus won the great prize, which was five hundred pounds in money and five hundred acres of land anywhere in the purchase.

"James Yates, who led the way for the first thirty miles or more, was quite blind when taken out of Durham creek, and lived but three days afterward. Solomon Jennings survived but a few years. Edward Marshall lived and died on Marshall's Island in the Delaware river. He arrived at about 90 years of age. He was a great hunter, and it is said he discovered a rich mine of silver which rendered him and his connections affluent; but he never disclosed where it was, and it continues unknown to this day.

"When did you Shave."

IN ONE of the towns of Arkansas, a man had been drinking until a late hour at night. When he started for home, honest folks were in bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was to much for him and he did not kdow were to go. He at last staggered into an empty wagon-shed and fell upon the ground. For a long time he lay in the unconsciousness of a drunken sleep, and would have frozen (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold) had not others less insensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous of the hogs, that rushed out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, they gave their biped companion the middle of the bed some lying on either side of him, and answering the place of a quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by the exposure. Toward morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts he supposed himself enjoying the accommodations of a tavern, in company with other gentleman He reached out his hand, catching hold of the bristles of a hog, exclaimed:—"*Why, Mister, when did you shave last?*"