

was nothing more tender between you?"

"Oh—you mistake altogether—we were very happy. That was all, and I was sorry when the journey was over."

"And so was I," interposed the prisoner.

"Yes, that is his voice. If you make him say, 'Oft in the stilly night,' my lord," said the girl, "you would understand."

"Shall I ask him to sing it?" said Mr. C.

"Really," said the Lord Advocate,— "this is quite unusual and irregular."— He was rather nettled with the evidence.

"No," said Mr. C., "it is a case of identity. Identity of voice may be as important as that of feature. Do you wish to be confirmed in your opinion by hearing his voice?"

"I have no doubt about him. But he says it very sweetly."

"Prisoner," said the judge, "you have heard what has passed. Can you say any of the verses?"

Thus adjured, Power recited the second verse of that sweetest of all Moore's melodies, with great taste and expression. The witness listened with delight, and at the end exclaimed, "I was sure of it.— Nobody said 'all but me departed' but himself."

He had said so and the evidence was irresistible.

The waiter at the Western Club, the clerk at the coach office, and the guard of the mail, all spoke of his having been in Glasgow on Monday until four o'clock and having left it by the coach that evening. He arrived in Edinburgh, as the Crown witnesses had said, at nine that night. The chain was complete, and all idea of concert was excluded by the fact that none of the witnesses knew when they came into court the reason of their being summoned. The case looked like one of mistaken identity; but the remarkable thing was that the accused had never denied that he was the student in question, and seemed from the first to be familiar with all around him.

The crown had no choice but to abandon the prosecution, and the prisoner was acquitted; but the mystery which the trial had thrown over the whole affair created an unpleasant impression, and he left Edinburgh the next day.

Very shortly afterwards a fact transpired which rendered it at least doubtful whether the crime had been committed at all. Two medical students, who were friends of Johnstone, resided at the top of the same staircase. Both of these students had left Edinburgh rather suddenly, immediately after this event, and it was not known where they had gone. But it transpired that they had been in the habit of making experiments on themselves—not an unusual thing at that time; and it came to be believed that Power's counsel at the time of the trial had information that Johnstone came by his death in that way, and that the others in their terror had lain down his body at Power's door.

The nine days' wonder soon subsided, and gave place to new topics; and it was many years afterwards that I heard the true version of this singular tale.

It seems there were two brothers, twins, of the name of Power, who were left orphans, and almost without relatives or connections, when they were mere children. They were so wonderfully alike that those who knew them best could rarely distinguish them, and the old maternal grandfather who reared them took care that they should be educated separately. Reginald, the eldest assumed the name of Reynolds, as he succeeded to a small property through his mother. The brothers, after the death of their grandfather, being alone in the world, had the most devoted, even romantic, affection for each other, although at the time of this story they had not met for several years.

Reginald had received a writership to India, and when the events I have spoken of occurred was on his way to pay his brother a farewell visit. Johnston, and Power had met that afternoon, and Power had knocked him down, and was horrified an hour afterwards to find Johnstone lying dead at his door. In his alarm he immediately started off by the coach, which left for Glasgow at six o'clock, to meet his brother and consult what was to be done. The coach stopped at a stage post where it met the other, and there the brothers resolved on the romantic course of changing their identity.—Power going to London as Reynolds, and Reynolds going to Edinburgh as Power. The rest is easily conceived; but Reynolds remained Power to the end of his life, and would never hear of resuming either his name or his estate. He went out as a medical man to Australia,

rose to great eminence, and only died a year or two ago, leaving an enormous fortune. He left a widow, and her maiden name was—Bridget Malone!

#### A Dog Story.

COMMODORE SCUDDER, of the United States Navy, had a double-nosed pointer dog of which he bragged a good deal, and for which he would have refused a larger sum than was ever offered for a dog since the creation of the world. But he is dead now—not Commodore Scudder, but the dog. Like the famous hound Gelert, he died a martyr to his high sense of honor. The Commodore told me the story:

"I went out hunting partridges one day," he said, "and took the dog along. We hadn't much luck at first, but after awhile Buster—that was the dog's name—stood and pointed at a convey of the finest birds I ever saw in all my born days. They were squatting down in the low grass, a dozen yards off, in plain sight, and I determined to fire at them as they lay. I lifted my gun, took deliberate aim, and would have killed a dozen at least; but before I could pull the trigger a courier dashed up with a dispatch which he said required immediate attention."

"I reserved my fire and read the dispatch. It was an order from the Navy Department to proceed, without a moment's delay, to Philadelphia, to take command of a squadron which was about to sail to the Mediterranean. I was so much excited, you understand, that I laid down my gun right on the spot, and went off, leaving Buster there pointing at those birds like they were North Stars and he was a mariner's compass, so to speak. I forgot all about him; but he was a faithful dog, Buster was—and, like Casibianca, he wouldn't have left even a burning ship without my orders."

"Well, I went to the Mediterranean, and cruised around for three years, having a first rate time. When I returned, at the end of the cruise, it occurred to me, as I stepped ashore in Philadelphia, to go out and see how things were at the place where I went gunning. John and I went—and the first thing I came across was my gun, lying there with the barrel covered with rust and broken clean off the rotten stock. But what was my surprise, upon going a few paces further to find the skeleton of that heroic, double-nosed pointer, standing up just where I had left the dog three years before! He had never budged an inch, Mr. Quill, not a single solitary inch, that double-nosed pointer hadn't; but he had stood there and pointed at those birds, until he had perished in his tracks! Well sir, after shedding a tear over my departed friend, I went a few yards ahead, and there were the skeletons of those partridges! I regard this as the most extraordinary circumstance that ever came under my observation; but if any man presumes to doubt my word, I'll shoot him on the spot—I will, by George!"

A little darkey was recently found sitting on the stoop of a fashionable house crying piteously. "What's de matter wid you?" asked a colored woman. "De matters 'nuff—double trouble all ober de house. Fadder am drunk—mudder am gone wid cloze—siss broke de lookin-glass wid de broomstick—de baby hab got her eyes full of cyan pepper, and Pete Wood put de mustard on de hair for goose grease. I put salt in my tea for de white sugar—wat mudder has when Professor Hannibal comes to see her; an dat made me sea-sick. De dog licked Pete's face, and got his mouf full ob mustard and lies under de bed a howlin. De kitten got her hed in de milk pot and I cut her hed off to save de pitchur, and den I had to breake de pitchur to get de head out, and de way I'll get licked when mudder comes hum, for settin' de bed afro, will be asin."

#### BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces they that wear  
The light of pleasant spirit there,  
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do  
The work of the noble, good and true,  
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,  
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,  
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure,  
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

Bridget having carefully studied the picture of the "Huguenot Lovers" for some time, broke the silence by the question: "Is it choking of her he is?"

#### CATCHING A BURGLAR.

I WENT to Covent Garden one night last season. We were let out at twelve, and I set off to my lodgings. I knocked: there was no answer. I knocked again: a window was thrown up and my landlady's head appeared.

"Who are you?" she screamed.

"Let's in please; it's me!" I answered.

"Then Mr. Me, if you don't come home afore ten, you may stay out till mornin." I never wait up for my lodgers—my door is closed at ten!" and then the window closed with a bang.

"No go!" thinks I. "I have no money, I'll go to a railway station, and wait in the waiting-room till morning;" which resolution I proceeded to carry out by walking briskly for the Bank.

I turned into Moorgate street and was just thinking whether I should go to the London, Brighton, and South Coast or the London Bridge station. I stopped to think. There was a confectioner's shop just in front of me. Oh, that it were open! I had three pence left.

Just at this moment a tall, broad shouldered man came up to me, and viewed me from top to toe. I looked at him. He was dressed in dark clothes; a pea-jacket, and a clap-trap cloth hat, with a peak lying level on the forehead, gave me a feeling of awe. The thought forced itself upon me that he was a garrotter. He spoke first. "You're Mr. Sam?" and he laid his finger on his nose.

"You've guessed it," said I, "thinking it best to agree with him, although my name was Tom."

"Then come along!" and away we went.

"Did Butler give ye e'er a pistol?" he asked.

"No," said I, beginning to tremble.

"He said he wanted them himself."

"Just like him. He told me I would find you standing in Moorgate street between twelve and one, opposite the confectioner's, with your right hand in your pocket."

"I'm in for it!" thinks I, "but must go through with it. But whatever will it come to at all, at all?"

He led me through a labyrinth of street, walking rather fast, till he merged upon the City Road. Then he made straight for the Angel, and from thence took a cab for Fleet street! What object he had in doing this I cannot say. He did not offer to explain! In fact, not a word passed between us till we got out at the top of Ludgate Hill.

From thence we went into a back street and out of that to another, no matter which, and suddenly stopping opposite a shop, he exclaimed—"There's our crib?"

"Is it?" says I.

Whereupon he produced from his pocket a rule. The shop was evidently a tailor's, as it had bars standing out like the rungs of a Jacob's ladder, from each side of the door, to exhibit stock upon. My friend stepped on the first of these, which was three feet from the ground, and speedily measured the height of a large glass fanlight over the door; then stepping down again, he measured the breadth of the door, and as the fanlight was square, he muttered to me, by way of giving me its dimensions—"Three and a half by two high!" and chuckled quietly.

Then he crossed the road, and I followed, he explaining that we must wait till the policeman passed. He hovered in sight about ten minutes afterwards, while he walked past him. Then we waited till he returned. This time we did not pass him, but watched him from a corner at a distance.

"Twenty minutes and a half between going and coming," exclaimed my companion. "And a handy beat; for he comes up the corner there"—pointing to one a little beyond the shop—"and goes down this street next ours."

The impression began to steal over me that I was committing, or helping to commit a felony, and that if caught I might get into trouble. I thought of running for it; but the remark my companion made at that moment, to the effect that it would be a short run if I deserted him (for he seemed to see I didn't like the job), deterred me. I dared not explain that he had made a mistake, for I felt sure that he must have mistaken me for some ally of his own. "but I must go through with it," thinks I, "He will leave me outside to watch, and I'll hook it then!" So I went on.

He crossed the street again the moment the policeman was past interfering with us, and producing a piece of stout black cloth, he applied the rule thereto, I holding it against the shutters while he set out "three and a half by two" thereon.

This done, he cut it within two inches of the measurement all round; and then producing a treacle pot from his pocket, he smothered one side of the cloth with treacle, and desiring me to hold it, he mounted the shop door, so to speak again, and I gave him the cloth, which he immediately clapped on to the skylight, the treacle making it adhere firmly to the glass. Then looking at his watch, he cried, "By gosh! He'll be here this minute!" and away we walked. A glance behind us, as we turned the next corner. Not yet in sight! We stopped and waited, but the policeman came not. My friend muttered an oath, adding, "I will go. Come along; but keep your weather-eye open!" And off we went.

"Perhaps he is watching us!" I suggested. But the idea was discarded as not in the nature of a policeman "like that one we saw."

We arrived at the shop. He mounted again, and drove a string through a hole in the cloth. He then ran a diamond round the edge of the glass. A gentle pat, and it gave way. Now I saw the use of the cloth and string. He could hold the glass by the string; and he slowly let it down into the shop, and, producing a long-shaped pad, he laid it along the bottom of the fanlight to cover the glass edge, and threw one leg into the opening, and got astride of it.

"Follow me," he muttered, and ducked his head under the door-head. But before he could draw in the other leg, I mounted the ladder, and seizing it, gave him a pull that kept him from going in, at the same time yelling, "Police! Murder! Thieves! At the top of my voice. And lo and behold! the policeman appeared at the corner that moment. A horrible oath from within, a pistol bullet whistling past my head, and I ran for death and life. I did not stop till I found myself in Broadstreet.

In the next day's papers I saw the account of the capture of a burglar by one policeman, who had watched two burglars from the corner, and saw one enter the house, and the other leap up the wall like a cat, grab at a disappearing leg, yell "Police!" and run.

The one that was caught got seven years' penal servitude; and the police are searching vigilantly, though as yet unsuccessfully, for the other, who it appears, is a *desperate character*." They never caught him.

#### For Early Risers Only.

Punch ever so long ago said that  
Early to bed and early to rise  
Is the way to be stupid and have red eyes.

A later writer observes that "He who would thrive must rise at five;" so says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,  
it must follow naturally,

He who'd thrive more must rise at four;  
and will ensure a consequence that,

He who'd still more thriving be  
Must leave his bed at turn of three;  
And he who this latter would out-do,  
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And by the way of climax to it all, it should be held good that,

He who'd never be outdone,  
Must ever rise as soon as one.  
But the best illustration would be,

He who'd flourish best of all  
Should never go to bed at all.

#### Curious Discovery of Treasure.

On Friday, the 17th ult., as a company of Italian miners were sluicing in Wet Gulch, near Whisky Slide, Calaveras, Cal., they washed out of the bank a tin box containing \$1572 in "individual" gold coin. There was a filthy dollar "slug" among the rest. The lucky finders of the treasure were at work in the old Hamilton ranch, close to the site where a Frenchman called "Jerry" kept a store in early days. As long ago as 1852 "Jerry" was murdered in his store, and it was supposed at the time that his assassins secured the money he was known to possess and made good their escape.—Since the discovery of the treasure by the Italians; however, the most reasonable conjecture is that he buried the money, and that those who imbrued their hands in his blood obtained nothing but guilty consciences to compensate them for their crime. The box that contained the money was nearly eaten up with rust, but the coin has been undisturbed since deposited in the bosom of mother earth for safe keeping.

Girls sometimes put their lips out poutingly because they are angry, and sometimes because they are disposed to meet you half way.

#### SUNDAY READING.

##### Fates of the Apostles.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets in Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death at Ephesus, Asia.

James, the great, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James, the less, was thrown from a pinnacle, and beaten to death.

Philip was beheaded.

Bartholomew was skinned alive.

Andrew was crucified and pounded while dying.

Thomas was run through with a lance. Simon was crucified.

Matthias was stoned.

Barnabas was stoned to death.

Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

##### Industry In Doing Good.

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he breathes the breath of life he will be doing something for himself, his country or posterity. Washington, Franklin, Howard, Young, Newton, all were at work almost to the last hour of their existence. It is a foolish thing to believe that we must lie down and die simply because we are old. The man of energy is not old, it is only he who suffers his energies to waste away and permits the springs of his life to become motionless on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the vestment of gloom. There are scores of gray heads living to-day that we would prefer in any important enterprise to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble when shadows approach, and turn away at the first harsh word or discouraging frown.

When the evening comes, when you have done with the duties of the day the body wearied and the mind jaded; when the world is shut out by the shadows of night, when you come to look back and review the day, when you see how many imperfections still cluster around you how many sins stare you in the face, how little you have done for yourself, or for others, or for God the day past, then is the hour for prayer. It will be sweet to feel that you have One who will forgive you, if you are penitent and ask in the name of Jesus Christ; one who will accept your evening sacrifice and give you strength for the morrow, and gird you with righteousness. This hour, if rightly improved, will be like the cheering countenance of a most beloved friend. Take care that nothing comes between you and this hour devoted to God.

##### Turn their Faces Heavenward.

Among the old Romans there prevailed the touching custom of holding the face of every new born infant towards the heavens, signifying, by thus presenting its forehead to the stars, that it was to look above the world into celestial glories. It was a vague superstition, but Christianity dispels the fable and gives us a clear realization of that pagan yearning in the solicitude which all its disciples cherish for the spiritual welfare of the young. The great design of the Sabbath-school organization is to turn the faces of the little children heavenward, and prepare their spirits for immortal glory.

##### A Preventive of Church Bickerings.

The human mind is very much like a mill. As long as the hopper is full, all goes on well and profitably; but when the hopper gets empty, the upper and neither mill stones are very apt to go to grinding each other. It is so with church members, while their hands are full there is unity and concord, but when they find nothing else to do there is danger of their coming in collision with one another and falling to devouring and biting each other. Let the members of every church see to it that their hoppers are always full, and thus avoid the danger.

##### God's Method of Helping.

God did not take up the three Hebrews out of the furnace of fire, but he came down and walked with them in it. He did not remove Daniel from the den of lions; he sent his angel to close the mouths of the beasts. He did not, in answer to the prayer of Paul, remove the thorn in the flesh, but he gave him a sufficiency of grace to sustain him.